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. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake discovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and securing 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. Blake was poisoned by a fish. Jackals attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake returned after nearly dying. Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyena. On a tour the trio discovered honey and oysters.

"Told You So! See Him Wriggle!"

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"Would it not be best for Mr. Winthrope to rest during the noon hours?"

"Fraid not, Miss Jenny. We're not on t'other side of Jordan yet, and there's no rest for the weary this side."

"What odd expressions you use, Mr. Blake!"

"Just giving you the reverse application of one of those songs they jolly us with in the mission churches—"

"I'm sure, Mr. Blake—"

"Oh, Miss Jenny! So, as that's settled, we'll be moving. Chuck some five coals in the pot, and come on."

He started off, weapons in hand. Winthrope made a languid effort to take possession of the pot. But Miss Leslie grabbed him aside and wrapped mire in the antelope skin, slung it upon her back.

"The brute!" exclaimed Winthrope. "To load such a load for you, when he knew that I can do so little!"

The girl met his outburst with a brave attempt at a smile. "You ought to look at the bright side, Mr. Winthrope. Really, I believe he thinks it is best for us to exert ourselves."

"He has other opinions with which we of the cultured class would hardly agree, Miss Leslie. Consider his command that we shall go thirsty until he permits us to return to the cliff. The man's impertinence is intolerable. I shall go to the river and drink when I choose."

"Oh, but the danger of malaria!"

"Nonsense. Malaria, like yellow fever, comes only from the bite of certain species of mosquitoes. If we have the fever, it will be entirely his fault. We have been bitten repeatedly his morning, and all because he must compel us to come with him to this infected lowland."

"Still, I think we should do what Mr. Blake says."

"My dear Miss Genevieve, for your sake I will endeavor not to break with the fellow. Only, you know, it is deuced hard to keep one's temper when one considers what a bounder—what an unmitigated cad—"

"Stop! I will not listen to another word!" exclaimed the girl, and she hurried after Blake, leaving Winthrope staring in astonishment.

"My word!" he muttered; "can it be, after all I've done—and him, of all the low fellows—"

He stood for several moments in deep thought. The look on his sallow face was far from pleasant.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Serpent Strikes.

WHEN Winthrope came up with the others, they were gathering green leaves to throw on the fire which was blazing close beside the ant-hill.

"Get a move on you!" called Blake. "You're slow. Grab a bunch of leaves, and get into the smoke, if you don't want to be stung."

Winthrope neither gathered any leaves nor hurried himself, until he was visited by a highly irritated bee. Then he obeyed with alacrity. Blake was far too intent on other matters to heed the Englishman. Leaping in and out of the thick of the smoke, he pounded the ant-hill with his club, until he had broken a gaping hole into the cavity. The smoke, pouring into the hive, made short work of the bees that had not already been suffocated.

Although the antelope skin was drawn into the shape of a sack, both it and the pot were filled to overflowing with honey, and there were still more combs left than the three could eat.

Blake caught Winthrope smiling with satisfaction as he licked his fingers.

"What's the matter with my expedition now, old man?" he demanded.

"I—ah—must admit, Blake, we have had a most enjoyable change of food."

"If you are sure it will agree with you," remarked Miss Leslie.

"But I am sure of that, Miss Genevieve. I could digest anything to-day. I'm fairly ravenous."

"All the more reason to be careful," rejoined Blake. "I guess, though, what we've had'll do no harm. We'll let it settle a bit, here in the shade, and then hit the home trail."

"Could we not first go to the river, Mr. Blake? My hands are dreadfully sticky."

"Kin will take you. It's only a little way to the bank here and there's not much underbrush."

"If you think it's quite safe—" remarked Winthrope.

"It's safe enough. Go on. You'll strike the river in half a minute. Only thing, you'd better watch out for alligators."

"I believe that—er—properly speaking, these are crocodiles."

"You don't say! Heap of difference it will make if one gets you."

Miss Leslie caught Winthrope's eye. He turned on his heel, and led the way for her through the first thicket. Beyond this they came to a little glade which ran through to the river. When they reached the bank, they stepped cautiously down the muddy slope, and bathed their hands in the clear water. As Miss Leslie rose, Winthrope bent over and began to drink.

"Oh, Mr. Winthrope!" she exclaimed; "please don't! In your weak condition, I'm so afraid—"

"Do not alarm yourself. I am perfectly well, and I am quite as competent to judge what is good for me as yours—ah—countryman."

"Mr. Wipthrope, I am thinking only of your own good."

Winthrope took another deep draught, rinsed his fingers fastidiously, and arose.

"My dear Miss Genevieve," he observed, "a woman looks at these matters in such a different light from a man. But you should know that there are some things a gentleman cannot tolerate."

"You were welcome to all the water in the flask. Surely with that you could have waited, if only to please me."

"Ah, if you put it that way, I must beg pardon. Anything to please you, I'm sure! Pray forgive me, and forget the incident. It is now past."

"I hope so!" she murmured, but her heart sank as she glanced at his sallow face, and she recalled his languid, feeble movements.

Piqued by her look, Winthrope started back through the glade. Miss Leslie was turning to follow, when she caught sight of a gorgeous crimson blossom under the nearest tree. It was the first flower she had seen since being shipwrecked. She uttered a little cry of delight, and ran to pluck the blossom.

Winthrope, glancing about at her exclamation, saw her stoop over the flower—and in the same instant he saw a huge, vivid coil, all black and green and yellow, flash up out of the bedded leaves and strike against the girl. She staggered back, screaming with horror, yet seemed unable to run.

Winthrope swung up his stick, and dashed across the glade toward her.

"What is it,—a snake!" he cried.

The girl did not seem to hear him. She had ceased screaming, and stood rigid with fright, glaring down at the ground before her. In a moment Winthrope was near enough to make out the brilliant glistening body, now extended full length in the grass. It was nearly five feet long and thick as his thigh. Another step, and he saw the hideous triangular head, lifted a few inches on the thick neck. The cold eyes were fixed upon the girl in a malignant, deadly stare.

"Snake! snake!" he yelled; and thrust his cane at the reptile's tail.

Again came a darting leap of the beautiful ornate coil, and the stick was struck from Winthrope's hand. He danced backward, wild with excitement.

"Snake!—Hi, Blake! monster!—Run, Miss Leslie! I'll hold him—I'll get another stick!"

He darted aside to catch up a branch, and then ran in and struck wildly at the adder, which reared hissing to meet him. But the blow fell short, and the rotten wood shattered on the ground. Again Winthrope ran aside for a stick. There was none near, and as he paused to glance about, Blake came sprinting down the glade.

"Where?" he shouted.

"There—Hi! look out! You'll be on him!"

Blake stopped short, barely beyond striking distance of the hissing reptile.

"Wow!" he yelled. "Puff adder! I'll fix him."

He leaped back, and thrust his bow at the snake. The challenge was met by a vicious lunge. Even where he stood Winthrope heard the thud of the reptile's head upon the ground.

"Now, once more, tootsie!" mocked Blake, swinging up his club.

Again the adder struck at the bow tip, more viciously than before. With the flash of the stroke, Blake's right foot thrust forward, and his club came down with all the drive of his sinewy arm behind it. The blow fell across the thickest part of the adder's outstretched body.

"Told you so! See him wriggle!" shouted Blake. "Broke his back, first lick—What's the matter, Miss Jenny? He can't do anything now."

Miss Leslie did not answer. She stood rigid, her face ashy gray, her dilated eyes fixed upon the writhing, hissing adder.

"I think the snake struck her!" gasped Winthrope, suddenly overcome with horror.

"God!" cried Blake. He dropped his club, and rushed to the girl. In a moment he had knelt before and flung up her leopard-skin skirt. Her stockings ripped to shreds in his frantic grasp. There, a little below her right knee, was a tiny, red wound. Blake put his lips to it, and sucked with fierce energy.

Then the girl found her voice.

"Go away—go away! How dare you!" she cried, as her face flushed scarlet.

Blake turned, spat, and burst out with a loud demand of Winthrope. "Quick! the little knife—I'll have to slash it! Ten times worse than a rattlesnake— Lord! you're slow—I'll use mine!"

"Let go of me—let go! What do you mean, sir?" cried the girl, struggling to free herself.

"Hold still, you little fool!" he shouted. "It's death—sure death, if I don't get the poison from that bite!"

"I'm not bitten—Let go, I say! It struck in the fold of my skirt."

"For God's sake, Jenny, don't lie! It's certain death! I saw the mark—"

That was a thorn. I drew it out an hour ago."

Blake looked into her hazel eyes. They were blazing with indignant scorn. He freed her, and rose with clumsy slowness. Again he glanced at her quivering, scarlet face, only to look away with a sheepish expression.

"I guess you think I'm just a damned meddlesome idiot," he mumbled.

She did not answer. He stood for a little, rubbing a finger across his sun-blistered lips. Suddenly he stopped and looked at the finger. It was streaked with blood.

"Whew!" he exclaimed. "Didn't stop to think of that! It's just as well for me, Miss Jenny, that wasn't an adder bite. A little poison on my sore lip would have done for me. Ten to one, we'd both have turned up our toes at the same time. Of course though, that'd be nothing to you."

Miss Leslie put her hands before her face, and burst into hysterical weeping.

Blake looked around, far more alarmed than when facing the adder. "Here, you blooming lud!" he shouted; "take the lady away, and be quick about it. She'll go dotty if she sees any more snake stunts. Clear out with her, while I smash the wriggler."

Winthrope, who had been staring fixedly at the beautiful coloring and loathsome form of the writhing adder, started at Blake's harsh command as though struck.

"I—I—to be sure," he stammered, and darting around to the hysterical girl, he took her arm and hurried her away up the glade.

They had gone several paces when Blake came running up behind them. Winthrope looked back with a glance of inquiry. Blake shook his head.

"Not yet," he said. "Give me your cigarette case. I've thought of something—Hold on, take out the cigarettes. Smoke 'em, if you like."

Case in hand, Blake returned to the dead snake, and picked up his club. A second glance told how would have ended the matter at once, and Blake did not strike. Instead, he fetched with his club until he managed to pin down the venomous head. The club bar across the monster's neck and he held it fast with the pressure of his foot.

When, half an hour later, he wiped his knife on a wisp of grass and stood up, the cigarette case contained over a tablespoonful of a crystalline liquid. He opened in at it, his heavy jaw thrust out, his eyes flowing with savage elation.

"Talk about your meat trusts and Winchesters!" he exulted; "here's a whole carload of beef in this little box—enough dope to murder a herd of deers. Good God, though, that was a close shave for her!"

His face sobered, and he stood for several moments staring thoughtfully into space. Then his gaze chanced to fall upon the great crimson blossom which had so nearly lured the girl to her death.

"Hello!" he exclaimed; "that's an amaryllis. Wonder if she wasn't coming to pick it—" He snapped shut the lid of the cigarette case, thrust it carefully into his shirt pocket, and stepped forward to pluck the flower. "Makes a fellow feel like a kid; but maybe it'll make her feel less sore at me."

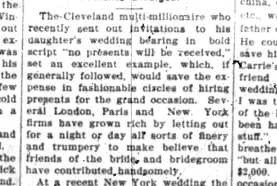
He stood gazing at the flower for several moments, his eyes aglow with a soft light.

"Why," he sighed, "it only— But what's the use? She's way out of my class—a rough brute like me! All the same, it's up to me to take care of her. She can't keep me from being her friend—and she sure can't object to my picking flowers for her."

Amaryllis in hand, he gathered up his bow and club. Then he paused to study the skin of the decapitated adder. The inspection ended with a shake of his head.

"Better not, Thomas. It would make a dandy quiver; but then it might get on her nerves."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



HIRED TO MAKE A DISPLAY

Secret as to Profusion of Wedding Presents Divulged.

The Cleveland multi-millionaire who recently sent out invitations to his daughter's wedding bearing in bold script "no presents will be received," set an excellent example, which, if generally followed, would save the expense in fashionable circles of hiring presents for the grand occasion. Several London, Paris and New York firms have grown rich by letting out for a night or day all sorts of finery and trumpery to make believe that friends of the bride and bridegroom have contributed handsomely.

At a recent New York wedding the guests were more than amazed at the display of presents. Five rooms were filled with the costliest jewelry, bric-a-brac, tapestries, paintings, cutglass, china, ceramics, rugs, furniture, laces, etc., world without end. Amen! The father of the bride is a practical joker. He couldn't keep a family secret to save his life. "What did you think of Carrie's presents?" he asked an old friend two or three weeks after the wedding. "Why, George, old fellow, I was thunderstruck! And just think of the hard times! There must have been half a million dollars' worth of stuff." George laughed. "Never breathe it to my wife," he whispered, "but all that vast outlay cost me only $2,000. I hired four roomfuls for the occasion from —— & Co., and we had 'em on exhibition for a week. The few things in the hall bedroom were ours."

DEEP SEA TALK.

The Porpoise—I hear that the sporty old lobster went all to pieces in his last days.

The Tortoise—Well, I should say he did go to pieces, and small pieces. He ended up in a lobster salad.

CUTICURA CURED HIM.

Eczema Came on Legs and Ankles—Could Not Wear Shoes Because Of Bad Scaling and Itching.

"I have been successfully cured of dry eczema. I was inspecting the removal of noxious weeds from the edge of a river and was constantly in the dust from the weeds. At night I cleansed my limbs but felt a prickly sensation. I paid no attention to it for two years but I noticed a scum on my legs like fish scales. I did not attend to it until it came to be too itchy and sore and began getting two running sores. My ankles were all sore and scabby and I could not wear shoes. I had to use carpet and felt slippers for weeks. I got a cake of the Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment. In less than ten days I could put on my boots and in less than three weeks I was free from the ever-founded itching. Capt. George P. Bliss, Chief of Police, Morris, Manitoba, Mar. 20, 1907, and Sept. 24, 1908."

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

Women in Postal Service.

The distinction of first appointing a woman postmaster does not belong to America, nor is the employment of women in the postal service a new idea. As early as 1548 a woman postmaster was appointed to look after the mails of Braine le Comte, an important town of France. In the trying times of the Thirty Years' war, the principal office in the postal service of Europe was held by a woman, Alexandrine de Rue. From 1628 to 1646 she was in charge of the mails of the German empire, the Netherlands, Burgundy and Lorraine. She was known as Maister general of the mails. In 1775 Olea, Elizabeth Harvey was the first to hold a place in the postal department. She had charge of the letters in Portsmouth, N. H., in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Half a century afterward Lydia Hill was placed in charge of the post office in Salem, Mass.

GOVERNMENT HOMESTEADS

One and one-half million acres of farming and grazing land will be opened for settlement in the Cheyenne River and Standing Rock Indian Reservation October 4th to 23d. Fast daily through trains direct to Pierre and Aberdeen, S. D., the registration points, via the Chicago & North Western Ry. Write for descriptive pamphlets giving maps and full particulars to W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

By Automobile Up Mount Rainier.

United States Engineer Eugene Ricksecker celebrated Independence day by throwing open the government road in the Mount Rainier National park. Vehicles and horsemen now have an excellent thoroughfare from tidewater to Naruda falls, near snowline in Paradise valley. Mr. Ricksecker says that autos and wagons can now make the trip with comfort. The maximum grade on the road is four per cent. Nearly a score of automobiles, all loaded, went to the mountain.

Not Ashamed of Economy.

Discussing England and the English from an American point of view, a recent American visitor in England observes: "Nobody, from the king of England down, is either ashamed or afraid to be economical. Here a man or a woman is thought to be a fool or a vulgarian who is not careful of expenditure, while Americans and waiters have been clever enough to make it appear that economy is mean, and as a nation we suffer accordingly. We are fools to be fogled in this manner."

A Dye That Will Color any Fabric.

Mrs. Adam Herbeson writes, "I have used Dyola and find it superior to any other package dye I have ever tried, as the same package colors wool, cotton, silk and mixed goods perfectly." Dyola Dyes come in 16 fast brilliant colors. 10 cents per package at your dealer's. Write Dyola, Burlington, Vt., for color card and book of directions sent free.

So, What's the Use?

"Yes, I went fishing yesterday," began the man who tries to be original. "Luck? Well, some. I caught two fish. One was three and a half inches long and the other five inches."

But was he believed? Not much. After he passed on some one commented:

"Bet he didn't get a bite."

Where Rice Excels.

"My mamma says that rice is a better food than wheat."

"Why is it?"

"Because of the food elephants it contains."

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.

Half Done.

First Lady — Your husband has merely fainted.

Second Ditto—Dear, dear! these men always do things by halves.

A TEXAS CLERGYMAN

Speaks Out for the Benefit of Suffering Thousands.

Rev. G. M. Gray, Baptist clergyman, of Whitesboro, Tex., says: "Four years ago I suffered misery with lumbago. Every movement was one of pain. Doan's Kidney Pills removed the whole difficulty after only a short time. Although I do not like to have my name used publicly, I make an exception in this case, so that other sufferers from kidney trouble may profit by my experience."

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

No Short Haul for Him.

"This is where you get off," said the railroad conductor.

"But I haven't rid fur enough," said the Billville man.

"Can't help that. You can't go any further on this ticket."

"My friend," said the man, "it's the first time I ever rid on a railroad train, an' if you ain't a better man than what I am I'm a-goin' to set right here till I see what the road ends. I know it must end some'ere, an' I'm curious to see what. Here's one more dollar. Now, go 'long an' let me alone!"

Why We Are Stronger.

The old Greeks and Romans were great admirers of health and strength; their pictures and statuary made the muscles of the men stand out like cords.

As a matter of fact we have athletes and strong men—men fed on fine strength making food such as Quaker Oats—that would win in any contest with the old Roman or Greek champions.

It's a matter of food. The finest food for making strength of bone, muscle and nerve is fine oatmeal. Quaker Oats is the best because it is pure, no husks or stems or black specks. Farmers' wives are finding that by feeding the farm hands plentifully on Quaker Oats they get the best results in work and economy. If you are convenient to the store, buy the regular size packages; if not near the store buy the large size family package. 2

Just an Angel.

"My wife is awfully good to me."

"Lucky man! How does she show it?"

"She lets me spend all the money I save by shaving myself to buy baseball tickets."—Cleveland Leader.

FREE LANDS IN WYOMING.

Chicago & North Western Railway.

Send for booklet telling how to secure 320 acres of U. S. Government lands in Wyoming free of cost, and describing various irrigation projects and the most approved methods of scientific dry farming. Homeseekers' rates. Direct train service from Chicago. W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., Chicago.

The "Black-Hand" Business.

Mrs. Hart—My husband got a letter today saying something dreadful would happen if he didn't send the writer a sum of money.

Mrs. Smart—My husband gets dunned for his bills, too.

A dead beat always gets more credit than he deserves.

What's the Matter with Baby?

"I wonder what makes baby cry so?" said the first friendly person.

"Perhaps a pin is annoying it," ventured another.

"Or else it's hungry," said a third.

"Or teething," said another. "You can't do anything for that."

"Aw, look at the way he's kicking and see how his little fists are doubled up," put in Bobby. "He wants somebody of his own size to fight with, that's what he wants."

Good for Sore Eyes,

for 100 years PETTIT'S EYE SALVE has positively cured eye diseases everywhere. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

If a girl admires a young man and keeps him at a distance, it's either because she is bashful or because she has been eating onions.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Plans are being made for the electrification of the more important state railways of Sweden.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURE ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

FOR BRIGHT'S DISEASE, RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, DIABETES.

PER BOX 75c "Guarantee"

The Fall is the Time to Paint.

THE weather is settled, the wood well dried out by the summer sun, no flies or insects to stick to the wet paint. You should protect your building against the rains and severe weather of the late fall and winter. Paint now.

Be sure and use a good paint—a paint that will look well and wear well. Poor paint is the most expensive you can buy. It does not last long, and then the work must be all done over again. The best is the most economical—it covers most surface, looks best and wears longest. Ask your dealer.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Write for Booklet. 601 Canal Road, Cleveland, O.

Ask Her This Question

"Do you know of any woman who ever received any benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?"

If any woman who is suffering with any ailment peculiar to her sex will ask her neighbors this question, she will be surprised at the result. There is hardly a community in this country where women cannot be found who have been restored to health by this famous old remedy, made exclusively from a simple formula of roots and herbs.

During the past 30 years we have published thousands of letters from these grateful-women who have been cured by **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** and never in all that time have we published a testimonial without the writer's special permission. Never have we knowingly published a testimonial that was not truthful and genuine. Here is one just received a few days ago. If anyone doubts that this is a true and honest statement of a woman's experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound write and ask her.

Houston, Texas.—"When I first began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was a total wreck. I had been sick for three years with female troubles, chronic dyspepsia, and a liver trouble. I had tried several doctor's medicines, but nothing did me any good.

"For three years I lived on medicines and thought I would never get well, when I read an advertisment of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and was advised to try it.

"My husband got me one bottle of the Compound, and it did me so much good I continued its use. I am now a well woman and enjoy the best of health.

"I advise all women suffering from such troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. They won't regret it; for it will surely cure you."—Mrs. Bessie L. Hicks, 819 Cleveland St., Houston.

Any woman who is sick and suffering is foolish surely not to give such a medicine as this a trial. Why should it not do her as much good as it did Mrs. Hicks.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL GREAT FOR PAIN

THE OIL THAT PENETRATES