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INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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Crept Back Down the Trail.

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.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"They'll be dry in a day or two. Say, Winthrope, you might fetch some of those stones—size of a ball. I used to be a fancy pitcher when I was a kid, and we might scare up a rabbit or something."

"I play cricket myself. But they're stones—"

"Better'n a gun, when you haven't got the gun. Come on. We'll go in a bunch, after all, in case I need stones."

With due consideration for Winthrope's ankle—not for Winthrope—Blake set so slow a pace that the half-mile's walk consumed over half an hour. But his smoldering irritation was soon quenched when they drew near the green thicket at the foot of the cleft. In the almost deathlike stillness of mid-afternoon, the sound of trickling water came to their ears, clear and musical.

"A spring!" shouted Blake. "I guessed right. Look at those green plants and grass; there's the channel where it runs out in the sand and dries up."

The others followed him eagerly as he pushed in among the trees. They saw no gushing water, but the cool cleft that trickled down the ledges was matted over with vines. But at the foot of the slope lay a pool, some ten yards across, and overshadowed by the surrounding trees. There was no sandy beach, and the ground was trampled bare as a floor.

"By Jove!" said Winthrope, "see the tracks! There must have been a drove of sheep about."

"Deer, you mean," replied Blake, bending to examine the deeper prints at the edge of the pool. "Those aren't sheep tracks. A lot of them are larger."

"Could you not uncover the brook?" asked Miss Leslie. "If animals have been drinking here, one would prefer cleaner water."

"Sure," assented Blake. "If you're game for a climb, and can wait a few minutes, we'll get it out of the spring itself. We've got to go up anyway, to get at our pottery yard."

"Here's a path that looks like a path," called Winthrope, who had circled about the edge of the pool to the farther side.

Blake ran around beside him and stared at the tunnel-like passage which wound up the limestone ledges beneath the overarching thickets.

"Odd place, is it not?" observed Winthrope. "Looks like a fox run, only larger, you know."

"Too low for deer, though—and their hoofs would have cut up the moss and ferns more. Let's get a closer look."

As he spoke, Blake stooped and climbed a few yards up the trail to an overhanging ledge, four or five feet high. Where the trail ran up over this break in the slope the stone was worn smooth by countless feet and clouds of dust. At the same instant a deep, growl came rumbling down the "fox run." Without waiting for a second warning, Blake drew his club to him, and crept back down the trail. His stealthy movements and furtive backward glances filled his companions with vague terror. He himself was hardly less alarmed.

"Get out of the trees—into the open!" he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, and as they crept away, white with dread of the unknown danger, he followed at their heels, looking backward, his club raised in readiness to strike.

Once clear of the trees, Winthrope caught Miss Leslie by the hand and broke into a run. In their terror they paid no heed to Blake's command to stop. They had darted off so unexpectedly that he did not overtake them short of 100 yards.

"Hold on!" he said, gripping Winthrope roughly by the shoulder. "It's safe enough here, and you'll knock out that blamed ankle."

"What is it? What did you see?" gasped Miss Leslie.

"Footprint," mumbled Blake, ashamed of his fright.

"A lion's?" cried Winthrope.

"Not so large—bout the size of a puma's. Must be a leopard's den up there. I heard a growl, and thought it about time to clear out."

"By Jove, we'd better withdraw around the point!"

"Withdraw your aunty! There's no leopard going to tackle us out here in open ground this time of day. The smoking comes! If only I had a match, I'd show him how we smoke rat holes."

"Mr. Winthrope spoke of rubbing sticks to make fire," suggested Miss Leslie.

"Make sweat, you mean. But we may as well try it now, if we're going to eat. The sun's hot enough to fry us. We'll go back to a shady place and pick up sticks on the way."

Though there was shade under the cliff within some 600 feet, they had to go some distance to the nearest dry wood—a dead thornbush. Here they gathered a quantity of branches, even Miss Leslie volunteering to carry a load.

All was thrown down in a heap near the cliff, and Blake squatted beside it, penknife in hand. Having selected the driest of the larger sticks, he bored a hole in one side and dropped in a pinch of powdered bark. Laying the stick in the full glare of the sun, he thrust a twig into the hole and began to twirl it between his palms. This movement he kept up for several minutes; but whether he was unable to twirl the twig fast enough or whether the right kind of wood or tinder was lacking all his efforts failed to produce a spark.

Unwilling to accept the failure, Winthrope insisted upon trying in turn, and pride held him to the task until he was drenched with sweat. The result was the same.

"Told you so," jeered Blake from where he lay in the shade. "We'd stand more chance cracking stones together."

"But what shall we do now?" asked Miss Leslie. "I am becoming very tired of cocoanuts, and there seems to be nothing else around here. Indeed, I think this is all such a waste of time. If we had walked straight along the shore this morning we might have reached a town."

"We might, Miss Jenny, and then, again, we mightn't. I happened to overhaul the captain's chart—Quilimane, Mozambique—that's all for hundreds of miles. Towns on this coast are about as thick as hen's teeth."

"How about native villages?" demanded Winthrope.

"Oh, yes; maybe I'm fool enough to go into a wild nigger town without a gun. Maybe I didn't talk with Jeff—it's absurd to think of having to stay in this horrid country for weeks or perhaps months—unless some ship comes for us!"

"Look here, Miss Leslie," answered Blake, sharply yet not unkindly; "suppose you just sit back and use your thinker a bit. If you're your daddy's daughter, you've got brains somewhere down under the boarding-school stuff."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Now, don't get huffy, please! It's a question of think, not of putting on airs. Here we are, worse off than the people of the stone age. They had fire and flint axes; we've got nothing but our think tanks, and as to lions and leopards and that sort of thing, it strikes me we've got about as many on hand as they had."

"Then you and Mr. Winthrope should immediately arm yourselves—"

"How?—But we'll leave that till later. What else?"

The girl gazed at the surrounding objects, her forehead wrinkled in the effort at concentration. "We must have water. Think how we suffered yesterday! Then there is shelter from wild beasts, and food, and—"

"All right here under our hands, if we had fire. Understand?"

"I understand about the water. You would frighten the leopard away with the fire; and if it would do that, it would also keep away the other animals at night. But as for food, unless we return for cocoanuts—"

"Don't give it up! Keep your think cap going on the side, while Pat tells us what's next move. Now that he's got the fire sticks out of his head—"

"I say, Blake, I wish you would drop that name. It is no harder to say Winthrope."

"You're off, there," rejoined Blake. "But look here, I'll make it Win, if you figure out what we ought to do next."

"Really, Blake, that would not be half bad. They—er—they called me Win at Harrow."

"That so? My English cousin went to Harrow—Hmmy Scarbridge."

"Loud James!—your chum?"

"He started in like you, sort of toplofty. But he chummed all right—after I took out a lot of his British starch with a good walloping."

"Oh, really now, Blake, you can't expect any one with brains to believe that, you know."

"No. I don't know, you know,—and I don't know if you've got any brains, you know. Here's your chance to show us. What's our next move?"

"Really, now, I have had no experience in this sort of thing—don't interrupt, please!" It seems to me that our first concern is shelter for the night. If we should return to your tree nest, we should also be near the cocoa palms."

"That's one side. Here's the other. Bar to wade across—sharks and alligators; then swampy ground—malaria, mosquitoes, thorn jungle. Guess the hands of both of you are still sore enough, by their look."

"If only I had a pot of cold cream!" sighed Miss Leslie.

"If only I had a hunk of jerked beef!" echoed Blake.

"I say, why couldn't we chance it for the night afloat on the seaward face of the cliff?" asked Winthrope. "I noticed a place where the ledges overhang—almost a cave. Do you think it probable that any wild beast would venture so close to the sea?"

"Can't say. Didn't see any tracks; so we'll chance it for to-night. Next?"

"By morning I believe my ankle will be in such shape that I could go back for the string of cocoanuts which we dropped on the beach."

"I'll go myself, to-day, else we'll have no supper. Now we're getting down to bedrock. If those nuts have not been washed away by the tide, we're fixed for to-night; and for two meals, such as they are. But what next? Even the rain pools will be dried up by another day or so."

"Are not sea-birds good to eat?" inquired Miss Leslie.

"Some."

"Then, if only we could climb the cliff—might there not be another place?"

"No; I've looked at both sides. What's more, that spotted tomcat has got a monopoly on our water supply. The river may be fresh at low tide; but we've got nothing to boil water in, and such bayou stuff is just concentrated malaria."

"Then we must find water elsewhere," responded Miss Leslie. "Might we not succeed if we went on to the other ridge?"

"That's the ticket. You've got a headpiece, Miss Jenny. It's too late to start now. But first thing to-morrow I'll take a run down that way, while you two lay around camp and see if you can twist some sort of fish-line out of cocoanut fiber. By braiding your hair, Miss Jenny, you can spare us your hairpins for hooks."

"But, Mr. Blake, I'm afraid—I'd rather you'd take us with you. With that dreadful creature so near—"

"Well, I don't know. Let's see your fetcher."

Miss Leslie glanced at him, and thrust a slender foot from beneath her skirt.

"I'm no stocking tearer, but those slippers are tougher than I thought. Most of the way will be good walking, along the beach. We'll leave the fishing to Patience—beg pardon—Win! With his ankle—"

"By Jove, Blake, I'll chance the ankle. Don't leave me behind. I give you my word, you'll not have to lug me."

"Oh, of course, Mr. Winthrope must go with us!"

"Fraid to go alone, eh?" demanded Blake, frowning.

His tone startled and offended her, yet all he saw was a perfectly quizzical lifting of her brows.

"Why, should I be afraid, Mr. Blake?" she asked.

Blake stared at her moodily. But when she met his gaze with a conflicting smile, he flushed and looked away.

"All right," he muttered; "we'll move camp together. But don't expect me to pack his bed-roll; it we clean a blank and have to trek back without food or water."

CHAPTER IX.

The Leopards' Den.

WHILE Blake made a successful trip for the abandoned cocoanuts, his companions leveled the stones beneath the ledges chosen by Winthrope, and gathered enough dried sea-weed along the talus to soften the hard beds.

Soothed by the monotonous wash of the sea among the rocks, even Miss Leslie slept well. Blake, who had insisted that she should retain his coat, was aroused by the chilliness preceding the dawn. Five minutes later they started on their journey.

The starlight glimmered on the waves and shed a faint radiance over the rocks. This and their knowledge of the way enabled them to pick a path along the foot of the cliff without difficulty. Once on the beach, they swung along at a smart gait, invigorated by the cool air.

Dawn found them half way to their goal. Blake called a halt when the first red streaks shot up the eastern sky. All stood waiting until the quickly following sun sprang forth from the sea. Blake's first act was to glance from one headland to the other, estimating their relative distances. His grunt of satisfaction was lost in Winthrope's exclamation: "By Jove, look at the cattle!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HER FRIENDS WONDER

How Mrs. Kessler Was Rescued from Almost Certain Death.

Few have lived through such trials and suffering from kidney disease as

were endured by Mrs. Caroline Kessler of W. Main St., Fair Paw, Mich. Well and strong again, her case is thought a miracle by her friends. What Mrs. Kessler went through makes a long story—backache, rheumatism, dizzy and fainting spells, urinary disorders, dreadful bloating of dropsy and finally a complete prostration that defied medical skill and caused her to be given up. Through the use of Doan's Kidney Pills Mrs. Kessler is a well woman and is willing to tell about her case to anyone who cares to inquire.

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

A JOB FOR TWO.

"What you fellers got in that box?"

"It's all right, officer. We're takin' home Mamie Casey's hat wot she wore at de lawn party last night!"

HANDS RAW AND SCALY.

Itched and Burned Terribly—Could Not Move Thumbs Without Flesh Cracking—Sleep Impossible.

Cuticura Soon Cured His Eczema.

"An itching humor covered both my hands and got up over my wrists and even up to the elbows. The itching and burning were terrible. My hands got all scaly and when I scratched, the surface would be covered with blisters and then get raw. The eczema got so bad that I could not move my thumbs without deep cracks appearing. I went to my doctor, but his medicine could only stop the itching. At night I suffered so fearfully that I could not sleep. I could not bear to touch my hands with water. I went on for three months and I was fairly worn out. At last I got the Cuticura Remedies and in a month I was cured. Walter H. Cox, 16 Somerset St., Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1908."

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

Your Jeweler Knows a Good Watch

He knows how to properly adjust one to your individual requirements—so it will be accurate under all conditions. That's the only way to buy a watch—never by mail.

A South Bend Watch

Frozen in Solid Ice Keeps Perfect Time

A watch, no matter how good, cannot be accurate unless adjusted to the person who is to carry it. A South Bend Watch—acknowledged superior in every grade—could not keep perfect time unless individually adjusted.

Ask your jeweler to show you a South Bend Watch. Write us for our free book—showing how a South Bend Watch keeps accurate time in any temperature.

South Bend Watch Co., South Bend, Ind.

Unexpected Prize.

With a deftness acquired by long and patient practice the pickpocket extracted an old but well-filled wallet from the hip pocket of the unsuspecting old gentleman with the beaming countenance against whom he had carelessly brushed when leaving the street car, and on reaching a secluded place he opened it.

The contents had been wrapped with great care in numerous thicknesses of blank paper. Removing the wrapping one by one, he found in the center of the package a card with this inscription upon it: "Young Man, Give Up Your Career of Crime! Nothing In It!"

Lazy Men Power Generators.

Learned Justice Betts of Kingston, N. Y., says: "Lazy men have a right to live." Our lazy men are our most potent. History shows that as a rule, with a rule's exceptions, our greatest men had either indolent or shiftless fathers, as fathers of Shakespeare, Lincoln, Napoleon, Bismarck and other worthies indicate. On the other hand, great men's children are few and far between. Power in a lazy man is accumulating, as in a coiled spring, but the great man has little or nothing left for offspring.—New York Times.

Cheering Him Up.

"Bill," said the invalid's friend, "I've come to cheer you up a bit like. I've brought yer a few flahrs, Bill. I fought if I was too late they'd come in 'andy for a wreaf, yer know. Don't get down-'earted, Bill. Lummy, don't you look gashly! But there, keep up yer spirits, ole sport; I've come to see yer an' cheer up a bit. Nice little room you 'ave 'ere, but as I sez to meself when I was a-comin' up: 'Wot orkard staircase to get a coffin dahn!'"—London Globe.

An Irish Bull.

After Boyle Roche's famous bird comes the County Cork veterinary surgeon. At the last meeting of the Dunmanway rural council a member of that body complained of the inattention of the official veterinary surgeon "There was," the rural councillor explained, 'a case of swine fever in this place recently, and, though the doctor got the order to go there, he never turned up until the following Tuesday, and even then it was another man who came to represent him."

AN OLD TIMER
Has Had Experiences.

A woman who has used Postum since it came upon the market knows from experience the wisdom of using Postum in place of coffee if one values health and a clear brain. She says:

"At the time Postum was first put on the market I was suffering from nervous dyspepsia, and my physician had repeatedly told me not to use tea or coffee. Finally I decided to take his advice and try Postum. I got a package and had it carefully prepared, finding it delicious to the taste. So I continued its use and very soon its beneficial effects convinced me of its value, for I got well of my nervousness and dyspepsia.

"My husband had been drinking coffee all his life until it had affected his nerves terribly, and I persuaded him to shift to Postum. It was easy to get him to make the change for the Postum is so delicious. It certainly worked wonders for him.

"We soon learned that Postum does not exhilarate nor depress and does not stimulate, but steadily and honestly strengthens the nerves and the stomach.

"To make a long story short, our entire family continued to use Postum with satisfying results, as shown in our fine condition of health and we have noticed a rather unexpected improvement in brain and nerve power."

Increased brain and nerve power always follow the use of Postum in place of coffee, sometimes in a very marked manner. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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Force of Habit.

In spite of the impediment in his speech the fervent lover had nerved himself up to the point of a proposal.

"Mum-Mum-Maud," he began, "I mum-mum-may call you Mum-Mum-Maud, may I nun-nun-not?"

"Why, yes, if you wish to, Mr. Chatterton—Harry."

"That's rah-rah-right. Call me Ha-Ha-Harry."

"Ha-ha-Harry!"

"Thank you, Mum-Mum-Maud, there is sus-sus-something very nun-nun-near my heart that concerns yuh-yuh-you. Can you gug-gug-guess what it is?"

"Why, no, Harry."

"Then I'll tut-tut-tell you. My dud-dud-darling, I hul-hul-love you. Wuh-wuh-will you bub-bub-bub-be my wuh-wuh-wuh-wuh-wife?"

"Oh, Harry! This is so sudden!"

An Anatomical Wonder.

Senator Beveridge was criticising the ludicrous speeches of a certain upright but hot-headed congressman.

"He does make queer blunders, doesn't he?" said Senator Beveridge. "Have you heard about his latest?

"Well, it seems that a constituent, visiting him recently, complained of the shabbiness of a pair of ink-stained crash trousers that he had on.

"'A man of your position,' said the constituent, reproachfully, 'ought to wear handsomer trousers than those.'

"The congressman, offended, answered reproachfully:

"'My trousers may be shabby, but they cover a warm and honest heart.'"

Here's a Good One.

A friend of mine told me of a curious experience. He was carefully stalking a big bull elephant in a large herd, when they got the wind, and a big cow elephant charged him. He jumped behind a large tree as the elephant reached him, and, being unable to stop herself in time, the elephant drove her tusks with such force into the tree that they snapped off close to her head. The elephant was stunned for a moment, but luckily turned and galloped away. I shall be treating herd, leaving him the possessor of some 80 pounds of ivory, valued at about $250.—Circle Magazine.

Alcohol and Tuberculosis.

The most prominent tuberculosis specialists in the country agree that alcohol will not cure consumption. Dr. S. A. Knopf says: "Alcohol has never cured and never will cure tuberculosis. It will either prevent or retard recovery." Dr. Frank Billings of Chicago and Dr. Vincent Y. Bowditch, ex-presidents of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis; Dr. Lawrence F. Flick of Philadelphia and Dr. Edward L. Trudeau of Saranac Lake, the founder of the anti-tuberculosis movement in this country, are all of the same opinion.

Leave It to Him.

A Wichita man was fussing because of his aching teeth. "Why don't you go to a dentist?" asked one of his friends.

"Oh, I haven't got the nerve," was the reply.

"Never mind that," replied the friend, "the dentist will find the nerve all right."—Kansas City Journal.

Should Take His Medicine.

"A feller shouldn't stand in the middle of the street to talk pessimism," declared the Plunkville philosopher.

"Why not?"

"Fust he says life ain't worth living, and then jumps when he hears an automobile honk."

Still Retained His Belief

Magistrate Clearly Had No High Opinion of Supreme Court.

Col. Blank, a police magistrate of Toronto, has a local reputation for dispensing justice in his equity mill with no especial regard for the intricacies of the law. The colonel is highly respected in the community. Every man gets equal and exact justice in his court. Sometimes the lawyers appeal from his decisions, claiming they are not based on the law as it stands on the books. The defense in a case of some moment appealed once, and kept on appealing until the court of last resort was reached.

The colonel came into his office one morning and was met by a legal friend.

"Good morning, colonel," said the friend, "I must congratulate your lordship this morning."

"What is the provocation?"

"Haven't you seen the morning papers? The supreme court has confirmed your judgment in the case of So-and-So."

"Well," the colonel replied, as he drew off his gloves, "I still believe I'm right."

Skating.

Skating is believed to have been invented in northern Europe in prehistoric times. William FitzStephen speaks of it in London toward the end of the twelfth century, but it did not really catch hold until the Cavaliers who had been in exile with Charles II. brought it with them from Holland. On December 1, 1662, Mr. Pepys, having occasion to cross the park, "first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skates, which is a very pretty art." On the 5th he went purposely to see the sight and again found it "very pretty."

Disappearing Home Life.

The flat dweller ought not to keep a dog, prefers not to keep a cat, cannot have a garden, has no chance of keeping house, has no possible place for memories and, most emphatically of all, has no use or accommodation for babies. Although it may be possible to make homes without kittens, or babies, or flowers, or memories, or cupboards, the spirit of home is hard to woo and win without any of them —Fortnightly Review.

Charms Children
Delights Old Folks

Post Toasties

The crisp delicious, golden-brown food, made of Indian Corn.

A tempting, teasing taste distinctly different—all its own.

"The Taste Lingers"

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