

and I would get after the fellow, and make him think, at least, that I was going to chastise him. Then he would at last realize that I meant *him*, and he would not speak above a whisper, and would try by gestures to keep others from doing so. Dead silence followed, save the noise we made in walking. Meanwhile we had arrived at another village, and you can imagine the result. The whole crowd walking in silence, and by their frantic gestures giving the people of the village through which we were passing, the impression that I was some sort of a monster that might be rendered dangerous by the least noise. This was worse than the noise, so I would explain that I had no objection to talking, if they would not yell. Then they would start again, softly at first, but little by little the volume of sound would increase until, in a few minutes, there was the same babel as before, and I would go on meditating whether I had not made a fool of myself by my useless exhibition of temper.

Meanwhile the crowd has increased, until they can no longer follow me without trampling the vegetables that are growing along the paths. They clamor for me to stop that they may have a chance to take a good look at me. As I have now reached the centre of the village, I at last accede to their request and stop. Standing in the middle of the street, they at once form a circle around me, the men in front, and the women, for the most part, behind me, and trying to steal up close to examine something without being observed. I turn my head, and at once there is a scream and a stampede, but only for a moment. Soon they return, but this time more cautiously. Silence, or something approaching it follows, while they all indulge in one long, intense stare, during which only a camera could depict the various expressions in the various faces around me. Then we have a dog fight. Every man's cur from all the villages we had passed had followed his master, and the dogs of the villages in which we were stopping objected to their presence. The result was a free fight, until each man took up his dog and held him under his arm, or on his shoulder, where he kept snarling and showing his teeth at his equally helpless enemies, through all the subsequent proceedings.

Meanwhile the chief is not being noticed, and must make himself known. Stepping into the middle of the circle and raising his staff as if to chastise the crowd, he begins in what seems a fearful passion, and in thunderous tones to abuse everybody for treating the white man in such outrageous fashion. How they were treating him, or how they ought to treat him, he never makes clear in his harangue. As he is only talking for the white man's benefit, and as no one pays the least attention to him, I silence him as soon as possible.

Then comes a request to remove my hat, that they may see my hair. This reasonable request I always grant, and I am always rewarded by a chorus of complimentary exclamations. One especially amused me. No matter how careless my toilet had been, some woman would exclaim, "Why, he has hair just like that of an infant."