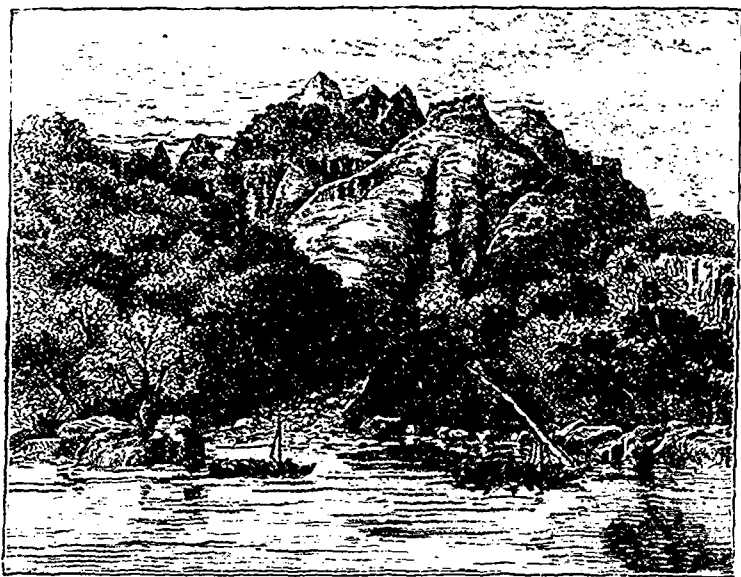


Alice all ready, and the ferrying of men, goods, asses, and dogs across the Kingani is prosecuted with vigour, and at 3.30 p.m. the boat is again in pieces, slung on the bearing poles, and the Expedition has resumed its journey.

Grand and impressive scenery meets the eye as we march. Peaks and knolls rise in all directions, for we are now ascending to the eastern front of the Kaguru mountains. By a gradual ascent we reached the spine of a hill at 4,490 feet, and behold an extensive plain, stretching north-west and west, with browsing herds of noble game.



KUNGWE PEAKS.

*(From a sketch near the entrance to the Luwulungu torrent bed.)*

We crossed the plain on the 11th December. It is only six miles in width, but within this distance we counted fourteen human skulls, the mournful relics of some unfortunate travellers, slain by an attack of Wahumba from the north-west.

Desertions from the Expedition had been frequent. At first the chief detective, and his gang of four men, who had received their instructions to follow us a day's journey behind, enabled me to recapture sixteen of the deserters; but the cunning fellows soon discovered this resource of mine against their well-known