

crime of violence laid to their charge. To this, as to nothing else, they give themselves from earliest youth to decrepit age, following it with an ardor that never cools and a cruelty that never relents.

The deer and the boar may lose their power to stir the old chief to enthusiasm, but to his dying day his right hand never loses its cunning; and to see his braves return with the spoils of a head-hunting raid is as life to his bones. The last desire of the dying is, that his sons may prove worthy of their sire, and by stealthy step and certain thrust add to the trophies of the tribe.

The savage is by nature a hunter. He has the instincts, the senses, and the hardy endurance required. He knows the haunts and habits of game. He can wait long and follow far. His foot is soft, his aim sure, and into the chase he throws all the passion of his soul. When the game is human, not animal, there is added zest in the chase, and his vengeful hate suffers not his energies to flag. No sleuth hound is truer to the scent, no tiger is stealthier of foot. Everything is planned beforehand. For weeks, perhaps months, back of all other thoughts is the prospective raid.

From some ambush on the hilltop the movements of the fated victims on the plain are watched. What time the farmers come and go, when the rice will be reaped or the vegetables dug, when the fishermen leave home and when they return, who among the country people go into town, what the defensive strength of a village is, where and when the raid could best be made—all this the scouts know long before the appointed day arrives.

The outfit of a head-hunter is simple. The necessary things are a spear, knife and bag. The spear is of bamboo, about twenty feet long, with an iron arrow-shaped head eight inches long. This is light, strong and easily used, and always carried in the hands. The knife is of iron, eighteen inches long, sharp-pointed, and generally crooked, with a one-sided open hardwood sheath. This knife is always in the savage's belt, and the belt is always worn. The bag is of strong twisted rhea-cord, open like a net, carried over the shoulders with strings tied round

the neck, and capable of holding two or three heads. Every head-hunter has the spear, knife and bag. Sometimes bow and arrows are taken, and occasionally a match-lock gun.

The heads having been secured, the hunters return with all haste to the village. When on the peak of the nearest mountain, they shout their wild whoop of victory. The villagers have been waiting, and when that yell is heard a party is sent out to meet the braves and escort them home. All the village is out of doors. Old men and women, youths and maidens, the youngest child in the settlement, even the very dogs, all know the meaning of the yell, and go wild with excitement. They are all on the way to welcome home the heroes.

Such shouting, shrieking and demon-like howls! The dogs seem as though they were made for nothing but yelping on that one occasion. The hunters recite their experiences—how they escaped detection, how they did the deed, perhaps what wounds they got in the fray. Everything is told with many gesticulations, and every point is greeted with fresh demonstrations of delight. —Dr. George Leslie Mackay's, *From Far Formosa*

The Mighty Book

The grand old Book to which we cling
Is not a feeble, helpless thing,
A begging child who pleads you give,
If nothing more, the right to live.

I see it as a man whose tread
Makes empires tremble, wakes the dead:
Who shakes the thunders from his hair,
And strikes opponents with despair.

His are the everlasting years;
His servants are the shining spheres;
He is the court of all appeal
Where baffled human powers kneel.

In every age this book flung back
All foes who ventured to attack;
And when I hear man ridicule,
I mark him down a senseless fool.

—W. C. Martin