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EDITED BY

LOUISE A. CHAPPELL





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ONE DAY IN HULL I MET A FRIEND

Robinson Crusoe

FOR

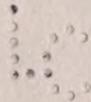
YOUNG READERS

Daniel Defoe
"

BY

LOUISE A. CHAPPELL

ILLUSTRATED



A. FLANAGAN COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK

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PREFACE

The fact that the story of Robinson Crusoe is rich in economic and social values has placed it among English Classics for children. That the story possesses great interest for them may not be denied. Robinson Crusoe, having from childhood a strong desire to lead a roving life, leaves home against his parents' advice, and takes all the risks into his own hands. He goes through hardships of every kind, and at last is cast upon a lonely island, which he discovers is uninhabited. This novel situation awakens the little reader to wonderment as to how he is going to live, and he eagerly follows Robinson Crusoe as the castaway builds his home and accustoms himself to new and untried conditions.

In the hope that it may aid teachers in bringing out the thoughts of the class, in three ways, this little volume has been written in simple language.

The complete dependence of man upon Nature they can be taught to recognize. Next, his dependence upon his fellow beings. In a simple way the divisions of labor can be given; to which may be added that it is our duty to consider and aid others, with an illustration in the finding of Friday, and the care given to him. Robinson's longing for companionship calls forth the idea that man is a social being. Lastly, Robinson Crusoe's religious nature, and his recognition of and submission to God, bring forth and strengthen the thought that he was comforted and given spiritual aid with which to bear his denials, hardships and loneliness.

THE AUTHOR

ROBINSON CRUSOE

FOR YOUNG READERS

CHAPTER I

ROBINSON'S CHILDHOOD AND FIRST VOYAGE

I was born in the city of York, in the year 1632. I had two brothers. One, a soldier, was killed by the Spaniards when his regiment was in Flanders. The other left home and we never learned what became of him. As I was the youngest and only child left to my parents, they loved me dearly and wished to do all that was possible for my good and my happiness.

My father was a merchant and a man of means, and I was sent to the best schools. I was told by my parents that everything that would make life pleasant should be given me, and that when I was old enough I should be sent to a law school.

From my earliest childhood, my strongest desire had been to spend my life at sea, and as I grew

older this desire grew stronger. It filled my thoughts by night and by day; so that I wished for nothing so much as to lead the rambling life of a sailor. For these reasons I was not happy in my home life; and my parents saw, by my actions, that something held me back from enjoying all that was provided for my benefit and pleasure.

When my father heard of my desire to go to sea, he felt very sad, and sent for me to come to him. Both he and my mother talked the matter over with me. They promised that my life should be one of ease, and that they would do everything in their power to make me happy if I would give up going to sea. They said: "If you insist upon going against our advice, God will not bless you. Some great evil will overtake you; and when it is too late, and no one is near to aid or help you, you will be sorry that you left your friends, and were not guided by the parents who love you so dearly."

I was deeply touched by all that was said, and I made up my mind that I would give up all thoughts of a roving life, and try to see what I could make of myself.

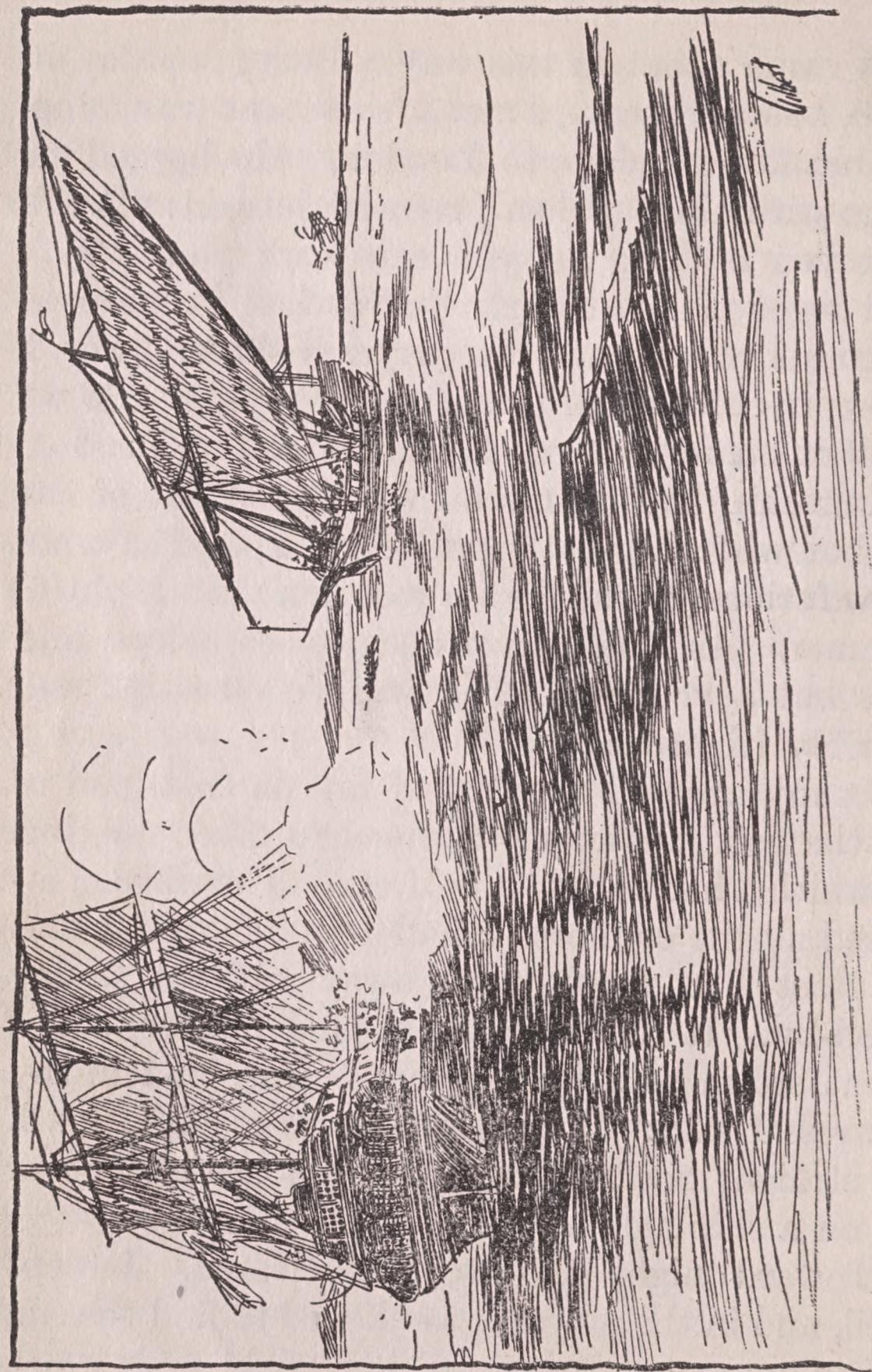
But, alas! In a very short time this feeling wore off, and to prevent further entreaties from my father I resolved to run away. However, it was a year before I had the courage to make the break.

It came about in this way. Being one day in Hull, a seaport town, I met a friend who was going, on his father's ship, to London. He begged me to go with him. When I refused, he said: "It will cost you nothing, as you can work your way," and urged me so strongly that at last I consented to go. I was then eighteen years old, and was, I thought, old enough to decide for myself. So we went on board the same day and set sail for London.

Our ship had no more than passed out of the harbor when a great storm came up. The wind blew furiously, and the sea rose in a most frightful manner. As I had never been to sea before, and was but a young sailor, I was very seasick and terribly frightened.

In my agony I thought of my parents, and of all the good advice my father had given me, but to which I had turned a deaf ear. Then I remembered all the comforts I had left. I wished that at least I had not come away without saying good-by. It did seem as if God had sent this great storm as a punishment to me, and in my distress I said: "If God but spares my life, I will go straight back to my father's house and never go on a ship again."

Toward night the weather cleared. I slept well, and in the morning awakened to find the sun rising on a smooth sea, making bright each wave. The sight was the most beautiful I had ever seen.



WE BROUGHT OUR GUNS TO BEAR UPON THEM

As I was no longer seasick, and was taken up with the beauty about me, I did not remember my wise thoughts of the previous night, or the promise I had made to myself that I would give up the life of a sailor.

On the sixth day we came into Yarmouth Roads. Here we were obliged to cast our anchor, as the wind rose, bringing us another and a greater storm. All on the ship were frightened, even the oldest sailors; each time we sank down into the hollow of the sea we thought we should never come up again.

I lay perfectly still in my cabin in the steerage, quite stupid from seasickness and fright. When at last I ventured slowly to open my eyes, all about me was distress and suffering. The captain passed by, and I heard him say softly to himself: "Lord, be merciful to us, we shall be lost!" The sea, which was running mountain-high, burst upon us every few minutes.

Still, the worst was to come. At midnight one of the sailors cried out: "We've sprung a leak, and there is four feet of water in the hold." All hands were at once called to the pumps. At this order I felt as if my heart died within me, and I fell back upon the bed on which I had been sitting. But the sailors soon roused me up, saying I was quite as able to work as anyone there. Then I began to pump, and worked with a will.

While we were all busy pumping out the water, the captain, seeing some vessels near us, ordered one of the men to fire a gun as a signal of distress. The firing was heard by the men on a ship not far away, and they sent a boat to help us. Another boat was sent out by the people who were on the shore, watching the storm. We had much trouble in getting into the boats, as the sea was still rough. And we were only just in time, for a quarter of an hour after we left our ship she sank. Then I knew what it meant when a ship foundered at sea. I was altogether too much frightened to look at her when the sailors said she was sinking.

As soon as we were all safely landed, we started out to walk to Yarmouth. Here we were very kindly treated by some rich merchants and ship owners, who gave us money for our journey back to London.

CHAPTER II

ROBINSON A SLAVE TO THE TURK

As for me, having some money of my own in my pocket, I traveled to London by land. If I had then gone home to my parents, all would have been well. It was hard to know which course to take. My duty was to return home, and make full confession of my disobedience, and ask pardon for all my wrong doing; and not only that, but to act upon my promise to myself to give up a roving life. But shame held me back from doing what I knew to be right.

I had good clothes, and gold in my pocket, so to sea I went in a trading vessel bound for the coast of Africa. The captain was kind to me, and from him I learned to reef a sail and steer a ship, besides other things a sailor should know.

Our voyage proved to be a most unhappy one. As we were sailing toward the Canary Islands, some Turks in a small ship came on our track in full chase. We set as much sail as our yards

would bear, but the pirates gained on us. We felt sure that in a few hours they would come up to us, and at last they did. We brought our guns to bear upon them, which made them sheer off for a while, but they returned, and sixty of their men came upon our ship and fell to cutting our sails, and doing other harm. Ten of our men were killed and some wounded, so we knew the Moors were too strong for us, and we gave up.

They took our ship and carried us off to Sallee, the place in Africa where they all lived. I was taken by the captain of their band as his slave, and lived with him for two years.

It was a sad change for me; I often thought of my home, and deeply grieved that I had not listened to the good advice given to me by my parents. My father's words would come into my thoughts, when he said: "If you do not listen to what I say, some evil will happen to you, and there will be none near to help you."

The Turk did not treat me so badly as I feared he would. After I had been with him nearly two years he gave me more freedom. Often he would take me and a boy named Xury with him when he fished along the coast. Once he sent us by ourselves. While we were out a dense fog came on, and although we were but half a mile from shore, we lost sight of it for twelve hours. When the Turk heard what happened, he said: "When

you go again your boat shall hold every possible need, lest you should again be kept at sea."

One day, a little later on, he sent us out again, bidding us be sure that we had a generous supply of food and wine.

I had never quite given up the idea of sometime making my escape. Now, thought I, the moment had come in which to gain my freedom.

So I said to Xury as we made ready to go: "Xury, the Turk's guns are in the boat, but we have no shot. You know where it is kept; run and get some. We may want to shoot a fowl or two." So he brought me a pouch filled with powder, and some shot—all we could possibly need for our guns. I secretly stowed away more wine, a large lump of wax, an axe, a spade, a saw, and some rope. Then we set sail.

I steered to sea until we had lost sight of land. Then I said to Xury: "I do not mean to return to the Turk. If you will be true to me, I will make a great man of you and treat you well; otherwise I must at once cast you out of this boat into the ocean." The boy listened to all I had to say, and promised to obey me. He added: "I am willing to go all over the world with you."

Our next course was to the east, so that we could get nearer to the shore. Having a smooth sea and a fresh gale, we made such sail that by three o'clock the next day, we were at least one

hundred and fifty miles from Sallee, and beyond all present fear of my master.

But there was still danger that the Turks might follow us, and I felt that unless we could put a



I STEERED TO SEA

greater distance between us, we were not entirely safe. So we sailed with all the speed we could make for five days, always keeping near the shore.

Coming to a point of land that ran out into the sea, we sailed around it, and made the discovery

of land, far out in the ocean. It must be the Cape de Verd Islands. Should I try to reach them? I did not know what kind of people lived there, or how we should be treated. Leaving Xury at the helm, I went into the cabin to think it over.

All at once Xury came running in to me, crying: "Master! Master! A ship! A ship!"

I ran out with him upon the deck. Poor Xury was nearly dead with fright, as he thought it a ship sent to take us back to the Turk. But I saw at one glance that it was a European vessel. So we made what sail we could, to come into the ship's way. I told Xury to fire a gun, for if they could not hear it, it was possible they could see the smoke. They did see it, and at once lowered their sails so that we could come up to them.

The people on the ship were greatly amazed when they heard my story. The captain bade me come on board, and to bring with me Xury and my goods.

CHAPTER III

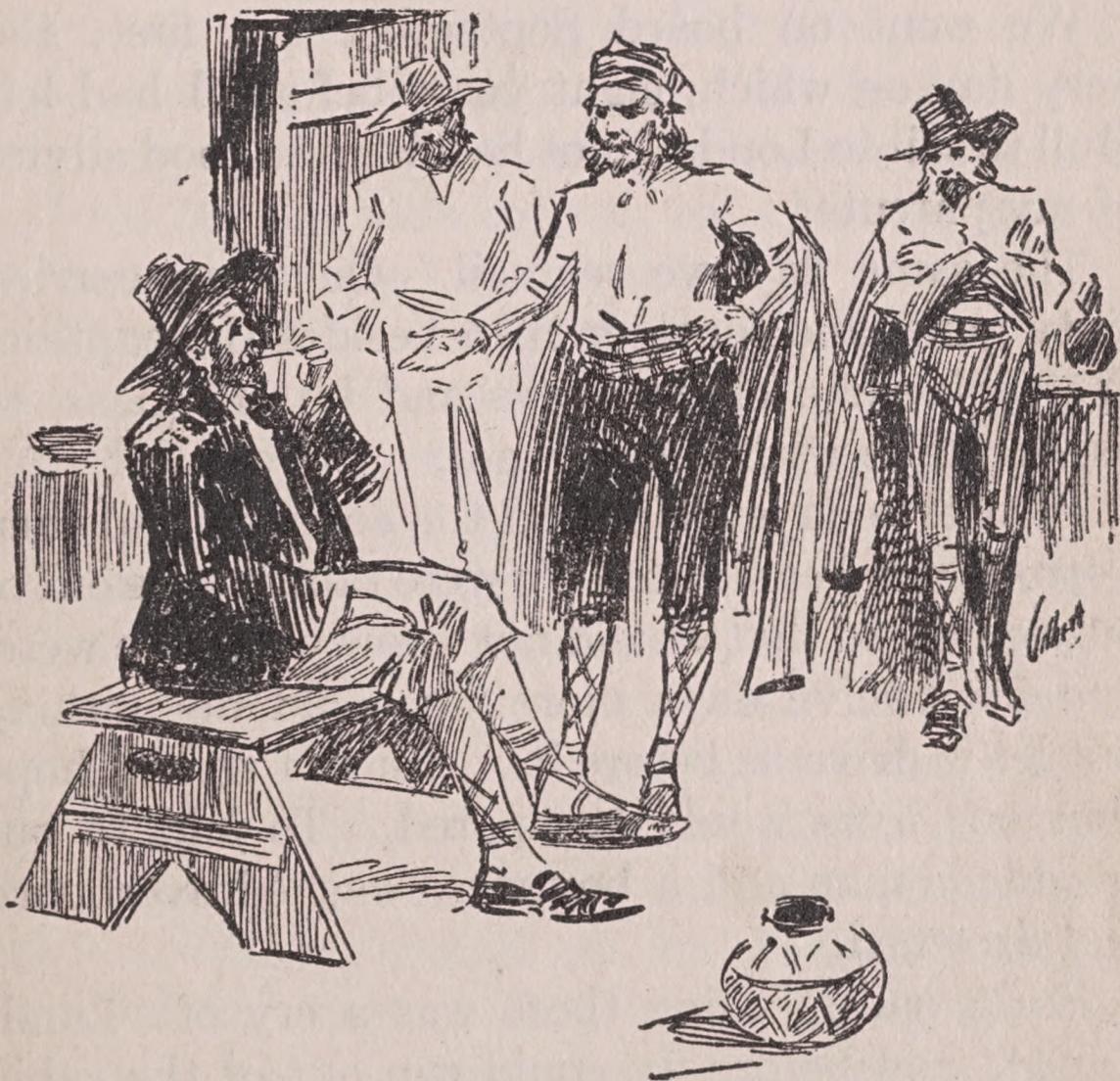
ROBINSON WRECKED ON AN ISLAND

It was great joy to know that I was again safe from the pirates. The captain was very good to us. He bought my boat and all that it contained for a good round sum; and said he would pay the same amount for Xury. At first I did not feel that I could part with him. The poor boy had helped me to gain my freedom, and I had promised to do well by him. Finding out later that Xury was willing to go, I let the captain have him. He said he would treat the lad well and give him his freedom in two years.

Our ship was bound for Brazil, and the captain added to his kindness to us by refusing to take money for our passage. We reached Brazil in twenty-two days. I soon learned that the planters lived well, and seemed to grow rich rapidly. So I made up my mind that I would buy land and raise tobacco and sugar. This would not be hard to do. I had money in London which I could

send for, and I had, besides, the gold received from the captain for my boat and other things.

I bought land and started my plantation. Two or three years passed by, and I was doing well.



ONE DAY SOME PLANTERS CAME TO TALK WITH ME

I should have been quite contented, but for my taste for a roving life.

One day some planters, who lived near me, came to talk with me about a ship they were

going to send to the coast of Africa for slaves. They urged me to take charge of it, and said: "If you will go, you shall have a share in the slaves to pay for your trouble." So I promised that I would go.

We went on board September the first, the very day on which, eight years before, I had left Hull to sail to London, not heeding the good advice of my parents.

The same day we set sail. Our ship carried sixty guns, and fourteen men besides the captain. We took saws, chains, toys and bits of glass, to use in trade with the savages.

In twelve days we passed the equator, and then a strong wind came on. We were taken quite out of our course, so that we did not know where we were, and for twelve days more we could do nothing but let it drive us before it. None of us had hope that our lives would be spared. To add to our trouble, a man and a boy were washed overboard and drowned.

Early one morning there was a cry of "Land! Land!" and before we could run out of the cabin to look about us, the ship struck with great force upon a sand bank. At once she sank deeply, so that we could not get her off. And the waves broke upon us in such a way that we all expected to find our graves in the deep sea.

The only thing left us to do was to get to shore

as well as we could; or at least to try to. There had been a boat at our ship's stern, but the force of the waves had torn it away. One smaller boat was still on shipboard, and this the crew got over the side of the ship. We all jumped in (there were eleven of us), and let her go with the tide, trusting to God's mercy. We had to work very hard with our oars, as the sea became rougher, and we had no sails to help us. But we prayed to God and worked with a will.

When we had rowed three miles, a foaming, curling wave, mountain-high, struck us, and with such force that our boat was at once upset, and we were all thrown into the sea.

I cannot tell you how I felt when I sank into the water. I could swim well, but the force of the waves made me lose my breath too often to make much headway. At length a huge wave lifted me up and carried me to the shore. Although half dead with fear, I tried my best to get upon my feet, and far enough on land to be beyond the reach of the waves. But, alas! a great wave as high as a hill overtook me and dragged me back into the sea. The next incoming wave was quite as high and as strong; it dashed me against a rock, leaving me unconscious.

However, I soon knew where I was, and, some strength coming back to me, I stood up and ran a little farther in, so that the next wave did not

catch me. Very soon I had climbed up the cliffs of the shore, and sat down upon the grass, quite out of the reach of the waves.

I never saw my comrades again, or any sign of them, except three of their hats and a pair of shoes that were not mates.

CHAPTER IV

ROBINSON'S FIRST CARPENTER WORK

Now that I was safely on shore, my joy was great. In my delight I ran up and down the beach, thanking God at each step that I had been saved when all my mates were lost.

Sitting down after a while to rest, I began to feel for the first time how lonely and helpless I really was. Here I was, wet and cold, with no dry clothes to put on, nor food to eat; with no friend to speak to, or to whom I could look for help. I feared wild beasts, but I had no gun with which to shoot at them. In fact, I had nothing about me but a knife, a pipe, and a small box of tobacco.

The very thought of my helplessness, and that there was no human being to whom I could speak, put me in such a state of mind that I walked about the shore like a madman.

Sunset was drawing near. I must think of some way to pass the night. I could not lie on



OUR SHIP HAD BEEN DRIVEN TOWARD THE SHORE

the ground, as there might be danger from wild beasts. There seemed to be nothing to do but to find some high, bushy tree in which to make my bed.

I looked about me for water and to my great joy I found a spring quite near. I took a good drink and then climbed into a thick, bushy tree not far away. But before I did so I cut a stout stick with which to defend myself, in case any wild beasts should discover me, and I made a kind of nest in which to rest, by folding over the branches of the tree. I was very tired, and in a few minutes I fell asleep.

When I awakened it was broad daylight. The sky was clear, the sea smooth. Looking out upon the water, I was surprised to see that our ship had been lifted from the sand and driven toward the shore, nearly as far in as the rock upon which I had been dashed the day before. She seemed to be standing upright and not more than a mile away.

At once I came down from the tree to look about me. Then I saw that the ship's boat was on the beach, two miles to the right. I started to walk to her, but I could go but a short distance, as an arm of the sea, a half mile in length, cut me off from her. Coming back I hit upon a way to reach the ship. I would wait until the tide went out at noon, and then I should be able to walk almost out to the wreck.

At noon I walked to the water's edge, pulled off my clothes, and jumping into the water, swam to the ship. As I reached it I spied a piece of rope hanging over the side, so low that I was able to get hold of it, and by its help I got on board.

You may be sure the first thing I did was to look for food. I made my way to where the bread was kept, and ate some as I looked about me, as there was no time to lose.

I saw many things that would be of use, but how was I to get them on shore? At last it came to me that I could make a raft, as there were several spare yards, two or three spars of wood, and one or two top-masts. I flung as many of these as I could overboard, tying each one with a rope as I dropped it, so that none could drift away. This done, I went down the ship's side. I pulled the pieces of timber to me and tied four together in the shape of a raft. Then I laid short pieces of plank on them crosswise. Testing my raft, I found that I could walk upon it, but that it would not carry a great weight. So I set to work with a carpenter's saw that I found, and cut a top-mast into three pieces, which I added to my raft. Then it was strong enough.

My next care was to prepare it for loading. I laid upon it all the planks and boards that I could find, and then I gathered in haste the things I needed most. I emptied three of the seamen's

chests, and then lowered them upon the raft. Into them I put bread, Dutch cheese, five pieces of goat's flesh and the remainder of some corn which had been laid aside for fowls. There had been a little barley, but I found the rats had spoiled it.

I took our cats with me, but not our dog Berri. The good fellow swam ashore to me the next day.

While I was busy packing my chests, the tide began to flow. Looking up, I saw that my coat, shirt and waistcoat had been swept from the shore into the sea. This made me think to look about for much needed clothes. I soon found many, but I took only enough for present needs, as there were other things that would be of more use to me, such as tools to work with on shore. After a long search I found a carpenter's chest, which would be of more value to me than a shipload of gold.

Everything was now in readiness, but how was I to get my raft to the land? I had neither sail, rudder nor oar. To be sure, the sea was calm, the tide was setting in, and the wind was blowing toward the land, three things in my favor.

I had the good fortune to find a pair of broken oars, and with these to aid me I pushed away from the ship. For half a mile the raft went well. Then I discovered we were drifting to one side of the point where I had meant to land, and

where I had hoped to find some creek or river which would help me in getting my things on shore. At last I saw a creek, and to this, with much hard work, I guided my raft, keeping her as well as I could in the middle of the stream.

But here I came near losing my cargo, for knowing nothing of the coast, I ran my raft aground upon a shoal of sand; the other end being on the slope and in the water. So all my things would have slipped off and been lost, had I not hastily moved my chests to keep them in their places. In a half hour the tide rose and lifted me off the shoal. When the water was a foot deep, I thrust the raft on a piece of flat ground, and fastened her by sticking the broken oars in the sand, one on either side of her. Thus I let her lie until the tide went out. Then I had my raft and cargo on dry land.

CHAPTER V

ROBINSON'S ISLAND HOME

My next work would be to find a spot on which to make a little home for myself, and where I could stow away my things. As yet I did not know whether I was on an island or a continent. Neither could I tell if people lived near me. There was a hill not far away, and I made up my mind to go to the top of it; I hoped that from there I could see what kind of a place I was in. Taking with me my gun, pistol, and powder pouch, I started off.

When I reached the top of the hill and looked about me, I could see only the ocean on every side. There was one exception; far out in the distance was some land, and about ten miles to the west were two islands.

I was greatly distressed to find I was on an island, with no signs of people living upon it. I saw no men or women, or any houses or huts, nor did I see any wild animals, and for this I was most

thankful. There seemed to be a great many kinds of birds on the island. Some were unlike anything I had ever seen before.

As I returned, I shot a bird which was sitting on a tree near my path. Mine must have been the first gun ever fired here since the world began. At the sound of the firing, whole flocks of birds flew out from every part of the woods, with loud cries of distress. I also saw several hares running. The bird that I killed was like a hawk, except that it had no claws.

The rest of the day I spent in bringing my goods from the raft. Toward night, so that I might rest with less fear, I built a sort of hut, by putting the chests and boards together in the shape of one. Lying down with my gun at my side, I soon fell asleep.

The next morning I thought again of the wreck. I made up my mind that it would be best to get as much as possible from the ship, as the next storm might tear her to pieces, and everything would be carried far beyond my reach.

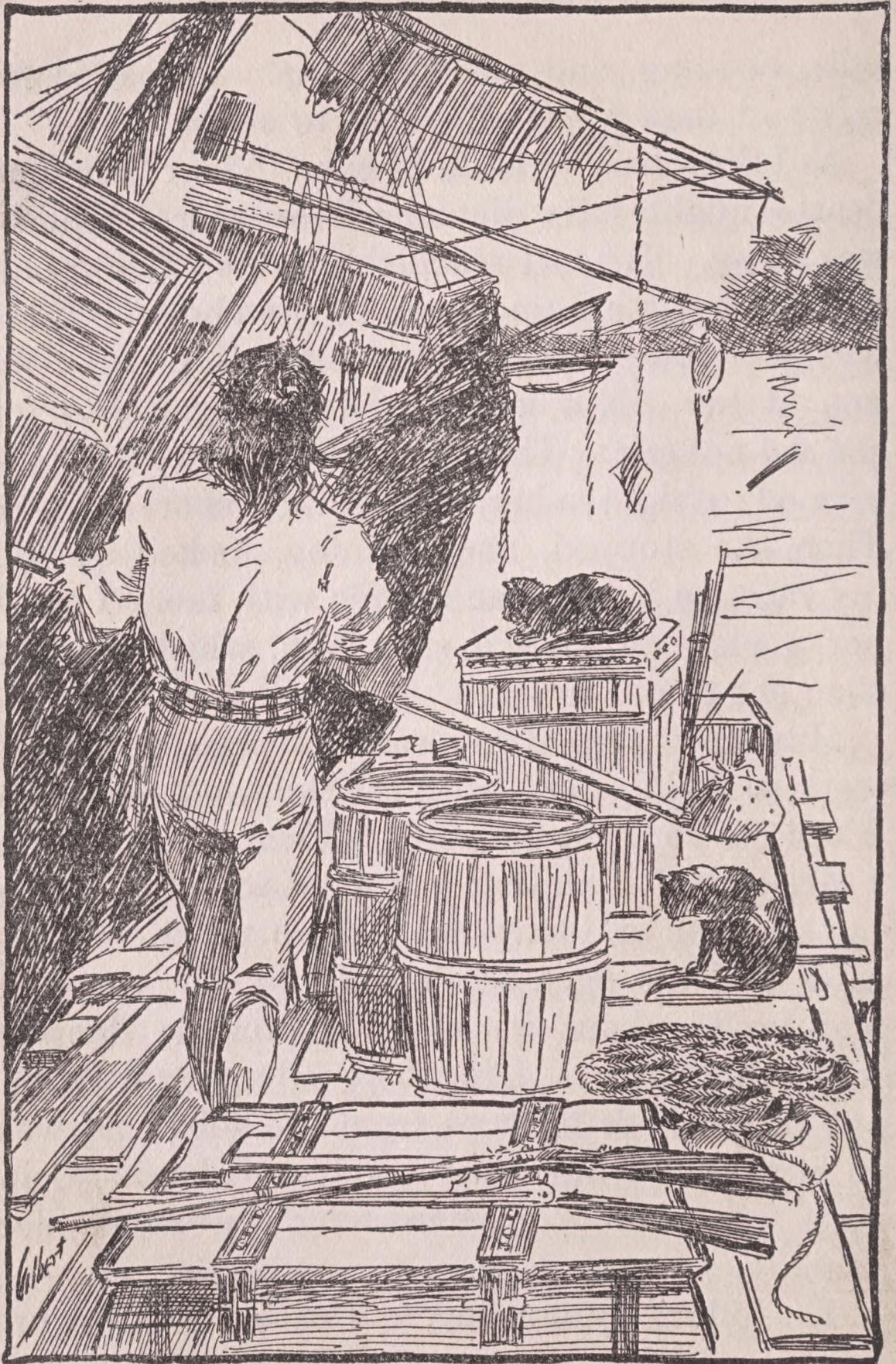
I swam out as before, and the first thing I did, after reaching the wreck, was to make another and better raft. Looking into one of the chests, I found a carpenter's box, with nails and spikes and several hatchets. There were two barrels of bullets, a quantity of powder, and a bag of shot. All these things I took, besides an old grindstone,

sails, bedding, and men's clothes. I loaded my raft and took them all safely to shore.

As I drew near to land, I began to fear that some beasts might have devoured my stores while I was away. When I reached my hut I found only a wildcat, sitting upon one of the chests. When within a few steps of my visitor, I pointed my gun at her. Not knowing what a gun was for, she did not stir. Then I went closer to her. This seemed to frighten her, and she ran a short distance. Then she stopped, and, turning, looked up into my face, as if to make friends with me. I threw her a piece of dried goat's flesh, which she ate; then she took her leave.

Having unloaded my second cargo, I went to work to make a tent, with the sails and some poles I had cut for that purpose. When it was finished I carried into it all that I thought would be spoiled by the sun or heavy rains. To make the tent safer and stronger I piled all my empty chests and boxes about it, blocking up the doorway with some boards. Then I spread upon the ground one of the beds brought from the ship, and went to bed for the first time upon my island. Being very weary from a hard day's work, I slept soundly.

The following morning, and each day afterward, I went at low water to the old ship. I carried away spars, spare canvas to make sails, rope and



I PUSHED AWAY FROM THE SHIP

twine, a box of sugar, a barrel of flour, and three casks of rum. One day, to my great delight, I found a hogshead of bread. I knew from its weight it would be a great task to get it to land. I set to work to puzzle out how I could make it easier. At last the idea came to me to cut some of the cable of the ship into pieces, and, gathering all the bits of iron I could find, to put them with the pieces of cable upon my raft. Then I should be sure of the strength of my raft. But just as I entered the cove—the one where I had landed all of my other goods—the raft upset and threw me and my cargo into the water.

I was so near the shore that no great harm was done. As for myself, I soon reached dry land. When the tide went out I got most of the pieces of the cable and some of the iron.

I had now been on the island thirteen days, and had taken from the wreck all that one pair of hands could well carry. The last time I went out I found in a locker two or three razors, a pair of large scissors, a dozen good knives and forks, and some gold.

“O drug,” I said aloud, as I looked at the money, “thou art of no use to me! Stay where thou art, and sink with the ship.” And I thought: “One knife is worth all this heap of gold.”

On second thoughts, however, I picked up the gold. I might as well have it. It might prove

of use some time. So I wrapped it carefully in a piece of canvas.

Then I began planning a new raft. While busy getting ready to do the work, I looked up and discovered that a storm was coming. The wind began to rise, and a stiff gale blew from the land. To guide a raft in such a storm would be impossible. There was nothing left for me to do but to swim ashore with the gold and all else that I had the strength to carry.

I reached my tent safely and lay down to rest. At dawn of day I put my head out and looked toward the sea. No ship was to be seen. Then I was very glad that I had made the most of my time, and had got all that would be of use to me.

CHAPTER VI

ROBINSON BUILDS A HOUSE

I now saw that my little hut or tent would hardly answer to live in. I should need better protection from the weather, and a larger place in which to store my things. So I looked about me for a spot on which to build a house.

After a while I came upon a green plain at the foot of a hill. The side of this hill, toward the plain, was as steep and straight as a wall; surely no harm could come to me from above. And in this rock wall a hollow place had been worn, so that it looked like the doorway into a cave.

There were two reasons why I should decide upon this spot as the place to make my home. I should be sheltered from the intense heat of the sun, as it faced toward the west; and with the good view of the sea it gave me, I should be seen and helped if God should send a ship to this shore. I was much pleased, and said to myself: "I can make a very nice home here."

I set to work at once. First of all, I drew a half circle in front of the hollow place, its farthest point about ten yards from the rock. Into this circle I drove two rows of stakes, until they stood firm. I think I placed the rows about six inches apart. Then I laid the cables which I had cut in the ship, one upon another, between the stakes, until I had reached the top. The fence was over five feet high, and I put small sticks around the top of it, cut in the shape of spikes. It was hard work to get the wood, and then to make it ready for use. But when my fence was finished it was so strong that neither man nor beast could get in.

Inside of this enclosure I put up a double tent, by placing a large tent over a smaller one. Then I covered the outside tent with a sail cloth, hoping in this way to make it waterproof.

When I built my fence I left no opening for a gateway, as I feared to do so. I made, instead, a ladder that I might use in climbing over the top. When I was inside I lifted the ladder in after me. I worked each day as much as I could, but the fencing in of my home lasted three months. The stakes used had to be cut and made ready in the woods before they were carried to my hillside home. Even then it sometimes took two days to put one in the ground.

The rainy season came on, and I found that water would get into my tent, where I had stowed

away most of my things. So I must find a way to build a house.

I began by digging in the hollow place in the rock. It was hard, slow work, as I had no good tools. For a pick-axe I used an iron crowbar, brought from the ship. For a wheelbarrow I made a thing like that in which a laborer carries mortar.

One day, while I was out in search of game of some kind, I discovered what is called in Brazil an ironwood tree, because the wood is so strong. I took home a piece of it and made it into a shovel. As it was not ironbound it did not last long, but it was of good service at the time.

When the work in my cave was finished I set up several poles at either side of the entrance. Over them I laid a cross-piece, and upon this piece I put rafters. The farther end of the rafters rested upon a rock. This made for me a nice slanting roof, which I covered, last of all, with the boughs of trees and leaves.

It was almost a year before I had finished the work of enlarging my cave, and making a roof. Although the labor was great, I was glad to do it, as now I was well protected when the heavy rains fell. Some time after, when I had better tools, I dug through the wall of my cave until I had made an opening into the plain. This opening made a back door for me.

CHAPTER VII

ROBINSON'S CALENDAR

Although busy in so many ways, I did not forget how swiftly time was passing. When I had been on the island twelve or thirteen days I began to think that I must find some way to keep a record of the time, or I should not know Sundays from working days, or when the weeks filled out a month.

I had no pens, ink or paper to work with; there was only my jackknife. Thinking over what I had best do, this plan came to me. Of a square post that I had I made a large cross, and set it firmly in the ground on the very spot on which I had landed. Upon the cross-piece I dug out with my knife these words:

I CAME ON SHORE HERE

THE

30th OF SEPT., 1659

On the side of the square post I cut a notch each day. Every seventh day I made the notch

twice as long, to mark off Sundays. I cut a notch twice that length again, every first day of the month. This, then, was my calendar. For a while I kept it fairly well. After that I often



I BEGAN A LITTLE JOURNAL

forgot to make the Sunday mark, so that I did not know it from working days. And in this way I lost track of the weeks that made up the months.

But a joyful surprise was in store for me. Looking over a bundle brought from the wreck, I found several Bibles, a compass, and some books and charts, also pens, ink and paper. At once I began a little journal of everything I did each day,

hoping that some time my friends might see it. You may be sure I was very careful not to waste any ink, for I knew I could not get more when it was gone.

The first words that I wrote in my journal were these:

“Sept. 30, 1659, I, poor Robinson Crusoe, came on shore on this desolate island, which I call the Island of Despair. I can hardly hope to see my friends again. I alone of the ship’s company escaped being drowned, and I am almost dead.”

To strengthen me in my desire to know and be thankful for my blessings, I set down in my journal the good against the evil.

EVIL

I am cast on a desolate island, with but little hope of being saved.

I am alone, separated from all the world.

I have no way to defend myself.

I have no one to speak to, or to help me.

GOOD

But I am still alive. I am not starved. I do not perish with cold, as it is warm here.

I, alone, of all the ship’s crew, was saved.

But I am cast on an island where I see no wild beasts.

But God in his mercy sent the ship near enough to the shore for me to get out useful things. For companionship I have Berri and the cats.

Just this little act of putting down the good against the evil made me think that no matter how hard my life was, I still had much for which to be to be thankful.

CHAPTER VIII

ROBINSON'S LONELY LIFE

In spite of the words I put down in my journal, that I hoped would help me, the thought would creep in that I was very far away from my old home and friends. My little home was as comfortable as I could make it, and I had clothing and food in plenty. When I looked back to the day on which I was cast on this coast, I could not but see that I had many blessings for which to be thankful. But there were days when the tears would come into my eyes and run down my cheeks, and I wondered why God had brought me here.

At such times a good spirit always came and whispered in my ear: "It is true that you were wrecked on a lonely island, but your life has been spared, while all your mates were drowned. The God who has saved you can take you back to your friends. What if the ship had not been driven near the shore? Or if the second storm had come before you had got what was needful from the ship;

then you would have been left on this shore without food or clothing, and with no means to make a shelter for yourself. There is no human being to whom you can speak, but, then, neither are there wild beasts or savages to hurt or kill you."

Thus the good spirit made me think, and I said aloud: "My dear father's words have come true. Evils have come to me, and there is no one near to speak to me, or to help me." If I talked to myself long enough my sad thoughts ended in thanksgiving to God for His mercies.

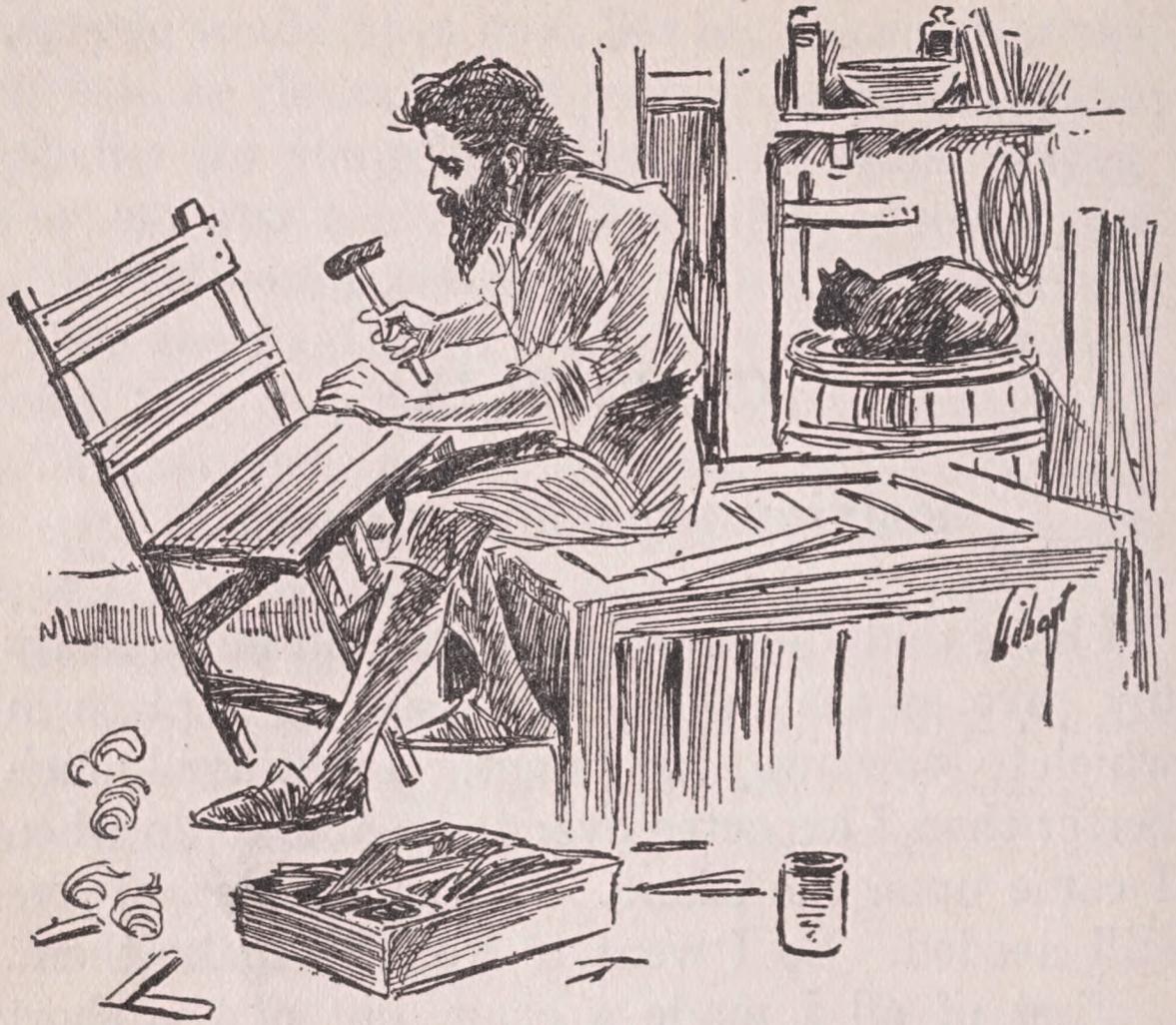
In time I became more contented with my lot. I gave up straining my eyes in hopes of seeing a ship, as I had done, day by day, when I first came to the island.

CHAPTER IX

ROBINSON FURNISHES HIS HOME

I have told you how I enlarged and made ready my cave at the back of the tent, as a place in which to stow away my things. I now lived much better than I expected ever to be able to do when I came upon the island. But many things were still needed. So I went to work to make them.

First of all I made a chair, out of the short pieces of board I had brought from the wreck. Then a table; it was ugly in shape and roughly put together, but I hoped in time to do better. I sadly needed shelves on each side of the cave, and I next undertook to make them. It was not an easy task. First I had to cut down a tree, and, standing it upon end, hew it down with an old axe until it was the thickness of a plank. Then I made it as smooth as I could with an adz that I found in the carpenter's chest. It was slow and wasteful work, as it took a whole tree to make one plank. But, then, I had a forest of trees to



FIRST OF ALL I MADE A CHAIR

select from, and all the time I wanted for my work. When my shelves were finished I knocked pieces of iron into the wall, upon which to hang my guns.

In the next place, I was at a great loss for lights at night, as I had no candle. As soon as it was dark (which was about seven o'clock) I was obliged to go to bed, as there was no pleasure in sitting in the dark. I remembered the lumps of wax with which I had made candles when in Africa, but I had none of that now.

The only remedy I could think of was, when I killed a goat for the meat, to save the tallow. In a little clay dish, baked in the sun, I placed some of this tallow, and with the help of some oakum as a wick, I had a very good light.

There were still two things I needed very badly—a wheelbarrow, and some baskets. Had I known how to turn a wheel, I could easily have mastered the wheelbarrow. As to the baskets, I gave that up for a time and carried the old hod, as I had nothing I could bend enough to make wickerwork.

One day, while putting my things in order, I discovered a little corn bag, which had held the chicken feed on shipboard. I needed an empty bag, so I shook the grains of corn and dust from this one, on the wall under the rock. This was just before the great rainfall. About a month later, I was surprised to see green blades springing up just where I had shaken the bag. Ten or twelve days after that, ears of barley, and stalks of corn and rice came up.

I carefully saved the ears of corn when they became ripe, hoping that I should have a large enough crop to make bread. In the right season, I again sowed the seed, saving the corn as before. It was not until the fourth year that I sowed a grain of it to eat.

CHAPTER X

THE EARTHQUAKE

Almost every day I went out into the woods to look for game. I often found something new that would be of use to me, such as a kind of wild pigeon which does not make its nest in a tree, but in the holes in the rocks. I took some of the young ones home and tamed them, but when they grew older they all flew away. The meat of this bird was very good.

I made for myself a few new tools of ironwood. When they were finished I spent eighteen days in making my cave still wider and deeper, so that it might serve for a kitchen, as well as for a place in which to store my things away.

But it seems that I dug too deep. One day a quantity of earth fell down from the top and sides. I hurried out in great fear, for if I had remained inside I should have been buried alive. It cost me much labor to make everything safe again, as I had the loose earth to carry out and the

ceiling to prop up. By working very hard I prepared and pitched two posts in one day. They not only held up and strengthened the roof, but divided my house into rooms. I also covered the ceiling with boards.

Then, to make the wall about my garden more secure, I piled a bank of earth two feet thick, and quite as high, against the stakes upon the inside. Outside I laid against the fence a wall of sods two feet thick, up to the very top. It took me three months to finish it, and the very day after it was done a most terrifying thing happened.

As I was busy behind my tent, and just in front of the entrance to my cave, a quantity of earth came tumbling down from the roof of my cave, and the edge of the hill over my head. Then two of the posts I had set up in the cave cracked in a frightful manner. Terrified, I hastened out and over the fence. I saw at once that it was an earthquake. There was a roar and noise all about me, and the ground shook under my feet. The wind rose, and the sky was overcast; the clouds grew black, and the sea became a mass of foam.

Much of the island was laid waste by the wind storm, which lasted three hours. Then all was calm, and rain began to fall. It rained all night and the greater part of the next day.

While the storm lasted, I crouched down upon the ground in an agony of fear. I did not know

but that the hill would tumble down upon me and bury me alive.

Naturally, I began to think it would not be safe for me to live here any longer. I must find a better place in which to pitch my tent. The next morning when I set about it, and looked at my tools, it did not seem possible that I could do it with tools so dull. The few that I owned were notched and blunt with all the clipping I had done with them.

To be sure, I had a grindstone, but I could not turn it and hold my tools at the same time. I should have to use both hands to hold the tools to the wheel. After much thought and many trials to see if it would work, I found a way. I fastened a string to the wheel so that I was able to turn the treadle with my foot and have both hands free to hold my work. It took one week to complete the grindstone, and two days to get my tools sharpened and in order.

CHAPTER XI

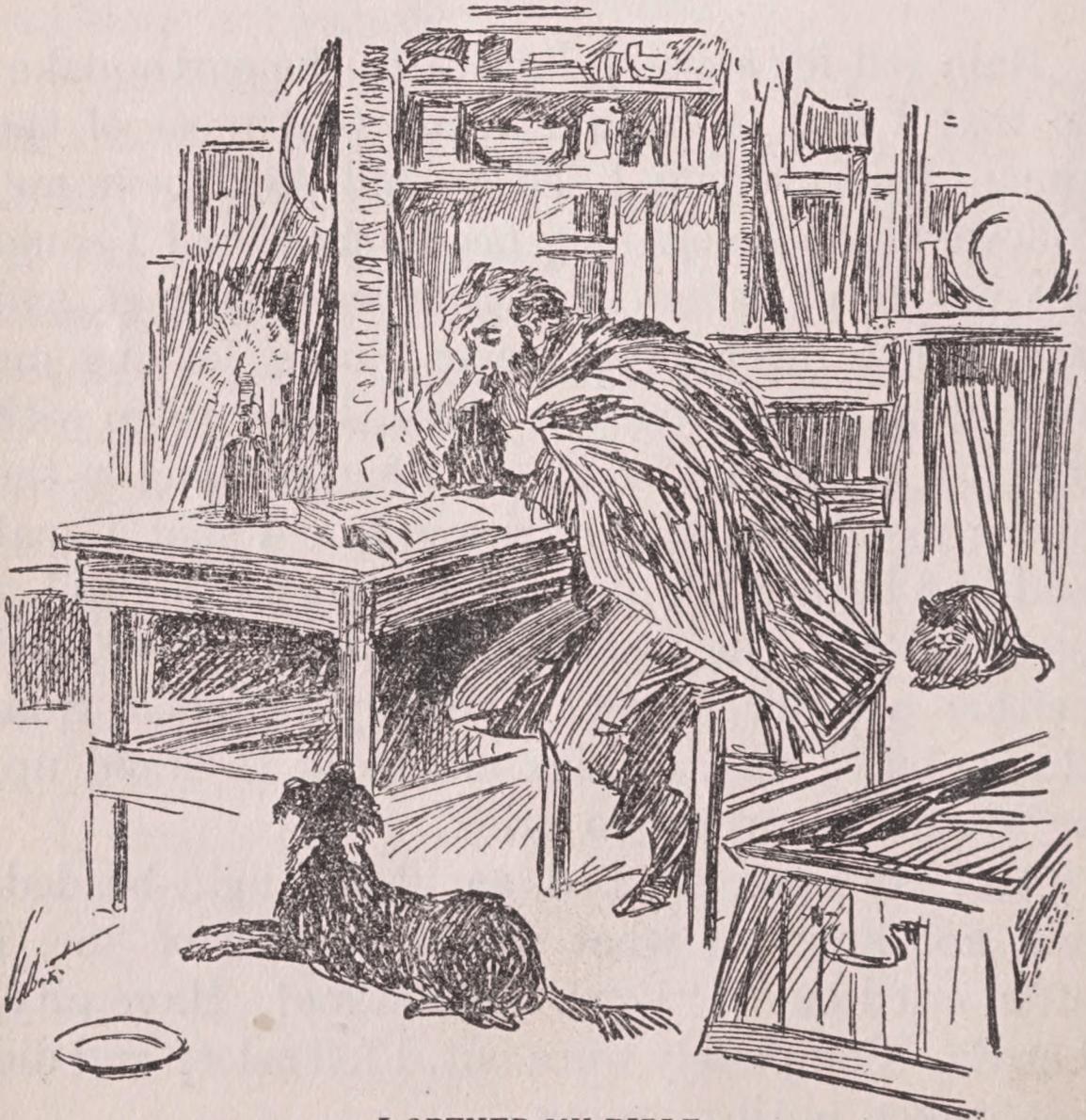
ROBINSON FALLS ILL

Rain fell for several days after the earthquake; so that I had to remain in my tent most of the time. One evening I felt a chill steal over me, followed by a fever. My head ached, and I could get no sleep, as my thoughts were strange and wild. The fever lasted seven hours, leaving me very weak. But, weak as I was, I had to go with my gun in search of food, as I had nothing in the house to eat but a bit of rice cake. I shot a goat and had hard work to get it home and to broil a piece of it. The next day I spent in bed, and neither ate nor drank. I nearly perished from thirst, but I was too sick and weak to stand up, or to get any water to drink.

As I lay upon my bed, so ill and light-headed, and not knowing what would become of me, I often cried out: "Lord, look on me! Have pity, Lord!" Completely worn out, I fell asleep and did not waken until morning.

In a few days I felt better. I broiled some of the goat's meat, and, for the first time in my life, I asked God's blessing upon my food before tasting of it. When my meal was finished I got up and went out with my gun, going only a short distance, as I felt too weak to walk far.

I sat down where I could look off upon the sea, and these thoughts came to me: "Can there be



I OPENED MY BIBLE

any doubt that there is a God? Who but God could have made the ocean, the sky, the beautiful green fields? Nothing occurs without His knowledge. If then, it is true that He has made all things, He must guide and care for every one of them. So He knows that I am here, sick and sad."

Then I thought: "Why has God done this to me? Why am I thus punished?" Something seemed to say to me as if in answer: "Think of your idle, selfish, ill-spent life, and of your disobedience, and then ask yourself why you were not punished long ago. Why were you not drowned with your mates, or killed by the Moors?"

I could make no reply, and, with my mind full of these thoughts, I rose, and went slowly back to my tent. I did not go to bed, as I felt I could not sleep. I sat down in my chair and lighted a candle, as it began to be dark. After a while I took one of my Bibles from the chest. It was many years since I had looked into the Holy Book. It seemed as if God were guiding me to it, and never had God seemed so near as now.

I opened my Bible and these words caught my eye: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will help thee." The words seemed suited to my case. I closed my Bible and fell down upon my knees, making the first prayer that I had said in years. I asked God to fulfill this promise to

me, if I called upon Him. After this I read a portion of the Bible each day.

The rainy season was now over, and I went out each day with my gun. To be sure, I went but a short distance, but in this way I built up my strength.

CHAPTER XII

ROBINSON GOES AROUND THE ISLAND

Counting up the days on my calendar, I found that I had been on the island a year. It had taken me all that time to finish my house; but now it was safe, strong, and as well fitted out for my comfort as I could make it. So I made up my mind to see more of my island home.

I started forth, following the streams and creeks away up into the woods. After I had gone a few miles, the creek that ran by my door became a brook, running through meadows fresh and green. Above these meadows, I found a great quantity of tobacco growing into tall, strong stalks. I saw, too, aloe plants and sugar-cane, and other plants that I did not know.

Much pleased with my discoveries, I went back to my house, and thought of all I had seen. I wondered how I should ever learn the use of the various plants and fruits that I had found.



I MADE A BOWER

The next day I went the same way again, only going farther, until I came to higher ground, partly covered with woods. Here I found the most charming spot—a fresh, green meadow with a stream running through it—where there were melons, citron, limes and grapes growing in great quantities. The vines ran up and covered the trees, and the fruit hung in rich clusters. I gathered some of the grapes and hung them in the sun to dry. Afterward I did the same every season, so that I always had a supply of dried fruit, or raisins, which were good to eat when no fresh grapes were to be had.

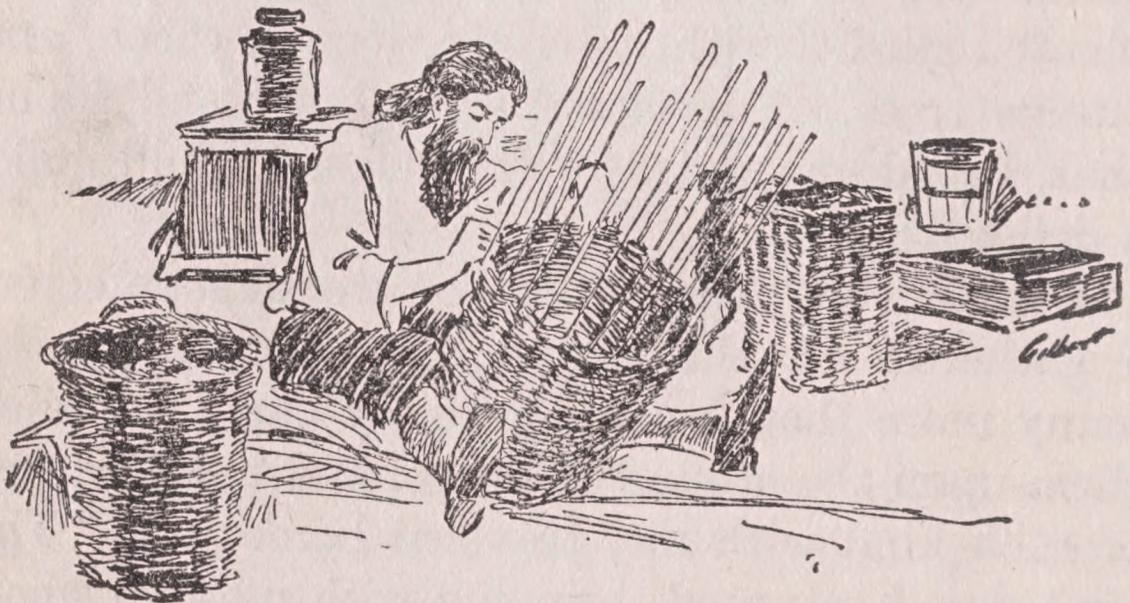
Night came on. As the weather was mild, I

did not try to return home, for I wished to go farther into the island. I slept in a tree and the next morning made a fresh start. I walked about four miles to the north, with the hills all about me; then I came to an opening where the island seemed to descend to the west. There was a spring of fresh water on the hillside; and the valley below was so fresh, so green, it looked like a planted garden with its citron, lemon, cocoa, and orange trees. I gathered some limes and found that, by adding water to the juice, I could make a delicious drink.

Knowing that the wet season would soon come, I gathered of the grapes, limes and lemons many more than I could possibly carry. I piled them upon the ground in heaps, and taking a few of each kind with me, traveled homeward. The next day I returned, bringing with me two small bags, in which to put my harvest of fruit. I was greatly surprised to find it dragged about and trodden to pieces. By this I knew there were wild beasts about. They had done this; but what they were I knew not. After this, when I wished to gather great quantities of fruit, I hung it up in the trees.

I was more pleased with this beautiful valley than I had been on my first visit. I thought it would be a nice place to live in, and for some time I had the thought constantly in my mind

to build a house and move all of my things there. But I soon saw that it would not be a wise thing to do. I still hoped that some day a ship would pass the island, and I might in this way get back to England. Here I could not be seen if a ship did come. So instead of a house I made a bower,



I MADE MANY BASKETS

with a strong hedge of young willow trees all about it for a fence. This hedge I made as high as I could reach, and staked it well between with brushwood. I left no opening or gateway, but used a ladder to go in and out, as at my other home.

I planted vines, which grew fast, and soon covered my bower. I not only came here often, but I remained two or three days at a time in

this beautiful spot, surrounded by lofty trees, fruits and flowers. Thus I had my seaside house and my country home to go to.

To fill in the time when it was too rainy to be out, I spent several hours each day trying to make baskets. I needed them in so many ways—to gather fruit in, for instance, or to store away my grains in when gathered. I tried in many ways to make them. When I was a boy I used to take great delight in watching some basket weavers at work in their shop, in the town where my father lived, and this helped me now. It soon came to me how it was done. I needed only the right kind of twigs and rods. One day I thought of the willow hedge that grew about my bower. So I set off at once for my country home, and cut a great many willow twigs, and set them to dry. I found that I could use them nicely. Now I had employment for rainy weather, and I made many baskets, which were very useful in carrying things. I took care, too, never to be without fresh ones.

CHAPTER XIII

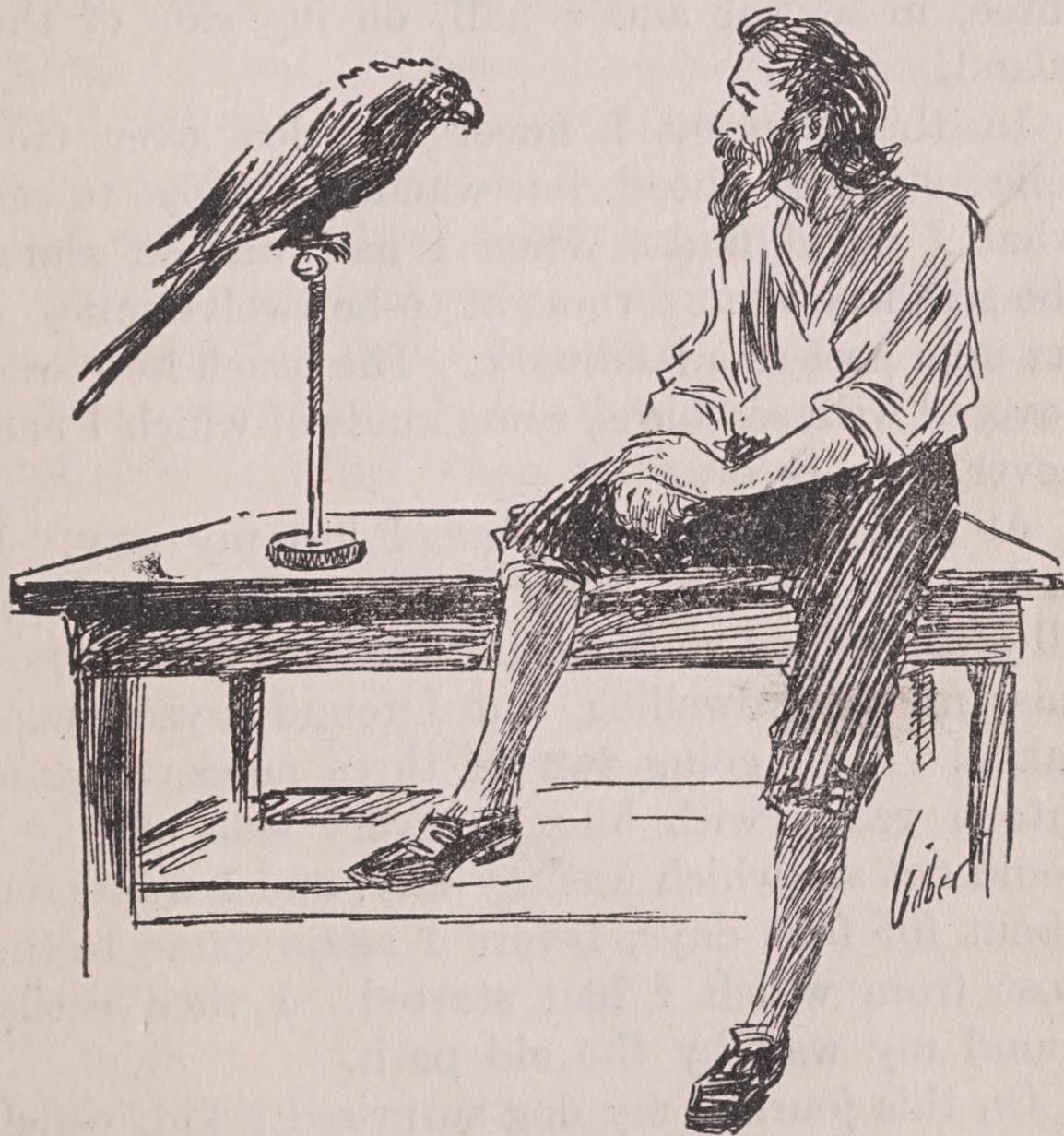
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND

As I had traveled by the streams and brooks to where my bower was built, I now felt that I must go across to the seashore on the other side of the island. Taking my gun, hatchet, and more powder than usual, I started. I did not forget to fill my pouch with raisins, and to take some biscuit.

When I walked beyond the valley where my bower stood, I came within view of the sea toward the west. It was a clear day and as I looked off across the water, I could see the outlines of some land. Whether it was an island or a continent, I could not make out at this distance. It seemed to be fifty or sixty miles away. I was still more puzzled to know in what part of the world this land could be. I could not tell, unless it might be a part of South America.

I found this side of the island, where I now was, much more pleasant than my own. The

fresh green fields gave to me the fragrance of thousands of lovely flowers; and there were fine woods with grand old trees. I found, also, many



AT LAST IT SAID MY NAME

kinds of birds, among them some parrots. After much trouble I caught a young parrot which I took home with me. It was a long time before

I could teach it to speak, but at last it said my name.

I saw in this journey many hares and goats. Also there were turtles, of which I had found but three, in a year and a half, on my side of the island.

In this journey I never traveled over two miles straight ahead, but wandered about to see what I could find. When I had walked along the seashore what I thought to be twelve miles, I set up a post as a landmark. The beach here was covered with sea birds, some kinds of which I had never seen before.

At last, starting for home, I lost my way. I had taken another path, thinking I could keep all of the island so much in view that I could not miss my first dwelling, but I found myself mistaken. After going two or three miles, I came into a valley with hills on every side of it. I could not see which was my way, and I wandered about for four days, before I again came to the post from which I had started. I then easily found my way by the old path.

On this journey my dog surprised a kid, which he would have killed at once, if I had not caught and saved it. I carried it to my bower, not far away, where I left it. Then I went back to my castle, as I now called my seaside home.

I busied myself in making a cage for Poll, who

now seemed to be less afraid of me. She sometimes noticed what I did and came and sat upon my shoulder as I sat at my work.

All at once I thought of the young kid, shut up in the circle about my bower. Going to bring it home, I found the poor thing nearly dead, as it could not get out. After I had nursed and fed it, it followed me home like a dog, and from that time was a member of my family.

Later on I caught several more goats, so I fenced in a place for them. Soon my flock numbered twenty or thirty. So I had plenty of fresh meat, and milk to drink when I wished it.

CHAPTER XIV

GROWING CORN FOR BREAD

When I first made my garden I did not know that there were two seasons in this part of the world—a rainy and a dry one. In March and April, and again in September and October, rain fell; the other months were dry and warm. So the first year I planted my grain too late. The second year dry weather spoiled it. But the third year I had a good crop. I was much pleased, and said: “Now I shall have a fine garden.”

But I soon found I was in danger of losing all, as first the goats and then the hares—tasting the sweetness of the blade, ate it so close that it could not shoot up into a stalk. I saw no remedy for this but to enclose the garden with a hedge. This I did with a great deal of toil. Even then my crops were not secure, so I set my dog to guard them at night. The corn grew strong and tall, and began to ripen.

One day, when it was nearly time to cut it, I saw a few birds flying about in my garden. Having my gun with me, I shot at them. From the edges of the willow trees, and from the woods near at hand, flocks of wild birds came wheeling



IT FOLLOWED ME HOME LIKE A DOG

in great circles, with a shining flutter of wings and shrill cries of surprise. I saw by this that I should lose my crops and starve if I did not do something at once.

Going to one side, into the shadow of some trees, I watched and waited. Presently I saw the

thieves return and sit upon the branches of the trees, as if waiting for me to go away. Reloading my gun, I let fly at them, shooting and killing three. These I hung in the trees, to frighten the others away. No birds came as long as the dead ones hung there.

To gather in my crops was much more work than one would think. As I had no plough, I had to turn the earth with my ironwood shovel. For a rake I used the bough of a tree. It also served me for a harrow, as I dragged it over the ground after the seed had been sowed. When the corn was ripe I cut off each ear separately with an old sword. Filling a basket with it, I carried it to my home, where I rubbed the corn between my hands to get it from the ears.

My greatest trouble was to find a way of grinding corn. I had no mill, nor tools to cut or make one, even if I had understood a stone-cutter's work. At last it came to me what I could do. I got a great block of hard wood and made it into a mortar. The way I did it was this: I burned a hollow place in it, just as I had seen the Indians in Brazil do, when making their canoes. The outside of the mortar I rounded and formed with my axe and hatchet. Putting some corn into the hollow place, I pounded it with a pestle made of ironwood, and soon had meal.

CHAPTER XV

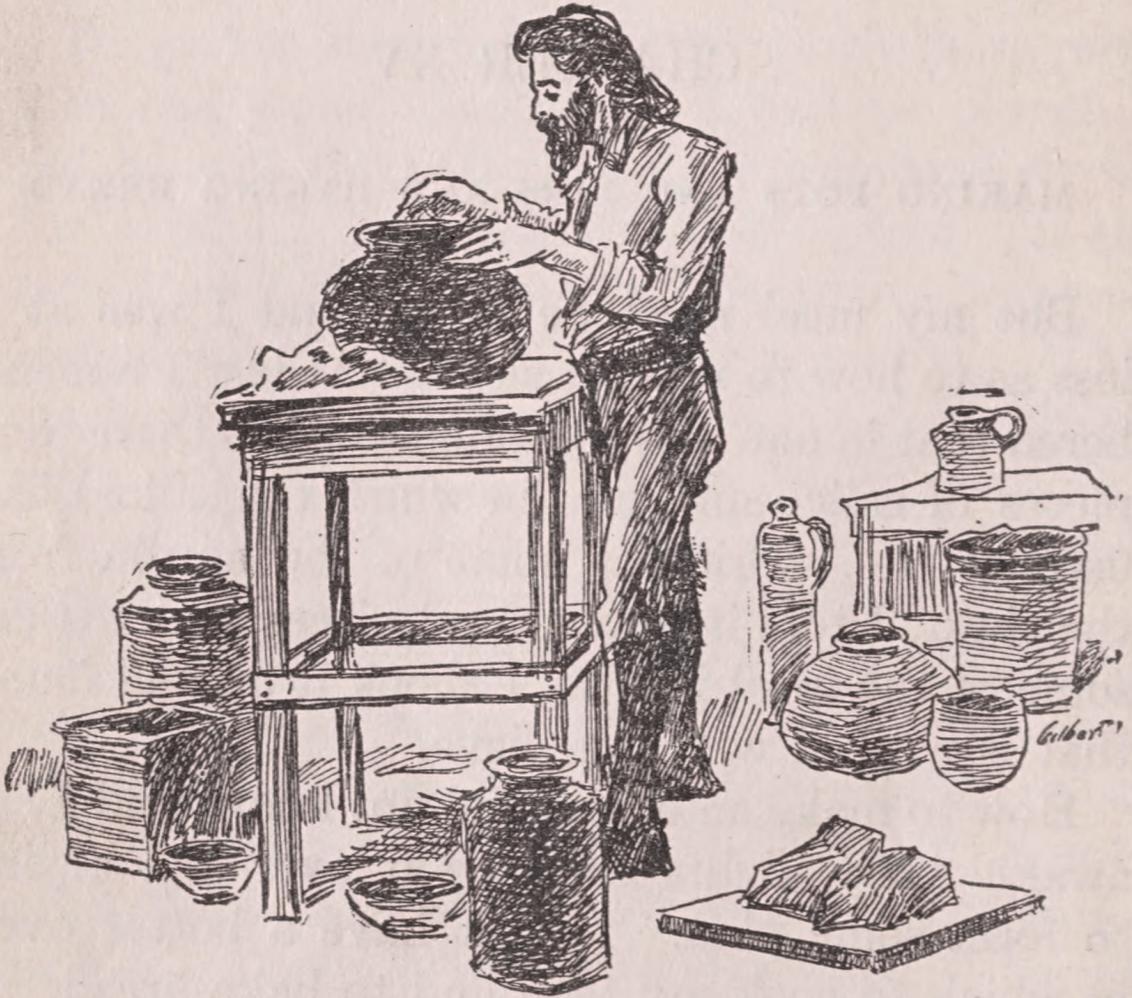
MAKING POTS AND JARS AND BAKING BREAD

But my meal must be sifted, and I was at a loss as to how to make a sieve. At last I remembered that in one of the seamen's chests there were pieces of calico and muslin which the sailors had used as ties. Bringing some of the muslin from the chest, I tore it into several pieces, and, tossing some of the meal into it, I shook it up and found that it worked well as a sieve.

How to make an oven I did not know, and I lay awake many nights thinking it over and trying to form some plan. I must have a better oven in which to cook my food and to bake bread.

About a mile from my home was a bed of clay, which could well be used to make tiles and dishes. I resolved that I would try it. It took a great while to dig the clay and to knead it into dough. This done, I shaped it into vessels as well as I could. I made them about two feet square and nine inches deep. I also made tiles.

The first vessels I made were ugly and ill-shaped, and it was some time before I could mould the clay to please myself. Then, too, I found they were so frail that they could not bear their



THE FIRST VESSELS WERE ILL-SHAPED

own weight, and cracked when placed in the sun's rays. It took many days and much patience, but at last I made a vessel that could bear being placed in the sun, and held rice and grains quite well.

What I wanted, however, was something that could bear the heat of an oven in cooking. Some time after I had made my first pots and jars, I built a hot fire to roast some meat. When I went to put the fire out I found in the ashes a piece of one of my vessels. It was burned as red as a tile, and as hard as a stone. I was greatly surprised, and said to myself: "This bit of clay was hardened and made red by being in a hot fire, and then slowly cooled off. Why not burn whole jars and pans, and make them hard like this piece?"

At once I went to work, and made pots, jars and tiles. I placed them, one upon another, right on a bed of embers. Then I built a fire, above and on each side of them, which I kept up until the vessels inside were red hot. I left them thus five or six hours. When I returned to look at them, I found that the intense heat had melted one; so I decided that I would sit up all that night in order to watch my fire. I let it go out, little by little. In the morning my jars and pots were hard, and burned as red as one could wish for. One was nicely glazed from the sand running into the clay.

To my great joy, I found I now had vessels in which I could broil or roast meat, and make soup. And I afterward made all the vessels and dishes I wished for, so that I could always have fresh

ones. When I wanted to do a baking, I built a great fire upon my hearth, which I had made of tiles. When the wood was burned down to embers, I drew these live coals forward so as to cover the entire hearth, and let them lie thus, until the hearth was red hot. Then I placed the loaves upon the tiles and covered them with pans, not only to keep in the heat, but to add to it. Lastly I drew my fire around my ovens, or pans. And thus, as in the best oven in the world, I baked my barley loaves. In time I learned to cook goat's flesh in various ways, and to make puddings and cakes of rice.

CHAPTER XVI

ROBINSON'S FIRST BOAT

In the times when I rested from work, and visited my bower, I thought of the land that I had seen at a distance, when I was at the far north end of my island. And I wished that I could get there, as I hoped in this way to find some means through which to reach England.

But how was I to do it? Now, indeed, I wished for my boy Xury; and for the long-boat with the leg-of-mutton sail, in which I had sailed over a thousand miles along the coast of Africa. I thought possibly I could use the ship's boat, which lay far in shore upon the sand, where it had been driven by the storm which cast me on this coast. So I went to look at it.

It lay almost in the same spot, but with its keel to the sky. I dug up the sand all about it, hoping I should set it free, but in vain. Then I went to the woods and cut levers and rollers. I thought that with them I could turn it over, and

then easily repair the damages it had received, and have a good boat. I spared no pains. Indeed, I think I spent three or four weeks in working about and upon it, but it was of no avail. I could not stir it, with the use of all my strength. So at last I gave it up.

Each day my desire to reach the mainland grew stronger. As I have said before, there was a possibility that there might be people living there through whom I could find a way of going to Europe. If that could not be, at least there would be companionship for me—some one to whom I could speak. I could think of but one way in which to carry this out, and that was to make a boat from a tree.

I started forth in search of one, and soon fixed upon a cedar tree and began to cut it down. To do this took me twenty days, as I had fewer tools than an Indian would possess. The tree was twenty-two feet long; the trunk measured six feet across. I spent a month in hewing, clipping and shaping it into a canoe. Then three more months were taken up in clearing it of bark, and finishing it off into the good boat it proved to be. When done it was large enough to carry twenty-six men.

In my desire to make the boat large enough to carry a good supply of food and fire-arms, and strong enough to be seaworthy, I had not thought



IT WAS LARGE ENOUGH TO CARRY TWENTY-SIX MEN

of the difficulty I might have in launching it. It lay upon a piece of rising ground about one hundred feet from the water. When I tried to get it into the water, all of my devices failed. It was so big and heavy that I could not stir it. I now saw the foolishness of beginning work unless one is sure of being able to finish it.

But I could not give up the idea of having a boat I could use. So I cut down a smaller tree and made one light enough to be moved easily. It was quite complete when I was done with it. It had a deck at each end to keep off the spray, a bin for my food, and a rest for my gun. I dug a canal from where it lay to the creek, and then easily launched it into the water.

My boat was now afloat on the sea, but it was not strong enough to breast the waves on a long voyage. So I gave up all hope of sailing to the land I had seen from the hilltops. Instead, I used my canoe in making little trips along the coast. I fitted it up with mast and sails, so it was of some use to me after all.

I called the island my kingdom, and myself the king—if I had as subjects only a dog, two cats, and some kids.

Once, as I returned from a pleasure trip to a new and far part of the island, where I nearly lost my life by sailing out too far, I happened to bring my boat ashore near my bower or summer

home. I walked across the fields, and getting over the fence, lay down in the shade of some trees to rest. I was very weary, and soon fell asleep.

You can little imagine how startled and surprised I was to be awakened by a voice crying out: "Robinson Crusoe! Robinson Crusoe!" Then the same voice said: "Where have you been? How came you here?" I started up in great fear, and looked about me. I could not think, just for a moment, who it could be. Then I saw that it was my pretty Poll, sitting upon one of the willow trees, and shaking her head at me.

It was indeed Poll, who had but said the words I had taught her. When I was at home she would often come to me, and, sitting on my hand, with her bill close to my face, would listen as I spoke to her, or else say to me: "Where have you been, Robinson Crusoe?"

I thought that I had left her safely at home in my castle. How she came to my bower, I never could tell. You may be sure we were very glad to see each other. I carried her safely home, as she was the only talking companion I had for years. It was about this time I ended my fourth year upon the island.

CHAPTER XVII

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S DRESS

My clothes were now nearly worn out, and were in some places threadbare. As to linen, I had none, with the exception of some shirts I found in one of the chests. I must think about making what I needed. Searching in my things, I found two great watch-coats, which I decided to make into jackets. I had nothing to put with them but the skins of goats, which I always saved and hung up in the sun to dry. Now I found a use for them. I made a coat and leggings, and a cap with the fur side out, and a flap that hung down to keep the sun and rain from my neck.

Dressed in these clothes, I am sure I should have made a droll figure in the streets of the town where I was born. The skirts of my coat came down to my hips. My short breeches or trousers were open at the knee for coolness, as the weather was often warm. I wore no shoes, but pieces of

the fur wound around my feet and legs. I had a broad fur belt around my waist. From it, on my right side, hung my sword and axe, and



I MADE A COAT AND LEGGINGS

on my left side a pouch for powder. I always carried a basket on my back and a gun over my shoulder.

I must not forget to tell you of my umbrella, of which I was justly very proud. It was a long time before I succeeded in making one that would open and shut, and I spoiled many before I got one that I could use, or that suited me in every way.

Whenever I went out, I carried my goatskin umbrella under my arm, for when I did not need it to protect me from the rain, it shaded me from the heat of the sun.

CHAPTER XVIII

ROBINSON'S HOME LIFE

It would now seem as if I had had everything given to me but a friend to speak to. That, I was beginning to lose hope of ever having again. I was prince of the whole island, and had the lives of all my subjects under my control. Then, how like a king I dined! When I sat down to a meal, Poll, who was my favorite, was the only one that I allowed to speak to me. My dog sat at my right hand, and the cats on stools, one on each side of me, gazing up into my face, as if to ask a bit from my hand.

We must have been a funny sight—I and my little family—as we sat at our dinner. I never failed to give each animal in turn some food from my hand, as a mark of special favor. For my meals I had soup or roasted goat's flesh, when I wished for it, good bread, cheese and butter. I had learned after many trials to make them all. For dessert there was fruit that was good and

pleasant to eat, or pudding made of rice and raisins. In this wilderness, where one might expect to starve, what a table was daily spread before me! So I never began to eat without thanking God or his mercy and goodness to me. For had I not food in plenty, and the knowledge given to



WE MUST HAVE BEEN A FUNNY SIGHT

me how to get and make use of it? Then, too, I had clothes and shelter, and no destroying illness or pain.

I was much better off than I had expected ever to be, when cast ashore from the wreck. At that time, I could have lain down and died of loneliness, hunger and despair. But coming to think of the blessings each day brought, I grew happier and more contented. I took pleasure in the things that I had, and did not let myself be unhappy over what had been taken from me. How true it is, that many people do not enjoy what God has given them, but are always wishing for things that are denied them! If they only thought rightly about it, they would find that they did not need them all.

CHAPTER XIX

A FOOT-PRINT ON THE SAND

I lived happily in my island home for eleven years, without anything wonderful happening to me. I had two farms to care for. One was within the wall where I had built my castle. This was my corn land, where, in the right season, I sowed and reaped my crops. The other was at my country home, where I often spent days together. It was here I raised and dried grapes for my winter store of raisins. It was also halfway between my castle and where I laid up my boat. Whenever I went for a sail, I visited my bower, and here I had made a park in which to keep my goats.

When the wet weather kept me within doors I kept busy weaving baskets, and soon did better. I made them for various uses—deep ones in which to carry or store away corn, and more shallow ones for fruit, or in which to put a goat when I killed one abroad. I improved, too, in my earth-

enware. I found I could round and shape the pieces better with my wheel.

I think I was never more proud or joyful over anything I found out than I was when I baked from clay a tobacco pipe. It was very ugly to look at, and burnt red like earthenware. Still, if it was ugly, it could draw smoke, and proved to be a comfort.

In time I felt that the park I had made for my goats was too large, and that they would run as wild as when they had the freedom of the valley. So I made the park smaller, screening it from the sun by a hedge of willow trees, which it took me three months to plant. My only anxiety now was that my powder and shot were pretty well used up. I did not know what was to be done when none was to be had, and I needed to shoot game.

I had grown quite content with my quiet, uneventful life, when a most frightful thing occurred, which I will now tell you about. It happened one day about noon. I was going for my boat, when I was exceedingly startled and surprised to see the print of a man's foot, plainly marked out on the sand. For a few moments I was spellbound, and unable to stir from where I stood. If I had seen a ghost, I could not have been more terrified. When at last I gained sufficient courage to look up and about me, I did not see anyone. I listened, but did not hear anything.

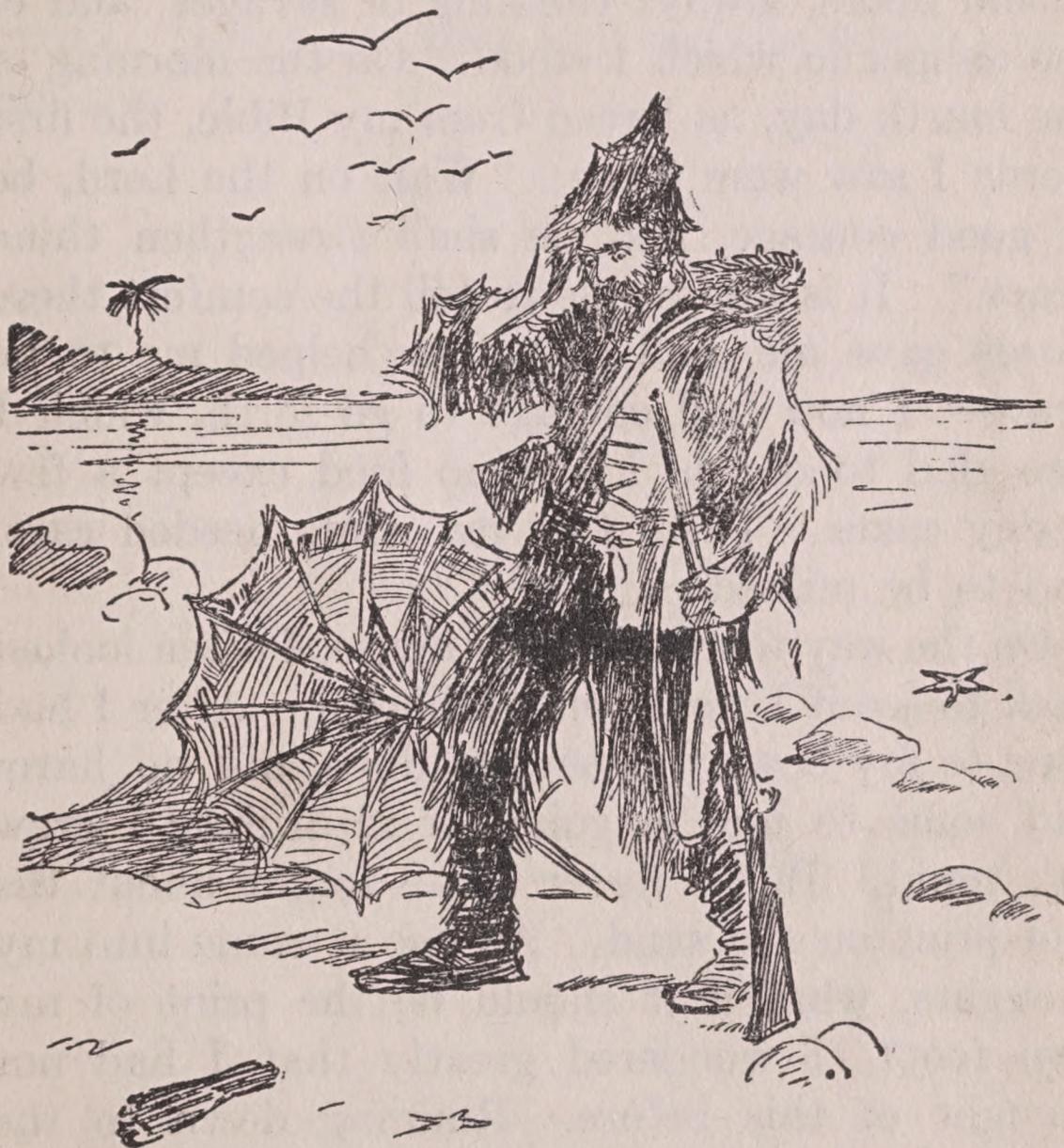
Then I went to the top of the hill not far away, and gazed about me on every side; still I saw no one. Could it be possible I had imagined that I had seen the foot-print? I ran hastily back to the spot, to see if it were so. But no, there it was, the print of a man's foot, heel, toes—all the parts of a foot.

As I looked at the marks, I said to myself: "How could a man come to this shore and I not know it? Then, too, where is the boat or canoe in which he came?" I could not think how, so I hurried home, looking back every few steps as I ran, to see if anyone followed me. And every stump or tree, as I saw it in the distance, seemed in my imagination to be a man. I never quite knew afterward whether, when I reached my home, I entered by the door or went in by the ladder.

I had no sleep that night; and, as I thought of the foot-print, I wondered if some savages could have come from the mainland in canoes. If so, I hoped they had not seen my boat, for I felt sure they would return and go over the whole island to find its owner. They might come again, and the fear hung over me that even if they did not discover me, they would destroy my crops and pull to pieces my goat park; in fact, rob me of my home.

How strange is man's nature! Today we love what tomorrow we hate. Today we long for the

very thing which tomorrow we dread. My only grief, all the years I had been on the island, was the fact that I was cut off from human compan-



THE PRINT OF A MAN'S FOOT

ionship. And I often thought God could give me no richer blessing than to let me see one of my own kind to whom I could speak. Why, then,

should the print of a man's foot on the sand make me tremble all over, and sink to the earth with fear?

For three days and three nights I kept closely within doors, always thinking of savages, and of the danger in which I stood. On the morning of the fourth day, as I read from my Bible, the first words I saw were these: "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart." It is impossible to tell the comfort these words gave me, and how they helped me to be brave. I now had courage to go forth, which I was glad to do, as I had no food except a few barley cakes. Then, too, my goats needed care, and to be milked.

On the way to my country house, I often looked back to see if I were being followed. After I had gone to my bower for several days and no harm had come to me, in going or returning, I grew less timid. But I never quite forgot about the foot-print on the sand. And so it came into my thoughts, what if it should be the print of my own foot? I wondered greatly that I had not thought of this before. Running down to the beach, I placed my foot carefully in the mark and measured it in every way possible, only to find that it was the print of a foot much larger than mine. Do you wonder that at this discovery I hurried home, filled with fresh fear? I was con-

fidant that if the savages had been on the island they would come again some day.

It was about this time that my good dog Berri fell dead at my feet. He was very old and worn out, but in his death I lost my guard and very faithful friend. Now I had only Poll and the cats as companions.

CHAPTER XX

ROBINSON GUARDS HIS FLOCK

I was most faithful in the care of my herd of goats, as they not only supplied me with food, but saved me powder and strength to hunt the wild ones. If I should lose them through the savages, it would indeed be a serious loss, as I should then have no milk, cheese or butter. To insure their safety, I made this plan—to fence in several small parks, and then put a few, say six goats, in each park. Then, if anything happened to the flock in the bower park, I should have some left.

I searched through the woods on my side of the island, and found, here and there, some bits of fresh green meadow land that would answer. In making my choice I took care that the parks should be some distance apart. I fenced in each plot, and put a few of the best young goats in each. I then felt that my stock was as safe as I could make it.

I now regretted that I had made a door leading from my cave to the outside of the enclosure. Twelve years before, I had planted a double row of trees, in a big half-circle about my home, at some distance from my fence. These trees had grown strong and thick, and I had only to drive a few stakes between them in order to make a new fence, outside of the old one. I strengthened the new fence with pieces of cable and timber. And to make it stronger still, I banked it up on the inside with dirt until it was ten feet thick, digging the earth at the back of my tent, and then carrying it through the tent in baskets. Into this wall I bored holes in which to place guns, first fitting them into frames I had made for them. The guns were so arranged that I could fire all seven in two minutes. This, then, was to be my fort. When it was done, I felt very proud of it.

I planted a grove of young trees near it. In two or three years they had grown thick and strong. Spreading out in all directions, they hid my little home from view. As there was no pathway through the grove, no gateway or door in the wall, I used my ladders in going back and forth. One helped me over the rocks to the outer wall; the second from the wall into my garden. When the ladders were within, a stranger could not have entered, without my knowing it.

CHAPTER XXI

A SICKENING SIGHT

Two years after I had seen the foot-print on the sand, I started one day for a walk on the shore. I had strolled farther toward the western point of the island than I had ever walked before, and I had gone to the top of a hill that commanded a fine view of the sea. When I saw an object, far out upon the water, I gazed at it for some time, quite unable to make out what it really was. Finally I decided that it must be a boat, and came down from the hill to the shore, to get a nearer view of it.

There I saw a sickening sight. The bones and skulls of men lay scattered about on the sand. I grew sick at heart, and nearly fell down in a dead faint. When I came to myself a little, I saw marks of a fire, and that a round place had been dug out, as if people had been sitting in a circle at a feast. This made me feel quite sure that savages sometimes came to the island.

But as they did not go farther in shore, and seemed to remain but a short time, I was not quite so frightened as when I had seen the footprint. However, it was bad enough. I hurried home, and seldom went out except when I cared for and milked my goats.

I kept very quiet for two years, taking care to do nothing they could hear. I did not drive a nail, or chop a stick of wood, much less would I fire a gun. My bread and meat I baked at night, when the smoke could not be seen. After a time I found a way of making charcoal, by burning wood with turf upon the top, until the wood turned into charcoal. This charcoal burned well, and could be used in the day-time, as it made no smoke.

I made a daily tour to the top of the hill. I always took with me a glass I had discovered in one of the seamen's chests, and with which I could see to a great distance. I would sit for hours on the watch, to see if any savages brought up to the shore, but none ever came. After doing this for three months, I gradually gave it up.

I did not forget to make safe and secure my boat. I had left it in a creek on the west side of the island, not far from my bower. I now paddled it to the far east end of the island, and ran it into a cove, where it would be hidden by the rocks. This done, I seldom ventured far from home.

CHAPTER XXII

THE BEAUTIFUL CAVE

Little by little my courage grew, so that I risked going farther from home. One day I was busy gathering sticks and branches to make charcoal. As I pushed aside a branch of low brushwood, I saw a hollow place. I went nearer to see what it could be, and to my surprise I discovered it was a cave. I entered, and found it was high enough for me to stand up in. But I came out much faster than I had gone in, for as I looked into the cave, which was perfectly dark, I saw two shining eyes like twinkling stars.

I made up my mind that I would not go away without finding out to whom those eyes belonged. I took a torch made from the branch of a tree, and set fire to it. Then I rushed in with it, holding it up a little over my head. I had gone but two or three steps, when I was almost as much frightened as before; for I heard a loud cry, as from a man in pain. This was followed by a broken, mumbling

sound, as of words half spoken; then there was a deep sigh. I stepped back in great surprise and alarm, and broke out into a cold sweat.

My courage returned after a while, and I entered again, taking with me the thought that God is everywhere and ready to help us. By the light from my torch, I found that what had frightened me so much at first was a large goat. He lay upon the ground breathing hard, and dying of old age. I stirred him a little to see if I could get him out, and he tried to sit up, but was not able. So I left him where he was, to die. And I thought if any of the savages came to the cave, while he was still alive, he would frighten them as much as he had frightened me.

Then I began to look about me. The cave was small. At the farther end there was an opening, but when I tried to enter I found I could not go through, except on my hands and knees. This I did not like to attempt with only a torch to light the way. However, the next day, I came again with candles, as I now made good ones from goat's lard.

Creeping into the passage, I crawled on my hands and knees for about ten yards. I found myself in a cave twenty feet high. When I stood up, and the light from the two candles fell upon the roof and sides of this cave, it looked as if thousands of lights were about me, bright as

glittering stars on a frosty night. I had never seen so glorious a sight. What there could be in the rocks to make all this splendor I could not tell. I only knew that the roof seemed like a mass of gold and precious stones.

The floor of the cave was level and dry. The walls were free from dampness. I was delighted to find it. It would be a safe place to bring the things I was most anxious about, and certainly I could be secure here from the savages, should they return and find out my two houses.

The old goat died that day, and I dug a deep hole and buried him. Then I brought to the cave two fowling pieces and three guns, with powder and shot for all. I felt that I was now stronger against danger from every point. I still had five guns at my castle, and each day carried one with me.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE DANCE OF THE SAVAGES

I enjoyed my beautiful cave, and had grown used to my quiet life. I should have been content to remain on the island all my life, if I had been sure no savages would come to disturb me. Though all alone, I made my time pass pleasantly when not at work. There was pretty Poll to talk to in the evenings. I had, besides, two young parrots which could talk pretty well, but not like Poll; for I had taken more pains in teaching her than the others. I always kept two or three kids for pets, which I taught to eat out of my hand. And I had some interesting sea birds, the names of which I did not know. And so I should have been quite happy if it had not been for the fear of the savages.

It was now December, and I had been in this place twenty-three years. One morning, going to the cornfield before it was daylight, I was alarmed to see a red light, as if from some fire on the shore.

As nearly as I could decide, it was about two miles away. To my great terror, it was on my side of the island. I hastened home, feeling that all peace of mind was now gone for me; for if savages were rambling over the island, and should



NINE SAVAGES SEATED IN A CIRCLE

see my growing corn, they would leave no stone unturned to find me.

I entered my garden by the ladders, which I pulled up after me, but before doing so, I made everything outside of the garden fence look as wild and natural as I could make it. Then going into the fort, I loaded my guns. This done, I

sat down to think over what I had best do, and remained thus for several hours. But I could not sit any longer without knowing the cause of the fire. So I got up, took my glass and went out to the hilltop. There I lay down with my face close to the ground and, looked off toward the shore.

Then, to my great horror, I saw, for the first time, nine savages seated in a circle around a fire on the sand. It was not to warm themselves. That they did not need, as the weather was mild. I suppose it was to cook their meal of man's flesh. I could not tell whether their victims were dead or alive. But I saw that they had two canoes, which they had pulled upon the shore. Very soon they joined in a dance about the fire, and then they sat down again as if awaiting the going out of the tide.

When I had seen them drag their canoes back into the water, and row or paddle away, I placed two guns upon my shoulders and two pistols in my belt. Then I went with all the speed I could to the hill near which I had first seen bones scattered on the sand. When I reached the hill, I saw there had been three more canoes of savages, as they were now five altogether at sea, making for the mainland.

I now made very large promises to myself that I would fire at any savages who should come again to this shore, and kill all I could. Or I would dig

a hole under the place where they made their fire, and into this hole put five or six pounds of gunpowder, so that it would explode when they next built a fire. But would that be right? They had done me no harm. And it was possible they did not know they were doing wrong.

CHAPTER XXIV

A SHIP CAST ON THE ROCKS

About two years after I had seen the savages there was a fearful storm of wind and rain. I think that by my wooden calendar it was near the middle of May. The wind blew furiously for a day and a night, so that I had to keep closely indoors.

That evening, as I sat reading my Bible, I was surprised by the noise of a gun. At least I thought I heard one fired, and that the sound came from the sea. I felt sure that if this were true, it was a signal from a ship in distress. I hastened out and ran to the top of the hill, and just then I heard another gun.

I gathered together a great heap of brushwood and set it on fire, so that if indeed it proved to be a ship those on board would know there was some one near who wished to help them. I think the people on the ship saw my fire, for as soon as my heap blazed up, I heard two more guns fired.



HER STERN WAS TORN TO PIECES

Then I piled on enough wood to keep it burning brightly all night.

As soon as day broke, I went to the hill which overlooked the south end of the island and the sea. Then I saw that in the storm of the night before a ship had been wrecked on the south side of the island, on some rocks. Although I had my glass with me, I could not tell, at this distance, if any person was on board. I did not know if any had been saved. It looked to me as if only

a sail and hull were left. Later in the day, when the atmosphere cleared, I saw to my great distress that it was indeed the wreck of a ship.

I cannot tell you how I wished that even one person had been saved. Again and again, that day, I went to the hill and looked off toward the wreck, and I cried aloud many times: "Oh! that there had been one soul saved from this ship, that I might have a companion to speak to me!" In all the years of my lonely life on the island I had never had so strong a desire to have some human being near me as now. It was not until the last year of my life on the island that I knew whether or not any had been saved from this ship.

"Now," thought I, "is the time to rejoice that I have a boat which can take me safely to the wreck. I may find some things there that will be of use to me." So I hastened back to my castle to make ready. I carried down and placed in the boat some rum, a jug of milk, dried grapes, cheese and goat's flesh. Then I pushed out to sea, and rowed or paddled the canoe close to the shore, until I came to the northeast end of the island. Here I found the sea so rough that I did not think it safe to go far from land, so I ran my boat into a little cove. Here I remained all night, sleeping in my canoe, wrapped in a great watch-coat.

At dawn of day I set out again. The sea was

calm and I could go with the tide. In less than two hours I had reached the wreck. It was sad to see the ship, which was stuck between two great rocks. Her stern was torn to pieces by the force of the waves; her masts were broken off, and the deck was strewed with ropes and chains. I guessed the vessel to have been Spanish.

When I came close to her, a dog jumped, yelping, into the sea, and swam up to me. I took him into my boat and found he was nearly dead from hunger and thirst. I gave him a cake of bread, which he ate like a ravenous wolf. I then gave him water. He lapped it up so eagerly that he certainly would have burst if I had let him take all he wanted.

After this I went on board. In the cook's room there were two men dead, clasped close in each other's arms. Aside from the dog there was no live creature on the ship. Most of the things had been spoiled by water. I took two of the seamen's chests, without looking to see what they contained. And I brought away a powder horn, a shovel, two little brass kettles, a coffee pot and a gridiron. With this cargo I started, not forgetting to take the dog, too. In one hour's time I reached the shore. That night I slept in my canoe. In the morning I got my cargo on land and took it to my new cave, as that seemed the safest place for it.

When I came to open the chests, I found several things of great value to me. There were some good linen shirts, handkerchiefs and colored ties. In the till of one of the chests I found three great bags of gold, and inside of one of them, wrapped in a paper, some small bars of gold. In the other chest were some shoes which were very welcome, as I had had none on my feet for years. As to the gold, I could not use it, and would have given it all for two or three pairs of stockings, of which I had none. However, I did lug the gold into a corner of the cave, to keep it in hiding, just as I had done with the gold I brought from our own ship. Having stored all my things, I went to my boat and paddled her along the shore to her old harbor in the creek. When I reached my castle I found everything as I had left it.

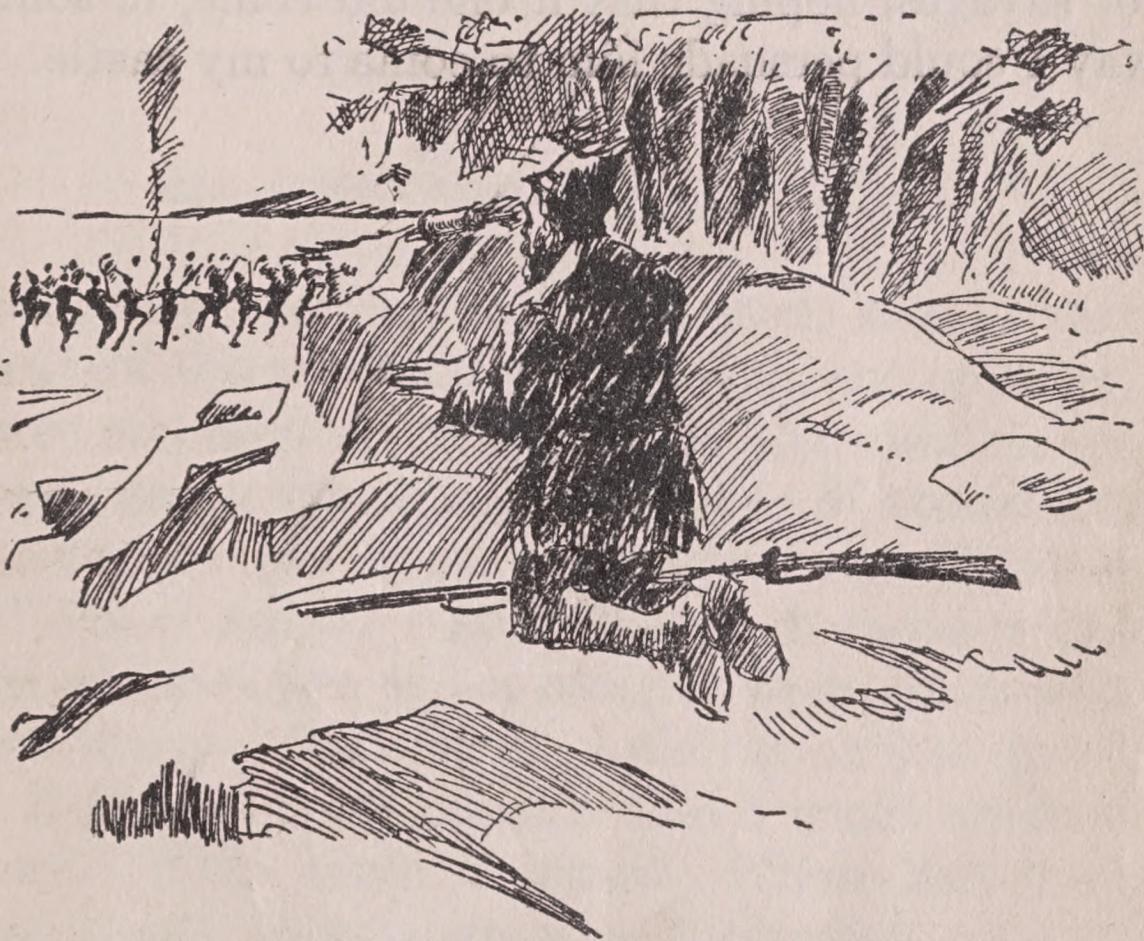
CHAPTER XXV

ROBINSON'S DREAM

One night, not very long after the wreck of the Spanish ship, I had a strange dream. I dreamed that, as I was going out from my castle one morning, I saw two canoes near the shore, and eleven savages coming to land. They brought with them another savage, whom they were going to kill, in order to eat him. On a sudden, the savage whom they were going to kill jumped away and ran for his life. Then I thought, in my sleep, that he came running into the thick grove before my fort, to hide himself. Seeing him alone—for in my dream the other savages did not follow him that way—I showed myself to him, smiling upon him and encouraging him.

Then he kneeled down to me, and seemed to pray to me to help him. I took him to my home, showed him my ladder, and taught him how to go into my castle, and he became my servant. Then I dreamed that I said to myself: "Now I

may venture to the mainland, for this fellow will serve me as a pilot, and I will tell him what to do. I will ask him, also, about the people of this country, and if I need fear them."



THIRTY MEN DANCING ABOUT A FIRE

Then I awakened, feeling very happy because I had found a way of getting away from the island. In a few seconds, however, I knew it was only a dream, and I was sorely disappointed.

I thought a good deal of this dream. If I could only get a savage in some such way, what a

splendid thing it would be! I should have a companion, and perhaps, as in my dream, he would help me to reach the land I always saw from the hilltops. With these thoughts near my heart and in my mind, I kept on the lookout for savages, hoping that if one did come, in some way I could persuade him to come to my castle.

CHAPTER XXVI

SIX BOATS COME TO THE SHORE

About a year and a half passed, after I had dreamed this strange dream. Then, one morning, I was surprised by seeing no less than six canoes drawn up on the shore, on my side of the island. The people who belonged to them were all landed and out of sight. I knew that each canoe would hold at least five or six men, so there must be a great many. What to do, I did not at first know, for it did not seem possible that I could resist so many. What could it mean? Where had they come from? And where were they now?

I remained quietly in my castle for a long time, thinking it all over. As I heard no noise, I placed my guns at the foot of the ladder and, climbing the hill, stood so that my head could not be seen over the top, should they look that way. Looking through my glass, I saw thirty men, who were all dancing about a fire which they had kindled on the beach.

In a few seconds they dragged two miserable creatures from one of the boats. One of these they knocked down and killed, that they might feast upon him. The other they bound hand and foot, and left him standing to one side, until they should be ready for him. In that very moment the poor wretch broke loose and ran swiftly toward my home. When I saw this I was dreadfully frightened. I thought all of the savages were after him, and that, as in my dream, he would certainly take refuge in my grove. I was afraid that, unlike the dream, the other savages might come too, and find him and me there.

When I saw that only three were following him, I began to be less alarmed. The one trying to escape was gaining ground each second. If he could only hold out for a half hour, I saw he could easily get away from his pursuers.

There was between my castle and the savages a creek. You may remember that I landed my raft there when I brought my first cargo from the wreck. When the poor flying savage came to this creek, he made nothing of it, but plunged in and swam rapidly to the other side. Two of the others jumped in after him, but they were twice as long in getting across the creek. The third savage could not swim, so he turned and went slowly back to his comrades on the shore.

I now thought that my chance to have a servant

had come. I felt, too, that I was called by God to save this poor creature's life. If I succeeded, he would make for me a companion as well as a servant. So I ran down the ladder with all possible speed, to get my guns. With the same haste, I went to the top of some rising ground, crossing from there to the sea by a short cut. By doing this, I placed myself between the man who was running away and the two who ran after him.

I cried out to the poor fellow to come to me. He looked back, but at first he was as much afraid of me as of them. I beckoned and motioned to him, with my hand, to come back. Then I went slowly toward the other two, and rushing upon one of them I knocked him down with my gun, not liking to fire, for fear the men on the shore would hear the noise. When the other savage, who was following, saw his companion knocked down, he stood still as if greatly frightened. Then I drew nearer to him, when I saw him raise his bow and arrow as if to aim at me, so I shot him dead.

The poor wretch who had been running away stopped. But although he had seen both of his enemies fall, he was much more frightened by the noise of my gun, and was about to run away again. I beckoned to him to come nearer, and tried in every way to take away his fear of me. After much coaxing he came a little way toward

me; then, when he stopped again, I noticed that he shook with fear; so I made all signs I could think of, to let him know that I was indeed his friend. At length he came very close, and, kneeling down, kissed the ground. Then he laid his



KNEELING DOWN, HE KISSED THE GROUND

head upon the ground and, taking one of my feet in his hands, set it on his head. He did all this to show me he would be my slave forever. I raised him up and by signs showed him that I was pleased.

But there was more work to do yet. I saw the savage I had knocked down was not dead, but had been only stunned by the blow. He had come to himself and was sitting up. My savage—or slave, as I may now call him—saw this, too, and he spoke some words to me. I did not understand what he said, but it was very pleasant to my ear, as it was the first voice I had heard besides my own in twenty-five years.

When I raised my gun to fire at the man on the ground, my slave made signs to me that he would like to take the sword that hung by my side. As soon as he got it, he ran to his enemy and at one blow cut off his head. He then came back laughing, and laid the sword and the head at my feet.

He seemed filled with wonder that I could have killed the other savage when so far away from him. He made signs to me to let him go to look at the body, and as well as I could I bade him do so. When he came up to it, he stood like one lost in amazement, turning it first on one side, and then on the other. He looked with surprise at the wound on its breast, not being able to understand how it was done. Then he took up the dead savage's bows and arrows and came back to me.

I turned, as if to go away, and made signs to him to follow me, for fear other savages should search us out. Upon this he made me understand by his motions that he should like to bury the

dead men. At once he went to work, and in a very short time scraped out with his hands two holes in the ground. Into these he quickly dropped the bodies and covered them up.

This being done, I took him to my cave on the other side of the island, as it hardly seemed wise to let him see my castle at once. When we reached the cave, I gave him a bunch of raisins and some bread, also a drink of water. I next showed him a place to sleep, where I had laid rice straw and a blanket. So the poor creature lay down and was soon fast asleep, weary from his long run.

CHAPTER XXVII

ROBINSON NAMES HIS SLAVE

My savage was a handsome fellow, tall and well shaped. His hair was long and black. His skin was of a light brown color. His forehead was large and high. He had sharp, bright eyes, and his teeth were well set and white. In fact, his whole face was most pleasing. I thought he must be about twenty-six years old.

After he had slept about half an hour, he awakened and came out to me. I had gone into the park, where I was busy milking my goats. As soon as he spied me, he came running to me, making all the signs he could to show that he was most thankful. Kneeling down before me, he took one of my feet in his hands and placed it on his head, as he had done before, to let me know he would serve me as long as he lived. I made signs that I understood what he would say to me, and that I was much pleased with him.

In a little while I began to speak to him and to

teach him to speak to me. I let him know his name should be "Friday," which was the day I had saved his life. I also taught him my name was to be "Master," and to say, "Yes," and, "No," and made him see what the words meant. Then we sat down to our first meal together, and I kept him with me in the cave that night.

In the morning we went together to the shore. We could see nothing of the savages or their boats, so it was clear that they had left the island without further search for their comrades who had followed Friday. But they had left behind them what to me was a sickening sight. The ground was covered with human bones and pieces of flesh.

I could see quite plainly that Friday wanted to eat some of the flesh. But I let him know, as well as I could, that I should be very angry if he tried to do so; and should shoot and kill him if he did.

Then Friday went on to tell me, in signs, that there had been a great battle between these savages and the king of his country. The savages who came to the island had won in the fight. They brought four prisoners to feast upon, the other prisoners having been taken elsewhere.

Then I had Friday gather all of the bones and pieces of flesh together in a heap, and burn them to ashes. When he had done this I took him to my castle, and at once set to work to get him some clothes. First of all I gave him a pair of linen

drawers, which I had taken out of a gunner's chest. Then I made him a coat of goat's skin, trousers, and a cap of hare's skin. He was very proud of these clothes, although he was awkward at first, and did not know how to get around, as he had never worn clothes before. After a while he did very well.

I now began to wonder where it would be best for Friday to sleep. I did not like to have him in my room, as it might not be safe to trust him so near while I slept. So I made a little tent for him and placed it between my two fences. I barred up the door to my cave in such a way that he could not enter without making a noise that would waken me at once. But I soon saw I need not be afraid of Friday. A more loving, faithful servant and friend could not have been found.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FRIDAY LEARNS TO WORK

Our lives ran on happily, for I was much pleased with my new companion. And I made up my mind that I would teach him everything that would be useful to him. He was glad to learn, and so I taught him to speak English. He was very bright and it was not long before he could understand when I spoke to him in that language.

Life had now become so easy that I said to myself: "If I could be entirely free of my dread of savages, I should be content to live on the island the rest of my life."

Friday was much troubled and puzzled over my gun. He could not understand how it could kill a savage when he was so far away from it. So one morning, when he had not been with me long, I took him with me to the woods. On the way there, I saw in the shade of the roadside a goat and two young kids. I caught hold of Friday,

and said: "Stand still!" Then raising, my gun, I shot and killed one of the kids.

Poor Friday trembled with fear. He did not see the kid I shot at, so thought I meant to kill



PRAYING ME NOT TO KILL HIM

him, as I found out afterward. With trembling hands he quickly tore open his shirt to feel if he was not wounded, as his enemy had been. Then he came and kneeled down to me, and caught me by the knees, and spoke to me with tears in his

eyes. I could not understand all that he said, but I could easily see that he was praying me not to kill him.

To show him that I would do him no harm, I took him by the hand, and pointing to the dead kid, I told him to fetch it to me, which he did at once. Then I asked him to look carefully where the kid had been wounded. While he was looking at it, I reloaded my gun. Seeing a hawk in a tree near by, I told him to watch me fire at it. He watched and saw the bird fall to the ground, the moment I fired. As he had not seen me put anything in the gun, he was still frightened. He thought some evil spirit must be in it, that it could kill man, beast or bird, near by or far off. I saw it was not easy to make him understand a gun.

If I had let him, I believe he would have prayed to the gun. For several days he would not so much as touch it, though he would speak to it when he thought I was not near to hear him. Afterward he told me he used to ask it not to kill him.

I brought home the bird we shot that day, and made some good broth of it. Friday ate some of it, and liked it very well, although he wondered that I put salt in mine. The next day I roasted a piece of the kid, by hanging it over the fire on a string, as I had seen people in England do. I gave

some of it to Friday, and he tried in every possible way to let me know how good he thought it was. And at last he told me, in his way of talking, that he would never eat man's flesh again.

Next day I set Friday to work to grind corn. Then I told him I should raise more corn, so that there would be bread for both of us. In the right season I taught him how to plant and harvest the corn and rice, and how to make baskets and dishes. He milked the goats at night, and helped me when I made butter and cheese. Last of all he learned how to make bread and how to bake it. Very soon he did all of the work.

CHAPTER XXIX

ROBINSON TELLS FRIDAY OF GOD

My first year with Friday as a companion was the pleasantest year of all my life on the island. Friday had now been with me long enough to speak English fairly well, and to know the meaning of all I said to him. Then it was that I began to talk to him about God. I asked him who made him, but the poor creature did not know what I meant. Then I said: "Do you know who made the sea, the ground we walk on, the green hills and deep woods?" He told me it was Bennee, who lived beyond all.

He could tell me nothing of this person, except that he was very old, "much older than the sea or land, the moon or stars."

Then I asked him: "If he is so old, and has made all things, why do not people pray to him?"

Friday looked very grave, and then said: "All things say 'O' to him."

I asked him if the people who died in his country

went anywhere after death. He said: "All go to Benee."

Then I began to tell him of the true God. Pointing up to the sky, I said: "God lives up there, Friday. He has made everything, and can do



I OFTEN READ TO HIM FROM THE BIBLE

much for us. Or, if He pleases, He can take all things from us. The stars are made by Him, and the little mountain streams, that with the aid of the wind and the rain make the rivers and the great ocean. The green grass and herb for the

use of man are the work of His hand. He not only sees us, but He knows our thoughts, hears our words, and sees all we do. He is good to all those who do right, but angry with those who disobey Him. God's love knows no end. And when we pray, He draws near to listen to us, and help us."

I also taught Friday that it is good to pray to God, who loves and blesses all those who do right, and is even merciful to those who do wrong.

I then told him of Jesus Christ, and I often read to him from the Bible, and tried to make him understand what I read.

Friday always listened with great attention when I read, and seemed much pleased when I spoke of Jesus, and the story of His life. At last, to my great joy, I brought him to believe in God and to have faith in the Christ who had redeemed him.

CHAPTER XXX

FRIDAY TELLS ABOUT HIS COUNTRY

After Friday and I became better acquainted, and I felt sure he understood almost everything I said to him, I told him the story of my life upon the island—how many years I had been there, and of the way in which I lived. I showed him the spot where we had been wrecked, and all that was left of our boat, as it was now nearly fallen to pieces.

When he saw the boat, Friday stood for some time in deep thought. At last he said: "Me see such boat come to place in my country." I did not understand him at first, but when we came to talk more about it, I thought some ship must have been wrecked on the coast of the country from which he came, and that the boat of which he spoke must have belonged to that ship.

Friday then went on to say that the ship was full of white men, adding with great warmth: "We save the white mans from drown." I asked him

how many there were, and he counted upon his fingers seventeen. When I asked him what became of them, he said: "They live, they dwell at my country."

This reply put a new thought in my mind. They must have been the men on the ship which was wrecked on the rocks just south of my island. I could hardly believe that they could still be alive, if they had been cast upon that wild shore among savages. So I asked Friday: "What has become of the white men?" He told me they were surely all alive, that they had now been there four years, and that the savages were good to them. I asked him how it was they did not kill and eat the white men. He replied: "They no eat mans, unless they make the war fight." He meant to say: "They never eat men unless it be those taken in battle."

Some time after this, we were on the hilltop from which the mainland of South America could be seen on a clear day. Friday stood and gazed upon the water for a long time, as if seeking for something. Suddenly he began to jump and dance, and then cry out to me, as I was some distance from him. I called out: "What is the matter?" As I drew nearer he cried: "Oh, joy! Oh, glad! There is my country." His hands were stretched out as if in longing for his home, and his bright eyes sparkled with pleasure.

At once I began to feel very uneasy, and to doubt Friday. He seemed to want to go to his country. I believed that if he could but find a way to get there, he would forget all that I had taught him about God. I feared that he would return with some of his countrymen to the island. They would make me their prisoner and kill me, and then they would make a feast, as they had done when they brought the other poor wretches to the shore.

But I wronged poor Friday, as I found out afterward. Still, as long as this fear lasted, I was not very friendly, and kept away from him as much as possible. I questioned him daily, to find out as much as I could what he really thought and felt.

Once, when walking upon the same hill with him, I said: "Friday, do you not wish to be in your own land?"

"Yes," he said, "I be, oh, much glad to be in my country."

"What would you do there?" I asked. "Would you turn wild again, and eat men's flesh?"

He looked very thoughtful for some time, and then he shook his head. "No!" he said. "No! Friday tell them to live good; tell them to pray to God; tell them to eat corn, and cattle flesh, no eat man again."

"Why, then," said I to him, "they will kill you."

He looked very grave for a few minutes; then he replied: "No! No! they no kill me, they willing to learn love."

Then I asked him if he would go back. He smiled and said: "I no swim so far." Then I told him I would make a canoe for him. He said: "I go if you go, too."

"I go! why they will eat me if I go there!"

"No! No!" cried Friday. "Me make them no eat you, me make them much love you." He meant by this that he would tell them how I had killed his enemies, and saved his life.

Then he told me how kind they were to the seventeen white men who had been cast on their shore in such distress and suffering.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE NEW BOAT

From this time on, I had a strong desire to go to Friday's country. I thought the white men who were now there must be Spaniards. Should this be the case, I did not doubt that we could find some way in which to make our escape to Europe. So after some days I took Friday to see my little boat, as I had never shown it to him before. He thought it was too small to go so far. Then I said I had a larger one; and we went to the boat which I had made at first, but could not get into the water. Friday said this one was large enough; but we could not use it, because it had lain there for twenty-three years, and was split and rotten from exposure to the sun and heavy rains.

I told Friday we would not despair. We could get a tree, and make a boat as large as this one, and he should go home in it. When I said this he looked sad, and troubled, and did not at first

answer me. Then he said: "Why you angry mad at Friday? What have me done?"

I told him I was not angry with him.

"No angry," said he, "why send Friday home to his country?"

"Why," said I, "did you not tell me you would like to return; that you wished you were there?"

"Yes! Yes!" said he. "Wish we both there. No wish Friday there, no master there."

"If I go there, Friday, what shall I do?"

He answered: "You do great deal much good, you teach wild men to be good. You tell them pray to God, and lead new life."

"No, Friday," said I, "you go and leave me here to live as I did before."

He looked grieved when I said this, and ran to get one of the hatchets which he sometimes wore at his belt. He handed it to me and I said: "What must I do with this?"

"What you send Friday away for? Take, kill Friday. No send Friday away." This he said with tears streaming down his cheeks, and there was so much feeling in his voice that I felt safe in his love for me. I told him that he should not go away from me, if he were willing to remain.

And I made up my mind, then and there, to build a boat that should be large enough to carry both of us. So we soon set to work at it; I let Friday find the tree, as he knew so much better

than I which would be the best for a boat. It did not take him long to get one, and it was one that grew near the water, which would aid us in launching the boat when finished. He also cut down the tree for me, and his plan was to burn out a cavity or hollow place in the trunk, for the inside of the boat. But I showed him how it would be better to cut it out with tools, as I had done before, and he did his work well.

In about a month we had as handsome a canoe as one could wish for, and one that would carry twenty men. Then we made rollers, which we put under her, and in this way we moved her, inch by inch, into the water. When once she was afloat, I was surprised to see with what skill Friday managed her. It was evident that he was used to a canoe, as he could turn her with great swiftness, and paddle with ease along the coast.

I asked him if he thought her strong enough to carry us over. "Yes," said he, "we go over very well, though big wind blow."

I felt sure that Friday would know nothing about a mast and sail, and how to fit the boat out with an anchor and cable. I pitched upon a young tree which Friday cut down, and I taught him how to go to work to shape it into a mast. From my old sails I cut out two pieces which I made into what we call, in England, shoulder-of-mutton sails. Then we made a rudder for steering our

vessel. When all was done, I taught Friday the use of the sail, and how to use a rudder. He soon learned, as he was very attentive.

CHAPTER XXXII

THREE STRANGE CANOES

I had now been on the island twenty-six years. Friday had lived with me nearly two years, and I thanked God each day that so faithful a companion had been given me. The rainy season was upon us, and we had to wait for fair weather before we started on our voyage. I had stowed our vessel in the creek, and I made my man Friday dig a little dock, just big enough to hold her and just deep enough to give her water to float in.

We were busy most of the time, preparing things with which to store our boat, for the settled warm weather would soon come, and we should be able to launch her. I was busy upon something of the kind one morning, when I called Friday, and bade him go to the seashore, for a tortoise or a turtle, which we got once a week for the sake of the flesh as well as the eggs. He had been gone but a short time, when he came running back and flew over my outer fence, his feet hardly touching the ground.

Before I had time to speak to him, he cried out: "Oh, Master! Oh, sorrow! Oh, bad!"

"What is the matter, Friday?" I asked.

"Oh, bad. Out there, canoes, one—two—three."

"Well, Friday," said I, "do not be afraid." For I saw the poor fellow trembled with fear, so that he could hardly stand up. He thought they had come back to search for him, and would certainly kill and eat him. So I said: "Can you fight, Friday? For we shall fight them."

"Me shoot," said he, "but there come many great number."

"Have no fear," said I, "those we do not kill, we shall frighten away. Now! will you stand by me, and do just as I bid you?"

He said: "Me die when you bid die, Master."

We at once prepared to fight. I loaded six guns and two pistols. I hung my sword by my side, and gave Friday a hatchet. Then I went to the hilltop, with my glass, to take a good look at the savages. I saw there were twenty-one men, three prisoners and three canoes. They had landed at a place nearer to my creek than when they came with Friday, and where the woods were close down to the shore.

I came down to Friday and told him I was going to kill them all. I asked if he would stand by me. He said again, he would die "when Master

bid die." Their three prisoners were all bound with cords, and the savages were preparing for their feast. Something must be done at once, if we would save their lives.

I gave Friday a pistol to stick in his belt, and three guns to put on his shoulder. I took the other guns and pistol, and we started on our march. We went a full mile out of our way, so that we might get to the woods and hide there. Then I said to Friday: "Go to the top of the great tree near the edge of the woods, and see what they are doing." He did as I bade him. He came back in a very short time with his report. He said the savages were all seated around a fire, eating the flesh of one of their prisoners. Another prisoner lay bound on the sand, and they would eat him next. He was not a savage but a white man, and Friday thought him to be one of those who had been cast on their shore, at the time of the shipwreck.

What I heard filled me with anger and horror, but there was not one moment to lose. We both moved on softly, and I charged Friday to keep close behind me, and not to speak aloud or to do anything until I bade him. Very soon we came to a little hill that gave me a full view of them, as they were not more than eighty yards away. Nineteen of these wretches sat huddled together upon the ground, and the other two had gone to

bring the white man, and were stooping down to untie the cords that bound him.

“Now, Friday,” said I, “is the time to shoot, to save the white man’s life. Do as I bid you.” Friday said he would. I placed two of my guns on the ground, and taking up the third, I aimed it at the savages. Friday did likewise. When I gave the word, “Fire!” Friday was ready, and we both fired at once. As he was not afraid of the gun now, he did well. His aim was so much better than mine that he killed two and wounded three more; I only killed one and wounded two. The savages who were not hurt jumped up, too crazed with fright to know where to look or where to run.

Friday had kept his eyes close upon me, as I had bidden him do. I took up another gun. “Are you ready, Friday?” I said. “If so, let fly.” We both fired again; only two were killed, but a great many were wounded. These ran about, screaming and yelling like madmen. I hastily picked up a gun and whispered to Friday to follow me. We rushed down the hill and through the woods to the shore where the savages were.

As soon as we knew we had been seen, we both shouted loudly, and made for the spot where the poor prisoner lay, as fast as we could under the heavy burden of our guns. The two who had been about to untie him ran at the noise of our guns to their canoe, and three of the others followed them. I

bade Friday shoot at them, and I thought that he had killed them all, for I saw them all fall into the bottom of the canoe. Two of them, however, sat up again. Two were killed and one wounded.

While Friday was busy firing at them, I pulled out my knife and cut the cords that bound the white man. He was very weak, so that it was some little time before he could stand up or speak. I gave him a drink from a bottle I had with me, and it seemed to give him strength; then I offered him a piece of bread, which he ate eagerly. I asked him what he was. He said he was a Spaniard, and he tried in every way to thank me for saving his life.

Then I gave him my sword and a pistol, and told him to use them if he could, as there was still fighting to do. It seemed to give him new life, for he fell upon his enemies and in an instant killed two. In the meantime Friday had run after the flying savages, with no weapon but a hatchet; with it he killed three. At last only four were left, and they escaped in their canoe. I wanted so much to follow them, so that no savages might be left to carry the news home. So I ran to one of the canoes and called Friday to follow me. Imagine my surprise, on jumping into the boat, to find another prisoner, an old man, bound hand and foot, and almost dead from fear. He was lying in the bottom of the canoe.

CHAPTER XXXIII

FRIDAY FINDS HIS FATHER

When I cut the thongs that bound him, he gave a deep groan. He thought I had come to lead him out to death. Friday came up at that moment, and I bade him speak to the old man in his own tongue, and tell him no harm would come to him, that he was free. Friday obeyed me, and approaching the prisoner, who now sat up in the canoe, he looked into his face and spoke to him. But as soon as he heard the old man's voice, Friday threw his arms about his neck, kissing and hugging him, crying, jumping, dancing, laughing by turns. For a long time he could not speak, to let me know what all this meant, but at length he said: "Oh, Master! my father!"

I can never tell you all that Friday did to show his love for his father, or his joy at seeing him. He held his head close to his breast, that he might give him warmth. Then he set to work to rub his hands and feet, which were cold and stiff from

being bound so long. The coming of Friday's father put an end to following the savages, for they were nearly out of sight now.

Friday seemed so busy about his father that I could not bear to take him away, or to disturb him.



FRIDAY THREW HIS ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK

But after a while I said: "Have you given your father any bread to eat?" He shook his head and said: "No, ugly dog eat all up self." So I gave him bread out of my pouch and a bunch of raisins. He gave these to his father, and then he jumped

out of the boat and ran away as swiftly as a deer. I called to him, but he did not stop. In a quarter of an hour I saw him coming back, bringing a jug of water and some bread. He gave the bread to me. The water he carried to his father. It did the poor old man more good than all else, as he was sick and faint from thirst.

After Friday had cared for his father, I asked him if there were any water left. He said: "Yes, Master!" So I told him to give it to the poor Spaniard, who was lying in the shade of a tree. Friday gave him the bread and water, which seemed to revive him. The man then tried to stand up and walk about, but his ankles were stiff and swollen from the rude bandages he had been bound with, so he could not do so.

We saw they were both too weak to walk far, so Friday took them in a canoe as far as our creek, and there I met them. It did not take long to make a kind of hand-barrow from the boughs of trees, and to place them carefully upon it. Then Friday and I carried them to our castle.

We could not get them over the fence, so we made a tent outside, of old sail cloth, which we covered with boughs. Then we saw that they had beds of rice straw, with each a blanket to lie on, and blankets for covers. This done, we killed a goat, and prepared broth with rice, besides our roasted meat. I carried it into the tent, and set

the table. We all had dinner together, and I tried to cheer the newcomers and make them feel at home.

When our meal was finished, Friday took a canoe and fetched our guns and pistols, which in our haste we had left on the shore. The next day he buried the bodies of the dead savages, and he did it so well that when I went to the place again, I saw no marks of what had happened.

A little later I began to talk to my new friends. I had Friday ask his father if he thought the savages who had escaped in their canoe would ever reach their own country; and if they did whether they would come again, and bring more savages with them? He said he thought they must have been lost in the storm which had come up soon after they left. If they had reached home, they would tell their people that their comrades had been killed by thunder and lightning; and that Friday and I were two spirits sent to kill them. This he said he knew, because he had heard them cry it out to one another. These people could not believe that men could kill at a distance, as we had killed the savages, and dart fire or speak thunder.

This, however, I could not be sure about. And for some time I felt it would be safer to keep on guard, with my little army of four men. We watched the shore constantly, but we saw no

more canoes, and we felt we were strong enough to fight a battle with a hundred men, should they come. As none came, after a while my fears were gone, and I thought again of the voyage to the mainland.

I talked to the Spaniard about it, and he told me there were sixteen of his countrymen living peaceably with the savages. But he said they had great trouble to get enough to eat. I asked him, then, if he thought they would be willing to come to my island, and I said: "If they will come, we will build a boat large enough to carry us all to Brazil."

He seemed pleased at what I said, and replied: "I will take Friday's father and go over and speak to my countrymen, among the savages, about your plan, and bring back their answer." But he did not think it would be wise for them to return with him, unless we could have a larger supply of rice and corn. "What you have now," he added, "will feed only four men. If sixteen more were to come, we should have a famine."

So we all set to work and dug up more land, and planted all the seed we could spare; and Friday's father and the Spaniard were to await another harvest. I added to my stock of tame goats, taking in twenty young kids. When the season for curing grapes came on, we picked double the usual quantity and hung them in the trees to dry.

We also made many baskets in which to store our rich harvest of grain and fruit. When the time came to gather our corn, two hundred and twenty bushels were gathered—surely enough to feed sixteen Spaniards had they been with us.

And now, as we had food in plenty, Friday's father and the Spaniard made ready to go. I gave them each a gun and powder, with bread and grapes to last them eight days at sea; and a supply for the sixteen Spaniards. Wishing them a good voyage, we saw them start. They promised to hang out a flag on their boat, when they came back, so that we might know them at a distance.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A SHIP COMES TO THE ISLAND

Eight days had passed, and we now waited and looked for the return of Friday's father and the Spaniard. I was fast asleep in my castle one morning, when my man Friday came running in to me and called aloud: "Master! Master! they have come! they are here!" As soon as I could get my clothes on, I went out, and through the little grove to where I could have a view of the sea. Turning my eyes toward the water, I saw a boat with a sail, coming straight for the island; it might have been a half-mile distant. But it was on the wrong side of the island. It could not be the one bringing our people.

I called Friday and told him it was not his father and the Spaniard heading for the shore. I bade him keep in hiding, as we did not know yet whether they were friends or enemies. Then I got my glass and went to the top of the hill to get a better view. I had scarcely set my foot upon the hill,

when I discovered a ship at anchor at the south of the island; she must have been five miles out at sea. I knew it to be an English vessel, and the boat to be an English long-boat, and my joy was great at seeing them.

But why had this ship come so far out of the way of all traffic? There could be no trade for the English in this part of the world. So I made up my mind to be on my guard, until I could know why they had come to the island. Perhaps they were wicked men, who were about to commit some crime. Surely, no storm had driven them here. So I would keep out of their sight for a while.

But I had not very long to wait. They came rowing toward the shore in their boat, as if they were looking for some creek in which to land. Not seeing one, they ran their boat on shore upon the beach, about half a mile from me. I was glad of this, for otherwise they would have landed just at my door. I saw there were eleven men. Three of them were unarmed, and seemed to be bound with ropes. All of the men were English. Six of them jumped on shore, taking with them the three who were bound. I was much troubled when I saw this, as I could not know what it meant. And Friday, who stood at my side, said: "Oh, Master! you see English mans eat prisoner as well as savage mans."

“Oh, Friday,” said I, “do you think they will eat them?”

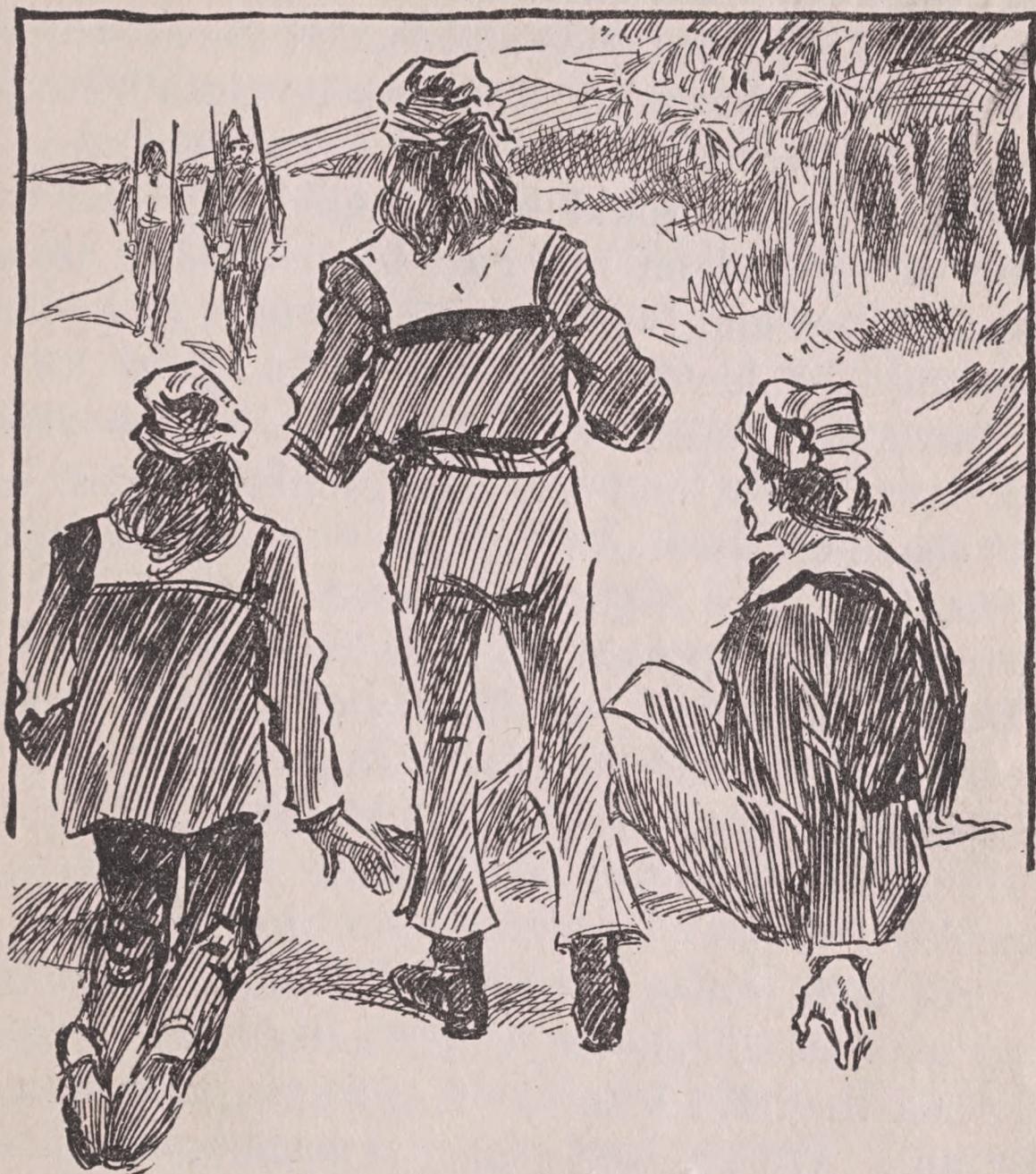
“Yes,” said Friday, “they will eat them.”

“No! No! Friday,” I cried, “I am afraid they may kill them, but you may depend upon it, they will not eat them.”

Just then one of the men raised his sword, as if he were going to strike one of the prisoners, but in a moment he lowered it. Then the six who had been the first to land scattered about in the woods, as if they wanted to see what kind of a country they had come to. They left the prisoners free to do as they liked, and the poor men sat down on the ground and looked very sad.

But the six who rambled off into the woods went too far and stayed too long. The tide went out, leaving their boat aground quite a distance from the water. Two men had remained in the boat to guard it. Both of them had fallen asleep, but now one of them awakened and saw that the boat was aground. He called out to his comrades, who soon reached the shore and tried to drag the boat into the water; but it was past all their strength, they could not move her. So they rambled off into the woods again, and I heard one of them say: “We must wait. She’ll float next tide.”

All this while, I had kept myself in hiding. I never once dared to stir farther from my castle



DO NOT BE AFRAID

than to the place on the hill where I could watch them with my glass.

I now thought I would go and talk with the prisoners, and learn the cause of their trouble. I knew the tide would not come in for ten hours,

and the men, I felt sure, would be gone for some time. I took three guns and loaded them, telling Friday to do the same, and to keep close behind me. Then we marched off. When we were ready, our appearance would have caused any one to fear us. I had on my goatskin coat and high cap, a sword and two pistols in my belt, and guns over my shoulders.

As we drew near I saw that the prisoners were not bound now, and were lying on the grass, in the shade of a tree. When they saw my strange dress, they were frightened, and started up, as if to run away. Speaking to them in English, I said: "Do not be afraid. Perhaps you have a friend near, when you did not expect to find one."

One of them then pulled off his hat, and said: "He must be sent from heaven. Are you an angel?"

"All help comes from God," I said. "If God had sent an angel, he would have been better clothed than I. I am an Englishman, with one servant. We are well armed and willing to help you."

"Our case, sir," he said, "is too long to tell you, while the men who would kill us are so near. To be brief, I was the captain of that ship which you see out there. This is my mate, the other is a passenger. The crew have risen against me, and brought us here to die, believing that no one lived

on this island. Some of them are now in these woods. If they have heard you speak they will certainly return and murder us all.”

I then asked him if they had firearms. He replied that the men had two guns, but had left one of them in the boat. “Well,” said I, “leave the rest to me. If the men left to guard the boat are asleep, as I think they are, it would be easy enough to kill them, but perhaps it would be better to take them prisoners. I believe the others would return to their work, and obey orders.” The captain agreed with me about the men. He added that there were two men who were very wicked, and the leaders of the rest. If they were prisoners, all would be well.

“Then, sir,” said I, “if I save your life and your ship, are you willing to do two things for me?”

As if he read my thoughts, he grasped my hand and said: “I will do all you ask, if you save my life. You shall do as you like with me, and you may take my ship where you please. I will go with you and serve you in every way.” The mate and the passenger said the same thing.

CHAPTER XXXV

HOW THE SHIP WAS SAVED

I sent Friday to the castle for guns, pistols and powder, and gave some to the captain and his comrades. I had seen the two men who had been left in charge of the boat come on shore, so I ordered Friday to bring from it the oars, sails and guns. Then we waited for the men to come out of the woods.

Very soon three of them appeared. At my order the captain and his passenger fired at them. Two were killed instantly, the third ran away. Then the rest came running toward us. When they saw our guns pointed at them, they fell down before us, and begged for mercy. The captain promised them that we would spare their lives if they were sorry for what they had done, and would help him to get back his ship. They were willing to do this, and promised to be faithful and obedient ever afterward. However, we took good care to bind them all, hand and foot. The

two who had been so bad we sent by Friday to the cave on the other side of the island.

We saw that our prisoners had enough to eat and drink, and we told them that if they were quiet, and behaved well, they should be free in a day or two. We had taken the oars and sails from their boat. We now made a big hole in the bottom, so that it would be of no use to them; then, using our utmost strength, we pulled it far up on the beach.

I next took the captain and his companions to my castle. I told them the story of my life, and how long I had lived upon the island. They were much amazed when they learned how many years I had lived there alone; and that I had been able to care so well for myself with no one to help me.

But we had now to think of saving the ship. The captain was at a loss to know what to do, for there were still twenty-six men on board, who had risen against him. As there were but five of us, and] as they were all well armed, it did not seem possible that we could succeed if we went to the ship. At last we decided that it would be best to wait and see what they would do. I could not but think that some of the crew, wondering what had become of their boat and their comrades, would come to seek them. And so it turned out.

A gun was fired from the ship, then a flag was waved, as a signal to the men to return to them. As their boat did not move from the shore, the sailors on the ship fired again, and made more signals. At last some of them put down a boat and rowed to shore.

As they approached, we saw there were ten men, well armed. They put in to the shore, close to the spot where their other boat lay. Running to it, they were much surprised to find the oars and sails gone, and a big hole driven in the bottom of it. They shouted for their comrades, and called them by name. Receiving no answer, they fired another gun, and waited. But again there was no answer. Then they marched to the little hill under which I had built my home, and shouted and called until they were hoarse.

The captain was very uneasy, as he feared they would return to the ship and set sail without him. And sure enough, they did walk down toward their boat, as if they meant to row to the ship.

But I thought of a plan to prevent this. I ordered Friday and the mate to go over the creek and into the woods, until they were about half a mile from where the boat lay. Then they were to shout as loud as they could, until the men heard and answered; and then to go on farther and shout again, always keeping out of sight and always going farther off and shouting. The men

would believe the shouting came from their comrades, who were in distress. In this way they would be led far into the island. This plan worked well.

The sailors were just about to push their boat from the shore, when Friday and the captain's mate hallooed. The men on the shore heard and answered them, and all but two followed the voices, and were lost in the woods.

The captain, the passenger and I now hurried down to the boat. We took with us five of the prisoners, whom we thought we could trust to help us. One of the two men who had been in the boat was now on the shore. The captain, who was a little ahead of us, ran up to him, and knocked him over with his gun. We then called out to the man in the boat to come to us. He did so at once, promising to be obedient, if we would spare his life. We now had nine men, ready to fight the others when they should come.

In the meantime Friday and the mate did well. By their shouting they had drawn their men from wood to wood, and from hill to hill, until they had led them all around the island. Friday and his companion had returned, but it would be quite dark before the others reached us.

Night fell, and, in the darkness, we could hear them as they came, calling to one another. They were saying that they were on an enchanted

island, and would all be killed. - After a while, in the dim light, we saw them running about on the shore, weeping and wringing their hands. Sometimes they would go into the boat to rest. Then they would come on the shore again, and walk about.

My men wished to have a fight at once. But I did not want to kill more than could be helped, and besides, I wanted to make sure, first, that all the men were there. So I ordered Friday and the captain to creep softly up to them, on their hands and knees, going as near as possible without being discovered. Then they were to fire. While they were doing this, three of the sailors came walking toward them. Friday and the captain jumped to their feet, and fired. One, who was the leader, and a bad man, was killed at once. The second man was wounded, the third ran away.

At the noise of the guns I came up with my army of eight men. It was quite dark, so that the sailors could not see who we were, or how many there were of us. I made the man they had left in the boat—and who was now on our side—call out to them to see if they would yield. They were told that they must promise to obey the captain, and help him to save the ship from the others.

So he called out to them as loudly as he could: 'Tom Smith! Tom Smith!'

Smith answered at once: "Who's that?"

The other replied: "Ay, ay, Tom Smith, throw down your arms and yield, or we are all dead men!"

"Whom must we yield to? Where are they?" asked Smith.

"Here we are," said one of our men, "here's our captain, with the governor of the island. Our boatswain is killed, and some of our men are wounded. If you do not yield, you are all dead men."

"If they will give us quarter, and be merciful to us, we will yield."

Then the captain himself called out: "You know my voice, do you not, Smith? If you lay down your arms at once, and promise to obey orders, you shall all have your lives."

In a word, they all laid down their arms, and begged for their lives and for our mercy. They said they were sorry for what they had done, and promised not only to obey the captain, but to do all they could to help him. We had three men bind them, and then take them for our greater safety to the cave. Our next work was to take the ship from the men who were in her.

CHAPTER XXXVI

ROBINSON GOES HOME TO ENGLAND

The captain decided to go to the ship, taking with him the mate, the passenger, and nine of the prisoners whom he felt would be the most trustworthy. We brought my boat from the cove, and the passenger was given charge of it, with a crew of four men. The captain, his mate, and five other men, took their boat. As to me and my man Friday, we were to remain upon the island, as we still had five prisoners in the cave, to guard and provide for. The captain was afraid to take them with him, as they had been very bad men, and he could not trust them.

Before the captain started, he promised that if he took the ship he would fire seven guns as a signal to me that he had succeeded. I sat up that night, upon the shore, waiting, watching, listening, until nearly two o'clock; so you may be sure I was glad when I heard the guns fired—one—two—three—one after the other up to the seventh.

Then, as I was very weary, I went to my castle to get a little rest.

I slept soundly, until I was roused and surprised by the noise of a gun. In a few minutes I heard a voice calling out: "Governor! Governor!" for this was the name they had given me. It was the captain's voice.

I went out at once to meet him, and we went together to the hilltop. Putting his arms about me, he said: "My friend! there's your ship. She is all yours now; and so are we, and all the ship contains."

I cast my eyes toward the ship, which they had anchored about a half-mile from the shore, at the mouth of the creek, where, twenty-eight years before, I had landed my raft. Yes, this was the ship that was to set me free! The joyful thought was almost too much for me. I could not speak one word, and should have fallen to the ground, if the captain had not held me fast in his arms.

As soon as I had recovered a little, I lifted my heart in thanksgiving to God, for His mercy and loving kindness to me. Then I thanked the captain, saying: "God has given you to me as a friend when my need was great."

We sat down after that, and the captain told me all about what had been done at the ship. When they reached her, all of the men aboard were asleep but two, who were on the watch. As they

thought the men in the boat were their comrades, they did nothing to prevent the captain and his followers from getting on board. In an instant the two watchmen were made prisoners. Then



WE LEFT THE ISLAND

the captain and his men went to the place where the others were asleep, and seizing them, bound them so quickly that they were made prisoners before they knew what had happened. In this way the ship was saved.

The captain now sent down to the boat for some things which he had brought me from the ship. There were many good things to eat and drink, some of which I had not tasted for years; and there were two pounds of fine tobacco. Besides these—and what was a thousand times more useful—he brought me shirts, shoes, a hat, and a suit of clothes of his own, which had been worn but a very little. I was delighted to get these things, although at first I was very awkward in the clothes. It had been so long since I had worn any but the poor things I made myself.

We now began to think what it would be best to do with the five prisoners we still had in the cave. The captain felt he could not trust them in the ship again as sailors. They had been very bad men, and might not keep their promises of good behavior in the future. So I said to him: "Why not leave them upon the island?"

"I should be glad to do so," replied the captain.

"Well," said I, "I will send for them and talk to them about it." So I ordered Friday and two of the sailors who had been given their freedom to go to the cave and take the prisoners, bound, to the bower. There they were to await my coming.

When I reached there, I said to them: "The captain will not trust you again as sailors on his ship, as your conduct has been so bad. Even if

he could trust you, and took you back to England, you would be hanged. We wish to save your lives, so we will set you free, if you are willing to stay on this island."

They were glad of the offer, and said, as they thanked me, that they would much rather stay on the island than to return to England. Then I told them the story of my life, while living upon the island; and showed them how to manage. I led them to my castle, my cornfields, my goat parks, and my bower, and said: "You may have them all, as I am going to England on the ship." I taught them how to grind corn, and how to make bread, how I cured grapes, and how to feed and care for the goats. I told them of the sixteen Spaniards who were expected, and I left a letter for them. I made the five promise to treat the Spaniards well, should they return with Friday's father.

Having done all this, I left, the next day, and went on shipboard. I took Friday with me, as he would not consent to be parted from me; and I had become so attached to him, that it would have been a grief to be obliged to give him up.

I took home with me, as relics, my goatskin coat and cap, my umbrella, and one parrot. And I did not forget to take the bag of money, which would be worth something now. I could not but feel sad to leave my island home, my cave, my

vineyard and orchard which I had planted, my goat and my parrots. They had all become dear to me.

We left the island on the 19th of December, 1686. I had been on it twenty-eight years, two months and nineteen days. After a long voyage I arrived in England on June 11th, in the year 1687. I had been absent thirty-five years.

Soon afterward I went down to Yorkshire, only to find that both my father and mother had died.

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