

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
COPYRIGHT 1918, BY R. C. M'CLURG & CO.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens with the midshipman 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 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 hunted 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 for themselves a shelter 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 surveyor's 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 dress from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed.

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

CHAPTER XIV.—Blake was poisoned by a fish. Jackals attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake returned, after nearly dying.

CHAPTER XV.—Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyena.

CHAPTER XVI.—On a tour the trio discovered honey and oysters.

CHAPTER XVII.—Miss Leslie was attacked by a poisonous snake. Blake killed it and saved its poison to kill some.

CHAPTER XVIII.—For the second time Winthrop was attacked by fever. He and Blake disagreed.

CHAPTER XIX.—Blake 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.

CHAPTER XX.—Winthrop, badly hurt, died the following morning.

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 mere damage and destruction of things. It was rather a relief to find something that called for work.

Not being able to find dry fuel she gathered a quantity of the least sodden of the twigs and branches and spread them out on a ledge in the clear sunshine. While her firewood was drying she scraped away the mud and litter heaped upon her rude hearth. She then began a search for potter ware. When she dug out the pottery ware she found her favorite stew pot and one of the platters in fragments. The drying-frames for the meat had been blown away, and so had the antelope and hyena skins.

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 flow 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-smearred 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—it?"

Blake jerked his thumb upward.

"You've 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—er, more like, the duchess's jewels. Now, if you please, I want you to sew this up 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.

"Good! Now a piece of meat," he said.

"Please, Mr. Blake!" she protested. "Yes, you must!"

She took a bite, and sought to eat; but there was such a lump in her throat that she could not swallow. The tears gushed into her eyes, and she began to weep.

Blake's close-set lips relaxed, and he nodded.

"That's it; let it run out. You're overwrought. There's nothing like a good cry to ease off a woman's nerves—and I guess ladies aren't much different from women when it comes to such things."

"But I—I want to get the flag mended!" she sobbed.

"All right, all right; plenty of time!" he soothed. "I'm going to see how things look down the cleft."

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 rill. But aside from an occasional 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's 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 it 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 everything!"

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."

CHAPTER XXII.

Understanding and Misunderstanding.

I N the morning she found Blake scraping energetically at the inner surfaces of a pair of raw hyena skins.

"So you've killed more game!" she exclaimed.

"Game? No; hyenas. I hated to waste good poison on the brutes; but

nothing else showed up. So now I need a new pair of pa—er—trousers."

Was it not dangerous—great beasts like these?"

"Not even enough to make it interesting. I'd have had some fun, though, with that confounded lion when the moon came up if he hadn't sneaked off into the grass."

"A lion?"

"Yes. Didn't you hear him? The skulking brute prowled around for hours before the moon rose, when it was pitch dark. It was mighty lonesome, with him yowling down by the pool. Half a chance and I'd given him something to yowl about. But it wasn't any use firing off my arrows in the dark, and, as I said, he sneaked off before—"

"Tom—Mr. Blake!—you must not risk your life!"

"Don't you worry about me. I've learned how to look out for Tom Blake. And you can just bank on it I'm going to look out for Miss Jenny Leslie, too! But say, after breakfast, suppose we take a run out on the cliff for eggs?"

"I do not wish any to-day, thank you."

He waited a little, studying her down-bent face.

"Well," he muttered; "you don't have to come. I know I oughtn't to take a moment's time. I did quite a bit last night; but if you think—"

She glanced up, puzzled. His meaning flashed upon her, and she rose.

"Oh, not that! I will come," she answered, and hastened to prepare the morning meal.

When they came to the tree-ladder she found that the heap of stones built up by Blake to facilitate the first part of the ascent was now so high that she could climb into the branches without difficulty. She surmised that Blake had found it necessary to build up the pile before he could ascend with his burden.

They were at the foot of the heap, when, with a sharp exclamation, Blake sprang up into the branches and scrambled to the top in hot haste. Wondering what this might mean, Miss Leslie followed as fast as she could. When she reached the top she saw him running across towards an out-jutting point on the north edge of the cliff.

She had hurried after him for more than half the distance before she perceived the vultures that were gathered in a solemn circle about a long and narrow heap of stones on a ledge down on the sloping brink of the cliff. While at the foot of the tree Blake had seen one of the grewsome flock descending to join the other, and, fearful of what might be happening, had rushed on ahead.

At his approach, the croaking watchers hopped awkwardly from the ledges and soared away; only to wheel and circle back overhead. Miss Leslie shrank down, shuddering. Blake came back near her, and began to gather up the pieces of loose rock which were strewn about beneath the ledges on that part of the cliff.

"I know I piled up enough," he explained, in response to her look. "All the same, a few more will do no harm."

"Then you are sure those awful birds have not—"

"Yes, I'm sure."

He carried an armful of rocks to lay on the mound. When he began to gather more she followed his example. They worked in silence, piling the rough stones gently one upon another, until the cairn had grown to twice its former size. The air on the open cliff top was fresher than in the cleft, and Miss Leslie gave little heed to the absence of shade. She would have worked on under the burning sun without thought of consequences. But Blake knew the need of moderation.

"There; that'll do," he said. "He may have been—all he was; but we've no more than done our duty. Now, we'll stroll out on the point."

"I should prefer to return."

"No doubt. But it's time you learned how to go nesting. What if you should be left alone here? Besides, it looks to me like the signal is tearing loose."

She accompanied him out along the cliff crest until they stood in the midst of the bird colony, half deafened by their harsh clamor. She had never ventured into their concourse when alone. Even now she cried out, and would have retreated before the sharp bills and beating wings had not Blake walked ahead and kicked the squawking birds out of the path. Having made certain that the big white flag was still secure on its staff he led the way along the seaward brink of the cliff, pointing out the different kinds of seaweed and shouting information about such of their habits and qualities as were of concern to hungry cast-aways.

He concluded the lesson by descending a dizzy flight of ledges to rob the nest of a frigate bird. It was a foolhardy feat at best, and doubly so in view of the thousands of eggs lying all around in the hollows of the cliff top. But from these Blake had recently culled out all the fresh settings of the frigate birds and none of the other eggs equaled them in delicacy of flavor.

"How's that?" he demanded, as he drew himself up over the edge of the cliff and handed the big chalky-white egg into her keeping.

"I would rather go without than see you take such risks," she replied, coldly.

"You would, eh?" he cried, quite misunderstanding her, and angered by what seemed to him a gratuitous rebuff. "Well, I'd rather you'd say nothing than speak in that tone. If you don't want the egg leave it over."

Unable to conceive any cause for his sudden anger, she was alarmed.

Continued on Seventh page

You Can Make No Mistake in Buying a

"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 We have an Expert Tinner Plumber and Furnace Man Hardware

A LOT of LOAFERS

These may be found in almost every community. They are men who seem to have time for everything but earning a living. They are not producers and add nothing to the value of property. As they never have any business with a bank they do not interest us. There is, however, a lot of loafers in this community in whom we are interested. Many of them bear the legend "In God We Trust". They are hidden in out-of-the-way places, pork barrels, old socks, bed ticks, tin cans, etc. They are earning nothing for their owners, nor are they of the slightest benefit to the community. There are enough of these loafers in this community to run a bank if put to work. No farmer would keep a hired man around who did not work, and if all his hens stopped laying eggs and the cows refused to give any more milk, they would be "turned off." Let's get these dollar loafers busy. The best place to start them in is at this bank. The owners may rest assured they will be safe in our hands, but they will be put to work at once. If all the idle money in this section was at work all the time as it should be, the prosperity of everyone in the county would be greatly increased thereby.

The Farmers' State Bank

PRESTON, NEBRASKA

Dinnerware

See the new patterns at Chas. M. Wilson's—the **Chrysanthemum** and **Silver Grey** two of the finest and best we have ever shown. We now have fourteen patterns in Dinnerware for you to select from, ranging in price from \$10 to \$40 for a 100-piece set. We would be pleased to show you through the stock.

Chas. M. Wilson

UNLIKE ANY OTHER NEWSPAPER IS

The Weekly Kansas City Star

THE WEEKLY STAR, in addition to printing the entire news of the week in concise form, has

Absolutely Accurate Market Quotations

So valuable are these that such are copyrighted by THE STAR and appear only in this newspaper.

THE WEEKLY STAR has also the famous **Chaperon Feature** which furnishes free, advice and help on many perplexing problems. Also "**Answers**," which takes care of all questions the readers care to ask.

It has a practical, successful Kansas farmer in charge of its **Farm Department**, which is of great value to all farmers and stockmen.

THE WEEKLY KANSAS CITY STAR isn't for any limited set of people; it's for every member of every family. If you don't find something of interest in a particular issue, well, the office looks on that issue as a failure. 25c pays for one year.

ADDRESS

THE WEEKLY KANSAS CITY STAR

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

JOB PRINTING

little cheaper than the other fellow. Wedding invitations, letter heads, bill heads, sale bills, statements, dodgers, cards, etc., all receive the same careful treatment—just a little better than seems necessary. Prompt delivery always.

We can do the finest class of printing, and we can do that class just as well as anyone else. We can do that class just as well as anyone else. We can do that class just as well as anyone else.