

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the *Albatross*, on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a rugged American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake, however, became a drunkard and died. Miss Leslie, the Englishman and Tom Blake, who was a prospector of the helpless pair, were left. 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. The trio started a tent and life for higher land. They then tackled them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of her weakness. He carried Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed resting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then fastened on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake, they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie favored an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake recovered his courage's amazing glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smoking several coals. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burrowing the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The hot ashes flew up in her face and powdered her hair with their gray dust, yet she persisted, blowing steadily until a shred of bark caught the sparks and flared up in a tiny flame. A little more, and she had a strong fire blazing against the tree trunk. She rested a short time, relaxing both mentally and physically in the satisfying consciousness that Blake never should know how near she had come to falling in her trust. Soon she became aware of a keen feeling of thirst and hunger. She rose, piled a fresh supply of sticks on the fire, and hastened back through the cleft toward the spring. Around the laobab she came upon Winthrop, working in the shade of the great tree. The three-leopard skins had been stretched upon bamboo frames, and he was resignedly scraping at their inner surfaces with a smooth-edged stone. Miss Leslie did not look too closely at the operation.

"Where is he?" she asked. "Winthrop motioned down the cleft. "I hope he hasn't gone far. I'm half famished. Aren't you?" "Really, Miss Genevieve, it is odd, you know. Not an hour since, the very thought of food—" "And now you're as hungry as I am. Oh, I do wish he had not gone off just at the wrong time!" "He went to take a dip in the sea. You know, he got so maddened up over the roughest part of the work, which I positively refused to do—" "What's that beyond the bamboos? There's something alive!" "Pray, don't be alarmed. It is—er—it's all right, Miss Genevieve, I assure you." "But what is it? Such queer noises, and I see something alive!" "Only the flames, if you must know. Nothing else, I assure you."

"Oh!" "It is all out of sight from the spring. You are not to go around the bamboos until that—that is, not today."

"Did Mr. Blake say that?" "Why, yes—to be sure. He also said to tell you that the caribou were on the top of the hill."

"You mean—?" "His way of ordering you to cook one dinner. Really, Miss Genevieve, I should be pleased to take your place, but I have been told to keep to this. It is hard to take orders from a low fellow—very hard for a gentleman, you know."

Miss Leslie gazed at her shapely hands. Three days since she should not have conceived of their being so rough and scratched and dirty. Yet her disgust at their condition was not entirely unqualified.

"At least I have something to show for them," she murmured.

"I beg pardon," said Winthrop. "Just look at my hands—like a seraph's! And yet I am not nearly so ashamed of them as I would have fancied. It is very amusing, but do you know, I actually feel proud that I have done something—something useful, I mean."

"Useful!—I call it shocking, Miss Genevieve. It is simply vile that people of our breeding should be compelled to do such menial work. They write no end of romances about castaways; but I fall to see the romance in scraping skins Indian fashion, as this fellow Blake calls it."

"I suppose, though, we should remember how much Mr. Blake is doing for us, and should try to make the best of the situation."

"It has no best. It is all a beastly mess," complained Winthrop, and he resumed his nervous scraping at the big leopard skin.

The girl studied his face for a moment, and turned away. She had been trying so hard to forget.

He heard her leave, and called after, without looking up: "Please remember. He said to cook some meat."

She did not answer. Having satisfied her thirst at the spring, she took one of the bamboo rods, with its bezzled blackening pieces of flesh, and returned to the fire. After some little experimenting, she contrived a way to support the rod beside the fire so that all the meat would roast without burning.

At first, keen as was her hunger, she turned with disgust from the flabby sun-seared flesh; but as it began to roast, the odor restored her appetite to full vigor. Her mouth fairly watered. It seemed as though Winthrop and Blake would never come. She heard their voices, and took the bamboo spit from the fire for the meat to cool. Still they failed to appear, and, unable to wait longer, she began to



By Evening She Had Her Tree-Cave in a Habitable Condition.

eat. The cub meat proved far more tender than that of the old leopard. She had helped herself to the second piece before the two men appeared.

"Hold on, Miss Jenny; fair play!" sang out Blake. "You've set to without toasting the dinner-horn. I don't blame you, though. That smells mighty good."

Both men caught at the hot meat with eagerness, and Winthrop promptly forgot all else in the animal pleasure of satisfying his hunger. Blake, though no less hungry, only waited to fill his mouth before investigating the condition of the prospective tree ladder. The result of the attempt to burn the trunk did not seem encouraging to the others, and Miss Leslie looked away, that her face might not betray her, should he have an inkling of her neglect. She was relieved by the cheerfulness of his tone.

"Slow work, this fire business—eh? Guess, though, it'll go faster this afternoon. The green wood is killed and is getting dried out. Anyway, we've got to keep at it till the tree goes over. This spring leopard won't last long at the present rate of consumption, and we'll need the eggs to keep us going till we get the hams of our hams."

"What is that smoke back there?" interrupted Miss Leslie. "Can it be that the fire down the cleft has sprung up again?"

"No; it's your fumigation. You had plenty of brush on hand, so I heaved it into the hole and touched it off. While it's burning on you cut up its time gathering rags and grass and leaves for a bed."

"Would you and Mr. Winthrop mind breaking off some bamboos for me?" "What for?"

Miss Leslie colored and hesitated. "I—I should like to divide off a corner of the place with a wall or screen."

Winthrop tried to catch Blake's eye; but the American was gazing at Miss Leslie's embarrassed face with a puzzled look. Her meaning dawned upon him, and he hastened to reply.

"All right, Miss Jenny. You can build your wall to suit yourself. But there'll be no hurry over it. Until the rains begin, Win and I'll sleep out in the open. We'll have to take turnabout on watch at night, anyway. If we don't keep up a fire some other spotted kitty will be sure to come nosing up the gully."

"There must also be lions in the vicinity," added Winthrop.

Miss Leslie said nothing until after the last pieces of meat had been handed around and Blake sprang up to resume work.

"Mr. Blake," she called, in a low tone; "one moment, please. Would it save much bother if a door was made and you and Mr. Winthrop should sleep inside?"

"We'll see about that later," replied Blake, carelessly.

The girl bit her lip, and the tears started to her eyes. Even Winthrop had started off without expressing his appreciation. Yet he at least should have realized how much it had cost her to make such an offer.

By evening she had her tree-cave-house, she preferred to name it to herself—in a habitable condition. When the purifying fire had burnt itself out, leaving the place free from all odors other than the wholesome smell of wood smoke, she had asked Blake how she could rake out the ashes. His advice was to wet them down where they lay.

This was easier said than done. Fortunately the spring was only a few yards distant, and after many trips, with her palm-leaf hat for bowl, the girl carried enough water to sprinkle all the powdery ashes. Over them she strewed the leaves and grass which

she had gathered while the fire was burning. The driest of the grass, arranged in a far corner, promised a more comfortable bed than had been her lot for the last three nights.

During this work she had been careful not to forget the fire at the tree. Yet when, near sundown, she called the third meal of leopard meat, Blake grumbled at the tree for being what he termed such a contumacious tough proposition.

"Good thing there's lots of wood here, Win," he added. "We'll keep this fire going till the blamed thing topples over, if it takes a year."

"Oh, but you surely will not stay so far from the laobab tonight!" exclaimed Miss Leslie.

"Hold hard!" soothed Blake. "You've no license to get the jumps yet a while. We'll have another fire by the laobab. So you needn't worry."

A few minutes later they went back to the laobab, and Winthrop began helping Miss Leslie to construct a bamboo screen in the narrow entrance of the tree-cave, while Blake built the second fire.

As Winthrop was unable to tell time by the stars, Blake took the first watch. At sunset, following the engineer's advice, Winthrop lay down with his feet to the small watch-fire, and was asleep before twilight had deepened into night. Frazzled out by the mental and bodily stress of the day, he slept so soundly that it seemed to him he hardly lost consciousness when he was roused by a rough hand on his forehead.

"What is it?" he mumbled.

"It's one o'clock," said Blake. "Wake up! I ran overtime, 'cause the morning watch is the toughest. But I can't keep 'wake any longer."

"I say, this is a beastly bore," remarked Winthrop, sitting up.

"Um-m," grunted Blake, who was already on his back.

Winthrop rubbed his eyes, rose wearily, and drew a blazing stick from the fire. With this upraised as a torch he peered around into the darkness and advanced toward the spring.

When, having satisfied his thirst, he returned somewhat hurriedly to the fire, he was startled by the sight of a pale face gazing at him from between the leaves of the bamboo screen.

"My dear Miss Genevieve, what is the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Hush! Is he asleep?" "Like a ton."

"Thank heaven! Good-night." "Good-night—er—I say, Miss Genevieve—"

But the girl disappeared, and Winthrop, after a glance at Blake's placid face, hurried along the cleft to stack

the other fire. When he returned he noticed two bamboo rods which Blake had begun to shape into bow staves. He looked to share with a sneer at Blake's seemingly unskillful workmanship; but he made no attempt to finish the bows.

CHAPTER XI. A Despoiled Wardrobe.

SOON after sunrise Miss Leslie was awakened by the snap and dull crash of a falling tree. She made a hasty toilet and ran out around the laobab. The burned tree, eaten half through by the fire, had been pushed over against the cliff by Blake and Winthrop. Both had already climbed up and now stood on the edge of the cliff.

"Hello, Miss Jenny!" shouted Blake. "We've got here at last. Want to come up?"

"Not now, thank you." "It's easy enough. But you're right. Try your hand again at the outlet; won't you? While they're trying we'll get some eggs for dessert. How does that strike you?"

"We have no way to cook them." "Roast 'em in the ashes. So long!" Miss Leslie cooked breakfast over the watch-fire, for the other had been scattered and stamped out by the men when the tree fell. They came back in good time, walking carefully, that they might not break the eggs with which their pockets bulged. Between them, they had brought a round dozen and a half. Blake promptly began stowing all in the hot ashes, while Winthrop related their little adventure with unwonted enthusiasm.

"You should have come with us, Miss Genevieve," he began. "This time of day it is glorious on the cliff top. Though the rock is bare, there is a fine view."

"Fine view of grub near the end," interpolated Blake.

"As, yes; the birds—you must take a look at them, Miss Genevieve! The sea end of the cliff is alive with them—hundreds and thousands, all bunched together and fighting for room. They are a sight, I assure you! They're plucky, too. It was well we took sticks with us. As it was, one of the gannets—boobies, Blake calls them—caught me a nasty nip when I went to lift her off the nest."

"Best way is to kick them off," explained Blake. "But the point is this, understand? The whole blessed cliff end is an omelette waiting for our pan. Pass the leopards, Miss Jenny."

When the last bit of meat had disappeared, Blake raked the eggs from the ashes and began to crack them, solemnly sniffing at each before he laid it on his leaf platter. Some were a trifle "high." None, however, were thrown away.

When it was all over, Winthrop contemplated the scattered shells with a satisfied air.

"Do you know," he remarked, "this is the first time I've felt—er—replenished since we found those coconuts."

"How about one of 'em now to top off on?" questioned Blake.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why Musicians Wear Long Hair.

"Why do musicians wear long hair?" said the barber. "Pshaw, I thought everybody knew that. They wear long hair to protect their ears, of course—their sensitive ears. All depends, with musicians, on the ears, the same as all depends on the eyes with painters. And the ears of musicians are delicate, liable to take cold, liable to aches, inflammations and what not. So they protect them with long hair, and you have no more right to laugh at the name of a pianist or violinist than at the protective shields and pads of your favorite halfback."

Law.

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.—Richard Hooker.

Increase in Chinese Newspapers.

There are 200 newspapers in China, while ten years ago there was but one recognized as such.

A Little Learning.

Earrest Female—Professor, I hear you are a great ornithologist. Professor—I am an ornithologist, madam. Earnest Female—Then could you kindly tell me the botanical name for a whale?

BED-BOUND FOR MONTHS.

Hope Abandoned After Physicians' Consultation.

Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yew and Washington Sts., Centralia, Wash., says: "For years I was weak and run down, could not sleep, my limbs swelled and the secretions were troublesome; pains were intense. I was fast in bed for four months. Three doctors said there was no cure for me, and I was given up to die. Being urged, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Soon I was better and in a few weeks was about the house, well and strong again."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WHAT SHE ESCAPED.

Jack—There goes young Softy. He took his fiancée out rowing last Sunday, rocked the boat, and the poor girl was drowned.

Ruth—Lucky girl! Jack—Why do you say that? Ruth—Why, she might have lived and married the idiot.

HAD AWFUL WEEPING ECZEMA

Face and Neck Were Raw—Terrible Itching, Inflammation and Soreness—All Treatments Failed.

Cuticura Proved a Great Success.

"Eczema began over the top of my ear. It cracked and then began to spread. I had three different doctors and tried several things, but they did me no good. At last one side of my face and my neck were raw. The water ran out of it so that I had to wear medicated cotton, and it was so inflamed and sore that I had to put a piece of cloth over my pillow to keep the water from it, and it would stain the cloth a sort of yellow. The eczema itched so that it seemed as though I could tear my face all to pieces. Then I began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and it was not more than three months before it was all healed up. Miss Ann Parsons, Northfield, Vt., Dec. 19, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Decidedly Rattled.

Of an Irishman, named Doherty, a speaker of rare eloquence, the following amusing story is told: After one of his speeches he asked Canning what he thought of it. "The only fault I could find in it," Canning answered, "was that you called the speaker, 'Sir' too often."

"My dear friend," said Doherty, "if you knew the state I was in while speaking, you would not wonder if I had called him 'Ma'am'!"

Weds Her Rich Stepfather.

Social circles in Pasadena, Cal., learned with amazement the other day that Miss Katherine Traphagen has become the bride of her stepfather, Cyrus M. Davis of Los Angeles. Miss Traphagen lived with her sisters in Altadena and was one of the prominent members of the Young Women's Christian association, being director of its short story club.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. It gives strength as a stiffener, makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Didn't Go Near the Water.

"Have you caught a cold, dear?" "Just a little cold, mamma."

"Have you got your feet wet lately, my dear child?" "Why, I got one just a wee bit wet when in my bathing suit the other day, mamma."—Yonkers Statesman.

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. 2c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Air.

He—So you think married life ought to be one grand, sweet song? She—Yes.

He—What air would you prefer for this matrimonial song? She—I think a millionaire.

Still Inimitable.

First Cricket—Men are flying. Second Cricket—Perhaps, but they can't make music with their legs.

The votes he didn't get look like a basket of lemons to the defeated candidate.

Lame back and Lumbago make a young man feel old. Hamlin's Wizard Oil makes an old man feel young. Absolutely nothing like it for the relief of all pains.

When you hear one man trying to belittle another, it's safe to bet that the other is his superior.

FERRY DAVID FAIRBANKS. A feeling of security comes by having the famous remedy on hand. It is a dependable safeguard against eczema, dandruff, cramps. See the bottom.

Many a man makes his mark in the world—with a whitewash brush.

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

And occasionally a man throws off trouble by putting on a bold front.

Associated with Thompson's Eye Water

UNDER A DARK MOON.



Dolly—The motor boat is superior to the canoe even if we do have to carry a chaperon.

Dick—I should say so. The "chug-chug" makes such a racket she couldn't hear a smack to save herself."

PAINT DURABILITY.

The first thought in painting should, of course, be durability—and durability means simply pure paint properly applied. Pure paint is pure white lead and linseed oil (with or without tinting material).

Some years ago the paint-buyer was likely to get adulterated or counterfeit white lead if he was not familiar with brands. To-day he may buy with perfect safety if he only makes sure that the Dutch Boy Painter trademark is on the packages of white lead that he buys. This trademark was adopted by National Lead Company to distinguish the pure white lead made by them from the worthless adulterated and fake goods. It is a guarantee as valuable to the house-owner as the education of a paint expert could be.

A Candid Judge.

A Dover lawyer tells a story in which figures Hon. H. L. Dawes, who, it seems, in his younger days was an indifferent speaker. Shortly after his admission to the bar he had a case which was tried before a North Adams justice of the peace, and Dawes was opposed by a lawyer whose eloquence attracted a large crowd. The justice was perspiring in the crowded room and evidently fast losing his temper. Finally he drew off his coat and, in the midst of the eloquent address, burst out:

"Mr. Attorney, supposing that you take a seat and let Mr. Dawes speak, I want to thin out this crowd."—Lippincott's.

Marriage and Meanness.

Some years ago there lived in Atchison a young woman noted for her good works and gentleness. She was always helping the poor and was patient and kind and universally admired. She married a fairly good man and abused him within three months. She had been good and patient for years, but a husband was too much for her; she had never been cross to any one until she was cross to her husband. There is something about marriage that stirs up hidden depths of meanness on both sides.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

Early to Bed.

The man who makes it the habit of his life to go to bed at nine o'clock usually gets rich and is always reliable. Of course going to bed does not make him rich—I merely mean that such a man will in all probability be up early in the morning and do a big day's work, so his weary bones put him to bed early. Rogues do their work at night. Honest men work by day. It's all a matter of habit and good habits in America make any man rich. Wealth is a result of habit.—John Jacob Astor.

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.

No Infallible Method.

A leading mathematician of France gives another warning that there is no infallible method of doubling one's stakes after a loss. "All one can do," says he, "is to combine one's play so as to have a great chance of winning a little and a little chance of losing much, and many chances of losing little."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* in Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Hardly Flattered Himself.—Family Lawyer (to young heir)—Now, remember, my boy, that a fool and his money are soon parted.

Young Heir (impressively)—I intend, sir, to be the exception that proves the rule.

It's hard for some accountants to get their balance fore quitting work, but a darned sight harder regaining their equilibrium fore starting.

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

Our idea of a wise man is one who never argues with a woman.

Mrs. W. Wilson's Footing Kyrup. For children's scurvy, softens the gums, reduces the humors, cures rickets, wind colic. See bottle.

It is the after effect of experience that counts.

THE BEST REMEDY

For Women—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Noah, Ky.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from headaches, nervous prostration, and hemorrhages."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong, so that I can do all my household work, and attend to the store and post-office, and feel much younger than I really am."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most successful remedy for all kinds of female troubles, and I feel that I can never praise it enough."—Mrs. LIZZIE HOLLAND, Noah, Ky.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

For 30 years it has been curing women from the worst forms of female ills—inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and nervous prostration.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Discomfort from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, and all the ailments of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC

NOTHING LIKE IT FOR—

THE TEETH Paxtine excels any dentifrice in brushing, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth, besides destroying all germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do.

THE MOUTH Paxtine used as a mouth-wash cleanses the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad breath, bad health, crup, and much disease.

THE EYES Paxtine eye wash, used as directed, relieves and discharges by Paxtine.

CATARH Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh.

Paxtine is a harmless yet powerful germicide, disinfectant and deodorizer. Used in bathing it drains odors and leaves the body antiseptically clean.

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taking liquid physic or big or little pills, that which makes you worse instead of curing. Cathartics don't cure—they irritate and weaken the bowels. CASCARETS make the bowels strong, tone the muscles so they crawl and work—when they do this they are healthy, producing right results.

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This Trade-Mark Eliminates All Uncertainty

In the purchase of paint materials, it is an absolute guarantee of purity and quality. For your own protection, see that it is on the side of every keg of white lead you buy.

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Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One the machine colors all dyes. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—New York, Wash and Mix Colors. PATENTED DYES CO., Quincy, Illinois.