

stood on the crest of a vine-hung hill in mid-Africa, looking down on the palm-girt and guarded town of Ujiji, wherein, Livingstone's faithful servant Susi had just told him, there rested for a moment in his march that missionary, who was a scientist, an explorer, and a *man*—David Livingstone.

Threading the streets of the town, Stanley pushed through curious groups of thronging natives until, at last, surrounded



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

by a *coterie* of his own, was seen a grey-bearded white man, clad in worn grey trousers, a faded red-sleeved waistcoat, and wearing a blue cap that had once been proud of its gold band.

“Dr. Livingstone, I presume?”

For six years the great explorer had not heard “white man’s” English. On the other hand, Stanley stood face to face with the best talked-of man among civilized peoples, and could go