INTO THE PRIMITIVE

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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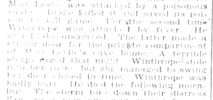
SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Wilmthrope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a humorous American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake, skimmed on the boat because of his roughness, became a hero in appreciation of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Wilmthrope wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the rain. They then feasted on cocoanuts, the only available food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his colloquialisms. Led by Blake, they ostracized a baboon in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie, faced in such pleasant situation, Blake resumed his sarcastic commenting about this immaterial fact. 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 letting the bottom of the canoe until it was against the heights. Thus they secured cakes from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was seeded upon such a shaft. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Wilmthrope, Miss Leslie became frightened. Wilmthrope became ill with fever. Blake was poisoned by a fish and almost died. Pickals attacked the dying Englishman, but were driven off by Blake. Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a baboon on its first trial. He gathered honey and oysters. Miss Leslie was attacked by a monkey. Leslie killed it and saved its pet. Wilmthrope died. The latter made a canoe for the negro conquerors of Miss Leslie's cave home. A terrible storm destroyed the canoe. Wilmthrope's body was cast ashore. Blake found it. Wilmthrope had managed to swing his body clear of the limbs. Wilmthrope was badly hurt. He died the following morning. The storm tore down their dismal flag. On a new one, sewing on a bamboo pole, Miss Leslie helped in covering Wilmthrope's grave with stones.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The End of the World.



IN the morning he met Miss Leslie with a sullen bearing, which, however, did not altogether conceal his desire to be friendly terms. Having regained her self-control, she responded to this with such tact that by evening each felt more at ease in the new relationship, and Blake had lost every trace of his moroseness. The fact that both were passionately fond of music proved an immense help. It gave them an inexhaustible source of mutual sympathy and understanding—a common meeting ground in the world of art and culture, apart from and above the plane of their material wants.

Yet for all his enjoyment of the girl's wide knowledge of everything related to music, Blake took care that their talks and discussions did not interfere with the activities of their primitive mode of life. As soon as he had finished with the barricade he devoted himself to his tailoring and fish-making, while Miss Leslie, between her cooking and wood-gathering, and daily visits to the cliff for eggs, had much to occupy both her thoughts and her hands.

At first every accent of the cliff was embittered by a painful consciousness of the dark water on the north edge. Fortunately it was not in sight from the direct path to the headland, and, as she refrained from visiting it, the new happenings of her wild life soon thrust Wilthrope and his death out of the foreground of her thoughts. Each day she had to nerve herself to meet the beaks and wings of the despoiled nest-owners; each day she looked with greater hope for the expected rescue ship, only to be increasingly disappointed.

But the hours she spent on the cliff crest after gathering the day's supply of eggs were not spent merely in watching and longing. The inconveniences of carrying the eggs in a handkerchief or in one of the heavy jars suggested a renewal of her attempt at basket-making. Memory, perseverance and a trace of inventiveness enabled her to produce a small but serviceable hamper of split bamboo.

Encouraged by this success she gathered a quantity of touch, wiry grass, and wove a hat to take the place of the flimsy palm-leaf makeshift. The result was by no means satisfactory with regard to style, its shape being intermediate between a Mexican sombrero and a funnel; but aside from its appearance, she could not have wished for a more comfortable head-cover. Before showing it to Blake, she wove a second one for him, so that they were able to cast aside the grotesque, palm-leaf affairs at the same time.

The following morning Blake appeared in an outfit to match her leopard-skin dress. He had singed off the hair of the hide out of which he had made his moccasins, and his hyena-skin trousers quite matched the bristling stubble on his face.

"Hey, Miss Jenny!" he hailed; "what d' you think of this for fancy needlework?"

"Splendid! You're the very picture of an Argentine vaquero."

"Gvaser?—ugh! Let me get back to the Weary Willy pants!"

"I mean you are very picturesque."

"That's it, is it? Glad I've got something to call your leopardine gown that won't make you huffy."

"We can at least call our costumes serviceable, and mine has proved much cooler than I expected."

"But our new hats beat all for that—regular sunshades. What do you say?—there's a good breeze—Let's take a hike."

"Not to the river! The very thought of that dreadful snake—"

"No; just the other way. I've been thinking for some time that we ought to run down to that south headland and take a squint at the coast beyond. Ten to one it's another stretch of swamps, but—"

"You think there is a chance we may find a town?"

"About one chance in a million, even for a native village. The slave trade wiped the niggers off this coast, and I guess those that hit out up country ran so hard they haven't been able to get back yet."

"But it has been years since the slave trade was forbidden."

"And they don't s'll keer in Kanuck—oh, no! I'll bet the thieves still slip over from Madagascar when the mason is in the right quarter. M'any gates niggers are mighty scarce or mighty shy around here. I've kept a watch for smoke, and haven't seen a suspicion of it anywhere. Maybe the swamps swing around inland and cut off this strip of coast. I looked that way to me when I made that trip along the ridge. But there's a chance it used to be inhabited, and we may run across an abandoned village."

"I do not see that the discovery would do us any good."

"How about the chance of grain or bananas still growing? But that's all a guess. We're going because we need a change."

She nodded and hastened to prepare breakfast, while he packed a skin bag with food and examined the slender tips of his arrows. As a matter of precaution, he had been keeping them in the cigarette case, where the points would be certain of a coat of the sticky poison and at the same time guarded against inflicting a chance wound. But as he was now about to set out on a journey he fitted tips into the heads of his two straightest shafts.

The morning was still fresh when they closed the barricade behind them and descended to the pool. There was no game in sight, but Blake had no wish to halt at the commencement of the trip. The steady southwest wind had blown the sky clear of its malarial haze and gave promise of a day which should know nothing of sultry calm—a day on which game would be hard to stalk, but one perfectly suited for a long tramp.

Mindful of ticks, Blake headed obliquely across to the beach. Once on the smooth, hard sand, they swung along at a brisk pace, light-hearted and keen with the spirit of adventure. Never had they felt more companionable. Miss Leslie laughed and chatted and sang snatches of songs, while Blake beat time with his club, or sought to whistle grand opera—he had healed his blistered lips some time before by liberal applications of antelope tallow.

Gulls and terns circled about them or hovered over the water ready to swoop down upon their finny prey. Sandpipers ran along the beach within a stone's throw, but the curlews showed their greater knowledge of mankind by keeping beyond gunshot.

Once a great flock of geese drove high overhead, their leader honking the alarm as they swept above the suspicious figures on the beach. Like the curlews, they had knowledge of mankind. But the flock of white pelicans which came sailing along in stately leisure on their immense wings floated past so low that Blake felt certain he could shoot one. He raised his bow and took aim, but restrained from shooting at the thought that it might be a sheer waste of his precious poison.

A little later a herd of large animals appeared on the border of the grass jungle, but wheeled and dashed back into cover so quickly that Blake barely had time to make out that they were buffaloes—the first he had seen on this coast, but easily recognized by their resemblance to the Cape variety. Their flight gave him small concern; for the time being he was more interested in topography than game.

"What, Does Life Mean, Anyway?"

The southern headland now lay close before them, its seaward face soaring up sheer and lofty, but the approach behind running down in broken terraces. Mid-morning found the explorers at the foot of the ridge. Blake squinted up at the bowlder-strewn slopes and the crannies of the broken ledges.

"Likely place for snakes, Miss Jenny," he remarked. "Guess I'd better lead."

Later as she was to look over into the country beyond, the girl dropped into second place and made no complaint about the worn shoes or the companion's advance. She found the most difficult part of the ascent quite easy after her training on the treeladder. Blake could have taken ledges and all at a run, but as he mounted each terrace he halted to spy out the ground before him. Like Miss Leslie, he was looking for snakes, though for an exactly opposite reason. He wished to add to the contents of the cigarette case.

Greatly to his disappointment and the girl's relief neither snake nor sign of snake was to be seen all the way up the ridge. As they neared the crest Blake turned to offer her his hand up the last ledges, and in the instant they gained the top.

The wind, now freshening to a gale, struck the girl with such force that she would have been blown back down the ledges had not Blake clutched her wrist. Heedless alike of the painful grip which held her and of the gusts which tore at her skirt, the girl stood gazing out across the desolate swamps which stretched away to the southwest as far as the eye could see. She did not speak until Blake led her down behind the shelter of the crest ledges.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Didn't I warn you?"

She looked away to hide the tears which sprang into her eyes.

"I can't explain—only, it makes me feel so—so lonely."

"Oh, come now, little woman; don't take on so!" he urged. "It might be a lot worse, you know. We've gotten along pretty well, considering."

"You have been very kind, Mr. Blake, and as you say, matters might have been worse. I do not forget how far more terrible was our situation the morning after the storm. Yet you must realize how disappointing it is to lose even the slightest hope of escape."

"Well, I don't know. If it wasn't for the fever that's bound to come with the rain, I, for one, would just as leave stick to this camp right along, providing the company don't change."

She turned upon him with flashing eyes, all thought of caution lost in her anger. "How dare you say such a thing? You are contemptible! I despise you!"

"My, Miss Jenny, but you are pretty when you get mad!" he exclaimed.

The answer took her completely aback. He was neither angry nor laughing at her, but met her defiant glance with candid, sober admiration. There was something more than admiration in his glowing eyes, yet she could not but see that her alarm had been baseless. His manner had never been more respectful. Suddenly she found that she could no longer meet his gaze. She looked away and stammered lamely: "You—you shouldn't say such things, you know."

"Why not? Hasn't everything been running smooth the last few days? Haven't we been good chummy companions? Of course you've got the worst of the deal. I know I'm not much on looks, and I don't suppose that when I've a chance I've led a lone-some sort of life since they did for my shipmates. No, I'm not going to take that up again. I'm only trying to give you an idea what it means to a fellow to be with a lady for a spell. Maybe it isn't polite to tell you all this, but it's just what I feel, and I never did amount to shucks as a liar."

"I believe I understand you, Mr. Blake, and I really feel highly complimented."

"No, you don't, any such thing, Miss Jenny. Down up, now! If I met you to-morrow on your papa's doorstep, you'd cut me cold."

"I should if you continued to be so rude. Have you no regard for my feelings?" But here we are, talking nonsense when we should be going—"

"Is it nonsense? Then the house in What does life mean, anyway? Here we can be true friends and comrades—real, live living people. It can't be that you want to go back to all those society shams after you've seen real things. Why, I've heard you talking about duck, and the weather, and everything under the sun, which it's natural enough for a fellow who has to have an all-round, crack-up education to put him where it's worth while."

"You still have time to work up. You are not much over 30."

"Twenty-seven."

"Twenty-seven! I should have thought—What a hard life you must have had!"

"Hard work? Well, I suppose Panama did do for me some. But it wasn't so much that. Few fellows could hit up the pace I've set and come out at all."

"I do not understand."

"Just what you might expect of a fellow in my fix—all kinds of gamble and drink and—the rest of it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Two Faults Could Be Cured

Prospective Husband and Wife Both Full of Confidence.

An Irish boy marries when he has a rid house, and an Irish girl just when she pleases, says Seumas MacManus, in Lippincott's. Sometimes she so pleases while yet her years are few, at other times she is content to wait much wisdom. In the latter case, of course, she makes a wise choice; but in the former almost always a lucky one—for luck is the guardian angel of the Irish.

"You're too young to marry yet, Mary," the mother said, when Mary pleaded that she should grant Laurence O'Mahony a particular boon.

"If you only have patience, mother, I'll cure meself of that fault," was Mary's reply.

"And she's never been used to work, Laurence," the mother said to the pitor, discouragingly.

"If you only have patience, ma'am," was Laurence's reply to this. "I'll cure her of that fault." And he did, too.

Public Opinion Mighty.

The only tribunal save the battlefield, before which the acts of nations pass in review is the court of public opinion. The sentiment of the world will not tolerate acts which would have been unquestioned 200 years ago, and those who are responsible for government to-day would not do such things. But this fact does not make treaties to-day more binding than old treaties. Although such agreements are too often broken, yet it is well to make them and right to condemn nations for violating them; for it is in that way that the sentiment grows which will in the distant future successfully demand an international police force to execute the law of nations.—Youth's Companion.

Styles in Hats

FIG. 2 FIG. 3

The three hats illustrated here are entirely different from each other. Each one is typical of one of the three distinct classes of millinery—the "dress" hat, the "semi-dress" hat and the "utility" hat. Millinery usually distinguish these classes by the terms—dress hats, trimmed hats and tailored hats.

Fig. 1 is an example of the "dress" hat, which we are all prone to call a pattern hat. It is a chaneis colored felt trimmed with marabdut down and coque feathers, not an extreme example of dainty and fragile millinery, but too light and too elaborate for ordinary wear. The time when one hat had to do service for all occasions is long past. This hat and others of its class are out of place for general wear. If one can only afford a single hat, she must turn her face resolutely away from this character of millinery.

A trimmed hat which will be very generally useful is shown in Fig. 2. It is of black corded silk trimmed with a very large bow made of black taffeta silk, having the ends fringed out. The bow is mounted with a large bunch of black silk violets at one side and the hat is one of those becoming new shapes which turn up in the back and are lifted, in a slight angle, from the brow. These silk hats come in all the season's fashionable colors, so that one's choice is not limited in the matter of color. White hats with black facings (and the reverse) are made up with black trimming into models of great distinction. This hat is a good choice for women who do not go out often and who feel a dressier model unnecessary. It is a beautiful hat for church wear. Worn with bright, dressy gowns, it will serve for a multitude of social occasions. In fact a hat of this character is very generally useful and comes nearer to answering all requirements, than any other sort.

In Fig. 3, a tailored hat is shewn The shape is nobby and mannish and is covered with plain taffeta silk shirred onto the frame. This and similar shapes are shown covered with the moire and cord-ed silks which are found on all kinds of millinery this season. For these hats the trimmings is of the very simplest character. It amounts to only a finish of some sort A band and flat bow of velvet, kid or ribbon. Sometimes a buckle or other ornament is used. A simple rain proof feather is not out of place, but the best effects are those in which feathers and flowers are conspicuous by their absence. This is the hat for the tailor-made costume for the street and for traveling. In the estimation of many people of excellent taste and judgment, it is the sort of millinery which should be worn at church. It is smart, inconspicuous and well made, like a tailored gown. Those hats that are made of plain silk are easier to keep fresh-looi than the shirred varieties. In passing it should be remembered that hats must be dusted with very soft brushes or wiped off with a scrap of plush or velvet. Nothing is quite so good as a piece of silk plush for keeping millinery clean.

PRINCESS COSTUME

This costume is in old rose cashmere, the dress is a semi-fitting Princess, with panel back and front stitched at each edge. Two flat pleats extend from the panel each side, and are fixed under a pointed tab of silk, folds of silk are laid under the edge of panel, and partly fill in the round neck, the over-sleeves being bound with the same. The small yoke is of silk muslin.

Materials required: Three yards, 46 inches wide, 3 4 yard silk.

Home Gowns.

The marked departures in home gowns are a short skirt and a collarless and half-decollete neck. The semi-decolletages are not only allowed, but commanded by fashion. If the neck is covered at all by the afternoon dress, it is only by transparent fabrics that never rise above the collar line.—Harper's Bazar.

The Traveling Bag.

No woman should travel without her own toilet equipments. The neatest way to carry them is to make a bag with a bordered towel, lining it with gum tissue. Stitch to the tissue the necessary little gum tissue pockets for holding washed-out soap, comb and the like and double-stitch each pocket to the lining. Join the tissue and towel with a binding and roll the towel to make the package smaller and tie with a tape string. It should contain the above-named articles, a small cake of soap, powder, pins, and the like.

In spite of the many rumors to the contrary, the newest skirts still give the scant effect about the feet. They are, many of them, especially those having the Byzantine yoke, made quite full above the knees by means of side plaits and in other ways, but about the ankles they again become tight fitting. This is done by the use of weights in the hem, and also by the absence of stiff petticoats, oftentimes the soft satin lining of the skirt itself being the only covering below the knees.

RUSSIAN CAFTAN MUCH LIKED

Practical Fashion Has Been Eagerly Taken Up and Made a Season's Mode.

One of the newest and most practical of fashions that are being adopted is the Russian caftan, a coat-like garment which is similar to that worn by Tolstoy, the great Russian author, in pictures, with which we are familiar.

The coat has a round or square neck, a slightly bloused bodice part and a straight hem edge that ends just above the knees. It is confined at the waist line by a satin belt; or, to make it more realistic, a silk cord.

The edges of the coat are bound with satin; for winter garment, bands of fur will be used. The fastening is of ornamental or perfectly plain buttons and satin cord or braided, buttonholes.

This style may be developed to the extreme, but in its simpler form is more distinctive.

The style promises to be a popular one for smart fall and winter costumes. Frocks of woolen fabric, with blouses of net and silk and a caftan of the material trimmed with satin in a harmonizing tone, or, what is safer yet, black, will be in good taste for the well-dressed woman.

New Type of Gown.

Pretty semi-evening gowns, called abroad casino gowns, are being worn with but slight decolletage and transparent guimpes of tulle or mousseline. The materials used on gowns of this type are embroidered nets, laces or crepe de chines, for satin seems to be somewhat passe. Many of them are trimmed with deep silk fringe, and as the guimpe is always collarless, beautiful dog collars of jeweled vel vet or jet are worn, so that the gown may be becoming with a hat.

Somehow a collarless gown and a picture hat are not always a pretty combination.

Correct Veils.

Taupe is the leading shade in plain mesh veils, and those made of a wiry thread in the large, hexagonal type, are unusually becoming to the complexion. Another mesh veil, of finer weave, is covered with flat velvety pastilles, square in shape and scattered over the surface at close intervals.

For Greater Warmth.

Capes are cold things when worn in winter, but being fashionable, they are popular in spite of colds and colds there is a hint for making them more comfortable:

Make a pair of loose sleeves of silk the color of lining or double of cape as preferred. The latter is more serviceable. Wad well, finish on top and bottom and attach to the cape with a ribbon or elastic.

To adjust sleeves put them on, throw cape over them and tack near shoulder line. Take care that they do not pull the cape out of shape.

Tunics.

Curiously lovely effects are gained in little informal evening and afternoon gowns by the use of a chiffon draped tunic over a gown of a contrasting shade of satin, with a bit of embroidery on the edge of the tunic. Some striking combinations are nasturtium orange chiffon with touches of gold over gray green satin; dark gray chiffon with silver over light blue, and brilliant currant red chiffon over deep prune color, the embroidery in bronze, gold and deep reds.

WAS ON TO HIM.

"Good morning, ladies!"

"Aw, g'wan! You'se needn't come around bein' so polite, just because you see we're eatin' apples!"

Are You Tired of the Color of Your Dress?

If so, dye it, but be sure and use Dy-o-la Dyes which give the same fast brilliant colors to any and all fabrics. So much easier, better, and more economical than others. Dealers sell Dy-o-la Dyes at 10 cents a package. Write Dy-o-la, Burlington, Vermont, for color card and book of directions.

They Were Shady.

Bung—So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee?

Genealogist—Twenty guineas for keeping quiet about them.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails. Always use it to Break in new Shoes. At all Druggists, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

Experienced.

Non-Com. (to recruit)—I don't suppose you ever smelt powder, have you?

Recruit—Oh, yes. I was in a drug store before I enlisted.

Nature helps every man to become that which he desires to become. If he put forth no effort Nature assumes he wishes to be a nobody, and grants his prayer.—Elbert Hubbard.

Stop guessing! Try the best and most certain remedy for all painful ailments—Hamlins Wizard Oil. The way it relieves all soreness from sprains, cuts, wounds, burns, scalds, etc., is wonderful.

The nearest approach some fellows make to getting a job is to go around with a snow shovel in summer and a lawn mower in winter.

Pettit's Eye Salve Restores.

No matter how bad? the eyes may be diseased or injured. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

A man isn't necessarily hot-headed because he wears a stove-pipe hat.

LOSE NO SLEEP

through a nagging cough or irritated throat. Allen's Lung Balsam gives the affection quickly and harmlessly. All druggists. 25c, 50c and $1.00 bottles.

The man who has been down can appreciate being up in the world.

AFTER SUFFERING ONE YEAR

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wis. — "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, and I would like to tell the whole world of it. I suffered from female trouble and fearful pains in my back. I had the best doctors and they all decided that I had a tumor in addition to my female trouble, and advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more backache. I hope I can help some by telling them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me." — MRS. EMMA IMSE, 833 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure those obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little 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.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

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PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS and COLDS

Should be given at once when the little one coughs. It heals the delicate throat and protects the lungs from infection—guaranteed safe and very palatable.

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