

quantity, the others wait till a cow dies of old age or disease. Milk is their staple article of diet.

The most vivid imagination can scarcely conceive any idea of the vast amount of confusion and fierce talking that goes on over the carcase of some newly slaughtered cow.

Would you believe it, the Wazamboni LASH their tobacco to their persons; not simply tie it on in parcels to their belts, but regularly lash with long strings their very precious and very small packets of tobacco to their shoulders or waists. It is positively marvellous that tobacco should be so valuable as to require lashing to ones person, in a country where the soil is so admirably suited for its growth, and the natives, so passionately fond of smoking.

On Wednesday, May 8th, the Expedition moved out of camp, this time to march forward for many days without sustaining a check. Just six months later we marched into Bagamozo and got our first glimpse of the sea.

Pause a moment reader, and just consider what six months marching means. Think how tired and weary

your feet would be, and how utterly worn out and thin you would become under the burning rays of the Equatorial sun! But think also at the end of it how you would welcome the sight of the sea again, and the steamers resting on its bosom ready to carry you to the end of your journey! Can you not imagine our feelings, and those of our men on seeing these steamers? We who could only make perhaps 12 miles per day with immense labour would be carried this distance in an hour and without fatigue! And three weeks of marching would be done in one day's steaming!

We had 1600 miles to foot it step by step, day by day, week by week, month by month. Do you wonder that our brave black boys rushed into the sea then at Bagamozo in their *frenzy* of delight?

The rear guard of which I was in charge the first day, Capt. Nelson the next, and then I again, burnt the camp to the ground and in half an hour had caught up with the tail of the column. The march was only five and a half miles long, yet it took us the better part of the day to get all hands up to camp.

HOW WE WENT BOTANIZING.

BY KAY LIVINGSTONE.

TRIP THE SECOND.

"May Margaret stood within her bow'r,
Combing her yellow hair;
She heard a note in Elmood wood,
And wish'd that she was there.

May Margaret sat in her bow'r door,
Sewing her silken seam;
She heard a note in Elmood wood,
Among the leaves sae green.

She let the seam fa' frae her side,
The needle to her tae;
And she's awa to Elmood wood
As fast as she cou'd gae!"

—*Scottish Ballad.*

Our first attempt having been of the marsh—marshy, we decided among ourselves that the next time we should vary the thing a little—or rather, a great deal—for the difference between high land and low land is surprising to others than the canny Scot. So by common consent we found ourselves wending our way up Mount Pleasant, in search of the delicate blossoms which gem its rocky braes in the springtime.

Our ardour had not been quenched in the least by the long and rather tiring work of pressure, classification and mounting. It was all needed, we knew, to preserve our woodland treasures, but we were not at all sure of Teddy and the dampening effect of his experience. Indeed, we were almost prepared for a pressing engagement on his part, whatever the day or hour selected. We trembled in our shoes as we thought of the fire of raillery he had gone through. What *should* we do if our guide and protector proved obdurate? Who else knew every foot of the Mountain as he did, or could guide us to the sunny slopes which the *Hepaticas* loved? Not for nothing had Teddy grown up under a shadow—the

shadow of the Royal Mountain. So Louise's services were once more resorted to, and almost to our surprise with the same result as before. Our tall young brother promptly agreed to accompany us at any hour of the day or night, henceforth and for—as long as the specimen fever lasted.

This time we did not need to encumber ourselves with rubbers, otherwise the equipment was much the same as before. One important addition, however, was luncheon, for our destination was far a-field, and the botanical cases made capital picnic baskets.

Up a narrow avenue, overhung by great trees, and separated by a matted, uneven hedge from the cabbage garden beyond, we made our way. In summer this is a deliciously cool and shady place, but the little brook at the side of the road no longer babbles cheerily on its way, for it is dried up. I have been told that this avenue once led to a great, old house of the aristocracy of the town. But such is fame. The house and its gay hospitalities are remembered no more; nor are any traces of them left, except in a few musty books which nobody reads.

At the end of the avenue a little bank has to be climbed, and then a long, sloping field, brave with *Ox-eyed daisies* in the golden glow of summer. Here one always stops and turns to look at the view, and some of us think there is not such another view to be had anywhere. The trees, still only in bud; the scattered villas; the gently swelling fields; more houses in clusters; fields again; the blue waters of the noble river, with its islands and rapids plainly seen through the clearest of atmospheres; and then away in the distance the faint outline of far off mountains. Would you not have lingered, as we did, unwilling to turn our backs upon so much beauty?

Presently, however, we were reminded by Teddy that "the flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la" only last about three weeks or so, and perhaps we had better be getting on. So the line of march had to be resumed, up again, and away to the right, behind a screen of tall haw bushes, soon to be covered with clusters of creamy-white blossoms. Nearing the well-known little opening in the