fear; I might as well be silent about your guilt. No jury could convict you; no court could sentence you. Punishment must find you from elsewhere. Quit this house at once! If you do not, I will take what means I may to have you forced from it!"

He obeyed her, knowing she was inexorable. But as he reached the doorway he turned, and once more appealed to her, his voice dismally failing him, his hands again outstretched.

"Hilda," he said, "you've called me by that awful name——"

"I meant the name. I repeat the name. Go!"

"But, Hilda!—*think!* It was not I that killed him; it was his imagination."

"True," she answered, after a slight pause, during which he could equally note repulsion in every line of her face and of her attitude. "You and his imagination were fellow-assassins. You used it, like a paid bravo, to strike for you your blow. It struck the blow. But imagination did not really kill him, *You* killed him, and you dare not deny it to your own conscience. Through all your future may that conscience torture you, as I am certain that it will!"

He passed from her sight and from her life forever. She did not cease to love him, but she never forgave him and never looked upon him again. In after years, when she learned that he had gained renown and wealth in his profession., she would say to herself: "Still, he is unhappy; he cannot forget. I know his nature; it forced him to confess his crime to me, and it will leave him no real peace this side of the grave. He has not married—and why? He is wedded in secret to a cold, hard spouse—Remorse. She makes him a sorry enough mate, I'm certain; but there are no human divorce-laws that can rid him of her!"

And Hilda, in so judging, was right.

WILD SPORT IN COSTA RICA.

BY the American sportsman the forests of Central America are almost 'unknown. The botanist and naturalist are somewhat better acquainted with them; but even they have only carried their scientific researches into the outskirts of those dense tropical woods, or along lines of communication cut through them from one populous district to another, and from the principal cities to the ports on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts,

It is divided from north to south by the mountain range that traverse the whole extent of the country. into two regions, distinct from each other as regards climate and environments. So much the most favorable in this respect is the western division, on account of the regular alternation of two well-marked seasons, that the bulk of population is found within its limits. In no other of the five States that compose Central America is this fact more observable than in Costa Rica.

Primeval forests still cover the whole of the eastern division of that country, broken only here and there by the small clearings a along the banks of rivers, made by a few pioneer settlers who have chosen the wilderness for their home, and by the road leading from Cartago to the Port of Limon. This region, from the low-lying, swampy seaboard up to the summit of the Cordilleras, may be regarded as comparatively uninhabited by man. Deep into these forests the rubber-cutters of San Juan del Norte have made their way, along the rivers and shallow streams, only navi-

gable by their narrow canoes, in their search for the "hule" tree; but still vast areas have never been penetrated since the time when the conquering Spaniards gave the name of Costa Rica to all the Veragua coast.

The traveler of leisure, landing at San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua—known as Greytown, under the protectorate assumed by Great Britain over the Mosquito Coast—if he be a sportsman, will find pastime in the harbor, with either shotgun or rifle, among the wild duck and alligators. Time was when Greytown harbor was a fine expanse of open water, in which vessels of considerable draft could find anchorage; but during the filibuster war in Nicaragua the obstructions made in the San Juan by the contending parties for the purpose of interrupting navigation on the river, diverted the main volume of water into the channel of the Colorado, an affluent to the sea branching off about sixteen miles above Greytown. The harbor rapidly silted up, and more than half of its area has become covered with tall sedge grass, spread with a network of narrow channels, and interspersed with open pools, where the wild duck congregate, while drowsy alligators bask in the sun, stretched on the drift-logs stranded here and there in the shallows.

If the visitor be enthusiastic and comprehensive in his pursuit of sport, he will take the opportunity of making an excursion along the coast in a canoe, to strike the tortoise-shell turtle. In that case he will have to hire Mosquito Indians, who make the collection of that shell one of their chief occupations. Those recommended by any consular official or leading merchant will prove thoroughly trustworthy. Having gratified his taste for excitement in these directions, he can go in quest of a still more stimulating diversion—that of striking the manatee, or sea-cow. This fluvial mammal is found in the rivers and fresh-water lagoons of the Atlantic coast, its food being the succulent grasses and plants that grow on their margins and beds. It never leaves the water, coming to the surface, however, every two or three minutes to breathe. It frequents shallow places, and hunters look for it along the sedgy banks, where its presence is indicate to the experienced eye by the condition of the grass. Having discovered a feeding-place, they watch at a short distance off for the appearance of the animal, and cautiously and noiselessly paddle to within striking range.

The manatee, when full-grown, is a bulky, heavy and powerful creature, attaining a length of eight and nine feet, and, when struck from the long, narrow canoe that prevails on that coast, affords an entertainment which only skillful management of the paddle will prevent being abruptly terminated by a capsize. But the Mosquito Indians, the rubber-cutters, as well as the settlers on the rivers, are very expert in the manipulation of the canoe, which, like all those of the Spanish mains, are fashioned out of trunks of the cedar or mahogany tree. Two men, one in the bow and one in the stern, can make their boat change direction with extraordinary rapidity. Single-bladed paddles are used, and are much superior to the double-bladed style. Hard work with the latter I have found to bring far less straining on the muscles, while the propelling force is greater and more direct.

When struck, the manatee makes for deep water. The self-detaching shaft of the spear leaves free the long strong line fastened to the barbed head driven deep into the flesh. After the first rush of the startled creature, the line is fastened to the bow, and the struggle begins. You will not get within striking distance. again for an hour or more, if the manatee be a full-grown one, and not seriously wounded; but your interest will not flag. It will require a proper amount of coolness, care and readiness of action, both of hand and body, to keep the canoe steady as it rushes through the water in the wake of the stricken prey, lunging heavily, now in this direction, now in that, in its endeavors to free itself. It may, moreover, double upon you, and then look out! If the canoe has not been sufficiently turned by the time the rope becomes taut again, an upset almost certainly follows; and supposing all goes right so far, a sudden jerk has to be avoided by gathering in slack line and getting way on the canoe by hard paddling; otherwise something is bound to give. If no accident occurs, however, the animal finally becomes exhausted, and can be killed without much further delay. It is then towed to a sand-bar or some convenient point

of the bank, where the canoe is emptied and sunk under the carcass, and then dragged to the shallow and bailed out. After this, a long endurance-testing paddle to the nearest roof, or more likely a bivouac on the bank.

The manatee is a thoroughly harmless and inoffensive creature, and its pursuit is attended with no danger other than the risk of being capsized, with the remote possibility of an inquisitive alligator deeming it desirable to make an anatomical examination of you. The flesh of the manatee is eaten by all classes, and is palatable. Whenever one is captured within a reasonable distance of a town it is taken thither and the meat is readily sold. It has the appearance of beef when cooked, and the flavor is similar, though coarser.

The vast tracts of forest teem with animal and insect life. There is a solemnity and grandeur in tropical forests that excite admiration mingled with awe. The monstrous trees stretching high over-head their leafy canopy, impenetrable to the sun's rays; the undergrowth so dense in places that you have to cut your way through it; the subdued light; the strange distant sounds you hear; and the lurking apprehension that the presence of the hidden snake is ubiquitous, combine to furnish both attraction and keen excitement for one unaccustomed to tread such wildernesses. To the scientific traveler the wild woods of Costa Rica offer as fine a field for sport and valuable collection as any on the American continent, owing to the large number of species included in the avifauna.

Game in these forests is very plentiful. In their recesses, from sea-coast to mountain-summit,. the jaguar and puma lurk; in the neighborhood of the rivers and streams the shy tapir, or danta, hides himself during the day; troops of monkeys—those gargoyles of humanity—chatter and mow in the branches, ever on the watch for their foe, the tiger; flocks of gorgeous macaws wing their heavy flight high overhead, or hold conclave in the trees, jeweling the green foliage with their brilliant colors; screaming bevies of parrots and swift-winged paroquets of many sizes and many hues, flash across the sky seen through the openings above caused by winding stream, cane-brake or stretch of swamp. The fierce and active wild-hog roams the thickets in herds, feeding on the fallen fruit and juicy roots of plants, and the black-plummaged turkey flops from branch to branch and tree to tree. In their underground caves live the "tepezeuintle" of delicious flavor, and the still more delicious armadillo, called in that country "armado," while the ugly iguana—no despicable food—haunts the trees along the river-banks.

With regard to the jaguar, puma, and danta, it must not be expected that these animals are to be met with frequently. Their appearance is occasional and sudden, and in the case of the two former, sometimes so near as to be very start. ling. An Englishman, whose name I do not recall, on one occasion while hunting alone in Guatemala came across a jaguar so unexpectedly that he could not shoot for two or three minutes, owing to excitement and surprise. Casting his eyes upward, as he was passing beneath a tree, he saw a full-grown jaguar extended along a limb, watching him. He was so near to him that had he gone four or five steps farther he would have been directly under the beast. To keep his eyes on those of the jaguar and raise his gun was but natural; but he trembled to such a degree that he knew he would miss if he pulled the trigger. So he did something far better; he kept his ground and waited, wild beast and man glaring at each other, till he had recovered his breath and nerve. Then he steadily covered the animal's head, and sent a charge of buck-shot into it. The skin was a fine one, and he presented it to the English charge d'affaires. Neither jaguar nor puma is dangerous when in front; but they will attack a sleeping man, or possibly drop upon alone sportsman or naturalist from a tree-bough, and so take him at a disadvantage.

The danta should be looked for, with best chance of success, at dawn of day, and near streams, which he is in the habit of visiting at that hour, after his nocturnal browsing. The favorite places for his diurnal slumber are the cane-beds that fringe portions of the Central American rivers, the sedgy margins of swamps! and moist plant-covered spots. While bivouacking on the San Juan I have known him, when all was quiet, break from the reeds within a few yards of my mosquito-bar. Being a pachyderm, it is

better to use bullet than buck-shot against him, as the latter may fail. On one occasion I fired a heavy charge of buck-shot from a twelve-bore at the head of a danta at a distance of not more than twenty-five yards, and failed to get him. He was on the opposite side of a stream running into the Sarapiqui, to which I was going down at daybreak for water to make our coffee. Our canoe was lying just opposite to him, and seeing him from the high bank without being discovered, I went back noiselessly for my gun. Creeping to a favorable position, I watched him for some minutes. He stood in a meditative posture at first, occasionally cropping a blade or leaf; but evidently considering that he had had enough to eat, he presently began to moved down to the stream for a drink. Waiting till he was broadside to me, I fired the buck-shot at his right ear. He rolled over at once, but fetching up at the bottom of the bank, scrambled on to his legs and took the stream, and that was the last I saw of him. The brute was only stunned, and though we got out the canoe and searched well for him he escaped. With a rifle I should have bagged him. The tapir is almost amphibious, and can cross a wide and deep river on the bottom without showing himself. His flesh is generally eaten, but is inferior to the manatee.

Wild-hog, however, afford the best sport in these forests, being the most certain. Indeed, it is while you are more particularly engaged in search of this game that you come across the rarer animals. Before the rubber cutters intruded into these domains the wild-hog roamed through them in immense herds down to the borders of the navigable rivers, and displayed a boldness and ferocity that proved his lack of acquaintance with the deadly firearm. Though distinct from the peccary of North America, his method of procedure with a stranger was similar. A man once surrounded by a drove of these creatures had slight chance of escape. Russian wolves on the snow-covered steppes of Siberia are not worse comrades than were these savage pigs. But at present they have learned to respect man's deadly inventions.

A Frenchman, settled on the San Juan River, once narrated to me an experience of his that fully illustrates the fierceness and tenacity of purpose possessed by these animals. He had left his shanty about nine o'clock one morning and gone into the forest with his revolver, expecting to kill a wild turkey or two. The ammunition he had with him amounted to about twenty shots. Having proceeded some little distance, he suddenly found himself close upon a drove of hogs feeding in the underbrush. Selecting a suitable tree into which to climb, and stationing himself beneath it, he fired at the nearest hog, and was almost immediately surrounded by a horde of the infuriated animals, which hardly gave him time to mount his perch. There were hundreds of them; they swarmed around the tree, madly crowding upon each other in their savage efforts to reach him. They tore the bark off all round the trunk for three feet high, and bit and gnawed the wood in their furious attempts to get at their enemy. Hoping to drive them off, Louis kept firing at them from his safe position till his ammunition was spent, every bullet at such close range killing a hog. But it was burning powder for nothing; his firing only served to madden them the more. They trampled underfoot the carcasses of the slain, gnashing and tearing at the tree unceasingly. As those nearest to it grew weary, they were ousted out of place by others, and hour after hour the rasping work went on without intermission.

The Frenchman began to get weary of the scene and the part he was playing in it. The surging crowd of dark-skinned objects below him tired his eyes and half-mesmerized him; the murderous grunts and gnashing of teeth and the ripping sound of wood as his foes tore off splinters from the tree, troubled his ears. As the hours dragged on, the restless, swaying movements of his besiegers confused him and began to shake his nerve. He was hungry, thirsty and cramped. At times he grew dizzy, and was afraid of falling off the limb on which he was seated. Then he began to fear that his pillar of safety might not prove thick enough to resist the uninterrupted attack upon it. Would the beasts never get tired and leave him? Had any one at home heard his shots? Or would they come in search of him after noticing his long absence? Such were the questions he kept alternately asking himself till he felt half dazed. Time dragged on, but neither did the

hogs leave him nor did any help arrive to raise the seige; and all day long there he sat and clung, first in one position and then in another, with those vile pigs—only he used a stronger epithet—snapping and chewing at the tree.

Toward sunset, however, they began to relax their exertions, and as the increasing gloom proclaimed the approach of night, the herd slowly and regretfully withdrew, and retired into the depths of the forest. When the tree'd man felt assured that they had gone off to take their night's repose, he descended and limped home in no amiable mood. He had been detained in that tree for more than eight hours, for the diversion of wild hogs; nothing had passed his lips during the day but a cup of coffee in the early morning; and, to cap all, he took home neither turkey nor pork, for the score of animals or so that he had killed had been trampled into pulp. Louis could afford to laugh at the comical side of his adventure as he narrated at a later date, but when he entered his shanty that evening, he was in no very Christian frame of mind.

This adventure occurred many years ago, and since that time the wild-hog, through frequent contact with man, has become rather a shy animal. Nowadays the native hunter is glad if he can force the hog to bay, which can only be accomplished by harassing him with dogs. The Costa Rican woodman's favorite weapon, next to the gun, when in pursuit of the wild-hog, is a long spear, and his *modus operandi*, on finding a herd, is to leap upon the trunk of a fallen tree, where the animals cannot reach him, and while his dogs bait and aggravate them, spear all that come within reach. But the sport is soon over. After a few have fallen the rest betake themselves to flight.

The natives seldom hunt alone in those forests, two, at least, always going in company. Some years ago, on my first arrival in that country, while staying at one of the clearings on the banks of the Sarapiqui, I had an opportunity of going on a wild-hog hunt with the owner, Vicente Salazar. Don Vicente was a tall, spare man, active as a cat, and with eyes as quick as those of a hawk. His costume was in harmony with the requirements of the climate and his lonely surroundings. Barefooted, his light clothing consisted of cotton trousers, usually tucked up above the knee, a cotton shirt worn outside the trousers, a sombrero, and a sash, or leather belt round his waist, to which was attached the sheath of along woodknife. Talking about Don Vicente's activity, I have seen him, when in the forest, tread upon a snake, leap instantly in the air, draw his knife while doing so, and having turned as he sprang, cut the reptile as his feet touched the ground again. His habitation comprised a room with a mud floor, about eighteen feet long, by twelve wide—this apartment served as a reception room and sleeping quarters for visitors;—a narrow kitchen at one end, with a raised mud construction in the form of a cube, on which the fire was built and cooking done, and two small bed-rooms at the other end, the private apartments of the family.

We started off into the forest one morning, a party of four: Don Vicente and a peon, Matias; my brother and myself. Don Vicente, in his character of entertainer and guide, took with him only his machete with which to open the way where necessary. The peon had a spear while my brother and I carried double-barrelled guns charged with heavy shot. Four or five hungry dogs constituted our pack of hounds—mongrel-looking curs, whose scars proclaimed their gameness in the woods. For some time we followed a well-beaten trail, Salazar leading, machete in hand, and every now and then killing a snake under his feet. He was always careful to remove the dead reptile from the path and hang it on a bush, as the possibility might occur of some barefooted native treading on the head and being wounded by the poisonous fangs. The ground was of a mountainous character, as we were on the slopes of the Cordilleras; we alternately struggled up steep ascents and down still steeper inclines, slipping and sliding on the wet soil, and the two foreigners found the exercise in the hot, reeking shade of a kind that would have reduced a fleshy pugilist down to fighting weight in very short training.

After an hour's travel all traces of a track disappeared, and we followed Don Vicente on his devious course through the underwood. Another hour passed and still no signs of hogs had been seen. A flock of wild turkeys—a small species

—once passed by us, fluttering in short flights from tree to tree, and afforded us sport for a few minutes. We dropped five of them ere they disappeared. Next we came across a band of monkeys, and at Salazar's request two were shot to feed the dogs with. These nimble creatures bound from tree to tree and along the limbs and branches with a speed that defies the hunter to keep up with them in the entangling brush. At last we found the long expected game. We had been warned to get to the nearest fallen tree when the hogs were discovered, and there were plenty of such places of refuge. The forest is at once the birth-place and cemetery of vegetation, and numbers of aged monarchs of the woods, in all stages of decay, lie extended on the ground scattered at no great intervals apart. The well-trained dogs circled round the herd which came in our direction. Emptying our guns at them when not more than twenty yards off, we scrambled in all haste upon a log fully six feet in diameter, Don Vicente and the spearmen being already upon it. There was little need for our precaution. The band was not a large one, and had evidently become acquainted with the smell of gunpowder. The hogs rushed by almost without stopping, and were gone before we had reloaded. Matias only succeeded in striking one, while the guns killed three, though there must have been others wounded.

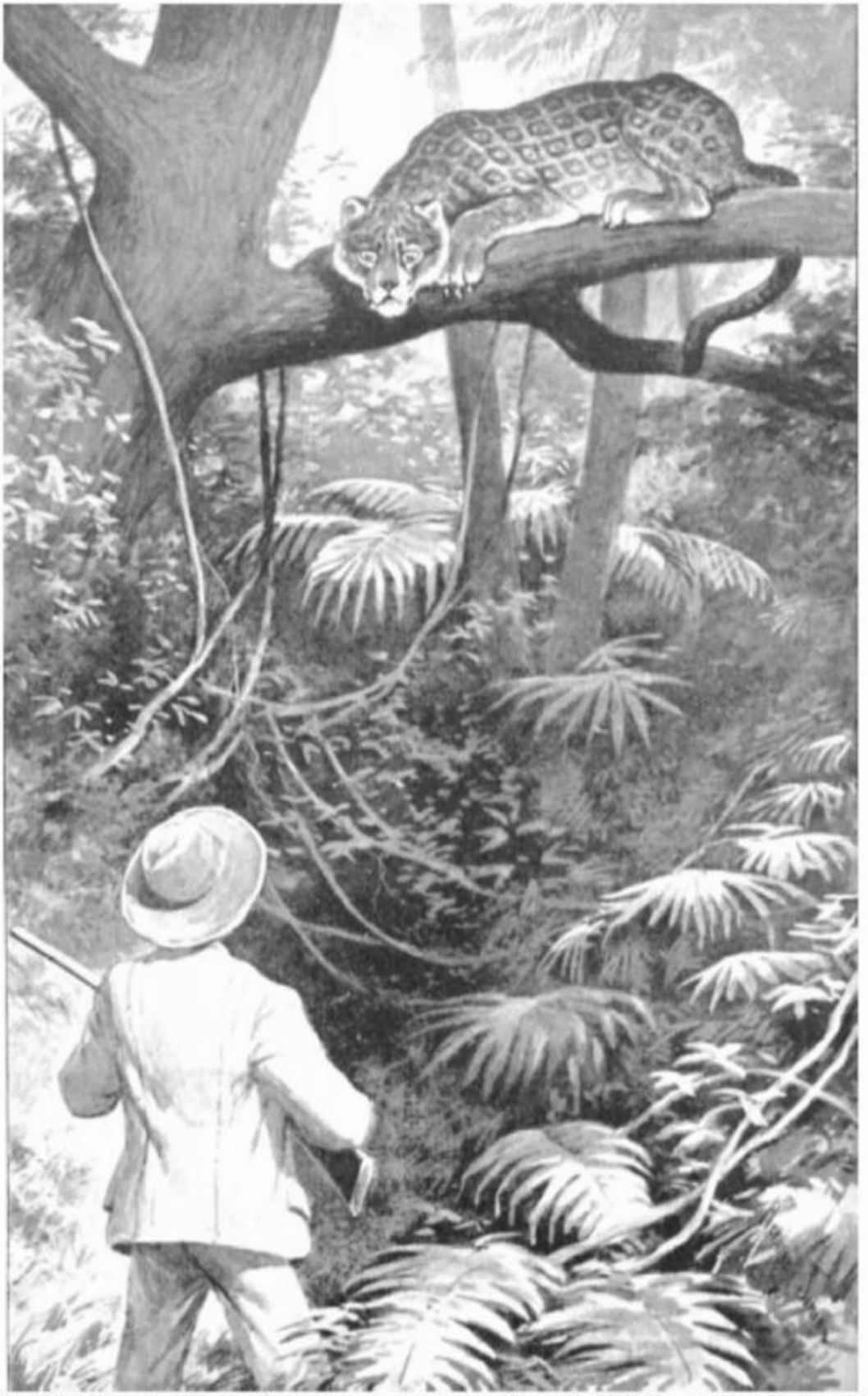
In a couple of minutes the sport was all over, and Don Vicente and Matias proceeded to take out the entrails of the dead animals. Then tying the hind and fore legs together with lianas, each shouldered one, the other two being hung upon a branch to be brought in by Matias and another peon during the afternoon. We arrived at the clearing after an absence of about five hours, the two foreigners for whose benefit the excursion had been made being pretty well fagged out. The bag was a good one. however—four hogs and five turkeys—and there was feasting on fresh meat that day. The flesh of the hogs was cut off the bones in long strips, salted and put into a barrel, lime-juice being squeezed upon it. When sufficiently cured it was hung in the sun to dry and was converted into "tasajo."

A brief description of the western division of Costa Rica, and an enumeration of the principal attractions it offers to the sportsman will supplement the preceding pages.

The physical features of the western portion would differ little from those of the eastern but for the cultivation of rich uplands, plateaus and valleys of the former. Otherwise, the Pacific side of the Corderillas would present the same aspect of interminable forest from coast to mountain-tops as on the Atlantic side. As it is, the unhealthy seaboard is still uninhabited. and will continue to be so for a long time to come, the slow encroachment upon the lowland wildernesses from above, by the almost imperceptible pressure of a gradually increasing population, being a process that will require the lapse of many generations to produce marked effect. The bulk of population is confined within the limits of the plateaus lying from two thousand feet and upward above the level of the sea. In these inhabited portions the country presents an almost uninterrupted succession of coffee and sugar plantations, fields of maize, pasture grounds, and savannahs, intercepted occasionally by woody barranco or deep canyon.

In these districts the sportsman can only find small game. In the plantations, cornfields and low brushwood of the pastures, the quail, the rabbit, and the wild dove will afford him opportunities of keeping in practice. During the rainy season the savannahs are the resorts of snipe and great numbers of becasinos, while teal, duck and waterfowl frequent the lakelets and ponds. Beyond the cultivated parts, strictly so considered, to pastoral ones in the higher plateaus, such as those of Guanacasta, where cattle and horses are reared, are forests where deer are abundant on the western mountain slopes, and are ruthlessly killed for their skins. In the neighborhood of the cattle and sheep runs the jaguar, and puma and lynx, too, are frequently found. Once fairly within the forest, the same kinds of game prevail as on the eastern slopes. With respect to the broad lowland belt of forest on the coast, little difference will be noticed between it and the corresponding belt on the Atlantic side, except that the latter is very much wider, and that in the rivers of the former the manatee is sought for in vain.

J. J. PEATFIELD.



Painted for Outing by Hermann Simon. (See article "Wild Sport in Costa Rica," *p. 98.*)

"HE KEPT HIS GROUND AND WAITED."