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## With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN  
Author of "The Sowers," "A Soldier's Corner,"  
"From One Generation to Another," Etc.  
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(Continued from Page 2.)  
where nature has a less assured place.  
Since sunset he had been crawling,  
scrambling, stumbling up the bank of  
this stream in relentless pursuit of some  
large animal which persistently kept  
hidden in the tangle across the bed of  
the river. The strange part of it was  
that when he stopped to peep through  
the branches the animal stopped, too,  
and he found no way of discovering its  
whereabouts.

Once Meredith was able to decide ap-  
proximately the whereabouts of his  
prey by the momentary shaking of a  
twig. He raised his rifle and covered  
that twig steadily; his forefinger played  
tentatively on the trigger, but on  
second thought he refrained. He was  
keenly conscious of the fact that the  
beast was doing its work with skill  
superior to his own. In comparison to  
his, its movements were almost noise-  
less.

It was terrifically hot and all the  
while night was stalking westward on  
the summits of the trees with stealthy  
tread.  
At last he came to an open space  
made by a slip of the land into the bed  
of the river. When Jack Meredith  
came to this he stepped out of the  
thicket and stood in the open awaiting  
the approach of his stealthy prey. The  
sound of its footfall was just percep-  
tible, slowly diminishing the distance  
that divided them. Then the trees  
were parted and a tall, fair man stepped  
forward on to the opposite bank.

Jack Meredith bowed gravely, and  
the other sportsman, seeing the ab-  
surdity of the situation, burst into  
hearty laughter. In a moment or two  
he had leaped from rock to rock and  
come to Meredith.  
"It seems," he said, "that we have  
been wasting a considerable amount of  
time."  
"I very nearly wasted powder and  
shot," replied Jack, significantly indi-  
cating his rifle.  
"I saw you twice and raised my  
rifle. Your breeches are just the color  
of a young doe. Are you Meredith?  
My name is Oscar."  
"Ah! Yes, I am Meredith. I am  
glad to see you."  
They shook hands. There was a  
twinkle in Jack Meredith's eyes, but  
Oscar was quite grave. His sense of  
humor was not very keen, and he was  
before all things a sportsman.

"I left the canoe a mile below  
Msala and landed to shoot a deer we  
saw drinking, but I never saw him  
afterward. Then I heard you, and I  
have been stalking you ever since."  
"But I never expected you so soon.  
You were not due till—look!" Jack  
whispered suddenly.  
Oscar turned on his heel, and the  
next instant their two rifles rang out  
through the forest stillness in one  
sharp crack. Across the stream, ten  
yards behind the spot where Oscar  
had emerged from the brush, a leopard  
sprang into the air five feet from the  
ground, with head thrown back and  
paws clawing at the thinness of space  
with grand free sweeps. The beast  
fell with a thud and lay still, dead.  
The two men clambered across the  
company. He was a modest man,  
and yet he knew that he was reckoned  
among the big game hunters of the  
age. This man had fared as quickly as  
himself, and there were two small  
trickling holes in the animal's head.  
While he was being quietly scruti-  
nized Jack Meredith stooped down and  
taking the leopard beneath the shoulder,  
lifted it bodily back from the pool of  
blood.

"Pity to spoil the skin," he explained  
as he put a fresh cartridge into his  
rifle.  
Oscar nodded in an approving way.  
He knew the weight of a full grown  
leopard, all muscle and bone, and he  
was one of those old fashioned persons  
mentioned in the Scriptures as taking  
a delight in a man's legs—or his arms,  
so long as they were strong.  
"I suppose," he said quietly, "we had  
better skin him here."  
"Yes."  
They laid the skin out on the tramp-  
led maidenhair and contemplated it.



Two rifles rang out through the forest stillness.

with silent satisfaction. In the course  
of their inspection they both arrived at  
the head at the same moment. The  
two holes in the hide, just above the  
eyes, came under their notice at the  
same moment, and they turned and  
smiled gravely at each other, thinking  
the same thought—the sort of thought  
that Englishmen rarely put into intelli-  
gible English.

"I'm glad we did that," said Guy  
Oscar at length; suddenly. "Whatever  
comes of this expedition of ours—if we  
finish—if we hate each other ever  
afterward, that skin ought to remind  
us that we are much of a muckness."  
By 9 o'clock they reached the camp  
at Msala. Victor Durnovo was still at  
work superintending the discharge of  
the baggage and stores from the large  
trading canoes. They heard the shout-  
ing and chattering before coming in  
sight of the camp, and one of them  
angrily above the others.

"Is that Durnovo's voice?" asked  
Meredith.  
"Yes," answered his companion curt-  
ly.  
It was a new voice, which Meredith  
had not heard before. When they  
shouted to announce their arrival it  
was suddenly hushed, and presently  
Durnovo came forward to greet them.  
Meredith hardly knew him, he was  
so much stronger and healthier in ap-  
pearance. Durnovo shook hands heart-  
ily.

"No need to introduce you two," he  
said, looking from one to the other.  
"No; after one mistake we discovered  
each other's identity in the forest," an-  
swered Meredith.  
Durnovo smiled, but there was some-  
thing behind the smile. He did not  
seem to approve of their meeting with-  
out his intervention.

The three men walked up toward  
the house together. It was a fair sized  
house, with a heavy thatched roof that  
overhung the walls like the crown of a  
mushroom. The walls were only mud,  
and the thatching was nothing else  
than banana leaves, but there was evi-  
dence of European taste in the garden  
surrounding the structure and in the  
glazed windows and wooden door.

As they approached the open door-  
way three little children, clad in very  
little more than their native modesty,  
ran gleefully out and proceeded to  
engage seats on Jack Meredith's boots,  
looking upon him as a mere public  
conveyance. They took hardly any  
notice of him, but chattered and quar-  
reled among themselves, sometimes  
in baby English, sometimes in dialect  
unknown to Oscar and Meredith.

"These," said the latter, when they  
were seated and clinging with their  
little dusky arms round his legs, "are  
the very runnest little kids I ever  
came across."  
Durnovo gave an impatient laugh  
and went on toward the house. But  
Guy Oscar stopped and walked more  
slowly beside Meredith as he labored  
along heavy footed.

"They are the jolliest little souls im-  
aginable," continued Jack Meredith.  
"There," he said to them when they  
had reached the doorstep, "run away  
to you mother—very fine ride—no  
more tonight! I'm awfully, you  
understand, awfully!"  
"Awfully, awe-e-e-ary!" repeated the  
little things, standing before him in  
infantile nude rotundity, looking up  
with bright eyes.  
"Awfully," that is it. Good night,  
Epaminondas; good night, Xantippe!  
Give ye good nap, most stout Nestor-  
itus!"

He stooped and gravely shook hands  
with each one in turn, and after forc-  
ing a like ceremonial upon Guy Oscar,  
they reluctantly withdrew.  
"They have not joined us, I sup-  
pose," said Oscar as he followed his  
partner or partners such money as  
shall belong to him or them."  
At this juncture there was a little  
pause while Guy Oscar lighted a sec-  
ond match.

"And," continued Jack, "we hereby  
undertake severally on oath to hold  
the secret of the whereabouts of the  
simiacine a strict secret, which secret  
may not be revealed by any one of us,  
to whomsoever it may be, without the  
sanction, in writing, of the other two  
partners."  
"I am rather pleased with that liter-  
ary production. It is forcible and yet  
void of violence. I feel that in me the

commerce of the century has lost an  
ornament. Moreover, I am ready to  
swear to the terms of the agreement."  
There was a little pause. Guy Os-  
card took his pipe from his mouth, and  
while he knocked the ashes out against  
the leg of his chair he mumbled, "I  
swear to hold to that agreement."  
Victor Durnovo took off his hat with  
a sweep and a flourish, and raising his  
bared brow to the stars, he said: "I  
swear to hold to that agreement. If I  
fall, may God strike me dead!"

CHAPTER XI.  
THE next morning Jack Meredith  
was awakened by his servant  
Joseph before it was fully light.  
"Wake you before your time,  
sir," he said. "There's something  
wrong among these ere darky fellers,  
sir."  
"Not rebellion?" he said curiously,  
looking toward his firearms.  
"No, sir, not that. It's some mortal  
sickness. I don't know what it is.  
I've been up half the night with them.  
It's spreadin' too."  
"Sickness! What does it seem like?  
Just give me that jacket. Not that  
sleepin' sickness!"

"No, sir. It's not that. Missis Marie  
was tellin' me about that—awful  
scurvy that, sir. No, the poor chap  
are wide awake enough—gravin', and  
off their heads, too, mostly."  
"Call Mr. Durnovo."  
"Met Mr. Durnovo, sir, goin' out as  
I came in."  
In a few minutes Jack joined Dur-  
no and Oscar, who were talking to-  
gether on the terrace in front of the  
house. Guy Oscar was still in his  
pajamas, which he had tucked into  
topboots. He also wore a sun helmet,  
which added a finish to his costume.  
They got quite accustomed to this get-  
up during the next three days, for he  
never had time to change it, and  
somehow it ceased to be humorous  
before the end of that time.

"Oh, it's nothing," Durnovo was say-  
ing, with a singular eagerness. "I  
know these chaps. They have been  
knifed in advance. They are probably  
shamming, and if they are not they are  
only suffering from the effects of a  
farewell glorification. They want to  
delay our start. That is their little  
game. It will give them a better  
chance of deserting."  
"At any rate we had better go and  
see them," suggested Jack.

"No, don't!" cried Durnovo eagerly,  
detaining him with both hands. "Take  
my advice and don't. Just have break-  
fast in the ordinary way and pretend  
there is nothing wrong. Then after-  
ward you can lounge casually into the  
camp."  
"All right," said Jack rather unwill-  
ingly.

"It has been of some use, this scare,"  
said Durnovo, turning and looking  
toward the river. "It has reminded  
me of something. We have not nearly  
enough quinine. I will just take a  
quick canoe and run down to Loango  
to fetch some."  
He turned quite away from them  
and stooped to attach the lace of his  
boot.

"I can travel night and day, and be  
back here in three days," he added.  
"In the meantime you can be getting  
on with the loading of the canoes, and  
we will start as soon as I get back."  
He stood upright and looked around  
with weatherwise, furtive eyes.

"Seems to me," he said, "there's  
thunder coming. I think I had better  
be off at once."  
In the course of his inspection of the  
lowering clouds which hung black as  
ink, just above the trees his eyes  
lighted on Joseph, standing within the  
door of the cottage watching him with  
a singular half suppressed smile.

"Yes," he said hurriedly. "I will start  
at once. I can get under way."  
He looked beneath his lashes quickly  
from Jack to Guy and back again.  
Their silent acquiescence was not quite  
satisfactory. Then he called his own  
men and spoke to them in a tongue  
unknown to the Englishmen. He hur-  
ried forward their preparations with a  
feverish irritability which made Jack  
Meredith think of the first time he had

ever seen Durnovo, a few miles farther  
down the river, all palpitating and  
trembling with climatic nervousness.  
His face was quite yellow and there  
was a line drawn diagonally from the  
nostrils down each cheek, to lose itself  
ultimately in the heavy black mus-  
tache.

Suddenly had the boat disappeared in  
the bend of the river before the rain  
broke. The thunder crashed out in  
sharp reports, and the men ceased  
rowing and crouched down in the  
canoe. But Durnovo knew that be-  
hind him he had left a greater danger;  
smallpox had laid its hand on the camp  
at Msala.

It is still said on the Ogowe river  
that no man travels like Victor Dur-  
no. Certain it is that in twenty-seven  
hours from the time he left Msala on  
the morning of the great storm he pre-  
sented himself before Maurice Gordon  
in his office at the factory at Loango.  
"Will you be at home tonight?"  
asked Durnovo, gently pushing aside  
the hospitable deacon. "I have got  
a lot of work to do today, but I should  
like to run in and see you this evening."  
"Yes, come and dine."  
Durnovo shook his head and looked  
down at his wrinkled and dragged  
clothing.

"Well, I'll lend you a black coat.  
Seven o'clock sharp!"  
Durnovo hurried away with a gleam  
of excitement in his dark eyes.  
Maurice Gordon did not resume his  
work at once. He sat for some time  
idly drumming with his fingers on the  
desk.

"If I can only get her to be civil to  
him," he reflected aloud, "I'll get into  
this business yet."  
At 7 o'clock Durnovo appeared at the  
Gordon's house. He had managed to  
borrow a dress suit and wore an orchid  
in his buttonhole. It was probably  
the first time that Jocelyn had seen him  
in this garb of civilization, which is at  
the same time the most becoming and  
the most trying variety of costume left  
to sensible men in these days. A dress  
suit finds a man out sooner than any  
thing except speech.

Jocelyn was civil in her reception;  
more so, indeed, than Maurice Gordon  
had hoped for. She seemed almost glad  
to see Durnovo, and evinced quite a  
kindly interest in his remarks. Dur-  
no attributed this to the dress suit,  
and said that in me the

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ARRIVALS  
60 From Toronto..... 5.00 a.m.  
19 From Peterboro..... 8.00 a.m.  
32 From Haliburton..... 8.55 a.m.  
21 From Port Hope..... 9.10 a.m.  
30 From Cobocook..... 10.10 a.m.  
22 From Toronto..... 11.00 a.m.  
35 From Port Hope..... 2.05 p.m.  
42 From I. B. & O. Jct..... 5.45 p.m.  
23 From Port Hope..... 6.28 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.  
51 For Toronto..... 6.30 a.m.  
10 For Belleville..... 7.20 a.m.  
21 For Toronto..... 9.15 a.m.  
22 For Port Hope..... 10.55 a.m.  
23 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 Haliburton..... 2.40 p.m.  
28 For Toronto..... 6.23 p.m.  
31 For Cobocook..... 6.30 p.m.  
18 For Peterboro..... 9.23 a.m.  
19 For Toronto..... 9.05 a.m.  
61 For Fusion Falls..... 8.15 p.m.

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