

in the chorus. I stole carefully in the direction from which the sound came, but as I neared the spot the whistle ceased, and it was now far too dark to descry any object on the ground. So, in doubt, and sorely puzzled to account for such an unusual sound, and with a firm determination to unravel the mystery in the morning, I returned to my camp. Could it be Indians? No, impossible; there were far too many whistlers, and the tone of each whistle was precisely alike. I was equally sure it was not the cry of the rock-whistler (*Actomys*); that sound I knew too well. What could it be?

As the grey light of morning came peering into my tent, I started off to investigate the secret of the mysterious whistler; but all I could discover, after a long and diligent search, was, that there were numerous runs and burrows excavated in the sandy banks of the river, but by what sort of animal I could not for the life of me guess. Setting a steel-trap at the entrance to one of the holes, I strolled down to the Indian village, thinking I should possibly be able to find out from the redskins what it was that made such shrill sounds. Partly by signs, and by using as much of their language as I knew, I endeavoured to make the old chief comprehend my queries.