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 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. 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 then feasted 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.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Along the south side of the cliff the sea extended in twice as far as on the north. From the end of the talus the coast trended off four or five miles to the south-southwest in a shallow bight, whose southern extremity was bounded by a second limestone headland. This ridge ran inland parallel to the first, and from a point some little distance back from the shore was covered with a growth of leafless trees.

Between the two ridges lay a plain, open along the shore, but a short distance inland covered with a jungle of tall yellow grass, above which, here and there, rose the tops of scrubby, leafless trees and the graceful crests of slender-shafted palms. Blake's attention was drawn to the latter by that feeling of artificiality which their exotic appearance so often wakens in the mind of the northern-bred man even after long residence in the tropics. But in a moment he turned away with a growl. "More of those darned feather-dusters!" He was not looking for palms.

The last ragged bit of cloud, with its showery accompaniment, drifted past before the breeze which followed the squall, and the end of the storm was proclaimed by a deafening chorus of squawks and screams along the higher ledges of the cliff. Staring upward, Blake for the first time observed that the face of the cliff swarmed with seafowl.

"That's luck!" he muttered. "Guess I haven't forgot how to rob nests. Bet our fine lady'll shy at sucking them raw! All the same, she'll have to if I don't run across other rock than this, poor girl!"

He advanced again along the talus, and did not stop until he reached the sand beach. There he halted to make a careful examination, not only of the loose debris, but of the solid rock above. Finding no sign of flint or quartz, he growled out a curse and backed off along the beach to get a view of the cliff top. From a point a little beyond him, outward to the extremity of the headland, he could see that the upper ledges and the crest of the cliff, as well, were fairly crowded with seafowl and their nests. His smile of satisfaction broadened when he glanced inland and saw, less than half a mile distant, a wooded cleft which apparently ran up to the summit of the ridge. From a point near the top a gigantic baobab tree towered up against the skyline like a Brobdingnagian cabbage.

"Say, we may have a run for our money, after all," he murmured. "Shade, and no end of grub, and, by the green of those trees, a spring—limestone water at that. Next thing, I'll find a flint!"

He slapped his leg, and both sound and feeling reminded him that his clothes were drenched.

"Guess we'll wait about that flint," he said, and he made for a clump of thorn scrub a little way inland.

As the tall grass did not grow here within a mile of the shore, there was nothing to obstruct him. The creeping plants which during the rainy season had matted over the sandy soil were now leafless and withered by the heat of the dry season. Even the thorn scrub was half bare of leaves.

Blake walked around the clump to the shadiest side, and began to strip. In quick succession one garment after another was flung across a branch where the sun would strike it. Last of all, the shoes were emptied of rain-water and set out to dry. Without a pause, he then gave himself a quick, light rub-down, just sufficient to invigorate the skin without starting the perspiration.

Physically the man was magnificent. His muscles were wiry and compact, rather than bulky, and as he moved they played beneath his white skin with the smoothness and ease of a tiger's.

After the rub-down he squatted on his heels and spent some time trying to bend his palm-leaf hat back into shape. When he had placed this also out in the sun he found himself beginning to yawn. The dry, sultry air had made him drowsy. A touch with his bare foot showed him that the sand beneath the thorn bush had already absorbed the rain and offered a dry surface. He glanced around, drew his club nearer and stretched himself out for a nap.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Club Age.

It was past two o'clock when the sun, striking in where Blake lay outstretched, began to scorch one of his legs. He stirred uneasily, and sat upright. Like a sailor, he was wide awake the moment he opened his eyes. He stood up and peered around through the half leafless branches.

"You Beastly Cad!"

Over the water thousands of gulls and terns, boobies and cormorants were skimming and diving, while above them a number of graceful frigate birds—those swart, scarlet-throated pirates of the air—hung poised, ready to swoop down and rob the weaker birds of their fish. All about the headland and the surrounding water was life in fullest action. Even from where he stood Blake could hear the harsh clamor of the seafowl.

In marked contrast to this scene the plain was apparently lifeless. When Blake rose, a small brown lizard darted away across the sand. Otherwise there was neither sight nor sound of a living creature. Blake pondered this as he gathered his clothes into the shade and began to dress.

"Looks like the siesta is the all-round style in this God-forsaken hole," he grumbled. "Haven't seen so much as a rabbit, nor even one land bird. May be a drought—no; must be the dry season— Whee, these things are hot! I'm thirsty as a shark. Now, where's that softy and her ladyship? 'Fraid she's in for a tough time!"

He drew on his shoes with a jerk, growled at their stiffness, and, club in hand, stepped clear of the brush to look for his companions. The first glance along the foot of the cliff showed him Winthrope lying under the shade of the overhanging ledges, a few yards beyond the sand beach. Of Miss Leslie there was no sign. Half alarmed by this, Blake started for the beach with his swinging stride. Winthrope was awake, and on Blake's approach, sat up to greet him.

"Hello!" he called. "Where have you been all this time?"

"'Sleep. Where's Miss Leslie?"

"She's around the point."

Blake grinned mockingly. "Indeed! But I fawncy she won't be for long."

He would have passed on, but Wintrope stepped before him.

"Don't go out there, Blake," he protested. "I—ah—think it would be better if I went."

"Why?" demanded Blake.

Winthrope hesitated; but an impatient movement by Blake forced an answer: "Well, you remember, this morning, telling us to dry our clothes."

"Yes; I remember," said Blake. "So you want to serve as lady's valet?"

Winthrope's plump face turned a sickly yellow.

"I—ah—valet?—What do you mean, sir? I protest—I do not understand you!" he stammered. But in the midst, catching sight of Blake's bewildered stare, he suddenly flushed crimson, and burst out in unrestrained anger: "You—you bounder—you beastly cad! Any man with an ounce of decency—"

Blake uttered a jeering laugh—"Wow! Hark, how the British lion r-r-ro-ars when his tail's twisted!"

"You beastly cad!" repeated the Englishman, now purple with rage.

Blake's unpleasant pleasantry gave place to a scowl. His jaw thrust out like a bulldog's, and he bent towards Winthrope with a menacing look. For a moment the Englishman faced him, sustained by his anger. But there was a steely light in Blake's eyes that he could not withstand. Winthrope's defiant stare wavered and fell. He shrank back; the color fast ebbing from his cheeks.

"Ugh!" growled Blake. "Guess you won't blat any more about cads! You damned hypocrite! Maybe I'm not on to how you've been hanging around Miss Leslie just because she's an heiress. Anything is fair enough for you swells. But let a fellow so much as open his mouth about your exalted set, and it's perfectly dreadful, you know!"

He paused for a reply. Winthrope only drew back a step farther and eyed him with a furtive, sidelong glance. This brought Blake back to his mocking jeer. "You'll learn, Pat, me b'y. There's lots of things'll show up different to you before we get through this picnic. For one thing, I'm boss here—president, congress and supreme court. Understand?"

"By what right, may I ask?" murmured Winthrope.

"Right!" answered Blake. "That hasn't anything to do with the question—it's might. Back in civilized parts your little crowd has the drop on my big crowd and runs things to suit themselves. But here we're sort of reverted to primitive society. This happens to be the Club Age and I'm the Man with the Big Stick. See?"

"I myself sympathize with the lower classes, Mr. Blake. Above all, I think it barbarous the way they punish one who is forced by circumstances to appropriate part of the ill-gotten gains of the rich upstarts. But do you believe, Mr. Blake, that brute strength—"

"You bet! Now shut up. Where're the cocoanuts?"

Winthrope picked up two nuts and handed them over.

"There were only five," he explained.

"All right. I'm no captain of industry."

"Ah, true; you said we had reverted to barbarism," rejoined Winthrope, venturing an attempt at sarcasm.

"Lucky for you!" retorted Blake. "But where's Miss Leslie all this time? Her clothes must have dried hours ago."

"They did. We had luncheon together just this side of the point."

"Oh, you did! Then why shouldn't I go for her?"

"I—I—there was a shaded pool around the point, and she thought a dip in the salt water would refresh her. She went not more than half an hour ago."

"So that's it. Well, while I eat you go and call her—and say, you keep this side the point. I'm looking out for Miss Leslie now."

Winthrope hurried away, clenching his fists and almost weeping with impotent rage. Truly, matters were now very different from what they had been aboard ship. Fortunately he had not gone a dozen steps before Miss Leslie appeared around the corner of the cliff. He was scrambling along over the loose stones of the slope without the slightest consideration for his ankle. The girl, more thoughtful, waved to him to wait for her where he was.

As she approached, Blake's frown gave place to a [illegible] that made his [illegible] af[illegible] the cocoanuts [illegible] he proceeded to smash the shells into small bits, that he might eat the meat, and at the same time keep his gaze on the girl. The cliff foot being well shaded by the towering wall of rock, she had taken off his coat and was carrying it on her arm; so that there was nothing to mar the effect of her dainty openwork waist, with its elbow sleeves and graceful collar and the filmy veil of lace over the shoulders and bosom. Her skirt had been washed clean by the rain, and she had managed to stretch it into shape before drying.

Refreshed by a nap in the forenoon and by her salt-water dip, she showed more vivacity than at any time that Winthrope could remember during their acquaintance. Her suffering during and since the storm had left its mark in the dark circles beneath her hazel eyes, but this in no wise lessened their brightness; while the elasticity of her step showed that she had quite recovered her well-bred ease and grace of movement.

She bowed and smiled to the two men impartially. "Good-afternoon, gentlemen."

"Same to you, Miss Leslie!" responded Blake, staring at her with frank admiration. "You look fresh as a daisy."

Genial and sincere as was his tone, the familiarity jarred on her sensitive ear. She colored as she turned from him.

"Is there anything new, Mr. Winthrope?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not, Miss Genevieve. Like ourselves, Blake took a nap."

"Yes; but Blake first took a squint at the scenery. Just see if you've got everything, and fix your hats. We'll be in the sun for half a mile or so. Better get on the coat, Miss Leslie. It's hotter than yesterday."

"Permit me," said Winthrope.

Blake watched while the Englishman held the coat for the girl and rather fussily raised the collar about her neck and turned back the sleeves, which extended beyond the tips of her fingers. The American's face was stolid; but his glance took in every little look and act of his companions. He was not altogether unversed in the ways of good society, and it seemed to him that the Englishman was somewhat overassiduous in his attentions.

"All ready, Blake," remarked Winthrope, finally, with a last lingering touch.

"'Bout time!" grunted Blake. "You're fussy as a tailor. Got the flask and cigarette case and the knife?"

"All safe, sir—er—all safe, Blake."

"Then you two follow me slow enough not to worry that ankle. I don't want any more of the pack-mule in mine."

"Where are we going, Mr. Blake?" exclaimed Miss Leslie. "You will not leave us again!"

"It's only a half-mile, Miss Jenny. There's a break in the ridge. I'm going on ahead to find if it's hard to climb."

"But why should he climb?"

"Food, for one thing. You see, this end of the cliff is covered with seabirds. Another thing, I expect to strike a spring."

"Oh, I hope you do! The water in the rain pools is already warm."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ACT AS SPUR TO MAN'S PRIDE.

Love and Belief Are Powerful Agents for Reformation.

Love and belief in a man can never hurt him. It will always act as a spur to his pride, which is invariably close to a man's love, whilst it has little or nothing to do with a woman's.

Even when the schoolboy falls in love with the little girl in pinafores, his first instinct is to acquit himself in her eyes in some magnificent way—to knock out some other boy, or intimidate a foe.

This instinct remains with men until they die, just as girls from the cradle or inspired by love seek beauty to appear lovely in the eyes of their adorers.

And the masculine pride and prowess and strength are what the wise girl will use in her desire to reform some man who is merely weak.

Nagging drives such men into the depths. Every look of derision, snub, insult, sinks the iron deeper into their souls.—Exchange.

Insisted on Hole in Coffin

Through It Col. Butler's Triumphant Pigtail Should Protrude.

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

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

Now He Could Die Satisfied.

The dying Englishman laughed, faintly and reservedly, as became his race.

"What ails the man?" asked the vicar, the heir, the younger son in the army, the younger son in the church, the keeper of the lodge and the stolid barrister.

"It is the joke he heard in America in his youth," whispered the nurse. "He has just grasped the significance."

DRINK MILK SLOWLY

BEVERAGE MUST NOT BE GULPED IN QUANTITY.

Majority of People Misunderstand the Principles That Govern This Most Useful of All the Health-Giving Liquids.

The Dairy (London, Eng.) gives the following advice on drinking milk:

There is a right way and a wrong way to drink milk, and the great majority of people drink it in the latter way. That is the real reason why milk disagrees with so many people; at least it is one of the chief reasons. Milk contains all the elements necessary for maintaining the physical health of those who know how to use it properly, (agreed (says a writer in Health), most people would be better off physically if milk and entire wheat bread formed their ordinary diet. Especially is this true of delicate persons whose powers of digestion have become enfeebled. Persons suffering from nervous prostration are not able to digest meat, and will find great benefit from a purely milk diet, but the milk must not be imbibed like draughts of water—it must be sipped slowly, a teaspoonful at a time. There is a scientific reason for drinking milk very slowly, and in very small quantities. It is this: Milk curdles as soon as it comes in contact with the juice of the stomach. If a long draught of milk is taken into the stomach, the result is a large curd through which the gastric juices cannot readily penetrate and act with solvent power.

A small sip of milk makes a tiny curd, so if a tumbler of milk is taken sip by sip, it will readily be seen that the result will be a number of little curds, each one of which can speedily be acted upon and digested by the gastric juices of the stomach.

Where special nourishment is desirable, as in the case of very weak persons, or convalescents from wasting diseases, beef and wheat peptones may be added, or some one of the infant foods which are known to be absolutely free from starch.

It is unwise to add starch foods like farina or arrowroot or cornstarch to the milk for weak people or invalids, under the impression that the foods are very delicate and easily digestible, for they are, on the contrary, very difficult of digestion. Milk alone is far better for persons who have weak digestive powers, but the one great need which must be impressed on everyone is the need of drinking slowly and in very small sips with intervals between the sips. In nine cases out of ten, milk taken in this manner will agree with people unless there is some fault in the milk.

Water may be taken in long draughts without danger, provided the system is not weak and overheated by running or other exercise, but milk should always be imbibed slowly.

Would Bequeath His Ears.

Harriet Martineau displayed originality in the provisions she made at one time for the disposal of her remains. James Payn relates that, having consulted Toynbee, the distinguished aurist, with regard to her deafness, "she was so pleased with the interest he took in her case that she resolved to leave him, by testamentary bequest, her ears. She announced this intention in the presence of her medical man, Mr. Shepherd, who, to my infinite amazement, observed: 'But my dear madam, you can't do that; it will make your other legacy worthless.' The fact was, in the interests of science, Miss Martineau had already left her head to the Phrenological society. I asked the doctor how he came to know that. 'Oh,' he said, 'she told me so herself; she has left $50 in her codicil to me for cutting it off.'" The doctor, however, died before his patient, and the Phrenological society never received the legacy of her head.

The Critic's Duty.

It is sometimes the painful duty of a judge to order a man to be hanged by the neck till he be dead; it is sometimes the painful duty of a critic to tell an author that his English is faulty, his arguments fallacious, and his imagination a minus quantity. But it is never the duty of a judge to mingle with the dreadful utterance of doom sarcastic remarks about the prisoner's inferior social status; nor is it ever the duty of a critic to mention an author's connection with "gallipots," or to sneer at his poverty, or to insist on the fact that his work was originally printed in a journal purchasable for the sum of one halfpenny.—Arthur Machen, in T. P.'s Weekly, London.

"That's Good."

"My husband has always been one to encourage those who work for him," remarked Mrs. Pike to her sister.

"You mean he is always ready to give praise where praise is due?"

"Yes, indeed. When one of the men does good work he is quick to say so. Night after night, after he has been late at the office, I hear him murmuring in his sleep: 'That's good! That's good!' And he always reluctantly confesses that he was dreaming about the good work the men are doing at the office. Oh, I'm so glad!"

Unpopular Chauffeurs.

"He was originally a motor car driver, but is now a butcher," is how a defendant at the Kingston (Eng.) police court was described. See how the appetite grows by what it feeds on. Still, we should not go as far as Henry Gilchrist, who was awarded two months for assault at Bradford the other day. Saying: "I'll wipe all the taxicab drivers off the face of the earth," he brought a taxicab to a standstill and struck the driver in the face, knocking out two teeth. Henry let his enthusiasm carry him too far that time.

Not Like Papa.

A bright little fellow was taken to a barber shop for the first time to have his hair cut and as the barber was in the distant part of the shop for a few moments the small customer said in lowered tones to his father: "Papa, you must tell the man that I am not to be shaved."—Delineator.

WHEN YOUR BACK ACHES

It Is a Warning That the Kidneys Are Sick and Need Help.

A bad back makes every day a dull round of pain and misery. It's a sign the kidneys are sick and cannot keep up their never-ending task of filtering the blood. Lame back, backache, dizzy spells and urinary disorders are warnings that must not be overlooked. A. G. Smith, 405 E. Mills St., Liberty, Mo., says: "I was racked with pain, stiff and lame, had dizzy spells and a terrible condition of the kidney secretions. I got so miserable I went to bed, but the doctor did not do anything for me and no one expected me to recover. [illegible] Kidney Pills first relieved, then cured me, and I have had no kidney trouble for seven years since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

REVENGE.

The Professor—I've been a vegetarian all my life; from now on I'll eat nothing but beef!

Consumption Permanently Cured.

That consumption can be permanently cured is demonstrated by some figures published by Dr. A. Van Bneden of Belgium, who says that 75 per cent. of the patients treated in the Bourgoumont sanitorium in 1903-4 have continued, four years after treatment, to improve, and are in a condition to return to their regular occupations.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

What Did He Mean?

Mr. Brown and his family were standing in front of the lion's cage.

"John," said Mrs. Brown, "if these animals were to escape, whom would you save first, me or the children?"

"Me," answered John, without hesitation.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Reason.

"What's the reason we shouldn't have a little outing this Saturday?" asked Mrs. Grampus.

"I am," snarled Grampus.—Buffalo Express.

Little children are suffering every day in the year with sprains, bruises, cuts, bumps and burns. Hamlins Wizard Oil is banishing these aches and pains every day in the year, the world over.

He is a man of power who, when all his fellows are swayed by some ambition or passion, remains calm and unmoved.—Creston.

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

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EXPERIENCED ADVICE.

The Customer—You don't appear to have a hat in the place to suit me.

The Hatter—Try a soft green one, sir.

A Tall Bear Story.

"Why, once, do you know, I found a bear inside a hollow log. Well, of course, I couldn't get at him to shoot him, and the log was too heavy to [illegible] in the log, and where the bear's feet must be, and I got his paws through slick. Then I tied a rope about the log and made him walk with it into camp. And—would you believe it?—we had all our food and all our fuel for the winter out of that one deal!"—Outing.

Never Buy a Watch by Mail

No one can sell a watch by mail that will give satisfaction—for the watch that keeps accurate time in your pocket, loses or gains in another man's pocket.

Even the finest watch will fail as a perfect time-keeper unless it is adjusted to meet the individual requirements of the person who is to carry it.

A South Bend Watch

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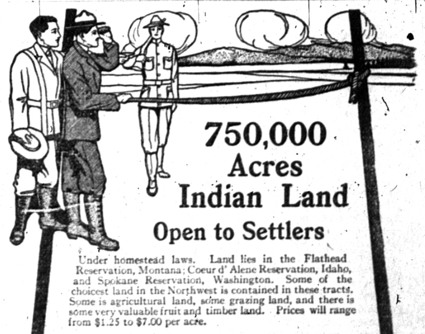

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