

and moistening my finger, rubbed it over the phosphorous and drew a cross upon my forehead. How it seems to burn and smoke, and what a curious wavering glow it gives. The effect was instantaneous. The native fell on his face on the ground, and then rising to his knees, gave a curious, crooning cry, followed by a piercing whistle. At once the edge of the wood was alive with this curious people.

The stakes before the door were torn up, and we were brought out, raised high in the arms of sturdy bearers, and carried to the water.

All along the way the path was lined with natives on their knees, singing a quaint, crooning chant, and it seemed like a triumphal procession. The king received us at the water's edge, and seated us at his side in the canoe of state.

I need say but little, and that briefly, of our further experiences. How we found a people who were able to understand their monkey neighbors, as well as the savage "humans" near them, and formed the "missing link" between the two. How we gradually learned the language of this strange people, and how we aided them to repulse an incursion of their bloodthirsty neighbors from the coast, by bringing the "lightning and thunderbolt" of our little gods (or revolvers) to devour the foremost of their enemies, causing the rest to flee in terror. But the secret of their veneration for the cross we finally gained. It seemed that far back in the dim ages of their history, perhaps as long ago as the thirteenth or fourteenth century, a band of wandering Christians, numbering among them two knights, were cast upon the shores of New Guinea, driven far out of their course by the wild sea waves. At that time, all the southern shore of the islands belonged to this race of beings, and the shipwrecked crew fell into their hands. All were murdered except the two knights, who, protected by their armor, fought so long and valiantly that their assailants finally desisted at last to grant a truce and secure the two heroes as allies. The knights lived long among them, fighting their battles and gaining their love and respect. The natives heard the story of the cross for the first time, and though it never made much impression upon their shallow minds, the *symbol* grew to be respected, as having attached to it the powers of the invincible knights. One of the knights had carved upon the rocky headland the emblems which I had discovered, hoping they might bring help at some time. After two years, as I have said, Karl and I finally persuaded the natives to guide us to the northwestern shore, or at least to the peaks of the mountain range, which at that point approached the coast quite closely. Here we watched for a sail, and when at last the long-expected white speck showed upon the distant horizon, we pushed our way through the jungle to the shore. On the beach we lit a fire, hoisted a white flag, and our efforts were rewarded by the sight of a ship being hauled to, and a boat putting off for the shore. Two hours later we stood on the deck of the British ship "Nelson," and in due course of time landed in Hong Kong. We had promised to return to our long-tailed friends; but I must acknowledge that this was a stratagem justified by the old adage, "All's fair in love or war," and from that day to this I have never set eyes or foot on the island of New Guinea. As for Karl, he is now a well-to-do burger in old Amsterdam.

FRANK M. FOREST.

MY SATURDAYS.

(Continued)

III.

Of course I did not like to visit Mead Cottage again in a hurry, as if I were anxious to hear what had happened in my absence; but I had not very long to wait. Mrs. Roper was one of those unfortunate persons whose mind and body act and react upon each other so closely that it is always open to kind friends to call their mental sufferings indigestion, and their bodily ailments "nerves." She was at Church on Sunday, but on Monday she was prostrate, and was very unwell for two or three days. Cherry ostentatiously blamed the damp, and I privately blamed Cherry. She would not send for me while her mother was actually ill, and there certainly was no occasion, as she was herself the cleverest and tenderest of nurses; but on Thursday I had a note from her asking me to spend the whole of the next day with them, and mentioning that I should have to go round by the road, as the little foot bridge was now quite under water.

"One more such victory and you are undone, my poor friend," I remarked that Friday afternoon after I had enjoyed Mrs. Roper's narrative of her encounter with Mr. Goldthorpe. It has taken too much out of you."

"What does that matter?" she said. "It has given Cherry time to think again; and she only needs time for thought. My child could not do such a thing deliberately. This little illness of mine has been a fortunate thing. It has given us both occupation, and allowed us to hold our tongues. We should have vexed each other if we had been shut up together these wet days and obliged to talk."

We were sitting in the drawing-room, Mrs. Roper reclining, invalid fashion, in an easy chair well lined with pillows, and wrapped in a large white shawl. Suddenly a loud knock came to the door. She startled and flushed painfully.

"It is that man again," she said. Oh, I did not think it would have been so soon!"

"Let me tell him that you are too unwell to see him," I said, making a move toward the door; but she stopped me.

"He does not want to see me; it is Cherry; and I promised that he should see her, if she chose. He must come in."

As we were speaking the door was opened. It was Mr. Goldthorpe who had knocked, and he did ask only for Cherry; but it never occurred to stupid little Jane to do anything but show him into the drawing-room, while she went in great excitement to tell her. Of course he fell into a confusion of apologies and explanations when he saw the state of affairs; but he did not offer the best of all possible apologies by taking himself away. On the contrary, he discoursed about his journey to Paris, until Cherry appeared. She looked flushed and serious and greeted him quietly.

After about ten minutes of company talk, she said:—

"You will excuse me, I am sure, Mr. Goldthorpe, but now that mamma is so unwell she is my first object; and when you arrived I was going a little cooking for her which I cannot leave to the servant. I must go back and see to it."

"Certainly," answered Mr. Goldthorpe; "don't mind me, I beg. I shall feel gratified by your not standing upon ceremony with me, and I am sure Mrs. Roper must feel an appetite for food cooked by your hands."

"Then I will say goodbye," said Cherry, holding out her hand.

"But aren't you coming back? I don't mind waiting. I only came from Paris this morning, and I have come down here at once to see you." His voice grew quite piteous.

"Oh, yes, I am coming back," said Cherry, glancing at her mother rather uncertainly. "But, you see, we are a little put out just at present."

Mrs. Roper's hospitable instincts now came uppermost.

"Suppose, dear, you combine that cookery for me with tea for everybody. Mr. Goldthorpe needs some refreshment, I am sure, after his tiring day, and Mrs. Singleton likes to go home early."

There was general acquiescence. Cherry departed to her household cares, and Mr. Goldthorpe and I talked Paris with redoubled vigor. In about half an hour a pleasant and substantial meal appeared, over which Cherry presided. Her lover expanded in the presence of his goddess; he was radiant with good humor, paid compliments all round, especially to her, and actually told some anecdotes, at which he laughed very loudly himself. Cherry smiled amiably, and I thought of the days when she would know them all by heart, and have to laugh as dutifully the seventh time of hearing as the first.

After tea she sang us a couple of pretty songs, and Mr. Goldthorpe sat by the piano and beat time. If there is any practice calculated to drive a singer distracted it is that; and Cherry's forehead wrinkled, and she left out a verse of her song.

"That's the sort of singing I like in a lady," he remarked when she had finished. "No fuss about it, no screaming or running all about the place; but just a pretty little song that you can enjoy after dinner. When I want professionals, I can pay for them."

This dubious compliment perhaps accounted for the slight bang with which Cherry shut the piano; and I rose to say good-night, knowing that Mrs. Roper must be tired, and hoping that Mr. Goldthorpe would follow my example and postpone his proposal to a more favorable opportunity.

"I shall see you safe on the high road," said Cherry decisively. "Our lane is not in a state for you to travel by yourself in the dark. I'll get the lantern."

She speedily reappeared, cloaked and bearing the lantern, and of course, Mr. Goldthorpe could do nothing else but offer to carry it. We started off, but did not go far. We had barely gone round the corner of the house when a lapping sound close by startled us. Mr. Goldthorpe held the lantern lower, and it gleamed upon water lying on the ground walk. He held it higher, and it gleamed upon water covering the whole path, and we could hear the stream gurgling through the gate at the end.

"The flood must have risen tremendously fast," said Cherry. "Why, you came through this way three hours ago, Mr. Goldthorpe?"

"Upon my word, I couldn't have believed it," he said, much perturbed. "I never guessed anything of this sort was likely to happen."

"I wonder if I could wade it," I speculated. "Impossible," said Cherry decisively. "The ground rather falls than rises beyond the garden gate as far as the first turn of the lane. You would find the water deeper the further you went."

"And we could not manage the boat in the dark?"

"We could not get to it. It is laid up—as we thought, high and dry—on the mound near the shrubbery, and there is a stream between us and it now."

"Then, what is to be done?" asked Mr. Goldthorpe.

"There is only one thing to be done," Cherry answered gaily. "You must resign yourselves to circumstances and be our prisoners for tonight. We'll put up somehow—you must not be too particular—and in the morning if you can't make your escape in our own boat we shall easily be able to signal some one to bring us a punt."

"I, for one, shall be contented to be a prisoner to so fair a jailer," said Mr. Goldthorpe gallantly.

I reappeared in the house, feeling somewhat discomfited, but Cherry and her lover were in high spirits. Explanations were made to Mrs. Roper, whom Cherry insisted on taking off to bed; and after she had disposed of her for the night arrangements for the accommodation of her unexpected guests kept her busy away from us. Mr. Goldthorpe, sitting alone in the drawing-room with me, began to look on the shady side of his imprisonment.

"I suppose we are sure to be able to get a boat in the morning?" he questioned anxiously.

"It depends upon whether any come this way or not, I should say," I replied. "I must say I cannot think what is to bring them."

"But if I don't get a boat I can't get back to town, and I must be at my office at twelve tomorrow. I have a most important engagement."

"Then I hope you will get a boat."

"At any rate, this sort of thing can't last. The river will go down as fast as it came up, I daresay."

"Floods have been known to last three weeks without abating," I told him for his encouragement. "I was willing that Cherry should see how cross he could be. In spite of his fine speeches he was rapidly falling into that state of mind, and when Cherry announced that our rooms were ready he made no attempt to detain her for the *été d'été* which now at length was possible, but took his candle, and marched away gloomily to his chamber. Cherry gave me her room, and went to her mother's; but I did not sleep very well in her little white bed, for the river whirled confusedly through my dreams."

With the first gleam of daylight I was at the window, and looked out upon a sea of brown waters. I afterward learned that a weir had burst, which accounted for the rapid rise. The water was up to the very walls of the house, and flowing past it in a strong stream. Evidently, there was no possibility of escape from within. Was there any of rescue from without?

I did not feel very cheerful as I went down to breakfast, nor did Mr. Goldthorpe look so. He was standing at the dining-room window watching for boats.

"This is a bad business, ma'am," he said as I came in.

"I hope there is nothing worse before us than a few hours in comfortable quarters and pleasant society," I replied, trying to be cheerful.

"As to society there can be no doubt; the quarters are not quite the same thing. If I did, you know, ma'am, is a second nature, and I must own that I find it difficult to dispense with certain little comforts."

At this juncture Cherry entered, followed by Jane with a tray, and I must say that Mr. Goldthorpe did full justice to the little comforts that were still at his disposal. Mrs. Roper was reported not so well, having had a wakeful night, and I knew to what to attribute it.

Would Mr. Goldthorpe use his opportunity? No man ever had a better. Here he was, shut up with his lady-love for hours, her mother safe out of the way, and her other chaperon frequently sitting with the invalid. I knew at least one other who would have cared little in such a situation for floods outside and business in London, but thought himself in paradise. Mr. Goldthorpe was of a different opinion. He kept perpetually fighting over to the window, looking out for the boat that never came, and interrupting all attempts at talk or occupation.

"It's no use, Mr. Goldthorpe," said Cherry at last. "Nothing seems to pass us except some poor man's turnips. You'd better occupy yourself in fishing for them. We may be thankful to have them for dinner in a day or two."

"For dinner?"

"Well, seriously, things look somewhat blue. We have very little room for keeping anything in this house, and we get most things in small quantities. The butcher was to have called this very day, and unless he takes a boat to us now we shall be short commons at dinner time. The only things that we have a good supply of are flour, bacon, tea and jam."

"We can't starve, at any rate," I remarked, much relieved by the presence of tea on the list.

"But one can't live on flour and bacon," said Mr. Goldthorpe in dismay.

"Flour can be made into bread, and I shall proceed to effect the conversion if necessary," laughed Cherry. "If we can't live on bread, bacon and tea, for a day or two, we must be Sybarites."

"One need not be a Sybarite to object to living like a farm laborer," Mr. Goldthorpe muttered. "Really, when one lives in such a place, one should make provision for what may happen."

Cherry did not reply, but left the room rather offended. By-and-by she recovered her temper and her sense of duty toward Mr. Goldthorpe. She returned to the drawing-room and tried with all her might to entertain him. She sang to him until he got up and walked to the window, yawning and looking out for boats. She played cribbage with him until he grew tired of beating her and she grew tired of being beaten. She took her work and waited for him to begin making love to her, but he never began. In the intense *cunni* of that day the poor girl did ample penance for the sin of her flirtation with him.

At last, about the middle of the afternoon, an idea struck her.

"If you are so very anxious to go, Mr. Gold-

thorpe, can't you make an attempt to get the boat? It is only at the other side of the shrubbery, tied up, and the oars are in the house. I don't think the water can be above your knees anywhere between us and it, and once you had got to it you would be all right."

"Let me tell you, Miss Roper," he replied ill-temperedly, "that it is not so easy to walk in a current of water up to one's knees; I should probably lose my footing. And when I had got the boat, it would be of no use. I am not accustomed to rowing, especially in such awkward places as this. I should certainly be upset and drowned, and I prefer the chance of being starved."

Cherry subsided, and the day dragged through without any heroic attempt at remedy. We had what I should have thought a nice and sufficient little dinner, but for Mr. Goldthorpe's scarcely disguised disgust; and we ladies enjoyed an hour's peace while he slept after it. We all went to bed early, and if ever girl looked utterly fagged and worn out it was Cherry Roper on the night of that wet Saturday which was to have been her betrothal day.

IV.

Morning dawned, and a dreary light spread slowly over a dreary scene. We had agreed that ten o'clock would be quite soon enough for breakfast, and about that hour I wended my way down stairs. The hall door was open, and Mr. Goldthorpe stood at it, staring out dismally at the prospect and keeping up his everlasting watch for boats. So far from falling, the flood had risen in the night, and it was now nearly up to the step. Marked only by the tops of submerged hedges and palfings, the brown water stretched in front of us over miles of country. We could not tell how far it spread, for trees bounded our view, but under and around every visible object there was the dull gleam of water. The trees swayed in the current across the meadows, the pines dipped their needles into the quiet stream that overflowed the shrubberies, distant roofs seemed to rise out of the river and we could hear a faint howling as of cows in distress. Every now and then something indistinguishable would float down the main stream, too far away for us to make out what it might be, though we strained our eyes; but never came a boat. Indeed, none could have come by way of the river; it would have been impossible for any to have lived in such a current. The sky was heavy and looked full of rain, and there seemed no reason why the flood should ever go down.

It was not a cheerful sight, and I turned from it to meet Cherry in the dining-room.

"Breakfast is ready," she said. "We have eaten all our bread, and so I have made some hot cakes. But matters are growing serious. I find Jane was mistaken in telling me that she had plenty of flour; we have only about as much left as I have used this morning. The moral of this is—to-morrow we shall probably starve."

"I don't think we shall be left to starve," I said, as cheerfully as I could; people will be sure to remember what a predicament we must be in."

"I don't know who there is to think much about us," said Cherry, drearily. "And that boat lying there, a few yards off! Oh, if we only had a man with us, instead of a foolery!"

The foolery was summoned to breakfast and told the state of affairs, and that it was necessary to make our provisions go as far as we could. He only replied that of course a boat would come, and it was nonsense to starve ourselves; he, for one, was not going to do it. And accordingly, while Cherry and I only ate enough to keep us going, he made extra havoc among the precious cakes, by way of protest against our abstinence. Cherry's patience at last gave way, and when he made a momentary pause she rose from the table and carried away the dish. Mr. Goldthorpe glared after her.

"Polite, upon my word!" he remarked.

I could not stand any more of him just then, and left the room. I was going up stairs when I heard a sudden call from Cherry in the kitchen. I hurried to her; she was standing at the back door, with clasped hands and gleaming eyes.

"A boat!" she cried. "A boat, coming here!"

I looked where she pointed, and through one of the bare hedges could see something moving in a neighboring field.

"Let us call," I said. "It may not come to us."

"It is coming," said Cherry. "Don't you trouble."

"I wonder who it can be!" I remarked innocently.

She turned and flashed a look at me. "A friend of yours," she said, her eyes dancing with fun, "come to take you home to luncheon. There'll be all the more cakes for Mr. Goldthorpe's tea."

The boatman knew his way, apparently. He was feeling along the hedge for a thin place, where he could force his boat through, for of course it was impossible to open any gates. We could hear him breaking away boughs. Presently there appeared among the thorns what proved to be the bow of a light river gig, and slowly the inmate pushed and pulled himself and his boat through. The instant that he had done so, however, he was in the full current of the stream which flowed past the lawn; his boat was whirled round and swept away toward the river. He had been obliged to draw in his oars when passing her through the hedge, and now he could not at once get them into use. In that moment, how far he had been carried! Could he