

afternoon. On an average, the journey through, we made fourteen miles a day. That looks like small work, but what America would wish to carry 60 to 70 lbs. even that far in a day over good paths? The second night we could hear the grunt of the hippopotamus in the river near by. Here we had a sprinkle of rain—the first we had seen in Africa—the rainy season just beginning. The third day we passed through a deep canyon. When I was a lad attending public school, I was taught that Africa's interior was an immense plateau, and the general contour of the country was represented by an inverted saucer. This day we spent climbing up the side of the inverted saucer, increasing our elevation above the sea level a few feet. It was an extremely hard march, and we were not only ones who found it so, judging from the number of guides by the path side.

Our path, as a rule, lay through an open country, having somewhat the appearance of a very thinly planted orchard with here and there considerable small underbrush. The banks of the streams in some parts are quite heavily wooded. The grass along the path is often above one's head. In the canyon the woods were alive with black and yellow monkeys; they have such a funny little short bark. All efforts to get a shot at them were fruitless; they seemed to disappear like magic. The natives consider them rare food.

The third night, we reached a real camping place, which consisted of several grass huts made by passing caravans. The little villages are inhabited only at night. A grass hut is a cone of about 10 to 15 foot base, and 10 feet high, with a diameter of about four feet high in the side. Boughs are put up against the opening for a door. There is usually a bed of leaves in each hut, left by the last sleeper. The fourth night, we spent in some vacant huts of a village. It is customary to make presents to white visitors; accordingly, the head man of the village gave me a little basket of peanuts, and some woman brought pap. In return for their presents, they received the most acceptable of all presents—each one got a handful of salt. At this village and the surrounding country, the women have a peculiar custom of wearing immense collars. When children, they give them; and keep adding mud, shells, trinkets—in fact, anything until they are full grown, when it has attained a diameter of four or five inches. They are very heavy, and look very peculiar. The larger the collar, the prouder is the wearer. When the husband dies, the collar is removed. It is then chopped off with an axe.

The fifth afternoon found us camped beside a very pretty little stream, under the last baobab tree. This indicated that we had reached the limits of coast vegetation. I must