

Lady Martin

A. L. W.

F. R.

Brimley

M. M. L.

Mary Harrison

A. B.

Gertrude Linnell

Mary Condon Clarke

Edmund Potts.

GLIMPSES OF BORNEO.

BY WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 3d, M.D.

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— By —

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 3rd, M.D.

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The island of Borneo, lying directly under the Equator, is the second in size in the world (if we exclude Australia, to which, I believe, is generally given the dignity of being called a continent), Papua, or, as it is now called, New Guinea, being the largest, with an area of 306,000 square miles, while Borneo has an area of 286,000 square miles, or about that of France. Along the coast, and indeed for many miles inland, the country is flat and marshy, covered with a dense tangle of undergrowth, made up of thorny palms, ferns, and creepers of all sorts, including the beautiful variegated *Nepenthes*, or pitcher plant; above this undergrowth, which is dense to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, rise lofty, straight Camphor, Gutta, Durian and Tapang trees, whose foliage, at least from a distance, is hardly distinguishable from the common trees of our own woods and forests; perhaps the only features which distinguish the Bornean jungle, seen at a distance, from our ordinary forests are the topmost tufts of the Rattan palm, which is a creeper and forms a crown on the tree top, whereof the unexpanded central leaf creates the suspicion that the indefatigable lightning-rod agent had paid a visit to the primeval forest. Palms as a rule do not enter into the landscape; being of low growth, they are hidden by the lofty trees. Toward the centre of the island there is a broken range of mountains and of high hills running from North to South, the longest diameter of the island; of these mountains, according to our present knowledge, Kina Balu in the North is the highest, and is 13,680 ft. high, but not snow-capped. Other mountains in the chain vary from 3000 to 10,000 ft. in height.

It is in this central range of highlands and mountains that all the numerous rivers rise and form the highways and by-ways of the island, rendering it traversable in almost every direction.

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The government of the island is divided between the Dutch in the South and East, The British North Borneo Company in the North, the small Sultanate of Brunei on the west coast, and below this the independent territory of Sarawak, governed by Rajah Brooke, in whose territory the greater part of my time was spent.

In almost every book on Borneo the people are included under the name of Dyaks, either Sea-Dyaks or Land-Dyaks. This is an error. There are many distinct tribes or possibly *racés*, scattered throughout the hills and on the rivers of Borneo; they speak a different language, and have different customs of burial, of marriage, of naming children, of boat building, etc., etc. Some show a decidedly Chinese influence, while others are clearly of the Malay type and have adopted the Mohammedan religion in a somewhat modified form; others again are nomadic, and, in appearance, are stronger and slightly taller than the Dyaks, and are not Head-hunters, which is another custom erroneously attributed to all the inhabitants of Borneo.

Borneo is a subject so large that to give a really clear idea of all the intricacies of the manners and customs of its people would occupy far more time than one short evening's talk. Let me rather recount to you what it will be probably impossible to find in books.

Dr. Hiller and myself had the rare opportunity, through the kindness of Mr. Charles Hose, one of the Rajah's most energetic Residents, of spending five weeks among the natives, in the household of Tamabulan, one of the most powerful chiefs of the Kayans and Kenniahs, on the river Baram.

This chief had come down the Baram about two hundred and fifty miles, with a hundred of his men, more or less, to attend a Meeting of Peace and Reconciliation with the Dyaks and other tribes living on the Baram. The Rajah talked to them all most impressively on the evils attending constant warfare, and at the end of his speech, given in Malay—the court language—Tamabulan was the first to step forward and heartily shake hands with the Rajah and express his willingness to do all he could to maintain the peace; which was duly ratified on the morrow by the slaughter of a pig and the examination of the omens as interpreted from the colorations of its liver; yet this same Tamabulan only three years ago was one of the most rebellious up-river chiefs and had gone on the war-path, without the sanction of the Rajah, and had taken heads, and had barely refrained from killing Mr. Hose who had gone up to put a stop to his marauding.

He is a man of about forty-five, well built, but not muscular in appearance, about five feet six inches tall, his face is broad, the cheek-bones somewhat high, the eyes wide apart—owing perhaps to his having his eyebrows shaved, they appear very wide apart; his lips are thin and his mouth large but well shaped, and when he smiles it reveals two rows of regular but blackened teeth. His ears, according to the custom of his people, are pierced in the lobes, and by means of a

copper ring, inserted in early childhood, are so elongated that the lobe almost touches the shoulder; his ears are also perforated in the upper part to permit the insertion of a wild cat's tooth ornamented; this is, however, only inserted for full dress; on ordinary occasions he wears therein a plug of wood about half an inch in diameter. These looped and perforated ears serve, in the absence of clothes, the purpose of pockets, and are used to carry cigarettes or even boxes of matches. His hair is straight and black, shaved in a straight line from his temples round his head, but allowed to grow long at the back; it is not unlike a Chinaman's queue unbraided. The skin of the Kayans and Kenniahs, two closely allied tribes, is not yellow, but somewhat darker than a Chinaman's, and they have none of the characteristics of either the thick-lipped African negro nor the bushy, krinkly hair of the Papuans, nor have they the almond eyes of the Mongolians.

As for costume, on ordinary occasions they wear nothing but a loin cloth either of bark fibre or of red or white cotton, bought from the Chinese traders in the Bazaar (the Malay name for a trading post). On their heads they wear a close-fitting pointed cap made of thin strips of rattan (or *rotan*, as they call it) or bamboo dyed red and black and woven into pretty checkered patterns; when they are exposed to the blazing sun they often exchange this skull cap for a broad flat disc made of dried palm leaves and tied to their head.

I describe Tamabulan thus somewhat at length because he is a full-blooded and typical Kenniah, and as *he* is, so are most of his people. They almost universally depilate the hairs of the face, and only occasionally are mustaches or beards to be seen; when they *are* allowed to grow they are more than likely to be restricted to one side of the face, in charming irregularity.

When the peace meeting was over, and the pigs' livers had determined omens propitiously (I think that Tamabulan in his inmost heart thought that the whole thing was foolish and unnecessary, but then the Dyaks were impressed and he was conscious that in any event he was able to overpower them, so on the whole he was well pleased), we returned to Mr. Hose's house, which is a low one-storied frame building, thatched with palm leaves and surrounded with a broad veranda, whereon are scattered in confusion, characteristic of a naturalist, all sorts of specimens, snakes, fish, scorpions, and animals in jars of alcohol; dried turtles, skulls of wild pigs and of rhinoceroses on the tables and chairs; ornamented war shields and sun hats of the natives decorating the walls. The house stands in a clearing on a bluff about forty or fifty feet above the Baram river (pronounced *Berrem*), which at this point is about 250 yards wide, fairly clear and sleepily sluggish when not disturbed by freshets.

An inspiring shout from below, and the rhythmical click of the paddles on the sides of the boats proclaimed to us that the Father of the Moon (which is the signification of Tamabulan) and his men had come

up from the landing at the Bazaar and were waiting for us by the river bank below Mr. Hose's house. Our store of provisions and the few articles for trading and for ingratiating ourselves with the natives, such as three or four bolts of cotton cloth, sixty pounds of Java tobacco, some bars of steel, etc., were soon carried down to the canoe and stored away, and in the sixty-foot dug-out canoe we were given the vacant space amidships about seven feet long by five feet wide, wherein to spread our mats and make our abode till the end of the trip. The black hard-wood paddles glistened in the sunlight for a moment and then sent the water gurgling and eddying along the sides of the boat as the six men in front of us and the four in the stern, abaft Tamabulan and his goods and chattels, gave a shout and pulled out into the stream. There are doubtless quite a number of Europeans who have made trips into the interior of Borneo, without reckoning the Residents of the Dutch and English companies, but I am sure that no American, and probably no European, has gone further therein than Dr. Hiller and myself or under similar circumstances. We went up the river as the guests of the Chief to be present at the ceremonies and feasting to be given in honor of the Naming of his only son and heir, and during our five weeks there, we lived intimately enough with these jungle-people to get thoroughly into their life and understand their trials and sympathize with them in their joys and sorrows.

Our canoe, as I mentioned before, was about sixty feet long and about five feet wide amidships, hewn out of a single log, but deepened considerably by the addition of planks along the sides bound on with rotans and caulked, thus giving about six inches additional free board. The men while paddling sit cross-legged on a flooring of bamboo strips tied together and placed over thwarts about two-thirds up the side of the boat. They seem to be able to keep up an almost mechanical stroke from daylight till dark without showing the least fatigue, and this, too, on two meals a day, consisting mainly of rice and a little dried fish.

Toward dusk of the first day we halted at a sloping sand bank enclosed on three sides by a thick hedge of wild sugar-cane, full of mysterious rustlings, and stretching far over the low ground to the beginning of the jungle. The other boats of our party, numbering eight, were already tied up to the shore, and the brown-skinned men in their scarlet waist-cloths were bustling about gathering fire-wood and building cranes, whereon to hang their little pots of rice. Soon a row of fires started and the short twilight of the tropics deepened into dark, and the dancing fires cast giant shadows on the gray-green leaves of the wild sugar-cane and lit up the intent faces of the natives with their glistening eyes and brass-studded teeth as they squatted beside the fires and stirred their pots of rice. When the evening meal was ended and they had smoked their long cigarettes of Java tobacco, rolled in a piece of dried wild banana leaf, the moon came up and the embers of the fire were scattered. To be-

come more intimate with them we entered into contests in broad jumping, high jumping and tugs of war, and, alas for me, I was indiscreet enough to turn a hand spring for them and also walked on my hands. (Ever after I was introduced by Tamabulan to his friends with a complimentary remark that I could walk on my hands and turn over, and be it on muddy bank or hard floor I was always obliged to repeat the performance.) Then the chief retired to his boat for the night, and it was a general signal for the breaking up of the entertainment. Grass mats were brought out from the boats and spread on the sand, whereon the men flung themselves for the night in the soft light of the tropical moon, and were soon lulled to sleep by the constant drone and chirp of nocturnal insects. Early the next morning we awoke and saw, by the light of the setting moon, the men shaking out their mats and making preparations for starting off again. We were soon under way once more, and between waking and sleeping we were conscious of the click of the paddles and an occasional shout from Tamabulan ordering his men to paddle faster.

To give in detail all the long days of our trip up the river, and our visits to the different houses, would be wearisome to you, as, even now and then, I must confess, it somewhat was to us. I will abbreviate by saying that there were many hard times. Three men died, of a disease prevalent even here, the Grippe, which then seemed to be epidemic on the Baram river. Unfortunately these deaths were attributed to our presence, and a council was held and we were requested to return, but having already come so far, we begged to be allowed to go on. We distributed tobacco and medicine and held large clinics in our boat for the treatment of an inflammatory disease of the eyes, which was probably due to constant bathing in the muddy river and to not closing the eyes when under the water. The rains descended and the floods came, and for five days we were tied up to the bank, unable to proceed on account of the force of the current and the immense logs which were constantly floating down stream. Then the birds, who are the guides and guardians of these people, were harangued and threatened, and, at one time, an attempt was made to fool them. The whole party pulled up to the bank and disembarked with their spears and parangs, and made quite a circuit through the jungle, so as to make the birds think that they were not going home but were on an ordinary hunting expedition. On another occasion, Dr. Hiller and myself were sprinkled with water thrown on us from a stick cut into shavings at the end and held on the blade of a parang. Finally, we began the ascent of the Pata river, one of the large tributaries of the Baram, and, after three days of hard boating over rapids which necessitated our disembarking twice and carrying our boat and all our belongings overland for a short distance, we arrived within one turn of the river from Tamabulan's house. Here a short halt for final purification was made, and an arch about five feet high, built of branches, was erected on the beach. Beneath this arch a fire was made, and then Tamabulan, hold-

ing a young chicken, which he waved and brushed over all parts of the arch, addressed the evil spirits which had been following us and forbade them to follow us further through the fire. The chicken was then killed and its blood sprinkled over the archway and in the fire, and, led by Tamabulan, the whole crowd filed under the arch, and as they stepped over the fire each one spit in it and immediately took his place in the boats. A half hour more brought us to the huge log which served for a landing along the shore below the house, 900 feet long, of Tamabulan.

The houses of the tribes who live on rivers are always built on high ground above the banks so that they are out of danger from the frequent freshets which occur during the rainy season, and also that they may observe the approach of enemies or friends coming down or ascending the river; to get into the houses you have to walk up a log about ten inches in diameter, notched so as to form rough steps. Let me here briefly describe the tribal and household life of the Kenniahs and Kayans, which, in almost every respect, are similar. The inmates of a "long-house" are a collection of about fifty or sixty families banded together for mutual protection and support, and since there must be a centre to every circle one among them is selected as chief, either an old man skilled in war or one rich in worldly goods, which are estimated by the number of heads he owns (these are not marketable but bring good luck), and also by the number of brass gongs and cannons which pass for money; this wealth may be accumulated by successful raids, or by sales of rotan or gutta to the Chinese traders in the bazaar; one of the Baram chiefs has become rich by the possession of a cave wherein the swallows that build edible nests abound. Sometimes the government of a household is hereditary. All the minor details of the conduct of the house are controlled by the Orang Tuah, or the Orang Kaya (the *old man* or the *rich man*), as the case may be; but the affairs of the tribe, such as the advisability of their going on the war-path, etc., are left to the Penghulu, who is responsible only to the Rajah or to his officers. There are but five Penghulus in the Baram district, but there are as many Orang Kayas and Orang Tuahs as there are houses. The long-houses are in point of fact small villages built in a straight line, on high piles, for protection and elevation above the damp ground. Tambulan's is about 350 paces long and rests on piles about fifteen feet high made of magnificent trunks of the Billian tree, otherwise known as Iron-wood; some of these posts are at least eighteen inches in diameter stripped of their bark. To enter the house you must ascend, as I have said, by a notched log worn smooth by the passage of many bare feet, and slippery from the constant wetting of heavy dews and frequent rains; there is no railing. At the top of this rude ladder you enter, under the eaves of the house, the long, wide, general living-room, or street, where most of the life goes on, and where there is a constant haze of smoke and a smell which is a mixture of wet dog and musty garret. The floors of Tamabulan's house are famous, in that they are made of unusually large hewn planks of Billian, some of them being five

feet wide, placed rather loosely over the cross beams underneath; quite a number of the ordinary houses have floorings made of flat strips of the bark of the Nibong Palm.

No nails are used in the construction of the houses, the joists being either notched to fit each other, and then pegged, or bound with rotan; the roofing is either composed of small shingles of Billian tied in place, or it is made of a thatch of palm leaves; here and there are trap doors in the roof which can be raised by poles to admit more light and air. The eaves extend down to within four feet of the floor and from them to the floor is built a grating of poles laid lengthwise. This space admits light and air throughout the length of the house. Along this opening in several places are platforms raised about eighteen inches and covered with mats made of woven grasses or strips of rattan. On these the men sit and talk or form interested groups round one of their companions skilled in playing on the Kaluri (one of their most musical instruments, constructed on the principle of the bag-pipe, except that a long-necked gourd takes the place of the dog-skin bag). These verandas or streets are not cheerful places, except close to the opening, where there is plenty of light; the eaves come down so low that a few feet away from the opening it is rather dark and the beams of the house and the floor are so smoked that all the light is lost in the high roof, where hang hundreds of long bunches of ripening bananas and dusty old rattan traps, like long round baskets, for catching fish, small dug-out canoes warped out of shape, and numerous other native articles, stowed away, doubtless, with the same idea that many an American housekeeper has that they will be useful to some one some day, but that day never arrives and they occupy their place in the order of things as "dust catchers." Opposite to the open ventilation-space is a straight partition running the whole length of the house and dividing the private family rooms from the general thoroughfare; the openings into the rooms are about twenty feet apart and are about three feet six inches high by two feet wide, at a distance of two feet from the floor; to enter you must step over this threshold two feet or more high and the door is pulled to with a weight. The object of this high threshold is to keep the young children in, and to keep the ubiquitous dog out, neither of which purposes is attended with success.

The living-rooms are even more dingy and smoky than the public passage-way. On entering Tamabulan's room I was always in fear lest in the darkness I should tread on a baby or a puppy or slip down through the flooring. Once inside the room, however, and over near the light, everything was all right, and Bulan, the eldest child of Tamabulan, and from whom the chief takes his name, (in that country the child is father of the man in cognomen) received us with all the dignity befitting her station, for in point of birth she was a full-blooded princess, although she did only wear one scant garment extending from her hips to a little below her knee, and even this garment was split down one side. She was certainly a most dignified girl, possibly about

eighteen, with a mild gentle look in her eyes which she opened and shut with an impressive solemnity; her teeth of course were blackened, but well shaped and regular; her hair was glossy black, parted in the middle and brought down low over her forehead and kept in place by a fillet of plaited rotan around her head; her eyebrows had either been shaved or depilated. The only blot upon her beauty was one of her ears; her over-ambitious parents had put in too heavy weights when she was young, and, alas, one of her beautiful ear lobes had given way; it had been patched, but the patch showed plainly and an ugly lump resulted. Indeed, how true in all climes is it that *Il faut souffrir pour être belle*. I showed Her Highness, Princess Bulan, some pictures of American women in *Harper's Weekly*, which I had brought from Baram to while away the hours in the boat, and she laughed much at the funny custom of squeezing in waists, which I was obliged to tell her was done by means of steel bands laced tightly about them. This seemed incomprehensible to her, and such suffering intolerable. In every picture I had to tell her which were the women when only the head and shoulders were shown; there seemed to be no difference to her in the faces except of course where either beard or mustache marked the men.

The room in which the Tamabulan family lived was much like all the rest; it was large and square with three small closet-like rooms partitioned off; these were the sleeping apartments for the young girls and for Tamabulan and his two wives, and the third was for his slave and his family; they were not neat little rooms with warm tropical breezes wafting in the delicate odors of orchids from the jungle, but black little cubby holes, with nothing but a mat for a bed and the small smoking coal-oil lamp made of tin, or a lump of damar gum sputtering and smoking on a scooped-out stone, for a light. Bulan's room was pathetic in that she had made an attempt at making it a little more dainty by fastening a piece of bright calico upon the wall to relieve the monotony of the darkened wood; she had also arranged some pretty black and yellow bead-work baskets in one corner; these were her wealth. In the corner between Tamabulan's room and that of his slave was the fireplace, merely a flat cake of clay over a few stones laid down on the flooring. There was no chimney and the smoke had to find its way up to the roof or out of the window in the back wall of the house, where there was not the continuous opening between the eaves and the floor as at the front of the house, but where it was boarded up and light and air were admitted either through small windows or through the trap doors in the roof. From most of the rooms there was also a door and a flight of steps, or rather a notched log, leading down to the rice storehouses behind the house, where the women were occupied every morning pounding the husks off of the rice and winnowing the chaff. In all of the Kayan houses the rice, or paddi, as they call it, is pounded in the house, but the fine flying chaff is not only irritating to the nostrils but sometimes produces an itching eruption on the skin, so Tamabulan very wisely has all this

work done out of doors. Everywhere in the house roam most persistently ravenous dogs of the most mongrel type; no one seems to like them and a chance is never neglected to thump them or hit them with a stick. We were warned beforehand by Mr. Hose to tie our boots up to the rafters at night lest the dogs should eat them. What their true use is I never could find out. The men told me they were for hunting, but I never saw them taken out in the jungle nor did they appear to have any master in particular. Beneath the house where the boats, not in actual use, are stored, pigs forage for any stray scraps of food which may drop through the flooring above; and at the back of the house where the paddi is beaten out was always a flock of chickens, kept partly for food and partly for sacrifice; thus in most of the surroundings there is an element of farm life.

While we were off on a visit of five days to a Kayan chief on the Apoh river, Tamabulan had a cozy little room partitioned off for us, and when we returned he led us up to it with pride and told us that he had made the door to fasten, so that the children could not annoy us, but even as he spoke there was a line of beady little eyes peering at us through a crack, and we thought of the small boys who lift the canvas of the circus tent. The small boys were our chief friends, and head of them all, although not by any means the oldest, was the rascally little Adom. There was no feasting, there was no mourning, in fact no incident of interest, complete without the face of Adom peering from his perch on a rafter or beaming out from among the stack of long bamboo water jugs standing in a rack in the corner. Like the mongoose, in Kipling's *Jungle Book*, his motto seemed to be: "Run and find out!"

Let me finish by giving you an account of one day as a specimen of all days spent beneath the hospitable roof of Tamabulan. Would that I could only give it to you with all the distinctness that the mere recounting brings out in my mind!

We awoke with the first crow of the cock, which breaks the silence of the night and dies away in the jungle without the far-off response from neighboring farms, to which we are accustomed in the country here at home. Then a dog rouses up, yawns and stretches and shakes off the ashes of the fireplace where it had been sleeping and begins the daily round of quarrels with its companions. Then the daylight gradually creeps in and a door slams with a bang at the far end of the house, where the poorer and hard-working people live, and a woman with a bundle of bamboo water vessels slung on her back hurries along to the stairway down to the river. She looks just the same as when she went to sleep. Her dress is the same and her hair is in a disordered tangle, and as she walks her feet come down heavily on the warped planks and make them rattle, no doubt to wake the lazy men, who sleep on and let the women make the fire and get the water while they snooze. Soon she comes back, her hair dripping and glossy and little drops of water still clinging to her skin. By this time there is quite a procession

of women going down to bathe and get the cooking water from the river, and there is a slamming of doors and a few wails from the children, and laments from the dogs when they get a thump from a warrior who wakes to find that he has been sleeping with his face close to the dog's mangey back. Then the men who have been sleeping on the raised platform in front of the long slatted window, unroll themselves from their shroud-like coverings of cotton cloth, once white, and a little hum of conversation springs up, possibly a comparison of dreams, the interpretation of which, as in all uneducated classes, has great bearing on their daily life. The mother who comes out with her babies in her arms, or sitting astride of her hips, knows nothing of our custom of caressing with a kiss, but in her maternal bursts of affection she buries her face in the neck of the child and draws in a long breath through her nostrils; in fact, she smells it. In their language the verbs *to smell* and *to kiss* are the same. Then down she goes to the river and takes the morning bath with her child in her arms, sometimes holding it by the hands and letting it kick out its legs like a frog—the first lessons in swimming. One by one the men straggle off to bathe in the river and never miss the opportunity of telling us that they were going to bathe, and when they returned they were also most punctilious in telling us that they *had* bathed. With all this bathing, however, they are not a clean people. Soap is unknown to them and they never use hot water, consequently their skins have not the soft velvety appearance that constant bathing usually produces. We gave some of the girls cakes of Pears' soap, but they ate them.

After bathing there is a lull in the activity of the house, while the married women and young girls cook the morning meal of boiled rice and dried salted fish. (By the way, their method of obtaining salt is, perhaps, peculiar. They burn the stalk of the Nipa palm, which grows in salt or brackish water, and, by soaking the ashes and allowing them to settle, they get a very coarse and dirty quality of salt, of which they are very fond.) In eating they use neither plate nor chopsticks; but, like the Malays, they eat with their fingers, cramming their mouths as full as they can at one time and then taking a pinch of the finely crumbled dried salt fish. They do not eat from one common dish as do the Chinese, but each person has his allotted share piled upon a thick sheet of the inner bark of a tree (I think it was the tough inner layers of the stalk of a banana), and his portion of fish is placed on another smaller leaf, or if the family is of the "Four Hundred" they may have a pressed glass bowl. The daily meals in the houses (there are usually only two meals a day) are somewhat private affairs, but they always informed us when they were going to eat, probably so that we should not pay them a visit at that time. They likewise always left us to ourselves when we ate. We carried with us a Chinese cook.

After breakfast there were always parties of men and women setting out for the clearings where the rice was planted, and armed with a

billiong (the adze-like axe, which they use) and their parang, and their spear, the men go down and get the boat ready, and the women follow after with the paddles, and hampers to bring back bananas or bunches of tender young fern fronds, which they make into a stew. Then the house settles down to the ordinary tasks of weaving cloth or pounding the husks off the paddy by the women, and sharpening spears or decorating parangs by the men industriously inclined; but the latter are rare. They usually spend their time in silly chatter with their companions or merely sit and think, aided by long draughts of smoke drawn deep into their lungs from the strong Java tobacco cigarettes, which they roll for themselves out of banana leaves. Men, women, and children all smoke tobacco, which they grow for themselves, in part, and in part bring from a bazaar far down the river. The boys, ever ready for sport, we used to arm with butterfly nets and send them out in search of insects of all kinds. They knew their haunts much better than we did, and chasing butterflies in the tropics is not the best fun in the world. We much preferred to sit in the shade of the house and fold the insects, when caught, in paper and pack them away in our tins.

Morning wore into afternoon, and then we would sit on the river bank and watch from a high bluff the young girls taking their bath and recreation. Here let me say a word in favor of their modesty. We never saw the faintest conscious immodesty. We used to sit lost in admiration at their skill in swimming. It was a sort of game of tag they were always playing, only, instead of one chasing all, all chased one, and this one would get off some little distance from the crowd and then suddenly disappear under water. Then the chase began. All swam as fast as they could to the spot where she had vanished, some swimming with a rapid overhand stroke, while others swam entirely under the water. Then, possibly still in front of them, possibly far behind them, up bobbed the girl who was "*it*," shaking the water from her eyes and giving a shout of derision at her pursuers. Down she went again and the chase was renewed, all under water, so long, sometimes, that the surface of the river became perfectly smooth, and no one would have imagined that in another moment it would be again bubbling up and dashed into spray by a crowd of laughing, shouting, black-haired savage girls. (We never saw the boys play in the water.) Back and forth, up and down, they splashed from one side of the river to the other, until one of the men called to them from the house to stop their sport lest they rouse a sleeping crocodile. This put an end to the fun. Another thing, which was quite new to us, was the way in which they could play a sort of tune by splashing their hands in the water and flapping their arms to their sides. They stood in a group, and by sinking their hands back downward in the water and then clapping them above the water and slapping their elbows to their sides, they produced a series of different sounds, like that of a large stone dropping into a deep pool, with a rhythm that was perfect and very pleasing.

Afternoon deepened into dusk, and the workers from the fields came home and trudged wearily up the bank and disappeared through the little doorways. Small flickering lamps were lit here and there, and the fire on the hearth, where our Chinese cook was preparing our rice and tinned meats, disseminated a cheery glow and a smell of frying ham throughout the long corridor, and I am sure that if the ghastly row of human skulls above our fireplace had had chops to lick they would have licked them. At night, according to Tamabulan's orders, no women are allowed out in the public thoroughfare. So if we wanted social life we went round visiting in the evening. A girl named Sara seemed to be the belle of the house, but why I do not know, unless it was her powers of conversation, which, being foreigners, we could barely appreciate. She certainly was not pretty. We much preferred the society of Mujan and her sister Lishun, who always had a good store of cigarettes, and whose stock of Burok, or home-brewed arrack, was above reproach. Mujan gave me her ear-rings before I left, and in return I gave her a cake of soap and a piece of yellow cloth to tie round her head.

Then the household quiets down for sleep, and we secluded ourselves in our little pen and, stretched out on our mats, dozed off, scarcely realizing that we were in the heart of the Bornean jungle in the house of a band of savage head-hunters.

Thus the days passed, and the day of our departure was hastened somewhat by the unexpected change of a festival into a funeral, by the sudden death of a young married woman. Unfortunately this death was also attributed to our presence, and had it not been for the staunch friendship of Tamabulan and some of his men our heads would now be decorating the fireside of a Kayan long-house. We did not know until a while after, when we saw Tamabulan again, what great danger we had been in that night. However, "All's well that ends well," and by the time we were ready to start on our return we were again in good favor, and after a hearty hand-shake all round we bade farewell to dear old Tamabulan and pushed out into the river amid waving of big hats and white cloths, and the long drawn "*Tabé, Tuan, Tabé*" followed after us and echoed in the jungle, even after we had rounded the turn and lost sight of our Bornean friends for ever.

