

ing of child and mother took place, so 'Lisbeth's curiosity could not be satisfied.

A few miles farther on, they halted; and the larder being destitute of fresh meat, the engineer and Captain Mostyn went on shore to try for some pigeons. Hitherto great caution had been used regarding the firing of guns. It was not thought desirable thus to excite or terrify the natives, but after the events of the morning there was no further need for care in this respect. A half-dozen hooded pigeons were soon added to the stores, thus sparing the parrot from the necessity of forming part of the dinner that day.

While Sin-sing and his boy undertook the preparation of the meal, as many of the crew as could be spared went on shore to cut wood fuel for the engine, thus saving the coal.

"Don't be frightened if you hear a report," said Perran to his wife, "for I may probably try for another pigeon or so."

And surely enough two guns were fired in the forest hard by, followed shortly after by sounds of exultation. What could Sam and George be dragging through the dense undergrowth with such difficulty? A bird? A kangaroo? They had as yet seen none of the latter, though they had been told the country produced them.

At last the return party came in full view of the steamer, and the spoil proved to be a fine pig. Molly was delighted.

"We must thank Captain Cook for this," said Perran. "He first brought pigs to this coast, I find. Molly, this makes one think of home, doesn't it?"

Yes, Molly felt very much at home at the idea of pork and ham, and all sorts of good things to be realized out of the pig; but when it came to the cooking, and curing, and storing part of the business, there was nearly everything wanting, materials and utensils, and Sin-sing proved more up to the work than the Englishwomen. He was equal, Mr. Crane declared, to producing a dinner out of an old shoe.

"Perran," said 'Lisbeth, in the contented pause which followed the meal, "I don't see any chance of our starving here, and somehow, as we are prepared, I don't fear the natives doing us any harm; but I cannot imagine how we are to make friends with them, and find out about Jesse."

"Don't be in a hurry, child," said her husband; "be satisfied that each day that we creep farther up this river brings us a step nearer to him."

"I like to hear you speak so," said 'Lisbeth. "Do you know, Perran," she whispered, "I thought I was the only one who really expected to find him."

"You have all the hope and ardor of a child, Mrs. Proudfoot; excuse me saying so,"

put in Captain Mostyn. "I don't want to depress you, but when we get a few miles higher up the stream we shall, I fear, have to contend with a worse enemy than hostile natives."

"What enemy?" cried 'Lisbeth, curiously; "oh, please tell me, Captain Mostyn."

"Fever. Perran, there, has a nasty swampy district marked on his map which we must pass through; fever must linger there."

"And shall we all catch it?" asked 'Lisbeth.

"Probably, if not certainly."

"Well, I am a capital nurse, and so is George," she answered cheerfully; "and you have lots of quinine, haven't you, sir?"

"Yes, there is no lack of that."

"Well, then, I am not going to dread the fever. Somehow I feel as if we should be protected in this journey; it has been so fortunate hitherto, hasn't it, Perran?"

"Indeed, yes," he answered; "it has been quite a pleasure trip, but for anxieties about our native friends. What they will think of us now, I don't know. We are sure to be watched, and probably they may get over their fears and try another sally."

"Perran, we'll follow up the impression of to-day," cried the Captain; "we'll give any spectators a free night's entertainment. A few fireworks will not be wasted here."

So, at dusk, blue and red lights were burned, and a rocket or two sent up. Peter and Molly were certain they saw black figures watching on the banks, and it was very probable that such was the case. Anyhow, the display plunged Peter and Johnny into the wildest state of delight and excitement, and it was some time before the *Dart* calmed down to quiet and bedtime.

It was Perran's watch that night. He was leaning silently against the side of the vessel, when 'Lisbeth crept out of her close little cabin.

"Perran," she whispered, "I could not say it before all the rest, but I feel we shall succeed in this journey. Whatever happens we shall find Jesse. I have prayed for it. And while we have taken all precautions, firearms and quinine, and presents for the natives, I don't forget that our best defence is God. You were praying to Him now, weren't you, Perran?"

He took her hand in the darkness. The grasp seemed to say, Yes. "Go in, dear, I do not like you to expose yourself to the night air."

"Say one word for me to hear, Perran," she pleaded. He knew what she meant.

"God bless us all, and help us to press *straightforward* in this search," he murmured.

"Amen," answered 'Lisbeth.

And then she loosed his hand, and crept into her comfortless bed beside Molly, who was, of course, sound asleep. She had no cares, no anxieties; was she not with the young Missis, and what more could she want?

(To be continued.)