

We will walk, and walk, and when we cannot walk we will crawl."

"Leave off talking, men," said Muini Pembé, "and allow others to speak, won't you? Hear me, my master. I am your servant. I will outwalk the two. I will carry the letter, and plant it before the eyes of the white men."



A NATIVE OF UHHA.

"I will go too, sir," said Robert.

"Good. It is just as I should wish it; but, Robert, you cannot follow these three men. You will break down, my boy."

"Oh, we will carry him if he breaks down," said Uledi. "Won't we, Kachéché?"

"Inshallah!" responded Kachéché decisively. "We must have Robert along with us, otherwise the white men won't understand us."

Early the next day the two guides appeared. Uledi waxed impatient, and buckled on his accoutrements, drawing his belt so tight about his waist that it was perfectly painful to watch him, and said, "Give us the letters, master we will not wait for the pagans. Our people will be dead before we start." Finally, at noon, the guides and messengers departed in company.

Close to our camp was a cemetery of Mbinda. The grave-mounds were neat, and by their appearance I should judge them to be not only the repositories of the dead, but also the depositories of all the articles that had belonged to the dead. Each grave was dressed out with the various mugs, pitchers, wash-basins, teapots, glasses, gin, brandy, and beer-bottles, besides iron skillets, kettles, tin watering-pots, and buckets; and above the mound thus curiously decorated were suspended to the branch of a tree the various net haversacks of palm-fibre in which the deceased had carried his ground-nuts, cassava bread, and eatables.

On the 6th we roused ourselves for a further effort, and after filing through several villages, separated from each other by intervals of waste land, we arrived at 9 a.m. near Banza Mbuko, haggard, woe-begone invalids, with bloated faces, but terribly angular bodies. Yet not one word of reproach issued from the