

window-seat, her head resting against the jamb, her eyes closed, her hands lightly folded.

'Are you asleep?' I inquired. 'I came to ask you to take luncheon with me.'

She opened her gentle, tired eyes, smiling sweetly as she looked up into my face.

'Thank you,' she replied, 'but excuse me, please. Another time, if you will be so kind. I have a slight headache, and will not eat anything until evening. I think it must be the excitement.'

'What excitement?'

'Of Gertrude's going. The joy of it—the strangeness of it. To think that the child will see Venice, the idol of my heart; that all her life long she will have it to remember. The dear thing is full of it.'

'And to think, above all, if it had not been for you it would never have happened!'

'How?' inquired the seamstress.

'Ah, neighbor Fanny, through my open door I learn many things,' said I.

She blushed and turned her eyes away.

'Dear Miss, you are mistaken,' she said. 'The child is so pretty, so attractive, it was that.'

'Think so, if you like. But I wish you were in Gertrude's place.'

'I? Such a poor, lame creature could never get about, even in gondolas. They would have to lift me. I would only be a burden and a spoil-pleasure. I have my Venice always here beside me. I can visit it whenever I choose.'

'Have you never longed for it?'

'Never. That would be too foolish, to presumptuous. Thank God I have never wished for what He has not granted me.'

'Not even for health?'

'No.'

'I hope she will write—that harum-scarum Gertrude.'

'I did not ask her to write; it might take something from her supreme enjoyment, and the time is very short. She may, but what can one expect of a child? When she returns—ah, Miss, that will be the climax of joy! We can talk of it forever.'

I saw two tears chase each other down either pale and withered cheek.

'Why are you crying?' I asked, trying to smile, as she put up her hand to wipe them away.

'From pure joy and happiness,' said Fanny Rotapfel.—*Rosary Magazine.*

ADVENTURES IN PAPUA

WITH THE CATHOLIC MISSION

(Reprint of A.C.T.S. Publication.)

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW.

(Concluded.)

IV.

After Dilava came the last and worst stage of the journey—the walk on to Mafulu, a thousand feet higher, and five and twenty miles away, across I do not know how many ranges, rivers, and gorges. I was to sleep at Deva-Deva, the half-way point, in a village inhabited by people who had been the most violent of cannibals ten short years ago. My carriers, engaged about Oba-Oba, all little mountaineers with pouter-pigeon chests and sinewy, hand-like feet, had been cannibals too, not so very long ago—at least, the elder ones had. Now, they were entirely amiable and well-mannered, behaved quite angelically during the two days' march—which is saying much for New Guinea carriers—and one or two of them even addressed me in halting English and broken French. . . . To hear a wild-looking, naked savage, who has eaten human flesh within the last few years, say: 'Merci, ma Soeur,' when you give him a bit of tobacco, is to experience one of the oddest sensations offered even by this oddest of countries.

One of the Fathers caught me up on the way, and walked with me a few miles, leaving me at Deva-Deva, which I reached with my carriers about 12 o'clock, thus winning the daily race with the rain by a handsome margin. The track was beautiful, but heavy for walking. It began by a descent of a thousand feet or more; then ran up to four thousand two hundred without a break, the climate changing as we climbed, the exquisite bamboo-liana beginning to drape the forest in garland of feathery green, pink and scarlet begonias coming out along the track, the air beneath the damp arcade of trees growing so chill that one dared not stop to rest, all heated as one was with climbing. Now crimson honeysuckle, and balsams, scarlet, yellow, and white, and flowers like quaint carvings in Chinese ivory shone out among the green; wild raspberries skirted the track, strange fruits—blue, purple, red, and yellow—strewn themselves upon the way. . . . The pass was gained, and down we went from four thousand two hundred to one thousand five hundred, in loop after loop of winding tracks, out of the sheer walls of the mountain side. Thirteen miles or so in all—and here was Deva-Deva, a cluster of low brown huts, set (for once) on a small bit of level, and carefully fenced in with strong bamboo fences.

Here I pitched my calico tent and fly for the night, being constrained to sleep in the village by the fear of wild boars, which are very plentiful in the deep forests surrounding the village, and often run about at night, attacking anything they may see. As it was, I thought well to keep my lantern burning all night; it seemed fairly clear that two thicknesses of calico were not enough to stop a charging boar, if the worst came to the worst. The village houses were quite as much black beetle as house, and not even the fear of wild boars could constrain me to sleep in one. Soon the people came home from the gardens, and (of course) made a stampede for the new arrival, crowding into the tent, fingering my belongings, begging for all they saw, pushing, staring. They had seen the Sisters once, when the latter passed through to visit Mafulu; but that was

All They Knew of White Women.

The village begged to see my hair let down, because they had learned that the strange white woman had peculiar hair, like the tail of a bullock, and they wanted to know if this lie could possibly have any foundation in fact.

It kept them amused for a good half-hour, until I grew tired of the exhibition, and of the howls and hoppings on one leg that greeted it. Thereafter, I put a bar across the door of my tent by the simple method of tying a strand of grass from pole to pole, and not a native crossed it.

When it grew dark, the funny little pigmy folk cooked their sweet potatoes, and ate them in the different houses, before composing themselves to rest. They have a pretty fashion of singing themselves to sleep with lullabies, murmured softly and more softly as the sleepers drop off one by one; but on this particular night they were too excited for singing, and I heard none. Instead, I heard bitter sobs from one of my own carriers—the only one who had come through from the coast—and, on inquiring the reason, was told that a strange chief had come into the men's guest-house, and the people told him it was the man who had tried to kill the Bishop, some years before. The timid lowlander was afraid that the man would immediately kill and eat himself, and required much persuasion before he could go and sleep in the guest-house. I never heard whether his story were true or not, but in any case the chief, if he had been there, was one of the very best friends of the Mission, and much more likely to feed one of its carriers with the best he had than to eat him.

Next morning, I rose before daylight, and got the carriers off in good time, for the walk to Mafulu was a hard one, and the race with the rain might be difficult to win. It was thirteen miles or so again to-day, and even the carefully made track could not make the journey an easy one. A year or two ago, when a native track was the only means of communication, it used to

Ken. Mayo

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