

Letter from Dr. Massey.

CISAMBA, ANGOLIA, WEST AFRICA,
300 miles from the West Coast,
April 30th, 1900.

DEAR FRIENDS,—The last letter left us about half way on our journey inward from the Coast. We had reached the oxen, the carriers now had an easier time. Our little stock of provisions, obtained at the Coast, was getting small. We were passing through a more thickly populated country, and chances of buying some provisions. There are no whites between the Coast and Bailundu, a distance of nearly 200 miles. Miss Melville, of course, did the buying, as neither Moffatt nor myself could manage the language. The currency of the country, instead of being gold, silver and copper, is rubber, cloth and salt. Every caravan must be supplied with these things if they wish to make purchases on the road. Rubber, which is in the crude state, is in strips about six inches long by two wide and one thick. This is called "ten of a ten," because each strip is divided off into ten parts, each being called "a ball of rubber." A ten of rubber is equal to ten cents in Canadian money. The rubber used is brought from the far interior, where it is obtained from a vine, also from the rubber tree. The trade cloth consists of various kinds—factory cloth, prints, shirtings, etc. Handkerchiefs of the bandanna style are also used. These handkerchiefs are not used for other purposes than those of head and neck coverings for the women and children. A very stylish young man may have his whole dress of handkerchief stuff, which is a very pronounced display. Cloth is worth about ten cents a yard, and a handkerchief is equal to a yard of cloth. Salt is a much used trade article. It is a very coarse quality, obtained at the Coast from the evaporation of sea water. It contains much of mother earth. However, dirty as it is, a teacupful is worth ten cents, and a tablespoonful will buy a hen's egg. You will think there has been a drop in pork prices. I tell you that Miss Melville bought a whole live pig for ten cents for the above-mentioned red bandanna handkerchiefs. But we have not seen the pig. The biggest part of him was his head. But he made us a fine meal, nevertheless. We occasionally had a chicken, which cost us four yards. We also had a few limes, bananas and oranges. It soon became no uncommon thing for an antelope to be killed up by our presence on the path, which would bound away very rapidly. They were mostly what the English hunters call the Reed Buck. I understand that there are no