

down in torrents. The men struggled on over the slippery path, for the clay makes it so. Of course the men had no protection from it, but went bravely on. Soon it passed and was clear for a short time, but another shower, heavier if possible than before, came up, with loud thunder. Being near a village, the men carried me to the gate. We went into the village, and sat in the onjango or sitting room of the village. This is an open hut, built of sticks placed in a circle, uprightly, covered by a roof thatched with grass. The men ate the roasted corn which they brought with them. My sister said, in the village in which her carriers rested they offered a gourd of beer, which all drank but the station boy who accompanied us. Resting half an hour, we again resumed our journey. The rain soon poured again. If you can picture a hammock swung on a bamboo pole, with a top or cover attached to protect one from the sun; but when the rain comes in a slanting direction, as it generally does, it soon wets everything. I had my waterproof on, but it soon became useless, and my sleeves could easily have been wrung. The remains of my luncheon was soaked with water. I, however, kept it, in case I should not reach Cisamba that night. On we came, very slowly, the rain getting heavier. The men went splashing through the paths filled with water; once both the men slipped at once, and of course I found myself lying flat on the ground, but only laughed, as it was very difficult for them to walk. Soon it became so dark that one man had to walk just before the tepoia and call to the men who carried it what lay in the path. The most difficult part of the path was descending a small hill where the path was very rough, and the men carrying the tepoia had to feel each step with their feet before going on. You can imagine the very slow progress we made. At the foot of this hill is a stream, and my sister says her men had to search for quite a while before they could find the bridge. My tepoia crossed before it was quite dark, so they could just see it. The men wanted to stay at a village, but we were not three-quarters of an hour from C.samba, so I said "Go on." The next and last stream was difficult, being deep, but not very wide. Just after we had crossed, we heard my sister's carriers singing, I had not seen her since 11.30 A.M., as she had taken a different path. We were glad to hear them singing. We were, of course, met a short distance out by the boys, who had heard the men singing—which they always do in entering a village with a tepoia. Arriving in Cisamba at 8.30, about thirteen and a half hours after leaving Kamundonga, we were glad to eat a warm supper and retire.

We are thankful to say we are none the worse of our wetting and feel the benefit of our visit.