



the bank facing the vessel, and put before her, as if claiming the attention of the strangers, a four-year-old child.

"Oh, Perran, may I go to her? There can be no danger," cried 'Lisbeth, breathless with excitement. "See, she is quite alone."

Gaining permission, she quickly crossed the pebbly bed of the river. The poor savage visibly trembled at her approach, using every gesture of humility and deference, even to kneeling before her.

On reaching the spot, 'Lisbeth found that the elder child was scarred with disease, and that the mother was pointing out to her its wounds. She shook her head at the handkerchief and looking-glass 'Lisbeth would have given her, and entreatingly motioned towards the infant's neck.

Molly was right, the little thing's throat was encircled by the red bead necklace which 'Lisbeth had fastened round it a week before. It was the same baby, then, they had found in the canoe. But what did the mother want? Another necklace for the elder child? 'Lisbeth called to Molly to bring one, and there could be no mistake about the intense satisfaction with which the Papuan mother saw it hung round its neck.

Gaining confidence, she smiled, held up her hands joyfully, and made some strange ejaculations expressive of gratitude. Then she

lifted the babe in the bag, and began to cough violently, afterwards stroking its necklace, and smoothing her face to an expression of supreme content to match the little one's.

"Whatever does she mean?" questioned Molly. "Missis, it's a pity she can't speak out plain, like us. She looks for all the world like Rover at the farm, when he's caught one of the beasts straying and don't know how to tell us."

Yes, indeed, the poor savage had the wistful intelligence of a dumb animal in her face.

"Mistress, me tell," cried a voice from the deck of the *Dart*—and Peter, with Molly's shawl tied around his waist, made his appearance. "Me lady now—me no frighten woman, me come to you," he exclaimed, and darted across the few yards of shingle.

"Me 'xplain," he went on, with the air of an appointed interpreter. "The child have cough, necklace cure it, she know; now she bring other child, he sore sick, you give him necklace, cure him."

The native woman's eyes followed every gesture of the newcomer. She thoroughly understood Peter, and clapped her hands.

Yes, he knew and she knew, and now all would be well; there was no doubt of her gratitude.

But the little pantomime was disturbed by a recall from the *Dart*—Perran's voice, quiet but firm:

"'Lisbeth, Molly, come back at once; don't run—gently. There are more natives in the distance."

So, indeed, there were—a throng pressing quietly forwards. The first visitor held her ground, and signed vigorously for those friends to advance.

She was not even intimidated by the sight of Perran and George, who now thought it well to show themselves on the deck in case the savages had any evil intent. Could she be betraying the white party?

"I think they mean peace; see, they have no bows and arrows," said 'Lisbeth, interpreting the thought.

"What are they carrying or dragging?" cried Captain Mostyn.

Mr. Crane had his glasses raised now. "They are bringing their sick for us to heal," he said.

He was right. Such a procession as filed down to the dry river bed that afternoon! The blind, the halt, the lame, the diseased—one and all in hopes that these strange wonder-workers would restore them to health. That string of red beads had cured the baby of its