

# INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY  
**ROBERT AMES BENNET**  
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## SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunk stupor, Blake, stunned 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. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again.

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"How wide is it?" inquired Winthrop, gazing at his swollen hands. "About 300 yards at high tide. May be narrower at ebb." "Could you not build a raft?" suggested Miss Leslie. Blake smiled at her simplicity. "Why not a boat? We've got a penknife." "Well, then, I can swim." "Bully for you! Guess, though, we'll try something else. The river is chuck full of alligators. What you waiting for, Pat? We haven't got all day to fool around here." Winthrop twisted the creeper about his leg and slid to the ground, doing all he could to favor his hands. He found that he could walk without pain, and at once stepped over beside Blake's club, glancing nervously around at the jungle. Blake jerked up the end of the creeper, and passed the loop about Miss Leslie. Before she had time to become frightened he swung her over and lowered her to the ground lightly as a feather. He followed, hand under hand, and stood for a moment beside her, staring at the dew-dripping foliage of the jungle. Then the remains of the night's quarry caught his eye, and he walked over to examine them. "Say, Pat," he called, "these don't look like deer bones. I'd say—yes; there's the feet—it's a pig."

"Any tusks?" demanded Winthrop. Miss Leslie looked away. A heap of bones, however clearly gnawed, is not a pleasant sight. The skull of the animal seemed to be missing; but Blake stumbled upon it in a tuft of grass and kicked it out upon the open ground. Every shred of hide and gristle had been gnawed from it by the jackals; yet if there had been any doubt as to the creature's identity there was evidence to spare in the savage tusks which projected from the jaws. "Je-rusalem!" observed Blake; "this old bear must have been something of a scrapper his own self."

"In India they have been known to kill a tiger. Can you knock out the tusks?"

"What for?" "Well, you said we had nothing for arrow points—"

"Good boy! We'll cinch them and ask questions later."

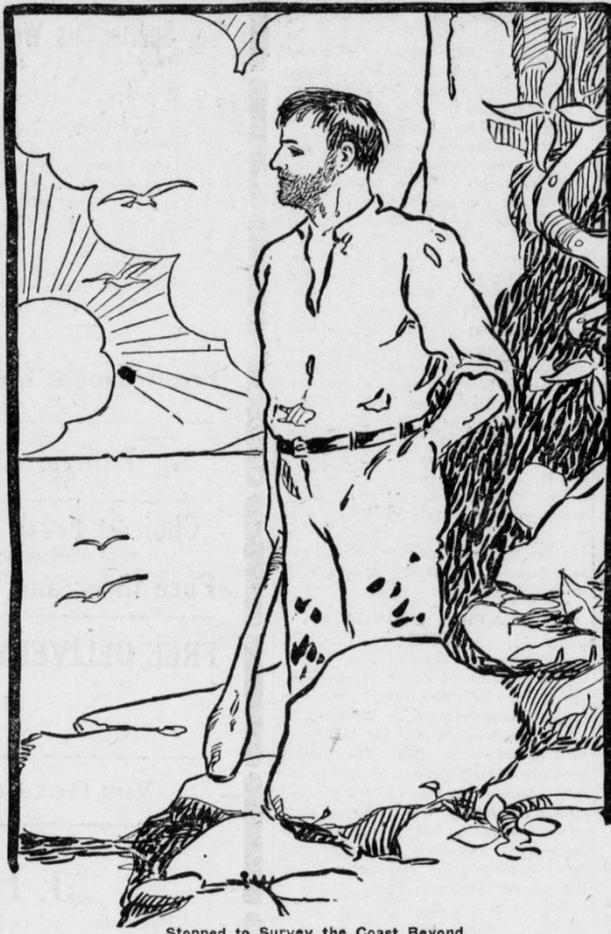
A few blows with the club loosened the tusks. Blake handed them over to Winthrop, together with the whisky flask, and led the way to the half-broken patch through the thicket. A free use of his club made the path a little more worthy of the name, and as there was less need of haste than on the previous evening, Winthrop and Miss Leslie came through with only a few fresh scratches. Once on open ground again, they soon gained the fallen palms.

At a word from Blake, Miss Leslie hastened to fetch nuts for Winthrop to husk and open. Blake, who had plucked three leaves from a fan palm near the edge of the jungle, began to split long shreds from one of the huge leaves of a coconut palm. This gave him a quantity of coarse, stiff fiber, part of which he twisted in a cord and used to tie one of the leaves of the fan palm over her head.

"How's that for a bonnet?" he demanded. "Thanks; I can make it alone. But must we go through mud like that?" "Not on this side, at least. Come on! We don't want to miss the ebb." Blake's impatience discouraged further inquiries. He had turned as he spoke, and the others followed him, walking close together. The pace was sharp for Winthrop, and his ankle soon began to twinge. He was compelled to accept Miss Leslie's invitation to take her arm. With her help he managed to keep within a few yards of Blake.

Instead of plunging into the mangrove wood, which here was undergrown with a thicket of giant ferns, Blake skirted around in the open until they came to the seashore. The tide was at its lowest, and he waved his club towards a long sand pit which curved out around the seaward edge of the mangroves. Whether this was part of the river's bar or had been heaped up by the cyclone would have been beyond Winthrop's knowledge had the question occurred to him. It was enough for him that the sand was smooth and hard as a race track.

Presently the party came to the end of the spit, where the river water rippled over the sand with the last-



Stopped to Survey the Coast Beyond.

peet along the river, and while I'm gone, you can make a try at stringing nuts on some of this leaf fiber."

"But, Mr. Blake, do you think it's quite safe?" asked Miss Leslie, and she glanced from him to the jungle.

"Safe?" he repeated. "Well, nothing ate you yesterday, if that's anything to go by. It's all I know about it."

He did not wait for further protests. Swinging his club on his shoulder he started for the break in the jungle which marked the hippopotamus path. The others looked at each other, and Miss Leslie sighed. "If only he were a gentleman!" she complained.

Winthrop turned abruptly to the coconuts.

## CHAPTER VII.

### Around the Headland.

It was mid morning before Blake reappeared. He came from the mangrove swamp where it ran down into the sea. His trousers were smeared to the thigh with slimy mud; but as he approached the drooping brim of his palm-leaf hat failed to hide his exultant expression.

"Come on!" he called. "I've struck it. We'll be over in half an hour."

"How's that?" asked Winthrop.

"Bar," answered Blake, hurrying forward. "Slung on your hats and get into my coat again, Miss Jenny. The sun's hot as yesterday. How about the nuts?"

"Here they are. Three strings; all that I fancied we could carry," explained Winthrop.

"All right. The big one is mine, I suppose. I'll take two. We'll leave the other. Lean on me if your ankle is still weak."

"Thanks; I can make it alone. But must we go through mud like that?" "Not on this side, at least. Come on! We don't want to miss the ebb."

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feeble out-suck of the ebb. On their right they had a sweeping view of the river, around the flank of the mangrove screen. Blake halted at the edge of the water and half turned.

"Close up," he said. "It's shallow enough; but do you see those logs over on the mud-bank? Those are alligators."

"Mercy—and you expect me to wade among such creatures?" cried Miss Leslie.

"I went almost across an hour ago and they didn't bother me any. Come on! There's a wind in that cloud out seaward. Inside half an hour the surf'll be rolling up on this bar like all Niagara."

"If we must, we must, Miss Genevieve," urged Winthrop. "Step behind me and gather up your skirts. It's best to keep one's clothes dry in the tropics."

The girl blushed, and retained his arm.

"I prefer to help you," she replied. "Come on!" called Blake, and he splashed out into the water.

The others followed within arm's-length, nervously conscious of the rows of motionless reptiles on the mud-flat, not 100 yards distant.

In the center of the bar, where the water was a trifle over knee-deep, some large creature came darting downstream beneath the surface and passed with a violent swirl between Blake and his companions. At Miss Leslie's scream, Blake whirled about and jabbed with his club at the supposed alligator.

"Where's the brute? Has he got you?" he shouted.

"No, no; he went by!" gasped Winthrop. "There he is!"

A long bony snout, fringed on either side by a row of lateral teeth, was flung up into view.

"Sawfish!" said Blake, and he waded on across the bar without further comment.

Miss Leslie had been on the point of fainting. The tone of Blake's voice revived her instantly.

There were no more scares. A few minutes later they waded out upon a stretch of clean sand on the south of the river. Before them the beach lay in a flattened curve, which at the far end hooked sharply to the left and appeared to terminate at the foot of the towering limestone cliffs of the headland. A mile or more inland the river jungle edged in close to the cliffs; but from there to the beach the forest was separated from the wall of rock by a little sandy plain, covered with creeping plants and small palms. The greatest width of the open space was hardly more than a quarter of a mile.

Blake paused for a moment at high-tide mark, and Winthrop instantly squatted down to nurse his ankle.

"I say, Blake," he said, "can't you find me some kind of a crutch? It is only a few yards around to those trees."

"Good Lord! you haven't been fool enough to overstrain that ankle—Yes,

you have. Dammit! why couldn't you tell me before?"

"It did not feel so painful in the water."

"I helped the best I could," interposed Miss Leslie. "I think if you could get Mr. Winthrop a crutch—"

"Crutch!" growled Blake. "How long do you think it would take me to wade through the mud? And look at that cloud! We're in for a squall. Here!"

He handed the girl the smaller string of coconuts, flung the other up the beach and stooped for Winthrop to mount his back. He then started off along the beach at a sharp trot. Miss Leslie followed as best she could, the heavy coconuts swinging about with every step and bruising her tender body.

The wind was coming faster than Blake had calculated. Before they had run 200 paces they heard the roar of rain-lashed water, and the squall struck them with a force that almost overthrew the girl. With the wind came torrents of rain that drove through their thickest garments and drenched them to the skin within the first half-minute.

Blake slackened his pace to a walk and plodded sullenly along beneath the driving downpour. He kept to the lower edge of the beach, where the sand was firmest, for the force of the falling deluge beat down the waves and held in check the breakers which the wind sought to roll up the beach.

The rain storm was at its height when they reached the foot of the cliffs. The gray rock towered above them 30 or 40 feet high. Blake deposited Winthrop upon a wet ledge and straightened up to scan the headland. Here and there ledges ran more than half-way up the rocky wall; in other places the crest was notched by deep clefts; but nowhere within sight did either offer a continuous path to the summit. Blake grunted with disgust.

"It'd take a fire ladder to get up this side," he said. "We'll have to try the other, if we can get around the point. I'm going on ahead. You can follow, after Pat has rested his ankle. Keep a sharp eye out for anything in the flint line—quartz or agate. That means fire. Another thing, when this rain blows over, don't let your clothes dry on you. I've got my hands full enough without having to nurse you through malarial fever. Don't forget the coconuts, and if I don't show up by noon save me some."

He stooped to drink from a pool in the rock which was overflowing with the cool, pure rainwater, and started off at his sharpest pace. Winthrop and Miss Leslie, seated side by side in dripping misery, watched him swing away through the rain without energy enough to call out a parting word.

Beneath the cliff the sand beach was succeeded by a talus of rocky debris which in places sloped up from the water 10 or 15 feet. The lower part of the slope consisted of bowlders and water-worn stones, over which the surf, reinforced by the rising tide, was beginning to break with an angry roar.

Blake picked his way quickly over the smaller stones near the top of the slope, now and then bending to snatch up a fragment that seemed to differ from the others. Finding nothing but limestone he soon turned his attention solely to the passage around the headland. Here he had expected to find the surf much heavier. But the shore was protected by a double line of reefs, so close in that channel between did not show a whitecap. This was fortunate, since in places the talus here sank down almost to the level of low tide. Even a moderate surf would have rendered farther progress impracticable.

Another 100 paces brought Blake to the second corner of the cliff, which jutted out in a little point. He clambered around it and stopped to survey the coast beyond. Within the last few minutes the squall had blown over and the rain began to moderate its downpour. The sun, bursting through the clouds, told that the storm was almost past, and its flood of direct light cleared the view.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Canal That Russia Needs.**

Russia's ministry of ways and communications has appointed a board of engineers to make preliminary surveys for the long-projected canal to connect the Baltic with the Black Sea. The canal, in the making of which several rivers will be turned to account, will have its northern end at Riga on the Gulf of Riga, 309 miles southwest of St. Petersburg, while the southern end will be Kherson, on the right bank of the Dnieper, and 92 miles east-northeast of Odessa. When this project is completed Russia may move her own ships to and from the Black sea without asking permission.

**A Little Learning.**

Earnest 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?

## Pennsylvania Happenings

The 1909 issue of Smull's legislative handbook is to be issued soon. The final proofs are now being read.

The state highway department has decided to build a new road in Dalton borough, Lackawanna county. Bids will be closed next month.

The first court trial involving the alum clause of the new food law will be held at Hollidaysburg. The grocery trade is largely interested.

Deputies of the factory inspection department have begun to vigorously enforce the order of Chief Delaney. Some suits are expected but the order will stand.

Over 120 indictments have been found at Pittsburg against persons and firms for the illegal sale of oleo. On top of this, three persons were convicted recently.

Deputy Secretary of Agriculture Martin has been elected as the Pennsylvania representative of the United States agricultural and industrial exposition board.

There are no cases of smallpox in the state at present according to the reports made to the state department of health. Typhoid showed but a slight increase last month.

The state dairy and food division has completed the issuance of 50 oleo licenses for the coming quarter, making the largest business in that line ever done. The sum realized was \$1,200.

The fall meeting of the state library board was held at the executive department recently with the governor presiding. A number of purchases and changes were discussed and arrangements made for the legislative reference bureau work.

Considerable inquiry is being made about the game laws and the officers of the game commission are besieged with men from all parts of the state for information. Dr. Kalbfus says he thinks this is going to be a good game year.

The manager of the paper mill at Williamsburg has been fined by a Blair county justice for discharging poisonous matter from his mill into a tributary of the Juniata. The case will be appealed and the fish commission will handle the state's end.

Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust recently ordered suits to be brought in Pittsburg against dealers who have been selling sausage adulterated with water and flour. He says that the mixture costs about three and a half cents a pound and is sold for 15 cents. Arrests for sale of "doped" flour has been ordered at Butler.

The season for bear and woodcock has opened in this state and both are reported plentiful. There are said to be fine lots of woodcock in many eastern counties. The woodcock season runs until December 1 and 50 birds can be killed by one person, but not more than ten a day. The bear season runs until January 1 and there is no limit.

The state forestry commission has authorized the purchase of 12,450 acres of forest land in four counties, divided as follows: 6,000 in Clinton, 5,000 in Cameron and 1,450 in Perry and Franklin. The latter will be added to the Pennypacker reserve which now contains almost 18,000 acres. The total area of the state's reservations, exclusive of purchases authorized, is 925,000 acres.

As a result of a hearing held recently by Deputy Attorney General Cunningham in the complaints against Western Pennsylvania companies for the sale of ice made at their plants the attorney general's department has issued a warning that the Pittsburg and Independent Brewing companies must stop selling ice or allowing inside corporations to sell it. Threats of an action for quo warranto are made if the companies persist. It is said that the gift of ice is also prohibited.

Auditor General Robert K. Young's recent prediction that the state revenues for this year would break records appears to be coming true as the amount of collections made by this department went over the \$25,000,000 mark, the income for the day being over \$201,000 in round numbers. The general's department has 60 days in which to best the record of \$26,425,866 of actual receipts in 1907 or \$27,027,132 gross because of the sale of bonds. The total of the income to date is about \$2,000,000 ahead of the same day last year. There are some big accounts outstanding and the receipts the remainder of the fiscal year will be large.

The bills for the primaries held in June are slow in coming in. It is expected that they will be entered before the end of the year.

The auditor general's department has entered suit against Clay W. Evans, sheriff of Schuylkill county, under the act of 1901, holding him responsible for state taxes on the property of a corporation. It is charged that Evans as sheriff sold the property of a corporation in January without giving notice to the state, which had a claim for taxes.

## Guess Where She Is From.

The head of the house had been ill for many months, and had lost his appetite entirely.

"I can't seem to fix anything that he'll enjoy and he hardly eats anything," the mistress was saying to the maid, who was a new arrival from the old country.

"That's always the way," returned the girl. "They're all the same, them invalids. All they want is nothing at all, and then when you bring it to them they don't eat it."

**Summer Conquests.**

"Are these all photographs of fellows you have been engaged to?"

"No. They're the fellows who didn't propose."

"What in the world do you want of them?"

"Why; I am saving them to make a rogues' gallery."

When a man begins to tell a woman about his past love affairs he is planning to add another to the list.

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