

natives were passing to and fro carrying heavy baskets of salt which they had yearned to get, but were previously prevented by Kabba Rega. Salt is perhaps the most valued and expensive of any article of food in Central Africa. The natives go wild about it, and you can see them carrying tiny bits of rock salt carefully hidden in a bit of bark. These they lick with their tongues *on the sly*, and when no others are about. Otherwise they would have to give these latter a lick all round. A rich man is he who can lick his salt five times a day. He is a possessor of cows, and sheep and goats who can do this in many countries.

Nothing living can withstand the intense saltiness of the waters of Katwè. A sample of this water brought to England by me was pronounced to be a saturated solution: that is, dry salt would not dissolve in it.

On the 6th July we got into the large and powerful country of Ankori, and up to this we could safely say we had never seen such a fine, well-set-up race of men in Africa. Tall, and dignified, and clean cut were the warriors of this nation. Broad, and keen, and many were their spears. Such beautifully made clay pipes I have never seen anywhere.

The Wanyankori, like the Wahuma, are very fond of their dogs and cattle, signs of good points in their characters I should say. The position of the women is among them much more that of equals with the men than is the case with most tribes. Their arms and ankles are covered with such neat iron and ivory bangles as would excite the envy of many a fine white lady.

That the spears used are those of warriors can be seen at a glance. They are models of symmetry and strength. A discipline and fear of the King Antari (the Lion) appears to pervade the entire population, and one can quickly see that Antari rules with a firm hand. Through Ankori we proceeded in one continued series of demonstrations of welcome. On arriving at the centre of the Kingdom, the King sent his little son to bid us welcome. We had a regular "Queen's Birthday" parade for him. First there was a long pow-wow; then we fell in and fired a feu-de joie of three rounds per man, much to the youth's delight. But the event of the day was the firing of the Maxim Gun for his especial edification. The rapidity of fire, the noise, the amount of smoke made this princeling simply wild with joy, and he tried hard to make me give over the handles to him to try a shot. Respecting however the bodies of our Zanzibaris, and the bystanders generally, I refused.

On going away, one of the chiefs of Antari sneaked up to me and made me a present of a fowl, with the air of one giving his last penny for the sake of charity. I accepted the fowl, but to this day do not exactly know whether it was given in pity of my white skin, or whether in excess of admiration for the way in which I had made the Maxim "speak up."

From this up to 24th July, I was unable through frequent and violent fevers to make a single entry in my journal. Blacks and whites seemed to go down like flies before this fever. At one time in Ankori the movements of the whole Expedition were paralysed through this curse of Central Africa, intermittent fever. For three days we lay on our backs and groaned with pain. The cause was no doubt the high altitude we were in and the cold cutting winds at night. My two boys Abedi and Khamisi were helpless, poor chaps.

Here again, in fever, the white is a better man than the black. In marching, an average Englishman can walk down a black, both carrying only their rifles, that is if the march is a prolonged one, say for ten days on end. In one day's marching a keen black will leave the white man behind, but soon after the first day the black's feet begin to swell up and his joints ache.

On the 25th July the Expedition reached the Kagera river on the borders of Karagwé, and crossing this on the 26th entered the Kingdom of Karagwé.

The Kagera is here about 70 yards broad, running about three and a half miles per hour and about seven feet deep right across its bed. It enters the Victoria Nyanza about four days, forty-eight miles, to the East of where we crossed it.

Marching through Karagwé we came to Kafurro, a former Arab settlement near the King's Capital. From here Mr. Jephson went and paid our respects to the King who was surrounded by his courtiers, smoking a long pipe, and quaffing native beer, the almost chronic occupation of African potentates. Next day we had a visit from one of his big men, and we presented him with a Winchester and cartridges. They are very fond of shooting at trees, or stones, these chiefs, and waste their ammunition like children.

The natives of Karagwé were also very kind and hospitable to us. They are good hands at driving hard bargains in trade. The only vestiges of Arab occupation remaining were some dilapidated huts, a few lime trees, and some tomatoes. We relished the latter very much.

We have had no tea or coffee, no sugar, flour, or anything European for months and months, and we begin to sigh for the flesh pots of Europe again. We are burning to know what is going on in England and Europe. Is the Queen alive still? Is there a big European war?

Since the middle of 1887 we have not heard of or from civilization. How we shall revel in newspapers and letters again!

We now started from Kafurro to make a grand spurt to Msalala, the mission station at the South end of Victoria Nyanza, and where we should once again see white men, and once more feel through their talk, and through what letters we might get, the mighty pulse of the rushing, busy outside world. Oh for some books again to read the master thoughts of those white giants of civilization! We began to look upon ourselves almost as black men by this time.

MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS.

THE STORY OF ONE DAY.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

(By special arrangement with Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.)

Perhaps papa heard what she said; if he did, his palate dominated his heart: for, after a reluctant attempt or two to eat, he pushed his plate from him, and looked very glum. Fred remarked that he considered the pudding very good, and Bertha said "Um!" and passed her plate for more; but papa's original impressions remained unchanged, and it was in silence that he finally took his departure, though mamma followed him into the hall, and hung on his neck a moment, and got a kiss for her pains. Then she returned to the dining-room; but instead of taking her seat, and addressing herself to the meal which she had barely begun, she stood at the window and gazed out at the back fence, as if somewhere in that structure there was concealed the magic wand that could change domestic drudgery into conjugal felicity. The appearance of Bobboker, however, recalled her from the ideal to the real, particularly as the young man demanded pudding as the first course of his dinner.