



In the morning they prepared another similar feast for themselves, and then started off to penetrate the *Manzanillos* still deeper. Apples, apples, on all sides lay out in mellowing heaps and windrows. Sometimes trees were found standing closely together, tall, like forest trees; then again some gnarled old tree, as thick as a hog's head, standing solitary. The forest was in clumps and tracts, and in some places showed thorny thickets, impassable to man or beast. They wandered on, astonished, for it was like fairyland, and several times fired at game.

A PRIMITIVE MILL.

By-and-by they heard shouting at a distance. Then Neeze Hartly was for going back, but Pleem Frost and Clum went ahead softly to see who it was; the rest waited, with guns loaded. After a time Clum came back in sight, and beckoned for them.

"It's Injins making cider," he said. "They're down in a hollow, and we can see them at work at it. Come on! there's only four or five of them."

The party stole forward, and, in cover of some apple brush, found Frost peeping into a ravine, and it was an odd sight that met their gaze. A number of Indians, some of them squaws, were shaking trees and gathering up apples in rude wicker baskets. These they poured into a great

hollow log, four or five feet in diameter and as much as twelve feet in height, for it was set up endwise. On a staging built around the top stood a "talwart" Indian, with a huge long-handled pestle, crushing the apples to pumice by raising it and letting it fall, like the dasher of an old-fashioned churn. Cider was running out at holes at the bottom of this primitive crushing mill, and two other Indians were pressing the pumice in another trough with a great lever, made from the trunk of a small tree.

The sailors lay and watched them for some minutes.

"Isn't that chap with the pestle a strapper?" exclaimed Valorous. "Only look at those arms and legs! Wouldn't care to have him crack me on the head with that 'ere big truncheon o' hisn," remarked Neeze. "No more would I," said Pleem Frost. "But they all looked good-natured and clever."

"I'd like a swig o' that new cider," muttered Rummy.

"I, too," said Clum. "And I'm going to ask 'em for some."

"Don't you do it!" muttered Lyme Stowell. "Keep still!"

"Who's afraid of those five or six Injuns, half women, too? *Ahoy there, Mr. Indian man! Gimme a mug o' yer cider!*"

The Indian mashing up apples stopped and turned to look in the direction of the hail; so did the others.

"You've done it," muttered the supercargo, wrathfully.

"It's no use hiding now," said Valorous. "They see us. Let's go down where they are."

So without further ado they went down the side

of the gully, and approached the Indians, who had gathered in a group and were staring at the whites with all their eyes. They seemed amazed, and one or two appeared afraid, drawing back somewhat as the sailors came up. But the large Indian—and on near approach they found that he was indeed a "strapper"—stood grinning, and looked good-natured; he was dressed somewhat like the Picunchees, but had very long hair, braided a massy queue; he also wore armlets and anklets of some bright metal.

Valorous, advancing to him, said, "How de do?" and put out his hand to shake. The big Indian grunted, grinned, and slowly extended his own hand, seeming not to comprehend at first. Valorous shook his hand heartily, whereat the savage laughed uneasily. Then Clum rushed up and shook his hand, and pointed to the cider trough, made a motion as if to drink. They understood that, and all laughed and jabbered in great glee.

Little gourds, from the rind of some kind of fruit or nut were lying about, and the new cider was at once offered the sailors in these, all they wanted, and it was good. A squaw also offered them thin apple sauce, in a little copper kettle; but Rummy, who tasted it, pronounced it "flat."

Two or three children were seen peeping out of a thicket. One squaw was slicing apples with a knife, and had a quantity spread out on

poncho skins, evidently to dry in the sun. There appeared to be nothing sinister about this party, or family; they acted friendly, and gave their strange visitors freely of whatever they had.

"These are good enough folks," Rummy said. "They are no more savages than anybody."

There was not much to do or to say, since they could not understand each other, but they sat down and looked good-humoredly into each other's faces.

After a time three more Indians came along from below; these had the quarters of some creature, freshly butchered, as large as a sheep. Two of them were young men, not fully grown, large boys, in fact; they were more boisterous than the men, and stared rather rudely at the sailors, particularly at Clum, who was examining the cider mill. One of them at length made signs for Clum to wrestle with him.

"I wouldn't do it," Valorous said; so Clum put him off good-naturedly. But he kept teasing him, and trying to take hold in a rude though not ill-natured way."

WRESTLING.

"You can *down* him," said Rummy, "if he is the biggest."

They began to wrestle. The Indian boy was much the heavier, but he did not understand Clum's manoeuvres, and got thrown every time. But he showed no ill-temper, and the Indians, gathering around, seemed only amused at the play. Quite a number of other Indians, men, boys and squaws, came up the ravine, and another of the young braves wanted to wrestle with Clum. But the latter was tired of the play by this time, so Rummy took hold of the newcomer, and threw him without much difficulty two or three times. The Indians and whites gathered closely about, laughing; but while the two were on the ground, Clum saw one of the other Indian boys reach out his hand and snatch something out of Rummy's pocket.

"That fellow has got your jack-knife, Rummy," said Clum.

Thereupon Rummy turned upon the young savage, and extended his hand threateningly. The boy backed off; Rummy followed him up, and the Indian kicked at him. Upon that, Rummy closed with him, and threw him down. The knife was dropped in the scuffle; Rummy took it up and put it in his pocket again. The young Indian was angry at being thus exposed, probably, for the others jeered at him; and so far as the whites saw, they appeared to think none the worse of them for thus standing for their rights.

But Valorous thought they had better go on. "We may get into some fuss with 'em," said he.

So they shook hands with two of the largest Indians, then withdrew up the bank of the hollow, and went back to where their sacks were. These were now filled in part,—as heavily as they deemed it prudent to attempt to carry,—and then they turned their faces coastward, for the brig. But considerable time had been spent; they were hungry and soon stopped to prepare some food, and it being now towards sunset, they concluded to camp for the night. They had come no more than three or four miles from the place where they had met the Indians, and as the wind had come on to blow, they built their camp-fire in one of the *barrancas* where there was a small brook.

ATTACKED.

I am at a loss to understand why the Patagonians should have attacked them here; for they seemed so friendly and good-natured in the afternoon that neither Valorous nor the others felt themselves in any danger from them. It may have been cupidity, to possess their knives or muskets, or some freak arising from superstition.

Just after it had grown dark, while the New Englanders were sitting round their fire in the ravine, they heard the Indians—a considerable party of them, apparently—on the top of the bank or bluff above them. Valorous called out to them but received no answer.