

took it as a summons to the God of the white-skins. What new and fearful manifestations might now be called forth they did not wait to see. Bullets they might have dared, but not this summons to the Unseen. They fled again precipitately.

Once more the *Dart* had the Great River to itself, and the relieved voyagers congratulated each other on their deliverance; while Sin-sing's broad white face resumed its confidence, and his pigtail flew hither and thither in his efforts to provide a better dinner than usual for his defenders.

But Molly would have nothing to say to his cheerful advances.

"Go along with you, you grave-stealer," she said. "You deserve to have that pigtail of yours cut off, and I'll do it next time you get us into a scrape," which threat kept Sin-sing very penitent and alarmed for some time—perhaps even more so than the sterner reproof he received from the Captain.

On, and on, and on, went the *Dart*; past high banks and low banks, reedy marshes and songless forests, wide stretches of plain without sign of human creature, and villages dotted with strange leaf-thatched dwellings, from which the inhabitants still fled, terrified and untamable, at sight of the strangers.

Lisbeth almost began to feel dazed at heart, as if that Great River flowed on forever and ever, and they were forced, day by day, to do their resultless task of breasting its current.

A week's bout of fever had added to the dreariness of the voyage as far as she was concerned; and once she terrified Perran by momentarily forgetting the object of their journey, and asking him why they were always on board ship; were they never to get home?

They had not spoken of Jesse now for some time—indeed, conversation had become rare among them all; fatigue, privation, and unsuitable food were reducing the strength and spirit of the party.

Molly first put this into words: "Master," she said to Perran, "when shall we start up country? It may be harder work travelling ashore, but it'll do us all good to rough it. Missis, she wants rousing like. I'll get Peter to chat a bit to her this evening; he can tell fine tales when he chooses, and that'll be better than nothing."

True to her word, good Molly decoyed Peter that afternoon near the open cabin door, and began abruptly: "I say, Peter, let's hear something about your parts now; I've told you about the farm and King's Cobbe till I'm tired."

Thus challenged, Peter readily, if in broken language, launched out into glowing descriptions of the beautiful island to which he belonged, and the happy days he had spent there in dancing, singing, riding, and swimming.

"I suppose no one ever has a trouble in

your parts," remarked Molly, rather sarcastically.

There was no answer, which so surprised Molly—who was accustomed greatly to enjoy herself sparring with Peter—that she looked up. Could it be? Were those tears shining in Peter's twinkling eyes? Was that the reason he could not answer her?

"I say, Peter," she began anxiously.

"Go away," cried the lad, passionately, "go away, let me be. Why you ask such question?"

"I didn't mean any harm," said Molly penitently; "I'm sorry, Peter; don't be vexed along of me."

Sympathy is consoling all the world over, and when Peter heard Molly's softened tones, and saw her face looking sorrowfully up at him, he craved yet more pity, and told the tale of sorrow which linked itself to his apparently careless existence.

It was not the sort of cheering conversation Molly had intended, but it answered her purpose just as well; for drooping Lisbeth was much interested by it, and raised herself on her elbow in the little cabin, the better to catch each word.

Peter could not see her, he imagined that Molly was the sole listener, and Molly—spite of occasional differences between the pair—was his great friend.

"I dessay you never been to Hawaii," began Peter.

As he waited for an answer, Molly was obliged to confess that Truro had been the limit of her travels up to this journey.

"Well, then, you've never seen the beautifullest place in the world," asserted Peter. Molly would have liked to show fight here, but, remembering those two tears she had called up, she restrained herself.

"Sun always shine there," continued Peter. "Plenty to eat, nothing to do, never need wash" (the cleanliness insisted upon on board the *Dart* was a continual fret to lazy Peter); "sea always warm for bathe, every one glad; all women beautiful, with flowers in hair, round neck, round waist."

Molly opened her eyes.

"My sister laugh all day, me laugh too——"

Here Molly was obliged to interrupt the narrator. "Why, Peter," she cried, "you never told me you had a sister; you said you hadn't a soul in the world belonging to you. But I suppose she's dead now," continued Molly, in a grave tone, for Peter had again turned his head away.

His voice was a little sharper when he resumed his story. "I'm thinking back, Molly," he said gravely, "and I'm telling true all round. She not dead, my sister; she dead-alive!"

Molly gave a short cry.