

intricacies of the old city, to recall the old school tricks, the football matches, the cricket matches, not omitting 'those beastly exams.'

They discussed their business and monetary difficulties, their disabilities as Uitlanders, their ambitions, their hopes. They could not now return home until they had attained such and such proofs of success. But they were happy enough meanwhile, went on holiday excursions to the places of note within their reach, and took photographs of remarkable scenes or buildings or places to show the friends at home what the strange new land was like. So they spent many months together, heartening each other and lightening the time of their exile.

Chum was sometimes absent on business for longer or shorter periods, and from one of these journeys he did not return, nor did he write to announce the cause of his delay. Communication with the North was uncertain, and a week passed without causing much anxiety. Then telegrams were sent without eliciting information, and alarm began to be excited.

'Chum is sick, or he would write to me,' said Percy Prime to a mutual acquaintance. 'He has got to some distant, out-of-the-way place, and been stricken down with fever, and I must go and find him.' A laudable resolution, truly, but to find a friend lost in Africa—the Stanley and Livingstone episode notwithstanding—may not be such a very easy matter.

In a few hours the arrangements were made, and Percy was in the train that takes its leisurely way to Pretoria. He was already familiar with the mean appearance of the town, the Rand being the only building of importance, though the low houses were redeemed by their gardens and flowers. Thence the train bore him through fine scenery, to the unhealthy Delagoa, a hot and foreign-looking little town, situated on the splendid bay, capable, it is said, of holding the fleets of the world. Thence the traveller took the German steamer to Port Beira. At another time he would have found amusement in noticing the national peculiarities, as displayed in the habits of the crews and the dishes on the table.

Beira he found to be a dreary, desolate place, a resting-place for incoming or outbound travellers. His luggage was carried on the heads of natives up the one street, deep in sand; the place was intensely hot and mosquitoes abounded. The hotel was full, there was not a bed to be had, unless the top of a billiard table might be so regarded. Inquiries so far had been useless. Among the numbers now going toward Charter Land, how could it be expected that one particular Englishman should be remembered?

Percy had heard much of the dread Beira railway and its extension. Crossing a pestilential region that could only be worked in winter, it was said to have cost the lives of two white men for every mile of its course. And a couple of workers who had been the only survivors of a band from the Cape had been welcomed and feted on their return as if they had veritably come back from the grave. And yet men still went and faced the awful risk. About two hundred miles of this line had then been completed, and Percy was about to ascend them in search of his friend.

The little railway has a very narrow gauge, and carries only four trucks. The engine is fed with wood to be obtained by the way, and the passengers have a lively time in quenching sparks lest their clothing and blankets should ignite.

At Chimoio there was the luxury of a bed

and good accommodation. Then on to the Portuguese township and garrison of Macequece, containing about fifty white persons. It was a dreary spot, with few signs of life about it, and where a white man's funeral was no rarity. And that was the sight that greeted Percy's eyes and made his heart stand still as he entered the town. Tremblingly he enquired the name and age of the deceased. Ah, a middle-aged man! Could Percy help feeling glad that the answer was not 'a young man of twenty-four'? But there were other men sick of fever, and likely to die, perhaps the traveller would find the friend he wanted among them?

And he did find him—far gone, insensible, but not dead. And he nursed his friend back to life and health with more than womanly care, till a very glad but very subdued pair—one of whom was greatly emaciated and worn—were able to make their way down to the coast.

'You are never to go off by yourself any more, Chum,' said his guardian, 'for I see you are not fit to be trusted alone.'

'Good old Percy P.' was all the reply vouchsafed by Chum, but it seemed satisfactory to both friends. G. E.

How Tatchnee was Admitted

It was the last day of August, hot, dusty—a thirsty day for the poor, brown grass and the motionless trees, which seemed to beg for the air and moisture that the burning sky denied.

School was to begin to-morrow, and among other applicants for admission was Tatchnee. The mite was resplendent in a buckskin suit, heavy with beads and jingling with bells. As I looked at her, I was



convinced that even buckskin and sleigh-bells (in August) could be forgiven the owner of such a pair of eyes. They were so earnest and fearless, and yet so jolly and bright that the sturdy person who owned them walked right into our hearts.

I saw Mr. Hamlin struggling with the problem which troubled that famous old woman who lived in a shoe, and longing against his better judgment to take her. However, there was an older girl who really seemed to be more needy. 'The little one will probably come again; the older girl never will if we send her away,' so that settled the question.

Mr. Hamlin explained through the interpreter, kindly and regretfully, that Tatchnee would have to come another year, that just now there was not room for her. The

refusal was received, Indian-like, with very little change of countenance.

Mr. Hamlin sighed. 'I did hope we could open with a larger dormitory, but the Board is right—we must wait our turn. If the friends at home only knew how hard it is to turn them away!'

Then he said to me:—'Take them through the house, Miss Herron, it may interest them;' adding earnestly, 'Don't miss your opportunity.'

I took mother and child through the house, showing this and that, and by means of signs and my very limited Indian vocabulary getting more information about our visitors. Tatchnee was seven years old, an only child, and evidently held the balance of family power. The idea of her coming to school originated, we imagine, in her own small brain; and I think the maternal heart rejoiced over our refusal to keep her.

After making our round, we stepped into the little room, just large enough for three beds, which served for hospital. It looked so cool and inviting that hot August day, with the white curtains and beds. One of our girls, recovering from a few days' illness, sat by the window in a big easy-chair with two or three picture-books for company. She and the mite were evidently old friends; so I left them together while I went off with the mother to find the interpreter and make the most of my 'opportunity.'

When we returned to the children, Carrie said:—'Miss Herron, she wants to stay.' Evidently the little maid had set her heart on staying with us; and I appreciated it to such an extent that I picked her up, buckskin, bells, dirt and all, and gave her a good hug.

We sat down and had a little talk, consisting of very simple English on my part, and very earnest interpretation on Carrie's, the mite receiving it all with sundry nods and shakes of the head, and eyes which atoned for any lack of words.

Just opposite the window hung a picture of Jesus blessing the children, and we told her of the 'Good Teacher' who loves the little ones and makes room in his house for all who want to go to him.

'Tell her, Carrie,' I said, 'to ask him and he will make a way for her to learn of him.' And then I promised that if the far-away friends would only build us a larger house, she should surely come to school next year.

I stood on the porch next morning and waved a good-by to Tatchnee, who rode by with every bell jingling and her buckskin fringes flying in the breeze. Behind her rode mother and father with heavily laden ponies. I watched the little cavalcade and the queer, zigzag trail of the dragging tent-poles, wondering when we would see them again and praying that some word spoken might be blessed in his service.

Our dormitory grew no larger during the winter and spring, but in vacation a teacher from Hampton carried off some of our pupils, and with the first vacancy we thought of Tatchnee.

In August, Mr. Hamlin sent me out in charge of a party of the older students to do some camp work and gather up pupils for the fall. We went Indian-fashion, camping at night in our tepees, and often having our evening prayers by moonlight and starlight.

We heard that the band to which Tatchnee's father belonged was camping near the river, in the canyon which the Indians call the 'Three Brothers,' from the three great trees which mark its situation. The third day out we struck the trail, quite near our destination, and by sunset the smoke-shad-