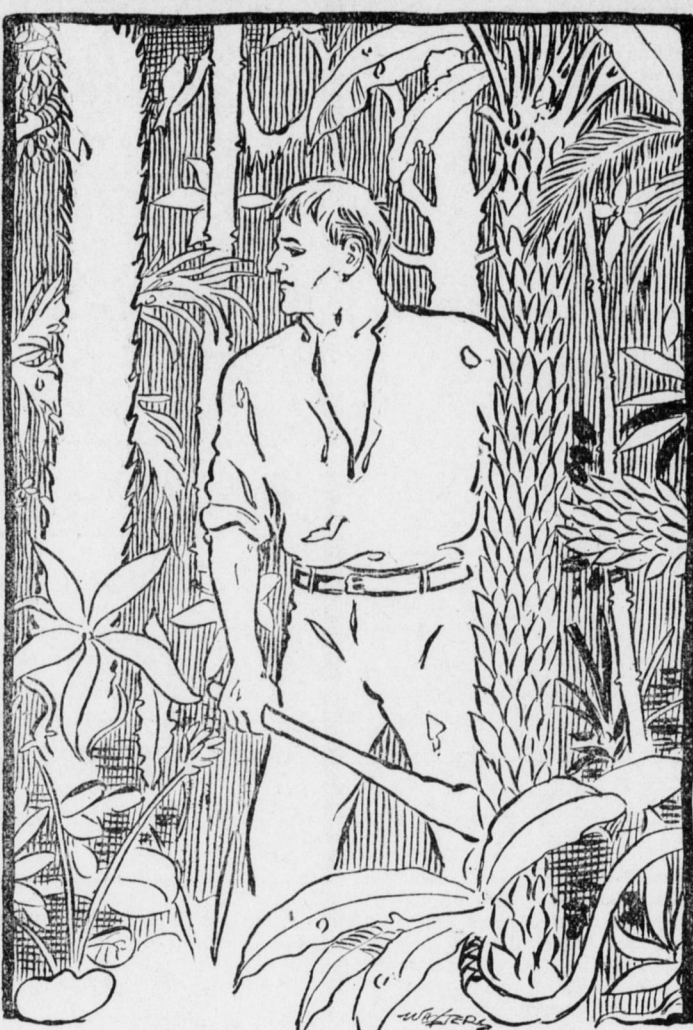


INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET
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Blake Pushed Out from Among the Close Thickets.

same, I guess we'll be ready for callers to-night."
"How's that?"
"Show you later, Pat, me b'y. Now trot out some nuts. We'll feed before we move camp."
"Miss Leslie is still sleeping."
"Time, then, to roust her out. Hey, Miss Jenny, turn out! Time to chew."
Miss Leslie sat up and gazed around in bewilderment.
"It's all right, Miss Genevieve," reassured Winthrope. "Blake has found a safe place for the night, and he wishes us to eat before we leave here."
"Save lugging the grub," added Blake. "Get busy, Pat."
As Winthrope caught up a nut the girl began to arrange her disordered hair and dress with the deft and graceful movements of a woman thoroughly trained in the art of self-adornment. There was admiration in Blake's deep eyes as he watched her dainty posing. She was not a beautiful girl—at present she could hardly be termed pretty; yet even in her dragged, muddy dress she retained all the subtle charms of culture which appeal so strongly to a man. Blake was subdued. His feelings even carried him so far as an attempt at formal politeness when they had finished their meal.
"Now, Miss Leslie," he began, "it's little more than half an hour to sundown; so, if you please, if you're ready, we'd best be starting."
"Is it far?"
"Not so very. But we've got to chase through the jungle. Are you sure you're quite ready?"
"Quite, thank you. But how about Mr. Winthrope's ankle?"
"He'll ride as far as the trees. I can't squeeze through with him, though."
"I shall walk all the way," put in Winthrope.
"No, you won't. Climb aboard," replied Blake, and catching up his club he stooped for Winthrope to mount his back. As he rose with his burden Miss Leslie caught sight of his coat, which still lay in a roll beside the palm trunk.
"How about your coat, Mr. Blake?" she asked. "Should you not put it on?"
"No; I'm loaded now. Have to ask you to look after it. You may need it before morning, anyway. If the dew here are like those in Central America they are d-darned liable to bring on malarial fever."
Nothing more was said until they had crossed the open space between the palms and the belt of jungle along the river. At other times Winthrope and Miss Leslie might have been interested in the towering screw-palms, festooned to the top with thin climbers, and in the huge ferns which they could see beneath the mangroves in the swampy ground on their left. Now, however, they were far too concerned with the question of how they should penetrate the dense tangle of thorny brush and creepers which rose before them like a green wall. Even Blake hesitated as he released Winthrope and looked at Miss Leslie's costume. Her white skirt was of stout duck; but the flimsy material of her waist was ill-suited for rough usage.
"Better put the coat on unless you want to come out on the other side in full evening dress," he said. "There's no use kicking, but I wish you'd happened to have on some sort of a jacket when we got spilled."
"Is there no path through the thickets?" inquired Winthrope.
"Only the hippo trail, and it don't go our way. We've got to run our own line. Here's a stick for your game ankle."
Winthrope took the half-green branch which Blake broke from the nearest tree and turned to assist Miss Leslie with the coat. The garment was of such coarse cloth that as Winthrope drew the collar close about her throat Miss Leslie could not forego a little grimace of repugnance. The crease between Blake's eyes deepened, and the girl hastened to utter an explanatory exclamation: "Not so tight, Mr. Winthrope, please! It scratches my neck."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrope, 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 drunken 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. Winthrope 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 ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

At first his throat was so dry that he could no more than rise his mouth. With the first swallow his swollen tongue mocked him with the salt, bitter taste of sea-water. The tide was flowing! He rose, sputtering and choking and gasping. He stared around. There was no question that he was on the bank of a river and would be certain of fresh water with the ebb tide. But could he endure the agony of his thirst all those hours?
He thought of his companions.
"Good God!" he groaned, "they're gone, anyway!"
He stared dully up the river at the thousands of waterfowl which lined its banks. Within close view were herons and black ibises, geese, pelicans, flamingoes, and a dozen other species of birds of which he did not know the names. But he sat as though in a stupor, and did not move even when one of the driftwood logs on a mud-shoal a few yards up-stream opened an enormous mouth and displayed two rows of hooked fangs. It was otherwise when the noontime stillness was broken by a violent splashing and loud snortings down-stream. He glanced about and saw six or eight monstrous heads drifting towards him with the tide.
"What in—Whee! a whole herd of hippos!" he muttered. "That's what the holes mean."
The foremost hippopotamus was headed directly for him. He glared at the huge head with sullen resentment. For all his stupor he perceived at once that the beast intended to land; and he sat in the middle of its accustomed path. His first impulse was to spring up and yell at the creature. Then he remembered hearing that a white hunter had recently been killed by these beasts on one of the South African lakes. Instead of leaping up he sank down almost flat and crawled back around the turn in the path. Once certain that he was hidden from the beasts he rose to his feet and hastened back through the jungle.

He was almost in view of the spot where he had left Winthrope and Miss Leslie, when he stopped and stood hesitating.
"I can't do it," he muttered; "I can't tell her—poor girl!"
He turned and pushed into the thicket. Forcing a way through the tangle of thorny shrubs and creepers until several yards from the path he began to edge towards the face of the jungle, that he might peer out at his companions unseen by them.
There was more of the thicket before him than he had thought, and he was still fighting his way through it when he was brought to a stand by a peculiar cry that might have been the bleat of a young lamb: "Ba—ba!"
"What's that?" he croaked.
He stood listening, and in a moment he again heard the cry, this time more distinctly: "Blak!—Blak!"
There could be no mistake. It was Winthrope calling for him, and calling with a clearness of voice that would have been physically impossible half an hour since. Blake's sunken eyes lighted with hope. He burst through the last screen of jungle and stared towards the palm under which he had left his companions. They were not there.
Another call from Winthrope directed his gaze more seaward. The two were seated beside a fallen palm, and Miss Leslie had a large round object raised to her lips. Winthrope was waving to him.
"Cocoanuts!" he yelled. "Come on!"
Three of the palms had been overthrown by the hurricane, and when Blake came up he found the ground strewn with nuts. He seized the first he came to; but Winthrope held out one already opened. He snatched it from him and placed the hole in his swollen lips. Never had champagne tasted half so delicious as that coconut milk. Before he could drain the last of it through the little opening Winthrope had the husks torn from the ends of two other nuts, and the convenient germinal spots gouged open with his penknife.
Blake emptied the third before he spoke. Even then his voice was hoarse and strained. "How'd you strike 'em?"
"I couldn't help it," explained Winthrope. "Hardly had you disappeared when I noticed the tops of the fallen palms and thought of the nuts. There was one in the grass not 20 feet from where we lay."
"Lucky for you—and for me, too, I guess," said Blake. "We were all

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three down for the count. But this settles the first round in our favor. How do you like the picnic, Miss Jenny?"

"Miss Leslie, if you please," replied the girl, with hauteur.
"Oh, say, Miss Jenny!" protested Blake, genially. "We live in the same boarding house now. Why not be folksy? You're free to call me Tom. Pass me another nut, Winthrope. Thanks! By the way, what's your front name? Saw it aboard ship—Cyril?"

"Cecil," corrected Winthrope, in a low tone.
"Cecil—Lord Cecil, eh?—or is it only the Honorable Cecil?"
"My dear sir, I have intimated before that, for reasons of—er—state—"

"Oh, yes; you're traveling incog, in the secret service. Sort of detective—"

"Detective!" echoed Winthrope, in a peculiar tone.
Blake grinned. "Well, it is rawther a nasty business for your honorable ludship. But there's nothing like calling things by their right names."

"Right names—er—I don't quite take you. I have told you distinctly my name is Cecil Winthrope!"
"Oh-h-h! how lovely!—See-sill! See-seal!—Bet they called you Sissy at school. English chum of mine told me your schools are cokers for nicknames. What'll we make it—Sis or Sissy?"

"I prefer my patronymic, Mr. Blake," replied Winthrope.
"All right, then; we'll make it Pat, if that's your choice. I say, Pat, this juice is the stuff for wetness, but it makes a fellow remember his grub. Where'd you leave that fish?"

"Really, I can't just say, but it must have been where I wrenched my ankle."
"You can't just say! And what are we going to eat?"
"Here are the cocoanuts."
"Bright boy! go to the head of the class! Just take some more husk off those empty ones."

Winthrope caught up one of the nuts, and with the aid of his knife stripped it of its husk. At a gesture from Blake he laid it on the bare ground and the American burst it open with a blow of his heel. It was an immature nut, and the meat proved to be little thicker than clotted cream. Blake divided it into three parts, handing Miss Leslie the cleanest.
Though his companions began with more restraint, they finished their shares with equal gusto. Winthrope needed no further orders to return to his husking. One after another the nuts were cracked and divided among the three, until even Blake could not swallow another mouthful of the luscious cream.

Toward the end Miss Leslie had become drowsy. At Winthrope's urging she now lay down for a nap, Blake's coat serving as a pillow. She fell asleep while Winthrope was yet arranging it for her. Blake had turned his back on her and was staring moodily at the hippopotamus when Winthrope hobbled around and

sat down on the palm trunk beside him.
"I say, Blake," he suggested, "I feel deuced fagged myself. Why not all take a nap?"
"And when they awoke, they were all dead men," remarked Blake.
"By Jove, that sounds like a joke," protested the Englishman. "Don't rag me now."
"Joke!" repeated Blake. "Why, that's Scripture, Pat, Scripture! Anyway, you'd think no joke to wake up and find yourself going down the throat of a hippo."
"Hippo?"
"Dozens of them over in the river. Shouldn't wonder if they've all landed and're tracking me down by this time."
"But hippopotami are not carnivorous—they're not at all dangerous, unless one wounds them, out in the water."
"That may be; but I'm not taking chances. They've got mouths like sperm whales—I saw one take a yawn. Another thing, that bayou is chuck full of alligators, and a fellow down on the Rand told me they're like the Central American gavials for keenness to nip a swimmer."
"They will not come out on this dry land."
"Suppose they won't—there're no other animals in Africa but sheep, eh?"
"What can we do? The captain told me that there are both lions and leopards on this coast."
"Nice place for them, too, around these trees," added Blake. "Lucky for us, they're night-birds mostly—if that Rand fellow didn't lie. He was a Boer, so I guess he ought to know."
"To be sure. It's a nasty fix we're in for to-night. Could we not build some kind of a barricade?"
"With a penknife! Guess we'll roost in a tree."
"But cannot leopards climb? It seems to me that I have heard—"
"How about lions?"
"They cannot; I'm sure of that."
"Then we'll chance the leopards. Just stretch out here and nurse that ankle of yours. I don't want to be lugging you all year. I'm going to hunt a likely tree."

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MME. MELBA'S FIRST ENCORE

Her Concert Was a Big Success, But Little Playmate Saw Her Garter.

When six years of age Helen Mitchell (Melba) appeared at a school concert, organized by her aunts in Richmond, Melbourne, the suburb of her birth. At this entertainment she sang "Shells of the Ocean" with such effect that the audience asked for an encore, and the child on her reappearance, created a still greater impression by her singing of "Comin' Through the Rye," for which her grandmother had taught her the Scottish accent.

At the earliest opportunity she hurried to her favorite playmate, who lived in the same street, and breathlessly waited for reference to the entertainment of the evening before, but the little comrade was adamant and ignored the whole subject. After many attempts to introduce it, Nellie at length found herself unable to wait longer, and exclaimed excitedly: "But the concert, the concert! I sang last night, and was encored." And she looked with eagerness in the face of her friend, who answered witheringly: "Yes, and Helen Mitchell, I saw your garter." Little Miss Mitchell had been particularly pleased with her neat attire, and the unexpected shaft coming in place of the looked-for compliment, in an instant blotted out the memory of the intoxicating encore, and drew the little singer from the seventh heaven of her brief delight to limbo.—Detroit News-Tribune.

COVERED WITH HIVES.

Child a Mass of Dreadful Sores, Itching, Irritating Humor for 2 Months—Little Sufferer in Terrible Plight.

Disease Cured by Cuticura.

"My six year old daughter had the dreadful disease called hives for two months. She became affected by playing with children who had it. By scratching she caused large sores which were irritating. Her body was a complete sore but it was worse on her arms and back. We employed a physician who left medicine but it did not help her and I tried several remedies but without avail. Seeing the Cuticura Remedies advertised, I thought I would try them. I gave her a hot bath daily with Cuticura Soap and anointed her body with Cuticura Ointment. The first treatment relieved the itching and in a short time the disease disappeared. Mrs. George L. Fridhoff, Warren, Mich., June 30 and July 13, 1908.

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

From Overhead.
A canary hung directly over the big square table in the Hungarian restaurant.

"Once," said a woman who was dining there, "the bottom dropped out of the cage, the bird flew at the orchestra yonder, and we had bird seed in our soup. It was awful!"
"That reminds me," said the cross-eyed man, "of one time when we were having a little game of poker on the B. & O. You know how those trains roll. Well, just about the middle of the game down came all the grips and dress suit cases straight into the kitty and broke up the game. Money flew everywhere. We got so mixed we couldn't tell which had won or where the money was that whoever had won it won. Talk about bird seed!"

His Size Was Known.
"I want some collars and neckties for my husband!" she snapped.
"Yes, madam."
The clerk offered her the latest thing.
"What size are these?" asked the lady.
"Why, twelve and a half, madam!"
"How on earth did you guess that?"
"Ah," replied the clerk, smiling, "gentlemen who let their wives select their collars and ties always take that size!"

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Old Man's Joke.
"Mary," called her father, "has that young man gone yet?"
"No, pa," replied the maid. "But he's going right now."
"Then ask him to empty the pail underneath the ice box before he goes will you? I forgot it."

St. Louis First in This.
The largest tobacco manufacturing center in the world is St. Louis. Its annual sales aggregate \$45,000,000, which is equal to 18 per cent. of the total tobacco output of the United States.
"I am convinced," said the proprietor of the jeweler's shop, as the plate glass window shivered into a million fragments and the chauffeur and his machine began to nestle behind the counter, "that the taxicab has come to stay."—London Globe.

A little bottle of Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a medicine chest in itself. It can be applied in a larger number of painful ailments than any other remedy known.
Brazil grows more coffee than any other country in the world.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.
A brain is worth little without a tongue.—French.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually. Dispels colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

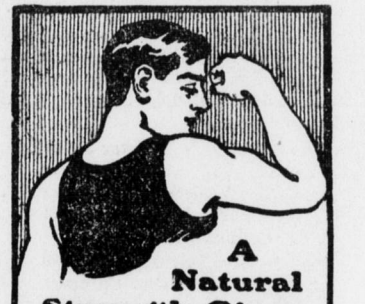
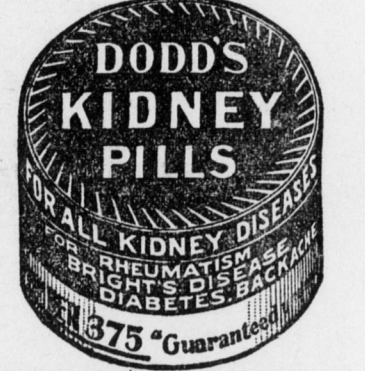
To get its beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

Fooled Them Thirteen Years. Frank Nelson, former state superintendent of public instruction of Kansas, and "Cap," Gibson, the veteran record clerk in Auditor Nation's office, are great friends. Nelson is now president of a Minnesota college. When Nelson was still in the state house he and Gibson had a talk one day about teaching school. "I was once a school teacher," volunteered Gibson. "Is that so?" asked Nelson. "How long?" "Yes, I fooled 'em 13 years," replied "Cap." "How is that?" asked Nelson. "Oh," said "Cap," "I quit when teachers had to qualify."—Kansas City Journal.

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 J. C. Watson. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought

The blessings of life are seldom equally distributed. Somehow or other a tough chicken and a dull knife always manage to get together.



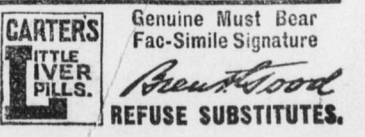
A Natural Strength Giver
Ordinary tonics that merely supply food material and give artificial strength by stimulation are never lasting in their effects because they do not remove the cause of the ill health.
A "run down" condition is generally due to the failure of the digestive organs to properly digest the food.

DR. D. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE

tones up the stomach and other digestive organs, and restores their normal, healthy condition. Then the digestive organs supply the body with its full share of nourishment, and in this way build up permanent health and strength.
Sold by all druggists 2 sizes, 50c and 35c.
Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant is an invaluable medicine for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Pleurisy, etc.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy 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.

CHAPTER V.

The Re-Ascent of Man.

AFTERNOON was far advanced and Winthrope was beginning to feel anxious when at last Blake pushed out from among the close thickets. As he approached he swung an unshapely club of green wood, pausing every few paces to test its weight and balance on a bush or knob of dirt.
"By Jove!" called Winthrope; "that's not half bad! You look as if you could bowl over an ox."
Blake showed that he was flattered. "Oh, I don't know," he responded; "the thing's blamed unhandy. Just the