

**THEY WON'T BE CIVILIZED.**

**Two Curious Tribes Who Resist All Efforts to Improve Their Condition.**

Hundreds of steamers sail every year through the Straits of Malacca bearing thousands of passengers, who never dream that just behind the mountains along the narrow Malay peninsula are two tribes apparently untamable, that have scarcely any intercourse with the rest of the world, and wish only to be let alone. They are known as the Semang and the Sakei tribes, and are supposed to be the aborigines of the Malay peninsula.

Ever since the vessels of civilized nations have frequented those waters they have lived there, says the New York Sun, and they have no traditions as to ever occupying any other region. Once, however, they extended down to the coast, but the Malays drove them toward the center of the peninsula, where, in the virgin forests, they found shelter against the human enemies, whom they fear much more than they do the wild beasts around them.

The Sakei resembles negroes, and ethnologists who have seen a few of them wonder whence these black people with woolly hair, flat noses and thick lips derive their physical characteristics. The Semang tribe on the contrary are copper-colored, with clear skins and brown cheeks and clear-cut features. The tribes speak different languages, but they have the same customs and live on the best terms with one another. There seems, however, to be very little intermarriage among them, and thus the types are kept distinct.

The Sakei communicate from time to time with the Malays, but the Semangs never leave their mountains. They seem to have no idea of religion and their imaginations are not at all impressed by natural phenomena. Within their circumscribed limits they are the greatest of wanderers. They lead a thoroughly nomadic life. They rarely remain two days in the same place and do not erect the slightest shelter except occasionally a roof of boughs for a few hours from a storm of unusual violence. Like some of the natives of Tierra del Fuego they have no idea of building huts in which to live. They have no herds and their greatest passion is the jealousy with which they guard their liberty and independence. White missionaries have made some attempts to gain influence over them, but have been wholly unsuccessful.

No effort to give them any of the notions of civilization have succeeded in the slightest degree. They have not assumed even those habits of civilization which prevail among their nearest neighbors, the Malays. They, however, have adopted some of the vices of civilization, among which is the tobacco habit. The weed does not grow in their country, and their occasional efforts to procure it from the coast are about the only relations they have with other peoples. Many of them speak a smattering of Malay or Siamese. Mr. Meyners d'Estrey is the only white man who is known to have lived even a short time among these very peculiar people, and about all the information we have concerning them has been supplied by him.

**LIVER WEIGHED TWO TONS.**

**And He Was an All-Around Big Shark, Too.**

It is about a big fish that I write, but it is a true story. I saw the fish. I took his dimensions by actual measurement, and I saw the liver.

In the annals of Cape Cod, published by the Rev. Mr. Freeman in 1863, he mentioned that in 1803 Provincetown had a regulation relating to the carcasses of whales, sharks, horse mackerel, &c., which required that they be towed below low-water mark, which would indicate that these marine animals were so common as to be in some degree offensive in warm weather. Many of them were cap-

tured for their oil. Right whales yielded twenty, forty, eighty, and sometimes 100 barrels; humpbacks, fifteen or twenty barrels; grampus, one, two, or three; blackfish, one barrel; sharks, from one gallon to seven or eight barrels; porpoise, two gallons, and a boat load of dogfish yielded about one barrel of oil.

Now my big fish was called a shark, though he was not of the man-eating or shovel-nosed variety. Mr. N. E. Atwood, a distinguished and practical ichthyologist of Provincetown, pronounced the fish a liver shark or sea elephant, and considered it rare. The fish was almost entirely white, and as handsome in form as a mackerel. He was caught in 1862, inside of what is called Long Point, formerly an outer boundary of Provincetown's beautiful harbor. The fishermen had spread their seines there for mackerel, and this big fish had got entangled in them all about him, so that he was easily pulled to the shore, where the tide left him high and dry. Being at that time engaged in business in Provincetown, I was invited to see the monster and see him cut up for the purpose of extracting his liver.

By the way, all the oil of a shark is in his liver, while that of a whale, of course, is in his flesh or blubber. I took a rule and measured this shark and found his length to be just thirty-one feet. The breadth of his tail was seven feet and his circumference in the thickest part sixteen feet.

I have stated that the liver of this shark weighed two tons, and this is how it was determined: The liver was cut in pieces and pitched into a dory. The dory carried a ton and a half in weight besides the tower, as has been proved, bringing her down to her upper streak. The dory was twice loaded deep with this liver, and so the fishermen thought the weight was nearly three tons, but to be within bounds I concluded to call it two tons, and so it is recorded in this veracious chronicle.

After the oil had been tried out I found that it made seven barrels, and was worth at that time \$200.

**Quickly Over.**

In the old pioneer days of the Green Mountain State the marriage ceremony partook of the simplicity which was a distinguishing characteristic of life in Vermont at that time. A native of the State tells a story of those early days, which his grandfather used to take great pleasure in relating.

Elder Brown, a much-beloved Methodist minister was sawing wood in his front dooryard. The day was warm and the minister's occupation was naturally heating in its tendency, so Elder Brown was in his shirt-sleeves, just like any unministerial wood-sawyer of his parish.

Presently there came riding along the road and up to the fence a tall, lank, ungainly country bumpkin on horseback, with a fresh-faced girl on a pillion behind him, with her arms clasped about his waist.

As they came to a halt, Elder Brown advanced to the fence and rested his arms comfortably on the top rail.

"You won't get married, I calculate?" he said addressing the smiling pair impatiently.

"Ya-as," they replied in unison.

"Well, then," proceeded Elder Brown, "James, will you take this woman for your wife?"

"Ya-as," replied the grinning bridegroom

"And you, Hetty, will you take this man for your husband?"

"Ya-as," replied the bride, with unflinching promptness.

"All right, then," remarked the minister, reaching out his arm and bestowing a hearty handshake on each of the newly-married party, "you can ride on."

And they rode on, as happy as if the ceremony had been more elaborate, while the elder returned to his wood-sawing.

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