

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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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, situated 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. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring 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 trio 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. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrop, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrop became ill with fever. Blake was poisoned by a rat, and almost died. Jackals attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyena. On a tour the trio discovered honey and oysters. Miss Leslie was attacked by a poisonous snake. Blake killed it and saved its poison to kill game. For the second time Winthrop was attacked by fever. He and Blake disagreed. The latter made a strong door for the private compartment of Miss Leslie's cave home. A terrible storm raged that night. Winthrop stole into her room, but she managed to swing her door closed in time. Winthrop was badly hurt. He died the following morning. The storm tore down their distress flag, so a new one was swung from a bamboo pole. Miss Leslie helped in covering Winthrop's grave with stones. Genevieve took a strong liking to Blake.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

Miss Leslie looked away, visibly distressed. She had not been reared after the French method. Young as she was, she had fluttered at will about the borders of the garden of vice, knowing well that the gaudy blossoms were lures to entice one into the pitfall. Yet never before had she caught so clear a glimpse of the slimy depths.

"That's it!" growled Blake. "Throw me down cold just because I'm square enough to tell you straight out. You make me tired! I'm not one of the work-ox sort, that can chew the cud all the year round and cork the blood out of their brains. I've got to cut loose from the infernal grind once in a while, and barring a chance now and then at opera, there's never been anything but a spree—"

"Oh, but that's so dreadfully shocking, Mr. Blake!"

"And then like all the other little hypocrites, you'll go and marry one of those swell dudes who's made that sort of thing his business, and everybody knows it, but it's all politely understood to've been sub rosa, so it's all right, because he knows how to part his name in the middle and—"

"Please, please stop, Mr. Blake! You don't know how cruel you are!"

"Cruel? Suppose I told you about the millionaire cur that— Oh, now, don't go and cry! Please don't cry, Miss Jenny! I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world! I didn't mean anything out of the way, really I didn't! It's only that when I get to thinking of—of things, it sets me half crazy. And now, can't you see how it's going to be ten times worse for me after—with you so altogether beyond me—"

He stopped short, flushed, and stammered lamely: "I—I didn't mean to say that!"

She looked down, no less embarrassed.

"Please let us talk of something else," she murmured. "It has been such a pleasant morning, until you—until we began this silly discussion."

"All right, all right! Only mop up the dewdrops and we'll turn on the sun machine. I really didn't mean to rip out that way at all. But, you see, the thing's been rankling in me ever since we came aboard ship at the Cape, and Winthrop and Lady Bayrose had my seat changed so I couldn't see you—Not that I hold anything against them now—"

"Mr. Blake, I suppose you know that this African coast is particularly dangerous for women. So far I have escaped the fever. But you yourself said that the longer the attack is delayed the worse it will be."

Blake's face darkened and he turned to stare inland along the ridge. She had flicked him on the raw, and he thought that she had done so intentionally.

"You think I haven't tried—that I've been shamming!" he burst out bitterly. "You're right. There's the one chance— But I couldn't leave you till the barricade was finished, and it's been only a few days since— All the same, I oughtn't to've waited a day. I'll start it to-morrow."

"What? Start what?"

"A catamaran. I can rig one up in short order that, with a skin sail and an outrigger, will do fairly well to coast along inside the reefs—barring squalls. Worst thing is that it's all a guess whether the nearest settlement is up the coast or down."

"And you can think of going and leaving me all alone here!"

"That's better than letting you risk two-to-one chances on feeding the sharks."

"But you'd be risking it!"

Blake uttered a short harsh laugh. "What's the difference?" he paused a moment; then added, with grim



"Tom!" She Cried, Struggling to Her Knees.—"Tom!"

humor: "Anyway, they'll have earned a meal by the time they get me chewed up."

"You sha'n't go!"

"Oh, I don't know. We'll see about it to-morrow. There's a grove of coconuts yonder. Come on, and I'll get some nuts. I can't see any water around here, and it would be dry eating, with only the flask."

CHAPTER XXIV. — A Lion Leads Them.

THE palm grove stood under the lee of the ridge on a stretch of bare ground. Other than seaward, the open space was hemmed in by grass jungle, interspersed with clumps of thorn-bush. On the north side a jutting corner of the tall, yellow spear-grass curved out and around, with the point of the hook some 50 yards from the palms. Elsewhere the distance to the jungle was nearly twice as far.

Blake dropped the bag and his weapons, flung down his hat and started up a palm shaft. The down-pointing bristles of his skin trousers aided his grip. Though the lofty crown of the palm was swaying in the wind he reached the top and was down again before Miss Leslie had arranged the contents of the lunch bag.

"Guess you're not extra hungry," he remarked.

She made no response.

"Mad, eh? Well, toss me the little knife. Mine has got too good a meat-edge to spoil on these husks."

"It was very kind of you to climb for the nuts, and the wind blowing so hard up there," she said, as she handed over the penknife. "I am not angry. It is only that I feel tired and depressed. I hope I am not going to be—"

"No; you're not going to have the fever, or any such thing! You're played out, that's all. I'm a fool for bringing you so far. You'll be all right after you eat and rest. Here; drink this cocoa milk."

She drained the nut, and, upon his insistence, made a pretense at eating. He was deceived until, with the satisfying of his first keen hunger, he again became observant.

"Say, that won't do!" he exclaimed. "Look at your bowl. You haven't nibbled enough to keep a mouse alive."

"Really, I am not hungry. But I am resting."

"Try another nut. I'll have one ready in two shakes."

He caught his hat, which was dragging past in a downward eddy of the wind, and weighted it with a coconut. He wedged another nut between his knees and bent over it, tearing at the husk. It took him only a few moments to strip the fiber from the end and gouge open the germ hole. He held out the nut and glanced up to meet her smile of acceptance.

She was staring past him, her eyes wide with terror, and the color fast receding from her face

"What in— Another snake?" he demanded, twisting warily about to glare at the ground behind him.

"There—over in the grass!" she whispered. "It looked out at me with terrible, savage eyes!"

"Snake?—that far off?"

"No, no!—a monster—a huge, fierce beast!"

"Beast?" echoed Blake, grasping his bow and arrows. "Where is he? Maybe only one of these African buffaloes. How'd he look?—horns?"

"I—I didn't see any. It was all shaggy, and yellow like the grass, and terrible eyes—Oh!"

The girl's scream was met by a ferocious, snarling roar, so deep and prolonged that the air quivered and the very ground seemed to shake.

"God!—a lion!" cried Blake, the hair on his bare head bristling like a startled animal's.

He turned squarely about toward the ridge, his bow half drawn. Had the lion shown himself then Blake would have shot on the instant. As it was, the beast remained behind the screening border of grass, where he could watch his intended quarry without being seen in turn. The delay gave Blake time for reflection. He spoke sharply, as if he were biting off his words: "Hit out! I'll stop the bluffer."

"I can't. Oh, I'm afraid!"

Again the hidden beast gave voice to his mighty rumbling challenge. Still he did not appear, and Blake attempted a derisive jeer: "Hey, there, louder! We've not run yet! It's all right, little woman. The skulking sneak is trying to bluff us. 'Fraid to come out if we don't stampede. He'll make off when he finds we don't scare. Lions never tackle men in the daytime. Just keep cool a while. He'll—"

"Look!—there to the right!—I saw him again! He's creeping around! See the grass move!"

"That's only the wind. It eddies down—God! he is stalking around. Trying to take us from behind—course him! He may get me, but I'll get him, too—the dirty sneak!"

The blood had flowed back into Blake's face, and showed on each cheek in a little red patch. His broad chest rose and fell slowly to deep respirations; his eyes glowed like balls of white-hot steel. He drew his bow a little tauter and wheeled slowly to keep the arrow pointed at the slight wave in the grass which marked the stealthy movements of the lion. Miss Leslie, more terrified with every added moment of suspense, cried around, that she might keep him between her and the hidden beast.

Minute after minute dragged by. Only a man of Blake's obstinate, sullen temperament could have withstood the strain and kept cool. Even he found the impulse to leap up and run all but irresistible. Miss Leslie crouched behind him, no more able to run than a mouse with which a cat has been playing.

Once they caught a glimpse of the sinuous tawny form gliding among the leafless stems of a thorn clump. Blake took quick aim; but the outlines of

the beast were indistinct and the range long. He hesitated, and the opportunity was lost.

Yard by yard they watched the slight swaying of the grass tops which betrayed the cautious advance of the grim stalker. The beast did not roar again. Having failed to flush his game, he was seeking to catch them off their guard, or perhaps was warily taking stock of the strange creatures, whose like he had never seen.

Now and then there was a pause, and the grass tops swayed only to the down-puffs of the heightening gale. At such moments the two grew rigid, watching and waiting in breathless suspense. They could see, as distinctly as though there had been no screening grass, the baleful eyes of the huge cat and the shaggy forebody as the beast stood still and glared out at them.

Then the sinuous wave would start on again around the grass border, and Blake would draw in a deep breath and mutter a word of encouragement to the girl: "Look, now—the dirty sneak! Trying to give us the creeps, is he? I'll creep him! 'Fraid to show his pretty mug!"

Not until the beast had circled half around the glade did his purpose flash upon Blake. With the wariness of all savage hunters, the animal had marked out the spur of jungle on the north side, where he could creep closer to his quarry before leaping from cover.

"The damned sneak!" growled Blake. "You there, Jenny?"

She could not speak, but he heard her gasp.

"Brace up, little woman! Where's your grit? You're out of this deal, anyway. He'll choke to death swallowing me— But say; couldn't you manage to shin up a palm, 20 feet or so, and hang on for a couple of minutes?"

"I—can't move—I am—"

"Make a try! It'll give me a run for my money. I'll take the next elevator after you. That'll bring the bluffer out on the hot-foot. I slip a surprise between his ribs and we view the scenery while he's passing in his checks. Come; make a spurt! He's around the turn and getting nearer every step."

"I can't—Tom—there is no need that both of us— You climb up—"

He turned about as the meaning of her whisper dawned upon him. Her eyes were shining with the ecstasy of self-sacrifice. It was only the glance of an instant; then he was again facing the jungle.

"God! You think I'd do that!"

She made no reply. There was a pause. Blake—crouched on one knee, tense and alert—waited until the sinister wave was advancing into the point of the incurved jungle. Then he spoke, in a low, even tone: "Feel if my glass is there."

Her hand reached around and pressed against the fob pocket which he had sewn in the belt of his skin trousers.

"Right. Now slip my club up under my elbow—big end. Lick on the nose'll stop a dog or a bull. It's a chance."

She thrust the club under his right elbow and he gripped it against his side.

At that moment the lion bounded from cover, with a roar like a clap of thunder. Blake sprang erect. The beast checked himself in the act of leaping, and crouched with his great paws outstretched, every hooked claw thrust out ready to tear and mangle. In two or three bounds he could have leaped upon Blake and crushed him with a single stroke of his paw. As he rose to repeat his deafening roar it seemed to Blake that he stood higher than a horse—that his mouth gaped wide as the end of a hoghead. And yet the beast stood hesitating, restrained by brute dread of the unknown. Never before had any animal that he had hunted reared up to meet his attack in this strange manner.

"Lie flat!" commanded Blake; "lie flat, and don't move! I'm going to call his bluff. Keep still till the poison gets in its work. I'll keep him busy long as I can. When it's over, hit out for home along the beach. Keep inside the barricade, and watch all you can from the cliffs. Might light a fire up there nights. There's sure to be a steamer before long—"

"Tom!" she cried, struggling to her knees—"Tom!"

But he did not pause or look around. He was beginning to circle slowly to the left across the open ground, in a spiral curve that would bring him to the edge of the jungle within 30 yards of the lion. There was red now showing in his eyes. His hair was bristling, no longer with fear, but with sheer brute fury; his lips were drawn back from the clenched teeth; his nostrils distended and quivering; his forehead wrinkled like that of an angry mastiff. His look was more ferocious than that of the snarling beast he faced. All the primeval in him was roused. He was become a man of the Cave Age. He went to meet death, his mind as body aflame with fierce lust to kill.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Coffroth Wins Race, London to 'Frisco.
James W. Coffroth, flight promoter, won his bet of \$2,000 made with a member of the National Sporting club of London that he could reach San Francisco in ten days from London. Coffroth had a margin of two hours and forty minutes.

Coffroth, according to agreement, sent a telegram to Eugene Corri, with whom he had the wager. When he arrived at the Oakland pier he was welcomed by a large delegation that cheered him as he stepped from his car.

The time made by Coffroth is the fastest ever made from London to San Francisco over the Atlantic and across the continent. He made the trip in nine days, five hours and five minutes.

The journey from Omaha to San Francisco was made on the famous San Francisco "Overland Limited" of the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific, and is simply another victory for Safety, Service, Speed via the old Overland Route.

These Knowing Children.
"Come here, Mamie, dear. Look at this beautiful Misty girl. Isn't she lovely? I don't think Misty ever drew a more charming figure!"

"Do you think, papa, that this is the model that used to sit on Mr. Misty's knee?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Make \$500 in Gold.
Read the magnificent offer by the John A. Salzer Seed Co. in another part of this paper. Get your wits to work and capture the \$500.00, and at the same time secure a supply of the most reliable seeds on earth. The company is one of the largest in the country, and thoroughly responsible.

She Had Noticed It.
Mrs. Knicker.—They say the purchasing power of a dollar has diminished.

Mrs. Bocker.—Yes, it used to buy a bargain worth \$1.98, and now it only gets something worth \$1.49.

Not Actually Necessary.
The lawyer proceeded to examine the witness.

"Pardon the question, Mrs. Chucksley," he said, "but your answer constitutes a part of the record. How old are you?"

"Why, you ought to know, Mr. Sharpe," she answered; "my birthday is the same as yours, only I was born ten years later than you were."

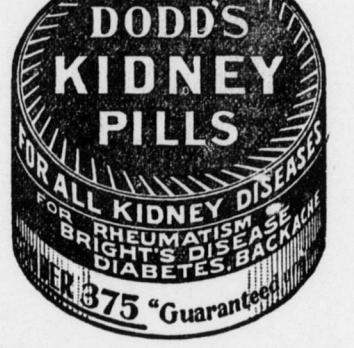
"Ah, yes, I remember. Well, it isn't important, anyhow. Go ahead, Mrs. Chucksley, and tell the jury what you know about this case."

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.
Dr. Dechon's Relief for Rheumatism radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action is remarkable. It removes the cause and the disease quickly disappears. First dose greatly benefits. See Druggists.

There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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\$15,000 from 22 acres peaches.

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Ten acres are enough to comfortably support a small family. Twenty acres afford a fine living, with money in the bank. Forty acres should make you rich.

You pay from one-fourth to one-third down, balance easily can be paid for out of the crops.

Almost anything can be raised in the San Joaquin country—grapes and wheat, figs and apples, delicate grapes and hardy potatoes. Products of the temperate and semi-tropic zones flourish plenty by side.

Plenty of water for irrigation drawn from the near-by Sierra snows. It is easy for one to make a start. Land between the rows can be used, while orchard is young, for many profitable crops. The point is to make every square foot bear something.

What some farmers have done: Frank Thomas, of Fresno, Cal., bought twenty acres of land five years ago. He had but \$300 to start on. Today his land is paid for and he has an income of over \$2,000 a year.

William Shryver, R. F. D. 7, Fresno, Cal., bought his first ten acres six years ago. Now owns sixty acres all paid for, and refuses \$12,000 for his place.

M. F. Tarney, of Fresno, owns vineyard of 1,200 acres, from which he takes an annual profit of \$125,000.

On the Harold estate, twenty-two acres of peaches yielded a \$15,300 crop.

Carson Reed, Reedley, Cal., from a twenty-acre crop of Sultanina raisins netted \$3,200.

I know this valley from end to end. I have seen crops planted and harvested in every one of its counties. I have interviewed farmers, ranchers and merchants. I have collated the testimony of crop experts.

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