

shotguns together with ammunition; others broke the iron safe open. The store room was plundered completely. A large number of women stood at the bottom of the hill ready to carry all the loot away in their baskets. A detachment of savages had the task to murder the black workers. Two of them were seriously wounded by spears. One of them ended up with a spear in his hip. With astonishing courage, he pulled the spear out and felled his attacker with it.

All this took only a few moments. In the meantime, Mr. Wolff had finished his work in the plantation and wanted to go home when he heard wild screams coming from the house. He instantly turned his horse around and stormed over the soft, tilled soil in such a hurry that the animal fell down several times. His limbs turned rigid when he saw his dwelling totally occupied by savages. Suspecting something monstrous, he rode between kitchen and house and caught sight of both his poor wife, covered in blood, and his child lying on the floor. Oblivious of his safety and not thinking that the savages wanted to use just this moment to murder him, he jumped off his horse to see whether

[photo]

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his child was dead. He desperately called out to Miss Carry, but received no answer. He mounted his horse again and rode towards the front of the house. But then he noticed that kanakas were also hiding under the house and how, just then, two of them aimed at him with his own guns.

Full of despair, he spurred his horse on; but where to go? All paths were blocked by armed savages. Therefore, he had to storm down the almost vertical hill situated in front of his house. His horse fell over and he ended up under it. Once he got up again, he noticed that a native, in a kneeling position, was aiming at him with a gun. But, by acting as if he were looking for a pistol in his pocket, he kept the cowardly scoundrels at bay and could mount his horse again. He now continued to ride along the main path in order to quickly get help. But it appeared as if, on this his unfortunate day, everything had conspired against him. In Qiraquirepalakuvur, where a white supervisor and a number of boys are stationed, he could not find anyone; and only at the mission station of Takabur, where he then went, he found out that I was in Papatava.

More dead than alive, he finally arrived at Herbertshöhe. The judge, several public servants and the small colonial troop of blacks immediately made their way to Papatava. At the spot where the path from St. Otto joins the main path, they encountered the missionary from St. Otto, P. Riederer, who wanted to come and assist the white planter with a few armed Rebar people. When the police finally arrived at Tabaule, the murderers were nowhere to be seen; here and there, items lying along the way indicated the direction in which they had fled.

Miss Carry, the black wife of the kitchen hand and two young workers remained missing for the whole day. When the sisters and I arrived at Takabur about 6 o'clock in the evening, we found her lying half-dead on the veranda of my house; her hands, feet and face were sore; she had lost one shoe and her clothes hung down in shreds. In a few broken sentences, she explained her miraculous salvation. After she had found a hiding place from her pursuers, due to the presence of mind of the kitchen