

Our Little Australian, Hawaiian, and Philippine Cousins

VOLUME TWENTY-THREE

MARY HAZELTON WADE
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Our Australian, Hawaiian, and Philippine Cousins

Volume 23

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Libraries of Hope

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Our Little Australian Cousin

Mary F. Nixon-Roulet

Illustrated by Diantha W. Home



Jean

To Kirby McDonough,

A Little Texas Friend

Preface

Australia, though a continent, is a part of the Empire of Great Britain. A few years ago it was a wild country, where no white people lived, filled with Blacks, who were man-eating savages. These are fast dying out, but in this story you will learn something about them, and of the lives of your Australian Cousins.

CHAPTER I

"Land!"

Fergus and Jean were very tired of the long voyage. They stood at the taffrail looking over the dancing waves, longing for the sight of land.

"It seems as if we would never get there, Father," said Fergus. "How long it is since we left home!"

"And how far away Scotland seems," sighed his mother, as she took little Jean on her lap and stroked her fair hair.

"But Australia is to be our home now," said Mr. Hume cheerfully. "See, there is the very first glimpse of it," and he pointed across the water to a dim line, as the look-out called, "Land!"

"We are passing Port Phillip's Head," he said presently. "See the lighthouse! Soon we shall land and you will see a beautiful city."

"Beautiful!" Fergus said in surprise.

"Why, I thought Melbourne was a wild sort of a place. You have told us about the time you were here long ago, before you married my mother, and you had floods in the streets and had to climb up on top of someone's porch for fear of being drowned."

"That was fifteen years ago, my son," said Mr. Hume with a smile. "Melbourne is very different now from what it was then, and then it was not at all like it was when its first settlers saw it.

"It was in 1836 that Robert Russell came here to survey the shore near Port Phillip and find out whether boats could go up the River Yana. He felt this to be just the place for a city, planned Melbourne and laid out the streets. It seems strange to think that then the blacks owned all this land and the Wawoorong, Boonoorong, and Wautourong tribes roamed these shores, and that when Russell laid out his city there were native huts standing. The place was called Bear Grass, and in 1837 there were thirteen buildings, eight of which were turf huts. Now Melbourne is seven miles square and the principal street is a mile long. You will soon see how handsome the buildings are, for we are now

making ready to land after our long journey."

Fergus and Jean Hume had come from Scotland to live in Australia. Their father had been a farmer, but he had lost all his little fortune through the rascality of a friend, and had determined to try again in the colony.

Australia is a colony of Great Britain just as Canada is, and though it is at the other side of the world, still it is British.

Mrs. Hume had a sister in Sydney and they were to visit her before going to the Gold Country, where Mr. Hume intended to try his fortune.

Fergus was a fine boy of twelve and Jean was eight, and both were much excited at the trip, while Mrs. Hume's sadness at leaving her old home was mixed with joy at the idea of seeing again the sister from whom she had been separated for years.

The landing on the Melbourne quay proved interesting for the children, and they were very much impressed with their first glimpse of the city.

"Why, Father," exclaimed Fergus, as they drove in a cab up Flinders Street, "Melbourne streets seem as busy as

those of Glasgow!"

"Indeed they are, my son," said his father, smiling. "Perhaps they are busier. You see Victoria is the busiest part of this country, although the people of New South Wales will tell you that their district is far superior and Sydney a much handsomer city than Melbourne."

"If the wares one sees in the streets are any sign, Victoria must have a great variety of products," said Mrs. Hume. "The shops have all manner of things in the windows, and besides there are great drays of wood, coal and timber."

"Victoria is called the Garden of Australia," said Mr. Hume. "You will see considerable of it if we go up to Sydney by rail instead of by sea."

"Oh, Father!" cried Fergus, who loved the water, "are we going to do that?"

"I haven't decided yet which would be the better plan," Mr. Hume answered. "I had thought of going by steamer and stopping at Hobart in Tasmania, but it will take a great deal longer and you will miss the trip through Victoria, which is said to be the prettiest part of this great continent."

"I think the sooner we reach Aunt Mildred the better

for all of us," said Mrs. Hume. "The children are tired with the long voyage and winter will soon be here."

"Winter!" exclaimed Jean.

"Winter, why, Mother!" cried Fergus. "This is June!"

"Yes, I know that," said his mother. "But don't you know that in the Southern Hemisphere, winter and summer change places? In Victoria, midwinter comes in July."

"Will it be cold?" asked Jean.

"No, dear, winter here is not like our nipping Scotch frost. It is not very cold here, and it rains in winter instead of snowing."

"I don't think that is nice at all," said Fergus. "We'll have no sleighing."

"There are many things we will miss here," said his mother sadly, but his father said cheerfully, "There are many things here we can't have at home, also. When I get to the Gold Fields you shall have all the gold you want, and that is something you never had in Scotland. Now, our fine drive is over and here we are at the hotel, where we shall have some luncheon. How have you enjoyed your first drive in an Australian city?"

"Very much," cried both of the children.

"It will be some time before you take another one, for I believe after all that we shall go by boat to Sydney. I understand that the sea trip is very pleasant and it is less expensive."

"I am glad," said Fergus.

"A boat sails this afternoon and there is nothing for us to do but have our luggage transferred from one boat to the other," said Mr. Hume, as they all went in to luncheon.

CHAPTER II

Sailing to Sydney

The travellers set sail for Sydney in a calm and beautiful afternoon when earth and sea seemed at peace. The sea sparkled in the sunlight as if set in diamonds and the vessel fairly danced over the waters as it sailed out of Bass Strait into the dark waters of the blue Pacific. The afternoon passed quietly and toward evening all gathered on deck to see the sunset, for Australia is noted as the land of wonderful sunsets, and from the sea these can be viewed in all their splendour.

Gold, crimson, yellow, pink, from brilliant to soft, from light to dark, the clouds changed in countless colour schemes, bewilderingly beautiful. The whole sky was a dome of softest rose, then a flaming crimson, then pearly-tinted heliotrope; the sea, too, shone in varying shades of beauty, until all melted and blended into one exquisitely

soft shade of deep-toned purple, and into this the smiling stars stole one by one, the countless stars of the southern night, and above all shone the glory of the Southern Cross.

"Oh, Father," whispered Jean, "I have never seen anything so beautiful! Is the sunset always like this in Australia?"

"This was a particularly fine one, daughter, but whenever the sun sets it is a thing worth looking at."

"How quickly it has grown dark after all that splendour," said Mrs. Hume, looking at the sky over which the clouds were passing.

"I don't like the look of the sky," said Mr. Hume. "I'm afraid there is a squall coming."

"Worse than a squall, sir," said a sailor, hurrying by. "It looks to me like a hurricane."

The air had grown suddenly warm and the sky was overhung with heavy clouds, while flashes of lightning blazed across the sky. Suddenly a great waterspout seemed to rise up like an inky-black pillar from sea to sky. The ship tossed about and pitched so badly that it was impossible to keep one's feet and Mr. Hume led his little party to the cabin.



"'I thought Pacific meant peaceful,' said Fergus."

"Oh, Father! what shall we do?" cried Jean, frightened.

"Go to sleep is the best thing to do if you can," he said, and the children were put to bed in their berths, in which they could hardly stay, so violent was the pitching of the ship.

The wind howled and roared and, as the storm kept up all night, there was little sleep in the cabin. When the morning came it was little better. Sea and sky were dull gray, save where the foam-crested waves broke in sheets of spray against the sides of the vessel, sending the foam high into the air.

"It is across sea," said the sailor on the lookout and the captain shook his head. "It's a bad outlook," he said. "I don't like the gray water."

"I thought Pacific meant peaceful," said Fergus, who stood clinging to his father on deck, looking at the wonderful scene. "It doesn't seem peaceful to me," as a great wave broke over the deck and drenched him to the skin.

"Like most peaceful things, it is terrible when it is roused," said Mr. Hume. "There is a strong current running up and down this eastern shore of Australia and it often

sets vessels quite out of their course. Sometimes they are washed miles out of their way, and occasionally, in the darkness, run upon one of the little islands which dot this sea."

"Is Tasmania one of them?" asked Fergus.

"We have long since passed Tasmania," said his father. "But there are many little islands between here and Sydney. There! What is that?" he exclaimed. Suddenly it seemed as if land sprang at them through the fog and they were almost upon a rocky shore. So near to it was their steamer that there was barely time to put about and it was only by the quickest action that they escaped the rocks. The steamer lurched and rolled, pitched and tossed in the gale, but she passed the rocks in safety, and as afternoon waned and night drew on, the storm grew less, until by midnight the sea was quiet. The morning of the third day broke in a golden splendour, the air was fresh and cool, the sky and the sea were as blue as a sapphire, the children glad to be out of the stuffy cabin and up on deck.

"If the weather continues like this we shall not be long in reaching Sydney," said Mr. Hume. "And I am sure we

shall all be glad to get there."

"What kind of a place is Sydney?" asked Fergus.

"It is a fine city, my boy, and very different from what it was when Botany Bay was peopled with felons."

"What are felons?" asked Jean.

"Felons are people who have done wrong and must be kept in prison for punishment in the hope that they will learn to do right," answered Mr. Hume. "Botany Bay was named by the botanist Joseph Banks who was with Cook when he made his first voyage in 1770. It is an inlet near Sydney and the English sent their criminals there until 1840. Such men as behaved well when they reached the colony were allowed to leave the penal settlement upon tickets, and were called 'ticket of leave men.' They could be followed up and brought back if they misbehaved in any way. Many of them were good men who had been led into wrongdoing and were glad to have a chance to be good again. They went out into the 'bush,' cleared farms or sheep stations, and many of them grew rich. Quite a number of the good citizens of Australia today, could, if they would, trace their descent back to 'ticket of leave' men."

"I shouldn't think they would like to do that," said Fergus. "I wouldn't like anyone to know that my people had done wrong."

"Everybody does wrong," said Jean sagely.

"Yes, but everyone isn't found out," her brother answered. "When they are, it hurts."

"But if it's found out that they're sorry and are going to do good forever and ever," the little girl looked puzzled, "then does it matter?"

"Dear little childish point of view," said her mother, with a smile, and her father added, "It would be a good thing if older people felt so."

Sydney looked beautiful enough as their ship steamed into the bay to pay them for their troublesome voyage. The harbour is one of the handsomest in the world. The city is picturesquely situated upon the bold and rocky slopes which rise from the water's edge and is defended from any possible attack by bristling forts and batteries.

"This narrow entrance to the harbour is called 'the Heads,'" said Mr. Hume to the children, who were dancing about asking a thousand questions, of which their father

answered the most important. "The lighthouse is a guide to all storm-driven sailors, and also a good lookout, should any enemies of England hope to steal upon Australia unawares. I think Sydney one of the most delightfully situated cities I have ever visited. It is surrounded by parks and groves where grow bananas, orange trees, palms and all manner of tropical plants. Its climate is healthful and life here easy and pleasant."

"The buildings seem very handsome," said Mrs. Hume, as the city came into view, gleaming white and beautiful in the morning sun.

"The sandstone upon which the town is built gives fine building material," said her husband, "and while, in the older part of the city, streets are narrow and houses old-fashioned, the newer portion compares favourably with almost any of the modern European cities.

"We are just about in now; the sailors are making ready to cast the hawser."

"Oh, Fergus! There is Mildred!" cried Mrs. Hume to her husband, pointing to a sweet-faced little woman who stood beside a large, burly-looking man upon the wharf. "It is

worth almost the long journey from home just to see her again!" and she stretched out her hands to the sister whom she had not seen for ten years.

Soon they were landed and the two sisters greeted each other joyfully.

"Elsie! How glad I am to welcome you to Australia," cried Mrs. McDonald, while her sister said, "Mildred, you don't look a day older than when you left Scotland!"

"Life is easy out here," said Mr. McDonald genially. "Come, all of you. The carriage is waiting. We are glad to have a visit from you and want it to be as long a visit as possible. We have planned all manner of things to do during your stay."

As they drove through the handsome streets, Mrs. McDonald said, "It is nearly time we went into the country, and after you are well rested and have seen Sydney, Angus is going to take us up to the station so you can see just what life is on an Australian 'run.'"[1]

"I am sure we shall enjoy it," said Mrs. Hume. "But just now I can think of nothing to do but getting rested. The

[1] Run is the name given to a ranch in Australia

sea motion is still in my head, and I believe that if I could go to bed and think that Jean could sleep without danger of falling out of bed, I could sleep for two or three days without waking up."

"We'll take care of the wee lassie and of this big boy, too," said Mr. McDonald kindly, laying an arm about Fergus' shoulder. "Sandy is up at the run and you will have fine times with him there, and your mother shall rest as long as she wants to.

"But you are not seeing the sights as we pass. We think Sydney about the finest thing on this side of the world. These buildings are a part of the University. The College of St. Paul's there belongs to the Church of England, and St. John's is Roman Catholic."

"It is all very handsome," said Mrs. Hume.

"How Sydney has changed since I was here," said Mr. Hume. "It is not like the same place."

"Its growth is simply wonderful," said Mr. McDonald. "We have now all manner of manufactories. Wagons are made here and sold all over Australia and New Zealand. There are fine glass and pottery works, boot and shoe fac-

tories, besides stove foundries and carriage works. Tobacco and fine liquors are manufactured here and Sydney is really the center of the British colonies in the South."

"Here we are at home," said his wife. "So your interesting lecture must cease. I am sure Elsie would rather see a good cup of tea and a comfortable bed than hear your discourse on the beauties of Sydney when she's homesick for dear little Glasgow."

"Tea and bed will do much to do away with homesickness, and the sight of you will do more," said her sister as they alighted from the carriage and went up the steps of a handsome house surrounded by fine trees and a garden radiant with flowers.

CHAPTER III

A Drive

A few days' rest made the travellers as good as new and Fergus and Jean were ready for any kind of an adventure. They went about the city interested in each and everything they saw, for they were bright little children, full of spirits to the brim.

"We are to take a drive this afternoon," said Mrs. McDonald one morning. "Your Uncle Angus is going to show you Wuurna-wee-weetch, which means 'home of the swallow.' It is the largest squatter station anywhere about here, and it is as handsome as any noble estate at home."

"That will be jolly, Aunt Mildred," said Fergus, who loved driving.

When luncheon was over they all seated themselves in Mr. McDonald's comfortable road-cart, and his fine span of horses pranced along the Sydney streets.

"We are passing St. Andrew's Cathedral now," said Mrs. McDonald. "And there is St. Mary's Cathedral, which is equally fine. There is the Governor's Mansion, the Museum, the Art Gallery, and now we are entering Hyde Park. Isn't it beautiful? The water works of Sydney are excellent and the water supply never fails. It comes sixty-three miles from the Nepean River and is stored in a huge reservoir. Even in the hottest weather there is enough water to keep our parks green and beautiful."

"You are very enthusiastic over your adopted country," said her sister, teasingly.

"Indeed I am. I have learned to love Australia, the rural life better than the urban. You wait until we go up to the 'run' and see if the charm of the Bush country life doesn't hold you." Mrs. McDonald smiled. "Now we are entering the grounds of Wuurna-wee-weetch. Tell me, is the Duke of Argyle's place finer?"

They drove over the estate, which was surpassingly beautiful.

"I have heard so much of the Australian Bush and how wild and bare it is," said Fergus, "that I had no idea that

there was anything here so fine as this."

"What magnificent trees," said his mother.

"Those are the eucalyptus, the gum trees for which Australia is famous," said Mr. McDonald. "The eucalyptus grows to an enormous height, many of the trees are 150 feet high and eleven feet around the trunk. In some places they grow to be twenty feet in diameter. They are not good shade trees because the leaves, which are shaped like little lances, grow straight up and down, that is, with one edge toward the sun. But in spite of that, the tree is one of the most useful in the world. There are nearly 150 varieties of eucalyptus, and most of these are found in Australia. The lumber is used for all kinds of building purposes. Many of the trees contain a hard substance, 'manna,' from which we get a kind of sugar called *melitose*. Others give us *kino*, a resin used in medicine. The bark yields tannin, and from one variety with 'stringy bark' we get a fibre used for making rope, the manufacture of paper and for thatching roofs. From the leaves an oil is distilled which is much used in medicine, being particularly good to dress wounds and for the treatment of fevers."

"It seems to me that these trees furnish almost everything you need," said Mr. Hume.

"If you include the birds who nest in them and the animals who climb in the branches," replied his brother-in-law, "I fancy the Blacks did not need to look beyond the eucalyptus for a living. The wood built their huts, and the bark thatched them. From the fibre they made mats for their floors and hats to keep off the sun, and clothes, which consisted of waist cloth and sandals. The leaves gave them medicine for the fever and salve for their wounds. The cockatoos nesting in the branches furnished them delicious food, while of the feathers the gins[1] made boas for their necks and wonderful Easter bonnets. It really would seem as if the gum trees were all they really needed. They have another use not to be slighted, for they take up the moisture rapidly and dry the soil in rainy seasons, thus reducing the malaria always found in such climates as these."

"They are certainly useful," said Mrs. Hume. "Is this the station to which we are going?" as they drove through a fine gateway.

[1] Black women.

"Yes," said Mrs. McDonald. "Wuurna-wee-weetch is quite up to date in every way. The house cost £30,000 to build and the ranch has every modern improvement. The grazing land hereabouts is perfectly adapted to sheep raising. It is so rich that you may dig ten feet down and still find rich black dirt. The owner of this ranch has been most successful. He has recently put in new wool sheds, sheep pens, washing ponds, and the like, and you may, if you wish, see the whole process of sheep raising, shearing, pressing, packing and transporting the wool. You will see it at our station on a smaller scale." They drove for an hour about the magnificent place, and over all the estate was an air of wealth and prosperity.

The gardens were blooming with gay, tropical flowers, and the songs of the birds were in the air, as they flitted hither and yon through the branches of the magnificent trees.

"What is that noise, Aunt Mildred?" asked Jean as they drove through a beautiful grove of pines which scented the air deliciously. "It sounds like a far away church bell."

"It is the bell bird, dear, one of the curiosities of

Australia," replied her Aunt. "Long, long before there was a church bell of any kind in Australia, this little, lonely bird made its curious bell-like note. There are some pretty verses by one of our poets about it."

"Can you say them to us, Aunty?"

"I will try, they are really beautiful," she said.

"'Tis the bell bird sweetly singing,
The sad, strange, small-voiced bird,
His low sweet carol ringing,
While scarce a sound is heard,
Save topmost sprays aflutter,
And withered leaflets fall,
And the wistful oaks that utter
Their eerie, drearie, call.

"What may be the bell bird saying,
In that silvery, tuneful note?
Like a holy hermit's praying
His devotions seem to float
From a cavern dark and lonely,

Where, apart from worldly men,
He repeats one dear word only,
Fondly o'er and o'er again."

"Is not that pretty?" said Mrs. Hume, as her sister's musical voice ceased. "I did not know you had such poets in Australia."

"Indeed we have a literature of our own," said Mrs. McDonald, "and very beautiful things are written by Australians. You have much to learn about this great island continent of ours."

"Now we must turn toward home," said Mr. McDonald, and his wife said, "Drive back past Tarnpin, it is so beautiful about there. Tarnpin, or Flowing Water, is a favourite spot hereabouts. The Blacks have a quaint story about its origin, and I will tell it to you as old Tepal, a black chief, told it to me.

"It was the day time, and all the animals died of thirst. So many died that the Magpie, the Lark, and the Crane talked together, and tried to find water to drink.

"'It is very strange,' said the Magpie, 'that the Turkey

Buzzard is never hungry.'

"'He must, then, have water to drink,' said the wise Crane.

"'He flies away every morning, very early,' said the Lark.

"'Let us rise before the sun and watch him,' said the Magpie, and they agreed.

"Next morning the Turkey Buzzard rose early and crept from his wuurie.[1] He looked this way and that and saw no one. Then he flew away. He knew not that two bright eyes peeped at him through the leaves of the great gum tree. He did not hear the 'peep, peep' with which the Lark awoke his friends. The Lark, the Magpie and the Crane flew high to the sky. They flew so high that they looked as specks on the sun. The Turkey Buzzard saw them but thought they were small, dark clouds. He flew to a flat stone and lifted it up. And the water gushed from a spring in the rock and he drank and was satisfied. Then he put back the stone and flew away.

"The three friends laughed and were glad. Quickly they flew to the stone, singing, 'We have caught him!' and drank

[1] Hut.

of the fresh water. They bathed in the pool and flapped their wings until the waters rose and became a lake of clear water. Then they spread their wings and flew over the earth, and the waters dropped from their wings and fell to the thirsty earth. They made there water holes, and ever since there have been drinking places all over the land."

"My but that's a jolly story," said Fergus, the irrepressible. "Did you really know the Blacks, Aunt Mildred? Are there any around here?"

"None very near," said his aunt. "Indeed, they are mostly dying out. People who have lived here a long time used to know them and say they were a kindly people. They were very fond of children and I do not think they were cruel or quarrelsome unless roused to anger. They have nearly all buried themselves in the Bush, but you will be likely to see some of them at our station. There used to be a number around the 'run,' and when we first came out we had some rather curious experiences with them. We do not see many now, their experiences with white people were not always pleasant, I am sorry to say."

"I hope we shall see some of them," said Fergus.

"I like black people," said little Jean.

"What does she know of Blacks?" asked her aunt, smiling, and her mother replied, "Some people from the States came to our farm one fall for the shooting and they had a black nurse for the baby. Jean took a great fancy to her, and we simply couldn't keep her from toddling after Dinah. She was a faithful soul, so good and kind."

"Those who have lived here for many years say that if you once make a friend of a Black he will do anything for you," said Mr. McDonald. "I never had any trouble with them around my station, though other squatters did."

"I think it's all in the way you treat them," said his wife. "Of course the Blacks near the 'run' are not the wild Blacks from the interior, the man-eating kind, but a gentler race."

"Well, I hope we shall see some of them," said Fergus. "But I shouldn't care for cannibals."

CHAPTER IV

On the Way to the "Run"

It was a bright morning when they left Sydney to go to the station, taking the train early in the day, for there was a railway ride of several hours before them, as well as a long drive.

"Now you are going to see something of Australian life," said Mr. McDonald. "Life in Sydney or Melbourne is very little different from that in Liverpool or Glasgow. On the big stations it is much the same as on the country places at home, but my station is typical of Australia."

"Is it in the Bush, Uncle?" asked Fergus.

"Hear the laddie talking like an old squatter," laughed Mr. McDonald. "Yes and no. You see the Australians who live in the cities consider all the rest of the continent the Bush, but to those who live in the grazing and farming districts the country inland is the Bush or the 'Back Country.'

Our run is beautifully situated just on the edge of the Dividing Range, and we are lucky enough to have a river running through one side, so that the run is seldom dry."

"What is the Dividing Range?" asked Fergus, who was determined to understand everything he heard. If he did not, it was not because he did not ask questions enough about it.

"The Dividing Range is the high land which separates the east and west of the continent and runs from north to south along the coast. It is sometimes called the Australian Alps, and some of the peaks are 7,000 feet high. The eastern part of Australia runs in a long strip of fertile ground along the coast. West of this are the mountains and beyond them is a high plateau which slopes down to the plains of Central Australia. This central portion is an almost unknown country. There are no great rivers and little rain. The land is terribly dry and very hot. Many who have gone to explore it have never returned and no one knows their fate. Perhaps they have died of thirst, perhaps they have been killed by the Blacks. This part of the country is called 'Never, Never Land.'"

"Uncle Angus," asked Fergus, as his uncle paused. "When you came to your station were you a squatter?"

His uncle's hearty laugh rang out. "No, my boy, but I bought my run from a squatter," he answered. "The days of squatters were about over when I came out. What do you know about squatters?"

"I don't know anything," answered Fergus. "Only I have heard the name and thought maybe you would tell us about them."

"In the old times, before Australia had started in the trade, the wool from the sheep on the runs was very important to her," said Mr. McDonald. "Men would come out to the country, and, not having very much money, they could perhaps buy a small homestead and stock it, but little more. They would have to have large tracts of land to pasture their sheep, but had not money enough to buy the land. They therefore settled down and took what they needed without permission, and so were called 'squatters.' The Government did not interfere with them, because the wool from their sheep was needed and because the country was so big there seemed land enough for everyone. In time the

matter was arranged by the Government's dividing the back country into grazing districts, which all the squatters might use by paying a yearly rent."

"How did the squatters keep their sheep from other people?" Fergus inquired.

"Every flock had its shepherd, who led it wherever food and water were to be found," was the answer. "The life of a shepherd was a lonely one. He had to watch the sheep and lambs and see that the dingoes[1] did not get at them. The shepherd never saw any other people except the man who brought his supplies from the station. His dogs were his only friends, and often these shepherd dogs are marvels of intelligence and loyalty. For a time the squatters prospered and some of them grew immensely wealthy. These were called 'Wool Kings' and lived on their stations extravagantly, building houses such as you saw at Wuurna-wee-weetch.

"But sheep raising is not all plain sailing in Australia. Rabbits were brought into the country, and these proved to be a regular plague, destroying the grass, so that the Government passed a law that squatters must help to

[1] Wild dogs.

exterminate them, which put them to a great expense.

"When I came here twenty years ago, I got my station from a squatter who had worked it for years and had made enough to sell out and go to Sydney, where it had always been his ambition to live. I have worked hard and been successful. When you see our station I think you will want to stay in this country instead of trying to find gold in 'Never, Never Land,'" he said to his brother-in-law.

"Perhaps I shall, but I have no money to buy a station and I can't be a squatter now," said Mr. Hume.

Their way lay through a beautiful semi-tropical country. The train moved through fertile valleys, fine woodland and green vales, and bridged cool mountain streams. When their stopping place was reached and they alighted from the train to find a comfortable cart and good horses awaiting them, Fergus exclaimed, "It doesn't seem to me that travelling in Australia is very hard work."

"Wait till you get to the Bush," said his uncle. "And have to tramp it with your swag[1] upon your back, make your

[1] Name given to the pack carried on the back.

own supper over a twig fire, stir your tea in a billy[1] with a eucalyptus twig, and roll up in a blanket to sleep, waking up to find a dukite snake taking a nap on your breast—that's real Australia for you."

"I like your kind better," said Jean with a shudder, but Fergus said boastingly, "Well, I'm not afraid of the Bush."

"Wait and see," said his father as they drove through the gate which led into Mr. McDonald's run.

It was a beautiful station and well suited for the sheep farming from which the owner had made his money. The land lay in a triangle, on two sides of which was a considerable stream while the main road formed the third boundary. The land was fenced with stout rail fences while the paddocks were fenced with wire.

The house was built of stone, of one story, with a broad veranda running around all four sides, shaded in vines and looking on a garden in which gorgeous-hued flowers bloomed in brilliant beauty. There was an air of great comfort about the place. Hammocks were slung in the porches and easy chairs were placed invitingly about.

[1] Bucket for water, carried by Australians.

Long windows clear to the floor opened into the living rooms and a wide hallway ran through the middle of the house. On one side was a drawing room, at the other, dining room and living room. The guests caught glimpses of books and music as they were ushered into their cool bedrooms. These opened on to the veranda and were cool and pleasant, with gay chintz and white hangings. What a delightful visit the children had at the run! It was perhaps pleasanter for them than for the grown folk, for Sandy, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald's only child, a boy of ten, was a perfect imp of mischief, and he led his two cousins into everything that he could think of. Fergus was not far behind, and Jean trudged after the boys, growing strong and rosy in the Australian sunshine.

"Australia is making the greatest change in Jean," said her mother to Mrs. McDonald one day, as they sat upon the veranda. "At home she was so shy she would scarcely look at anyone. She seemed delicate and I was worried for fear she would never learn to take care of herself in this world."

"She will grow up into the most self-reliant kind of a girl

in the Bush," said her sister. "She is a dear little girl and I think there is plenty of strength of character under her shy little ways."

"I wonder what the three are doing now," said Jean's mother. "It has been some time since we heard a shriek of any kind—oh—what is that?" for as she spoke there came a scream so loud and piercing from the shrubbery that both women sprang to their feet and rushed across the lawn. Midway between the house and the garden they met the three children, both boys holding Jean's hands and helping her to run to the house, while the little girl, her face covered with blood and tears, was trying not to cry.

"Jean's hurt," cried Sandy.

"So I should judge," said his mother, trying to keep calm, while both boys began to talk at once, so that no one could understand a word they said.

Mrs. Hume gathered Jean in her arms and carried her quickly to the house, where she washed the little, tear-stained face. The child's lip was terribly cut and she was badly frightened, but not seriously hurt, and as she cuddled down in her mother's arms she sighed, "Nice mother! I

don't mind being hurt when you are here to fix me up."

"Tell me what happened, dear," said her mother, as she stroked the fair hair.

"We were playing," Jean said. "The boys had sticks and we heard a queer rustle in the bushes. Sandy said it was a snake and beat the bushes to drive him out. It ran out just in front of Fergus and I thought it would bite him, and I didn't want anything to happen to my brother so I ran up behind him just as he swung his stick over his shoulder to hit the snake. He hit me in the mouth, but of course he didn't mean to, Mother. I screamed because it hurt me so, and then I tried not to cry because I knew it would worry you. It doesn't hurt so badly now, Mother."

"I'm sorry it hurts at all, darling," her mother held her close. "You were a good child and brave not to cry. Crawl up in the hammock now and take a nap, and you will feel better when you wake up."

"I hope Fergus and Sandy won't do anything very interesting while I am asleep," the little girl murmured drowsily, as she dropped off to sleep.

Fergus and Sandy undoubtedly would. They were very

kind to Jean, but there was no doubt that they found the little girl a clog upon their movements. Fergus was used to taking care of her, but Sandy had no sisters and he sometimes wished the little cousin would not tag quite so much.

"You can't really do anything much when a girl is tagging around," he said to his mother, but that long-suffering woman proved strangely unsympathetic.

"I think I shall keep Jean always if her being here keeps you out of mischief," she said with a smile, and Sandy answered, "Well, keep Fergus too, then."

No sooner was Jean asleep than the boys decided the time had come for them to carry out a plan long since formed, but laid aside for a convenient season. At one side of the run was a little lake, formed where one of the boundary streams was dammed. A windmill carried water from this to a platform and upon this were iron tanks from which pipes carried water through the house. The boys had decided to climb to the top of the reservoir and slide down the pipes, which seemed to them would be an exciting performance. The climbing up was not difficult and Sandy took the first slide.

"It's great fun," he shouted. "Let me have another!" as he clambered up again.

"It's my turn," cried Fergus, astride of the pipe.

"Let me. You wait," said Sandy, who was used to playing alone and not to having anyone dispute with him.

"I tell you it's my turn!" Fergus' temper rose. "You don't play fair."

There was a scramble and a cry, both boys lost their balance and fell, and the sound of breaking glass crashed through the air.

Both mothers rushed to the scene to find two pairs of arms and legs waving wildly from the hot-bed, while broken glass was scattered hither and yon.

"You dreadful boys, you have fallen right into the flower beds and broken the glass! Are you badly hurt?" cried Mrs. McDonald, as each mother dragged out a son.

Very crestfallen were the boys as they stood up, their faces covered with scratches and Sandy's hand badly cut.

"What were you doing?" asked both mothers sternly.

"Sliding down the water pipe," said Sandy.

"Quarrelling," said Fergus.

"Nice way to spend the morning," said Mr. McDonald, who appeared at that moment from the stables. "Go and get washed up and we'll see if you have any broken glass in your cuts."

When the damages were repaired neither boy was found to be much hurt, but Jean begged so hard that they should not be punished, that the two were let off for that time.

"The next piece of mischief you get into you'll be sent to bed for a day to rest up and think it over," said Sandy's father, and the boys assured him that they would never, never do anything again as long as they lived.

CHAPTER V
Life at Djerinallum

While the children played happily together the grown folk had many an anxious consultation as to ways and means.

"I wish I could persuade you to stay with us, Elsie," said her sister. "Let your husband go by himself, on his wild goose chase after gold."

"Oh, I can't do that," said Mrs. Hume. "I can rough it, and it will do Fergus good, but I am afraid of it for Jeanie."

"Let me keep her," said Mrs. McDonald eagerly. "Oh, do, Elsie! I have always wanted a little girl to pet and take care of and Jean will be ever so much safer with me than travelling through the wild country you are going into on your way to the Gold Fields."

"It might be best," Mrs. Hume said thoughtfully. "I will talk it over with Fergus and leave Jean in your care, going

with him, if he agrees."

Mr. Hume, however, had very decided ideas as to what was best to be done.

"Since your sister and her husband are so anxious to keep you, my dear, I am sure it will be best for you and Jean to stay here at the run. My trip to the Gold Fields is only an experiment. It will be a long, hard journey and an expensive one, and I may not find anything worth doing when I get there, and in that case will return and take up stock farming. McDonald offers me a chance now, but I feel as though I ought to make the trial before accepting help.

"I will take Fergus with me. The trip will not hurt him and he would drive you distracted if left here with Sandy. I shall do better work feeling that you and the lassie are safe and well cared for here."

"I hate to have you go without me, but I must do as you think best," said his wife. So it was arranged, and with a heavy heart Jean saw her father and brother drive away from the run, starting on their long trip to the Gold Fields.

"Why does father have to go away?" she asked her uncle, who had taken her before him for a ride on his big,

black horse, "The Bruce."

"He has gone to hunt for gold, lassie, so you can have fine clothes to wear," he answered.

"I'd rather have father here and not have fine clothes," she said, her lip quivering. "How do they get gold in fields, Uncle? I didn't know it grew like flowers and grass."

"It doesn't, lassie," he answered. "They just call the place they find it the Gold Fields. It is dug out of the earth, where it is found mixed with sand and stone."

"Well, where are the Gold Fields and who found there was gold there?" asked Jean. She liked her burly uncle, who was always ready to talk to her and who explained everything about the run so pleasantly.

"The Gold Fields extend all over Western Australia," said Mr. McDonald. "Gold was first discovered here in 1823 and people have gone mad with gold fever ever since. The precious metal has been found in Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland, but recently it has been discovered in Western Australia. The miners often strike a good lead and grow very rich, but it is a hard life and especially so in the districts where there is little water. In the old days men

often died of thirst, but now they have ways of storing the rain which falls in the wet season so that they do not suffer much.

"There are many interesting things about the gold regions if the life there is hard. Trains of camels carry the swag of the miners across the sandy deserts. These beasts were imported especially for this work, since they can go longer without water than any other animals, and often it is a long ways from one good water hole to another. The miners 'peg out' their claims in the new places and set to work sifting the sands in which are found the grains of gold, sometimes as large as nuts. Soon there is a camp started. Little canvas huts dot the country. Then if the camp proves successful, houses are built and finally a city will grow up, almost as if by magic. One city, that of Ballarat, has grown in twenty-five years to be one of the handsomest in Australia. It has broad streets, fine houses, and a beautiful park. The swamp land nearby has been made into a lake surrounded by velvet-turfed pleasure grounds, planted with wonderful trees and flowers. Kalgoorlie, in only ten years, is almost a golden city, to which water is brought two

hundred miles in pipes, to drive the engines which extract the gold from the quartz."

"Thank you, Uncle, for telling me all about it," said Jeanie. "I hope father will find a good mine and then sell it out quickly and come back to buy a run near you. That is what I should like best of anything."

"So should I, child," her uncle smiled at her. "Here we are at the stables. Jump down and run and call Sandy for me and I'll take you both with me while I go over the sheds."

"I've always wanted to know about these queer looking sheds," said Jean as she and Sandy trudged after her uncle.

"This long building is the wool shed," he said. "Now it is empty and quiet, but when it is shearing time there is noise enough. At this end is the wool press, and the shearing board runs along the sides of the shed. Sheep used to be sheared by hand, but Lord Wesley's brother invented a machine for shearing which is a wonderful thing. Would you two youngsters like to ride around the run with me? I have to go over to the paddocks today."

"Oh, Uncle, may I ride?" exclaimed Jean.

"I had a little Shetland pony at home and I have missed him so much."

"You may ride Sandy's pony, and he will take Wallace, while I will ride 'The Bruce,'" said Mr. McDonald, and both the children fairly jumped with delight. They rode around the run, the master looking everything over carefully.

"Every paddock has its own flock," he explained to Jean. "In one the ewes are kept, in another the wethers, and then there is a paddock for the horses and another for the cows."

"How do you get so many animals fed," asked Jean.

"They graze on the grass, and those great fields of alfalfa over there are grown to use as food. It has to be irrigated and is quite a little trouble, but it pays in the end. That house is where the manager lives, with his family and the jackaroos."

"What is a jackaroo? Some kind of a bird?" asked Jean. Sandy shouted with laughter and his uncle smiled as he answered, "No, child, jackaroo is the name given to the young fellows who are new at the station and just learning Australian customs. All kinds of jokes are played on them by the old hands and they have a hard time at first. A story

is told of some Englishmen who had just come out and were going hunting. They hadn't found any game and so they asked some station hands if they had seen any. 'There's a jackaroo down near the water hole,' said the cook, wickedly, so the two men hurried away to shoot the strange animal, and lo! it was a young man like themselves."

"What do jackaroos do, Uncle?" asked Jean.

"Well, they have to learn to do all the work there is to do at a station, so that someday they may get to be managers or even run stations of their own. They have to ride the boundary every day to see that there are not holes in the fences, and that the water holes are full. Only one man is needed to look after 7,500 sheep, so he is kept pretty busy."

"There are so many buildings somebody must have to look after them. Do the jackaroos do that?" asked Jean.

"No, all the repair work on the station is given to a set of men who dig water holes, build fences, and do any necessary carpenter work. These draw their groceries, meat, and so forth from the stores, but do not eat at our tables. I don't believe Wu Ling: would stand it if he had to cook for them."

"Isn't he funny?" said Jean, laughing. "He lets me come

in the kitchen and watch him bake brownie, but he won't allow Fergus or Sandy there at all. Do all stations have Chinese cooks?"

"Not all, but a great many do. The Chinese are the best cooks we can get. A great many people hate the yellow-skinned Celestials and raise a hue and cry about a 'White Australia,' but I don't know what we of the far stations would do without them."

"Wu Ling cooks very good things," said Sandy. "But he got very angry when Fergus called him 'pig tail.'"

"That wasn't nice of Fergus," said Jean. "What beautiful thistles and sweet briar, Uncle."

"Not beautiful in our eyes," said her uncle, as they rode by a magnificent clump of sweet briar, the pink blossoms making a lovely spot of colour against the purple of the thistles. "Some patriotic Scot brought the first thistles to Australia, and an English family the roses, and many's the day I have wished they never came. The soil here is so rich that everything grows fast, and the thorny plants have spread all over the land, in some places growing so thick that they have ruined whole tracts of grazing land. They are

nearly as bad as the foxes. These were brought to destroy the rabbits which ate up the crops, but Mr. Reynard likes chicken far better than hare, and he has increased so rapidly that it is almost impossible to get rid of him, though rewards are offered for his scalp and in one year over thirty thousand skins were brought in."

"Do they scalp rabbits, too?" asked Jean.

"Trapping rabbits is a regular Australian business," said her uncle. "A good trapper can make £4 a week catching them, and the fur is used to make felt hats."

"There are lots and lots of interesting things in your country," said Jean brightly.

"But shearing time will be the fun," said Sandy.

"Oh, I'd like to see them shear. May I, Uncle?" cried Jean.

"Yes, indeed, you may see anything you like. We'll make a regular station-hand of you before you are done," he laughed.

"I'm only a little jackaroo now," she said. "What is that queer noise? It seemed to come from under those trees."

"That is the lyre bird, isn't he a handsome fellow? See,

there he is beneath that bottle tree. We have a pair of them and never allow them to be touched, as they are quite rare in this part of the country, though found quite frequently in the scrub.

"The tail of the male is just like an old-fashioned lyre, and it is one of the most interesting of our birds."

"Did you say that was a bottle tree?" asked Jean.

"Yes. Don't you see it is shaped just like a huge bottle, the branches growing out of the mouth? The stems have water in them, and if you are ever lost in the Bush and thirsty, find a bottle tree and get a drink. The Blacks eat the roots, which are full of a kind of gum."

"I never heard of such a place as this," said Jean. "It seems as if everything in Australia was useful. Everything but little girls," she added.

"Little girls are very useful in making other people happy," said her uncle kindly.

"But I'd like to be really useful and learn to do something," said Jean.

"You will when you are bigger," he answered. "You must get well and strong before you can do very much, lassie. But



"That is the lyre bird, isn't he a handsome fellow?"

you will be useful enough as you grow older."

"I don't see why you are in such a hurry to go to work," said Sandy. "I think you have a pretty fine time!"

CHAPTER VI

"Lost!"

Life at the run proved pleasant to Jean and full of interesting happenings. She missed her father and Fergus, but she and Sandy soon grew to be great friends, and many were the thrilling bits of mischief into which he dragged her, sure that he would escape punishment if Jean were only to say, "Don't punish Sandy, Uncle Angus, I did it too."

The little girl loved her Aunt Mildred, but more than anyone at the station her uncle had won her heart. She grew to be his little shadow, driving and riding with him, sun-tanned and rosy, growing strong and healthy in the free Australian life.

"You are getting as fat as a Chinaman's horse, lassie," said her uncle as they rode to the river one day.

"Why do you say that?" she asked.

"The Chinese are always very kind to their horses and

keep them fat and slick, so that has grown to be a proverb, though some people say as 'fat as a larrikin's dog,' instead."

"What is a larrikin?" Jean was growing as full of questions as Fergus.

"Larrikin is a slang term applied to the idlers who lounge about the cities, a dog at their heels, like the 'Enery 'Awkins of London or Glasgow. There are many of them in Australia and they have formed a kind of secret society among themselves, which is not a very good thing. Here is a fine bit for a canter, Jeanie. I'll beat you to the big eucalyptus."

"No, you won't." Jean chirruped to her pony and was off like a shot through the open paddock, jumping a fence as if on wings. She loved to gallop when the air was filled with the fragrance of the wattle and the gum, and she had grown to ride like a little centaur.

"Well done," cried her uncle as she drew up at the gate, laughing and breathless, her horse half a head in advance of his. "We are so near to 'Mason's run,' I think we'll have time to stop there. I want to see him about several things, so we'll ride on."

"Very well, Uncle. Is it a sheep run?"

"No, cattle. You have not seen one yet, so keep your eyes open and learn all you can. Mason breeds the long horns, sullen beasts, but good stock."

"I shall be glad to see them," she said, and they cantered up to the homestead, which was very unlike her uncle's station.

Built of wood, with a galvanized-iron roof, the house stood on piles, but between each pile and the house was a tin plate to keep the white ants from climbing into the rooms. Several gins[1] came out to see who the strangers were, the first that Jean had seen, and she looked at them curiously. Not more so, however, than they looked at her, for they stared at her and whispered together.

"They don't know what to make of you, 'Lassie with the lint white locks,'" her uncle laughed. "The young gin wants to know if you are Great Baiame's golden child. It's your fair hair, I suppose."

Jean's hair was light golden and floated all about her face like a halo.

"Great Baiame is their god, good spirit, and they think

[1] Black women.

you are a goddess. That gin wants to touch your hair. Better let her, she won't hurt you."

Jean smilingly bent her head and let the black woman run her fingers over her shining tresses. The gin smiled and, seized by a sudden impulse, Jean said, "She may have a curl if she wants it, Uncle. I have plenty and mother won't care." He handed her his knife and she snipped off a silken strand, which the gin took with many expressions of delight.

"You have certainly made a hit among the Blacks," said her uncle teasingly. "She will wear that as a charm and be the envy of all the tribe. Your hair is pretty.

> "'The world to me knows no fairer sight
> Than your long hair veiling your shoulders white,
> As I tangle my hand in your hair my pet.'"

he quoted as he stroked the shining mane.

"Uncle, I don't think cattle runs are as nice as sheep runs. There aren't any wool sheds, but just open yards."

"These are the stock and branding yards. You see the cattle roam the hills, some of the runs being as large as five

thousand square miles, on which the cattle find their own food and water."

"If they wander over all that distance, how do the owners ever tell their own cattle?" asked Jean.

"Every beast is branded, that is, he has his owner's mark burnt into his hide," said her uncle. "So it is easy to draft out of the mobs the cattle which belong to other ranchmen. The young oxen are sent to the coast to be fattened for market, while the old cattle are sent to the rendering works, where they are made into tallow and beef extract. The stockman's life is harder than that of the shepherd, and dangerous because of the bullocks' stampedes, when they break loose and often run down horses and men in their frantic rush for freedom."

"I like the sheep run much better," said Jean. "See that flying squirrel, Uncle! I think they are the cunningest little things. Who do you suppose is hiding behind that tree? I heard someone laughing."

"Look and see," her uncle smiled. Jean jumped down from her horse and peered behind the tree. There she saw a little bird perched on one leg which sang a pretty little

song, always breaking off with "H-ah-ha! Hoo-hoo hoo!"

"That's a laughing jackass, Jeanie," said her uncle. "He's a funny little fellow, isn't he?"

"He isn't a bit pretty," said Jean.

"No, but he's very useful, for he eats snakes and lizards and all kinds of things, and there is a law forbidding anyone to kill him."

"You have so many queer things in Australia," said Jean. "Down by the river Sandy and I found the queerest thing. It looked part animal and part bird. It had a big flat bill like a duck and fur on its body like a rat, and it had webbed feet and a long bushy tail. Sandy said it was a beastie and was called a water mole, but we found its nest in a kind of tunnel running from the water's edge underground, and in the nest were eggs."

"That was a platypus, or water mole," said Mr. McDonald. "He is an animal but lays eggs like the birds. There is another animal in Australia which does too, the spiny ant-eater. He looks like a hedgehog but has a queer, long bill with a long tongue covered with sticky stuff with which he licks up the ants off the ground. He hasn't a nest,

but carries his eggs around in a kind of a pocket until they are hatched."

"It certainly is a queer place, with trees that shed their bark every year, pears that have hard wooden rinds, cherries with the stones outside, trees with flowers and seeds growing in the leaves and animals that lay eggs," said Jean.

"And little girls that chatter and ride like monkeys," cried Sandy's teasing voice, as he rode up behind them. "I can pass you!"

"No, you can't!" cried Jean, and she galloped off, her cousin after her, though he did not catch up with her till she rode up to the veranda and jumped off her pony, laughing heartily.

Some weeks later all was hurry and bustle at the station. Shearing was to begin the next day and there was a great deal to be done to make ready for the great event. Shearers were coming in, some riding, some trudging along on foot, carrying their swags. There were huts for them to sleep in, and tents were being spread in the open. Mr. McDonald left all the details of this work to his manager, a young Australian who had been born and raised on a sheep run.



"'That was a platypus, or water mole,' said
Mr. McDonald."

At first Jean was much interested in seeing the shearing and stood in the shed watching, as the engine whistled to begin. The pens were full of sheep who did not at all know what they were there for, but who did know that they did not like it. They baa-ed and bawled, and with the noise of the machinery it was deafening in the sheds. As the machine starts every shearer grabs a sheep from the pen, choosing the one that looks the easiest to shear, he throws it with his knee and rapidly guides the little knife-like cutters of the machine over the fleece, which falls from the animal in one huge piece. The sheep is then released to run, pink and shivering, to the yard again. The "picker up" catches up the fleece and takes it to the wool bin, while the shearer turns to the pen to catch another victim. He has to be quick because the sharp eye of the overseer is upon him. He walks up and down, watching everyone. The "penners-up" must not let a single pen be empty, "the pickers-up" must keep the floor clean, the shearers must shear evenly as well as closely. If they cut a ragged fleece the wool will grow badly the next year and some of it will be wasted.

The shearers are paid by the number of sheep they

shear, and they work very fast, every man trying to see if he cannot be the "ringer," as they call the man who has sheared the greatest number of sheep at the close of the shearing.

The shearers earn five dollars for every hundred sheep sheared, and an ordinarily good workman will shear a hundred sheep in a day, while extra good ones have sheared three hundred in a day. As the shearers have no expenses, their food and lodging being given them, they can make a good deal of money during the season.

The picker-up takes the fleece to the wool roller, who trims it and rolls it up to be inspected by the classer. He decides as to its quality and puts it in the proper bin. It is then baled, marked with the quality and the owner's brand, and taken by wagon to the nearest shipping station.

The sheep are counted, branded and dipped to prevent their being covered with wood ticks, which bite so fiercely, and then are returned to their paddocks. There is no more attractive sight in the world than an immense flock of the long-wooled Australian sheep, and none more forlorn than the shivering droves of freshly-sheared animals.

Jean watched until she was tired. The smell of the wool, the noise, the heat, the cries of the tormented sheep, all turned her sick, and she fled to the house. There things were little better. Everybody was busy. Aunt Mildred had no time to notice a little girl. Sandy was away, no one knew where, and, worst of all, her mother was laid low with one of her terrible headaches. Jean knew these of old, and that it was no use to expect to even speak to her mother before night. She felt forlorn and lonely and decided to take a ride.

No one was at the stable to saddle Dandy, but she had learned to ride as well without a saddle as with, so she got on the pony's back and rode toward the river.

Away from the noise of the shearing shed, how quiet and lovely it all seemed. The wind swayed gently the branches of the great she-oaks as a mopoke's mournful note came from the gum trees. Flying foxes flapped their wings and she came upon the playground of a satin-bower bird,[1] the first she had ever seen, although her uncle had told her

[1] This bird makes a play-ground before the tree in which it builds its nest. It has a floor of sticks, and over this is built a little bower into which are woven bright feathers, white shells, etc.

about them. She rode farther into the wood than she intended and, feeling tired, she got off Dandy and, throwing the reins over a bush, sat down under a tree to rest.

"I'm so tired," she said to herself, "I think I will take a little nap. This looks just the place for a fairy ring and perhaps the elves will come to dance while I am asleep."

She lay down under the huge tree about which ferns grew so thickly as to form a green curtain. Dandy browsed in the grass nearby, every now and then pricking up his dainty ears and working his velvety nose as if something he did not like was near. Then his reins pulled loose from the bush and he wandered away to nibble at a tempting bit of turf a little distance away.

Another tempted him and he was soon out of sight, hidden by the great ferns which grew up above his pretty head.

As he disappeared there was a little rustle in the bushes and two eyes peered at the sleeping child. Then a hand reached out and warily touched a fold of her little blue gingham frock. Jean stirred in her sleep and smiled. She was dreaming that her father had come back and that he took her in his strong arms and carried her away, away, and she

never wanted him to put her down. The scent of the wild blooms was in her nostrils, and she did not wake when two arms cautiously raised her from the ground and holding her lightly yet carefully, so that no branch might brush against her, carried her far into the deep and lonely wood. It was perhaps an hour that the man carried her and she did not wake. Then she opened her eyes to find herself in the arms of a big Black. She screamed in fright, but he spoke gently to her.

"Missa not 'fraid. Me not bad Black. Take Missa home."

"Where is my pony. I would rather ride him," she cried, struggling, and the Black put her down.

"Pony all gone," he said. "Missa very tired, me show Missa my gin. She very sick, want to see white baby, with gold for hair. Hear all about her from other gin. Then carry home. Black very much like Missa." He smiled again and his face looked kind. "Let me carry Missa or we not get there soon," he said coaxingly, and not knowing what else to do Jean allowed him to pick her up and carry her again. He walked fast, but she did not see the river or the house and she began to grow frightened. It grew dark and the air

was full of flying things, so large as to seem like birds and so small as to seem like baby mice with wings. The bird songs were stilled; only the soft chirping of the tree insects were heard. Then those ceased and all was still and dark, and the silent forest so terrified the child that she began to cry.

"No good for Missa to cry, Missa must go see gin," said the Black, and as he spoke they came in sight of a little group of native huts, bark-thatched and dimly seen through the darkness. Into the smallest of these the Black stumbled and set his burden before a couch on which lay a black woman wasted with fever.

"Brought you white child," he said. The hut was full of Blacks, but Jean was too frightened and tired to think of any of them, and she covered her face with her hands and sobbed as if her heart would break.

CHAPTER VII

Jean Finds a Friend

Jean stopped crying, for she found that it did no good. She curled up in the corner of the dark hut and waited to see what would happen. The Blacks talked and jabbered around her, but she could not at all understand what they said, and she was too little to understand that she was in any danger. She only wished with all her heart that she might see her mother. The Blacks talked together, and Jean at last was so tired that she curled up on the floor and went to sleep. When she awoke and opened her eyes she was surprised to find that the sun was shining.

She was lying on the ground under a huge gum tree. A fire of the dry twigs of the gum tree burned brightly, as a young black boy whom she had seen the night before fanned it with a huge fern leaf.

"Little Missa hungry," he said, smiling kindly down at

her. "Kadok make eat. Be good little girl and lie still."

He took a hatchet which hung on the belt around his waist and quickly cut off a piece of bark from the gum tree, then took some flour from a bag and piled it on the bark. Water from the water-hole he dipped up with a leaf cup and mixed with the flour, baking it on the bark over the fire. Kadok then dipped fresh water from the water-hole, around which ferns grew as high as Jean's head, and turned over the ashes of the fire to roast in them a turkey's egg which he had found in the bracken.

"Now Missa eat," he said, giving Jean a piece of damper[1] and the egg, with a cup of water. "Little Missa not be afraid. Kadok take her to see Mother."

The boy's face was kind and Jean tried to smile at him in return, finding courage to say, "Are you Kadok? How did I get here?"

"I am Kadok, yoia.[2] Black man found little Missa asleep by the corral. Want to show her to his woman who had no girl, all die. He take little Missa and mean to bring her back.

[1] Kind of native bread made of flour and water.
[2] Yes.

Then white police ride and hunt. Black man scared, hide Missa, hide selves. Some black men say kill little Missa. Kadok say 'No.' His father chief, and chief say, 'Take back white Missa to mother.' So Kadok will take."

"Thank you, Kadok," said Jean simply, accepting all that he said. "How soon will I see my mother?"

"Don't know. Missa come long way on man's back. Must go back on two feet. Take days and nights. Not cry," he said as her face clouded. "Kadok take one good care of little Missa. Eat plenty meal, then we start walk."

Jean was a quiet child. Fergus had always been the talker and she had been content to listen to the big brother whom she thought the most wonderful boy in the world. So she did not say much in reply to Kadok, but obediently ate her queer breakfast, which tasted very good to the hungry little girl. When she had finished she said timidly to Kadok, "May I wash my hands and face at the water-hole?"

"Come with me. I go see," said Kadok. She followed him to the water, always a precious thing in Australia, where the dry season makes it scarce. "Step right behind Kadok, maybe snakes," said the black boy, and she followed him

close.

Trees had been cut down and many lay about in the scrub, which grew thick and higher than Jean's head, so that Kadok had to hold it aside in many places for her to pass. The water-hole was clogged with weeds and leaves, but Kadok dug about under the ferns until he found a clean pool, then filled his flask with water, saying,

"Little Missa wash quick." Jean dipped up the cool water in her hands, splashing it on her face. As she dried herself as best she could with her handkerchief, Kadok cried, "Jump back, Missa, quick! into the scrub!"

She obeyed without stopping to ask why and stood trembling, as Kadok came hurriedly after her.

"Missa one good little girl," he said. "Mind what Kadok say always so quick, then Missa get safe home. See there!" pointing as he spoke to something on the other side of the water-hole where Jean had just been washing. "What Missa see?"

"I see a big black log," answered Jean.

"What Missa see now," said Kadok, throwing a stick at the log. To the child's astonishment and horror the log

rolled on its side, turned over and opened a huge pair of jaws, closing them again with a cruel snap.

"Yamin"[1] said Kadok briefly. He seldom wasted words. "Eat little Missa if she not jumped. Now we start take you home. Little Missa mind Kadok and she go long home all right. You not afraid?"

"I will mind," said Jean, "and I am not very much afraid."

"We go," said the boy, and he flung over his shoulder a bag in which he had put his water bottle and provisions and started through the scrub. "Come after me and tell Kadok when you too tired to walk," he said to the child, and she followed him obediently.

She did not know why, but she was not at all afraid of Kadok. She felt he was telling her the truth when he said he would take her home if she was a good girl, and she put her whole mind upon following the difficult trail. The way at first led through a tangle of tropical vegetation, then the two struck into a forest of huge gum trees. Overhead the limbs made a lattice-work of interlacing boughs which gave no shade, as the leaves were vertical instead of horizontal.

[1] Crocodile

The sun grew hot and beat down upon Jean's bare head, for she had lost her hat. Her fair hair caught on the long festoons of gray moss which hung from the trees, the flying golden fleece stuck to the rough bark, which was red with gum and very sticky. Her tangled matted curls, which had been her mother's joy, hung about her face and into her eyes so that she could scarcely see where she was going. The spinifex prickles stuck her ankles and legs, and at last she stumbled over a hidden tree root and fell in a heap upon the ground. At her cry Kadok turned quickly, "Missa hurt," he said, coming back and helping her to her feet. "Not cry."

"I won't," she said, choking back her sobs. "Please let me rest awhile."

"Must go fast to get to water-hole for dinner," said Kadok. "Missa rest a little and then try go again."

She lay down on the grass and shut her eyes. Some parrots chattered and screamed in the trees above her, but the sun was hot and most of the forest birds were still, except for little twitterings among the branches. Kadok sat silent beside her. Much was passing in the black boy's mind. He knew too well the need for haste. The trip was dangerous

for him as well as for his little white friend; he understood the danger and she did not. She felt only the danger of the forest, reptiles, hunger, cold and thirst. But Kadok had to fear both Blacks and Whites. Should the two fugitives run into unfriendly Blacks they would be captured, and if the little girl was not killed by them she would be taken far inland, where as yet white people did not rule, and all hope of restoring her to her people would be at an end. On the other hand, were they to fall in with any of the mounted police or squatters, Kadok knew that his story would never be believed, and that he would be punished for stealing a white child. All this he knew, that Jean could not understand, but he felt that he must make her see the need for hurrying if possible.

"Kadok," she spoke first. "How many miles is it to my mother?"

"It is many hours," answered Kadok. "We must go fast."

"I will go now," she said, getting up. "I can walk."

"Why you hurry?" asked Kadok, surprised.

"I want my mother," she answered. "She will be afraid for me. My father has gone away to find gold and she will

be frightened for me." She spoke like a little old woman and the black boy's eyes shone. He saw that he had the way to manage her without frightening her with the dangers he dreaded.

"We must go fast so little Missa's mother not get sick without her," he said, and the two started on again.

By noon, slow as the little steps were, they had covered considerable ground, and they sat down near a tiny water-hole to eat and rest.

"Missa wash feet and rest while I make eat," said Kadok, and Jean bathed her bruised feet, wrapping them in wet leaves, which Kadok told her would take out the pain. "Little Missa sit very still while I find eat," he said. "I not go away." She was terribly frightened when he disappeared between the trees, but in a few minutes she heard the sound of chopping nearby, and in a few moments more, Kadok returned carrying a dead bandicoot.

"Me chop him out of hole in foot of tree," he said, grinning broadly. "Him make fine eat."

He quickly made a fire, and cutting up the meat in pieces, put some of them on sharpened twigs, and held

them over the fire to roast. "Eat plenty much," he said to Jean as he handed her several pieces. "We not know when we find another."

She ate and found the meat very good. Some of it Kadok had rubbed with a little salt which he took from his provision bag, and a few bits he held over the smoke to dry. All this he wrapped in green leaves and put carefully with his provisions, getting Jean water in a leaf cup and making ready to start again.

"You good little wirawi,"[1] he said approvingly. "We soon bring to Mother her good luck."

The afternoon's walk was not quite so bad as the morning's had been. Kadok struck into a track which led through the Bush to the main road. Walking here was not so troublesome and Jean managed fairly well, though her feet hurt her cruelly and toward the last Kadok had to help her along.

"Little more walk, Missa," he said encouragingly. "We find good camp for night. Tomorrow we get long way to home."

[1] Woman.

But Jean was almost past thinking of the morrow, almost past thinking of home. Her poor little body ached in every muscle, her face and hands were scratched and bleeding, and she was faint with hunger and fatigue. She stumbled on, Kadok holding her arm, until at last she could go no longer and would have fallen, had not the black boy picked her up and carried her. Laden as he was with his heavy swag, it was no easy task to carry a heavy child of eight, but he was a strong, muscular fellow, used to Bush life, and not tired as was his white charge. He carried her along the track some twenty rods, then paused and looked closely into the forest. It seemed a great wall to shut them off, but the keen eye of the Black caught an almost imperceptible opening amongst the leaves and he left the path once more to tread the mazes of the wood. Only a little distance and he came to a ruined hut overgrown with moss and creeping plants. It had once been a shepherd's hut and was a poor place, but at any rate it would serve as a shelter from the night and Kadok carried Jean within and laid her down on the floor.

"Little Missa tired out," he said, pitying the child's white face, which looked unearthly in the light of the sunset

which streamed through the open doorway. Jean was too tired to speak. She looked at him wearily for a moment and then closed her eyes. "Missa must eat. Not good to sleep too quick," he said.

He made a fire at the door of the hut, partly for warmth, for with the sun's going down came the cool night dews, and partly to drive away mosquitoes, as well as to cook their supper. He then brought water from the trough, and made damper and forced bits of it between the child's teeth and gave her a drink of water. Little pieces of roasted meat he added to her meal, and at last she sat up and smiled her thanks at him.

"Good Kadok," she said, "eat some yourself. You are tired too."

"Not tired like little Missa," he said, showing his even white teeth in a smile. "Now must rub feet with wet leaves so they not be sore tomorrow."

Jean bathed her feet and bound them up in cool green leaves, tying them on with long grasses which Kadok brought her. Then she wrapped herself in the blanket the black boy took from the swag and, lying down, was soon

sound asleep. Kadok sat for some time at the door of the hut, feeding the fire, then he too rolled up in a blanket, and lying across the doorway, so that no one could come in without his knowledge, he too fell asleep.

CHAPTER VIII

In the Bush

The sun was high in the heavens when Jean awoke and at first she did not know where she was. Then she sat and looked about her, calling "Kadok!" but there was no answer. She went to the door of the hut and looked about. The fire was still burning, but there was no sign of the black boy. Before she had time to be frightened, however, Kadok's black face peered from between the trees, across the little clearing which lay in front of the hut. He smiled when he caught sight of her.

"Little Missa sleep good, feel good this morning," he said. "Bujeri,[1] Kadok make breakfast."

"What have you for breakfast," she asked, hungry as she had never been at home.

[1] Expression of satisfaction.

"Fine fruit, got it top of tree," he said, handing her a large purple, plum-like fruit which she ate and thought delicious. Kadok then roasted in the ashes some scrub turkey eggs he had found, and these too tasted good, and there was damper and cool water.

"Missa must hurry start now," said Kadok. "We long way to go today to get to Mother."

"First I must try to fix my hair," she said. "It catches in the branches so that it hurts."

"Kadok help," he said briefly. He caught the golden mass in his hand and screwed it up in bunches on either side of her head, pinning it tight with some long thorns. Then he tied about her head a bright handkerchief which he had worn knotted around the open neck of his shirt, and rolling up the blankets and packing up the ration bag, he shouldered his swag, gave her a hand, and they were off for the day. As they walked Jean noticed that Kadok looked always to the right and left and that whenever they came near a hill or a hummock, he would go ahead before telling her to follow him.

"Why do you always look around, Kadok," she asked

curiously.

"'Fraid Debil-debil get little Missa or Buba or maybe Yo-wi or Ya-wi" he answered briefly.

"Who are they?" she asked.

"Debil-debil bad god, enemy of Baiame,"[1] he said. "Buba big kangaroo, very bad father of kangaroos, Yo-wi is fever god, and Ya-wi is snake god. All very bad for little Missa," and he shook his black head. He did not tell her there were others more to be feared than these monsters of the Blacks' demonology, but he was worried by tracks he saw in the sand, tracks of both Blacks and Whites. "Mounted police, been here," he muttered to himself. "Look for little Missa. See horse's tracks plain. Here black man's tracks. Think bad Blacks," and he knit his brows.

Kadok was at a loss to know what to do. He did not want to take Jean into the Bush again, fearing that hard walking such as they had had the day before would make her too sick to go on, yet he was afraid to keep on the beaten track. They kept on till noon, however, and he drew her aside into the woods to rest and eat her dinner.

[1] Baiame is the chief god of the Blacks.

He gave her damper, of which she began to be tired, bits of smoked meat, and some of the white larvae to be found in quantities on the tree roots, and which she thought delicious. She was hungry, but Kadok gave her some roots to chew as they walked, saying, "We eat 'gain before long, must walk some now. 'Fraid we have big storm," and he looked anxiously at the sky, over which heavy clouds were passing.

Obediently she followed him again, and he walked quickly, peering through the bushes as if looking for something. The wind was so fierce that they made slow progress. It blew so that Jean was terribly frightened and at last Kadok stopped in his quick walk and took her hand.

"Missa 'fraid Storm debil," he said. "I find place to hide from him. Come!" and he pulled her into the bushes which covered a high hill. Skirting round the hill, he pushed through a thicket which seemed almost like a wall, dragging Jean along as the storm broke with a sudden crash of thunder which frightened the child terribly.

"Quick!" Kadok cried to her, "We find cave now!" and he pushed aside some close growing tree branches and

showed her the entrance of a little cave hollowed out of the rock. "Here we be safe till storm go over," he said, and Jean gladly crouched in the shelter, watching with frightened eyes the play of the lightning. Kadok gave her more roots to chew and talked kindly to her to soothe her fears.

"This not much storm," he said. "See many worse than this. Soon over and we go on. Think Missa see Mother tomorrow. Not many hours far now."

"Kadok," said Jean, "why are you so good to me?"

"What you mean?" asked Kadok.

"Why do you take me home?" she asked.

"Black boy not forget friend," he said. "Not forget enemy. Do mean to Kadok, Kadok do mean to you, if he has to wait five, ten years. Do Kadok good, he do good to you when he make chance."

"But I never did you any good," said Jean, puzzled.

"No, little Missa not. Missa McDonald do me heap good.[1] There was bad man at Station. He no like Blacks near his cattle camp. Blacks not bad, not hurt white man.

[1] This story of the poisoning of nearly a whole tribe of Blacks at a Christmas feast is vouched for on good authority.

White man very bad. He make feast and tell Blacks to eat. Black men all eat. Next day all black men dead, all but Kadok and his father, great Chief. They very sick, but they not had eat much of white man's pudding. Chief tell Missa McDonald they very sick here,"—putting his hand on his stomach—"She look very sorry and give them hot drink. It make them very sick and all white man's pudding come up. Think very strange that Kadok and Chief only ones not die, but like Missa McDonald very well for hot drink. Chief father say to me, 'Someday do kind to Missa McDonald,' and I say 'Yes.' When little Missa taken by bad Blacks, Chief say to me, 'Now time to pay Missa McDonald, take little Missa home!' I go take," and the boy nodded his head.

Jean did not understand all of his story, but she could take in enough to know that her Aunt Mildred had saved the life of Kadok and his father, and she felt that the boy would do all he could for her.

The storm had ceased and the rain lay in sparkling drops upon bush and leaf.

"Very wet," said Kadok as he peered out. "Missa sit here very still while Kadok go and see. Maybe we go on, maybe

not." Jean did not want to stay alone in the cave. "Let me go with you," she said pleadingly, but Kadok shook his head.

"Not good for Missa. Big snakes come out of holes. Too many. Kadok not go far away. Missa not come out of cave till Kadok come back. Missa 'fraid, say prayers to white people's Baiame."

Jean thought his advice good and said her prayers, sitting quietly for a time, looking through the cave door, though she could see but little, the screen of vines and bushes was so thick. She grew tired of sitting still, and moved about the little cave, finding little to interest her, however. It was hollowed out like a tunnel deep into the cliff, but was so dark, except right at the mouth, that she was afraid to explore it. She took off her shoes, washed her aching feet, and reaching to the bushes around the cave, pulled leaves to bind on them as Kadok had taught her to do. Then she took off the handkerchief he had tied about her head, let down her long hair and tried to smooth out the tangles with her fingers. It was no easy task, for the hair was long, fine and curly, and it was terribly matted down

and snarled. She took a long thorn and tried to use it for a comb, and after working a long time had the locks smoothed out into a fluffy mass of gold on either side her face. She had been so interested in her work that she had not noticed how late it was getting until suddenly it seemed to be growing dark. She looked out of the cave and saw the gleams of the golden sunset through the leaves. She felt hungry. "Where can Kadok be?" she thought to herself. "He has been gone a long, long time. Oh, supposing something has happened to him! What shall I do?" But there was nothing for her to do but wait, and she sat at the door of the cave, too frightened to cry, fearing a thousand dangers the worse because they were imaginary. Then she heard a crackling of the branches near the cave and sprang to her feet joyfully, expecting to see Kadok's black face through the bushes.

"Kadok!" she cried eagerly. The leaves parted and a black face peered through the bushes, fierce black eyes gazed at the child, as she stood speechless with astonishment, gazing at a perfectly strange Black. She did not speak, she was too frightened to scream, and the Black too was



"The leaves parted and a black face
peered through the bushes."

silent. With her floating, golden hair, her wide blue eyes, her fair cheek turned to gold by the rays of the setting sun, which shone full upon her, the rest of her body concealed by the branches with which Kadok had filled the mouth of the cave, she looked like a creature of air rather than earth, and so the Black thought her. With a wild cry of "Kurru! Kurru!"[1] he let go his hold of the branches, and Jean could hear him crashing through the bushes in mad haste to get away.

[1] Kurru-kurru is the Dew Dropper or Mist Gatherer, Goddess of the Blacks and wife of Munuala, the water god.

CHAPTER IX
Housekeeping in a Cave

She heard Kadok's voice and called to him excitedly, "Oh, Kadok, come quick! I am so frightened!"

"What matter, little Missa?" asked Kadok as he parted the bushes and looked at her with anxious face.

"Oh, a strange Black looked at me and ran away!" she said, bursting into tears.

"Little Missa not cry," said Kadok. "Brought little Missa meat for supper. What did black man say?"

"A strange word something like curry curry," she said. "He looked frightened too."

"That good," said Kadok. "He think little Missa not real child. Golden child. Think him not come again. Kadok glad, for we must stay here one, two days."

"Oh, Kadok, why? Can't we go to Mother tomorrow?" her voice was full of tears and the boy's face clouded.

"Kadok very sorry for little Missa," he said. "But no can help. Kadok got bad hurt on foot. No can walk one, two days. Little Missa help Kadok get well?"

"Oh, Kadok, how did you hurt yourself?" she asked, as she saw that his foot was covered with blood.

"Hurt in the scrub," said Kadok, who did not want to tell her the truth, that he had met a Black who had thrown his nulla-nulla[1] and struck him on the foot, though the boy had managed to get away from him.

"Let me tie it up for you," said Jean. "I've often seen mother dress Fergus' wounds, for he was always doing things to himself. He always had at least one finger tied up in a rag."

"Little Missa good," said Kadok as he sat wearily down beside her. He was worn out and even his brave spirit sank at this new trouble. It would be several days before he could walk well, he knew, and if the Black who had wounded him had discovered Jean he would certainly come back. Would they be safe even for a few hours, he wondered? His chief hope lay in the fact that if the Black had thought her a

[1] Big stick, like a shillalah.

vision, he would fear to return.

Jean scooped up water which stood in a pool at the door of the cave, washed her pocket-handkerchief and tore it into strips, then bathed Kadok's foot and tied it up as she had seen her mother do.

"Thank little Missa," said Kadok. "Feel better, make eat now."

"No, I shall make supper tonight," said Jean. "It is time I tried to do something for you."

She gathered up sticks and bits of bark and laid the fire, which Kadok carefully lighted, taking one from a box of matches which he had in his swag, and which he kept tied up in the skin of an animal to keep them from getting damp. He had brought back a yopolo[1] from his hunt in the forest, and wild bee's honey, and he said to Jean, "Better not make damper tonight. Save meal for some day we have not meat."

"I am tired of damper anyway," said Jean. "How shall I cook the meat?"

"Put leaves over hot stones, set yopolo on, all in his skin, cover him over with earth and he cook very tender," said

[1] Small animal.

Kadok, and she followed his receipt. There was only a little water left in the water-hole, and that not fresh.

"Where do you get water, Kadok?" asked Jean.

"From the spring," he answered. "Not far, just ten steps in the bushes, straight ahead from cave, but not safe for little Missa go."

"Why not? We are both so thirsty," she pleaded.

"Little Missa's shoes make tracks. Bad Black come long, see tracks, know white child here, steal little Missa away."

"Oh, if that's the trouble I can take my shoes off," she said, laughing, as she pulled off shoes and stockings. "I will be right back. I can find it, for you said it was only ten steps away," and she picked up the billy and hurried out of the cave in spite of Kadok's "Little Missa not go. Debil-debil get her!"

She was back before Kadok thought she could have found the spring, saying brightly, "Now we have fresh water for our supper, afterwards I can tie up your foot again."

"Kadok found cup for little Missa," he said, pulling from his belt a battered tin cup. "Think white man drop it, little Missa can have honey-water to drink." He cut a piece of

the honeycomb and put it in the cup of water. Jean drank the sweet drink and almost smacked her lips.

"It is ever so nice, Kadok," she said. "It tastes like the sugar-water the American children's black mammy used to give us."

"Who was that?" he asked curiously.

"There were three children of America came to stay at my uncle's place, oh, a long time ago before we came to Australia. They had a nurse, a black woman. She was ever so black, not brown like you, Kadok, and so good and nice. I used to like her very much. That was the reason I was not afraid, when the black man told me to come and see the gin who was sick. I thought he would be good like Dinah and bring me right back."

"Black people very much like white people," said Kadok. "Some black face white heart, some black all way through. Some white face very black heart," and the boy shook his head.

"Think yopolo cooked. Him smell fine," he said, sniffing the scent which came from the fire.

The yopolo was indeed done and delicious. It was very

tender and tasted like spring chicken. It was a queer supper for the little Scotch girl, seated cross-legged on the floor of the cave, as she drank honey-water and cut off bits of meat for herself and Kadok.

The little housekeeper enjoyed her supper thoroughly. Having finished, she put fresh green wood on the fire that the smoke might keep off the mosquitos, and wrapped the rest of the meat in leaves to keep for breakfast. She bathed Kadok's foot, which was swollen and painful, and tied it up, and then, under the boy's directions, cut down some leafy branches and moss to make herself a bed, and wrapped herself in her blanket to sleep.

When morning came it seemed as if the mother's desire that the little girl should have experiences to make her less childish was to be fulfilled, for Kadok's foot was so painful that he could not even drag himself about the cave and Jean had to wait on him as well as to care for herself. She made breakfast and gathered fresh leaves and branches and brought water enough to last all day. Then she made fresh damper and cut strips of the yopolo meat, drying it in the sun and smoke under Kadok's directions. There were

provisions enough to last a day or two and she tried not to worry about things, but she wished she had something else to do.

Kadok saw she was growing restless and tried to talk to her, afraid that she would cry. "Little Missa not see cave before, not have at home. Tell about home."

"Oh, it's not at all like this," she said. "It's very cold, and the mountains are high and beautiful and there are no snakes nor wild things. It's all farms and sheep and not wild like Australia. And in the winter the snow is lovely."

"What is snow?" asked Kadok.

"Don't you know what snow is?" she laughed. "I hardly know how to tell you. It looks like soft, white feathers and it floats down from the sky when it's very cold and covers up the ground like a white blanket. Then it is lovely, but when the sun comes out and melts it, it's not nice. Didn't you ever see snow?"

"Never did," said Kadok.

"Oh, Kadok, what's that?" exclaimed Jean, as a mournful sound came through the forest.

"That messenger of Muuruup, Debill-debill," said

Kadok with a frown. "Muuruup lives under the ground. He make evil. He makes lightning and spoils trees and kills people. No like hear owl bird. Bring bad storm or bad luck."

"Oh, I hope he won't bring a storm," said Jean. "We had storm enough yesterday to last for awhile. How does Debil-debil make lightning?"

"Don't know," said Kadok. "Old chief say he not make. Say Great Baiame make. He want to smoke big pipe up in sky, strike match to light pipe, throw match down to earth, while smoke—match make lightning."

"If we are going to have another storm I am going to bring water from the spring while I can go out of the cave." She was getting very tired of sitting still.

"Kadok not like little Missa to run round by herself," said Kadok, but Jean said wilfully,

"I must go by myself if there is no one to go with me, mustn't I? We've got to have water," and she picked up the billy and started for the spring.

It was cool and pleasant in the woods. She filled her billy and stopped to gather a handful of leaves which grew near-by and looked shiny and pretty, then went back to Kadok.

"You see nothing happens to me," she said.

"You go once too often. You not good little Missa. You not mind Kadok," he grumbled.

"I will be good, but really I can't sit still all day," she said. "See what pretty leaves."

"Very good leaves," said Kadok. "When little Missa have no water, chew these, not be thirsty. White men call them hibiscus."

"I'll remember that," said Jean. "Kadok, tell me a story about when you were a little boy. What did you used to do at home?"

"Not do very much in wuuries,"[1] he said with a broad grin. "Blacks not have much home like white people. Like woods better than wuuries. Like hunt. Make many fine hunt, sometimes hunt animals, sometimes hunt other Blacks. Very good eat, before white man comes," he hastened to add as he saw Jean's expression of terror. "Not eat people now."

"I should hope not," cried the child.

"Little Missa keep quiet," said Kadok, raising himself on

[1] Huts.

his elbow, grasping a stick he had and peering through the bushes. "Something coming. Think not black man. Don't move!" They sat so quiet it seemed to Jean that she could hear her heart beat, but heard nothing more. Just as she was about to speak, Kadok raised his stick quickly and brought it down with great force and Jean saw something black whirl and twist at the opening of the cave.

"Missa help quick. This hard to hold," cried Kadok. "Take stick, hold very tight here," and he gave her the handle of the forked stick which, to her horror, she saw held down by its neck a large snake. She shut her eyes tight, but held the stick bearing down with all her might while Kadok struck the snake over and over with his stick.

"Good Missa, let go stick, snake very dead now," and she looked with a shudder at the dead body of the serpent.

"Him tree-python," said Kadok, calmly. "Him make very good supper for Missa."

"Oh, I couldn't eat snake, really, I couldn't," she said, but Kadok laughed.

"Make very good eat for black boy, save yopolo for Missa," he said. "Think dinner time now, Missa eat meat,

Kadok eat snake."

It made Jean feel very queer to see him cut off a piece of the tail, roast it and eat with great enjoyment, but before night she was to look upon the snake as her greatest friend.

She dropped asleep after eating and did not waken until almost time for supper, when she found that Kadok had been sleeping too.

"Foot very much better, think we go find Mother tomorrow," he said, as she sat up and rubbed her eyes. "Little Missa not cry, be good Missa. We be all right. Time to eat again."

"I'm not very hungry," she said, "but I want some fresh water to drink."

"Little Missa not go to the spring. Kadok not like," he said so earnestly that she said, "Well, never mind, I can drink the old water and chew some hibiscus leaves."

"Think I can go for Missa," said Kadok as he rose and tried his foot. "Not very bad."

"Oh, never mind," she said, but he took the billy and his stick and limped through the bushes. He was gone only a moment or two when she felt a strange feeling as of

someone looking at her, and she raised her head to see, staring through the bushes, the same savage eyes which had frightened her the day before.

"Kadok!" she screamed, but the Black reached forth a long arm and tried to catch her. She drew back into the cave and screamed again. She had no weapon, but she grasped the dead snake by the tail and with all the strength she could muster threw it straight into the Black's face. The man gave a loud "Wouf!" as the reptile struck his face, and darted back just as Kadok came up behind and struck him on the head with his waddy. Attacked before and behind, the black man thought his enemies were many and he fled through the bushes as fast as he could go. Fear lent him wings and he did not stop until far from the scene of his terror. Kadok limped into the cave.

"Little Missa hurt?" he asked anxiously.

"No, but I was dreadfully frightened. It was the same Black I saw yesterday."

"What little Missa do?" asked the boy.

"I hadn't anything else, so I hit him with your snake and he ran away," she said simply. The boy looked at her in

astonishment and then laughed loud and long.

"Baiame teach little Missa to be good Bush girl," he said. "One thing very much scare Black is snake in the face. Missa do just right thing."

"I didn't know just what to do, but I had to do something," she said. "What shall we do now, Kadok?"

"Not know," he said, frowning. "Think best eat, rest tonight. Go long early in morning before Black come back. Missa make eat, then sleep. Not be afraid. Kadok watch."

CHAPTER X

Dandy Saves the Day

It was early in the morning when the two set out and the stars were still shining.

"I never saw so many stars in all my life," said Jean. "It seems to me there are more in Australia than I ever saw in Scotland."

"Think great plenty, maybe eighty-eight,"[20] said Kadok.

Their way lay through a less beautiful part of the country than any Jean had seen before. It was a wild and lonely land, close to the edge of the scrub, beyond them only sand and spinifex. A fire had swept over the wood and left the trees gaunt and bare. They waved and tossed their gray branches like demons, and Jean shuddered, as on every side the ghostly trees seemed to hem her in.

[20] The Blacks can count only as high as their ten fingers. Anything above this they call always "eighty-eight," though no one knows why.

They came to a clearing where the trees had been cut down, and these, bleached and white, lay on the ground in a thousand gnarled and twisted shapes, their interlacing branches seeming like writhing serpents. Many of the gum trees had been killed, for the cuts in the bark had been made too deep, and the bark hung down in long strips.

No friendly animals or piping forest songsters chirruped a cheerful welcome to this scene of desolation. Only the solitary "widow bird" hopped about hunting for insects and piping her mournful little note. Then the sound of a curlew, like the gasp of a dying child, came to them through the dawn, as the sun rose, red and pitiless, over the sands. Beyond these were the mountains, rising straight up against the sky. Huge gray boulders made a wall at the base of the ridge and the whole place seemed so strange and eerie that Jean cried out, "Oh, Kadok, we don't have to cross these sands, do we? I'm afraid."

"No, Missa," said Kadok wearily. His foot was hurting him cruelly and he felt discouraged. "We go another way, all through the wood. Missa not feel 'fraid. Where Missa's Baiame? Take care of black boy, not take care of white

child?"

"Yes, indeed He will," said Jean, feeling ashamed that the black boy should preach to her. "But I can't help being afraid. It seems as if we would never get to mother."

"Little Missa get there some day, but Kadok not know how soon. Think best way now to hunt for road and Missa go long quick for herself. Kadok foot not let him go very fast."

"Well, I think I won't," said Jean indignantly. "Do you suppose I'd do that when you have been so good to me? We'll go as slowly as you have to and I'll take care of your foot. I'm terribly hungry, Kadok, can we eat now?"

"Not eat here," said Kadok, who liked the place as little as she did. "Walk little more round edge of sand, there find water-hole in the woods and eat."

So they trudged on in silence for another hour, gradually leaving behind them the sandy scrub and coming to a pleasant wood where a carpet of maiden-hair and coral fern reached knee-deep in tenderest green. Velvet-brown tree ferns rose in the air, wearing a feathery coronet of fronds, and above them grew the sassafras and the myrtle. A

thousand sweet scents were wafted through the air and a bubbling stream surprised them by gushing forth from a clump of bushes.

"Little Missa rest and eat here," said Kadok. "Plenty water," as he explored the banks.

"Oh, Kadok, how lovely it looks," she cried. "I'd like to bathe in that water, it's so clear and nice."

"Very good thing," said the boy. "Kadok make eat, Little Missa go to the bushes let water run all over self. Keep her from being thirsty all day while we walk."

So Jean splashed in the cool water and enjoyed her bath like a little nymph behind the thick screen of bushes. She smoothed up her hair and came forth refreshed and rested to find Kadok had made fresh damper and toasted some bits of meat, gathering also some of the sassafras leaves, making a kind of tea which was very good. She ate and rested while Kadok bathed his foot and filled his water bottle, and then they started off again, tramping this time over a hilly country. They had to take a long rest in the middle of the day while the sun was hot and both were very tired. There was nothing to eat but damper and some roots Kadok had

found, and the delay and the scanty meal did not make Jean feel any more cheerful. The day seemed the longest she had ever spent and when twilight fell and they found no shelter, no friendly cave nor deserted hut, the little girl felt more forlorn than she had ever felt in her life. She tried hard not to show Kadok for she saw that the boy was suffering far worse than he would admit.

"What are we going to have for supper?" she asked.

"Not much eat," said he. "Damper all gone, no more flour. No meat."

"There's plenty of water, anyway," said Jean, for they had followed the course of the stream all day and now camped beside its silvery ripples. As she spoke, a stir in the water caught her eye.

"Oh, Kadok," she exclaimed, "why can't we have fish?"

"No can catch," said the boy wearily. "Too bad foot to go hunt."

"Watch me catch a fish," said Jean sturdily. "I used to catch trout at home. Let me see, what can I use for a line?" She thought a minute, then clapped her hands. "I know, you just rest, Kadok, and see what a good fisherman I am!"

She took a pin from her belt, bent it and tied to it a strip of cotton torn from her skirt. This line she tied to a branch from which she stripped the leaves; on them she found some fuzzy caterpillars, one of which she used for bait. Then she threw her line and sat down where the stream turned at right angles and made a deep, quiet pool. She waited a long time. Three or four times she had a bite and failed to land her fish, but just as she was growing discouraged there was a jerk, then a long, steady pull at her line.

"Come help me land him," she called to Kadok, and the boy hastened to her aid. Between them they pulled in their fish, a fine, speckled fellow which Kadok cleaned and roasted on a flat stone heated red hot. The fish was delicious, and there was plenty for both of them, so that they felt far more cheerful as they rolled up their blankets to sleep.

It was Jean's first trial of sleeping in the open, and it was long before she could rest. She lay and watched the stars, of only a few of which she knew the names, though Orion seemed like an old friend and the cloudy path of the Milky Way a broad road to Heaven.

"Little Missa not sleep," said Kadok. "Her 'fraid Debill-

debill?"

"No, Kadok, I'm not afraid," she answered.

"Peruna heeal very good spirit, he big man spirit, lives 'bove clouds. He not let Debil-debil loose tonight. Too many twinkle lights. Debil-debil likes darkness. Missa try sleep."

Toward morning Jean was awakened by a crackling in the bushes. "Kadok," she whispered. "Wake up."

"Kadok not asleep, little Missa," he whispered in return.

"I hear something in the bushes," she said. "Is it one of those bad Blacks like I saw at the cave?"

"Too far away for bad Black, think ghost, maybe," said the black boy, who, with all his courage, had the Black's fear of ghosts.

"I don't think there are such things as ghosts," said Jean steadily.

"Plenty ghosts," said Kadok. "One man of my tribe go to near tribe and he saw wuurie left alone with no life in it. Over door was crooked stick pointing to where family had gone. On ground were pieces of bark covered with white clay, so he knew someone dead. He follow tracks and found

dead body in tree. It was bound with knees to chest, tied with cord made from acacia bark and was wrapped in rug of opossum skins. He turn back rug and saw face of friend. Then he wept and went away. He walked from place of death and heard a great chattering of magpies. He turned to see what made magpies make so much noise—saw ghost of dead friend. It had followed him from the tree. So I know there are ghosts, little Missa."

"This ghost sounds to me as if it went on four feet," said Jean. "And as I don't hear it any more I'm going to sleep."

She listened for awhile, but heard no more.

In the early morning she was awakened by feeling something cool on her face. She sprang up with a cry of terror which promptly turned to one of delight. "Dandy, my own Dandy!" she cried, throwing her arms around the pony's neck.

"Oh, Kadok, here is my pony. He has wandered away and we must be not far from Djerinallum!"

The little pony seemed as pleased as she, and Kadok's face lighted up, "Little Missa take road with pony and ride safe now. Say good-bye to Kadok and run 'long home."

Jean stamped her foot she was so angry.

"You make me angry, Kadok," she cried. "Here you've taken care of me all these days and now you want me to run off and leave you! I don't think you're nice at all. You shall come with me to the run. You can ride when your foot is tired and I'll ride part of the time. It can't be far now. You go catch a fish and we'll have breakfast, then we'll start."

Kadok looked astonished as the little fury scolded, but he obeyed, and soon a fine fish sizzled on the fire stone.

They started off for the main road, which Kadok said was not far away through the bushes, Jean riding her pony and feeling bright and cheerful. When they reached the road after several hours riding, she saw that Kadok was limping painfully. She jumped off the pony and said, "You must ride now. I know your foot hurts and I'm tired of riding and want to walk awhile. Get on and I will walk along and hold Dandy's rein."

"Little Missa get very boss. Time Missa get back to white folks," he grumbled, as he climbed slowly on the horse's back. "Gin never say 'do' to Kadok," but Jean only laughed at him and trudged along.

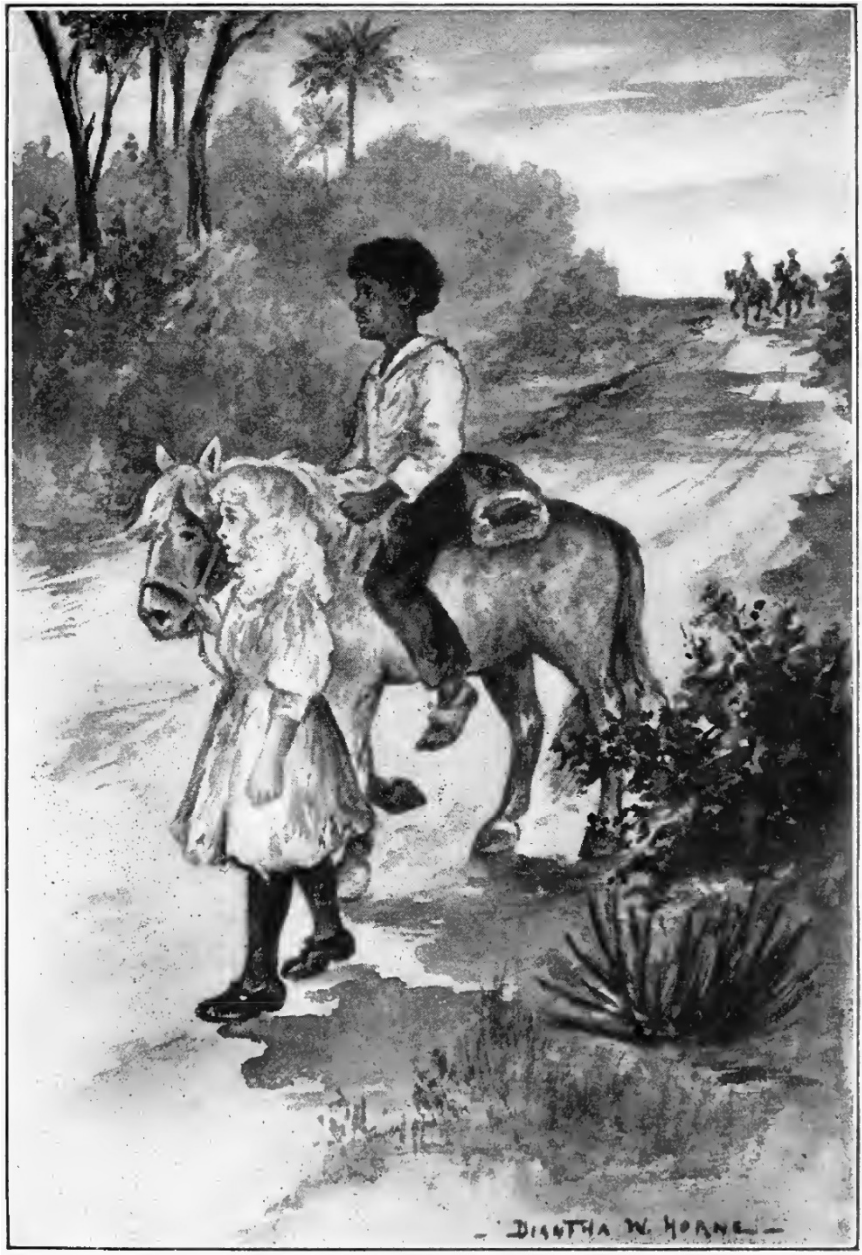
It was an odd picture on which the Australian sun shone, the black boy on a pony led by a white child in tattered gingham, and two travellers scanned the couple curiously as they urged their horses along.

Catching up with the children they would have passed, but Jean suddenly cried,

"Father! Fergus!"

"Jeanie! What on earth!" but the rest of her father's sentence was lost as he clasped the child in his arms and Jean knew that her troubles were over.

"There was a terrible hue and cry, lassie, when it was discovered that Dandy and you were lost," said her uncle that night as she lay, tired but happy, her mother beside her, in a corner of the big couch in the morning room at Djerinallum. "Scouts were sent everywhere, but you seemed to have dropped off the earth. Parties have been searching ever since, but no one has been successful in finding even a trail. We traced you to the place in the woods where you got off your pony, but beyond that there were no tracks. Kadok says that the Black who took you did not mean any harm. His gin was nearly crazy over the death



"The black boy on a pony led by a white child."

of her child, a little girl younger than you, and he wanted to take you to her to see. They had heard of you from the gin to whom you gave a curl. The Blacks think that when a Black dies he returns to the earth as a white, and he wanted his gin to see you, thinking that you might be his own child come back."

"Poor child, you have had a dreadful time," said her Aunt Mildred.

"Oh, no, except that I was worried about Mother, because I knew she'd think I was killed," she said. Her mother held her close. "I would have been if it hadn't been for Kadok."

"Good Kadok," said Mr. Hume. "His foot is being taken care of now and he shall have a good home for the rest of his life on our run—"

"Oh Father, are you going to have a sheep run! I'm so glad!" cried Jean.

"Yes, we got back from the Gold Country just in time to meet you. I made some money, but I am never going back there. Fergus has no end of adventures to tell you, but it is no place to take you and your mother, and I don't want to

leave you again."

"Oh, I'm so glad, we'll be near Uncle and Aunt Mildred," said Jean.

"Not me?" asked Sandy mischievously.

"Oh, you, of course," said Jean. "We are going to be Australians ourselves, now, and of course we won't forget our Little Australian Cousin."

THE END.

Our Little Hawaiian Cousin

Mary Hazelton Wade

Illustrated by L.J. Bridgman



Auwae

Preface

Far out in the broad island-dotted and island-fringed Pacific Ocean lies an island group known as the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands.

The brave voyager Captain Cook, who discovered these Hawaiian Islands, found living there a brown-skinned people, whose descendants live there to this day. Indeed, most of the island dwellers in the Pacific are of the brown race, which we know as one of the great divisions of the human family.

As the years passed by, the brown people living on the Hawaiian Islands came into closer relations with America. The islands are on the line of trade and travel between America and Asia. Our missionaries went there, and the people welcomed them gladly.

At length the time came when the Hawaiian Islands asked the greatest of the American nations, our United

States, to receive them into her family; for they saw that they could not govern themselves as wisely alone as with her help. Thus these brown, childlike people came to be among the youngest of the adopted children of our nation.

Our government has accepted a great trust in undertaking to care for these people who are of a different race and who live far from our shores. We shall all of us feel much interest in seeing that our adopted brothers and sisters are treated kindly, wisely, and well. We shall not forget that, far apart as they are from us in distance and by race descent, they are yet our kindred. So we shall be doubly glad to meet and know our little Hawaiian cousin.

CHAPTER I
A Happy Child

Little Auwae is beautiful; but, better than that, much better, she has no thought of it herself.

She sits in front of her low cottage home singing a soft sweet song, weaving a garland of scarlet flowers to adorn her head. As she carefully places each bud on the string, she looks up at the American flag floating in the breezes not far away.

The schoolmaster of the village tells her it is in honour of George Washington, the greatest man of the United States; that if he had not lived, America would not be what she is today, and she might not have been able to give Hawaii the help needed when trouble came.

But what cares little Auwae for all this? What difference does it make to her that her island home, the land of beauty and of flowers, is under American rule? To be sure, a few of

the "grown-ups" in the place look sober for a moment when they speak of the change since the old days of Hawaii's kings; but the sadness passes in a moment, and the gentle, happy child-people turn again to their joys and sports.

Auwae has shining brown eyes, and, as she smiles at the homely little dog curled up at her side, one can see two rows of beautiful white teeth. Her skin, although of such a dark brown, is so clear and lustrous one cannot help admiring it. The girl is not afraid of tan or freckles. She rarely wears any head covering save a garland of flowers, if that could be called such; but she bathes herself frequently with cocoanut oil, which makes the skin soft and shiny.

She takes an abundance of exercise in the open air; she swims like the fabled mermaid; she rides for miles at a time over the rough mountain passes on the back of her favourite horse. It is no wonder that this plump little maiden of ten years is the picture of health and grace.

Her home is a perfect bower. It stands in a grove of tall cocoa-palms, whose beauty cannot be imagined by those who live in the temperate lands and who see them growing only in the hothouses. They are tall and stately, yet graceful

as the willow; their long, curved stems reach up sixty, seventy, sometimes even one hundred feet toward the sky, then spread out into a magnificent plume of leaves from twelve to twenty feet in length. The breeze makes low, sweet music as it moves gently across the tree-tops and keeps company with Auwae's song.

Beneath the trees the grass is of the most vivid green, mixed with delicate ferns; the garden in front of the house is filled with gorgeous flowering plants—roses, lilies, oleanders, geraniums, tuberoses, scenting the air with their perfume; besides many others known only in tropical lands.

The garden wall at the side is hidden by masses of the night-blooming cereus, which is such a curiosity in our own country that often many people gather to watch the opening of a single flower.

Vines hanging full of the scarlet passion-flower drape the veranda on which Auwae sits. When she has finished her wreath, she crowns her long hair with it, and turns to go into the house.

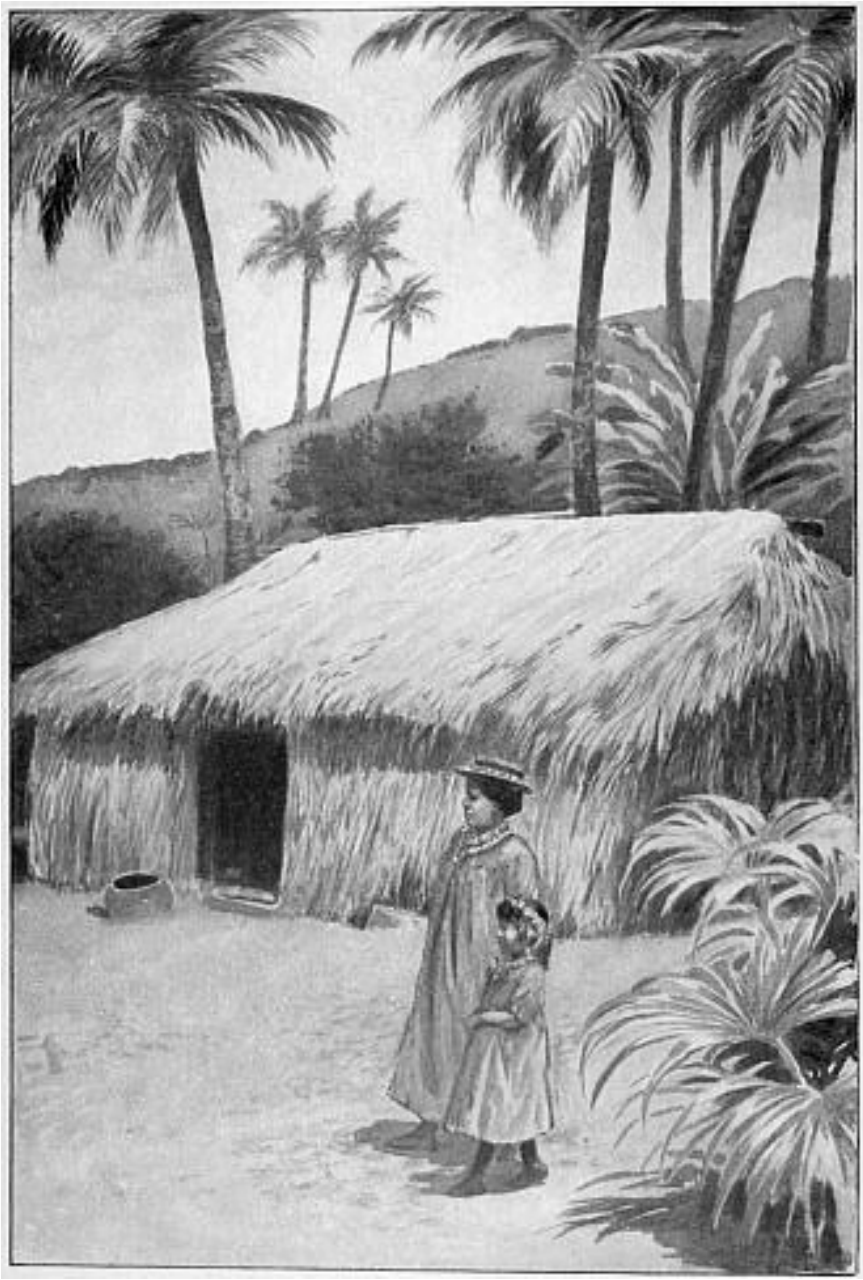
She makes a pretty picture, the little girl with her simple white dress, beneath which the bare brown feet are seen—

those feet which have never yet been pressed out of shape by stiff, tight casings of leather.

I call it a house, yet many speak of it as a hut. It is a low building whose sides and high sloping roof are thatched with grasses. Few such are made nowadays in Hawaii, for the people are fast following the example of the white settlers, and now build their cottages of wood, and divide them into rooms, so that they look like the homes commonly found in New England villages.

Auwae's father, however, clings to the old fashions of his people, and his little daughter has always lived in this beautiful grass house. The frame was made of bamboo poles fastened together by ropes of palm-leaf fibres. Days were spent in gathering the grasses for thatching the sides and roof of the house. They were woven into beautiful patterns for the roof. It was necessary to choose skilful workmen who knew just how to finish the corners, for the heavy rains of the tropics must not be given a chance to soak through the outside and make it damp within. When it was finished the house looked like a large bird's nest upside down.

Strange as it may seem, there is no floor in the house,



"It is a low building whose sides and high sloping roof are thatched with grasses."

but the ground is paved with stones. It is nearly covered with large mats. Some of these are made with rushes, while others have been woven from leaves of the pandanus-tree. They are stained in bright colours and odd patterns. A large screen of woven pandanus leaves divides the sleeping portion from the rest of the house.

There is no furniture, unless one can call by such a name the great number of mats in the corner. They serve for couches, bedspreads, and screens. In one corner is a collection of gourds and bowls, or calabashes, as they are called. Some of them are polished highly and prettily ornamented. If Auwae's father desired to do so, he could sell these calabashes to the American "curio" collector for a goodly sum of money; but he will not part with a single one. They are of all sizes, from that of a tiny teacup to the great "company" calabash, which holds at least ten gallons.

When there are many visitors at Auwae's home, this calabash is used at meal-time. It will hold enough food to satisfy the appetites of a large party.

The greatest treasure stands at one side near the wall. It looks like a mammoth dust-brush, but it is a sacred thing in

this Hawaiian family. It is the mark of chieftainship. None other than a chief had, in the old days, a right to own such a thing, under the penalty of death. The long handle of polished bone is topped by a large plume of peacock feathers. The ancient kings of Hawaii were always attended by bearers carrying "Kahilis," as the people call them, and two enormous plumes stood at the threshold of their homes. No common person could pass by this sign of royalty or chieftainship, and enter a dwelling so marked, unless he were bidden.

CHAPTER II

An Outdoor Kitchen

Auwae does not linger within the house, but follows a sound of talking and laughter in the grove behind the house. There she finds her mother and grandmother, together with a number of the neighbouring women. They, too, are weaving garlands, for they wish to decorate their husbands when they come home to dinner.

Auwae's mother is making her wreath of bright orange-coloured seeds taken from the fruit of the pandanus. She wears a garland like Auwae's, except that she has used flowers of another colour. She has wound a beautiful vine around her waist and throat, which sets off her loose red dress to perfection. She is a fat woman, but as beauty is often measured by size among the Hawaiians, she must be considered quite handsome.

What is it that makes her look so different from her

white sisters? It is not the brown skin, bare feet, and flowing hair like her daughter's. It must be her happiness and the grace of all her movements. She seems to be actually without a care as she leans back in the grass and pats her little daughter's head. Her laugh is just as joyous as Auwae's. Her hands do not bear the marks of labour, but are soft and dimpled as a child's.

She, a grown woman, is idly making wreaths in company with her neighbours, instead of cooking and sweeping, dusting and sewing for the family! Think of it and wonder. But then, you say, this is a holiday; why should they not be idle and gay? The fact is, all days are like this to the Hawaiian mother, who lives the life of a grown-up child. The world does not seem so serious as some people think. It is a happy dream, and mother and child and neighbour dance and sing, swim and ride, in sunshine and in rain alike.

This reminds me that in their language there is no word for *weather*. It is continual summer there unless one climb high up on the mountainsides; and as for rain, it does not worry the people, for can they not dry themselves in the clear air that follows? There is, therefore, no need of this

disagreeable word which one hears so often in some parts of America. All days are alike to the Hawaiians.

Auwae's mother has no servant, for there is little housework to be done in her home. The grass hut is scarcely used except for sleeping purposes. Both cooking and eating are done out-of-doors. The little girl's father has built an oven in the ground near the house, with enough room in it to roast the food for his own family as well as two or three of his neighbours.

He dug a pit in the ground and lined it with stones. Whenever cooking needs to be done, he fills this pit full of wood, which he sets on fire. When the stones are sufficiently heated, the pig, chickens, or beef, and the taro, or sweet potatoes, are wrapped up in leaves and placed in the oven; a little water is thrown over them so they will steam. Then the hole is covered over tightly, and the food is slowly and nicely baked.

Auwae's dinner has been cooking all the morning, and it is nearly time for it to be served. What do you think shall be done to prepare for it? Who of the company will stop her chattering and garland-making long enough to set the

table?

As among the brown people of Borneo, there is nothing to do except to uncover the oven, take out the food, and place it on the grassy table-cloth, while Auwae runs into the house for some calabashes. There must be a large one to hold the "poi," and a smaller one for drinking water. No plates are needed.

For today's dinner there is a roast of beef to eat with the poi, and delicious cocoanut milk takes the place of the coffee sometimes drunk. For dessert there are the most delicious wild strawberries, which ripen all the year round in this favoured island of the Pacific.

If Auwae wished, she could have a banana or a fresh pineapple, but she is easily satisfied. Think of it! there are forty different fruits growing near her house. One can easily understand how there is little work in providing food, and how little cooking is needed to keep the body in good health.

And now Auwae's father and several other men join the women. The garlands of flowers are placed around their necks and on their heads, and the party sit on the grass in

a circle around the bowl of steaming poi.

But how do they eat? The poi, a sticky paste, is the principal dish. Surely something must be used to carry it to the mouth. That is true, and the fingers serve this very purpose. One after another, or all together, however it may happen, the company dip into the great calabash and skilfully roll balls of the paste on their forefingers, bringing it to their mouths without dropping a particle. Poi is called "one-finger," "two-finger," or "three-finger," according to the thickness of the paste.

But what is poi? is asked. It is the food best liked by the Hawaiian, and takes the place of the bread of the white people. It is either pink or lavender in colour. In the old days, pink poi was a royal dish, as it was only made for kings and queens. The different kinds are all made from the root of the taro plant. A small patch of this very valuable plant will supply a large family with all the food they really need for a whole year.

The principal work of the little girl's father is to tend his taro patch and keep each little hillock surrounded by water. From the time of planting until the ripening of the beet-like



"The party sit on the grass in a circle."

bulbs, he watches it with the most loving care. When fully ripe, he pulls up the plants and bakes the bulbs in his underground oven.

When they have been sufficiently dried, he prepares for his most difficult task by stripping himself of his cotton shirt and trousers. You remember that the climate here is a warm one, and when the man is working hard he suffers much from the heat.

He now takes the baked taro and puts it on a wooden platter and beats it with a heavy stone pestle. From time to time he dips his hands into water as they grow sticky from handling the pasty mass. After he has pounded it for a long time, he puts it into calabashes, adds water, and sets it away for several days to ferment.

He grows very tired before his work is over, but does it gladly, rather than do without his favourite food. It would not suit us, I fear, as it tastes very much like sour buckwheat paste. In Hawaii white people often eat the taro root sliced and boiled or baked, but they seldom touch it when prepared in the native fashion.

Now let us return to Auwae's dinner table. The food is

quickly eaten, after which the little girl passes a calabash of water around among the company. It is to serve as a finger-bowl. Does this surprise you? Ah! but you must remember these Hawaiians ate with their fingers. These same fingers are now sticky with poi, and as the people are natural lovers of water, they are fond of having every part of their bodies spotless.

A pipe and tobacco are passed around for a smoke. These people, so cleanly in some other ways, do not object to using the one pipe in common. The women put away the food, and the company prepare for a picnic at the shore but a short distance from the house. They will spend the afternoon in surf-bathing, and all of them will perform feats in the water that would astonish the best swimmers in other countries.

CHAPTER III
Surf-Riding

Auwae has a loved playmate, Upa, a boy a little older than herself. He goes with the party to the beach. Carrying their surf-boards under their arms, the two children hurry ahead to the beach of shining white coral sand. Look! The broad Pacific now stretches out before their eyes. How blue are the waters, reaching out in the distance till they seem to meet a sky just as blue and clear of a passing cloud! How the hot sunshine beats down upon the sand! Yet Auwae does not seem to mind it. She stoops to pick a wild morning-glory growing almost at the water's edge, and then dances about, saying to Upa:

"Hurrah! The waves are just fine today for bathing, aren't they?"

We almost hold our breath at the thought of these children trusting themselves out in the high waves rushing

in from the coral reef a quarter of a mile outside. Then, too, we know there are sharks in these waters; and what a terrible death would be Auwae's if one of these creatures should grind her between his many teeth!

As to the sharks, we need not fear, as they never venture nearer than the coral reefs, which seem to be a wall beyond which they dare not pass. And as for the water! why, when we have once seen Auwae swim, we can no longer fear for her safety. It seems as though water, instead of land, must be her natural abiding-place.

But now the rest of the party have arrived, bringing with them their surf-boards, or wave-sliding-boards, as we might call them.

For those living on Hawaii's shore, much of the pleasure of life depends on these pieces of wood so carefully prepared. They are made from the strong, tough trunk of the breadfruit-tree, are highly polished, and about two feet wide. They look very much like coffin lids, and are long enough for one to stretch at length upon them.

It takes but a few moments to remove their clothing and put on their bathing-costumes. For the men, it is the malo,

a piece of cloth wound about the loins and between the legs, and, before the white people came, the only garment worn by them at any time.

All are now ready for the sport. They wade out into deep water with the surf-boards under their arms. Then, pushing them in front, they swim out till they reach the breakers, when they suddenly dive and disappear from view.

There is no sign of them for several moments. Now look far out and you can see their black heads bobbing about in the smooth water beyond the waves. Watch them carefully as they wait for that great roller about to turn toward the shore. They leap upon its crest, lying flat upon their boards, and are borne to the beach with the speed of the wind.

It must be grand sport, once they know just how and when to take advantage of the incoming wave, as well as the still greater skill in riding on that wave without being swallowed by it. It is harder to succeed than one imagines before trying the experiment himself, for the swimmers are obliged to use their hands and feet constantly to keep themselves in place.

Some of them do not even rest on the shore before

swimming out for another wave slide; and as the afternoon passes they rival each other in more and more daring feats. See those two men no longer lying flat on their boards as they rush onward in the water! They only kneel, and wave their arms and shout in glee to their companions. But most daring of all is Auwae's father, who actually stands erect as he is borne toward the shore on the crest of a huge wave. He travels at a rate sufficient to deprive one of breath.

The kind man takes time during the afternoon to give Auwae lessons in riding her own board, which he has lately made for her. Up to this time she has had to be content with swimming only, and in this, as I told you, she is already wonderfully skilful and graceful.

The hours pass only too quickly, and night suddenly shuts down upon the happy people. The moon comes out in such beauty as is seen only in the tropics. It bathes sea and shore in a soft, sweet light, so pleasant after the dazzling brightness of the sun. Auwae and Upa once more lead the party as they wander slowly homeward and again enter the shadow of the tall palm trees.

The children look toward the mountains behind the

village reaching up so grandly till their tops are lost in the clouds, and Upa says: "Auwae, do you know that my father is going to Kilauea next week, and he says I may go with him. Ask your father if you may go, too. It will be such fun!"

Auwae has wished a long, long time for such a chance as this. She claps her hands in delight, as she feels quite sure of her parents' consent.

Kilauea! She has heard so much about the mighty crater. Even now she can see a faint reddish gleam light up the sky in the distance. The largest active volcano in the world is showing that it is still alive and using the mighty forces directed from the very bowels of the earth.[21]

It would almost seem as if Auwae would feel fear at living in the shadow of a volcano. Is she not sometimes awakened in the night by the low rumbling sound coming to her through the clear air? And does she not then lie trembling at the thought that she may sometime be swallowed up in a tremendous flow of lava? Other children in towns like hers have met such a fate in the years that are gone. Why should she not fear?

[21] This volcano is not constantly, but intermittently, in eruption.

But Auwae was born here, and has always lived where she could see the light from that huge furnace of Nature. She is so used to it that she does not dread its power. She lives in the joy of the present, and does not consider that which might possibly come to her.

Think of it! This home of hers and its sister islands are the children of volcanoes, for they were born of fierce explosions of lava, thrown above the surrounding waters from the floor of the sea. Foot by foot Hawaii has been built up out of the water. Layer after layer of lava has been poured, one above the other; then, cooling and crumbling, a soil has been formed on which the beautiful plants and trees of the tropics have taken root.

But this is not the whole story of the island, for tiny creatures of the sea have given what was in their power. The coral reefs lying along the shore have been built up by the growth of millions of polyps, and the shining white sand is composed of finely ground coral, which once formed the skeletons of similar polyps.

What curious helpers Mother Nature sometimes chooses! Think of the coral polyps and their strange lives,

leaving when they die a foundation upon which men and animals shall afterward have a home! Upa often dives for the sprays of coral, pink or white. He sells them to the white people in the village, who send them as curiosities to other countries.

Auwae and Upa bid each other good night at the garden wall. The little girl stops for a moment at the pond in the garden where many goldfish are moving about in the moonlight. She loves her beautiful fish; she feeds them every day, and often thinks how kind her father was to make the pond for her delight.

CHAPTER IV

Quarterly Review

As she stands beside the beautiful clear water, an unpleasant thought comes into her mind. It was only yesterday that some white travelers came through the village on horseback. A little girl about Auwae's own age was in the party. She was very pretty. Her cheeks were pink and white; her hair was like the golden sunlight; her eyes were as clear and blue as the waters surrounding the beautiful island.

"Why wasn't I made white?" the little brown girl said to herself. "If I should bathe myself over and over again, it would make no difference. I should never look like her. Oh, dear, I will ask mother why God made us so different."

She ran quickly back down the pathway till she met her mother.

"Mamma," she whispered, "I think you are just lovely as

you are, but still I do wish I had been born to look like the little American girl I saw yesterday on horseback."

"My dear one," answered her mother, "God is love, and all are alike to Him. In the fields around us He has made flowers of many kinds and colours. Some roses are red, and some are white, yet the red and the white are equally admired. So it is with the people who share His life. Some are of one colour, some another; they are all needed to give variety and beauty to the world. All are equally His work. Be happy and contented, my darling, and think no more about it."

Auwae's eyes grow bright again as her mother speaks. The shadow passes away, and she is her own joyous self again.

"Of course it is all right. I'm glad I'm just what I am," she exclaims. "And yet, mamma, when Christmas comes, I believe I should like a white doll that would look like that little girl. I could have such fun playing with her and curling her hair. You know we often put red and white roses in the same bowl, and they look very pretty together."

"All right, I will remember your wish when the time

comes," laughs her good-natured mother, while Auwae hastens away, half dancing, half running.

She must certainly hurry to bed now, for tomorrow is a school day, and she wishes to wake early in the morning. The moon shines so brightly tonight that Auwae can easily see to undress by it and stretch upon the floor the strip of tapa which serves for her bed. If it were dark, however, she would use an odd candle that she herself made. It is formed of candlenuts strung together. They grew near Auwae's home, and are so much like wax they burn readily. I should much prefer them to a calabash of beef fat with a rag for a wick, which is sometimes used by Auwae's mother.

"Now I lay me down to sleep," repeats the gentle child, as she kneels in her little corner, and is soon fast asleep.

Where did Auwae learn this prayer? It was in the white church in the village. There the old Hawaiian minister tells his little flock every Sunday of the One True God, and of the loving Friend who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Auwae loves her Sunday school; she delights in the

music of the organ and the songs she learns there. Every three months there is a grand celebration in the church. It is called "Quarterly Review." All the children in the country for miles around come flocking into Auwae's village. It is such a pretty sight, as the boys and girls come marching over the hillsides! The girls are dressed in white, and everybody wears a wreath and festoons of bright flowers. Sometimes they sing as they march along.

By ten o'clock in the morning the church is closely packed and the music begins. There is song after song, after which the children are called one by one to the platform to speak pieces and recite Bible verses. The ones who have learned most receive the prizes. Auwae won a prize at the last quarterly review. It is a picture of the infant Jesus giving water to his cousin John from a shell. No doubt you have seen a copy of it. Auwae thinks it is a lovely picture. It is the only one of any kind in her house.

The quarterly review lasts the whole day. The children do not get tired, however. They have a picnic dinner under the trees behind the church; then they are ready for more songs, and speak more pieces, until the round red sun in

the west says: "Come, my little ones, hurry homeward quickly. Many of you have miles of walking before you, and I cannot show you the way much longer."

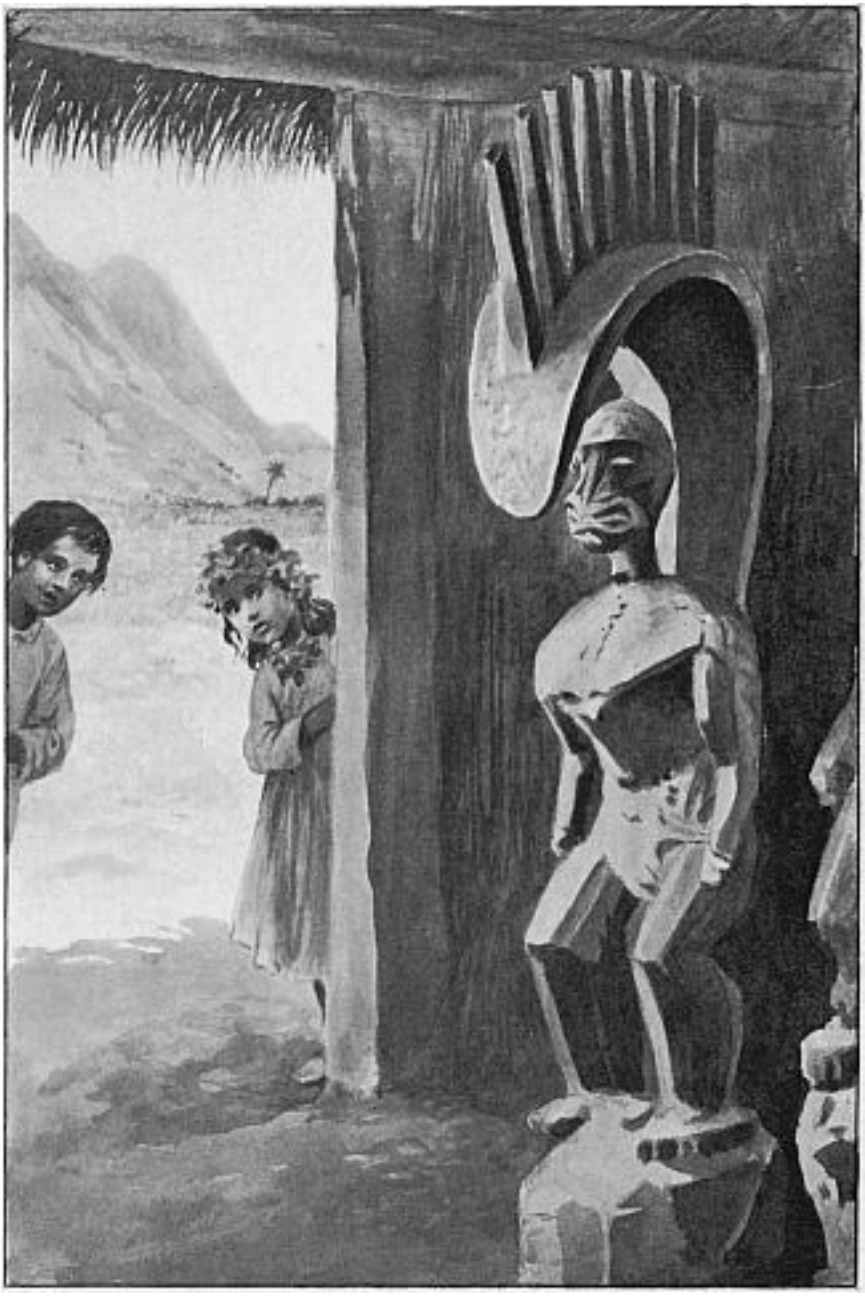
Then Auwae bids her friends good-bye. She will not again see some of them till three months more have passed.

Aloha! Aloha! echoes back from the hill-tops, and our little girl turns again to her own lovely nest under the palm trees. How different everything is now from the old days of Auwae's people! Her grandmother has told her about the hideous idols they used to worship.

There is an old heathen temple but a few miles from her home, and once, just once, Auwae and Upa dared to peep inside; then they ran away with all their might, for fear that somehow those long rows of ugly figures might become alive and follow them.

Think of it! less than a hundred years ago not only animals, but human beings, little children even, were sacrificed to hideous wooden and stone idols.

The people were in constant terror of the god of the shark, the goddess of the volcano, and other fearful beings who were ever ready, as they thought, to bring destruction



"Auwae and Upa dared to peep inside."

upon them. Besides these, there were great giants and monsters whose anger must be satisfied by offerings of animals and men.

"How glad I am that I live now instead of a hundred years ago," says Auwae to Upa many times, as she thinks of Pele, the goddess of the volcano Kilauea. "Grandma has told me of her own mother, who really believed that Pele lived far down in the fiery crater, that she was the ruler and queen of fire. She thought that other spirits, too, lived there. There was the spirit of steam, the spirit of the thunderbolt, the spirit of strength, and I don't know how many other terrible beings. And oh, what times those spirits had together in the flames, dancing and making merry! But if the people forgot to bring Pele their offerings of hogs and bananas and all sorts of presents, she would get fearfully angry, and roar and threaten to overflow the country with lava. They would get very much frightened, and hasten to the summit of the volcano with the best they had."

And then perhaps Upa answers, "Please don't speak of those awful days any more. I like best to think of the time when our people turned from such ideas of their own

accord, saying they were just nonsense. But, really, it must have taken a brave woman to do what Queen Kapiolani did. You know she walked right up the side of the mountain with her trembling followers, and kept on till she reached the very mouth of the crater, and then dared Pele to do her worst. She turned to her followers, and said: 'I do not believe in Pele! If there is no such being, no harm will come.' Of course, the people expected the fiery waves to leap up and swallow them, but nothing did happen, you know.

"Hurrah for the old queen's pluck, I say. After that, women dared to eat bananas and do many other things the priests had forbidden to all but men, saying it would make the gods angry. How silly the people used to be in those days!"

Then both children are still for a moment as they think lovingly of the good missionaries who came to their land just as their own people had given up idols. The good men and women came to tell them something better than they had ever known—something to drive fear from their hearts, to destroy the cruel power of the priests, and to bring freedom of mind and body. What was it? The love of God!

CHAPTER V
Auwae's School

On the morning after the picnic the little brown maiden is awake bright and early. After her breakfast of poi and yams she weaves a wreath of fresh flowers for her head, and, taking her books under her arm, begins her walk to the village school. Her way leads past Upa's home, and the boy is already waiting for her. As she comes near he shouts:

"Oh, Auwae, I have something to show you. You've got time to stop a few minutes without being late to school. Come with me."

And the boy leads the way down a path to a tree covered with vines trailing from the topmost branches to the ground. It makes a perfect bower of the sweet-smelling blossoms; but it is not this Upa wishes to show. He leads Auwae close to the trunk of the tree and bids her look straight upward to an odd nest gnawed in the trunk far

above them. From the hole two bright eyes are peering down at the children. They belong to a large rat that has made his home in the tree; perhaps he did this to be sure of safety from small boys. Or possibly it was to secure himself from the raids of the mongoose, so common in Hawaii nowadays.

"Poor little fellow," says Auwae, "I don't blame him. Father says that a good many rats live in the trees near here, but I never saw them there before. And father says, too, that the white men brought the mongoose here from India to drive out the rats, but the little fellows are not satisfied with killing them off; they want our chickens, too. It's a perfect shame. I wish they had stayed in their own country."

As the children now hurry on their way, they are obliged to cross a little stream where two women are washing. There are neither tubs, scrubbing-boards, nor soap to be seen. The clothing is dipped into the soft water and the parts most soiled are rubbed on flat stones. It must be rather hard on garments made of fine cloth, and it seems as though the women would get tired bending down. After all, there are but few things to wash, and, as the people do not work



"A little stream where two women are washing."

hard, their clothing cannot get badly soiled.

But look! Here come some of Auwae's schoolmates to join them. They are swimming down the stream. Each carries her clothing in a small bundle in her hand; she holds it out of the water as she paddles along. It is such a common matter that Auwae is not in the least surprised.

The schoolhouse is soon reached. It has but one large room, as there are but thirty children in the village. Much of the time the gentle schoolmaster sits with his pupils under the large tree nearby. Auwae likes that much the best. She can never get used to the close air inside the house. But today the children must do some writing, so they sit at their desks and compose letters to their adopted brothers and sisters in America.

How odd it seems to see the schoolmaster tend his baby while he teaches the children! Why didn't he leave it with his wife at home? Because in this island of flowers it is the duty of men as well as women to act as nurses. It seems a strange idea to us, but, if they are satisfied, it must be all right.

Look at the baby! He is wrapped in enough clothing for

six such tiny beings, and drops of perspiration are running down his face; but he does not cry.

"Aloha!" says our little Auwae, as she bows before her teacher. And "Aloha!" he replies, in a kind sweet voice. How many things this one word means! It answers for "good morning," "good-bye," "love," "thanks," and I don't know what else. But the smile that goes with it seems always to explain its meaning and make it the most delightful of words.

In Auwae's land the language was never written until the white people came to teach and help the Hawaiians. But it is very easy to understand, and Auwae could read when she had been at school only a few weeks. She had only twelve letters to learn. Every word and syllable of the Hawaiian language ends in vowels, and there are no hard sounds to pronounce. The sentences flow like music; so it is no wonder that Auwae composes poems so easily. They are very pretty, however, and her teacher is proud of her.

Auwae can tell you a great deal of the history of her island home. There are some parts of it that she loves to hear over and over again. On many a warm night as she lies

on the grass with her head in her father's lap, she will look up into his kind eyes, and say: "Papa, do tell me again about the very first Hawaiians. How did people come to live here after the island had grown up out of the sea? I can seem to see the seeds and twigs floating on to the shores with the tide. I can see the seeds sprouting and shooting up into tall trees out of the lava soil. But I wish you would describe again the boats loaded with people coming here from far away."

Then Auwae's father tells her of the time when there were no grass houses, nor brown children playing about them. He relates the stories handed down for hundreds of years about people living on distant islands across the equator. They were not treated kindly in their own land, and wished to find a new home where they could be happy and free. They were much like the Pilgrims who left Europe, and were willing to bear hardship and danger in New England.

CHAPTER VI

Long Ago

The old Hawaiians, who in those far-away times called themselves Savaiians, loaded their boats with provisions and other needed supplies. They set sail with their wives and children in hope of soon finding a pleasant home in some new island. Their voyage was longer, however, than they expected. Storms arose, and many of the poor little children grew sick and died. But the boats, which were hardly more than large canoes lashed together, rode safely onward. After many days the people saw the shores of the Hawaiian Islands ahead of them.

How glad they were to stand on dry land once more! They found a sheltered valley where they soon made themselves comfortable. They had brought with them some chickens, two or three pigs and dogs, besides the seeds of the breadfruit, and the kou trees. They found the taro plant

already growing there. They had made poi from it in their old home, so they knew how to use it. Besides this, they found the kapa-tree. From its bark they could make new garments to take the place of their sea-worn clothing.

They were very happy. Children were born in this new and beautiful land. Seeds were planted; more pigs and chickens were raised. It was the Golden Age of Hawaii, for there were peace and plenty.

Even the Brownies helped the settlers, and often worked wonders in the land. At least, this is what Auwae's father said, and I think he believed in these queer little beings.

When he mentioned the Brownies—Menehunes he called them—Auwae's eyes grew large with delight. She loved to hear about this race of dwarfs who were said to have built immense fish-ponds and sea-wells. Why, if you yourself, should doubt there were such beings, Auwae could point to their large stone ruins not far from her home. She would say: "Do you suppose any living people could set such great stones in place? Surely not! The Brownies are the only ones having strength enough to do work like that. Why, they are able to pass big stones from one to another

for miles."

Her father tells her that the secret of the Brownies' power is that they *work together* and work till their work is done. When human people sleep they are busy, but if mortals walk abroad at such times the Brownies make themselves invisible. Those were certainly wonderful times when the spirits of the earth worked for men, and did such mighty deeds in Hawaii.

But an end soon came to this joy and comfort, for men began to quarrel and have wars against each other. Then the Brownies withdrew their aid, and left them to themselves. Sickness fell upon the Hawaiians. There were many rulers, each one trying to gain all the power possible. The rich grew richer, and the poor poorer. Wicked priests, as well as the chiefs and masters, held the people in fear. It was a sad, sad time. The "chiefesses" (for there were women rulers) were no better than the men.

At last a child was born in Hawaii, who was unusually strong and wise. He grew up and became a great chief. His name was Kamehameha. That word means "The Lonely One." He was very ambitious. He looked over the island of

Hawaii, and said to himself: "I will make myself king of this whole land. I will bring the people more closely together. I will change many of the customs which are bad and harmful."

He kept his word. He rallied his own men around him, and was soon ruler of the entire island. But still he was not satisfied. He looked across the sea to other islands, and said: "I will be ruler over all these, too. My kingdom shall be a powerful one."

He sailed with his troops in his strong war-canoes, and soon landed on the island of Maui, not far from Hawaii.

The king of that island had been warned of the coming of the enemy. He was already marching down a narrow pass between the mountains to meet The Lonely One and his army. Kamehameha did not waste a moment. He rushed up the pass, his men following him in single file, and there, in a narrow pathway at least a thousand feet above a deep abyss, the two armies met. As each one of the Hawaiian soldiers stepped upward, he met and grappled with one of the enemy. One or the other was sure to be hurled downward over the precipice, and meet death below, if he were

not already killed on the narrow pathway.

It was a terrible battle. When night came the army of Maui was no more, and Kamehameha was ruler of that island. He was suddenly called back to his own home, for news came that a rebel leader in Hawaii had risen against him. This leader encamped with his men near the volcano Kilauea. As the great Kamehameha advanced to meet them an earthquake shook the land; a violent storm of cinders and sand rose out of the crater to a great height, and then fell down over the mountainside.

When the men were able to advance once more it was found that a large part of the rebel army had been killed by the eruption. At this the people exclaimed: "Surely the Goddess Pele was angry at the rebel chief. She chose this way to show her favour toward Kamehameha."

After this there were other troubles, but The Lonely One grew more and more powerful. At last he became the ruler of all the islands. He did with them as he had promised himself, and the people were united and happy as long as he lived.

CHAPTER VII

The Coming of the White Men

At nearly the same time that this brown king was born in Hawaii, a baby was born in far-distant England, who was, many years after, the first white person to visit Auwae's home. This baby's name was James Cook. He was a little country boy. His father was very poor. James might not even have had a chance to learn his letters if it had not been for the kindness of a good woman who lived in his village.

The boy had to work hard, even when very small. He did not like his work, either, and after awhile he said: "Oh, how I long to leave this place and be free! I would rather live on the beautiful blue ocean than here in the country. I shouldn't mind doing the hardest things on board a ship."

After awhile he made up his mind that he could not bear it any longer. One dark night he packed up a small bundle

of clothing and ran away to sea.

Do you imagine he found a kind captain waiting at some dock who became his good friend and helper? Don't imagine it for a moment. He did find a captain, and a ship, too. He also got a chance to work as a cabin-boy, but he was badly treated, and had to work far harder than he ever did on land.

Yet he loved the life of the ocean so much that he kept on sailing, and worked his way up to a high position. He even became a captain. People now called him "Captain Cook," and he was sent on long and dangerous voyages in the English navy. When he was at home in England he was invited to great dinners, and given high honours, for he had become a famous man.

At last he was asked to make a more dangerous voyage than he had ever yet tried. Wise men thought there might be a short way for ships to sail from Europe to Asia by going north of America. There were many icebergs, to be sure, as well as seas all frozen over, but perhaps there was a warm current running through the ocean. Captain Cook was so wise and brave he was the very man to try to find the

Northwest Passage, as it was called.

He started out with a goodly fleet. He sailed for many weeks. Many strange things happened. You must read the whole story of the voyage some time. But the brave captain did not find the Northwest Passage; he did, however, discover the islands of Auwae's people.

One morning at sunrise, as he came sailing into one of the harbours, the brown natives flocked to the shore. They had never seen a ship before. They wondered what it could be. Was it a forest that had slid down into the sea? Or was it the temple of Lono with ladders reaching up to the altars?

It seems that Lono was one of the gods in whom the brown people still believed. He had gone away from their island long before, and had promised to come back some day on an island bearing cocoanut-trees, swine, and dogs.

They thought the tall masts must be the cocoanut-trees, and when they saw the dogs and swine on board the ships, they were quite sure the promise had come true. Captain Cook himself must be Lono come again, and the sailors were lower gods who served him.

One of the priests brought a red cloak and placed it on

Captain Cook's shoulders. This was the mark of his greatness. Such an honour could only be offered a god.

There were great feasts for the visitors. Offerings of fruit, chickens, and all good things possible were made to the white men. They grew fat on the fine living. They were merry over their good times. No doubt they laughed at the foolish belief of the savages, as they called them. But they did not say: "My brown friends, we are glad you are so kind to us, but please don't think we are great beings. We are human beings like yourselves."

Do you not think that would have been wiser and more honest?

After awhile one of the sailors died. Then the brown people began to think. They said among themselves: "Gods cannot die. These people die, so they cannot be gods."

They began to watch more closely. Captain Cook was very quick-tempered. He and his men sometimes quarrelled with the natives and were cruel. At last, sad to say, the brave captain was killed in one of these quarrels.

Some people believe the Hawaiians of that time were cannibals and ate his dead body. But this is not true. Auwae

would feel very badly if she thought her American brothers and sisters could believe this. Captain Cook was a very great and brave man in the opinion of the brown child, as well as in yours. But he ought not to have let the people believe he was anything else than himself—a white traveller from other lands.

There is a monument to his memory on the island, and when you visit Auwae she will take you to see it.

After Captain Cook's death other white men came and taught the Hawaiians many things. They helped the rulers in governing wisely; and at last the people saw it was best to put themselves under the care of their white brothers.

Auwae likes to read about the old days, however. She delights in hearing her grandmother tell of her own youth; of the visit the king once made to her village; and of the grand celebration in his honour. The days were given up to feasting and entertainments. Men practiced boxing and wrestling for a long time beforehand; there were wonderful feats on horseback, in which Auwae's grandfather took part.

As he rode at full gallop through the village, he

surpassed all others in leaning from his horse and picking small coins from the ground. Best of all, the old woman said, as he rode along he wrung off the necks of fowls whose bodies were buried in the ground. And this he did without checking his horse's pace at all.

But the most joyful part of the day was when the king, fairly covered with wreaths of flowers, took his place under a beautiful pandanus-tree; then his subjects, one by one, came up before him, and, cheering and bowing, gave him offerings. It was always the best which the people offered their lord. There were presents of live fowls, hogs, clusters of bananas, cakes of seaweed, eggs, cocoanuts, nets of sweet potatoes, taro; everything which the king could desire.

"What joy and good-will those days brought!" says Auwae's grandmother. "It was the happiest time of my life."

The old woman takes a great deal of interest in everything her little granddaughter does. She is very proud of Auwae's collection of land-shells. She thinks it must be the finest one any child possesses in the whole island. She, herself, gave Auwae at least half of the different varieties. She had kept them from the time of her own childhood.

Did you ever hear of land-shells? They are found on the low, overhanging branches of trees, and the little creatures who make their homes in them would die if you were to put them into the salt water. They are very tiny, and are of many different tints. Auwae has beautiful blue ones, as well as rosy pink, pale yellow, green, violet, and I don't know how many other colours. In little basket trays, side by side, they look very pretty. Each variety has a tray of its own.

Many days must have been spent in gathering the collection; many different people have helped Auwae in making it—for often only a single kind of shell can be found in one whole island. People in Hawaii exchange specimens, just as the American boys and girls trade postage-stamps with each other. The white people in the village would like to buy Auwae's collection to send to a museum across the ocean, but she would not think of parting with it.

CHAPTER VIII

The Diver

When school is over, Upa and Auwae go home through the woods so that they can throw stones in a certain waterfall. They have no fear that snakes will suddenly take them by surprise, for there is not a single one in the whole island. Neither do they hear frogs croaking beside a shady pool, for neither frogs nor toads have ever hopped upon Hawaiian soil.

Wherever they come to an open space beneath the trees, they play ball. Upa made his own ball out of leaves which he packed closely together, and Auwae bound it with sweet-smelling grasses when he had pressed it into shape.

The boy's busy mind has planned new sport for the afternoon, and he says: "Auwae, after you have had your nap, do you want to fish? Old Hiko is going out to the coral

reefs, and he has promised I should go with him. He says I may bring you, too, if you wish."

Auwae claps her hands with pleasure, for it will be a great treat. Hiko is the only one in the village now who dives for fish. The other men use lines made from the fibres of the flax-plant, and are satisfied to sit in their boats, and lazily wait for bites. Auwae has grown to be a fine diver, and hopes to learn something by watching the old man.

After a dinner of dried devil-fish and sweet potatoes, with baked seaweed for a relish, and a delicious pudding of grated taro and cocoanut milk, our little brown cousin stretches herself under the trees, and is soon fast asleep.

She is dreaming of catching fresh-water shrimps in the stream near her house when she is roused by a gentle pat on her forehead. It is Upa, who says: "We must hurry, Auwae. Hiko is going in half an hour, and he will not wait for us."

Auwae is instantly wide awake, and after a loving "Aloha!" to her mother, she hurries to the shore with Upa.

The old fisherman is already there in his long, clumsy-looking canoe. He hollowed it from the trunk of a tree, and

there is just room enough inside for himself and the two children. At one side of the boat there is an outrigger to balance it, and make it quite safe.

Hiko has a queer-looking paddle in his hand, and another beside him. These paddles are like clumsy wooden spoons; it seems wonderful how fast they can make the boat travel over the water.

The children wade out from the shore to the deeper water where the boat is riding; then with a bound they spring into their places, Auwae to steer, and Upa to seize the other paddle.

On they go till they are directly over the coral reef. The sea is a beautiful green, and as clear as glass. Now they let the boat float along, and all eyes are bent down upon the groves of coral below the water. All at once Hiko rises suddenly to his feet, and springs upon the edge of the canoe; but first he seizes in one hand a small fish-net, and in the other a palm leaf.

Ah! down he dives, straight over the side of the boat! Down! down! Will he ever come back? Do not fear. This is mere sport for him—surprising a shoal of fish at play among

the coral spires. To the waiting children it seems as though he were gone a long time, but in reality it is no more than a minute.

As he appears again out of the water they shout in excitement, "What luck, Hiko? What luck?" But they do not need to ask, for they see that his net is half-full. He has actually brushed the fish into it with his palm leaf, as your mother brushes crumbs from the table into the tray.

How beautiful are these fish! They are of many colours: red, green, blue, and yellow. Among them is one of a delicate pink tint, shaped much like a trout. Still another is a queer-looking fish with a purple body, a blue spotted tail, and a dark head that shines brightly in the sunlight.

But the greatest treasure in the old man's collection is the sea-cock, or ki-hi ki-hi, as he calls it. Its back is covered with stripes of black and yellow; it is perfectly round in shape, while a long, transparent ribbon is fastened to its nose.

Hiko lifts the sea-cock from the net with great pride. To show the children how beautiful it is while floating in the water, he fastens a cord through the creature's head, and

drops it below the surface. It looks now like a gorgeous butterfly as it trails after the boat.

But Hiko is not satisfied yet. He says he will dive once more, as he wishes to give Upa's mother a goodly mess of fish for her supper. At the next dive he is gone for a longer time than before. Auwae grows fearful just as his old face appears once more. He is puffing hard for breath, and his eyes are red and blood-shot. He has been even more successful this time, but is quite tired. He tells the children they can allow the boat to float for awhile. They may rest for a luncheon on some of the dainties he has just secured. Each may choose the fish liked best.

It seems queer to see the pleasure with which Auwae's pearly teeth meet in the tail of the sea-cock. But such is the habit of her people, and raw fish seems no stranger food to her than fresh-picked strawberries or pineapples.

The party now paddle their way homewards. But, listen! A sound of music comes from the direction of the shore. See! there are at least four canoes filled with people. They are coming out for a race, and, as they move along, are merrily singing in rhythm with the motion of their paddles.

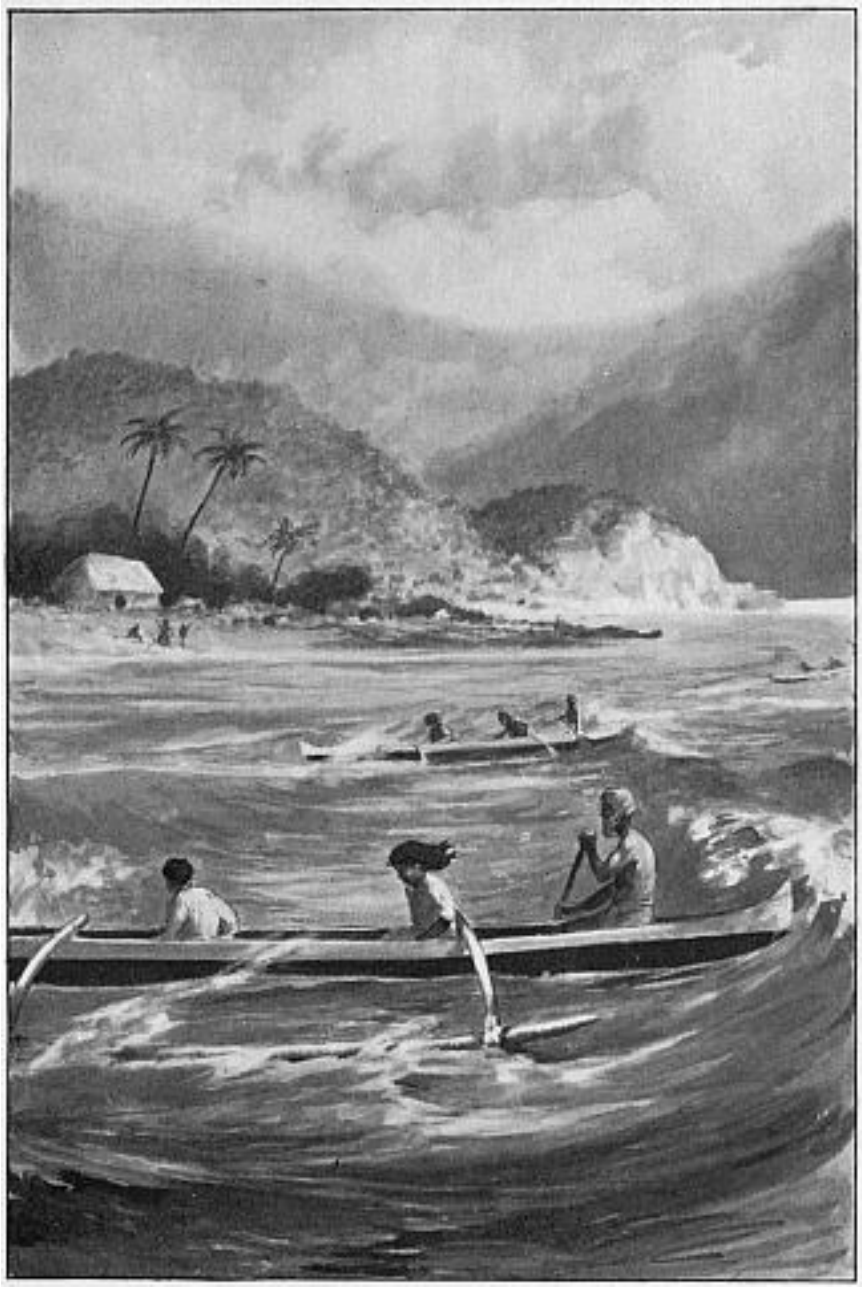
As they come nearer, our little brown maiden sees her father and mother amongst the party. She stands up in the canoe, and shouts: "Oh, mamma! we have had such fun! Hiko says we may stay out and race with you, too."

And now Hiko turns the canoe in the direction all the others are going. The surf is running high; there is a good breeze blowing toward shore, so there will be fine sport. All who hold paddles work with a will, and the canoes are soon beyond the breakers; then they line up and watch for a big roller.

They have only a minute to wait; all eyes turn as Hiko shouts, "Hoi! hoi!" ("paddle with all your might").

The canoes rush onward with all the force the rowers can put into them; for the boats must be moving fast enough when the breaker reaches them to keep up with the onrushing water. Otherwise they will be overturned, and the people obliged to swim ashore; which would certainly not be pleasant.

Hurrah! The canoes are suddenly lifted up to a great height by the mighty power of the roller; then down they suddenly drop to level water again and speed onward to the



"It is like a long, grand toboggan slide."

shore. It is like a long, grand toboggan slide, only it is on water instead of snow or ice.

Auwae's boat reaches the beach first of all. There is a shout of laughter from the gay company who follow. It is because one of the canoes has been left far behind the others. Of course the best fun lies in winning this queer water race.

The sport continues for an hour or more, till it seems as though everyone must be tired out. Then they draw the canoes up on the shore and lie about on the sand for story-telling.

CHAPTER IX
Stories of Olden Time

Auwae's father repeats a legend handed down through generations of his family. "More than four hundred years ago," he says, "not far from this very spot, there lived a great chief. His home was not Hawaii, but he came from a distant land to fight and win honour under the king of this island. He became powerful, and was much loved by the people. His relatives followed, and settled here with him, and all went merry.

"The time for the monthly festival drew near; games, races, and trials of strength were planned to make a pleasant holiday for all. The chief himself was to take part. He and his dearest friend were both well trained in sliding down the steep hillsides on their polished sledges; so they agreed to vie with each other at the festival to see who could win.

"How seldom, friends, these sledges are used now! What a grand sport it was! I have a sledge at home used by my father, not more than six inches wide, and at least eight feet long. The runners are finely curved and polished. You must all have seen it.

"But to come back to my story. The chief knew well just how to throw himself upon the sledge; he knew the difficult art of keeping his sledge under him as he slid down the steep race track; he was able to guide his sledge with the greatest skill.

"But his friend was as skilful as himself, so the people expected a close contest. Many wagers of bunches of bananas and fat pigs were made.

"The time came, and the two men went up the hillside with their sledges under their arms. They laughed and chatted, and had just reached the top when a beautiful young woman suddenly appeared before them.

"She bowed before the chief, and said, 'Will you try the race with me instead of your friend?'

"'What!' he exclaimed, 'with a woman?'

"'What difference should that make, if she is greater and

more skillful than you?' was her answer.

"The chief was angered, but he only replied, 'Then take my friend's sledge and make ready.'

"And so these two, the chief and the strange, beautiful woman, rushed down the hillside. For a single moment she lost her balance, and the chief reached the goal first.

"How the people cheered and shouted! But the woman silently pointed toward the top, as much as to say, 'Let us have one more trial.'

"Again the chief climbed the hillside, this time with the woman by his side. As they were about to start once more, the stranger exclaimed: "'Your sledge is better than mine; if you wish to be just, you will exchange yours for mine.'

"'Why should I?' answered the chief. 'I do not know you. You are not a sister or wife of mine.' And he turned without further heed and flung himself down the steep descent, supposing the woman was also on the way.

"But not so! She stamped her foot upon the ground, and suddenly a stream of burning lava poured forth and rushed down the hillside. The chief reached the foot of the hill and turned to see the fiery torrent destroying everything in its

way.

"Too late, he understood everything now. The strange woman was none other than the goddess Pele, who had taken this form to sport with men. He had angered her, and she was about to destroy him and all his people.

"And look! There rode the goddess, herself, on the crest of the foremost wave of lava. What should he do? He instantly turned aside and fled with his friend to a small hill from which he could see the awful death of his people.

"And now the valleys were filled with the burning torrent. Pele did not intend to let him escape. Nothing was left but the ocean. He reached it just as his brother drew near in his canoe. Together they fled to their old home across the waters, and never again dared to visit Hawaii, lest the dreadful goddess should come forth against him."

When the story is finished, tales are told of the old days of war and bloodshed; when the word of the chief was law to his people; when no life was safe from the power of the priests and chiefs. Then, indeed, were surely needed the cities of refuge still standing on this island.

"It is at least a hundred years ago," says old Hiko, "that

my grandfather fled to the Pahonua, that strong old city whose walls have sheltered many an innocent man and helpless woman. He was accused of breaking the 'tabu' the chief of his village had laid upon a certain spring of water." (Of course, as you know, "tabu" means *sacred*, and so the water of that spring must not be used by anyone except the chief himself.)

"My grandfather was then a young man, gay and happy. He would never have dared to break the tabu, but an enemy accused him of so doing, and the chief sent armed men to kill him. A good friend heard of it in time to warn him, and he fled over the mountains on his trusty horse.

"His pursuers were in full view when he reached the entrance to the city of refuge. Here they believed he was under the protection of the gods, so they turned back. Drawing a long breath of relief, he entered the city. He lived for some days in one of the houses built inside its massive walls. Then he came home again without fear, for he could never more be harmed for the deed of which he had been accused.

"In those times, my children," says the old man, "the

thief, even the murderer, was pardoned, once he reached the city of refuge. And during wars it was the place to which women and children fled; there alone were they safe."

But the people are rested now, and do not care to think longer of the olden times. As the tide is far out, a dance upon the beach is proposed. Upa pounds his drum, and another of the party plays upon a bamboo flute. All the others move about on the coral sand in slow, graceful circles.

While they are enjoying themselves in this way, we can examine Upa's drum. He made it from the hollow trunk of a cocoa-palm. It is covered with shark's skin. Odd as it seems to us, it serves his purpose very well, and the boy keeps good time with the dancers. While he beats upon it he delights in watching Auwae move about on the sand. She is the very picture of grace and happiness.

CHAPTER X
Up the Mountain

The pleasant days pass by for Auwae and Upa, and the time comes for the great trip to Kilauea. You must understand that Kilauea is not the volcano itself, but the largest crater on the side of Mauna Loa. Many grown people as well as children picture a volcano as a great cone with only one deep pit, down into which they can look when they reach the summit.

This is not always so; for the fire raging in the heart of Mauna Loa has burst out in more than one place on its sides. Kilauea is the largest of these outlets, or craters. It is a hard journey to climb even so far as this. Very few people are daring enough to go still farther and journey to the summit of Mauna Loa.

Auwae's mother actually grows excited while she gets her little daughter ready for the trip. She does not care to

go herself.

"It is too much work. I know I should get tired; but you can tell me all about it, my child, when you come back. Then I can see it through your eyes. And Upa's father will be kind, and will take good care of you. I shall not worry."

When the first light of the morning shines through the tree tops, three clumsy-looking horses stand in front of Auwae's door. Upa and his father use two of them; the third one is for our little brown maiden, who appears with a fresh garland of flowers upon her head and a smile on her red lips.

She springs upon the saddle without help, and sits astride of the horse just as Upa does. In fact, all Hawaiians ride in this way, and it is very wise. The women could not travel safely over the rough mountain passes if they rode like their white cousins.

"Aloha! Aloha! Aloha!" echoes through the grove, and the party is soon out of sight. They have more than thirty miles of climbing before them; the horses must walk nearly all the way, as it is a steady rise from the village to the edge of the great crater.

At first, the way is through a perfect forest of breadfruit, candlenut, and palm trees. Among them are ferns growing from twenty to thirty feet high! Their great stalks are covered with a silky, golden-brown fibre. Other ferns, more delicate, are wound around these and live upon their life.

It is cool in the shade of the trees; the way is narrow and the horses must go in single file to keep out of the thick underbrush. Presently the way grows lighter and the party come out of the forest and pass a large sugar plantation. Chinese labourers are cutting down the long canes and carrying them to the mill to be crushed. The white overseers are hurrying from one place to another, urging on the men and giving directions, while through it all Auwae can hear the rush and roar of a waterfall. She cannot see it, because the mill and boiler-house hide it from her sight.

The party move to one side to let a team of mules pass them on the narrow road. The mules are laden with kegs of sugar which must be carried to the coast and shipped to distant lands.

The children would like to stop awhile on the plantation, but Upa's father says they must not delay. It will be

evening before they can reach the volcano-house.

As they climb higher and higher up the mountainside, the air grows cooler, yet the heat from the sun is so great they are still too warm for comfort. Suddenly a heavy shower takes them by surprise, and Auwae cries out in delight: "Upa, isn't this fun? I'm going to open my mouth and let the raindrops fall right in. I'm so thirsty! Aren't you?"

The children lie back in their saddles and leave their trusty horses to follow their leader onward and ever upward. No one gives a thought to wet clothing, for will it not be dry again a few minutes after the rain stops falling?

See! the lava-beds stretch out before them. It is clear enough now that Hawaii, the island of flowers, was born of fire. All these miles of gray, shining substance once poured, a broad river of fire, from the crater above. Some of the lava looks like broad waves; again, it is in pools, or rivers, or coils, with great caves here and there. These caves are really bubbles which have suddenly burst as they cooled.

Auwae looks off to each side of the road, built with so much labour up the mountain; then she thinks of what her grandmother has told her of her own journey to Kilauea,

years ago. At that time there was no road over the lava-beds, and her horse slipped many times as he stepped on places smooth as glass. And many times his hoofs were badly cut on sharp edges, and left bloody marks behind him.

The air is quite still. Not a sound can be heard. No birds nor insects make their homes on these lava stretches. Yet do not think for a moment that nothing grows here. The moist air and the rains have been great workers, and, in some strange way, delicate ferns, nasturtiums, guavas, and even trees, have taken root, so that the lava-beds are nearly covered.

Hour after hour passes by. Auwae gets so tired she nearly falls from her horse. The luncheon has been eaten long ago. There is no water to drink except what the showers have left in little hollows by the wayside. The children have stopped their chatter and lie with closed eyes on their horses' backs. The smell of sulphur grows strong, and Upa's father turns around to call out: "Children, here we are at last! And there is my old friend Lono in the doorway to welcome us."

CHAPTER XI

The Volcano

Auwae suddenly forgets the long and tiresome ride, as she jumps from her horse's back in front of the hotel. This hotel is built on the edge of a crater! Think of the family who live here year after year! Night after night they look from the windows upon the raging fire below, yet are not afraid. Many a time the earth shakes beneath them, and the house rocks to and fro. The shelf of lava on which it stands may break at any moment, and the people within may suddenly be flung over the precipice. Yet they live on, and work and play as others do who have nothing to fear.

In many places around the house are cracks in the earth from which sulphur fumes are rising. As the children look out in front they see the crater itself, more than nine miles round, and nearly a quarter of a mile deep.

As they creep out and look over the edge, what is before

them? The crater is filled with steam, while over in a distant corner of the pit they look for the first time upon the "house of everlasting fire," as the old legends call it—the home of the goddess Pele.

The flames rise and fall, now high enough to light up the evening sky, now low as though dying out, and with it can be heard the breathing of this great furnace of nature. It sounds like the restless ocean many miles away.

Auwae and Upa hold each other's hands tightly and do not speak. Surely this is a wonderful sight. They will not forget it as long as they live.

They are so tired, however, that they are soon fast asleep in "white people's beds," as they call them. They do not awake till the sun has driven away the clouds which hang about the place in the early hours of morning. Upa's father has already eaten breakfast and attended to his business with the landlord.

He tells the children that horses are at the door to carry them down into the crater; for they have begged him to let them see everything possible.

What a ride this is down the rough, jagged side of the

pit! The horses pick their way step by step over the sharp broken lava. But even here beautiful things are growing. There are delicate ferns, silvery grasses, pink, white, and brilliant blue berries. It seems as though Mother Nature wished to hide the frightful masses of black and gray lava.

Now the air gets very hot; steam and sulphur pour through great cracks in the floor of the crater; the lava itself will burn if Auwae dares to touch it with her fingers.

The floor of the crater, looking quite even from above, is broken up into hills and valleys, immense ridges and rivers of lava which have poured forth, one above the other, at different times.

After two hours of hard riding and walking, Auwae and Upa reach the lake of living fire and look down, down, into its depths. But they cannot see the bottom. Each throws in a garland of flowers as an offering to the goddess Pele. They know she does not exist, but it is an old, old custom of the people, and they have not quite grown out of the idea that it is safest to do so.

For, look at the flames leaping up at this very moment! "People *may* be mistaken," thinks Auwae, "and the goddess

may get angry if we are not polite, and suddenly drown us in fire!"

It is dinner-time before the party get back to the hotel. They are willing to rest all the afternoon under the tree-ferns near the house. They lazily pick the ohele berries growing about them, as they tell the village news to the landlord's family.

On the evening of the third day our little brown maiden finds herself safe at home once more. She is very well, but quite lame and sore from her long ride. Her mother says she shall have a lomi-lomi, and she will feel all right again.

Auwae stretches herself out on a mat while an old woman of the village pinches and pounds and kneads every part of her dear little body. Do you suppose it hurts? Just try it yourself the first time you have a chance, and when it is over see if you do not feel as limber and care-free as Auwae does.

She dances about under the trees, and exclaims: "Oh, how nice it is to be alive! What a lovely home I have! But I'm glad I've been to Kilauea, though I would not like to live there."

At this moment she sees her father coming down the path to the house. He was away when she got home, and she runs to welcome him.

"But, dear papa, what are you hiding behind you?" she cries.

"I have a present for my little daughter," he answers. "It has cost a large sum, but my only child deserves it, I well know. It is something for you to treasure all your life."

He hands her a bamboo cylinder, telling her to see what is inside. The excited girl opens one end, and out falls a band of tiny yellow feathers to be worn as a wreath. It is more precious to this Hawaiian child than a diamond ring or gold necklace could possibly be.

Why, do you ask? Because of the time and labour in getting the feathers, which are found on only one kind of bird in the islands, or any other place, for that matter. This little creature is called the oo. It lives among the mountains. Under each of its wings are a few bright yellow feathers no more than an inch long. Hunters spend their lives in snaring this bird. They place long sticks smeared with a sticky substance where the oo is apt to alight. After

it is caught, the precious feathers are plucked and the bird set free.

While Auwae crowns herself with her new wreath, her father tells her that next month she shall go away with him on a steamboat. She shall visit Honolulu, the capital of the islands. There she shall see the wonderful war-cloak of Kamehameha the Great. It is made entirely of oo feathers. Nine kings lived and died, one after the other, before this priceless cloak was finished. And now it is guarded as one of the greatest treasures of the country.

Yes, Auwae shall see, not only this, but many wonders beside. She shall ride through the streets with neither man nor animal to carry her. She shall talk with people miles away by placing her mouth to a tube. She shall see how her white cousins live and dress.

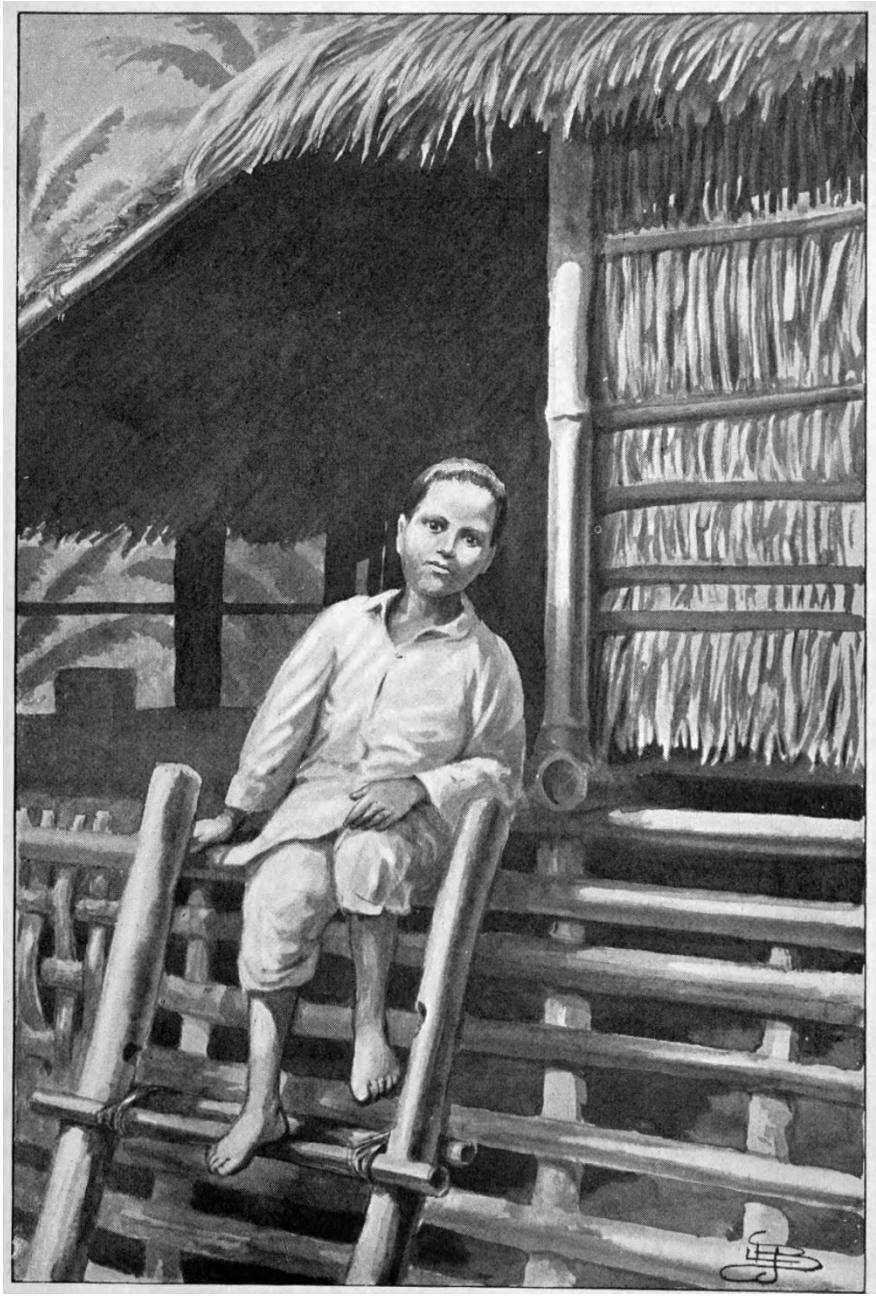
But her father does not doubt that she will be glad to come home again to this little grass house with the quiet and the peace of the village life.

THE END.

Our Little Philippine Cousin

Mary Hazelton Wade

Illustrated by L.J. Bridgman



Alila

Preface

On the farther side of the great Pacific Ocean are the Philippine Islands. These form one of the many island groups that hang like a fringe or festoon on the skirt of the continent of Asia. Like most of the islands in the Pacific, the Philippines are inhabited by people belonging to the brown race, one of the great divisions of the family of mankind.

The Philippines are shared by many tribes, all belonging to the same brown race. People of one tribe may be found on one of these islands; those of a different tribe are living on another; or one tribe may live in a valley and its neighbour in the hills; and so on to the number of eighty tribes. Each tribe has its own customs and ways. And yet we shall call these various peoples of the brown race our cousins; for not only are they our kindred by the ties which unite all the

races of men in this world; they have been adopted into the family of our own nation, the United States of America.

The people of these islands are many of them wild and distrustful children. They have no faith in us; they do not wish to obey our laws. If we are in earnest in our wish to do them good, and not harm, we must learn to know them better, so that we may understand their needs. That is one reason why we are going to learn about our little Philippine cousin, Alila of Luzon.

CHAPTER I
The New Baby

Alila is such a strong, active boy now, it is hard to imagine him in his babyhood—he was such a tiny brown tot!

His nose was so flat one would hardly have noticed there was a nose at all, except for the wideness of the nostrils. His big black eyes seemed to be moving around all the time, as much as to say: "I must find out everything I can, and just as fast as I can, about this queer place in which I find myself."

His hair was straight and coarse and black, even on the day he was born. It was quite warm (in fact, almost all the days are warm in the Philippines), yet the doorway was carefully covered and the windows closed tightly.

Now, why do you suppose Alila found himself shut up in a close room like that when he first entered this big round world of ours, while there was such a soft gentle

breeze outside as scarcely to move the tops of the cacao-trees in the garden?

The fact is, Alila's father, who is not afraid of the wild buffalo nor the boa-constrictor, nor even the huge cayman, is constantly dreading the evil that bad spirits may bring to him. And now he had a darling boy of his very own! According to the beliefs of his people, no evil spirit must be allowed to enter a home when a child is born, or the little one might be troubled by the spirit for the rest of his life.

So the loving parent walked back and forth over the roof waving a bolo in his hand, as much as to say: "Look out, spirits, or you may get your throats cut. Keep away from here. Do not try to get inside to trouble my little one."

He did this very earnestly in the first hour of Alila's life, although he was shown the foolishness of such ideas by the priests the Spaniards sent among his people.

He is a small man, this father of Alila. He has high cheek-bones like the Chinese and Japanese, and no beard upon his face.

When he felt that everything was really safe, he climbed down from the thatched roof, and, opening the door as

little as possible, went softly up to the mat where the baby lay and kissed him.

But, dear me! not all persons kiss the way we do, and this father of the Malay race seemed rather to *smell* the baby than anything else we can think of. He placed his own nose and lips on the baby's cheek and drew a long breath. It was done to show his love, and that is what any kiss is given for, is it not?

This baby's bed would not, perhaps, suit all the other babies in the world. Some of those babies we know are cared for on cushions of down and wrapped in soft flannels and delicate muslins. But what did black-eyed Alila care for that? To be sure, he lay on a mat of woven palm leaves, but it was sweet and fresh.

And although the floor his eyes sometimes rested on was not covered with a rich velvet carpet, it was smooth and clean, for it was made of split bamboos flattened and fitted close together. And oh, that floor was beautifully polished by Mother Nature herself, for the bamboos as they grow are covered on the outside with a coating of the finest and hardest varnish.

If Alila could have thought about it at all, he would have considered himself more fortunate than most babies—for did not his own dear mother, who lay at his side, make every bit of the spread which covered his tiny body? She had taken the fibres of pineapple leaves and hemp and woven them together.

But that alone would not make the spread beautiful enough for her dear one. It must be given a bright colour, so she searched through the woods till she found a sapan-wood tree; then, breaking off some branches and opening them, she took a substance from the heart of each and made a crimson dye.

So you can see that the cover was done entirely by Alila's mother; and you can ask yourself if that wasn't a hundred times better than buying cloth out of a store. That would not have the touch of love in its making.

There was something else in Alila's home one does not see in other lands. Whenever the baby's eyes turned toward the light, they found it very soft and restful, for it came through a window in which were fitted the inner shells of a certain kind of oyster.

It was so pretty! The colours of the rainbow shone there in pale tints, and the flaring sunshine could not enter. The room was kept in a sort of twilight all day long, and made it pleasant for the new-born baby and his mamma to doze and dream.

CHAPTER II

His First Party

Alila was not two hours old before friends began to arrive to see him. But they did not enter suddenly! That would have been the height of rudeness. As they reached the doorway, each in turn stood for a long time on the outside, making many complimentary remarks to Alila's family. That was their way of showing themselves well-mannered and polite.

The Tagals, for that is the name of this tribe of people, never do anything suddenly. They do not appear to believe in surprise parties.

When all the fine speeches which seemed proper had been made, they entered the little house and came to the side of the new baby. They made the young mother very proud by the praise they gave her tiny son.

But she and her husband were not the only ones pleased.

There was Alila's grandmother, who was always the most honoured one in the household; there was also an aunt who made her home here as she was too poor to have one of her own; and beside these, there was a lame old man, a friend of the family, who had come to them for shelter. The Tagals are so hospitable they will never turn anyone from their homes.

As one visitor after another arrived, the little house became crowded. If it had not been for the high, dome-shaped roof, the air would have grown heavy and impure. As it was, Alila and his mother soon grew very tired and closed their eyes in sleep.

"That is good," said the grandmother, "we must let her rest. We will go out under the cacao-trees and talk, and I will bring some cocoa wine and betel to you there."

This old woman was certainly not pretty, although good and thoughtful. As she stood talking to the visitors in low tones, one could see how short she was. Her coarse, black hair grew down upon her forehead almost to her eyebrows; her wrinkled skin was dark brown; her eyes were large and round and, like her baby grandchild's, ever turning in a new

direction.

She was dressed in a short skirt much like those of the other women of the party; it was of three colours—green, white, and bright red. Over this she wore a large piece of blue cotton cloth, cut in the shape of an oblong, tucked in at the waist and hanging over her skirt almost down to her knees. No shoes or stockings covered the bare legs or feet, but she did not seem to miss them.

She was as straight as an arrow, even if she were a grandmother. Perhaps it was because she had been used to carrying jars of water and baskets of fruit upon her head ever since she was a little child.

She moved softly about the hut as she got the entertainment ready for the company. From one corner she drew forth a large bamboo with a grass stopple in it. This held the wine the guests would sip so sparingly, for the Tagals are a sober people and seldom drink enough fermented liquor to hurt them. The old woman next got some cocoanut shells together. These were the only drinking-cups the family ever used.

But the betel which she now placed beside the other

things—what is that, you ask? It is not a food, and yet it often takes the place of food; for a Tagal can work a long time without eating if he can chew all of this he wishes. It is prepared from the nut of the areca palm, one of the most beautiful trees in the world. A palm of this kind grows right beside Alila's home, and, now that he is a big boy, he climbs the tall tree himself and brings down the nuts which grow at the top under the tuft of glossy green leaves.

The nuts are cut into thin slices and wrapped in the leaves of a singular plant called buyo. But, before they can be used for this purpose, these leaves are coated with lime made from oyster shells and then folded up.

Alila's grandmother prepared a quantity of betel before the new baby was born.

Just as she was going out to offer refreshments, another visitor arrived. It was a friend who had come from a distance, but the mother and child must not be wakened. Oh, no! that was not to be thought of. The souls of people leave their bodies and go away while they are sleeping, the old woman believes; and if anyone should arouse them suddenly, they might never return to their bodies.

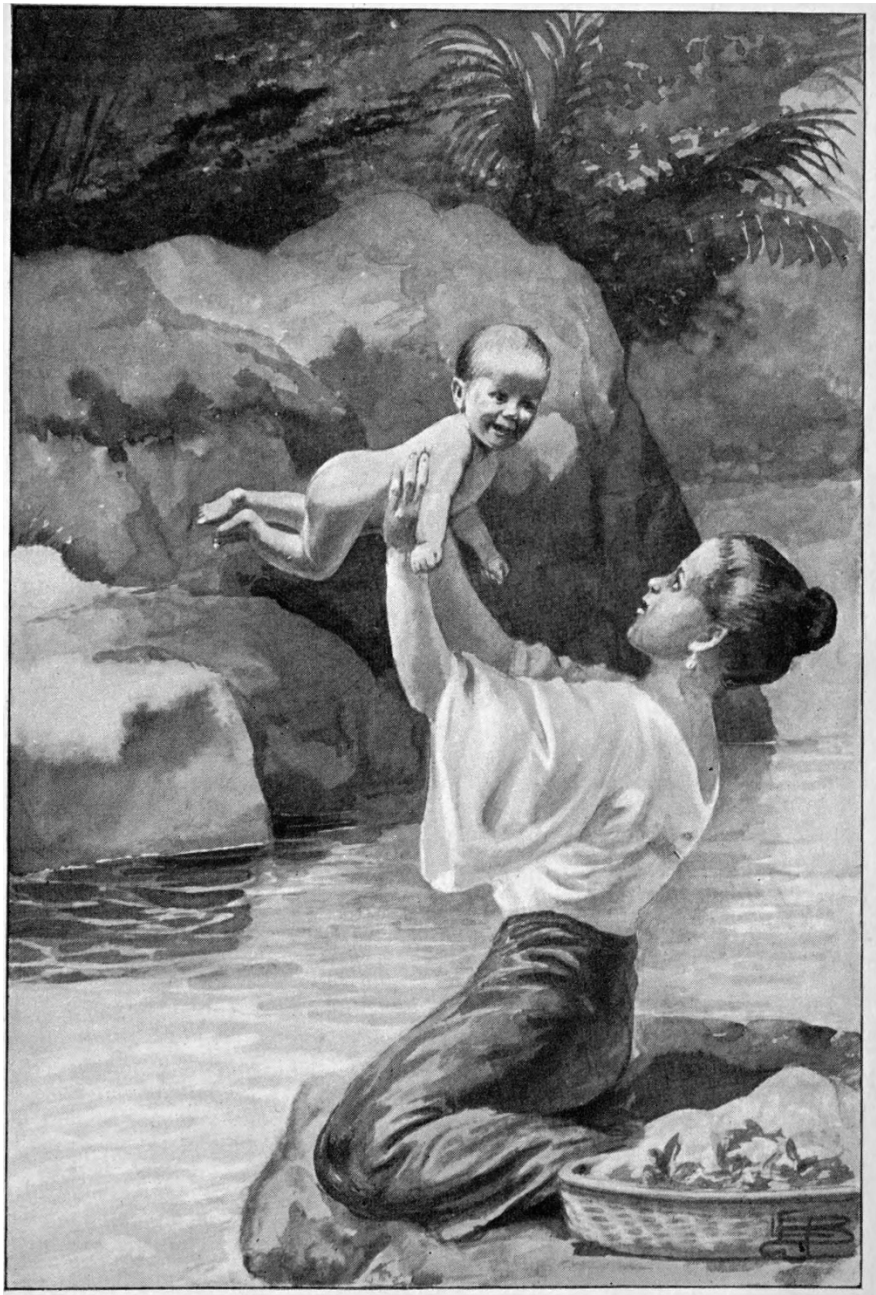
So, of course, the visitor, who also had this belief, wouldn't have disturbed the sleepers for anything in the world. She quietly turned away and joined the other guests in the garden.

CHAPTER III
The Christening

Alila was christened soon after he was born. Dear me, what a time that was! The festival lasted several days. There was a host of friends and acquaintances around the little home, making merry and admiring the baby.

Alila himself was as clean and sweet as any child in the world could be. His mother had bathed him in the water of the river which flowed down the mountainside near them, while the leaves of the papaw-tree took the place of soap.

The young mother herself was only fifteen years old. She was dressed in her brightest skirt and fairly shone with the abundance of cheap jewelry she wore. Her hair was combed straight back from her forehead. She wore nothing on her feet excepting her queer slippers, of which she seemed very proud. She had herself embroidered them to look like a pair worn by the rich lady whose husband owned the plantation.



"His mother had bathed him in the water of the river."

They were perfectly flat and had only uppers enough to encase two or three toes.

What queer, uncomfortable things to wear on one's feet! Alila will never own such things because he is a boy, and he should be glad of it.

His grandmother and aunt had a fine feast prepared for the visitors. There was a good supply of roasted buffalo and wild boar's meat. There was a salad made from the young green tops of the bamboo; steamed rice and stewed iguana; papaws, which tasted like melons; tamarind sauce and guavas and bananas. And, of course, there was an abundance of betel, cocoa wine and tuba.

But strangest of all the dishes at the Tagal's feast was one prepared from a kind of beetle. The guests relished it greatly and Alila's father was praised very much for surprising them with this dainty.

But the feast was only a small part of the entertainment. A band came from the village to furnish music. Every instrument on which they played was made of bamboo. Then there was dancing and singing under the palm-trees by old and young, and when evening came there were

displays of fireworks.

As Alila's father was quite poor, how could he afford such splendour? The fact is, it cost him nothing! It was a free show given by Mother Nature. Her little children, the fireflies, gathered in great numbers and danced in circles around the trees. Anyone ought to be satisfied with fireworks like those.

Alila's eyes watched the people eat with their fingers and looked at the lights dancing about; he listened to the odd, sweet music for a little while; and then those black eyes closed tightly and he lay fast asleep in his young mother's arms. Of course, he doesn't remember anything about it now, but his grandmother has told him the story so many times it almost seems as though his own mind had kept the pictures for him.

CHAPTER IV
The Building of the House

And now he is a big boy, ten years old, and can do so many things to help his parents. He has not always lived in the home where he was born. Last summer a whirlwind destroyed that one, but he helped his father build another just like the first, and he showed himself a very clever worker.

He searched through the forest for bamboos of the right size; he did his share in cutting them down and splitting them for the walls of the hut. When they were ready, he worked each morning in thatching the roof until it grew too warm. Then came dinner and a nap under the trees until the late afternoon, when work began again.

In a few days a new home was ready and the terrible hurricane forgotten by the carefree, happy little boy.

Can you guess what part of the hut took the largest

share of Alila's time and attention? It must have been the window-panes, for he was anxious to get the most beautiful mother-of-pearl he could find. He had to take a trip to the seashore ten miles away, and then he spent many hours finding such oyster shells as had a very delicate lining.

"The two windows must be beauties," said the boy to himself, "for that will please my mother so much."

No carpenter's shop nor store was visited during the whole time. It was not needful, for the forest nearby stretched its arms toward the workers, as much as to say: "Come to me; I will gladly give you everything you can possibly wish."

"How about nails," you ask, "and stout cord with which to fasten all the parts together?"

Nails, and a bolt in the door? Why, what could be better than a stick of rattan, cut and whittled into shape? Cord? That was obtained very easily, too, from a bushrope-tree growing near Alila's home. It is so stout and strong it is not an easy thing to break it.

When the house was finished, it looked like a great bee-hive. There was only one room, but what of that? If people

are perfectly comfortable they can be as happy in a one-roomed hut as though they lived in a palace.

Alila has so many good times you would almost envy him. In the first place, it takes him only a minute to dress in the morning. A pair of thin trousers and a shirt hanging down outside instead of being tucked in at the waist, and his toilet is made.

When he goes out into the sunlight, he wears an odd-looking hat of rattan. It is made in the shape of a cone, and shields his eyes nicely from the sunshine. He goes to no school, so he does not know how to write to his new American brothers, but that doesn't trouble him in the least.

He always has enough to eat, and is satisfied with a dinner of rice and fish any day. Besides, there is always a bunch of bananas hanging inside the house, and he has sugar-cane in abundance.

He is hardly ever punished and is allowed to do very much as he pleases. It is fortunate that he pleases to do right nearly all the time.

He swims every day in the river; he fishes from his

bamboo raft; he hunts in the forest with his father. His chief duty on the sugar plantation is to keep the monkeys out of the cane. It was not long ago that he shot two of the mischievous little fellows with his bow and arrow and hung the poor things on poles like scarecrows to frighten others away.

CHAPTER V

Four-Footed Friends

Alila has a tame monkey at home now. He has taught him many clever tricks. Every night when he goes to bed, the monkey curls himself up by his side and lies there till morning. He seems to love his little master very dearly and often rides on his shoulder while Alila is working.

Until a few months ago, the boy has lived on a sugar plantation owned by a rich Tagal planter. The plantation is divided up into small farms and rented to different workmen. The planter furnishes one buffalo and all the needed tools to care for each little place.

When the harvest time arrives in December, each tenant carries his crop to the mill for grinding. He is allowed one-third of it for himself, and, whatever price it brings, it must support his family for the next year.

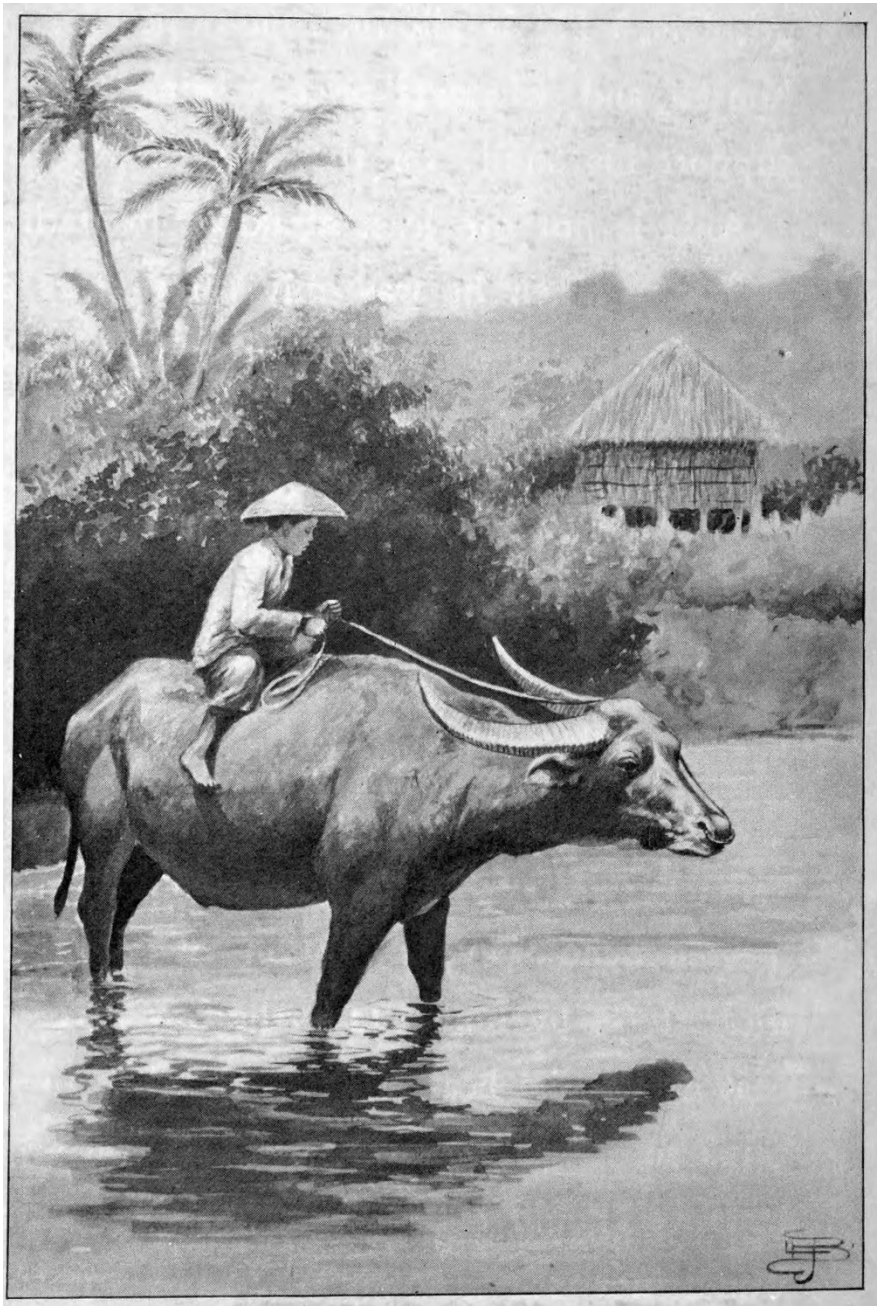
Alila is not the least afraid of his father's buffalo. When

he was only three years old the huge creature would obey him and allow him to drive anywhere he pleased. He seemed to know by the tone of the boy's voice just what he wished him to do.

It made an odd picture—the tiny little fellow, holding a slender rein in his chubby hands as he trotted along by the buffalo's side. The rein was fastened to a piece of split rattan drawn through the animal's nose. Yet somehow every motion of Alila was understood by him. Is it the boy's patience that makes the beast so gentle? We like to think so.

If we should take Alila's place the animal would not stir to obey us. He would at once become stubborn and ugly, because he is not used to our quick, nervous, impatient ways.

He cannot work all day like a horse. After two or three hours, he needs to stop and rest. But that is not enough—he suffers if he cannot have a bath. Sometimes Alila rides on his back when he plunges into the river, and holds on without fear while the buffalo stretches his head down and holds it under the water for two minutes at a time as he searches for food.



"Sometimes Alila rides on his back."

How Alila does love him! He has the next place in his heart to his father and mother. But the buffalo has other good friends beside Alila's family. They are not people, nor even other buffaloes. They are white herons that follow him as he ploughs. They are not afraid if Alila is the only person there. As the animal's heavy feet plod over the ground, worms and insects come to the surface. The herons know this and easily get a good breakfast.

Besides these attendants, a small blackbird often keeps the buffalo company, who will raise up his head in delight to meet it. Why is it? Because the bird flies about his head and neck and picks off the insects from his skin.

This buffalo has lived on the farm from the time he was caught wild when a baby. If he had not been so young he could never have been tamed. A wild buffalo is a terrible thing; he is most to be dreaded of any creature in the islands.

CHAPTER VI
The Buffalo Hunt

Alila's father has been on several buffalo hunts, but never yet has he allowed his boy to go with him. He says it is far too dangerous; the little boy must wait until he is older. But it is so hard to wait, Alila thinks, as he longs for the time to come and looks up at the pair of horns brought home from the last hunt.

The horns are very long and curved and sharp. The boy often wonders if there is another animal in the world with such fearful horns. He says to himself: "Perhaps the very buffalo who owned this pair was the one that gored to death poor Olo." Alila stretched himself on the ground, closed his eyes, and again pictured the story in his mind. This is the tale:

In the village just below the plantation there lived a young man who was honest and brave but very poor. It

happened that he loved the daughter of a neighbour very dearly and she returned his love. But the youth had no money and no land, and at first the girl's father said: "No, you cannot have my daughter, for you can give her no wedding portion."

It is the custom among these people for the lover to give his bride as fine a present as her parents think suitable. The young man felt very sad, when an idea entered his mind that gave him hope. He said to the father: "Can I not come to your farm and serve you for two years? And if I then show myself faithful in all my duties, will you give me your daughter?"

The father consented. It was a very common thing for such service to be given, and he felt satisfied.

The two years passed by. The young man had worked day after day at the hardest labour. He had never spoken a cross word nor found the slightest fault. But now that his service was over and the day set for his marriage, he wished to show the father of the lovely girl how brave he was, and he wanted to make his bride some little present, too.

He heard that a party of men, one of whom was Alila's

father, were going on a buffalo hunt. He would join them. It was to be his first venture of this kind, but he had no fear.

The party was made up of six men on horseback, two tame buffaloes, and a pack of immense dogs used to hunting. The men were armed with knives and spears and each one carried a lasso.

They started in the early morning and rode out over the plains till they came to the edge of a large forest. There they waited at some little distance from an opening through the trees while the dogs were sent into the forest to rouse the prey. They had only a short time to wait before the barking of the dogs was heard.

They took their places some distance from each other and listened breathless. The young lover was to be given the first chance in this combat. A bull-fight is fearful enough, but it cannot compare with the struggle between a maddened buffalo and his pursuer.

Hark! There is a crashing of trees, a falling of branches. The ground shakes and out from the darkness of the forest plunges a huge buffalo. He raises a storm of dust as he comes onward. He is shining black, and as he tosses his

head one can see the wicked horns, capable of doing such terrible injury.

For an instant he pauses and looks at the men standing ready to capture him; then he rushes toward the young man, who now has the chance he begged for. With lasso in hand he urges his horse toward the buffalo.

It is over in a moment's time. He has hurled his lasso but has failed; and before he can move out of danger the furious animal has thrown him from his horse and ended his life.

But the other hunters cannot stop a second. They, too, will lose their lives if they are not careful and quick. One after another gallops after the enraged animal and throws his lasso. There are several failures, but each time the men manage to escape. At last two are successful, and the monster, hardly able to breathe, stands quiet and still.

He is conquered. And now other lassos are drawn tightly around that magnificent head and the animal is tied to the stout trunk of a tree. The danger is over for these others, but the poor youth who longed so greatly to succeed lies dead not far away. He will never see his dear one again.

The men lift his body tenderly and carry it to the place

where the tame buffaloes have been left. They place it on the back of one of them. Then they return to their prey and fasten a rattan ring through his nose. With one of the tame buffaloes on each side of him, he can now be easily led to the village, where they will kill him.

All the people came out to meet the hunters, and, when they heard the sad news, all hearts were filled with pity for the young bride.

CHAPTER VII
The Rich Man's Home

One day as the boy lay dreaming of the time when he should be allowed to risk his life in a buffalo hunt, his quick ear heard the steps of someone coming down the road. He jumped up and saw an old friend of his father's, a well-known hunter. He carried a basket in each hand and would not have stopped if Alila had not called out: "Where have you been the last few days? And where are you going? Father will be home soon and he will wish to see you."

"I am on my way to the master's house to sell these bird's nests and I will stop here on my way back. I expect a good price for them. He told me he would pay me well. Ah, but it was hard work getting them, my little fellow! You never could have done it in the world."

Alila looked at the hunter with envy, for he knew how dangerous his work had been. Among many people in the

East, no food is thought so great a dainty as these edible birds' nests. What queer tastes they have! At least it seems so to us.

There is a certain kind of bird that makes its nest high up on the sides of steep cliffs jutting out over the waters of the ocean. These nests are like no others. The birds that build them swallow a certain kind of glutinous weed growing on the coral rocks. They then cough it up and use this material they have so oddly prepared in making their nests.

Whenever a man makes it his business to search for these nests, he knows the danger full well. Slowly and painfully he must climb the sides of the cliffs, often placing his feet where we should think there was no foothold whatever. He clutches at a sharp point of rock here, or a twig there; but if it is not as safe as he believed, woe unto him! For down he falls into the raging waters below and is a lucky man if he is not dashed to pieces on the sharp rocks. Again, he may grow faint and dizzy when he has climbed only a part of the way, or he may lose his hold from very weakness.

The Chinese are as fond of these edible birds' nests as are the Filipinos. Perhaps you have heard of the great

Chinese viceroy, Li Hung Chang, who came to visit us several years ago. He brought his own cooks and a large supply of birds' nests and sharks' fins.

Alila joined the hunter on his way to the planter's mansion. The boy wished to have a chance to see the grand lady, the planter's wife, and their little daughter, who plays so beautifully on the harp.

They soon reached the house, which seemed very large beside Alila's little cabin. It was two stories high. The lower part was of stone and the upper half of wood. It would not have been safe to use stone above the lower floor on account of the frequent earthquakes.

The roof was thatched with cogon grass. When it was built the planter said to himself: "I will not have an iron roof like many of the city houses; it would be too hot. I like the grass thatching much better."

Beautiful gardens where roses were always in bloom surrounded the house. Bright-coloured birds flew about among the bushes, but they had no songs for Alila and the hunter as they passed along. The broad veranda was shaded by a clump of tall banana trees, swaying to and fro in the gentle

breeze. How noble they looked, with their tufts of glossy leaves at the very top, lapping over each other and shutting out the sun's hot rays!

As Alila glanced up to see if the fruit was ripening the hunter said: "Did you ever hear the stories told of the banana? Some say it is the very fruit that tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden, while others think that she and Adam made their first clothing of banana leaves."

"I wonder if that can be so," said the little boy, thoughtfully. "Anyway, I'm glad there is fresh fruit every month in the year; I like bananas so much."

They reached the house as he finished speaking. The planter and his wife were sitting alone on the veranda. Alila was disappointed in not seeing their little daughter.

While the hunter was attending to his business with the planter, the boy's bright eyes noted the lady's dress.

"I must tell mother all about it," he said to himself. "She will want to know. My, what a long train she wears! It is so thin and delicate I think it must be woven of pineapple fibre. What beautiful bright colours it has!

"And how stiff her kerchief is! It stands up so high at

the back of her neck I should think it would feel very uncomfortable. Her chemisette is very pretty, my mother would think. What wide sleeves! Still they are short, so she can keep cool."

But the jewels! Alila had never seen so many before. The lady fairly sparkled, with her gold earrings and bracelets, set with precious stones. Surely there was going to be a party at the big house, or she would not be dressed so finely.

Just as the boy was thinking this, the planter's wife turned her head toward him and spoke.

"Alila, is it not time to tap the cocoanut-trees? Tell your father I want some tuba as soon as possible. You are now such a big boy, I suppose you will be able to help him get it."

The little fellow made a low bow and answered that his father had spoken about it that very morning and had promised that he should help him. Perhaps you remember that when Alila was christened there was a good supply of tuba at the feast. Did you wonder what it could be?

On the sugar farm there is a clump of cocoanut-trees on

which no fruit ever grows. Why is this? Because all the sap which would be used by Mother Nature in making blossoms and changing these into cocoanuts is used for another purpose. It is drawn from the tree at a certain time of the year to make a drink much loved by the natives.

Tapping the trees for tuba is dangerous work, but Alila, you know, loves danger. He went home from the planter's mansion very happy, for now he should have an errand there every day during the next few weeks. For must he not bring the family a fresh bamboo of tuba each night and morning?

CHAPTER VIII
Tapping for Tuba

Alila was wide awake before sunrise of the next day. He did not lie on his mat lazily watching to see if a lizard or newt should creep out of a corner, as he often did on other mornings. It was only the day before that he pulled a newt by its tail just to see if the tail would really come off in his hand. It did, for a fact! and away Mr. Newt scuttled without any tail.

Wasn't it a little cruel and ungrateful in Alila, when he knew how much the newts as well as the lizards do to let him sleep comfortably? They destroy ants and spiders and other creeping things, so that Alila's mother never kills them nor drives them away.

Neither did Alila stop to play with his pet cat this morning—such an odd cat, too, with a queer little twist in her tail like that of a pug dog. Alila was dressed before his father

waked.

While waiting, he went out into the yard to sharpen his knife. But he had no whetstone. There are more ways than one of doing things, we have already discovered. The boy took a piece of wood and covered it with a paste made of ashes and oil. Then he rubbed the blade of his knife back and forth over this till the edge was sharp enough to split a hair with ease.

Next he got together some vessels of bamboo and two long bamboo rods. He was just a little bit nervous, although it was not in his nature to be easily excited. He said to himself: "Oh, dear, I hope I shall not have to wait much longer."

At this very moment he looked up and there was his kind, quiet father standing in the doorway.

"All ready!" And the two started for the cocoanut grove not far away.

As soon as they reached the place, Alila took out his sharp knife. Work began at once, for notches must be cut in the tree, one above another, in which to place his toes. As one notch was made, the boy drew himself high enough

to get a foothold in it; then, reaching up, he cut the next one and drew himself up to that, and so on until he had reached the top, fully sixty feet above the ground. A cocoanut-tree, as you probably remember, has no branches whatever to give any help to a person in climbing.

And now Alila came down again. He did it so easily and gracefully, it was a pleasure to watch him. As soon as he was within reach, his father handed him vessels of bamboo, which the boy fastened to his waist and again climbed the tree. One might almost say he was as nimble as a squirrel, yet that does not express the long, graceful movements of his body as he rose far from the ground.

When he was once more at the top of the tree, he made deep cuts in the trunk directly under the great tuft of leaves, and hung his bamboo vessels so the sap could flow into them.

Now for the same work in the next tree. Do you think he must go down to the ground again and go through all the work he had in climbing the first tree? Not at all. His father reached up to him two long bamboo rods. He took the first one and stretched it across to the next tree. This



"He was as nimble as a squirrel."

would serve as a bridge over which he could walk. The second one was placed above the first and would make a good hand-rail.

Alila did not think of the danger of a walk in mid-air on such a slender support. His head was cool, his feet were firm, his body light, and he passed from one tree to another in perfect safety. He was happy as a king to be trusted by his father to take such a risk.

Think of a fall from a height like that! Suppose for one instant that the bamboo should give way under the boy's feet or failed to hold in the tree-top! That would have ended our little Alila's life in a moment, or at least made him a cripple for the rest of his days.

The fact is, however, that the boy had no accident, and every day afterward, as long as the sap continued to flow, he went out to the cocoanut grove, collected the tuba, and carried a good supply of it to the planter's mansion.

CHAPTER IX

Forest and Stream

There is another cocoanut grove on the farm, beside the one where Alila gets the tuba. The fruit is allowed to ripen on these trees, and it is the boy's duty to gather it. There is a new growth of cocoanuts three times a year.

Alila does not need to climb the trees for them unless he wishes. He usually fastens a sickle-shaped knife to the end of a long pole. In this way he can reach up to the tops of the tallest trees and cut off the cocoanuts; when thud! thud! down they fall to the ground, safe and sound. For the delicious pulp is not only shut up in the hard shell that we know, but this also is enclosed in a still larger and thicker covering.

How could the natives of tropic lands get along without this valuable tree? It has so many uses it would take a long time even to mention them all.

Its roots are good to cure Alila when he is seized by an attack of fever during the wet season. His mother believes that his life has been spared through the use of this medicine. Alila's father made his canoe from the trunk of a cocoanut-tree; while much of the furniture in his employer's mansion has been carved from its beautiful wood. The boy's mother uses a comb made from the stalks of cocoanut leaves. The husks which enclose the fruit are made into *coir*, out of which are made ropes, brooms, brushes, and even bedding.

When Alila was only five or six years old he learned to weave baskets and mats from the leaves, and he knows how to thatch a roof with them very neatly.

What is so delicious on a hot day as a drink of fresh cocoanut milk! It is never hurtful and quenches the thirst as well as the coldest water. The oil obtained from the nuts is used by Alila's mother in her cooking.

But she also needs it for another purpose. She is always in fear of an earthquake, and feels safer to have a light burning in readiness all night long. She keeps in the cabin a small vessel half-full of water. Cocoanut oil is poured on the

water and a wick made of a certain kind of pith called *tinsin* hangs down in the middle of this odd lamp. The Chinese taught the Tagals the value of tinsin. There is scarcely to be found a native hut where it is not used for lamp wicks.

But you must be tired of hearing about cocoanuts and their uses, so we will return to Alila and his strange adventures. One day not long ago his mother said to him: "My child, I should like some fish for dinner. Will you go to the river and get some?"

Alila has great success in fishing. He started off at once on his errand. He did not stop to get hook and line, as you would have done; he knew another way to fish, different from any we have in our country.

When he got to the river he walked along by its side till he found a place where the water ran very deep. Then he took off his clothing, and lay quietly down on the bank. His eyes were wide open and watchful, though his body was so still. He soon saw some fish rise near the surface of the water. Quick as a flash he jumped in and dived down, down under where the fish were darting. Rising as suddenly as he had dived, he came to the surface with a fish in each hand.

He is such a nimble little fellow that he did this several times, and hardly ever failed. It was not long before he had a fine string of fish to carry home. As he walked back, he stopped to gather some green bamboos of medium size, for he knew they would be needed in cooking the dinner.

While his mother was cleaning the fish, Alila made a fire and cut the bamboos at every joint. They were changed at once into baking pans, each one large enough to slip a fish inside, together with a little water and some spices. The ends were stopped up, and the bamboos laid in the fire. As soon as they began to burn, it was a sign that the fish inside were cooked enough.

What a good dinner it was! You would have thought so if you could have tasted the rice steamed in the same way as the delicate fish and served on plantain leaves.

Alila has still another way of fishing which is not as hard work as diving, though, after all, it is not much fun. He carries a bamboo basket in which he has put a mixture containing a curious kind of poison. He sets it floating on the water. When the fish come near it the poison makes them stupid, and they rise and float motionless on the surface, as

though they were dead. Then it is an easy matter for Alila to get them.

CHAPTER X

A Swarm of Locusts

The little brown boy has lived, as you know, on a sugar plantation, where the cane ripens only once a year. You also remember that last summer a hurricane destroyed the boy's home, and a new one had to be built. The sugar crop barely escaped ruin, when, alas! another danger came to it, more fearful even than the great wind. It was a storm of locusts.

Alila was working in the cane-fields with his loved buffalo one morning, when, looking up suddenly, he saw something which frightened him. It was a long distance away, far as his eyes could see, and it appeared like a dark cloud near the earth.

The boy was frightened, as I have said, but it was not for himself. It was on account of the danger threatening the plantation; he knew very well that what seemed like a cloud

was composed of millions and millions of locusts. Unless something were done at once, all the sugar-cane would be ruined. For, if that army of insects, perfectly harmless to animals, should settle down upon the canes, the leaves would be entirely eaten in a few hours.

Alila ran as fast as his legs could carry him from one part of the plantation to another, and gave the alarm to the working people as he passed along.

It was wonderful how quickly men, women, and children armed themselves to meet the coming enemy. All the bamboo clappers, cocoanut shells, tin pans, and red flags that could be found were seized and put into use.

Then such a din and commotion you never heard nor saw, even on the glorious Fourth of July. Locusts are very sensitive to noise, so between the beating of drums and clappers, the waving of the red flags, and the smoke from fires of wet wood at the sides of the fields, the greater part of the army passed on. The people breathed again, since the danger was over for the present.

When it was all over Alila was not too tired to play for awhile with a few locusts he had caught in a net.



"Such a din and commotion you never heard."

Their bodies looked like those of large grasshoppers, except that they were of a brownish colour.

They would not sting or bite, and the boy kept his new pets as long as they lived. That was only a few days, however, as a locust has a very short life. It is said that food passes through its body as fast as it is eaten, so it is not nourished, and soon dies for this reason. It also has an enemy, a small worm that forms in its body and gradually eats it up.

The mother locust has a queer way of making a nest for her eggs. She extends the end of her body till it is like an auger, and with this she bores a deep hole in the earth. She chooses spots near fields of ripening rice or sugar cane, so the young locusts, as they hatch out, will be near a good supply of food; for at first they have no wings and cannot go in search of it.

After the visit of the locusts, Alila went carefully around the edges of the fields with the other workmen. They wished to see if any signs of young locusts could be found. But they found none and felt that the crops were free from danger for this year, at least. But Alila's father said to

himself: "How many risks there are in working on a sugar plantation! I have been here now many years. I never know whether the crop will be a failure or not. I believe I will go somewhere else. Up on the side of the mountain, not far from here, is a large hemp plantation; I will seek work there. Besides, there is fine hunting nearby and Alila can see new sights."

When he told his family, they were all pleased, for Tagals dearly love a change and often move from place to place merely for the sake of change. Alila was the most delighted of all. He said:

"Now, father, I can hunt with you and go bat shooting in the deep forests. You know I can sell their beautiful soft skins to travellers."

Alila's grandmother and mother were pleased, too. They liked the idea because the hemp is gathered throughout the year and can be sold from time to time, whenever there is need of money. But when the women thought of the bands of brigands who hide in the mountain passes, they began to fear.

Many were the stories they had heard of these robbers

and their sudden attacks in the night-time on people in lonely houses.

"You need not worry," said Alila's father, "for these wild robbers seldom harm poor people; and they never kill unless they are obliged to do so. I believe they are not as terrible as they are often described."

CHAPTER XI

The New Home

So it came to pass that Alila went to a new home. It was not hard work to get ready, for there was little to move. The old buffalo that had grown up with his young master was able to carry on his broad back everything owned by the entire family. He could easily have taken more, too!

The women rode on ponies and the men walked beside the buffalo. No one seemed to feel sad, although it had been an easy, happy life on the little farm and the sugar planter had always been kind.

Their fellow workmen were Tagals like themselves; they would find many Chinese labourers on the hemp plantation, at least they had been told so. But they did not care for that.

There are many Chinamen in the Philippines, and they agree very well with their Tagal neighbours and the people

of the many other tribes. Alila has a cousin married to a Chinese merchant in Manila and some time he is going to visit her.

As they journeyed onward they passed a party of Americans. Alila's mother called: "Come nearer to me, my child. Stay by my side."

She had a fear of white faces of which she could not rid herself. The Spaniards had been cruel to her people, she well knew. And now that these others from far-away lands had taken the power from the Spaniards, she felt that they, too, would be hard and unkind.

Poor ignorant mother! She did not understand that it meant such different things—schools for *all* children instead of a very few; work for anyone who desired it; better care for the sick in the cities; fewer taxes for all. Yes, all these and many other good things would be done by the Americans to make Alila and Alila's children live more wisely and therefore more happily.

When the sun was setting that night, the hemp plantation could be plainly seen. It was a beautiful sight, those rows of small trees with their large, glossy leaves, shut in by

woods of a larger growth.

The plant from which is made what is called Manila hemp belongs to the same family as the banana and the plantain. The leaves all of them look so much alike it would be hard for us to tell the difference.

It did not take many days to get settled. The neighbours were very kind and gave the family shelter and food until Alila and his father had finished building a cabin. This time they made the roof as well as the sides of the hut of split bamboo, and the boy's mother and grandmother helped in preparing it.

Alila had never before seen hemp gathered, and he had much to learn. He was soon very quick in separating the fibres from the pulp and spreading them out to dry before packing.

The boy sometimes wonders what journeys the bales of hemp will take. To what countries will they sail? To what uses will they be put? His father has told him that nothing else in his island home is shipped in such quantities as Manila hemp. It makes stout cordage and sail-cloth; it is woven into mats, carpets, and hammocks; while the finest

hemp is made into delicate dress goods for the rich ladies of the island.

Yes, people all over the world have heard of Manila hemp, and when he is older, Alila says he will bear it company and seek strange sights across the oceans.

He had lived in his new home but a short time when he had an exciting adventure. Not far from the farm there is a dense forest. One night Alila's father said to his friends: "Let us go on a hunt for wild boars. There must be plenty of boars and deer, too, in those woods."

The other men were ready for a little sport. They had been hunting in the forest many times before, and knew the best course to take.

"May I go with you, too?" whispered Alila, who was listening at his father's side.

When all agreed that it would make no trouble to allow the boy to go with them, since he was brave and strong, he was greatly pleased. They would be gone several days. What new, strange creatures should he see? What dangers should he meet?

CHAPTER XII

In the Forest

The party started out early the next morning. They carried very little food with them; it would only be in their way when hunting, and they trusted Mother Nature would supply what they needed as they went along. Two of the men had guns; the others carried bows and arrows. Everyone was also supplied with a sharp spear and knife.

The first day was very quiet. Nothing was shot but a few birds and bats. When night came they found themselves far from any stream; all were thirsty and there was no water. What should they do? Ah! in plain sight was a *liana*. It is called the "travellers' drink" because anyone, on breaking off a stalk, can obtain a cool draught. How refreshing it was!

A fire was quickly made and the birds cooked for supper. They all lay down to sleep. But, alas! that was not an easy thing to get. They had no sooner stretched themselves by

the fire than they were attacked. By wild animals, you think at once. By no means. It was a small enemy, fierce for their blood, which darted out from the grass and fastened upon their bodies.

Multitudes of leeches have their home in the mountain forests of the Philippines, and every native who travels there is armed with a small rattan knife to cut them off as they seize upon him.

Alila's party knew that sleep was out of the question for this night. As fast as our little brown brother was able to cut off one of the bloodthirsty creatures, another took its place, till at last the daylight came and the hunters could go on their way.

But what a wretched sight they were! Blood streamed from their arms and legs, and they looked like the wounded survivors of a terrible battle. When they came to a spring of water, they were glad enough to have a chance to bathe.

Alila can tell you that was the worst night he ever passed in his life, yet he hardly spoke a word of complaint through the long hours, and in the morning laughed gaily with his friends when they gazed at each other's sorry-looking faces.

Small creatures can make themselves as troublesome as big ones. Perhaps you have already found this out when mosquitoes have found their way to your bedside and waked you in the middle of the night.

After a hasty breakfast, the hunters were ready for a tramp, and they soon found the tracks of wild boars. It was not long till they had killed three of them with little trouble. They were about to make a fire and roast some of the flesh for dinner, when a pitiful cry was heard.

How it rang out through the forest! It sounded almost human. What could it be? Alila's father jumped up and crept through the woods in the direction of the sound. His boy followed close at his heels. They had gone but a short distance when a strange sight met their eyes. High up on the branch of a tree lay a huge boa-constrictor. He must have been a hundred years old, he was so large.

His eyes were fastened upon a poor little deer in the coil of his tail, which he had stretched down to trap his prey as it walked along. Ah! the deer's eyes close and the piteous cry stops as he is clasped more and more tightly in the clutch of the boa. And now the serpent raises him from the

ground, and swings him against the trunk of the tree; he is thrown with such force he is instantly killed.

But what were Alila and his father doing all this time? They were too late to save the deer, but the boa did not escape. As he was about to descend the tree to feed upon his victim, his wicked eyes saw the hunters for the first time. Out darted his forked tongue in anger, just as two arrows entered his body and ended his life. The rest of the party came up at this moment and helped cut away the skin of the boa. It would be useful for making dagger sheaths.

Now indeed they would have a grand feast, for they could add the flesh of the deer and boa to what they had already obtained.

CHAPTER XIII
Crocodiles

When dinner was over, they began to look around their stopping-place. They found they were close to a deep river. Should they swim across it, or turn homeward?

"You must not try to cross without a boat," said one of the men to Alila's father. "Crocodiles make their home in these waters. It is possible we may not see any from this shore, but at the same time, if you should try to swim to the other side, you might be attacked suddenly, and be unable to escape. I know one poor fellow who lost his life in this very place.

"Still, if you wish for more sport, I will tell you what to do. Let us all watch on the shore here for signs of crocodiles. We are in no hurry. Have your guns and arrows ready to help if one of the creatures should appear. I will dive into the river and attack him with my spear."

It was a daring thing to think of. As everyone knew, there is only one place in the animal's body that can be pierced. That is directly under the fore legs. Even bullets will fly off from any other part of the scaly covering as though they had struck against a stone wall.

If the hunter venture to come close to such a monster, and his dagger fail to pierce the vital spot, there is no help for him. The great jaws will close upon him instantly, and he will never be seen again.

But the quiet Tagals seem to love danger, and no one tried to discourage the hunter. They walked quietly along the river's side for two hours, at least; they were about to turn when Alila cried: "There he is, close to the bamboo thicket on the shore."

As they looked toward the spot, the fearful head and jaws of a crocodile could be seen reaching up out of the water.

Ready! Down dived the hunter, spear in hand. The attack was sudden and successful. The spear reached the one place it could enter, and stuck fast. The diver did not stop a moment longer, but swam back to the shore to his

waiting friends. The surface of the river was instantly streaked with blood as the crocodile plunged through the water in his death agony.

The men waited till the great body of the monster became still and quiet. Then with the aid of rattan nooses they drew it up on the shore, and with their sharp knives proceeded to strip away the skin.

"It is a good medicine for rheumatism. I know it will cure the bad pains from which my mother suffers," said Alila's father.

"And I will take some of the flesh and dry it as a cure for asthma," said another of the party. "I know a man who suffers very much from the trouble. He will be glad to be able to breathe easily once more."

It was now near night and too late to think of starting home. They must camp out once more. Every one hoped to be free from the persistent leeches this time. They made a fire and stretched themselves beside it.

CHAPTER XIV
Tonda's Story

"Tonda, do tell us some of your adventures," begged Alila. "You have travelled so far and seen such wonderful things! Father says you have even been to the great city of Manila. I wonder what a city can be like."

Tonda had certainly seen more of the world than anyone Alila knew, and he was always proud and glad to show his knowledge. So, although he was tired and sleepy from the excitement of the day, he began to tell of his visit to Manila when a young man.

"Oh, a city is indeed a wonderful place, Alila; I believe you would be almost frightened, at first, at the queer noises you would hear.

"What would you think of long, heavy cars rushing along through the streets with no buffaloes to draw them and a single pony in their place? These cars run along on

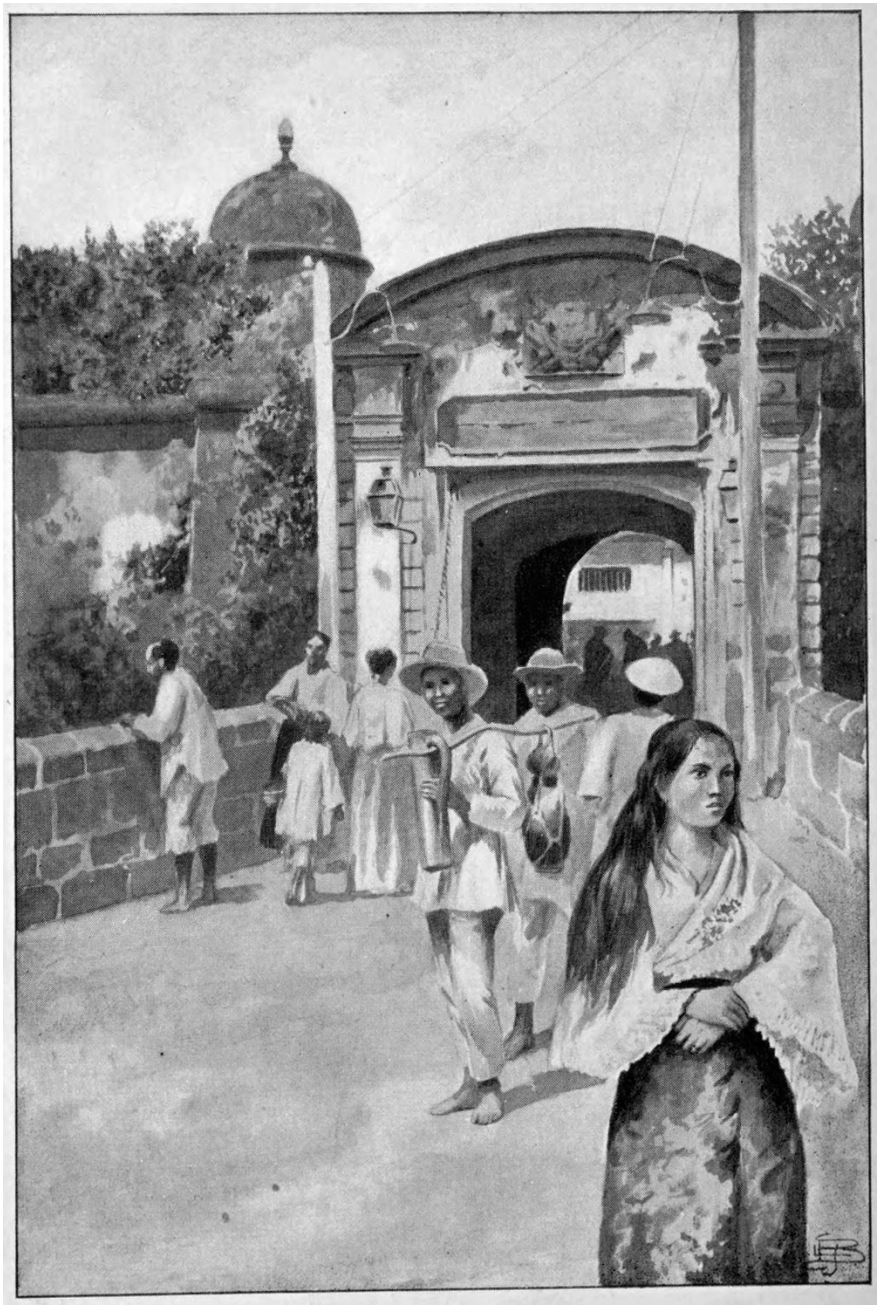
tracks through streets in which round stones are set in, side by side.

"There are great buildings divided by walls into many different rooms. Around one part of the city there is a strong wall which was built long, long ago, I was told. Behind those walls the people used to fight against their enemies and were safe.

"There is a river running right through the city, and upon it many kinds of boats sail at every hour of the day and night. While I was there, the Chinese had a grand festival. Great ships like floating palaces rode up and down the river. At night they were lighted up from topmast to stern. Bands of music kept playing, and every morning the Chinese who filled the vessels threw squares of coloured paper over the sides and burned incense in honour of St. Nicholas, in whose memory they held the festival.

"Why was St. Nicholas honoured so? Because in far distant times he saved the life of a Chinaman from the fury of a crocodile.

"It happened in this way. The man was sailing on the river in a small canoe, with no thought of danger.



"'Around one part of the city there is a strong wall.'"

All at once, a crocodile appeared close to the boat, capsized it, and with open jaws was ready to devour the man. It was a fearful moment, but the Chinaman did not lose hope. He lifted up his voice in prayer to St. Nicholas, and begged him to save his life. The good saint appeared before him, and, striking the crocodile with his wand, changed it instantly into a rock.

"The man was saved, but you may be sure he did not forget the wonderful help he had received. He went back to Manila, and with the help of his friends built a chapel in honour of the saint. Every year since then the Chinese have gathered in the city and remembered the day when their countryman's life was saved. They hold one festival after another during two whole weeks. The people say that the city is always a gay sight at such times."

By the time this story was finished, the company gathered around the fire began to nod their heads. They were so tired from the day's hard work that they could listen no longer. A minute afterward Alila was sound asleep. He knew nothing more till the sunlight fell upon him the next morning.

On the way home two more boars and a deer were shot. A bamboo hurdle was quickly made, and the store of flesh was placed on it and easily carried on the shoulders of the men.

CHAPTER XV
Strange Neighbours

You can imagine how glad Alila's mother was to see him back once more, safe and sound. She kissed him tenderly in the odd fashion of her people. When he had told her all his adventures, he said: "Oh, mother, I want to go again. I haven't seen half of the strange things in those forests. And, besides, hunters have told me of queer people who live high up in the mountains beyond us. They are very wild, and have such strange customs. It is said that they lived in these islands before our people came here, hundreds and hundreds of years ago. They must have been driven up into the thick forests to save themselves from being captured.

"The men call them Negritos. They are very black, and do not look at all like us. Their hair is a great ball of curls. They do not know much more than animals."

"Yes, my child, I have not only heard about these savages, I have seen one of them," replied his mother. "Your

father has been among them, and will tell you about their queer ways of living. They have no homes, but sleep at night under the trees. If you heard them talking, you would think at first it was the chattering of monkeys. They have very few words in their language.

"When they plant their gardens, they do not plough them as we do. They only scrape away the top of the earth, and then scatter their seed. They do not even clear places in the forests."

While she was telling Alila these things, his father was not there. As soon as he got back from the hunt, he went off to look over the farm to see if the hemp was growing well. When he returned from this work Alila went up to him, and said: "Why is it, father, you have never told me about the Negritos? I never even heard of them till I went on the hunt with you and your friends."

"I knew how you like daring deeds, my boy, and felt you would be anxious to go among these savages and see them for yourself. So I waited till you should be older. Now you have shown how much you can bear, I will take you into strange places, and you shall see things for yourself. The

Negritos are a cowardly race, yet they are dangerous; they always use poisoned arrows, and, from their safe hiding-places in the mountains, often succeed in killing any people who dare to come near them."

Then he told Alila how the Negrito children are taught to use their bows and arrows when very young. They learn to shoot so well they can hit the fish swimming in the water. They seldom fail to hit what they aim at.

These savages live mostly on roots and fruits. Still, they do know how to make a fire and cook some of their game. But they have no dishes, and the bird or animal to be eaten is thrown among the embers and allowed to stay there till the outside is burned to a crisp. When anyone among them is very ill, they do not wait for him to die, but bury him alive.

One of the most laughable things Alila's father ever saw was a Negrito wedding. The young bride pretended to run away from her future husband. After he had caught her, they were carried up a bamboo ladder by their friends, and sprinkled with water out of a cocoanut shell. Then they came down and knelt on the ground, and an old man

touched their heads together. That made them man and wife.

Alila was much interested, and begged his father to tell more stories of the Negritos and other savage tribes living in the depths of the island forests.

He listened to tales of the Igorrotes, who live in huts like beehives and creep into them like insects. They are people whom the white men have tried again and again to conquer and to teach of God, but they prefer to go naked and lead their own savage life.

And then his father described to him some of the sights he had seen. He told him of a wonderful cave right there in his own island of Luzon. It was equal in beauty to the cave Aladdin himself had entered.

Wonderful pendants of crystallised lime reached down from the lofty roof, shining like diamonds. There were pillars of the snowy lime a hundred feet in height, glittering in dazzling beauty. There were spacious halls leading one from another in this underground palace. It was a dangerous journey into this wonderful cave, but sometime Alila must go there, his father said.

He should visit the volcano island, too—an island in the middle of a lake, from which terrible floods of lava and boiling water have poured forth many times. What sorrow and destruction it has caused!

A long, long time ago, the boy's father cannot tell how many years have passed, there was a terrible eruption. It lasted for many days. There were quakings of the earth and horrible sounds underground. The air was filled with darkness save for flashes of lightning. Great columns of mud and sand arose from out the lake. Torrents of lava poured over the sides of the volcano and destroyed whole villages on the shores of the lake.

Ah! it was a fearful time for the people, and few of those who were there lived to tell the story to their children.

Alila's eyes grew larger as he listened to the wonders of the world around him. Yes, he would travel and see these things for himself. He was growing impatient. He could not wait much longer, for now he was nearly a man grown.

Sometime, let us hope, we shall meet our little Alila. We will ask him what he himself has learned that no one else can tell us.

CHAPTER XVI

The Stout-Hearted Sailor

Although Alila is anxious to travel and learn more of this great round world, yet his own people seldom leave their island home. Strange to say, however, white travellers from distant lands began to visit these shores hundreds of years ago.

The first one to do this was a brave admiral named Ferdinand Magellan. What wonderful adventures filled the life of this man! It seems almost like a fairy tale.

After Columbus made his famous voyages across the Atlantic and discovered America, Magellan, who lived in Portugal, was much excited over the news. The world must certainly be round, he thought, and he was no longer satisfied to explore the waters near his own home. He, too, wished to find new and distant lands; but this was not enough. He felt sure he could discover a way to the

countries of the East, rich in silks, spices, and precious gems, by sailing west.

The King of Portugal was a powerful ruler and anxious for new possessions, yet he did not encourage Magellan. Instead of this, he was ordered to go back to Africa and keep on fighting against the Moors, for he had already won many victories there. The king was even stern to him for leaving the war in Africa. Why had he returned to Portugal to ask for other work than what had been given him?

It was a sad disappointment, and Magellan turned away from the king's presence with a bitter heart. It was almost impossible for him to keep from bursting into tears, though he was a brave, strong man. Just as he was leaving the palace, an old friend stopped him and whispered: "Why do you not go to the King of Spain and ask his help? He is young, to be sure, but he will be glad to get the services of a brave man from any country, for he is anxious to gain new lands and greater power."

Magellan's first thought was, "I cannot leave the service of my own country for that of another." But afterward he said to himself, "No, I am not right in working for one king

when I can do more for the world in serving another. I feel that I shall do much yet. And I am willing to dare great risks, and give my life even, for the sake of what is not yet known."

He went to Spain and offered his services to King Charles. You will be pleased to know that this king was the grandson of the very Isabella who so nobly helped Columbus. The young king was filled with the spirit of his grandmother. He said to Magellan: "Your plan is good; you are daring, yet cautious; you shall have ships and supplies. So be of good courage and prepare for your voyage."

Magellan's heart bounded with joy. He promised the king that wherever he should land in places not discovered before, there he would plant the flag of Spain. He also vowed that he would do his best to teach the Christian religion to the heathen and that a goodly company of priests should go with him to baptise all who were willing.

At last the great day came when Magellan set sail. Shortly before, he was married to one whom he had long loved and whom, alas! he should never see again after leaving the shores of Spain. He and his fair young wife had

watched the building and repairing of the ships which were to sail away with him so soon. With her at his side, he had studied the rude maps of the Atlantic Ocean made by earlier voyagers, and the instruments which should aid him in managing the fleet.

The great moment arrived at last. Amidst the shouts of the people, the peals of the bells, and the roaring of the cannon, the anchors were lifted and the fleet sailed into the West.

Days passed quietly by. The weather was good, and Magellan, now Admiral Magellan, watched constantly for land. Many wonderful things were seen by the sailors as they crossed the broad Atlantic. There were shoals of flying-fish, strange and interesting birds, besides immense sharks that followed the ships for days at a time.

After a voyage of over two months, the coast of South America came in sight. The fleet stopped at different places; at one time finding themselves among friendly savages, at another among a race of unfriendly giants. Each time the ships were headed farther and farther south.

At this time Magellan had other troubles besides

directing the fleet. You remember that he was a Portuguese, although he was sailing under the King of Spain. So it happened that while some of the sailors were from Magellan's country, most of them were Spaniards. These latter were jealous of their leader because he belonged to a different nation from themselves. Some of them talked secretly together and made a plan to imprison him and take possession of the ships.

But Magellan learned of their wicked plot in time to defeat them, and he punished them as they deserved. Only a cool and daring man could have succeeded in defeating so many strong enemies. But he did succeed, and the ships sailed onward as though nothing had happened.

It grew colder and colder. A violent storm arose and the ships were tossed about like leaves in the wind. But Magellan was without fear and kept his men filled with courage. At length he reached a narrow passage leading to the west. He said to his captains: "I believe we have come to the end of this continent. If we can make our way through this strait we shall look upon the new ocean."

And the brave explorer sailed safely through the

dangerous strait now named for him. The storm passed away, and one bright, clear morning Magellan looked for the first time upon a new and vast extent of water. It was the dreamed-of ocean. It looked so calm and peaceful that he said, "I will call it 'Pacific,' for I have never seen the like before."

Weeks were spent upon these waters. They were so quiet that for days at a time the ships could not advance. There was hardly a breath of wind.

And now it was discovered that the supplies were getting low. The sailors thought of home so far away, of friends they might never see again; they pictured death by starvation here in the midst of these beautiful waters. The food was served out in smaller and smaller portions to the unhappy men. At last they were told there was nothing left to satisfy their hunger save the rats which infested the ships and some ox-hides which had been used to protect the rigging.

Think for a moment of the condition of Magellan and those with him. They were out of sight of land in the midst of an unknown ocean. Some were already dying of thirst;

others were too sick and weak to help in the care of the ship. Do you wonder that the sailors felt bitter at the one who had brought them here and was the cause of their suffering? But Magellan did not give up courage, even now. He ordered the hides to be softened in the sea water and then boiled. For some days longer the crews managed to live on with this for food.

One morning, when hope was nearly gone, a fresh breeze from the east filled the sails of the ships, and in a few hours Magellan saw land in the distance. The men's hearts beat hard for joy at the welcome sight. They soon reached a small island where ripe fruits were abundant, and where they could provide fresh supplies for the ships.

But they did not stay many days, for Magellan was not even now ready to give up his search for the famous lands of the East. He felt that, as the world was round, he must surely be near them by this time. So once more the ships set sail, and soon reached the shores of one of the Philippines, but a short distance from Alila's home. It looked so rich and beautiful that the ships anchored once more, and the admiral ordered the sick men to be taken on shore. Large

tents were set up, and the sufferers were nursed back to health and strength. There was an abundance of good pure water and fresh food. All were soon well and strong.

There were no people living on this island, but two days after he arrived Magellan saw some canoes out upon the water. They were coming swiftly toward the camp. They were filled with natives of another island nearby, who had seen the ships of the strangers; they were curious to look upon the white men who were living near them.

These people of Alila's race had soft yellow skins and beautiful white teeth. They wore no clothing except aprons made of bark. They danced around the great admiral as he stood on the shore dressed in his most elegant garments, and laughed and shouted. They wished him to see they were friendly. They offered fresh fish and palm wine, cocoanuts and figs, while Magellan made them wildly happy by giving them looking-glasses and bells, ivory toys and brass trinkets. As he found them honest and peaceful, he allowed them to go on board his ships. He ordered his men to fire the cannon to amuse them, but the noise frightened them so much that some of them jumped into the water and

came near drowning.

The chief of these people came to see the Spaniards. His face was painted, and he wore heavy gold earrings and bracelets. He was kind and pleasant. He brought a boat-load of fruit and, best of all, some chickens.

Magellan learned from these people that he was near still richer and larger islands. After a few days he started out once more. He passed island after island, sometimes landing on their shores, sometimes sailing slowly along, drawing a map of these new and wonderful places.

At the island of Cebu, Magellan made friends with the king, who was baptised by the priests, and pretended to become a Christian. A large cross bearing a wooden crown was set up on the top of a high hill near the shore. It was a token to all travellers who should come this way that this land now belonged to the King of Spain.

While the white visitors were staying here, the King of Cebu did all he could to entertain them. He seemed anxious to show how friendly he felt toward them. The Spanish sailors were much interested in the strange customs and festivals of the brown people. They noticed that

the food was only half cooked and then heavily salted. This made the eaters very thirsty, and quite ready to drink quantities of palm wine afterward. They sucked this through long reeds of bamboo. They were always glad to have the sailors share their feasts and entertainments.

Just as the fleet was about to set sail again, something happened to change Magellan's plans. The King of Cebu was in trouble. The people of another island over whom he was also the ruler were coming to make war upon him. Could the brave admiral refuse help, when the king had treated him so kindly? Surely not. He said to the king: "Let me go against these rebels and make peace for you. I have cannons which I will use, and other weapons of war such as they have never seen before. They will be easily terrified, and quickly submit to your rule."

So it was that Magellan and sixty of his followers sailed against the enemy. But when they arrived at the island they found a large army ready to meet them. The warriors carried sharp spears, bows, and poisoned arrows, and each man was protected by a wooden shield. They stood upon the side of a hill. As Magellan and his men landed and advanced

toward them, they rushed down upon the Spaniards with fury, surrounding them on all sides.

The great leader was calm and brave as usual, but there was little hope for success. In another hour he had fallen, a noble victim to his savage foes. Many of his followers fell by his side; the rest managed to escape to the ships and sail back to Cebu to tell the sad news to the king.

Thus ended the life of the noble Magellan, the first white man to cross the broad waters of the Pacific, the first one to show others it was indeed possible to sail around the world.

He was unlike many who lived in those old days—for he did not care for gold or great possessions. He only wished to know more of this wonderful world, and to help others to greater wisdom. He gave his life for one whom he thought had need of help.

How did the King of Cebu act when he learned of the leader's death? He turned against those of his followers who were left, and they were obliged to depart in haste.

They made still other discoveries of great value. At length, sailing around the continent of Africa, they

returned to Spain to tell of the brave deeds of their dead leader, the great admiral and navigator, and their own strange adventures.

They were the first men to sail around the world.

THE END.