

ary. So it followed naturally in due course that Uda "professed Christianity," accepting the faith in exchange for an extra portion of rice and currie, a brass-backed comb and two undershirts of doubtful ancestry, which the pious, and now much elated first-mate gave him. The articles of the new faith provided, that in addition to feeling the strong right arm of the first-mate, Uda's share of rice and currie was to be greatly reduced every time he broke the eighth and ninth Commandments. As currie and rice are meat and drink to the Malayan, it came about that Uda grew gradually out of the habit of lying and into the habit of truthfulness; and by the time he had reached manhood, the habit was become fixed.

I fell across Uda through the good offices of Jin Abu, on returning from our successful elephant hunt. With a naked kiddie prattling around, he was clearing up a piece of rotan, and I camped nearby for a few days, while Jin Abu told him of our hunting experience after elephant, and of my disappointment in not having found rhinoceros as well as elephant. Uda was quite a linguist, evidently the

result of his several years service on the coasting steamers. He spoke half English in deliberate fashion, and some Dutch, when he was feeling particularly joyous—though he confessed to me one day on the Indragiri River, that he was not so proud of his Dutch. His English was not always to be relied on—but at least it was understandable and proved a great boon to me, who had been confined to sign language for weeks. If Uda was not a fluent talker, he was at all events an economical one, for a single story usually lasted the night; not that the tale was intricate—but Uda enjoyed the telling. He seemed to have quite an opinion of himself as a hunter, and later, whenever he and I together encountered natives, he was good enough to bracket us with much flourishing of hands and an ornate preamble in the soft, tuneful Malay. He informed me that he had hunted at various times in Java and Borneo, and that if I would wait until he had harvested his little crop he would go with me on my proposed trip for rhino.

Uda was for ascending some of the



The little white rimless cap, sign of the pilgrimage to Mecca, is seen everywhere.

rivers which bear to the south and westward from the Siak; but I had seen all of that part of Sumatra I cared to, and was rather set on making my way to the sections divided by the Kampar and the Indragiri rivers, which are south of the Siak, and have their source well over toward the western coast of the Island, whence they make their way, not quite so deviously as the Siak, east into the China Sea. This was a section outside of Uda's ken, and, like all the Far Eastern coast and river living people, he saw nothing but failure in an attempt to penetrate a country which was without beaten path. I had no definite information about the district, or found native or Dutchman who had visited it; but there seemed to be a tradition that so far as rhinoceros were concerned, it was a land of plenty. So I determined to go despite the fact that Uda thought little of it and prophesied failure.

This was all talked out, over and over, laboriously between Uda and me, and translated by him to Jin Abu, who still lingered with us, and took great interest in the discussion. It occupied several nights to talk it out, for in the day time we paddled, Uda sticking to his single dug-out, which he was taking down river to cache; and when we stopped paddling, the mosquitoes demanded a good share of our time and attention. Finally the plan settled upon was, that we should make our way down the river, discharging my present party at the point where I had engaged them, to the mouth of the Siak, where Uda was well acquainted, and where we should hire boats and outfit for the trip down the coast to the Kampar River, which we were first to try. Jin Abu wanted very much to go with us, but said he could not remain as long away from his rotan and fishing; so we took



The leopard is bolder in attack than the tiger.

leave of him a little way below where we had first found Uda—I with genuine regret—for Jin had been faithful and companionable, despite our intercourse being restricted to sign talk, and I had grown to esteem and to like him, as I did no other native in the Far East.

We made rather rough weather of it coasting from the mouth of the Siak to the Kampar in the prau engaged for the trip. The honest truth is, that there were times when I wondered if we should get anywhere beyond the China Sea; for, though the boat proved surprisingly seaworthy, the rag we had for a sail, with its foot standing six feet above the bottom of the boat, was blown into ribbons; and the long, narrow blade of the Malay paddle is not a useful implement on the open sea. But it was all we had; and so when the sail went by the board, as it soon did after we got under way, the crew of three and Uda and I lay our backs to the work of paddling for most of the two nights and a day of the over long time it took us to reach the mouth of the river. The prau is a distinctly Malayan craft, with high, sharp bow, and stern so finely drawn as to leave barely more than sitting room for the helmsmen, in a total boat length of twenty feet. It has by far the best lines of Malayan boats, and is as graceful and speedy as any of the very graceful and speedy boats in Far Eastern waters. It is the craft in which Malay pirates, of a time not so long gone, were accustomed to steal out, from the many indentations of their shore line, upon the unsuspecting and sluggish-moving coaster; it was the troop ship of the old days when feuds carried a Malay chief and his fighting crew from one river to another. It is fast under its square sail, and will come safely through pretty roughish going.

A few of these boats are used at Singapore as passenger carriers from wharf to steamer, and here they are pulled (or rather pushed) by oars and manned by Tamils (natives of Madras, India); but on the rivers of Malay and of Sumatra the prau, when not under sail, is invariably paddled.

The crew of our prau knew slightly more about the Kampar River than did Uda and I. They were to land us at a little settlement near its mouth, beyond which they knew nothing; and here we were to organize our party for the rhino hunt in the up-river country.

think, though I find myself uncertain about names on these rivers, and having lost my note book (along with some trophies and many films), I am unable to reinforce my memory.

The Dutch, in fact, have not made much of their opportunities along the Sumatra coast and practically nothing in the interior; quite a different story from Java, which is a veritable and flourishing garden. Apparently they are satisfied with scattered posts near the coast, on a few of the main rivers, where paternal interest chiefly manifests itself to the natives in



Native fish traps along the river banks.

The limited knowledge of natives concerning the country immediately surrounding them I have always noted on my various ventures into wilderness lands, of the Far North as well as of the Far East. Beyond the paths they have made or which their fathers trod, they know nothing; though they do not confess it. Native imagination, however, is as active as their knowledge is limited, and embarrassment and confusion await the visiting adventurer who has not learned by experience how little dependence may be placed on the alleged information given under such conditions.

We found no Dutch at this little river settlement, Polloc Lawan by name, I

taxation upon outgoing rotan (rattan) and incoming sarong (costume) stuffs. As a result there has been but slight development of Sumatra. The natives gather a little rotan and grow a little of the root from which tapioca is made. These constitute their total of industries. Beyond this, they fish, mostly by means of large bamboo traps set along the river banks; but there is no fishing for export, and often not enough to supply the local wants—though this is more from lack of fishing than lack of fish. Not every native has the right or the affluence to own such a trap, therefore in some districts chosen individuals at intervals along the

river are given the right to set up traps—a permission that entails obligation to sell of the fish caught to the natives of that particular locality. Except for the tapioca-producing root, which tastes somewhat like sweet potato, though not nearly so sweet, there is no cultivation of soil by the native; and there is no meat eating. Rice and fish are the staple supplies; and there is fruit growing wild for whoever will come and take it. The few Chinese traders do rather handsomely, for they pay the native about half what he could get if he opened direct trade with the out-

There was no sultan at the settlement on the Rampar to use up my time in vanity-satisfying audiences, or delay my preparation by official red tape; but I did find a picturesque, fine-looking native old gentleman, who, though somewhat pompous, and by way of having an exalted idea of his importance on the river, was the essence of good humor, and exceedingly kind to me. His appearance, I must confess, did not harmonize with his dignified demeanor. He was not more than comfortably rounded, yet had a most pronounced bay-window, of which he ap-



The prau in which we made our passage.

side world. Some day a future may open for industrial Sumatra, but it will not be by any effort of the Malays, or because of the present policy of the Dutch. And when development does come to this East India island, it will be through the work of plodding John Chinaman, who, though damned at every hand, yet—patient, stolid, dependable,—remains the industrial backbone of Siam and of the Malay Archipelago. England could have made no headway in the Malay Peninsula without him, and the United States will find him equally as essential to the development of the Philippines—Congress to the contrary notwithstanding.

peared to take great stock; for, whenever he stood to receive me, he leaned back at such an angle as to leave little visible save this ornament thrust on high, so that, approaching head on, you beheld bare legs and feet apparently growing directly out of the stomach, over the far horizon of which peeped the little round crown of the rimless hat he wore. It was an irresistible combination of intended dignity of mien and actual comicality of appearance; so irresistible, in fact, that I begged Uda to ask him to remain seated when he received me, because I felt abashed in the presence of a standing potentate so distinguished. Thereafter my portly host

obligingly, though, I felt sure, regretfully, sat down, thus somewhat concealing the prideful feature of his anatomy, which had come so near to disturbing the *entente cordiale* between us. It must take quite a lot of rice and fish and a number of years to develop a bay-window in Sumatra; that is why, I suppose, my good-natured native friend had such frank pleasure in the completed product.

The old gentleman had also quite a retinue of kris and spear and betel-nut bearers; but, next to the bay-window, the joy of the old gentleman's heart was his son, who had made a trip to Singapore several years before my arrival, and had ever since shone preëminently in the country thereabouts on the glory of that visit. He was about twenty or a few years older, with excellent features, and a white jacket bearing silver buttons which he had ingeniously manufactured from pieces of coin acquired on that memorable trip. But what he valued most, and invariably wore on special occasions, was a pair of patent leather shoes from which he had cut all the leather save just the toe, thus making a pair of slipper-like shoes whose *rat-tat-tat* of heel, as he slapped along, sounded strangely aggressive among the barefooted, noiseless steps of all the others. The son proved as kind to me as the father.

In the three days I stayed at the settlement outfitting, I found little to differentiate those from other natives of the Malayan islands. They look more or less alike; affect about the same kind of costume, sarongs chiefly, though trousers of local cut and jackets are also worn largely, except on the Peninsula, where they are used only by Government servants, or by hunting natives in the jungle, to facilitate progress and protect their bodies from the thorns. So far as Sumatra is concerned, individual tastes are revealed, in the headgear, which may be simply the rimless cap, a turban covering the head completely, or binding the head to leave the top exposed, or fashioned into projecting horns at front or side of head; or they may have no head covering whatever. When they have been to Mecca, the rimless cap is white, and ever after invariably worn; for the pilgrim to that holy shrine is the envy of all beholders less traveled, and he misses no opportunity to advertise his fortune, as the little white caps are very conspicuous. Uda Prang owned such a cap; but, professing Christianity, I never saw him wear it except deep in the jungle—and there it never left his head, day or night. Those who have not been to Mecca wear caps of a somewhat similar shape, but of dark



Uda stuck to his dug-out.



My friend the portly chief, his son and servants.

colored stuffs; but the strongest desire to earn the right to wear the white cap rules in every Malay, and many literally sell themselves into bondage that they may get the money to make this pilgrimage; willing to spend remaining years of their lives paying back the cost. Should the pilgrim die en route, he is saved, according to the belief; for the faithful one who loaned the money—I find no provision, material or spiritual.

The little white cap always comes high.

All the natives with whom I came in contact, I found most earnest in their devotions and punctilious in living up to the requirements of their religion. They drink no liquor, eat no meat of which they have not cut the throat, and abhor bacon and dogs. They will not carry a basket in which there is bacon, nor permit a dog to touch them. This rids the country of the mongrel curs, the pariahs, with which Siam is overrun, because Buddha forbids the killing of any animal. I found it a distinctly pleasant change.

Where they live on the river banks, in their houses built on stilts, the natives are clean; the houses are all of the same pattern, as are the pots for boiling rice, and the bamboo baskets, but here and there a crude earthenware bowl shows lines

that suggest India. In the settlements practically all Malays carry the kris; in town it becomes a *timbang lada* (dagger), and in the jungle they add the *parang*, which in general is a knife with a short handle and an eighteen-inch blade, fashioned at the point and decorated according to the whim of the maker.

I had not nearly the difficulty organizing a party here as elsewhere in Sumatra, and none whatever of securing a sampan and a four-paddle dug-out. Two Chinamen manned the sampan and carried the bulk of provision, which consisted chiefly of rice, dried fish and coffee, while three natives and Uda comprised the crew of the canoe. Two of my natives brought along some kind of rifle, not known to me, which they had picked up in trade from a coaster; Uda had an old Martini, and my armory included a so half magazine and a double 12-bore. No one at the settlement could give us specific information concerning the up-country rhinoceros. We could find no one who had hunted the country, or seen tracks, or talked with any man that had. It seemed to be entirely a matter of tradition that rhinoceros lived in that country, yet all the natives, even my well meaning old friend, glibly assured us that up the river three or four

days we should find plenty of rhino. Natives have a casual way of misinforming the adventurer, and the Europeans I found in the Far East appear to have acquired a somewhat similar habit. It's one of those things the hunter should accept along with fever and leeches, as of the handicaps indigenous to the country.

In a week's trip up the Kampar we passed several little settlements, usually huddled at the mouth of a small river, of which there were a great many; and here and there we saw paths extending back into the jungle to other little settlements from three to five miles inland, and now and again came upon a partial clearing where had been planted a small patch of padi (rice). Other than these threads of trails hacked out of the jungle, nowhere are there roads leading inland, for the country is swamplike for the greater part, and mostly the people catch fish, which, with the fruit, serves as their main sustenance. Lining the rivers, whether main or branch, whether they narrow or broaden, are great stiff spears, standing out of the water from six to seven feet, with palm-like leaves, which maintain a width of two inches except at the end, where they become a sharp, strong point. Other palms along the banks bear a poisonous fruit as large as a small watermelon, and are shunned alike by men and birds.

As we paddled along, every now and again one of my men broke out in a most doleful, dirgelike wail, which rather disturbed my peace until Uda assured me he was singing his prayers, as is the habit with some. Later we passed canoes with several paddlers singing prayers together; and once, at one of the settlements, two men sang prayers out of a book and six others joined them, to an accompaniment of heavy drums. We happened to camp at this place and the devotions kept up until late into the night.

It was our scheme to go up the Kampar for some distance, eventually following to its source one of the branch streams, and from there to start inland. It was possible quite frequently to land and hunt. Often we heard of elephants, sometimes we saw their tracks; and, as we got farther up river we heard also of rhinoceros. Frequently we saw deer, which were fairly plentiful in the higher reaches of country, but I never shot, because I did not require

the meat, and I could not spare space for heads in my boats. At practically every settlement, especially where deer abounded, we heard of tiger and leopard. But this is the brief of a long trip; as a whole, it did not seem to me much of a game country. Certainly I should never make another trip to that island only for hunting.

The Kampar and the Indragiri rivers are typical of Sumatra—low, sometimes indistinguishable banks, covered with heavy jungle, dense palm-spear growth reaching ten to fifteen feet out towards the middle of the stream. As we progressed toward headwaters and on to the smaller rivers, the growth continued as dense, though not extending so far from the banks. Here, as on the Siak and its tributaries, we heard the mournful scale of the Wa Wa monkey, the loud single note of the poet bird, and the hoarse croaking of the herons in the evening. There was no twilight. The sun set at six, and half an hour later it was dark. The water was of a deep garnet in color, sometimes in the larger river so deep as to be almost black, and a mirror that reflected the palms and our paddles as we moved over its surface. Occasionally as we paddled along, usually at about three miles an hour, we met a low native canoe, with paddlers crouching bow and stern, using the narrow, long-pointed blade of the Malay paddle with silent, powerful stroke; but these were few and far between. There was little travel on the river, and even at the settlements were sometimes not more than three or four, never to exceed a dozen men. Thus working our way toward the interior, natives became scarcer, and after a couple of weeks there were none.

Meantime I had found Uda a source unfailing of entertainment and interest. I wish I could recount the marvelous tales he unwound for my benefit. I rather encouraged him, for he was picturesque, and it suited my purpose to size him up before we got upon the more serious business of hunting in the jungle. Perhaps the most frequently recurring theme of Uda's life story was his intrepid conduct in the face of wounded and fiercely charging wild beasts, and his contempt for the natives, whom he characterized as goats. Uda's nerve was to be tested sooner than he imagined, and in rather startling manner.

We had branched into two or three different rivers, always bearing to the south by west, and finally got on one about fifteen feet in width, somewhat more crooked than the rule, but rather clearer of the usual spearlike palm growth extending from the banks. I had been on the outlook for tapir since we left the last settlement, for, though no native had spoken of them, I felt convinced they must be in such country. All along, it had been my habit to take position in the bow of the canoe with rifle, whenever we came to a section which, in my eyes, appeared

pressed Uda with my desire to make fast headway, and promised good presents to the men if they worked diligently; so there was little conversation during the paddling hours, which were from daylight to sunset, except on the more or less frequent occasions when we had to stop and clear the stream of fallen trees, or cut a way through the entangling roots of a great stump that barred our passage. At such times I was much taken with the skill of the Malays in handling the parang, with the speed and accuracy and force of their strokes.



A Typical View of the River.

particularly gamy, or upon a stretch of tortuous river. Some days we would go along thus for hours, with me sitting in the bow, rifle across my knees, and back of me the men bending to their silent paddling, singing their prayers the while. It struck me as curious, not to say amusing, that whenever I took up my place in the bow with rifle, the men broke out in prayer singing. Early in the experience I stopped them singing aloud, but I could never still them entirely. And so we moved swiftly and quietly along, the paddles keeping silent rhythm with the persistent prayerful humming. Day after day passed thus, with scarcely a word spoken, for I im-

Thus one afternoon late, we were paddling up stream, with me in the bow, rifle in hand, as usual, when, as we rounded a bend in the river, I sighted a tapir about fifty yards ahead. It was just disappearing into the palms at the river bank as I took a snap shot at its hind quarter—all that was to be seen when I got my rifle to shoulder. On the report, the canoe stopped so suddenly that I, sitting loosely, went over backwards on top one of the natives, who shunted against another, and a sudden panic resulted which came very near upsetting the boat. Righting myself, I was a bit surprised to notice that my men, including the intrepid Uda,



were obviously in a greatly perturbed state of mind. And I was at a loss to know why, until I urged Uda to send the canoe on so I could land and track the tapir. It appears that, having seen nothing, the sudden report of my rifle, breaking in upon their prayer crooning, had startled them, and at the same time aroused that dread of the intangible which I have found to possess all simple peoples, from the arctics to the tropics, to a fear-some degree. They refused to paddle on; in fact, there was a movement to swing the canoe back, which I stopped peremptorily; and then I assailed Uda, who much annoyed me by rather leaning with the natives than with me, in language with which he had no doubt become familiar on board the coasting steamer. Every man of my crew had picked up his parang, and it did look for a few moments a bit more like a war than a paddling party; meantime the canoe drifted back, held head on, however, by Uda, who kept to his paddle in the stern. Finally Uda pulled himself together, and began talking to the crew, and after a few moments they put down their knives and took up paddles again. It is remarkable how craven-hearted the deep-seated dread of the unknown will make natives of the wilds; and yet again how desperately brave they will be where the conditions are usual and the surroundings familiar.

Wallowing through mud knee deep, I found the tapir inland several hundred yards on three legs, and succeeded, after about an hour's stalking, in bringing it down. It is an ugly, pig-like looking thing of no sport-giving qualities, and I should never shoot another. I only shot this one because, being nocturnal in its habits, it is seldom seen, and I wanted to make a near study of its differentiation from the South American type. In a few words this may be summed up; the Malay type has a whitish back, longer snout and flat head crown, as compared with the Brazilian tapir, which is all black, has almost no snout, and the head crown elevated. I took the fore feet of my tapir, but subsequently lost them, with other more valuable trophies, when we upset, as we did several times. I had much difficulty in working my way out to the river point where I had landed, and when I did, the canoe was not in sight, and in the muck

and mud of the jungle—for I had got into a very swampy piece of it—it took me nearly three hours to wallow around to a bend lower on the river, by which time it was dark, and I could not see. Finally, however, I raised an answer to my shouts from the sampan, which the Chinamen, indifferent to wild beasts of the jungle as to the cares of the world, and with no dread of the mysterious, had brought in close to the bank and tied to a palm. The canoe I finally discovered a little farther down stream, the men still apparently uneasy. They were a full mile below where I had got out, and I might have walked all night but for the Chinamen.

Before turning in that night, on the sampan, where I slept when we did not camp ashore, I congratulated Uda Prang on the courage he had shown that afternoon, and told him of my delight in having a jungle hunter of such prowess in my party.

Next morning we took up course again. I must say the river travel had become very monotonous—really oppressive. All the time there was the same scene—palms and a dense jungle lining the banks, with trees here and there showing their tops in the background. Now and again we saw some monkeys with long and short tails, and heard the rasping screech of a hornbill, or the croak of a heron; now and again a crocodile with baleful eye sunk from sight as we neared. At rare intervals a lonely bird sent out a few notes. Otherwise there was only the squeak of the sampan oars following us, and the men in the canoe now hunting, now softly singing, as they drew their paddles through the water. Overhead, just about sunset, passed every afternoon great flocks of flying foxes (fruit bats), which seemed always to be going west. The stream here narrowed considerably, and for three days we had been towing the sampan, because there was not width enough to use the oars, when at length one afternoon we came to the headwaters.

As there was no interior settlement of which we knew in the direction we were going, we made a camp inland about ten miles, where I stationed the Chinamen, one of the Malays, and the provisions, while Uda, two of the natives and I went after rhino. My scheme was to use this camp as a supply station, making from it trips of three to four days' duration,



"With a naked kiddie prattling around him."

until I had worked over all the country within a radius of such trips, and then to reestablish it, again and again, until I got what I sought. I found here the most attractive country I had hunted in Sumatra, though that is not saying a great deal, for, speaking generally, it was the same dense jungle as elsewhere, only here were upland stretches of comparative openness and dryness. It was a delight to come out of the dark, cheerless jungle into the sunshine, hot as it was, where the birds were calling. There was the minah bird, rather effectively marked in black and yellow, which I was told can be taught to talk if taken when young; and there was another bird about the size of a pigeon, with black plumage and forked tail, which, in fairly plentiful numbers, zig-zagged across the heavens, uttering one or two not unmusical notes.

One of the most attractive birds I saw was a brilliant kingfisher; and one of those I did not see is the jungle fowl, of which I had heard, but which, I understand from good authority, is not to be found in Sumatra. Once in a while I saw a few green doves of the variety so common and plentiful in Siam. There were many birds, indeed, of varying though not bril-

liant plumage, and monkeys of all sizes, and of all hues of countenance. Of the barking deer there were also many, and now and then I saw the tiny mouse deer, with its exquisitely dainty lines, the entire animal less than eighteen inches in height. Of wild pig tracks there were many. It was a great relief from tramping through the mud and wet clinging undergrowth of the dismal jungle.

Jungle hunting is so different from that of the uplands or of the mountains; it is so monotonous, so uneventful. Only at the finish, when you are immediately before your game, and not always then, is there any stalking. There is no woodcraft. You simply wallow in mud, cutting a way through dense undergrowth impenetrable to the eye, sometimes crawling through mud holes up to your waist. Never is there opportunity of a view ahead, as to the lie of the land or the probable course of the game. You may only plod on, following the tracks, hopeful that the next mud hole may show fresh spoor.

Moving our main camp farther into the interior several times, thus to give us wider range from our base of supplies, we had covered quite an area and hunted diligently every day of eight before we

found a section which gave indication of rhinoceros. Most of those eight days it had rained, and the (8 x 12) canvas fly I carried came in very handy to save provisions and protect our heads at night from the almost incessant rain. Several times I saw the pugs of leopard, and one day, as, under a generous shade-giving bush, I sat writing in my note book, while the main camp was being moved, I had the unusual good fortune to see the end of a stalk by a black leopard upon a barking deer. I could easily have got a snap shot had my camera been at hand instead of in its tin box, journeying toward the new camp site, about ten miles away. While I wrote I heard several barking deer without looking up; in fact they were so common that I never did pay attention, except where there was hope of getting near to study them; but, as I wrote, a strange and, it seemed, distressful yelp in the barking, caused me to look up in time to see a deer just bounding out from the jungle edge, with a black leopard not two dozen feet behind it. In two leaps, it seemed, the leopard had alighted on the deer's neck, apparently turning a complete somersault with the deer immediately on striking, and evidently breaking the neck of its victim in the performance. It happened in the open not fifty feet from me, and I sat for a full ten minutes watching that leopard; the first one of the cat family I had ever seen mauling its prey. The leopard's actions were precisely those of the cat with a mouse after a kill; it put out a fore paw and arm, pushing it, then pulling, and once or twice leaped lightly from one side to the other. It was some time before it satisfied itself of the deer's death, if that was the object of the pawing; and then it fastened its fangs in the deer's throat, though without tearing the flesh—that is, without ripping it—and remained, apparently sucking the blood, for several minutes. Thus far its actions had been rather deliberate, and not ravenous. But now it went to the stomach, which it ripped open quickly, and at once changed to a ravenous, wild creature, as it began dragging out the intestines until it had secured the liver and the heart. Then it settled to feeding; and when it had about finished the performance—I shot. Many of the hunters I have met, and some of the authors I have read, appear to consider

the black leopard a distinct species; but it is simply a freak cub of the ordinary spotted leopard, just as the silver and the black fox are freaks of the common red. In a litter from a red vixen I have seen a silver among red pups; and I met a man in the jungle where Lower Siam meets the Malay Peninsula who had found a black among the spotted leopard's cubs, upon which, however, the spots, of course, are not very clearly defined until they become older. In other experiences of leopard hunting throughout Malaya I came to enjoy it even more than the character of hunting there made necessary for tiger, which, by the by, is not a tree climber, some of my hunting confreres to the contrary, notwithstanding. The leopard is not so strong, nor so formidable an opponent in a fight, but is much more active than a tiger and is aroused more easily and is bolder in its attack. Then, too, its tree-climbing habits make it decidedly a dangerous and certainly an elusive animal to hunt. In my opinion it is the more interesting and sporting animal to stalk, although, of course, as a trophy it is not valued as the tiger, nor has it the majesty of his Royal Stripes, nor the tremendous onslaught when the attack does come.

The trail of the tiger runs in Sumatra as elsewhere in the Far East. You are always hearing of him or, as often, of her. Every strange happening, every mysterious action or unfamiliar sound which cannot be explained, is put down to the tiger. In some places, particularly in India, his name is never mentioned because of fear-some respect. Fearful and superstitious are these natives. Incidentally I hunted tiger pretty often, but never succeeded in bringing one down; for in these Far Eastern jungles it is too dense to beat them out with elephant, as done in India, and it is almost impossible to organize a sufficient party to walk them out, even where the jungle will permit of it, as it does in parts of Malay Peninsula. The tiger is too wary to be caught by a tied-up animal. I discovered that after sitting up several times over bullocks where tiger tracks were numerous. They must be followed on their own kill, or driven out as in India, or caught in the dry season, at a water hole, and sitting up over a tied bullock or a water hole, for me, at least, has no sport. My leopard measured five feet six inches from

the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, and was the only black leopard that I killed—the only one, in fact, that I saw; it was unusual good fortune, indeed, for they are somewhat rare—at least to get. I noticed, after I got its pelt off, that in the sun it had a kind of watered silk appearance as a result of the deeper black of the spots, which, though invisible, were really there just the same.

The jungle we now worked into was different from any I had seen. It was very dense, and yet now and again we came to comparatively open places, which

which they seemed to eat for nourishment. Many of these roots are used for medicinal purposes, and in every native house there is always stowed away a drum filled with roots, leaves and other like nature nostrums in case of emergency. There were no noises in this jungle except early in the morning and late at dusk, when a bird I never saw called in voice most extraordinarily harsh and far reaching.

Through all the time I was in Sumatra I kept my eye constantly open for that most marvelously plumaged bird, the argus pheasant; but though I once found



Where we left our canoe at the headwaters, and started inland.

in the center usually had a kind of mound, from two to three feet in height, sometimes six or eight, and sometimes as much as twenty feet in diameter. These mounds were usually circular and composed of an interlacing of timber and vines and creepers; they looked like nothing so much as rubbish heaps left after the surrounding soil had washed away. Another unusual sight was a tree with base standing clear of the soil, and roots spreading hither and thither exposed to view. Sometimes the tree base was a foot and a half above the ground, as though it had been forced up by its roots. I found wild bananas, and the natives found many roots and leaves,

a small feather, I never saw the bird itself. Indeed, there are few living men who ever have seen it in the wild state. They are the shyest and most difficult to approach, perhaps, of all living things in the world.

Nearly all the time it rained, but that did not dampen the activity of the mosquitoes, which raged so persistently and in such swarms around us. Sometimes when tracking rhino they buzzed about my head in such multitudes that I could literally get a handful at every stroke. I annointed my face with pennyroyal, purchased for the purpose from a wise druggist who, not having ventured away from paved streets, insisted there was nothing



My hunters dressed up, so as to protect their bodies from the thorns of the jungle.

like it to keep off jungle pests. At such times as I was not actually hunting, mosquitoes and small flies and red ants combined to make life quite stirring. I used to seek the rude, sometimes flesh-tearing slap of the jungle brush against my face and head—it cleared the field of mosquitoes for the moment—and often I pushed my way through bushes without using the jungle knife, simply to brush away the swarms of insects that made a halo about my head. Thus attacked above by the insects and below by the red ants, one was not lacking occupation at any time.

One day I came on elephant tracks, a broad pathway through the jungle showed where they had gone, comparatively recently, too. Uda and my two men were hot-foot for going after the elephants, but my time limit was drawing near—and rhino still unfound. Uda, after all, proved to be a tolerably fair man in the jungle. He was not so accomplished as his tales suggested, but, as Malays go, he was a pretty dependable tracker. Above all he was good-natured. In fact, all three of my men, Uda, Bilal and Che, were even-tempered and took the trials as they came—and they came often—without getting sulky, and always seemed ready for more. They were a

long way the best men I secured at any time in the Far East. Neither Bilal nor Che could speak a word of anything except Malay, but Bilal was a facile sign talker, and he and I had many animated conversations through that medium while we were in the jungle. I usually took him with me in the lead, leaving Uda to round up Che, or to follow independent tracks. Bilal was not handsome, but he was strong and ready and exceptionally good-humored; and his dearest possession was an undershirt he had somewhere got in trade, and which was especially useful in the jungle—but he wore it on all and occasions. Bilal, so Uda gave me to understand, was quite an elephant hunter, his professed method being to trap or to steal upon them when sleeping, and, with a long knife fastened to a stick, to cut its trunk and then follow until the animal dropped from loss of blood. How successful he was I never knew.

We had followed a great many tracks, and twice we had heard rhino, but in cover so dense that it was impossible to see it. Throughout all those days my men had been very patient; and Uda, who said this particular section was much like Java, where he professed to have hunted much, now expressed confidence in our finally getting rhino. One morning early we got on quite

fresh tracks, which we followed for several hours through very dense undergrowth, the rhino meanwhile seeking all the mud holes in the direction of his route. We traveled these tracks until noon as swiftly as we could, and as silently; and as they continued so fresh and little more than a breath of air appeared to be stirring, we went along stealthily, expecting to come up with the quarry at any time. But it was nearing five o'clock, with the chill of approaching sunset beginning to settle upon the jungle, and still we followed the tracks hopefully—though unrewarded. Then the tracks led into and across one of those mound-containing spaces to which I have referred.

It occurred to me as a useful thought to get on top of the mound which happened to be a biggish one, and make the best survey the lookout permitted of the other side of the space where the jungle was thinnish. And, by the gods, there, barely discernible, was the long sought-for rhino moving around like a great hog. Having more confidence in these natives than I had felt in those elsewhere in Sumatra, I had given my .50 to Bilal,

who was directly at my heels—Uda and Che had not yet come up to us—and I carried my 12-bore. The rhino was perhaps not over twenty yards away, yet I could see him very indistinctly, and I feared to maneuver for a better position lest he get my wind and move away into the denser jungle, where to view him at even ten yards would be a most fortunate opportunity; so taking the best sight I could get as he squashed about, heading somewhat in my direction, I put the contents of both barrels, one after the other, as quickly as I could pull the triggers, just behind of his shoulder and ranging back. There was a tremendous commotion as he disappeared, so quickly as to astonish me, with a crash into the jungle. Standing on the mound I could feel a very little wind and note it was blowing across my position from east to west, and, as the rhino made off to the southwest, I felt sure he would cross my wind and that if he did he would be likely to charge. It seemed at the moment to be my best chance of another shot, for of course I could not begin to get through the thick jungle at the pace he was going, and would have



Tied up on the River—a Rest for Luncheon.

been left far behind had I attempted to follow. So I held my position, awaiting developments—knowing I could track him later, if nothing interesting happened in the immediate future.

Meanwhile I could not determine his exact location, but while immediately after the report he seemed going away, in another few moments it appeared to me he was coming toward the open space. Meantime I was endeavoring to get the cartridges out of the 12-bore, which had a defective ejector, and, as I was fumbling with this, the rhino broke from the jungle, coming directly toward me, charging truly up-wind. It was not over forty feet from where he broke out of the jungle to where I stood on the mound, the latter being perhaps twenty feet in diameter, and the rhino came on without hesitation and without noise except that made by his feet and huge bulk, his head held straight out, not lowered like a bull, and with his little eye squinting savagely. I had hastily handed the 12-bore over to Bilal, taking the .50 when the rhino broke from the jungle, and as he came up onto the mound, I fired twice for that wicked eye (the eye of a charging rhino is a pretty small mark, perhaps you may know), once making a slight superficial wound on the forehead, and again sending the ball into the fleshy part of the fore shoulder. Neither shot made impression on the rhino, which kept coming.

By now he was not more than ten feet from me, I should say, and I had just pumped another shell into the barrel, when suddenly I was thrown off my feet and

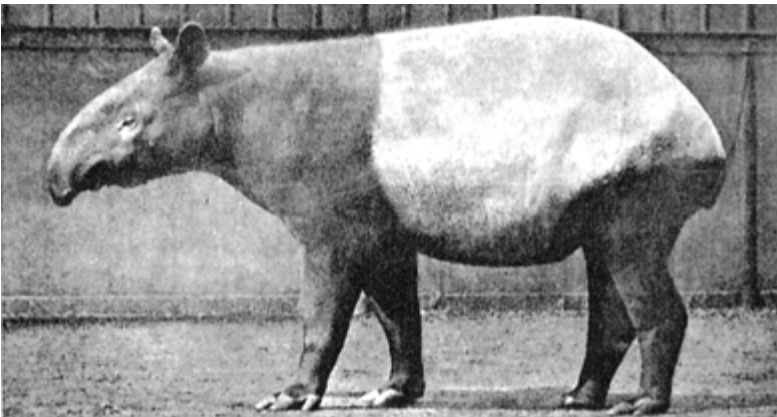
over the side of the mound. As I went into the air, I expected every second to feel the rhino's horn in my side; but I held on to my rifle (which, curiously, did not go off although at full cock) and, when I fell, scrambled to my feet as quickly as I could. To my great relief the rhino had crossed the mound and was running towards the jungle, with apparently no more thought of me than if I had not stood in his path a few seconds before. It did not take me long to put a ball in back of his car, and he dropped like a stone—without a sound.

He had but a single horn on the lower part of the nose, four inches in height, and a kind of knob where had been, or was to be, another above it. The usual Indian rhino, including the smaller Malay, have one horn, but some of the Sumatra variety have two.

It was an experience rather conclusive on the question of the rhino charging by scent rather than by sight. He charged straight toward me up-wind, and when I dropped off the mound, to the south, I was thrown off his scent. Either he lost sight of me, as could easily have happened, or he is not governed by sight,—for he never swerved from his path. I found both 12-bore bullets in his hind quarters; the .50 ball had gone in behind the right ear, and into the left jaw.

How I came to be thrown off the mound, at what may have been a very timely moment, is explained by the rhino stepping, as he drew near, upon one end of a long, small log on the other end of which I was standing; and thus he teetered me out of his path.

It was a lucky teeter for me.



The Malayan Tapir.