

# INTO THE PRIMITIVE

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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 drunken stupor, Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as a 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. Their first attack came when 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. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted 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 faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus taunting him. He started a jungle fire.

### CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Blake picked a path along the edge of the hill, where the moist vegetation, though scorched, had refused to burn. After the first abrupt ledge, up which Blake had to drag his companions, the ascent was easy. But as they climbed around an outjutting corner of the steep right wall of the cleft Blake muttered a curse of disappointment. He could now see that the cleft did not run to the top of the cliff, but through it, like a tiny box canyon. The sides rose sheer and smooth as walls. Midway, at the highest point of the cleft, the baobab towered high above the ridge crest, its gigantic trunk filling a third of the breadth of the little gorge. Unfortunately it stood close to the left wall.

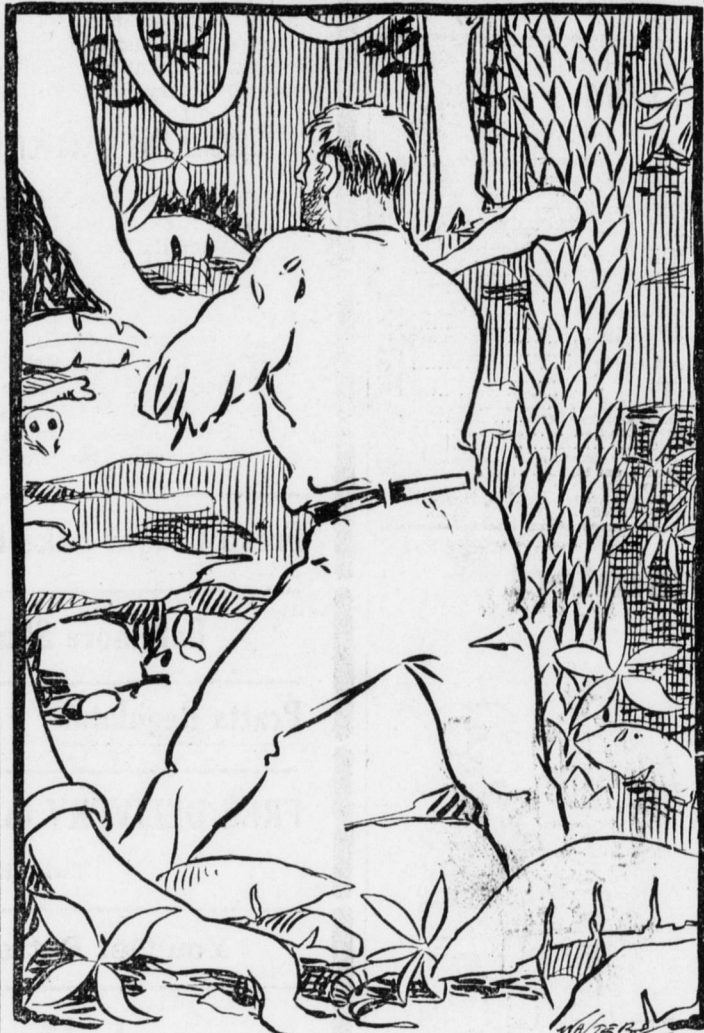
"Here's luck for you!" growled Blake. "Why couldn't the blamed old tree have grown on the other side? We might have found a way to climb it. Guess we'll have to smoke out another leopard. We're no nearer those birds' nests than we were yesterday."

"By Jove, look here!" exclaimed Winthrop. "This is our chance for antelope! Here by the spring are bamboos—real bamboos—and only half the thicket burned."

"What of them?" demanded Blake. "Bows—arrows—and did you not agree that they would make knives?" "Umph—we'll see. What is it, Miss Jenny?"

"Isn't that a hole in the big tree?" "Looks like it. These baobabs are often hollow."

# THE PRIMITIVE



One Moment After Another Passed, and He Stood Poised for the Shock.

Miss Leslie followed, hardly less curious. "Are they all dead, Mr. Blake?" she inquired. "Wiped out—whole family. The old cat stayed by her kittens, and all smothered together—lucky for us! Get busy with those bamboos, Win. I'm going to have these skins, and the sooner we get the cub meat hung up and curing, the better for us."

### CHAPTER X. Problems in Woodcraft.

"I suppose, if I must, Mr. Blake—Really, I wish to help." "Good. That's something like! Think you can learn to cook?" "See what I did this morning."

er, and forced herself to look at the revolting sight. She found it still more difficult to withstand the odor of the fresh blood. Winthrop was pale and nauseated. The sight of his distress caused the girl to forget her own loathing. She drew a deep breath, and succeeded in countering Blake's expectant look with a half-smile. "How well are you getting along?" she exclaimed. "Didn't think you could stand it. But you've got grit all right, if you are a lady," Blake said admiringly. "Say, you'll make it yet! Now, how about the gully?"

one, which grew nearest to the seaward side of the cleft. "Here's our ladder," he said. "Get some firewood. Pound the bushes, though, before you go poking into them. May be snakes here."

"Snakes?—oh!" cried Miss Leslie, and she stood shuddering at the danger she had already incurred. The fire had burnt itself out on a bare ledge of rock between them and the baobab, and the clumps of dry brush left standing in this end of the cleft were very suggestive of snakes, now that Blake had called attention to the possibility of their presence.

He laughed at his hesitating companions. "Go on, go on! Don't squeal till you're bit. Most snakes like out, if you give them half a chance. Take a stick each of you, and pound the bushes."

Thus urged, both started to work. But neither ventured into the thicker clumps. When they returned, with large armfuls of sticks and twigs, they found that Blake had used his glass to light a handful of dry bark, out in the sun, and was nursing it into a small fire at the base of the tree, on the side next the cliff.

"Now, Miss Jenny," he directed, "you're to keep this going—not too big a fire—understand? Same time you can keep on fetching brush to fumigate your cat hole. It needs it, all right."

"Will not that be rather too much for Miss Leslie?" asked Winthrop. "Well, if she'd rather come and rub brains on the skins,—Indian tan, you know—or—"

### The Best Food for Workers.

The best food for those who work with hand or brain is never high priced. The best example of this is found in Quaker Oats. It stands at the top among foods that supply nourishment and vigor, without taxing the digestion, and yet it is the least expensive food one can eat.

This great food value and low cost make it an ideal food for families who want to get the greatest good from what they eat.

### Labor Unions Fight Tuberculosis.

Ten fraternal and benefit organizations, with a membership of nearly 4,000,000, and three international labor unions with a membership of over 100,000 have joined the ranks of the fighters against consumption within the last year, according to a statement of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

### That Got Him.

A theatrical manager delighted in taking a rise out of conceited or vain members of his company. "I see you are getting on fairly well," he remarked.

### He Forgot Something.

"Is that all you have to say to me?" she queried, looking off into space. "Great heavens, girl!" said he abashed, "what more can I say! Haven't I told you that I worship the very ground you walk on? Haven't I offered you every iota of my worldly possessions? Haven't I said that you would never want for anything, that your relatives could come and stay as long as they wished, that I would work my fingers bare for you, and that I would devote my entire existence to you?"

### Hated to Take the Money.

Frank I. Cobb, the chief editorial writer of the New York World, was on a vacation in the Maine woods once when Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the World, wanted to communicate with him. Mr. Pulitzer sent Cobb a cipher message.

### THE DIFFERENCE

Coffee Usually Means Sickness, But Postum Always Means Health.

Those who have never tried the experiment of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place and in this way regaining health and happiness can learn much from the experience of others who have made the trial.



"I say, old chap, will you lend a friend a dollar?" "Is he really in need of it?" "Rather. He wants to pay me with it."

### SUFFERED TERRIBLY.

### How Relief from Distressing Kidney Trouble Was Found.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wolf, 388 W. Morgan St., Tipton, Mo., says: "Inflammation of the bladder reached its climax last spring and I suffered terribly. My back ached and pained so I could hardly get around and the secretions were scanty, frequent of passage and painful. I was tired all the time and very nervous. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and after taking a few boxes was cured and have been well ever since."

### A Terrible Disease.

"Do you own an automobile?" inquired the unobservant party. The other shook his head sadly.

"No," he sighed, "I have been a sufferer all my life from chronic pedestrianism."

Rough on Rats foos the rats and mice, but never foos the buyer. The secret is, you (not the maker) do the mixing. Take a hint, do your own mixing; pay for poison only, then you get results. It's the unbeatable exterminator. Don't die in the house. 15c, 25c, 75c.

## SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

### By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Louisville, Ky.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has certainly done me a world of good and I cannot praise it enough. I suffered from irregularities, dizziness, nervousness, and a severe female trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored me to perfect health and kept me from the operating table. I will never be without this medicine in the house."—Mrs. SAM'L LEE, 3523 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.

### Another Operation Avoided.

Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from female troubles, and my doctor said an operation was my only chance, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me without an operation."—LENA V. HENRY, R. F. D. 3.

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