

Suns (part 2)

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In the huge Amazonian forests there are thousands of square miles in which the foot of man has never trodden except possibly a few nomadic tribes such as the Tupanakai who may, in their flight from a cruel, unwelcome civilization elsewhere, have passed that way. ~~The~~ The unknown always holds a thrill for mankind whether he be savage or servant, & no doubt that colossal covering of greenery holds much that may contribute the betterment of humanity, or equally to its wealth; the latter being something that appeals to all - or nearly all & has been, in most parts, the incentive that brought the East to the West. Unfortunately such intrusions ^{were} ~~was~~ carried out largely on the principle of Something for Nothing & at first the fortunes were large, the prizes great, but the great Amazon Forests are far from being tamed & have a way of striking back at the intruder. There are a full baker's dozen of diseases that kill & a hundred & one that can cripple or cause intense annoyance & irritation of all who wander the forests. In the larger settlements which have money you find doctors of course; in the villages which have only raw materials as their medium of exchange the best you can expect is some oldwiseacre who will prescribe some primitive remedy in sickness, or mysterious incantations as a preventative. The urge for sudden riches overrule the thought of disease & man will long chase the chimerical - a Koh-i-noor, a Coolgardie or the Pot at the Rainbow's End. Gradually a sense of fairplay has grown up amongst the civilized peoples of the World & eventually expeditions were sent out by more humane than monetary incentives.

A considerable scientific Research Expedition arrived at Sandeville from Europe, under the supervision of a man with an international reputation for the benefits accruing to such countries as he had previously visited. Under him were half a dozen specialists, men who had made their name in some particular line of study. Attached to each of these men were a couple of youths - picked students of various Universities who by their brilliance & initiative were marked as coming men & in the different subjects for which they had an apparent flair.

Except for disease there was little of interest around Sandeville. There wasn't a soul in the town but was keen to make what each called a fortune & then get out to enjoy life elsewhere; the only exceptions probably being the ministers of religion, who had a rather morbid idea (& theoretical reward) that they were martyrs in this life with the prospect of an outside size of halo & other symptoms of superiority in the next. Boiled down to fact their lives was little better than the doctor, the prospector, the shopkeeper or trader. Life would go on just as well without them. The preservation of the species can be, & largely is, conducted without benefit of clergy, & it was only when some unfortunate person was far beyond earthly help that they were able to conform to the ceremonies of civilization & forward accounts of a lovely burial to the distant relatives, who in most cases, had largely forgotten the person in the crush of making their own livelihood. ~~shinere~~

The doctors of the town were amongst its smartest citizens. They were there to cure disease & on their failure or success depended their fame & eventual fortunes, but the prevention of disease did not interest them.

They were too busy climbing the fickle hill of popularity. The new expeditions were to some extent interested in the facts & figures of the doctors but they were there to work out preventative measures to disease - to ask the childish question "Why, why, why?" & soon settled themselves apart from the curative influences to make their own observations & draw their deductions.

For miles around the city the forest had been cut down at various times & although the secondary growth was almost equal to the original, yet it contained little either of interest or value. The flora was different & the fauna practically non-existent, hence the study of these different subjects from any angle had to be done farther afield - a week, ten days or a month's journey up some of the different creeks & rivers. From Saudeville this was easy due to the peculiar arrangement of natural canals or "itabius" that run parallel to the coast some ⁵⁰ twenty to ¹⁰⁰ thirty miles and connected some half score of quite good sized rivers over ^{a couple} several degrees of latitude. Of these the Sipahiwini offered attractions, easy transport & a fairly large resident population, ^{a section of} & the expedition was soon studying the flora & fauna along either side. It was however found to be also mostly second growth forest or bush & they pushed further inland until they found themselves on the timber grants that had once been owned by De Groot, & which was still operating. Here was original forests & also roads for the overland transport of timber that led for miles inland & made an ideal centre for their work.

Amongst these scientists was a young man in his twentieth year called Maitland, who work was that of collector generally. He was the star pupil

of his university & had shown great promise in botany & entomological study. It was predicted that he was "a coming man" through the talents he undoubtedly possessed, as he had so far carried everything before him with ease, & had a flair for original lines of research & thought. He was an only son of a very wealthy family & the idol of a fond mother. His inclusion in the expedition was easy owing to his brilliance & especially the fact that his mother was prepared to pay all his expenses & to donate a handsome cheque toward the cost of the expedition.

It was necessary that Maitland should have a boy or two to help him in his work & for some time accepted the services of various black or coloured men as were recommended to him as being excellent bushmen. He found these of little use however as they were extremely ignorant of the district & refused to leave the wide open timber paths. Their knowledge of trees was confined to a few economic species which formed their work but they knew absolutely nothing of the flowers or seeds of the birds, beasts & insects met in their daily walks through the forests. He struggled on with this indifferent help for some weeks. But one day the grant owner wanted all hands to manhandle a particularly hefty tree over the corduroy roads to the river & suggested Maitland should go collecting with his two hunters who were aborigines from away up river. They spoke only their own language but they were expert hunters & in any case were the only help available for some days.

To his joy Maitland found these boys knew the forest like an open book. They, at once, took a keen interest in his work & by sign language could give him considerable information. There was one type of tree that

was shedding quantities of flowers on the forest floor, but he could not locate which tree. He pointed to several trees but the Indians shook their heads & eventually one of them showed him a liano as the flower beared. To prove his word the Indian promptly climbed into the forest roof some two hundred feet above the ground & came down with a handful of bushrope & leaves to which were attached a couple of sprays of the flowers he had met on the ground. This was definite proof & something most valuable. Then Maitland picked up various seeds at random & put them alongside the flowers. His guides roared with laughter & shook their heads, but they saved what he wanted apparently. They started arguing & chattering & after a while the elder beckoned him to follow as they started off through the forest. Two hours later they came to rising ground & climbed a small hill - the first Maitland had seen in the country - on the summit of which his boys picked up some seeds & handed them to him. He, in his turn, simply laughed, whereupon one of his men climbed to the tree tops & came down with more bushrope, leaves & some half dozen seeds attached. Again the Indian had quietly produced evidence of his assertion although given in sign language, & Maitland was astonished at the accuracy & knowledge they possessed. He found this knowledge was not confined to the flora of the forest, but applied equally to everything in the forest including the insects in which he was particularly interested.

Unfortunately the expedition was due to start back down river almost at once, but in one week still left Maitland was able to collect more data & specimens with the help of these Indians, than in a month with other assistance. He therefore made the proposal that he should remain behind

when the expedition left for a new centre, as from his angle his present one was far from exhausted. There was certain lines of discovery he wanted to follow up which might not be possible in a new district, nor might he again find such capable assistants. Consent to his proposal was given: the grant holder had timber points going down river every week & he could easily regain the expedition in case of sickness, or such time as he felt his work accomplished.

His fellow scientist had not gone for more than a week when his guides met up with two fellow trappers one day when they were some miles away in the forests. How the two parties met was beyond Maitland, but after a few moments excited conversation his leading boy looked at the dipping saw & strode off for home after beckoning Maitland to follow. Arriving back in camp he found the grant holder equally excited as it appeared some new Indians had arrived about noon to pass the word along that all the members of the tribe were to return home at once. This was going to cripple work on the grant considerably. There were over half a dozen Indians employed: two as hunters who provided considerable quantities of fresh fish & meat for the house & labourers: more were working as axemen & a couple helping sling the heavy trunks to the sides ^{of the transport points} - work that had to be done in deep water & to which the local workers objected owing to their dread of predatory fish, & imaginary snakes. There was considerable argument & every inducement were offered to persuade the Indians to remain at work but their spokesman most emphatically said "No! we go! Things bad, bad topside. Chief call, we go!" There was nothing that could be done but pay these men off & let them return home. but it was already dusk so it was arranged to pay off next morning, which carried them up to noon.

since payment was made in barter, a little of this & a little of that to satisfy the different men's requirements.

Maitland was aghast at losing his helpers. He had grown very attached to his guides & they seemed equally fond of him judging by the efforts they made to please him & carry out his instructions, but argument was useless. Still he persisted until finally the headman said "Come! you come with me" This was a rather astounding invitation but Maitland decided to accept it. On approaching the grant-holder on the subject he was told "I have an important contract to deliver in ^{three months} six weeks time, & Indians I must have to help out. If you care to up in the men's corials, I will despatch a boat to bring you back down immediately ^{at} the full of next moon. The men will find that most likely they have been called home on some silly trivial matter & be quite ready to return to work. You seem to get on well with these people & you might be able to recruit more men for me, ^{as} I don't know how I can possibly make out otherwise."

Maitland got busy assembling such knock-down cases & material as he considered necessary and a supply of food & a quantity of barter. These were distributed between the four corials & the party set off, but not before the headman had cut a series of notches in a piece of wood to indicate how many nights a boat would have to sleep on the way up river together with a description of the various camps as indicated by various falls or rapids or other predominant feature. The boat would arrive at Cachocira Grande on the night of full moon, but if anything unforeseen prevented its arrival, it would be perfectly easy for Maitland to descend whenever it suited him by the same corials he was going up in.

On the way up river Trautland tried to learn a little of the language his boys spoke but there was little time to do so. Whatever was the reason of their being called home it seemed desperately urgent as the men were working like slaves, scarcely stopping to eat during the day, & continuing their work until far into the night. The only real break in their work was for a few moments to shoot a fish or two, or for a short space while they stood impatiently around until it was cooked, or when they hauled the corials up for the night on a sandbank to camp where, dog tired, they were asleep in a few moments. You cannot talk much & work hard at the same time, so Trautland was forced to sit silent most of the voyage, helping in the work when he could or merely watching the scenes around him. He was able only to learn the names of fishes they caught & other simple phenomena. The headman - a boy called Masutta - told him he had a sister who spoke the white man's language. It was she who had sent to summonse them so hurriedly & her name was Butterfly. Trautland doubted very much if he understood this correctly, as with only a few known words at their command, mistakes in understanding could so easily occur.

The sun was half way down in the West when the party reach the Cachocira Grande. Their arrival created no excitement; a few noisy dogs came down to meet them, so the men discharged the corials & began carrying their possessions up to the village. Presently a few women came down to whom were given Trautland's goods to carry up. Masutta said "Come" & they started up the path. The boy led the way straight past the village & on to a solitary hut from which a cripple woman emerged & entered into conversation with him. She introduced herself as Butterfly & shyly gave him a welcome. The first corial

had arrived a little ahead of the others & already she knew about him & what his requirements were. Unfortunately, their accommodation was limited & they had never entertained strangers of his race before, but behind her house was an empty shed which he could occupy for such time as he cared to stay. Maitland was astonished to hear his own language spoken so fluently & so well but he gravely thanked her & assured her he would give her as little trouble as possible & that he would willingly pay for all services rendered.

He was conducted round to the shed that was assigned to him, which he found to be only a palm leaf roof hut, which held a number of baskets, a few tools & some firewood & was evidently where the cassava was grated down & other ~~but~~ kitchen work done. Already his carriers were removing most of these things while others were busy sweeping the earthen floor clear of peelings & other rubbish. Maitland & some of the men were busy cutting small fork sticks & making shelves with long straight poles on which to put his baggage. Four such fork sticks were driven into the floor in the centre of the hut, across which were lashed a couple of poles. A large sheet of bark commandeered from somewhere down in the village was laid across this arrangement to form a table. His hammock was also slung for him. The entire village seemed to be helping & very soon everything was finished.

The sun was not very far above the forest now, & as soon as the natives had retired Maitland got busy unpacking his various bags & boxes & arranging his gear conveniently on the different shelves. He was practically finished & was standing by his table handling the last of his scientific apparatus, when a weird figure waddled into the shed. The figure apparently a woman, was

doubled up under a huge basket slung from the forehead by a broad strap. In the basket were a quantity of carrawa tubers, various fruits, & a great variety of other things; the whole being topped by a large demure looking macaw. The figure dropped on its knees, & then slowly bent backwards to allow the bottom of the heavily laden basket rest on the ground. As the figure uncurled Trailland to his surprise found himself gazing at a white girl just slightly tanned with tan from the sun & wind, & that she was completely naked except for a string of seeds round her neck & a beak lap suspended from the waist. With a blush of embarrassment & almost shame he noted the firm beautifully rounded breasts, & the curves of a strong well shaped neck, but a hand flew up to remove the band from the forehead & the girl sprang sideways to her feet. The action undid the girl's hair which fell in masses to cover her whole body down to her thighs, while she was carefully getting her basket to balance on an even keel. Then she stood up, flinging with both hands the strands of hair that had fallen in front of her, behind her ears & over both shoulders. She turned round & for a second ^{or two} looked squarely into Trailland's eyes. Surprise held them both silent, but the girl was the first to recover. A gentle smile broke over her face, she gave a slight bow & said "Goodafternoon, Sir" upon which she turned & walked gracefully out of the sled & round the corner of Butterfly's house. Trailland stood gazing openmouthed in surprise until she disappeared, then he slumped down in a nearby bog & summed up his impressions by gasping "Well, I'll be damned".

He saw no more of the girl. He walked down for a bath in a sheltered spot on the river before dark & when he got back found

Inasulta had placed food on the table & ate his dinner. In obedience to his call the boy appeared to carry away the dishes, but when questioned either did not understand or such replies as he made were unintelligible, nor did Butterfly appear although he asked to see her.

Maitland had fallen into the custom of the country of rising early & the first streaks of dawn found him outside his house listening to the sounds of the forests & noting the flight of birds or movements of various insects. Standing perfectly still in the ^{early shimmer of} ~~shimmering~~ dawn he was astonished to see a large green peculiarly shaped grasshopper alight within a few feet of where he was standing. He was at once interested ^{as} the insect had a number of black markings on its body & probably was a new & unrecorded specimen. He dived inside the house to emerge almost at once with a collecting net & killing jar in his hands but the hopper had gone. He wandered down into the clearing by the village & was delighted when he flushed his quarry again. It rose almost at his feet but flopped suddenly down in the sand about 30 ft away. Almost as it landed he was ^{the} crouching low & tiptoeing across the distance in determination of the enthusiastic naturalist to effect a capture. Slowly he approached until not more than a couple of yards when he tensed his muscles & sprang forward to sweep the grasshopper into his net but at the same instant the insect rose & flew off across the clearing. Again it hit some distance away & again Maitland went after it with exactly the same results.

His blood was now up, but only did he want a specimen for his collection. But defeat has raised the killer instinct that underlies the

veneer of civilization that covers modern man ~~in~~ in his own home & environ-
 ment. Repeatedly he zigzagged across the clearing without success yet failed
 by such a small margin that the next attempt might find the insect in his net.
 Crouching almost to the ground he was outlining his best mode of attack
 when he heard a whisper "Do you want to catch him?" & out of the corner of
 his eye he saw the figure of the girl whom he had seen the previous
 night, although he could not imagine how she had managed so
 mysteriously & so silently to reach his side. Evidently she had been down
 to the river for her morning bath as her body was still glistening in
 the growing red of dawn with water.

Stooping down a cool firm hand slid over his as she said "Let
 me try" & almost unconsciously he let her take the net from his hand.
 At once she stepped out upright down the clearing & advanced ^{boldly} on
 the lurking grasshopper. Half way across the distance she shot into
 a run picking up momentum as she moved. As previously the insect
 rose just before she could reach it & flew across the clearing. This did
 not seem to affect the girl who, at top speed now, raced behind
 it. True to its habit the hopper suddenly turned a half somersault
 & landed, but it had no experience of the flying tactics of an agile
 girl. It realised its danger as it touched the earth & rose - a
 second too late - as with one sweep it was engulfed in the net.

The movement of the net startled another grasshopper some yards
 away which took to flight. Without slackening her speed the
 girl raced behind it. Presently it somersaulted & landed on

few feet from where Fraithland was crouching, only to find the madly racing figure almost on it, & as it rose, was also swept into the net.

Overjoyed at the double success Fraithland sprang to his feet but the girl could not check her speed in time, & even as he was rising out of his crouching position she collided violently against him & both of them went sprawling full length on the ground. As she fell however the girl had the sense to throw the open mouth of the net on the sand & as she rolled over, to pin it down securely under her naked body. It was only a matter of seconds before Fraithland muttering "Well done! well done" had the net in hand & the two grasshoppers were successfully transferred to the killing bottles.

A sense of the ridiculous came to them simultaneously. The girl had lain prone on the ground watching the insects ^{being} imprisoned, but now she sat up while Fraithland slumped down beside her & both broke into peals after peals of hearty laughter, until tears stood in both their eyes. The whole incident had been so ludicrous from start to finish that it swept away all convention & preconceived ideas & brought them to a point of mutual contact & understanding with dramatic suddenness. Once they got over their amusement the pair sat chatting like old friends & were asking for each others names & other information. "My father called me Flor de Cacho-cora" she told him "the Flower of the Fall but he generally called me Flora. My tribe however were unable to say either of these words so they called me Suus which means the same thing in their language & now I am known to everyone as Suus." "Lovely names all right but

by which would you prefer me to call you?" asked Maitland.

The girl look straight & fearlessly into his eyes for a few seconds, then her head sunk as a great wave of shyness rushed through her & she was blushing deeply as she whispered "I love the name of Flora but that was Daddy's pet name for me & I'd like to keep it for home so would you please just call me Sus as all the others do." "Surely I will & now now for my own name, Sus, I am called John James Archibald Maitland" "Oh but how long" gasped Sus "I can never remember half." "My friends call me John, or James & some James. Take your pick" said her companion. "But, no, already there are two boys in my tribe called by those names. Have you no other?" It was his turn to blush as he nervously said "Well, -- yes -- as a matter of fact I have more. I am also known as Archie -- but no one except Mother calls me that" "Ah! Archie, that is a nice name. May I call you so?"

"Coffee ready" shrilled a voice just over their heads.

While chattering a mutual introduction the sun had been moving & now the deep red of the earlier moon had passed through pink to molten gold as they climbed the steps that led up to Butterfly's home. He found a light meal set out for him on the rough table in his hut & partly out of courtesy said: "Why not have coffee with me Sus & your mother also" "I should love to" replied Sus "I haven't had coffee for a long time, & I haven't eaten biscuits since I left school. Our tribe cannot afford such things & we live very largely just as any other household in the tribe. Just wait one moment till I dress.

It was something of a shock to him when a few moments a denouement

little person came out of the hut followed by her mother & both attired in highly coloured, poorly made & badly fitting frocks. Suus had on a pair of high heeled shoes & walked awkwardly. Gone was the simple natural grace & manner of the earlier dawn & there now stood before him a gawky sulky simpaton with downcast eyes, not sign of a smile & ^a ~~not~~ ^{scarcely} a word in reply to any of his sallies. Coffie was a dismal failure & Maitland cursed the signs of civilization that had completely obliterated the laughing companionship of a few moments ago. Her manners were perfect in a way ^{but self-conscious} that of the over-grown schoolgirl - & he was glad when the meal was at an end.

He turned to Butterfly to make arrangements for his work & he was glad to find her quite natural & ready to help. From her he learned that Inasutta was down with bad fever & could not accompany him to the forest either today or probably for a week or more as the boy had also a very heavy cold. This was a bad beginning as Inasutta was the only Tupanakai who had even a smattering of his - trailback - language. Two other boys knew a word or two, but they had gone one somewhere, indicated by the sweep of an arm that indicated a good half of the horizon, on some important job & they wouldn't be back until early next moon.

It seemed that most of the other men had slipped away in the early dawn, when he was bent on catching grasshoppers, each intent on his own job, either fishing, hunting, collecting fruit or working in the distant fields.

Butterfly was quite cheerful. "Tomorrow?" "Well, maybe, who knows!" was all he could get by way of a promise. Maitland was furious. Had he done anything wrong? He had not the faintest idea, but in any case

his work came first & he could surely get much good material in this primitive forest without anyone's help, so he picked up his gun & collecting traps & went off alone along a trail beneath the cliffs which Butterfly assured him was safe & offering good hunting. He was none too successful: he was not in the mood for work; but he did bag a couple of small birds & had a number of insects of Knids. When he got back home in the early afternoon Butterfly served him his mid-day meal and then disappeared. He ate in silence & then being tired turned in to his hammock for a rest & short sleep.

When he awoke it was getting late & he found the ^{dirty} dishes still on the table so shouted for some one to clear them away. To his surprise Sues appeared: he hadn't seen her since coffee & judging by the beads of perspiration that stood on her face, she must have been working hard. "Where have you been all day Sues?" he asked. "I have been away to our fields to get some ripe bananas & fruit for you & I have just this moment arrived back. Mother is out attending to Trascutta who is really ill." She cleared the table & Maitland at once began skinning his birds for preserving as he would have to hurry if he was to get through the work before dark.

Presently Sues came back with a basket containing some ^{ripe} bananas, a pine apple & other fruit. She had discarded her shoes & colourful frock & was dressed in a rather old shabby ^{dress} frock. Maitland felt a bit sheepish but pointed to an empty box said "Put them there please" & Sues disappeared. An hour later she reappeared, this time to lay his table for dinner but he was not quite finished. She stood a few moments till he straightened up & put

his gear away, then he spied the bananas, & at once picked up a couple to eat. "My favourite tropical fruit" he said "thanks awfully, Susus, for bringing them" She was now shyly laying the table when he continued "Have I done anything to offend you Susus?" "But no!" how impossible" she replied.

"Then why were you silent at coffee?" The girl looked genuinely distressed but she turned & faced him squarely for a moment then covered her face with her hands in evident shame. "Oh, why ask that?" she gasped "it was only when I began to dress that I realised that I had been running about before you without any clothes on. I had forgotten the ways of you people from overseas & I was full of shame. You must have thought I was simply dreadful & I've been aching all day to ask you to forgive me." "It is all my fault Susus and now please get dinner for me as I'm hungry."

After dinner he suggested a visit to see how Masutta was keeping before it was actually dark. Susus & he went down & they found the boy clear of fever at the moment but in the grip of a very heavy cold. Maitland felt too ignorant of doctoring to do anything beyond assuring himself as to the man's condition, so they soon retraced their steps to the house where he was staying. Noticing, however the embers of a dying fire in the open space before Butterfly home he suggested a chat ^{round} before the fire in the now rapidly dropping dusk. Susus brought out dry wood, & got a nice fire going. Turtle shells were brought out & soon Butterfly, Susus, & Maitland were sitting around it.

Butterfly assured him that Masutta was much better. She had quite a knowledge of herbs, so had no fear of the fever, but the cold

would require quite a week of careful watching "in case" - and here Butterfly patted her chest. Maitland led the talk round to themselves & soon they were embarked on the story of Doo-glach & their simple lives. They told their tale simply & without affectation & Maitland here ^{heard} a story which accounted for the colour & education of the girl sitting across the fire from him. He had been wondering who & what she could possibly be ever since she had staggered in unannounced the previous day under a heavy load to completely upset his aplomb & dignity. He surmised the girl had been stolen somewhere on the coast from some white family & possibly passed from tribe to tribe until he had stumbled across her at a point which, as far as he could gather, was the end of the world, as only the Great Forest lay above the Cachocira Fall, just below which he was now camped. Everybody had told him of the cunning ^{& treachery} of the Indian tribes & there was almost certainly evidence of a reprisal for ^{some} fancied or real insult.

Certainly on the surface there were good grounds for any such suspicion. The girl's colour was not the anemic white of his own well protected body, but yet his hands, face & neck were a darker tinge than her body, therefore her colour - just an agreeable tan - was due to exposure to the sun & wind. He guessed she seldom wore clothes at all. He had met her twice with nothing except a few beads to cover her body. They had been together this very morning for fully twenty minutes when she had been absolutely charming, free & natural until it dawned on her

mind that she had been without clothes whereupon she had been filled with dismay & shame. Her oval face was beautiful by any standard; her eyes were large & sparkling although of a colour he could not determine - now they appeared a blue colour, the next time they were light hazel - but they held him as the mirror of genuine honesty & truth. He had never in his life seen any woman without clothes, but in his early teens some students had a large collection of photographs in the nude from France & ~~at~~ at a time when he had been keen on Art; he had frequented a few of the most famous galleries in Europe, yet none of these could out rival the figure of Eucus, as he had seen it this morning; the wide deep eyes, the tiny rosebud mouth set in a face of almost classical line; the strong neck, the ~~best~~ beautifully modelled breasts, the supple ~~limbs~~ & slender waist. Unconsciously he sat watching her in the twinkling firelight where, entirely oblivious to ~~the~~ etiquette, or manners she had let down her gorgeous crown of hair reaching to the ground as she sat on an upturned box, quietly combing it out with a comb of native manufacture. It hung down in long twists rather in curls of a darkish brown with a coppery tinge & in the reddish firelight looked like rippling gold as she swept the comb down, or tossed it to & fro.

It took a long time for Butterfly to tell her story. Time after time Maitland tried to get them to tell ^{him} ~~them~~ what was the cause of the message that had forced the man to return so precipitately

from the lumber grants, but here he drew a complete blank. Such a question would bring a second's poignant silence but almost at once either Butterfly or Suus would mention some new angle of their main story & quietly sidetrack his attention. After a couple of hours chatting he found himself yawning & he wished them both goodnight. A calm clear response of "Goodnight Archie" assured him that the friendships of the morning was unbroken & he slept soundly.

The next morning Maithand made his way down to the river for a bath just as the East was showing grey with the coming dawn. To his surprise he found a number of figures squatting by the water & some were out swimming amongst whom he could just discern Suus by the heavy coils of hair wound round her head. He moved up the sandbank, found some of the men & boys undressing. He found a convenient bush, undressed & slipped into the pool. He noted that both sexes once they were in the water were swimming freely together ^{along a rimpit deep on the shelving sand to join them} & he waded. Suus at once came towards him to ask "why are you not catching insects this morning?" To this he could only reply that it was too early, ~~to dark~~ ^{to dark} as yet to see. "But why do you ask the question?" "Well, you see we leave all our beads ashore when we bathe, & we feel terribly shy & embarrassed to have to go ashore completely nude before strangers." "I'm frightfully sorry, Suus, I never thought of that." They moved apart. he to ^{wade} back to where his clothes lay while she swam ashore. Suddenly she stood up knee deep in water & walked out on the sandbank where she picked up her bead lap & adjusted it. Then she turned to face Maithand & shouted "I'm going up to set your coffee, Archie. don't delay too long" "All right"

he replied "but do set it for all of us as yesterday"

Over coffee they discussed the question of a guide in the forests while he was collecting. Invasutta had again had fever & Butterfly had been with him most of the night so his employment must be ruled out, but there was the choice of several men, their only drawback being the question of language. Suis made a suggestion "I am as good a bushman as any man in the tribe, so why couldn't I go along & help. I can climb any tree but prefer not to do it, so I would carry my nephew Talogvori along with us to do this & carry our food or whatever you may need"

Trailland was dumb with surprise at the offer but managed to stammer that he would be delighted to accept it. & they were soon ready for their first attempt. Suis dressed in a very old & torn frock, took the lead along the trail he had followed yesterday. Talogvori walked last carrying breakfast & such gear as experience ^{Trailland knew} showed him he would require to hold specimens of various kinds. Suis carried a set of bows & arrows in one hand & a long ^{knife} serviceable in his right. & her nephew was armed in the same way. Trailland in the centre had his gun & collecting net.

Suis walked lithe along the trail for a mile or so where it crossed a small stream & ended in a field where several of the villagers were already at work in weeding, digging cassava or planting. "It was no use lingering on the way from home as everything will have been scared off the trail by these people ahead of us" Suis explained. "but from here there is no recognised trail. It is lovely forest on all sides however & all you have to do is to indicate in which direction you want to go"

Every direction seemed much the same to Maitland but he suggested going up stream. Knife in hand, cutting lianas or branches that barred a free passage. Sams poked on until they were beyond all noises made by the workers in the field when she stopped to enquire just what he wanted & what he expected her to do. He explained that so far he had followed the men wherever they had go while hunting, & that he stopped when he met anything he fancied, such as flower or fruit, insects of any kind or small animals & nearly all birds. They now moved along slowly in silence, Maitland wholly absorbed in his work of observing & collecting insects, but particularly those within touching distance or at most a few feet away. At any noise he would peer into the depths of the forest, but it was very evident to his companions that he had no ability to note what to their keen sense of observation was happening around him nor through ignorance of what he wanted, could they help him at first. They soon stumbled to what he was in search of & every hour added to their knowledge & ability to help.

They rested around noon at a tiny pool of water where they ate the fruit they had carried as lunches & inspected the catch — one bird, a handful of flower & leaves, some seeds, & a fair number of insects. Sams looked at them with some disision & asked if he was satisfied "Well, no, I am not" Maitland admitted "but it is not everything we meet that I want because I may have got that particular thing already in my collection on the timber grants. However it may not be on lucky day".

It was decided to return home but Sams proposed to go round in a circle & strike the trail near home. She set off climbing fairly steeply

until she struck the watershed which she followed until they met a swamp. where several trees were found bearing fruit. Talogui was ordered to climb for these while Saus cut a couple of palm-leaves which she quickly wove into a good sized rough basket. "No Indian should return from the forest empty handed, so I came this way for a load of these fruit" Maitland was told. These were dropping rapidly on the ground from the knife & non-like fingers of the boy in the tree top until the girl said there were enough. Then they were collected to fill the newly made basket & that of the nephew also.

Saus's basket was soon lashed with bark-ropes to insure the fruit would not spill out & she had attached a band of bark with which to carry it.

"Give me a lift: this load is a bit ^{too} heavy for me to get on my back" Saus said to Maitland. Obliquely he took hold of the lashing with one hand but he found it was too heavy. Dropping everything he held he seized it with both hands & even then he had to exert his full strength to lift the basket.

"Good Lord," he exclaimed "this weighs well over a hundred weight & you cannot possibly carry it" "You just lift that load to your chest-height so that I can slip the carrying band across my head & I'll show you". When she got the load adjusted to her satisfaction, Saus swung off through the forest until she met a small dry ravine down which she started to descend. The going was very rough, as it was steep, & the road was impeded by large boulders or areas of loose stones which meant considerable care had to be taken or a nasty fall would result. - in fact more than once Maitland stumbled badly & even set down most unceremoniously. Saus never once slackened her pace & Maitland after a fall would have to almost run

to catch up & keep pace with the girl. They soon reached level ground & almost at once stepped into the trail they had followed earlier in the day, along which they had gone a very short way until, to Maitland's surprise they emerged into the clearing in which the village.

Later in the afternoon Maitland starting skinning the couple of birds he had obtained, Susus, standing alongside, a keen observer of his every ^{cut &} movement until he finished & began something else. Susus left the hut hurriedly but was back in a few moments carrying in her hand the ^{little} dead body of a gorgeously blue & gold coloured bird, which she laid on the table & picked up the skinning knife. Maitland happened to look up & at once he was by her side exclaiming "What a lovely bird, Susus, where ever did you get it?" and it is quite new. Thanks; thanks awfully" and he reached out his hand for it. "Oh! no!" said Susus "I'm skinning this bird" and she held it out of reach. "Put down that bird. I want it: & you don't know how to skin it" he commanded. She faced him saying, "I shot this bird & I am going to skin. There are plenty of them in the clearing at this hour, so if you want one go out & shoot your own, but this one is mine". Something in her tone made him acquiesce & he watched her make her first incision in dismay which quickly turned to astonishment as he watched his own technique. She never made a single mistake & he was amazed to see how with a faultless knowledge of anatomy she cut through different joints or picked up the extreme point of a muscle where it was necessary. She worked deftly & quickly & had the skin off in perfect condition in much less time

than if he had done it himself. ^{holding} ~~holding~~ the skin rather proudly to him she said "How's that Master Archie? You see I watch you skin two birds & there is nothing to it, although I will improve a bit with practice. Naturally a woman's touch is more deft & gentle & your hands are a little clumsy. Maitland simply gasped at being told what had always been one of his faults - a ^{certain} clumsiness in his touch which was largely due to nervousness - & for the second time in exactly two days he found he had not a single word in reply for this insignificant slip of a barefooted girl.

For two days they ranged the nearby forests with indifferent success. They obtained a few specimens, birds & beasts, but a good deal more escaped them & those just what Maitland wanted most of all. On the second afternoon Sums gave him a lecture on dress, & how with a jacket on whose pockets bulged with bottles & things he needed, it was impossible for him to prevent ^{on} making a noise. Why not leave the jacket behind & allow Teloquoie to carry everything necessary in a basket on his back. The boy with true Indian caution would freeze in his tracks the moment they spotted something & would remain motionless while they secured. Under his jacket Maitland wore a white shirt & his trousers were the wrong colour also, so Sums suggested a singlet & a pair of old pants be given her & she would dip & dye them in the ^{juice} of the ^{bark} of the Cajee & he could wear those while hunting. Sums also urged him to pay more attention to walking as his heavy iron shod boots made enough noise to be heard a long way off. ~~Next morning he was~~

Next morning he was handed his clothes now dyed a lightish brown colour, almost the hue of many of the barks of the forest trees. &

told to do them. He felt rather foolish when dressed but saw where the advantage lay & in any case no connoisseurs in dress would see him. The means adopted would certainly justify the end in view.

Suus decided to go down river & they were soon embarked in the largest canoe in the village. They dropped down stream about half a mile & drew alongside the fallen tree whose huge trunk offered an easy path from water level to the forest bank above. Suus & Snaitland scrambled up but Talequoc was told to take the canoe up stream to await them opposite the village. Suus turned & led the way into the forest a short distance until she found a spot that was clear & open from undergrowth over a radius of ten or twelve yards. "Archie, it is quite useless my acting guide for you successfully if I am hampered by an useless frock, & I propose to undress" said Suus, "you would think I am bad if I do so?" "Good Lord, no!" Snaitland replied "surely you know well enough ^{me} to realize that I would merely think you were acting in your normal tribal way & doing it for the best". Suus pulled a string & gave a wriggle with her body. ~~The dress~~ Her dress dropped round her feet & stepping free she reached out a prehensile toe & passed it up behind her thigh to within reach of her hand when it was flung over a low branch. She now took a ^{net made from the} closely woven bark coat & slipped it snugly & tight over her head & mass of closely coiled hair. All the time she was talking "I want to show you something Archie that will surprise you this morning. I am going to leave you for a few moments, but you are here in an open clearing where nothing can approach you without ^{it} your being seen. In any case I will be

near you & if you need me just call out & I will return. While I am out of sight I want you give all the attention you can to your two senses of sight & sound & nothing else. These are the two most important things whenever you are in the Bush, so please pay full attention to sight & sound and to those only. Do you understand?"

Maitland nodded & the girl left him. A dozen steps away she halted & looked back saying "now, remember, concentrate solely on sight & sound for a few moments until I return" Again Maitland nodded & she disappeared behind a low bush. For a moment or two he heard her steps on the dry crackling leaves & he saw the movement of the leaves of some saplings farther along. Then he lost all sign of the retreating figure. He looked furtively from side to side & certainly he was in a clear open space which nothing could cross without his seeing it; but there is little or nothing in the forests, especially near an old settlement, that will harm anyone so whatever game Srus was up to, his presence in that open space had nothing to do with things. He remembered her instructions & scarcely daring to breathe he commenced to listen & watch. To his sight not a single leaf was in motion; everything was as if carved in stone; not even a moth or butterfly moved across his line of vision. To his ears the forest however presented a perfect babble of sound; a gentle breeze was playing along the highest tree tops; a monkey was howling somewhere; birds were twittering & whistling, a frog croaked; insects uttering their peculiar metallic call. But all these were some distance afield & he felt it in his bones that Srus ^{less} ~~only~~ than fifty yards away is probably going to make

some peculiar sound that he was supposed to pick up. so he turned his ear to sounds near to hand. What silly surprise could she hope to bring on him. He would concentrate & surely defeat her if it was a childish prank. But surely she is taking a long time over things. How ^{many} madrats had gone since she disappeared - three - five - surely

A dead bird dangling from a brown hand suddenly appeared over his right shoulder & almost touching his face. Maitland sprang some feet away in sheer surprise as if he had been stung by a snake & pale faced, & panting whipped round to demand "Where the hell did you come from?" "I walked round there" said a smiling Sues indicating the forest with a sweep of her left hand in which she carried bow & arrows "and on the way I shot this bird. Isn't it a lovely specimen; not one feather displaced, or any blood, & it is one of those you were so vexed about when we failed to get one yesterday"

Maitland had got a genuine fright to say nothing of a surprise & it was all he could do to admire the bird & to thank or compliment the girl on her achievement. It was carefully wrapped up in a large leaf & Sues took charge of it & as Maitland seemed a bit salty & out of humour they started to amble ^{slowly} homeward through the forest. They had a very successful morning however; quite the best so far; & got several birds, a small rodent, numerous insects & a lot of new flowers & fruit. Talogiva had come overland to meet them bringing along Maitland's collecting gun which had been left in the corial. He had met a Wild Hog & had fired a shot - for the first time in his life & killed the animal

which he had hidden to pick upon his return. Then the party put up some powder a little later. Sucus got one with an arrow & Maitland one with his gun, so everyone returned laden with spoil not only to their own satisfaction but that of the whole village.

Maitland was in high good humour that night, as Butterfly, Sucus & he sat round the camp fire in front of the hut. He laughed uproariously & frankly admitted that Sucus had given him one of the biggest frights in his life. She took no credit for being clever & took the chance of giving him a small lecture. "I thought you might be annoyed with me, Archie" she explained "when I spoke of your making much noise as you walked through the forest. & I thought I'd give you a demonstration of how we people of the forest must walk if we want to get food for ourselves. The lightest stepping animal of the forest is the jaguar or the puma when he is hunting & every well known hunter - in fact every man - of my tribe must be able to outstep any of these tiger-cats & to shoot one if necessary. Every animal in the forest races for its life to safety from any strange sound it may hear, so we either walk quietly or go hungry. I just wanted to show you what we all do but I never, never thought I would give you such a fright"

Sucus after this reverted to her normal way of dressing. In & around the village she wore a dress or just her beads as fancy or circumstances indicated as best or easiest during the day, but ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ the late afternoon she always donned one or other of her slender

stock of clothes. When, however, they went of collecting in the forest, Seus was always now dressed in the minimum of beads - a simple lap & waist-string. She left her necklaces & other ornaments in camp; her hair was tightly done up in a net, all in order to offer a minimum opportunity for an unnoted branch or twig to catch in anything if she was called on to make a short dash at top speed in pursuit of game or some wounded bird. Every day the three of them repaired to the forests at some time or other. This they varied at Seus suggestion to catch certain flowers in blossom or birds on the feed. but as a rule sunrise saw them in the Bush.

Seus had discovered Maillaud was unable to swim & that he had very poor balance in sitting in any but the most stable of their corials. Most of these craft were small cranky affairs that would turn over with extremely little encouragement & it takes considerable practice to learn just the exact amount the body must be inclined against some motion so as to keep ^{the} canoe on a level keel. To have an upset on the river & be unable to swim was fatal, so Seus began giving him lessons during the daily bath in both exercises. Time after time Maillaud would mount some cranky corial only to find himself in the water at his first movement. but this being done on the shelving sand-bank of the bathing pool meant no danger as he had only to put his feet down & stand up. He was however too keen & too busy on his work to devote enough time to become proficient in canoeing. & although he could manage to swim a stroke or two, he was not in

any way enthusiastic to do more

Each morning the moon was growing smaller as they had their bath in the growing dawn until it was the merest segment & would not be seen tomorrow. After coffee Maitland found Trassatta squatting ^{one morning} at the side of his hut ready to accompany him to the forest. ^{now recovered from fever} This was quite a shock & definitely not to his liking. Trassatta certainly would be more useful than Talogooi, who, although extremely willing, was only a doubtful at best, but it would mean teaching a new man what was needed. Sius knew just what was required, was extraordinarily keen & enthusiastic & speaking Maitland's own language so correctly, was able to draw his attention to & explain many things that would have never come to his knowledge. Round the fire at night mother & daughter would discuss the day's work & collection & almost invariably Butterfly would remind Sius of some tree or bush whose bark or seed had some medicinal property & to be sure to show it to him next day. Already Maitland had a far better collection than he had ever dreamed of obtaining & unconsciously he was picturing his return to set ^{his} the scientific world on fire, with no end of lectures to be given. Various degrees, distinctions & other eudors would simply drop automatically into his lap. Dashed it all. This Indian girl & he were a wonderful team, so if she thought she was going to get out of it, either from pique or silly caprice she was sadly mistaken. He had more trade goods in one box than the whole tribe combined & though he had given her nothing so far, he would pay her so handsomely that whichever boy decided to marry her would find himself rich beyond his

wildest dreams. The idea of her backing out was not to be entertained so he started shouting "Suus! Suus!" "Come here." Butterfly appeared in response to say "Suus is not at home" "But where is she?" he inquired. "She has gone to visit her grandfather" was the reply. "Well, send & call her at once" he ordered. "I cannot possibly do that."

Butterfly explained, "there is just now only one woodskin ^{at present} above the Fall - her own private one - & as she left while you were having coffee she is now so far on the way that no voice would reach. She said I was to tell you however that she would sleep four nights & return next day."

Blast these people! Maitland knew he was beaten. He had seen the grandfather's home, a lovely spot on high ground round which wound a cool crystal clear stream & tumbled over a tiny bar of rocks at the landing. Suus had taken him up by woodskin one day & the journey there & back had occupied the entire hours of daylight except for an hour at noon when they had had a meal during which time Suus had talked non-stop with her grandparents. It seemed a long way away, but it never struck Maitland that the journey was so unduly prolonged by the frequent stops to collect or to his own clumsiness in sitting the woodskin. Actually the place was only a journey of about two hours or less depending on the height of the river.

An hour & a half paddling up the Sepali wini took a fast woodskin to the mouth of a small creek up which you paddled another half hour to reach the settlement. How did it ever strike Maitland that there would be an overland road to the place, but that was one of the secrets of the Tupanakai which was ^{mentioned} ~~told~~ to nobody, even themselves, as it had been the road

along which the Tribe had migrated to safety years ago & who knows? The road was known to all but was never spoken of except at night when the old men recited the history of the Tribe.

Ivattand went off hunting with Masutta & Talogvoo but he was out of harmony with both his companions, his environment & his work, but this wore off with each succeeding day until on the fifth day he was keen as ever & highly successful. He had quite forgotten about Seus & her silly simple ways & was stretched out in his hammock after finishing his work & awaiting the appearance of Butterfly to set out his dinner before dusk began to fall. A shadow fell across the hammock & he swung round to find Seus standing alongside. At once she began "I'm sorry I had to leave you, Archie, but from time to time I visit my grandparents, I hope you got on all right without me" She fired question after question as to his success & what he had captured that soon Ivattand found himself telling her the most of his day. Dinner was soon over & the talk had to be continued round the camp fire as usual under a crescent moon hanging out in the West.

Early next morning Seus stepped inside the hut, bow & arrows in hand, ready for the forest. Just outside Masutta squatted on his heels awaiting orders, but there was no sign of Talogvoo. Seus was an excellent shot & she always carried two special arrows the striking part of which was made from the ^{hip} knuckle joint of the femur of a Black Spider Monkey. This was used on tiny sparrow-sized birds which it either killed outright or

stunned sufficiently to allow capture. The method was ideal as it rarely damaged the feathers or skin which could not be avoided with the shot gun. She also carried a couple of ordinary wood or bamboo pointed arrows for use against larger animals or birds & on occasion she could shoot the largest game & so help out the household supplies of food.

Thus their previous method of hunting was resumed but they went much farther afield. Sams did a steady two hours climb & walk up the cliff & into the hills, where she had learned from her grandfather that a number of different trees were in fruit & attracting quantities of game. It may have been co-incidence or just luck but the next few days gave splendid returns & Maitland was in fine humours when he nailed up the last box he possessed. He had worked hard & his privations had been considerable. It had not been too easy to adopt himself to the Indian ways & food. The supplies he was able to bring up had necessarily been small - actually the barest minimum - & there he had to eke out to last till the boat came up for him & he had no alternative but live on the food of the Tribe. Fortunately it was a year of plenty & though certain dishes were none too palatable, yet he never went hungry. He had however suffered much physical discomfort & pain from his contact with the forest. He soon found the forest was alive with millions of things, so insignificant that the eye could not see them; things that would crawl, creep, climb or flit; all bent on the struggle for their preservation or reproduction of their species. It was no case here of the Survival of the Fittest; it was the Survival of the Cunning, and their most urgent business was to attack themselves to & annoy the human intruder on sight. Many an hour he lay awake in torment from

from their bite & touch, even after Taloquo had gone carefully over his body to remove the most of them — a daily ritual now at the bath. Yes, he had suffered a lot, but as his last case was fastened up, he knew the boxes contained what would raise him to high honour & reputation.

He could now relax somewhat if he cared, but he still hunted on the chance of picking up something new, but he did not want duplicates & such things had to be tiny & spectacular. One night Suus was insistent on his dropping down river in a corial. They landed on the opposite bank & Suus carrying a piece of lighted gum in a left stick made her way inland a short distance to some rather spongy ground. She put out the light & they stood in absolute darkness under the heavy overhead foliage which the moonlight failed to pierce. A few moments later Suus shouted, "Come, Makadub!! Look, Look!!" in excitement. It was all right to say "Come" & it was only when she took his hand to guide him that he was unable to move forward. Then he saw a light on the ground & it was in motion, & he became as excited as his guide. But as far as he could see it was some form of Glow-Worm, larger & more brilliant than any he had ever seen. There was a large head light that glowed fiery red, & then farther back some four or five tiny square windows in a line that emitted a fairly strong yellow light. It looked like some creature from Fairyland as it moved quickly over the forest floor, now & again disappearing from view as it crawled under a leaf or branch. Suus had promptly left him saying "you watch that fellow. I'll catch some others"

She was soon back with a ~~specimen~~ ^{squirming} mass of a ^{half} dozen of the insects inside a clear open mouth jar of his, which he was able to recognise by their combined light. Suus picked up the one he had been watching & added it to the other, as she said "that's enough & it is all I can see" The gum was relit but all that could be seen now was some two inch long insects wriggling about with greatly diminished light. What had looked so brilliant on the dark ground naturally was much less apparent by contrast to the flaming gum shedding a brighter light on all sides. They returned to the corral, & careless of a danger of an upset he urged Inasutta & Talogui to paddle for dear life for home, to inspect his recent capture to advantage & at leisure.

Maitland remembered his promise to recruit as many Indians as possible for work on the timber grants & at different times he had already thrown out hints, but now he approached Butterfly, Inasutta & other men to enlist their interest & service, but he made little headway. Butterfly invariably turned the conversation to something else or took refuge in silence - the men either could not or would not understand. One day he & Suus had climbed to the top of the escarpment simply for the view & for once they were alone together, which gave him a chance to speak on the subject, but here again he was met by skilful evasion & he could get no information. Then he took a different line & suddenly said, "Suus, do tell me why your mother called up all those men so suddenly from work on the timber grants" She faced him squarely in surprise for a few seconds, shook her head & turned her eyes on the distant horizon.

a great wave of red swept over her face yet
 he ~~the~~ saw deadly fear in those eyes, swift only as her glance had
 been, & he noted she had gone ^{now} a peculiar pale colour; that though she
 was holding herself rigid, the girl was actually shaking with some strong
 emotion she was trying to control. He sat still watching her carefully in
 silence & giving her time to recover. Then he said "Inasutta told his
 employer when he left that after the full of this moon some of the men
 might go back to work. What does it mean?" The figure sat rigid in
 silence as if she had not heard. Maithland was growing irate at his
 failure & looking at the shrinking absurdly tiny figure that sat within
 touching distance of him, he felt the urge of seizing her by the neck & giving
 her a good shaking to bring her to her senses, but he noted she was nervously
 & unconsciously playing with a knife in her hands & he had often seen how
^{very} rapidly Suus could react in an emergency so he thought better of it.

His mind was questing round the subject for some other avenue of
 approach & suddenly he said. "What is going to happen in three days time
 when the moon is full. I know there is something in the air & you've got to tell
 me, even if I sit here until dark, so better get it out at once." Suus faced
 him in silence "Come on; tell me; I insist" he added. Great waves of red
 were welling up over her neck & face now; her teeth were chattering & her
 eyes were full of washed tears "Oh, no! no!" please, please, Archie
 don't insist on an answer I cannot - - dare not - - tell you
 Oh! please, please" Before she had finished her hands were over her
 face; the knife fell with a clatter on the rock ^{at her feet her whole body} ~~from below~~ & now she ~~was~~
 bowed over her knees, was shaking with sobs in uncontrolable emotion.

Maitland watched the helpless shaking figure beside him with a sneer on his face & then his eyes sought the distance horizon as he sat in silence. Don't these confounded women, he mused, & their beastly tears. A fellow feels so helpless yet knowing that nine times out of ten, it is done simply to gain their own obscure objective. It is not a shaking this little fool wants, but a jolly good hiding and for two pins (and he stretched forward to see the knife lying below on the rocks) I would give her one but a fellow would feel such a cad. These wretched women haven't progressed beyond the Law of Force & Pain, - the Cave or Jungle Stage, if you care - but we men are different, thank God, & we must ^{only} stoop to their level. Snott, whom I adore in most ways, was just the same & how much have I been inconvenienced in life through early inhibitions enforced on a credulous mind by a copious flow of tears & shaking shoulders.

He rose to stroll along the cliff & when he turned Suus had disappeared nor did he see her again for the day. At the campfire that night Butterfly told him she was in bed with a splitting headache. Butterfly herself was distract & silent, so almost at once he suggested returning. Before going he shouted "I'm awfully sorry Suus, it was my fault entirely but I hope you'll be alright by morning. Goodnight" & a tremulous little voice replied "Goodnight Archie."

Next morning he met Suus at the river ^{at} the usual bath in the early dawn & found her full of laughter & sallies & just her normal self. The day was devoted to paying off the men who had worked for him & paying for his food & supplies in all of which Suus took an active & often organising part. There was no difficulty, each person accepting whatever he offered without question. Butterfly was equally as complacent except that she did express some

degree of choice. Gurus was the trouble. He could not get her to accept a single article in payment of what he had to admit to admit had been invaluable service ~~xx~~ without which he could never have been anything like so successful. "I have done nothing really & it has been great fun collecting so much that may one day help to make you famous" she said. "I have thoroughly enjoyed the experience but I want no payment. What good would it do me to accept anything shut away up here & nowhere to show things off. My life must be primitive & simple & I have all I need. so thank you very much but there is nothing I want from you. Archie" However he got her to accept a rather pretty necklace & some bracelets as a gift.

After everyone had been paid off & they had retired to admire their new possessions Gurus & Braithland were left alone "There is one thing I would you to do for me Archie" she said. A deep sense of his obligation to the girl had been uppermost in his mind so he readily responded "Anything in my power you may care to ask I am only too ready to promise." "Well" she hesitated "Is it too much to ask you to spend your last day with me? Could you go with me up to grandfather's ^{the} on day the moon is full at night? We ^{can} leave in the early morning & be back home at night so that you could join your boat in the morning" "I will be delighted" he said heartily. "The old man's place is a lovely spot, so let us make an all day picnic of it as you say." "The moon is still a little above the forest when the sun goes down, but the day after tomorrow they should rise & set together" she said "so let us fix the day after tomorrow whatever happens for our picnic" and he readily agreed.

Next day the sun was nearing the meridian when the distant sound of

a horn being blown down river brought every startled Indian to the
 clearing to listen. Soon some caught the sound of paddles & by noon a
 boat manned by ^{NEGRO} twelve paddles & two steersman slowly grated on the sand-
 bank at the landing. Fraithland stood there alone to ^{greet} meet them & to receive
 some letters from the man in charge. "Cook breakfast here, boys, while I read
 these" he said "oh! you are perfectly safe; no one will interfere with you"
 he added owing to their furtive glances on all sides as he scrambled up the bank.

Arriving back in his hut he soon mastered his correspondence
 & shouting "Susus" said as she appeared "Say, here's a letter saying the boat
 has to hurry back without an hour's delay & I am to carry as many of your
 tribe to go with them as I can induce to come" Susus was in evident distress
 "But" she said "tomorrow is the day of our picnic & I have made all
 arrangements. Please remember you promised Archie". With some
 definite regret after a good look at the serious face before him he replied
 "All right. I'll fix things & keep my promise".

The crew admitted their orders were to make as fast a trip as
 possible but were none averse to Fraithland's proposal to have one day's
 rest, especially as they had made good time coming up river, so it was
 arranged that his baggage would be loaded on the boat that afternoon.
 They did not want to sleep ^{near} the Indians of whom they were afraid
 but would drop down stream for half a mile or so to where they had
 seen a lovely place for a camp with a sand bank in front offering
 facilities for washing & drying their clothes the next day. They would work
 all the better for a day of complete rest & Fraithland would join them by

corial the following morning at daybreak.

There were one or two strange & obviously noisy men in the village that afternoon & it seemed there were fewer women & children around but it might have been faulty observation on Maitland's part. Certainly it was a noisy party of three that drew their crude seats around the fire in front of Butterfly's hut. The moon was just its own diameter above the trees as dusk fell on the clearing - it certainly would be full tomorrow - & soon the entire village was bath in bright light. A minor dance seemed in progress in the village & Saus & Maitland went down to watch. Several elderly women served him native beer, ⁶ which by this time, he had grown accustomed & some of which he liked, but his presence seemed to embarrass everyone so he soon suggested a return to the camp fire. Saus & even Butterfly were full of jokes & laughter; probably the beer had loosened their tongues ^{somewhat} & soon Maitland found himself the butt of some of these jokes - exaggerated yet skilful imitations of various incidents that had happened in the Bush to him. At these he could not help but laugh heartily as they were really humorous & free from malice or ridicule. The best of these was the occasion when Saus had noisily crept up behind him to scare him so badly by holding a dead bird over his shoulder & at this he laughed uproariously. ~~It was~~

It was already growing late by jungle time when Butterfly spoke some words in Tupanaki, at which Saus sat silent for a time but after they had been repeated she rose & slowly walked across the tiny clearing to a point that overlooked the village & larger clearing on a lower level. Then she began crooning a tune, rising higher & higher in tone. It was caught

up by the villagers below who had stopped dancing as they heard her. Suddenly the whole village led by Suus burst into song, while Trailland listened in astonishment. The girl certainly had a ^{glorious} lovely voice even by his rather fastidious standards both in clarity & volume & it was a delight to follow her as she took some of the difficult notes - and there were quite a few - with the same ease as a bird winging over a tree. The air was difficult & peculiar & the words meant nothing, but he listened enthralled. The song continued for some ^{time} moments, then as suddenly stopped as it had begun to be followed by a descending croon, until Suus returned to sit quietly down by the fire. For a while no one spoke - gosh! it was weird to say the least; the environment, the circumstances, & the song. You bet the full of the moon is an occasion for these simple people - but soon Trailland asked "Are either of you at liberty to tell me what that performance means?" "We were rather shy of doing all this before you" replied Butterfly "but it has always been our custom. There is a chance that tonight or tomorrow night the moon may become darkened or dead in a clear sky & that means death or starvation to some, ^{or maybe privation to} if not all the Tribe so my people have for ages sung this song to propitiate whatever powers there be that hand out our happiness or harm." Mother & daughter rose to their feet & faced the gorgeous moon. Probably with her thoughts racing round her previous associations & experiences ^{in civilization} Butterfly bowed deeply & spoke "May God grant that our prayers be heard." Suus with an equal bow intoned "Amen" in her clear rich voice, Trailland had also risen with a feeling he was in some sacred place where his presence was almost sinful. He stepped backward & without a single sound, tiptoed silently - cat-like for once his life -

away to his own hut to sleep.

Next morning there was no Sucus amongst the early bathers nor did she appear at coffee as was the custom, & all he could draw from Butterfly was, that she would be along presently. He had finished & Butterfly had just taken away the empty dishes when a figure entered the hut. Inaitland glanced at the stranger & then raised his head to stare as he exclaimed "Heavens above, is that you, Sucus? I didn't recognise you" & there fell on his ear her well known tinkling laugh. The entire tribe of the Tupanakai were nudists except for a loin cloth or bed apron. Butterfly & Sucus were the exceptions but with growing acquaintance or friendship they had gradually reverted to the general tribal dress. Practically every man & woman in the tribe painted their faces in particular & often their bodies in various colours & designs. When the early morning bath was over every one spent some moments ~~over~~ over a vanity box palm leaf box daubing colour on themselves, even if at most at once they were going off to the chase or the field. On their return much more elaborate designs would be worked on their faces, & ornaments of beads or feathers adjusted on their limbs & bodies. Here again Butterfly & Sucus was the exception. On Butterfly he had never seen any pigment but once in a way he had seen signs on Sucus' face where a line or two had been drawn & rather carelessly wiped off afterwards.

Now she outshone anything he has as yet seen in native ornamentation. On her forehead were straight lines & crosses in red with a thin red line down her nose. On her cheeks were designs in black edged round with lines in white & surrounded with small dots in red. Her body however she had left untouched. She wore a white wooden bandeau carrying a geometric

design in blue. Her hair was dotted with the fleecy down off a duck & ^{upright} stuck ^{up} her hair & inside the bandeau just over the left ear were a clump of blue, red & yellow feathers which stood up some 8 inches above her head. Attached to the lobes of her ears were a cluster of highly coloured feathers also. Round her neck & low down to the waist were strings & strings of necklaces made of the teeth of deer, rodents & wild hogs or aromatic seeds, through the weller of which there appeared a pair of provocative beautifully modelled breasts & nipples. Round her wrists and forearms were bracelets of white beads from which hung ^{more} pendants coloured feathers. Round her waist she wore a thick girdle of beads from which hung the usual apron which was obviously new & had some beautiful designs worked through ^{it}. Round the ankles & just below the ~~toes~~ knees were rows of scooped out shells of various fruit seeds, which made a tinkling sound at her slightest movement. Maitland was quick & glad to note that the bracelets & necklace he had so recently almost to force on her acceptance had an open & conspicuous place on her arms & neck.

She certainly looked the real savage & Maitland could not bring himself to reconcile the shy demure little person who had been his daily companion for nearly a month with the figure standing before him. So far he had only seen that side of her that represented her father's training & the subsequent life at school & association with cultured missionaries farther down the river, and doubtless in courtesy to his nationality & colour she had acted so far in ^{the} manner most agreeable & customary to him. Certainly not for one moment had her actions, speech & ways been any other than he could have expected from his sister if he had had one

She had been the perfect hostess & guide - amusing, hospitable & thoughtful in the former & highly efficient in the latter.

Now for some reason best known to herself she had suddenly reverted to the habits & manners of her tribe which Mailland was quick to realize was her true place in life. She would be in demand for a few short years if she went down river, but in a low debasing way as he had judged ^{from} the habits & morals of all he had met on the timber grants. Better far and cleaner & higher, that she adopt or rather resume the ordinary life of the Tribe where she could understand & if necessary combat, the principles of living amongst her own class & kin. Inside her own tribe she could & would probably be an influence for good but down on the coast, clever as he undoubtedly was, the beauty & grace of this lovely Flower of Fall or Forest would soon be besmirched, crushed & trampled underfoot in the mud.

She had bowed to wish him a hearty good morning but almost at once with flashing eyes, & tinkling feet & she swung into a dance & was pirouetting round Mailland & he watched her graceful light-like figure as it swayed hither & thither in the happy abandon of youth & happiness. She paused before him with swaying body, just enough to keep her feather ornaments in flutter & said, "Why so serious Master Archie?" "Please don't tell me you are angry & think me bad & foolish! Mother gets annoyed when I dress like this, but my grandparents love me to do it, so I dressed fully for their sakes & also to show you what I look like at times when you won't be here. Remember this is our picnic day so please say you are pleased, & try to smile a little, Archie"

His answer was to jump forward to catch her, but his hands only clutched the air. She was dancing on one side a few feet away singing like a child "You can't catch me" "I'll show you" he shouted as he dashed after her. The hut now cleared of all his baggage & boxes was quite empty & there began a rapid chase. Senu never left the hut, she was never more than a few feet away from him but catch her he could not. There were times when it seemed impossible for her to escape, seconds when his hand shot out to clasp her flying hair, but she seemed to anticipate his every movement - however clever or cunning by a fraction of a second. They kept up the game for a good ten minutes until thoroughly winded, Maitland bent ~~back~~ leant up against a post to rest. Senu dodged behind another, round which she poked a laughing rougish face & made a grimace at him as she again sang out "You can't catch me." "Yes! you little vagabond I'll give you but, but do you mind standing still & let me have another look at you," he exclaimed "and let me tell you, you are the looliest thing I've ever seen in life, Senu, & your dress is perfectly adorable. I say that without flattery" She stepped boldly from behind her shelter saying, "And a nice lot of credit to you. Look at my hair, my ornaments & my ornaments, All of them ⁱⁿ awry & disorder. You just sit & wait while I go back to dress properly again."

She soon reappeared with her toilet completely renovated & a few additional feather ornaments but she did not re-enter his hut. "Come on, Arokie" she called, "See! the sun is well clear of the forest & it is high time we were on the road," as she started along the trail. He fell in behind her swinging step in silence. The girl had changed. Gone was the

gay laughing spirit of a few moments ago, & in its place was a figure that, though the savage in appearance, somehow commanded deep respect. She was the Chieftainess of the Tribe now, a fact that was forced to his attention as they cleared the escarpment where a couple of women & young boys were evidently waiting for their appearance. As she drew near these people jumped to their feet & stood clear on one side of the path with their eyes following her every movement. Not one glance did anyone give to the white man following so closely behind which was unusual as he still was rather an *avis rariss*.

To his surprise Secus did not make for the river today but turned into the forest instead. A mile or so farther along they emerged on to a long range of bare rocks to be alternated with patches of forest & more rocks, until the sun was quite half way up in the sky. They had probably walked some half dozen miles when at the foot of a particularly difficult patch of boulder & rock, a lovely clear creek was noisily careering down over some falls. Secus sat down on a rock & motioned Archie to another near her. "I suppose you wonder why I've brought overland for the first time when it seems so much easier than by river" she said "but part of the road is the secret of only a few of the Tribe & rarely used. We now have only a few woodskins above the Fall, & if trouble ever arose again for my people as my grand^dfather says his grandfather has told about, it is our way of escape. That branches off some way behind; this leads us in a short distance to where we are going, but we don't encourage any one to walk it too often & you could not find your way back alone. I am certain, so the secret is safe with you. The woodskins were all brought upstream yesterday & so we had to walk."

As she finished the last of those following ^{behind} had come up & they moved on. In a short time they emerged in the clearing which Maitland recognised at once as the home of the old grand father, where they were received with the usual welcome. To his surprise he recognised quite a few of the children & women around as those from ^{the village} he had been living at, & wondered if they had come up for a dance or some such festival. Beer was passed round, & that handed to Maitland was a variety of which he was quite fond. Then food was set out for him in an open shed & to which he asked Saus & her grandfather to sit down to also. The old man shook his head but Saus was now hungry & was not long in getting a turtle seat. There was quite a variety of game, both animal & bird — some were his particular favourites — while alongside, piled up on plaited palm leaf trays were heaps of different fruit. Saus had arranged hunters to scour the forest so that at the day's picnic there would be no lack of food.

Maitland made a thoroughly good meal & a hammock having been slung up for him, he retired to that to watch the Indians. Most of the women & children & the young people from the Great Fall & other ^{some} outlying villages seemed to be present & it was the largest collection of the Tupanakai he had seen. Apparently it was a general holiday — a most unusual feature to begin so early in the morning — & beer was constantly being passed round, of which a very respectable amount came his way, & a dance was in ^{soon} progress. He lay there watching with rather languid interest. It was all rather childish, he mused, but they all seemed to be enjoying them ^{selves} immensely. Not quite his idea of a picnic; he would much rather been away in the forest

with his gun or net but these were now stowed away in the boat ready for the journey back down river, still he much shows some interest since Sums seemed to be having a grand time flitting around, although she took no part in the dancing, admiring & hugging various small babies, cracking jokes with everybody & often convulsed with helpless laughter. After all he was under a considerable debt to her for her invaluable assistance in the recent weeks for which he had been unable to make ~~any~~ payment in any way, so if she desired his presence at some silly festival as compensation, well, he would gladly suffer a few hours of boredom as it could not last very long, since he would sleep below the Fall so as to reach his waiting boat & crew by daybreak. Sums must be a prize fool not to accept what was her dues & which he would so willingly have given & so must the men of the tribe be also, since they had stubbornly refused his proffered gifts as an inducement to go down river to work. They could do as they liked of course, but in the case of Sums, it made him feel rather small. Her action hit below the belt & hurt his masculine vanity & superiority - - the silly little ass - - yes, - - Drat! the G - - 1 - - 5 - - L. ^{moved}

^{to} A fly settled on his brow & he put up a hand to brush it away. It ~~settled~~ ^{settled} on his cheek & his response was prompt & when the persistent insect began running up his neck he sat up in anger on the offensive. A ripple of laughter made him turn his head & there stood Sums with a long slender feather in her hand. "Wake up! Sleepy head" she chaffed "look where the sun is. It will soon be time to start for home". Then Traottland realized he had slept for some time as the sun, almost unbelievably was well

to the West of the meridian. "We are all going for a bath," said Sams, "you had better come also as it will refresh you for our return."

Nearly everyone was already in the pool when Sams & he arrived. He moved off to one side to undress & bathe & Sams & a couple of other young maidens chose ~~the~~ another secluded spot where he could just see their head & shoulders now & again. They had carried some pounded bark with them, with which he saw them ^{roughly} ~~carefully~~ working between their hands till it ^{or} ~~hattered~~ like soap. Then ^{begin to} ~~they~~ wash ~~ed~~ Sams face, neck & shoulders with great care. Sams didn't delay over the operation & was soon ready to join him to return to the house but what a different Sams. Gone were every trace of paint & pigment & gone also were every necklace & ornament & feather from her hair & body. Even the new bead apron had been replaced by an old worn one held in position by a single stout cotton cord. Here was the girl who had been his forest guide, hair coiled & netted, & a minimum of dress, but he did notice with pleasure that she wore the bracelets & necklace he had given her. A girl beside her was carrying an open palm-leaf box containing everything else & Sams remarked "I'm leaving all these with grand-father against the time I'll need them again."

Another meal was in progress but Tricland shook his head. "I brought up some coffee in case you'd like it," said Sams. "I'd love that more than any thing," he replied. A little later Sams came to him saying, "We go back in my own woodskin by river, Archie, I've packed some fruit & game that you particularly love, just in case we find nothing much to eat when we get home. Is there anything else you'd like?" No. Well, you'd better say Good-bye to the Old Folks & everybody & let us push off down stream."

Saying Goodbye was a very simple & elementary business. He said "Thank you" in his best manner & tried to throw in a few compliments but Seus was absent now, having gone off to the creek, & he could make little head way. There was no handshaking or ceremonies beyond a last offer of a guard full of beer. They received his salutes & salutations with stoical indifference beyond a few guttural expressions of assent. They were not rude; presumably only being natural, but it was very disappointing & he was glad to hurry over it, rejoin Seus at the boat. He hated woodskin at all times & the one Seus so proudly owned was particularly small but he carefully stepped into the bow as directed & ~~sat~~ ^{sat} down. Amidships were a small covered up pile of fruit & food. Seus picked up a paddle & took her place in the stern; apparently no one else was going with them; in fact there wasn't room as the craft had only a tiny inch of freeboard as it was. Seus dipped her paddle in the water & skillfully turned the bow down stream & they began slipping away. Just as they were entering the forest proper before the last glimpse of the village Seus gave a flip with ^{her} paddle, to Trailland's dismay, which threw a shower of sparkling drops of water over a wide arch & the girl yelled "Guini magalli" (We are off) Trailland was astonished when the indifferent crowd he had just left gave ^{such} a hearty loud resounding yell in response "Analabee mangi" (Safe journey)

Soon Seus brought the woodskin to rest alongside a dry sand bank. "Better take off your boots & stockings as the creek is so dry that you'll be as much in the water as the boat" he was told. This proved correct as every ^{foot} yard their passage was blocked either with shallow banks

or fallen logs & trees. Seus seemed in a hurry & she was continually urging him to quicker action when they had to stop & lift their frail bark canoe bodily over some obstruction "Why such haste?" asked Maitland & the answer ^{was} "Because I don't want to get bushed half way home. It is a lovely day now & bright moonlight tonight, but two or three days ago there was heavy cloud over the high mountains to the South, & if one of the usual storms at this time of the year was suddenly to blow up, it would become so dark & wild that we'd have to go ashore till it blew over, or ^{sleep} maybe for the rest of the night. We are late now, & we must make the Great Fall ^{before} dark somehow. So step quickly when getting out or in our boat." Maitland did his very best to comply but he could feel her resentment rising by her actions & complete silence at his slightest clumsy movements.

Just before entering the Sipaliwini River, they passed over a tiny bar of rock & Seus exclaimed "Look Archie, look, the creek is rising." For the last time, he hoped, he was stepping into woodskin, before reaching deep water & naturally he looked back at the creek down which they had just come but it didn't seem any different to him. "How do you know that?" he asked. She pointed to a ^{small} piece of rock projecting above the water. "Do you notice how there is no moisture above the surface of the water on that stone?" That means the Sipaliwini is rising & it will help us." A few moments later they emerged into the main river & almost at once Seus ran the craft alongside a patch of something floating past. "Archie" she said "touch that grey patch with your finger." He did & was surprised to see the whole thing disappear & sink in the river. "Why! that was sand" he

exclaimed, "You are right" said Sams "it has come a good half mile from the next sand bank upstream. That shows it must have been a good rain in the mountains two days ago, & the river ^{is rising} may rise as much as my own height; You see how we are slipping along so quickly & we will now make a quick trip & be home in excellent time, unless you dare to linger at the top of the Lachocira Grande & see the moon rise"

Slipping rapidly down with the current & now assured in her mind of the certainty of reaching home in safety before dark, Sams began to brighten up. She was now full of chatter wherever she had been silent pointing out flowers, fruit, birds or whatever attracted her attention above their heads or on either side. She was laughing & smiling & gay instead of the gloomy angry looking girl in the small creek, & every now & again burst into song mostly small snatches of tribal tunes which her companion could not follow, until he asked her to sing something in his own language. Her lovely voice sounded even more splendid in the arching cathedral of branch & tree above & around them to effortlessly to run through several snatches of song that she had learned at school or heard the missionaries sing in their own home. Inuitland listened enthralled with little to say, & especially when she touched a chord in his own breast which had been very prominent in his thoughts ^{during the last two days} ~~was~~ since he knew he was homeward bound when she started & sang to a finish that beautiful Home, sweet Home.

As the last notes floated out over the forest she laid the wood skin along a small high sand bank, saying, "We are within a very short distance of the Great Fall although we cannot hear it. Why not stop here to eat dinner,

We have plenty of food & beer & I have plenty of coffee I have kept for you when you packed up. Then if you like we can linger a little at the top of the Fall, to see the moon rise if you care: it is rather spectacular I always think. Maitland kept on saying "Why we are on a picnic Sams, so let's go right through the programme you've put up. It's a topping idea" "We can easily make the trip down the escarpment path" she added "before it is too dark for you to see the way" "I'm slowly learning to walk your way" ~~he said~~ "and I think I can promise you I won't disgrace. There will be no need for you to carry me back to my boat in the morning" he chaffed her & they laughed in mutual good humour.

Their simple supper was soon finished. Sams gathered together her calabash dishes & ^{some made} earthen ware pots saying "You good person. There is exactly enough coffee & casava biscuits for your early morning meal" "You seem to have got the treasure of my appetite pretty accurately" he joked. "Well! I wouldn't be very observant," she countered "if I didn't know just how much you ate after cooking & laying your coffee every morning for the last four weeks almost."

They only only passed two sharp short bends in the river on continuing their journey when the forest cleared in front & before them the long winding gorge. A moment later Sams swung their craft broad side on & they came gently to rest on the rocks that ~~was~~ formed the fall. She was busy a moment landing everything in the woodskin, then she & Archie lifted it bodily & carried it up the sloping rocks high enough to be out of the way of any reasonable rise in the river & they slowly made their way forward along some 20 yards of smooth slightly sloping rocks to the brink.

The spot where they had landed was a rather steep high mass of solid rock. The river broke away in nearly equal parts on each side & rushing down in gattering rapidly had an inward carving wall ^{on} the outside slowly bringing the streams to gether again until they fell from sight over the edge of the Fall below which their waters again mingled before crashing on the rocks below. Thus the couple were marooned on an island which could only be approached from above since the slippery wet rocks at the water edge & the depth & force of the racing was such as no human being could venture to cross without the certainty of being swept off down to the fall. Even above the division care had to be exercised in a canoe as the suck of the rushing stream was insidious & dangerous. The rocky island in the centre was dry, & easy walking although dangerous when wet. It was criss-crossed by a couple of intrusive dykes & a fault or two, but with one exception was completely bare & free from vegetation. A feet from the brink the juncture of a dyke & fault offered a spot for the deposit of silt when the entire fall was covered with water in the height of the wet season & here some seed had sprouted & taken root. In its native forest it would have grown to a huge tall tree, but here, stinted of soil, was a dwarf of some 20 ft in height only. Owing to the rise & fall of the floods it was bare of branches for some 6 feet up its knotted trunk above which was a dense ^{grown} canopy of large dark green leaves. Against the root of the tree was jammed a good armful of dead branches, the debris of previous flood, otherwise, since there had been no floods for nearly a year, a deep layer of dead leaves lay under its shade, the result of a recent shedding of its leaves. These covered a ^{small} level space

a few feet square to end where a break about a foot deep had occurred from which point the rocks shelved rapidly to the brink.

Their arrival coincided with the setting of the sun. Only on the tops of some of the tallest trees of the forest there remained a few rapidly vanishing golden tints & in a few moments at most the rapidly gathering gloom of tropical dusk would be falling. Away to the East the sky was cloudless, of a duckegg green merging into blue in the changing light but as yet no ray, no trace of a rising moon. In front of them lay a long wide vista of gorge completely clothed in dense forest, but relieved from monotony by the contours of a rolling country which the forest followed as also the variations in the different colours of the various trees. The sound of the fall in front was only a murmur or fading away altogether according to how the air carried the sound, as its crash on the rocks was so far below to be audible up above, but all around the air was full of a million noises of the forest; animals & beasts who roared during the day uttering their last calls before sleep; others, nocturnal in their habits, just waking up emitting their preliminary calls of welcome to their friends & mates or warning to their foes or prey.

Suus sat down about a yard apart on the leaf covered rocks just a little way inside the overhead canopy & with their feet hanging over the step or break in the rocks in front. Everything had been left up near the wood skin but Suus had brought down with her, the inevitable knife, a comb, & a tiny palm-nut. As they sat down Suus began to undo her hair which as was her invariable custom when in the forest was bound up in a net made from the lacy cambium. "Sorry, Archie" she said

"but my head gets so hot when my hair is all coiled up & held secure by a net." She began to comb it out & Archie caught a whiff of some very agreeable & alluring perfume she used on her hair. "Why do you use that bewitching perfume?" he asked. "Suppose on the other hand," she countered "you tell me why I should not use it." "Oh, it's all right; in fact I like it very much & if I only knew how you make it, I'd be jolly glad to introduce it to my people, but it does so remind me of home & some of my nice friends there."

"Thank's awfully," she sneered "it is so nice to know there is something about this little Savage that ^{makes you think} reminds you of home even if it is a tiny drop of oil that reminds you of some priceless well clothed, good, mannered girl of your own class & fancy." He was genuinely annoyed at the twist she had given to his innocent remarks & he growled "Suns!" "There are moments when I could almost - - -" "When you could almost what, Archie?" she said in her most silky tones.

He watched her pick up her palm nut. It was really a shell as its interior had been carefully scooped out by fire applied through a small hole at the top & was the receptacle in which she kept her perfume. This was made from sweet smelling kernel which Suns declared was very rare & grew only in mountains away at the source of the Sepahiwini. Its manufacture was simple, but the difficulty was getting the necessary nuts & the small supply she now had was the result of a visit by some of her tribe ^{more than} a year ago to those Indians beyond the range. She had so little on hand that she only used a drop or two once a week or on state occasions. Very slowly she withdrew the beeswax stopper of the palm seed bottle

in the centre of which was stuck a tiny thin sliver of bamboo
 at ^{whose} ~~the~~ point a minute drop of oil appeared. ~~She~~ ^{the perfume} she drew through the
 end of an already prepared roll of her hair, & ~~then~~ as carefully she
 replaced the cork. "And so there are moments when you could
 do almost what?" she drawled & then she deliberately flicked
 the point of her perfumed coil across his face. Inaitaud
 sprang to her side as if he had been stung, but already she had
 whirled to face with stern flashing eyes & rigid mien. He stopped
 almost touching her. "You provocative little devil" he barked "there
 are times when I could give you a thorough sound thrashing or an
 now when I could chuck you over the fall." Not for one second
 did her eyes fall before his. "So! Inaitah Maitaud" she mimicked
 in ^{or} ~~his~~ low musical whisper "and let me tell you that I most
 definitely promise that if I go over ^{that} the fall that you either you
~~go with~~ ^{follow} me or more likely precede me, without the slightest effort
 on your part." Maitaud realised she meant what she said & was
 probably right in what would happen if he tried to play any monkey
 tricks on her. Beside him sat a frigid little figure - a mere slip
 of a girl in her early teens who would fight for her honour or her
 life, not with the accepted rules of civilization, but according to the
 fierce law of the jungle with tooth & nail & claw plus the help of a
 sturdy sharp knife.

Almost as she finished speaking Suus burst out again
 "Look oh! Archie, look" & there, away down the gorge, was a

tiny thread of gold on the top of the forest: There was no preliminary rays; just the intense blue of darkening infinity, the tiny line of gold & the sombre forest underneath. As they watched in silence as the line ^{became} grew to a small crescent, rapidly grow ^{larger} before their eyes. Soon the light of the rising moon began to be reflected from river as it turned & twisted through the long valley, then just for one second the the full moon, an enormous disc of burnished gold, stood poised on the tops of the forest trees. "How unspeakably lovely" exploded Maitland. "This is something, thanks to you Suus, that I will remember as long as I live" "I thought you'd like it Archie" she said ^{simply}, and now we must go ^{while} we can still see our way better down the rough steep road to the village, before dusk has completely gone" Maitland motioned her to keep silent & she sat still long enough for the moon to clear her own diameter above the horizon & Suus began ^{again}, "Come on, Archie, time to go." "No, Suus" said Archie "this is too lovely to abandon. I had a good sleep today, & what's more it is too early for bed. The higher the moon rises the stronger will be her light so that we can the more easily see the path down the cliff. I don't often ask you for a favour but this I do ask you. Will you please just sit quietly where you are, Suus, and let us admire the beauty before us"

Side by side they sat in silence watching the moon rising rapidly, noting how she diminished in apparent size, & her change from gold to silver. After a while Archie asked "How did you find out this wonderful cove Suus?"

"It was daddy found it" she replied. "he & mother & I used to come down at least once or twice every full moon to look at the view. I'm sorry mother is not here tonight, but of course it is hard for her to get up & down the path. This rock is supposed to contain a spirit & none of our tribe will venture near it, but I managed to persuade little Laluni to accompany me but I have not been here for two full moons now, as she has married & is busy otherwise". Her mention of her father started off a conversation around her childhood & she had also to relate the myth as to why the place where they sat was haunted.

Nearly an hour slipped away unnoticed when suddenly an arm & a rigid finger shot out pointing to something away beneath them & Seus began murmuring, "Look, look, the River Shark, the River Shark" Just opposite the village Maitland ^{saw} a human being launching a corial. The man climbed into his craft & began slowly paddling in the shadows of the rocks which jutted out into a long point. Seus seemed unduly excited, her low voice had been hoarse & Maitland sensed she was shaking with excitement "And just what or who is the River Shark?" he asked, but got no answer. Again he asked the same question in a brusger tone of voice, at which Seus gave a violent start & withdrew her eyes from the canoe man beneath, but she did not seem to understand. Again he repeated the question & Seus managed to stammer "I am so sorry Archie, that I spoke of this, but I was really talking to myself unconsciously" She was again intently watching the canoe which was nearing the point of the rocks, when Maitland spoke again "Tell me, is the River Shark the secret of the full moon?" & she nodded dumbly.

Maitland could hear the girl's teeth chattering & he knew she was in the grip of some most unusual excitement, probably intense fear & for a fear

seconds he paused as to the best way of approaching this strange sky being, then he laid his open hand on her bare knee almost touching his own & said in his gentlest voice "I feel you are in trouble, Suus. Why not tell it to me? If I can help you know I will do all I can, but if I cannot help in any way your secret will remain safe with me." She murmured "Thanks" & sat silently watching the man drawing up the corral at one side of the village, hauling, saw him pick up a bundle & slowly mount the path to the village.

Suddenly Suus almost wailed "Oh! it is too much for me & I must tell you" & forthwith began to relate the very little they know of the River Shark, from his entry into their lives till his demand that she should be in the village of the day the moon was full — "today". "But why on earth need you be here to meet him?" asked Trailland "you could easily have arranged to be miles away & this negro could never have found you" "I don't know" Suus said "you see Daddy said the failure of our people is due to the fact that they would never face up to things & ~~he~~ he used to tell me over & over again that some day what he called Fate would overtake me & when it does it is no use to run away as it will find me in the most remote corner & that eventually I will either have to accept it, whatever it may be, or stand up and fight it. I feel somehow this negro is what Daddy meant & I had meant to be at home either today or tomorrow to find out what ^{he} really meant. I should have been there today, but it was your last day & our picnic & I have tried to induce you to return before dark, so as to meet him. I am not afraid to face him. Mother has sent most of the women & children elsewhere as she feared danger for them, but about twenty of our most determined

men were to assemble before noon today in the village & they would see that this horrible man do no harm either to me or anyone even if they shoot him. I can face him in the daylight but why, oh, why has he come in the night?"

For a moment Maitland pondered how best to answer her question then he quietly said "It is no use blinking facts, Suus. You are a full grown woman now, & surely you should know why." Suus looked straight into his eyes as she stammered "You - you mean - - that what Namai says is true?" & he answered a firm "yes". A great wave of crimson rushed over her neck & face; she flung her open hand before her face to hide her shame & double up over her knees in a paroxysm of sobs. This time Maitland had neither hard thoughts or sneers for her distress. It was no selfish motive that impelled her emotion, but a very keen realisation & hatred of impending Fate which so far in her innocence & ignorance she had refused to believe ^{from} & which her father had so wisely foretold she must either run or stay to fight. That she had chosen the latter seemed folly as there was a dozen ways of escape, but it was her way & how could he help. In sheer pity he laid his hand ^{on} one bare shoulder that was free from her long hair. It felt burning hot to his touch & was shaking with her sobbing, so he began slowly stroking the bowed head beside him in an effort to convey his sympathy or to ^{give} ~~convey~~ some degree of comfort to the stricken girl, & in a moment or two she began to grow calmer & quietly

Suddenly there surged up from the village one loud agonised shriek. Suus with a great gulp of intaking breath flung herself against Maitland for protection & grabbed his shirt in her clenched

as she muttered "What was that?" Almost unconsciously Braitland slid his arm from stroking the head right round her shoulder to pull her closer. He himself had been badly startled if not frightened & contact & nearness, was better, best, until they got their bearings as to what was taking place.

The news excitement had completely stopped the girl's sobs & in silence the pair sat staring into the depths below. In less than a moment they saw a figure scurrying down the ~~fx~~ bank, which raced to the corial, leaped in & began to paddle for dear life across the river. Seus tried to move to get a better view but Braitland held her tight, so she snuggled in, her head on his chest but watching none the less. Helped by the current & by the rapid & strong strokes of a flashing paddle the corial soon reached the other shore. The person who was paddling leapt out, seized his craft & pulled it up on the shelving bank in the shelter of some bushes & stalked into the forest.

Seus lay silent & motionless, eyes glued on where the figure had disappeared & awaited its return. It did not emerge & Seus gave one long deep sigh & stirred. She turned her face up to Braitland & asked, "Whatever has happened & what must I do now, Archie?" As he gazed on the lovely face he noted a tear on one cheek & her large round eyes were full of unshed moisture which reflected the moonlight shining directly on her face. He saw the tiny mouth twitching & sensed rather than felt or saw that her teeth ^{really} although clenched were chattering with fear. All he could answer was "God knows" in his dilemma.

Yet he understood what the girl was feeling. Here was something elemental, common to all humanity that touched ^{both, despite of} the savant or the

their different upbringing

Savage equally; some mental rather than physical dread of the unknown; a fear that at some time or other can creep through the heart & mind in spite of all we can argue or do. There are a few urges in life, which are common ^{to everything that lives,} to keep life in being which comes direct from God or Nature & which, so far, the Art of Man has been unable to change. & it was in one of these that Maitland met on a common ground of understanding irrespective of their vastly differing modes of life & environment & the even greater difference in ambition, hopes & thought.

Archie pulled the quiescent figure closer to him partly to encourage ^{her} ~~his~~ growing calm & partly, maybe largely & certainly dangerously, to stiffen some feelings in his own heart or mind which so far he had suppressed & hid, as he thought, with success, but as he watched those trembling lips gradually growing calmer under his touch, something seemed to snap within him, & he bowed his head until his own ^{lips} rested on hers. A shy little arm stole gently round his neck & a tremulous voice whispered "Oh Archie my love!! my love!!"

In that instant their whole perspective of life, of time & space was altered. Across their glowing lips their souls seemed to mingle & their bodies thrilled & thrilled in an ecstasy that spells love equally to the peasant or prince. Had some piercing shriek struck terror to their hearts in this life or some other. They were on top of the world, alone together & thrill answering thrill, with their backs to everyone & everything that had ^{been} happened in life, their vision stretching away down a roseate future of unexplored joy & rapture which had no end. They sat for hours discussing hopes & plans to make this vision practical & possible, straining each other in a closer embrace as some expression or thought surged a new thrill

through their hearts & minds. The moon climbed overhead as they lay on their leaf strewn bed of rocks hid in the shadows of the foliage above them, tired but unbelievably content ~~and~~ + satisfied till Nature ⁶⁵ called a halt to ~~and~~ even their energy & youth, a rest from the excitement of the day & limbs exhausted they slept.

Yes, the River Shark had come back. At noon a corial driven by one lone paddler crept up the far side of the village. Not a single dog barked in the settlement, & when the paddler leapt ashore, his eyes ranged everywhere without the sight of a single human being, although had he known it close on thirty pairs of suspicious eyes were watching his every movement. On Butterfly's call more than twenty hefty tribesmen had assembled to protect her & her daughter if necessary, although just what they were to do none knew. They were men however of tried decision & swift action & though the negro had offered offense to none except Butterfly when no one was there to see the happening, they would act promptly, even to shooting, if necessary although the folklore of their tribe showed countless instances where it had been folly to resist the strangers of other nations & races, & definitely none wanted to be driven back to their mountain strongholds by a single person even if he carried marvellous arms & power.

Kept up in keen excitement the whole party watched the opposite bank with an acute scrutiny, but the negro gave no sign. The sun moved down the sky slowly & the afternoon seemed long to the watchers. At length they were rewarded by the appearance of the stranger just before the sun reached the tree tops, but the man had only come to bathe. When they saw the figure dip water up in a receptacle, pour it on his head & re-enter the forest. Soon they saw smoke rising & to their great relief

they realised the man was cooking his evening meal. It would be dark certainly before he could boil any pot & it was practically certain the man would not trouble them in the ~~darkness~~^{night} even if it was bright moonlight. Their vigilance began to relax & they ordered food for themselves. They were now chattering & laughing with relief & they decided they could sleep in peace. They would turn all their dogs out of doors & no peculiar smelling negro could even approach their village without a very noisy reception, at the least, which would awaken everybody.

The first intimation that the villagers had of the presence of Shark was a loud strange laugh up in Butterfly's house & almost at the same instant an outbreak of barking from their dogs. Shark had come quietly, silently over in his corial at a period when their vigilance had been relaxed through their decision that he was abed for good for the night. He did not follow the usual road to the village but made his way through the scrub & low bush on one side. Here again fortune favoured Shark as a gentle breeze sweeping up the gorge carried his scent away from the dogs & he was lucky not to encounter a single animal before reaching Butterfly's hut.

Butterfly was sitting outside in the moonlight anxiously awaiting the return of Suis when Shark stepped from the cover of the scrub into the small clearing in front of the house. She gave a sharp exclamation of surprise which was followed by a loud laugh from him & a hearty salutation "Hello, lady, you get a fright, eh? but you see I come as I tell you" He carried a basket on his arm which he set down as he annexed Butterfly's seat, & told her to bring another for herself.

Shark was in high good humours & recited his traps down river & back: told of the good times he had had & the lovely things he had brought up as gifts for herself & daughter. Butterfly sat silent except for monosyllabic assent or answers when he asked a question. He emptied his basket & laid out a small collection of thin highly coloured dress material, a few strings of gaudy glass beads, a couple of small mirrors, some perfume & a few other goods likely to catch her fancy or favour. He also drew out a couple of bottles of Ca, one of which was already uncorked. At his request she produced a couple of small calabashes into which he poured a little of the spirit, but Butterfly merely shook her head when pressed to drink. Shark was trying his best to create a good impression but so far he was making no head way. He had asked for Secus almost as he arrived only to be told that she was out, but might be back any moment, so he had better make friends while they were waiting for the girls appearance.

There was no doubt Shark had been drinking already as the open partially open bottle showed, & since Butterfly would not taste the stuff he had taken her portion. Every few moments he drank a little more & soon he was highly pleased with himself, & was laughing at his own sagings in his loud hearty way. Further inquiries about Secus produced no ^{more} further information, so he demanded an entrance to the house, but here he found nothing nor in the empty shed behind, so he sat down again. He was getting quite merry, but he was observing everything and he noticed Butterfly was giving keen attention to the village, as her eyes were always looking that way & every now & again she would cock her head on one

to listen to any sound down there, so he began to be suspicious that probably Seew was down there, & expressed a wish to go down to explore. Butterfly became quite voluble "Do, by all means" she said "but before you go put those things you've brought up back in the basket & carry them round into the shed at the back where they will be safe" He did as she directed, taking a last drink & emptying the open bottle in doing so, but as soon as he turned the corner of the house, Butterfly cupped her hands and pressing them to her lips gave out a double call of some forest animal which was repeated at once from the village, a sound so low & natural that Shark probably never even heard it or at least he paid no attention.

The men in the village were very comical on the alert as soon as they had heard Shark's first laugh, but, abnoxious at the man might be, the party above them seemed to be on excellent terms judging by the continued hilarity, there seemed no cause for alarm. They did not come out into the open however but sat listening in their huts with their arms alongside them.

As they heard the call of the animal - the signal given by Butterfly, they jumped into action. The signal gave no hint as to what to expect but was more to put them on their guard, so the men of the nearest hut picked up their bows & arrows to dash into the gloom of the forest. As they did so they whistled "Come to me" signal, which might have been the call of some bird or insect. ^{insure that they were all in} long before Shark appeared in front of the village the band of men were already well into the forest, each man separate & hid in some place that pleased each one in case of eventualities. Two or three elderly men & their wives only remained in the entire camp.

Shark soon inspected the village with ^{out} finding a trace of Sews. Inquiries + questions were met with complete silence as not one of those remaining knew a word of what the man said. Frustration of his plan was gradually changing the man's temper + perhaps drink was adding its effect. He was no longer ~~nerve~~ imagining that the Indians were in league against him. He was gradually getting angry + rising loud threatening, ^{language} but after a thorough inspection by the aid of a burning torch of resin he returned to Butterfly's without a damaging display of his real self.

Back at the hut above he again questioned Butterfly about Sews' movements, but he was in a different mood, shouting + yelling at her to try to intimidate her by noise + ^{waving} slashing his machette above his head to cause her to anticipate actual violence. All he could get from her was "I don't know" to his questions as to where Sews was or when she would return. At last he moved off to collect his basket + return to his shack, but tried a last effort "Where is the white man?" "I don't know." "Has he gone down ^{to} join his boat which I passed waiting for him?" "I don't know." "Are he + Sews together?" "I don't know." "Did Sews go out this morning with this white bastard?" She gave no answer + so he felt he was on the track of something. He set his basket down to face the woman as he yelled, "Answer me; answer me" + Butterfly, the soul of truth nodded in reply.

The man was in the act of waving his machette when she answered + so great was his surprise + annoyance at her reply that it slipped from his grasp + fell with a crash on his basket. Lifting this he found the falling heavy knife had smashed the remaining bottle of ^{drink} rum, the contents

gushing on the ground beyond recovery. He gazed at it stupidly for a few seconds then pitched ^{it} as far from him as he could. This was the last straw & he was now in a foaming temper. Disdaining to pick up his machette he faced Butterfly crouching low before her yelling "Tell me where Senu is or I'll kill you" "I don't know" was the quiet answer "Tell me where is Senu?" He howled as he crept nearer very slowly. The face of the man was livid & distorted with ungovernable rage; his eyes glassy & staring & mouth wide open & slavering. Then his arms shot out & he sprang at the frail woman. She saw him coming & emitted one loud shrill piercing yell but his fingers closed like a vice round the slender throat & cut it short. Shark was a very powerful man in any case & now, ardent in blind fury & passion, he was a colossus. He shook Butterfly as a dog does a rat, twist & squirm how she might. Her resistance was really confined to impotent scratching & tearing at the wrists of horrid hands. This declined rapidly & soon her figure went completely inert & hung limp & heavy in his grip. He almost fell but allowing her body to reach the ground he knelt on her abdomen with his knees with his strangle hold as firm as ever & began banging her unresisting head on the hard earth till blood was bursting from her eyes & nostrils. Suddenly a spasmodic ^{shudder} ~~shudder~~ passed through body; the heels played a short patten on the ground & the beautiful soul of the crippled Butterfly was winging its way to some far distant sphere of which she had heard from the sagas of the tribe & which she had seen in her dreams at night.

Not until the paroxysm of passion had exhausted him, did

cease pounding the helpless head in fury, then he stood up & fear struck him at once, not for the vile deed he had just done, but in dread of what the retribution might be. In a couple of bounds he reached the scrub & was racing through it for the landing. He leapt into his canoe, & began paddling furiously to put the river at least between himself & the Indians. When he reached his shark, courage began to flow through his body. Here he had a couple of good guns & plenty of ammunition & another good machete to replace the one he has so carelessly left behind. He had also some grog left to which he helped himself although sparingly as he felt he must have all his wits about him. Still what had to fear? There were only a couple of elderly men in the village & although the Indian was extraordinarily cunning & treacherous, yet he soon felt he was more than a match for them & their simple bows & arrows. He dismissed the white man without thought almost. He had outsmarted & killed more than one already, & this green youth, as he had been described, would fight, if necessary, on certain rules which could be ^{fore} seen & parried. No, he would not run for it yet. He might yet possess that fair white girl. He would wait at least for daybreak, & trust his luck. It was worth a try, so he lay down on the floor, for better safety, to sleep: his guns ready loaded & his machete with his grasp ~~about~~.

The Indians, at Butterfly's signal, had rushed into the forest to take up individual points of observation & had watched Shark moving round the village but his actions had not been such as to warrant any interference. When however he moved back to Butterfly's house, on an

slightly higher level, they could see nothing. They listened intently to the negro howling & shouting. They heard a loud shriek & they saw the man paddling hard for his hut across the river, but not a man had moved. Two men were together flat against some tree trunk & individually no one man was prepared to go & interfere. Soon however after Shark disappeared in the forest opposite, an owl hooted with just a tiny false finish to its call, a frog croaked & several animals & birds joined the chorus of Indian signalling until one bolder spirit signalled "Come to me" & they re-entered their village.

The men naturally were full of whispered questions to those who had stayed on in the houses while Shark had ransacked the village, but two of them went up to the house higher up only to dash back with the news of Butterfly's being dead in front of her home. They all crept up in silence & stood looking helpless at the sprawling pathetic figure on the sand. They were too shocked for speech as they picked the body & carried it inside the hut, to deposit it in her hammock, & withdrew. Two elderly men who had their bows & arrows with them stepped into the shade of a tree, but the rest went down to their own homes. There was little talk; a few orders or suggestions, each man picking up his ^{arms} ~~arrow~~ & they silently filed out to take up posts of command along the river landing to await the return of the negro. They knew he wanted Seers who was somewhere above the Fall, & he would soon be back in quest of her.

But hours after hours went past & Shark did not appear. They got together again to consult what should be done. In relays they went back up to the village to have something to eat & eventually some little time

after the moon was past the meridian, eight of the stoutest hearted
 men, armed with the ^{only} two guns the tribe possessed & the others with bows &
 arrows entered their canoes to slip quietly across the river. They dropped down
 stream a little way, hid their canoes & entered the forest, through which they crept
 silently & slowly. There was neither sight or sound of the man they wanted, so
 they surrounded the shack, each man selecting some point of camouflage
 where he could see the roughly constructed hut, to await Shark's appearance.
 Those on the other bank lay in waiting if he should attempt to cross the river.

At the first croaking of the Forest Quail - an hour or so before the first
 glow in the East of coming dawn, & especially early this morning owing to the
 bright moonlight - Saus awoke & opened her eyes. There was no stretching of
 her limbs or yawning, but animal like, her senses were in full play as her eyes
 opened & she lay quiet for a short time absolutely motionless, while she noted every
 sound around her. She was lying in the circle of Trailland's arms & he was still
 asleep. Very gently she disengaged herself from his grasp & knelt beside him
 looking down intently at his peaceful face, then rose to walk away. She
 made a fire up behind the stunted tree & arranged a pot of water on it to
 boil. While waiting she went up to the head of the rocks where she bathed
 & did her toilet, combing out & coiling her hair in the bark net as usual.
 The pot was boiling when she finished & she made coffee. Stepping across
 she flopped down beside the sleeper & gently shook him awake. Trailland
 stretched his stiff limbs from the hardness of his unusual bed, but was generally
 fully sensed, when he flung his arms around Saus & pulled her down.
 Unresistingly, nay, answering with complete abandon, she

received his morning salutation with every fibre of her being thrilling to his touch, but she soon sprang free to say, "Come on, you sleepy person, coffee is waiting & has gone cold already. Off you go & have your bath by the woodskin. I will have it heated up as you like it best before you get back". When she returned he found her waiting with his usual calabashful of coffee & ^{a little} some cassava bread, some of which he persuaded Saus to eat also. Then she collected her various earthen pots & calabashes, & placed them carefully at the root of the tree, as she said, "I'm leaving these here just now. There is no need to carry them down to the village".

It was still early, the dawn not even showing in the East, & they sat down side by side in silence to watch. Inailland's arms went round her & she lay content with her head on her shoulder. Soon however a tinge of grey appeared in the sky imperceptibly growing stronger. "You've got to go, Archie, and you know it. Waiting won't help; it will only make it worse, so come on". Hand in hand they went up to where the woodskin lay. They launched it & got in & Saus, with a few hard strokes of her paddle to land them safely at the head of the path, jumped ashore on the smooth flat rocks. "I am not going down the path with you, so I'll say Goodbye here Archie dear". He was astounded at this unexpected decision "But Saus" he said "you must come down with me. We'll say Goodbye in the village at least - or why not come on down river as far as you care to go & you can come back at your leisure in your own corial" "Yes! and have those black people sneering at us" "Well, let them sneer" he said. "No, Archie, they are not going to say nasty things of you, nor even of myself, so here

I will say goodlye if you please Archie. We talked it all out last night, Archie, & what has to be, must be. I cannot, must not say Goodlye in front of any of ^{your} ^{or my own} people. so please, please, please Archie, let it be here where I found you, by the top of the Fall. "But Sams" he exclaimed "I love you, don't you understand. I love you"

Maillard kept forward & caught her, unresisting in his arms. Sams lay quiet on his breast- letting him take his fill of her lips, her brow her eyes & even her neck. Her arms crept round his neck & she held him in one long embrace "I know you love me Archie but I too love you and just as much. If I did not I would not be here now, nor have slept in your arms last night. But here it must end. I cannot go with you Archie gladly as I would welcome it. as I would be miserable in a town, a place I have never seen. I am a creature of the forests, & I do soon grow weary if I were anywhere else & begin to fret & long for my life as it is here." "But I tell you, I love Sams" "Yes I know, am certain of it- but we have to part, so let it be here & now. You have to go back to your mother, your work & fame. I will wait here for whenever you care to return. As we talked last night I worked it all out in my mind & I can handle things here my way. I will be waiting for your return, Archie & if you come out the full of the moon by night I'll be up here just as I was last night"

As she spoke her voice grows low & halting & for a few moments she broke down & sobbed on his breast. (Everything was hurting this morning crushing her beneath some great weight she had never known before, a weight that grew worse & more hurtful every second & it seemed

as every caress from Archie added to the pain. Was there no respite from it - no balm that would ease it & there before her eyes was the growing dawn now fearfully white calling, calling him & adding to that awful pain.

Suddenly her arms tensed round his neck & she drew him into an almost-strangling embrace & suddenly she hissed "Goodbye Archie Goodbye" Her body stiffened & she began to fight him with unexpected fiery strength. Maithland tightened his grip round the struggling girl & held her to him with all his power. He slipped on the rock & Suus broke his grip at the same time & escaped shouting "Go! Go!" as she sprang away & pushing against the bank, when he recovered, she had leapt into her woodskin & was already well out into deep water, paddling rapidly for the other shore.

Suus stepped out on to a projecting piece of a dead log on the other bank of the river. She grasped an overhead branch with one hand to give her a better balance & as ^{it} was just within the sweep of the current beginning its descent to the brink of the fall, held on to the edge of her craft with a prehensile toe. Maithland was shouting something to her, but she held up her free hand to stop him while she shouted again "Go! Go!". He paid no attention until she removed her foot to give the craft a strong, deliberate push out into the stream. Maithland saw this movement with consternation & he watched ^{the woodskin} its giddy progress down the steep slope until it leapt clear into the air over the brink & disappeared to crash somewhere on the rocks below.

This simple act meant finality to Maithland as he could by no means at his command reach the girl standing watching him, & it drove home the fact that they were parted & that nothing would

ever bring her back. She would wait patiently for him, it might be
 years ~~at~~ ^{in life}, but she would not lift a finger to deflect from the course ^{he}
 had so thoughtless discussed with her during the night. He had pictured
 her by his side in it all, ^{as} ~~if~~ he had tried to overcome her objections & now her
 simple act had put the seal on her determination. He instinctively knew that
 Sams would ^{never} lie in his arms again of her own volition until he had carried
 out his proposed intentions & returned to join her in her forest home. Well,
 Dooglash had done ^{that} & why should not he? It meant however a trip to the
 coast at least to carry down his specimens & to offer some explanation to
 his chief. Ten days down river - - - ten days arguing & explaining
 - - - a month coming back up - - - say seven weeks. If he
 missed one full moon, he could easily, easily clear the gorge on the
 night when the next moon was full & join his gloriously beautiful
 little Flower of the Fall & Forest in her eyrie where she said she
 would watch ^{waiting} for him, so the sooner he got going, the more certain he
 was of getting back the earlier. He was smiling in pleased anticipation

Sams stood watching her woodskin disappear with a breaking
 heart, then looked across at Archie, who stood staring helplessly at
 where the craft had leaped from sight. He looked just like a child who
 has waked up to find its mother gone & the sight came near to breaking
 down her decisions. She knew a dozen fast strong strokes would carry
 over to his side as she was a powerful swimmer. She gave one fleeting
 glance ^{around} to see where the best place was to take off so as to avoid the current.
 The temptation was great, she was very, very near to changing her

mind, but just then Archie looked up to smile & wave his hand. Before he could utter one syllable, she stamped her foot on the log on which she stood & in a voice that sounded strangely hard & hoarse she shouted "Go! for God's sake, Archie, Go!" The next second she leaped on to the bank, & was rushing through the forest from view.

Suus was flying almost blindly through the forest, tripping, so unusual for her, over lianas & bumping against the trees, but she kept along the edge of the sheer cliff towards a point of which she alone probably knew. This was a tree in the midst of a tangle of bush-rope & jungle which stood on the very edge & whose knarled roots jutted several yards beyond. The tree itself as also its roots were one mass of parasitic plants & vines, some of ^{strong thick aerial} whose roots in their search for food & moisture were hanging away into space in front of the rocks. She climbed & clambered out on to those tree roots beyond these vines & leaves to gain an unobstructed view when she crouched down to watch. The dawn was now growing rapidly & she could make out the figures of several men crossing the clearing towards ^{the village} after their usual ^{as she thought} bath, so that scream, which flashed into memory for the first time since Maitland had crushed in his arms last night, had meant nothing after all. But the village held nothing of interest, her whole attention was centred on the man descending the rough road down the cliff, yet unconsciously she noted no corials were moored at the landing. To go off fishing this morning was surely strange when she had seen with her own eyes the visit to their village of the River Shark after night had fallen. There was only one corial at the landing & that was the most

crankly & most difficult to sit of all their craft. How fortunate it was that she had given Archie lessons in canoeing, even short attempts in shallow water in that very one, so that he could reach his boat in that even if no other corial was available.

She saw Inaitland reach level ground & stride along on the level till he reached the clearing in front of her own home when he halted to pick up ~~the~~ something off the ground & then to turn & stare at the hut. He was safe now & Seewu waited for no more. She stuck her trusty knife in her belt & worked her way through an opening in the tangle of roots underfoot until her feet caught on another root at a lower level. Standing on this she grasped with both hands one of the pendant beams & the next second she swung out her whole body to grip the rope with the soles of her feet & began to slide down into space. Agile & expert she soon touched a huge boulder at the bottom of the cliff behind which & into a crevice between it & the cliff the rope ^{disappeared}. She was still some 20 feet above the forest floor, but paused a moment to look around. Through a break in the branches she was just able to see Inaitland, to her intense surprise, busy launching the corial. He must have run all the way down from where she saw him last & she wondered why. Probably he was feeling their separation ^{touch} so that he had merely shouted Goodbye to her mother & then fled. She stood still watching his rather clumsy actions as he took his seat, but soon she saw him afloat & felt he was now safe on his way down river.

The next instant Seewu was prone on her back on the rock & using hand & feet skilfully was rapidly working down the steep face of the

step slope of the

Boulder. She drew her knife & holding it in her clenched hand with blade hid along her wrist she raced through the short distance of scrub & brush that lay between her & the negro's hut. She halted in the yard clear space in front of the door & shouted, "I have come, Shark, what do you want of me?" She had scarcely spoken when the door opened slightly & an evil face appeared for a second & then withdrew. Sesus found herself trembling violently, & her knees & legs shaking from some new form of fear & she dropped on her knees to hide the weakness. As she did so the door was thrown open & Shark stepped ^{forward} out carrying in his hand a 3-foot cane like whip made of the boiled gum of the masanduba tree. He stooped to her level & slowly approached with his face twitching horribly in the grip of ^{the} some extremity of rage & passion, & his glaring eyes boring into hers seemed to strike every vestige of chastity & modesty she had ever known.

Dropping her knife Sesus flung up both hands before her eyes to shut off the vision of that demoniacal face & bowed low, crouching down to hear what he wanted. The man glared at the bowed figure now so completely in his power as he hissed, "Yes! you come! but too slow to please the River Shark!" At the same instant he whirled his rubber bludgeon round his head & with the last word brought it down with all his strength on the back of the crouching figure with a sickening thud.

Sesus uttered one long agonised scream at the unexpected blow & the unbearable pain as if liquid fire was shooting through every fibre of her being but her mind worked fast, as she flung forward flat on the ground. Archie would now be passing in front & he must not

hear her as she bit on a piece of wood & some leaves to help keep her silent. "You whore" yelled the now dancing negro "I gwine l'arn you; l'arn you; l'arn you; l'arn you" & at each l'arn he again brought the cruel whip down on his victim. One blow missed when she slumped flat but ~~two~~ - two - - three - - - four fell with his full force along or across the helpless twitching back but her silence held good.

As he whirled his whip for ^{another} ~~a fifth~~ blow, it parted at some fault near the centre. The madman now in unmanageable ^{fury} rage at his power & success, sprang for his hut to get another whip which hung inside. Duns heard & sensed his action; she was on her feet before he was inside, & was racing like a wild animal down the path for the river. She heard two loud explosions as she ran & ~~the~~ confused sound of voices, but she was now crazy with fear & pain such as she had never experienced in all her life.

A moment or so & she was out at the river; there lay the negro's corral, but at the same instant she saw an upturned canoe & a floating paddle out by the point of the rocks. Without slackening her speed, she swerved, & raced along the rocks, bounding from boulder to boulder like a goat with a new fear which eclipsed everything else throbbing through her brain. When she reached the last ^{rock} she stopped & surveyed the peaceful flowing river noting its direction & estimating its strength. Suddenly she saw a bubble of air rising; she was poised before it broke on the surface & the next instant she had dived deep, strong, & opened till she found & seized what she was searching for.

The sudden appearance of Scuro in front of Shark's hut had completely disconcerted the Indian so patiently ^{waiting} in hiding for the negro to show himself outside. It was no good firing inside the house as he might be at any point other than where their missile passed through; better wait till he came out. But now her action took matters out of their hands. She & her mother were the real chiefs of their tribe; she spoke the Shark's language, so now they left her to conduct whatever negotiations were necessary; their revenge could wait till she was finished. The cruel drama that followed in the next few seconds took them wholly by surprise, so much so that not a man moved to help the girl, ^{but} when the negro ^{he} entered the hut, they moved into action. Each man placed his arrow on the string of his bow; the ~~men~~ ^{others} raised their guns & as the negro reappeared he received two successive shots in his chest while half a dozen arrows pierced different parts of his body. The River Shark dropped in his tracks & every Indian sprang forward with loud guttural shouts of rage & revenge with wooden clubs & knives to batter beyond recognition the helpless negro - already in the throes of death.

The crew & steersmen of the boat that were awaiting Maitland were wide awake with the first streak of dawn. They had had a particularly favourable day of rest since dropping down river from the Great Falls. A herd of wild pigs had decided to cross the river just above their camp of which they had killed nearly half a score by simply jumping in their boat & slashing amongst the close ranks of the swimmers with their cutlasses at their exposed heads. For no apparent reason fish seemed on the nose also & from the stern of the boat they had landed quite a number of the choicest & heaviest fish of the river. They had fed well & consequently slept well, each in turn only required to attend to the fires under the bark covers.

The captain had slept in the boat as is usual to prevent pilfering of food supplies, & to see the boat did not get caught in a sudden rise of the river as frequently happens. Towards the close of the day the river had begun to rise rapidly & he had been frequently awake during the night to see that the mooring lines were not being out merged. Very early he had given out the ration of sugar, coffee & farinha for everyone's early morning coffee, which the men prepared on the top of the sandbank close to the front. When coffee was ready he stepped ashore to walk up to join the men & was almost halfway there when two shots in rapid succession from a gun were heard. At once all hands jumped to their feet shouting "Capt'n, you does hear". The captain had stopped & raising his hand stood listening for a short time, then he spoke "Yes, Ah does hear" and Ah does know you mens thinkin' dis is our bush signal for help.

but doant forget dat dis am Injin country an Ah sooner trust a snake than one a dem rascal. Distress or no distress Ah isint puttin a foot for himvestigation. If you puts you foot in a ants nest, you gwine get stung so here Ah stays till Maitland does come an all o' you mens gwine to stand easy, easy along wid me".

No further shots rang out to disturb them & everyone settled down to quietly waiting, until the sun was just over half way overhead when the captain ordered the mid day meal to be got ready, which took little time as the barbecue was now thoroughly cooked. "How den mens, Pack chertling into de boat ready for de moment Maitland does come. Ah tellin you Ah doesnt like things so unless dat white man is aboard Ah starting off down river as soon as de sun pass over me head. All o' you take good sleep now, as we gwine work fo' true dis after maida".

The only emotion registered was by the apprentice boy, who throws a somersault & shouted "Hussa" at the pleasant prospect, which promptly raised the captains sense of dignity & responsibility as well as anger.

"You lazy nigger jackass of a prentice, you take & chery ware in de boat - cup, plate & pot - an wash 'em good, good. So besides, you watch dat riber for Injin craft or de white man an gie me warning. If you doesnt, or if dem wares isint clean good, Ah gwine tan yo ugly black hide till you change colah".

While everyone else stretched out comfortably on the sand underneath some convenient shade of an overhanging tree the miserable prentice boy collected all the dishes in camp into a large blue pot

+ slowly made his way to the water's edge. He scoured every thing slowly with sand. He had to work slowly or he also would have fallen asleep + that he did not dare to do, as he knew the captain would definitely keep his promise + already he knew what a lying from one of his own kind in authority meant. He was nodding over the very last when he had a bright idea. Why not take them all out to the stern of the boat + rinse them with water which was cleaner than that at the side? Such a thought would almost certainly get praise from the captain + crew, so he again filled his bucket + set out faintly along the gunwale towards the stern. Possessing beautiful ^{balance} he stopped ~~halfway~~ halfway to closely scan the trees both up river + down but there was nothing to be seen anywhere. He carried on towards the stern + still poised on the narrow gunwale took another look on both sides.

There seemed nothing in sight; it was now the heat of noon + not even a bird was in flight. Then he noted a piece of debris floating past the boat some short distance further out into the stream. It seemed to fascinate him; his breath came in shorter gasps, + he went a paler hue. Suddenly the mass swung round + rolled over in the current. Simultaneously the bucket of ^{water} ~~water~~ dropped from his nerveless grasp to crash on the edge of the boat ^{and} ~~to~~ tumble over board in the river. He emitted one yell of terror. ^{and} He whirled round but missed his footing + fell into the baling well of the boat, but was up again in a second + leaping shoreward over the cargo, yelling at every step. He raced up the bank to be met half way by the captain + crew who had been rudely awakened.

All the frightened had could do was to stick out a shattering finger towards the river & shout "Oh! God! Oh! me God!!" The Captain thoroughly competent wasted no time, but ran on down the bank & along the boat to the stern. For a few seconds he stood motionless gazing at some thing moving away down river then he turned & shouted "In boat, men & hurry up." Before they had taken their places, he was again ashore undoing the mooring ropes as he shouted, "You take the stern, Bowman, Follow me an' frighten nothing. Every man his paddle an' leh we go". The boat swung out & downstream & a few moments later the captain shouted, "Easy, all, Stop". Suddenly he knelt down ^{and over} to seize something ^{in the water} at which the crew on that side kept to their feet & backing away with hoarse exclamations & shouts "Pull easy, easy, men. Steer for the next sandbank downstream" ^{captain} said the

not a word was said & some ten moments later the boat touched bottom on another sandbank. At once the captain sprang overboard in thigh deep ^{water} & drew his burden slowly as far as he could get it into shallow water to reveal the bodies of Archie Frailland & the Indian girl Sius. Frailland's body was fully clothed & his hands were wrapped round & round ^{& entangled in} with handspools of the girl's long tresses. The body of Sius was absolutely naked, her hands clonched in the neck of Frailland's shirt & as she lay face downwards, her back from neck to buttock showed a number of long green & yellowish stripes, some parts of which ^{were} showing red where the skin had been torn away.

Not a man had moved except to huddle close together for protection. but the captain soon broke out. "Come ashore, every frightened niggerman


and every man bring his paddle, his axe & cutlass & de plates. We
 got a duty to perform". Slowly the men waded ashore making a wide detour
 round the two bodies. The captain led the way up to the crest of the sandbank
 where he ordered a grave to be dug. The men, glad for something to do into
 which they could put their suppressed excitement & fears were soon throwing
 sand aside in spoonfuls with their paddles, but this was too slow & the captain
 ordered each man to take his plate as being more efficient. Then it was discovered
 that all the crockery had gone overboard & the captain was furious. It was no
 use handing out punishment on the spot as the sandbank was large & certainly
 the boy could run faster than him, but he cursed the poor apprentice & all
 his female relatives for generations with impressive force & fluency, ending up
 with "Awright, you ugly wotless nigger, wait till night when Ah perform
 pon you" at which the boy burst out "Please Captain, Ah beg you, Ah
 beg you plenty. Aow! do, captain, do." "Save yourself foh when de
 moon rise, boy, Jest now, you break a boxers & get a piece wood,
 den tek you tinta en' write a memoranda foh de accuseh."

It took a full hour to dig the grave, during which time the captain
 had ripped a bag open & with two poles had fashioned it into a ^{rough} stretcher.
 When all was ready the entire party moved down to the waterside, to stand
 some distance away gazing at the sickening m^onthly of violence on the
 body of the fair-hued Swiss. In their simple minds they were trying
 to reconstruct what had happened & naturally they imagined
 all sorts of cruelty on the part of the aboriginals of whom they know
 so little except through exaggerated rumour. Death in any

form is rarely understood by the ignorant + superstitious + when accompanied by violence from an unknown source caused great fear + speculation. They were all frightened to immobility + helpless even the captain, whose fairer hue in pigmentation showed some of his ancestors had been white, had gone an ashy grey in sheer fear + probably only his position forced him into action since his every ^{movement} action + word would be retailed for weeks when the crew returned home.

"Jings are sure bad, men," he said, "but de Lord does provide an' we must do what necessary, so fricken mutton, an' lets we do we best." They brought the impromptu stretcher alongside + very carefully + gently got the two bodies on to it. Then the stronger took hold of the poles - 4 on either side - + they marched up the sandbank to place their burden in the grave. Every man had been at a burial already + they were on more familiar ground, as bareheaded they reverently stood in a circle round the grave. Every man was watching the Captain who soon had to act as Chaplain. He knew what was expected of him, but stood in silence for some moments, his eyes fixed on the bier; then he stooped down, every man watching him + picked up a handful of sand: an action each man followed in detail. He raised his left hand + began intoning "Earth to Earth. Ashes to Ashes" + scattered the sand over the bodies. "De flowers of today" he continued "are de Grass of tomorrow an' is cut down + burned in de furnace, but what God have joined, lets no man divide. De Lord does give an' de Lord does tek away, so lets we praise He name always. Mews. Lets we pray. Our Fadder in Heavon. Dy Name be Hallowed. Dy Will be done on de Earth as in Heavon. Dy Kingdom Kum. Forgive we sins as we forgive dem who do bad for we, an' give us daily bread. Lead we from

temptation an retrieve we from sin. for ever an ever. AMEN.

The grave was soon filled & heaped high with loose sand, when the Captain called out "But, boy, is wher dah headstone?" The apprentice stepped proudly forward. Except the Captain he was the only person on the boat who could read & write, & he felt his "memoranda" would be a success with all. He had torn off the side of a box & had got a piece of board about three feet long & three inches deep. He had cut a wrist-sized sapling about eight feet long; one end of which he had split with a machette & into which he had inserted the piece of wood to form a rough cross; the whole thing being lashed securely with bush-ropes. On the board was roughly printed in ink — MATJAKID at one end and 2003  at the other. "But wha' dis atall," inquired the Captain. "Dat" explained the lad, "am de names of de dead, but wan lang, de odder sha't so Ah adds two figuration." "Ani foh why you do dat?" he was asked. "Dat is history" the lad replied. "De wan is de Sign ob de Cross an de odder is de Head ob Christ. De two a dem was make de flag of de name you all hear 'bout; call Jonath an' he de man was Capt'm ob de Crusaders who spoil de Gyptraus in Sud America." The Captain nodded his head in assent & by way of compliment added "Boy you is a credit to yoh family."

He took the Cross & planted it securely at the head of the grave. Everyone was standing awkwardly around but the Captain at once gave the order "In boat," & they raced for the river. The Captain led the way & was at the stern as the last man scrambled aboard. "Push she off" he shouted & the men, back in the water, forced the boat into water where she

could float. "Head she down river" he shouted & the Bowman with his large paddle heaved the bow round. "Steady dehs" shouted the captain as the boat swung into midstream & point straight down, while the men were taking seats & stowing things out of their way, & everyone giving furtive glances on either side & behind.

"Tex yoh paddle" came the order, & twelve men held up their paddles in readiness.

"Moi's en yoh hand" and the head of each paddle was dipped in the river. This was an order never given on the river except at the head of a dangerous rapid or some place where every ounce of the crew's strength would be called for & where the wet ~~to~~ head & shaft of the paddle gave a better & surer grip. They knew no danger lay in front, but none could even imagine the supernatural that lay behind. They also sensed the fear that was now ~~was~~ overcoming the Captain's previous stoisicism & calm, in the agitated voice & shrill tone of the orders given, & every man was looking away up river with staring eyes & shostened breath.

"Blade aloft" and twelve paddles held in correct position was raised shoulder high ready for the first stroke.

"Now, listen good, mens. Ah doesn't need to tell yoh what you gat to do. A' ready you see deyin justice. Is dere any ob you want to taste 'em?" "Awright then." The Captain's fear was taking charge & he cast one long glance at the river behind. Then he faced his crew again as he ^{shrilly} yelled. "Headway mens. Headway like HELL".

Twelve paddles dipped simultaneously in the river & the toll the

Lower hand of each man touched the water. Twelve sets of
muscles bunched & strained in anatomical perfection & the boat
sprang downstream for home.

[Faint, illegible handwriting]

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