INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET

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 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 washed his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored 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 Winthrope. They encountered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield themselves from the sun. They subsisted on cocoanuts, 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 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. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrope, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrope became ill with fever. Blake was poisoned by a fish. Jackals attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake returned, after nearly dying. 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 the poison to kill game. For the second time Winthrope was attacked by fever. He and Blake disagreed.

Satisfied Himself That Miss Leslie Was Well Out Toward the Signal.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"That's it—do the baby act," jeered Blake. "But say, I don't know just how much eavesdropping you did; so there's one thing I'll repeat for the special benefit of your lordship. It'll be good for your delicate health to pay attention. From now on, the cliff top belongs to Miss Leslie. Gents and book agents not allowed. Understand? You don't go up there without her special invite. If you do, I'll twist your damned neck!"

He turned on his heel and left the Englishman cowering.

CHAPTER XIX.

An Ominous Lull.

THE three saw nothing more of each other that day. Miss Leslie had withdrawn into the baobab and Blake had gone off down the cleft for more salt. He did not return until after the others were asleep. Miss Leslie had gone without her supper, or had eaten some of the food stored within the tree.

When, late the next morning, she finally left her seclusion Blake was nowhere in sight. Ignoring Winthrope's attempts to start a conversation, she hurried through her breakfast, and, having gathered a supply of food and water, went to spend the day on the headland.

Evening forced her to return to the cleft. She had emptied the water flask by noon, and was thirsty. Winthrope was dozing beneath his canopy, which Blake had moved some yards down towards the barricade. Blake was cooking supper.

He did not look up, and met her attempt at a pleasant greeting with an inarticulate grunt. When she turned to enter the baobab, she found the opening littered with bamboos and green creepers and pieces of large branches with charred ends. On either side, midway through the entrance, a vertical row of holes had been made through the bark of the tree into the soft wood.

"What is this?" she asked. "Are you planning a porch?"

"Maybe," he replied.

"But why should you make the holes so far in? I know so little about these matters, but I should have fancied the holes would come on the front of the tree."

"You'll see in a day or two."

"How did you make the holes? They look black, as though—"

"Burnt 'em, of course—hot stones."

"That was so clever of you!"

He made no response.

Supper was eaten in silence. Even Winthrope's presence would have been a relief to the girl; yet she could not go to waken him, or even suggest that her companion do so. Blake sat throughout the meal sullen and stolid, and carefully avoided meeting her gaze. Before they had finished, twilight had come and gone, and night was upon them. Yet she lingered for a last attempt.

"Good-night, friend!" she whispered.

He sprang up as though she had struck him and blundered away into the darkness.

In the morning it was as before. He had gone off before she wakened. She lingered over breakfast; but he did not appear, and she could not endure Winthrope's suave drawl. She went for another day on the headland.

She returned somewhat earlier than on the previous day. As before, Winthrope was dozing in the shade. But Blake was under the baobab, raking together a heap of rubbish. His hands were scratched and bleeding. To the girl's surprise, he met her with a cheerful grin and a clear, direct glance.

"Look here," he called.

She stepped around the baobab and stood staring. The entrance, from the ground to the height of 12 feet, was walled up with a mass of thorny branches, interwoven with yet thornier creepers.

"How's that for a front door?" he demanded.

"Door?"

"Yes."

"But it's so big. I could never move it."

"A child could! Look." He grasped a projecting handle near the bottom of the thorny mass. The lower half of the door swung up and outward, the upper half in and downward. "See, it's balanced on a crossbar in the middle. Come on in."

She walked after him in under the now horizontal door. He gave the inner end a light upward thrust, and the door swung back in its vertical circle until it again stood upright in the opening. From the inside the girl could see the strong framework to which was lashed the facing of the thorns. It was made of bamboos and strong pieces of branches, bound together with tough creepers.

"Pretty good grating, eh?" remarked Blake. "When those green creepers dry, they'll shrink and hold tight as iron clamps. When now nothing short of a rhinoceros could walk through when the bars are fast. See here."

He stepped up to the novel door and slid several socketed crossbars until their outer ends were deep in the holes in the tree trunk, three on each side.

"How's that for a set of bolts?" he demanded.

"Wonderful! Really, you are very, very clever! But why should you go to all this trouble, when the barricade—"

"You must! It would please me."

"Why, then, of course— But first, I want to make sure you understand fastening the door. Try the bars yourself."

She obeyed, sliding the bars in and out until he nodded his satisfaction.

"Good!" he said. "Now promise me you'll slide 'em fast every night."

"If you ask it. But, why?"

"I want to make you perfectly safe."

"Safe? But am I not secure with—"

"Look here, Miss Leslie, I'm not going to say anything about anybody."

"Perhaps you had better say no more, Mr. Blake."

"That's right. But whatever happens, you'll believe I've done my best, won't you?—even if I'm not a— Promise me straight, you'll lock up tight every night."

"Very well, I promise," responded the girl, not a little troubled by the strangeness of his expression.

That night Miss Leslie dutifully fastened herself in with all six bars. She wakened at dawn, and hastened out to prepare Blake's breakfast, but she found herself too late. There were evidences that he had eaten and gone off before dawn. The stretching frame of one of the antelope skins had been moved around by the fire, and on the smooth inner surface of the hide was a laconic note, written with charcoal in a firm, bold hand:

"Exploring inland. Back by night, if can."

She bit her lip in her disappointment, for she had planned to show him how much she appreciated his absurd but well-meant concern for her safety. As it was, he had gone off without a word and left her to the questionable pleasure of a tete-a-tete with Winthrope. Hoping to avoid this, she hurried her preparations for a day on the cliff. But before she could get off, Winthrope sauntered up, hiding his yawns behind a hand which had regained most of its normal plumpness. His eye was at once caught by the charcoal note.

"Ah!" he drawled; "really now, this is too kind of him to give us the pleasure of his absence all day!"

"Yes—s" murmured Miss Leslie. "Permit me to add that you will also have the pleasure of my absence. I am going now."

Winthrope looked down, and began to speak very rapidly: "Miss Genevieve, I—I wish to apologize. I've thought it over. I've made a mistake —I—I mean, my conduct the other day was vile, utterly vile! Permit me to appeal to your considerateness for a man who has been unfortunate—who, I mean, has been—er—was carried away by his feelings. Your favoring of that bloom—er—that—er—bounder so angered me that I—that I—"

"Mr. Winthrope!" interrupted the girl, "I will have you to understand that you do not advance yourself in my esteem by such references to Mr. Blake."

"Aye! aye, that Blake!" panted Winthrope. "Don't you see? It's 'im, an' that blossom! W'en a man's daffy—w'en 'e's in love!—"

Miss Leslie burst into a nervous laugh; but checked herself on the instant.

"Really, Mr. Winthrope!" she exclaimed, "you must pardon me. I—I never knew that cultured Englishmen ever dropped their h's. As it happens, you know, I never saw one excited before this."

"Ah, yes; to be sure—to be sure!" murmured Winthrope, in an odd tone.

The girl threw out her hand in a little gesture of protest.

"Really, I'm sorry to have hurt—to have been so thoughtless!"

Winthrope stood silent. She spoke again: "I'll do what you ask. I'll make allowances for your—for your feelings towards me and try to forget all you said the other day. Let me begin by asking a favor of you!"

"Ah, Miss Genevieve, anything, to be sure, that I may do!"

"It is that I wish your opinion. When Mr. Blake finished that absurd door last evening, he would not tell me why he had built it—only a vague statement about my safety."

"Ah! He did not go into particulars?" drawled Winthrope.

"No, not even a hint; and he looked so—odd."

Winthrope slowly rubbed his soft palms one upon the other.

"Do you—er—really desire to know his—the motive which actuated him?" he murmured.

"I should not have mentioned it to you if I did not," she answered.

"Well—er—I do," he hesitated and paused for a full minute. "You see, it is a rather difficult undertaking to intimate such a matter to a lady—just the right touch of delicacy, you know. But I will begin by explaining that I have known it since the first—"

"Knows what?"

"Of that bound—of—er—Blake's trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Ah! Perhaps I should have said affliction; yes, that is the better word. To own the truth, the fellow has some good qualities. It was no doubt because he realized when in his better moments—"

"Better moments? Mr. Winthrope, I am not a child. In justice both to myself and to Mr. Blake, I must ask you to speak out plainly."

"My dear Miss Leslie, may I first ask if you have not observed how strangely at times the fellow acts—looks odd, as you put it—how he falls into melancholia or senseless rages? I may truthfully state that he has three times threatened my life."

"I—I thought his anger quite natural, after I had so rudely—and so many people are given to brooding— But if he was violent to you—"

"My dear Miss Genevieve, I hold nothing against the miserable fellow. At such times he is not—er—responsible, you know. Let us give the fellow full credit—that is why he himself built your door."

"Oh, but I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" cried the girl. "It's not possible! He's so strong, so true and manly, so kind, for all his gruffness!"

"Ah, my dear!" soothed Winthrope, "that is the pity of it. But when a man must needs be his worst enemy, when he must needs lead a certain kind of life, he must take the consequences. To put it as delicately as possible, yet explain all, I need only say one word—paranoia."

Miss Leslie gathered up her day's outfit with trembling fingers and went to mount the cliff.

After waiting a few minutes Winthrope walked hurriedly through the cleft and climbed the tree-ladder with an agility that would have amazed his companions. But he did not draw himself up on the cliff. Having satisfied himself that Miss Leslie was well out toward the signal, he returned to the baobab and proceeded to examine Blake's door with minute scrutiny.

That evening, shortly before dark, Blake came in almost exhausted by his journey. Few men could have covered the same ground in twice the time. It had been one continuous round of grass jungle, thorn scrub, rocks and swamp. And for all his pains he brought back with him nothing more than the discouraging information that the back country was worse than the shore. Yet he betrayed no trace of depression over the bad news, and for all his fatigue maintained a tone of hearty cheerfulness until, having eaten his fill, he suddenly observed Miss Leslie's frigid politeness.

"What's up now?" he demanded. "You're not mad 'cause I hiked off this morning without notice?"

"No, of course, not, Mr. Blake. Nothing of the kind. But I—"

"Well, what?" he broke in, as she hesitated. "I can't, for the world, think of anything else I've done—"

"You've done! Perhaps I might suggest that it is a question of what you haven't done." The girl was trembling on the verge of hysterics. "Yes, what you've not done! All these weeks, and not a single attempt to get us away from here, except that miserable signal; and I as good as put that up! You call yourself a man! But I —I—" She stopped short, white with a sudden overpowering fear.

Winthrope looked from her to Blake with a sidelong glance, his lips drawn up in an odd twist.

"It is that I wish your opinion. When Mr. Blake finished that absurd door last evening, he would not tell me why he had built it—only a vague statement about my safety."

"Ah! He did not go into particulars?" drawled Winthrope.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REPTILES ALL OF SHORT SIGHT

Experiments Prove Their Range of Vision to Be Limited.

The corps of naturalists attached to the Zoological park at Washington has recently concluded some interesting experiments to test the vision of certain animals.

It appears that the sight of reptiles is generally very good, being probably their most acute sense, but not so acute as popularly supposed, possessing a limited range, indeed, as compared with most animals.

Crocodiles cannot distinguish a man at a distance exceeding ten times their length. Fish see for only short distances. The vision of most serpents is poor, the boa constrictor, for example, being able to see no further than one-third of its own length. Some snakes see no further than one-eighth of their length. Frogs are better endowed with sight, for they can distinguish objects clearly at a distance of 20 times their own length.

The boarding of nearly all reptiles is even worse than their vision. Most of them are quite deaf, especially the boa constrictor. The phrase "deaf as an adder" represents the careful observation of our forefathers.—Harper's Weekly.

Goat's $15,000 Meal.

A peasant followed by a goat walked into the local bank at Aurillac to pay in some money. As he was going out a clerk noticed that the goat had a piece of paper in his mouth. He vaulted over the counter and caught the animal just in time to prevent it swallowing a bond worth $15,000 which it had nibbled off the counter.

PUT LID ON TIGHT

MODERN VIGILANTES IN NEW JERSEY FRUIT BELT.

End of Rowdyism and Riotous Life Came When Citizens "Got Together" in Real Earnest to Subdue Trouble.

There is a little town up in the peach region of Hunterdon county, New Jersey, that manages its local affairs in a way that is worthy of emulation by large cities. Once the stronghold of rowdyism and riotous life, its streets are now as quiet and calm as the middle of the Sahara desert on a Sunday afternoon. And it was all brought about by a few determined citizens taking the law into their own hands, while they let public opinion—or gossip, rather—go hang. This is how it came about:

Being in the center of the fruit belt, which produces a half-million baskets of peaches yearly, New Germantown is visited by hordes of wanderers each fall who come to gather the crop. For the most part they are the flotsam and jetsam of city slums and men of broken fortune who seek the coolness of country life for a few weeks. Almost without exception they are hard drinkers and make the night hideous with their revels. Last fall conditions were particularly bad. The peach pickers tore the lid clear off and made the village tavern a center of operations that caused the long-suffering townspeople to stand aghast. There were fights on front porches, dogs kicked in and good citizens roughly jostled on the streets, while oaths and raucous shouts resounded until early in the morning.

Now, this was all very well for a time. It had been going on for years, although not in so extreme a form, and so the natives passed it up as a bad business that could not be bettered. Then another element appeared which put a new face on matters. Like any other community, New Germantown contained several resident characters of bibulous tendencies who joined the visitors in their celebrations and soon became the wildest of all. At last the fruit was gone and the "hoboes," too, had drifted away.

"Now," thought the citizens, "peace will be with us." But not so. On the first Saturday night the lid was shoved away out of sight, and the resident characters did it all. They had set out to keep up the pace set by their late brethren, and they succeeded pretty well.

Thus matters stood for several weeks, and, in spite of protests to the constable, the disturbance constantly grew worse. Then one morning things came to a head. A leading townsman stepped out of his door and discovered a recumbent form in the spot where a favorite potted plant should have been. The townsman deposited the inert one more or less carefully in the gutter and set out to gather other prominent citizens together. They met in a store and in a very short time a law and order club had been formed, from which the mandate went forth that the next man seen drunk would be summarily and incontinently "pinched."

"They'll never do it," said the tipplers; "why, there ain't no law, real law, back of such a bluff."

So one of them made a test case that very night by running amuck down the main street, in just five minutes by the clock he was locked up in a livery stable with a lax and order man on guard. Next day a local justice of the peace fined him heavily.

To-day the man who feels the need of his liquor regularly in that section takes a bottle far away into the woods and indulges fearful glances over his shoulder as he partakes of it.

$1,850,000 Just for Furnishings.

And in our city hotels we have not included the cost of furnishings and equipment. Into the Waldorf-Astoria, Mr. Boldt, or those behind him, put about $1,850,000. The management of the Plaza estimate their furnishings outlay at $1,000,000. The same figure is a minimum for the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia and the New Congress in Chicago. We find such random items as $200,000 for kitchen equipment, $50,000 for refrigerators, $60,000 for a single "state apartment," $50,000 for mirrors, $100,000 for a Louis XV. bed. The St. Regis put $550,000 into its bedroom floors alone. In the preliminary estimates for a hotel to cost $4,000,000, examined by the writer, $500,000 is allotted to furnishings "upstairs," and $700,000 to three lower floors. Originally "hotels" were great town houses of the French nobility. Their imitators in twentieth century America are doing very well indeed.—Van Norden's Magazine.

Why Lights Injure Eyes.

Our grandfathers, who were obliged to read their weekly papers by candle light, escaped many of the eye troubles which are common among their descendants who use electric lamps and incandescent gas mantles. It is the ultra-violet rays in our brilliant lights that are at fault, say oculists.

Dr. Terrien has found that the arc light contains three times as many of the objectionable rays as the Edison lamp, four times as many as the ordinary gas light or the petroleum lamp, six times as many as the old-fashioned oil lamp and indefinitely more than candle light, which is almost free from ultraviolet rays.

The mystery vapor lamp with glass shades of a greenish-yellow tint to filter out the dangerous rays is best.

The New Education.

A member of a school board was visiting a public school not long ago when he encountered a small boy in the hall.

"What are you studying, my boy?" the visitor asked.

"Arithmetic and geography," answered the boy.

"And what are you learning in arithmetic?"

The boy thought for a minute, then he replied, "Guzinta."

"Guzinta?" said the surprised official. "What' that?"

"Why, don't you know?" said the boy. "Two guzinta four, three guzinta six, four guzinta eight, five guzinta ten."—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE COOK-PEARY SCRAP WARMS UP

WHITNEY CORROBORATES THE STORY TOLD BY COOK OF DISCOVERY.

PEARY STILL DENIES IT.

Says Whitney Does Not Play Any Part Whatever in the Controversy as to the Doctor's Claim.

Harry Whitney, of New Haven, who was with Dr. Frederick A. Cook at Annootok and to whom Dr. Cook is said to have given a detailed account of his trip to the Pole, has sent a wireless message from Indian Harbor, Labrador, in answer to the question: "Did Cook reach the Pole?" saying: "I have no reason to doubt Cook's statement." He was told by Dr. Cook at Etah that he had reached the Pole.

Whitney telegraphed Dr. Cook from Strathcona, via Indian Harbor and Cape Ray, N. F.:

"Started for home Roosevelt. Nothing arrived for me. Peary would allow nothing belonging to you on board. Forced to leave everything in cache at Etah."

Questioned as to the effect of the loss, Dr. Cook said:

"It may be that the instruments will arrive this year after all, and as for the records and observations, their non-arrival here makes no difference whatever, as I have complete duplicates, so that there will be no delay in compiling my story with all its details."

"Harry Whitney does not play any part, one way or another, in my evidence regarding Dr. Cook's claim of first reaching the Pole," said Commander Peary to a score of newspaper men at his summer home in Maine. He said that he was unable to say in what way Whitney is connected with the controversy.

Whitney, he said, was with him on the Roosevelt from Aug. 17 to 24, but never told him that Dr. Cook had discovered the Pole. He did not know that any one on the Roosevelt heard it until he received a message from the Associated Press.

Continuing, Commander Peary said: "I have absolutely no intention to make a statement previous to my interview with Gen. Hubbard at Bar Harbor unless there is a change of plans to suit Gen. Hubbard. Having turned over certain papers to him, the whole matter is now in his hands. These papers bear almost entirely on the main proposition, which is, 'Has Cook been to the Pole?'

"I feel the utmost reliance in Gen. Hubbard's judgment," he added.

"Could Dr. Cook have reached the Pole if he had had your equipment?" was asked.

"Yes," replied Commander Peary, "if he had known what my sledge was and had had 23 years' experience in the Arctic, but not otherwise."

"The bringing of the Morris K. Jesup sledge to its state of perfection, he said, was the result of experience gained on every expedition, as changes were made after every trip."

Sickness in Refugee Camp.

Sickness is beginning to appear in some of the camps where thousands of homeless sufferers from the recent sale are being cared for in Louisiana, and a health bureau has been organized in Terrebonne parish to guard against an epidemic.

Tales of hardship continue to come in. One woman clung for 24 hours to a raft on which the body of her husband lay. A family of seven appeared at Houma late yesterday, none of whom had tasted food for four days. In Grand Caillou, floating on a bit of plank, was found a nine-months-old baby, alive after three days without food.

In Little Caillou, Chaisson Armogene, a resident of that section, found an eight-months-old baby tied to a tangled mass of debris.

Charvil Dupre swam three miles pushing a heavy plank to which his wife and three children clung. Olin and Clodo Maquin clung for more than a day to a floating log.

Over the saturated fields, strewn with carcasses of animals and human bodies, flocks of vultures are hovering.

Unclaimed Millions.

It is estimated that $2,000,000 in coin, $6,000,000 in bonds and other securities, and $1,000,000 worth of jewels recovered from the ruins of Messina are still unclaimed.

In addition to the foregoing there is a further deposit of 100 strong boxes and 4,000 sealed packages, known to contain valuables which have not been opened, representing at least $4,000,000. This total of $13,000,000 does not include the treasures from the cathedral, churches and banks.

The valuables were simply excavated and were sometimes found clutched in the dead hands of unidentified men and women. As the excavations will be commenced again on October 1, when the unclaimed deposits will naturally increase.

As it is generally impossible for survivors to establish claims to the property, the state will benefit largely.

J. A. Dickerson, a senior in the Cornell College of Civil Engineering, walked from New York to Ithaca, a distance of 300 miles, in nine days. He took the walk for exercise.

James Lucasa, the last member of the first family of Albinos to be exhibited in America, died at the General hospital in Kansas City last week. Lucasa and his parents and sisters were brought to this country from Holland by P. T. Barnum. In recent years Lucasa was employed as cashier in a local restaurant.

After identifying the embalmed body of his half-brother, hanged for murder in 1877, and whose corpse has been preserved by undertakers ever since, Jerry Smithers, an aged negro, collapsed and was taken to the hospital.

Wilbur Wright announced that he will oppose any attempt to import Farman or Blériot aeroplanes for flights in this country, claiming that these machines are infringements of his patent. The statement followed the purchase of a Blériot monoplane by H. Hayden Sands, of New York, and of a Farman bi-plane by J. W. Curzon, of Jackson, Miss.

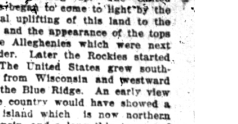
Never in the history of the world has there been such progress made in agricultural education as in the United States during the past 11 years, says Dick J. Crosby, specialist in agricultural education of the department of agriculture.

OLDEST LAND IN THE WORLD

According to Scientists Our Earth Had Its Origin in the Laurentian Highlands.

Stretching across Canada, north of the St. Lawrence, and ending in the regions about the source of the Mississippi, is a range of low granite hills called the Laurentian highlands. These hills are really mountains that are almost worn out, for they are the oldest land in America, and, according to Agassiz, the oldest in the world. In the days when there was nothing but water on the face of the globe, these mountains came up—a long island of primitive rock with universal ocean chafing against its shores. None of the other continents had put in their appearance at the time America was thus looking up. The United States began to come to light by the gradual uplifting of this land to the north and the appearance of the tops of the Alleghenies, which were next in order. Later the Rockies started up. The United States grew southward from Wisconsin and westward from the Blue Ridge. An early view of the country would have showed a large island which is now northern Wisconsin, and a long finger or tongue of this primitive rock sticking down from Canada into Minnesota, and these two growing states looking out over the waters at the mere beginnings of mountain ranges east and west. They were waiting for the rest of the United States to appear.—The Atlantic.

NOT WORKING THIS SEASON.



"There used to be a wonderful echo here, I understand."

"Yes, sir, marvelous. But last year one of the tourists insulted it and now it won't answer."

Two Kinds of Service.

Soldierly Looking Man—I've spent 15 years of my life in the service of my country.

Low-Browed Individual—So have I. What were you in for?"

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