

THE SPANISH FORK PRESS

Elisha Warner, Publisher

SPANISH FORK . . . UTAH

There is a slump in winter over coats.

Dealers in sole leather are not complaining in Philadelphia.

We see no reason why spring should not be endorsed by press and pulpit.

The man that wore his affinity's name in his hat band evidently had something on his mind.

The rural carriers who are forbidden to shoot game must return to the problem of a butcher's bill.

It is not the size of woman's hat so much as the cost of it that worries the man who pays the bill.

A day's outing in an airship in Germany is going to be reasonably cheap. Still, the trip will come high.

Here is where the amateur farmer finds that garden truck cannot be gathered unless it is first planted.

If that London bank for women desires to win a big success it should make a specialty of 99-cent and \$1.98 deposits.

An elevator has been installed in St. Peter's at Rome. Will somebody now please give the Sphinx an extension telephone?

If it is necessary to photograph an ugly dog the blow is appreciably lessened by grouping the brute close to his beautiful young mistress.

Forest fires in Washington are said to have added and abetted the recent fatal avalanche there. Here is yet another argument for conservation.

Leguminotherapy, this alleged new science of rutabagas and things, can never hope to be popular unless it changes its name to something easier.

A lawyer in San Francisco was paid \$100 a pound for his brief. We have heard of weighing the evidence, but this is the first case of weighing the fee.

The friendship between China and Japan seems to be having an attack of nervous prostration, varied with acute hysteria, as far as the other nations are concerned.

In our Atlantic fleet there are 2,500 sailors who cannot swim. They did not enlist to swim. They prefer to be the men behind the guns, which they hope will keep afloat.

Roller skating may be all right, but the tired man who is trying to sleep beside a window that overlooks a broad cement walk on a warm evening does not fully appreciate it.

A New England woman detective is to marry a millionaire. Perhaps he thinks in view of the attacks on wealth, now the fashion, that a detective will come handy in the family.

No wonder the pneumonia germ retires willingly from the scene as spring comes on, bringing with it the untamed chauffeur to continue the work of providing business for the undertaker.

Of course, Germany will give a hearty welcome to American exhibitors at Berlin, and, no doubt, the kaiser will honor the display by his presence. The friendship between the two great nations is too strong for treatment of any other kind.

A party of American tourists who are visiting South America, going by way of a commodious and comfortable excursion steamer, are doing some good missionary work as well as enlarging their own experience. The visitors from the United States have been most cordially received by the officials and people of the southern continent, and doubtless the trip will help to promote friendly relations.

An army officer, summoned as an expert in a New York shooting case, objected to taking the usual oath to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. He said he was willing to tell all he knew, but that it was quite possible also that he might be mistaken, or that he was not acquainted with the whole truth. If all experts are as morbidly conscientious as this about their own fallibility, expert testimony is going to be revolutionized.

New Orleans has a novelty in booms. It appears that the great demand of that city is for babies, and to supply requirements recourse has been had to other localities where the birthrate is larger. A car load of infants from New York was shipped to New Orleans recently and disposed of in a jiffy. In fact, there were not one-quarter enough babies to fill the orders. Another installment has been engaged, and it would seem that any baby looking for a happy home need go no farther than the Crescent city to find such an outfit.

Appropriating the interest from a pension fund is about as refined an amusement as pawing the ice at a relative's funeral.

Madame Lipkowska, a Russian prima donna, has won her suit against a Boston hotel proprietor to restrain him from giving her name to choice dishes. The management agreed peaceably not to use her name in such connection. It may have been that the citizens of the intellectual center, for reasons of their own, abstained from ordering the dishes.

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a braggart 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, shamed 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. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded 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 Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roaring high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, 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 inspiring 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 devoted 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 Winthrop, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrop became ill with fever.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

At noon, having learned that Winthrop'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. Winthrop had soon tired of broth, and showed such an insatiable craving for coconut 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 coconuts. 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 coconut-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 Winthrop sniffed and turned over, while Blake watched the crisp 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 burnt his mouth. He ran over to the spring for a drink, and Winthrop 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?" "Poisoned 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. Winthrop was sitting upright and waving his fever-bloated hands—"Hi, hi! look at 'im! run! 'E's

got w'at'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? Winthrop 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 Winthrop 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 Winthrop's attack. If Blake was dead, and she should fall ill before Winthrop 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.



The Girl Was Now Frantic.

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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 Winthrop. 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 Winthrop 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 upraised arm. With a savage snap, the beast's jaws closed on the arm, biting through to the bone. At the same instant the fourth jackal tore ravenously at one of the outstretched legs.

With a shriek of agony, Winthrop 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.

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

Wakened by the first ferocious yelps of Winthrop'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. Winthrop's shriek, instead of spurting 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, Winthrop 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 such 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 Winthrop 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 cross-arms were wedged fast against the sides of the opening. Though it seemed so firm, she clung to it with a con-



visive 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. Winthrop! They're breaking through!"

Winthrop made no response. She stooped, and found him lying inert 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 grasp 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 intrust 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 grazed her 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-thrasher. Her 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 lessening 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 Winthrop'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 Winthrop'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 Winthrop.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INSISTED ON HOLE IN COFFIN. Through It Col. Butler's Triumphant Pigtail Should Protrude.

Thomas Butler, a colonel in the army of the United States early in the nineteenth century, died in New Orleans in 1805 in the midst of his celebrated controversy with Gen. Wilkinson regarding the wearing of his queue.

Col. Butler insisted on wearing his hair in the old-fashioned style in disobedience to Wilkinson's orders. According to Pierce Butler in his biography of Judah P. Benjamin, while the dispute was still raging Butler died and left directions that a hole should be bored in the head of his coffin and that he should be borne to the grave with his triumphant pigtail protruding in defiance. The family tradition is that these directions were carried out.

LAYMAN FINDS STOMACH CURE

Good Christian and Family Man Had Poor Digestive Organs—Cured Him You Can Get Free

It is a generally admitted fact among ministers and their families that Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the best laxative. It is not often that a man has a chance to "speak up in meetings," and hence these words from Mr. Joseph Murphy of Indianapolis, Ind., whose address we present herewith: "All my life I had needed a laxative to cure my constipation and stomach trouble. I couldn't eat a thing; I couldn't get what I did eat out of my system. I tried everything, because my work, engineering on a railroad train, makes it necessary that I feel good. Finally it was my good friend, Mr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, through the recommendation of a friend, I took it and was cured. Some time ago, but I am still well. It can be bought of any drug store for 50 cents or \$1 a bottle. Send your name and a free test bottle will be sent you. If there is some one about your case that you want to write the doctor. For the address, write Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.



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A HOT ONE.



Askit—Are you building a house?

Collim Down—I hope you think I was building an old house?

Another Instance.

The Fiji cannibal reluctantly deduced a quarter in response Lightning Calculator's pathos at the psychological moment.

"If you would only cut a boozie," he growled, "and pass crap and dice and the handboozie you wouldn't have to be touching friends for a grub-stake so reg." "Ah! You're like so many my Philistine friend," sigh Lightning Calculator; "it seems possible for you to understand centricities of genius!"—Los Herald.

Saving His Life.

A story is told of an Englishman who had occasion for a doctor staying in Peking.

"Sing Loo, greatest doctor," said the servant; "he saved my life once. 'Really?' queried the Englishman. 'Yes; me tellible awful,' was the reply; 'me callee in another doctor give me medicine; me velly bad. Me callee in another doctor come and give me medicine. Velly, velly badder. Me calle Loo. He no come. He save me.'

Getting Even.

William, aged five, had been commanded by his father for interfering while his father was telling a story about the new telephone house. He sulked a while, then over to his mother and, patting her cheek, said: "Mother, dear, I love you."

"Don't you love me too?" said the father.

Without glancing at him, she said disdainfully: "The whole world loves me."

POSTUM FOR MOTHER

The Drink That Nourishes and Supplies Food for Mother and Child.

"My husband had been drinking coffee for several years, and when we understood the boiling would bring out the flavor, we have been highly with it.

"It is one of the finest nursing mothers that I have ever seen. It keeps up the mother's strength, increases the supply of milk for the child if partaken of after the drink it between meals instead of after meals. Our five-year-old boy has been delicate since birth and has been slowly. He was white and thin. I began to give him Postum and you would be surprised at the result. When any person remarks that good improvement, we never tell them that we attribute it to strength and general health, free use of Postum and that many friends to use it for their own children.

"I have always cautioned whom I have spoken about Postum unless it is boiled fifteen or twenty minutes, it is quite tasteless. Other hand, when properly prepared, it is very delicious. I want to tell you for the benefits we have derived from the use of Postum."

Read "The Road to Well-being" in pkgs. "There's a Reason" in pkgs. Ever read the story of the man who appears from time to time as a genuine, sane, and sane of interest.