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With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN Author of "The Sowers," "Roden's Corner," "From One Generation to Another," Etc. Copyright, 1904, by Harper & Brothers

(Continued from Page 2.) They stood in the hall for some time while Guy told her in whispers about the belladonna liniment. Then they went upstairs together and found Thomas Osgood, the great historian, dead on the floor. The liniment bottle, which Guy had left on the mantelpiece, was in his hand—empty. He had feigned sleep in order to carry out his purpose.

They picked him up and laid him reverently on the bed, and then Guy went for the doctor. "I could," said the attendant of death, when he had heard the whole story, "I could give you a certificate. I could reconcile it, I mean, with my professional conscience and my other conscience. He could not have lived thirty hours. There was an abscess on his brain. But I should advise you to face the inquest. It might be"—he paused, looking keenly into the young fellow's face—"it might be that at some future date, when you are quite an old man, you may feel inclined to tell this story."

Again the doctor paused, glancing with a vague smile toward the woman who stood beside them. "Or even nurse," he added, not troubling to finish his sentence. "We all have our moments of expansiveness. And it is a story that might easily be discarded."

So the eccentric Osgood finished his earthly career in the intellectual atmosphere of a coroner's jury. And the world rather liked it thus otherwise. The world, one finds, does like novelty, even in death. Some day an American will invent a new funeral, and, if he can only get the patent, will make a fortune.

The world was, moreover, pleased to pity Guy Osgood with that pure and simple sympathy which is ever accorded to the wealthy in affliction. Every one knew that Thomas Osgood had enjoyed affluence during his lifetime, and there was no reason to suppose that Guy would not step into very comfortably lined shoes. It was unfortunate that he should lose his father in such a tragic way, and the keen eye of the world saw the weak point in his story at once. But the coroner's jury was so much as hinted at the possibility that Guy had not tried his best to keep his father alive.

Among the letters of sympathy the young fellow received a note from Lady Cantourne, whose acquaintance he had successfully renewed, and in due course he called at her house in Vere Gardens to express somewhat lamely his gratitude. Her ladyship was at home, and in due course Guy Osgood was ushered into her presence. He looked round the room with a half-suppressed gleam of searching which was not overlooked by Millicent Chyne's aunt.

"It is very good of you to call," she said, "so soon after your poor father's death. You must have had a great deal of trouble and worry. Millicent and I have often talked of you and sympathized with you. She is out at the moment, but I expect her back almost at once. Will you sit down?"

"No, I shall let that if I can." "Oh, you will have no difficulty in doing that. People live in Russell square now, and try to make one square again. It is a fashionable quarter. Your father stayed on there because the carpets fitted the room and on account of other ancestral conveniences. He did not live there. He knew nothing of his immediate environment. He lived in Phoenix."

"Then," continued Guy Osgood, "I shall go abroad?" "Ah! Will you have a second cup? Why will you go abroad?" Guy Osgood paused for a moment. "I know an old hippopotamus in a certain African river who has twice upset me. I want to go back and shoot him." "Don't go at once; that would be running away from it—not from the hippopotamus—from the inquest. It does not matter being upset in an African river; but you must not be upset in London by an inquest."

"I did not propose going at once," replied Guy Osgood, with a peculiar smile which Lady Cantourne thought she understood. "It will take me some time to set my affairs in order—the will and all that."

Lady Cantourne waited with perfectly suppressed curiosity, and while she was waiting Millicent Chyne came into the room. The girl was dressed with her habitual perfect taste and success, and she came forward with a smile of genuine pleasure, holding out a small hand neatly gloved in suede. Her ladyship was looking, not at Millicent, but at Guy Osgood.

"Ah!" said Miss Chyne. "It is very good of you to take pity upon two lone females. I was afraid that you had gone off to the wilds of America or somewhere in search of big game. Do you know, Mr. Osgood, you are quite a celebrity? I heard you called the 'big game man' the other day; also the 'traveling fellow.'"

"The specimen smiled happily under this delicate handling. "Mr. Osgood has just been telling me," intimated Lady Cantourne conversationally, "that he is thinking of going off to the wilds again."

"Then it is very disappointing of him," said Millicent, with a little droop of the eyelids which went home. "It seems to be only the interesting people who stay at home and live humdrum lives of enormous duration."

"He seems to think that his friends are going to cast him off because his poor father died without the assistance of a medical man," continued the old lady meaningly.

At this moment another visitor was announced and presently made his appearance. He was an old gentleman of no personality whatever, who was nevertheless welcomed effusively because two people in the room had a distinct use for him. Lady Cantourne was exceedingly gracious. She remembered instantly that horticulture was among his somewhat antiquated accomplishments, and she was immediately consumed with a desire to show him the conservatory which she had had built outside the drawing room window. She took a genuine interest in this abode of flowers and watered the plants herself with much enthusiasm—when she remembered.

Added to a number of positive virtues the old gentleman possessed that of abstaining from tea, which enabled the two horticulturists to repair to the conservatory at once, leaving the young people alone at the other end of the drawing room.

Millicent smoothed her gloves with downcast eyes and that demure air by which the talented fair imply the consciousness of being alone and out of others' earshot with an interesting member of the stronger sex.

Guy sat and watched the suede gloves with a certain sense of placid enjoyment. Then suddenly he spoke, continuing his remarks where they had been broken off by the advent of the useful old gentleman.

"You see," he said, "it is only natural that a great many people should give me the cold shoulder. My story was a little lame. There is no reason why they should believe in me."

"I believe in you," she answered. "It was a very unpleasant business," he said in a jerky, self-conscious voice. "I didn't know that I was that sort of fellow. The temptation was very great. I nearly gave in and let him do it. He was a stronger man than I. You know—we did not get on well together. He always hoped that I would turn out a literary sort of fellow, and I suppose he was disappointed. I tried at one time, but I found it was no good. From indifference it turned almost to hatred. He disliked me intensely, and I am afraid I did not care for him very much."

Millicent was listening gravely without interrupting—like a man. She had the gift of adapting herself to her environments in a marked degree.

"And," he added curtly, "no one knows how much I wanted that three thousand a year."

The girl moved uneasily and glanced toward the conservatory. "It was not the money that tempted me," said Guy very deliberately; "it was you."

She rose from her chair as if to join her aunt and the horticultural old gentleman.

"You must not say that," she said in little more than a whisper, and without looking round she went toward Lady Cantourne. Her eyes were gleaming with a singular suppressed excitement, such as one sees in the eyes of a man fresh from a mad run across country.

Guy Osgood rose also and followed more deliberately. There was nothing for him to do but take his leave.

"Sit," said Lady Cantourne graciously, "if you are determined to go away, you must at least come and say goodbye before you leave."

"Thanks; I should like to do so, if I may."

"We shall be deeply disappointed if you forget," said Millicent, holding out her hand, with a smile full of light heartedness and innocent girlish friendship.

CHAPTER VI. "CURSE this country! Curse it! Curse it!" The man spoke aloud, but there was no one near to hear. He shook his skinny yellow fist out over the broad river that crept gradually down to the equatorial sea.

All around him the vegetable kingdom had asserted its sovereignty. At his back loomed a dense forest, impenetrable to the foot of man, defying his puny hand armed with ax or saw. The trees were not high, few of them

being above twenty feet, but from their branches creepers and parasites hung in tangled profusion, interlaced, joining tree to tree for acres—nay, for miles.

As far as the eye could reach either bank of the slow river was thus covered with rank vegetation—mille after mille without variety, without hope. The glassy surface of the water was broken here and there by certain black forms floating like logs half hidden beneath the wave. These were crocodiles. The river was the Ogowe, and the man who cursed it was Victor Durnovo, employee of the Loango Trading association, whose business it was at that season to travel into the interior of Africa to buy, barter or steal ivory for his masters.

He was a small, fierce man, with a squarely aquiline nose and a black mustache which hung like a valance over his mouth. From the growth of that certain-like mustache Victor Durnovo's worldly prosperity might have been said to date. No one seeing his mouth had before that time been prevailed upon to trust him. Nature has a way of hanging out signs and then covering them up so that the casual fall to see. He was a man of medium height, with abnormally long arms and a somewhat truculent way of walking, as if his foot was ever ready to kick anything or any person who might come in his way.

Victor Durnovo had sent his boatmen into the forest to find a few dates, a few handfuls of firewood, and while they were absent he gave vent to that wild unreasoning passion which is inhaled into the white man's lungs with the air of equatorial Africa.

"Curse this country!" he shouted. "Curse it, curse it—river and tree, man and beast!" Presently a peacefulness seemed to come over him, for his eyes lost their glitter and his heavy lids drooped. His arms were crossed behind his head. Before him lay the river.

Suddenly he sat upright, all eagerness and attention. Not a leaf stirred. It was about 5 o'clock in the evening, the stillest hour of the twenty-four. In such a silence the least sound would travel almost any distance, and there was a sound traveling over the water to him. It was nothing but a thud repeated with singular regularity, but to his practiced ears it conveyed much. He knew that a boat was approaching, as yet hidden by some distant curve in the river. The thud was caused by the contact of six paddles with the gunwale of the canoe as the paddlers withdrew them from the water.

Victor Durnovo rose again and brought from the boat a second rifle, which he laid beside the double barreled Remly which was never more than a yard away from him, waking or sleeping. Then he waited. He knew that no boat could reach the bank without his full permission, for all the rowers could be killed before they got within a hundred yards of his rifle. He was probably the best rifle shot but one in that country, and the other, the very best, happened to be in the approaching canoe.

After the space of ten minutes the boat came in sight—a long, black form on the still waters. It was too far away for him to distinguish anything beyond the fact that it was a native boat.

"Eight hundred yards," muttered Durnovo over the sight of his rifle. He looked upon this river as his own, and he knew the native of equatorial Africa. Therefore he dropped a bullet into the water, under the bow of the canoe, at 800 yards.

A moment later there was a sound which can only be written "P-ttt" between his legs, and he had to wipe a shower of dust from his eyes. A puff of blue smoke rose slowly over the boat and a sharp report broke the silence a second time.

Then Victor Durnovo leaped to his feet and waved his hat in the air. From the canoe there was an answering greeting, and the man on the bank went to the water's edge, still carrying the rifle from which he was never parted.

Durnovo was the first to speak when the boat came within hail. "Very sorry," he shouted. "Thought you were a native boat. Must establish a funk—get in the first shot, you know."

"All right," replied one of the Europeans in the approaching craft, with a courteous wave of the hand, "no harm done."

There were two white men and six blacks in the long and clumsy boat. One of the Europeans lay in the bow while the other was stretched at his ease in the stern, reclining on the canvas of a neatly folded tent. The last named was evidently the leader of the

"Who fired that shot?" inquired Durnovo, when there was no longer any necessity to shout. "Joseph," replied the man in the stern of the boat, indicating his companion. "Was it a near thing?" "About as near as I care about. It threw up the dust between my legs."

The man called Joseph grinned. Nature had given him liberally of the wherewithal for indulgence in that relaxation, and Durnovo smiled rather contentedly. Joseph was grabbing at the long reedy grass, bringing the canoe to a standstill, and it was some moments before his extensive mouth submitted to control.

"I presume you are Mr. Durnovo?" said the man in the stern of the boat, rising leisurely from his recumbent position and speaking with a courteous savor faire which seemed slightly out of place in the wilds of central Africa.

He was a tall man with a small aristocratic head and a refined face, which somehow suggested an aristocrat of old France.

"Yes," answered Durnovo. The tall man stepped ashore and held out his hand.

"I am glad we have met you," he said. "I have a letter of introduction to you from Maurice Gordon of Loango."

Victor Durnovo's dark face changed slightly. His eyes—bluish, fever shot, unhealthy—took a new light.

"Ah!" he answered. "Are you a friend of Maurice Gordon's?" "There was another question in this, an unasked one, and Victor Durnovo was watching for the answer. But the face he watched was like a delicately carved piece of brown marble, with a courteous, impenetrable smile.

"I met him again the other day at Loango. He is an old Etonian, like myself."

This conveyed nothing to Durnovo, who belonged to a different world, whose education was like other things about him, an unknown quantity.

"My name," continued the tall man, "is Meredith Jack."

"There were walking up the bank toward the dusky and uninviting tent. "And the other fellow?" inquired Durnovo, with a backward jerk of the head.

"Oh, he is my servant." Durnovo raised his eyebrows in somewhat contemptuous amusement and proceeded to open the letter which Meredith had handed him.

"Not many fellows," he said, "on this coast can afford to keep a European servant."

"I understand," answered Meredith, with a half-suppressed yawn, "that the country gets finer farther up; more mountainous."

The proprietors of very dark eyes would do well to remember that it is dangerous to glance furtively to one side or the other. The attention of dark eyes is more easily felt than the glances of gray or blue eyes.

Jack Meredith's suspicions were aroused by the suspicious manner of Durnovo.

"There is no white man knows this river as I do, and I do not recommend it. Look at me, on the verge of jaundice; look at this wound on my arm, it began with a scratch and has never healed. All that comes from a month up this cursed river. Take my advice. Try somewhere else."

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Imparted such a feeling of safety and comfort to the scene, that he gave way to that impulse of expansiveness which ever lurks in West Indian blood. "I say," he said, "when you told me that you wanted to make money, were you in earnest?" "In the deadliest earnest," replied Jack Meredith in the half-mocking tone which he never wholly learned to lay aside.

"Then I think I can put you in the way of it. Oh, I know it seems a bit premature; not known you long enough and all that. But in this country we don't hold much by the formalities. I like you. I liked the look of you when you got out of that boat so cool and self-possessed. You're the right sort, Mr. Meredith."

"Possibly for some things. For sitting about and smoking first class cigars and thinking second class thoughts I am exactly the right sort. But for making money, for hard work and steady work, I am afraid, Mr. Durnovo, that I am distinctly the wrong sort."

There was a little pause. Durnovo looked round as if to make sure that Joseph and the boatman were out of ear shot.

"Can you keep a secret?" he asked suddenly. Jack Meredith turned and looked at the questioner with a smile. His hat had slipped to the back of his head, the light upon his clean cut sphinxlike face. The eyes alone seemed living.

"Yes! I can do that." "I can see you're a gentleman," Durnovo said. "I'll trust you. I want a man to join me in making a fortune. I have got my hand on it at last. But I'm afraid of this country. I'm getting shaky; look at that hand. I've been looking for it too long. I take you into my confidence, the first corner, you'll think. But there are not many men like you in this country, and I'm beastly afraid of dying. I want to get out of this for a bit, but I dare not leave until I set things going."

"Take your time," said Meredith, quietly and soothingly. "Light that cigar again and lie down. There is no hurry."

Durnovo obeyed him meekly. "Tell me," he said, "have you ever heard of simiacine?"

"I cannot say that I have," replied Jack. "What is it for, brown boots or spasms?"

"It is a drug, the most expensive drug in the market. And they must have it, they cannot do without it, and they cannot find a substitute. It is the leaf of a shrub, and your hatful is worth a thousand pounds."

"Where is it to be found?" asked Jack Meredith. "I should like some in a sack."

"Ah, you may laugh now, but you won't when you hear all about it. The scientific chaps called it simiacine, because of an old African legend which, like all those things, has a grain of truth in it. The legend is that the monkeys first found out the properties of the leaf, and it is because they live on it that they are so strong. Do you know that a gorilla's arm is not half so thick as yours, and yet he would take you and snap your backbone across his knee? He would bend a gun barrel as you would bend a cane, merely by the turn of his wrist. That is simiacine. He can hang on to a tree with one leg and tackle a leopard with his bare hands—that's simiacine. At home they are only just beginning to find out its properties. It seems that it can bring a man back to life when he is more than half dead. There is no knowing what children that are brought up on it may turn out to be. It may double the power of the human brain; some think it will."

Jack Meredith was leaning forward, watching with a certain sense of fascination the wild, disease-stricken face, listening to the man's breathless periods. It seemed that the fear of death, which had got hold of him, gave Victor Durnovo no time to pause for breath.

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WORKS.—In the rear of Market on Cambridge-st., opposite the Packing House.

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ARRIVALS	
60 From Toronto	5.00 a.m.
19 From Peterboro	8.00 a.m.
32 From Halliburton	8.55 a.m.
21 From Port Hope	9.10 a.m.
30 From Cobocook	10.10 a.m.
22 From Toronto	10.50 a.m.
35 From Port Hope	2.05 p.m.
42 From I. B. & O. Jct.	5.45 p.m.
23 From Port Hope	6.25 p.m.
54 From Whitby	7.30 p.m.
24 From Toronto	8.05 p.m.
56 From Whitby	8.45 p.m.
18 From Toronto	9.20 p.m.
1 From Belleville	9.45 p.m.
DEPARTURES	
34 For Port Hope	6.00 a.m.
5 For Toronto	8.00 a.m.
10 For Belleville	7.20 a.m.
21 For Toronto	9.15 a.m.
22 For Port Hope	10.55 a.m.
43 For I. B. & O. Jct.	11.00 a.m.
55 For Whitby	11.05 a.m.
27 For Toronto	12.05 p.m.
33 For Halliburton	2.40 p.m.
23 For Toronto	6.25 p.m.
31 For Cobocook	6.30 p.m.
18 For Peterboro	8.25 a.m.
19 For Toronto	8.05 a.m.
63 For Farnham Falls	8.15 p.m.

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A puff of blue smoke rose slowly over the boat.