

# INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY **ROBERT AMES BENNET**  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WALTERS**  
COPYRIGHT 1908 BY A.C. MCELWINE & CO.

## 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 brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunk stupor. 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. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wanted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish.

## CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"To be sure, the Japanese eat raw fish," admitted Winthrop. "Yes; and you'd swallow your share of it if you had an invite to a swell dinner in Tokyo. Go on now, both of you. It's no joke, I tell you. You've got to eat, if you expect to get to water before night. Understand? See that headland south? Well, it's 100 to 1 we'll not find water short of there, and if we make it by night, we'll be doing better than I figure from the looks of these bogs. Now go to chewing. That's it! That's fine, Miss Jenny!"

Miss Leslie had forced herself to take a nibble of the raw fish. The flavor proved less repulsive than she had expected, and its moisture was so grateful to her parched mouth that she began to eat with eagerness. Not to be outdone, Winthrop promptly followed her lead. Blake had already cut himself a second slice. After he had cut more for his companions, he began to look them over with a close gaze that proved embarrassing to Miss Leslie.

"Here's more of the good stuff," he said. "While you're chewing it, we'll sort of take stock. Everybody shell out everything. Here's my outfit—three shillings, half a dozen poker chips, and not another blessed—Say, what's become of that whisky flask? Have you seen my flask?"

"Here it is, right beside me, Mr. Blake," answered Miss Leslie. "But it is empty."

"Might be worse! What you got?—hairpins, watch? No pocket, I suppose?"

"None; and no watch. Even most of my pins are gone," replied the girl, and she raised her hand to her loosely coiled hair.

"Well, hold on to what you've got left. They may come in for fish-hooks. Let's see your shoes."

Miss Leslie slowly turned a slender little foot just beyond the hem of her drab white skirt.

"Good Lord!" groaned Blake, "slippers, and high heels at that! How do you expect to walk in those things?"

"I can at least try," replied the girl, with spirit.

"Hobble! Pass 'em over here, Winnie, my boy."

The slippers were handed over. Blake took one after the other and wrenched off the heel close to its base. "Now you've at least got a pair of slippers," he said, tossing them back to their owner. "Them on tight with a couple of your ribbons, if you don't want to lose them in the mud. Now, Winthrop, what you got beside the knife?"

Winthrop held out a bunch of long flat keys and his cigarette case. He opened the latter and was about to throw away the two remaining cigarettes when Blake grasped his wrist.

"Hold on! even they may come in for something. We'll at least keep them until we need the case."

"And the keys?"

"Make arrow-heads. If we can get fire."

"I've heard of savages making fire by rubbing wood."

"Yes; and we're a long way from being savages—at present. All the show we have is to find some kind of quartz or flint, and the sooner we start to look the better. Got your slippers tied, Miss Jenny?"

"Yes; I think they'll do."

"Think! It's knowing the thing. Here, let me look."

The girl shrank back; but Blake stooped and examined first one slipper and then the other. The ribbons about both were tied in dainty bows. Blake jerked them loose and twisted them firmly over and under the slippers and about the girl's slender ankles before knotting the ends.

"There; that's more like. You're not going to a dance," he growled.

He thrust the empty whisky flask into his hip pocket and went back to pass a sling of reeds through the gills of the corymb.

"All ready now," he called. "Let's get a move on. Keep my coat closer about your shoulders, Miss Jenny, and keep your shade up, if you don't want a sunstroke."

"Thank you, Blake, I'll see to that," said Winthrop. "I'm going to help Miss Leslie along. I've fastened our two shades together, so that they will answer for both of us."

"How about yourself, Mr. Blake?" inquired the girl. "Do you not find the sun fearfully hot?"

"Sure; but I wet my head in the sea, and here's another source."

As he rose with dripping head from beside the pool he slung the corymb on his back and started off without further words.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A Journey in Desolation.

MORNING was well advanced and the sun beat down upon the three with almost overpowering fierceness. The heat would have rendered their thirst unendurable had not Blake hacked off for them bit after bit of the moist corymbine flesh.



Stopped, Utterly Spent.

In a temperate climate ten miles over firm ground is a pleasant walk for one accustomed to the exercise. Quite a different matter is ten miles across mud-flats, covered with a tangle of reeds and rushes, and frequently dipping into salt marsh and ooze. Before they had gone a mile Miss Leslie would have lost her slippers had it not been for Blake's forethought in tying them so securely. Within a little more than three miles the girl's strength began to fail.

"Oh, Blake," called Winthrop, for the American was some yards in the lead, "pull up a bit on that knoll. We'll have to rest a while, I fancy. Miss Leslie is about pegged."

"What's that?" demanded Blake. "We're not half-way yet!"

Winthrop did not reply. It was all he could do to drag the girl up on the hummock. She sank, half-fainting, upon the dry reeds, and he sat down beside her to protect her with the shade. Blake stared at the miles of swampy flats which yet lay between them and the out-jutting headland of gray rock. The base of the cliff was screened by a belt of trees; but the nearest clump of green did not look more than a mile nearer than the headland.

"Hell!" muttered Blake, despondently. "Not even a short four miles. Mush and sassify girls!"

Though he spoke to himself the others heard him. Miss Leslie flushed and would have risen had not Winthrop put his hand on her arm.

"Could you not go on and bring back a flask of water for Miss Leslie?" he asked. "By that time she will be rested."

"No; I don't fetch back any flasks of water. She's going when I go, or you can come on to suit yourselves."

"M. Blake, you—you won't go and leave me here! If you have a sister—"

"She died of drink, and both my sisters did worse."

"My God, man! do you mean to say you'll abandon a helpless young girl?"

"Not a bit more helpless than were my sisters when you rich folks' guardians of law and order judged me for the winter 'cause I didn't have a job and turned both girls into the street—onto the street, if you know what that means—one only 16 and the other 17. Talk about helpless young girls—Damnation!"

Miss Leslie cringed back as though she had been struck. Blake, however, seemed to have vented his anger in the curse, for when he again spoke there was nothing more than impatience in his tone. "Come on, now; get aboard. Winthrop couldn't lug you a half-mile, and long it's the only way don't be all day about it. Here, Winthrop, look to the fish."

"But, my dear fellow, I don't quite take your idea, nor does Miss Leslie, I fancy," ventured Winthrop.

"Well, we've got to get to water or die; and as the lady can't walk she's got to go on my back. It's a case of have-to."

"No! I am not—I am not! I'd sooner die!"

"I'm afraid you'll find that easy enough later on, Miss Jenny. Stand by, Winthrop, to help her up. Do you hear? Take the knife and fish and lend a hand."

There was a note in Blake's voice that neither Winthrop nor Miss Leslie dared disregard. Though scarlet with mortification, she permitted herself to be taken pick-a-back upon Blake's broad shoulders and meekly obeyed his command to clasp her hands about his throat. Yet even at that moment, such are the inconsistencies of human nature, she could not but admire the ease with which he rose under her weight.

Now that he no longer had the show

pace of the girl to consider, he advanced at his natural gait, the quick, tireless stride of an American railroad surveyor. His feet, trained to swamp travel in Louisiana and Panama, seemed to find the firmest ground as by instinct, and whether on the half-dried mud of the hummocks or in the ankle-deep water of the bogs, they felt their way without slip or stumble.

Winthrop, though burdened only with the half-eaten corymb, toiled along behind, greatly troubled by the mud and the tangled reeds, and now and then flung down by some unlucky misstep. His modish suit, already much damaged by the salt water, was soon smeared afresh with a coating of greenish slime. His one consolation was that Blake, after jerking at his first tumble, paid no more attention to him. On the other hand, he was cut by the seeming indifference of Miss Leslie. Intent on his own misery, he failed to consider that the girl might be suffering far greater discomfort and humiliation.

More than three miles had been covered before Blake stopped on a hummock. Releasing Miss Leslie, he stretched out on the dry crest of the knoll and called for a slice of the fish. At his urging the others took a few mouthfuls, although their throats were so parched that even the moist flesh afforded scant relief. Fortunately for them all, Blake had been thoroughly trained to endure thirst. He rested less than ten minutes; then taking Miss Leslie up again like a rag doll, he swung away at a good pace.

The trees were less than half a mile distant when he halted for the second time. He would have gone to them without a pause, though his muscles were quivering with exhaustion, had not Miss Leslie chanced to look around and discover that Winthrop was no longer following them. For the last mile he had been lagging farther and farther behind, and now he had suddenly disappeared. At the girl's dismayed exclamation, Blake released his hold and she found herself standing in a foot or more of mud and water. The sweat was streaming down Blake's face. As he turned around, he wiped it off with his shirt-sleeves.

"Do you—can it be, Mr. Blake, that he has had a sunstroke?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Sunstroke? No; he's just laid down, that's all. I thought he had more sand—confound him!"

"But the sun is so dreadfully hot, and I have his shade."

"And he's been tumbling into every other pool. No; it's not the sun. I've half a mind to let him lie—the paper-legged swell! It would no more than square our aboard-ship accounts."

"Surely, you would not do that, Mr. Blake! It may be that he has hurt himself in falling."

"In this mud?—bah! But I guess I'm in for the pack-mule stunt all around. Now, now; don't yowl, Miss Jenny. I'm going. But you can't expect me to love the snob."

As he splashed away on the return trail, Miss Leslie dabbed at her eyes to check the starting tears.

"Oh, dear—Oh, dear!" she moaned; "what have I done to be so treated? Such a brute. Oh, dear!—and I am so thirsty!"

In her despair she would have sunk down where she stood had not the sliminess of the water repelled her. She gazed longingly at the trees, in the fore of which stood a grove of stately palms. The half-mile seemed an insupportable distance, but the ride on Blake's back had rested her and thirst goaded her forward.

Stumbling and slipping she waded on across the inundated ground, and came out upon a half-baked mud-flat, where the walking was much easier. But the sun was now almost directly overhead, and between her thirst and the heat she soon found herself faltering. She tottered on a few steps farther, and then stopped, utterly spent. As she sank upon the dried rushes she glanced around and was vaguely conscious of a strange, double-headed figure following her path across the marsh. All about her became black.

The next she knew Blake was splashing her head and face with brackish water out of the whisky flask. She raised her hand to shield her face, and sat up, sick and dizzy.

"That's it!" said Blake. He spoke in a kindly tone, though his voice was harsh and broken with thirst. "You're all right now. Pull yourself together and we'll get to the trees in a jiffy."

"Mr. Winthrop—"

"I'm here, Miss Genevieve. It was only a wretched ankle. If I had a stick, Blake, I fancy I could make a go of it over this drier ground."

"And lay yourself up for a month. Come, Miss Jenny, brace up for another try. It's only a quarter-mile, and I've got to pack him."

The girl was gasping with thirst; yet she made an effort, and, assisted by Blake, managed to gain her feet. She was still dizzy; but as Blake swung Winthrop upon his back, he told her to take hold of his arm. Winthrop held the shade over her head. Thus assisted, and sheltered from the direct heat of the sun-rays, she tottered along beside Blake, half-unconscious.

Fortunately the remaining distance lay across a stretch of bare dry ground, for even Blake had all but reached the limit of endurance. Step by step he labored on, staggering under the weight of the Englishman and gasping with a thirst which his exertions rendered even greater than that of his companions. But through the trees and brush which stretched away inland in a wall of verdure he had caught glimpses of a broad stream and the hope of fresh water called out every ounce of his reserve strength.

At last the nearest palm was only a few paces distant. Blake clutched Miss Leslie's arm and dragged her forward with a rush in a final outburst of energy. A moment later all three lay gasping in the shade. But the river was yet another 100 yards distant. Blake waited only to regain his breath; then he staggered up and went on. The others, unable to rise, gazed after him in silent misery.

Soon Blake found himself rushing through the jungle along a broad trail plitt with enormous footprints; but he was so near mad with thirst that he paid no heed to the spoor other than to curse the holes for the trouble they gave him. Suddenly the trail turned to the left and sloped down a low bank into the river. Blind to all else, Blake ran down the slope and dropping upon his knees plunged his head into the water.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## CAME TO HIM AS INSPIRATION

When Mr. Sankey First Sang the Famed "Ninety and Nine."

The story of "Ninety and Nine," the well-known hymn the music for which Mr. Ira D. Sankey improvised in a burst of deep feeling, was told by Rev. Dr. C. E. Locke, at the funeral of Mr. Sankey. The evangelist had found a little poem, "The Lost Sheep," in a Scotch newspaper, so runs Dr. Locke's account in the Brooklyn Eagle, and had clipped it. One night, in Edinburgh Mr. Moody asked him to sing. Mr. Moody had just finished his sermon, "The Good Shepherd." Mr. Sankey had no thought of composing a new song, but as he used to tell the story:

"As I sat at the organ my fingers fell on a flat and my eyes fell on that little poem. I began to sing, and I sang the words of that poem."

When he had finished, Mr. Moody rushed down from the platform and asked him where he had found that song. He said it was the most wonderful song he had ever heard. Mr. Moody was weeping. Mr. Sankey was in weeping and the audience was in

tears, so great was the impression produced by the song.

"I sang it as God gave it to me," Mr. Sankey replied. He never changed a note of the song from the time it fell from his lips.—Youth's Companion.

## Fled from Hoodoo Cat.

Deserted by her crew at the very moment of sailing for the north, the fishing schooner Edrie, due to leave at two o'clock Friday afternoon, still lies at her moorings and all because of a cross-eyed black cat. Friday the crew was making final arrangements to sail, when a yell resounded out of the hold. A sailor burst through the hatch, scrambled over the side and made off before anyone could stop him.

While the others were gazing after his retreating form a yowl came from the darkness below and a black cat appeared upon the deck. One look at the stub-tailed, green-eyed feline was enough. Every man of the crew picked up his bundle and silently departed, nor can the captain by any means lure any of them back on board.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent, or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent, or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium, or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.

## Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. A. F. Peeler, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in many cases and have always found it an efficient and speedy remedy."

Dr. E. Down, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in my practice for many years with great satisfaction to myself and benefit to my patients."

Dr. Edward Parrish, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria in my own household with good results, and have advised several patients to use it for its mild laxative effect and freedom from harm."

Dr. J. B. Elliott, of New York City, says: "Having during the past six years prescribed your Castoria for infantile stomach disorders, I most heartily commend its use. The formula contains nothing deleterious to the most delicate of children."

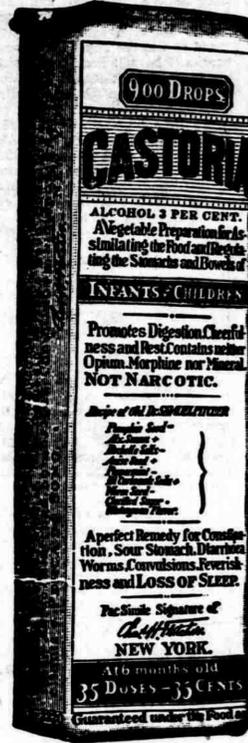
Dr. C. G. Sprague, of Omaha, Neb., says: "Your Castoria is an ideal medicine for children, and I frequently prescribe it. While I do not advocate the indiscriminate use of proprietary medicines, yet Castoria is an exception for conditions which arise in the care of children."

Dr. J. A. Parker, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria holds the esteem of the medical profession in a manner held by no other proprietary preparation. It is a pure and reliable medicine for infants and children. In fact, it is the universal household remedy for infantile ailments."

Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., says: "Castoria is one of the very finest and most remarkable remedies for infants and children. In my opinion your Castoria has saved thousands from an early grave. I can furnish hundreds of testimonials from this locality as to its efficiency and merits."

Dr. Norman M. Geer, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "During the last twelve years I have frequently recommended your Castoria as one of the best preparations of the kind, being safe in the hands of parents and very effective in relieving children's disorders, while the ease with which such a pleasant preparation can be administered is a great advantage."

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of**  
*Chas. H. Fletcher.*  
**The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.**



## THE PRIVILEGED CLASS.



"But, Minna, you shouldn't flirt with all the men as you are doing! Remember—you're not married!"

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty.

Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

The Earth and the Moon.

That the earth must shine on the moon even as the moon shines on the earth is obvious. To detect this light from the earth on the lunar surface and scientifically prove its existence is another matter. It is interesting to find that a recent number of a French astronomical paper contains two photographs of parts of the moon illuminated by earth light. They were taken by M. Quénisset at the Juvias observatory.

Shake Into Your Shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for your feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Education. Eve donned the fig leaves. "My graduation dress from the school of experience," she said. Herewith the program continued.

The best season of the year for a girl to marry is in the fall. It's an easy matter to teach a man to build fires when the honeymoon is on.

A household once supplied with Hamlin's Wizard Oil is seldom allowed to be without it. In case of sudden mishap or accident Wizard Oil takes the place of the family doctor. Are you supplied?

Men owe their resolution, and most of their success, to the opposition they meet with.—Renaud.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and sore throat. 25c a bottle.

It is always the open season for killing time with some people.

FERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER draws the pain and inflammation from the system. A perfect remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, and all other pains. 25c a bottle.

The umbrella dealer has a lot put by for a rainy day.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Original in Tin Foil Smoker Package. Take no substitute.

There is more or less moonshine in the astrology business.

**USE THE BEST**  
**FAULTLESS STARCH** FOR LAUNDRY WORK  
FOR SHIRTS COLLARS CUFFS AND FINE LINEN

Willing to Oblige. Lady (sitting for portrait)—Please make my mouth small. I know it is large, but I wish it to appear quite tiny.

Artist (politely)—Certainly, madam. If you prefer, I will leave it out altogether.—Boston Transcript.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

A man likes to think that a woman thinks he is better than he knows he is.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is made to satisfy the smoker.

A doctor of divinity should believe in the faith cure.

Patience is a harmless yet powerful germicide, disinfectant and deodorizer. Used in bathing it destroys odors and leaves the body antiseptically clean. FOR SALE AT DRUGGISTS, 50c. OR POSTPAID BY MAIL.

**LARGE SAMPLE FREE!** THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

**Down in the dumps**—from over-eating, drinking—bad liver and constipation get many a one, but there's a way out—Cascarets relieve and cure quickly. Take one to-night and feel ever so much better in the morning.

Cascarets—30c box—week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

For Any Face or Any Beard NO STROPPING NO HONING

**Gillette**  
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

**DAISY FLY KILLER** placed anywhere attracts and kills all flies. It is a convenient, cheap, non-toxic, non-staining, non-damaging fly killer. It kills flies, mosquitoes, and other annoying insects. It is safe for use in the house, and is the best fly killer yet invented. Sold by all druggists. 25c a bottle.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM** cleanses and softens the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Sweeps dandruff and itching humors from the scalp. Keeps the hair beautiful. Sold by all druggists. 25c a bottle.

**Thompson's Eye Water** (with 10c eye use)

**SICK HEADACHE** Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.** SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

**Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature**

**WANTED**—Choice farm lands in Iowa or Nebraska in exchange for a California Industrial Stock. This stock will stand strictest investigation and land must be first-class. Address JAMES KINCHELOE, Los Angeles, Cal., R. F. D. Box 122.