

A Tale that only Jack



FOREWORD

IT is a misfortune to some fiction-writers that fiction and unveracity in the average person's mind mean one and the same thing. Several years ago, I published a South Sea novel. The scene was placed in the Solomon Islands. The action was praised by the critics and reviewers as a highly creditable effort of the imagination. As regards reality—they said there wasn't any. Of course, as everyone knew, kinky-haired cannibals no longer obtained on the earth's surface, much less ran around with nothing on, chopping off one another's heads and, on occasion, a white man's head as well.

Now, listen: I am writing these lines in Honolulu, Hawaii. Yesterday, on the beach at Waikiki, a stranger spoke to me. He mentioned a mutual friend, Captain Kellar. When I was wrecked in the Solomons on the blackbirder *Minota*, it was Captain Kellar, master of the blackbirder *Eugénie*, who rescued me. The blacks had taken Captain Kellar's head, the stranger told me. He knew. He had represented Captain Kellar's mother in settling up the estate.

Listen: I received a letter the other day from Mr. C. M. Woodford, resident commissioner of the British Solomons. He casually and briefly mentioned a particular job he had just got off his hands. This had been to make a punitive expedition to a neighboring island and, incidentally, to recover the heads of some mutual friends of ours—a white trader, his white wife and children, and his white clerk. The expedition was successful, and Mr. Woodford concluded his account of the episode with a statement to this effect: "What especially struck me was the absence of pain and terror in their faces, which seemed to express, rather, serenity and repose"—this, mind you, of men and women of his own race whom he knew well.

Other friends, with whom I have sat at dinner in the brave, rollicking days in the Solomons, have since passed out—by the same way. My goodness! I sailed in the teak-built

ketch, the *Minota*, on a blackbirding cruise to Malaita, and I took my wife along. The hatchet-marks were still raw on the door of our tiny stateroom, advertising an event of a few months before.

The event was the taking of Captain Mackenzie's head, Captain Mackenzie, at that time, being master of the *Minota*. As we sailed in to Langa Langa, the British cruiser *Cambrian* steamed out from the shelling of a village.

It is not expedient to burden this preliminary to my story with further details, which I do make asseveration I possess aplenty. I hope I have given some assurance that the adventures of my dog hero in this novel are real adventures in a very real cannibal world. Bless you! When I took my wife along on the cruise of the *Minota*, we found on board a nigger-chasing, adorable Irish-terrier puppy, who was smooth-coated like Jerry, and whose name was Peggy. Had it not been for Peggy, this tale would never have been written.

I

NOT until *Mister* Haggin abruptly picked him up under one arm and stepped into the stern-sheets of the waiting whale-boat did Jerry dream that anything untoward was to happen to him. *Mister* Haggin was Jerry's beloved master, and had been his beloved master for the six months of Jerry's life. Jerry did not know *Mister* Haggin as "master," for "master" had no place in Jerry's vocabulary, Jerry being a smooth-coated, golden-sorrel Irish terrier.

The human considers himself as "master" to his dog, but the dog considers his master "God." Now, "God" was no word in Jerry's vocabulary, despite the fact that he already possessed a definite and fairly large vocabulary. "*Mister* Haggin" was the sound that meant "God." In Jerry's heart and head, in the mysterious center of all his activities that is called consciousness, the sound, "*Mister* Haggin,"

Jerry

London could write

By Jack London

Illustrated by

Anton Otto Fischer

the whale-boat, whose black crew immediately bent to the oars, Jerry was instantly and nervously aware that the unusual had begun to happen. Never before had he gone out on board the Arangi, which he could see growing larger and closer to each lip-hissing stroke of the oars of the blacks.

Only an hour before, Jerry had come down from the plantation-house to the beach to see the Arangi depart. Twice before, in his half-year of life, had he had this delectable experience. Delectable it truly was, running up and down the white beach of sand-pounded coral, and, under the wise guidance of Biddy and Terrence, taking part in the excitement of the beach and even adding to it.

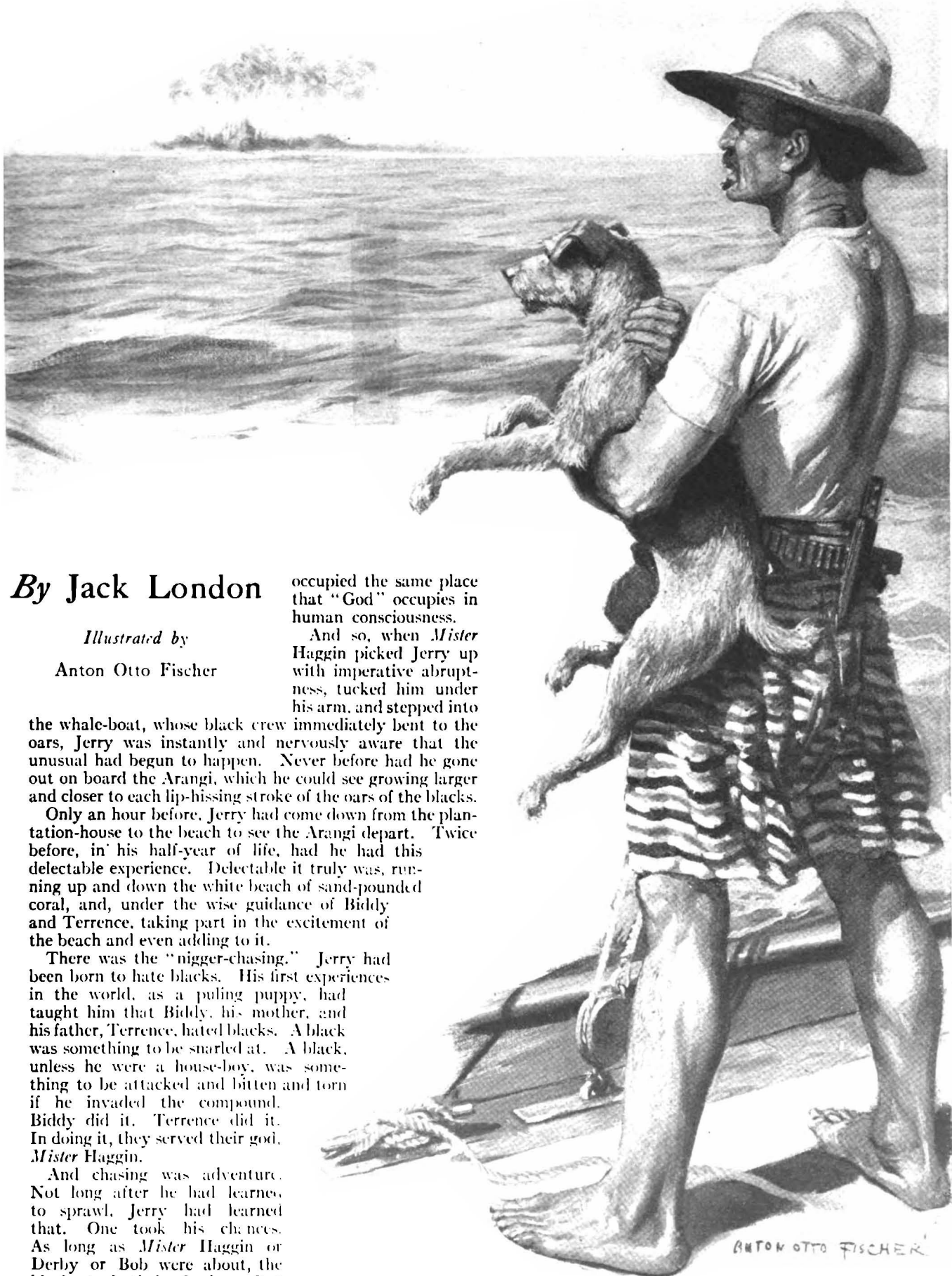
There was the "nigger-chasing." Jerry had been born to hate blacks. His first experiences in the world, as a puling puppy, had taught him that Biddy, his mother, and his father, Terrence, hated blacks. A black was something to be snarled at. A black, unless he were a house-boy, was something to be attacked and bitten and torn if he invaded the compound. Biddy did it. Terrence did it. In doing it, they served their god, *Mister Haggin*.

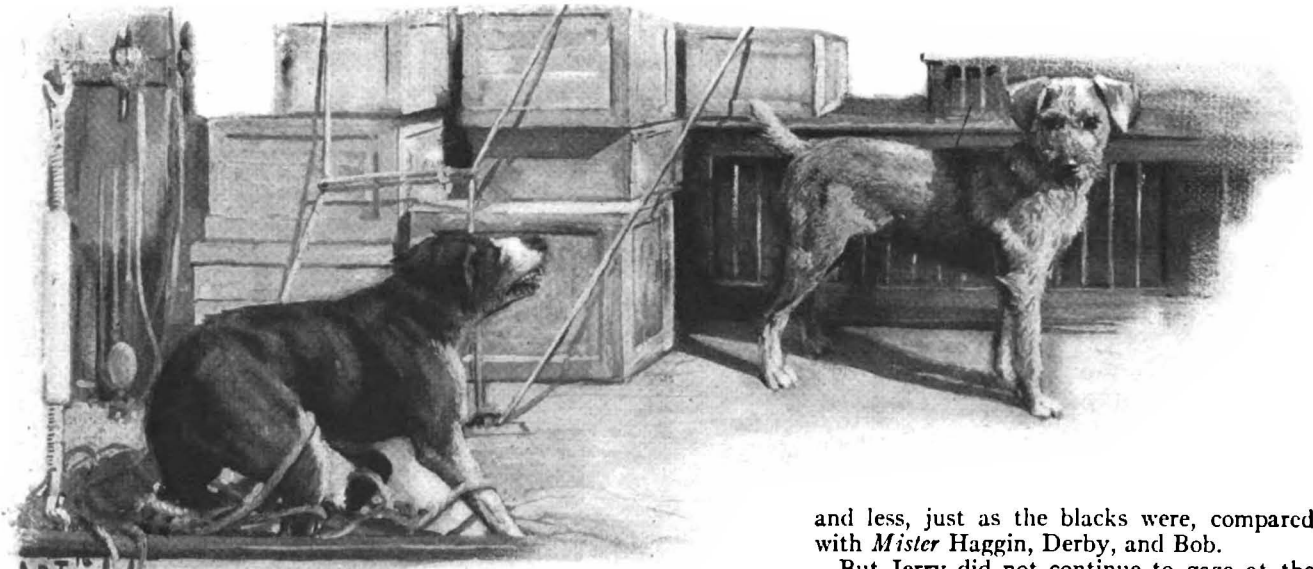
And chasing was adventure. Not long after he had learned to sprawl, Jerry had learned that. One took his chances. As long as *Mister Haggin* or Derby or Bob were about, the blacks took their chasing. But

occupied the same place that "God" occupies in human consciousness.

And so, when *Mister Haggin* picked Jerry up with imperative abruptness, tucked him under his arm, and stepped into

Jerry wriggled and voiced his anxiety in a low, whimpering whine





As he stalked away, it must be admitted that Jerry displayed pride in himself, his gait being a trifle stiff-legged, the cocking of his head back over his shoulder at the whining wild dog having all the articulateness of: "Well, I guess I gave you enough this time. You'll keep out of my way after this"

there were times when the white lords were not about. Then it was "Ware!" One must dare to chase only with due precaution. Because then, beyond the white lord's eyes, the blacks had a way not merely of scowling and muttering but of attacking four-legged dogs with stones and clubs. Jerry had seen his mother so mishandled, and, ere he had learned discretion, alone in the high grass had been himself club-mauled by Godarmy, the black who wore a china door-knob suspended on his chest from his neck on a string of sennit braided from coconut fiber. More—Jerry remembered another high-grass adventure, when he and his brother Michael had fought Owmi, another black distinguishable for the cogged wheels of an alarm-clock on his chest. Michael had been so severely struck on his head that forever after his left ear had remained sore and had withered into a peculiar wilted and twisted upward cock.

But on the beach, when the blacks whose terms of service were up came down with their trade-boxes on their heads to depart on the Arangi, was the time when chasing was not dangerous. Old scores could be settled, and it was the last chance, for the blacks who departed on the Arangi never came back. As an instance, this very morning, Biddy, remembering a secret mauling at the hands of Lerumie, laid teeth into his naked calf and threw him sprawling into the water—trade-box, earthly possessions, and all—and then laughed at him, sure in the protection of *Mister Haggin*, who grinned at the episode.

Then, too, there was usually at least one bush-dog on the Arangi at which Jerry and Michael, from the beach, could bark their heads off. Once, Terrence, who was nearly as large as an Airedale and fully as lion-hearted—Terrence the Magnificent, as Tom Haggin called him—had caught such a bush-dog trespassing on the beach and given him a delightful thrashing, in which Jerry and Michael had joined with many shrill yelps and sharp nips. Jerry had never forgotten the ecstasy of the hair, unmistakably doggy in scent, which had filled his mouth at his one successful nip. Bush-dogs were dogs—he recognized them as his kind—but they were somehow different from his own lordly breed, different

and less, just as the blacks were, compared with *Mister Haggin*, Derby, and Bob.

But Jerry did not continue to gaze at the nearing Arangi. Biddy, wise with previous bitter bereavements, had sat down on the edge of the sand, her forefeet in the water, and was mouthing her woe. That this concerned him, Jerry knew, for her grief tore sharply, albeit vaguely, at his sensitive, passionate heart. What it presaged, he knew not. As he looked back at her, rough-coated and grief-stricken, he could see Terrence hovering solicitously near her. He, too, was rough-coated, as was Michael, Jerry being the one smooth-coated member of the family.

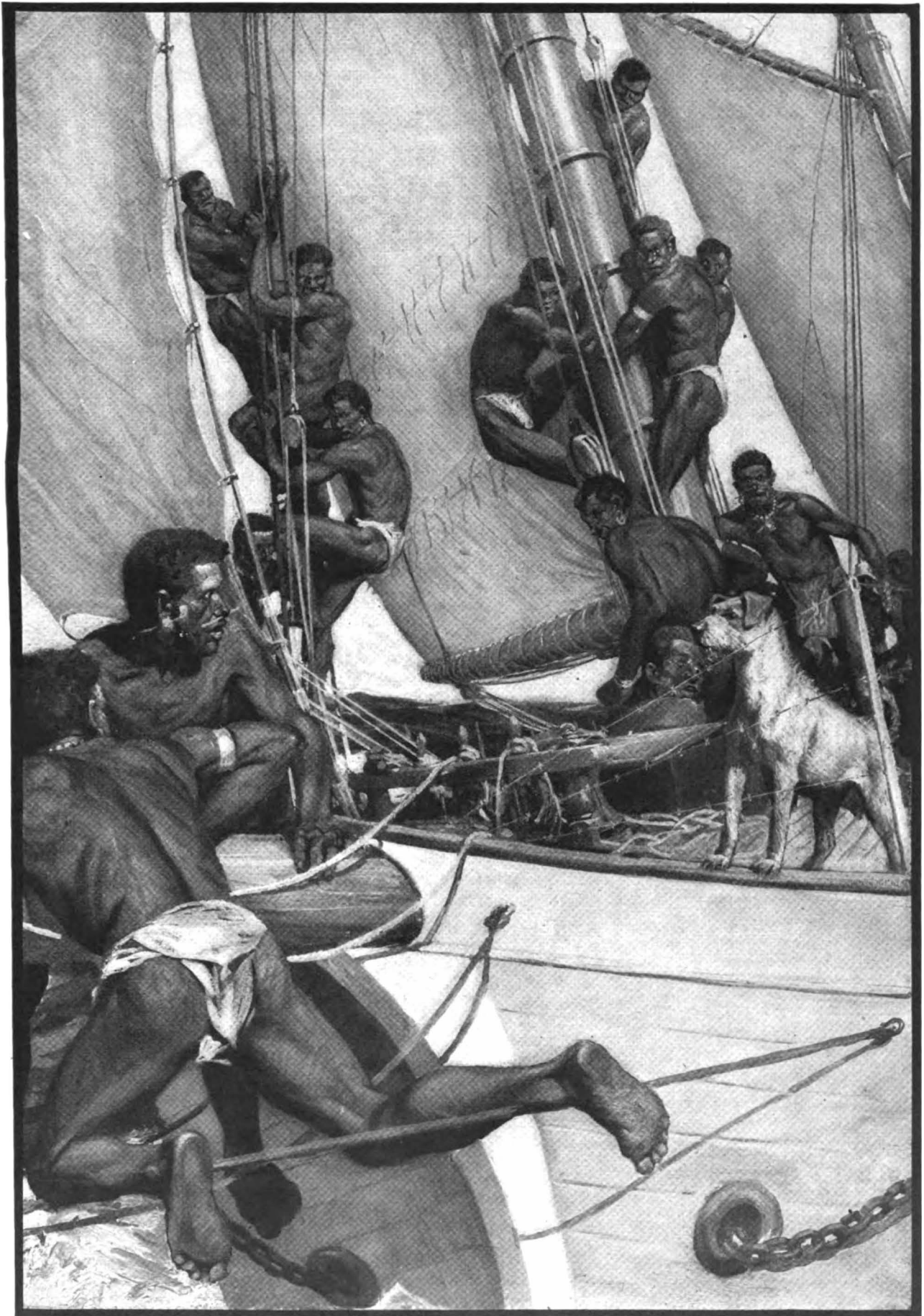
Further, although Jerry did not know it and Tom Haggin did, Terrence was a royal lover and a devoted spouse. He did not voice his sorrow, if sorrow he had; but his hovering about Biddy tokened his anxiety for her. Michael, however, yielding to the contagion, sat beside his mother and barked angrily out across the increasing stretch of water, as he would have barked at any danger that crept and rustled in the jungle. This, too, sank to Jerry's heart, adding weight to his sure intuition that dire fate, he knew not what, was upon him.

For his six months of life, Jerry knew a great deal and knew very little. He knew, without thinking about it, without knowing that he knew, why Biddy, the wise as well as the brave, did not act upon all the message that her heart voiced to him and spring into the water and swim after him. She had protected him like a lioness when the big *puarka* (which, in Jerry's vocabulary, along with grunts and squeals, was the combination of sound, or word, for "pig") had tried to devour him where he was cornered under the high-piled plantation-house.

Jerry knew why his mother did not plunge into the water after him. The salt sea, as well as the lagoons that led out of the salt sea, were tabu. "Tabu," as word or sound, had no place in Jerry's vocabulary. But its definition, or significance, was there in the quickest part of his consciousness. He possessed a dim, vague, imperative knowingness that it was not merely not good but supremely disastrous, leading to the mistily glimpsed sense of utter endingness for a dog—for any dog—to go into the water where slipped and slid and noiselessly paddled, sometimes on top, sometimes emerging from the depths, great scaly monsters, huge-jawed and horribly toothed, that snapped down and engulfed a dog in an instant.

Often he had heard his father and mother, on the safety of the sand, bark and rage their hatred of those terrible seaw dwellers, when, close to the beach, they appeared on the surface like logs awash. "Crocodile" was no word in Jerry's vocabulary. It was an image, an image of a log awash that was different from any log in that it was alive.

Jerry knew more of the language of crocodiles than did any man. He had better means and opportunities of knowing. He knew their many noises, that were as grunts and



DRAWN BY ANTON LITVINOV

They dropped down the cabin and forecabin companionways, ran out the bowsprit, and sprang into the rigging till they were perched everywhere in the air like monstrous birds

slubbers. He knew their anger-noises, their fear-noises, their food-noises, their love-noises. And these noises were as definitely words in his vocabulary as are words in a human's vocabulary. And these crocodile noises were tools of thought.

And yet, what Jerry did not know was very much. He did not know the size of the world. He did not know that this Meringe Lagoon, backed by high, forested mountains and fronted and sheltered by the offshore coral islets, was anything else than

the entire world. He did not know that it was a mere fractional part of the great island of Ysabel, that was, again, one island of a thousand, many of them greater, that composed the Solomon Islands that men marked on charts as a group of specks in the vastitude of the far-western South Pacific.

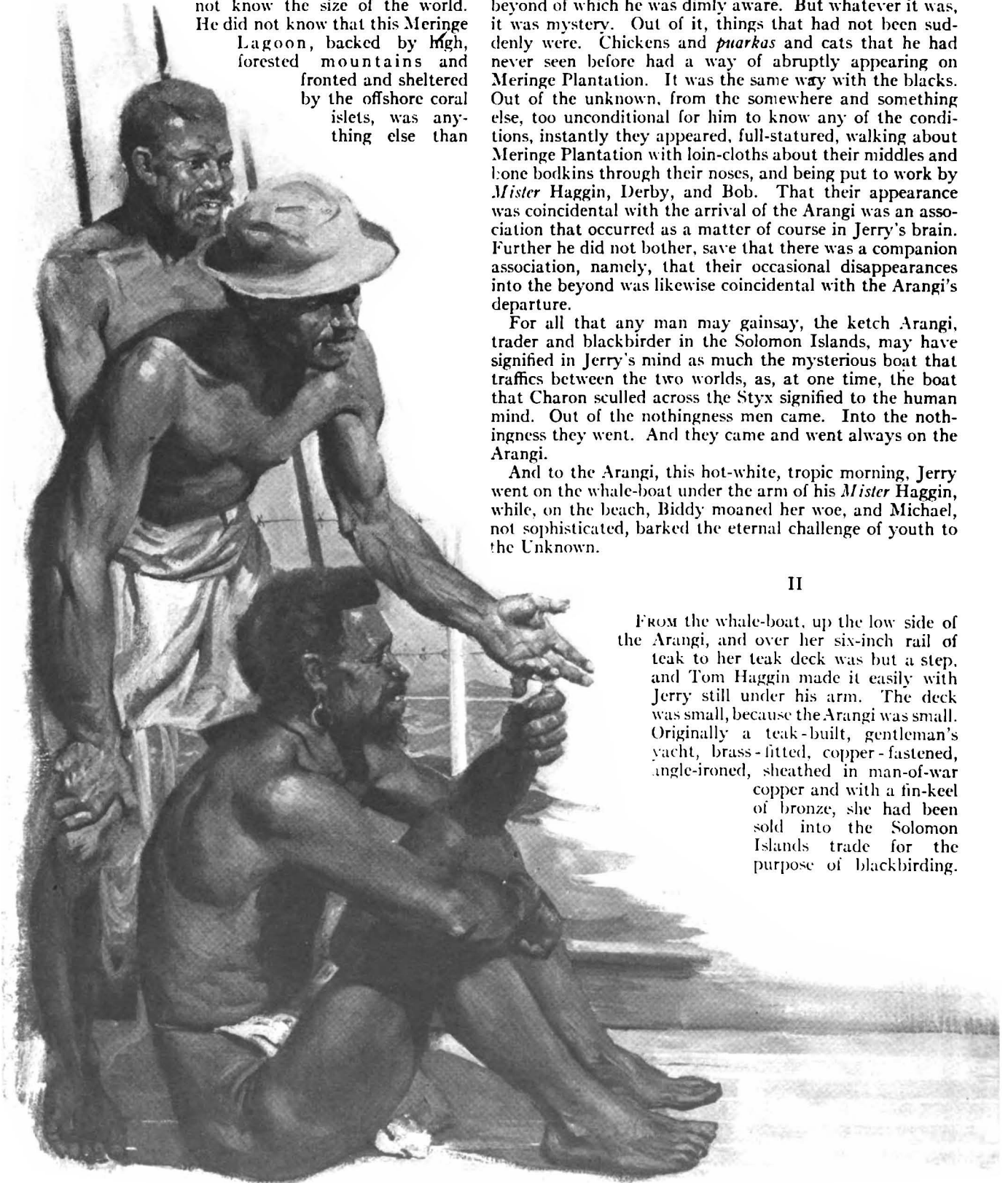
It was true there was a somewhere else or a something beyond of which he was dimly aware. But whatever it was, it was mystery. Out of it, things that had not been suddenly were. Chickens and *puarkas* and cats that he had never seen before had a way of abruptly appearing on Meringe Plantation. It was the same way with the blacks. Out of the unknown, from the somewhere and something else, too unconditional for him to know any of the conditions, instantly they appeared, full-statured, walking about Meringe Plantation with loin-cloths about their middles and lone bodkins through their noses, and being put to work by *Mister Haggin*, *Derby*, and *Bob*. That their appearance was coincidental with the arrival of the *Arangi* was an association that occurred as a matter of course in Jerry's brain. Further he did not bother, save that there was a companion association, namely, that their occasional disappearances into the beyond was likewise coincidental with the *Arangi's* departure.

For all that any man may gainsay, the ketch *Arangi*, trader and blackbirder in the Solomon Islands, may have signified in Jerry's mind as much the mysterious boat that traffics between the two worlds, as, at one time, the boat that *Charon* sculled across the *Styx* signified to the human mind. Out of the nothingness men came. Into the nothingness they went. And they came and went always on the *Arangi*.

And to the *Arangi*, this hot-white, tropic morning, Jerry went on the whale-boat under the arm of his *Mister Haggin*, while, on the beach, *Biddy* moaned her woe, and *Michael*, not sophisticated, barked the eternal challenge of youth to the Unknown.

II

From the whale-boat, up the low side of the *Arangi*, and over her six-inch rail of teak to her teak deck was but a step, and *Tom Haggin* made it easily with Jerry still under his arm. The deck was small, because the *Arangi* was small. Originally a teak-built, gentleman's yacht, brass-fitted, copper-fastened, angle-ironed, sheathed in man-of-war copper and with a fin-keel of bronze, she had been sold into the Solomon Islands trade for the purpose of blackbirding.



Under the law, however, this traffic was dignified by being called "recruiting."

The Arangi was a labor-recruit ship that carried the new-caught cannibal blacks from remote islands to labor on the new plantations where white men turned dank and pestilential swamp and jungle into rich and stately coconut groves. The Arangi's two masts were of Oregon cedar, so scraped and hot-paraffined that they shone like tan opals in the glare of sun. Her excessive sail-plan enabled her to sail like a witch, and, on occasion, gave Captain Van Horn, his white mate, and his fifteen black boat's crew as much as they could handle. She was sixty feet over all.

And on the small deck, in addition to the crew, were the "return" blacks from three far-flung plantations. By "return" was meant that their three years of contract-labor were up and that, according to contract, they were being returned to their home villages on the wild island of Malaita. Twenty of them—familiar, all, to Jerry—were from Meringe. In addition were the two white men, Captain Van Horn and his Danish mate, Borckman, making a total of seventy-nine souls.

"Thought your heart'd failed you at the last moment," was Captain Van Horn's greeting, a quick pleasure-light glowing into his eyes as they noted Jerry.

"It was sure near to doin' it," Tom Haggin answered. "It's only for you I'd a done it, anyways. Jerry's the best of the litter, barrin' Michael, of course, the two of them bein' all that's left and no better than two that were lost."

With a jerk of abruptness, he deposited Jerry in Van Horn's arms and turned away along the deck.

"An' if bad luck comes to him, I'll never forgive you, Skipper," he flung roughly over his shoulder.

"They'll have to take my head first," the skipper chuckled.

"An' not unlikely, my brave laddie buck," Haggin growled. "Meringe owes Somo four heads—three from the dysentery, an' another wan from a tree fallin' on him the last fortnight. He was the son of a chief at that."

"Yes; and there's two heads more that the Arangi owes Somo," Van Horn nodded. "You recollect, down to the south'ard last year, a chap named Hawkins was lost in his whale-boat running the Arli Passage?" Haggin, returning along the deck, nodded. "Two of his boat's crew were Somo boys. I'd recruited them for Ugi Plantation. With your boys, that makes six heads the Arangi owes. But what of it? There's one salt-water village, acrost on the weather coast, where the Arangi owes eighteen. I recruited them for Aolo, and, being salt-water men, they put them on the Sandfly that was lost on the way to the Santa

Cruz. They've got a jack-pot over there on the weather coast—my word, the boy that could get my head would be a second Carnegie! A hundred and fifty pigs and shell money no end the village has collected for the chap that gets me and delivers."

"And they ain't—yet," Haggin snorted.

"No fear," was the cheerful retort.

"You talk like Arbuckle used to talk," Haggin censured. "Manny's the time I've heard him string it off. Poor old Arbuckle—the most sure and most precautious chap that ever handled blacks! He never went to sleep without spreadin' a box of tacks on the floor, and when it wasn't them, it was crumpled newspapers. I remember me well, bein' under the same roof at the time on Florida, when a big tom-cat chased a cockroach into the papers. And it was blim, blam, blim! six times an' twice over, with his two big horse-pistols, an' the house perforated like a colander. Likewise, there was a dead tom-cat.

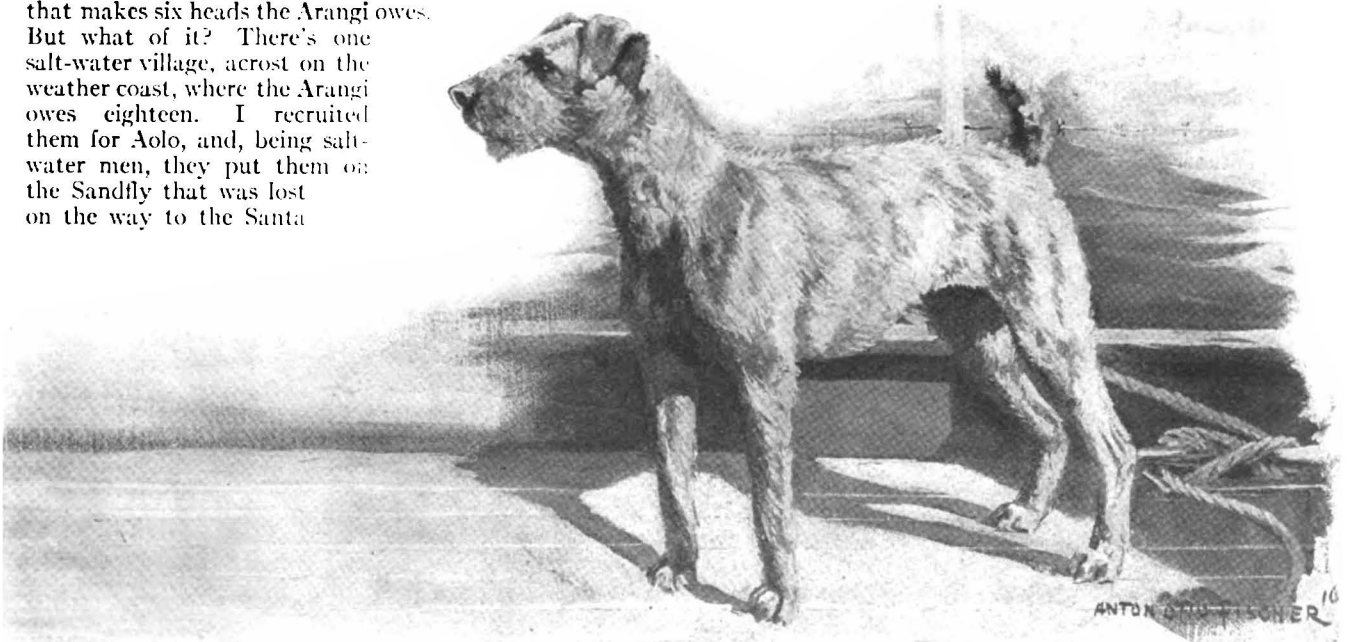
"No, sir, my laddie buck; he was the bully boy with the glass eye. The black didn't live that'd lift his head. But they got 'm. They got 'm. He lasted fourteen years, too. It was his cook-boy. Hatcheted 'm before breakfast."

"But I've got their goat," the captain insisted. "When trouble's hatchin', I go straight to them and tell them what. They can't get the hang of it. Think I've got some powerful devil-devil medicine."

Tom Haggin thrust out his hand in abrupt good-by, keeping his eyes from dropping to Jerry in the other's arms.

"Keep your eye on my return-boys," he cautioned, as he went over the side, "till you land the last mother's son of 'm. They've got no cause to love Jerry or his breed, an' I'd hate ill to happen 'm at a black's hands."

At sight of his *Mister* Haggin deserting him and being pulled away in the whale-boat, Jerry wriggled and voiced his



anxiety in a low, whimpering whine. Captain Van Horn snuggled him closer in his arm with a caress of his free hand.

"Don't forget the agreement!" Tom Haggin called back across the widening water. "If aught happens you, Jerry's to come back to me."

"I'll make a paper to that same and put it with the ship's articles," was Van Horn's reply.

Jerry was aware vaguely that the talk was related to the vague and unguessably terrible thing that was happening to him. He wriggled more determinedly, and Van Horn set him down on the deck. He sprang to the rail with more quickness than was to be expected of an awkward puppy of six months, and not the quick attempt of Van Horn to check him would have succeeded. But Jerry recoiled from the open water lapping the Arangi's side. The tabu was upon him. It was the image of the log awash, that was not a log but that was alive, luminous in his brain, that checked him.

He plumped down on his bob tail, lifted his golden muzzle skyward, and emitted a long puppy-wail of dismay and grief.

"It's all right, Jerry, old man; brace up and be a man dog!" Van Horn soothed him.

But Jerry was not to be reconciled. While this indubitably was a white-skinned god, it was not *his* god. *Mister* Haggin was his god, and a superior god at that. Even he, without thinking about it at all, recognized that. His *Mister* Haggin wore pants and shoes. This god on the deck beside him was more like a black. Not only did he not wear pants, and was barefooted and barelegged, but about his middle, just like any black, he wore a brilliant-colored loin-cloth, that, like a kilt, fell nearly to his sunburned knees.

Captain Van Horn was a handsome man and a striking man, although Jerry did not know it. If ever a Holland Dutchman stepped out of a Rembrandt frame, Captain Van Horn was that one, despite the fact that he was New York born, as had been his Knickerbocker ancestors before him clear back to the time when New York was not New York but New Amsterdam. To complete his costume, a floppy felt hat, distinctly Rembrandtish in effect, perched half on

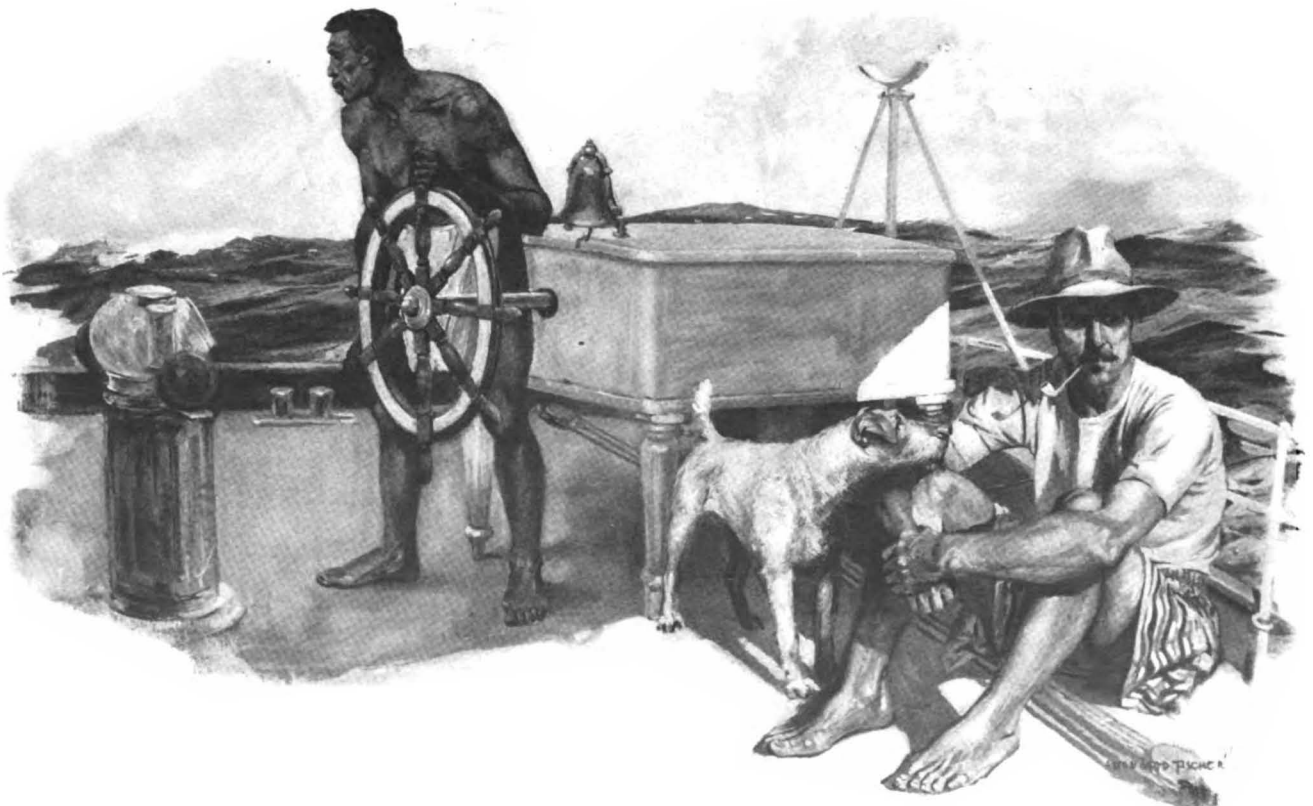
his head and mostly over one ear; a sixpenny, white-cotton undershirt covered his torso, and from a belt about his middle dangled a tobacco-pouch, a sheath-knife, filled clips of cartridges, and a huge automatic pistol in a leather holster.

On the beach, Bidy, who had hushed her grief, lifted it again when she heard Jerry's wail. And Jerry, desisting a moment to listen, heard Michael beside her, barking his challenge, and saw, without being conscious of it, Michael's withered ear with its persistent upward cock. Again, while Captain Van Horn and the mate, Borckman, gave orders, and while the Arangi's mainsail and spanker began to rise up the masts, Jerry loosed all his heart of woe in what Bob told Derby on the beach was the "grandest vocal effort" he had ever heard from any dog, and that, except for being a bit thin, Caruso didn't have anything on Jerry. But the song was too much for Haggin, who, as soon as he had landed, whistled Bidy to him and strode rapidly away from the beach.

At sight of her disappearing, Jerry was guilty of even more Caruso-like effects, which gave great joy to a return-boy who stood beside him. He laughed and jeered at Jerry with falsetto chucklings that were more like the jungle-noises of tree-dwelling creatures, half bird and half man, than of a man, all man, and therefore a god. This served as an excellent counter-irritant. Indignation that a mere black should laugh at him mastered Jerry, and the next moment his puppy-teeth, sharp-pointed as needles, had scored the astonished black's naked calf in long, parallel scratches, from each of which leaped the instant blood. The black sprang away in trepidation, but the blood of Terrence the Magnificent was true in Jerry, and, like his father before him, he followed up, slashing the black's other calf into a ruddy pattern.

At this moment, anchor broken out and head-sails running up, Captain Van Horn, whose quick eye had missed no detail of the incident, with an order to the black helmsman, turned to applaud Jerry.

"Go to it, Jerry!" he encouraged. "Get him! Shake him down! Sick him! Get him! Get him!" (Continued on page 150)



Jerry rested the length of his chin on Skipper's knee, and gazed long and earnestly into Skipper's face

Jerry

(Continued from page 22)

The black, in defense, aimed a kick at Jerry, who, leaping in, instead of away—another inheritance from Terrence—avoided the bare foot and printed a further red series of parallel lines on the dark leg. This was too much, and the black, afraid more of Van Horn than of Jerry, turned and fled for'ard, leaping to safety on top of the eight Lee-Enfield rifles that lay upon the cabin skylight and that were guarded by one member of the boat's crew. About the skylight Jerry stormed, leaping up and falling back until Captain Van Horn called him off.

"Some nigger-chaser, that pup, *some* nigger-chaser!" Van Horn confided to Borckman, as he bent to pat Jerry and give him due reward of praise.

And Jerry, under this caressing hand of a god, albeit it did not wear pants, forgot for a moment longer the fate that was upon him.

"He's a lion dog—more like an Airedale than an Irish terrier," Van Horn went on to his mate, still petting. "Look at the size of him already! And he'll be some dog when he grows up to those feet of his."

With spontaneity of admiration, Van Horn swept Jerry from the deck and gathered him into his arms.

III

JERRY returned in mind to Meringe. But there was no Meringe, no Biddy and Terrence and Michael on the beach, no *Mister Haggin* and Derby and Bob, no beach, no land with the palm trees near and the mountains afar off, everlastingly lifting their green peaks into the sky. Always, to starboard or to port, at the bow or over the stern, when he stood up, resting his forefeet on the six-inch rail and gazing, he saw only the ocean, broken-faced and turbulent, yet orderly marching its white-crested seas before the drive of the trade.

But the present was very immediate with Jerry. And he proceeded to get acquainted with what was—in short, to know and to adjust himself to his new environment.

His first discovery was delightful—a wild-dog puppy from the Ysabel bush, being taken back to Malaita by one of the

Meringe return-boys. In age they were the same, but their breeding was different. The wild dog was what he was—a wild dog, cringing and sneaking, his ears forever down, his tail forever between his legs, forever apprehending fresh misfortune and ill treatment to fall on him, forever fearing and resentful, fending off threatened hurt with lips curling malignantly from his puppy fangs, cringing under a blow, and ready always for a treacherous slash if luck and safety favored.

The wild dog was maturer than Jerry, larger-bodied, and wiser in wickedness; but Jerry was blue-blooded, right-selected, and valiant. The wild dog had come out of a selection equally rigid; but it was a different sort of selection. The bush-ancestors from whom he had descended had survived by being fear-selected.

But Jerry had been courage-selected. His ancestors had been deliberately and consciously chosen by men who, somewhere in the forgotten past, had taken the wild dog and made it into the thing they visioned and admired and desired it to be. It must never fight like a rat in a corner, because it must never be ratlike and slink into a corner. Retreat must be unthinkable. The dogs in the past who retreated had been rejected by men. They had not become Jerry's ancestors.

So it was that Jerry, when he chanced upon the wild dog stowed shrewdly away from the wind in the lee corner made by the mainmast and the cabin skylight, did not stop to consider whether the creature was bigger or fiercer than he. All he knew was that it was the ancient enemy—the wild dog that had not come in to the fires of man. With a wild pæan of joy that attracted Captain Van Horn's all-hearing ears and all-seeing eyes, Jerry sprang to the attack. The wild puppy gained his feet in full retreat with incredible swiftness, but was caught by the rush of Jerry's body and rolled over and over on the sloping deck. And as he rolled, and felt sharp teeth pricking him, he snapped and snarled, alternating snarls with whimpering and squallings of terror, pain, and abject humility.

And Jerry was a gentleman, which is to say he was a gentle dog. He had been so

selected. Because the thing did not fight back, because it was abject and whining, because it was helpless under him, he abandoned the attack, disengaging himself from the top of the tangle into which he had slid in the lee scuppers. He did not think about it. He did it because he was so made. He stood up on the reeling deck, feeling excellently satisfied, and in his ears was the praising cry of Captain Van Horn: "Good boy, Jerry! You're the goods, Jerry! Some dog, eh? *Some* dog!"

As he stalked away, it must be admitted that Jerry displayed pride in himself, his gait being a trifle stiff-legged, the cocking of his head back over his shoulder at the whining wild dog having all the articulateness of: "Well, I guess I gave you enough this time. You'll keep out of my way after this."

Jerry continued the exploration of his new and tiny world that was never at rest, forever lifting, heeling, and lunging on the rolling face of the sea. There were the Meringe return-boys. He made it a point to identify all of them, receiving, while he did so, scowls and mutterings, and reciprocating with cocky bullyings and threatenings. Being so trained, he walked on his four legs superior to them, two-legged though they were; for he had moved and lived always under theegis of the great two-legged and betrousered god, *Mister Haggin*.

Then there were the strange return-boys, from Pennduffryn and the Bay of a Thousand Ships. He insisted on knowing them all. He might need to know them in some future time. He did not think this. He merely equipped himself with knowledge of his environment without any awareness of provision or without bothering about the future.

In his own way of acquiring knowledge, he quickly discovered, just as on the plantation, house-boys were different from field-boys, that, on the Arangi, there was a classification of boys different from the return-boys. This was the boat's crew. The fifteen blacks who composed it were closer than the others to Captain Van Horn. They seemed more directly to belong to the Arangi and to him. They

labored under him at word of command, steering at the wheel, pulling and hauling on ropes, heaving water upon the deck from overside, and scrubbing with brooms.

Just as Jerry had learned from *Mister Haggin* that he must be more tolerant of the house-boys than of the field-boys, if they trespassed on the compound, so, from Captain Van Horn, he learned that he must be more tolerant of the boat's crew than of the return-boys. He had less license with them, more license with the others. As long as Captain Van Horn did not want his boat's crew chased, it was Jerry's duty not to chase. On the other hand, he never forgot that he was a white-god's dog. While he might not chase these particular blacks, he declined familiarity with them. He kept his eye on them. He had seen blacks as tolerated as these lined up and whipped by *Mister Haggin*. They occupied an intermediate place in the scheme of things, and they were to be watched in case they did not keep their place.

Next, he was interested by a strange proceeding on the part of the boat's crew. Upright pipes, serving as stanchions, were being screwed into the top of the Arangi's rail, so that they served to support three strands of barbed wire that ran completely around the vessel, being broken only at the gangway for a narrow space of fifteen inches. That this was a precaution against danger, Jerry sensed without a passing thought to it. All his life, from his first impressions, had been passed in the heart of danger, ever impending, from the blacks. In the plantation-house at Meringe, always the several white men had looked askance at the many blacks who toiled for them and belonged to them. In the living-room stood stands of rifles, and in each bedroom, beside each bed, ready to hand, had been revolvers and rifles. As well, *Mister Haggin* and Derby and Bob had always carried revolvers in their belts when they left the house to go among their blacks.

Jerry knew these noise-making things for what they were—instruments of destruction and death. He had seen live things destroyed by them, such as *puarkas*, goats, birds, and crocodiles. By means of such things, the white gods, by their will, crossed space without crossing it with their bodies, and destroyed-live things. Now, he, in order to damage anything, had to cross space with his body to get to it. He was different. He was limited. All impossible things were possible to the unlimited, two-legged white gods. In a way, this ability of theirs to destroy across space was an elongation of claw and fang.

Watching the rigging-up of the barbed wire, Jerry's next adventure was an encounter with *Lerumie*, the return-boy from Meringe, who, only that morning, on the beach embarking, had been rolled by Bidy, along with his possessions, into the surf. The encounter occurred on the starboard side of the skylight, alongside of which *Lerumie* was standing.

Jerry, scarcely aware of *Lerumie's* presence, was trotting past on his way aft to where Borckman, the mate, was superintending the stringing of the barbed wire to the stanchions. And *Lerumie*, with a sidelong look to see if the deed meditated for his foot was screened from observation, aimed a kick at the son of his four-legged enemy. His bare foot caught Jerry on the

sensitive end of his recently bobbed tail, and Jerry, outraged, went instantly wild.

His outcry, as he sprawled, whirled, sprang, and slashed, was a veritable puppy-scream of indignation. He slashed ankle and foot as he received the second kick in mid-air; and, although he slid clear down the slope of deck into the scuppers, he left on the black skin the red tracery of his puppy-needle teeth. Still screaming his indignation, he clawed his way back up the steep wooden hill.

Lerumie, with another sidelong look, knew that he was observed and that he dare not go to extremes. He fled along the skylight to escape down the companionway, but was caught by Jerry's sharp teeth in his calf. Jerry, attacking blindly, got in the way of the black's feet. A long, stumbling fall, accelerated by a sudden increase of wind in the sails, ensued, and *Lerumie* fetched up against the three strands of barbed wire on the lee rail.

The deckful of blacks shrieked their merriment, and Jerry, his rage undiminished, his immediate antagonist out of the battle, mistaking himself as the object of the laughter of the blacks, turned upon them, charging and slashing the many legs that fled before him. They dropped down the cabin and forecabin companionways, ran out the bowsprit, and sprang into the rigging till they were perched everywhere in the air like monstrous birds. In the end, the deck belonged to Jerry, save for the boat's crew. Captain Van Horn was hilariously vocal of his praise, calling Jerry to him and giving him man-thumps of joyful admiration. Next, the captain turned to his many passengers and orated in *bêche-demer* English.

"Hey! You fella boy! I make 'm big fella talk. This fella dog he belong along me. One fella boy hurt 'm that fella dog—my word!—me cross too much along that fella boy. I knock 'm seven bells outa that fella boy. You take 'm care leg belong you. I take 'm care dog belong me. Savve?"

And the passengers, still perched in the air, with gleaming black eyes and with querulous chirpings one to another, accepted the white man's law.

It was a busy day for Jerry. Everything about the Arangi was new and strange, and so crowded was she that exciting things were continually happening. He had another encounter with the wild dog, who treacherously attacked him in flank from ambushade. Trade-boxes belonging to the blacks had been irregularly piled so that a small space was left between two boxes in the lower tier. From this hole, as Jerry trotted past in response to a call from the skipper, the wild dog sprang, scratched his sharp puppy-teeth into Jerry's yellow-velvet hide, and scuttled back into his lair.

Again Jerry's feelings were outraged. He could understand flank attack. Often he and Michael had played at that, although it had only been playing. But to retreat without fighting from a fight once started was alien to Jerry's ways and nature. With righteous wrath, he charged into the hole after his enemy. But this was where the wild dog fought to best advantage—in a corner. When Jerry sprang up in the confined space, he bumped his head on the box above, and the next moment felt the snarling impact of the other's teeth against his own teeth and jaw.

There was no getting at the wild dog, no

chance to rush against him whole-heartedly, with generous full weight in the attack. All Jerry could do was to crawl and squirm and belly forward, and always he was met by a snarling mouthful of teeth. Even so, he would have got the wild dog in the end, had not Borckman, in passing, reached in and dragged Jerry out by a hind leg. Again came Captain Van Horn's call, and Jerry, obedient, trotted on aft.

A meal was being served on deck in the shade of the spanker, and Jerry, sitting between the two men, received his share.

His beloved *Mister Haggin* had never fed him from the table at meal-time, and Jerry was beside himself with the joy of this delightful experience. And, being young, he allowed his eagerness to take possession of him, so that soon he was unduly urging the captain for more pieces of fish and of bread and butter. Once, he even barked his demand. This put the idea into the captain's head, who began immediately to teach him to "speak."

At the end of five minutes, he had learned to speak softly, and to speak only once—a low, mellow, bell-like bark of a single syllable. Also, in this first five minutes, he had learned to "sit down," as distinctly different from "lie down," and that he must sit down whenever he spoke, and that he must speak without jumping or moving from the sitting position, and then must wait until the piece of food was passed to him.

Further, he had added three words to his vocabulary. Forever after, "speak" would mean to him "speak," and "sit down" would mean "sit down," and would not mean "lie down." The third addition to his vocabulary was "skipper." That was the name he had heard the mate repeatedly call Captain Van Horn. And just as Jerry knew that when a human called "Michael," the call referred to Michael and not to Bidy or Terrence or himself, so he knew that "Skipper" was the name of the two-legged white master of this new floating world.

IV

THE companionway into the main cabin was a steep ladder, and down this, after his meal, Jerry was carried by the captain. The cabin was a long room, extending for the full width of the Arangi from a lazaret aft to a tiny room for'ard. For'ard of this room, separated by a tight bulkhead, was the forecabin, where lived the boat's crew. The tiny room was shared between Van Horn and Borckman, while the main cabin was occupied by the three-score-and-odd return-boys.

In the little stateroom, the captain tossed a blanket on the floor in a corner, and he did not find it difficult to get Jerry to understand that that was his bed. Nor did Jerry, with a full stomach and weary from so much excitement, find it difficult to fall immediately asleep.

An hour later, he was awakened by the entrance of Borckman. When he wagged his stub of a tail and smiled friendlily with his eyes, the mate scowled at him and muttered angrily in his throat. Jerry made no further overtures, but lay quietly watching. The mate had come to take a drink. In truth, he was stealing the drink from Van Horn's supply. Jerry did not know this. Often, on the plantation, he had seen the white men take drinks. But there

was something somehow different in the manner of Borckman's taking a drink. Jerry was aware vaguely that there was something surreptitious about it. What was wrong, he did not know, yet he sensed the wrongness, and watched suspiciously.

It was late afternoon when Jerry again came on deck. Scarcely had Skipper, who had carried him up the steep ladder, dropped him on deck than Jerry made a new discovery—land! He did not see it, but he smelled it. His nose went up in the air and quested to windward along the wind that brought the message, and he read the air with his nose as a man might read a newspaper.

The trade, which had laid the Arangi well up under the lee of this outjutting point of Malaita, was now failing, so that she began to roll in the easy swells with crashings of sheets and tackles and thunderous flappings of her sails. While Captain Van Horn, taking advantage of the calm to exercise the boat's crew with the firearms and to limber up the weapons, was passing out the Lee-Enfields from their place on top the cabin skylight, Jerry suddenly crouched and began to stalk stiff-legged. But the wild dog, three feet from his lair under the trade-boxes, was not unobservant. He watched and snarled threateningly. Most small creatures were afraid of that snarl, but it had no deterrent effect on Jerry, who continued his steady stalking. When the wild dog sprang for the hole under the boxes, Jerry sprang after, missing his enemy by inches.

Tossing overboard bits of wood, bottles, and empty tins, Captain Van Horn ordered the eight eager boat's crew with rifles to turn loose. Jerry was excited and delighted with the fusillade, and added his puppy yelpings to the noise. As the empty brass cartridges were ejected, the return-boys scrambled on the deck for them, esteeming them as very precious objects, and thrusting them, still warm, into the empty holes in their ears. Their ears were perforated with many of these holes, the smallest capable of receiving a cartridge, while the larger ones contained clay pipes, sticks of tobacco, and even boxes of matches. Some of the holes in the ear-lobes were so huge that they were plugged with carved wooden cylinders three inches in diameter.

Mate and captain carried automatics in their belts, and with these they turned loose, shooting away clip after clip to the breathless admiration of the blacks for such marvelous rapidity of fire. The boat's crew were not even fair shots, but Van Horn, like every captain in the Solomons, **knew** that the bush natives and salt-water men were so much worse shots, and knew that the shooting of his boat's crew could be depended upon—if the boat's crew itself did not turn against the ship in a pinch.

At first, Borckman's automatic jammed, and he received a caution from Van Horn for his carelessness in not keeping it clean and thin-oiled. Also, Borckman was twittingly asked how many drinks he had taken, and if that was what accounted for his shooting being under his average. Borckman explained that he had a touch of fever, and Van Horn deferred stating his doubts until, a few minutes later, squatting in the shade of the spanker with Jerry in his arms, he told Jerry all about it.

"The trouble with him is the schnapps, Jerry," he explained. "It makes me keep

all my watches and half of his. And he says it's the fever. Never believe it, Jerry. It's the schnapps—just the plain s-c-h-n-a-p-p-s—schnapps. An' he's a good sailorman, Jerry, when he's sober. But when he's schnappy, he's sheer lunatic. Jerry, you're just beginning to pad those four little soft feet of yours into the world; so take the advice of one who knows and leave the schnapps alone."

Whereupon, leaving Jerry on deck to stalk the wild dog, Captain Van Horn went below into the tiny stateroom and took a long drink from the very bottle from which Borckman was stealing.

In the late afternoon, Jerry trotted aft, after having administered another lesson to the wild dog, and found Skipper seated on the deck, back against the low rail, knees drawn up, and gazing absently off to leeward. Jerry sniffed his bare calf—not that he needed to identify it, but just because he liked to, and in a sort of friendly greeting. But Van Horn took no notice, continuing to stare out across the sea.

Jerry rested the length of his chin on Skipper's knee, and gazed long and earnestly into Skipper's face. This time, Skipper knew, and was pleasantly thrilled; but still he gave no sign. Jerry tried a new tack. Skipper's hand drooped idly, half open, from where the forearm rested on the other knee. Into the part-open hand, Jerry thrust his soft, golden muzzle to the eyes and remained quite still. Had he been situated to see, he would have seen a twinkle in Skipper's eyes, which had been withdrawn from the sea and were looking down upon him. But Jerry could not see. He kept quiet a little longer, and then gave a prodigious sniff.

This was too much for Skipper, who laughed with such genial heartiness as to lay Jerry's silky ears back and down, in self-deprecation of affection and pleadingness to bask in the sunshine of the god's smile. Also, Skipper's laughter set Jerry's tail wildly bobbing. The half-open hand closed in a firm grip that gathered in the slack of the skin of one side of Jerry's head and jowl. Then the hand began to shake him back and forth with such good will that he was compelled to balance back and forth on all his four feet.

It was bliss to Jerry—nay, more, it was ecstasy. For Jerry knew there was neither anger nor danger in the roughness of the shake. It was speech to him, full of unmistakable meaning.

As the shake grew rougher, Jerry emitted his most ferocious growl, which grew more ferocious with the increasing violence of the shaking. But that, too, was play—a making-believe to hurt the one he liked too well to hurt. He strained and tugged at the grip, trying to twist his jowl in the slack of skin so as to reach a bite.

When Skipper, with a quick thrust, released him and shoved him clear, he came back, all teeth and growl, to be again caught and shaken. The play continued, with rising excitement to Jerry. Once, too quick for Skipper, he caught his hand between his teeth; but he did not bring them together. They pressed lovingly, denting the skin, but there was no bite in them.

The play grew rougher, and Jerry lost himself in the play. Still playing, he grew so excited that all that had been feigned became actual. This was battle—a struggle against the hand that seized and shook him and thrust him away. The make-be-

lieve of ferocity passed out of his growls; the ferocity in them became real. And Captain Van Horn, realizing suddenly, instead of clutching, extended his hand wide open in the peace-sign that is as ancient as the human hand. At the same time, his voice rang out the single word, "Jerry!" In it was all the imperativeness of reproof and command and all the solicitous insistence of love.

Jerry knew, and was checked back to himself. He was instantly contrite, all soft humility, ears laid back with pleadingness for forgiveness and protestation of a warm throbbing heart of love. Instantly, from an open-mouthed, fang-bristling dog in full career of attack, he melted into a bundle of softness and silkiness that trotted to the open hand and kissed it with a tongue that flashed out between white, gleaming teeth like a rose-red jewel. And the next moment he was in Skipper's arms, jowl against cheek, and the tongue was again flashing out in all the articulateness possible for a creature denied speech.

"You're nothing but a bunch of high-strung sensitiveness," Captain Van Horn crooned, "with a golden heart in the middle and a golden coat wrapped all around. Jerry, you're gold, pure gold, inside and out, and no dog was ever minted like you in all the world. You're heart of gold, you golden dog, and be good to me and love me as I shall always be good to you and love you, forever and forever!"

V

AND swift tropic night smote the Arangi, as she alternately rolled in calms and heeled and plunged ahead in squalls under the lee of the cannibal island of Malaita.

The first watch, from eight to twelve, was the mate's; and Captain Van Horn, forced below by the driving wet of a heavy rain-squall, took Jerry with him to sleep in the tiny stateroom. Jerry was weary from the manifold excitements of the most exciting day in his life; and he was asleep and kicking and growling in his sleep ere Skipper, with a last look at him and a grin as he turned the lamp low, muttered aloud:

"It's that wild dog, Jerry. Get him! Shake him! Shake him hard!"

So soundly did Jerry sleep that, when the rain, having robbed the atmosphere of its last breath of wind, ceased and left the stateroom a steaming, suffocating furnace, he did not know when Skipper, panting for air, his loin-cloth and undershirt soaked with sweat, arose, tucked blanket and pillow under his arm, and went on deck.

Jerry only awakened when a huge three-inch cockroach nibbled at the sensitive and hairless skin between his toes. He awoke kicking the offended foot, and gazed at the cockroach, that did not scuttle but walked dignifiedly away.

Quickly his next thought was: "Where is Skipper?" The door had been left hooked open, and Jerry trotted out into the cabin where half a hundred blacks made queer sleep-moanings and sighings and snorings. They were packed closely together, covering the floor as well as the long sweep of bunks, so that he was compelled to crawl over their naked legs. And there was no white gog about to protect him. He knew it, but was unafraid.

Back at the ladder-steps, he looked up and waited in the hope that Skipper might

appear from above and carry him up. Skipper had passed that way, he knew. Jerry's nose told him that he had passed. His first attempt to climb the steps began well. Not until a third of the way up, as the Arangi rolled in a sea and recovered with a jerk, did he slip and fall.

Undeterred, Jerry essayed the ladder again. A temporary easement of the Arangi's rolling gave him his opportunity, so that his forefeet were over the high combing of the companion when the next big roll came. He held on by main strength of his bent fore legs, then scrambled over and out on deck.

Amidships, squatting on the deck near the skylight, he investigated several of the boat's crew and Lerumie. He identified them circumspectly, going suddenly stiff-legged as Lerumie made a low, hissing, menacing noise. Aft, at the wheel, he found a black steering, and, near him, the mate keeping the watch. Just as the mate spoke to him and stooped to pat him, Jerry whiffed Skipper somewhere near at hand. With a conciliating, apologetic bob of his tail, he trotted on up-wind and came upon Skipper on his back, rolled in a blanket and sound asleep.

First of all, Jerry needs must joyfully sniff him and joyfully wag his tail. But Skipper did not awake, and a fine spray of rain, almost as thin as mist, made Jerry curl up and press closely into the angle formed by Skipper's head and shoulder. This did awake him, for he uttered, "Jerry" in a low, crooning voice, and Jerry responded with a touch of his cold, damp nose to the other's cheek. And then Skipper went to sleep again. But not Jerry. He lifted the edge of the blanket with his nose and crawled across the shoulder until he was altogether inside. This roused Skipper, who, half asleep, helped him to curl up.

Still, Jerry was not satisfied, and he squirmed around until he lay in the hollow of Skipper's arm, his head resting on Skipper's shoulder, when, with a profound sigh of content, he fell asleep.

Several times the noises made by the boat's crew in trimming the sheets to the shifting draft of air roused Van Horn, and each time, remembering the puppy, he pressed him caressingly with his hollowed arm. And each time, in his sleep, Jerry stirred responsively and snuggled cozily to him. For all that he was a remarkable puppy, Jerry had his limitations, and he could never know the effect produced on the hard-bitten captain by the soft, warm contact of his velvet body.

At midnight, when the mate touched him on the shoulder, Van Horn, in the moment of awakening, did two things automatically and swiftly. He darted his right hand down to the pistol at his hip, and muttered, "Any black that'd hurt that pup—"

"That'll be Kopo Point abreast," Borckman explained, as both men stared to windward at the high loom of the land. "She hasn't made more than ten miles, and no promise of anything steady."

"There's plenty of stuff making up there, if it'll ever come down," Van Horn said, as both men transferred their gaze to the clouds drifting, with many breaks, across the dim stars.

Scarcely had the mate fetched a blanket from below and turned in on deck than a brisk, steady breeze sprang up from off the

land, sending the Arangi through the smooth water at a nine-knot clip. For a time, Jerry tried to stand the watch with Skipper, but he soon curled up and dozed off. When Skipper carried him to the blanket and rolled him in, he was quickly asleep.

At four, the mate took charge of the deck. "Reeled off thirty miles," Van Horn told him. "But now it is baffling again. Keep an eye for squalls under the land. Better throw the halyards down on deck and make the watch stand by. Of course they'll sleep, but make them sleep on the halyards and sheets."

Jerry roused to Skipper's entrance under the blanket, and, quite as if it were a long-established custom, curled in between his arm and side after one happy sniff and one kiss of his cool little tongue.

Half an hour later, to all intents and purposes so far as Jerry could or could not comprehend, the world might well have seemed suddenly coming to an end. What awoke him was the flying leap of Skipper that sent the blanket one way and Jerry the other. The deck of the Arangi had become a wall, down which Jerry slipped through the roaring dark. Every rope and shroud was thrumming and screeching in resistance to the fierce weight of the squall.

"Stand by main halyards! Jump!" he could hear Skipper shouting loudly; also he heard the high note of the main-sheet screaming across the sheaves as Van Horn, bending, braced in the dark, was swiftly slacking the sheet through his scorching palms with a single turn on the cleat.

While all this, along with many other noises, squallings of boat-boys, and shouts of Borckman, was impacting on Jerry's ear-drums, he was still sliding down the steep deck of his new and unstable world. But he did not bring up against the rail, where his fragile ribs might well have been broken. Instead, the warm ocean water, pouring inboard across the buried rail in a flood of pale, phosphorescent fire, cushioned his fall. A raffle of trailing ropes entangled him as he struck out to swim.

And he swam, not to save his life, but with the fear of death upon him. There was but one idea in his mind: *Where was Skipper?* Not that he had any thought of trying to save Skipper, or that he might be of assistance to him. It was the heart of love that drives one always toward the beloved.

The squall ceased as abruptly as it had struck. The Arangi righted with a jerk to an even keel, leaving Jerry stranded in the starboard scuppers. He trotted across the level deck to Skipper, who, standing erect on wide-spread legs, the bight of the main-sheet still in his hand, was exclaiming:

"Wind, he go! Rain, he no come!"

He felt Jerry's cool nose against his bare calf, heard his joyous sniff, and bent and caressed him.

Many of the frightened return-boys had crowded on deck, and their plaintive, querulous voices sounded like the sleepy noises of a roost of birds. Borckman came and stood by Van Horn's shoulder, and both men, strung to their toes in the tenseness of apprehension, strove to penetrate the surrounding blackness with their eyes, while they listened with all their ears for any message of the elements from sea and air.

"Where's the rain?" Borckman de-

manded peevishly. "Always, wind first, the rain follows and kills the wind. There is no rain."

Van Horn still stared and listened, and made no answer.

The anxiety of the two men was sensed by Jerry, who, too, was on his toes. He pressed his cool nose to Skipper's leg, and the rose-kiss of his tongue brought him the salt taste of sea-water.

Skipper bent suddenly, rolled Jerry with quick roughness into the blanket, and deposited him in the hollow between two sacks of yams lashed on deck, aft of the mizzenmast. As an afterthought, he fastened the blanket with a piece of rope yarn, so that Jerry was as if tied in a sack.

Scarcely was this finished when the spanker smashed across overhead, the headsails thundered with a sudden filling, and the great mainsail, with all the scope in the boom-tackle caused by Van Horn's giving of the sheet, came across and fetched up to tautness on the tackle with a crash that shook the vessel and heeled her violently to port. Jerry heard Skipper's voice ring out to the mate:

"Stand by main halyards! Throw off the turns! I'll take care of the tackle!"

Here Van Horn was swept off his legs by an avalanche of return-boys who had cluttered the deck with the first squall. The squirming mass, of which he was part, slid down into the barbed wire of the port rail beneath the surface of the sea.

Jerry was so secure in his nook that he did not roll away. But when he heard Skipper's commands cease, and, seconds later, heard his cursings in the barbed wire, he set up a shrill yelping and clawed and scratched frantically at the blanket to get out. Something had happened to Skipper. He knew that.

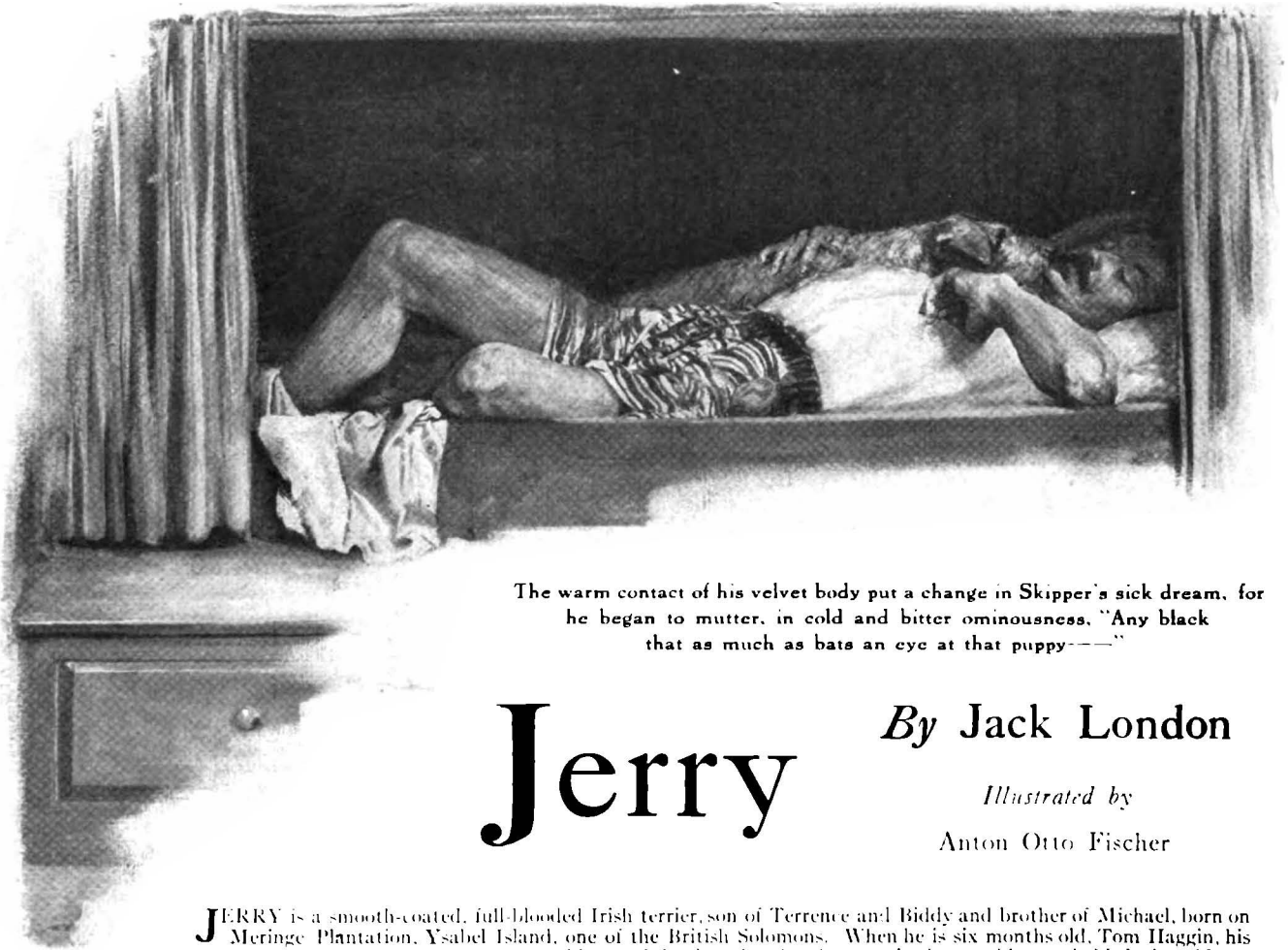
But he ceased his yelping to listen to a new noise—a thunderous slatting of canvas accompanied by the shouts and cries. He sensed, and sensed wrongly, that it boded ill, for he did not know that it was the mainsail being lowered on the run.

As the pandemonium grew, he added his own yelping to it until he felt a fumbling hand without the blanket. He stilled and sniffed. No; it was not Skipper. He sniffed again and recognized the person. It was Lerumie, the black whom he had seen rolled on the beach by Bidy only that morning, who, still more recently, had kicked him on his stub of a tail.

The rope-yarn had been parted, and Lerumie's fingers were feeling inside the blanket for him. Jerry snarled his wickedest. The thing was sacrilege. He, as a white man's dog, was tabu to all blacks. Yet Lerumie, who was all of evil, at this moment when the world crashed about their ears, was daring to touch him.

And when the fingers touched him, his teeth closed upon them. Next, he was clouted by the black's free hand with such force as to tear his clenched teeth down the fingers through skin and flesh until the fingers went clear.

Raging like a tiny fiend, Jerry found himself picked up by the neck, half throttled, and flung through the air. And while flying through the air, he continued to squall his rage. He fell into the sea and went under, gulping a mouthful of salt water into his lungs, and came up, strangling but swimming.



The warm contact of his velvet body put a change in Skipper's sick dream, for he began to mutter, in cold and bitter ominousness, "Any black that as much as bats an eye at that puppy——"

Jerry

By Jack London

Illustrated by

Anton Otto Fischer

JERRY is a smooth-coated, full-blooded Irish terrier, son of Terrence and Bidly and brother of Michael, born on Meringe Plantation, Ysabel Island, one of the British Solomons. When he is six months old, Tom Haggin, his owner, gives him to Captain Van Horn, skipper of the sixty-foot ketch, Arangi, who uses his vessel chiefly for "black-birding"—that is, carrying new-caught cannibal blacks to labor on the island plantations, and returning them to their homes at the end of three years. He is now taking back some sixty of these blacks, of whom twenty are from Meringe, to the island of Malaita. Jerry quickly adapts himself to his new environment, and is all devotion to Van Horn, who, with the exception of the Danish mate, Borckman, is the only white man on board. Jerry has learned to have contempt for the black men and will not make friends with them. He finds on the Arangi a wild dog, with whom he is unable to have a fair fight. A special object of his displeasure is Lerumic, one of the return-boys from Meringe, and he attacks him viciously whenever he has the chance. The first night out, the little vessel encounters a violent squall. In the resulting excitement, Lerumic seizes Jerry and throws him overboard. The puppy goes under and comes up strangling with the salt water in his lungs, but still able to swim.

SWIMMING was one of the things Jerry did-not have to think about. He had been compelled to learn to walk; but he swam as a matter of course.

The wind screamed about him. Flying froth, driven on the wind's breath, filled his mouth and nostrils, and beat into his eyes, stinging and blinding him. In the struggle to breathe, he, all unlearned in the ways of the sea, lifted his muzzle high in the air to get out of the suffocating welter. As a result, off the horizontal, the churning of his legs no longer sustained him, and he went down perpendicularly. Again he emerged, strangling with more salt water in his windpipe. This time, without reasoning it out, merely moving along the line of least resistance, which was to him the line of greatest comfort, he straightened out in the sea and continued so to swim as to remain straightened out. Through the darkness, as the squall spent itself, came the slatting of the half-lowered mainsail, the shrill voices of the boat's crew, a curse of Borckman's, and, dominating all, Skipper's voice, shouting:

"Grab the leech, you fella boys! Hang on! Drag down, strong fella! Come in mainsheet two blocks! Jump; jump!"

At the recognition of Skipper's voice, Jerry, floundering in the stiff and crisp sea that sprang up with the easement of the wind, yelped eagerly and yearningly, all his love for his new-found beloved eloquent in his throat. But quickly all sounds died away as the Arangi drifted from him. And then, in the loneliness of the dark, on the heaving breast of the sea, that he recognized as one more of the eternal enemies, he began to whimper and cry plaintively like a lost child.

Further, by the dim, shadowy ways of intuition, he knew his weakness in that merciless sea with no heart of warmth that threatened the unknowable thing, vaguely but terribly guessed—namely, death. As regarded himself, he did not comprehend death. He, who had never known the time when he was not alive, could not conceive of the time when he would cease to be alive.

Yet it was there, shouting its message of warning through every tissue-cell, every nerve-quickness and brain-sensitivity of him—a totality of sensation that foreboded the ultimate catastrophe of life about which he knew nothing at all, but which, nevertheless, he felt to be the conclusive, supreme disaster. And so he whimpered and cried—lost child, lost puppy-dog that he was, less than half a year existent in the fair world sharp with joy and suffering. And he *wanted Skipper*. Skipper was a god.

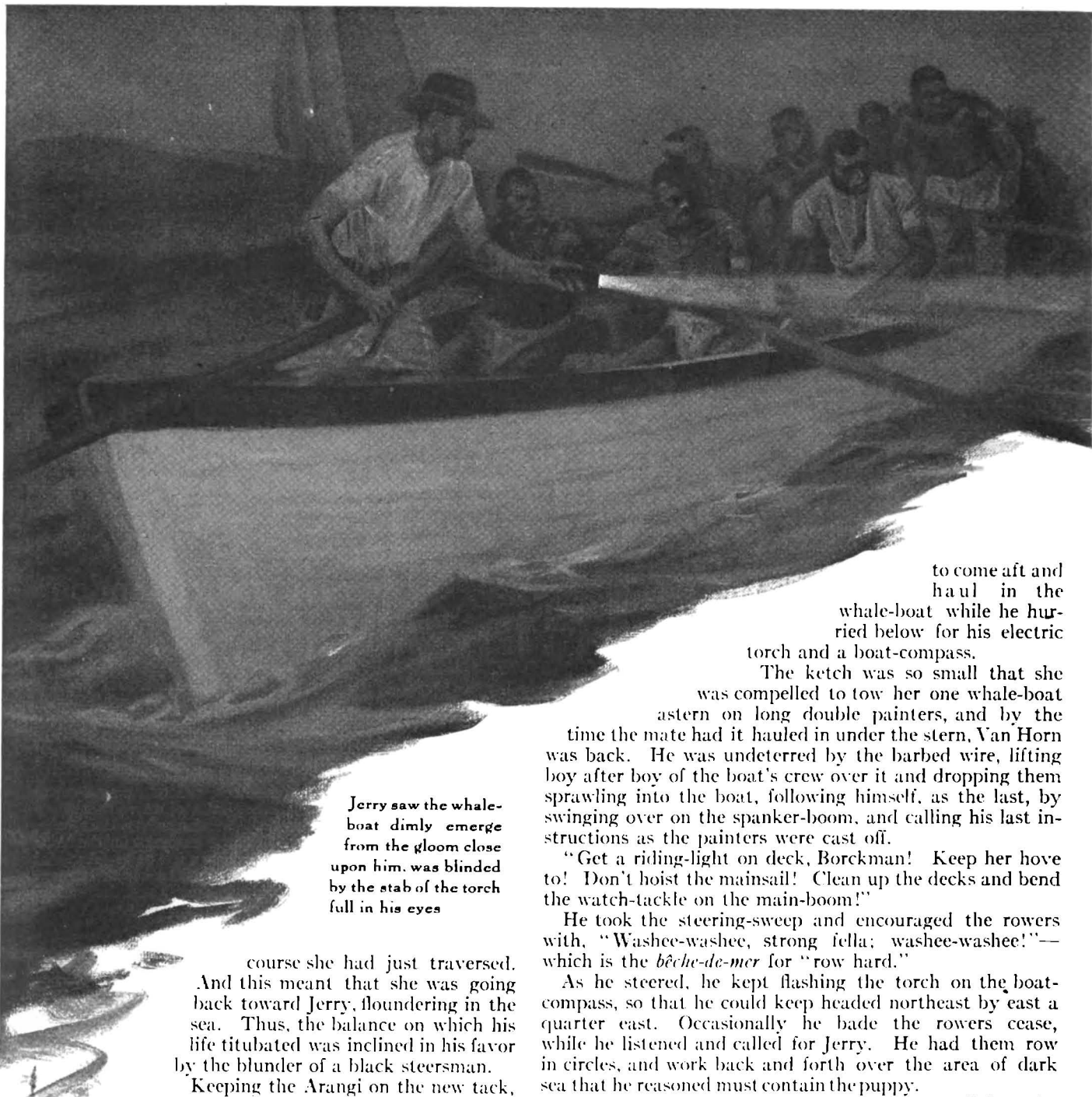
On board the Arangi, relieved by the lowering of her mainsail, as the fierceness went out of the wind and the cloud-burst of tropic rain began to fall, Van Horn and Borckman lurched toward each other in the blackness.

"A double squall," said Van Horn. "Hit us to starboard and to port."

"Must 'a' split in half just before she hit us," the mate concurred.

"And kept all the rain in the second half——" Van Horn broke off with an oath. "Hey! What's the matter along you fella boy?" he shouted to the man at the wheel.

For the ketch, under her spanker, which had just then been flat-hauled, had come into the wind, emptying her after-sail and permitting her head-sails to fill on the other tack. The Arangi was beginning to work back approximately over the



Jerry saw the whale-boat dimly emerge from the gloom close upon him, was blinded by the stab of the torch full in his eyes

course she had just traversed. And this meant that she was going back toward Jerry, floundering in the sea. Thus, the balance on which his life titubated was inclined in his favor by the blunder of a black steersman.

Keeping the Arangi on the new tack, Van Horn set Borckman clearing the mess of ropes on deck, himself squatting in the rain, undertaking to long-splice the tackle he had cut. As the rain thinned, so that the crackle of it on deck became less noisy, he was attracted by a sound from out over the water. He suspended the work of his hands to listen, and, when he recognized Jerry's wailing, sprang to his feet, galvanized into action.

"The pup's overboard!" he shouted to Borckman. "Back your jib to wind'ard!" He sprang aft, scattering a cluster of return-boys right and left. "Hey! You fella boat's crew! Come in spanker-sheet! Flatten her down, good fella!"

He darted a look into the binnacle, and took a hurried compass-bearing of the sounds Jerry was making.

"Hard down your wheel!" he ordered the helmsman, then leaped to the wheel and put it down himself, repeating over and over aloud, "Nor'east by east a quarter."

Back, and peering into the binnacle, he listened vainly for another wail from Jerry, in the hope of verifying his first hasty bearing. But not long he waited. Despite the fact that, by his maneuver, the Arangi had been hove to, he knew that windage and sea-driftage would quickly send her away from the swimming puppy. He shouted to Borckman

to come aft and haul in the whale-boat while he hurried below for his electric torch and a boat-compass.

The ketch was so small that she was compelled to tow her one whale-boat astern on long double painters, and by the time the mate had it hauled in under the stern, Van Horn was back. He was undeterred by the barbed wire, lifting boy after boy of the boat's crew over it and dropping them sprawling into the boat, following himself, as the last, by swinging over on the spanker-boom, and calling his last instructions as the painters were cast off.

"Get a riding-light on deck, Borckman! Keep her hove to! Don't hoist the mainsail! Clean up the decks and bend the watch-tackle on the main-boom!"

He took the steering-sweep and encouraged the rowers with, "Washee-washee, strong fella; washee-washee!"—which is the *bêche-de-mer* for "row hard."

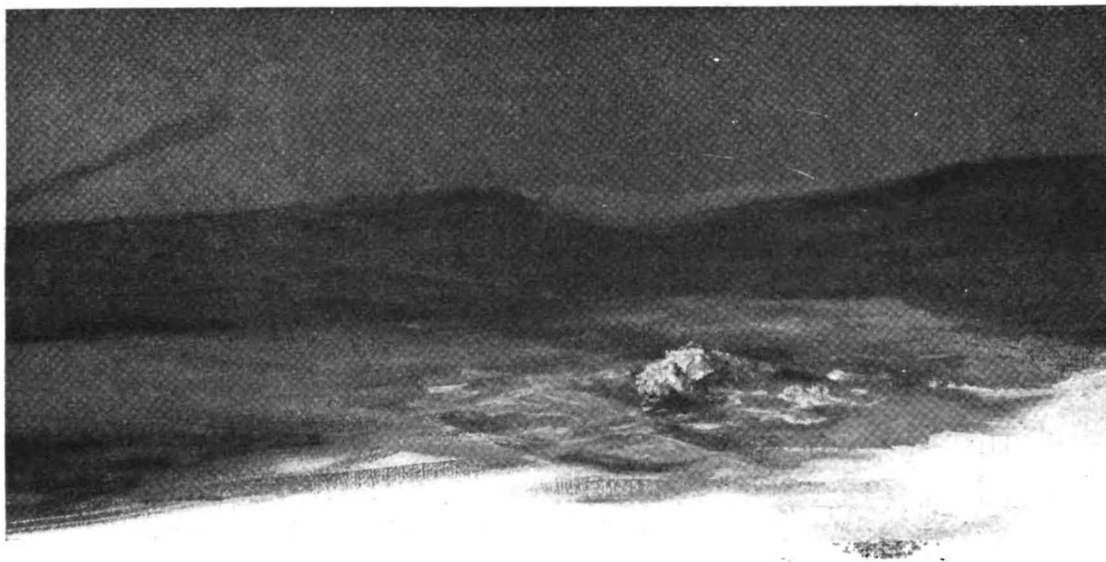
As he steered, he kept flashing the torch on the boat-compass, so that he could keep headed northeast by east a quarter east. Occasionally he bade the rowers cease, while he listened and called for Jerry. He had them row in circles, and work back and forth over the area of dark sea that he reasoned must contain the puppy.

"Now you, fella boy, listen ear belong you," he said, toward the first. "Maybe one fella boy hear 'm piccaninny dog sing out; I give 'm that fella boy five fathom calico, two ten sticks tobacco."

At the end of half an hour he was offering "Two ten fathoms calico and ten ten sticks tobacco" to the boy who first heard "piccaninny dog sing out."

Jerry was in bad shape. Not accustomed to swimming, strangled by the salt water that lapped into his open mouth, he was getting loggy when first he chanced to see the flash of the captain's torch. This, however, he did not connect with Skipper, and so took no more notice of it than he did of the first stars showing in the sky. He continued to wail and to strangle with more salt water. But when he, at length, heard Skipper's voice, he went immediately wild. He attempted to stand up and to rest his fore paws on Skipper's voice coming out of the darkness, as he would have rested his fore paws on Skipper's leg had he been near. The result was disastrous. Out of the horizontal, he sank down and under, coming up with a new spasm of strangling.

This lasted for a short time, during which the strangling prevented him from answering Skipper's cry, which con-



tinued to reach him. But when he could answer, he burst forth in a joyous yelp. Skipper was coming to take him out of the stinging, biting sea that blinded his eyes and hurt him to breathe! Skipper was truly a god—his god—with a god's power to save!

Soon he heard the rhythmic clack of the oars on the tholepins, and the joy in his own yelp was duplicated by the joy in Skipper's voice, which kept up a running encouragement, broken by objurgations to the rowers.

"All right, Jerry, old man! All right, Jerry! All right! Washee-washee, you fella boy! Coming, Jerry, coming! Stick it out, old man! Stay with it! Here we are, Jerry! Stay with it! Easy—easy! 'Vast washee!"

And then, with amazing abruptness, Jerry saw the whale-boat dimly emerge from the gloom close upon him, was blinded by the stab of the torch full in his eyes, and, even as he yelped his joy, felt and recognized Skipper's hand clutching him by the slack of the neck and lifting him into the air.

He landed wet and soppy against Skipper's rain-wet chest, his tail bobbing frantically against Skipper's containing arm, his body wriggling, his tongue dabbing madly all over Skipper's chin and mouth and cheeks and nose. And Skipper did not know that he was himself wet and that he was in the first shock of recurrent malaria precipitated by the wet and the excitement. He knew only that the puppy-dog was safe back in his arms.

Again on board the ketch, Van Horn stated his reasoning to the mate.

"The pup didn't just calmly walk overboard. Nor was he washed overboard. I had him fast and triced in the blanket with a rope-yarn."

He walked over, into the center of the boat's crew and of the sixty-odd return-boys, who were all on deck, and flashed his torch on the blanket still lying on the yams.

"That proves it! The rope-yarn's cut. The knot is still in it. Now, who's responsible?"

He looked about at the circle of dark faces, flashing the light on them, and such was the accusation and anger in his eyes that all eyes fell before his or looked away.

"If only the pup could speak," he complained, "he'd tell who it was." He bent suddenly down to Jerry, who was standing as close against his legs as he could, so close that his wet fore paws rested on Skipper's bare feet. "You know 'm, Jerry; you know the black fella boy!" he said, his words quick and exciting, his hand moving in questing circles toward the blacks.

Jerry was all alive on the instant, jumping about, barking with short yelps of eagerness.

"I do believe the dog could lead me to him," Van Horn confided to the mate. "Come on, Jerry; find 'm, sick 'm, chase 'm, shake 'm down! Where is he, Jerry? Find 'm! Find 'm!"

All that Jerry knew was that Skipper wanted something. He must find something that Skipper wanted, and he was

eager to serve. He pranced about aimlessly and willingly for a space, while Skipper's urging cries increased his excitement. Then he was struck by an idea, and a most definite idea it was. The circle of boys broke to let him through as he raced for'ard along the starboard side to the tight-lashed heap of trade-boxes. He put his nose into the opening where the wild dog laired, and sniffed. Yes; the wild dog was inside. Not only did he smell him but he heard the

menace of his snarl. He looked up to Skipper questioningly. Was it that Skipper wanted him to go in after the wild dog? But Skipper laughed and waved his hand to show that he wanted him to search in other places for something else.

He leaped away, sniffing in likely places where experience had taught him cockroaches and rats might be. Yet it quickly dawned on him that it was not such things Skipper was after. His heart was wild with desire to serve, and, without clear purpose, he began sniffing legs of black boys.

This brought livelier urgings and encouragements from Skipper, and made him almost frantic. That was it! He must identify the boat's crew and the return-boys by their legs. He hurried the task, passing swiftly from boy to boy, until he came to Lerumie.

And then he forgot that Skipper wanted him to do something. With a cry of rage, a flash of white teeth, and a bristle of short neck-hair, he sprang for the black. Lerumie fled down the deck and Jerry pursued, amid the laughter of all the blacks. Several times, in making the circuit of the deck, he managed to scratch the flying calves with his teeth. Then Lerumie took to the main-rigging, leaving Jerry impotently to rage on the deck beneath him.

About this point the blacks grouped in a semicircle at a respectful distance, with Van Horn to the fore beside Jerry. Van Horn centered his electric torch on the black in the rigging, and saw the long, parallel scratches on the fingers of the hand that had invaded Jerry's blanket. He pointed them out significantly to Borckman.

Skipper picked Jerry up and soothed his anger with:

"Good boy, Jerry! You marked and sealed him. Some dog, you; some big-man dog!"

He turned back to Lerumie, illuminating him as he clung in the rigging, and his voice was harsh and cold.

"What name belong along you fella boy?" he demanded.

"Me fella Lerumie," came the chirping, quavering answer.

"You come along Penduffryn?"

"Me come along Meringe."

Captain Van Horn debated, the while he fondled the puppy in his arms. After all, it was a return-boy. In a day, in two days at most, he would have him landed and be quit of him.

"My word," he harangued, "me angry along you! Me angry big fella too much along you. Me angry along you any amount. What name you fella boy make 'm piccaninny dog belong along me walk about along water?"

Lerumie was unable to answer. He rolled his eyes helplessly, resigned to receive a whipping such as he had long since bitterly learned white masters were wont to administer. Captain Van Horn repeated the question, and the black repeated the helpless rolling of his eyes.

"For two sticks tobacco I knock 'm seven bells outa you," the skipper bullied. "Now me give you strong-fella talk too much. You look 'm eye belong you one time along this fella

dog belong me, I knock 'm seven bells and whole starboard watch outa you. Savve?"

"Me savve," Lerumie plaintively replied; and the episode was closed.

The return-boys went below to sleep in the cabin. Borckman and the boat's crew hoisted the mainsail and put the Arangi on her course. And Skipper, under a dry blanket from below, lay down to sleep with Jerry, head on his shoulder, in the hollow of his arm.

VII

AT seven in the morning, when Skipper rolled him out of the blanket and got up, Jerry celebrated the new day by chasing the wild dog back into his hole and by drawing a snicker from the blacks on deck when, with a growl and a flash of teeth, he made Lerumie sidestep half a dozen feet and yield the deck to him.

He shared breakfast with Skipper, who, instead of eating, washed down, with a cup of coffee, fifty grains of quinine wrapped in a cigarette-paper, and who complained to the mate that he would have to get under the blankets and sweat out the fever that was attacking him. Despite his chill, and despite his teeth, that were already beginning to chatter while the burning sun extracted the moisture in curling mist-wreaths from the deck planking, Van Horn cuddled Jerry in his arms and called him princeling and prince and a king and a son of kings.

For Van Horn had often listened to the recitals of Jerry's pedigree by Tom Haggin over Scotch and sodas, when it was too pestilentially hot to go to bed. And the pedigree was as royal-blooded as was possible for an Irish terrier to possess, whose breed, beginning with the ancient Irish wolfhound, had been molded and established by man in less than two generations of men.

So Jerry knew the ecstasy of loving and of being loved in the arms of his love-god, although little he knew of such phrases as "king's son" and "son of kings," save that they connoted love for him in the same way that Lerumie's hissing noises connoted hate. One thing Jerry knew without knowing that he knew, namely, that, in the few hours he had been with Skipper, he loved him more than he had loved Derby and Bob, who, with the exception of *Mister Haggin*, were the only other white gods he had ever known. He was not conscious of this. He merely loved, merely acted on the prompting of his heart, or head, or whatever organic or anatomical part of him that developed the mysterious, delicious, and insatiable hunger called "love."

Skipper went below. He went all unheedful of Jerry, who padded softly at his heels until the companionway was reached. Skipper was unheedful of Jerry, because of the fever that wrenched his flesh and chilled his bones, that

made his head seem to swell monstrously, that glazed the world to his swimming eyes and made him walk feebly and totteringly, like a drunken man or a man very aged. And Jerry sensed that something was wrong with Skipper.

Skipper, beginning the babblings of delirium, which alternated with silent moments of control in order to get below and under blankets, descended the ladderlike stairs, and Jerry, all-yearning, controlled himself in silence and watched the slow descent with the hope that, when Skipper reached the bottom, he would raise his arms and lift him down. But Skipper was too far gone to remember that Jerry existed. He staggered, with wide-spread arms to keep from falling, along the cabin floor for'ard to the bunk in the tiny stateroom.

With the going below of Skipper, evidently in great trouble, the light had gone out of the day for Jerry.

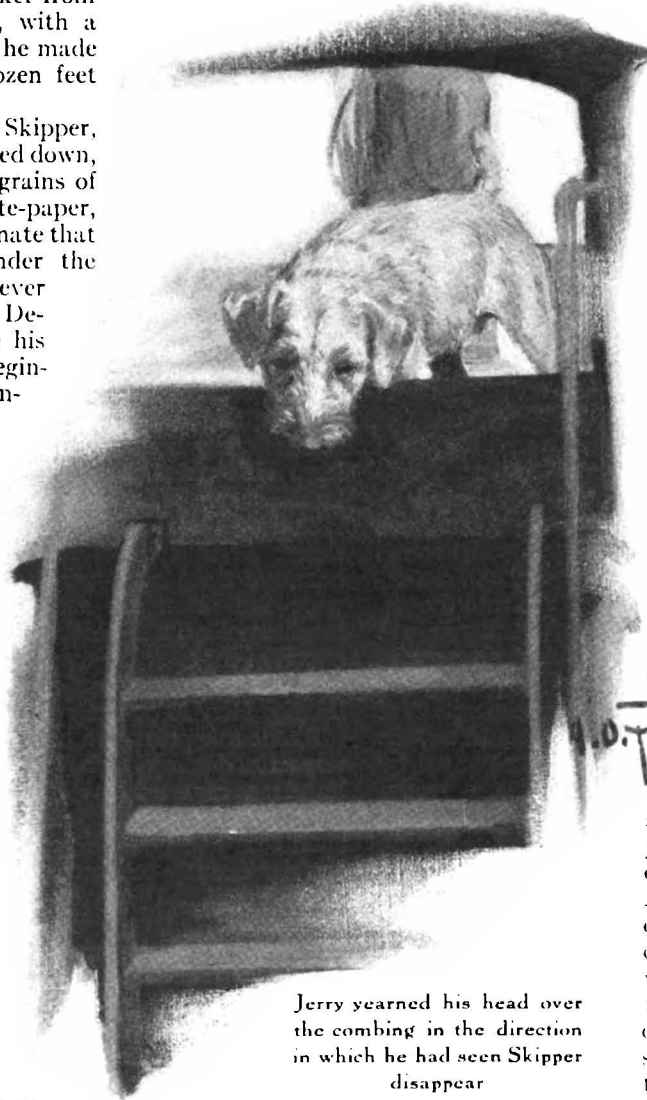
Just as it was tremblingly imperative that he must suddenly squat down, point his nose at the zenith, and vocalize his heartrending woe, an idea came to him. There is no explaining how this idea came. No more can it be explained than can a human explain why, at luncheon to-day, he selects green peas and rejects string beans, when only yesterday he elected to choose string beans and to reject green peas. Jerry obeyed the idea as a marionette obeys the strings, and started forthwith down the deck aft in quest of the mate.

He had an appeal to make to Borckman. Borckman was also a two-legged white god. Easily could Borckman lift him down the precipitous ladder, which was to him, unaided, a tabu, the violation of which was pregnant with disaster. But Borckman had in him little of the heart of love, which is understanding. Also, Borckman was busy. Be-

sides overseeing the continuous adjustment, by trimming of sails and orders to the helmsman, of the Arangi to her way on the sea, and overseeing the boat's crew at its task of washing deck and polishing brass-work, he was engaged in steadily nipping from a stolen bottle of his captain's whisky which he had stowed away in the hollow between the two sacks of yams lashed on deck, aft the mizzenmast.

Borckman was on his way for another nip when Jerry appeared before him and blocked the way to his desire. But Jerry did not block him as he would have blocked Lerumie, for instance. He was all placation and appeal, all softness of pleading in a body denied speech that, nevertheless, was articulate, from wagging tail and wriggling sides to flat-laid ears and eyes that almost spoke to any human sensitive of understanding.

But Borckman saw in his way only a four-legged creature of the brute-world, which, in his arrogant brutality, he esteemed more brute than himself. All the pretty picture of the soft puppy, instinct with communicativeness, bursting with tenderness of petition, was veiled to his vision. What he saw was merely a four-legged animal to be thrust aside while he continued his lordly two-legged progress toward that bottle.



Jerry yearned his head over the combing in the direction in which he had seen Skipper disappear

And thrust aside Jerry was, by a rough and naked foot, as harsh and unfeeling in its impact as an inanimate breaking sea on a beach-jut of insensate rock. He half sprawled on the slippery deck, regained his balance, and stood still and looked at the white god who had treated him so cavalierly. The meanness and unfairness had brought from Jerry no snarling threat of retaliation, such as he would have offered Lerumie or any other black. Nor in his brain was any thought of retaliation. This was no Lerumie. This was a superior god, two-legged, white-skinned, like Skipper, like *Mister Haggin* and the couple of other superior gods he had known. Only did he know hurt, such as any child knows under the blow of a thoughtless or unloving mother.

Leaving this god as a god unliked and not understood, Jerry sadly trotted back to the companionway and yearned his head over the combing in the direction in which he had seen Skipper disappear. What bit at his consciousness and was a painful incitement in it was his desire to be with Skipper, who was not right and who was in trouble. He wanted Skipper. He wanted to be with him, first and sharply, because he loved him, and, second and dimly, because he might serve him. And, wanting Skipper, in his helplessness and youngness in experience of the world, he whimpered and cried his heart out across the companion-combing.

From the crest of the combing to the cabin floor was seven feet. He had, only a few hours before, climbed the precipitous stairway; but it was impossible, and he knew it, to descend the stairway. And yet, at the last, he dared it. So compulsive was the prod of his heart to gain to Skipper at any cost, so clear was his comprehension that he could not climb down the ladder head first, with no grippingness of legs and feet and muscles such as was possible in the ascent, that he did not attempt it. He launched outward and down, in one magnificent and love-heroic leap. He knew that he was violating a tabu of life, just as he knew he was violating a tabu if he sprang into Meringe Lagoon where swam the dreadful crocodiles. Great love, is always capable of expressing itself in sacrifice and self-immolation. And only for love, and for no less reason, could Jerry have made the leap.

He struck on his side and head. The one impact knocked the breath out of him; the other stunned him. Even in his unconsciousness, lying on his side and quivering, he made rapid, spasmodic movements of his legs as if running for'ard to Skipper. The boys looked on and laughed, and when he no longer quivered and churned his legs, they continued to laugh. To them, the sight of a stunned and possibly dead puppy was a side-splitting, ludicrous event. Not until the fourth minute ticked off did returning consciousness enable Jerry to crawl to his feet and, with wide-spread legs and swimming eyes, adjust himself to the Arangi's roll. Yet, with the first glimmerings of consciousness, persisted the one idea that he must gain to Skipper. Without a turn of head or roll of eye, he trotted for'ard along the cabin floor and into the state-room where Skipper babbled maniacally in the bunk.

Jerry, who had never had malaria, did not understand. But, in his heart, he knew great trouble in that Skipper was in trouble. Skipper did not recog-

nize him, even when he sprang into the bunk, walked across Skipper's heaving chest, and licked the acrid sweat of fever from Skipper's face. Instead, Skipper's wildly thrashing arms brushed him away and flung him violently against the side of the bunk.

This was roughness that was not love-roughness. Nor was it the roughness of Borckman spurning him away with his foot. It was part of Skipper's trouble. Jerry did not reason this conclusion. But, and to the point, he acted upon it as if he had reasoned it. In truth, it can only be said that Jerry *sensed* the new difference of this roughness.

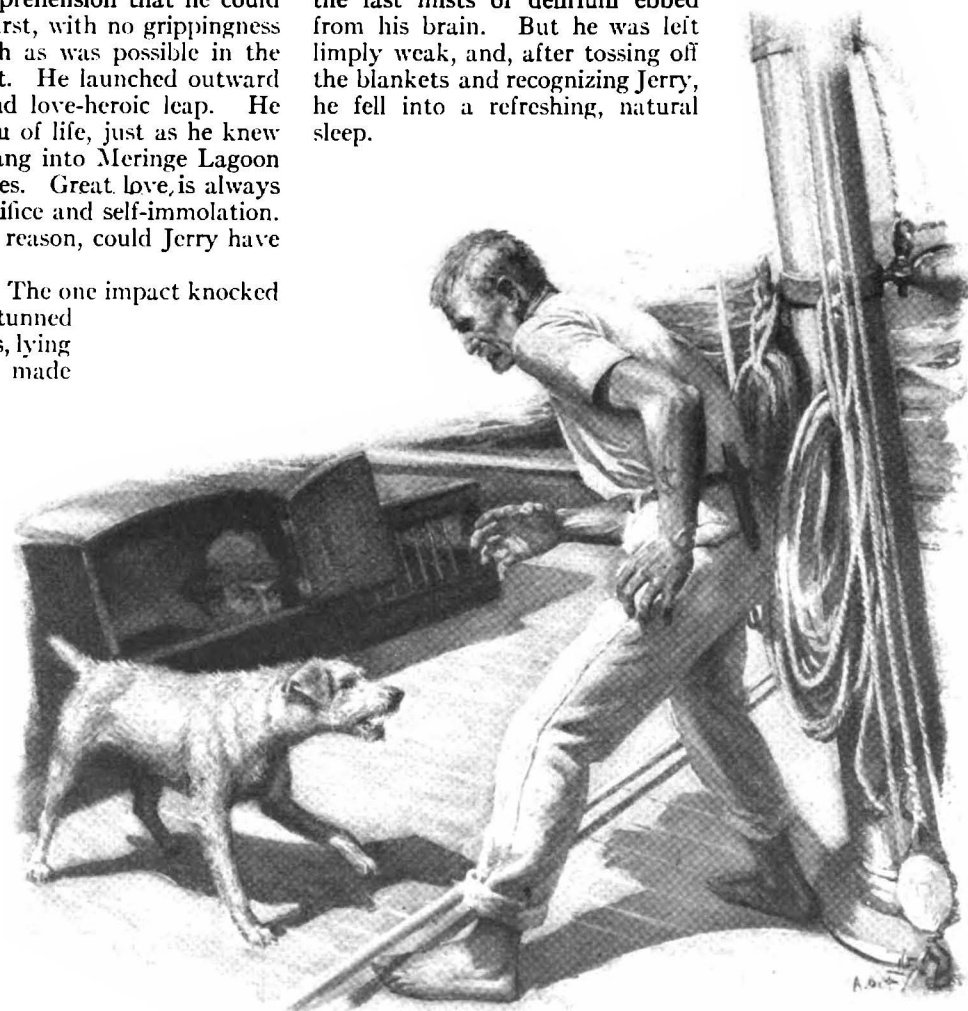
He sat up, just out of range of one restless, beating arm, yearned to come closer and lick again the face of the god who knew him not and who, he knew, loved him well, and palpatingly shared and suffered all Skipper's trouble.

But, after a while, Skipper lay motionless. This was Jerry's chance. He crept inside the arm that tossed, snuggled against Skipper's side, laid his head on Skipper's shoulder, his cool nose barely touching Skipper's cheek, and felt the arm curl about him and press him closer. The hand bent from the wrist and caressed him protectingly, and the warm contact of his velvet body put a change in Skipper's sick dream, for he began to mutter, in cold and bitter ominousness,

"Any black that as much as bats an eye at that puppy—"

VIII

WHEN, in half an hour, Van Horn's sweat culminated in profusion, it marked the breaking of the malarial attack. Great physical relief was his, and the last mists of delirium ebbed from his brain. But he was left limply weak, and, after tossing off the blankets and recognizing Jerry, he fell into a refreshing, natural sleep.



And still Jerry came back. As any screaming creature of the jungle, he hysterically squalled his indignation

Not till two hours later did he awake and start to go on deck. Half-way up the companion, he deposited Jerry on deck and went back to the stateroom for a forgotten bottle of quinine. But he did not immediately return to Jerry. The long drawer under Borckman's bunk caught his eye. The wooden button that held it shut was gone, and it was far out and hanging at an angle that jammed and prevented it from falling to the floor. The matter was serious. There was little doubt in his mind, had the drawer, in the midst of the squall of the previous night, fallen to the floor, that no Arangi and no soul of the eighty souls on board would have been left. For the drawer was filled with a heterogeneous mess of dynamite sticks, boxes of fulminating caps, coils of fuses, lead sinkers, iron tools, and many boxes of rifle-, revolver-, and pistol-cartridges. He sorted and arranged the varied contents, and, with a screw-driver and a longer screw, reattached the button.

In the mean time, Jerry was encountering new adventure, not of the pleasantest. While waiting for Skipper to return, Jerry chanced to see the wild dog brazenly lying on deck a dozen feet from his lair in the trade-boxes. Instantly, stiffly crouching, Jerry began to stalk. Success seemed assured, for the wild dog, with closed eyes, was apparently asleep.

And, at this moment, the mate, two-legging it along the deck from for'ard in the direction of the bottle stored between the yam-sacks, called, "Jerry!" in a remarkably husky voice. Jerry flattened his filbert-shaped ears and wagged his tail in acknowledgment, but advertised his intention of continuing to stalk his enemy. And at sound of the mate's voice, the wild dog flung quick-opened eyes in Jerry's direction and flashed into his burrow, where he immediately turned around, thrust his head out with a show of teeth, and snarled triumphant defiance.

Balked of his quarry by the inconsiderateness of the mate, Jerry trotted back to the head of the companion to wait for Skipper. But Borckman, whose brain was well acrawl by virtue of the many nips, clung to a petty idea after the fashion of drunken men. Twice again, imperatively, he called Jerry to him, and twice again, with flattened ears of gentleness and wagging tail, Jerry good-naturedly expressed his disinclination. Next, he yearned his head over the combing and into the cabin after Skipper.

Borckman remembered his first idea, and continued to the bottle, which he generously inverted skyward. But the second idea, petty as it was, persisted, and, after swaying and mumbling to himself for a time, after unseeingly making believe to study the crisp, fresh breeze that filled the Arangi's sails and slanted her deck, and, after sillily attempting on the helmsman to portray eaglelike vigilance in his dark-swimming eyes, he lurched amidships toward Jerry.

Jerry's first intimation of Borckman's arrival was a cruel and painful clutch on his flank and groin that made him cry out in pain and whirl around. Next, as the mate had seen Skipper do in play, Jerry had his jowls seized in a tooth-clattering shake that was absolutely different from Skipper's rough love-shake. His head and body were shaken; his teeth clattered painfully, and, with the roughest of roughness, he was flung part-way down the slippery slope of deck.

And still Jerry was all gentleness. He came back in a feeble imitation rush of the whole-hearted rush that he had learned to make on Skipper. He was, in truth, acting, play-acting, attempting to do what he had no heart-prompting to do. He made believe to play, and uttered simulated growls that failed of the verity of simulation.

He bobbed his tail good-naturedly and friendlily, and growled ferociously and friendlily; but the keenness of the drunkenness of the mate discerned the difference, and aroused in him, vaguely, the intuition of difference, of play-acting, of cheating. Jerry was cheating—out of his heart of consideration. Borckman drunkenly recognized the cheating without crediting the heart of good behind it. On the instant, he was antagonistic. Forgetting that he was only

a brute, he posited that this was no more than a brute with which he strove to play in the genial, comradely way that Skipper played.

Red war was inevitable—not first on Jerry's part, but on Borckman's part. Borckman felt the abysmal urgings of the beast, as a beast, to prove himself master of this four-legged beast. Jerry felt his jowl and jaw clutched still more harshly and hardly, and, with increase of harshness and hardness, he was flung farther down the deck, which, on account of its growing slant due to heavier gusts of wind, had become a steep and slippery hill.

He came back, clawing frantically up the slope that gave him little footing; and he came back, no longer with poorly attempted simulation of ferocity but impelled by the first flickerings of real ferocity. His teeth flashed more quickly and with deeper intent at the jowl-clutching hand, and, missing, he was seized and flung down the smooth incline harder and farther than before. He was growing angry as he clawed back, though he was not conscious of it. But the mate, being a man, albeit a drunken one, sensed the change in Jerry's attack ere Jerry dreamed there was any change in it. And not only did Borckman sense it but it served as a spur to drive him back into primitive beastliness, and fight to master this puppy, as a primitive man, under dissimilar provocation, might have fought with the members of the first litter stolen from a wolf-den among the rocks.

True, Jerry could trace as far back. His ancient ancestors had been Irish wolfhounds, and, long before that, the ancestors of the wolfhounds had been wolves. The note in Jerry's growls changed. The unforgotten and ineffaceable past strummed the fibers of his throat. His teeth flashed with fierce intent in the desire of sinking as deep in the man's hand as passion could drive. For Jerry, by this time, was all passion. He had leaped back into the dark, stark rawness of the early world almost as swiftly as had Borckman. And, this time, his teeth scored, ripping the tender and sensitive skin and flesh of all the inside of the first and second joints of Borckman's right hand. Jerry's teeth were needles that stung, and Borckman, gaining the grasp on Jerry's jaw, flung him away and down, so that almost he hit the Arangi's tiny rail ere his clawing feet stopped him.

And Van Horn, having finished his rearrangement and repair of the explosive-filled drawer under the mate's bunk, climbed up the companion-steps, saw the battle, paused, and quietly looked on.

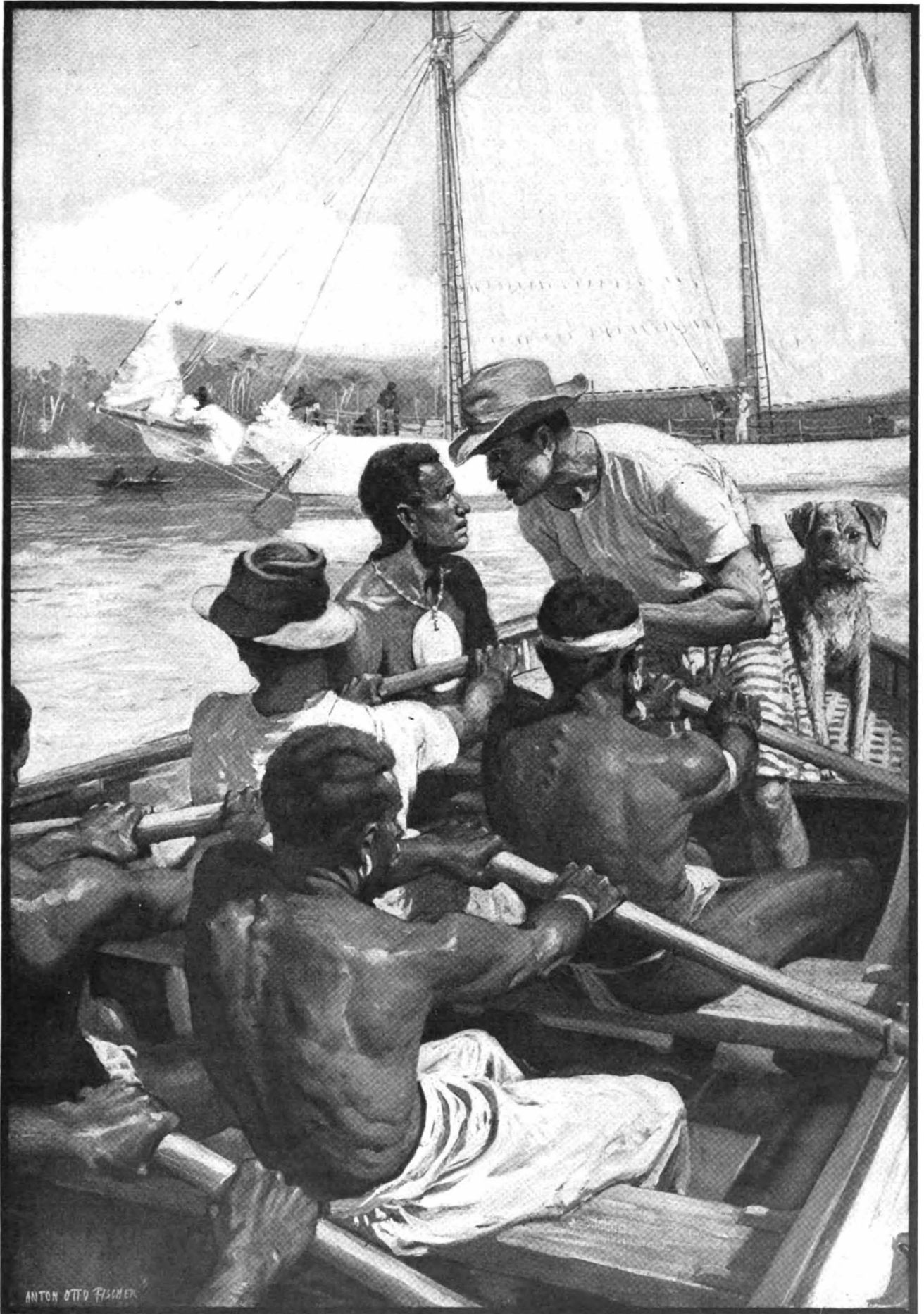
But he looked across a million years, at two mad creatures who had slipped the leash of the generations and who were back in the darkness of spawning life ere dawning intelligence had modified the chemistry of such life to softness of consideration. All the endeavor and achievement of the ten thousand generations was not, and, as wolf-dog and wild man, the combat was between Jerry and the mate. Neither saw Van Horn, who was inside the companionway hatch, his eyes level with the combing.

To Jerry, Borckman was now no more a god than was he himself a mere smooth-coated Irish terrier. Both had forgotten the million years stamped into their heredity more feebly, more erasably than what had been stamped in prior to the million years. Jerry did not know drunkenness, but he did know unfairness; and it was with raging indignation that he knew it. Borckman fumbled his next counter to Jerry's attack, missed, and had both hands slashed in quick succession ere he managed to send the puppy sliding.

And still Jerry came back. As any screaming creature of the jungle, he hysterically squalled his indignation. But he made no whimper. Nor did he wince or cringe to the blows. He bored straight in, striving, without avoiding a blow, to beat and meet the blow with his teeth. So hard was he flung down the last time that his side smashed painfully against the rail, and Van Horn cried out:

"Cut that out, Borckman! Leave the puppy alone!"

The mate turned in the startle of surprise at being observed. The sharp, authoritative words of Van Horn



"My word, King o' Babylon," he muttered in the chief's ears, as the boat's crew bent to the oars, "one fella boy make 'm trouble. I shoot 'm you first thing!"

were a call across the million years. Borckman's anger-convulsed face ludicrously attempted a sheepish, deprecating grin, and he was just mumbling, "We was only playing," when Jerry arrived back, leaped in the air, and sank his teeth into the offending hand.

Borckman immediately and insanely went back across the million years. An attempted kick got his ankle scored for his pains. He gibbered his own rage and hurt, and, stooping, dealt Jerry a tremendous blow alongside the head and neck. Being in mid-leap when he received the blow, Jerry was twistingly somersaulted sidewise before he struck the deck on his back. As swiftly as he could scramble to footing and charge, he returned to the attack, but was checked by Skipper's:

"Jerry! Stop it! Come here!"

He obeyed, but only by prodigious effort, his neck bristling and his lips writhing clear of his teeth as he passed the mate. For the first time, there was a whimper in his throat; but it was not the whimper of fear or of pain, but of outrage and of desire to continue the battle which he struggled to control at Skipper's behest.

Stepping out on deck, Skipper picked him up and soothed him, the while he expressed his mind to the mate:

"Borckman, you ought to be ashamed! You ought to be shot or have your block knocked off for this. A puppy, a little puppy scarcely weaned! For two cents, I'd give you 'what for' myself. The idea of it! A little puppy, a weanling little puppy! Glad your hands are ripped. You deserved it. Hope you get blood-poisoning in them. Besides, you're drunk. Go below and turn in, and don't you dare come on deck until you're sober. Savve?"

And Jerry, far-journeyer across life and across the history of all life that goes to make the world, strugglingly mastering the abysmal slime of the prehistoric with the love that had come into existence and had become warp and woof of him in far later time, his wrath of ancientness still faintly reverberating in his throat like the rumblings of a passing thunder-storm, knew, in the wide, warm ways of feeling,

the augustness and righteousness of his Skipper. Skipper was, in truth, a god who did right, who was fair, who protected, and who imperiously commanded this other and lesser god that slunk away before his anger.

IX

UNDER a brisk beam-wind, which had sprung up with the rising of the sun, the Arangi flew north. At high noon, with Van Horn, ever attended by Jerry, standing for'ard and conning, the Arangi headed into the wind to thread a passage between two palm-tufted islets. There was need for conning. Coral patches uprose everywhere from the turquoise depths, running the gamut of green from deepest jade to palest tourmaline, over which the sea filtered changing shades, creamed lazily, or burst into white fountains of sun-flashed spray.

Smoke columns along the heights became garrulous, and long before the Arangi was through the passage, the entire leeward coast, from the salt-water men of the shore to the remotest bush-villagers, knew that the labor-recruiter was going in to Langa Langa. As the lagoon, formed by the chain of islets lying off shore, opened out, Jerry began to smell the reef-villages. Canoes, many canoes, urged by paddles or sailed before the wind by the weight of the freshening southeast trade on spread fronds of coconut-palms, moved across the smooth surface of the lagoon.

Once inside the lagoon, the Arangi filled away with the wind abeam. At the end of a swift half-mile, she rounded to, with head-sails running down and with a great flapping of main and mizzen, and dropped anchor in fifty feet of water so clear that every huge fluted clam-shell was visible on the coral floor. The whale-boat was not required to put the Langa Langa return-boys ashore. Hundreds of canoes lay twenty deep along both sides of the Arangi, and each boy, with his box and bell, was clamored for by scores of relatives and friends.

In such height of excitement, Van *(Continued on page 164)*



The pistol of the centuries went off. Loaded with two slugs and a round bullet, its effect was that of a sawed-off shotgun. And Van Horn knew the blaze and the black of death, even as his fingers relaxed from the part-lifted automatic, dropping it to the floor

Jerry

(Continued from page 60)

Horn permitted no one on board. Melaneseans, unlike cattle, are as prone to stampede to attack as to retreat. Two of the boat's crew stood beside the Lee-Enfields on the skylight. Borckman, with half the boat's crew, went about the ship's work. Van Horn, Jerry at his heels, superintended the departure of the Langa Langa returns and kept a vigilant eye on the remaining half of the boat's crew that guarded the barbed-wire rails. And each Somo boy sat on his trade-box to prevent it from being tossed into the waiting canoes by some Langa Langa boy.

In half an hour, the lot departed ashore. Only several canoes lingered, and from one of these Van Horn beckoned aboard Nau-hau, the biggest chief of the stronghold of Langa Langa. Nau-hau was young, and, unlike most of the Melanesians, he was handsome, even beautiful.

"Hello, King o' Babylon!" was Van Horn's greeting, for so he had named him because of fancied Semitic resemblance blended with the crude power that marked his visage and informed his bearing.

Born and trained to nakedness, Nau-hau trod the deck boldly and unashamed. His sole gear of clothing was a length of trunk-strap buckled about his waist. Between this and his bare skin was thrust the naked blade of a ten-inch ripping-knife. His sole decoration was a white-china soup-plate, perforated and strung on coconut sennit, suspended from about his neck. It was the greatest of his treasures. No man of Malaita he had ever heard of possessed an unbroken soup-plate.

Nor was he any more ridiculous because of the soup-plate than was he ludicrous because of his nakedness. He was royal. His father had been a king before him, and he had proved himself greater than his father. Life and death he bore in his hands and head.

Royal he was, by nature, by training, by deed. He carried himself with consciousness of royalty. Royal was the heavy-lidded, lazy, insolent way he looked out of his eyes.

Royal in courage was he, this moment on the Arangi, despite the fact that he knew he walked on dynamite. As he had long since bitterly learned, any white man was as much dynamite as was the mysterious death-dealing missile he sometimes employed. When a stripling, he had made one of the canoe-force that attacked the sandalwood-cutter that had been even smaller than the Arangi. He had never forgotten that mystery. Two of the three white men he had seen slain and their heads removed on deck. The third, still fighting, had but the minute before fled below. Then the cutter, along with all her wealth of hoop-iron, tobacco, knives, and calico, had gone up into the air and fallen back into the sea in scattered and fragmented nothingness. It had been dynamite—the MYSTERY. And he, who had been hurled uninjured through the air by a miracle of fortune, had divined that white men in themselves were truly dynamite, compounded of the same mystery as the substance with which they shot the swift-darting schools of mullet, or blew up, in extremity, themselves and the ships on which they voyaged the sea from far

places. And, yet on this unstable and death-terrific substance of which he was well aware Van Horn was composed, he trod heavily with his personality.

"My word," he began, "what name you make 'm boy belong me stop along you too much?" Which was a true and correct charge that the boys which Van Horn had just returned had been away three years and a half instead of three years.

"You talk that fella talk I get cross too much along you," Van Horn bristled back, and then added diplomatically, proffering a handful of stick tobacco, "Much better you smoke 'm up and talk 'm good-fella talk."

But Nau-hau grandly waved aside the gift for which he hungered.

"Plenty tobacco stop along me," he lied. "What name one fella boy go way no come back?" he demanded.

Van Horn pulled the long, slender account-book out of the twist of his loincloth, and, while he skimmed its pages, impressed Nau-hau with the dynamite of the white man's superior powers which enabled him to remember correctly inside the scrawled sheets of a book.

"Sati," Van Horn read, his finger marking the place, his eyes alternating watchfully between the writing and the black chief before him, while the black chief himself speculated and studied the chance of getting behind him and, with a single knife-thrust, of severing the other's spinal cord at the base of the neck.

"Sati," Van Horn read. "Last monsoon begin about this time, him fella Sati get 'm sick; bime by him fella Sati finish altogether." He translated into *bêche-de-mer* the written information: *Died of dysentery, July 1, 1901.*

"Plenty work him fella Sati, long time." Nau-hau drove to the point. "What come along money belong him?"

Van Horn did mental arithmetic.

"Altogether him make 'm six tens pounds and two fella pounds gold money," was his translation of sixty-two pounds of wages. "I pay advance father belong him two tens pounds and five fella pounds. Him finish altogether four tens pounds and seven fella pounds."

"What name stop four tens pounds and seven fella pounds?" Nau-hau demanded.

Van Horn held up his hand.

"Too much hurry, you fella Nau-hau. Him fella Sati buy 'm slop-chest along plantation two tens pounds and one fella pound. Belong Sati he finish altogether two tens pounds and six fella pounds."

"What name stop two tens pounds and six fella pounds?" Nau-hau continued.

"Stop 'm along me," the captain answered curtly.

"Give 'm me two tens pounds and six fella pounds."

Van Horn refused, and, in the blue of his eyes, the black chief sensed the impression of the dynamite out of which white men seemed made, and felt his brain quicken to the vision of the bloody day he first encountered an explosion of dynamite.

"What name that old fella boy stop 'm along canoe?" Van Horn asked, pointing to an old man in a canoe alongside. "Him father belong Sati?"

"Him father belong Sati," Nau-hau affirmed.

Van Horn motioned the old man in and on board, beckoned Borckman to take charge of the deck and of Nau-hau, and

went below to get the money. When he returned, cavalierly ignoring the chief, he addressed himself to the old man.

"What name belong you?"

"Me fella Nino," was the quavering response. "Him fella Sati belong along me." Van Horn glanced for verification to Nau-hau, who nodded affirmation in the reverse Solomon way; whereupon Van Horn counted twenty-six gold sovereigns into the hand of Sati's father.

Immediately thereafter, Nau-hau extended his hand and received the sum. Twenty gold pieces the chief retained for himself, returning to the old man the remaining six. It was no quarrel of Van Horn's. The tyranny of a chief over a subject was none of his business.

Both masters, white and black, were fairly contented with themselves. Van Horn had paid the money where it was due; Nau-hau, by virtue of kingship, had robbed Sati's father of Sati's labor before Van Horn's eyes. But Nau-hau was not above strutting. He declined a proffered present of tobacco, bought a case of stick tobacco from Van Horn, paying him five pounds for it, and insisted on having it sawed open so that he could fill his pipe.

"Plenty good boy stop along Langa Langa?" Van Horn, unperturbed, politely queried, in order to make conversation and advertise nonchalance. The King o' Babylon grinned but did not deign to reply. "Maybe I go ashore and walk about?" Van Horn challenged, with tentative emphasis.

"Maybe too much trouble along you," Nau-hau challenged back. "Maybe plenty bad fella boy kai-kai [eat] along you."

Although Van Horn did not know it, at this challenge, he experienced the hair-pricking sensations in his scalp that Jerry experienced when he bristled his back.

"Hey, Borckman!" he called. "Man the whale-boat."

When the whale-boat was alongside, he descended into it first, superiorly, then invited Nau-hau to accompany him.

"My word, King o' Babylon," he muttered in the chief's ears, as the boat's crew bent to the oars, "one fella boy make 'm trouble, I shoot 'm you first thing! Next thing, I shoot 'm Langa Langa. All the time you me fella walk about, you walk about along me. You no like walk about along me, you finish close up altogether."

Van Horn had had no intention of going ashore, and that he went ashore at the black chief's insolent challenge was merely a matter of business. For an hour he strolled about, his right hand never far from the butt of the automatic that lay along his groin, his eyes never too far from the unwilling Nau-hau beside him.

And when, at the end of an hour, Van Horn passed Jerry into the stern-sheets of the whale-boat and followed, he left on the beach a stunned and wondering royal black.

X

BACK on board, Van Horn immediately hove short, hoisted sail, broke out the anchor, and filled away for the ten-mile beat up the lagoon to windward that would fetch Somo. On the way, he stopped at Binu to greet Chief Johnny and land a few Binu returns. Then it was on to Somo.

Quite the opposite of his treatment at Langa Langa was that accorded Van Horn

at Somo. Once the return-boys were put ashore, and this was accomplished no later than three-thirty in the afternoon, he invited Chief Bashti on board. And Chief Bashti came, very nimble and active despite his great age, and very good-natured—so good-natured, in fact, that he insisted on bringing three of his elderly wives on board with him. This was unprecedented. Never had he permitted any of his wives to appear before a white man, and Van Horn felt so honored that he presented each of them with a gay clay pipe and a dozen sticks of tobacco.

Late as the afternoon was, trade was brisk, and Bashti, who had taken the lion's share of the wages due to the fathers of two boys who had died, bought liberally of the Arangi's stock. When Bashti promised plenty of fresh recruits, Van Horn, used to the changeableness of the savage mind, urged signing them up right away. Bashti demurred, and suggested next day. Van Horn insisted that there was no time like the present, and so well did he insist that the old chief sent a canoe ashore to round up the boys who had been selected to go away to the plantations.

"Now what do you think?" Van Horn asked of Borckman. "I never saw the old rascal so friendly. Has he got something up his sleeve?"

The mate stared at the many canoes alongside, noted the numbers of women in them, and shook his head.

"When they're starting anything they always send the Marys [the women] into the bush," he said.

"You never can tell about these blacks," the captain grumbled. "Now, Bashti's the smartest old black I've ever seen. What's to prevent his figuring out that very bet and playing it in reverse? Just because they've never had their women around when trouble was on the carpet is no reason that they will always keep that practise."

"Not even Bashti's got the savvy to pull a trick like that," Borckman objected. "He's just feeling good and liberal. Why, he's bought forty pounds of goods from you already. That's why he wants to sign a new batch of boys with us."

All of which was most reasonable. Nevertheless, Van Horn shook his head.

"All the same, keep your eyes sharp on everything," he cautioned.

Bashti was incredibly lean and prodigiously old. He did not know how old he was himself, although he did know that no person in his tribe had been alive when he was a young boy in the village. He remembered the days when some of the old men, still alive, had been born; and, unlike him, they were now decrepit. All his faculties remained unimpaired. He even boasted a dozen worn fangs of teeth, on which he could still chew. Although he no longer had the physical endurance of youth, his thinking was as original and clear as it had always been. It was due to his thinking that he found his tribe stronger than when he had first come to rule it. In his small way, he had been a Melanesian Napoleon. As a warrior, the play of his mind had enabled him to beat back the bushmen's boundaries. The scars on his withered body attested that he had fought to the fore. As a lawgiver, he had encouraged and achieved strength and efficiency with his tribe. As a statesman, he had always kept one thought ahead of the thoughts of the neighboring chiefs in

the making of treaties and the granting of concessions. And with his mind still keenly alive, he had but just evolved a scheme whereby he might outwit Van Horn and get the better of the vast British Empire, about which he guessed little and knew less.

For Somo had a history. It was that queer anomaly, a salt-water tribe that lived on the lagoon mainland, where only bushmen were supposed to live. Far back into the darkness of time, the folk-lore of Somo cast a glimmering light. On a day, so far back that there was no way of estimating its distance, one Somo, son of Loti, who was the chief of the island fortress of Umbo, had quarreled with his father and fled from his wrath along with a dozen canoe-loads of young men. For two monsoons they had engaged in an Odyssey. It was in the myth that they circumnavigated Malaita twice, and forayed as far as Ugi and San Cristoval across the wide seas.

Women they had inevitably stolen after successful combats, and, in the end, being burdened with women and progeny, Somo had descended upon the mainland shore, driven the bushmen back, and established the salt-water fortress of Somo. Built it was, on its sea-front, like any island fortress, with walled coral rock to oppose the sea and chance marauders from the sea. To the rear, where it encroached on the jungle, it was like any scattered bush-village. But Somo, the wide-seeing father of the new tribe, had established his boundaries far up in the bush on the shoulders of the lesser mountains, and on each shoulder had planted a village.

And this tribe, territory, and stronghold, at the latter end of time, Bashti had inherited, and he had bettered his inheritance.

Nor was he above continuing to better it. For a long time he had reasoned closely and carefully in maturing the plan that itched in his brain for fulfilment. Three years before, the tribe of Ano Ano, miles down the coast, had captured a recruiter, destroyed her and all hands, and gained a fabulous store of tobacco, calico, beads, and all manner of trade-goods, rifles, and ammunition.

Little enough had happened in the way of price that was paid. Half a year after, a war-vessel had poked her nose into the lagoon, shelled Ano Ano, and sent its inhabitants scurrying into the bush. The landing party that followed had futilely pursued along the jungle runways. In the end, it had contented itself with killing forty fat pigs and chopping down a hundred coconut trees. Scarcely had the war-vessel passed out to open sea, when the people of Ano Ano were back from the bush to the village. Shell-fire on flimsy grass houses is not especially destructive. A few hours' labor of the women put that little matter right. As for the forty dead pigs, the entire tribe fell upon the carcasses, roasted them under the ground with hot stones, and feasted. The tender tips of the fallen palms were likewise eaten, while the thousands of coconuts were husked and split and sun-dried and smoke-cured into copra to be sold to the next passing trader.

Thus, the penalty exacted had proved a picnic and a feast—all of which appealed to the thrifty, calculating brain of Bashti. And what was good for Ano Ano, in his judgment, was surely good for Somo. Since such were white men's ways who soiled under the British flag and killed pigs

and cut down coconuts in cancelation of blood-debts and head-takings, Bashti saw no valid reason why he should not profit as Ano Ano had profited. The price to be paid at some possible future time was absurdly disproportionate to the immediate wealth to be gained. Besides, it had been over two years since the last British war-vessel had appeared in the Solomons.

And thus, Bashti, with a fine, fresh idea inside his head, bowed his chief's head in consent that his people could flock aboard and trade. Very few of them knew what his idea was, or that he even had an idea.

Trade grew still brisker as more canoes came alongside and black men and women thronged the deck. Then came the recruits, new-caught, young, savage things, timid as deer, yet yielding to stern parental and tribal law and going down into the Arangi's cabin, one by one, their fathers and mothers and relatives accompanying them in family groups, to confront the "big fella white marster," who wrote their names down in a mysterious book, had them ratify the three years' contract of their labor by a touch of the right hand to the pen with which he wrote, and who paid the first year's advance in trade-goods to the heads of their families.

Old Bashti sat near, taking his customary heavy tithes out of each advance, his three old wives squatting humbly at his feet and, by their mere presence, giving confidence to Van Horn, who was elated by the stroke of business. At such rate, his cruise on Malaita would be a short one, when he would sail away with a full ship.

On deck, where Borckman kept a sharp eye out against danger, Jerry prowled about, sniffing the many legs of the many blacks he had never encountered before. Of the return-boys, only one had come back. It was Lerumie, past whom Jerry repeatedly and stiff-leggedly bristled without gaining response of recognition. Lerumie coolly ignored him, went down below once, and purchased a trade hand-mirror, and, with a look of the eyes, assured old Bashti that all was ready and ripe to break at the first favorable moment.

On deck, Borckman gave this favorable moment. Nor would he have so given it had he not been guilty of carelessness and had he left the schnapps alone. He did not sense what was impending all about him. Aft, where he stood, the deck was almost deserted. Amidships and forward, gamming with the boat's crew, the deck was crowded with blacks of both sexes. He made his way to the yam-sacks lashed abaft the mizzenmast and got his bottle. Just before he drank, with a shred of caution, he cast a glance behind him. Near him stood a harmless Mary, middle-aged, fat, squat, asymmetrical, unlovely, a sucking child of two years astride her hip and taking nourishment. Surely no harm was to be apprehended there. Furthermore, she was patently a weaponless Mary for she wore no stitch of clothing that otherwise might have concealed a weapon. Over against the rail, ten feet to one side, stood Lerumie, smirking into the trade-mirror he had just bought.

It was in the trade-mirror that Lerumie saw Borckman bend to the yam-sacks, return to the erect, throw his head back, the mouth of the bottle glued to his lips, the bottom elevated. Lerumie lifted his right hand in signal to a woman in a canoe alongside. She bent swiftly for something

that she tossed to Lerumie. It was a long-handled tomahawk. The blade had been ground to razor-edge.

As the tomahawk flew noiselessly through the air to Lerumie's hand, just as noiselessly, the next instant, it flew through the air from his hand into the hand of the fat Mary with the nursing child who stood behind the mate. She clutched the handle with both hands, while the child, astride her hip, held on to her, with both small arms part-way about her. Still she waited the stroke, for with Borckman's head thrown back was no time to strive to sever the spinal cord at the neck. Many eyes beheld the impending tragedy. Jerry saw, but did not understand. With all his hostility to blacks, he had not divined the attack from the air. Tambi, one of the crew, who chanced to be near the skylight, saw, and, seeing, reached for a Lee-Enfield. Lerumie saw Tambi's action and hissed haste to the Mary.

Borckman, as unaware of this, his last second of life, as he had been of his first second of birth, lowered the bottle and straightened forward his head. The keen edge sank home.

So quick was the occurrence of action that the first shot from Tambi's musket missed the Mary ere Borckman had quite melted to the deck. There was no time for a second shot, for the Mary, dropping the tomahawk, holding her child in both her hands and plunging to the rail, was in the air and overboard, her fall capizing the canoe which chanced to be beneath her.

Scores of actions were simultaneous. From the canoes on both sides arose a glittering, glistening rain of mother-of-pearl-handled tomahawks that descended into the waiting hands of the Somo men on deck, while the Marys on deck crouched down and scrambled out of the fray. At the same time that the Mary who had killed Borckman leaped the rail, Lerumie bent for the tomahawk she had dropped, and Jerry, aware of red war, slashed the hand that reached for the tomahawk. Lerumie stood upright and loosed loudly, in a howl, all the pent rage and hatred of months which he had cherished against the puppy. Also, as he gained the perpendicular and as Jerry flew at his legs, he launched a kick with all his might that caught and lifted Jerry squarely under the middle.

And in the next second, or fraction of second, as Jerry lifted and soared through the air over the barbed wire of the rail and overboard, while Sniders were being passed up overside from the canoes, Tambi fired his next hasty shot. And Lerumie received the bullet squarely in the heart, and pitched down to melt with Borckman into the softness of death.

Ere Jerry struck the water, the glory of Tambi's marvelously lucky shot was over for Tambi; for, at the moment he pressed trigger to the successful shot, a tomahawk bit across his skull at the base of the brain. As swiftly, all occurring almost simultaneously, did the rest of the boat's crew pass and the deck become a shambles.

It was to the reports of the Sniders and the noises of the death-scuffle that Jerry's head emerged from the water. A man's hand reached over a canoe-side and dragged him in by the scruff of the neck, and, although he snarled and struggled to bite his rescuer, he was not so much enraged as was he torn by the wildest solicitude for Skipper. He knew, without think-

ing about it, that the Arangi had been boarded by the hazily sensed supreme disaster of life that all life intuitively apprehends. Borckman he had seen struck down. Lerumie he had heard struck down. And now he was hearing the explosions of rifles and the yells and screeches of triumph and fear.

So it was, helpless, suspended in the air by the nape of the neck, that he bawled and squalled and choked and coughed till the black, disgusted, flung him down roughly in the canoe's bottom. He scrambled to his feet and made two leaps—one upon the gunwale of the canoe; the next, despairing and hopeless, without consideration of self, for the rail of the Arangi.

His forefeet missed the rail by a yard, and he plunged down into the sea. He came up, swimming frantically, swallowing and strangling salt water because he still yelped and wailed and barked his yearning to be on board with Skipper.

But a boy of twelve, in another canoe, having witnessed the first black's adventure with Jerry, treated him without ceremony, laying first the flat and next the edge of a paddle upon his head while he still swam. And the darkness of unconsciousness welled over his bright little love-suffering brain, so that it was a limp and motionless puppy that the black boy dragged into his canoe.

In the mean time, down below in the Arangi's cabin, ere ever Jerry hit the water from Lerumie's kick, even while he was in the air, Van Horn, in one great, flashing, profound fraction of an instant, had known his death. Not for nothing had old Bashti lived longest of any living man in his tribe, and ruled wisest of all the long line of rulers since Somo's time.

In cool good nature, in rigid maintenance of his chiefship rights, he had smiled at Van Horn, given royal permission to his young men to sign for three years of plantation slavery, and exacted his share of each year's advance. Aroa, who might be described as his prime minister and treasurer, had received the tithes as fast as they were paid over. At Bashti's back, squatting on the bunk-boards, a slim and smooth-skinned maid of thirteen had flapped the flies away from his royal head with the royal fly-flapper. At his feet had squatted his three old wives, the oldest of them, toothless and somewhat palsied, ever presenting to his hand, at his head-nod, a basket rough-woven of pandanus leaf.

And Bashti, his keen old ears pitched for the first untoward sound from on deck, had continually nodded his head and dipped his hand into the proffered basket—now for betel-nut and lime-box, and the invariable green leaf with which to wrap the mouthful, now for tobacco with which to fill his short clay pipe, and, again, for matches with which to light the pipe, which frequently went out.

Toward the last, the basket had hovered constantly close to his hand, and, at the last, he made one final dip. It was at the moment when the Mary's ax, on deck, had struck Borckman down and when Tambi loosed the first shot at her from his Lee-Enfield. And Bashti's withered ancient hand, the back of it netted with a complex of large, upstanding veins from which the flesh had shrunk away, dipped out a huge pistol of such remote vintage that one of

Cromwell's Roundheads might well have carried it, or it might well have voyaged with Queiros or La Pérouse. It was a flint-lock, as long as a man's forearm, and it had been loaded that afternoon by no less a person than Bashti himself.

Quick as Bashti had been, Van Horn was almost as quick but not quite quick enough. Even as his hand leaped to the modern automatic lying out of its holster and loose on his knees, the pistol of the centuries went off. Loaded with two slugs and a round bullet, its effect was that of a sawed-off shotgun. And Van Horn knew the blaze and the black of death, even as his fingers relaxed from the part-lifted automatic, dropping it to the floor.

Surcharged with black powder, the ancient weapon had other effect. It burst in Bashti's hand, and he looked quizzically at his right forefinger dangling by a strip of skin. He seized it with his left hand, with a quick pull and twist wrenched it off, and grinningly tossed it, as a joke, into the pandanus basket, which his wife, with one hand, still held before him while, with the other, she clutched her forehead, bleeding from a flying fragment of pistol.

Bashti, who had lived so long that he was a philosopher who minded pain little and the loss of a finger less, chuckled and chirped his satisfaction and pride of achievement in the outcome, while his three old wives, who lived only at the nod of his head, fawned under him on the floor in the abjectness of servile congratulation and worship.

XI

WHAT happened aboard the Arangi, Jerry never knew. The boy who had knocked him on the head with the paddle tied his legs securely and tossed him out on the beach, ere he forgot him in the excitement of looting the Arangi.

With great shouting and song, the pretty teak-built yacht was towed in by the long canoes and beached close to where Jerry lay just beyond the confines of the coral-stone walls. Fires blazed on the beach; lanterns were lighted on board, and, amid a great feasting, the Arangi was gutted and stripped. Everything portable was taken ashore, from her pigs of iron ballast to her running-gear and sails. No one in Somo slept that night. Even the tiniest of children toddled about the feasting-fires or sprawled surfeited on the sands. At two in the morning, at Bashti's command, the shell of the boat was fired. And Jerry, thirsting for water, having whimpered and wailed himself to exhaustion, lying helpless, leg-tied, on his side, saw the floating world he had known so short a time go up in flame and smoke.

And by the light of her burning, old Bashti apportioned the loot. The main bulk of the trade-goods, which was not distributed, Bashti had carried up to his own large grass house. All the wealth of gear was stored in the several canoe-houses; while, in the devil-devil houses, the devil-devil doctors set to work curing the many heads over slow smudges; for, along with the boat's crew there were a round dozen of No-ola return-boys and several Malu boys which Van Horn had not yet delivered.

Not all these had been slain, however. Bashti had issued stern injunctions against

wholesale slaughter. But this was not because his heart was kind. Rather was it because his head was shrewd. Slain they would all be in the end. Bashti had never seen ice, did not know it existed, and was unversed in the science of refrigeration. The only way he knew to keep meat was to keep it alive. And in the biggest canoe-houses, the club-house of the stags, where no Mary might come under penalty of death by torture, the captives were stored.

And to this canoe-house, Jerry was also brought to join the others on the floor. Agno, chief of the devil-devil doctors, had stumbled across him on the beach, and, despite the protestations of the boy who claimed him as personal trove, had ordered him to the canoe-house. And painful indeed was his own circumstance. He lay on his side, the cords that bound his legs so tight as to bite into his tender flesh and shut off the circulation. Also, he was perishing for water, and panted, dry-tongued, dry-mouthed, in the stagnant heat.

Toward daylight, with great shouting and heaving and pull and haul, scores of Somo men brought in another of the big war-canoes. They made way with foot and hand, kicking and thrusting, dragging and shoving the bound captives to either side of the space which the canoe was to occupy. They were anything but gentle to the meat with which they had been favored by good fortune and the wisdom of Bashti.

For a time they sat about, all pulling at clay pipes and chirruping and laughing in queer, thin falsettos at the events of the night and the previous afternoon. Now one and now another stretched out and slept without covering; for so, directly under the path of the sun, had they slept nakedly from the time they were born.

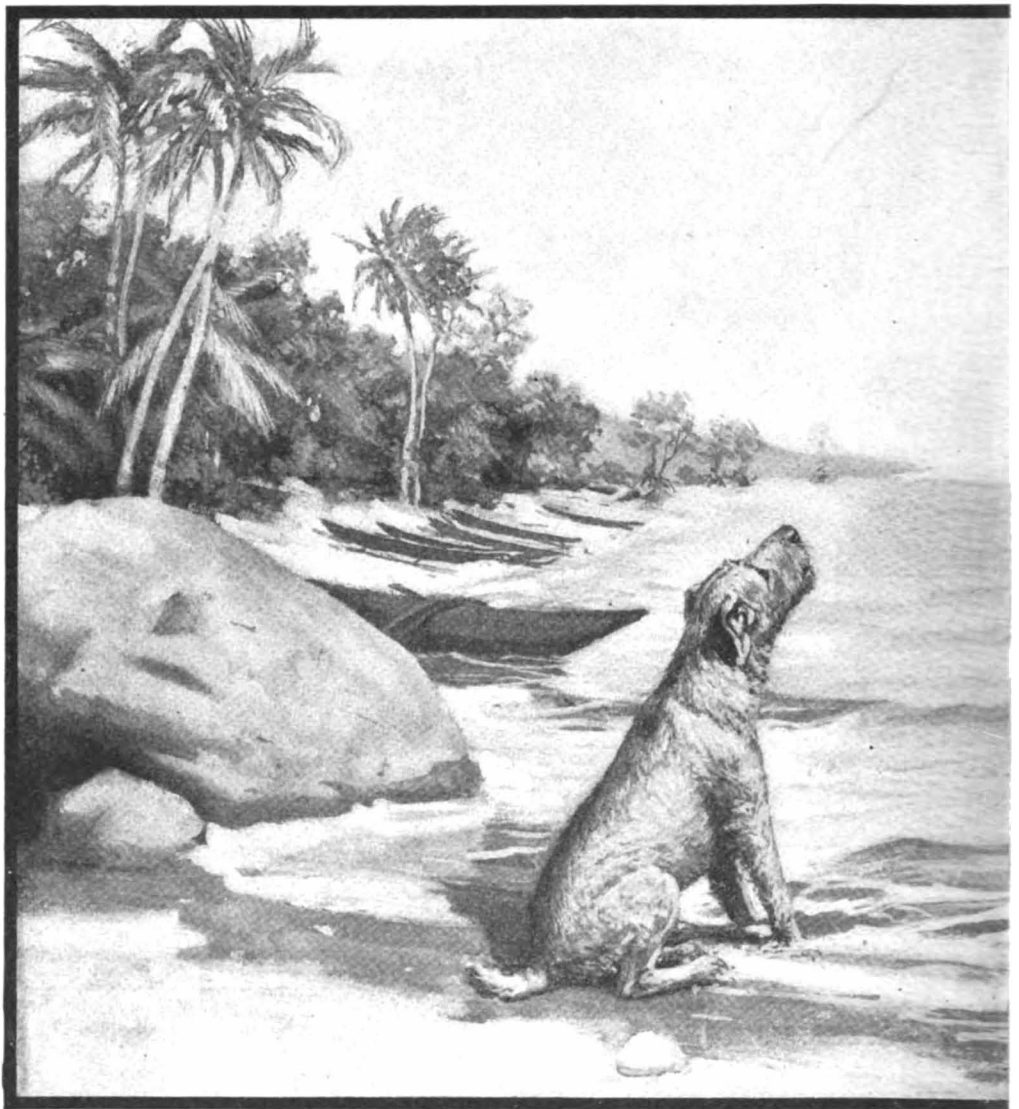
Remained awake, as dawn paled the dark, only the grievously wounded or the too tightly bound, and a decrepit ancient, who was not so old as Bashti. When the boy who had stunned Jerry with his paddle-blade and who claimed him stole into the canoe-house, the ancient did not hear him. Being blind, he did not see him.

The twelve-year-old lad who cautiously stepped over the sleepers and threaded his way among the captives did so with his heart in his mouth. He knew what tabus he was violating. Not old enough even to leave his father's grass roof and sleep in the youths' canoe-house, much less to sleep with the young bachelors in their canoe-house, he knew that he took his life, with all of its dimly guessed mysteries and arrogances, in his hand thus to trespass into the sacred precinct of the full-made, full-realized, full-statured men of Somo.

But he wanted Jerry, and he got him. Jerry's heroic little heart of courage would have made him snarl and resent such treatment of handling had he not been too exhausted and had not his mouth and throat been too dry for sound. As it was, miserably and helplessly, not half himself, a puppet dreamer in a half-nightmare, he knew, as a restless sleeper awakening between vexing dreams, that he was being transported, head downward, out of the canoe-house through the village that was only less noisome, and up a path under lofty, wide-spreading trees that were beginning languidly to stir with the first breathings of the morning wind.

JERRY is a smooth-coated, full-blooded Irish terrier, son of Terrence and Biddy and brother of Michael, born on Meringe Plantation, Ysabel Island, one of the British Solomons. When he is six months old, Tom Haggin, his owner, gives him to Captain Van Horn, skipper of the sixty-foot ketch, Arangi, who uses his vessel chiefly for "blackbirding"—that is, carrying new-caught cannibal blacks to labor on the island plantations, and returning them to their homes when the term of their contract has expired. Van Horn is now on one of these return-voyages to the island of Malaita.

Jerry quickly adapts himself to his completely changed environment, in spite of a wild dog on the vessel and his hatred of the blacks, and is all devotion to the skipper, who becomes very fond of the puppy. But this new phase of Jerry's existence is very brief. The following day, part of the Arangi's human cargo is discharged at Langa Langa, and Somo is reached in the afternoon. The traders among the islands are in constant danger of assassination, and Van Horn and his mate, Borckman, are ever on the alert, but Bashti, the aged and crafty Somo chief, somewhat disarms suspicion by bringing his wives and other women on board. While Van Horn is arranging to take a new set of blacks back to the plantations, a prearranged massacre is successfully carried out. Not one of the passengers or crew escapes death or capture, but Jerry, attacking one of the blacks, is kicked overboard, and rescued by a boy. The dog, tied by the legs, is sent to the canoe-house as part of the loot, but the boy steals into its forbidden precincts and carries him away.



Down by the water's edge, so close that his forefoot for Skipper, thrust his nose heavenward

THE boy's name, as Jerry was to learn, was Lamai, and to Lamai's house Jerry was carried. It was not much of a house, even as cannibal grass houses go. On an earthen floor, hard-packed of the filth of years, lived Lamai's father and mother and a spawn of four younger brothers and sisters. A thatched roof that leaked in every heavy shower leaned to a wobbly ridge-pole over the floor. The walls were even more pervious to a driving rain. In fact, the house of Lumai, who was the father of Lamai, was the most miserable house in all Somo.

Lumai, the house-master and family head, unlike most Malaitans, was fat. And of his fatness, it would seem, had been begotten his good nature with its allied laziness. But as the fly in his ointment of jovial irresponsibility was his wife, Lenerengo—the prize shrew of Somo, who was as lean about the middle and all the rest of her as her husband was rotund, who was as remarkably sharp-spoken as he was soft-spoken, who was as ceaselessly energetic as he was unceasingly idle, and who had been born with a taste for the world as sour in her mouth as it was sweet in his.

The boy merely peered into the house as he passed around it to the rear, and he saw his father and mother, at opposite corners, sleeping without covering, and, in the middle of the floor, his four naked brothers and sisters curled together in a tangle, like a litter of puppies. All about the house, which, in truth, was scarcely more than an animal lair, was an earthly paradise. The air was spicily and sweetly heavy with the scents of wild aromatic plants and gorgeous tropic blooms. Overhead, three breadfruit trees interlaced their noble branches. Banana and plantain trees were burdened with great bunches of ripening fruit. And huge golden melons of the papaia, ready for the eating, globuled directly from the slender-trunked trees not one-tenth the girth of the

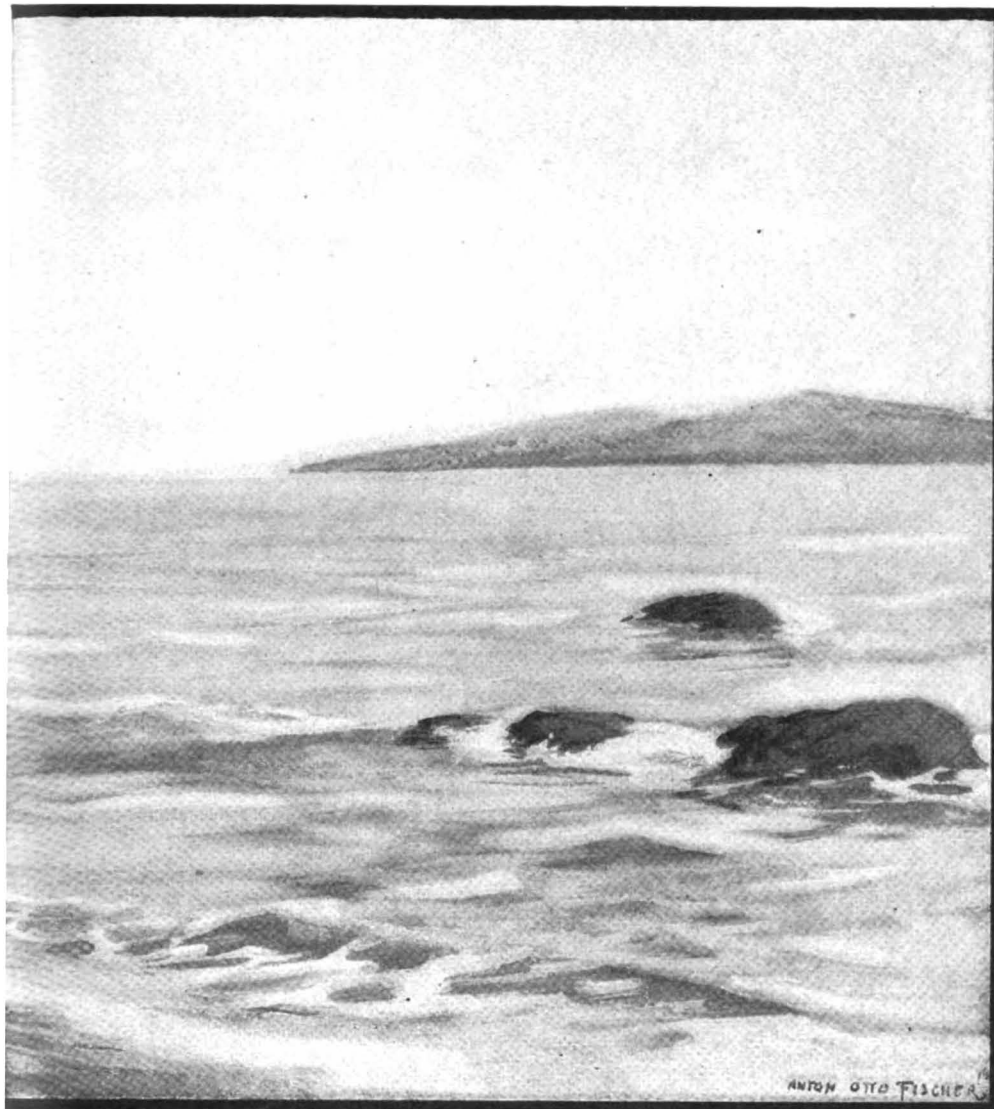
fruits they bore. And, for Jerry, most delightful of all, there was the gurgle and splash of a brooklet that pursued its invisible way over mossy stones under a garmenture of tender and delicate ferns.

Maddened by the sound of the water, Jerry had first to endure an embracing and hugging from the boy, who, squatted on his hams, rocked back and forth, and mumbled a strange little crooning song. And Jerry, lacking articulate speech, had no way of telling of his thirst.

Next, Lamai tied him securely with a sennit cord about the neck and untied the cords that bit into his legs. So numb was Jerry from lack of circulation, and so weak from lack of water through part of a tropic day and all of a tropic night, that he stood up, tottered, and fell, and, time and again, essaying to stand, floundered and fell. And Lamai understood, or tentatively guessed. He caught up a coconut calabash attached to the end of a stick of bamboo, dipped into the greenery of ferns, and presented to Jerry the calabash brimming with the precious water.

Jerry lay on his side at first as he drank, until, with the moisture, life flowed back into the parched channels of him, so that soon, still weak and shaky, he was up and braced on all four wide-spread legs and still eagerly lapping. The boy chuckled and chirped his delight in the spectacle, and Jerry found surcease and easement sufficient to enable him to speak with his tongue after the heart-eloquent

Jerry



sted in the water. Jerry sat down, his heart bursting
the sun, and wailed his woe

By Jack London

Illustrated by

Anton Otto Fischer

bash back under Jerry's nose, and Jerry drank again.

He continued to drink. He drank until his sun-shrunken sides stood out like the walls of a balloon. And all went well, and would have continued to go well, had not Lamai's mother, Lenerengo, just awakened, stepped across her black litter of progeny and raised her voice in shrill protest against her eldest born's introducing of one more mouth and much more nuisance into the household.

A squabble of human speech followed, of which Jerry knew no word, but of which he sensed the significance. Lamai was with him and for him. Lamai's mother was against him. She shrilled and shrewed her firm conviction that her son was a fool and worse, because he had neither the consideration nor the silly sense of a fool's solicitude for a hard-worked mother. She appealed to the sleeping Lumai, who awoke heavily and fatly, muttered and mumbled easy terms of Somo dialect to the effect that it was a most decent world, that all puppy-dogs and eldest-born sons were right delightful things to possess, that he had never yet starved to death, and that peace and sleep were the finest things that ever befell the lot of mortal man—and, in token thereof, back into the peace of sleep, he snuggled

manner of dogs. He took his nose out of the calabash and, with his rose-ribbon strip of tongue, licked Lamai's hand. And Lamai, in ecstasy over this establishment of common speech, urged the cala-

so savory as to prick up Jerry's ears and set his nostrils to quivering. When the boy had torn the steaming carcass across and cooled it, Jerry's meal began; nor did the meal cease till the last sliver of meat had been stripped and tongued from the bones and the bones crunched and crackled to fragments and swallowed. All throughout the meal, Lamai made love to Jerry, crooning over and over his little song, and patting and caressing him.

On the other hand, refreshed by the water and the meat, Jerry did not reciprocate so heartily in the love-making. Polite was he, and received his petting with soft-shining eyes, tail-waggings, and the customary body-wrigglings; but he was restless, and continually listened to distant sounds and yearned to be gone. This was not lost upon the boy, who, before he curled himself down to sleep, securely tied to a tree the end of the cord that was about Jerry's neck.

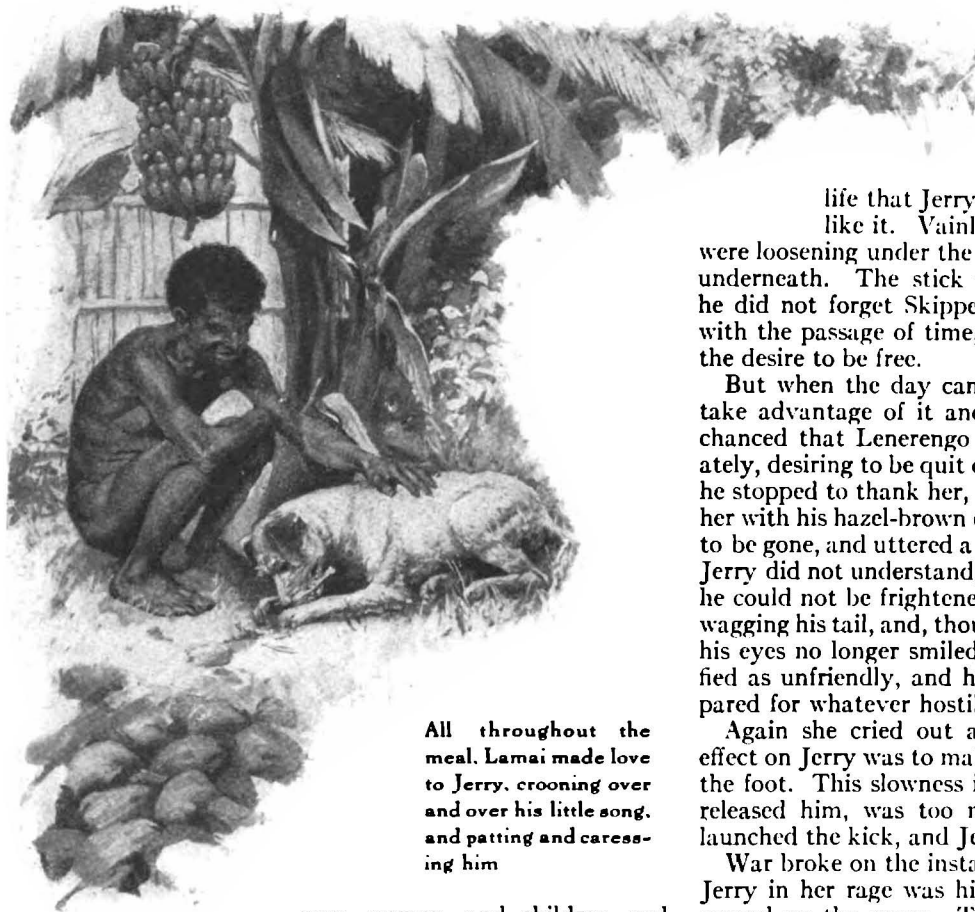
After straining against the cord for a time, Jerry surrendered and slept. But not for long. Skipper was too much with him. He knew, and yet he did not know, the irretrievable, ultimate disaster to Skipper. So it was, after low whinings and whimperings, that he applied his sharp first teeth to the sennit cord and chewed upon it till it parted.

Free, like a homing pigeon, he headed blindly and directly for the beach and the salt sea, over which had floated the Arangi, on her deck Skipper in command. Somo was largely deserted, and those that were in it were sunk in sleep. So no one vexed him as he trotted through the winding pathways between the many houses. Turning to the right until he was past the sea-wall, he came on down to the beach. No Arangi was to be seen on the placid surface of the lagoon. All about him was the débris of the feast. Many of the feasters had not troubled to return to their houses, but lay about on the sand, in the mid-morning sunshine—

his nose into the biceps of his arm for a pillow and proceeded to snore. But Lamai, eyes stubbornly sullen, with mutinous foot-stampings and a perfect knowledge that all was clear behind him to leap and flee away if his mother rushed upon him, persisted in retaining his puppy-dog. In the end, after an harangue upon the worthlessness of Lamai's father, she went back to sleep.

Ideas beget ideas. Lamai had learned how astonishingly thirsty Jerry had been. This engendered the idea that he might be equally hungry. So he applied dry branches of wood to the smoldering coals he dug out of the ashes of the cooking-fire, and built a large fire. Into this, as it gained strength, he placed many stones from a convenient pile, each fire-blackened in token that it had been similarly used many times. Next, hidden under the water of the brook in a netted hand-bag, he brought to light the carcass of a fat wood-pigeon he had snared the previous day. He wrapped the pigeon in green leaves, and, surrounding it with the hot stones from the fire, covered pigeon and stones with earth.

When, after a time, he removed the pigeon and stripped from it the scorched wrappings of leaves, it gave forth a scent



All throughout the meal, Lamai made love to Jerry, crooning over and over his little song, and patting and caressing him

men, women, and children, and entire families—wherever they had yielded to slumber.

Down by the water's edge, so close that his forefeet rested in the water, Jerry sat down, his heart bursting for Skipper, thrust his nose heavenward at the sun, and wailed his woe, as dogs have ever wailed since they came in from the wild woods to the fires of men.

And here Lamai found him, hushed his grief against his breast with cuddling arms, and carried him back to the grass house by the brook. Water he offered, but Jerry could drink no more. Love he offered, but Jerry could not forget his torment of desire for Skipper. In the end, disgusted with so unreasonable a puppy, Lamai forgot his love in his boyish savageness, clouted Jerry over the head, right side and left, and tied him as few white men's dogs have ever been tied. For, in his way, Lamai was a genius. He had never seen the thing done with any dog, yet he devised, on the spur of the moment, the invention of tying Jerry with a stick. The stick was of bamboo, four feet long. One end he tied shortly to Jerry's neck; the other end, just as shortly to a tree. All that Jerry's teeth could reach was the stick, and dry and seasoned bamboo can defy the teeth of any dog.

XIII

FOR many days, tied by the stick, Jerry remained Lamai's prisoner. It was not a happy time, for the house of Lumai was a house of perpetual bickering and quarreling. Lamai fought pitched battles with his brothers and sisters for teasing Jerry, and these battles invariably culminated in Lenerengo taking a hand and punishing all her brood.

After that, as a matter of course and on general principles, she would have it out with Lumai, whose soft voice always was for quiet and repose, and who always, at the end of a tongue-lashing, took himself off to the canoe-house for a couple of days. Here, Lenerengo was helpless. Into the canoe-house of the stags, no Mary (woman) might venture. Jerry did discover a liking for Lamai, but it was not strong

or passionate. Rather was it out of gratitude, for it was only Lamai who saw to it that he received food and water. Yet this boy was no Skipper, no *Mister Haggin*.

It was the first time in his life that Jerry had been tied up, and he did not like it. Vainly he hurt his teeth, some of which were loosening under the pressure of the second teeth rising underneath. The stick was stronger than he. Although he did not forget Skipper, the poignancy of his loss faded with the passage of time, until uppermost in his mind was the desire to be free.

But when the day came that he was freed, he failed to take advantage of it and scuttle away for the beach. It chanced that Lenerengo released him. She did it deliberately, desiring to be quit of him. But when she untied Jerry, he stopped to thank her, wagging his tail, and smiling up at her with his hazel-brown eyes. She stamped her foot at him to be gone, and uttered a harsh and intimidating cry. This, Jerry did not understand, and so unused was he to fear that he could not be frightened into running away. He ceased wagging his tail, and, though he continued to look up at her, his eyes no longer smiled. Her action and noise he identified as unfriendly, and he became alert and watchful, prepared for whatever hostile act she might next commit.

Again she cried out and stamped her foot. The only effect on Jerry was to make him transfer his watchfulness to the foot. This slowness in getting away, now that she had released him, was too much for her short temper. She launched the kick, and Jerry, avoiding it, slashed her ankle.

War broke on the instant, and that she might have killed Jerry in her rage was highly probable had not Lamai appeared on the scene. The stick untied from Jerry's neck told the tale of her perfidy and incensed Lamai, who sprang between and deflected the blow with a stone poi-pounder that might have brained Jerry.

Lamai was now the one in danger of grievous damage, and his mother had just knocked him down with a clout alongside the head when poor Lumai, roused from sleep by the uproar, ventured out to make peace. Lenerengo, as usual, forgot everything else in the fiercer pleasure of berating her spouse.

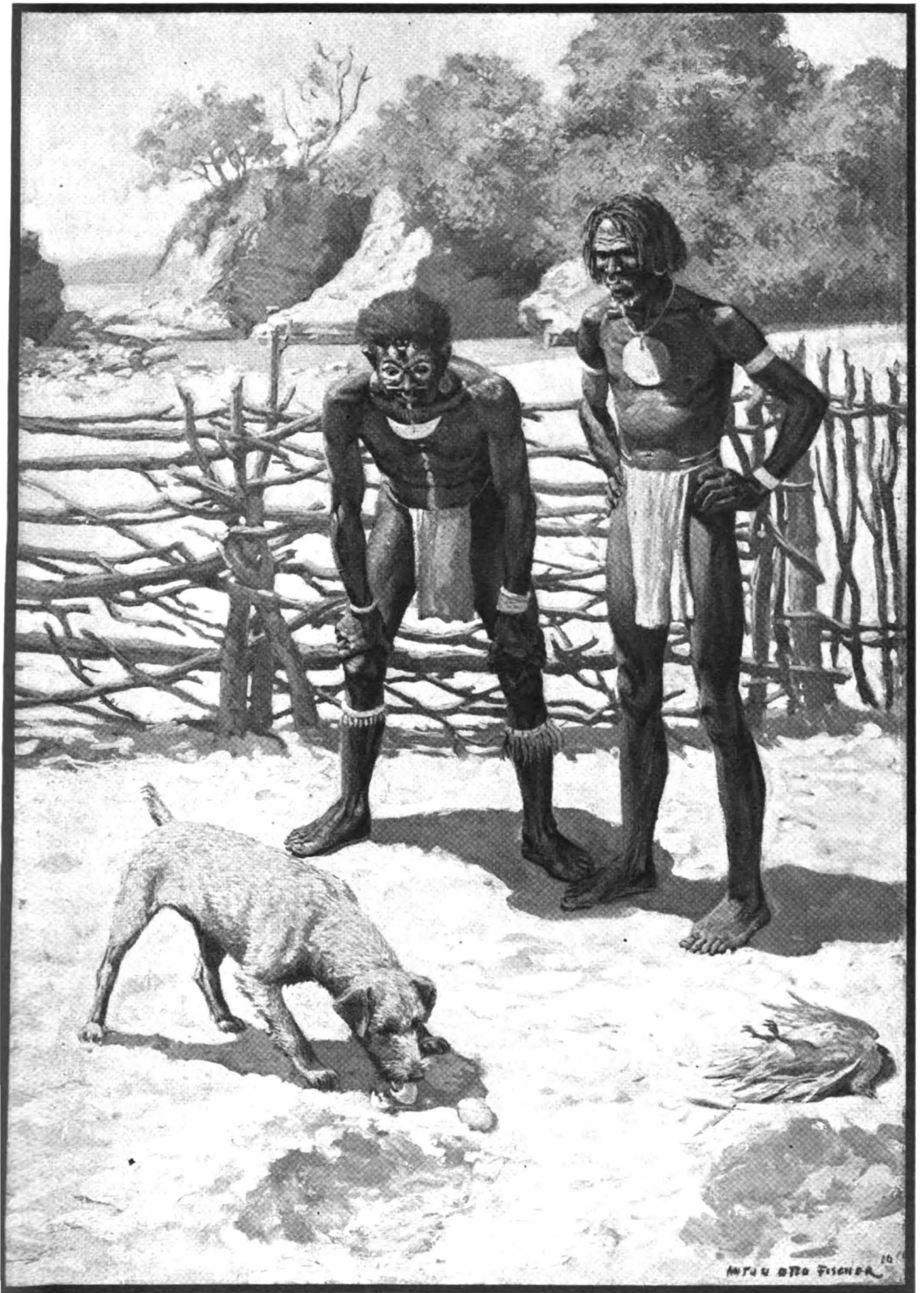
The conclusion of the affair was harmless enough. The children stopped their crying; Lamai retied Jerry with the stick; Lenerengo harangued herself breathless, and Lumai departed with hurt feelings for the canoe-house, where stags could sleep in peace and Marys pestered not.

That night, in the circle of his fellow stags, Lumai recited his sorrows and told the cause of them—the puppy-dog which had come on the Arangi. It chanced that Agno, chief of the devil-devil doctors, or high priest, heard the tale, and recollected that he had sent Jerry to the canoe-house along with the rest of the captives. Half an hour later, he was having it out with Lamai. Beyond doubt, the boy had broken the tabu, and privily he told him so, until Lamai trembled and wept and squirmed abjectly at his feet, for the penalty was death.

It was too good an opportunity to get a hold over the boy for Agno to misplay it. A dead boy was worth nothing to him, but a living boy whose life he carried in his hand would serve him well. Since no one else knew of the broken tabu, he could afford to keep quiet. So he ordered Lamai forthright down to live in the youths' canoe-house, there to begin his novitiate in the long series of tasks, tests, and ceremonies that would graduate him into the bachelors' canoe-house and half-way along toward being a recognized man.

XIV

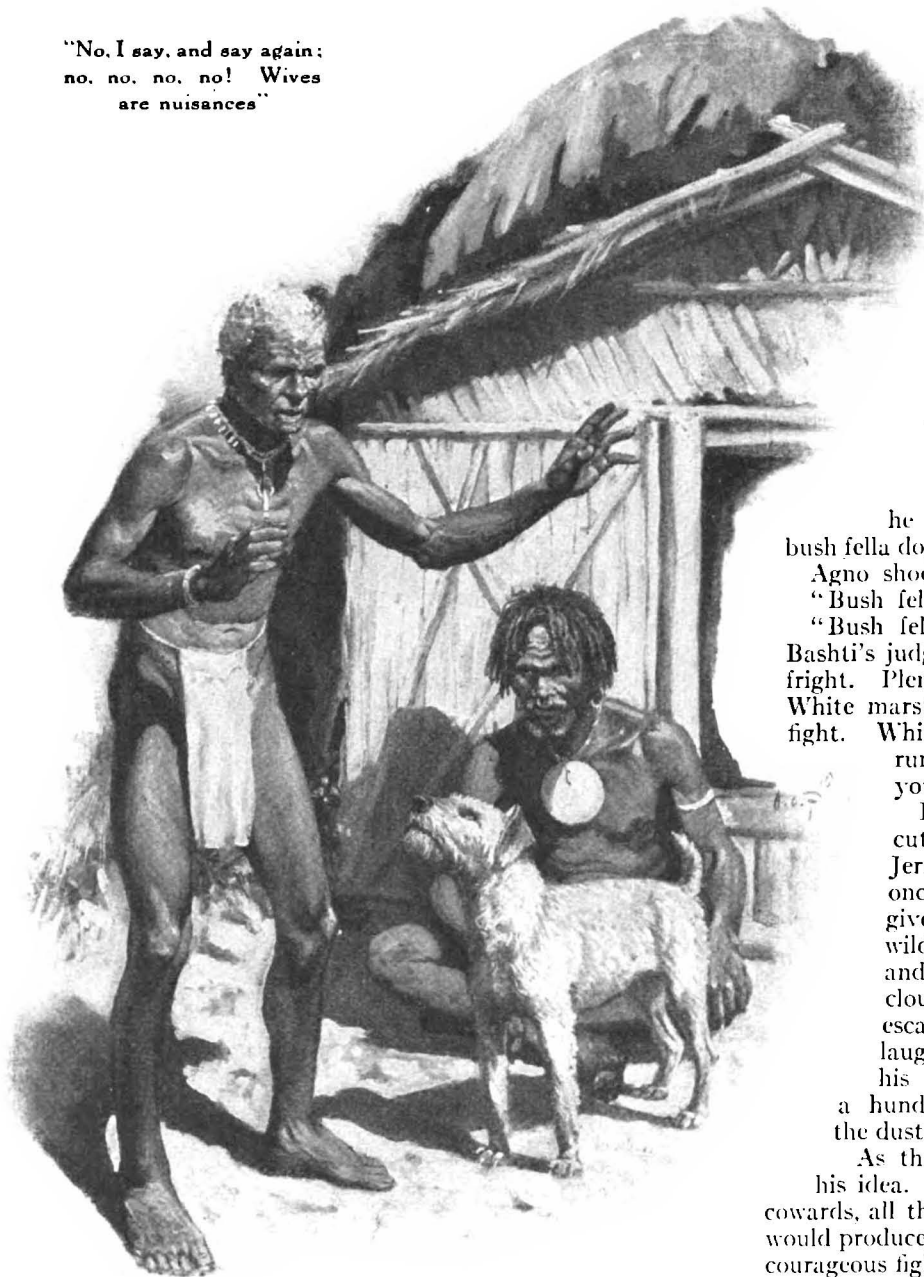
IN the morning, obeying the devil-devil doctor's commands, Lenerengo tied Jerry's feet together, not without a struggle in which his head was banged about and her hands



DRAWN BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Agno made to stop him, but Bashti interposed. "Let be," he said. "Let the dog convict himself before my eyes." And Jerry did, uncovering two eggs, breaking them, and lapping that portion of their precious contents which was not spilled and wasted in the sand

"No, I say, and say again:
no, no, no, no! Wives
are nuisances"



were scratched. Then she carried him down through the village to Agno's house. As he lay thus on the ground, while Lenerengo went to notify Agno, the wild dog he had bullied on the Arangi came up and sniffed at him. At first he sniffed at a distance, ready for instant flight. Then he drew cautiously closer. Jerry watched him with smoldering eyes. At the moment the wild dog's nose touched him, he uttered a warning growl. Wild dog sprang back and whirled away in headlong flight for a score of yards before he learned that he was not pursued.

Again he came back cautiously, as it was the instinct in him to stalk wild game, crouching so close to the ground that almost his belly touched. He lifted and dropped his feet with the lithe softness of a cat, and, from time to time, glanced to right and to left as if in apprehension of some flank attack. Then he resumed his stealthy advance on the Irish terrier.

What might have happened there is no telling, for, at that moment, Bashti's eyes chanced to rest on the golden puppy for the first time since the capture of the Arangi.

"What name that fella dog?" he cried out sharply, causing wild dog to crouch down again and attracting Lenerengo's attention.

She cringed in fear to the ground before the terrible old chief and quavered a recital of the facts. Her good-for-

nothing boy, Lamai, had picked the dog from the water. It had been the cause of much trouble in her house. But now Lamai had gone to live with the youths, and she was carrying the dog to Agno's house, at Agno's express command.

"What name that dog stop along you?" Bashti demanded directly of Agno.

"Me kai-kai [eat] along him," came the answer. "Him fat fella dog. Him good fella dog kai-kai."

Into Bashti's alert old brain flashed an idea.

"Him good fella dog too much," he announced. "Better you eat 'm bush fella dog," he advised, pointing at wild dog. Agno shook his head.

"Bush fella dog no good kai-kai."

"Bush fella dog no good too much," was Bashti's judgment. "Bush fella dog too much fright. Plenty fella bush-dog too much fright. White marster's dog no fright. Bush-dog no fight. White marster's dog fight; bush-dog run. You look 'm eye belong you, you see."

Bashti stepped over to Jerry and cut the cords that tied his legs. And Jerry, upon his feet in a surge, was for once in too great haste to pause to give thanks. He hurled himself after wild dog, caught him in mid-flight, and rolled him over and over in a cloud of dust. Wild dog strove to escape, and Bashti doubled with laughter at sight of him running for his life down the street, with Jerry a hundred feet behind and tearing up the dust.

As they disappeared, Bashti expounded his idea. Since all black men's dogs were cowards, all the breeding of all black men's dogs would produce cowards. White men's dogs were courageous fighters. When they were bred, they produced courageous fighters. Very well, and to the conclusion: namely, here was a white man's dog in their possession. The height of foolishness would be to eat it and to destroy for all time the courage that resided in it. The wise thing to do was to regard it as a seed-dog, to keep it alive, so that, in the coming generations of Somo dogs, its courage would be repeated over and over and spread until all Somo dogs would be strong and brave.

Further, Bashti commanded his chief devil-devil doctor to take charge of Jerry and guard him well. Also, he sent his word forth to all the tribe that Jerry was tabu. No man, woman, or child was to throw spear or stone at him, strike him with club or tomahawk, or hurt him in any way.

Thenceforth, and until Jerry himself violated one of the greatest of tabus, he had a happy time in Agno's gloomy grass-house. For Bashti, unlike most chiefs, ruled his devil-devil doctors with an iron hand. The population of Somo believed that Bashti was so ruled. But the Somo folk did not know what went on behind the scenes when Bashti, a sheer infidel, talked alone, now with one doctor and now with another.

In these private talks, he demonstrated that he knew their game as well as they did, and that he was no slave to the dark superstitions and gross impostures with which they kept the people in submission. Also, he expounded the

theory, as ancient as priests and rulers, that priests and rulers must work together in the orderly governance of the people. He was content that the people should believe that the gods, and the priests who were the mouthpieces of the gods, had the last word; but he would have the priests know that in private the last word was his. Little as they believed in their trickery, he told them, he believed less.

He knew tabu, and the truth behind tabu. He explained his personal tabus, and how they came to be. Never must he eat clam meat, he told Agno. It was so selected by himself because he did not like clam meat. It was old Nino, high priest before Agno, with an ear open to the voice of the shark-god, who had so laid the tabu.

Still further, since he had lived longer than the oldest priest of them, his had been the appointing of every one of them. He knew them, had made them, had placed them, and they lived by his pleasure. And they would continue to take program from him, as they had always taken it, or else they would swiftly and suddenly pass.

Jerry found himself well cared for. No children or wives cluttered the devil-devil doctor's house. Several old women, a fly-flapping girl of eleven, and two young men who had graduated from the canoe-house of the youths and who were studying priestcraft under the master, composed the household and waited upon Jerry. Food of the choicest was his. After Agno had eaten first cut of pig, Jerry was served second. But he bore no love for his new master. Agno, who had ruled by fear so long in his house of mystery, did not know love.

The months passed, and Jerry got his firm, massive second teeth and increased in weight and size. He came as near to being spoiled as is possible for a dog. Himself tabu, he quickly learned to lord it over the Somo folk and to have his way and will in all matters. No one dared to dispute with him with stick or stone. Agno hated him—he knew that; but also he gleaned the knowledge that Agno feared him and would not dare to hurt him. But Agno was a chill-blooded philosopher and bided his time, being different from Jerry in that he possessed human prevision and could adjust his actions to remote ends.

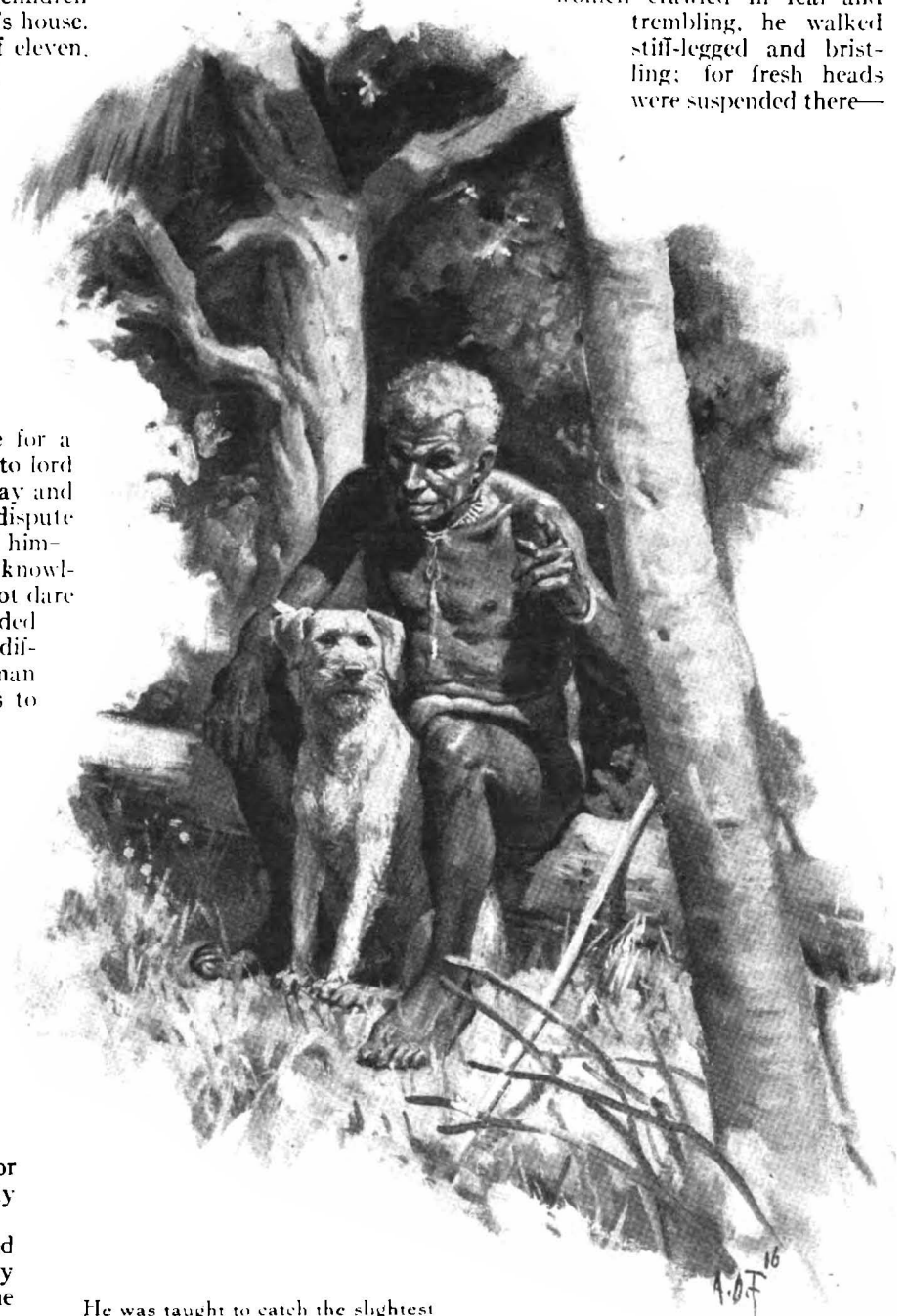
From the edge of the lagoon, into the waters of which, remembering the crocodile tabu he had learned on Meringe, he never ventured, Jerry ranged to the outlying bush-villages of Bashti's domain. Many were his adventures. He fought two battles with the wood-rats that were almost of his size, and that, being mature and wild and cornered, fought him as he had never been fought before. The first he had killed, unaware that it was an old and feeble rat. The second, in prime of vigor, had so punished him that he crawled back, weak and sick, to the devil-devil doctor's house, where, for a week, he licked his wounds and slowly came back to life and health.

He stole upon the dugong and joyed to stampede that silly, timid creature by sudden, ferocious onslaughts which he knew himself to be all sound and fury, but which tickled him and made him laugh with the consciousness of playing a suc-

cessful joke. He chased the unmigratory tropic ducks from their shrewd-hidden nests, walked circumspectly among the crocodiles hauled out of water for slumber, and crept under the jungle roof and spied upon the snow-white saucy cockatoos, the fierce ospreys, the heavy-flighted buzzards, the lories and kingfishers, and the absurdly garrulous little pigmy parrots.

Thrice, beyond the boundaries of Somo, he encountered the little black bushmen, who were more like ghosts than men, so noiseless and unperceivable were they, and who, guarding the wild-pig runways of the jungle, missed spearing him on the three memorable occasions. As the wood-rats had taught him discretion, so did these two-legged lurkers in the jungle twilight. He had not fought with them, although they tried to spear him. He quickly came to know that these were other folk than Somo folk, that his tabu did not extend to them.

As he ran the jungle, so Jerry ran the village. No place was sacred to him. In the devil-devil houses, where, before the face of mystery, men and women crawled in fear and trembling, he walked stiff-legged and bristling: for fresh heads were suspended there—



He was taught to catch the slightest sounds or rustlings from the bush

heads his eyes and keen nostrils identified as those of once living blacks he had known on board the Arangi. In the biggest devil-devil house, he encountered the head of Borckman and snarled at it, without receiving response, in recollection of the fights he had fought with the schnapps-addled mate on the deck of the Arangi.

Once, in Bashti's house, he chanced upon all that remained on earth of Skipper. Bashti had lived very long, had lived most wisely and thought much, and was thoroughly aware that, having lived far beyond the span of man, his own span was very short. And he was curious about it all—the meaning and purpose of life. He loved the world and life, into which he had been fortunately born, both as to constitution and to place, which latter, for him, had been the high place over his priests and people. He was not afraid to die, but he wondered if he might live again. He discounted the silly views of the tricky priests, and he was very much alone in the chaos of the confusing problem.

For he had lived so long and so luckily that he had watched the waning to extinction of all the vigorous appetites and desires. He had known wives and children, and the keen edge of youthful hunger. He had seen his children grow to manhood and womanhood and become fathers and grandfathers, mothers and grandmothers. But having known woman and love and fatherhood and the delights of eating, he had passed on beyond. Food? Scarcely did he know its meaning, so little did he eat. Hunger, that bit him like a spur when he was young and lusty, had long since ceased to stir and prod him. He ate out of a sense of necessity and duty, and cared little for what he ate, save for one thing: the eggs of the megapods that were, in season, laid in his private, personal, strictly tabued megapod laying-yard. Here was left to him his last lingering flesh-thrill. As for the rest, he lived in his intellect, ruling his people, seeking out data from which to induce laws that would make his people stronger and rivet his people's clinch upon life.

But he realized clearly the difference between that abstract thing, the tribe, and that most concrete of things, the individual. The tribe persisted. Its members passed. The tribe was a memory of the history and habits of all previous members, which the living members carried on until they passed, and became history and memory in the intangible sum that was the tribe. He, as a member, soon or late, and late was very near, must pass. But pass to what? There was the rub. And so it was, on occasion, that he ordered all forth from his big grass house, and, alone with his problem, lowered from the roof-beams the matting-wrapped parcels of heads of men, some of which he had once seen live and who had passed into the mysterious nothingness of death.

Not as a miser had he collected these heads, and not as a miser counting his secret hoard did he ponder these heads, unwrapped, held in his two hands or lying on his knees. He wanted to know. He wanted to know what he guessed they might know, now that they had long since gone into the darkness that rounds the end of life.

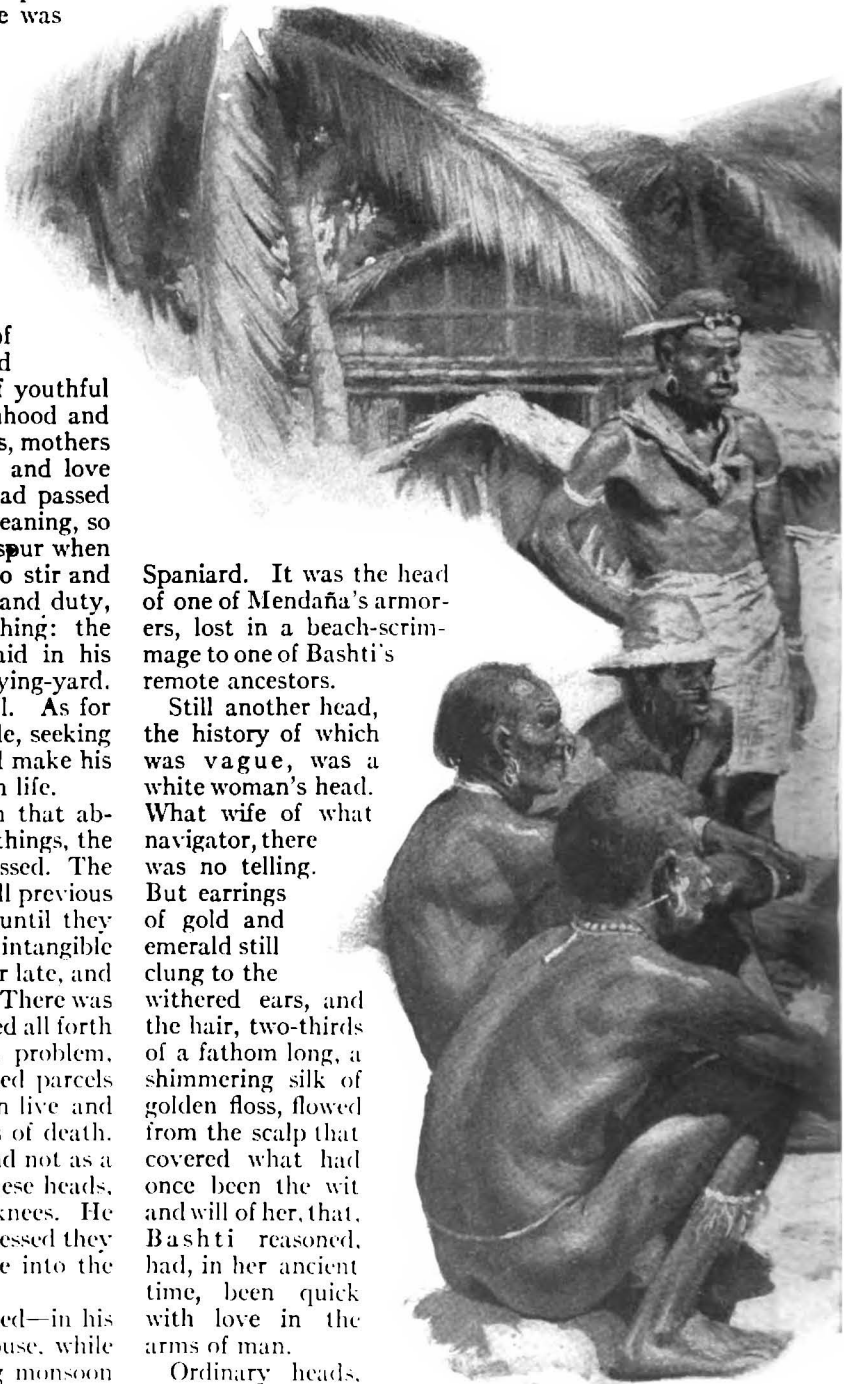
Various were the heads Bashti thus interrogated—in his hands, on his knees, in his dim-lighted grass house, while the overhead sun blazed down and the growing monsoon sighed through the palm fronds and breadfruit branches. There was the head of a Japanese—the only one he had ever seen or heard of. Before he was born, it had been taken by his father. Ill cured it was, and battered and marred with ancientness and rough usage. Yet he studied its features, decided that it had once had two lips as live as his own, and a mouth as vocal and hungry as his had often been in the past. Two eyes and a nose it had had, a thatched crown of roof, and a pair of ears like to his own. Two legs and a body it must once have had, and desires and lusts. Heats of wrath and of love, so he decided, had also been its, once on a time, when it never thought to die.

A head that amazed him much, whose history went back before his father's and grandfather's time, was the head of a Frenchman, although Bashti knew it not. Nor did he know it was the head of La Pérouse, the doughty old navigator who had left his bones, the bones of his crews, and the bones of his two frigates, the Astrolabe and the Boussole, on the shores of the cannibal Solomons. Another head—for Bashti was a confirmed head-collector—went back two centuries before La Pérouse to Alvaro de Mendaña, the

Spaniard. It was the head of one of Mendaña's armorers, lost in a beach-scrimmage to one of Bashti's remote ancestors.

Still another head, the history of which was vague, was a white woman's head. What wife of what navigator, there was no telling. But earrings of gold and emerald still clung to the withered ears, and the hair, two-thirds of a fathom long, a shimmering silk of golden floss, flowed from the scalp that covered what had once been the wit and will of her, that. Bashti reasoned, had, in her ancient time, been quick with love in the arms of man.

Ordinary heads, of bushmen and salt-water men, and even of schnapps-drinking white men like Borckman, he relegated to the canoe-houses and devil-devil houses. For he was a connoisseur in the matter of heads. There was a strange head of a German that lured him much. Red-bearded it was, and red-haired, but even in dried death there was an ironness of feature and a massive brow that hinted to him of mastery of secrets beyond his ken. No more than did he know it once had been a German, did he know it was a German professor's head, an



• Then he went

astronomer's head, a head that, in its time, had carried within its content profound knowledge of the stars in the vasty heavens, of the way of star-directed ships upon the sea, and of the way of the earth on its starry course through space that was a myriad million times beyond the slight concept of space that he possessed. Last of all, sharpest of bite in his thought, was the head of Van Horn. And it was the head of Van Horn that lay on his knees under his contemplation when Jerry trotted into Bashti's grass house, scented and identified the mortal remnant of Skipper, wailed first in woe over it, then bristled into rage.

Bashti did not notice at first, for he was deep in interrogation of Van Horn's head. Only short months before, this head had been alive, he pondered, quick with wit, attached to a two-

What had become of that wit? Had that wit been all of the arrogant, upstanding Van Horn, and had it gone out as the flickering flame of a splinter of wood goes out when it is quite burnt to a powder-fluff of ash? Had all that made Van Horn passed like the flame of the splinter? Had he passed into the darkness forever, into which the beast passed, into which passed the speared crocodile, the hooked bonita, the netted mullet, the slain pig that was fat to eat? Was Van Horn's darkness as the darkness of the bluebottle fly that his fly-flapping maid smashed and disrupted in mid-flight of the air—as the darkness into which passed the mosquito that knew the secret of flying, and that, despite its perfectness of flight, with almost an unthought action, he squashed with the flat of his hand against the back of his neck when it bit him?

What was true of this white man's head, so recently alive and erectly dominant, Bashti knew was true of himself. What had happened to this white man, after going through

the dark gate of death, would happen to him. Wherefore he questioned the head, as if its dumb lips might speak to him from out of the mystery and tell him the meaning of life, and the meaning of death that inevitably laid life by the heels.

Jerry's long-drawn howl of woe at sight and scent of all that was left of Skipper roused Bashti from his reverie. He looked at the sturdy, golden-brown puppy, and immediately included it in his reverie. It was alive. It was like man. It knew hunger and pain, anger and love. It had blood in its veins, like man, that a thrust of a knife

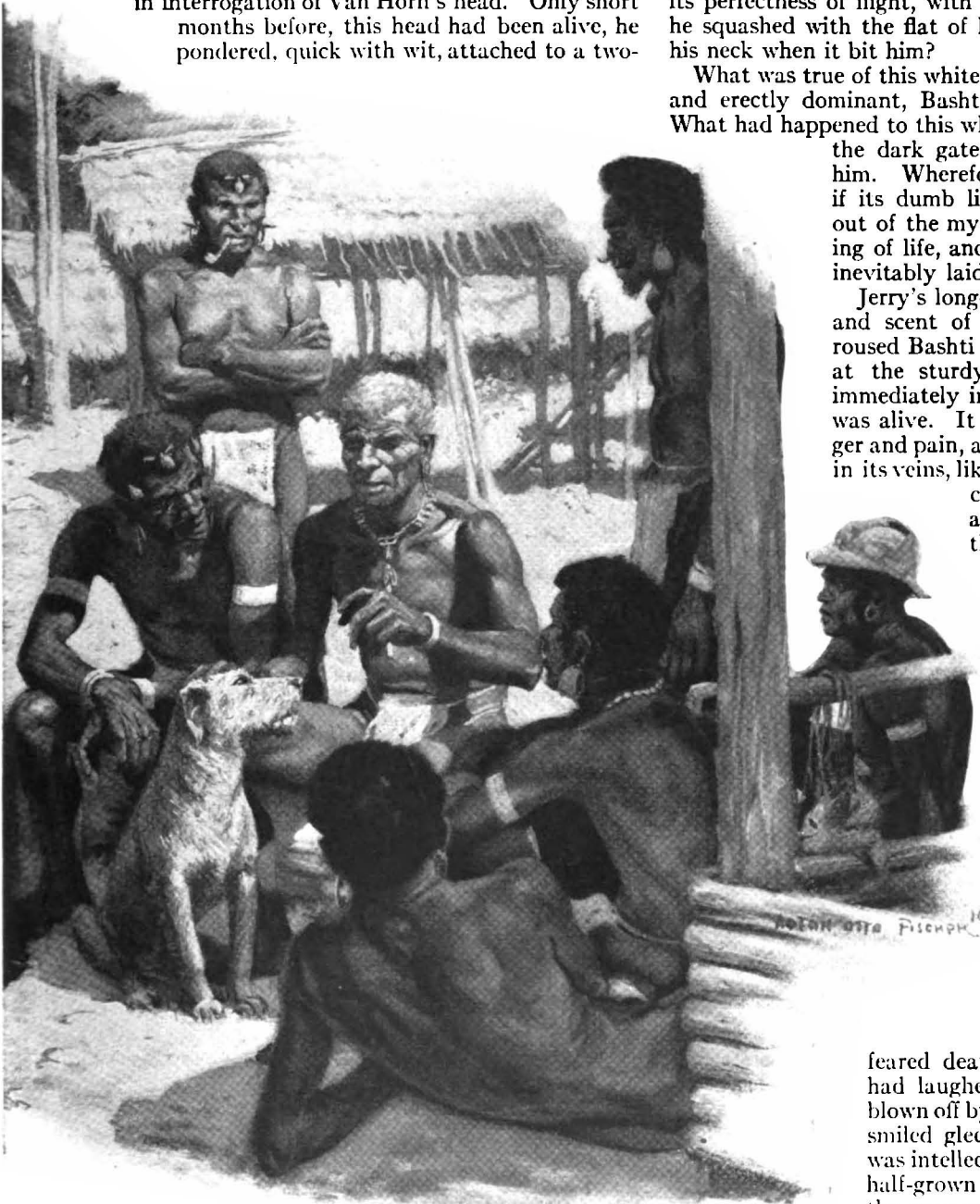
could make redly gush forth and denude it to death. Like the race of man, it loved its kind, and birthed and breast-nourished its young. And passed.

Jerry stalked stiff-legged, with a snarl writhen on his lips, and with recurrent waves of hair-bristling along his back and up his shoulders and neck. And he stalked, not the head of Skipper, where rested his love, but Bashti, who held the head on his knees. As the wild wolf in the upland pasture stalks the mare mother with her newly delivered colt, so Jerry stalked Bashti. And Bashti, who had never

feared death all his long life and who had laughed a joke with his forefinger blown off by the bursting flint-lock pistol, smiled gleefully to himself, for his glee was intellectual and in admiration of this half-grown puppy whom he rapped on the nose with a short, hard-wood stick and compelled to keep distance. No matter how often and fiercely Jerry rushed him, he met the rush with the stick, and chuckled aloud, understanding the puppy's

courage, marveling at the stupidity of life that impelled him continually to thrust his nose to the hurt of the stick, and that drove him, by passion of remembrance of a dead man, to dare the pain of the stick again and again.

This, too, was life, Bashti meditated, as he deftly rapped the screaming puppy away from him. Four-legged life it was, young and silly and hot, heart-prompted, that was like any young man making love to his (Continued on page 154)



abroad, Jerry with him, and told of the battle

legged body that stood erect and that swaggered about, a loin-cloth and a belted automatic around its middle, more powerful, therefore, than Bashti, but with less wit, for had not he, Bashti, with an ancient pistol, put darkness inside that skull where wit resided, and removed that skull from the soddenly relaxed framework of flesh and bone on which it had been supported to tread the earth and the deck of the Arangi?

Jerry

(Continued from page 77)

woman in the twilight, or like any young man fighting to the death with any other young man over a matter of passion, hurt pride, or thwarted desire. As much as in the dead head of Van Horn or of any man, he realized that in this live puppy might reside the clue to existence, the solution of the riddle.

So he continued to rap Jerry on the nose away from him, and to marvel at the persistence of the vital something within the dog that impelled him to leap forward always to the stick that hurt him and made him recoil.

"Some dog, that dog; sure some dog!" he might have uttered, in Van Horn's fashion of speech. Instead, in *bêche-de-mer*, which was as habitual to him as his own Somo speech, he thought, "My word, that fella dog no fright along me!"

But age wearied sooner of the play, and Bashti put an end to it by rapping Jerry heavily behind the ear and stretching him out, stunned. The spectacle of the puppy, so alive and raging the moment before, and, the moment after, lying as if dead, caught Bashti's speculative fancy. The stick, with a single sharp rap of it, had effected the change. Where had gone the anger and wit of the puppy? Was that all it was, the flame of the splinter that could be quenched by any chance gust of air? One instant, Jerry had raged and suffered, snarled and leaped, willed and directed his actions. The next instant, he lay limp and crumpled in the little death of unconsciousness. In a brief space, Bashti knew, consciousness, sensation, motion, and direction would flow back into the wilted little carcass. But where, in the mean while, at the impact of the stick, had gone all the consciousness, and sensitiveness and will?

Bashti sighed wearily, and wearily wrapped the heads in their grass-mat coverings—all but Van Horn's—and hoisted them up in the air to hang from the roof-beams, to hang, as he debated, long after he was dead and out of it, even as some of them had so hung from long before his father's and his grandfather's time. The head of Van Horn he left lying on the floor, while he stole out himself to peer in through a crack and see what next the puppy might do.

Jerry quivered at first, and in the matter of a minute struggled feebly to his feet, where he stood swaying and dizzy; and thus Bashti, his eye to the crack, saw the miracle of life flow back through the channels of the inert body and stiffen the legs to upstanding, and saw consciousness, the mystery of mysteries, flood back inside the head of bone that was covered with hair, smolder and glow in the opening eyes, and direct the lips to writhe away from the teeth, and the throat to vibrate to the snarl that had been interrupted when the stick smashed him down into darkness.

And more Bashti saw. At first, Jerry looked about for his enemy, growling and bristling his neck-hair. Next, in lieu of his enemy, he saw Skipper's head, and crept to it and loved it, kissing with his tongue the hard cheeks, the closed lids of the eyes that his love could not open, the immobile lips that would not utter one of the love-words they had been used to utter to the little dog.

Next, in profound desolation, Jerry sat down before Skipper's head, pointed his nose toward the lofty ridge-pole, and howled mournfully and long. Finally, sick and subdued, he crept out of the house and away to the house of his devil-devil master, where, for the round of twenty-four hours, he waked and slept and dreamed centuries of nightmares.

Forever after in Somo, Jerry feared that grass house of Bashti. He was not in fear of Bashti. His fear was indescribable and unthinkable. In that house was the nothingness of what once was Skipper. It was the token of the ultimate catastrophe to life that was wrapped and twisted into every fiber of his heredity. One step advanced beyond this, Jerry's uttermost, the folk of Somo, from the contemplation of death, had achieved concepts of the spirits of the dead still living in immaterial and supersensuous realms. And, thereafter, Jerry hated Bashti intensely, as a lord of life who possessed and laid upon his knees the nothingness of Skipper.

XV

THREE months more passed; the northwest monsoon, after its half-year of breath, had given way to the southeast trade, and Jerry still continued to live in the house of Agno and to have the run of the village. He had put on weight, increased in size, and, protected by the tabu, had become self-confident almost to lordliness. But he had found no master. Agno had never won a heart-throb from him. For that matter, Agno had never tried to win him. Nor, in his cold-blooded way, had he ever betrayed his hatred of Jerry. Not even the several old women, the two acolytes, and the fly-flapping maid in Agno's house dreamed that the devil-devil doctor hated Jerry. Nor did Jerry dream it.

What delayed Agno's plot against Jerry for the half-year of the monsoon was the fact that the season of egg-laying for the megapods in Bashti's private laying-yard did not begin until the period of the southeast trades.

Now, the megapod of the Solomons is a distant cousin to the brush-turkey of Australia. No larger than a large pigeon, it lays an egg the size of a domestic duck's. The megapod, with no sense of fear, is so silly that it would have been annihilated hundreds of centuries before had it not been preserved by the tabus of the chiefs and priests. As it was, the chiefs were compelled to keep cleared patches of sand for it, and to fence out the dogs. It buries its eggs two feet deep, depending on the heat of the sun for the hatching. And it would dig and lay, and continue to dig and lay, while a black dug out its eggs within two or three feet of it.

The laying-yard was Bashti's. During the season, he lived almost entirely on megapod eggs. They gave him reminiscent thrills of the ancient food-desires of his youth. Wherefore, he alone of all Somo, which was barred rigidly by tabu, ate megapod eggs. And, since the tabu was essentially religious, to Agno was deputed the ecclesiastical task of guarding and cherishing and caring for the royal laying-yard.

But Agno was no longer young. The acid bite of food-desire had long since deserted him, and he, too, ate from a sense of duty, all meat tasting alike to him. Megapod eggs only stung his taste alive. Thus it was that he broke the tabus he imposed, and, privily, before the eyes of no man, woman, or child, ate the eggs he stole from Bashti's private preserve.

So it happened as the laying-season began, and when both Bashti and Agno were acutely egg-yearning after six months of abstinence, that Agno led Jerry along the tabu path through the mangroves, where they stepped from root to root above the muck that ever steamed and stank in the stagnant air where the wind never penetrated.

Emerging from the swamp of mangroves abruptly, they came upon a patch of sand, still so salt and inhospitable from the sea's deposit that no great trees rooted and interposed their branches between it and the sun's heat. A primitive gate gave entrance, but Agno did not take Jerry through it. Instead, with weird little chirrupings of encouragement and excitation, he persuaded Jerry to dig a tunnel beneath the rude palisade of fence. He helped with his own hands, dragging out the sand in quantities, but imposing on Jerry the leaving of the indubitable marks of a dog's paws and claws.

Once Jerry was inside, Agno, passing through the gate, enticed and seduced him into digging out the eggs. But Jerry had no taste of the eggs. Eight of them Agno sucked raw, and two of them he tucked whole into his armpits to take back to his house of the devil-devils. The shells of the eight he sucked he broke to fragments as a dog might break them, and, to build the picture he had long visioned, of the eighth egg he reserved a tiny portion which he spread, not on Jerry's jowls, where his tongue could have erased it, but high up about his eyes and above them.

Even worse, in high-priestly sacrilege, he encouraged Jerry to attack a megapod hen in the act of laying. And, while Jerry slew it, Agno, knowing that the lust of killing, once started, would lead him to continue killing the silly birds, left the laying-yard to hotfoot it through the mangrove swamps and present to Bashti an ecclesiastical quandary. The tabu of the dog, as he expounded it, had prevented him from interfering with the tabu dog when it ate the tabu egg-layers. Which tabu might be the greater was beyond him. And Bashti, who had not tasted a megapod egg in half a year, led the way back across the mangrove swamp at so prodigious a pace as quite to wind his high priest, who was many years younger than he.

Arrived at the laying-yard, he caught Jerry, red-pawed and red-mouthed, in the midst of his fourth kill of an egg-layer, the raw yellow yolk of the portion of one egg, plastered by Agno to represent many eggs, still about his eyes and above them to the bulge of his forehead. In vain, Bashti looked about for a single egg, the six months' hunger stronger than ever upon him in the thick of the disaster. And Jerry, under the consent and encouragement of Agno, wagged his tail to Bashti in a bid for recognition of prowess.

Bashti did not rage, as he would have done had he been alone. Before the eyes of his chief priest, he disdained to lower himself to such commonness of humanity.

Thus it is always with those in the high places, ever temporizing with their natural desires, ever masking their ordinariness under a show of disinterest. So it was that Bashti displayed no vexation at the disappointment to his appetite. Agno was a shade less controlled, for he could not quite chase away the eager light in his eyes. Bashti glimpsed it, and mistook it for simple curiosity of observation, not guessing its real nature. Which goes to show two things of these in the high places: one, that they may fool those beneath them; the other, that they may be fooled by those beneath them.

Bashti regarded Jerry quizzically, as if the matter were a joke, and shot a careless side glance to note the disappointment in his priest's eyes. "Ah ha," thought Bashti, "I have fooled him!"

"Which is the high tabu?" Agno queried, in the Somo tongue.

"As if you should ask! Of a surety, the megapod."

"And the dog?" was Agno's next query.

"Must pay for breaking the tabu. It is a high tabu. The dog must die."

He paused and considered the matter, while Jerry returned to digging the sand where the scent was auspicious. Agno made to stop him, but Bashti interposed.

"Let be," he said. "Let the dog convict himself before my eyes."

And Jerry did, uncovering two eggs, breaking them, and lapping that portion of their precious contents which was not spilled and wasted in the sand. Bashti's eyes were quite lack-luster as he asked,

"The feast of dogs for the men is today?"

"To-morrow, at midday," Agno answered. "Already are the dogs coming in. There will be at least fifty of them."

"Fifty and one," was Bashti's verdict, as he nodded at Jerry.

The priest made a quick movement of impulse to capture Jerry.

"Why now?" the chief demanded.

"You will but have to carry him through the swamp. Let him trot back on his own legs, and when he is before the canoe-house, tie his legs there."

Across the swamp and approaching the canoe-house, Jerry, trotting happily at the heels of the two men, heard the wailing and sorrowing of many dogs that spelled unmistakable woe and pain. He developed instant suspicion that was, however, without direct apprehension for himself. And at that moment, his ears cocked forward and his nose questing for further information in the matter, Bashti seized him by the nape of the neck and held him in the air while Agno proceeded to tie his legs.

The next thirty hours were bad hours for Jerry. The word had gone forth immediately that the tabu on him had been removed, and of the men and boys none was so low as to do him reverence. About him, till nightfall, persisted a circle of teasers and tormentors. They harangued him for his fall, sneered and jeered at him, rooted him about contemptuously with their feet, made a hollow in the sand out of which he could not roll, and deposited him in it on his back, his four tied legs sticking ignominiously in the air above him. And all he could do was growl and rage his helplessness. For, unlike the other dogs, he would not howl or whimper his pain.

The killing-ground before the canoe-house was a bedlam of horror. From time

to time, more bound dogs were brought in and flung down. There was a continuous howling, especially contributed to by those which had lain in the sun since early morning and had no water. At times, all joined in, the control of the quietest breaking down before the wave of excitement and fear that swept spasmodically over all of them. This howling continued throughout the night, and by morning all were suffering from the intolerable thirst.

The sun, blazing down upon them in the white sand and almost parboiling them, brought anything but relief. The circle of torturers formed about Jerry again, and again was wreaked upon him all abusive contempt for having lost his tabu. What drove Jerry the maddest was not the blows and physical torment but the laughter. No dog enjoys being laughed at, and Jerry, least of all, could restrain his wrath when they jeered him and cackled close in his face.

Although he had not howled once, his snarling and growling, combined with his thirst, had hoarsened his throat and dried the mucous membranes of his mouth so that he was incapable, except under the sheerest provocation, of further sound. His tongue hung out of his mouth, and the eight-o'clock sun began slowly to burn it.

It was at this time that one of the boys cruelly outraged him. He rolled Jerry out of the hollow in which he had lain all night on his back, turned him over on his side, and presented to him a small calabash filled with water. Jerry lapped it so frantically that not for half a minute did he become aware that the boy had squeezed into it many hot seeds of ripe red peppers. The circle shrieked with glee, and what Jerry's thirst had been before was as nothing compared with this new thirst to which had been added the stinging agony of pepper.

Next in event, and a most important event it was to prove, came Nalasu. Nalasu was an old man of threescore years, and he was blind, walking with a large staff with which he prodded his path. In his free hand he carried a small pig by its tied legs.

"They say the white marster's dog is to be eaten," he said, in the Somo speech. "Where is the white marster's dog? Show him to me."

Agno, who had just arrived, stood beside him as he bent over Jerry and examined him with his fingers. Nor did Jerry offer to snarl or bite, although the blind man's hands came within reach of his teeth more than once. For Jerry sensed no enmity in the fingers that passed so softly over him. Next, Nalasu felt over the pig, and several times, as if calculating, alternated between Jerry and the pig.

Nalasu stood up and voiced judgment.

"The pig is as small as the dog. They are of a size, but the pig has more meat on it for the eating. Take the pig, and I shall take the dog."

"Nay," said Agno; "the white marster's dog has broken the tabu. It must be eaten. Take any other dog, and leave the pig."

"I will have the white marster's dog," Nalasu persisted; "only the white marster's dog and no other."

The matter was at a deadlock when Bashti chanced upon the scene.

"Take the dog, Nalasu," he said finally.

"It is a good pig, and I shall myself eat it."

"But he has broken the tabu, your great

tabu of the laying-yard, and must go to the eating," Agno interposed quickly—too quickly, Bashti thought, while a vague suspicion arose in his mind of he knew not what. "The tabu must be paid in blood and cooking," Agno pursued.

"Very well," said Bashti; "I shall eat the small pig."

"I but speak the law of the tabu. Life must pay for the breaking."

"There is another law," Bashti grinned. "Long has it been, since ever Somo built these walls, that life may buy life."

"But of life of man and life of woman," Agno qualified.

"I know the law," Bashti held steadily on. "Somo made the law. Never has it been said that animal life may not buy animal life."

"It has never been practised," was the devil-devil doctor's fling.

"And for reason enough," the old chief retorted. "Never before has a man been fool enough to give a pig for a dog. It is a young pig, and it is fat and tender. Take the dog, Nalasu. Take the dog now."

But Agno was not satisfied.

"As you said, O Bashti, in your very great wisdom, he is the seed-dog of strength and courage! Let him be slain. When he comes from the fire, his body shall be divided into many small pieces so that every man may eat of him and thereby get his portion of strength and courage. Better is it for Somo that its men be strong and brave rather than its dogs."

Bashti wondered why his devil-devil doctor so earnestly desired a mere dog's death. There were many dogs. Then why this particular dog? That the weight of something was on the other's mind was patent, although what it was Bashti could not gage—unless it might be revenge incubated the day he had prevented Agno from eating the dog. If such were the case, it was a state of mind he could not tolerate in any of his tribespeople. But whatever was the motive, guarding, as he always did, against the unknown, he thought it well to discipline his priest. Wherefore, Bashti replied:

"I have lived long and eaten many pigs. What man may dare say that the many pigs have entered into me and made me a pig?" He paused and cast a challenging eye around the circle of his audience; but no man spoke. "I have eaten much fish," Bashti continued. "Never has one scale of a fish grown out on my skin. Never has a gill appeared on my throat. As you all know, by the looking, never have I sprouted one fin out of my back-bone. Nalasu, take the dog. Aga, carry the pig to my house. I shall eat it to-day. Agno, let the killing of the dogs begin."

XVI

BLIND Nalasu slowly plodded away, with one hand tapping the path before him and with the other carrying Jerry, head downward, suspended by his tied legs.

But, unlike the boy Lamai, who had known no better, the old man did not carry Jerry all the way to his house. At the first stream pouring down between the low hills of the rising land, he paused and put Jerry down to drink. And Jerry knew only the delight of the wet coolness on his tongue, all about his mouth, and down his throat. Nevertheless, in his subconsciousness was being planted the impres-

sion that, kinder than Lamai, than Agno, than Bashti, this was the kindest black he had encountered in Somo.

From the stream to Nalasu's house, a goodly distance, Nalasu still carried him with bound legs, although not head downward but clasped in one arm against his chest. His idea was to love the dog to him. For Nalasu, having sat in the lonely dark for many years, had thought far more about the world around him and knew it far better than had he been able to see it. For his own special purpose, he had need of a dog. Several bush-dogs he had tried, but they had shown little appreciation of his kindness and had invariably run away. But the white master's dog, he had heard, was different. It never ran away in fear, while it was said to be more intelligent than the dogs of Somo.

The invention Lamai had made of tying Jerry with a stick had been noised abroad in the village, and by a stick, in Nalasu's house, Jerry found himself again tied. But with a difference. Never once was the blind man impatient, while he spent hours each day in squatting on his hams and petting Jerry. Yet, had he not done this, Jerry, who ate his food and who was growing accustomed to changing his masters, would have accepted Nalasu for master. Further, it was fairly definite in Jerry's mind, after the devil-devil doctor's tying him and flinging him among the other helpless dogs on the killing-ground, that all mastership of Agno had ceased. And Jerry, who had never been without a master since his first days in the world, felt the imperative need of a master.

So it was, when the day came that the stick was untied from him, that Jerry remained voluntarily in Nalasu's house. When the old man was satisfied there would be no running-away, he began Jerry's training.

First of all, Jerry learned a new name for himself, which was Bao, and he was taught to respond to it from an ever-increasing distance, no matter how softly it was uttered, and Nalasu continued to utter it more softly until it no longer was a spoken word but a whisper. Jerry's ears were keen, but Nalasu's, from long use, were almost as keen.

Further, Jerry's own hearing was trained to still greater acuteness. Hours at a time, sitting by Nalasu or standing apart from him, he was taught to catch the slightest sounds or rustlings from the bush. Still further, he was taught to differentiate between the bush-noises and between the ways he growled warnings to Nalasu. If a rustle took place that Jerry identified as a pig or a chicken, he did not growl at all. If he did not identify the noise, he growled fairly softly. But if the noise was made by a man or boy who moved softly and therefore suspiciously, Jerry learned to growl loudly; if the noise was loud and careless, then Jerry's growl was soft. All this, and much more, at a cost of interminable time and patience, Nalasu taught him, and much more he taught him, increasing his vocabulary so that, at a distance, they could hold quick and sharply definite conversations.

Thus, at fifty feet away, Jerry would "whuff" softly the information that there was a noise he did not know; and Nalasu, with different sibilances, would hiss to him to stand still, to whuff more softly, or to keep silent, or to come to

him noiselessly, or to go into the bush and investigate the source of the strange noise, or, barking loudly, to rush and attack it.

Perhaps, if, from the opposite direction, Nalasu's sharp ears alone caught a strange sound, he would ask Jerry if he had heard it. And Jerry, alert to his toes to listen, by an alteration in the quantity or quality of his whuff, would tell Nalasu that he did not hear; next, that he did hear, and, perhaps finally, that it was a strange dog or a wood-rat or a man or a boy—all in the softest of sounds that were scarcely more than breath-exhalations, all monosyllables, a veritable shorthand of speech.

Nalasu was a strange old man. He lived by himself in a small grass house on the edge of the village. The nearest house was quite a distance away, while his own stood in a clearing in the thick jungle, which approached nowhere nearer than sixty feet. Also, this cleared space he kept continually free from the fast-growing vegetation. Apparently he had no friends. At least, no visitors ever came to his dwelling. Years had passed since he discouraged the last. Further, he had no kindred. His wife was long since dead, and his three sons, not yet married, in a foray beyond the bounds of Somo had lost their heads in the jungle runways of the higher hills.

For a blind man, he was very busy. He asked favor of no one and was self-supporting. In his house-clearing he grew yams, sweet potatoes, and taro. In another clearing—because it was his policy to have no trees close to his house—he had plantains, bananas, and half a dozen coconuts. Fruits and vegetables he exchanged down in the village for meat and fish and tobacco.

On occasion, he would make bows and arrows that were so esteemed by his tribespeople as to command a steady sale. Scarcely a day passed in which he did not himself practise with bow and arrow. He shot only by direction of sound; and whenever a noise or rustle was heard in the jungle, and when Jerry had informed him of its nature, he would shoot an arrow at it. Then it was Jerry's duty cautiously to retrieve the arrow had it missed the mark.

A curious thing about Nalasu was that he slept no more than three hours in the twenty-four, that he never slept at night, and that his brief daylight sleep never took place in the house. Hidden in the thickest part of the neighboring jungle was a sort of nest to which led no path. He never entered or left by the same way, so that the tropic growth on the rich soil, being so rarely trod upon, ever obliterated the slightest sign of his having passed that way. Whenever he slept, Jerry was trained to remain on guard.

Reason enough there was and to spare for Nalasu's infinite precaution. The oldest of his three sons had slain one Ao in a quarrel. Ao had been one of six brothers of the family of Anno, which dwelt in one of the upper villages. According to Somo law, the Anno family was privileged to collect the blood-debt from the Nalasu family, but had been balked of it by the deaths of Nalasu's three sons in the bush. And, since the Somo code was a life for a life, and since Nalasu alone remained alive of his family, it was well known throughout the tribe that the Annos would never be content until they had taken his life.

But Nalasu had been famous as a great fighter, as well as having been the progenitor of three such warlike sons. Twice had the Annos sought to collect, the first time while Nalasu still retained his eyesight. Nalasu had discovered their trap, circled about it, and, in the rear, encountered and slain Anno himself, the father, thus doubling the blood-debt.

Then had come his accident. While refilling many-times-used Snider cartridges, an explosion of black powder put out both his eyes. Immediately thereafter, while he sat nursing his wounds, the Annos had descended upon him—just what he had expected, and for which he had made due preparation. That night, two uncles and another brother stepped on poisoned thorns and died horribly. Thus the sum of lives owing the Annos had increased to five, with only a blind man from whom to collect. Thenceforth, the Annos feared the thorns too greatly to dare again, although they lived in hope of the day when Nalasu's head should adorn their ridge-pole. In the mean time, the state of affairs was not that of a truce but of a stalemate. The old man could not proceed against them, and they were afraid to proceed against him. Nor did the day come until after Jerry's adoption, when one of the Annos made an invention the like of which had never been known in all Malaita.

XVII

MEANWHILE, the months slipped by; the southeast trade blew itself out; the monsoon had begun to breathe, and Jerry added to himself six months of time, weight, stature, and thickness of bone. An easy time his half-year with the blind man had been, despite the fact that Nalasu was a rigid disciplinarian who insisted on training Jerry for longer hours, day in and day out, than falls to the lot of most dogs. Never did Jerry receive from him a blow, never a harsh word.

Mentally, the persistent education Jerry received in this period of late puppyhood fixed in him increased brain-power for all his life. His shorthand vocabulary, for a dog, was prodigious. Almost might it be said that he and the man could talk by the hour, although few and simple were the abstractions they could talk; very little of the immediate concrete past and scarcely anything of the immediate concrete future entered into their conversations. Jerry could no more tell him of Meringe or of the Arangi than could he tell him of the great love he had borne Skipper or of his reason for hating Bashti. By the same token, Nalasu could not tell Jerry of the blood-feud with the Annos or of how he had lost his eyesight.

Practically all their conversation was confined to the instant present, although they could compass a little of the very immediate past. Nalasu would give Jerry a series of instructions, such as, going on a scout by himself, to go to the nest, then circle about it widely, to continue to the other clearing where were the fruit-trees, to cross the jungle to the main path, to proceed down the main path toward the village till he came to the great banyan tree, and then to return along the small path to Nalasu and Nalasu's house. All of which Jerry would carry out to the letter, and, arrived back, would make report. As, thus: At the nest, nothing unusual save

that a buzzard was near it; in the other clearing, three coconuts had fallen to the ground—for Jerry could count unerringly up to five—between the other clearing and the main path were four pigs; along the main path he had passed a dog, more than five women, and two children, and on the small path home he had noted a cockatoo and two boys. But he could not tell Nalasu his states of mind and heart that prevented him from being fully contented in his present situation. For Nalasu was not a white god. At the best, he was only a second-rate god, and Jerry could not forget the great white gods such as Skipper and *Mister Haggin*.

Came the day of the Annos, when one of them made the invention, which was thick-plaited sandals to armor the soles of their feet against the poisoned thorns with which Nalasu had taken three of their lives. The day, in truth, was the night, a black night, a night so black under a cloud-palled sky that a tree-trunk could not be seen an eighth of an inch beyond one's nose. And the Annos descended on Nalasu's clearing, a dozen of them, armed with Sniders, horse-pistols, tomahawks, and war-clubs, walking gingerly, despite their thick sandals, because of fear of the thorns which Nalasu no longer planted.

Jerry, sitting between Nalasu's knees and nodding sleepily, gave the first warning to Nalasu, who sat outside his door, wide-eyed, ear-strung, as he had sat through all the nights of the many years. He listened still more tensely through long minutes in which he heard nothing, at the same time whispering to Jerry for information and commanding him to be soft-spoken; and Jerry, with whuffs and whiffs and all the shorthand breath-exhalations of speech he had been taught, told him that men approached, many men, more than five.

Nalasu reached the bow beside him, strung an arrow, and waited. At last, his own ears caught the slightest of rustlings, now here, now there, advancing upon him in the circle of the compass. Still speaking for softness, he demanded verification from Jerry, who, by this time, was reading the night air with his nose as well as his ears. And Jerry, as softly as Nalasu, informed him again that it was men, many men, more than five.

With the patience of age, Nalasu sat on without movement, until, close at hand, on the very edge of the jungle, sixty feet away, he located a particular noise of a particular man. He stretched the bow, loosed the arrow, and was rewarded by a gasp and a groan. First, he restrained Jerry from retrieving the arrow, which he knew had gone home, and next he fitted a fresh arrow to the bowstring.

Fifteen minutes of silence passed, the blind man as if carven of stone, the dog, trembling with eagerness under the articulate touch of his fingers, obeying the bidding to make no sound. For Jerry, as well as Nalasu, knew that death rustled and lurked in the encircling dark. Again came a softness of movement, nearer than before; but the sped arrow missed. They heard its impact against a tree-trunk beyond and a confusion of small sounds caused by the target's hasty retreat. Next, after a time of silence, Nalasu told Jerry silently to retrieve the arrow. He had been well trained and long trained, for with no sound even to Nalasu's ears,

keener than the ears of seeing men, he followed the direction of the arrow's impact against the tree and brought the arrow back in his mouth.

Again Nalasu waited until the rustlings of a fresh drawing-in of the circle could be heard, whereupon Nalasu, Jerry accompanying him, picked up all his arrows and moved soundlessly half-way round the circle. Even as they moved, a Snider exploded that was aimed in the general direction of the spot just vacated.

The blind man and the dog, from midnight to dawn, successfully fought off twelve men equipped with the thunder of gunpowder and the wide-spreading, deep-penetrating mushroom bullets of soft lead. And the blind man defended himself only with a bow and a hundred arrows. He discharged many hundreds of arrows, which Jerry retrieved for him and which he discharged over and over. But Jerry aided valiantly and well, adding to Nalasu's acute hearing his own acuter hearing, circling noiselessly about the house and reporting where the attack pressed closest.

Much of their precious powder the Annos wasted, for the affair was like a game of invisible ghosts. They tried firing at the twang of Nalasu's bowstring, but every time Nalasu discharged an arrow, he instantly changed position. Several times, warned of Jerry's nearness, they fired at him, and once, even, was his nose slightly powder-burned.

When day broke, in the quick tropic gray that marks the leap from dark to sun, the Annos retreated, while Nalasu, withdrawn from the light into his house, still possessed eighty arrows, thanks to Jerry. The net result to Nalasu was one dead man and no telling how many arrow-pricked wounded men who dragged themselves away.

And half the day Nalasu crouched over Jerry, fondling and caressing him for what he had done. Then he went abroad, Jerry with him, and told of the battle. Bashti paid him a visit ere the day was done, and talked with him earnestly.

"As an old man to an old man, I talk," was Bashti's beginning. "I am older than you, O Nalasu! I have ever been unafraid. Yet never have I been braver than you. I would that every man of the tribe were as brave as you. Yet do you give me great sorrow. Of what worth are your courage and cunning, when you have no seed to make your courage and cunning live again?"

"I am an old man—" Nalasu began.

"Not so old as I am," Bashti interrupted. "Not too old to marry, so that your seed will add strength to the tribe."

"I was married, and long married, and I fathered three brave sons. But they are dead. I shall not live so long as you. I think of my young days as pleasant dreams remembered after sleep. More I think of death—and the end. Of marriage, I think not at all. I am too old to marry. I am old enough to make ready to die, and a great curiousness have I about what will happen to me when I am dead. Will I be forever dead? Will I live again in a land of dreams—a shadow of a dream myself that will still remember the days when I lived in the warm world, the quick juices of hunger in my mouth, in the chest of the body of me the love of woman?"

Bashti shrugged his shoulders.

"I, too, have thought much on the

matter," he said. "Yet do I arrive nowhere. I do not know. You do not know. We shall not know until we are dead, if it happens that we know anything when what we are we no longer are. But this we know, you and I—the tribe lives; the tribe never dies. Wherefore, if there be meaning at all to our living, we must make the tribe strong. Your work in the tribe is not done. You must marry, so that your cunning and your courage live after you. I have a wife for you—nay, two wives, for your days are short."

"I will not pay for a wife," Nalasu protested. "I will not pay for any wife. I would not pay a stick of tobacco or a cracked coconut for the best woman in Somo."

"Worry not," Bashti went on placidly. "I shall pay for you the price of the wife of the two wives. There is Bubu. For half a case of tobacco will I buy her for you. She is broad and square, round-legged, broad-hipped. There is Nena. Her father sets a stiff price upon her—a whole case of tobacco. I will buy her for you as well. Your time is short. We must hurry."

"I will not marry," the old blind man proclaimed hysterically.

"You will. I have spoken."

"No, I say, and say again; no, no, no, no! Wives are nuisances. They are young things, and their heads are filled with foolishness. Their tongues are loose with idleness of speech. I am old; I am quiet in my ways. The fires of life have departed from me; I prefer to sit alone in the dark and think. Chattering young things about me, with nothing but foam and spume in their heads, on their tongues, would drive me mad. Of a surety, they would drive me mad—so mad that I will spit into every clam-shell, make faces at the moon, and bite my veins and howl."

"And if you do, what of it—so long as your seed does not perish? I shall pay for the wives to their fathers and send them to you in three days."

"I will have nothing to do with them," Nalasu asserted wildly.

"You will," Bashti insisted calmly. "Because, if you do not, you will have to pay me. It will be a sore, hard debt. I will have every joint of you unhinged so that you will be like a jellyfish, like a fat pig with the bones removed, and I will then stake you out in the midmost center of the dog-killing ground to swell in pain under the sun. And what is left of you, I shall fling to the dogs to eat. Your seed shall not perish out of Somo. I, Bashti, so tell you. In three days, I shall send to you your two wives." He paused, and a long silence fell upon them. "Well?" Bashti reiterated. "It is wives or staking-out unhinged in the sun. You choose, but think well before you choose the unhinging."

"At my age, with all the vexations of youngness so far behind me!" Nalasu complained.

"Choose. You will find there is vexation and liveliness and much of it in the center of the dog-killing yard when the sun cooks your sore joints till the grease of the leanness of you bubbles like the tender fat of a cooked sucking pig."

"Then send me the wives," Nalasu managed to utter, after a long pause. "But send them in three days, not in two, not to-morrow."

"It is well." Bashti nodded gravely.

XVIII

HAD Bashti hastened delivery of the wives by one day, or by even two days, Nalasu would have entered the feared purgatory of matrimony. But Bashti kept his word, and on the third day was too busy with a more momentous problem to deliver Bubu and Nena to the blind old man who apprehensively waited their coming. For, the morning of the third day, all the summits of leeward Malaita smoked into speech. A war-ship was on the coast—so the tale ran—a big war-ship that was heading in through the reef islands at Langa Langa. The tale grew. The war-ship was not stopping at Langa Langa. The war-ship was not stopping at Binu. It was directing its course toward Somo.

Nalasu, blind, could not see this smoke-speech written in the air. Because of the isolation of his house, no one came and told him. His first warning was when shrill voices of women, cries of children, and wailings of babes in nameless fear came to him from the main path that led from the village to the upland boundaries of Somo. He read only fear and panic from the sounds, deduced that the village was fleeing to its mountain fastnesses, but did not know the cause of the flight.

He called Jerry to him and instructed him to scout to the great banyan tree, where Nalasu's path and the main path joined, and to observe and report. And Jerry sat under the banyan tree and observed the flight of all Somo. Men, women and children, the young and the aged, babes at breast and patriarchs leaning on sticks and staffs passed before his eyes, betraying the greatest haste and alarm. The village dogs were as frightened, whimpering and whining as they ran. And the contagion of terror was strong upon Jerry. He knew the prod of impulse to join in this rush away from some unthinkable catastrophic event that impended and that stirred his intuitive apprehensions of death. But he mastered the impulse with his sense of loyalty to the blind man who had fed him and caressed him for a long six months.

Back with Nalasu, sitting between his knees, he made his report. It was impossible for him to count more than five, although he knew the fleeing population numbered many times more than five. So he signified five men and more, five women and more, five children and more, five babies and more, five dogs and more—even of pigs did he announce five and more. Nalasu's ears told him that it was many, many times more.

And, beyond knowing that something terrible was impending—something horribly more terrible than any foray of neighboring salt-water tribes, which Somo, behind her walls, could easily fend off, Nalasu divined that it was the long-expected punitive man-of-war. Despite his three-score years, he had never experienced a village shelling. He had heard vague talk of what had happened in the matter of shell-fire in other villages, but he had no conception of it save that it must be bullets on a larger scale than Snider bullets that could be fired correspondingly longer distances through the air.

But it was given to him to know shell-fire before he died. Bashti, who had long waited the cruiser that was to avenge the destruction of the Arangi and the taking of

the heads of the two white men, and who had long calculated the damage to be wrought, had given the command to his people to flee to the mountains. First in the vanguard, borne by a dozen young men, went his mat-wrapped parcels of heads. The last slow trailers in the rear of the exodus were just passing, and Nalasu, his bow and his eighty arrows clutched to him, Jerry at his heels, made his first step to follow, when the air above him was rent by a prodigiousness of sound.

Nalasu sat down abruptly. It was his first shell, and it was a thousand times more terrible than he had imagined. It was a ripsnorting, sky-splitting sound as of a cosmic fabric being torn asunder between the hands of some powerful god. For all the world it was like the roughest tearing-across of sheets that were thick as many blankets, that were broad as the earth and wide as the sky.

Not only did he sit down just outside his door but he crouched his head to his knees and shielded it with the arch of his arms. And Jerry, who had never heard shell-fire, much less imagined what it was like, was impressed with the awfulness of it. It was to him a natural catastrophe such as had happened to the Arangi when she was flung down, reeling, on her side by the shouting wind. But, true to his nature, he did not crouch down under the shriek of that first shell. On the contrary, he bristled his hair and snarled up with menacing teeth at whatever the thing was which was so enormously present and yet invisible to his eyes.

Nalasu crouched closer when the shell burst beyond, and Jerry snarled and rippled his hair afresh. Each repeated his actions with each fresh shell, for, while they screamed no more loudly, they burst in the jungle more closely. And Nalasu, who had lived a long life most bravely in the midst of perils he had known, was destined to die a coward out of his fear of the thing unknown, the chemically propelled missile of the white masters. As the dropping shells burst nearer and nearer, what final self-control he possessed left him. Such was his utter panic that he might well have bitten his veins and howled. With a lunatic scream, he sprang to his feet and rushed inside the house as if, forsooth, its grass hatch could protect his head from such huge projectiles. He collided with the door-jamb, and, ere Jerry could follow him, whirled around in a part circle into the center of the floor just in time to receive the next shell squarely upon his head.

Jerry had just gained the doorway when the shell exploded. The house went into flying fragments, and Nalasu flew into fragments with it. Jerry, in the doorway, caught in the outdraft of the explosion, was flung a score of feet away. All in the same fraction of an instant, earthquake, tidal wave, volcanic eruption, the thunder of the heavens, and the fire-flashing of an electric bolt from the sky smote him and smote consciousness out of him.

He had no conception of how long he lay. Five minutes passed before his legs made their first spasmodic movements, and, as he stumbled to his feet and rocked giddily, he had no thought of the passage of time. He had no thought about time at all. As a matter of course, his own idea, on which he proceeded to act without being aware of it, was that, a part of a



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second before, he had been struck a terrific blow, magnified incalculable times beyond the blow of a stick.

His throat and lungs filled with the pungent, stifling smoke of powder, his nostrils with earth and dust; he frantically wheezed and sneezed, leaping about, falling drunkenly, leaping into the air again, staggering on his hind legs, dabbing with his fore paws at his nose head downward between his fore legs, and even rubbing his nose into the ground. He had no thought for anything save to remove the biting pain from his nose and mouth, the suffocation from his lungs.

By a miracle, he had escaped being struck by the flying splinters of iron, and, thanks to his strong heart, had escaped being killed by the shock of the explosion. Not until the end of five minutes of mad struggling, in which he behaved for all the world like a beheaded chicken, did he find life tolerable again. The maximum of stifling and of agony passed, and, although he was still weak and giddy, he tottered in the direction of the house and of Nalasu. And there was no house and no Nalasu—only a *débris* intermingled of both.

While the shells continued to shriek and explode, now near, now far, Jerry investigated the happening. As surely as the house was gone, just as surely was Nalasu gone. Upon both had descended the ultimate nothingness. All the immediate world seemed doomed to nothingness. Life promised only somewhere else, in the high hills and remote bush, whither the tribe had already fled. Loyal he was to his salt, to the master whom he had obeyed so long, black that he was, who so long had fed him, and for whom he had entertained a true affection. But this master no longer was.

Retreat Jerry did, but he was not hasty in retreat. For a time, he snarled at every shell-scream in the air and every shell-burst in the bush. But, after a time, while the awareness of them continued uncomfortably with him, the hair on his neck remained laid down, and he neither uttered a snarl nor bared his teeth.

And when he parted from what had been and which had ceased to be, not like the bush-dogs did he whimper and run. Instead, he trotted along the path at a regular and dignified pace. When he emerged upon the main path, he found it deserted. The last refugee had passed. The path, always traveled from daylight to dark, and which he had so recently seen glutted with humans, now in its emptiness affected him profoundly with the impression of the endingness of all things in a perishing world. So it was that he did not sit down under the banyan tree but trotted along at the far rear of the tribe.

With his nose he read the narrative of the flight. Only once did he encounter what advertised its terror. It was an entire group annihilated by a shell.

And Jerry's nose told him of how the stream of the fugitives had split and flooded past on each side and flowed together again beyond. Incidents of the flight he did encounter—a part-chewed joint of sugar-cane some child had dropped; a clay pipe, the stem short from successive breakages; a single feather from some young man's hair, and a calabash, full of cooked yams and sweet potatoes, deposited carefully beside the trail.

The shell-fire ceased as Jerry trotted along; next he heard the rifle-fire from the

landing party as it shot down the domestic pigs on Somo's streets. He did not hear, however, the chopping-down of the coconut trees, any more than did he ever return to behold what damage the axes had wrought.

For right here occurred with Jerry a wonderful thing that thinkers of the world have not explained. He manifested, in his dog's brain, the free agency of life, by which all the generations of metaphysicians have postulated God, and by which all the deterministic philosophers have been led by the nose, despite their clear denouncement of it as sheer illusion. What Jerry did, he did. He did not know how or why he did it any more than does the philosopher know how or why he decides on mush and cream for breakfast instead of two soft-boiled eggs.

What Jerry did was to yield in action to an impulse to do, not what seemed the easier and more usual thing, but to do what seemed the harder and more unusual thing. Since it is easier to endure the known than to fly to the unknown, since both misery and fear love company, the apparent easiest thing for Jerry to have done would have been to follow the tribe of Somo into its fastnesses. Yet what Jerry did was to diverge from the line of retreat and to start northward across the bounds of Somo.

Had Nalasu not been struck down by the ultimate nothingness, Jerry would have remained. This is true, and this, perhaps, to the one who considers his action, might have been the way he reasoned. But he did not reason it, did not reason at all; he acted on impulse. He could count five objects, and pronounce them by name and number, but he was incapable of reasoning that he would remain in Somo if Nalasu lived, depart from Somo if Nalasu died. He merely departed from Somo because Nalasu *was* dead, and the terrible shell-fire passed quickly into the past of his consciousness, while the present became vivid after the way of the present. Almost on his toes did he tread the wild bushmen's trails, tense with apprehension of the lurking death he knew infested such paths, his ears cocked alertly for jungle-sounds, his eyes following his ears to discern what made the sounds.

No more doughty or daring was Columbus, venturing all that he was to the unknown, than was Jerry in venturing this jungle-darkness of black Malaita. And this wonderful thing, this seeming great deed of free will, he performed in much the same way that the itching of feet and tickle of fancy have led the feet of men over all the earth.

Though Jerry never laid eyes on Somo again, Bashti returned with his tribe the same day, grinning and chuckling as he appraised the damage. Only a few grass houses had been damaged by the shells. Only a few coco-palms had been chopped down. And as for the slain pigs, lest they spoil, he made of their carcasses a great feast. One shell had knocked a hole through his sea-wall. He enlarged it for a launching-ways, faced the sides of it with dry-fitted coral rock, and gave orders for the building of an additional canoe-house. The only vexation he suffered was the death of Nalasu and the disappearance of Jerry—his two experiments in primitive eugenics.

The conclusion of *Jerry* will appear in the April issue.

Jerry

By Jack London

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

JERRY is a smooth-coated, full-blooded Irish terrier, son of Terrence and Biddy and brother of Michael, born on Meringe Plantation, Ysabel Island, one of the British Solomons. When he is six months old, Tom Haggin, his owner, gives him to Captain Van Horn, skipper of the sixty-foot ketch, Arangi, who uses his vessel chiefly for "blackbirding"—that is, carrying new-caught cannibal blacks to labor on the island plantations, and returning them to their homes when the term of their contract has expired. Van Horn is now on one of these return-voyages to the island of Malaita.

Jerry quickly adapts himself to his completely changed environment, in spite of a wild dog on the vessel and his hatred of the blacks, and is all devotion to the skipper, who becomes very fond of the puppy. But this new phase of Jerry's existence is very brief.

On the afternoon of the next day, Somo is reached, and there Van Horn, his entire crew, and human cargo are either killed or captured, to be eaten later, by the natives under the leadership of Bashti, the Somo chief. While the massacre is in progress, Jerry attacks one of the blacks and is kicked overboard, but is rescued by a boy named Lamai. But Bashti, wishing to use the dog for breeding-purposes, takes him away from Lamai, makes his person sacred, and gives him into the care of Agno, the high priest. But the latter, who dislikes the puppy, causes Jerry to break a higher tabu, and just as he is, in consequence, about to be killed and eaten, Bashti exchanges him with an aged blind man, Nalasu, for a pig.

Nalasu trains Jerry to assist in protecting himself from his enemies, and the dog becomes very skillful in conveying information to his sightless master. Six months pass, and then, one day, a British war-ship appears off Somo and begins to shell the village, a punitive measure for the killing of the people on the Arangi. The inhabitants flee inland; Nalasu is killed by a shell, and Jerry, now having no master, starts by himself northward across the boundary of Somo.

The wanderings of Jerry end with this instalment, and the adventures of Michael, Brother of Jerry, begin in May Cosmopolitan.

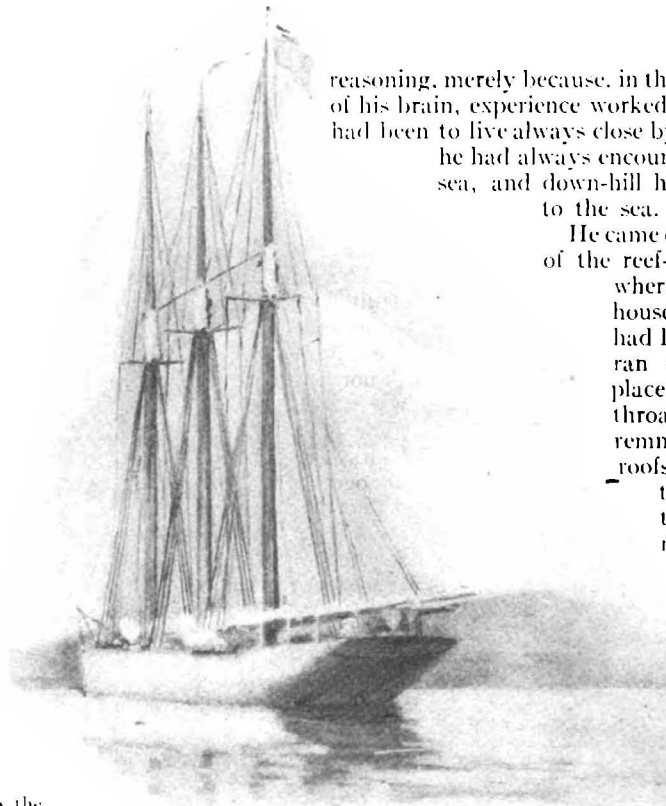
A WEEK Jerry spent in the bush, and it would have gone hard with him in the matter of food had he not, on the second day, encountered a lone small pig, evidently lost from its litter. It was his first hunting-adventure for a living, and it prevented him from traveling farther, for, true to his instinct, he remained by his kill until it was devoured.

True, he ranged widely about the neighborhood, finding no other food he could capture. But always, until it was gone, he returned to the slain pig. Yet he was not happy in his freedom. He was lonely. He could not get along without man. Too long had he and the generations before him lived in intimate relationship with the two-legged gods. Too long had his kind loved man, served him for love, endured for love, died for love, and, in return, been partly appreciated, less understood, and roughly loved.

So great was Jerry's loneliness that even a two-legged black god was desirable, since white gods had long since faded into the limbo of the past. For all he might have known, had he been capable of conjecturing, the only white gods in existence had perished. Acting on the assumption that a black god was better than no god, when he had quite finished the little pig, he deflected his course to the left, down-hill, toward the sea. He did this again without

reasoning, merely because, in the subtle processes of his brain, experience worked. His experience had been to live always close by the sea; humans he had always encountered close by the sea, and down-hill had invariably led to the sea.

He came out upon the shore of the reef-sheltered lagoon, where ruined grass houses told him men had lived. The jungle ran riot through the place. Six-inch trees, throated with rotten remnants of thatched roofs through which they had aspired toward the sun, rose about him. Quick-growing



trees had shadowed the king-posts so that the idols and totems, seated in carved sharks' jaws, grinned greenly and monstrosly at the futility of man through a rime of moss and mottled fungus. A poor little sea-wall, never much at its best, sprawled in ruin from the coco-palm roots in the placid sea.

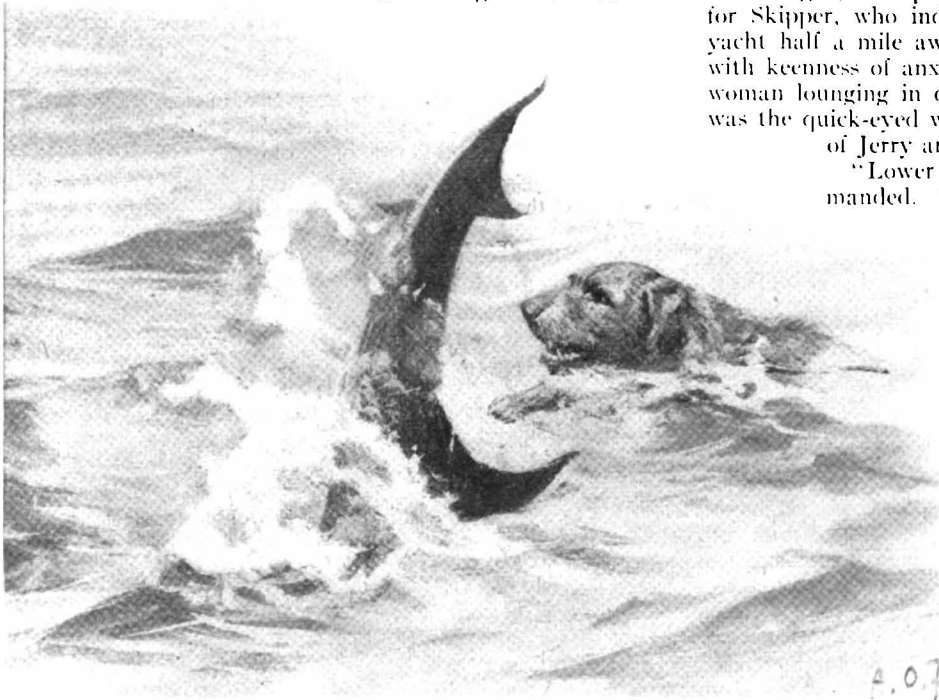
The salt tang of the sea gladdened his nostrils, and he snorted with the pleasure of the stench of the mangrove swamp. But, another Crusoe chancing upon the footprint of another man Friday, his nose, not his eyes, shocked him electrically alert as he smelled the fresh contact of a living man's foot with the ground. It was black's foot, but it was alive, it was immediate, and, as he traced it a score of yards, he came upon another foot-scent, indubitably a white man's.

Had there been an onlooker, he would have thought Jerry had gone suddenly mad. He rushed frantically about,

turning and twisting his course, now his nose to the ground, now up in the air, whining as frantically as he rushed, leaping abruptly at right angles as new scents reached him, scurrying here and there and everywhere, as if in a game of tag with some invisible playfellow.

But he was reading the full report which many men had written on the ground. A white man had been there, he learned, and a number of blacks. Here, a black had climbed a coconut tree and cast down the nuts. There, a banana tree had been despoiled of its clustered fruit, and, beyond, it was evident that a similar event had happened to a bread-fruit tree. One thing, however, puzzled him—a scent new to him that was neither black man's nor white man's. Had he had the necessary knowledge and the wit of eye-observance, he would have noted that the footprint was smaller than a man's and that the toe-prints were different from a woman's, in that they were close together and did not press deeply into the earth. What bothered him in his smelling was his ignorance of talcum powder. Pungent it was in his nostrils, but never, since first he had smelled out the footprints of man, had he encountered such a scent. And with this were combined other and fainter scents that were equally strange to him.

Not long did he interest himself in such mystery. A white man's footprints he had smelled, and, through the maze of all the other prints, he followed the one print down through a breach of sea-wall to the sea-pounded coral sand lapped by the sea. Here, the latest freshness of many feet drew together where the nose of a boat had rested on the beach and where men had disembarked and embarked again. He smelled up all the story, and, his fore legs in the water till



He was half whirled about in the vortex of the thing's passage caused by the alarmed flirt of its tail

he touched his shoulders, he gazed out across the lagoon where the disappearing trail was lost to his nose.

Had he been half an hour sooner, he would have seen a boat, without oars, gasoline-propelled, shooting across the quiet water. What he did see was an Arangi. True, it was far larger than the Arangi he had known, but it was white, it was long, it had masts and it floated on the surface of the sea. It had three masts, sky-lofty and all of

a size; but his observation was not trained to note the difference between them and the one long and the one short mast of the Arangi. The one floating world he had known was the white-painted Arangi. And, since, without a quiver of doubt, this was the Arangi, then on board would be his beloved Skipper. If Arangis could resurrect, then could Skippers resurrect, and in utter faith that the head of nothingness he had last seen on Bashti's knees he would find again rejoined to its body and its two legs on the deck of the white-painted floating world, he waded out to his depth and, swimming, dared the sea.

He greatly dared, for, in venturing the water, he broke one of the greatest and earliest tabus he had learned. In his vocabulary was no word for "crocodile;" yet in his thought, as potent as any utterable word, was an image of dreadful import—an image of a log awash that was not a log and that was alive, that could swim upon the surface, under the surface, and haul out across the dry land, that was huge-toothed, mighty-mawed, and certain death to a swimming dog.

But he continued the breaking of the tabu without fear. Unlike a man who can be simultaneously conscious of two states of mind, and who, swimming, would have known both the fear and the high courage with which he overrode the fear, Jerry, as he swam, knew only one state of mind, which was that he was swimming to the Arangi and to Skipper. At the moment preceding the first stroke of his paws in the water out of his depth, he had known all the terribleness of the tabu he deliberately broke. But, launched out, the decision made, the line of least resistance taken, he knew, single-thoughted, single-hearted, only that he was going to Skipper.

Little practised as he was in swimming, he swam with all his strength, whimpering in a sort of chant his eager love for Skipper, who indubitably must be aboard the white yacht half a mile away. His little song of love, fraught with keenness of anxiety, came to the ears of a man and woman lounging in deck-chairs under the awning, and it was the quick-eyed woman who first saw the golden head of Jerry and cried out what she saw.

"Lower a boat. Husband-Man!" she commanded. "It's a little dog. He mustn't drown."

"Dogs don't drown that easily," was "Husband-Man's" reply. "He'll make it, all right. But what under the sun is a dog doing out here"—he lifted his marine-glasses to his eyes and stared a moment—"and a white man's dog at that?"

Jerry beat the water with his paws and moved steadily along, straining his eyes at the growing yacht until suddenly warned by a sensing of immediate danger. The tabu smote him.

This that moved toward him was the log awash that was not a log but a live thing of peril. Part of it he saw above the surface moving sluggishly, and ere that projecting part sank, he had an awareness that,

somehow, it was different from a log awash.

Next, something brushed past him, and he encountered it with a snarl and a splashing of his fore paws. He was half whirled about in the vortex of the thing's passage caused by the alarmed flirt of its tail. Shark it was, and not crocodile, and not so timidly would it have sheered clear but for the fact that it was fairly full with a recent feed of a huge sea-turtle too feeble with age to escape.

Although he could not see it, Jerry sensed that the thing, the instrument of nothingness, lurked about him. Nor did he see the dorsal fin break surface and approach him from

the rear. From the yacht, he heard rifle-shots in quick succession; from the rear, a paric-splash came to his ears. That was all. The peril passed and was forgotten. Nor did he connect the rifle-shots with the passing of the peril. He did not know, and he was never to know, that one, known to men as Harley Kennan but known as "Husband-Man" by the woman he called "Wife-Woman," who owned the three-topmast schooner-yacht Ariel, had saved his life by sending a thirty-thirty Marlin bullet through the base of a shark's fin.

But Jerry was to know Harley Kennan, and quickly, for it was Harley Kennan, a bowline around his body under his armpits, lowered by a couple of seamen down the generous free-board of the Ariel, who gathered in by the nape of the neck the smooth-coated Irish terrier that, treading water perpendicularly, had no eyes for him, so eagerly did he gaze at the line of faces along the rail in quest of the one face.

No pause for thanks did he make when he was dropped down upon the deck. Instead, shaking the water from himself instinctively as he ran, he scurried along the deck for Skipper. The man and his wife laughed at the spectacle.

"He acts as if he were demented with delight at being rescued," Mrs. Kennan observed.

And Mr. Kennan:

"It's not that. He must have a screw loose somewhere. Perhaps he's one of those creatures who've slipped the ratchet off the motion-cog. Maybe he can't stop running till he runs down."

In the mean time, Jerry continued to run, up port side and down starboard side, from stern to bow and back again, wagging his stump tail, and laughing

friendliness to the many two-legged gods he encountered. Had he been able to think to such abstraction, he would have been astounded at the number of white gods. Thirty there were at least of them, not counting other gods that were neither black nor white, but that still, two-legged, upright, and garmented, were beyond all peradventure gods. Likewise, had he been capable of such generalization, he would have decided that the white gods had not yet all of them passed into the nothingness. As it was, he realized all this without being aware that he realized it.

But there was no Skipper. He sniffed down the forecabin hatch, sniffed into the galley, where two Chinese cooks jabbered unintelligibly to him, sniffed down the cabin companionway, sniffed down the engine-room skylight, and for the first time knew gasoline and engine-oil; but sniff as he would, wherever he ran, no scent did he catch of Skipper.

Aft, at the wheel, he would have sat down and howled his heart-break of disappointment had not a white god, evidently of command, in gold-decorated white-duck cap and uniform, spoken to him. Instantly, always a gentleman, Jerry smiled with flattened ears of courtesy, wagged his tail, and approached. The hand of this high god had almost caressed his head when the woman's voice came down the deck in speech that Jerry did not understand. The words and terms of it were beyond him. But he sensed power of command in it, which was verified by the quick withdrawal of the hand of the god in white and gold who had almost caressed him. This god stiffened electrically and pointed Jerry along the deck, and, with mouth-encouragements and urgings, the import of which Jerry could only guess, directed him toward the one who so commanded by saying,

"Send him, please, along to me, Captain Winters."

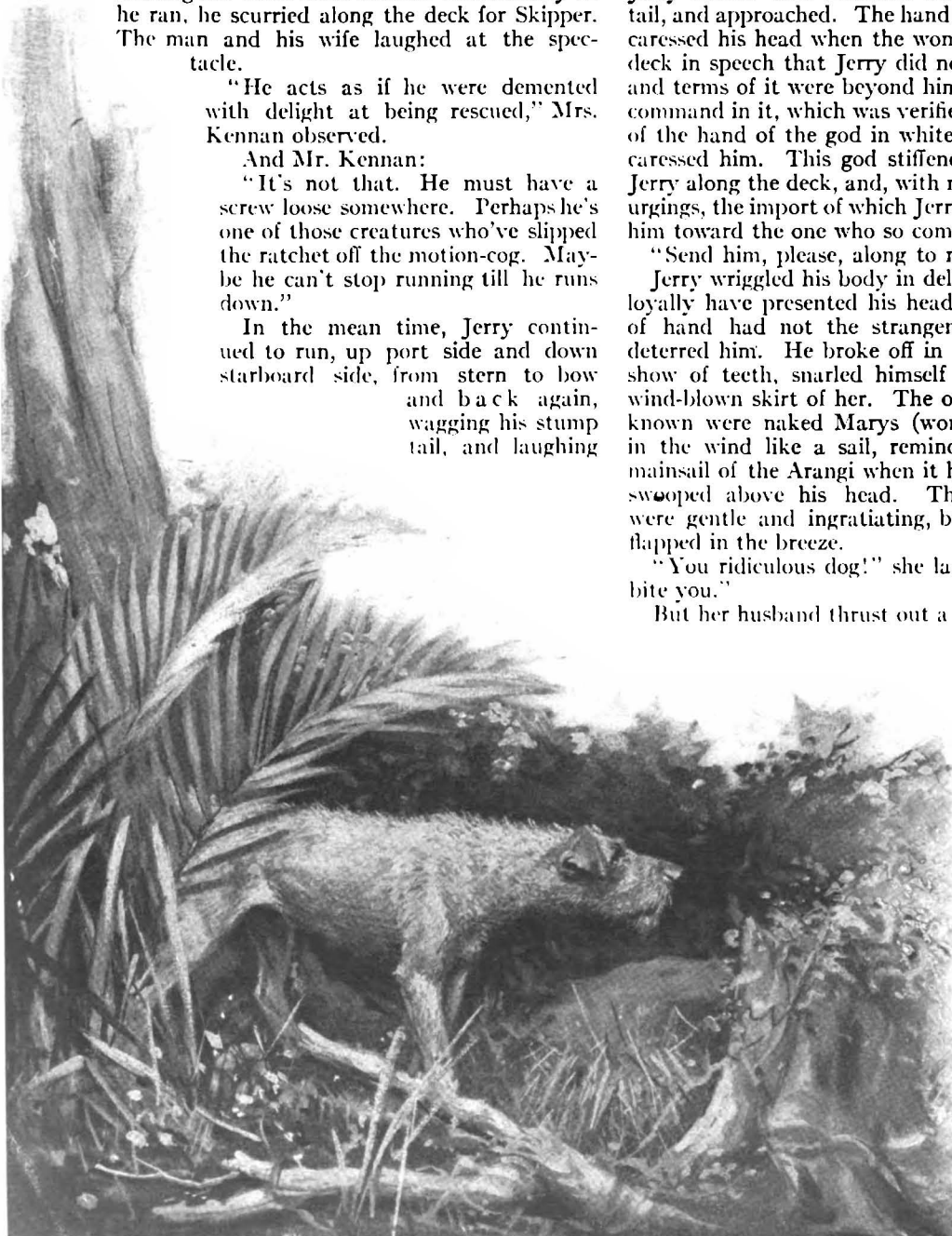
Jerry wriggled his body in delight of obeying, and would loyally have presented his head to her outreaching caress of hand had not the strangeness and difference of her deterred him. He broke off in mid-approach, and, with a show of teeth, snarled himself back and away from the wind-blown skirt of her. The only human females he had known were naked Marys (women). This skirt, flapping in the wind like a sail, reminded him of the menacing mainsail of the Arangi when it had jarred and crashed and swooped above his head. The noises her mouth made were gentle and ingratiating, but the fearsome skirt still flapped in the breeze.

"You ridiculous dog!" she laughed. "I'm not going to bite you."

But her husband thrust out a rough, sure hand and drew

Jerry in to him. And Jerry wriggled in ecstasy under the god's caress, kissing the hand with a red flicker of tongue. Next, Harley Kennan directed him toward the woman sitting up in the deck-chair and bending forward with hovering hands of greeting. Jerry obeyed. He advanced with flattened ears and laughing mouth; but, just ere she could touch him, the wind fluttered the skirt again, and he backed away with a snarl.

"It's not you that he's afraid of, Villa," he said, "but of your skirt. Perhaps he's never seen a skirt before."



Jerry intended to attack as soon as he had crept sufficiently near

"You mean," Villa Kennan challenged, "that these head-hunting cannibals ashore here keep records of pedigrees and maintain kennels; for surely this absurd adventurer of a dog is as proper an Irish terrier as the Ariel is an Oregon-pine-planked schooner."

Harley Kennan laughed in acknowledgment. Villa Kennan laughed, too; and Jerry knew that these were a pair of happy gods, and himself laughed with them.

Of his own initiative, he approached the lady god again, attracted by the talcum powder and other minor fragrances he had already identified as the strange scents encountered on the beach. But the unfortunate trade-wind again fluttered her skirt, and again he backed away—not so far, this time, with much less of a bristle of his neck- and shoulder-hair, and with no more of a snarl than a mere half-baring of his fangs.

"He's afraid of your skirt," Harley insisted. "Look at him! He wants to come to you, but the skirt keeps him away. Tuck it under you so that it won't flutter, and see what happens."

Villa Kennan carried out the suggestion, and Jerry came circumspectly, bent his head to her hand, and writhed his back under it, the while he sniffed her feet, stocking-clad and shoe-covered, and knew them as the feet which had trod uncovered the ruined ways of the village ashore.

"No doubt of it," Harley agreed. "He's white-man selected, white-man bred and born. He has a history. He knows adventure from the ground-roots up. If he could tell his story, we'd sit listening, entranced for days. Depend on it, he's not known blacks all his life. Let's try him on Johnny."

Johnny, whom Kennan beckoned up to him, was a loan from the resident commissioner of the British Solomons at Tulagi, who had come along as pilot and guide to Kennan rather than as philosopher and friend. Johnny approached, grinning, and Jerry's demeanor immediately changed. His body stiffened under Villa Kennan's hand as he drew away from her and stalked stiff-legged to the black. Jerry's ears did not flatten, nor did he laugh fellowship with his mouth as he inspected Johnny and smelled his calves for future reference. Cavalier he was to the extreme, and, after the briefest of inspection, he turned back to Villa Kennan.

"What did I say?" her husband exulted. "He knows the color-line. He's a white man's dog that has been trained to it."

"My word," spoke up Johnny, "me know 'm that fella dog! Me know 'm papa and mamma belong along him. Big fella white marster Mister Haggin stop along Meringe; mamma and papa stop along him that fella place."

Harley Kennan uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Of course!" he cried. "The commissioner told me all about it. The Arangi, that the Somo people captured, sailed last from Meringe Plantation. Johnny recognizes the dog as the same breed as the pair Haggin, of Meringe, must possess. But that was a long time ago. He must have been a little puppy. Of course he's a white man's dog!"

"And yet you've overlooked the crowning proof of it," Villa Kennan teased. "The dog carries the evidence around with him."

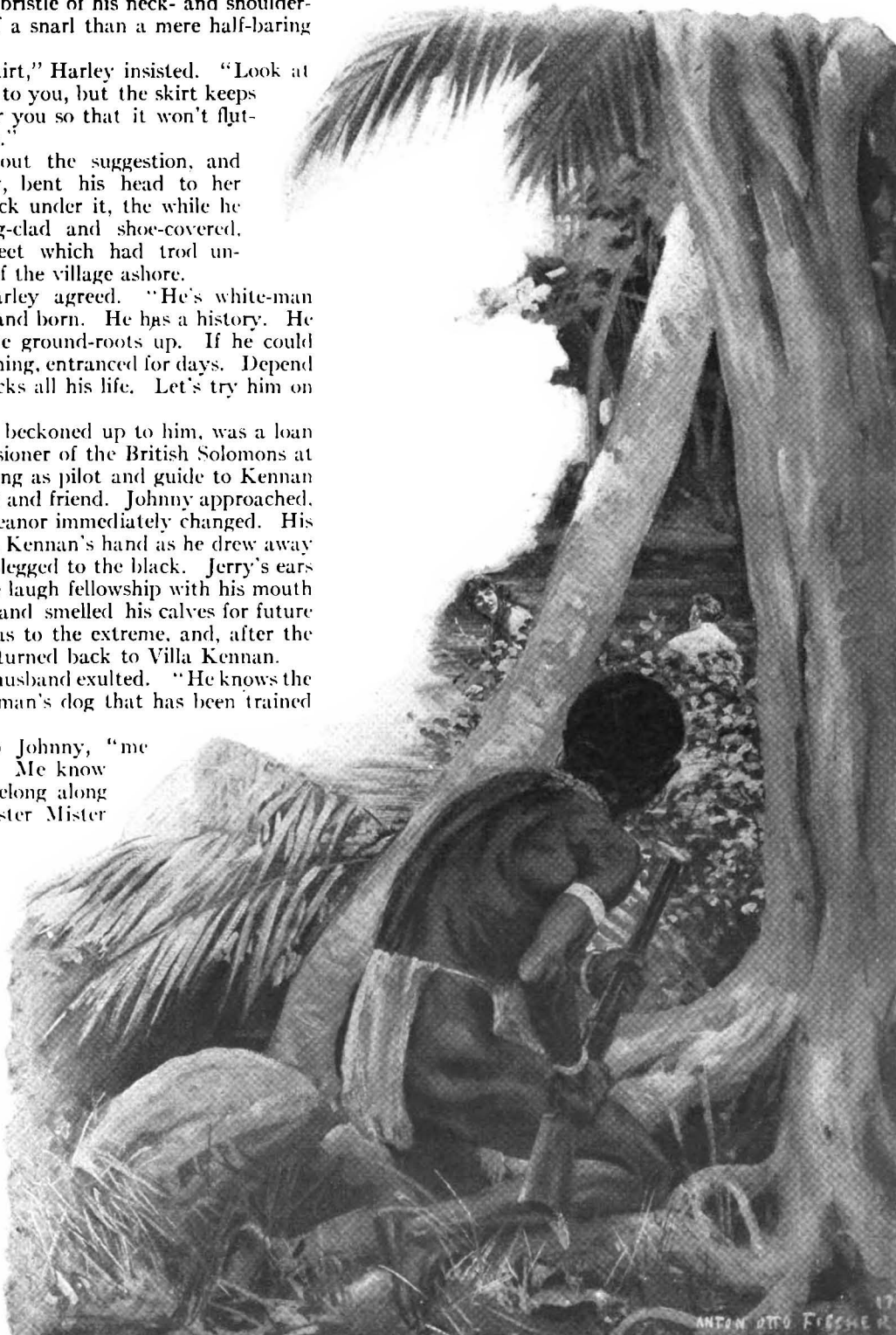
Harley looked Jerry over carefully.

"Indisputable evidence," she insisted.

After another prolonged scrutiny, Kennan shook his head. "Blamed if I can see anything so indisputable as to leave conjecture out."

"The tail," his wife gurgled. "Surely the natives do not bob the tails of their dogs—do they, Johnny? Do black man stop along Malaita chop 'm off tail along dog."

"No chop 'm off," Johnny agreed. "Mister Haggin



When again the black squatted for his shot, Jerry deemed he was near enough to rush

along Meringe, he chop 'm off. My word, he chop 'm that fella tail, you bet!"

"Then he's the sole survivor of the Arangi," Villa Kennan concluded. "Don't you agree, Mr. Sherlock Holmes Kennan?"

"I salute you, Mrs. S. Holmes," her husband acknowledged gallantly. "And all that remains is for you to lead me directly to the head of La Pérouse himself. The sailing-directions record that he left it somewhere in these islands."

Little did they guess that Jerry had lived on intimate terms with one Bashti, not many miles away along the shore, who, in Somo, at that very moment, sat in his grass house pondering over a head on his withered knees that had once been the head of the great navigator, the history of which had been forgotten by the sons of the chief who had taken it.

XX

THE fine three-topmast schooner *Ariel*, on a cruise around the world, had already been out a year from San Francisco when Jerry boarded her. As a world, and as a white-god world, she was to him beyond compare. She was not small, like the *Arangi*, nor was she cluttered fore and aft, on deck and below, with a spawn of blacks. The only black Jerry found on her was Johnny; while her spaciousness was filled principally with two-legged white gods.

He met them everywhere, at the wheel, on lookout, washing decks, polishing brasswork, running aloft, or tailing onto sheets and tackles half a dozen at a time. But there was a difference. There were gods and gods, and Jerry was not long in learning that, in the hierarchy of the heaven of these white gods on the *Ariel*, the sailorizing, ship-working ones were far beneath the captain and his two white-and-gold-clad officers. These, in turn, were less than Harley Kennan and Villa Kennan; for them, it came quickly to him, Harley Kennan commanded. Nevertheless, there was

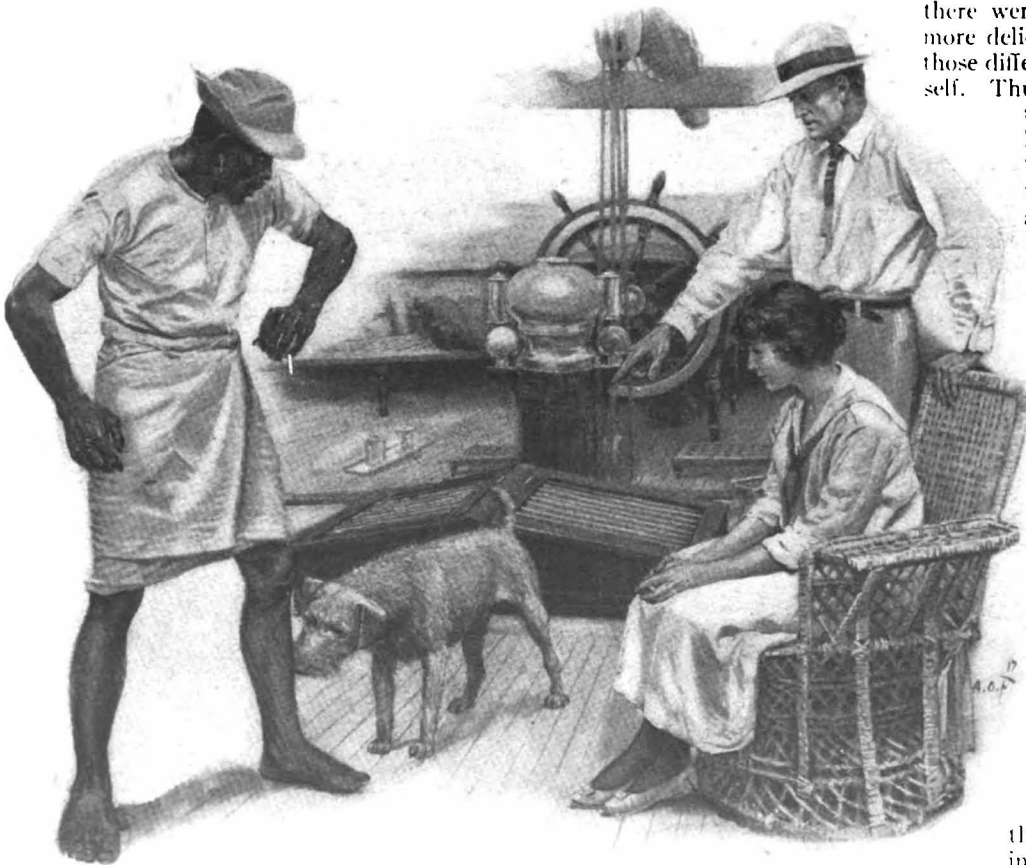
one thing he did not learn and was destined never to learn: namely, the supreme god over all on the *Ariel*. Although he never tried to know, being unable to think to such a distance, he never came to know whether it was Harley Kennan who commanded Villa or Villa Kennan who commanded Harley. In a way, without vexing himself with the problem, he accepted their overlordship of the world as dual. Neither outranked the other. They seemed to rule as coequals, while all others bowed before them.

It is not true that to feed a dog is to win a dog's heart. Never did Harley or Villa feed Jerry; yet it was to them he elected to belong, them he elected to love and serve rather than the Japanese steward who regularly fed him. For that matter, Jerry, like any dog, was able to differentiate between the mere direct food-giver and the food-source. That is, subconsciously he was aware that not alone his own food but the food of all on board found its source in the man and woman. They it was who fed all and ruled all. Captain Winters might give orders to the sailors, but Captain Winters took orders from Harley Kennan. Jerry knew this as indubitably as he acted upon it, although all the while it never entered his head as an item of conscious knowledge.

And, as he had been accustomed all his life, as with *Mister Haggin*, Skipper, and even with Bashti and the chief devil-devil doctor of Somo, he attached himself to the high gods themselves, and from the gods under them received deference accordingly. As Skipper, on the *Arangi*, and Bashti, in Somo, had promulgated tabus, so the man and the woman on the *Ariel* protected Jerry with tabus. From Sano, the Japanese steward, and from him alone, did Jerry receive food. Not from any sailor in whale-boat or launch could he accept, or would he be offered, a bit of biscuit or an invitation to go ashore for a run. Nor did they offer it. Nor were they permitted to become intimate, to the extent of romping and playing with him, or even of whistling to him along the deck.

By nature a "one-man" dog, all this was very acceptable to Jerry. Differences of degree there were, of course; but no one more delicately and definitely knew those differences than did Jerry himself. Thus, it was permissible for the two officers to greet him with a "Hello!" or a "Good-morning!" and even to touch a hand in a brief and friendly pat to his head. With Captain Winters, however, greater familiarity obtained. Captain Winters could rub his ears, shake hands with him, scratch his back, and even roughly catch him by the jowls. But Captain Winters invariably surrendered him up when the one man and the one woman appeared on deck.

When it came to liberties — delicious, wanton liberties — Jerry alone of all on board could take them with the man and woman, and, on the other hand, they were the only two to whom he permitted liberties. Any indignity that Villa Kennan chose to inflict upon him he was throbbingly glad to receive, such as doubling his ears



He inspected Johnny and smelled his calves for future reference



ILLUSTRATION BY ANTONIO FIEBER

"Do you know the beggar intended to bushwhack us," Harley told Villa, who had joined him.
"It wasn't fifty feet, and he couldn't have missed"



"Bless me. Husband-Man, the dog is talking! I know he is talking.
He is telling me all about himself"

inside out till they stuck, at the same time making him sit upright, with helpless forefeet paddling the air for equilibrium, while she blew roguishly in his face and nostrils. As bad was Harley Kennan's trick of catching him gloriously asleep on an edge of Villa's skirt and of tickling the hair between his toes and making him kick involuntarily in his sleep, until he kicked himself awake to hearing of gurgles and snickers of laughter at his expense.

In turn, at night on deck, wriggling her toes at him under a rug to simulate some strange and crawling creature of an invader, he would dare to simulate his own befoolment and quite disrupt Villa's bed with his frantic, ferocious attack on the thing that he knew was only her toes. In gales of laughter, intermingled with half-genuine cries of alarm as almost his teeth caught her toes, she always concluded by gathering him into her arms and laughing the last of her laughter away into his flattened ears of joy and love. Who else, of all on board the *Ariel*, would have dared such devilishness with the lady god's bed? This question, it never entered his mind to ask himself; yet he was fully aware of how exclusively favored he was.

Another of his deliberate tricks was one discovered by accident. Thrusting his muzzle to meet her in love, he chanced to encounter her face with his soft-hard little nose with such force as to make her recoil and cry out. When, another time, in all innocence, this happened again, he became conscious of it and of its effect upon her; and thereafter, when she grew too wildly wild, too wantonly facetious in her teasing, playful love of him, he would thrust his muzzle at her face and make her throw her head back to escape him. After a time, learning that, if he persisted, she would settle the situation by gathering him into her arms and gurgling into his ears, he made it a point to act his part until such delectable surrender and joyful culmination were achieved.

Never, by accident, in this deliberate game, did he hurt her chin or cheek so severely as he hurt his own tender nose, but in the hurt itself he found more of delight than pain. All of fun it was, all through, and, in addition, it

was love-fun. Such hurt was more than fun. Such pain was heart-pleasure.

All dogs are god-worshippers. More fortunate than most dogs, Jerry won to a pair of gods that, no matter how much they commanded, loved more. Although his nose might threaten grievously to hurt the cheek of his adored god, rather than have it really hurt, he

would have spilled out all the love-tide of his heart that constituted the life of him. He did not live for food, for shelter, for a comfortable place between the dark-nesses that rounded existence. He lived for love. And as surely as he gladly lived for love, would he have died gladly for love.

Not quickly, in Somo, had Jerry's memory of Skipper and *Mister Haggin* faded. Life in the cannibal

village had been too unsatisfying. There had been too little love. Only love can erase the memory of love, or rather, the hurt of lost love. And on board the *Ariel*, such erasure occurred quickly. Jerry did not forget Skipper and *Mister Haggin*. But, at the moments he remembered them, the yearning that accompanied the memory grew less pronounced and painful. The intervals between the moments widened, nor did Skipper and *Mister Haggin* take form and reality so frequently in his dreams; for, after the manner of dogs, he dreamed much and vividly.

XXI

NORTHWARD, along the leeward coast of Malaita, the *Ariel* worked her leisurely way, threading the color-riotous lagoon that lay between the shore-reefs and outer reefs, daring passages so narrow and coral-patched that Captain Winters averred each day added a thousand gray hairs to his head, and dropping anchor off every walled islet to the outer reef and every mangrove swamp of the mainland that looked promising of cannibal life. For Harley and Villa Kennan were in no hurry. So long as the way was interesting, they cared not how long it proved from anywhere to anywhere.

During this time, Jerry learned a new name for himself—or, rather, an entire series of names for himself. This was because of an aversion on Harley Kennan's part against renaming a named thing.

"A name he must have had," he argued to Villa. "Haggin must have named him before he sailed on the *Arangi*. Therefore, nameless he must be until we get back to *Tulagi* and find out his real name."

"What's in a name?" Villa had begun to tease.

"Everything," her husband retorted. "Think of yourself, shipwrecked, called by your rescuers 'Mrs. Riggs,' or 'Mademoiselle de Maupin,' or just plain 'Topsy.' And think of me being called 'Benedict Arnold,' or 'Judas,' or—or—'Haman.' No; keep him nameless until we find out his original name."

"Must call him something," she objected. "Can't think of him without thinking something."

"Then call him many names, but never the same name twice. Call him "Dog" to-day, and "Mister Dog" to-morrow, and the next day something else.

So it was, more by tone and emphasis and context of situation than by anything else, that Jerry came hazily to identify himself with names such as: Dog, Mister Dog, Adventurer, Strong, Useful One, Sing-Song Silly, No-Name, and Quivering Love-Heart. These were a few of the many names lavished on him by Villa. Harley, in turn, addressed him as: Man-Dog, Incorruptible One, Brass Tacks, Then Some, Sin of Gold, South-Sea Satrap, Nimrod, Young Nick, and Lion-Slayer. In brief, the man and woman competed with each other to name him most without naming him ever the same. And Jerry, less by sound and syllable than by what of their hearts vibrated in their throats, soon learned to know himself by any name they chose to address to him. He no longer thought of himself as "Jerry," but, instead, as any sound that sounded nice or was love-sounded.

His great disappointment (if "disappointment" may be considered to describe an unconsciousness of failure to realize the expected) was in the matter of language. No one on board, not even Harley and Villa, talked Nalasu's talk. All Jerry's large vocabulary, all his proficiency in the use of it, which would have set him apart as a marvel beyond all other dogs in the mastery of speech, was wasted on those of the Ariel. They did not speak, much less guess, the existence of the whiff-whuff, shorthand language which Nalasu had taught him, and which, Nalasu dead, Jerry alone knew of all living creatures in the world.

In vain Jerry tried it on the lady god. Sitting squatted on his haunches, his head bowed forward and held between her hands, he would talk and talk and elicit never a responsive word from her. With tiny whines and thin whimperings, with whiffs and whuffs and growly sorts of noises down in his throat, he would try to tell her somewhat of his tale. She was all meltingness of sympathy; she would hold her ear so near to the articulate mouth of him as almost to drown him in the flowing fragrance of her hair; and yet her brain told her nothing of what he uttered, although her heart surely sensed his intent.

"Bless me, Husband-Man," she would cry out, "the dog is talking! I know he is talking. He is telling me all about himself. The story of his life is mine, could I but understand. It's right here, pouring into my miserable, inadequate ears; only, I can't catch it."

Harley was skeptical, but her woman's intuition guessed right.

"I know it!" she would assure her husband. "I tell you he could tell the tale of all his adventures if only we had understanding. No other dog has ever talked this way to me. There's a tale there. I feel its touches. Sometimes, almost do I know he is telling of joy, of love, of high elation, and combat. Again, it is indignation, hurt of outrage, despair, and sadness."

"Naturally," Harley agreed quietly. "A white man's dog, adrift among the anthropophagi of Malaita, would experience all such sensations, and, just as naturally, a white man's woman, a wife-woman, a dear delightful Villa Kennan woman, can of herself imagine such a dog's experiences and deem his silly noises a recital of them, failing to recognize them as projections of her own delicious, sensitive, sympathetic self. The song of the sea from the lips of the shell-pshaw! The song oneself makes of the sea and puts into the shell."

"Just the same——"

"Always the same," he gallantly cut her off. "Always right, especially when most wrong. Not in navigation, of course, or in affairs such as the multiplication table. where *Continued on page 122*



But they were fooling all the while, and were more than a trifle embarrassed. For in each of their brains were bright identification-pictures of the plantation-house and compound and beach of Meringe

Jerry

(Continued from page 87)

the brass tacks of reality stud the way of one's ship among the rocks and shoals of the sea, but right—truth beyond truth to truth higher than truth—namely, intuitional truth."

"Now you are laughing at me with your superior man-wisdom," she retorted. "But I know—" She paused for the strength of words she needed.

"We agree—I salute," he laughed gaily. "It was just precisely what I was saying. Our hearts can talk our heads down almost any time, and, best of all, our hearts are always right, despite the statistic that they are mostly wrong."

Harley Kennan did not believe, and never did believe, his wife's report of the tales Jerry told. And through all his days to the last one of them, he considered the whole matter a pleasant fancy, all poesy of sentiment on Villa's part.

But Jerry, four-legged, smooth-coated Irish terrier that he was, had the gift of tongues. If he could not teach languages, at least he could learn languages. Without effort and quickly, practically with no teaching, he began picking up the language of the Ariel. Unfortunately, it was not a whiff-whuff, dog-possible language such as Nalasu had invented. While Jerry came to understand much that was spoken on the Ariel, he could speak none of it. Three names, at least, he had for the lady god: "Villa," "Wife-Woman," "Missis Kennan," for so he heard her variously called. But he could not so call her. This was god-language entire, which only gods could talk. It was unlike the language of Nalasu's devising, which had been a compromise between god-talk and dog-talk, so that a god and a dog could talk in a common medium.

In the same way, he learned many names for the one-man god: "Mister Kennan," "Harley," "Captain Kennan," and "Skipper." Only in the intimacy of the three of them alone did Jerry hear him called "Husband-Man," "My Man," "Patient One," "Dear Man," "Lover," and "This Woman's Delight." But in no way could Jerry utter these names in address of the One Man or the many names in address of the One Woman. Yet, on a quiet night with no wind among the trees, often and often had he whispered to Nalasu, by whiff-whuff of name, from a hundred feet away.

One day, bending over him, her hair (drying from a salt-water swim) flying about him, the One Woman, her two hands holding his head and jowls so that his ribbon of kissing tongue just missed her nose in the empty air, sang to him,

"Don't know what to call him,
But he's mighty lak' a rose."

As her voice, in the song, made soft vibrations in his ears, it seemed to him that she grew dim and vague before him, and that, somehow, under the soft, searching prod of her song, he was elsewhere. So much was he elsewhere that he did the surprising thing. He sat down abruptly, almost cataleptically, drew his head away from the clutch of her hands and out of the entanglement of her hair, and, his nose thrust upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, he began to quiver and to breathe audibly in rhythm to the rhythm of

her singing. With a quick jerk, cataleptically, his nose pointed to the zenith, his mouth opened, and a flood of sound poured forth, running swiftly upward in crescendo and slowly falling as it died away.

This howl was the beginning, and it led to the calling him "Sing-Song Silly." For Villa Kennan was quick to seize upon the howling her singing induced and to develop it. Never did he hang back when she sat down, extended her welcoming hands to him and invited, "Come on, Sing-Song Silly!" He would come to her, sit down with the loved fragrance of her hair in his nostrils, lay the side of his head against hers, point his nose past her ear, and almost immediately follow her when she began her low singing. Minor strains were especially provocative in getting him started, and, once started, he would sing with her as long as she wished.

Singing, it truly was. Apt in all ways of speech, he quickly learned to soften and subdue his howl till it was mellow and golden. Even could he manage it to die away almost to a whisper, and to rise and fall, accelerate and retard, in obedience to her own voice and in accord with it.

Jerry enjoyed the singing much in the same way the opium-eater enjoys his dreams. For dream he did, vaguely and distinctly, eyes wide open and awake, the lady god's hair in a faint-scented cloud about him, her voice mourning with his, his consciousness drowning in the dreams of otherwhereness that came to him of the singing and that was the singing. Memories of pain were his, but of pain so long forgotten that it was no longer pain. Rather did it permeate him with a delicious sadness, and lift him away and out of the Ariel (lying at anchor in some coral lagoon) to that unreal place of Otherwhere.

For visions were his at such times. In the cold bleakness of night, it would seem he sat on a bare hill and raised his howl to the stars, while out of the dark, from far away, would drift to him an answering howl. And other howls, near and far, would drift along until the night was vocal with his kind. His kind it was. Without knowing it, he *knew* it, this *camaraderie* of the land of Otherwhere.

Nalasu, in teaching him the whiff-whuff language, deliberately had gone into the intelligence of him; but Villa, unwitting of what she was doing, went into the heart of him and into the heart of his heredity, touching the profoundest chords of ancient memories and making them respond.

Not always, however, were such experiences his when they sang together. Usually unaccompanied by visions, he knew no more than vaguenesses of sensations, sadly sweet, ghosts of memories that they were. At other times, incited by such sadness, images of Skipper and *Mister* Haggin would throng his mind; images, too, of Terrence, and Bidy, and Michael, and the rest of the long-vanished life at Meringe Plantation.

"My dear," Harley said to Villa at the conclusion of one such singing, "it's fortunate for him that you are not an animal trainer, for you'd be topping the bill in all the music-halls and vaudeville-houses of the world."

"If I did," she replied, "I know he'd just love to do it with me—"

"Which would make it a very unusual turn," Harley caught her up.

"You mean?"

"That in about one turn in a hundred does the animal love its work or is the animal loved by its trainer."

"I thought all the cruelty had been done away with long ago," she contended.

"So the audience thinks, and the audience is ninety-nine times wrong."

Villa heaved a great sigh of renunciation.

"Then I suppose," she said, "I must abandon such promising and lucrative career right now, in the very moment you have discovered it for me. Just the same, the bill-boards would look splendid with my name in the hugest letters——"

"Villa Kennan, the Thrush-throated Songstress, and Sing-Song Silly, the Irish-terrier Tenor," her husband pictured the head-lines for her. And with dancing eyes and lolling tongue, Jerry joined in the laughter, not because he knew what it was about, but because it tokened they were happy, and his love prompted him to be happy with them.

XXII

THE time came when Villa Kennan wanted a bath, a real bath in fresh, rain-descended, running water. The chart showed a mile of the Suli River where it emptied into the sea. Why it showed only a mile was because no white man had ever explored it farther. When Villa proposed the bath, her husband advised with Johnny. Johnny shook his head.

"No fella boy stop 'm along that place," he said. "No make 'm trouble along you. Bush fella boy stop 'm long way too much."

So it was that the launch went ashore, and, while its crew lolled in the shade of the beach-coconuts, Villa, Harley, and Jerry followed the river inland a quarter of a mile to the first likely pool.

"One can never be too sure," Harley said, taking his automatic pistol from its holster and placing it on top of his heap of clothes. "A stray bunch of blacks might just happen to surprise us."

Villa stepped into the water to her knees, looked up at the dark jungle roof high overhead, and shuddered.

For a time, Jerry sat by their clothes and watched the frolic. Then the drifting shadow of a huge butterfly attracted his attention, and soon he was nosing through the jungle on the trail of a wood-rat. It was not a very fresh trail. He knew that well enough; but in the deeps of him were all his instincts of ancient training—in instincts to hunt, to prowl, to pursue living things—in short, to play the game of getting his own meat, though, for ages, man had got the meat for him and his kind.

So it was, exercising faculties that were no longer necessary but that were still alive in him and clamorous for exercise, he followed the long-since-passed wood-rat. The trail crossed a fresh trail, a trail very fresh, very immediately fresh. As if a rope had been attached to it, his head was jerked abruptly to right angles with his body. The unmistakable smell of a black was in his nostrils. Further, it was a strange black, for he did not identify it with the many he possessed filed away in the pigeon-holes of his brain.

Forgotten was the stale wood-rat as he followed the new trail. Curiosity and play impelled him. He had no thought of apprehension for Villa and Harley—not even when he reached the spot where the black,

evidently startled by hearing their voices, had stood and debated, and so left a very strong scent. From this point, the trail swerved off toward the pool. Nervously alert, strung to extreme tension, but without alarm, still playing at the game of tracking, Jerry followed.

From the pool came occasional cries and laughter, and each time they reached his ears, Jerry experienced glad little thrills. The voices of Villa and Harley Kennan thrilled him always, reminding him of his love for them and that he was beloved of them.

With the first sight of the strange black, which occurred close to the pool, Jerry's suspicions were aroused. He was not conducting himself as an ordinary black, not on evil intent, should conduct himself. Instead, he betrayed all the actions of one who lurked in the perpetration of harm. He crouched on the jungle floor, peering around a great root of a board tree. Jerry bristled, and himself crouched as he watched. Once, the black raised his rifle half-way to his shoulder; but, with an outburst of splashing and laughter, his unconscious victims evidently removed themselves from his field of vision. His rifle was no old-fashioned Snider but a modern repeating Winchester; and he showed habituation to firing it from his shoulder, rather than from the hip, after the manner of most Malaitans.

Not satisfied with his position by the board tree, he lowered his gun to his side and crept closer to the pool. Jerry crouched low and followed. When the black paused, Jerry paused, as if instantly frozen. When the black moved, he moved, but more swiftly, cutting down the distance between them. And, all the while, the hair of his neck and shoulders bristled in recurrent waves of ferocity and wrath. No golden dog this, ears flattened and tongue-laughing in the arms of the lady god, but a four-legged creature of battle, a fanged killer, ripe to rend and destroy.

Jerry intended to attack as soon as he had crept sufficiently near. So much had he gained on his quarry, that when again the black squatted for his shot, Jerry deemed he was near enough to rush. The rifle was coming to shoulder when he sprang forward. Swiftly as he sprang, he made no sound, and his victim's first warning was when Jerry's body, launched like a projectile, smote the black squarely between the shoulders. At the same moment, his teeth entered the back of the neck, but too near the base in the lumpy shoulder-muscles to permit the fangs to penetrate to the spinal cord.

In the first fright of surprise, the black's finger pulled the trigger and his throat loosed an unearthly yell. Knocked forward on his face, he rolled over and grappled with Jerry, who slashed cheek-bone and cheek and ribboned an ear; for it is the way of an Irish terrier to bite repeatedly and quickly.

When Harley Kennan, automatic in hand and naked as Adam, reached the spot, he found dog and man locked together and tearing up the forest mold in their struggle. The black, his face streaming blood, was throttling Jerry with both hands around his neck; and Jerry, snorting, choking, snarling, was scratching for dear life with the claws of his hind feet. No puppy claws were they, but the stout claws of a mature dog. And they ripped naked

chest and abdomen full-length, again and again, until the whole front of the man was streaming red.

Harley Kennan did not dare chance a shot, so closely were the combatants locked. Instead, stepping in close, he smashed down the butt of his automatic upon the side of the man's head. Released by the relaxing of the stunned black's hands, Jerry flung himself in a flash upon the exposed throat, and only Harley's hand on his neck and Harley's sharp command made him cease and stand clear. He trembled with rage and continued to snarl ferociously, although he would desist long enough to glance up with his eyes, flatten his ears, and wag his tail each time Harley uttered, "Good boy!"

"Good boy," he knew for praise; and he knew beyond any doubt, by Harley's repetition of it, that he had served him and served him well.

"Do you know the beggar intended to bushwhack us," Harley told Villa, who, half dressed, had joined him. "It wasn't fifty feet, and he couldn't have missed. Look at the Winchester! No old smooth-bore. And a fellow with a gun like that would know how to use it."

"But why didn't he?" she queried.

Her husband pointed to Jerry.

Villa's eyes brightened.

"You mean—" she began.

He nodded.

"Just that. Sing-Song Silly beat him to it." He bent, rolled the man over, and discovered the lacerated back of the neck. "That's where he landed on him first, and he must have had his finger on the trigger, drawing down on you and me, when Sing-Song Silly broke up his calculations."

Villa was only half hearing, for she had Jerry in her arms and was calling him "blessed dog" the while she stilled his snarling and soothed down the last bristling hair. But Jerry snarled again and was for leaping upon the black when he stirred restlessly and dizzily sat up. Harley removed a knife from between the bare skin and a belt.

"What name belong you?" he demanded.

But the black had eyes only for Jerry.

"My word," he grinned to Harley, "that fella dog put 'm crimp along me any amount!" He felt out the wounds of his neck and face, while his eyes embraced the fact that the white master was in possession of his rifle.

"You give 'm musket belong me," he said impudently.

"I give 'm you bang alongside head," was Harley's answer.

"He doesn't seem to me to be a regular Malaitan," he told Villa. "In the first place, where would he get a rifle like that? Then, think of his nerve! He must have known our launch was on the beach. Yet he played to take our heads and get away with them back into the bush." Then he turned to the black. "What name belong you?" he demanded.

But not until Johnny and the launch crew arrived, breathless from their run, did he learn. Johnny's eyes gloated when he beheld the prisoner, and he addressed Kennan in evident excitement.

"You give 'm me that fella boy?" he begged.

"What name you want 'm?"

Not for some time would Johnny answer this question, and then only when Kennan

told him that there was no harm done and that he intended to let the black go. At this, Johnny protested vehemently.

"Maybe you fetch 'm that fella boy along Government House, Tulagi. Government House give 'm you twenty pounds. Him plenty bad fella boy too much. Makawao, he name stop along him. Him Queensland boy——"

"What name Queensland?" Kennan interrupted. "He belong that fella place?"

Johnny shook his head.

"Him belong along Malaita first time. Long time before too much he recruit 'm along schooner go work along Queensland."

"He's a return Queenslander," Harley interpreted to Villa. "You know, when Australia went 'all white,' the Queensland plantations had to send all the 'blackbirds' back. This Makawao is evidently one of them, and a hard case as well, if there's anything in Johnny's gammon about twenty pounds reward for him. That's a big price for a black."

Johnny continued his explanation which, reduced to flat and sober English, was to the effect that Makawao had always borne a bad character. In Queensland, he had served a total of four years in jail for thefts, robberies, and attempted murder. Returned to the Solomons by the Australian government, he had recruited on Buli Plantation for the purpose—as was afterward proved—of getting arms and ammunition. For an attempt to kill the manager, he had received fifty lashes at Tulagi and served a year. Returned to Buli Plantation, to finish his labor-service, he had contrived to kill the owner in the manager's absence and to escape in a whale-boat.

In the whale-boat with him, he had taken all the weapons and ammunition of the plantation, the owner's head, ten Malaita recruits, and two recruits from San Cristoval—the two last because they were salt-water men and could handle the whale-boat. Himself and the ten Malaitans, being bushmen, were too ignorant of the sea to dare the long passage from Guadalcanar.

On the way, he had raided the little islet of Ugi, sacked the store, and taken the head of the solitary trader, a gentle-souled half-caste from Norfolk Island, who traced back directly to a Pitcairn ancestry. Arrived safely at Malaita, he and his fellows, no longer having any use for the two San Cristoval boys, had taken their heads and eaten their bodies.

"My word, him bad fella boy any amount!" Johnny finished his tale. "Government House, Tulagi, glad give 'm twenty pounds along that fella."

"You blessed Sing-Song Silly?" Villa murmured in Jerry's ears, "if it hadn't been for you——"

"Your head and mine would even now be galumping through the bush as Makawao hit the high places for home," Harley concluded for her.

"If anybody tries to claim him——" Villa threatened. Harley confirmed her muttered sentiment with a nod.

"Anyway," he said, with a smile, "there would have been one consolation if your head had gone up into the bush."

"Consolation!" she cried.

"Why, yes; because, in that case my head would have gone along, too."

"You dear and blessed Husband-Man!" she murmured, a quick cloudiness of

moisture in her eyes as, with her eyes, she embraced him, her arms still around Jerry, who kissed her fragrant cheek with his ribbon-tongue of love.

XXIII

WHEN the Ariel cleared from Malu, on the northwest coast of Malaita, Malaita sank down beneath the sea-rim astern and, so far as Jerry's life was concerned, remained sunk forever—another vanished world, that, in his consciousness, partook of the ultimate nothingness that had befallen Skipper. For all Jerry might have known, though he pondered it not, Malaita was a universe, beheaded and resting on the knees of some brooding lesser god, himself vastly mightier than Bashti, whose knees bore the brooding weight of Skipper's sun-dried, smoke-cured head, this lesser god vexed and questing, feeling and guessing at the dual twin mysteries of time and space and of motion and matter, above, beneath, around, and beyond him.

Only, in Jerry's case, there was no pondering of the problem, no awareness of the existence of such mysteries. He merely accepted Malaita as another world that had ceased to be. He remembered it as he remembered dreams. Himself a live thing, solid and substantial, possessed of weight and dimension, a reality incontrovertible, he moved through the space and place of being, concrete, hard, quick, convincing, an absoluteness of *something* surrounded by the shades and shadows of the fluxing phantasmagoria of *nothing*.

From Malaita, the Ariel steered west of north to Ongtong Java and to Tasman—great atolls that sweltered under the Line not quite awash in the vast waste of the west South Pacific. After Tasman was another wide sea-stretch to the high island of Bougainville. Thence, bearing generally southeast and making slow progress in the dead beat to windward, the Ariel dropped anchor in nearly every harbor of the Solomons from Choiseul and Ronongo islands to the islands of Kulambangra, Vangunu, Pavuvu, and New Georgia. Even did she ride to anchor, desolately lonely, in the Bay of a Thousand Ships.

Last of all, so far as concerned the Solomons, her anchor rumbled down and bit into the coral-sanded bottom of the harbor of Tulagi, where, ashore on Florida Island, lived and ruled the resident commissioner.

To the commissioner, Harley Kennan duly turned over Makawao, who was committed to a grass-house jail, well guarded, to sit in leg-irons against the time of trial for his many crimes. And Johnny, the pilot, received a fair portion of the twenty pounds of head-money that Kennan divided among the members of the launch-crew who had raced through the jungle to the rescue the day Jerry had taken Makawao by the back of the neck and startled him into pulling the trigger of his unaimed rifle.

"I'll tell you his name," the commissioner said, as they sat on the wide veranda of his bungalow. "It's one of Haggin's terriers—Haggin, of Meringe Lagoon. The dog's father is Terrence, the mother is Bidly. The dog's own name is Jerry, for I was present at the christening before ever his eyes were open. Better yet. I'll show you his brother. His brother's name is Michael. He's nigger-chaser on the Eugénie, the two-topmast schooner that

rides abreast of you. Captain Kellar is the skipper. I'll have him bring Michael ashore. Beyond all doubt, this Jerry is the sole survivor of the Arangi.

"When I get the time, and a sufficient margin of funds, I shall pay a visit to Chief Bashti—oh, no British-cruiser program. I'll charter a couple of trading ketches, take my own black police force and as many white men as I cannot prevent from volunteering. There won't be any shelling of grass houses. I'll land my shore-party down the coast and cut in and come down upon Somo from the rear, timing my vessels to arrive on Somo's sea-front at the same time."

"You will answer slaughter with slaughter?" Villa Kennan objected.

"I will answer slaughter with law," the commissioner replied. "I will teach Somo law. I hope that no accidents will occur. I hope that no life will be lost on either side. I know, however, that I shall recover Captain Van Horn's head, and his mate Borckman's, and bring them back to Tulagi for Christian burial. I know that I shall get old Bashti by the scruff of the neck and sit him down while I pump law and square dealing into him. Of course"—the commissioner, ascetic-looking, an Oxford graduate, narrow-shouldered and elderly, tired-eyed and bespectacled like the scholar he was, like the scientist he was, shrugged his shoulders—"of course, if they are not amenable to reason, there may be trouble, and some of them and some of us will get hurt. But, one way or the other, old Bashti will learn that it is expedient to maintain white men's heads on their shoulders."

"But how will he learn?" Villa Kennan asked. "If he is shrewd enough not to fight you, and merely sits and listens to your English law, it will be no more than a huge joke to him."

"On the contrary, my dear Mrs. Kennan. If he listens peaceably to the lecture, I shall fine him only a hundred thousand cocoanuts, five tons of ivorynut, one hundred fathoms of shell money, and twenty fat pigs. If he refuses to listen to the lecture and goes on the war-path, then, unpleasantly for me, I assure you, I shall be compelled to thrash him and his village, first, and, next, I shall triple the fine he must pay and lecture the law into him a trifle more compendiously."

"Suppose he doesn't fight, stops his ears to the lecture, and declines to pay?" Villa Kennan persisted.

"Then he shall be my guest, here in Tulagi, until he changes his mind and heart, and does pay, and listens to an entire course of lectures."

So it was that Jerry came to hear his old-time name and saw once again his full brother Michael.

"Say nothing," Harley muttered to Villa, as they made out, peering over the bow of the shore-coming whale-boat, the rough coat, red-wheaten in color, of Michael.

Jerry, feigning interest in digging a hole in the sand as if he were on a fresh scent, was unaware of Michael's nearness. In fact, so well had Jerry feigned, that he had forgotten it was all a game, and his interest was very real as he sniffed and snorted joyously in the bottom of the hole he had dug. So deep was it, that all he showed of himself was his hind legs, his rump, and an intelligent and erect stump of a tail.

Little wonder that he and Michael failed to see each other. And Michael, spilling over with unused vitality from the cramped space of the Eugénie's deck, scampered down the beach in a hurly-burly of joy, scenting a thousand intimate land-scents as he ran, and describing a jerky and eccentric course as he made short dashes and good-natured snaps at the coconut-crabs that scuttled across his path to the safety of the water or reared up and menaced him with formidable claws and a spluttering and foaming of the shell-lids of their mouths.

The beach was only so long; the end of it reached where rose the rugged wall of a headland, and while the commissioner introduced Captain Kellar to Mr. and Mrs. Kennan, Michael came tearing back across the wet, hard sand. So interested was he in everything that he failed to notice the small rear-end portion of Jerry that was visible above the level surface of the beach. Jerry's ears had given him warning, and, the precise instant that he backed hurriedly up and out of the hole, Michael collided with him. As Jerry was rolled, and as Michael fell clear over him, both erupted into ferocious snarls and growls. They regained their legs, bristled, and showed teeth at each other, and stalked stiff-leggedly, in a stately and dignified sort of way, as they drew intimidating semicircles about each other.

But they were fooling all the while, and were more than a trifle embarrassed. For in each of their brains were bright identification-pictures of the plantation-house and compound and beach of Meringe. They knew; but they were reticent of recognition. No longer puppies, vaguely proud of the sedateness of maturity, they strove to be proud and sedate while all their impulse was to rush together in a frantic ecstasy.

Michael it was, less traveled in the world than Jerry, by nature not so self-controlled, who threw the play-acting of dignity to the winds, and, with shrill whinings of emotion, with body-wrigglings of delight, flashed out his tongue of love and shouldered his brother roughly in eagerness to get near to him.

Jerry responded as eagerly with kiss of tongue and contact of shoulder; then both, springing apart, looked at each other, alert and querying, almost in half-challenge, Jerry's ears pricked into living interrogations, Michael's one good ear similarly questioning, his withered ear retaining its permanent queer and crinkly cock in the tip of it. As one, they sprang away in a wild scurry down the beach, side by side, laughing to each other and occasionally striking their shoulders together as they ran.

"No doubt of it," said the commissioner. "The very way their father and mother run. I have watched them often."

But, after ten days of comradeship, came the parting. It was Michael's first visit on the Ariel, and he and Jerry had spent a frolicking half-hour on her white deck amid the sound and commotion of hoisting in boats, making sail, and heaving out anchor. As the Ariel began to move through the water and heeled to the filling of her canvas by the brisk trade-wind, the commissioner and Captain Kellar shook last farewells and scrambled down the gangplank to their waiting whale-boats.

At the last moment, Captain Kellar had caught Michael up, tucked him under an arm, and with him dropped into the stern-sheets of his whale-boat.

"Say good-by to your brother, Jerry," Villa Kennan prompted in Jerry's ear, as she held him, his quivering flanks between her two palms, on the rail where she had lifted him.

And Jerry, not understanding her speech, torn about with conflicting desires, acknowledged her speech with wriggling body, a quick back toss of head, and a red flash of kissing tongue, and, the next moment, his head over the rail and lowered to see the swiftly diminishing Michael, was mouthing grief and woe very much akin to the grief and woe his mother, Biddy, had mouthed in the long ago, on the beach of Meringe, when he had sailed away with Skipper. For Jerry had learned partings, and, beyond all peradventure, this was a parting, though little he dreamed that he would again meet Michael across the years and across the world, in a fabled valley of far California, where they would live out their days in the hearts and arms of the beloved gods.

Michael, his forefeet on the gunwale, barked to him in a puzzled, questioning sort of way, and Jerry whimpered back incommunicable understanding. The lady god gathered his body close against her breast in one encircling arm, her free hand resting on the rail, half closed, a pink-and-white heart of flower, fragrant and seducing. Jerry's nose quested the way of it. The aperture invited. With snuggling, hudging, and nudging movements, she spread the fingers slightly wider as his nose penetrated into the sheer delight and loveliness of her hand.

He came to rest, his golden muzzle soft-ensfolded to the eyes, and was very still, all forgetful of the Ariel, showing her copper to the sun under the press of the wind, all forgetful of Michael, growing small in the distance as the whale-boat grew small astern. No less still was Villa. Both were playing the game, although to her it was new.

As long as he could possibly contain himself, Jerry maintained his stillness. Then, his love bursting beyond the control of him, he gave a sniff—as prodigious a one as he had sniffed into the tunnel of Skipper's hand in the long ago on the deck of the Arangi. And, as Skipper had relaxed into the laughter of love, so did the lady god now. She gurgled gleefully. Her fingers tightened, in a caress that almost hurt, on Jerry's muzzle. Her other hand and arm crushed him against her till he gasped. Yet all the while his stump of tail valiantly bobbed back and forth, and, when released from such blissful contact, his silky ears flattened back and down as he seized her hand between his teeth and dented the soft skin with a love-bite that did not hurt. So, for Jerry, vanished Tulagi, its commissioner's bungalow on top the hill, its vessels riding to anchor in the harbor, and Michael, his full blood-brother.

While Jerry has come to content and the end of hazard, the adventures of

**Michael,
Brother of Jerry,
will begin in
May Cosmopolitan.**

And before they end, Jerry will have a part in them.