

as might be the situation, we were still in the midst of a malarious mangrove swamp, prudent considerations prevailed, and it was decided to move on. After giving time, therefore, to the coolies to cook and eat their well-earned repast, everything was put into the prahu, which lay half in and half out of the water. Mabelle and I then seated ourselves in the centre of the boat, while everybody else pushed and shouted; some wading, some occasionally swimming. Thus we proceeded down the shallow stream, the prahu frequently on her beam-ends on one side or the other, until righted by friendly hands; shipping comparatively little water, but still taking enough to make everything damp and uncomfortable.



THE SHOOTING PARTY.

It was a curious sight, the long boat, pushed by fifty or sixty natives and about a dozen Europeans, now in the water, now almost out of it. In the fast-fading twilight the scene looked picturesque and characteristic.

Resuming our now rapid voyage down the stream, we presently reached the spot where our own boats were waiting for us. Mabelle and I took possession of the cutter, the gentlemen of the steam-launch, and all proceeded, as far as circumstances would allow, to change our wet and dry clothes. Then we joined company, and as soon as the prahu had discharged all her passengers and cargo our little flotilla proceeded in the original order down the river.