

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—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 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 fish. 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 scored 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 again. 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.—Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring.

CHAPTER VIII.—Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign.

CHAPTER IX.—Blake recovered his curiosity by magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs.

CHAPTER X.—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.

CHAPTER XI.—The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal.

CHAPTER XII.—Miss Leslie made a cross from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed.

CHAPTER XIII.—Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrop, Miss Leslie became frightened.

"No; it is not that!" broke in the girl. "He is right. Neither of us has the courage—even when he is asleep." "My dear Miss Genevieve, this beast instinct to kill—"

"Yes; but think of him. If he is a beast, he is at least a brave one. While we—we haven't the courage of rabbits. I thought you called yourself an English gentleman. Are you going to stand by, and not lift a finger?" "Really, now, Miss Genevieve, to murder a man—"

"Self-defense is not a crime—self-preservation. If you have a spark of manhood—"

"My dear—"

"For Heaven's sake, if you can't do anything, at least keep still! Oh, I'm sure I shall go mad! If only I had been drowned!"

"Ah, yes, to be sure. But really now, what you ask is a good deal for a man to risk. The fellow might wake up and murder me! Should I take the risk, might I—er—expect some manifestation of your gratitude, Miss Genevieve?"

"Of course! of course! I should always—"

"I—ah—refer to the—the—bestowal of your hand."

"My hand? I— Would you bargain for my esteem? I thought you a gentleman!"

"To be sure—to be sure! Who says I am not? But all is fair in love and war, you know. Your choice is quite free. I take it, you will not consider his—er—proposals. But if you do not—"

"Then you think he will be very ill?"

"Well, I guess he'll think so. It ought to run out in a week or ten days, though. We've had good water, and it usually takes time for malaria to soak in deep. Now, don't worry, Miss Jenny. It'll do him no good, and you a lot of harm. Take things easy as you can, for you've got to keep up your strength. If you don't, you'll be down yourself before Win is up."

"I'll while he is helpless and unable— Oh, no; that cannot be! I must not give way to the fever until—"

"Don't worry. You'll likely stave it off for a couple of weeks or so. You're lively yet, and that's a good sign. I knew Win was in for it when he began to grouch and loaf and do the baby act. I haven't much use for duds in general, and English duds in particular; but I'll admit that, while Win's soft enough in spots, he's not all mush and milk."

"Thank you, Mr. Blake."

"You're welcome. I couldn't say less, seeing that Win can't speak for himself. Now you tumble in and get a good sleep. I'll go on as night nurse, and work at the barricade same time. You're not going to do any night-nursing. I can gather the thorn-brush in the afternoons, and pile it up at night."

"In the morning Miss Leslie found that Blake had built a substantial canopy over the invalid, in place of the first ramshackle structure."

"It's best for him to be out in the air," he explained; "so I fixed this up to keep off the dew. But whenever it rains, we'll have to tote him inside."

"Ah, yes; to be sure. How is he?" murmured the girl.

"He's about the same this morning. But he got a little sleep. Keep him dosed with all the hot broth he'll take. And say, roust me out at noon. I've

had my breakfast. Now I'll have a snooze. So long!"

He nodded, and crawled under the shade of the nearest bush, too drowsy to observe her look of dismay.

At noon, having learned that Winthrop's condition showed little change, Blake ate a hearty meal, and at once set off down the cleft. He did not reappear until nightfall; though at intervals Miss Leslie had heard his step as he came up the ravine with his loads of thorn-brush.

This course of action became the routine for the following ten days. It was broken only by three incidents, all relating to the important matter of food supply. Winthrop had soon tired of broth, and showed such an insatiable craving for coconut milk that the stock on hand had become exhausted within the week.

The day after, Blake took the rope ladder, as he called the tangle of knotted creepers, and went off towards the north end of the cleft. When he returned, a little before dark, the lower part of his trousers was torn to shreds, and the palms of his hands were blistered and raw; but he carried a heavy load of coconuts. After a vain attempt to climb the giant palms on the far side of the river, he had found another grove near at hand, in the little plain, and had succeeded in reaching the tops of two of the smaller palms.

Under his directions, Miss Leslie clarified a bowl of bird fat—goose-grease, Blake called it—and dressed his hands. Yet even with the bandages which she made of soft inner bark and the handkerchiefs, he was unable to handle the thorn-brush the following day. Unfortunately for him, he was not content to sit idle. During the night he had cut a bamboo fishing pole and lengthened Miss Leslie's line of plaited coconut-fiber with a long catgut leader. In the afternoon he completed his outfit with a hairpin hook and a piece of half-dried meat.

frowning and sullen, and flung his weapons from him.

"Bah!" he grumbled, "I told you that brute was a sneak. I've chased clean down to the pool and into the open, and not a smell of him. Must have hiked off into the tall grass the minute he heard me."

"If only he had gone off for good!" murmured Miss Leslie.

"Maybe he has; though you never can count on a sneak. Even you might be able to shoo him off next time; but, like as not, he'd come along when we were all out calling and clean out our commissary. Guess I'll set to and run up a barricade down there where the gully is narrowest. There're shoals of dead thorn-brush to the right of the pool."

"Ah, yes; I fancy the vultures will be so vexed when they find your hedge in the way," remarked Winthrop.

"My! how smart we're getting!" retorted Blake. "Don't worry, though. We'll stow the stuff in Miss Jenny's boudoir, and I guess the birds'll be polite enough to keep out."

"I must say, Blake, I do not see why you should wish to drag us away from here."

"There's lots of things you don't see, Win, my b'y—jokes, for instance."

But what could you expect?—you're English. Now, don't get mad. Worst thing in the world for malaria."

"One would fancy you could see that I am not angry. I've a splitting headache, and my back hurts. I am ill."

Blake looked him over critically, and nodded. "That's no lie, old man. You're entitled to a hospital check all right. Miss Jenny, we'll appoint you chief nurse. Make him comfortable as you can, and give him hot broth whenever he'll take it. You can do your sewing on the side. Whenever you need help, call on me. I'm going to be gin that barricade."

CHAPTER XIV.

Fever and Fire and Fear.

BY nightfall Winthrop was tossing and groaning on the bed of leaves which Miss Leslie had heaped beneath his canopy. Though not delirious, his high temperature, coupled with the pains which racked every nerve and bone in his body, rendered him light-headed. He would catch himself up in the midst of some rambling nonsense to inquire anxiously whether he had said anything silly or strange. On being reassured upon this, he would relax again, and, as likely as not, break into a babyish wail over his aches and pains.

Blake shook his head when he learned that the attack had not been preceded by a chill.

"Guess he's in for a hot time," he said. "There is more'n one kind of malarial fever. Some's a whole lot like typhus."

"Typhus? What is that?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Sort of rapid fire, double action typhoid. Not that I think Win's got it—only malaria. What gets me is that we've only been here these few days, and yet it looks like he's got the continuous, no-chill kind."

"Then you think he will be very ill?"

"Well, I guess he'll think so. It ought to run out in a week or ten days, though. We've had good water, and it usually takes time for malaria to soak in deep. Now, don't worry, Miss Jenny. It'll do him no good, and you a lot of harm. Take things easy as you can, for you've got to keep up your strength. If you don't, you'll be down yourself before Win is up."

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He was back an hour earlier than usual, and he brought with him a dozen or more fair-sized fish. His mouth was watering over the prospective feast, and Miss Leslie showed herself hardly less eager for a change from their monotonous diet. As the fish were already dressed, she raked up the coals and quickly contrived a grill of green bamboos.

When the odor of the broiling fish spread about in the still air, even Winthrop sniffed and turned over, while Blake watched the crisping delicacies with a ravenous look. Unable to restrain himself, he caught up the smallest fish, half cooked, and bolted it down with such haste that he burnt his mouth. He ran over to the spring for a drink, and Winthrop cackled derisively.

Miss Leslie was too absorbed in her cooking to observe the result of Blake's greediness. She had turned the fish for the last time, and was about to lift them off the fire, when Blake came running back, and sent grill and all flying with a violent kick.

"Salt!" he gasped—"where's the salt? I'm poisoned!"

"Poisoned?"

"Poison fish! Don't eat! God!—Where's the salt?"

The girl stared at him. His agony was so great that beads of sweat were rolling down his face. He writhed, and stretched out a quivering hand—"Salt, quick!—warm water—salt!"

"But there's none left! You remember, yesterday—"

"God!" groaned Blake, and for a moment he sank down, overcome by a racking convulsion. Then his jaw closed like a bulldog's, and gritting his teeth with the effort, he staggered up and rushed off down the cleft.

"Stop! stop, Mr. Blake! Where are you going?" screamed the girl.

She started to run after him, but was halted by an outburst of delirious laughter. Winthrop was sitting upright and waving his fever-blotted hands—"Hi, hi! look at 'im run! 'E's got w'at'll do for 'im! Run, you swine; you—"

There followed a torrent of cockney whoop so loud that Miss Leslie blushed scarlet with shame as she sought to quiet him. But the excitement had so heightened his fever that he was in a raving delirium. It was close upon midnight before his temperature fell, and he sank into a death-like torpor. In her ignorance, she supposed that he had fallen asleep.

Her relief was short-lived, for soon she remembered Blake. She could see him lying beside the pool or out on the bare plain, his resolute eyes cold and glassy, his powerful body contorted in the death agony. The vision filled her with dismay. With all his coarseness, the man had showed himself so resourceful, so indomitable, that when she sought to dwell upon her reasons to fear him, she found herself admiring his virile manliness. He might be a brute, but he did not belong among the jackals and hyenas. Indeed, as she called to mind his strong face and frank, blunt speech she all but disbelieved that her own ears had heard.

girl's brain that she at last fell into a heavy sleep. The fire burned low, and shadowy forms began to creep from behind the bamboos and the trees and rocks down the gorge. There was no sound; but greedy, wolfish eyes gleamed in the starlight.

Only the day before Blake had told Miss Leslie to store the last rack of cured meat inside the baobab. The two sleepers lay between the fire and the entrance to the hollow. Slowly the embers of the fire died away into gray ashes, and slowly the night prowlers drew nearer. The boldest of the pack crept close to Miss Leslie, and, with teeth bared and back bristling, sniffed at the edge of her skirt. Whether because of her heavy breathing or the odor of the leopard skin, the beast drew away, with an uneasy whine.

There was a pause; then, backed by three others, the leader approached Winthrop. He was still lying in the death-like torpor, and he lacked the protection which, in all likelihood, the leopard skin had given Miss Leslie. The cowardly brutes took him for dead or dying. They sniffed at him from head to foot, and then, with a ferocious outburst of snarls and yells, flung themselves upon him.

Had it not chanced that Winthrop was lying upon his side, with one arm thrown up, he would have been fatally wounded by the first slashing bites of his assailants. The two which sought to tear him were baffled by the thick folds of Blake's coat, while their leader's slash at the victim's throat was barred by the upraised arm. With a savage snap, the beast's jaws closed on the arm, biting through to the bone. At the same instant the fourth jackal tore ravenously at one of the outstretched legs.

With a shriek of agony, Winthrop started up from his torpor, and struck out frantically in a fury of pain and terror. Startled by the violence of this unexpected resistance, the jackals leaped back—only to spring in again as the remainder of the pack made a rush to forestall them.

Winthrop was staggering to his feet, when the foremost brute leaped upon him. He fell heavily against one of the main supports of his bamboo canopy, and the entire structure came down with a crash. Two of the jackals, caught beneath the roof, howled with fear as they sought to free themselves. The others, with brute dread of an unknown danger, drew away, snarling and gnashing their teeth.

Wakened by the first ferocious yelps of Winthrop's assailants, Miss Leslie had started up and stared about in the darkness. On all sides she could see pairs of fiery eyes and dim forms like the phantom creatures of a nightmare. Winthrop's shriek, instead of spurting her to action, only confused her the more and benumbed her faculties. She thought it was his death cry, and stood trembling, transfixed with horror.

Then came the fall of the canopy. His cries as he sought to throw it off

showed that he was still alive. In a flash her bewilderment vanished. The stagnant blood surged again through her arteries in a fiery, stimulating torrent. With a cry, to which primeval instinct lent a menacing note, she groped her way to the fallen canopy, and stooped to lift up one side.

Continued next week.

LEFT ON HER DOORSTEP FOR THIS MOTHER

Mrs. A. G. Tison, of Livermore, Cal., writes: "I picked up from my doorstep one day a little book in which I soon became very much interested. My little girl of five years of age had been troubled for a long time with loss of appetite, extreme nervousness and undue fatigue. She was all run-down and in a very delicate condition."

"This little book was very comprehensively written, and told of the new method of extracting the medicinal elements of the cod's liver from the oil, eliminating the obnoxious oil which is so hard for children to take."

"Just the thing," said I, "for my little daughter," and I immediately went for a bottle of Vinol. It helped her wonderfully. She has gained rapidly in flesh and strength, and she does not take cold half so easily."

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Public Sale

Having sold my farm and decided to quit farming and move to town, I will sell at Public Sale, 3/4 miles northwest of Salem and 5 miles southeast of Dawson, the following described property, on

Tuesday, Feb. 16th

9 HORSES AND MULES 9

One span gray mares, 5 years old, wt. about 1600 each—both bred; one sorrel mare, 9 years old, wt. 1250; family mare, with foal—a fine driver; one brown horse, wt. 1250; one roan mare 10 years old, wt. 1075—family mare, works any place; one suckling colt, extra good; one horse colt, 2 years old; one mule colt, 1 year old; one suckling mule colt.

20 HEAD OF CATTLE 20

Five milch cows, all good, four of them just fresh; three yearling heifers, all bred; five good steer calves; three heifer calves; four little calves; two milch cows; three yearling steers; one yearling heifer and a steer calf.

IMPLEMENTS

One Deering binder, press drill, riding lister, single row corn drill, riding cultivator, double row walking cultivator, Curler disc harrow, one 16-foot harrow, hay rake, mower, end-gate seeder, 16-in. riding plow, 14-in. walking plow, Harrison wagon, low wagon, with rack on carriage—good as new; top buggy, cistern pump, two sets work harness, set of double driving harness, set single harness, two sets heavy fly nets, saddle and bridle—good as new; two barrels with hog waterers, grindstone, iron kettle, lard press, DeLavel cream separator, 20-foot ladder, 150 bu. oats, 50 lb. speltz, single-row disc monitor, alfalfa hay in barn, etc.

TERMS OF SALE

All sums of \$10 and under, cash. On all sums over \$10 a credit of 8 months will be given without interest, if paid when due; if not, to draw 10 per cent interest from date. 3 per ct. off for cash.

HENRY SANDROCK

ROY KISTNER, Auctioneer
RAY HUSTON, Clerk

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"SURE HATCH" INCUBATOR

AND BROODER

Come in and let us show you how they work. The way the are heated is their strongest point—it is perfect.

J. C. TANNER

Falls City Nebraska

Plumbing Hardware We have an Expert Tinner Plumber and Furnace Man



DENTAL THERAPEUTICS
is the foundation of all superior dental work, and relates to the treatment of diseases of the teeth and gums, their cure and preparation of the roots and nerves for the reception of fillings, crowns or bridge work. Such preparatory work must be carefully and skillfully done, or the finish work will be worthless. In this respect Dr. Yutzy has a wide reputation, and all work entrusted to his care receives the closest attention.

DR. YUTZY
BERT WINDLE, D. D. S., Assistant
Falls City, Nebraska

The Falls City Roller Mills

Does a general milling business, and manufactures the following brands of flour

SUNFLOWER MAGNOLIA CROWN

The above brands are guaranteed to be of the highest possible quality. We also manufacture all mill products and conduct a general

Grain, Live Stock and Coal Business

and solicit a share of your patronage

P. S. Heacock & Son Falls City, Nebr.

Think About Your Boy!

MR. FARMER:—By the time your boy grows up and becomes old enough to take up in his own name one of the new Government Irrigated farms in the Big Horn Basin it will be too late for him to get one. Will you let his chance go by? Is this fair to the boy? What will he think of your foresight when he seeks for land and finds out that you neglected to take in 1909, almost as a gift, an Uncle Sam Irrigated Farm that in 1919 will cost him \$150 per acre? Of course, if he has the price, all right, but what if he has not?

Only \$27.50 Round Trip After March 1st.

Personally conducted excursions first and third Tuesdays of each month. Write D. Clem Deaver, General Agent, Lands-Seekers Information Bureau, 1004 Farnam St., Omaha, about these excursions.