Robinson Crusoe



DO NOT tell this story because either the memory or the relation of the events is pleasant to me. Indeed, it is the record of the most distressing and humiliating experience in my life. But I am impelled to relate it as a protest against the prevalent idea that the existence of a castaway on a tropic island is one of comparative comfort and ease.

In my younger days I was in the employ of a firm of merchants at Apia, Samoa, who had established in business in the Ellice Islands a young man of the name of Symonds, son of a well-known missionary. His headquarters were at Funafuti and after several successful years he had purchased from the "King" of Vaitupu the small, deserted island of Nuulakita-"Little Land." It lies some one hundred and fifty miles southeast of Funafuti, alone amidst extensive shoals. Symonds' ambition was to people and plant it, but not a native could he induce to make his home there, for the Ellice Islanders firmly believed the place was haunted by evil spirits. Not long after this, Symonds died suddenly, and I was sent to Funafuti in the company's schooner to install a new manager, with instructions to stop at Nuulakita on the homeward voyage, inspect the little island and set a value on it as an asset of Symonds' estate.

We left Funafuti with a southeast tradewind that soon died away, and for days we drifted over a glassy sea in intolerable heat. Finally, on the last day of February, we reached Nuulakita and sailed slowly along its coast, searching for an anchorage and landing.

In a short time we came to anchor in seven fathoms of water, in a convenient place on the west side of the island where we could see an opening through the reef. Four of the ship's crew and I made an easy landing, but, finding a strong shore current running, we were compelled to haul our boat up on the sands, for I intended to take at least two hours to inspect the place.

The captain advised me to examine the place hastily, for his barometer warned him of a change that was imminent, and this was the dangerous season in these latitudes.

Above the sand beach, where had formerly been a settlement, a few jackfruit trees were deteriorating, being overgrown with clinging vines and other parasites. Here I discovered some native sepulchers which, beside a well that I found later on, were the only actual signs of man's handiwork upon the island.

Pandanus, which seems to delight in sterile soil and in opposition to the elements, now predominated, stretching forth its weird branches and standing upon its singular stiltlike roots, an omen of desolation. Here and there I penetrated the bush, observing the nature of the soil and noting it in my book.

I must have been nearly opposite where our vessel lay, when I came to a beautiful lagoon, with charming vistas and lovely glades leading in various directions.

I was about to return to the beach and conmy circuit heard a musket shot-a signal for my return, for the sky had darkened and I felt sure that the glass had gone lower. I started directly for the boat-landing.

Towards the center of the Island the trees grew less vigorously, and were fewer in number, and many old trunks lay prone on the earth. The walking became exceedingly difficult, for it was hard to penetrate this broadleafed, stout-stemmed vinery,

had already had several nasty falls, but had escaped actual injury, until at last I stepped on what appeared a sound tree-trunk crossing a vine-covered chasm and felt myself swiftly descending into space, clutching wildly at the vines as I passed through them

My head having come into violent contact with a jutting coral, I lay huddled and senseless at the bottom of a deep pit which in former years had been used as a well and now was partly filled by the action of the elements. When I revived all was darkness, and rain

was falling in torrents. In fact, it must have been the cool drenching I had had which brought me to my senses.

I tried to raise my arms and found them fortunately uninjured, but one knee had been severely bruised and my back was badly wrenched, while my head ached as if it were about to split in two, and a great lump explained why I had wasted hours in this situa-

Though it was very dark, with occasional flashes of lightning, I found no great difficulty, except from my own injuries, in getting upward, as these native wells are so constructed that the owners may walk down one side to dip the water with their shells. When I approached the mouth of the pit and thrust my head through the sopping vines, it semed as if the world were at an end. I could hear the screaming wind rush through the now leafless branches, and great boughs and missiles of many sorts were flying through the air, making it hazardous to rise above the level.

I thought of our brigantine and hoped she had got away without losing her anchors. At that moment, though the tempest roared, I did no fear for her safety, for from the direction the wind I was sure she had not been blo ashore. Such a gale would inevitably driv her far away to westward, and her return this region of frequent calms was quite sur to be slow and tedfous. And here I was a unprovided for, and destined to pass somin utter loneliness. In time they wou back again, and I must contrive to they turned up. This would be to recount to my children as round me in the evening.

How was I then to k eyclone had utterly while I sat

mpanion

was, I wasted several of those precious matches before I lighted my damp tobacco.

It was well on in the afternoon when the pangs of hunger drove me forth provender of some sort. Though the force of the gale was quite strong enough to impede me greatly, I managed to struggle through the torn shrubbery and tangled vines until I once more gained the open beach, and stood appalled before the ocean's sublime fury. Great seas hurled themselves at the trifling island, and actually threatened to engulf it.

According to my calculation I had now been above forty hours without food. Worn out by the wretched weather, and quite famished, I grasped a stick to aid my injured leg, and set

out to discover food and shelter.

After a painful effort I came to the second patch of coccanuts, and was not disappointed, for most of the fruit lay scattered on the ground, shaken down by the storm. After a bit of hard work in removing the outer husk, I regaled myself upon a ripe cocoanut and its firmer and more matured flesh, and this had to serve me, for I saw nothing else that was eatable at this time.

Night came on while I still painfully wandered in search of shelter, and I would have been glad to occupy the pit again had the difficulty of returning there been less formidable. The night proved a wild one, and I lay stretched out to leeward of a giant tree, whose out-of-ground roots and buttresses gave me just a little protection from the chilling blast. Here in this miserable situation I passed the tedious hours till day appeared.

My injured leg had grown worse and swelled to a considerable size, throbbing and alarming me thoroughly. Hunger and thirst once more assailed me, and painfully I dragged myself forward in the hope of finding some sort of sustenance. If the brigantine had been lost in the hurricane there was very little chance of another vessel's coming to Nuulakita for months and months. Possibly it might be years before the place was visited. Such despairing thoughts as these produced a sort of sinking of the soul, an apathetic sadness. Why struggle farther? But still I wriggled forward over the soft sands, which seemed barren enough. A soldier crab crossed my path, and I devoured him raw without a qualm.

Even at this early stage of my imprisonment I must have been a bit delirious, for I began to imagine I heard voices calling me, and at length I fancied I saw people quickly fifting about as if to avoid my vision.

The pain in my wounded leg was very great, but I sametimes forgot this because of mental tortures far more acute. Another horrid night, and another boisterous day without the smallest comfort, left me still more helpless. Reason, I believe, was on the verge of collapse, when my remaining physical strength suddenly gave way. Sleep, delirium, or probably prolonged unconsciousness, at length re-

I awakened at last to behold the splendors of a tropic sunrise, the great orb soon shining directly in my face. My leg was much better for the enforced rest it had had, and, strangget of all I was not so hungry a

Melancholy forebodings that perhaps I was fated to die there like a dog and lie unburied, a feast for crabs and noxious vermin, spurred me to further effort. Pride and every primal instinct urged me forward and at length exhausted with fatigue and in great pain, I reached the region of the fallen cocoanuts and, after resting sufficiently, food and drink were again my portion, and later in the day I was enabled to stagger along the deserted beach upon a rude crutch which I had improvised.

Onward, painfuly onward, I went, craving satisfying food and rest. Eventually I passed a sandy place marked all about by turtles' flippers-a depression where eggs had surely been deposited. More than a hundred eggs were in the nest, all closely packed together and covered from marauders. Gathering some dry wood and bark, I built a little pile and drew forth my treasured matches.

What an appalling disappointment I was to suffer! The box in which they were contained was crushed quite flat, and the matches themselves were loose in my pocket. Some, being wet, had lost their black heads. I must dry the matches carefully before one of them should be risked. I did not dare to take any chances of failure, and always afterward I would have to keep a smoldering fire or lose this great necessity. A flat coral stone exposed to the sun was selected, and my treasure was spread out in the genial warmth. The ignition papers from the dilapidated box were turned and turned until quite crisp, while each individual match was given careful attention. When all was ready I tried to strike a lighttried and tried again until the whole stock was done, and this with never a glimmer of

Raw turtle eggs are not to be commended as a steady d'et, but they will serve a turn. In due course I was able to get to the rookery. but most of the birds were gone, dispersed no doubt by the violence of the gale. None of

at I could find were catable. ineffectually to produce fire by sticks together as I had often ioan natives do. No, I could not

think of prepaing myself some er-at least a lodgment where I n comparative comfort. My earoduced a kind of windbreak only. eggs when seadily adhered to itely disguster as a diet, and y of my les I sought many exght serve by turn. Raw unould not bide, even when I zweet and wholesome. So a birder turtle, I cut the hung them in the ed rocks until they

> of thin pajamas peckel



paired, but a new idea entered my brain and for some time claimed my careful attention. Many young gannets were by this time occupying nests by the lagoon shore, and I decided to adopt several of these, bringing thehm up by hand, and afterward employ thehm to carry away letters describing my deplorable situation and praying for relief. But my first efforts were unsuccessful, and all three of my adoptions were dead birds within a few days. This set me to thinking that perhaps the food I was providing was unsuited to their immature digestions-that raw turtle meat, which they ate with avidity, was a dan-

could not make

me content with

the raw food I

was compelled to

Now strongly

fate of our ship,

I might have des-

the

suspecting

gerous diet.

eat.

I now enlisted another family of birds, and by stoning up several small basins near the reef at high water, I was enabled to catch a small supply of little fish, when the tides had fallen and the water had drained away into the sea. With a supply of what appeared a suitable food, I was at length able to bring we a brood of promising birds, who were taulant by me to rest on the usual sort of perch provided at the other Islands. When my proteges had grown, they were not long in learning to provide for themselves.

The hopelessness of my situation and my constant longing to be with my family often quite unnerved me, and surely left me less thankful than I should have been for benefits received and unacknowledged. My mind, at times thoroughly discouraged, recoiled before such an existence. Several months had elapsed and my situation was still unpromising.

The feeding of my pets had provided a certain amount of occupation, and as the birds rapidly approached maturity, I noted approvingly their greater proficiency in flight. At last all of them were able to make extended excursions. I easily taught them to return at the call of the flag. My tattered pajama coat answered as a signal.

One day while experimenting with my own birds, I called from the skies an utter stranger, who calmly perched himself and squawked loudly for attention. With avidity I searched him for communications, but evidently the animal was off on leave, for he bore no letters. I fed him slowly, and between whiles I wrote what I thought would have been anywhere construed as a touching appeal for assistance. Tearing the leaf out of my note-book I fastened the missive so that it laid flatly underneath the feathers of the back.

For several days the new bird continued to resort to my perch, always returning with my message and 't was not until I refused him food continuously that I was able to get rid of him. Then, some days later, having fastened missives to all three of my birds. I took down the perch and refused to notice them at all-a treatment they could not understand, for from their earliest recollections I had been their only parent.

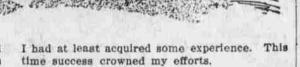
Within a week after the birds had deserted the island, I re-erected the perch, and thenceforth every afternoon I waved my rotting garment, hoping that some intelligible answer would reach me. But days and weeks passed without any sign whatever and I again grew utterly despondent.

The turtle season had come and gone, and the extent of my depredations had so alarmed the island birds that I was now forced to trap those which I would use for provender, or climb the trees at night and secure my victims quietly.

One day, observing a troop of newly-hatched turtles painfully dragging themselves towards the salt water, it occurred to me that if I were to place these in the lagoon and feed them, a plentiful brood coule be raised, and turtles would ever after be obtainable at all seasons.

Once more I decided to entice the distant birds to a renewed perch, and they returned upon my signals of a welcome. At last I found a bird with a letter written in the Samoan tongue and addressed to one of the teachers. Though I could not write grammatically and with precision in the native language, I was able to read sufficiently well. After divesting the missive of its religious commonplaces, which begin and end every native communication in these latitudes, I saw that the writer. living on a distant is and, had no knowledge or me, for he addressed a fellow worker CHIP ission field on topics of mutual in-

the bird for some time by such as was sure to please him and I now prepared several messages n as I could muster, and then, d the animais to induce them more resumed work upo what resemble a mons ed should contin intil ign



From this moment I date a comfortable change of diet, and I may say that in the completion of this labor and a contemplation of its results to me I was happier-at any rate calmer -than I had been since my arrival on the island.

My misery was soon deepened, aye, made insupportable, by the loss of my precious knife, the one invaluable treasure that yet remained. As I was stooping over my turtle cage to observe the welfare of its occupants it slipped from my pocket and dropped into the water.

For some time I had been of opinion that the bad weather would soon have its ending, and that probably a gale of wind would mark its exit. The accuracy of my calculations was justified, for after several days of great heat and unexampled calm, one of those sudden convulsions of tropic violence assailed the island with cyclonic force. My frail hut was bodily lifted by the blast as if it were a feather's weight, and no portion of it or its contents ever met my eye again. Torrential rain in blinding sheets, almost suffocating in its profusion, utterly drenched me, and the great ocean, lashed into a wild fury, seemed bent on submerging the little island, as it had done on previous occasions.

From the ending of this storm, my days were spent in searching for food and praying to the fiend, and my nights were troubled with such realistic dreams and phantoms-if such they were-as wholly to wreck my reason. Naked and unkempt, I roamed over the limited extent the land afforded; attached now to no particular place, and heedless of any attempts at rescue, I no longer kept a lookout

Like a wild man that I was, I gleaned such food as the place afforded, untroubled by qualms of any sort.

One day while drowsily musing, new sounds assailed my ears-more intelligible, more harmorious they seemed, than the others I had been accustomed to. Though they evidently came from behind, I expected the new breed of infernals to deploy suddenly in front, as thehir predecessors had always done, therefore I did not turn until one of them laid a rough hand on me. This was a new experience, for till now the busy imps had under close inspection seemed intangible.

Turning to the touch, a number of figures in white garb met my astonished gaze, and though their countenances seemed pitying and beneficent, I knew them for their deceitful worth, and cursed their uncalled-for interference. I would have chased them from the Island. Till now all goblins and little inquisitive imps had fied before my rage, but these new-comers closed in around me, seizing my weapon and overpowering my flercest efforts, until I lay fast in bonds, and quite insensible.

The end had come. I had been rescued by an adventurous and devoted party of Samoan missionaries and their Ellice Island followers.

Strange to say, nearly if not all of my messages had safely reached some inhabited island, but unfortunately none could read and understand the English words.

Paulo, the teacher on Nanomea, sent message after message through the group, and these timely explanations came to the south ern teachers, enlightening them as to the real meaning of my misspelled and almost unintelligible Samoan notes which they had been getting from time to time by bird posta letter-delivery service which was soon actively employed in my behalf.

As soon as the defective system would allow, the teachers consulted, and one bold spirit, an aged man, brave old Alamoa-journeyed from Nicutao to Vaitupu, and on to Funafut!, in an open boat, to give direction to the work of rescue.

As an example of infinite unselfishness, of noble devotion to high convictions of duty, I think that the work of my difficult rescue can be favorably compared with many other shining records of Christian endeavor.

The original party of thirteen adventurers set out from Funafuti in an ordinary oper boat, three oars on a side, and using a b tered compass as their only guide. Aft rest of sever Nukulaliai, and creased s and water, the journey was succ tempt

Mothers, Attention 1

Dr. Biggers' Huckle-berry Cordial should be kept on hand as a first aid cure for summer bowel troubles. diarrhoea, dysentery, cramp colic, cholera morbus and all agonizing pains resulting

from eating green fruit. A few doses of Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial will prevent any danger and cure you at once.

Dr. Biggers' Hackleberry Cordial is an old southern remedy, tested and tried in thousands of homes.

Try it; 25c and 50c at all drug stores.

Bend for Confederate Veterans' Souvenir Book. First Haltiwanger-Taylor Drug Co., Atlanta, Ga.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

FOR BACKACHE.

Dr. J. C. Compton, Ratliff, Miss. says : "I gave Mexican Mustang Limment a thorough trial in a case of severe backache accompanying La Grippe and found it gave prompt relief. I believe it to be a good remedy and shall continue to prescribe it." 25c. 50c. \$1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Store



KODAKS DEVELOPING Eastman and Anseo films, mailed post-paid. Mail orders given prompt attention. Any size roll film developed for 10 cons. PARSONS OPTICAL CO. 244 King Stroot, Charleston, S. C.

SAVE YOUR OLD WORN CARPET We can make you beautiful durable rugs; anysise. To 8t rooms or balls. We have no agents. Catalogue free ORIENTAL RUG CO., Baltimore, Md.



KODAKS and High Grade Finishing. Mail orders given Special Attention. Prices reasonable. Service prompt. Send for Price List. LANNEAUS ART STORE, CHARLESTON, S. C.

DROPSY TREATED. Give quick re-ling and short breath in a few days and entire relief in 15-45 days, trial treatment

DRUFO: hear in a reiling and abort breath in a reentire relief in 15-45 days, trial treatment
FREE. DR. GREENS SONS, Box A. Atleata, G. VEARS OLD Pettit's Eve Salve.

Some men never brag about themselves-and don't blame them.

Health is the fashion. Take Garfield Tea ard brings good health.

Not Resentful.

"Those people say they don't believe you ever reached the pole."

"That's all right," replied the explorer, as he looked up from his manuscript. "The more doubts there are as to whether I landed or not, the longer this rather remunerative discussion is going to last."

THEN HE WENT.



Myrtle-Have you ever tried to figure out what Shakespeare meant by the words, "Stand not upon the order of your going?"

George-No. Have you? Myrtle-Yes. The definition is "Don't wait for a house to fall o

THANKSGIVING PSALM A Rhythmical and Grateful Cha

A teacher in a Terre Haute, school joins in the chorus: "Teaching is a business quires a great deal of brain force. Unless this force is fast as expended the tea hausted before the close, Many resort to stimulat relief.

"Fer 3 years I stru most complete ex what relief I could, ics. Then in the had an attack of laria which left tinue my work, give me any r mate falled. be able to go

"I ate eno meats-white but was hung

"I happene

article givi