

The next day the magic doctor appeared about eight a.m. to receive another present, and as he brought with him about a quart of curded milk, he was not disappointed. He also received a few beads for his wife, and for each of his children. Half an hour after the departure of the magic doctor, while many of the Wangwana were absent purchasing grain, and others were in the forest collecting faggots, we heard war cries. I mustered a small party on the highest ground of the camp, in an attitude of doubt and enquiry, and presently saw a large body of natives armed with spears, bows and arrows, and shields, appear within a hundred yards on a similar high-ground outside the camp. We soon



OUR CAMP AT MPWAPWA.

discovered that one of the Wangwana had stolen some milk, and that the natives had been aroused to "make war" upon us because of the theft. They were informed that war was wicked and unjust for such a small crime. A liberal present of cloth was made, and the affair had apparently terminated.

But as this mob was about to retire peacefully, another large force appeared, and Soudi, one of our men, came hastily upon the scene. He had a javelin gash near the right elbow joint, while a ghastly wound, from a whirling knobstick, had laid open his temples. He reported his brother Suliman as lying dead near the forest, to the west of the camp.