

The man staggered forward. It was M'YIONYU the Detective. (*Private Diary.* I have made up my mind to get rid of M'YIONYU on the first opportunity. I took him as a detective on purpose to find out STANLEY or anybody else, and he is always detecting *me*. I remonstrated with him this morning, but he says he can't help it; it's in him, and that's how he makes his money. He got a good round sum out of the Arch-Waterkurit, of whom he threatened to tell, calling as witnesses myself and McSMUGGINS, who, as a Ventriloquist, can always command several voices, and we, in the interests of morality, backed him up, and then when the Arch-Waterkurit paid over the coin, and surrendered several bottles of Odevee on condition of our secrecy and leaving the country at once, Old M'YIONYU wouldn't divide until he said "we had got well away." Now *he* has got well away, and I can't find him anywhere. The Ventriloquist is still with me. Also the Printer's Boy. We daren't go back to the Rhigattur Country, as the Arch-Waterkurit and all his officials have been preaching against us, and the people are tremendously incensed—though this, I believe, is an ordinary portion of the religious rites.)

I haven't made much by this journey. Wish I could come up with STANLEY.

I should have gone on with it myself, but that I was preparing a paper for the British Ass-Sociation, to read when called for. It is "A Note on a Perspiring Tribe slowly melting away under a Tropical Sun on the STERIO SKOPPICO frontier." The people of this tribe are known as Fotos. There are bad Fotos, good Fotos, and indifferent Fotos—human nature being pretty much alike every-