

Finished

Henry Rider Haggard

Resumo de Finished

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MARNHAM So Much for preliminaries, now for the story. The eighteen months had gone by, bringing with them to me their share of adventure, weal and woe, with all of which at present I have no concern.

Behold me arriving very hot and tired in the post-cart from Kimberley whither I had gone to invest what I had saved out of my Matabeleland contract in a very promising speculation whereof, to-day, the promise remains and no more.

I had been obliged to leave Kimberley in a great hurry, before I ought indeed, because of the silly bargain which I have just recorded. Of course I was sure that I should never see Mr.

Anscombe again, especially as I had heard nothing of him during all this while, and had no reason to suppose that he was in Africa. Still I had taken his A 50 and he might come.

Also I have always prided myself upon keeping an appointment. The post-cart halted with a jerk in front of the European Hotel, and I crawled, dusty and tired, from its interior, to find myself face to face with Anscombe who was smoking a pipe upon the stoep!

" Hello, Quatermain," he said in his pleasant, drawling voice, " here you are, up to time. I have been making bets with these five gentlemen," and he nodded at a group of loungers on the stoep, " as to whether you would or would not appear, I putting ten to one on you in drinks.

Therefore you must now consume five whiskies and sodas, which will save them from consuming fifty and a subsequent appearance at the Police Court." I laughed and said I would be their debtor to the extent of one, which was duly produced.

After it was drunk Anscombe and I had a chat. He said that he had been to India, shot, or shot at whatever game he meant to kill there, visited his relations in England and thence proceeded to keep his ap...

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