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 shouted 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 dared 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 constricted bats behind 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, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrope, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrope became ill with fever.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

At noon, having learned that Winthrope's condition showed little change, Blake ate a hearty meal, and at once set off down the cleft. He did not reappear until nightfall; though at intervals Miss Leslie had heard his step as he came up the ravine with his loads of thorn-brush.

This course of action became the routine for the following ten days. It was broken only by three incidents, all relating to the important matter of food supply. Winthrope had soon tired of broth, and showed such an insatiable craving for cocoanut milk that the stock on hand had become exhausted within the week.

The day after, Blake took the rope ladder, as he called the tangle of knotted creepers, and went off towards the north end of the cleft. When he returned, a little before dark, the lower part of his trousers was torn to shreds, and the palms of his hands were blistered and raw; but he carried a heavy load of cocoanuts. After a vain attempt to climb the giant palms on the far side of the river, he had found another grove near at hand, in the little plain, and had succeeded in reaching the tops of two of the smaller palms.

Under his directions, Miss Leslie clarified a bowl of bird fat—goose-grease,' Blake called it—and dressed his hands. Yet even with the bandages which she made of soft inner bark and the handkerchiefs, he was unable to handle the thorn-brush the following day. Unfortunately for him, he was not content to sit idle. During the night he had cut a bamboo fishing pole and lengthened Miss Leslie's line of plaited cocoanut-fiber with a long catgut leader. In the afternoon he completed his outfit with a hairpin hook and a piece of half-dried meat.

He was back an hour earlier than usual, and he brought with him a dozen or more fair-sized fish. His mouth was watering over the prospective feast, and Miss Leslie showed herself hardly less eager for a change from their monotonous diet. As the fish were already dressed, she raked up the coals and quickly contrived a grill of green bamboos.

When the odor of the broiling fish spread about in the still air, even Winthrope sniffed and turned over, while Blake watched the crisping delicacies with a ravenous look. Unable to restrain himself, he caught up the smallest fish, half cooked, and bolted it down with such haste that he burned his mouth. He ran over to the spring for a drink, and Winthrope cackled derisively.

Miss Leslie was too absorbed in her cooking to observe the result of Blake's greediness. She had turned the fish for the last time, and was about to lift them off the fire, when Blake came running back, and sent grill and all flying with a violent kick.

"Salt!" he gasped—"where's the salt? I'm poisoned!"

"Poisoned!"

"Poison fish! Don't eat! God!—Where's the salt?"

The girl stared at him. His agony was so great that beads of sweat were rolling down his face. He writhed, and stretched out a quivering hand—"Salt, quick!—warm water—salt!"

"But there's none left! You remember, yesterday—"

"God!" groaned Blake, and for a moment he sank down, overcome by a racking convulsion. Then his jaw closed like a bulldog's, and gritting his teeth with the effort, he staggered up and rushed off down the cleft.

"Stop! stop, Mr. Blake! Where are you going?" screamed the girl.

She started to run after him, but was halted by an outburst of delirious laughter. Winthrope was sitting upright and waving his fever-blotched hands—"Hi, hi! look at 'im run! 'E's got wat'll do for 'im! Run, you swine; you—"

There followed a torrent of cockney abuse so foul that Miss Leslie blushed scarlet with shame as she sought to quiet him. But the excitement had so heightened his fever that he was in a raving delirium. It was close upon midnight before his temperature fell, and he sank into a death-like torpor. In her ignorance, she supposed that he had fallen asleep.

Her relief was short-lived, for soon she remembered Blake. She could see him lying beside the pool or out on the bare plain, his resolute eyes cold and glassy, his powerful body contorted in the death agony. The vision filled her with dismay. With all his coarseness, the man had showed himself so resourceful, so indomitable, that when she sought to dwell upon her reasons to fear him, she found herself admiring his virile manliness. He might be a brute, but he did not belong among the jackals and hyenas. Indeed, as she called to mind his strong face and frank, blunt speech she all but disbelieved what her own ears had heard.

And anyway, without his aid, what should she do? Winthrope had already become as weak as a child. The emaciation of his jaundiced features was a mockery of their former plumpness. Blake had said that the fever might run on for another week, and that even if Winthrope recovered, he would probably be helpless for several days besides.

What was no less serious, though she had concealed the fact from Blake, she herself had been troubled the past week with the depression and lassitude which had preceded Winthrope's attack. If Blake was dead, and she should fall ill before Winthrope recovered, they would both die from lack of care. And if they did not die of the fever, what of their future, here on this desolate savage coast?

But the very keenness of her mental anguish so exhausted and numbed the girl's brain that she at last fell into a heavy sleep. The fire burned low, and shadowy forms began to creep from behind the bamboos and the trees and rocks down the gorge. There was no sound; but greedy, wolfish eyes gleamed in the starlight.

Only the day before Blake had told Miss Leslie to store the last rack of cured meat inside the baobab. The two sleepers lay between the fire and the entrance to the hollow. Slowly the embers of the fire died away into gray ashes, and slowly the night prowlers drew nearer. The boldest of the pack crept close to Miss Leslie, and, with teeth bared and back bristling, sniffed at the edge of her skirt. Whether because of her heavy breathing or the odor of the leopard skin, the beast drew away, with an uneasy whine.

There was a pause; then, backed by three others, the leader approached Winthrope. He was still lying in the death-like torpor, and he lacked the protection which, in all likelihood, the leopard skin had given Miss Leslie. The cowardly brutes took him for dead or dying. They sniffed at him from head to foot, and then, with a ferocious outburst of snarls and yells, flung themselves upon him.

Had it not chanced that Winthrope was lying upon his side, with one arm thrown up, he would have been fatally wounded by the first slashing bites of his assailants. The two which sought to tear him were baffled by the thick folds of Blake's coat, while their leader's slash at the victim's throat was barred by the upralsed arm. With a savage yelp, the beast's jaws closed on the arm, sinking through to the bone. At the same instant the fourth jackal tore ravenously at one of the outstretched legs.

With a shriek of agony, Winthrope started up from his torpor, and struck out frantically in a fury of pain and terror. Startled by the violence of this unexpected resistance, the jackals leaped back—only to spring in again as the remainder of the pack made a rush to forestall them.

Winthrope was staggering to his feet, when the foremost brute leaped upon him. He fell heavily against one of the main supports of his bamboo canopy, and the entire structure came down with a crash. Two of the jackals, caught beneath the roof, howled with fear as they sought to free themselves. The others, with

The Girl Was Now Frantic.

brute dread of an unknown danger, drew away, snarling and gnashing their teeth.

Wakened by the first ferocious yelps of Winthrope's assailants, Miss Leslie had started up and stared about in the darkness. On all sides she could see pairs of fiery eyes and dim forms like the phantom creatures of a nightmare. Winthrope's shriek, instead of spurring her to action, only confused her the more and benumbed her faculties. She thought it was his death cry, and stood trembling, transfixed with horror.

Then came the fall of the canopy. His cries as he sought to throw it off showed that he was still alive. In a flash her bewilderment vanished. The stagnant blood surged again through her arteries in a fiery, stimulating torrent. With a cry, to which primeval instinct lent a menacing note, she groped her way to the fallen canopy, and stooped to lift up one side.

"Quick!—into the tree!" she called.

Still frantic with terror, Winthrope struggled to his feet. She thrust him towards the baobab, and followed, dragging the mass of interwoven bamboos. Emboldened by the retreat of their quarry, the snarling pack instantly began to close in. Fortunately they were too cowardly to rush at once, and fear spurred their intended victims to the utmost haste. Groping and stumbling, the two felt their way to the baobab, and Miss Leslie pushed Winthrope headlong through the entrance. As he fell, she turned to face the pack.

The foremost beasts were at the rear edge of the bamboo framework, their eyes close to the ground. Instinct told her that they were crouching to leap. With desperate strength she caught up the canopy before her like a great shield, and drew it in after her until the ends of the crossbars were wedged fast against the sides of the opening. Though it seemed so firm, she clung to it with a convulsive grasp as she felt the pack leaders fling themselves against the outer side.

But Blake had lashed the bamboos securely together, and none of the beasts was heavy enough to snap the supple bars. Finding that they could not break down the barrier, they began to scratch and tear at the thatch which covered the frame. Soon a pair of lean jaws thrust in and snapped at the girl's skirt. She sprang back, with a cry: "Help! Quick, Mr. Winthrope! They're breaking through!"

Winthrope made no response. She stooped, and found him lying heavy where he had fallen. She had only herself to depend upon. A screen of sharp sticks which she had made for the entrance was leaning against the inner wall, within easy reach. To prop it and thrust it against the other framework was the work of an instant.

Still she trembled, for the eager beasts had ripped the thatch from the canopy, and their inthrust jaws made short work of the few leaves on her screen. Unaware that even a lion or a tiger is quickly discouraged by the knife-like splinters of broken bamboo, she expected every moment that the jackals would bite their way through her frail barrier.

She remembered the sharpened stakes of her screen, hidden under the leaves and grass of her bed. She groped her way across the hollow, and uncovered one of the stakes. In her haste she cut her hand on its razor-like edge. All unheeding, she sprang back towards the entrance. She was none too soon. One of the smaller jackals had forced its head and one leg between the bars, and was struggling to enlarge the opening.

Fearful that the whole pack was about to burst in upon her, the girl grasped the bamboo stake in both hands, and began stabbing and lunging at the beast with all her strength. The jackal squirmed and snarled and snapped viciously. But the girl was now frantic. She pressed nearer, and though the white teeth gnashed near wrist, she drove home a thrust that changed the beast's snarls into a howl of pain. Before she could strike again, it had struggled back out of the hole, beyond reach.

Tense and panting with excitement, she leaned forward, ready to stab at the next beast. None appeared, and presently she became aware that the pack had been daunted by the experience of their unlucky fellow. Their snarls and yells had subsided to whines, which seemed to be coming from a greater distance. Still she waited, with the bamboo stake upraised ready to strike, every nerve and muscle of her body tense with the strain.

So great was the stress of her fear and excitement that she had not heeded the first gray dissoving of the night. But now the glorious tropical dawn came streaming out of the east in all its red effulgence. Above and through the bamboo barrier glowed a light such as might have come from a great fire on the cliff top. Still tense and immovable, the girl stared out up the cleft. There was not a jackal in sight. She leaned forward and peered around, unable to believe such good fortune. But the night prowlers had slunk off in the first gray dawn.

The girl drew in a deep, shuddering sigh, and sank back. Her hand struck against Winthrope's foot. She turned about quickly and looked at him. He was lying upon his face. She hastened to turn him upon his side, and to feel his forehead. It was cool and moist. He was fast asleep and drenched with sweat. The great shock of his pain and fear and excitement had broken his fever.

With the relief and joy of this discovery, the girl completely relaxed. Not observing Winthrope's wounds, which had bled little, she sought to force a way out through the entrance. It was by no means an easy task to free the wedged framework, and when, after much pulling and pushing, she at last tore the mass loose, she found herself perspiring no less freely than Winthrope.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The German Doctor's Graft

Well-Planned Swindle in Which a Millionaire Was "Stung."

A daring and well-planned swindle on a large scale was that executed by a German doctor and his confederates. Near a small village in one of the lake states lived a western millionaire in seclusion with his little daughter and a few servants. The child was afflicted with a rare cerebro-spinal complaint, a most unpleasant manifestation of which was a frequent bark-like hiccough, and eminent physicians, both in America and Europe, had pronounced the case organic and incurable.

Later there came to live in the village a widow with a little girl afflicted similar to the millionaire's daughter. The child was a delicate, flower-faced creature, wistful from the isolation that must have been her sad lot, and the peculiar bark-like hiccough which she made at once attracted the millionaire's attention and, being a big-hearted if rather ignorant man, he gave the mother employment about his home and showered the afflicted child with presents.

Perhaps four months after the widow's advent an eccentric German doctor settled in the village, and his service being sought by the widow he gave her child treatment, with the result that it was completely cured.

The millionaire immediately sought to place his little daughter under the German's care, but the latter flatly refused to take the case. He was a Socialist of a violent type and would have nothing to do with a man whose wealth exceeded the sum that he had fixed upon as the lawful limit of material possession.

Finally, however, after the father had patiently borne the grossest insults, the German agreed to give the afflicted child treatment, on condition that the other would first deed over a large tract of land in Texas for a Socialist colony and pay him for his fee a sum little short of $50,000. This the millionaire did, but as soon as the doctor had cashed the check he disappeared with the widow and her child, and the wealthy man realized that, blinded by paternal love, he had been made the victim of an ingenious swindle.

The flower-faced girl of the widow had been taught to simulate a disease, and the German was no doubt her father. He was subsequently located in Buenos Ayres, but the injured man, not wishing his daughter's affliction published broadcast, dropped the prosecution.—Don Mark Lemon, in the Bohemian Magazine.

GROWING POTATOES UNDER STRAW MULCH BENEFICIAL

It Will Bring About Good Results On Hilly Land Where the Moisture Often Does Much Damage.—By T. M. Cisel.

For growing potatoes on hill land or where they are often damaged by moisture the straw mulch will be found to bring good results. For straw covering the potatoes should be planted the last of May or the first of June. We have the soil well prepared. Mark off the rows two feet apart and not too deep. Straw potatoes require only about half the row space that cultivated ones need, as the vines are never so large and cultivation is not required. Cover the seed with two inches of soil and then with about ten inches of straw, or enough to make four inches when well beaten down by rain. This will keep the weeds down and hold the moisture throughout the summer. Potatoes grown in this way are always free from scab, clean and of fine quality. Clover chaff makes a good covering, but should not be put on so heavily as it forms a more compact covering, and with too much rain will cause the potatoes to rot.

There is nothing in the current superstition about planting potatoes in the dark of the moon and similar pieces of farm lore which have been accepted as gospel truth from time immemorial. This is the dictum of the department of agriculture, which made a serious study of the moon superstition and laid the Luna wraith at least to its own satisfaction.

There is usually a basis in fact for any superstition, and the moon superstition was so deep-rooted that a number of the experts of the department while going up and down in the land made it their business to study the question and see whether there might not be a germ of truth, or, at least, some reason for the general belief that the moon's phases have an effect on animal and vegetable life. They have concluded after patient investigation that the moon myth is one of the comparatively few myths that dates back to pure savagery and has absolutely not a scientific leg to stand on.

Almost every one, even if he has not reared in the country, has heard of the idea about planting potatoes in the dark of the moon. The field workers of the department of agriculture have found that at least 75 per cent of the farmers of this enlightened country put in their crops and do a good many other things about the farm governed absolutely by the moon's phases. Almost any farmer will tell you that if you plant potatoes in the dark of the moon they will run to tubers, and if in the light of the moon, they will run to tops. This is said to be true of any root crop, and it is planted accordingly.

There is only one difficulty about this theory and that is that it is not so. The agricultural experiment stations all over the country have been defying the superstition for years and raising just as good crops when the moon was one way as when it was the other.

Potatoes Growing Under Straw Mulch.

GOVERNMENT IN WILLOW BUSINESS

Free Distribution of Best Varieties Made from Nurseries Located Near Washington

The government is right in the midst of the harvest of a most unique crop at its experimental farm near Arlington, just across the Potomac from Washington, where a corps of laborers in charge of trained foresters are preparing for the annual free distribution of 100,000 basket willow cuttings.

Uncle Sam is encouraging the growing of high-grade willow rods in this country, and in the five years since the establishment of the holts at Arlington approximately a half million select cuttings have been distributed among farmers, with directions for planting and preparing for market.

Particular attention is given to selecting the varieties and strains best suited to the soil where the plantings will be made.

Willow craft is an industry which is constantly growing in importance in this country, yet the culture of basket willow in the United States made very little progress until five or six years ago.

Even now, practically all of the best grades of basket willow are imported from Europe, chiefly from France. Experiments have shown that the best grades of willow can be grown in this country at a good profit.

This year's harvest began early in March. Four approved varieties are being sent out, and only the best and most thrifty rods are selected for distribution. Cuttings for experiments, planting and information on management of the willow holts are furnished those who make the request of the forester at Washington.

The government recognizes the importance of good cuttings, a point more commonly overlooked than the matter of cultivation. Only the best and most thrifty rods are selected for each season's distribution.

The forest service is receiving a constantly increasing number of requests for basket willow cuttings. These requests came from farmers all over the country, many of them coming through members of congress.

USEFUL GRAIN SACKING DEVICE

Rack for Holding Sack That Will Easily Perform the Work of One Ordinary Man.

Make a triangular stand with two by four scantling. Drive three strong nails in the upper frame at an upward angle to serve as hooks, writes

For Sacking Grain.

H. F. Linde in Farmer. The stand should be about the height of a sack when full. By using such a stand one can sack more grain, lime, etc., than two working in the ordinary manner.

Exercise for the Horse.

It is a mistake to keep either young or old horses stabled several days at a time. They need daily outdoor exercise for development of muscles and bones. If the pasture is too short for them to run in, allow them daily exercise in an open lot.

Brood Coops Face South.

See that your brood coops face the south at this time of year so as to give the chicks as much of the sun's rays as possible, but reverse this method as the season advances and the heated months approach.

REMEDIES FOR SCABBY POTATOES

Two Poisons Are Recommended to Prevent Disease, Formalin Being Less Dangerous.

Potato scab is a disease of the potato tuber caused by a fungous growth attacking it in the soil. Spores of the fungus will remain in the soil from year to year and on the tubers from one season to another. The disease causes the surface of the potato to become rough and unsightly and very often extends deep into the flesh, injuring its food value.

Scab on potatoes can be prevented by planting uninfected tubers in clean soil, and the danger of infecting may be reduced by rotation or by planting the potatoes in different soil each season.

To insure a crop of potatoes free from scab treat the seed with some poison to kill the scab spores on them and plant in soil in which no potatoes have grown for several years. Two poisons for scab treatment are recommended. Formalin is the less poisonous and the one most commonly used. It costs about 50 cents a pint and one pint is used with 30 gallons of water. Formalin solution may be used either in a wooden or metallic vessel, and, although a poison, there is little danger in its use. Let the potatoes soak in the solution for about two hours. After disinfection place the potatoes in bags which contain no scab spores.

Spores of potato scab may also be killed by the use of corrosive sublimate. This is a very poisonous substance and must be used with care. Do not use for food any of the potatoes after treatment. To use corrosive sublimate provide a barrel or other wooden vessel, as it attacks metals. Dissolve two ounces of the poison in two gallons of hot water. When it has dissolved mix it with 14 gallons of water and sprinkle or pour it over the potatoes, so that all of the tubers become moist with the solution. What is left over of the poison must be carefully disposed of

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

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Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

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