

Clement looked up with such a look of astonishment in his face as I never saw before. Then he spoke calmly and deliberately: "If you had never fired, that leopard would have lain where he now lies."

It was too bad to be thus contradicted when I was convinced of the truth of what I had stated. At first I grew irritated—then angry; but while my words waxed warm, Clement retained complete command over his temper, and his replies were calm and decided.

It was, perhaps, this very exercise of control over his temper that so exasperated me, and made me lose mine; completely forgetting myself, and giving vent to my ungovernable rage, I called Clement a liar, accusing him at the same time of striving to take away the honour which was justly my due.

When I had said that word, I bitterly repented it. Such a change as came over Clement I never saw before, and hope never to see again. A rush of blood suffused his face, and his whole frame literally shook with nervous agitation, while his fingers grasped convulsively the stock of his rifle.

With an almost superhuman effort, which was painful to me to see, he regained his self-possession; and though his face was ashy pale, and his eyes fixed and glassy, his tones when he spoke were calm and deliberate.

"You have called me a liar," he said. "You shall first prove your words, and then you shall account to me for them," and he beckoned me to follow him. I obeyed mechanically. Arrived at the dead body of the leopard, Clement addressed me.

"Where did you say your bullet entered?" he asked.

"Near the shoulder," I answered.

"Then perhaps you can find it yourself," he said, bitterly.

I stooped down and carefully examined the body of the leopard. There was no wound to show that a bullet