

AFRICAN CAMP FIRES

peared again the beasts with which we had grown so familiar during our long months in the jungle. So remarkable was the number of species that we both began to comment upon the fact, to greet the animals, to say them farewell, as though they were reporting orderly from the jungle to bid us godspeed. Half in earnest we waved our hands to them and shouted our greetings to them in the native — *punda milia*, *kongoni*, *pa-a*, *fice*, *m'posu*, *twiga*, *simba*, *n'grooui*, and the rest. Before our eyes the misty ranges hardened and stiffened under the fierce sun. Our men marched steadily, cheerfully, beating their loads in rhythm with their safari sticks, crooning under their breaths and occasionally breaking into full-voiced chant. They were glad to be back from the long safari, back from across the Thirst, from the high, cold country, from the dangers and discomforts of the unknown. We rode a little wistfully, for these great plains and mysterious jungles, these populous, dangerous, many-voiced nights, these flaming, splendid dawns and day-falls, these fierce, shimmering noons we were to know no more.

Two days we had in Nairobi before going to the coast. There we paid off and dismissed our men, giving them presents according to the length and faithfulness of their service. They took them and departed, eagerly, as was natural, to the families and