OUR LITTLE BROWN COUSIN

MARY HAZELTON WADE

Edwin V. Preston

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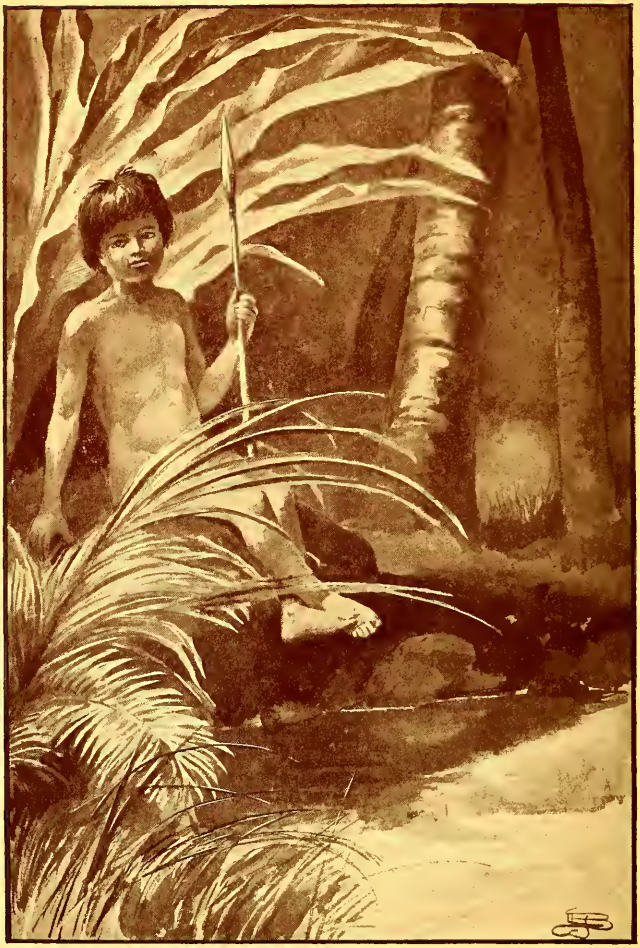

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Preface

Most of my young readers have, probably, never met any of their brown cousins. These cousins live on islands in the Pacific Ocean, and few of them have ever travelled far from their sunny homes.

Snow would be a strange sight to them. Electric cars and steam-engines would terrify many. The palaces, the churches, and the factories, found in the cities of the white race, would fill them with wonder and astonishment.

Very few things are needed to make them happy and contented, and Mother Nature has supplied these abundantly. Plenty of sunshine and fresh air, cool waters in which to bathe, fruits of many kinds growing wild about

them, — how can the brown people be otherwise than joyous and happy?

They know little of the great world, to be sure, and few of them dream of the stores of knowledge to be gained through the study of books, yet they learn much from their free life in the fields and forests, of which their white cousins are ignorant.

The children of the brown race are quite different from ourselves in dress and appearance, in language and habits; yet these differences are after all only *outside* ones, for we are all bound closely together by one great divine nature. When you think of this, I hope you will be glad to turn your minds for a while to the home of your Brown Cousin, and join him in his work and play.

MALDEN, MASS., *May, 1904.*

List of Illustrations

Our Little Brown Cousin

"The wild man of Borneo's just gone along."

I WONDER if you ever heard about your cousin Anahei? He lives far away from us. He never saw an electric car or a steamboat in his life. He knows nothing about a telephone. He never heard of the Fourth of July, or saw fireworks, or handled a firecracker. Stranger still, he has never seen one of his millions of white cousins. If one of you should suddenly appear in his island home, I firmly believe he would scream with fright and run for safety to his mother. Nevertheless, he is a brave boy. You will doubtless think so before his story is finished.

Anahei is a child of the Malay, or brown

race. He is reddish-brown from top to toe, as the saying is. His hair is black and coarse and straight. His face is broad. His nostrils and lips are broad, too. His feet and hands would look quite tiny beside yours. He is seven years old, but much smaller than his American cousins of the same age. His father and mother are small, too. Neither of them is five feet tall.

Their little boy was born when Anahei's mamma was only fourteen years old! I suppose you never in your lives saw such a young mother. She loves her boy very dearly. Until he was five years old, she would hardly let him go out of her sight. When she had to go far from the house, she would always carry her baby on her back. While she was working in the fields she would carefully place him on a mat of reeds in the soft grass and watch him constantly to see that no harm came to him.

"SHE WOULD CAREFULLY PLACE HIM ON A MAT OF REEDS."

But now the boy is strong enough to make long trips with his father into the forest; he has even been on a leopard hunt. He has a beautiful bamboo canoe, very long and narrow. His father gave it to him on his last birthday, and Anahei can row alone far out on the waters of the Pacific. He often brings home shining fish for the day's dinner.

In Borneo, as you probably know, it is very hot, for the equator passes right through the island. The brown boy is contented to lie under the palm-trees and watch the birds in the branches far above his head for hours at a time. The sun shines down with great heat, and the leaves scarcely flutter, there is so little breeze. When it gets cooler, Anahei and the other children of the village go down to the beach and swim in and out among the breakers, as much at home in the water as are the fishes themselves.

One day all the boys joined in a swimming

match. They grew so much interested that they forgot everything but the sport. Suddenly there was a scream of fright, then another and another. A huge shark was close upon the children. He suddenly turned over on his back. His horrible mouth was wide open, showing row upon row of long, sharp teeth. Faster and faster the boys swam toward the beach, but one poor little fellow was unable to escape. The others dared not even turn to see the fate of their playmate. They could only guess what a terrible death came to him. They knew that they must make all the haste they could, or the shark would devour them too. What a race it was to the shore! How long it seemed before they were safe once more in the village. But when they reached their homes, you must not suppose that they cried or talked fast. They did not even seem excited when telling their mothers what had happened. That is not the way of the brown

people. They are quiet and calm, even in times of great excitement.

A baby sister came to Anahei. When she was born his papa was not pleased, because his child was a girl. He wished for another boy. He said, "Girls are not of much use, anyway." He took the new-born baby and carried her up on a rock that reached far over the water. He threw her into the sea just as a shark came in sight. Of course that was the last of the poor, helpless baby. Then the father walked on calmly to his work as if nothing had happened. It is common for the Malays to give their girl babies to the sharks. They do not think it wrong to do so.

Anahei lives in a village surrounded by a fence. Perhaps that is to keep out the wild animals. Every house is built on a framework high above the ground. The houses are made of bamboo and have high pointed roofs, thatched with the leaves of palm-trees.

They look like a village of roofs with no walls. The rain slides off the leaves, so that the water scarcely ever drips into the houses. There are no windows, and only one opening, where the door should be. But you will wonder how the people are safe at night. A mat is hung up across the doorway to keep out all intruders.

What a pretty floor there is in Anahei's house! I wish I could have one like it myself. Reeds of bamboo are split in halves and laid side by side. It is very cool and comfortable to walk on. Mats are laid over the floor and serve as beds, lounges, and chairs. They are the only furniture you can find in Anahei's house. He has often helped to make these mats out of the ribs of the palm leaves, or of the long grasses that grow near the house.

Sometimes his mother wishes to have more than one room. Then she hangs up a mat

in the middle of the house to divide it. This takes the place of the screens used by Japanese women.

At bedtime, Anahei lies down on his own little mat near his mother's side, and, resting his neck on a big bamboo, is soon fast asleep. When morning comes, you may be sure he does not need to be called twice. His bed and pillow are not soft enough for that. I am sure my neck would ache worse, after sleeping as he does, than if I followed the Japanese custom of resting it on a hollowed block of wood.

On the walls of Anahei's house hang his father's spears. His bows and arrows are there, too. They are all ready for hunting at a moment's notice. Anahei has some little bows and arrows of his own. Sometimes he and his playmates practise shooting at a mark on a tree. Each boy tries to push the arrow of the other out of the place where it has

struck. Anahei often shoots birds in the forest, and brings them home for his mother to cook.

But where does she cook? There is no stove in the house, and there are no dishes. The brown woman never heard of such queer things. When dinner-time comes, she makes a fire on the ground in front of the house. She has no matches, but that is a small matter. When she was a very little girl, she learned to rub one stick of bamboo against the rounded surface of another till a spark was kindled. She has taught Anahei to do this, so that he is a good fire-maker, and can quickly make a blaze in the dried leaves and twigs.

The table is soon spread. Nothing is needed except a few leaves of the breadfruit-tree for plates, and some halves of cocoanut shells, which serve as cups. But what will Anahei have to eat when all is ready, and what will he drink? He is very hungry.

There is neither bread, nor milk, and most of his little white cousins would think they must have these. At any rate, there should be some sugar-cookies, or pies, or cakes. Anahei is well and strong, yet he has lived seven years without tasting any of these things.

See! his mother is bringing a large bamboo filled with delicious rice. Every grain is white and tender. It was cooked in this queer kettle or dish; I hardly know what to call it. And Anahei is never tired of rice. He has eaten it every day since his mother discovered his first pearly tooth.

Besides this, he has all the cocoanut milk he can drink. Children of temperate lands cannot dream what this is like. When the fruit is green and fresh, the pulp inside is soft and creamy, while the milk is rich and sweet. One never grows tired of it, it is so refreshing. Anahei does not care for the

coffee which his papa and mamma sometimes drink in its place.

With the rice there is often fish fresh from the water. Sometimes it is cooked, and sometimes it is eaten raw. Anahei would laugh at you if he could see you shudder at that. Many people of the hot lands would like to make us believe that raw fish is very delicious.

Anahei's father often brings a wild pig home from the hunt. It is roasted in the ashes, and makes a feast fit for a king, or for any one else who enjoys the good things of this world. Then there are yams, which taste very much like the sweet potatoes you have. There are pineapples, birds of many kinds, and eggs from the ducks and hens which Anahei raises.

There is no danger of the little brown boy's starving. And if sometimes he finds that he has a "sweet tooth," he does not need to go to his papa and beg for a penny to spend

ANAHEI'S FATHER.

at the store. In the first place, there are no pennies where he lives; in the next, there are no stores. Anahei simply runs over to the field of sugar-cane, cuts a nice, juicy stick, and sucks it. And you may believe that it is better than any rock candy or chocolate creams that you could give him.

It is so hot where our little cousin lives that he has no need of clothing. When he grows up to be a man, however, he will wear a waist-cloth of blue cotton, ending in three broad bands of red, white, and blue. This is the only kind of garment his father owns, except a red handkerchief bordered with gold lace, to wind around his head, and a queer cone-shaped hat made of grasses, which he wears when he is at his work. Anahei longs for the time when he will be the proud possessor of a handkerchief like his papa's.

His mother wears a short petticoat made of gaily-coloured cotton. Her arms and ankles

are bound with brass rings. Around her neck is a heavy chain of black beads, and in her ears are large, heavy, moon-shaped earrings. She thinks as much of this rude jewelry as the rich ladies of America do of their pearls and diamonds. You can often judge of the wealth of the Malays by the number of armlets and anklets worn by the women.

I forgot to tell you the most important part of the toilet of Anahei's family. Each one of them carries a little pouch fastened about the waist. It is made of grasses. They would feel lost without it, for it contains a part of the betel-nut, which people of their race are fond of chewing. Anahei's father and mother also carry pipes and tobacco with them. And, would you believe it, even our little seven-year-old Anahei smokes! It is a great pity, and will doubtless make him like an old man before his time. Yet such is the custom in Borneo. Travellers there tell us

that even little babies have been seen with cigars between their lips.

Perhaps that is one reason why Anahei's people are so small, and he is so slow and sleepy in his nature. It is all the more reason that we should send our love to the little boy. We must hope that the time will come when his people will be wiser in some things.

Of course you will ask if Anahei ever studies, or if there is a teacher in the village for all those little boys and girls. Anahei has never seen a book in his life. He has heard that in a village a long way from his own there is a man who makes queer-looking marks with a small stick. He has also heard that when others read those marks they can make a story of them. But all this seems like a fairy-tale to him. He can't believe it.

Although Anahei has no lessons to learn, he is very busy all the time, reading the book of Nature. There are many pages, and a new

one is turned for him every morning. He can tell you enough about the wild beasts and their habits, the birds, the flowers, all the wonders of the forest life, to make the most marvellous story you ever heard.

As for pets, he gets a new one nearly every day. He has two beautiful parrots. They swing by the doorway on bamboo perches all day long, calling "Anahei, Anahei, madu, madu" (honey, honey). They are very fond of sweet things. Anahei has much fun in teaching his parrots to talk, but I fear you would not understand the queer words they repeat after him. The chickens and ducks are very tame. One of Anahei's duties is to feed and water them. They have no coops, but lay their eggs in baskets hung under the eaves of the house. At night they sleep on the ridge of the house.

Anahei has two fruit-pigeons, one green and one white. They coo gently at noon and

night. He is watching every day to see how many young birds will be hatched by the mothers. He has a homely, wolfish-looking dog, who follows him wherever he goes, and is ready to protect him from any danger.

But the queerest pet of all is a baby orang-outang. I shall have to tell you how it came to live with Anahei. A few days ago, his father discovered that his fruit was being stolen. It was not ripe, so surely no human hands would take it. The man said to himself, "I will watch to see if any animal gets over the village fence after dark." He did watch, and soon discovered that the thief was a large, full-grown orang-outang. It was nearly the size of a man. An orang-outang is a very dangerous creature when attacked, and finds itself unable to escape. No other animal except the python and the crocodile will dare to assail it, and in a fight with these it is almost sure to win.

The next morning Anahei's father and all the men in the village armed themselves with spears, as well as with bows and arrows, and started out into the forest. They had not gone far before they saw the powerful beast. She was walking slowly among the branches of the trees. As soon as she caught sight of the men, she fled from them in great haste. She never once came down to the ground, but kept the men hurrying after her as she made her way from tree to tree. Now and then she would stop and peer down through the leaves to see if she were followed. What a horrible-looking creature she was, — like a human being, yet not like one. She had long, reddish hair all over her body. She reached out with her long arms and grasped the overlapping branches. She swung herself onward, rather than jumped.

At last she came to a tree that was apart from those beyond it. The men came up,

out of breath. The orang-outang looked down at them with wild face and teeth set firm. She did not move, but crouched among the leaves. Whiz, came the arrows about her. Surely they must have struck her. She did not make a sound, but stretched herself out on a large branch. Anahei's father seized his spear, and making his way up the tree prepared to strike. If the orang-outang still lived, she might clutch him as he drew near. Then she would strangle him in her strong arms. But no, she was motionless. An arrow had pierced her heart.

Much to the man's surprise, a baby orang-outang was held fast in one arm. She had carried it with her in her flight through the trees. It was unharmed. Anahei's father said to himself, "I will take this home and show it to my boy. It will be a new sight for him." So he came down the tree with the helpless little creature. It clung to him as

tightly as it had held on to its mother's hairy side a few minutes before.

When the men drew near the village, the children came out to meet them. They were told the joyful news that the thief had been caught and killed. Anahei was there, and running up to his father, he said: "What is that queer little thing in your arms, papa?" He was greatly surprised when he found it was a baby orang-outang. It could not have been more than a week old, and it was not nearly so large as a human baby of that age. When his father told him he had brought it home on purpose to show him, Anahei begged to keep it, if only for a little while. He wanted to watch its queer ways and the funny faces it made when it was pleased or when it disliked anything. At length his father consented.

The baby orang-outang was carried into the house and laid on a pile of dried grasses. It

was very helpless. It could not get about as a baby monkey can. It only rolled on the grass. If Anahei came near, it would try to catch hold of him. But there was no long hair, like its dead mamma's, for it to clutch. It missed something, it did not know what. It began to cry as a human baby would have done. Anahei saw that the poor little creature was hungry.

What could he give it to drink? There was no milk, and the baby orang-outang could not eat. Ah! he would open a cocoanut and dip his fingers in the liquid. Then he would let the baby mias, as he called it, suck his fingers. It had no teeth, so that it could not bite. The new pet seemed to enjoy its dinner very much, and pulled in its cheeks and rolled its eyes in delight, as it sucked away at Anahei's fingers. When it had taken enough cocoanut milk, Anahei laid it once more on the grass. It curled itself up and

was soon fast asleep. Then its new nurse examined the limbs of the little creature. He noticed that the legs were much shorter than the arms. He did not wonder that orang-outangs walk bent over like old men, ready to use their long arms in getting from tree to tree. Anahei noticed the queer shape of the hands. He knew that orang-outangs walk on the knuckles instead of having the fingers spread out. Of course, you know that they are four-handed animals.

As he sat there watching his sleeping charge, Anahei thought of the battle his father had once seen and described to him. It was between a mias and a crocodile.

The man had travelled many miles into the forest and had come to a jungle. A muddy river flowed near by. As he was resting under a tree, he suddenly saw a huge orang-outang descending another tree close to the riverside. He had his eyes upon fruit growing on a low

ANAHEI AND THE BABY MIAS.

bush near by. Just then a crocodile's head appeared above the water. He rushed upon the mias with mouth wide open. Although taken by surprise, the orang-outang turned quickly. In another instant he was upon the crocodile's back, tearing open his jaws with his powerful arms. Of course, that was the end of the venturesome crocodile. The orang-outang seemed scarcely tired by the combat, and turned to eat his fruit once more. Anahei's papa was all alone. He did not dare to attack the mias, so he softly hurried away.

How Anahei wishes he could have been there! But now he has a baby orang-outang to take care of, and he is busy trying to satisfy its wants. Poor little one, the cocoanut milk does not take the place of its mother's. It grows thinner and weaker every day. It frets and cries nearly all the time. Anahei's papa says it must be killed, as it is too troublesome. Anahei cries at this, but there is no need to

kill the little creature; it makes its last little moan and dies from weakness.

One day, as Anahei was busy shelling some rice with his mamma, they heard a great disturbance in the village. Men, women, and children were rushing along, some in one direction, some in another. Shouts were heard, "Hurry! Get out of the way, or you will be killed." Anahei and his mother ran up the steps and hid inside their house. They knew what it meant. Some poor man, half-crazed by trouble or sickness, was "running amok." He was so unhappy that he wished to die. But it must be an honourable death. He seized his spear and ran through the village. He pierced every one he could with the dangerous weapon. Many fled before him as Anahei and his mother did. Others rushed to meet him and tried with their own spears to end his life. But before they succeeded, the man who "ran amok" had killed

six of his neighbours. This made his own death a glorious one, according to the strange ideas of these strange people.

As you probably know, there are but two seasons in Anahei's country, one wet and one dry. But you must not suppose that it rains all the time during the wet season. Usually the rain falls at night and for a short time each morning. Such a rain! You would get drenched in one minute. It seems as if the skies opened and were going to drop all the water at once. Pools and deep puddles are to be seen everywhere. No wonder that the houses are built high above the ground. Otherwise it would be impossible to sleep or to sit down on the floors during the rainy season, for you must remember, there are no chairs or bedsteads.

The little brown boy has many duties. I have told you that he helps his mother in making the mats of grasses, and that he goes

fishing and hunting. He also helps his father in many ways. There are fruits to gather and put away for the wet season; the rice-fields have to be cared for; the bamboo must be cut; the boats are to be mended, and new ones made. In fact, there is always something to do.

Just now is a busy time in the village The people have found a sago-tree that is ready to be cut down. It has been growing for fifteen years and is all ready to send up its white flowers at the top. Then it will die. Its work will be done. But this is the very time to get the sago which makes health-giving food for so many people. One large tree will yield nine hundred pounds of sago. That is enough food to keep one man alive and well for a year.

The men cut down the tree and take off the bark on the upper side. On the inside is a pithy substance. This looks rusty below,

but higher up on the tree it is pure white. It is as hard as a mealy apple. The men pound it to powder with their clubs. Then water is poured on, any tough fibres are cleared away, and the rest is made into cylinders. But this is not all. It must be baked in little clay ovens that the villagers have learned to make. Then it can be kept for a long, long time. Sometimes, however, it is dried in the sun and done up in bundles, or put away in big bamboos.

The next time you eat some of your mother's delicious sago pudding, think of Anahei out in the woods of Borneo pounding the sago up into powder, or watching it bake in the odd little oven which his father made.

Often when our little brown cousin is hungry, he gets a cake of the dried sago, and eats it as you would eat a cracker or a piece of bread. Sometimes, when he is a very

good boy, his mother bakes some cakes of sago for him, and allows him to eat sugar and grated cocoanut on them. But you must not think that he does not try to be good all the time. Anahei does not dream of disobeying his parents, while they are always kind and gentle to him.

It seems very strange, yet these quiet folk are fond of brutal sports. All the people in the village stop their work on the afternoon of a cock-fight. How their eyes gleam as they watch the blood flow from the poor creatures' sides and heads! See! the men are betting tobacco, pieces of cloth, or palm wine, as to which bird will win. You must know that they have no money, and these things are used instead of it. When the fight is over, perhaps the owner of the successful cock will have a feast and invite his friends.

As I have told you, Anahei sleeps on a little mat near his mother. One night all

the family were sound asleep, when there was a queer, heavy, rustling noise near the doorway. Only Anahei's papa was aroused. Half-awake, he said to himself, "A wind must have come up and shaken the mat in the doorway." Then, as all was still, he went to sleep again. In the morning, Anahei was the first to open his eyes. As he did so, he looked up. There, on one of the roof beams, was a great coil of something. It looked like a huge piece of tortoise-shell with bright eyes in the centre. It was a python, the largest of all serpents.

Anahei was almost paralysed with fear. Then, still not moving, he whispered, "Papa, mamma, look, look!" The boy's frightened whisper awoke them at once. The first glance showed the danger that threatened them. Somehow, they hardly knew how they did it, they seized Anahei between them, tore the mat away from the doorway, and were outside.

Other villagers came up and gathered around. All tried to think how they could drive the enemy out of the house with least danger to themselves. Our little Anahei stood close by his father's side. One of the neighbours proposed a good plan. It could only be carried out by working rapidly. A noose of rattan was fastened to a long, stout stick. Anahei's father took these and went into the house alone. With his stick he reached up and poked the python. The serpent began to uncoil himself. In an instant the rattan noose was thrown about his head, and he was brought down to the floor. Then the man seized his tail and rushed out into the yard, dragging the huge snake after him. It took all his strength to do this. The men outside were ready, and soon ended the life of the monster with their blows. Even little Anahei did his part.

After this lively scene, the men sat down

to quiet themselves with a smoke. Some of the village boys gave them a concert with tom-toms and jew's-harps. The music of the Malays is not harsh, like that of the Chinese, but it is rather sad. They seldom play or sing anything that is lively. Their songs are what one might expect to hear from slow, quiet people, who seldom laugh or grow noisy.

Anahei's mamma sometimes needs to know what time it is. She wishes to have dinner ready when her husband gets through with his work. But there is not a clock in the village; at least none like any you ever saw.

Her husband got a section of a large bamboo and filled it half full of water. Then he took half of a cocoanut shell and bored a small hole in the bottom of it. When this floated on the surface of the water, it began to bubble up, drop by drop. At the end of an hour the shell was so full of water that it sank to the bottom of the bamboo. In this way,

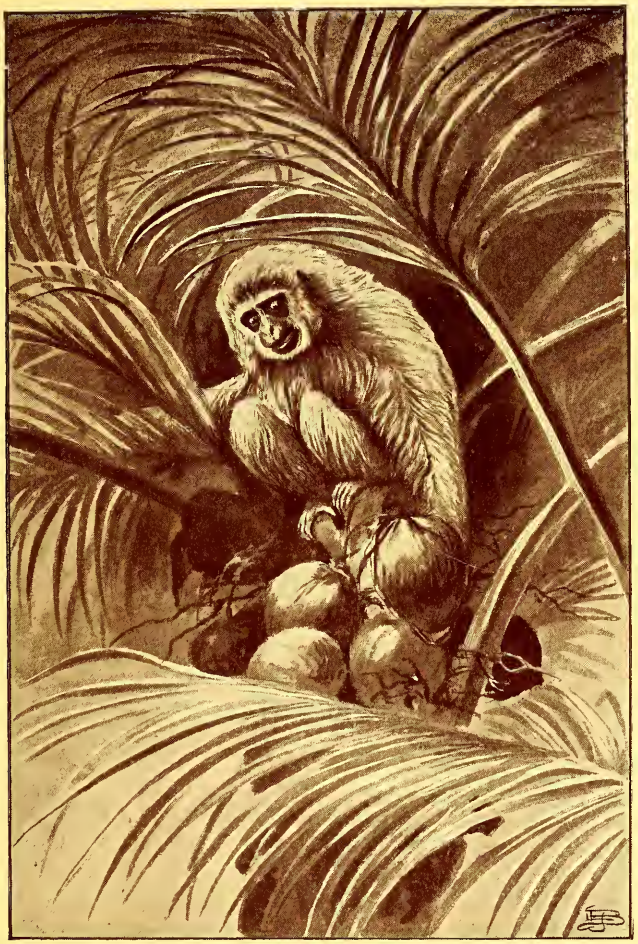
Anahei's mamma can count the time as it passes. At the end of each hour she empties the shell and lifts it again to the top of the water. Anahei has made himself one of these water-clocks and carries it with him when he goes fishing. Thus he easily knows when to come home. Of course, this is not as convenient as a stem-winding watch, but at least it costs nothing.

One morning Anahei's papa said, "Come with me to-day, my boy, and we will get a store of honey. I have found a nest of wild bees in the forest." Anahei was delighted. He got a long pole, on the ends of which he hung large bamboo pails. His father did the same. Then, after a good lunch had been prepared for them, the two started off on the day's trip. They had to travel several miles through the forest. "But so much the better," thought Anahei. "I shall see some new sights."

And sure enough, they had not gone far when down from a tree-top came the queerest looking little creature, right in front of Anahei. It was a flying frog! Its back was a beautiful shining green. The under part of its body was white. Its toes were joined together with broad membranes. These made it able to fly fifty feet down through the air as easily as a bird. Anahei did not hurt it. He and his father sat down to watch it as it jumped into a stream near them. Then away it went, swimming along after bugs. The frog could not have been over four inches long, while the feet, with the membranes spread, covered a space of twelve square inches. Anahei did not know that his own land of Borneo is the only place in the world where this curious little creature has as yet been found by naturalists. It was the first time he himself had ever seen one.

Their path now led over the stream. They

had to go a little out of their way to cross on a bridge that had been built farther down. It was made of long strips of bamboo which were crossed. Another bamboo was laid over these. Light railings of the same wood were placed along the sides and fastened to trees growing on the edges of the stream. It was so light and delicate that it seemed like a fairy bridge. Yet Anahei and his father walked across in perfect safety. They heard a great chattering in the tree-tops as they hurried along. A cocoanut fell down and almost struck Anahei on the head. He jumped aside just in time to dodge it. Looking up, he saw a monkey grinning at him through the leaves. Beautiful paroquets and cockatoos were flying about and calling to each other. It seemed as if their voices must be human, and that hundreds of people were hiding in the woods. Anahei was used to all this. He kept a sharp lookout for



"HE SAW A MONKEY GRINNING AT HIM."

poisonous snakes, while his father carried his spear in his hand. Of course you can guess the reason. They might be suddenly attacked by wild animals.

Suddenly Anahei stopped in front of a tree and said, "Father, do you see a bird's beak sticking through that curious little hole? Look! Now it's gone. How could a bird get into that queer prison house?" His father went up to the tree and examined it. Yes, there was a cavity, without doubt, in the side of the trunk. But it was plastered up, with the exception of a small opening, with a sort of mud cement. And sure enough, there was a bird's beak.

"That is a mother hornbill," said Anahei's papa. "Did you never see one before? Her mate came here with her when it was time to raise their young. He made this plaster himself and imprisoned her in the tree. But he left a hole through which he can

feed her every day till the young bird is hatched. Then he will break away the plaster and set her free. The hornbill lays only one egg at a time, and the young bird comes out of it with no feathers." Anahei was much interested in the story. He would have liked to wait and see the father bird feed the patient prisoner, but Anahei's papa said they must hurry on, as the time was passing quickly.

They soon came to a very tall palm-tree. Far above them they could see a swarm of bees coming and going from a huge honeycomb hanging on the under side of a branch. It would be hard work to get it. There were no branches for at least sixty feet from the ground; nothing but a straight, smooth trunk.

They had brought no ladder with them, but what of that? Anahei's papa had a way by which he could easily reach the store of honey.

He looked about until he found a long, tough, creeping vine. He split it up into strips, and bound these with palm leaves. Then he lighted a long wooden torch, and fastened his chopping knife to it with a short cord. Next, he took a cloth out of one of the bamboo pails and fastened it around his head, neck, and body. He left his arms bare so that he could work freely.

Taking the rope he had made of the creeper, he passed it around the tree. He held the ends of it tightly. Then he began to jerk it upward, and at the same time he set his feet against the trunk. Leaning back against the loop of the rope, he slowly walked up the tree. It would have made you dizzy to watch him as he went higher and higher. Anahei looked at his father admiringly. He said to himself, "When I am older, I can do that, too." At last the climber came to the branch directly under the bees.

As soon as the torch was held up, the smoke began to drive the bees out in every direction. Many of them buzzed about the man's body; while he coolly brushed them off with one hand, with the other he cut down the honeycomb. Then, tying a cord around it, he lowered it to Anahei on the ground below.

By this time the bees were buzzing wildly about our little brown cousin. He did not run away as you would have done. He stood as still as possible. He knew that a single quick motion would make the bees sting him severely. Even as it was, he was stung in several places, but not a cry did the brave boy make.

His father had now reached the ground. He and his little son stored away the delicious honey and the wax in the bamboo pails which they had brought. And now for a rest! How hungry they were! And how good

their lunch of bananas and breadfruit tasted, together with some of the honey fresh from the comb. Then they started on their homeward journey.

Anahei's mamma was very much pleased to see him after his day's absence. He ran to kiss her as soon as he saw her standing in the doorway. But how do you suppose the brown people kiss? They take hold of each other's hands and, looking earnestly into each other's eyes, they touch noses and chins! That is their favourite way of showing affection for each other.

A good supper was all ready for the family. Anahei's mamma had baked some fresh breadfruit in the hot embers. Besides this, there were some turtle's eggs and fruit. The food tasted very good to our hungry cousin. The breadfruit was better than the most creamy mashed potatoes that you ever had. The outside of the breadfruit looks much like a

large cantaloupe. A core runs through the middle, while the pulp between the core and the rind is as delicious as any vegetable in the world.

After supper was over, Anahei's papa said he was going down to the shore to see if his boat was all right. His little boy was very tired, but as he begged to go, his father said, "Yes; you may come if you like."

It was moonlight and the tall palm-trees looked very beautiful. Anahei had nearly reached the water's edge, when he saw a curious sight. Close beside him, almost hidden from view, was a turtle's nest full of eggs. On top of it were two huge robber-crabs, linked together in a deadly fight. They had evidently discovered the nest at the same time. Each was determined to have the eggs for himself alone. A pincer of one was held in a claw of the other. It was a death-struggle for both.

Anahei's father got a stout stick, and at last succeeded in killing them. He gathered the eggs and put them in his cone-shaped hat for Anahei to take home, while he himself carried the crabs.

These robber-crabs, as they are called, live on the land. They have fatty tails of a blue colour. The fat found under the tail is easily melted. It is used by the natives in place of butter. "How good it will taste on the sago cakes mamma will make for us!" thought Anahei. He had often been with his father in search of crabs. Once he had seen one of them climb a tree to get cocoanuts. The crab had dropped a nut on a stone below to crack it. But he did not succeed. Then the cunning creature tore off the husk with its claws, worked its way into one of the eyes of the cocoanut with its sharp pincers, and made a hole big enough for it to eat out the contents of the nut. They are very

wise, these robber-crabs, and most interesting to watch.

After such a day as this, you may be sure that Anahei slept soundly. He did not awake in the morning until long after his parents had eaten breakfast. His father had gone out to plough with his buffaloes. Anahei has never seen a horse, but he is quite used to driving the clumsy buffalo at his work.

Listen! You can hear his father calling, "Oh! ah! gee! ugh!" over and over again. The buffaloes are used to his voice and the peculiar motions of his arms in driving them. They keep plodding on, and the work is done at last.

Anahei lies about all day in the long grass. Toward night he joins in a game of football with other boys of the village. They use a ball made of rattan, and dance it about on the foot, arm, or thigh. They never allow

A BIG CLAM SHELL.

themselves to touch it with their hands, but rest their feet by using their knees or arms. What good, straight blows they give, and how graceful their little naked bodies are! I know you would like to watch them.

And now they run to the shore for a swim. This time no sharks are in sight, but the children must be careful not to step on the sea-urchins, for their spikes are often as long as your fingers. They must look out also for the clams in the sand, for they grow very large in the waters near the equator. What harm if they do, you ask? Why, my dear children, one of these big clams may open its shell and shut in a man's whole foot. He will be kept a prisoner, too, for the clams are firmly fastened to the rocks. Anahei knows a man who once had his hand caught by a clam. He escaped by cutting his hand off and leaving it in the clam's

strong grasp. Wasn't that a terrible adventure?

Anahei's papa has the figure of a snake tattooed on his breast, and is very proud of his strange decoration. Anahei intends to have the picture of some sea monster tattooed on his own body as soon as he is full-grown. It will hurt him very much to have it done. It may be years before it is finished. But he will not care for that, since it is the fashion in his country.

I wonder if you know how tattooing is done. The figure is first drawn upon the skin. Then ink made of burnt cocoanut shell is laid upon the pattern, and picked into the flesh with sharp points. In Borneo this is done with several points together, resembling a small comb. Only a small part of the work can be done at one time. The flesh swells and gets very sore. Often a fever is brought on. Yet the people are willing

to suffer all this for the sake of having their bodies marked up in this strange way. When once done, it will last as long as a man lives. Sailors of all nations are very much given to tattooing themselves, but they use several different colours, especially red, black, and blue.

Before we leave Anahei and his strange life, I must tell you what happened to him not long ago. It was evening, and he was down on the shore with his father. All at once he felt a thrill through his body. The earth seemed to tremble and then to rise up to meet the sky. The trees shook as if there were a hurricane. There was not a cloud to be seen, but the waves dashed up on the beach with an angry roar. Anahei suddenly became faint and dizzy. He saw his father running toward him. Then both were thrown to the ground by a still more violent shock. What was it?

Anahei and his father were filled with terror,

for they knew too well that it was an earthquake. They lay on the ground, silent and waiting. They did not move. At first neither of them was able to rise, so strong was the shock. Would there be another and a worse shock? Both of them thought of the earthquake of two years ago, when their home was destroyed and several people in the village were killed. "Was dear, dear mamma safe now?" thought Anahei.

In a few minutes everything was calm again. The angry water rolled back to its usual place. The trees grew still. As soon as they were able, our little brown boy and his father hurried back to the village. The people were gathered together, and were rejoicing that the worst was over. Anahei's mamma came running to meet him and drew him lovingly to her side. She had feared for him and his father. "My little one is safe," she whispered, "my dear, dear child."

Sometimes she tells her boy about the great earthquake when the waves rushed up over the rice fields, and she tells him other stories that her mother told her in her own childhood. But best of all he likes to hear of some men who came to the village years ago. It was before Anahei was born. They were in a big ship, bigger than he has ever seen. And their bodies were white! Anahei's mamma knows that this is true because the villagers asked one of the men to lift the long clothing which he wore bound about his legs and arms. The strange man laughed at this, but he pulled up his sleeve, and rolled up the cloth about his legs. And he was white; yes, his face was white, his arms were white, and his legs were white. He was certainly a very strange-looking creature.

He could not say much in their language, but he pointed far to the East. He made them understand that there were vast

numbers like himself in a far country over the sea.

And Anahei, our little brown cousin, dreams of the time when he shall grow up and sail away to that land.

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