

—otherwise, a spear in the back, you understand. But that isn't fair. The natives treated them well—native fashion. They came through alive and unrobbed. It is the nature of the African to love his *shauri*. But when they turned in, often they could not sleep, exhausted as they were. They lay awake staring upward, and the hippos boomed, and the dreadful, untiring fever-owl uttered its note over and over until they thought they would go mad.

“As the Tana approaches the coast its overflow bed widens. In the dry season it sulks sluggishly through the most twisted channel possible. If it were any more crooked, the river would not know which way to go. In the rainy season it overflows and forms a vast sea. There are more hippos to the square mile down there than any place I know.

“They had anticipated reaching the sea before the monsoons, but you can imagine their delays, and the monsoons began early. It came on to rain. The river rose in a night, and the banks overflowed. For three days they were wet, they were unable to land, they had no fire, they ate no