INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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One Moment After Another Passed, and He Stood Poised for the Shock.

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. 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.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Blake picked a path along the edge of the rill, where the moist vegetation, though scorched, had refused to burn. After the first abrupt ledge, up which Blake had to drag his companions, the ascent was easy. But as they climbed around an outjutting corner of the steep right wall of the cleft Blake muttered a curse of disappointment. He could now see that the cleft did not run to the top of the cliff, but through it, like a tiny box canyon. The sides rose sheer and smooth as walls. Midway, at the highest point of the cleft, the baobab towered high above the ridge crest, its gigantic trunk filling a third of the breadth of the little gorge. Unfortunately it stood close to the far wall.

"Here's luck for you!" growled Blake. "Why couldn't the blamed old tree have grown on the other side? We might have found a way to climb it. Guess we'll have to smoke out another leopard. We're no nearer those birds' nests than we were yesterday."

"Hy Jove, look here!"—exclaimed Winthrope. "This is our chance for antelope! Here by the spring are bamboos—real bamboos—and only half the thicket burned."

"What of them?" demanded Blake.

"Bows—arrows—and did you not agree that they would make knives?"

"Umph—we'll see. What is it, Miss Jenny?"

"Isn't that a hole in the big tree?"

"Looks like it. These baobabs are often hollow."

"Perhaps that is where the leopard had his den," added Winthrope.

"Shouldn't wonder. We'll go and see."

"But, Mr. Blake," protested the girl, "may there not be other leopards?"

"Might have been; but I'll bet they lit out with the other. Look how the tree is scorched. Must have been stacks of dry brush around the hole, enough to smoke out a fireman. We'll look and see if they left any soup bones lying around. First, though, here's your drink, Miss Jenny."

As he spoke, Blake kicked aside some smouldering branches and led the way to the crevice whence the spring trickled from the rock into a shallow stone basin. When all had drunk their fill of the clear cool water Blake took up his club and walked straight across to the baobab. Less than 30 steps brought him to the narrow opening in the trunk of the huge tree. At first he could make out nothing in the dimly lit interior; but the fetid, catty odor was enough to convince him that he had found the leopards' den.

He caught the vague outlines of a long body, crouched five or six yards away, on the far side of the hollow. He sprang back, his club brandished to strike. But the expected attack did not follow. Blake glanced about as though considering the advisability of a retreat. Winthrope and Miss Leslie were staring at him, white-faced. The sight of their terror seemed to spur him to dare-devil bravado; though his actions may rather have been due to the fact that he realized the futility of flight, and so rose to the requirements of the situation—the grim need to stand and face the danger.

"Get behind the bamboos!" he called, and as they hurriedly obeyed, he caught up a stone and flung it in at the crouching beast.

He heard the missile strike with a soft thud that told him he had not missed his mark, and he swung up his club in both hands. Given half a chance he would smash the skull of the female as he had crushed her blinded mate. One moment after another passed, and he stood poised for the shock, tense and scowling. Not so much as a snarl came from within. The truth flashed upon him.

"Smothered!" he yelled.

The other saw him dart in through the hole. A moment later two limp grayish bodies were flung out into the open. Immediately after Blake reappeared, dragging the body of the mother leopard.

"It's all right; they're dead!" cried Winthrope, and he ran forward to look at the bodies.

Miss Leslie followed, hardly less curious.

"Are they all dead, Mr. Blake?" she inquired.

"Wiped but—whole family! The old cat stayed by her kittens, and all smothered together—lucky for us! Get busy with those bamboos, Win. I'm going to have these skins, and the sooner we get the cub meat hung up and curing, the better for us."

"Leopard meat again!" rejoined Winthrope.

"Spring leopard, young and tender! What more could you ask? Get a move on you."

"Can I do anything, Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Hunt a shady spot."

"But I really mean it."

"Well, if that's straight, you might go on along the gully, and see if there's any place for me to climb to the top. You could pick up sticks on the way back, if any are left. We'll have to fumigate this tree hole before we adopt it for a residence."

"Will it be long before you finish with your—with the bodies?"

"Well, now, look here, Miss Jenny; it's going to be a mess, and I wouldn't mind hauling the carcasses clear down the gully, out of sight, if it was to be the only time. But it's not, and you have got to get used to it, sooner or later. So we'll start now."

"I suppose, if I must, Mr. Blake—Really, I wish to help."

"Good. That's something like! Think you can learn to cook?"

"See what I did this morning."

Blaké took the cord of cocoanut fiber which she held out to him, and tested its strength.

"Well, I'll be blessed!" he said. "This is something like. If you don't look out, you'll make quite a campmate, Miss Jenny. But now, trot along. This is hardly arctic weather, and our abattoir don't include a cold-storage plant. The sooner these lambs are dressed, the better."

CHAPTER X.

Problems in Woodcraft.

IT WAS no pleasant sight that met Miss Leslie's gaze upon her return. The neatest of butchering can hardly be termed aesthetic; and Blake and Winthrope lacked both skill and tools. Between the penknife and an improvised blade of bamboo, they had flayed the two cubs and haggled off the flesh. The ragged strips, spitted on bamboo rods, were already searing in the fierce sun-rays.

Miss Leslie would have slipped into the hollow of the baobab with her armful of fagots and brush; but Blake waved a bloody knife above the body of the mother leopard, and beckoned the girl to come nearer.

"Hold on a minute, please," he said. "What did you find out?"

Miss Leslie drew a few steps nearer, and forced herself to look at the revolting sight. She found it still more difficult to withstand the odor of the fresh blood. Winthrope was pale and nauseated. The sight of his distress caused the girl to forget her own loathing. She drew a deep breath, and succeeded in countering Blake's expectant look with a half-smile.

"How well are you getting along!" she exclaimed.

"Didn't think you could stand it. But you've got grit all right, if you are a lady," Blake said admiringly. "Say, you'll make it yet! Now, how about the gully?"

"There is no place to climb up. It runs along like this, and then slopes down. But there is a cliff at the end, as high as these walls."

"Twenty feet," muttered Blake. "Confound the luck. It isn't that jump-off; but how in—how are we going to get up on the cliff? There's an everlasting lot of omelettes in those birds' nests. If only that bloomin'—how's that, Win, me boy?—that bloomin', blawsted baobab was on t'other side. The wood's almost soft as punk. We could drive in pegs, and climb up the trunk."

"There are other trees beyond it," remarked Miss Leslie.

"Then maybe we can shin up—"

"I fear the branches that overhang the cliff are too slender to bear any weight."

"And it's too infernally high to climb up to this overhanging baobab limb."

"I say," ventured Winthrope, "if we had an ax, now, we might cut up one of the trees, and make a ladder."

"Oh, yes; and if we had a ladder we might climb up the cliff."

"But, Mr. Blake, is there not some way to cut down one of the trees? The tree itself would be a ladder if it fell in such a way as to lean against the cliff."

"There's only the penknife," answered Blake. "So I guess we'll have to scratch eggs off our menu card. Spring leopard for ours! Now, if you really want to help, you might scrape the soup bones out of your boudoir, and fetch a lot more brush. It'll take a big fire to rid the hole of that cat smell."

"Will not the tree burn?"

"No; these hollow baobabs have green bark on the inside as well as out. Funny thing, that! We'd have to keep a fire going a long time to burn through."

"Yet it would burn in time?"

"Yes; but we're not going to—"

"Then why not burn through the trunk of one of those small trees, in stead of chopping it down?"

"By—heck, Miss Jenny, you've got an American headpiece! Come on. Sooner we get the thing started, the better."

Neither Winthrope nor Miss Leslie was reluctant to leave the vicinity of the carcasses. They followed close after Blake, around the monstrous bole of the baobab. A little beyond it stood a group of slender trees, whose trunks averaged eight inches at the base. Blake stopped at the second one, which grew nearest to the seaward side of the cleft.

"Here's our ladder," he said. "Get some firewood. Pound the bushes, though, before you go poking into them. May be a snake here."

"Snakes!—oh!" cried Miss Leslie, and she stood shuddering at the danger she had already incurred.

The fire had burnt itself out on a bare ledge of rock between them and the baobab, and the clumps of dry brush left standing in this end of the cleft were very suggestive of snakes, now that Blake had called attention to the possibility of their presence.

He laughed at his hesitating companions. "Go on, go on! Don't squeal till you're bit. Most snakes hike out, if you give them half a chance. Take a stick each of you, and pound the bushes."

Thus urged, both started to work. But neither ventured into the thicker clumps. When they returned, with large armfuls of sticks and twigs, they found that Blake had used his glass to light a handful of dry bark out in the sun, and was nursing it into a small fire at the base of the tree, on the side next the cliff.

"Now, Miss Jenny," he directed, "you're to keep this going—not too big a fire—understand? Same time you can keep on fetching brush to fumigate your cat hole. It needs it, all right."

"Will not that be rather too much for Miss Leslie?" asked Winthrope.

"Well, if she'd rather come and rub brains on the skins—Indian tan, you know—er—"

"How can you mention such things before a lady?" protested Winthrope.

"Beg your pardon, Miss Leslie! you see, I'm not much used to ladies' company. Anyway, you've got to see and hear about these things. And now I'll have to get the strings for Win's bamboo bows. Come on, Win. We've got that old tabby to peel, and a lot more besides."

Miss Leslie's first impulse was to protest against being left alone, when at any moment some awful venomous serpent might come darting at her out of the brush or the crevices in the rocks. But her half-parted lips drew firmly together, and after a moment's hesitancy, she forced herself to the task which had been assigned her. The fire once started, required little attention. She could give most of her time to gathering brush for the fumigation of the leopard den.

She had collected quite a heap of fuel at the entrance of the hollow, when she remembered that the place would first have to be cleared of its accumulation of bones. A glance at her companions showed that they were in the midst of tasks even more revolting. It was certainly disagreeable to do such things; yet, as Mr. Blake had said, she had to do them. It was now her time to learn. She could see him smile at her hesitation.

Stung by the thought of his half contemptuous pity, she caught up a forked stick, and forced herself to enter the tree cave. The stench met her like a blow. It nauseated and all but overpowered her. She stood for several moments in the center of the cavity, sick and faint. Had it been even the previous day, she would have run out into the open air.

Presently she grew a little more accustomed to the stench, and began to take over the soft, dry mold of the den floor with her forked stick. Bones!—who had ever dreamed of such a mess of bones!—big bones and little bones and skulls; old bones dry and almost buried; moldy bones; bones still half-covered with bits of flesh and gristle—the remnants of the leopard family's last meal.

At last all were scraped out and flung in a heap, three or four yards away from the entrance. Miss Leslie looked at the result of her labor with a satisfied glance, followed by a sigh of relief. Between the heat and her unwonted exercise, she was great ly fatigued. She stepped around to a shadier spot to rest.

With a start she remembered the fire.

When she reached it there were only a few dying embers left. She gathered dead leaves and shreds of fibrous bark, and knelt beside the diff coals to blow them into life. She could not bear the thought of having to confess her carelessness to Blake.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Drudgery in the Kitchen.

The path of progress is clear. There is no more reason why the woman in modern civilization should scrub and cook and darn and dust than there is why these things should be done by men. The development of improved machinery and the growth of labor saving devices of all kinds will finally obviate the necessity of doing these things each day in each home through the land. Co-operation, which we are slowly learning to greet as a friend, will overcome the drudgery and make the life of a woman as enjoyable and eventful as that of the man.—Nearing and Watson in "Economics."

Their Marks.

"The seal or signet ring," said a jeweler, "once had a very practical use. In the Middle Ages, when nobody but the priests could write, men stamped documents with their signet rings, as the illiterate now make their marks.

"The signet rings of noblemen bore the owner's crest or arms. The rings of merchants bore intricate monograms, trademark or the like. There are certain old continental firms that preserve in cabinets the seal rings worn by their founders—rings whose seals are inscribed with the trade-marks still in use."

Help us to remember that greater than any church or creed is kindness.

Acted Upon By Suggestion

That Thought May Produce Blister on Hand, Is Medical Fact.

It is not generally known that thought may produce a blister on the hand or an ulcer on the foot, as well as many other actual physical changes in one's organism which are little short of miraculous. I have no doubt that St. Francis of Assisi received the stigmata of the crucifixion on his hands and feet as historically described. I have no doubt, because its possibility has been put to the proof within the past few years, and by a friend of mine whom I will name, Prof. Krafft Ebing of Vienna told a young woman he would place a small fly plaster upon her which would produce a blister in a few hours. He actually only put a postage stamp upon the skin, without her knowledge, and covered it over so securely with bandages that she could not interfere with it. The blister appeared as suggested.—Frederick Peterson, M. D., in Collier's.

Not the Kind They'd Keep.

"Is your climate rather changeable?" asked the tourist.

"No, it isn't," answered the old settler who always contradicts. "If it was, don't you suppose we'd have changed it for something else years ago?"—Stray Stories.

JTTERS WISE WORDS

THE MESSAGE OF A THINKING FEMALE UNTO MAN.

Some Things She Hates and Some She Insists Upon Having—Fair Sex Likes Men Capable of Attaining Power.

For better or for worse, no man ever yet understood a woman, or ever will. Men may know this, but they do not realize it, or they never would imagine that they could improve a woman by telling her about shortcomings.

A woman hates to be corrected by a man.

O man, thoughtless, -thankless, inconsistent man, this world would be a happier place if you ceased to go about trying to make women more sensible.

The sensible woman gives man his due. She admits he is stronger—stronger physically, stronger in mind. The very sensible woman admits that he should use his heaven-sent power. Man should be the wise lord of woman; he should be her stay in weakness; he should direct her steps. Men object to the mare who is the better horse. But women hate to be forced to be chiefly responsible for pulling the cart of matrimony.

Woman, I say—and I do not speak as a fool—likes well enough to be lorded. What she hates is weakness in a man. She hates lack of decision. Finding it, she develops into a bully. Then, if only the poor, henpecked husband knew it, there is nothing in the world more ardently desired by the pecking hen than that the worm should turn, and bully her, and overmaster her, and force her to give in.

And now I have some eight or nine other wise words to speak to you, O humorless man. And I say to you that women like men who do things. Unless you should make a false deduction I will put it this way: A woman hates a man who does nothing.

It is given to all men to do. A woman seldom has compunction in taking the money that a man has inherited, and will share with her, but the man who cannot make money, and can do nothing but part with it, she holds in low esteem. It is another example of the lacking humor of men that they should laugh at women who fight for the hair of a Kubelik, or kiss the ground trod upon by a conqueror.

O Man—selfish, egotistical, swaggering being—listen again, and get understanding. Woman loves you, and knows that you cannot love her as she loves, and she likes you to enjoy yourself and be happy.

But—

She hates you to forget to say, as you were wont to say, how well her dress becomes her, how charming she is looking. Slightly she loves you to forget her wedding-day—she can never forget it. She hates you to interfere with the baby, because you know nothing about it. She hates to be left behind to mope when you go off on your holidays.

And she hates the way you worship your pipe. It is not fair that men should have always the consolation of their pipes, and women only the consolation of their tears. Tobacco is fragrant, but tears are bitter.—"Mrs. Robin Poorfellow" in The London Express.

Superstition About Friday.

Probably the most notable of the many reasons given for the widespread belief that Friday is an unlucky day is that it was on a Friday that Christ was crucified. The superstition has been fostered, too, by the popular notion that Friday is a changeable day, or, as Chaucer calls it, "gerful," he says:

"Selde is the Friday al the wyke alyke."

An old Shropshire couplet contributes thus to the superstition:

"Friday's a day ne'll have his trick;
The first or foulest day of the week."

As a proof of the universality of the superstition among all nations and ranks, it is curious to note that the shipping returns of all countries show a much lower sailing rate on Friday than any other day of the week.

And yet the history of ages goes to prove conclusively that it is purely a superstition.

Developing Ore for Making Paint.

At present there is more than ordinary interest manifested in the mineral properties situated along the Alabama Great Southern railroad within 10 miles of Chattanooga, says the Birmingham Age-Herald. By the side of the track at Wildwood, Ga., only nine miles from Chattanooga, several carloads of hard ore are piled up and ready for loading and shipment to this city. The ore is being mined by three companies or companies, all within half a mile of Wildwood depot, and it is said that the deposits are almost inexhaustible. The Alabama Great Southern railway authorities, recognizing the importance of this deposit, are constructing a spur track at Wildwood and by next week the shipments of ore will begin. It is understood that the contracts for this ore at present are with the paint companies in Chattanooga, who use it in the manufacture of paints.

Why So Far?

"What's up?" asks the friend, entering the rooms of the other person and seeing him busily throwing things into trunks and bags.

"Off for Europe in a rush," he explains.

"What for?"

"The doctor's sending me to Carlsbad for gastric acid."

"Thunder! So far as that? Can't you buy it here or send for it?"—Chicago Post.

A Sharp Experience.

"So Jagsby got scratched in the race for his aunt's money?"

"Yes."

"How did it happen?"

"I guess he was scratched by the clause in her will."

The Official Goat.

"Your wife doesn't seem to care much for that friend of yours."

"No; he's the man I lay the blame on when I'm detained downtown."

SURPRISED AT THE SCHEDULE

Colored Man Felt He Was Being Railroaded Into the Class of "High Financiers."

A colored man was tried the other day before a Charlestown court for stealing some clothes from a young white man. A pretty clear case was made out against the colored man and he confessed:

"I reckon I ain't got nothin' to say, white folks," he said with humility, "ceptin' hit's jes lak it is."

"Well, since you admit your guilt," said the judge, "I will try to make it light for you. But first we will have to get an estimate of the value of the clothing. Mr. Plaintiff, what do you value these articles at?"

"The dress suit cost me $80, your honor," replied the young man, "the overcoat $75 and the silk hat $10."

"Mr. Judge," broke in the accused, "I'd lak ter say des one word befo' you goes any fudder."

"All right; go ahead."

"I submit dat I tuk dem clo'es, boss man, but at no sich prices as dem!"

TOLD TO USE CUTICURA.

After Specialist Failed to Cure Her Intense Itching Eczema—Had Been Tortured and Disfigured But

Was Soon Cured of Dread Humor.

"I contracted eczema and suffered intensely for about ten months. At times I thought I would scratch myself to pieces. My face and arms were covered with large red patches, so that I was ashamed to go out. I was advised to go to a doctor who was a specialist in skin diseases, but I received very little relief. I tried every known remedy, with the same results. I thought I would never get better until a friend of mine told me to try the Cuticura Remedies. So I tried them, and after four or five applications of Cuticura Ointment I was relieved of my unbearable itching. I used two sets of the Cuticura Remedies, and I am completely cured. Miss Barbara Kral, Highlandtown, Md., Jan. 9, '08."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

One Cause of Neck Boils.

Neck boils come with the sweaty season. Many people have large hair pores on the back of the neck. The sweaty, starched collar rim is good culture soil for boil and carbuncle germs, which get rubbed into the large hair follicles or sacks, producing a painful, sometimes dangerous spreading crop.

Flowers.

Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals; some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others, again, are plain, honest and upright like the broad-faced but thesunflower and the soldierlike tulip.—Henry Ward Beecher.

A Rare Good Thing.

"Am using ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet."—Mrs. Matilda Holtwert, Providence, R. I. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Ask to-day.

Encouraging.

"Tell me frankly, sir, what do you think of my daughter's voice?"

"Well, madam, I think she 'may have a brilliant future in water-color painting."

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Position Had Drawbacks.

Poet (to his practical friend)—Is there anything more beautiful than to see those magnificent swans float upon the lake's silver surface? How I would love to be like them!"

"What! Go around with one's stomach on that cold water all the day? Not for me, thank you."

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THE MOUTH Paxtine used as a mouth-wash disinfects the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, grippe, and much sickness.

THE EYES When inflamed, tired, aching and burn, may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Paxtine.

CATARRH Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for chronic catarrh.

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