

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

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CHAPTER I.

Wave-Tossed and Castaway.

THE beginning was at Cape Town, when Blake and Winthrop boarded the steamer as fellow passengers with Lady Bayrose and her party.

This was a week after Winthrop had arrived on the tramp steamer from India, and her ladyship had explained to Miss Leslie that it was as well for her not to be too hasty in accepting his attentions. To be sure, he was an Englishman, his dress and manners were impeccable, and he was in the prime of ripened youth. Yet Lady Bayrose was too conscientious a chaperon to be fully satisfied with her countryman's bare assertion that he was engaged on a diplomatic mission requiring reticence regarding his identity. She did not see why this should prevent him from confiding in her.

Notwithstanding this, Winthrop came aboard ship virtually as a member of her ladyship's party. He was so quick, so thoughtful of her comfort, and paid so much more attention to her than Miss Leslie, that her ladyship had decided to tolerate him, even before Blake became a factor in the situation.

From the moment he crossed the gangway the American engineer entered upon a daily routine of drinking and gambling, varied only by attempts to strike up an off-hand acquaintance with Miss Leslie. This was Winthrop's opportunity, and his clever frustration of what Lady Bayrose termed "that low bouncer's impudence" served to install him in the good graces of her ladyship as well as in the favor of the American heiress.

Such, at least, was what Winthrop intimated to the persistent engineer with a superciliousness of tone and manner that would have stung even a British lackey to resentment. To Blake it was supremely galling. He could not rejoin in kind, and the slightest attempt at physical retort would have meant irons and confinement. It was a British ship. Behind Winthrop was Lady Bayrose; behind her ladyship, as a matter of course, was all the despotic authority of the captain. In the circumstances, it was not surprising that the American drank heavier after each successive goading.

Meantime the ship, having touched at Port Natal, steamed on up the east coast, into the Mozambique channel.

On the day of the cyclone, Blake had withdrawn into his stateroom with a number of bottles, and throughout that fearful afternoon was blissfully unconscious of the danger. Even when the steamer went on the reef, he was only partially roused by the shock.

He took a long pull from a quart flask of whisky, placed the flask with great care in his hip pocket, and lurched out through the open doorway. There he reeled headlong against the mate, who had rushed below with three of the crew to bring up Miss Leslie. The mate cursed him virulently, and in the same breath ordered two of the men to fetch him up on deck.

The sea was breaking over the steamer in torrents; but between waves Blake was dragged across to the side and flung over into the bottom of the one remaining boat. He served as a cushion to break the fall of Miss Leslie, who was tossed in after him. At the same time, Winthrop, frantic with fear, scrambled into the bows and cut loose. One of the sailors leaped, but fell short and went down within arm's length of Miss Leslie.

She and Winthrop saw the steamer slip from the reef and sink back into deep water, carrying down in the vortex the mate and the few remaining sailors. After that all was chaos to them. They were driven ashore before the terrific gusts of the cyclone, blinded by the stinging spindrift to all else but the hell of breakers and coral reefs in whose midst they swirled so dizzily. And through it all Blake lay huddled on the bottom boards gurgling blithely of spicy zephyrs and swaying hammocks.

There came the seemingly final moment when the boat went spinning stern over prow.

Half-sobbered, Blake opened his eyes and stared solemnly about him. He was given little time to take his bearings. A smother of broken surf came seething up from one of the great breakers, to roll him over and scrape him a little farther up the muddy shore. There the flood deposited him for a moment, until it could gather force to sweep back and drag him down again toward the roaring sea that had cast him up.

Blake objected—not to the danger of being drowned, but to interference with his repose. He had reached the obstinate stage. He grunted a protest. Again the flood seethed up the shore, and rolled him away from the danger. This was too much! He set his jaw,



Sleeping the Sleep of the Just and the Drunkard.

turned over, and staggered to his feet. Instantly one of the terrific wind-blasts struck his broad back and sent him spinning for yards. He brought up in a shallow pool, beside a hummock.

Under the lee of the knoll lay Winthrop and Miss Leslie. Though conscious, both were dragged and bruised and beaten to exhaustion. They were together because they had come ashore together. When the boat capsized, Miss Leslie had been flung against the Englishman, and they had held fast to each other with the desperate clutch of drowning persons. Neither of them ever recalled how they gained the shelter of the hummock.

Blake, sitting waist-deep in the pool, blinked at them benignly with his pale blue eyes, and produced the quart flask, still a third full of whisky.

"I shay, fren's," he observed, "ha' one on me. Won' cos' you shent-notta re' shent!"

"You fuddled out!" shouted Winthrop. "Come out of that pool!"

"Wassama'er pool? Pool's allri'!"

The Englishman squinted through the driving scud at the intoxicated man with an anxious frown. In all probability he felt no commiseration for the American; but it was no light matter to be flung up bareheaded on the most unhealthy and savage stretch of the Mozambique coast, and Blake might be able to help them out of their predicament. To leave him in the pool was therefore not to be thought of. So soon as he had drained his bottle, he would lie down, and that would be the end of him. As any attempt to move him forcibly was out of the question, the situation demanded that Winthrop justify his intimations of diplomatic training. After considering the problem for several minutes, he met it in a way that proved he was at least not lacking in shrewdness and tact.

"See here, Blake," he called, in another lull between the shrieking gusts, "the lady is fatigued. You're too much of a gentleman to ask her to come over here."

It required some moments for this to penetrate Blake's fuddled brain. After a futile attempt to gain his feet, he crawled out of the pool on all fours, and, with tears in his eyes, pressed his flask upon Miss Leslie. She shrank away from him, shuddering, and drew herself up in a huddle of flaccid limbs and limp garments. Winthrop, however, not only accepted the flask, but came near to draining it.

Blake squinted at the diminished contents, hesitated, and cast a glance of maudlin gallantry at Miss Leslie. She lay coiled, closer than before, in a draggled heap. Her posture suggested sleep. Blake stared at her, the flask extended waveringly before him. Then he brought it to his lips, and drained out the last drop.

"Time turn in," he mumbled, and sprawled full length in the brackish ooze. Immediately he fell into a drunken stupor.

Winthrop, invigorated by the liquor, rose to his knees, and peered around. It was impossible to face the scud and spindrift from the furious sea; but to leeward he caught a glimpse of a marsh flooded with salt water, its

reedy vegetation beaten flat by the storm. He himself was beaten down by a terrific gust. Panting and trembling, he waited for the wind to lull, in hope that he might obtain a clearer view of his surroundings. Before he again dared rise to his feet, darkness swept down with tropical suddenness and blurred out everything.

The effect of the whisky soon passed, and Winthrop huddled between his companions, drenched and exhausted. Though he could hear Miss Leslie moaning, he was too miserable himself to inquire whether he could do anything for her.

Presently he became aware that the wind was falling. The center of the cyclone had passed before the ship struck, and they were now in the outermost circle of the vast whirlwind. With the consciousness of this change for the better, Winthrop's fear-racked nerves relaxed and he fell into a heavy sleep.

CHAPTER II.

Worse Than Wilderness.



AWAIL from Miss Leslie roused the Englishman out of a dream in which he had been swimming for life across a sea of boiling oil. He sat up and gazed about him, half-dazed. The cyclone had been followed by a dead calm, and the sun, already well above the horizon, was blazing upon them over the glassy surfaces of the dying swells with fierce heat.

Winthrop felt about for his hat. It had been blown off when, at the striking of the steamer, he had rushed up on deck. As he remembered, he straightened, and looked at his companions. Blake lay snoring where he had first outstretched himself, sleeping the sleep of the just—and of the drunkard. The girl, however, was already awake. She sat with her hands clasped in her lap, while the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"My—ah—dear Miss Genevieve, what is the matter?" exclaimed Winthrop.

"Matter? Do you ask, when we are here on this wretched coast, and may not get away for weeks? Oh, I did so count on the London season this year! Lady Bayrose promised that I should be among those presented."

"Well, I—ah—fancy, Lady Bayrose will do no more presenting—unless it may be to the heavenly choir, you know."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Winthrop? You told me that she and the maids had been put in the largest boat—"

"My dear Miss Genevieve, you must remember that I am a diplomat. It was all quite sufficiently harrowing, I assure you. They were, indeed, put into the largest boat—Beastly muddle!—While they waited for the mate to fetch you, the boat was crushed alongside, and all in it drowned."

"Drowned!—drowned! Oh, dear Lady Bayrose! And she'd traveled so much—oh, oh, it is horrible! Why did she persuade me to visit the Cape? It was only to be with her—And then

for us to start off for India, when we might have sailed straight to England! Oh, it is horrible! horrible! And my maid, and all—it cannot be possible!"

"Pray, do not excite yourself, my dear Miss Genevieve. Their troubles are all over. Er—Gawd has taken them to Him, you know."

"But the pity of it! To be drowned—so far from home!"

"Ah, if that's all you're worrying about!—I must say I'd like to know how we'll get a snack for breakfast. I'm hungry as a—er—groom."

"Eating! How can you think of eating, Mr. Winthrop—and all the others drowned? This sun is becoming dreadfully hot. It is unbearable! Can you not put up some kind of an awning?"

"Well, now, I must say, I was never much of a hand at such things, and really I can't imagine what one could rig up. There might have been a bit of sail in the boat, but one can't see a sign of it. I fancy it was smashed."

Miss Leslie ventured a glance at Blake. Though still lying as he had sprawled in his drunkenness, there was a comforting suggestion of power in his broad shoulders and square jaw.

"Is he still—in that condition?"

"Must have slept it off by this time, and there's no more in the flask," answered Winthrop. Reaching over with his foot, he pushed against Blake's back.

"Hub! All right," grunted the sleeper, and sat up, as had Winthrop, half dazed. Then he stared around him, and rose to his feet. "Well, what in hell! Say, this is damn cheerful!"

"I fancy we are in a nasty fix. But I say, my man, there is a woman present, and your language, you know—"

Blake turned and fixed the Englishman with a cold stare.

"Look here, you bloomin' lud," he said, "there's just one thing you're going to understand, right here and now. I'm not your man, and we're not going to have any of that kind of blatter. Any fool can see we're in a tight hole, and we're like to keep company for a while—probably long as we last."

"What—ah—may I ask, do you mean by that?"

Blake laughed harshly, and pointed from the reef-strewn sea to the vast stretches of desolate marsh. Far inland, across miles of brackish lagoons and reedy mud-flats, could be seen groups of scrubby, half-leafless trees; ten or twelve miles to the southward a rocky headland jutted out into the water; but otherwise there was nothing in sight but sea and swamp. If it could not properly be termed a sea-view, it was at least a very wet landscape.

"Fine prospect," remarked Blake, dryly. "We'll be in luck if the fever don't get the last of us inside a month; and as for you two, you'd have as much show of lasting a month as a toad with a rattlesnake, if it wasn't for Tom Blake—that's my name—Tom Blake—and as long as this shindy lasts, you're welcome to call me Tom or Blake, whichever suits. But understand, we're not going to have any more of your bloody, bloomin' English condescension. Aboard ship you had the drop on me, and could pile on dog till the cows came home. Here I'm Blake and you're Winthrop."

"Believe me, Mr. Blake, I quite appreciate the—ah—situation. And now, I fancy that, instead of wasting time—"

"It's about time you introduced me to the lady," interrupted Blake, and he stared at them half defiantly, yet with a twinkle in his eyes.

Miss Leslie flushed. Winthrop swore softly, and bit his lip. Aboard ship, backed by Lady Bayrose and the captain, he had goaded the American at pleasure. Now, however, the situation was reversed. Both title and authority had been swept away by the storm, and he was left to shift for himself against the man who had every reason to hate him for his overbearing insolence. Worse still, both he and Miss Leslie were now dependent upon the American, in all probability for life itself. It was a bitter pill and hard to swallow.

Blake was not slow to observe the Englishman's hesitancy. He grinned.

"Every dog has his day, and I guess this is mine," he said. "Take your time, if it comes hard. I can imagine it's a pretty stiff dose for your ludsip. But why in—why in frozen hades an American lady should object to an introduction to a countryman who's going to do his level best to save her pretty little self from the hyenas—well, it beats me."

Winthrop flushed redder than the girl.

"Miss Leslie, Mr. Blake," he murmured, hoping to put an end to the situation.

But yet Blake persisted. He bowed, openly exultant.

"You see, miss," he said, "I know the correct thing quite as much as your swells. I knew all along you were Jenny Leslie. I ran a survey for your dear papa when he was manipulating the Q. T. railroad, and he did me out of my pay."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BIG PROFITS OF THE INTENSIVE GARDEN

Skilled Cultarlist Will Secure \$1,000 Out of One Acre of Land in One Year if Conditions Are Favorable.

What is the real worth of a garden? Many people incline to gardening—they feel they would love the outdoor life, and not mind the work too much if they could be sure of a decent, comfortable living in return. Oh, it is horrible! horrible! And my maid, and all—it cannot be possible!"

Writes Moray Bliss in Youth's Companion. We hear grumbling enough from gardeners, who are proverbial grumblers, that help is scarce, seasons poor, prices low, and, in short, that gardening does not pay.

The market seedsmen smile when you ask if one can make a thousand dollars a year if one knows how to garden. There are many men making that sum.

If we would live by gardening, we must study the ways of gardening. It was a shrewd old English farmer who used to say to his sons: "Put the horse to, and let us drive round and see what other people are after."

The French market-gardeners about Paris are the most skillful growers in the world—except the Chinese—and the average garden of an acre or two "tilled to the eyebrows," as they say, shows the following returns, given by our consultants and business men interested in the matter:

"There are, of course, exceptions, where the total income from one acre is \$6,000 a year, but as a usual thing the gardens yield but \$1,500 to an acre, and the average annual profit of the gardener is not over \$1,000."

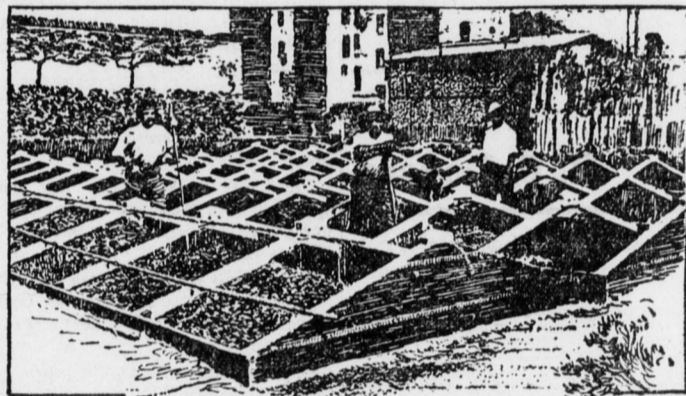
How many ministers and college professors and teachers and small shopkeepers, artists and literary folk

gium, Germany and Holland. This simple hand-light is a frame of willow covered with glazed muslin, under which the plant grows as finely as under glass. Better, in some respects, for the cotton is not so good a conductor of heat as glass.

In place of the immense quantities of stable dressing which the Paris gardener uses by the hundreds of tons to the acre, it is common now to use hot-water pipes running through the garden beds of rich soil. Good authority says that 50 tons of coke will heat an acre of glass-houses the year round. Begin small, as all experts advise, with a quarter-acre, or even 2,500 feet. You can buy a lot of that size for five dollars on warm garden soil near a railway station, three hours from Boston, and learn that money is to be made by gardening at home as well as in Paris.

Probably the best profit in American gardens is to be made from tomatoes under high culture. That means fresh tomatoes eight months of the year, and 30 pounds at least from each vine, of large, smooth fruit, red, pink or yellow, with as much variety of flavor as there is apples.

To accomplish this the seedlings are transplanted four or five times, to make them stocky and throw their force into fruiting. They are trained on trellises to catch the full sun, and when sunshine is scarce in seasons of fog and rain, it is hinted that the electric light is turned on the green-houses with ripening effect. The

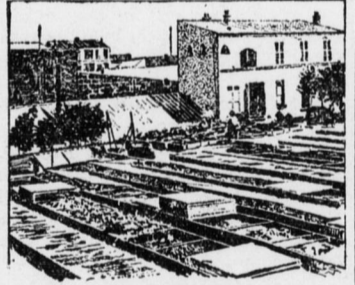


In the Shelter of the Fortifications of Paris.

are there making a healthy living and putting \$1,000 a year in the bank besides?

The common French gardener makes this by intensive gardening. True, he begins with certain advantages. For generations before him his family have been gardeners, and the instinct for the best methods runs in the blood. Within a ten-mile circuit of Paris are 2,000 market-gardens, models of care and culture, and some of which have been held by the same family for 200 years. These gardens are not large; the largest is said to be not over four acres, common gardens are not over two acres, and not the smallest profits are taken from plots of a quarter-acre, tilled with the finest care.

We need not invest in expensive



Seed Frames.

greenhouses of glass in steel framing, as some of our American growers now do. The clever Frenchman finds his cheap board frame, with old window-sash sufficient, and instead of thick straw mats at eight cents apiece, he uses reed mats at sixpence each, which last four years or more. The reeds grow in most of our marshes, and mat-making is a very simple and profitable trade.

For hand-lights, we may take the substitute used in the gardens of Bel-

field of experiment with gardens is wide—as are their profits.

Eden lies in every garden rightly grown. And there are few places in this country where gardening is not only possible, but profitable. A well-informed grower told me that the most money was likely to be made from market-gardens near the smaller cities and towns, not in the great cities, which draw on the gardens of the world for supplies.

If too far for markets, there is good work to be done raising seed in out-of-the-way places where plants will not mix. I do not know how long growers will have to pay five dollars for a hundred seed of certain choice plants, but well-grown seed, clean from weeds, will always command its price, for busy gardeners cannot bother to grow their own seed. Women and children can earn pin-money in this way from the smallest plot of soil.

My own first garden, six feet by ten, when I was 12 years old, was planted chiefly to Indian corn, tended as if it were a pot plant, watered with house slop, and hoed every week. The huge amber ears it bore were instantly begged by my father for seed, as better than anything he could get.

An English laborer cultivated a quarter-acre with spade and fork, raising 15 bushels of wheat, which is the average of our wheat crop per acre. It gave enough flour for him and his wife for a year; but if he had only known enough to raise it for seed-wheat, without much more pains, he could have sold his crop for a hundred dollars.

You can, if you have no better chance, raise seed from plants in pots on the top of a bay window in town, and so learn the work of tending and enriching them for seed. Indeed, there is a good deal of gardening to be learned within the scope of one six-inch flower pot.

MUCH DAMAGE BY TWIG GIRDLER

Young Trees More Susceptible to Injury Than the Older Ones—Insects Hard to Find.

The twig girdler is a beetle belonging to the family of long horned beetles. It is a little over one-half inch in length. The ground color is a brownish gray with yellow dots and a broad characteristic band of gray across the wing covers.

It is the adult female beetle which does the girdling. Beginning in August and continuing through the early fall, she proceeds with her uninvited task of pruning trees. After selecting a twig suitable for her endeavors, she begins making punctures, usually one puncture at the base of each branchlet or young bud, and deposits an oval whitish egg. She then retreats to a point between the most

proximal egg and the origin of the twig and proceeds to girdle the branch, cutting through the bark and the cambium in the characteristic manner.

This girdling causes the twig to die, thus offering food for the young larvae. The twig is soon broken off by the wind or some other cause and falls to the ground, where decay sets in and the larvae have ideal conditions for growth and development. The larvae does not complete its growth in the fall, but after feeding for a time it hibernates, completing its growth and transformation to an adult beetle the following season.

The adult beetles, because of their dull colors and general habits, are very hard to find or catch. The beetle dies in the fall, and therefore we must fight this insect in the egg and larvae stages. The method recommended is to gather and bury all fallen twigs and the girdled twigs not yet fallen. This destroys the eggs and larvae that would develop into next season's brood.