

# INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY  
ROBERT AMES BENNET  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS  
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. C. McCLURG & 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-an 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 wasted his last match on a cigarette for which he was scolded 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 closeness 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 thrust a slender little foot just beyond the hem of her draggled 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. "Tie 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 coryphene.

"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."

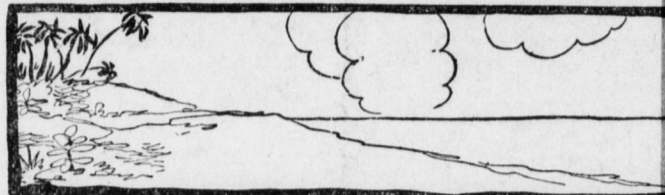
"Thank you, Blake, I'll see to that," said Winthrop. "I'm going to help Miss Leslie along. I've fastened our two shades together, so that they will answer for both of us."

"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 coryphene

# INTO THE PRIMITIVE



Stopped, Utterly Spent.

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 ferocity. The heat would have rendered their thirst unendurable had not Blake hacked off for them bit after bit of the moist coryphene flesh.

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 sasslety 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."

"Mr. Blake, you—you won't go and leave me here! If you have a sister—if your mother—"

"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 opened there was nothing more than a brush of his hand as he glanced around and was dense in his tone. "Come on, bravely aboard. Winthrop couldn't lead you a half-mile, and long's it's across the marsh. All about her be only way don't be all day about fine black."

Here, Winthrop, look to the fish." The next she knew Blake was taking her idea, nor does Miss Leslie, splash water out of the whisky flask. "Well, we've got to get to water or die; and as the lady can't walk she's going on my back. It's a case of a die or die."

"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. Day a year? 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 scarier than with mortification, she permitted her self 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 as she rose under her weight.

Now that he no longer had the slow pace of the girl to consider, he advanced along beside Blake, half-unconvinced at his natural gait, the quick, tireless stride of an American railroad surveyor. His feet, trained to swampy 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 coryphene, 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 jeering 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

st mile he had been lagging far and farther behind, and now suddenly disappeared. At the dismayed exclamation, Blake read his hold and she found herself lying in a foot or more of mud and water. The sweat was streaming from Blake's face. As he turned and, he wiped it off with his shirt-sleeves.

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

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

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

And he's been tumbling into every pool. No; it's not the sun. I've got a mind to let him lie—the papered swell! It would no more than are 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 he'll be 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 and checked the starting tears.

"Oh, dear—Oh, dear!" she moaned; "I have I done to be so treated? Oh, dear! Oh, dear!—and I am so firsty!"

In her despair she would have sunk down where she stood had not the liminess 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 insuperable distance, but the ride on Blake's back had rested her and she set gadded 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 mud, she glanced around and was vaguely conscious of a strange, double-headed figure following her path.

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

"Mr. Winthrop—"

"I'm here, Miss Genevieve. It was my duty, to help her up. Day a year? Take the knife and fish and lend a hand."

"And lay yourself up for a month. For ankle disregard. Though scarier than with mortification, she permitted her self 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 as she rose under her weight.

Now that he no longer had the slow pace of the girl to consider, he advanced along beside Blake, half-unconvinced at his natural gait, the quick, tireless stride of an American railroad surveyor. His feet, trained to swampy 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 coryphene, 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 jeering 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

st mile he had been lagging far and farther behind, and now suddenly disappeared. At the dismayed exclamation, Blake read his hold and she found herself lying in a foot or more of mud and water. The sweat was streaming from Blake's face. As he turned and, he wiped it off with his shirt-sleeves.

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

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

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

And he's been tumbling into every pool. No; it's not the sun. I've got a mind to let him lie—the papered swell! It would no more than are 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 he'll be 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 and checked the starting tears.

"Oh, dear—Oh, dear!" she moaned; "I have I done to be so treated? Oh, dear! Oh, dear!—and I am so firsty!"

In her despair she would have sunk down where she stood had not the liminess 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 insuperable distance, but the ride on Blake's back had rested her and she set gadded 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 mud, she glanced around and was vaguely conscious of a strange, double-headed figure following her path.

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

"Mr. Winthrop—"

"I'm here, Miss Genevieve. It was my duty, to help her up. Day a year? Take the knife and fish and lend a hand."

"And lay yourself up for a month. For ankle disregard. Though scarier than with mortification, she permitted her self 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 as she rose under her weight.

Now that he no longer had the slow pace of the girl to consider, he advanced along beside Blake, half-unconvinced at his natural gait, the quick, tireless stride of an American railroad surveyor. His feet, trained to swampy 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 coryphene, 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 jeering 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

## A TEXAS CLERGYMAN

Speaks Out for the Benefit of Suffering Thousands.

Rev. G. M. Gray, Baptist clergyman, of Whitesboro, Tex., says: "Four years ago I suffered misery with lum bago. Every movement was one of pain. Doan's Kidney Pills removed the whole difficulty after only a short time. Although I do not like to have my name used publicly, I make an exception in this case, so that other sufferers from kidney trouble may profit by my experience."

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

## SIX MONTHS.



Mrs. Bill—Now, tell me at once where have you been all this time? Bill—Why, dear, it hasn't been long.

Mrs. Bill—How dare you tell me that? You have been out all night.

## No Short Haul for Him.

"This is where you get off," said the railroad conductor.

"But I haven't rid fur enough," said the Billville man.

"Can't help that. You can't go any further on this ticket."

"My friend," said the man, "it's the first time I ever rid on a railroad train, an' ef you ain't a better man than what I am I'm a-go' to set right here till I see whar the road ends. I know it must end some're, an' I'm curious to see whar. Here's one more dollar. Now, go 'long an' let me alone!"

## An Arbitrary Classification.

"So you think every patriot has a more or less clearly defined ambition to hold public office?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "As a rule, patriots may be divided into two classes—the appointed and the disappointed."

Many a woman nags her husband until she either brings him to her way of thinking or drives him to drink.

## Half Done.

First Lady—Your husband has merely fainted. Second Ditto—Dear, dear! these men always do things by halves.

At a rose competition in Paris recently, 69 entirely new varieties of roses were exhibited.

# Ask Her This Question

"Do you know of any woman who ever received any benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?"

If any woman who is suffering with any ailment peculiar to her sex will ask her neighbors this question, she will be surprised at the result. There is hardly a community in this country where women cannot be found who have been restored to health by this famous old remedy, made exclusively from a simple formula of roots and herbs.

During the past 30 years we have published thousands of letters from these grateful women who have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never in all that time have we published a testimonial without the writer's special permission. Never have we knowingly published a testimonial that was not truthful and genuine. Here is one just received a few days ago. If anyone doubts that this is a true and honest statement of a woman's experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound write and ask her.

Houston, Texas.—"When I first began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was a total wreck. I had been sick for three years with female troubles, chronic dyspepsia, and a liver trouble. I had tried several doctor's medicines, but nothing did me any good.

"For three years I lived on medicines and thought I would never get well, when I read an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and was advised to try it.

"My husband got me one bottle of the Compound, and it did me so much good I continued its use. I am now a well woman and enjoy the best of health.

"I advise all women suffering from such troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. They won't regret it, for it will surely cure you."—Mrs. Bessie L. Hicks, 819 Cleveland St., Houston.

Any woman who is sick and suffering is foolish surely not to give such a medicine as this a trial. Why should it not do her as much good as it did Mrs. Hicks.

## Not Ashamed of Economy.

Discussing England and the English from an American point of view, a recent American writer in England observes: "Nobody, from the king of England down, is either ashamed or afraid to be economical. Here a man or a woman is thought to be a fool or a vulgarian who is not careful of expenditure, while in America our waiters have been clever enough to make it appear that economy is mean, and as a nation we suffer accordingly. We are fools to be fooled in this manner."

What's the Matter with Baby? "I wonder what makes baby cry so?" said the first friendly person. "Perhaps a pin is annoying it," ventured another.

"Or else it's hungry," said a third. "Or teething," said another. "You can't do anything for that."

"Aw, look at the way he's kicking, and see how his little fists are doubled up," put in Bobby. "He wants somebody of his own size to fight with, that's what he wants."

Quite True. "Alas!" moaned the egg on the kitchen table, waiting for the cook's beater, "give every man his dessert and which of us escapes whipping?"

Plans are being made for the electrification of the more important state railroads of Sweden.

## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Disress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heart 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.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY 1902 Trinity Building, New York

Safe! Can't Cut Your Face NO STROPPING NO HONING

TRADE-MARK Gillette MARK

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER