

Compressed file repair

“No, indeed,” said Dr Finn, feeling that his patient might perhaps approach the subject of the borough himself. “You’ll soon get used to it,” Joan told her. “The great thing is not to be afraid of one’s fate, whatever it is; but just to do one’s best.” It was rather like talking to a child. Our good friends, Tehei and Bihaura, who were giving the fishing in our honour, had promised to come for us. We were down below when the call came from on deck that they were coming. We dashed up the companionway, to be overwhelmed by the sight of the Polynesian barge in which we were to ride. It was a long double canoe, the canoes lashed together by timbers with an interval of water between, and the whole decorated with flowers and golden grasses. A dozen flower-crowned Amazons were at the paddles, while at the stern of each canoe was a strapping steersman. All were garlanded with gold and crimson and orange flowers, while each wore about the hips a scarlet pareu. There were flowers everywhere, flowers, flowers, flowers, without end. The whole thing was an orgy of colour. On the platform forward resting on the bows of the canoes, Tehei and Bihaura were dancing. All voices were raised in a wild song or greeting. The nurse was standing by the window. She turned sharply on Joan’s entrance. Joan slipped the box into her hands. “He is — but not deeply. Every shilling that he owes would be paid — every shilling. Mind, I know all his circumstances, and I give you my word that every shilling should

be paid. He has never lied — and he has told me everything. His father could not leave an acre away from him if he would, and would not if he could.”