INTO THE PRIMITIVE

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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"It's Only a Beast That's Killed Something Down Below."

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 unhabited 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 wasted 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 entered the jungle.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"You'd find those thorns a whole lot worse," muttered Blake.

"To be sure; and Miss Leslie fully appreciates your kindness," interposed Winthrope.

"I do indeed, Mr. Blake! I'm sure I never could go through here without your cent."

"That's all right. Got the handkerchief?"

"I put it in one of the pockets."

"It'll do to tie up your hair."

Miss Leslie took the suggestion, knotting the big square of linen over her fluffy brown hair.

Blake waited only for her to draw out the kerchief before he began to force a way through the jungle. Now and then he beat at the tangled vegetation with his club. Though he held to the line by which he had left the thicket, yet all his efforts failed to open an easy passage for the others. Many of the thorny branches sprang back into place behind him, and as Miss Leslie, who was the first to follow, sought to thrust them aside the thorns pierced her delicate skin until her hands were covered with blood. Nor did Winthrope, stumbling and hobbling behind her, fare any better. Twice he tripped headlong into the brush, scratching his arms and face.

Blake took his own punishment as a matter of course, though his tougher and thicker skin made his injuries less painful. He advanced steadily along the line of bent and broken twigs that marked his outward passage, until the thicket opened on a strip of grassy ground beneath a wild fig-tree.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Winthrope, "a banyan!"

"Banyan? Well, if that's British for a daisy, you've hit it," responded Blake. "Just take a squint up here. How's that for a roost?"

Winthrope and Miss Leslie stared up dubiously at the edge of a bed of reeds gathered in the hollow of one of the huge flattened branches at its junction with the main trunk of the banyan, 20 feet above them.

"Will not the mosquitoes pester us here among the trees?" objected Winthrope.

"Storm must have blown 'em away. I haven't seen any yet."

"There will be millions after sunset."

"Maybe; but I bet they keep below our roost."

"But how are we to get up so high?" inquired Miss Leslie.

"I can swarm this drop root, and I've a creeper ready for you two," explained Blake.

Suiting action to words, he climbed up the small trunk of the air root and swung over into the hollow where he had piled the reeds. Across the broad limb dangled a rope-like creeper, one end of which he had fastened to a branch higher up. He flung down the free end to Winthrope.

"Look lively, Pat," he called. "The sun's most gone, and twilight don't last all night in these parts. Get the line around Miss Leslie, and do what you can on a boost."

"I see; but, you know, the vine is too stiff to tie."

Blake stifled an oath and jerked the end of the creeper up into his hand. When he threw it down again it was looped around and fastened in a bowline knot.

"Now, Miss Leslie, get aboard and we'll have you up in a jiffy," he said.

"Are you sure you can lift me?" asked the girl, as Winthrope slipped the loop over her shoulders.

Blake laughed down at them. "Well, I guess yes! Once hoisted a fellow out of a 50-foot prospect hole—big fat Dutchman at that. You don't weigh over 120."

He had stretched out across the broadest part of the branch. As Miss Leslie seated herself in the loop he reached down and began to haul up on the creeper, hand over hand. Though frightened by the novel manner of ascent the girl clung tightly to the line above her head, and Blake had no difficulty in raising her until she swung directly beneath him. Here, however, he found himself in a quandary. The girl seemed as helpless as a child, and he was lying flat. How could he left her above the level of the branch?

"Take hold the other line," he said. The girl hesitated. "Do you hear? Grab it quick, and pull up hard if you don't want a tumble!"

The girl seized the part of the creeper which was fastened above and drew herself up with convulsive energy. Instantly Blake rose to his knees, and grasping the taut creeper with one hand reached down with the other to swing the girl up beside him on the branch.

"All right, Miss Jenny," he reassured her as he felt her tremble. "Sorry to scare you, but I couldn't have made it without. Now, if you'll just hold down my legs we'll soon hoist his lordship."

He had seated her in the broadest part of the shallow hollow, where the branch joined the main trunk of the fig. Heaped with the reeds which he had gathered during the afternoon it made such a cozy shelter that she at once forgot her dizziness and fright. Nestling among the reeds, she leaned over and pressed down on his ankles with all her strength.

The loose end of the creeper had fallen to the ground when Blake lifted her upon the branch and Winthrope was already slipping into the loop. Blake ordered him to take it off and send up the club. As the creeper was again flung down a black shadow swept over the jungle.

"Hello! Sunset!" called Blake. "Look sharp, there!"

"All ready," responded Winthrope.

Blake drew in a full breath, and began to hoist. The position was an awkward one, and Winthrope weighed 30 or 40 pounds more than Miss Leslie. But as the Englishman came within reach of the descending loop he grasped it and did what he could to ease Blake's efforts. A few moments found him as high above the ground as Blake could raise him. Without waiting for orders, he swung himself upon the upper part of the creeper and climbed the last few feet unaided. Blake grunted with satisfaction as he pulled him in upon the branch.

"You may do, after all," he said. "At any rate, we're all aboard for the night; and none too soon. Hear that?"

"What?"

"Lion, I guess— Not that yelping. Listen!"

The brief twilight was already fading into the darkness of a moonless night, and as the three crouched together in their shallow nest they were soon made audibly aware of the savage nature of their surroundings. With the gathering night the jungle wakened into full life. From all sides came the harsh squawking of birds, the weird cries of monkeys and other small creatures, the crash of heavy animals moving through the jungle, and above all the yelp and howl and roar of beasts of prey.

After some contention with Winthrope, Blake conceded that the roars of his lion might be nothing worse than the snorting of the hippopotami as they came out to browse for the night. In this, however, there was small comfort, since Winthrope presently reasserted his belief in the climbing ability of leopards, and expressed his opinion that, whether or not there were lions in the neighborhood, certain of the barking roars they could hear came from the throats of the spotted climbers. Even Blake's hair bristled as his imagination pictured one of the great cats creeping upon them in the darkness from the far end of their nest limb, or leaping down out of the upper branches.

The nerves of all three were at their highest tension when a dark form swept past through the air within a yard of their faces. Miss Leslie uttered a stifled scream and Blake brandished his club. But Winthrope, who had caught a glimpse of the creature's shape, broke into a nervous laugh.

"It's only a fruit bat," he explained. "They feed on the banyan figs, you know."

In the reaction from this false alarm, both men relaxed and began to yield to the effects of the tramp across the mud-flats. Arranging the reeds as best they could they stretched out on either side of Miss Leslie and fell asleep in the middle of an argument on how the prospective leopard was mostly likely to attack.

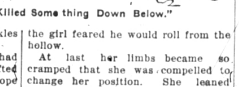
Miss Leslie remained awake for two or three hours longer. Naturally she was more nervous than her companions, and she had been refreshed by her afternoon's nap. Her nervousness was not entirely due to the wild beasts. Though Blake had taken pains to secure himself and his companions in loops of the creeper, fastened to the branch above, Winthrope moved about so restlessly in his sleep that the girl feared he would roll from the hollow.

At last her limbs became so cramped that she was compelled to change her position. She leaned back upon her elbow, determined to rise again and maintain her watch the moment she was rested. But sleep was close upon her. There was a lull in the louder noises of the jungle. Her eyes closed, and her head sank lower. In a little time it was lying upon Winthrope's shoulder and she was fast asleep.

As Blake had asserted, the mosquitoes had either been blown away by the cyclone or did not fly to such a height. None came to trouble the exhausted sleepers.

CHAPTER VI.

Man and Gentleman.



NIGHT had almost passed, and all three, soothed by the refreshing coolness which preceded the dawn, were sleeping their soundest, when a sudden fierce roar followed instantly by a piercing squeal caused even Blake to start up in panic. Miss Leslie, too terrified to scream, clung to Winthrope, who crouched on his haunches, little less overcome.

Blake was the first to recover and puzzle out the meaning of the crashing in the jungle and the ferocious growls directly beneath them.

"Lie still," he whispered. "We're all right. It's only a beast that killed something down below us."

All sat listening, and as the noise of the animals in the thicket died away they could hear the beast beneath them tear at the body of its victim.

"The air feels like dawn," whispered Winthrope. "We'll soop be able to see the brute."

"And he us," rejoined Blake.

In this both were mistaken. During the brief false dawn they were puzzled by the odd appearance of the ground: The sudden flood of full daylight found them staring down into a dense white fog.

"So they have that here!" muttered Blake—"fever-fog!"

"Beastly shame!" echoed Winthrope. "I'm sure the creature has gone off."

This assertion was met by an outburst of snarls and yells that made all start back and crouch down again in their sheltering hollow. As before Blake was the first to recover.

"Bet you're right," he said. "The big one has gone off, and a pack of these African coyotes are having a scrap over the bones."

"You mean jackals. It sounds like the nasty beasts!"

"If it wasn't for that fog I'd go down and get our share of the game."

"Would it not be very dangerous, Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie. "What a fearful noise!"

"I've chased coyotes off a calf with a rope; but that's not the proposition. You don't find me fooling around in that sewer gas of a fog. We'll roost right where we are till the sun does for it. We've got enough malaria in us already."

"Will it be long, Blake?" asked Winthrope.

"Huh? Getting hungry this quick? Wait till you've tramped around a week, with nothing to eat but your shoes."

"Surely, Mr. Blake, it will not be so bad!" protested Miss Leslie.

"Sorry, Miss Jenny; but cocoanut palms don't blow over every day, and when those nuts are gone what are we going to do for the next meal?"

"Could we not make bows?" suggested Winthrope. "There seems to be no end of game about."

"Bows—and arrows without points! Neither of us could hit a barn door, anyway."

"We could practice."

"Sure—six weeks' training on air pudding. I can do better with a handful of stones."

"Then we should go at once to the cliffs," said Miss Leslie.

"Now you're talking—and it's Pike Peak or bust for ours. Here's one night to the good; but we won't last many more if we don't get fire. It's flints we're after now."

"Could we not make fire by rubbing sticks?" said Winthrope, recalling his suggestion of the previous morning. "I've heard that natives have no trouble—"

"So've I, and what's more, I've seen 'em do it. Never could make a go of it myself, though."

"But if you remember how it is done we have at least some chance—"

"Give you ten to one odds! No; we'll scratch around for a flint good and plenty before we waste time that way."

"The mist is going," observed Miss Leslie.

"That's no lie. Now for our coyotes. Where's my club?"

"They've all left," said Winthrope, peering down. "I can see the ground clearly, and there is not a sign of the beasts."

"There are the bones—what's left of them," added Blake. "It's a small deer, I suppose. Well, here goes."

He threw down his club and dropped the loose end of the creeper after it. As the line straightened he twisted the upper part around his leg and was about to slide to the ground when he remembered Miss Leslie.

"Think you can make it alone?" he asked.

The girl held up her hands, sore and swollen from the lacerations of the thorns. Blake looked at them, frowned, and turned to Winthrope.

"Um! you got it, too, and in the face," he grunted. "How's your ankle?"

Winthrope wriggled his foot about and felt the injured ankle.

"I fancy it is much better," he answered. "There seems to be no swelling, and there is no pain now."

"That's lucky; though it will tune up later. Take a slide, now. We've got to hustle our breakfast and find a way to get over the river."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sounds Which Carry at Sea.

Examinations by naval experts in wireless telephony as to the sound which will carry the greatest distance at sea develops that a siren under 72 pounds of steam pressure will emit a blast which may be heard 40 miles. Next comes the steam whistle, the sound of which is carried 20 miles. Among the softest sounds which carry a considerable distance is the whistling buoy installed by the lighthouse board, which has frequently been heard a distance of 15 miles.

Our children are growing more independent. It is not the fault of the parents nor of the children; we are not careless, and they are not ungrateful. The conditions of life are responsible for the modern "youth."—Familien Zeitung, Vienna.

Arm is Longer Than the Leg

Or It Should Be If the Person is Well Formed.

There are men whose arms when they walk are like a couple of excited pendulums, trying to emulate the stride of the leg, the right arm swinging in unison with the movement of the left leg, and the left arm keeping time with the right leg. The military man is taught not to swing his arms, the civilian swings expansively, often covering a bigger radius than that covered by his legs. When a man swings his arms excessively he appears to be paddling along. When a man doesn't swing his arms at all he seems to be advancing automatically. He is altogether uncanny.

The Gorilla de Luxe has arms seven inches longer than his legs. Can any reader tell instantly, without using a tape measure, which is the longer, his arm or his leg? Not one! The universal reply will be—the leg. All wrong. The arm of a well-formed person, man or woman, measured from the pit, should be three-quarters of an inch longer than the leg, measured from the crotch. The runner usually carries his arm bent at the elbow. Why? The best runners are pigeon-toed. Why? Most athletes turn in their toes. Why?

The Dress of a Good Wife.

Her clothes are comely rather than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing of it. She is none of our dainty dames, who love to appear in variety of suits every day new—as if a good gown, like a stratagem in war, were to be used but once; but our good wife sets up a sail according to the keel of her husband's estate; and if of high parentage, she does not so remember what she was by birth, that she forgets what she is by match.—Thomas Fuller.

MODERN METHODS OF SHEEP SHEARING GREAT HELP

Many Improvements Over Old Days When Wool Was Gathered by Allowing Animals to Rub and Squeeze Each Other.

The earliest method of securing the wool was to drive the sheep quickly through a narrow passage, and the squeezing and rubbing of one against another loosened and detached the wool. Later, an "improved" plan was adopted, which, in our ears, sounds somewhat inhumane, although, as a matter of fact, if done at the right time, there would probably be nothing painful or severe about it. The sheep were caught, and the wool was pulled from their backs by hand. This practice continued for many hundreds of years, for although Laban and the other great pastoralists of his time clipped their sheep, Pliny tells us that, in his day, when Rome was in the zenith of her glory, "the sheep are not everywhere shorn, but the custom of pulling off the wool continues in some places." It is to the old patriarchs, then, that we must give the credit of having set about getting the wool in a business-like way, and from their day until now practically no change has taken place in the manner and method of clipping. Most of the clipping on the big Border farms in Great Britain is done by the ordinary shepherding staff. A well-clipped lot of sheep, because of their attractive appearance, will bring, as a rule, an appreciably higher price than another lot done in a slovenly manner; this may frequently be seen in the case of clipped hoggs. There is also no loss of wool in the former case; in the latter, too much is frequently left on the ridges, and this, of course, reduces the weight of fleece.

Sheep Shearing Time.

The use of clipping machines instead of hand-shears has made, as yet, little headway in the north; but more attention is being given to the idea year by year. On some of the larger farms, one or perhaps two hand-driven machines are to be found; none is power driven. If machines come into general use it will be because of the difficulty of finding casual clippers rather than for reasons of economy. The farmers do not anticipate any great saving of expense by the use of machines; they say that one man with a machine driven by a lad or woman worker will not get through more than the number which two good men could clip—that is to say, about sixty per day. When the woman's wage is added to the cost of cleaning, oiling, repairing and depreciation of the machine and is set against the out-of-pocket expenses incurred under existing circumstances by a big farmer, there can be little saving by the new method. For it is to be remembered, as stated previously, that most of the clipping is already done by permanent servants, whose wages have to be paid anyhow. Very often a helper is engaged for a fortnight or so, to push the work through, but the heaviest part of the burden rests on the shoulders of the permanent hands. Needless to say, it is a busy time while it lasts, for all the other work of the farm has to be carried on simultaneously, and it means, for the shepherds, getting up very early—not later than 4:30; and working late. The permanent hands, having their ordinary work to get through as well, do not, of course, clip so many sheep in a day as a clipper specially engaged for the job. About a score per man, or thereabouts, is considered a very good day's work; a good hand working full time will turn out, on an average, about thirty. Formerly he used to be paid by the day, but it is more usual now to follow the piecework plan.

On both sides of the border, the Lowland sheep are always washed a week or so before shearing. But many farmers assert that there are other benefits which accrue from it. They say the washing improves the health of the sheep. Some old writers held this view, and Youatt quotes that excellent chemist Vauquelin, who says: "In this respect I am inclined to adopt the opinion of those who think that the washing of sheep, during dry warm weather, may be useful to their health, and to the quality of the wool." However this may be, it is beyond question that the practice of washing, previous to shearing, is of ancient date, and it is quite probable that its origin is to be found in the belief that it was beneficial from the point of view of health. In the North Country the clipping is usually done in an open-fronted covered shed, where there is plenty of light. An old sail-cloth, or a covering of boards, is laid over the earthen floor, and these are kept clean by sweeping. The actual method of clipping is very similar, I fancy, in all districts—first the opening out of the head, neck, brisket and thighs, then the curving round the ribs from the belly up to the back, first on one side and then on the other, and then the quarters. A well-clipped sheep should show the rings formed by the shears running in continuous lines all round its barrel and up the quarters; there should be no break along the back where the line traveling up one side meets that coming up the other. These lines, or little ridges of wool, should be small and of uniform size, and they should all be at the same distance from one another. It is quite wonderful how much better a nicely-shorn sheep looks than one which is carelessly and untidily done. And there is more in it than a mere pleasing of the eye. A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them if, upon viewing the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof.

FACTS ABOUT HENS AND EGGS

How to Make Most Money from Poultry.

When cholera appears in the flock give no water except that in which pokerroot has been boiled. This is both a preventative and a cure. An Illinois man says one of his hens laid an egg two and seven-eighths inches long and one and fifteen-sixty-fourth inches wide, the measurement being taken with calipers.

One man will win with one kind of hen and another man with some other breed. It is with hens as it is with cows. We should choose the breed we like the best and then stick with it.

Fowls are naturally hardy, and contagion in a flock is due to carelessness on the part of the poultry keeper. This is proved by the fact that expert poultry raisers have very few sick chickens.

Hens need a better place in which to roost than the trees around the house. Of course, they may survive there; but merely living and returning a profit are two different things.

Don't stop feeding the hens shells just because they are out of doors and can shift for themselves. There is no like, not even an imaginary one, between the days when the hen likes shells and when she does not. All days are alike in that respect.

A woman in Vermont writes that from 60 pullets and 12 yearling Rhode Island hens she sold last year eggs to the amount of $262.62, not counting the eggs used in a family of four. Feed, advertising, etc., cost $94.77 making a gain of $167.85. These hens laid 8,745 eggs.

To have the chickens mature rapidly a proper type of breeding fowl should be obtained.

Sugar as a Finishing Feed.—A herd of 15 Black Angus cattle which was awarded first prize at the Chicago International Stock show, and which was sold at $17 per hundred pounds live weight, was fattened on a ration which included molasses. Besides pasture feed, corn and oats, the owner fed during the last month a mixture of oil meal and oats, to which was added a sprinkling of molasses. It was found that the molasses added a glossiness to the hides and improved the appearance of the animals in every way.

Alfalfa Seed.—Alfalfa seeds resemble those of red clover in size, but differ in not being so uniform in shape. The color should be light olive green or greenish yellow. Darkened, discolored and shriveled seed should be discarded, as its germinating power is low. Plump, well-matured seed produce more plants and stronger plants than do the small and immature.

Adulterated Seeds.—Good work in detecting adulterated seeds is being carried in by the department of agriculture. Of 1,471 samples of seeds taken last year, 192 samples were found adulterated or misbranded. The department publishes the results of the test together with the names of the firms that sold the seed. It is claimed that since this work began the trade in adulterated seeds has greatly fallen off.

Japanese Cherries.—The Japanese cultivate the cherry tree mainly for its blossom, and have parks and avenues of these trees. When the blossoms are at the height of beauty everybody goes to see the trees, and the mikado gives a garden party to Japanese and European officials for the enjoyment of the sight.

Relieving Choking Cow.—One who has successfully tried it says that a choked cow may be relieved by tying a stick in her mouth to hold it open for a while. Her effort to dislodge it will start the obstruction in the throat.

Alfalfa Adulterations.—The most common adulterations of alfalfa seed are burr clover, yellow, trefoil and sweet clover. Crab grass, rib grass and green and yellow foxtail are also found.

The Exceptional Equipment

of the California Fig Syrup Co. and the scientific attainments of its chemists have rendered possible the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, in all of its excellence, by obtaining the pure medicinal principles of plants known to act most beneficially and combining them most skillfully, in the right proportions, with its wholesome and refreshing Syrup of California Figs.

As there is only one genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna and as the genuine is manufactured by an original method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, it is always necessary to buy the genuine to get its beneficial effects.

A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them if, upon viewing the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof.

"FAITH" ALL THAT WAS LEFT

Symbols of "Hope" and "Charity" Had Got Away from Unfortunate Sunday School Scholar.

A young Philadelphia Sunday school teacher tells this story of the result of an attempted application of the principles of economics:

For some time she had endeavored to impress upon the minds of one of her charges the names of the three qualities, faith, hope, and charity. One Sunday she presented the pupil of the poor memory with three new shining coins, a penny, a five-cent piece, and a dime.

"The penny," she said, "represents faith, the five-cent piece hope, and the dime charity. Keep these coins and every time you look at them think of what they stand for."

The Sunday following the teacher reviewed the lesson of the week before, and called upon the holder of the coins to produce them and give their names in proper sequence. The youngster shuffled from one leg to the other, stammered, blushed and seemed altogether overcome with mortification. Finally he burst out with:

"Please, Miss Fanny, I ain't got nuthin' left but faith. Baby swallered hope, and mamma, with charity and bought ten cents' worth of meat ter make hamburg steak out uv."

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Tired Tom (sadly)—Ah, that patch tells me that my old pal, Plodding Pete has been this way. Poor old Pete!

A Test of Friendship.

Just before Artemus Ward's death Robertson poured out some medicine and offered it to the sick man, who said: "My dear Tom, I won't take any more of that horrible stuff."

Robertson urged him to swallow the mixture, saying: "Do, now—there's a dear fellow—for my sake. You know I would do anything for you."

"Would you?" said Ward, feebly, grasping his friend's hand for the last time.

"I would indeed," said Robertson.

"Then you take it!"

Ward passed away a few hours afterward.—Recollections of the Bancrofts.

Hard to Handle.

"How are you going to keep complaints from arising among consumers?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Consumers are mighty troublesome. Sometimes I think they take advantage of the fact that we can't get along without 'em in our business."

A cold on the lungs doesn't usually amount to much, but it invariably precedes pneumonia and consumption. Hamlins Wizard Oil applied to the chest at once will break up a cold in a night.

Everybody wants something for nothing, but few people are satisfied with what they get that way.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Pride sometimes has to go before people fall in love.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

FOR RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, BACKACHE, DIABETES

75 "Guarantee"

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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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