

done without Charley just then. He was as good as a hospital nurse. Got thin under it, and looked pretty tired; but they were all that.

"The middle Tana is crooked. On every point are native huts. About every ten miles is a native sultan of one sort or another. Nowadays they know all about white men; but then they weren't broken in to our noble race, and they had to be treated diplomatically. If there is anything in the world that fills the soul with a greater weariness than, after a hard day when rest is the one thing that a man needs, to be forced to entertain a lot of savages, I'd like to know what it is! *They* don't need rest, the beggars! They're cheerfully willing to sit up all night if it proves amusing; and it paid, then, to be amusing! Doesn't sound like much, does it? Wouldn't have been much to fresh, well-fed men. These people had done too much, had exposed themselves to too much hardship for the tropics, were too full of fever. Their nerves were stretched to breaking. But they had to keep a firm hold and a smiling face, and converse elaborately over nothing with childish, naked savages, and do little tricks, and