My friend Alexander.

Alexander had been gravedigger and caretaker of the cemetery at Papeete ever since young manhood. Now in his sixties, he considered himself the father of those who had been buried under his care. "Mes enfants sont heureux parce que je les soigne".

A walk round the cemetery with him was of great intense interest, for he had tales of hims and hers, which would fill a book.

"Ah, this man was a naval officer, so I buried him next to a sea captain. They can now tell each other stories about the sea.

This man was a landscape painter. See what a beautiful view he has to look at.

A peep into this little stone house was not an inspiring experience. In one corner were skulls. In another were ribs and torsos. In another, legs and arms with any remaining ligaments and muscle fibres attached.

When really emotionally excited, Alexander would more or less shoot out his dentures into his waiting hand waiting to receive them and deposit them in his trouser pocket.
One day he arrived on my doorstep and, having rid himself of his teeth, asked my advice on a most important business proposition. His old wife had rheumatic pains in her legs and could not work her tredle sewing machine. He would like to buy her an electric one.

He had never saved any money, but would I send "These" to America to buy a sewing machine. "These" consisted of samples which he drew from his coat pocket. A handful of gold fillings picked from the teeth of the occupants of the Carnal House, coupled with some wedding and other rings, all of which were his legitimate perquisites.

After a long and animated discussion, the only practical solution to the difficulty seemed to be to offer the precious metal in turn to the wedding ring maker and the dentist, and accept the highest bid. This was eventually done, the successful bidder being the dentist,