

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
COPYRIGHT 1908 BY A.C. MILLER & 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 drunken stupor, 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. The trio started a terrible hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He carried her on his back. They entered the jungle. That night was passed resting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats 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, this inspiring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. The two secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrop, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrop became ill with fever.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

At noon, having learned that Winthrop's condition showed little change, Blake ate a hearty meal, and at once set off down the cleft. He did not reappear until nightfall; though at intervals Miss Leslie had heard his step as he came up the ravine with his loads of thorn-bush.

This course of action became the routine for the following ten days. It was broken only by three incidents, all relating to the important matter of food supply. Winthrop had soon tired of broth, and showed such an insatiable craving for coconuts milk that the stock on hand had become exhausted within the week.

The day after, Blake took the rope ladder, as he called the tangle of knotted creepers, and went off towards the north end of the cleft. When he returned, a little before dark, the lower part of his trousers was torn to shreds, and the palms of his hands were blistered and raw; but he carried a heavy load of coconuts. After a vain attempt to climb the giant palms on the far side of the river, he had found another grove near at hand, in the little plain, and had succeeded in reaching the tops of two of the smaller palms.

Under his directions, Miss Leslie clarified a bowl of bird-fat—goose-fat. Blake called it and dressed his hands. Yet even with the hand-axes which she made of soft inner bark and the handkerchiefs, he was unable to handle the thorn-bush the following day. Unfortunately for him, he was not content to sit idle. During the night he had cut a bamboo fishing pole and lengthened Miss Leslie's line of platted coconuts-fiber with a long catgut leader. In the afternoon he completed his outfit with a hairpin hook and a piece of half-dried meat.

He was back an hour earlier than usual, and he brought with him a dozen or more fair-sized fish. His mouth was watering over the prospective feast, and Miss Leslie showed herself hardly less eager for a change from their monotonous diet. As the fish were already dressed, she raked up the coals and quickly contrived a grill of green bamboos.

When the odor of the broiling fish spread about in the still air, even Winthrop sniffed and turned over, while Blake watched the crisp delicacies with a ravenous look. Unable to restrain himself, he caught up the smallest fish, half cooked, and bolted it down with such haste that he burnt his mouth. He ran over to the spring for a drink, and Winthrop cackled derisively.

Miss Leslie was too absorbed in her cooking to observe the result of Blake's greediness. She had turned the fish for the last time, and was about to lift them off the fire, when Blake came running back, and sent grill and all flying with a violent kick. "Salt!" he gasped—"where's the salt? I'm poisoned!"

"Poisoned?"

"Poison fish! Don't eat! God!—Where's the salt?"

The girl stared at him. His agony was so great that beads of sweat were rolling down his face. He writhed, and stretched out a quivering hand—"Salt, quick!—warm water—salt!"

"But there's none left! You remember, yesterday—"

"God!" groaned Blake, and for a moment he sank down, overcome by a reeling convulsion. Then his jaw closed like a bulldog's, and gritting his teeth with the effort, he staggered up and rushed off down the cleft.

"Stop! stop, Mr. Blake! Where are you going?" screamed the girl.

She started to run after him, but was halted by an outburst of delirious laughter. Winthrop was sitting upright and waving his fever-blotched hands—"Hi, hi! look at 'em real 'Em's



The Girl Was Now Frantic.

got what'll do for 'im! Run, you swine; you—"

There followed a torrent of cockney abuse so foul that Miss Leslie blushed scarlet with shame as she sought to quiet him. But the excitement had so heightened his fever that he was in a raving delirium. It was close upon midnight before his temperature fell, and he sank into a death-like torpor. In her ignorance, she supposed that he had fallen asleep.

Her relief was short-lived, for soon she remembered Blake. She could see him lying beside the pool or out on the bare plain, his resolute eyes cold and glassy, his powerful body contorted in the death agony. The vision filled her with dismay. With all his coarseness, the man had showed himself so resourceful, so indomitable, that when she sought to dwell upon her reasons to fear him, she found herself admiring his virile manliness. He might be a brute, but he did not belong among the jackals and hyenas. Indeed, as she called to mind his strong face and frank, blunt speech she all but disbelieved what her own ears had heard.

And anyway, without his aid, what should she do? Winthrop had already become as weak as a child. The emaciation of his jaundiced features was a mockery of their former plumpness. Blake had said that the fever might run on for another week, and that even if Winthrop recovered, he would probably be helpless for several days besides.

What was no less serious, though she had concealed the fact from Blake, she herself had been troubled the past week with the depression and lassitude which had preceded Winthrop's attack. If Blake was dead, and she should fall ill before Winthrop recovered, they would both die from lack of care. And if they did not die of the fever, what of their future, here on this desolate savage coast?

But the very keenness of her mental anguish so exhausted and numbed the girl's brain that she at last fell into a heavy sleep. The fire burned low, and shadowy forms began to creep from behind the bamboos and the trees and rocks down the gorge. There was no sound; but greedy, wolfish eyes gleamed in the starlight.

Only the day before Blake had told Miss Leslie to store the last rack of cured meat inside the baobab. The two sleepers lay between the fire and the entrance to the hollow. Slowly the embers of the fire died away into gray ashes, and slowly the night prowlers drew nearer. The boldest of the pack crept close to Miss Leslie, and with teeth bared and back bristling, sniffed at the edge of her skirt. Whether because of her heavy breathing or the odor of the leopard skin, the beast drew away, with an uneasy whine.

There was a pause; then, backed by three others, the leader approached Winthrop. He was still lying in the death-like torpor, and he lacked the protection which, in all likelihood, the leopard skin had given Miss Leslie. The cowardly brutes took him for dead or dying. They sniffed at him from head to foot, and then, with a

ferocious outburst of snarls and yells, flung themselves upon him.

Had it not chanced that Winthrop was lying upon his side, with one arm thrown up, he would have been fatally wounded by the first slashing bites of his assailants. The two which sought to tear him were baffled by the thick folds of Blake's coat, while their leader's slash at the victim's throat was barred by the upraised arm. With a savage snap, the beast's jaws closed on the arm, biting through to the bone. At the same instant the fourth jackal tore ravenously at one of the out-stretched legs.

With a shriek of agony, Winthrop started up from his torpor, and struck out frantically in a fury of pain and terror. Startled by the violence of this unexpected resistance, the jackals leaped back—only to spring in again as the remainder of the pack made a rush to forestall them.

Winthrop was staggering to his feet, when the foremost brute leaped upon him. He fell heavily against one of the main supports of his bamboo canopy, and the entire structure came down with a crash. Two of the jackals, caught beneath the roof, howled with fear as they sought to free themselves. The others, with brute dread of an unknown danger, drew away, snarling and gnashing their teeth.

Wakened by the first ferocious yelps of Winthrop's assailants, Miss Leslie had started up and stared about in the darkness. On all sides she could see pairs of fiery eyes and dim forms like the phantom creatures of a nightmare. Winthrop's shriek, instead of spurring her to action, only confused her the more and benumbed her faculties. She thought it was his death cry, and stood trembling, transfixed with horror.

Then came the fall of the canopy. His cries as he sought to throw it off showed that he was still alive. In a flash her bewilderment vanished. The stagnant blood surged again through her arteries in a fiery, stimulating torrent. With a cry, to which primeval instinct lent a menacing note, she groped her way to the fallen canopy, and stooped to lift up one side.

"Quick!—into the tree!" she called. Still frantic with terror, Winthrop struggled to his feet. She thrust him towards the baobab, and followed, dragging the mass of interwoven bamboos. Emboldened by the retreat of their quarry, the snarling pack instantly began to close in. Fortunately they were too cowardly to rush at once, and fear spurred their intended victims to the utmost haste. Gropping and stumbling, the two felt their way to the baobab, and Miss Leslie pushed Winthrop headlong through the entrance. As he fell, she turned to face the pack.

The foremost beasts were at the rear edge of the bamboo framework, their eyes close to the ground. Instinct told her that they were crouching to leap. With desperate strength she caught up the canopy before her like a great shield, and drew it in after her until the ends of the cross-bars were wedged fast against the sides of the opening. Though it seemed so firm, she clung to it with a con-

ulsive grasp as she felt the pack leaders fling themselves against the outer side.

But Blake had lashed the bamboos securely together, and none of the beasts was heavy enough to snap the supple bars. Finding that they could not break down the barrier, they began to scratch and tear at the thatch which covered the frame. Soon a pair of lean jaws thrust in and snapped at the girl's skirt. She sprang back, with a cry: "Help! Quick, Mr. Winthrop! They're breaking through!"

Winthrop made no response. She stooped, and found him lying inert where he had fallen. She had only herself to depend upon. A screen of sharp sticks which she had made for the entrance was leaning against the inner wall, within easy reach. To grasp it and thrust it against the other framework was the work of an instant.

Still she trembled, for the eager beasts had ripped the thatch from the canopy, and their fathomless jaws made short work of the few leaves on her screen. Unaware that even a lion or a tiger is quickly discouraged by the knife-like splinters of broken bamboo, she expected every moment that the jackals would bite their way through her frail barrier.

She remembered the sharpened stakes of her screen, hidden under the leaves and grass of her bed. She groped her way across the hollow, and uncovered one of the stakes. In her haste she cut her hand on its razor-like edge. All unheeding, she sprang back towards the entrance. She was none too soon. One of the smaller jackals had forced its head and one leg between the bars, and was struggling to enlarge the opening.

Fearful that the whole pack was about to burst in upon her, the girl grasped the bamboo stake in both hands, and began stabbing and lunging at the beast with all her strength. The jackal squirmed and snarled and snapped viciously. But the girl was now frantic. She pressed nearer, and though the white teeth grazed her wrist, she drove home a thrust that changed the beast's snarl into a howl of pain. Before she could strike again, it had struggled back out of the hole, beyond reach.

Tense and panting with excitement, she leaned forward, ready to stab at the next beast. None appeared, and presently she became aware that the pack had been daunted by the experience of their unlucky fellow. Their snarls and yells had subsided to whines, which seemed to be coming from a greater distance. Still she waited, with the bamboo stake upraised ready to strike, every nerve and muscle of her body tense with the strain.

So great was the stress of her fear and excitement that she had not heeded the first gray lessening of the night. But now the glorious tropical dawn came streaming out of the east in all its red effulgence. Above and through the bamboo barrier glowed a light such as might have come from a great fire on the cliff top. Still tense and immovable, the girl stared out up the cleft. There was not a jackal in sight. She leaned forward and peered around, unable to believe such good fortune. But the night prowlers had slunk off in the first gray dawn.

The girl drew in a deep, shuddering sigh, and sank back. Her hand struck against Winthrop's foot. She turned about quickly and looked at him. He was lying upon his face. She hastened to turn him upon his side, and to feel his forehead. It was cool and moist. He was fast asleep and drenched with sweat. The great shock of his pain and fear and excitement had broken his fever.

With the relief and joy of this discovery, the girl completely relaxed. Not observing Winthrop's wounds, which had bled little, she sought to force a way out through the entrance. It was by no means an easy task to free the wedged framework, and when, after much pulling and pushing, she at last tore the mass loose, she found herself perspiring no less freely than Winthrop.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INSISTED ON HOLE 'N COFFIN.
Though It Col. Butler's Triumphant
igital Shroud Protrude.

Thomas Butler, a colonel in the army of the United States early in the nineteenth century, died in New Orleans in 1805 in the midst of his celebrated controversy with Gen. Wilkinson regarding the wearing of his queue.

Col. Butler insisted on wearing his hair in the old-fashioned style in disobedience to Wilkinson's orders. According to Pierce Butler in his biography of Judah P. Benjamin, while the dispute was still raging Butler died and left directions that a hole should be bored in the head of his coffin and that his triumphant pigtail protruding in defiance. The family tradition is that these directions were carried out

A Double Delight.
"Congratulations," said young Smith to a fellow clerk. "I'm going to get married."
"Fine. Glad to hear it. But don't marry all her family."
"Oh, there's only one sister—a twin," said Smith.
"Look alike?" asked the other.
"Can't tell 'em apart."
"Well, that's rather awkward, isn't it? How do you know which is which?"
"Well," confessed Smith, "up to date I haven't tried very hard."

Flattery is turned to good account when used as a guidepost to all one ought to be.—Sample.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty 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
Wm. Carter
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

A CRUISE TO SOUTH AMERICA
BRAZIL, ARGENTINA, URUGUAY AND CHILE
First trip of its kind ever arranged—will be made by the S.S. Hittscher (12,500 tons) leaving New York January 22, 1910. Duration 81 Days. \$350 up.
Also cruises to the West Indies and Orient.
P. O. Box 1707
HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
41-45 Broadway - New York

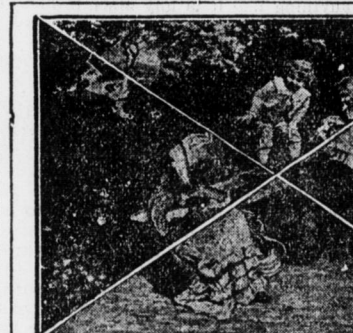
Little Beauty Night Lamp
Once filled with kerosene it will burn 40 hours and is absolutely odorless, ornamental, too, because handsomely constructed of brass nickel-plated and each lamp is provided with enough wick to last several years. The lamp can be used in entries, hallways, closets and is invaluable for Nursery and Sickroom. Ask your dealer, or by mail (postpaid) 65c.
SILVER & CO.
Sole Manufacturers
306 Newes Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Makes Shaving Easy
NO STROPPING NO HONING
TRADE-MARK Gillette
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
An absolutely harmless remedy for Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Coughs. Give immediate relief in Bronchial and Lung Affections. Fifty years' reputation. Price, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00 per box. Sample sent on request.
JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

FITS
Cured to stay cured. Eminent judges, ministers, congressmen and the medical press declare my cures permanent. I cure after others fail.
DAY, FORT, FRIER BOOKLET. Address Dr. W. Towns, Fond du Lac, Wis.

Kept filled with \$1.00 eyes, use | **Thompson's Eye Water**



Can You Solve This Puzzle
Cut-out Puzzles are a great fad these days. They are interesting, educational and a wonderful training for the eye. Can you cut this one out and put it together as it belongs? If you put them together just right they will fit perfectly. It looks rather hard at first glance, but you should be able to do it with a little study. Anyway we want you to try it and our free reward offered below will pay you well for your trouble.

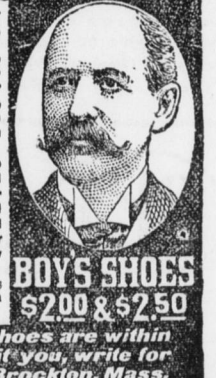
A Beautiful Colored Picture for You

We want to see how many persons can put this picture together, getting each piece in its right place. There are 4 pieces in all and we want you to cut them out, trim them neatly and paste them on a piece of paper. Then write your name and address on it and send to us with 4 cents in stamps. To pay you for your trouble we will send you free the picture shown in the puzzle—beautifully colored and 10x15 inches in size. We will also tell you how to make a lot of money during your spare time working for us. Send solution and 4 cents postage today to

THE PUZZLE MAN, 62-A Worthington St., Springfield, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD
Wear W. L. Douglas comfortable, easy-walking shoes. They are made upon honor, of the best leathers, by the most skilled workmen, in all the latest fashions. Shoes in every style and shape to suit men in all walks of life.
If I could take you into my large factory at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.
CAUTION—See that W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitute.
Wherever you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach. If your dealer cannot fit you, write for Mail Order Catalog, W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.



HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL GREAT FOR PAIN
THE OIL THAT PENETRATES

WESTERN CANADA

What J. Hill, the Great Railroad Magnate, Says About Its Wheat-Producing Power:
"The greatest need of this country (United States) in another generation or two will be the production of wheat for its people and producing it best for them. The days of our prominence as a wheat exporting country are gone. Canada is to be the great wheat country."
This great railroad magnate is taking advantage of the stimulus by extensive railway building in the wheat fields of Western Canada.

Upwards of 125 Million Bushels of Wheat
were harvested in 1909. Average of the three provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba will be upwards of 23 bushels per acre. Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining, pre-emptions of 40 acres at \$1.25 per acre, are to be had in the choicest sections. Schools, convent, climate, roads, and the best of wheat-railways close at hand, building lumber cheap, fuel easy to get and reasonable. In private water easily procured; mixed farming a success. Write us for best place for settlement, settlers' low railway rates, descriptive literature, and also the best business propositions on application, and other information to the U.S. Commissioner of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to the Canadian Government Agent.

H. M. WILLIAMS
Law Business
Toledo, Ohio
(Use address nearest you), (4)

Wanted At Once—A Man
TO Make \$100 Per Month Above Expenses
1000 MEN ARE NOW MAKING BIG MONEY with our Medicine, Extracts, Spices, Sops, Perfumes, Toilet Articles and Food Preparations, Pickles, etc. We are one of the largest importers and manufacturers in the U. S. Our capital and surplus is One Million Dollars. We make over 60 products, all guaranteed. Our factories have over 3 acres of floor space.
WE NOW WANT one man to each unoccupied locality to take full charge of all duties in this position and we will pay for the above; in short, a man able to take full charge of everything pertaining to our business in his district. Every man can fill this position and we will not contract with one who is too extravagant or too old or too young. We want to hear from men who have been fairly successful in business, industrious men who will be satisfied to make not less than
\$100 Per Month Clear Profit
above expenses the first year, \$150 the second year, and \$200 the third year.
If you are fairly well acquainted in your locality and you think you can fill the position, low cost in our territory. We do not want to hear from men under 21 or over 50 years of age, colored or women. To get this position a man must be able to furnish 1 or 2 houses to call on in his district. The business men as references. If you cannot meet these requirements do not write; if you can meet them, write us; you are the man we are looking for. The position pays big, is honorable and permanent.
W. T. RAWLIGH CO. 36 Liberty St. Freeport, Ill.

The difference remember this—
it may save your life. Cathartics, bird shot and cannon ball pills—tea spoon doses of cathartic medicines all depend on irritation of the bowels until they sweat enough to move. **Cascarels** strengthen the bowel muscles so they creep and crawl naturally. This means a cure and only through **Cascarels** can you get it quickly and naturally.
Cascarels—10c box—week's treatment. All druggists. Largest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes luxuriant growth. Never Falls or Restores Gray Hair. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

MEPO CURES CATARRH
Hay Fever, Headache, Colds. Two weeks' treatment sent on receipt of 25c. MEPO CO., 188 Revere St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. High references. Best returns. **W. N. U., CLEVELAND, NO. 50-1909.**