

to an iron discipline and use of his faculties in circumstances and under conditions where another would have considered himself too ill to move.

"Where are we?' he asked.

"On the river.'

"How long have I been sick?'

"Six days.'

Middleton struggled to a sitting position. The river was empty except for themselves; and he noticed that the canoe was riding high and light.

"Where are the others?' he asked.

"The Wakamba deserted—all except Simba,' Charley told him in a hard, level voice. 'We had to abandon the other two canoes.'

"Middleton digested this for some time.

"And the ivory?' he inquired at length.

"Is buried back there,' said Charley still in a hard voice—'with him,' he added under his breath with infinite tenderness.

"They journeyed down the river. Middleton now realized that his illness had been no mere jungle fever; but that he had touched the edges