

seemed to put new life into us; while the white coral beach, with the huge waves dashing against the outer ledge of rock and then coming in gentle ripples to our feet, caused us often to stop that we might enjoy more of the scene. All along the shallow water, fish of nearly every color were sporting about. The natives with one very inferior spear killed nine fine large ones. Having walked leisurely, it was well on in the day when we reached a few huts on the shore where we remained all night. Nothing of interest occurred there. Leaving our hosts early the next morning, we sailed up a lagoon two or three miles to the end of the path leading inland to the kingdom of Mitang. A wearisome tramp of about five hours, brought us to the nearest houses, but, as we received no invitation to rest here, we pushed on to the second village. Here we remained a short time speaking to the people concerning the object of our visit.

RELICS OF CRIME.

At this place we saw some bones and the skull of a man, who used frequently to visit Erakor, and whom some of our company knew very well, but upon an evil day he was forced to grace a feast for these very men to whom we were speaking. At one other village we saw similar relics. Saying *andromek* to these degraded creatures we went along a mile or two farther and found lodgings for the night. By this time we were very willing to rest, having been on the move most of the day. Our hosts here treated us very kindly, sharing their "kabua" or pudding with us, which though generous in them was no favor to us while we had some dry biscuits in our satchels. After remaining a couple of hours in the public house, and witnessing their disgusting *kaka* chewing and drinking, we were invited to an

OLD BACHELOR'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE

to sleep. And what a residence! An old dilapidated pig-house in a solitary wood, still it was his best and we did not despise it, though our bed was made of round sticks instead of feathers, and our pillow consisted of a hardwood block. I must say that the night seemed to be very long, so much so, that I was almost concluding that physical darkness had settled upon them equal to their spiritual gloom. However, at length the crowing of the cocks, and the unusual grunting of the pigs, in the establishment, informed us that daylight was approaching. Still the morning was not very cheering, as the rain was coming down in torrents and one of our company was down with fever. We durst not leave him or he would surely fall a victim to his appetites, and to us the prospect of

being detained in this gloomy region was anything but pleasant.

CHANGE OF PLAN.

Up to this time we intended to make our way to the mountain kingdom before we returned, but now we decided to take the nearest route home, which path was a very bad one and fully thirty miles long. After breakfast our sick man recovered so far as to be able to set out for home. So leaving our old bachelor friend, and passing through two small villages, we arrived at

MALOF,

where the renowned old cannibal chief lives who has over thirty wives, and who has eaten at least two men for every wife he owns. He and his family live in a grass camp about two hundred feet long by ten or twelve wide. He is protected, and supplied with meat, by a body guard who always attend him. We could not help feeling contempt for the old creature. Generally we can pity these degraded people, but for such as he pity is not to be found. His power for evil is now nearly gone, a few months or years at most must carry him to his reward.

A RELUCTANT PRESENT.

Having left his house without giving him a present, our guides told us that they dare not go any farther with us or he would kill them when they returned, so we had to send back a trifle to the old chap. We now bade farewell to Mitang and its many signs of horrid cruelties, which I have not now space to mention, and entered upon our most noted day's journey. The rain of the past night and early morning made the walking very bad. The swampy places were filled with water. At first we got over these on the backs of our cannibal guides, but finally we had to plunge through them ourselves often knee deep in mire. Shortly after noon the rain began again and in a little time we did not fear the wading. Four or five hours of this plodding brought us to

ERAKOR,

a small village, the remnant of a once powerful people. We were dripping wet when we arrived, but all that we could do was to sit down among dogs, pigs and natives, by a fire in a *farier* open at both ends and there dry our clothes. After supper we were invited to

THE CHIEF'S HOUSE,

to spend the night with him and his family. Here the climax of our misery was reached. Wading swamps in a pouring rain was nothing to this. A Gutter, ankle deep guarded the entrance to the house, and when we