

are easily kept clean. The roofs are slimy with the reek of smoke, as though they had been painted with coal-tar. The household chattels, or furniture are limited to food-baskets, earthenware pots, an assortment of wickerwork dishes, the family shields, spears, knives, swords and tools, and the fish-baskets lying outside.

At Kabungwé I was alarmed at an insufferable odour that pervaded the air we breathed, for, whether in the house or without, the atmosphere seemed loaded with an intolerable stench. On enquiring of the natives whether there was any dead animal putrefying in the neighbourhood, they pointed to the firewood that was burning, and to a tree—a species of laurel—as that which emitted the smell. Upon examination I found it was indeed due to this strange wood, which, however, only becomes offensive under the action of fire.

Skirting the range of hills which bounds the Luama valley on the north, we marched to Mpungu, which is fifteen miles west of Mtuyu. Kiteté, its chief, is remarkable for a plaited beard, twenty inches long, decorated at the tips with a number of blue glass beads. His hair was also trussed up on the crown of his head in a shapely mass. (See initial cut.) His village was neat, and the architecture of the huts peculiar.

From Mpungu we travelled through an interesting country (a distance of four miles), and suddenly from the crest of a low ridge saw the confluence of the Luama with the majestic Lualaba. The former appeared to have a breadth of 400 yards at the mouth; the latter was about 1400 yards wide, a broad river of a pale grey colour, winding slowly from south and by east.

We hailed its appearance with shouts of joy, and rested on the spot to enjoy the view. In the bed of the great river are two or three small islands, green with the verdure of trees and sedge. I likened it even here to the Mississippi, as it appears before the impetuous, full-volumed Missouri pours its rusty brown water into it.

A secret rapture filled my soul as I gazed upon the majestic stream. The great mystery that for all these centuries Nature had kept hidden away from the world of science was waiting to be solved. For two hundred and twenty miles I had followed one of the sources of the Livingstone to the confluence, and now before me lay the superb river itself! My task was to follow it to the Ocean.