

entirely wet day does not occur very often. I have just chased after a large hawk, which swooped down on our hen yard where there are several broods of chickens. He got caught in the wire fencing but managed to free himself before I reached the yard. The rain has made all sorts of insects rather lively. The white ant, in its winged stage, is coming up in clouds under the stone in our kitchen. A few minutes ago I went on our front verandah, and there are columns upon columns of army ants hurrying over the steps. Whether they meditate a night attack remains to be seen; a little petrol (very little, as it is a scarce article), sprinkled along the sills often proves an effectual barrier. We often hear it that white ants drive out army ants, but our house seems to accommodate both pests. The former seem to have their headquarters right under the house. It needs vigilant watching and a constant overhauling of boxes, trunks or furniture to prevent their destructive inroads. They even attack eucalyptus trees which other insects leave severely alone. We are looking forward to the next caravan more eagerly than usual, for provisions are rather low. No flour—scarcely any tea—no fat (some tins we had we sent to those who had children to feed). The cows are all dry at this season. It is too early yet to plant vegetables. Our boys scour the country for greens. Manioc leaves make delicious spinach, but are scarce. Sweet potatoes and yams can occasionally be had, but the natives do not care to sell them just now. At present there is very little sickness among the natives. One man was brought here a couple of weeks ago in a deplorable condition. He had been out shooting in the woods, and, having placed his gun against a tree, proceeded to climb the latter. By some means the charge in the gun went off and lodged in his neck. The bullets have since come out of his mouth through his throat. The burns on his chest and neck were extensive, but are healing up. His mother came in to see me yesterday, and was profuse in her grateful admiration of the "white man's" skill in curing her son. She had never been in our house before, and seemed afraid and awed by everything. Lumbo's mother, Nacimena (who is here for treatment), was amused, and took delight in pointing out pictures to her, asking me after a while to wind up the music box. That was the finishing stroke. Nothing would persuade her to go nearer "a thing that played all by itself!" she retreated into the kitchen. Later she ventured once more to come in with Nacimena, who took up some picture book always at hand for visitors, juvenile or adult. Presently a stranger asks, "Are these their fetish books with which they heal people?" "No," said the other woman, "these