

boat was rapidly driven out to sea and the Australian coast soon lost sight of. The wind increased in fury and I gave myself up for lost. Night was coming on, the haze and spray prevented my seeing a dozen yards in advance. I knew that I was rapidly approaching the coast of New Guinea and the reputation which the cannibals of that island enjoyed in the southern hemisphere did not add to my peace of mind. I heard the breakers roaring and caught sight of the white crests of foam. I was powerless to change the course of the boat by a single point. I threw off my coat and boots and determined to make a fight for my life. Suddenly the boat struck, broached broadside and rolled over. I was seized by the waters for a brief moment and then flung upon the beach. The warmth of the sand was comforting, and worn out as I was, I soon fell asleep, nor did I awake until the sun was high in the heavens. I was in a small bay where the woods came down to the very shore and nothing was visible which would indicate that a white man had ever visited that part of the coast. Fortunately I was provided with a water tight match safe and I determined to secure some shell fish on the beach and cook them for breakfast. I waded into the surf and soon had a supply of pearl oysters which I cooked. They were extremely tough and unpalatable but they satisfied my hunger. The boat had been washed ashore and was a complete wreck and I was compelled to abandon all hopes of using it again. I made my way into the thicket and had proceeded but a few yards, when I came upon a small, square building made of rough logs. There was no window and the massive door was secured by two large padlocks. I knew that the structure was the work of a white man but for what purpose it had been built I could not determine. It might be a place used for storing provisions by pearl fishers, if so, I would not die from starvation. I tried the door and then attempted to peer between the logs, but as the interior was pitch dark all of my efforts were fruitless. By climbing an adjacent tree I reached the roof and after an hour's hard work succeeded in removing two logs. I saw that the hut only contained machinery. I clambered down inside; there was a small naphtha engine and a network of wires with several other devices, the use of which I did not know. Then I made my way out and as I was replacing the roof I heard a whizzing sound which was followed by a stinging sensation in the leg in which stuck a long bamboo arrow. Instantly I dived through the opening into the hut. There at least I would