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BIMI.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

The orang-outang in the big iron cage lashed to the sheep pen began the discussion. The night was stiflingly hot, and as Hans Breitmann and I passed him, dragging our bedding to the fore peak of the steamer, he roused himself and chattered obscenely. He had been caught somewhere in the Malayan archipelago and was going to England to be exhibited at a shilling a head.

"It would be well for you, mine friend, if you was a liddle seaskick," said Hans Breitmann, pausing by the cage. "You haf too much ego in your cosmos."

The orang-outang's arm slid out negligently from between the bars. No one would have believed that it would make a sudden snakelike rush at the German's breast. The thin silk of the sleeping suit tore out. Hans stepped back unconcernedly to pluck a banana from a bunch hanging close to one of the boats.

"Too much ego," said he, peeling the fruit and offering it to the caged devil, who was rending the silk to tatters.

"If he was out now, dere would not be much of us left hereabouts," said Hans lazily. "He screams good. See now how I shall tame him when he stops himself."

There was a pause in the outcry, and from Hans' mouth came an imitation of a snake's hiss, so perfect that I almost sprang to my feet. The sustained murderous sound ran along the deck, and the wrenching at the bars ceased. The orang-outang was quaking in an ecstasy of pure terror.

"Dot stop him," said Hans. "I learned dot trick in Mogoung Tanjong when I was collecting liddle monkeys for some peoples in Berlin. Are you asleep, or will you listen, and I will tell a dale dot you shall not believe?"

"There is no tale in the wide world that I can't believe," I said.

"Good! When I was collecting dose liddle monkeys—it was in 1879 or 1880—and I was in der islands of der archipelago, over dere in der dark"—he pointed southward to New Guinea generally—"mein Gott! I would sooner collect life red devils than liddle monkeys. I was dere for nearly a year, and dere I found a man dot was called Bertran. He was a Frenchman, and he was a good man—naturalist to der bone. Dey said he was an escaped convict, but he was a naturalist, and dot was enough for me. He would call all der life beasts from der forests, and dey would come."

"Und dot man, who was king of beasts tamer men, he had in der house shust such anoder as dot devil animal in der cage—a great orang-outang dot thought he was a man. He haf found him when he was a child—der orang-outang—and he was child and brother and opera comique all round to Bertran. He had his room in dot house—not a cage, but a room—mit a bed and sheets, and he would go to bed and get up in der morning and smoke his cigar and eat his dinner mit Bertran and walk mit him hand in hand, which was most horrible. Gott! He was not a beast. He was a man, and he talked to Bertran, and Bertran comprehended, for I haf seen dem. Und he was always politel to me except when I talk too long to Bertran and say nodings at all to him. Den he would pull me away—dis great, dark devil, mit his enormous paws—shust as if I was a child.

"Save the baby! Never mind the house or the furniture or anything else; only save the baby!" This is the instinct of every mother's heart. Every woman who hopes some day to be a mother ought to realize that the health and perhaps the very life of her prospective little one is put in peril by everything which weakens or impairs her own physical condition. It is a prospective mother's duty to keep herself as well and strong as possible and avoid all over-exertion and fatigue during the expected time. Never mind if the housework or any other work is neglected. Save the baby! Every mother should obtain the strengthening, health-giving support of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives elastic endurance to the special organs and nerve-centers involved in motherhood. It makes the coming of baby perfectly safe and comparatively painless. It fortifies the system against relapse, promotes abundant nourishment for the child and increases its natural constitutional vigor. It is the only medicine devised expressly by an educated, experienced physician to cure the weaknesses and diseases of the feminine organism. No other preparation accomplishes this purpose with such scientific thoroughness and permanence. A complete account of its extraordinary restorative effects in the most obstinate difficulties, is given in one chapter of Dr. Pierce's thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," which will be sent free on receipt of one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of cartons and mailing only. Address World's Dispensary, Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. For a handsome cloth-bound copy, send 50 stamps. It is written in plain English and is easily understood by the non-professional.

"I tell you we waited ten days in dot house after der room was made into a room again, and once or twice we saw Bimi coming a liddle way from der woods. He was afraid because he haf done wrong. Bertran called him when he was come to look on der tenth day, and Bimi come skipping along der beach and making noises mit a long piece of black hair in his hands. Den Bertran laugh and say, 'Fi done!' shust as if it was a glass broken upon der table, and Bimi come nearer, and Bertran was honey sweet in his voice and laughed to himself. For three days he made love to Bimi, because Bimi would not let himself be touched. Den Bimi come to dinner at der same table mit us, and der hair on his hands was all black and thick mit—mit what had dried on his hands. Bertran gave him sangaree till Bimi was drunk and stupid, and den—" Hans paused to puff his cigar

"And then?" said I.

"Und den Bertran kill him with his hands, and I go for a walk upon der beach. It was Bertran's own piziness. When I come back, der ape he was dead, and Bertran he was dying above him, but still he laughed a liddle und low, and he was quite content. Now you know der formula of der strength of der orang-outang. It is more as seven to one in relation to man. But Bertran, he haf killed Bimi mit sooch dings as Gott gif him. Dot was der mericle."

The infernal clamor in the cage recommenced. "Aha! Dot friend of ours

und Bimi, der orang-outang, haf understood us both, mit his cigar between his big dog teeth und der blue gum.

"I was dere a year—dere und at der oder islands—somedimes for monkeys und somedimes for butterflies und orchids. One time Bertran says to me dot he will be married, because he haf found a girl dot was goot. Den he go off courting der girl—she was a half caste French girl—very pretty. Haf you got a new light for my cigar? Oof! Very pretty! Only I say: 'Haf you thought of Bimi? If he pulls me away when I talk to you, what will he do to your wife? He will pull her in pieces. If I was you, Bertran, I would gif my wife for wedding present der stuff figure of Bimi.' By dot time I had learned somedings about der monkey peoples. 'Shoot him?' says Bertran. 'He is your beast,' I said. 'If he was mine he would be shot now.'

"Den I felt at der back of my neck der fingers of Bimi. Mein Gott! I tell you dot he talked through dose fingers. It was der deaf und dumb alphabet all complete. He slide his hairy arm round my neck, and he tilt up my chin und look into my face, shust to see if I understood his talk so well as he understood mine.

"See now dere!" says Bertran. "Und you would shoot him while he is cuddling you? Dot is der Teuton ingrate!"

"But I knew dot I haf made Bimi a life's enemy, because his fingers haf talk murder through der back of my neck. Next dime I see Bimi dere was a pistol in my belt, and he touch it once, und I open der breech to show him it was loaded. He haf seen der liddle monkeys killed in der woods, und he understood.

"So Bertran he was married, und he forgot clean about Bimi dot was skipping alone on der beach mit der half of a human soul in his belly. I was see him skip, und he took a big bough und thrash der sand till he haf made a great hole like a grave. So I says to Bertran: 'For any sakes, kill Bimi. He is mad mit der jealousy.'

"Bertran haf said: 'He is not mad at all. He haf obey und love my wife, und if she speaks he will get her slippers.' Und he looked at his wife across der room. She was a very pretty girl.

"Den I said to him, 'Shoot him when he comes to der house, for he haf der light in his eyes dot means killing—and killing.' Bimi come to der house, but dere was no light in his eyes. It was all put away, cunning—so cunning—und he fetch der girl her slippers, und Bertran turn to me und say 'Dost thou know him in nine months more dan I haf known him in 12 years? Shall a child stab his fader?'

"Dot next day Bertran came to my house to help me make some wood cases for der specimens, und he tell me dot he haf left his wife a liddle while mit Bimi in der garden. Den I finish my cases quick, und I say, 'Let us go to your house und get a trink.' He laugh und say, 'Come along, dry mans.'

"His wife was not in der garden, und Bimi did not come when Bertran called. Und his wife did not come when he called, und he knocked at her bedroom door und dot was shut tight—locked. Den he look at me, und his face was white. I broke down der door mit my shoulder, und der thatch of der roof was torn into a great hole, und der sun came in upon der floor. Haf you ever seen paper in der wastebasket or cards at whist on der table scattered? Dere was no wife dot could be seen. I tell you dere was nodings in dot room dot might be a woman. Dere was stuff on der floor, und dot was all. I looked at dese things, und I was very sick, but Bertran looked a liddle longer at what was upon der floor und der walls und der hole in der thatch. Den he began to laugh, soft und low, und I knew und thank Gott dot he was mad. He never cried, he never prayed. He stood still in der doorway und laugh to himself. Den he said: 'She haf locked herself in dis room, und he haf torn up her thatch. Fi done. Dot is so. We will mend der thatch und wait for Bimi. He will surely come.'

"I tell you we waited ten days in dot house after der room was made into a room again, and once or twice we saw Bimi coming a liddle way from der woods. He was afraid because he haf done wrong. Bertran called him when he was come to look on der tenth day, and Bimi come skipping along der beach and making noises mit a long piece of black hair in his hands. Den Bertran laugh and say, 'Fi done!' shust as if it was a glass broken upon der table, und Bimi come nearer, und Bertran was honey sweet in his voice und laughed to himself. For three days he made love to Bimi, because Bimi would not let himself be touched. Den Bimi come to dinner at der same table mit us, and der hair on his hands was all black and thick mit—mit what had dried on his hands. Bertran gave him sangaree till Bimi was drunk and stupid, and den—" Hans paused to puff his cigar

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The infernal clamor in the cage recommenced. "Aha! Dot friend of ours

was still too much ego in his cosmos. Be quiet, thou!"

Hans hissed long and venomously. We could hear the great beast quaking in his cage.

"But why in the world didn't you help Bertran instead of letting him be killed?" I asked.

"My friend," said Hans, composedly stretching himself to slumber, "it was not nice even to mineself dot I should lif after I had seen dot room mit der hole in der thatch. Und Bertran, he was her husband. Goot night, und sleep well."

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