



## The care of the Eyes in the Home

Here are a few simple hints that will help keep your eyes healthy and comfortable.

- (1) Sleep with the window well open. Fresh air benefits the eyes.
- (2) Don't read facing or backing the window. Arrange if possible, for the light to come over your left shoulder.
- (3) Never rub the eye if you have a piece of dirt in it, or if you have a stye or boil. Always bathe the eye and if the trouble persists, consult a doctor.
- (4) Don't read in bright sunlight or twilight.
- (5) If you have the slightest doubt as to the efficiency of your sight, consult a Qualified Practitioner at once.

Issued by the makers of



EYE LOTION

In the Interests of Ocular Hygiene

Optrex (Overseas) Ltd., 17 Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middlesex, England.

10-4

**Lang's**  
**white**

**WILL NOT RUB OFF!**

**1/3 BOTTLE - AT ALL STORES**

**FOR ALL KINDS OF WHITE SHOES**

# Mistaken Journey



XII

IT had now become a question of whether we would pick up a herd of gentle cattle before dark. It would be sundown within an hour, and in that latitude, of course, sunset means darkness. But a lot of ground can be covered in an hour, although in our crazy, zig-zag course we were advancing about one mile forward to every three traversed in a lateral direction. By that time we were on familiar grazing campo and when a particularly determined sideways rush had been checked Rufino let out a yell and pointed ahead to where half-a-dozen strange cattle were watching our approach. They belonged to a gentle herd all right, and the remainder soon materialised from behind patches of scrub and tall grasses. We put the wild cattle into them and slackened to a slow walk, gradually urging the whole bunch gently forward without fuss or bother. This gave the new arrivals a chance to gain confidence, and in a few minutes' time when the daylight failed we knew that they were safely integrated with the main body.

WE certainly did present a dismal picture. Everything about us was saturated; our straw hats flopped round our ears, and our exertions in the chase had left both of us and our horses in a very similar condition. And we were still nearly 20 miles from the fazenda! That ride home was an unforgettable experience. It was raining heaven's hardest, and not a star was to be seen, nor a glimmer of light anywhere. At first I rode behind the Indians, with Walter bringing up the rear. But it was so dark that, although I pressed my horse's head against the hindquarters of Rufino's mount, I could see neither him nor his horse. That proved difficult, and as I was frequently losing touch Walter changed places with me. The new arrangement worked better, for, keeping my horse tight behind his, I was just able to distinguish his white shirt some two yards ahead of me, and was guided by it.

We had come into the swamps again, and Walter was inspired to call out, "You're okay now, pal, 'cos if you go to sleep and fall off I'm sure to hear the splash."

Falling into a doze would have been an extremely easy thing to do just then, and it required a real effort to keep awake.

Later the rain ceased and with that relief came another one, for every few seconds our way was lit by intermittent flashes of lightning. Sometimes the flickers were almost continuous, lasting

An account of adventures in Central South America by an English "Innocent Abroad." He is now on a cattle ranch in the Matto Grosso.

for half-a-minute or more at a stretch, while the absence of thunder lent the whole scene a curiously unreal effect. The fireflies, too, came out to cheer us on our way.

We seemed to go on, and on, and on, until at length Walter exclaimed, "How're they comin', son? Rufino knows a short cut from here, an' we ought to be nearly home in a couple of hours, easy."

IT was almost lunchtime next day before Walter awakened me. He looked tired himself, but I was worse, for the mosquitoes had been busy, and until I bathed my eyes they were too swollen to open at all. We both had a touch of the shivers, too, and Walter promptly prescribed stiff doses of quinine, and lots of booze. "Booze" sounds a harsh expression, but it is a good word to describe the native spirit, because it was not beer, neither was it fire-water, like cheap whisky or brandy. It tasted rather like a soft home-made wine, and can be very potent. It is a universal panacea in those parts, and as a tonic with quinine it possesses undoubted medicinal qualities. The native Indians have known about quinine bark for hundreds of years, and will always strip a piece from the tree and chew it to rid themselves of a fever. Quinine bark tastes about as unpleasant as the powder, but Walter's stiff doses were well chopped up, and when mixed with plenty of spirit went down all right.

The treatment was certainly effective, for on the morrow we were both feeling well again and had shaken off all effects of our ride. Two days were spent doing odd jobs round the fazenda, and then once more we were up and doing. This time it was a matter of some urgency, for an Indian had come in from an outlying part of the campo to say that he had seen tracks of cattle leading past his land towards the Bolivian border. He estimated that they numbered more than a hundred head, which was sufficient to warrant our immediate attention. It was a full day's ride to the Indian's home, however, and as he had not ridden in until nearly sunset it was decided to make an early start the following morning. Jose, Rufino, Pietro, and the three other members of the

outfit were warned accordingly, and Pietro just had time before nightfall to go out and round up sufficient horses for the trip.

IT seemed to me like the middle of the night when Walter gave me a shake and said maté was ready. Everything was set for a quick departure, and we had been riding through the swamp for an hour before a rim of the sun showed up above the horizon.

The sunrises and sunsets at Descalvados are things of supreme beauty. "The pearly dawn" is a glib phrase which had never conveyed anything to me; but daybreak in Matto Grosso comes with a transcendental splendour in which the first soft, rosy tints of early morning gleam with the lustre of pearls.

We pushed on with all speed, though until we were clear of the swamps this was no more than a walking pace. Our haste was well rewarded, for we arrived at the Indian settlement soon after mid-day, having made very good time for the journey. The native who had brought news of the straying cattle had returned with us, and guided by him we struck out in a slightly different direction to pick up the tracks of the herd.

Possibly a savage would be amazed to see city dwellers find their way home through a labyrinth of streets and houses, all of which to him would seem exactly alike. But I never failed to marvel at the certainty with which those Indians held a course even in quite unfamiliar country. Our companion turned and twisted through tall grasses, belts of forest, and across mile after mile of open campo before coming to a halt by a patch of grass and scrub. Ahead was a muddy creek which was beginning to fill up with the heavy rains, and here, plain enough, were the tracks of many cattle.

The Indian, whom Walter had rewarded with a large plug of tobacco, now left us, and we followed the trail down the creek to find a camping place while the daylight still held. All at once there was a sudden commotion behind us, and I turned to see Rufino, Jose, and two of the others, charge across the campo in the wake of a small herd of wild pigs. Screaming and yelling in blood-curdling fashion, the riders succeeded in isolating one pig from the rest; it plunged this way and that in a frantic attempt to find shelter in the scanty undergrowth, while the Indians swung at it with the heavy steel ring at the end of their lassoes. After several attempts by all of them, in the course of which the unfortunate pig received

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