

You Do More Work, You are more ambitious and you get more enjoyment out of everything when your blood is in good condition. Impurities in the blood have a very depressing effect on the system, causing weakness, laziness, nervousness and dizziness.

# White Man

Continued from first page, this section.

drea impatiently. "M'sungo flashed a look at her. "Waiting?" he whispered. "We're not waiting. Every man here, according to his lights, is reading. You saw that cheeky gunbearer measure a spoor and then withdraw with a hand-dog look. He thought he had spotted a male bull. He has made himself ridiculous for a year. Tonight you'll hear the camp telling the joke on him over and over again. But the tracker touches a blade of grass bent one way with his toe and presently you'll see him with a twig broken in the opposite direction. There he goes now. He looks as if he were day-dreaming, doesn't he?"

Andrea nodded. "Well, he isn't," continued M'sungo. "By now he has read the whole story. He knows how many females made this mess of a trail and how many young. He knows when they came and when they went. He could sit in their stay with a dozen incidents, each one complete in itself, such as where a youngster slipped, fell, squealed and got spanked by his mother. But such trimmings of details impress themselves only on his subconscious mind. In reality his whole attention is fixed on the main chance. By the season of the year he knows that this herd is not traveling alone. The track of the males is nearby. If we didn't have the three old hunters we would go up the bank of the river until we struck it, but we don't have to because they found it by chance this morning at the first streak of dawn."

While he talked, the tracker studied the three wizened sat aloof, taking snuff. Now, at a nod from M'sungo, they arose and proceeded swiftly along the margin of the big trees. Presently they swerved to the left and plunged through undergrowth to a well-marked path. In the fine dust of that runway Andrea saw the identical monster spoor that the old black had drawn with his finger on the ground beside her breakfast table.

Another halt was called. The tracker squatted by one spoor and then another. He held up three fingers.

"All males?" said M'sungo. The tracker nodded.

"Big ones?" said M'sungo, with that half-smile of exaltation.

The boy grinned. M'sungo touched the edge of the mighty spoor with his toe. "M'culo?" "Stoicka!" murmured the tracker, and rolled his eyes up into the trees.

"He says it's a whopper," whispered M'sungo, and promptly went into action. He took off his jacket and jersey, rolled up his sleeves and tightened his belt. The tracker stripped to his breech-clout and took from one of the wizened a slender-shafted assegai. The three old hunters laid aside the rifles they had been carrying and the gunbearers quietly picked them up.

M'sungo turned to Andrea. "Get on the donkey," he ordered. When she was mounted her eyes were on a level with his own. "Listen," he said. "You'll ride now, because when we strike the bush you can't. Please listen, because from now until the kill nobody is going to speak to you and if you should say a word out loud you might get six inches of spear in the excitement of the moment."

"Go ahead; I won't speak," said Andrea, and pressed her lips together.

"When you begin to get hot," continued M'sungo, "just take off what you don't want and drop it. We people ahead can't lose anything if we try. The 'boys' used to pick up my dead matches until I stopped them. When you come to the bush, shed your skirt, get off Marguerite and leave him. Walk lightly and hang on till you drop. If you last long enough, you'll see me take the big gun. That's the beginning of the end and when it happens you are to do just one thing. Look around you. Somewhere near you are bound to see a big tree looming out of the bush. Go to it, hug it, stay with it whatever happens till I call you."

A moment later, they were off at a terrific pace, the tracker in the lead, M'sungo next, then the gunbearers, Andrea, and after her the tagging rest. For hours they kept on without a break or a pause. Andrea watched M'sungo's long stride, fascinated by its unvarying pendulum swing. The gunbearers took shorter steps. They walked pivoting on the ball of the foot; just before each step, their heels jerked inward sharply for the thrust back. She leaned forward; Marguerite had his eyes wide open. He seemed to be breathing softly, as though he, too, were bent on playing the game.

Quite suddenly they came out of the forest into a broken mangy space. The heat and glare was terrific. Here and there were scraggy groups of thorn, apparently burnt up by the sun, but in reality very much alive. To one side, an enormous acacia cast its grateful blot of shade. The tracker, pausing at last, looked straight up, transfixed, in an eloquent pose.

Andrea followed his gaze. At an incredible height she saw a branch, freshly broken. Her reason battled with incredulity; it told her that only one thing could have reached the

branch and snapped it—the up-flung trunk of the rearing beast they were following. For the first time in her life, measuring again that height, she felt actual awe. M'sungo cast a glance over his shoulder. His face was alight; his eyes shone with a swimming brilliance.

A few minutes later they came to the ragged edge of the elephant bush. The tracker cast left and right with quick, jerky steps. Here the three bulls had separated; joyful sigh, for it showed intention to feed. The tracker came to a halt, dropped the tip of his assegai shaft to a chosen spoor. M'sungo looked back at Andrea impatiently. She threw herself from Marguerite's back and hastily stripped off her jersey, unbuttoned her skirt and let it fall. She stood in lebanet, khaki shirt and breeches, puttees and tightly laced boots—an adorable study in brown. But M'sungo had no time for artistic effects; he turned from her with a nod and plunged into the bush in the wake of the tracker.

Fortunately for Andrea the going was now much slower. It was not that the spoor was harder to follow—in fact, it was much easier, for through the jungle of stunted sapling no man could pass save where an elephant had plowed a way—but that now every indication of the game's progress had to be read, studied and accurately valued. Here began the exercise of that finished science which M'sungo had placed so high, giving due credit to those forerunners who had marked its stages with their life's blood.

The state of a parted vine, or a half-masticated leaf, bore some message upon the true reading of which hung the delicate balance of success or failure. Slower and slower fell the pace and in measured proportion silence was born and seemed to grow and spread and throb (it hung in the air like some stifling all-permeating mist. Beneath it the heart beat with an irregular rat-tat-tat and breath came in hurried gasps. In spite of the men before her, Andrea felt alone, adrift on a sea of unseen but hovering perils. She looked over her shoulder. Only Bathub was in sight behind her, tense, one foot in air, waiting for her to take her next step before he placed his foot. His naked body, exposed to the merciless sun, streamed with sweat.

Andrea's shoulders ached from holding her arms before her face to ward off the interminably encroaching vines and branches that seemed to oppose the way, but invariably parted at her touch. Her tongue was parched, all her clothing laid hands on her every motion with a clammy grip and her body quivered on the fine edge of exhaustion, but she hung on, her eyes above dark shadows casting agonized glances at M'sungo. If only he would reach for the big gun! If only he would really stop for even a fleeting rest.

The next moment she found herself crowded into the halting group in front. They stood in the sparse shade of a big tree, their eyes sweeping the ground beneath their feet and rising to meet each other's gaze with swift intelligence and swifter understanding. Here was a great reading, the anti-climax of suspense, the pregnant moment of final premonition. The three elephants had come together, they had milled beneath this tree, they were even now indubitably beneath the next they had encountered—for when



He Smelled the Prey.

a feeding elephant walks in a circle for no apparent reason it is because his thoughts are entirely fixed on taking his noonday nap promptly.

The tracker stood unbelievably erect, heels off the ground. It was as though by an effort of will he had suspended himself in air, so still was he so wholly was his body consecrated to the act of listening. Suddenly his white nostrils quivered with a visible fluttering and distended till their oar

(To be Continued.)

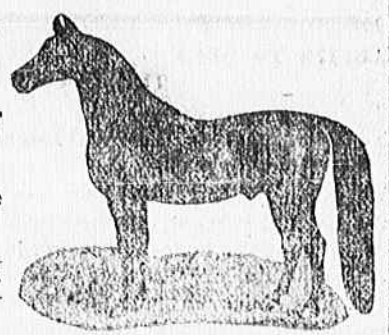
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