

they had been mercifully preserved so far—why doubt or fear?

Yet, as if to try them, Captain Mostyn awoke next morning heavy and languid. "In for another touch of fever," he said, with an attempt at a smile. "Perran, old fellow, get out the medicine tin, I expect I shall not make much of this."

Alas! he had then to be told of the grievous loss. He knew the importance of it. Yet he answered cheerfully, "Don't look so down, old chap; it's all right; if I am to get better, I shall."

'Lisbeth could not help a burst of tears, when she realized that this precious life was in danger through the treachery of a servant.

"Don't cry, go and pray for him," said George. He was a man of very few words. He had prayed, his sister felt sure. She dried her eyes and called Molly. "Two or three" should pray, and then, indeed, Jesus, the healer, would come into their midst.

"Is he very ill, missis?" asked Peter, who looked on the stupor of fever as nothing very alarming.

"I am afraid," was all 'Lisbeth could say.

Her fears proved correct. The young man's attack was so sharp, that without medicine it seemed, humanly speaking, impossible he should recover.

Peter was very disconsolate. He had an affectionate heart. He wandered a little apart, coming suddenly on Joe working hard with axe and pick in the loose ground.

"What you do there?" enquired Peter, wondering.

Joe shut his eyes and drooped his head. "For Captain."

He was digging a grave!

"Captain not dead and not going to die," declared Peter, angrily. "What do you mean, you scoundrel young savage?"

Luckily, Joe did not comprehend all Peter's wrathful expletives; he paused, however, amazed at his angry tone. He was only working for the good of the party. Why should he be blamed?

Perhaps Peter's conscience smote him when he saw the cloud on the poor lad's face, for he took pains to explain that he was in a rage with that Sam, who had run off with all the medicine.

A sudden light came into Peter's eyes as he endeavored to make the lad understand. Sam would never carry that heavy pack far. He would surely throw away what he would regard as useless. If only he could get on his trail! No doubt Sam would try to make what Peter called straight tracks for the coast! That would be by yonder forest, he reflected, the forest they had just left behind them. Joe had a good nose, he would consult him.

The queer pair did hold a conversation, the

result of which was that they set off towards the forest, arm-in-arm, the best of friends.

Not till next morning did it strike anyone to miss them. Then 'Lisbeth lifted tired eyes to Perran—she had watched half the night by the now delirious sufferer—and said: "Have they gone, too, Peter and Joe?"

It looked as if they had deserted the camp in its distress, certainly. That was a bad moment for the remnant.

'Lisbeth and Ferran stood watching the restless, fever-stricken man.

"He must die, then?" she said, in a tone of despair. "Oh, Perran, I can't bear it. Poor Sir John, poor Lady Mostyn!"

At that moment there was a shout in the distance. Perran ran to the hut door, for they had found a lodge in the wilderness in which to shelter their sick.

Peter and Joe were coming toward them, the former holding something triumphantly in the air.

It was the tin case of medicine! Oh, the joy and relief of the sight! 'Lisbeth felt her heart jump with thankfulness, she could not speak. She seized almost like a tigress the precious box, and administered the medicine. Then she laughed and cried, and shook hands with Peter and Joe, who, tired and hungry, were trying to find something to satisfy their cravings.

"Good boys!" she cried, "good boys, the best in the world, where did you find the tin—tell me?"

"Dat lazy hulk, Sam, he not carry it far," said Peter, brightening, and pausing before crunching the bone of a pigeon he had discovered near the ashes of yesterday's fire. "But it took Papua boy to find his track, and Joe here he very good boy at that. We look, and look, and at last find his great ugly foot, and then search all bush, and I find papers and books, and last dis box and empty bottle of beetle-killer. He drank dat, Sam, he have, I do hope! Think it grog." Peter grinned delightedly at the idea.

'Lisbeth was too excited to listen. She ran back to their quarters and brought the handsomest reward she could think of for the pair, some of Perran's best tobacco.

"And the Captain's going to get well now?" asked Peter.

"Please God, please God!" prayed poor 'Lisbeth, going back to her watch.

*(To be continued.)*

"Life is a leaf of paper white,  
Whereon each one of us may write  
His word or two, and then comes night;  
Though thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime;  
Not failure, but low aim, is crime."