

THE PRIMROSE

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which the young girl, Lydia E. Pinkham, an English girl, and her father, Lord Winthrop, an English nobleman, were passengers. The ship was wrecked on a remote island and the only one not to drown was Lydia. She was rescued by a native hunter, Blake, who became her protector. Blake started to swim back to the ship, but was rescued by Lydia. Blake returned safely. Winthrop was the last man on the island. He was rescued by Blake. Lydia and Blake were married. They established a home on the island. Lydia and Blake were married. They established a home on the island. Lydia and Blake were married. They established a home on the island.



"I Don't Believe Win Was Built for the Tropics."

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.
"She was far too preoccupied, however, to consider what might mean. Her first thought was of a fire. She ran to her rude stone fireplace and raked over the ashes. They were warm, but there was no live ember among them. Yet she realized that Winthrop must have had hot food when he awoke, and that the fire carried with him the magnifying glass. For a little she stood hesitating. But the defeat of the jacksals had given her courage and resolution. She had never had before. She returned into the cave, and chose the sharpest of her stakes. Having made certain that Winthrop was still in the cave, she set of boldly down the cliff.

At the first turn she came upon Blake's thorn barricade. It stretched across the narrowest part of the path in an impenetrable wall, 12 feet high. Only in the center was a gap, which could have been filled by Blake in less than two hours' work. The girl's eyes brightened. She herself could gather the thorn-bush and fill the gap before night. "You no longer need fear the jacksals or even the largest of the prey. None the less, they must have fire.

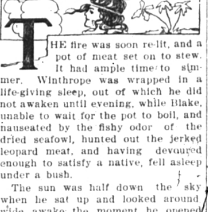
Spurred on by the thought, she was about to spring through the barricade when she heard the tread of feet on the path beyond. She crouched down, and peered through the tangle of thorns. She saw the feet of a man, and then the face of a man. It was not more than ten paces away Blake was plodding heavily up the trail. She stepped out before him.

"You—your? Are you alive?" she gasped.
"Live? You bet your boots!" came back the grim response. "You bet I'm alive—though I had a pretty good one better to do it. The whale—well, I've heaved him up, and he's a barrel of seawater to do it."
"Sea water?"
"Sure. . . I tumbled over the way. But I made the beach. Lord! how I jumped in the surf! Guess I went into a little bit of trouble, but if you think you know anything about seamanship—when? Lucky for you, you're a little better than I am. I've fallen in the water, and the Jonah business laid me out cold. Didn't know anything until the tide came up again and soured me."
"I am very glad you're not dead. It's good you must have suffered! You are still white, and your face is all creased."
Blake attempted a careless laugh. "Don't worry about it. I'm here, O K., all that's left is a little wobble on my pins, but hungry as a shark. But say, what's up with you? You're sweating like a—Good thing, though. I'll stave off your spell with a little while. How'd you happen to be coming down here so early?"
"I was starting to find you."
"Not you—that is, I thought you were dead. It was going to make certain, and to—get the burning glass."
"Um-m. I see. Let the fire go out, eh?"
"Do not blame me, Mr. Blake. I was so ill and worn out, and I've paid for it twice over, really I have. Didn't those awful beasts attack you?"
"Beasts? How's that?"
"Oh, but you must have heard them! The horrid things tried to kill us!" she cried, and she poured out a half in coherent account of all that had happened since he left.

"There's two kinds of seakrack, you've got the Stone-wall Jackrack kind. If anybody asks you, just refer them to me. Thank you, Mr. Blake. But should we not hasten back now to prepare something for Mr. Winthrop?"
"Ditto for yours truly. I'm like that seepiche you read about—white outside, and within nothing but bare bones and emphysema."

CHAPTER XV.

With Bow and Club.



"He here was soon reft, and a quantity of meat set out on a stew. It had ample time to simmer, and the fishy odor of the life-giving sleep, out of which he did not awaken until evening, while Blake, unable to wait for the pot to boil, and nauseated by the fishy odor of the dried seafood, hunted out the jerked leopard meat, and having devoured enough to satisfy a native, fell asleep under a bush.

The sun was half down the sky when he sat up and looked around wide awake the moment he opened his eyes. Miss Leslie was quietly placing an armful of sticks on the fire heap beside the baobab.
"Hello, Miss Jenny. Hard at it, I see?"
"Hush!" she cautioned. "Mr. Winthrop is still asleep."
"Good thing for him. He'll need all of his wits to get up."
"Well, between you and me, I don't believe Win was built for the tropics. This fever of his, coming on so soon, wouldn't have hit him in ten half so hard. He's bound to have another spell in a month or two, and—"
"But cannot we possibly get away from here before then? Is there no way? Surely, you are so resourceful!"
"Nothing doing, Miss Jenny! Give me tools, and I'd engage to turn out a seagoing boat. But as it is, the only thing I could do would be to fire-brush a log. That would take two or three days, and in the end we'd have a lopsided canoe that'd live about half a second in one of these tropic squalls."
"Do not the natives sail in canoes?"
"Maybe they do—and they make fire by rubbing sticks. We don't."
"But what can we do?"
"Take our medicine, and wait for a ship to show up."
"But we have no medicine."
"Have no—Say, Miss Jenny, you really understand a good deal about boarding-school and England long enough to learn your own language. I mean, we've got to close up the camp, without laying down or grousing. Both are the worst things you do for malaria."
"You mean that we must resign ourselves to this intolerable situation—that we must calmly sit here and wait until the fever—"
"No! I'll take care we don't sit here around very much. We'll go on the hike, soon as Win can wobble. Which reminds me, I've got a little hike on hand now. I'm going to close up the barricade before dark. Me for a quiet night!"
Without waiting for a reply, he took his weapons, and swung briskly away down the cliff.

He returned a few minutes before sunset, with what appeared to be a large fur bag upon his back. Miss Leslie was pouring a bowl of broth from the stew-pot, and did not notice him until he sang out to her: "Hey, Miss Jenny, spill over that stuff! No more of that in ours!"

"It's for Mr. Winthrop. He has just awakened," she replied, still in doubt on her pointing.
"And you'll kill him with that sheep!"
"Oh! what's that on your back? You've killed an antelope?"
"Sure! Don't ask, I guess they call him. I hauled off with my fist to do it. He jumped off a little way, and turned to see what hit him. I hauled off and put the second arrow right through his eye, into his brain. Neatest thing you ever saw."

"You surely are becoming a splendid archer. Yes! Jim'daddy! I could do it again about once in 10,000 shots. All the same, I've raked in this peacherino. Trot out your grill and we'll have something fit to eat."
"You spoke of beef juice?"
"I've a dozen steaks ready to broil. Slip 'em on the fire, and I'll squeeze out less than half their juices in a process, were eaten with great relish by Miss Leslie and himself.

Winthrop, after drinking the stimulating beef juice and a quantity of water, turned over and fell asleep. Again while Blake was dressing his wounds. None of these was serious of itself, but Blake knew the danger of infection in the tropics, and carefully washed out the gashes before applying the tallow salve which Miss Leslie had tried out on the antelope skin.

The dressing was completed by twilight. Blake then rolled the sleeper into a comfortable position, took the torch from Miss Leslie, and left the cave, pausing at the entrance to mutter a good good-night. The girl murmured a response, but watched him anxiously as he hobbled away. Before she could arm herself, she saw Blake stoop over and grasp with his free hand the mass of interwoven ambly, and he straightened himself, and the framework swung lightly

up and over, until it stood on end across the cave entrance. The girl stole around and peered out at him. He had spread open the antelope skin, and was beginning to align the meat for drying. Though his forehead was furrowed, his expression was by no means sinister. Relieved at the thought that the light must have deceived her, she returned to her bed and was soon sleeping as soundly as Winthrop.

Blake stung the greater part of the meat on the drying racks, built a smudge fire beneath, and stretched the antelope skin on a frame. This done he took his club and a small piece of bloody meat, and walked stealthily down the cleft to the barricade. Quiet was his approach, it was met by a warning cry on the farther side of the thorny wall, and he could hear the seery of fleeing animals.

He kept on until the barricade loomed up before him in the shaft of light. From cliff to cliff the wall now stretched across the gorge without hole or gap. But Blake grasped the trunk of a young tree, and swung himself over the barricade near the bottom, and pushed it out. The displacement of the spiky fronds disclosed the low passage which he had made. The center of the barricade. He placed the piece of meat on one side, two or three feet from the hole, and squatted down across from it with his club balanced on his shoulder.

Half an hour passed—an hour, and still he waited, silent and motionless as a statue. At last he saw the light glimmer on the outer side of the thorn wall, and an animal began to creep through the wall, sniffing for the bait. Blake, crouching in the shadows of an antelope, waited for the animal to come. With a boldness for which Blake had not been prepared, the bear leaped through and seized the meat. Blake stepped forward, and with a single stroke he had hured an animal larger than any jackal. But this only served to lend greater force to his blow. At the stroke he leaped over the thorn wall, and an animal began to creep through the wall, sniffing for the bait. Blake, crouching in the shadows of an antelope, waited for the animal to come.

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Blake prodded the inert form warily; they were dead, and he had made the best of his luck. He had killed a full-grown spotted hyena. In the morning, when Miss Leslie appeared, there were two hide stretched across the wall, and the air was dark with vultures streaming down into the cleft near the barricade. Blake was sleeping the sleep of the just, and did not wake until he felt the fire and began to broil the steaks which he had saved.

Again they had a feast of the fresh antelope meat. But with repetition came more of fastidiousness, and Blake agreed with Miss Leslie when she remarked that salt would have added to the flavor. He set out presently, and spent half a day in the tatus of the headland, gathering salt from the rock crannies.

For the next three days he left the cliff only to gather eggs. The greater part of his time was spent in tanning the hyena and antelope skins. Meantime Miss Leslie continued to work on her hammock, and to gather firewood. Under Blake's directions, she also purified the salt by dissolving it in a pot of water, and allowing the dirt to settle when the clarified solution was poured off and evaporated over the fire in one of the earthenware pans.

But Winthrop had been too long to sit up. But treated to a liberal diet of antelope broth, raw eggs, hot water, and coconut milk, he gained strength fast, and Blake had expected. On the fourth day Blake set him to work on the final rubbing of the new skins, and the fifth he ordered him to set up his eggs.

Much to Miss Leslie's surprise, Winthrop started off without a word of protest. All his previous irritability had gone with the fever, and the girl was gratified to see the quiet manner in which he set about a task which she believed an imposition upon his half-recovered strength. But the very motive which, seemingly, prevented him from protesting, implied he to speak for himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
Theater Curtain Stuck.
The modern theater curtain, which is really a metallic wall by which a theater auditorium may be effectually separated from the stage in case of accident by fire, must be properly constructed, says Leo Tempe, if its benefits are to be realized. A descent at an unexpected moment would result in the loss of as many heads as necks by its way, and a failure to move at all might also cause trouble. This latter feature was experienced at the seventh performance of "Le Roi" at the Grand Theatre, London, when the curtain caught fire. The fire was well filled, 8,000 francs having been taken in at the box office when it was time to begin the performance, but the metal curtain could not be raised. One of the big counterweights had been loosened and crashed to the stage. Tempe could not make and the audience fled, receding the price of tickets back at the door.

UNSETTLED.

"Ah! And whose little girl are you?"
"I don't know yet, mister. George and Jimmie is just fighting a duel over it in the lot to settle the question!"

PAINT DURABILITY.

The first thought in painting should, of course, be durability—and durability means simply one post-put properly applied. Pure paint is pure white lead and linseed oil (with or without tinting material).
Some years ago the paint-buyer was likely to get adulterated or counterfeited brands. Today he may buy with perfect safety. He only makes sure that the Dutch Boy Painter trademark is on the package of white lead that he buys. This trademark was adopted by National Lead Company to distinguish the pure white lead made by them from the worthless adulterated and fake goods. It is a guarantee as valuable to the house-owner as the education of a paint expert could be.

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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. Homeowner's rates. Direct train service from Chicago. W. B. Knicker, P. M., Chicago.

Weds Her Rich Stepfather.

Special care consequent on the following amusing story is told: After one of his speeches he asked "Can you think of it?" The only fault could find it. "Can you think of it?" "What you called the speaker, 'Sir' too often." "My dear friend," said Doherty, "if you knew the story I am in while speaking you would wonder if I had called him 'Ma'am'!"

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Peck* in Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Graves of the Wicked.

Where is the man who is not waded through the mud through the graveyards of the world and wondered where the wicked folk are buried? If one feels inclined to ponder, as he is, it is not wisely, but to think there never were many, if any, very, very wicked folk on earth.

Style of Price.

Are you going to raise any fancy crop on your suburban place this summer?" asked Jones of Smith, as they met in the business district.
"Well, yes," hesitatingly admitted Smith, "I am going to try to raise the mortgage."

The Air.

He—So you think married life ought to be one grand, sweet song?
She—Yes.
He—Well, air would you prefer for this matrimonial song?
She—I think a millionaire.

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THE BEST REMEDY

For Women—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Colonist one-way second-class tickets on sale daily from Chicago, September 15 to October 15, via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North Western Line to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and Puget Sound points. Corresponding low rates from all points. Daily and personally conducted tours in through Pullman tourist sleeping cars accompanied by experienced conductors and handled on fast trains.

PLAN YOUR TRIP NOW.

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FREE GOVERNMENT LAND!

Cheyanne River Reservation. 3,000,000 Acres of good land will be thrown open to Homesteaders October 4th to 23rd. The general land office has designated Le Beau and Aberdeen, S.D. on the M. & St. L. R. R. as places to register for the drawing.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more people brighter and faster colors in less time. One box covers all colors. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye in hot water, but they are not so good. Write for the book, "How to Dye," and get the book free.

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Colonist one-way second-class tickets on sale daily from Chicago, September 15 to October 15, via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North Western Line to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and Puget Sound points.

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Patine cleans, whiten and removes tartar from the teeth. It kills germs, and destroys all germs, and destroys all germs, and destroys all germs.

THE EYES

Patine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, but the inflammation and redness which attend the eye in a hot, dry, and dusty atmosphere. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh.

STOP

taking liquid physic or big or little pills that which makes you worse instead of curing. Cathartics don't cure—they irritate and weaken the bowels. CASCARETS make the bowels strong, tone the muscles so they crawl and work when they do this they are healthy, producing right results.

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