

## On the Borders of Pigmy Land

sure who the offender was he struck a box on the ears at all in the vicinity of the noise. The King reserved for himself the office of school inspector, and generally looked in on his way home from morning service at the Church.

Arithmetic was not at all an easy subject to start teaching these people, and they could not for a long time understand figures in the abstract. Numeration was the thing they were started on. With a blackboard and chalk I wrote up the usual 1, 10, 100, and then attempted an explanation. One pupil instantly interrupted with "But what are the ten?" "Oh, I said, ten anything, ten chickens or ten eggs." "But if its a chicken how can it be an egg," he replied. The Katikiro found arithmetic very difficult. He stuck at "twice two" for days; he would insist that it made twenty, and even when he was convinced otherwise, his memory refused to agree with his conviction. But when he at last mastered the "two times" table and numeration up to a million, he rubbed his hands with satisfaction, and exclaimed "What wisdom!" When Kasagama heard of the different subjects being taught he evidently thought that tailoring ought to be included, for, one day he sent down a lad with a roll of white duck, and an earnest request that I would teach him how to make coats. The boy was sent away with an explanation that in our country men did the tailoring. But His Majesty was not to be put off, and so the message came back "would 'Bwana Fisher' teach him?" Our protestations only called forth more beseeching requests, so in despair I took a pattern from a London coat and showed the boy how to put it together. The result was far from being complimentary to the original, but Kasagama did not take into consideration the cut, so much as the fact that it *was* a coat.

A few of the more promising pupils used to come together each afternoon for extra instruction, in order