

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

By
ROBERT AMES BENNET

Illustrations by
RAY WALTERS

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Continued from Page Three

and drew back, watching him with sidelong glances.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Think I'm going to bite you?"

She shrank farther away, and did not answer. He stared at her, his eyes hard and bright. Suddenly he burst into a harsh laugh and strode away towards the cliff, savagely kicking aside the birds that came in his path.

When, an hour later, the girl crept back along the cleft to the baobab she saw him hard at work building a little hut several yards down towards the barricade. The moment she perceived what he was about her bearing became less guarded, and she took up her own work with a spirit and energy which she had not shown since the adventure with the puff adder.

At her call to the noon meal Blake took his time to respond, and when he at last came to join her he was morose and taciturn. She met him with a smile and exerted all her womanly tact to conciliate him.

"You must help me eat the egg," she said. "I've boiled it hard."

"Rather eat beef," he mumbled. "But just to please me—when I've cooked it your way?"

He uttered an inarticulate sound which she chose to interpret as assent. The egg was already shelled. She cut it exactly in half and served one of the pieces to him with a bit of warm fat and a pinch of salt. As he took the dish he raised his sullen eyes to her face. She met his gaze with a look of smiling insistence.

"Come now," she said; "please don't refuse. I'm sorry I was so rude."

"Well, if you feel that way about it!—not that I care for fancy dishes," he responded, gruffly.

"It would be missing half the enjoyment to eat such a delicacy without some one to share it," she said.

Blake looked away without answer. But she could see that his face was beginning to clear. Greatly encouraged, she chatted away as though they were seated at her father's dinner-table and he was an elderly friend from the business world whom it was her duty to entertain.

For a while Blake betrayed little interest, confining himself to monosyllables except when he commented on the care with which she had cooked the various dishes. When she least expected, he looked up at her, his lips parted in a broad smile. She stopped short, for she had been describing her first social triumphs and his untimely levity embarrassed her.

"Don't get mad, Miss Jenny," he said, his eyes twinkling. "You don't know how funny it seems to sit here and listen to you talking about those things. It's like serving up ice cream and onions in the same dish."

"I'm sure, Mr. Blake—"

"Beats a burlesque all hollow—Mrs. Stint-Regis-Waldoff's chop-sooey tea and young Mrs. Vandam-Jones' auto-cotillon—with us sitting here like troglodytes, chewing snake-poisoned antelope, and you in that Kundry dress!"

"Do you—I was not aware that you knew about music."

"Don't know a note. But give me a chance to hear good music and I'm there if I have to stand in the peanut-gallery."

"Oh, I'm so glad! I'm very, very fond of music! Have you been to Bayreuth?"

"Where's that?"

"In Germany. It is where his operas are given as staged by Wagner himself. It is indescribably grand and inspiring—above all, the Parsifal!"

"I'll most certainly take that in, even if I have to cut short my engagement in this geolodious climate—not but what, when it comes to leopard ladies—" He paused and surveyed her with frank admiration.

The blood leaped into her face. "Oh!" she gasped, "I never dreamed that even such a man as you would compare me with—with a creature like that!"

"Such a man as me!" repeated Blake, staring. "What do you mean? I know I'm not much of a ladies' man; but to be yanked up like this when a fellow is trying to pay a compliment—well, it's not just what you'd call pleasant."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Blake. I misunderstood. I—"

"That's all right, Miss Jenny! I don't ask any lady to beg my pardon. The only thing is I don't see why you should flare out at me that way."

For a full minute she sat, with down-bent head, her face clouded with doubt and indecision. At last she bravely raised her eyes to meet his.

"Do you wonder that I am not quite myself?" she asked. "You should remember that I have always had the utmost comforts of life and have been cared for—Don't you see how ter-

rible it is for me? And then the death of—"

"I can't be sorry for that!" "But even you felt how terrible it was—and then—Oh, surely, you must see how—how embarrassing—"

It was Blake's turn to look down and hesitate. She studied his face, her bosom heaving with quick-drawn breath; but she could make nothing of his square jaw and firm-set lips. His eyes were concealed by the brim of his leaf hat. When he spoke, seemingly it was to change the subject: "Guess you saw me making my hut. I'm fixing it so it'll do me even when it rains."

Had he been the kind of man that she had been educated to consider as alone entitled to the name of gentleman, she could have felt certain that he had intended the remark for a delicately worded assurance. But was Tom Blake, for all his blunt kindness, capable of such tact? She chose to consider that he was.

"It's a cunning little bungalow. But will not the rain flood you out?"

"It's going to have a raised floor. You're more like to have the rain drive in on you again. I'll have to rig up a porch over your door. It won't do to stuff up the hole. You've little enough air as it is. But that can wait a while. There's other work more pressing. First, there's the barricade. By the time that's done those hyena skins will be cured enough to use. I've got to have new trousers soon, and new shoes, too."

"I can do the sewing, if you will cut out the patterns."

"No; I'll take a stagger at it myself first. I'd rather you'd go egg-hunting. You need to run around more, to keep in trim."

"I feel quite well now, and I am growing so strong! The only thing is this constant heat."

"We'll have to grin and bear it."



"I'm Fixing It So It'll Do Me Even When It Rains."

After all, it's not so bad, if only we can stave off the fever. Another reason I want you to go for eggs is that you can take your time about it and keep a look-out for steamers."

"Then you think—"

"Don't screw up your hopes too high. We've little show of being picked up by a chance boat on a coast with reefs like this. But I figure that if I was in your daddy's shoes it'd be high time for me to be cabling a ship to run up from Natal, or down from Zanzibar, to look around for jettison, et cetera."

"I'm sure papa will offer a big reward."

"Second the motion! I've a sort of idea I wouldn't mind coming in for a reward myself."

"You? Oh, yes; to be sure. Papa is generous, and he will be grateful to anyone who—"

"You think I mean his dirty money!" broke in Blake, hotly.

Her confusion told him that he had not been mistaken. His face, only a moment since bright and pleasant, took on its sullenest frown.

Miss Leslie rose hurriedly and started along the cleft.

"Hello!" he called. "Not going for eggs now, are you?"

She did not reply.

"Hang it all, Miss Jenny! Don't go off like that."

"May I ask you to excuse me, Mr. Blake?—Is that sufficient?"

"Sufficient? It's enough to give a fellow a chill! Come, now; don't go off mad. You know I've a quick temper. Can't you make allowances?"

"You've—you've no right to look so angry, even if I did misunderstand you. You misunderstood me!" She caught herself up with a half sob. His silence gave her time to recover her composure. She continued with excessive politeness: "Need I repeat my request to be excused, Mr. Blake?"

"No; once is enough! But, honest now, I didn't mean to be nasty."

"Good-day, Mr. Blake."

"Oh, da-darn it, good-day!" he groaned.

When, a few minutes later, she returned, he was gone. He did not come back until some time after dark, when she had withdrawn to her lean-to for the night. His hands were bleeding from thorn scratches; but after a hasty supper he went back down the cleft to build up the new wall of the barricade with the great stack of fresh thorn-brush that he had gathered during the afternoon.

Continued next week.

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ORATORICAL FLIGHT

This Gem of Eloquence is Fell From "Billy" Sunday

Rev. Wm. A. Sunday, the evangelist, has been pictured as a man who uses coarse, slangy language in his sermons and that his power lies in his physical exertions and his blunt, almost brutal way of expressing himself. He never has had the reputation of being an eloquent man although he is given the credit of great earnestness.

Here is a gem, however, taken from one of Mr. Sunday's sermons, which for beauty of expression and genuine eloquence has seldom been equaled:

Twenty-two years ago, with the Holy Spirit as my guide, I entered this wonderful temple called Christianity. I entered at the portico of Genesis, walked down through the old testament gallery where the pictures of Noah, Abraham, Moses, Joseph, Isaac, Jacob and Daniel hang on the wall. I passed into the music rooms of Psalms, where the spirit swept the keyboard of nature and brought forth the dirge-like wail of the weeping prophet, Jeremiah, to the grand impassioned strain of Isaiah, until it seemed that every reed and pipe in God's great organ of nature responded to the tuneful harp of David, the sweet singer of Israel. I entered the temple of Ecclesiastes where the clear voice of the preacher was heard and into the conservatory of Sharon, and the Lilly of the Valley's sweet scented spices filled and perfumed my life. I entered the business office of Proverbs, then into the observatory room of the prophets, where I saw telescopes of various sizes, some pointing to far-off events, but all concentrated upon the bright and morning star, which was to rise above the moonlit hills of Judea for our salvation. I entered the audience room of King of Kings, and caught a vision of His glory from the standpoint of Matthew, Mark Luke and John;

passed into the Acts of Apostles, where the Holy Spirit was doing his office work in the formation of the infant church. Then into the correspondence room, where sat Matthew, Mark, Luke, Paul, John, Peter, James and Jude, penning their epistles. I stepped into the throne room of Revelations, which all towered into glittering peaks, and I got a vision of the King sitting upon his throne in all His glory and I cried:

"All hail to the power of Jesus' name.
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!"

—EX.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an order of sale, issued out of the District Court, in and for Richardson county and state of Nebraska, under the seal of said court, dated on the 10th day of February, 1909, and to me directed as Sheriff of said county, to be executed, I will on the 17th day of April, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m., of said day, at the west door of the court house in the city of Falls City, in said county and state, offer for sale at public vendue, and sell to the highest and best bidder, the property described in said order of sale, to-wit:

Lots one (1), two (2), three (3) and four (4), in block five (5), Crook & Towle's second addition to Falls City, Neb., in said county, to satisfy a decree of said court, with interest and costs recovered by Peter Frederick, Sr., against John F. Ramsey and Jennie Ramsey.

Terms of sale, cash.
Given under my hand at Falls City, Nebraska, this 9th day of March, 1909.
W. T. FENTON, Sheriff
By REAVIS & REAVIS, Attorneys. 10 St.

Legal Notice

IN THE DISTRICT COURT FOR RICHARDSON COUNTY, NEBRASKA

Thomas McLane
vs.
Ollie M. McLane

Notice is hereby given to the defendant that on March 15th, 1909, plaintiff filed his petition in said court against said defendant, the object and prayer of which are to obtain an absolute divorce from said defendant upon the grounds that said defendant has been guilty of gross and extreme cruelty towards plaintiff without just cause or provocation.

Defendant is required to plead to said petition on or before April 20th, 1909, or the allegations thereof will be taken as true and decree entered in accordance with the prayer of said petition.

THOMAS McLANE,
REAVIS & REAVIS,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.
(First publication March 19, 09, 4L.)

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