

lished, brown, shiny, sullen surface of the sinister stream, with the sun scorching them like a burning glass when it could. Crocodiles slipped from the mud banks as they approached, hippos by the score blew and snorted at them, going down at the last moment like submarines, staring at them with bulging eyes. At night they tried to get back to higher land, away from the river; and at first in the upper reaches they succeeded, but soon the Tana took to its incredible windings in the lowlands, and this was impossible. Seton was the first to get the fever. He had a bad go." Kingozi turned to the young Englishman. "African fever hits you very suddenly. You feel as right as a trivet one moment, and the next, plop! you're down and off your head. Seton's go lasted five days and left him weak as a cat. They rigged him a place to lie, but his canoe, short handed, was slow. No sooner was he over it than Middleton came down. Middleton was pretty well 'salted,' and his goes of fever were lighter than those of a newcomer. The Wakamba, too, had their share. Only Simba and young Charley escaped. Don't know what they'd have