

partners at the other end loudly encouraging them to their best efforts. As soon as all the disks have been thrown from one end the positions are reversed; those who have just played a round become the enthusiasts who encourage their partners at the other end whose turn has now come to play. Each player has his set of four disks; his object is to throw them or slide them, or in any other way get them, as close to the opposite end of the mat as possible and to finish the round with one or more disks nearer the end than the opponent can show. The play is complicated by the fact that the players alternate; each throws his disks in turn. The opponent may succeed in driving a disk off the mat. A disk which for any reason goes off the mat is dead and does not count. Also if the opponent's disk comes to rest nearer the end of the mat than any already thrown, all disks of the oppos-

ing side which are remoter become dead and must be removed. The count is made by the number of disks which one side has still alive on the mat after all the eight have been thrown. The game is twenty, and it takes some playing to make it, for it is not often the case when the players are at all evenly matched that it is possible to make more than one point in a round, and frequently a succession of rounds will add nothing to the score.

This practically completes the list of native Samoan sports, using the term in a strict separation from occupations which are carried on to obtain some tangible and material end, even though they are pleasurable. There are varieties in some cases of the sports herein described, but while the variation provides a different set of native names there is not sufficient distinction in the difference to interest other than antiquarians.



ALONE UPON THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE.

BY HERBERT BASHFORD.

ALONE upon the mountain-side—alone
 Am I in Solitude's wide realm where no
 Sound enters save at intervals the low,
 Deep roar of avalanche; gray leagues of stone
 The mighty hand of God has overthrown
 As He builds high His pyramid of snow—
 His stairway to the stars; alone I go

Across a white, white world that ne'er has known
 The taint of earth; and now I see, far down,
 The dreaming pines; I see an eagle sweep
 Athwart the blue; a gleaming river bind
 In silver braid the valley's golden gown;
 The cataract plunge from the beetling cliff
 And flutter like a ribbon in the wind.