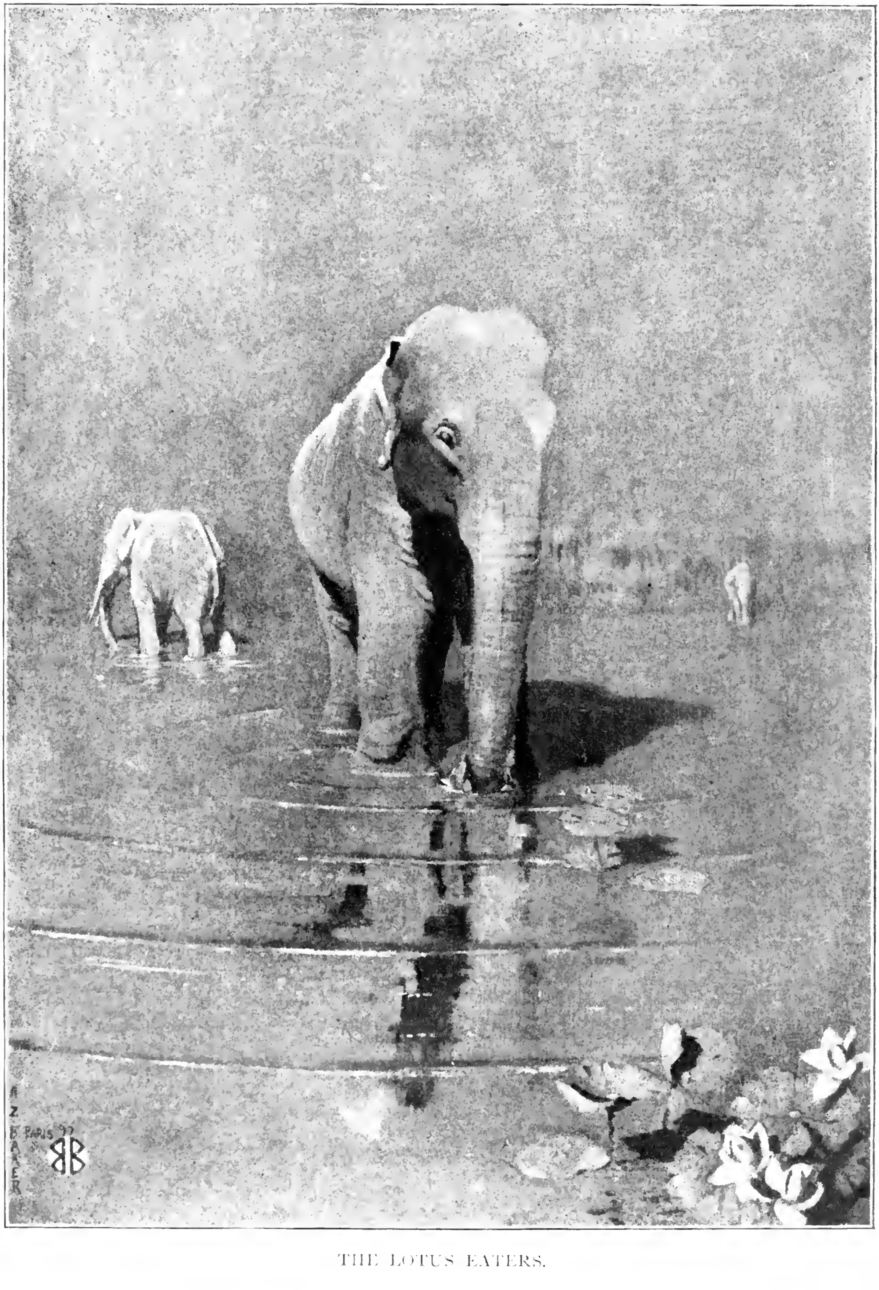
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THE LOTUS EATERS.

JUNGLE TRAILS
AND
JUNGLE PEOPLE

TRAVEL, ADVENTURE AND OBSERVATION IN THE FAR EAST

BY

CASPAR WHITNEY

AUTHOR OF "ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS," "HAWAIIAN AMERICA,"
"A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE," ETC.

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CHAPTER VI

THE TROTTING RHINO OF KELANTAN

IT all came about through my quest of that hairy-eared rhino of Chittagong, which is said to wander down from lower Siam into upper Malay, and which already, for one laborious period in mud and rain, I had chased through eastern Perak. But a two-horned variety of the Indian species, as this Chittagong type is claimed to be, was unusual enough to stir any hunter's blood, and to send me forth, time after time, into the dense, wet and leech-filled jungle.

Writing broadly, the rhinoceros is divided into the African, which invariably wears a smooth skin and carries two horns; and the Indian, with skin in heavy folds and one horn.

Among diligent collectors for scientific institutions and uninformed hunters, there appears to be a tendency to subdivide the rhino with a patronage as reckless as that visited upon the caribou. F. C. Selous, who, in my opinion, has more real practical knowledge about African big game, and especially about the rhino, than any man living—says there are but two species of the African rhino: the squared-lipped one, the "white" so-called (*R.*

simus), averaging over six feet in height, which feeds on grass, and is therefore seen more in the open; and the prehensile-lipped or black (*R. bicornis*), averaging five feet, which frequents thickets or brush covered hills, and feeds on twigs, roots and brush. Except for the varying length of their horns, the African do not differ among themselves so much as the Asiatic; nor does wide divergence in length of horn suggest structural differences any more in this animal than spread of antlers and number of points do in moose, wapiti, or other American deer. Yet the horns of African rhinos show great variation. The lower or first horn may be any length from one foot and a half to four feet, though this extreme is not often seen these days, three feet being about the limit; the upper or second horn may be from three or four inches up to two feet. At times the two horns are about equal and then the length is medium; by some this is declared a sub-species called "ketloa": more often, however, the lower horn is considerably longer than the upper. As between horns of the African and the Asiatic, those of the former have, as a rule, more curve and run quicker to a point; and in length the Asiatic are insignificant by comparison—fifteen inches being unusual, and eight more nearly the average of the Indian proper, while three or four inches would be the length of the other Asiatic species. Occasionally the lower horn of the African is straight, the white variety usually furnishing the individual; and specimens have been reported among the black variety in which the lower horn even curved forwards. And in all instances these horns may be powerful weapons of defence; powerful enough to instil unconcealed dread among elephants.

Opinion among hunters differs as to just the rank of the rhino as dangerous game; Selous places it fourth after lion, elephant, buffalo. I am expecting this year to have my first lion hunting experience, but the royal tiger has never given me so much the feeling of danger as has the elephant; or the Malayan seladang* (gaur) or the rhino; and no jungle in this world places the hunter at so great a disadvantage as in Malaya, where the dense matted cover necessitates shooting game at close quarters. I have always fully realized that the tiger, if he got to me, could and would do me more damage in less time perhaps than any one of the others; but also I always felt more confidence in being able to stop him. The disturbing element in hunting elephant or seladang or rhino, has been always, to me at least, the feeling of uncertainty as to whether or no I could stop the animal if I wounded it and it charged me, as it did on an average of once in three times. Based on my experience, therefore, I should place the elephant first and the rhino third after the seladang, which is fully as formidable as the Cape buffalo, and is miscalled the bison all over India.

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* Local name for wild cattle.

Each of these animals is dangerous on different grounds; the elephant though less likely to charge than any of the others, is terrifying because of his enormous strength, which stops at no obstacle, and the extreme difficulty of reaching a vital spot, especially if, with trunk tightly coiled, he is coming your way. I know of no sensation more awesome than standing ankle deep in clinging mud, in dense cover, with the jungle crashing around you as though the entire forest was toppling, as the elephant you have wounded comes smashing his way in your direction. The seladang is dangerous, partly because of the thick jungle he seeks when wounded, but more especially because of his tremendous vitality and his usual, though not invariable, habit of awaiting the hunter on his tracks and charging suddenly, swiftly, and viciously. It requires close and hard shooting to bring down one of these six-foot specimens of Oriental cattle.

The danger of the tiger and of the lion is in their lightning activity and ferocious strength; but you have the shoulder, in addition to the head shot, if broadside; or, if coming on, the chest, all sure to stop if well placed. The reason the rhino is so formidable is because its vulnerable spots are so hard to reach. Its brain is as small in proportion as that of the elephant, and may be reached through the eye if head on, or about three inches below and just in front or just behind the base of the ear, according to your position for a side shot. Now a charging rhino presents only the eye as the vulnerable point, and to put a bullet into the small eye of a rhino is pretty fine shooting; but that is the only fatal shot to be had from the front: and if you miss, your only recourse is quick dodging to one side as the rhino reaches you, and dropping it with a shot at the base of the ear or back of the shoulder. In the smooth-skinned rhino the shoulder shot is a possibility, but to strike the shoulder blade you must aim from six to eight inches to one foot below the highest middle point of the hump, the danger being in getting too low and striking the massive bones of the upper forearm. The junction of a cross line drawn from the ear to another line at right angles running down from the highest part of hump is the place to put your bullet. It is no mark for light rifles. Directly back of the shoulder is another alternative; but with the Indian you must shoot for the fold, which again is fine shooting, and in all of the species you must take the shot when the foreleg is forward. In any event, it is difficult to score, for the rhino's body is powerfully made and closely ribbed. There is also the neck shot for the spine —not easy to locate. Of course, every hunter of real experience has made easy kills of dangerous game, and it is only the ignorant who draw conclusions from half experience by themselves or of others. Like elephants, rhino sleep during the heat of the day, hidden in dense cover, and feed during the cool of the early morning and evening, and during the night. Their sight is poor, but their sense of smell and hearing very acute. Though sullen and vicious, I doubt if a rhino intends charging home every time he starts up wind on the strange scent which has come to him. Often it is, I have grown to believe, merely his means of investigating, in the absence of good eyesight. I have seen him turn aside on such a "charge" when not hit, and other hunters report similar observations. At the same time the rhino's ill temper makes him an uncertain creature to deal with and an unsafe one with his swift trot to allow too close for purely experimental purposes.

The government-protected, square-lipped, African rhino, of which very few are remaining, is the largest—specimens nearly seven feet high at the shoulders have been reported—and next to this is the single horn Indian proper (*R. unicornis*), with its skin in great deep folds behind and across the shoulders and across the thighs, which averages about six feet in height at the shoulders. The Malayan division of the Asiatic includes the Javanese, with fewer folds than the Indian, and one horn; and the Sumatran, with no skin folds and usually two horns, which averages about four feet and ranges over Sumatra, Burma and the Malay Peninsula. Besides this is a smaller species in the Peninsular, sometimes called the swamp rhino, with a smooth skin and a single horn. Then there is also the mythical (so far as experience of mine goes), hairy-eared rhino hailing from Chittagong. The second or upper horn of the Sumatran rhino is not very prominent, often it is a mere knob; it was nothing more than that on the one I killed, which measured four feet one inch shoulder height—and the swamp one often has no horn at all.

And so, because of the rarity of the hairy-eared variety, I went forth again to seek it. None could give me helpful information; there were only the vague rumors of its range, drawn mostly from jungle natives coming occasionally out to the settlements. And I had already made one hard and fruitless trip in the Peninsula, largely as the result of mis-direction from local white residents, who meant well enough by me, and talked large and vaguely of game in the mountains, but knew nothing by experience. One fine sportsman-like chap had killed several tigers and had no interest in anything else. The fact is, the country I sought to enter was almost entirely a closed book to the handful of town-living Englishmen; and the natives hunt only by necessity. However, this is all part of the enjoyment of the great game of wilderness hunting.

Hence, despite several failures that had attended previous hunting in the Peninsula, I found myself preparing for another try at Kuala Muda, a little kampong (settlement) on the upper waters of the Perak, which I had reached from Penang via Taiping by gharry* and bridle path and canoe. Like most kampongs, Kuala Muda was substantially a collection of attap-covered bamboo houses of one room each with wide covered veranda, standing about six feet above ground, on or near the water, and supporting a mingled population of Malays, Tamils, Klings† and Chinese, living together in the peaceful pursuit of their vocations without interference; for the divisions of labor in the Peninsula appear to be thoroughly understood and accepted.

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* A one-horse two-wheel cart commonly used for road travel in the Peninsula.

† Tamils and Klings, natives of India.

As in Siam, so also in Malay, John Chinaman is the industrial backbone of his adopted home. In the country, he controls the farms; in town, he owns all the pawn shops (which outnumber those of any other one kind), monopolizes the opium and the kerosene trade, is the sampan and jinrikisha coolie, and supplies the labor for the tin mines and the coffee plantations. Of Singapore's about 200,000 inhabitants, two-thirds are Chinamen; and in that two-thirds is owned local steamship lines, a considerable share of the wholesale trade, over half the retail trade: it also furnishes the city with practically all its carpenters, bricklayers, tailors, shoemakers, market gardeners, fishermen, and many of its clerks, for banks, offices and shops. In fact, Singapore could not exist prosperously, nor the Peninsula either, for that matter, without the Chinamen.

The Tamils and the Klings are boatmen and general day laborers; especially trainmen and railway employes; the Sikhs, England's fine and dependable native Indian soldiers, are always railway gate keepers; also they are the policemen of Malay. And how they do bullyrag the natives, especially poor John! The Malays supply the boys about the clubs, houses, stables and boats, where no constant hard work is required. They are the syces (drivers) and canoemen of the country.

For me the Malay has an attractive personality. Wherever I found him, from Singapore to Keda, on my several trips at intervals into the Peninsula, he was very rarely the bloodthirsty, sullen, silent creature of which we have had so often the pen picture. He is, to be sure, thriftless, indolent, unambitious; but he is polite, good-natured, contented; and I am not so sure that those last three qualities do not make the more human and lovable fellow being. Above all else, and the quality which appealed most strongly to me—the Malay is intensely self-respecting; he is absolutely sure of himself and at ease always whatever the company. He is reserved, self-contained, and never by any chance falls a victim to the contempt bred of familiarity. He resents insult so strongly that bloodshed may result; but between themselves much serious trouble usually is due to jealousy, though for Mohammedans they allow their women much liberty.

Like our American Redman, the Malay is deliberate of speech and circuitous in introducing the subjects which perhaps may be uppermost in his mind; and he is not demonstrative. He walks erect, and he looks you in the eye—a very pleasing quality when you have had to deal with the cringing inhabitants of Far Eastern countries. Though he offers no obstacle, yet the Malay holds in contempt his compatriot who falls into the ways of the white man or becomes a convert to the white man's doctrines; the comparatively rare Malay policeman, for instance, becomes a thing apart to be treated with elaborate and chilling courtesy. He is a fatalist, and views imprisonment as a misfortune to be classed with the catching of fever; purely a matter of caprice, which, together with the jail where he may lodge with comparative comfort, he accepts with composure.

Nor is the Malay strong intellectually; they have practically no literature and are without apparent desire to acquire knowledge. Yet despite the insignificant part taken in the industrial development of the Peninsula, his speech is the lingua of the country—the Italian of the East. The nature of the Malay is poetical; to him the sun is *mata-hari*—eye of day; the brook is *anak sungei*—son of a river. Midnight is the noon of the night in his tongue; and when he wishes to tell you that he is sorrowful or angry, he says he is *sakit hati*—sick at heart. He likens a pretty young bride unto "a sarong not yet unfolded." And, as may be supposed, he is very superstitious with good and bad luck signs of many kinds, one of which proclaims it ill luck to start on a journey in the rain, because rain signifies tears, a superstition more honored in the breach than in the observance, however, for if rain prevented trips in the Malay Peninsula, there would not be much travelling. Another curious superstition I came across at the very edge of the jungle warns a talking visitor from leaning against the steps of a dwelling lest a funeral come to that house.

Of the Malay social life much of good could be said; it is enough here to say that there are no old maids in the Malay Peninsula and fewer public women proportionately than, I dare say, in any other country in the world. The Malay is allowed four wives, but he is too wise to take the limit simultaneously or to be on with the new before he is off with the old; and though he may divorce and replace without very much difficulty, the women also have privileges, which, in the better classes, means settlements, division of property and the children provided for by law. Families are small. The girls marry young, and marriage in the Peninsula apparently is a success, for little is heard of drunken husbands or mischief-making women. It is true that the Malay is sometimes a law unto himself, that when he wants a thing it is difficult for him, in the jungle, to recognize other tenets than the one that might makes right; yet he is amenable at the last. The present peaceful, prosperous and happy condition of the Malay Peninsula, which in 1873 was astir with rebellion, is notable testimony to the eminent success of British rule. There are lessons here for American Congressmen if they but have sense to take them, that will serve us well in the Philippines.

My few days in the little kampong were interesting and peaceful. No mangy intrusive dogs sniffed at my heels, and nearby mothers kept soothing care of their babies. Room was made for me in one of the largest and newest appearing houses and every possible attention shown. Particularly the absence of curiosity on the part of my host and family and their consideration and respect for my solitary position impressed me. It was in striking contrast to experiences elsewhere, in my own country as well as in other foreign lands. They studiously avoided intruding and allowed no crowds of wide-eyed and open-mouthed stragglers to stand gaping at me or fingering my belongings. I was not, in other words, a subject of idle curiosity for either the residents or the native travellers that were passing by. I was not on exhibition, as I had often been when placed in similar positions in my wilderness wanderings. Really I was having a very comfortable time. During the day I explored nearby streams and wandered in the jungle trying to get a look at some of the birds; and at night I was always abundantly entertained by the delightful native music, which tuned up after the evening meal had been finished and the people gathered at an open shed-like building under some large trees.

Before I left the kampong there came a feast day with festivities lasting from late in the afternoon until near dawn of the following morning, and comprising almost continuous music—without, by the way, a single change in any of the musicians—and several dances in which both women and men performed, some of the latter having their faces made up grotesquely. One dance engaged three young girls, whose performance consisted of gracefully slow movements accompanied by the familiar Malayan posturing, in which arms and hands and shoulders figure prominently. They were quite as skilled as any I had ever seen, and in addition were more attractively costumed. They wore short little jackets of red and yellow silk falling just below the breasts, while fastened upon their sarongs at the waist were the old Malayan silver buckles of exquisite workmanship, now so rare. Some of the men and women among the spectators had jackets and scarfs, but mostly they wore simply the skirt-like sarong of the country, which on the men is held at the waist and on the women is carried up to the breast.

I had come unheralded into the settlement, passed from an English-speaking Kling gharry driver to the Malay who on horse and by canoe had brought me finally to the kampong. In a general way the kampong knew what I wanted, but it was not easy to organize a party for the trip I wished to make toward the eastern coast, as the Malays care little for hunting and rarely go of their own volition, except where a tiger has perhaps become a menace to a settlement, in which case they set up a spring gun or wait for him at his drinking hole or set boys up the trees to drop spears on him. Yet this spirit of indifference is a question of distaste for vigorous bodily effort and not one of cowardice, for really the Malay regards life lightly, as his history proves. But he does not care for sport that requires hard work, though he is very fond of horse racing and occasionally organizes animal fights. He does a little fencing with that favorite and somewhat famous weapon of his, the kris, though it was always a crude art and rarely is seen nowadays. There was also another fencing game in which the tumbuk lada—the Malayan dagger, with narrow eight-inch blade and much decorated handle—plays a part; but neither showed much skill and the fencers' energy was spent chiefly in jumping about and in posturing. Nothing of this kind of play would be relied upon, I fancy, for serious work with either weapon. The Malay also does little canoe racing.

Yet where his heart is in it, he does not hesitate at any amount of physical exertion; the energy expended in the all-night dancing and playing during the few days I spent at the kampong would have lasted out an ordinary hunting trip.

I was lucky enough on my first day to fall in with a smart young Malay named Nagh Awang, who in addition to being very good looking, could also speak a few broken words of English, and within two days he had agreed to come with me as general factotum. It took time and patience and much sign talk for us to get on common ground, but when we had attained to a thorough understanding, Nagh was of great service, and after a few days I succeeded in getting together my party, which consisted of five Malays beside Nagh, a Chinese cook and two Tamils. None had guns but myself, but all had parangs—the long bladed jungle knife which every Malay carries. Three of my Malays were from Sumatra, and the Chinaman, who proved one of the most faithful of the lot before the long trip was at an end, was known by the rather mirth-provoking name of Bun Bin Sum. Nagh, though born on the Peninsula, was also of Sumatra, his people being, in fact, of the war-like Achinese, which in earlier years had raided the Peninsula; and after we became better acquainted he told me, with amusing gusto, that his brother had been killed a few months before while in the sanguinary midst of a spectacular period of amok* which had extended over two days and resulted in the death of two men, three women and two children.

Nagh held to the Sumatran style of Malayan costume, wearing trousers with a sarong wound about his waist and a handkerchief bound about his head. He never went forth without a handsomely carved ivory handled tumbuk lada stuck in his sarong at the waist, and a Chinese oiled-paper red parasol, with which he protected his head from the sun. He was something of a swell in his own circle and quite one of the prominent young men of the kampong, if not of the district. He lived with his old and rather distinguished looking father, who was the Dâtoh—as the head man of the settlement is called—and indulged in the luxury of a personal servant—who, by the way, he took along on the trip, and who, also by the way, really became my servant as well, for Nagh did no work for me that he could pass over to his own servant.

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* Amuck is a corruption of the Malay word amok, as is also rattan a corruption of the Malay word rotan. Amok is a species of temporary insanity, which takes form in a homicidal mania. The development and attack are sudden and simultaneous, the deranged at once assaults with whatever weapon may be in reach whoever is in sight, regardless of age or sex, friends or strangers, and keeps up the attack until overpowered.

It is somewhat indicative of the primitive needs and exigencies of the unattended traveller in an unknown land with whose speech he is not familiar, to reprint from my note book the stock of Malay words with which I set out from this kampong. These were: *jalan,* go on; *nanti dahula,* wait a little; *banyak chukup,* too much; *pulang,* get away; *berapa batu,* how far? *berhenti,* stop; *lekàs,* fast; *perlahan, perlahan,* slow; *ballé,* go back; *charrie,* look for. Association with Nagh improved both his English and my Malay.

My plan included going up the river a little distance to another small settlement—where we could secure packing baskets and two or three Sakais carriers, who knew the jungle trails—and then to work our way through the jungle across into Trengganu to one of the head-water branches of the Kelantan River. If we chanced on a worth while trail we intended to cross into the top of Pahang, and finally follow down the valley between the Kelantan and the mountains to the west, and so to the river's mouth on the east coast of the Peninsula, where dense forest, mostly uninhabited, and a sandy shore bordering the China Sea made it very different and easier going than on the muddy fore shore and tangled jungle of the west coast. Kelantan and Trengganu, together with Keda and Patani are the " unprotected " or native

States and form the upper part of the Malay Peninsula between lower Siam and the protected States. There were no roads for us to follow, and off the rivers no other way of penetrating the Malayan jungle, the densest on earth, than over the narrow footpaths used by the natives. And it must be a great saving of distance when the Malay takes to the jungle, for he much prefers to paddle.

We made pretty fair time along the rivers, but in the jungle we averaged not much more than two miles an hour. The footing was muddy and slippery, though the carriers had not more than about sixty pounds each in the long packing basket which, strapped on their backs, extended from above their heads quite to their hips. I took no tent, and our supplies consisted chiefly of rice and maize and roasted leaves of the coffee bush, from which a kind of tea is made that the Malayans use often in preference to the berry; and we lived on yams, maize, rice, and a very toothsome curry made from the tender shoots of the bamboo. The Malays also ate several kinds of roots and leaves which they gathered in the jungle; some of which I must say were really palatable. Now and then we had fish. In trying to get one trophy with good tusks, I shot several wild pigs, and you should have seen the eyes of Bun Bin Sum moisten in anticipation of the feast he and I were to have—for of course my Islam party would have none of it, would not in fact stay in its presence. Anticipation really constituted the feast, however, for the pig was rather stringy and without the usual delicate porcine flavor. Bun relished the heads which he roasted and devoured amid gurgles of supreme content. Whenever we came to a settlement, as we did several times along the rivers, we stopped for sociability sake and to learn of rhino or seladang, or gather any information that might be serviceable. But we heard only of deer and pigs and the only things we saw while on the rivers that might be considered in the light of game were several crocodiles and a large water lizard. We heard no tales of villages raided or men carried off or knocked out of their canoes by crocodiles, and though they are dangerous and will carry off a small child or a dog if caught unawares, or will attack a woman on occasion, yet many of the stories told of this hideous amphibian are greatly overdrawn. I noted that the Malays were always cautious in approaching the densely covered edges of the stream, but they appeared to have no fear of sitting in their canoes or of their camp being invaded.

Making our way across the country we often came upon comparatively open stretches, where wild flowers in reds and yellows grew in profusion. It seems more than a coincidence that, so far as my experience goes, very generally throughout the Far East the wild flowers run mostly to reds and yellows; that the brilliant bird plumage is chiefly yellows and reds and blues; and that in the colors of their sarongs, in their ornaments and in their wearing apparel, the natives affect almost exclusively blues and yellows and reds. It is a fitting harmony.

Very often we heard the little deer (*C. muntjac*), plentiful throughout the Far East, which when started barks much like a small dog and skulks along with hind quarters higher than its shoulders. I already had a head, so did not shoot on any of the many opportunities offered. But I did bring down a sambar, the common deer of all India and the Malay Peninsula, which measured three feet eight inches at the shoulders and had a nice head with six long points. Three times we found seladang tracks, and as many times followed them without success. And whenever we returned from a hunt, successful or otherwise, Nagh had a rather pleasing habit of placing a wild flower over one ear, the flower facing front, where he wore it until he sought his bed. He told me it was an old custom of Sumatra.

One day when we had halted at a small river kampong Nagh brought into my presence an oldish Malay, who he said had marked down a rhino —'twas not specified whether its ears were tasselated or no—which, the old Malay assured me, I could certainly get if I would sit up on a platform near by a drinking hole where the rhino visited every night. I took no stock in the scheme, because, as hardly a day passed without rain, my hunter's, if not my common, sense told me that water must be too plentiful in the country to necessitate regular or even occasional visits to a water hole by a rhino or any other animal. Also I fancied Nagh perhaps wanted a holiday at the little settlement of a few houses where I had observed a couple of good-looking Malay girls. But as the plan offered a new experience in rhino hunting, and as I am always seeking to acquire experience —and knowledge—I went off with the old man some five miles into the jungle, where about twenty feet from a mud hole, which obviously was a rhino wallow and drinking pool in dry weather, we erected a bamboo structure with its platform eight feet above the ground.

I have put in more uncomfortable nights than that one; but not many. I had not brought a mosquito netting, of course, and without it the pests were almost unendurable. And they seemed to like the citronella oil with which I smeared every inch of exposed skin in the delusion that it would drive them away. The night was as dark as pitch; I could not see the end of my rifle—could scarcely see my hand before my face. Had a herd of rhinos visited the hole I could only have shot at the noise. And there we sat, stiff and silent, with ears alert and eyes staring into the surrounding blackness until they ached. The only real excitement of the night came when the corner of my end of the platform gave way and dumped me on my back in the mud below somewhat to my amazement, and to the terror of the old man, whom I could hear in the darkness above muttering Malay, of which I only understood the anguished tone. Perhaps, really, he was cursing me; which was wasted effort, too, for I had left little undone in that direction myself.

No rhino came, of course; equally, of course, no sitting up on platforms should ever be done on a starless night. However, it was an experience, and an interesting one, for unless you have sat with awakened ears all night in the jungle you can never know of the myriads of creeping, crawling things the earth supports. Returning in the morning to the kampong I saw and killed a reddish snake, about the size of my finger and nearly four feet long, as it ran on the top of the coarse grass at a level with my shoulder. It is a rather curious fact, by the way, that although there are nine varieties of poisonous and about twelve varieties of non-poisonous snakes in Malaya, I saw but two during months of hunting—the red one just mentioned and a python I killed in Sumatra, which measured over twelve feet in length. Snakes are abundant enough, only they get out of your way in the thick, dank jungle-cover; where the undergrowth is dry and less dense, as in some parts of India, the snake may not so readily escape unnoticed; and the danger of being struck is correspondingly greater, for the attack of a serpent is more frequently defensive than offensive. I should advise the wearing of heavy leather leggins in dry, snake-infested countries; and remember that always a snake strikes downwards, and therefore only a very large one, which would be seen, could land on you above the knee. If ever you are struck the force of the blow will surprise you; at least that was my sensation when for the first time a rattler hit me just above the ankle; it was like the sharp, quick blow of the hand.

In the hilly country encountered crossing into Trengganu we made even slower travel, on account of the mud and rain, but barring leeches and mosquitoes the nights were comfortable enough, for the camps we built of bamboo and attap leaves and palms were rain proof and comparatively dry.

Such are the sole materials of which most Malay houses are inexpensively and durably constructed. One kind of attap lasts only three or four years, but there is another good for ten, and a kind of palm is frequently used which has a stalk of two or three feet in height and a leaf from six to ten feet in length, and three to four feet wide at its broadest. All of it is to be had everywhere for the cutting. Often I have seen native huts made almost entirely of three or four of these leaves, and they are very largely used by the Sakais and the Semangs, who, living on the south and north of the Perak River, respectively, are all that remain of the aborigines of the Malay Peninsula. One tree in the jungle of unfailing interest to me had its but standing high above the ground, sometimes as much as six feet, more frequently half that, supported by its roots, which formed a kind of fantastic pedestal before touching the earth, where they stretched in all directions over and into the surrounding soil. It was as though a giant hand had pulled up the tree and stood it upon its roots; at times the roots near the tree base grew into great flat buttresses. A very doleful sound in this hill country was the monotonous cry of a bird, called, at Singapore, the night jar, which began at dusk and lasted almost without cessation until dawn, when the insect buzz opened. The awakening of beetle and general insect life in the hill country of the tropics is a startling first experience. It begins with one particularly loose jointed, crackling beetle, followed by the creaking tree and the squeaking bush and ground insects until there arises a buzzing, and a humming, and a vibrant, confusing whole, not unlike the song of the looms and the shuttles of a cotton mill.

Yet this was altogether the most pleasing country I had seen in Malaya up to that time. Here and there the forest was comparatively free of the progress-checking thorn-covered bushes, and stretches of more or less open country accentuated the jungle edges, where one tree sent its umbrella-like top far above its surrounding neighbors. Always and everywhere was a rank growth of grass, called lalang, at its coarsest. And in such places animal and bird life abounded, comparatively speaking, of course, for nothing living really " abounds " in the Malayan jungle except leeches. There were no birds of especially brilliant plumage or a song note which impressed me; I did have the luck to see a white-winged jay and several opportunities of which I did not avail myself of again shooting the larger sambar deer; and scarcely a day passed that we did not hear the barking deer.

One noon after we had crossed the mountains and were skirting the jungle hills which make through southern Trengganu toward Pahang, Nagh sighted three seladangs in the lalang of a little gully that ran into the hill range along which we were travelling, and brought the news half a mile back to where I sat among our camp paraphernalia mending a shirt, that had been torn almost completely off my back by an encounter with a thorn bush. Following Nagh's back track we came to where I could see the cattle in the lalang, but the grass was so high that it left only a few inches of the top shoulder of the one nearest me as a very indifferent target. There was no way of improving my position, however; in fact, I had the best one possible, and being happy to have any view of these animals whose trails I had so often followed without success, I placed two lead-pointed balls from my 50 calibre, the only rifle I had with me, as rapidly as I could fire—though the seladangs were off with the first shot and my second was at the scarcely visible shoulder going from me in the swaying grass.

I was not sure if I had wounded one, or, if so, whether it had gone with the others; so I took care to discover that none lurked in the lalang, for I knew its reputation and its trick, like that of the Cape (African) buffalo, of lying in wait for the hunter, and I had no thought of being added to the list of Malay sportsmen killed by a charging and wounded seladang. Reconnoitring the grass, therefore, with caution and thoroughness, I found the tracks, where they led up the hillside into the jungle, and took up the single one which I assumed to be that of the bull's that I proposed to follow whether I had hit him or another. I moved forward cautiously, for the seladang is as uncertain as he is dangerous; sometimes he will go straight away from the man-scent or when wounded; again he will await the hunter within a mile of where he has winded him. When I had gained the hilltop where the tracks took me, I stopped and listened long and attentively; then following along the ridge on the seladang spoor, I thoroughly surveyed every piece of thick cover in front and at the sides, meanwhile taking up a position not far from a good-sized tree. For a couple of hours I followed up the tracks without hearing a sound, and then a barking deer, which jumped up within a few yards on my right, sent the rifle to shoulder in a hurry—but it came down as instantly as the yelp of a muntjac revealed the disturber.

Another hour and the tracks took down hill, over another and finally into a glade of lalang and cane and brush. Approaching the glade I made a painstaking stalk entirely around it. The seladang was within. I did not dare to follow straight up his tracks, because there were no trees in the glade, and my rifle was too light to be depended on in case he charged, and I had no time or opportunity to pick my shot as one must in order, in these close quarters, to score on such formidable game with any weapon less than a double ten or eight bore. While I maintained my vigil at the lalang edge, I sent Nagh up a tree to locate, if possible, the quarry; but as he signed me a "no," I signalled him with my hands to remain up the tree to watch and listen. Then I completed another slow circle of the glade, at about the gait and much after the manner of a cat approaching a mouse. The seladang was still there. And by this time the afternoon was more than half spent. Then I heard a movement among the canes in the glade; it sounded to me about in the middle of the place, and Nagh's signal indorsed my thought; but it lasted only a few seconds. Evidently the beast had no immediate intention of coming out; and I was beginning to want that seladang very badly. So as a preliminary to venturing into the glade, I went up a tree to learn the direction of the wind, if there was any, and to discover what I could about the character and shape of the glade. I found almost no air, and that little blowing in my face; also I saw a thick clump of cane standing up around a small tree about fifty feet from my edge of the glade, which altogether did not appear to be over a couple of hundred feet across. On the ground again I prepared for a stalk into the glade toward the cane clump, by stripping off cartridge belt, knife, field glasses, brandy flask, chocolate and quinine pouch —which together with compass, watch and water-tight match box, each attached to thongs, constitutes my usual and entire personal field equipment compactly arranged in leather accoutrements.

Then I removed my shoes; and with four cartridges in my rifle and as many more in my trouser pocket, began my stalk. I never made one so noiselessly; and I did not allow myself to think of my chances if the seladang broke towards me before I reached the cane clump. It seemed a fearful distance to that clump, but finally its outline was discernible; and soon I was behind it with head close to the mud—the better to see through the brush—looking for the seladang. He was about forty or fifty feet beyond in a somewhat thinnish part of the glade; at first I could only make out his bulk, but shortly I could see, fairly distinctly, him standing, facing obliquely, his head lowered, ears moving forward and back, his attitude that of the sullen, alert and determined fugitive. Obviously he had neither heard nor scented me. I could not shoot from behind the cane clump, so I crawled to the side, and then I looked long over the barrel to discover if any cane chanced in the range to deflect my bullets. I did not quite know what was going to happen when I pulled trigger, but I intended to shoot as close as I knew how, and to keep on shooting. The shoulder shot was my best one, for his position rather protected the heart. I took the cartridges out of my pocket and placed them carefully at my side to have them within instant reach. With my first shot he jumped, which gave me opportunity to get one in behind the shoulder and to put in another in the same place before he disappeared in the glade and went smashing his way up the hill opposite.

As Nagh had no gun I directed him to go back to the noon camp and bring up the party, and then follow on my tracks, as I intended to go after the seladang and camp on its trail if I did not get it before. Nagh returned and I went on cautiously —even more so than before, because now there was blood spoor—up one hill and down another, sometimes around a hill, when I redoubled my caution, if possible, for a circling trail usually means rest or fight. Thus I went on, without again hearing the seladang, until it became too dark to track, when I camped. Nagh and my party did not turn up, so I made an attap and cane lean-to, a cane couch to raise me off the mud, ate some chocolate and turned in. Nor did any of the party put in appearance in the morning, but I heard a faint hail and answered it, and then took up the seladang tracks, knowing Nagh would come up with me, for they could trail me as fast as I was going. It was well into the forenoon, however, before they caught up; they had been delayed by two of the carriers having dysentery, which necessitated stopping, repacking and final camping as night set in; they had shouted they said, but had probably been shut in between hills and did not know enough to get up on high ground.

It was not an hour after Nagh joined me on the wounded seladang tracks that, as I wormed my way through the jungle on the hillside, I suddenly discovered the beast standing stern on not more than sixty feet ahead of me. Working from tree to tree I had come finally almost ahead of him and little over thirty feet away, when on a sudden he seemed aware of my presence and direction and made a rush at me. My bullet struck just at the top of his high frontal bone, between the horns, tearing the skull without reaching the brain; but he swung off, giving me a near side-head shot; and this time I reached the brain. He was a good, though not a big, specimen, measuring five feet ten and one-half inches shoulder height. It had taken seven bullets to bring him down; one had pierced the lungs and two the shoulder blade, one went through the shoulder muscles, and one ranged alongside the heart. And altogether fortune favored me, for no one has license to venture after seladang with a comparatively light weapon. The head made a burdensome trophy, so we cached it in a tree, a few days later, to send back for when we had reached the Kelantan.

Luck seemed to be coming my way with this, for three days after I had bagged the seladang we came into the country leading down to the Kelantan and upon rhino tracks, apparently very fresh, though in the mud and heat it was impossible to tell to an hour. We camped on these the first night and picked them up at daylight on the second day, determined to follow faster, as the rhino was trotting; always trotting, apparently.

I told Nagh to let the camp outfit follow on leisurely, but I wanted him and another to come with me, as I intended to move more rapidly in an endeavor to get near the rhino. So we kept at as fast a gait as we could under the circumstances, which was about twice the pace we had pursued at any other time on our journey. But the tracks appeared to grow no fresher, nor the rhino to slacken or increase its pace; always it trotted.

Early in the afternoon Nagh told me that we were not very far from the Kelantan and were moving in the direction of that river, and not an hour later, still on the rhino tracks, we came out on the river bank itself. What was my dismay to see our rhino swimming the river, and nearly across. The top of its head, including its ear, showed, and I made the base of the latter my mark for three shots. Whether I scored or not I can not say, for the rhino was going almost straightaway—a little quartering—which gave me as good as no mark, for of course it was waste of lead to shoot into its big back. As the rhino got out on the bank it quartered a bit more as it trotted into the jungle, and before it disappeared I put two more 50-calibre hardened bullets behind the shoulder, ranging forward. But the rhino kept on trotting; and, for all my rain of lead did to stop him, he is trotting yet.

I did not note if his ears were fringed.