

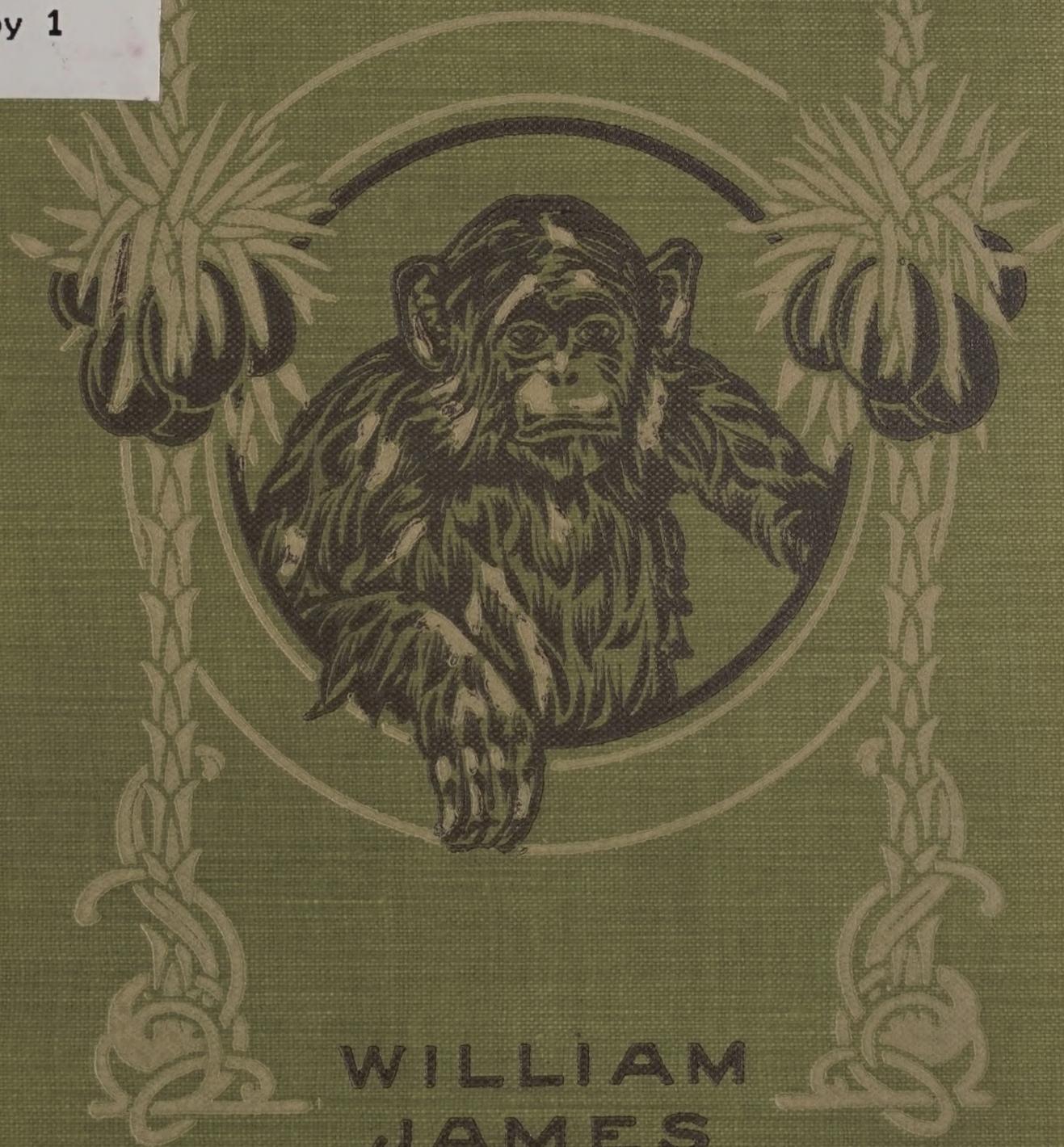
WILLIE WYLD

LOST IN THE JUNGLES OF AFRICA

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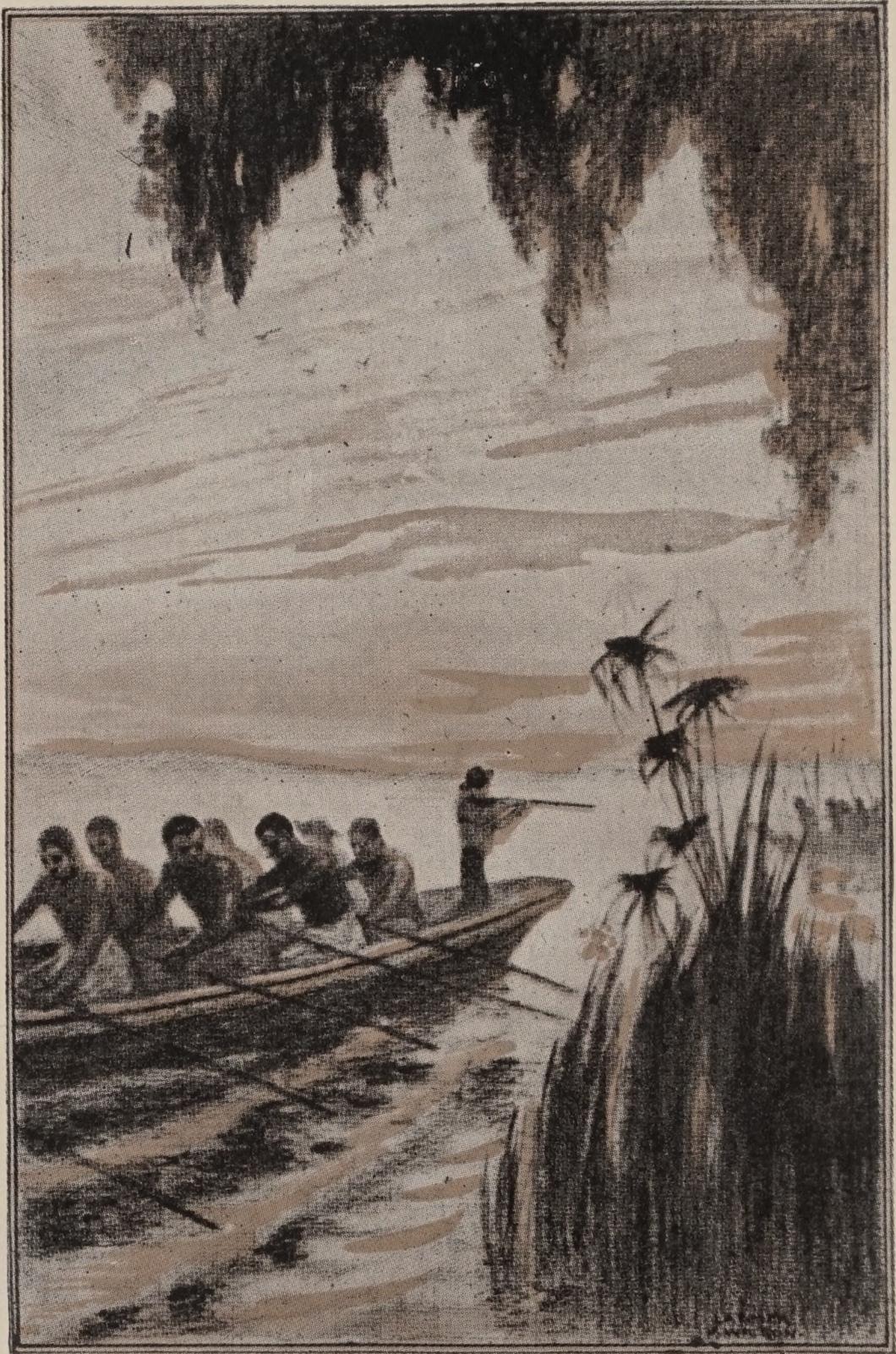
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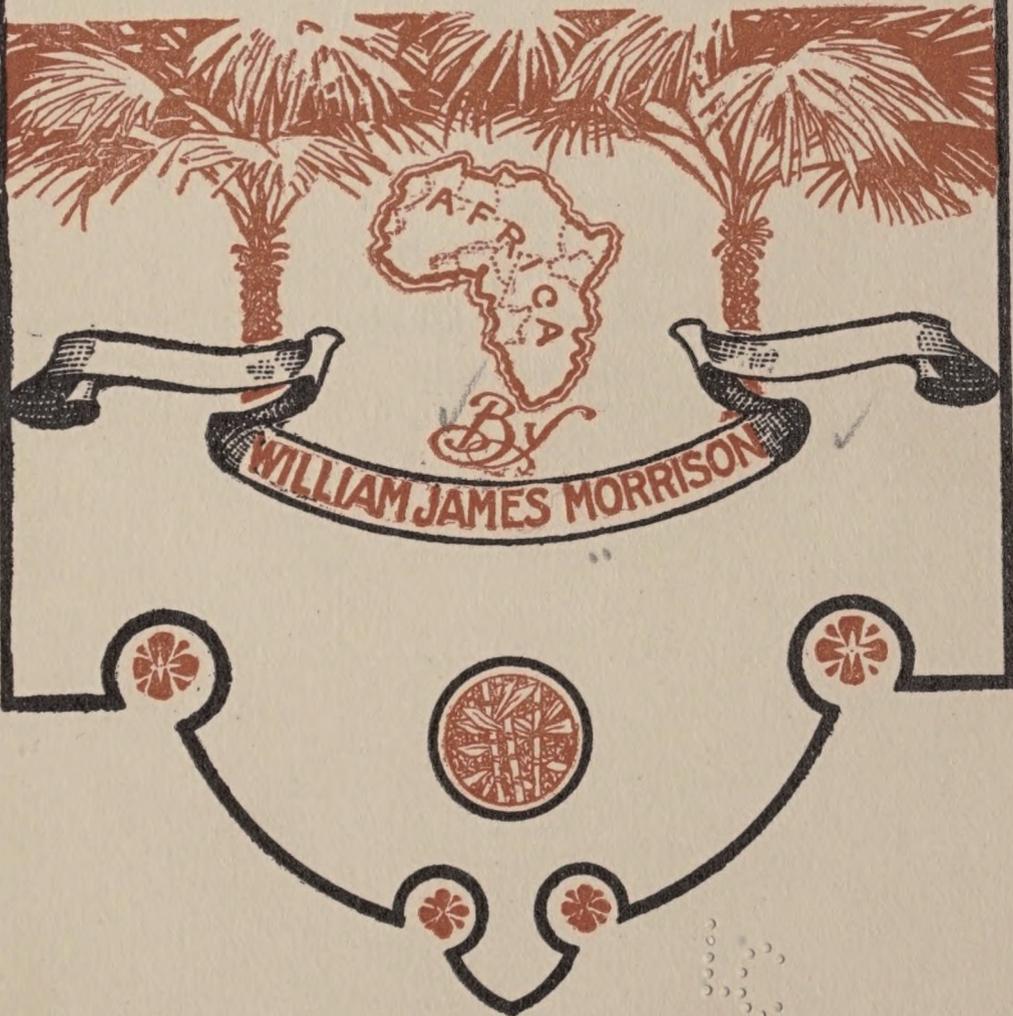


A FIGHT WITH THE NEGROES

MORRISON'S SYSTEM OF NATURAL HISTORY STORIES

WILLIE WYLD

LOST IN THE JUNGLES
OF AFRICA ✓



NASHVILLE, TENN.; DALLAS, TEX.; RICHMOND, VA.
PUBLISHING HOUSE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH
SMITH & LAMAR, AGENTS

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To
MY FRIEND
J. C. WHARTON
AN INTELLECTUAL GENIUS
WITH THE GENTLENESS
OF A CHILD

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE read "Willie Wyld's Trip through Africa" with keen interest. The narrative itself holds you, while the many descriptions of animals and birds, their life and habits, with an account of the African tribes, their social customs, homes, gardens, hunting, and tribal life, add an additional interest and value without detracting from the narrative. I congratulate the author and commend his book to both child and adult. These stories were told orally by the author, Dr. Morrison, to the young people, and what he has done for his children and friends all parents should do for their children—tell them stories. It brings us into a delightful fellowship with the young people, a source of perennial youth. We grow by giving. He who tells a story makes it doubly his.

Not only should adults tell stories to children, but the children should have an opportunity to retell stories they have heard. Expression is life; suppression is death. The retelling of a story by a child or adult gives power to see clearly a mental picture, to follow a plot, to feel the truth of a situation, to use the creative faculties, judgment in the use of words and phrases, and to move on to a climax and end. These are the same faculties one uses in life's work and in the development of character and personality.

Before the art of writing we had the oral story.

Some of the great story books of the world, such as the "Iliad" and "Odyssey"—"the bright sun of Homer shining in the glad morning of the world"—the tales of Siegfried, Beowulf, and King Arthur were handed down by word of mouth and molded into shape by sagaman, gleeman, and minstrel, the old story-tellers, before they were committed to writing. The author in telling his stories orally first has repeated the historical process in the making of this story book.

Story-telling is a creative process. Even though one tell a story thousands of years old, he must make over anew its imagery and emotion, holding true to the spirit, yet giving it modern form and breathing into it the breath of life as we feel it to-day. The author has done this and much more: he has originated the plot and from natural history and life gathered his material, set it in order, and given it life and interest.

Richard Thomas Wyche

NEW YORK.

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WILLIE WYLD.

First Evening.

WHEN I tell you, children, of the dreadful time I had while lost in the jungles of Africa, I know you will think I had a charmed life.

General Kermit and I had made our way miles and miles inland. In fact, the village we wanted to reach was several months' travel from the eastern coast of Africa. Here we met Dr. Wesley, a missionary, whom we thought was the only white man to have ever made his way that far into the wilderness of that wild country; but he told us that from the Arab slave traders he had heard of a white man in a country to the north of us. He suspected this man was an American hunter and trapper who had been taken prisoner by some negro warriors while catching ani-

mals; for when he wanted to make the journey into Africa he had joined a hunting party, but his companion was captured in U-sa-Gara and they were separated, never seeing each other afterwards. Dr. Wesley said the hunter's name, strange to say, was the same as mine. I told him my father had started to India to get animals for the zoo, and then I began to wonder if for some reason he had changed his plan. Could it be possible that it was my father a prisoner among savage negroes?

Dr. Wesley saw that I was greatly disturbed, and told me not to worry, for even if it were my father, as the king's prisoner he would be well treated. The reason he did not come south, he supposed, was that the king would not furnish him with men and provisions for the journey, and the Arabs would not let him come with them because they feared offending the negro king.

"Why do you suppose the king wants to keep this hunter a prisoner?" I asked.

"O," replied Dr. Wesley, "he hopes that some day the hunter will teach him how to make his black skin white and his kinky hair straight. Why," exclaimed the Doctor, "if I

had the power to make these negroes white and take the kinks out of their hair, every one of them would join the Church and never backslide if they thought they would turn black again!"

I hated to ask General Kermit to go with me farther into this wild country, for the journey from Zanzibar had been a trying one on a man of his age; yet, believing this white man to be my father, I was determined to go and decided to talk to the General about it. In reply he told me that our soldiers and porters were hired to go only as far as this village and he feared they would now want to return. "But," said he, "we can let those who want to return do so, and hire others from the king."

O, but I was delighted to hear him say this! For I dreaded to undertake this journey alone, and yet I had made up my mind to go.

After talking with Dr. Wesley, we decided that he should go to Zanzibar with any of our men who wanted to return. General Kermit and I would take those who would go with us, hire others whom we might need, and push on to the north. Should we find this white man, we would not come south, but explore the coun-

try to the headwaters of the Nile River and go down that stream, returning home by way of the Mediterranean Sea.

I did not want to lose a moment in making ready to go on our journey; but when the king was asked for men and guides, he told us that his people had been so long surrounded by the army of his enemy, which we had driven away, that they were starving and must be fed before he would allow any to go. He said there were any number of wild animals about the village, and with our "hot-mouthed weapons" we could in a little while kill enough meat to feed all his people.

The General directed me to take Juma and go on the hunt with the king's men while he prepared for our journey.

The hunters were soon ready, and, to my great surprise, two horses were brought for Juma and me to ride, the only ones I had seen since we had left the seacoast. They were without saddle or bridle, but a strap with which to guide them was tied in their mouths.

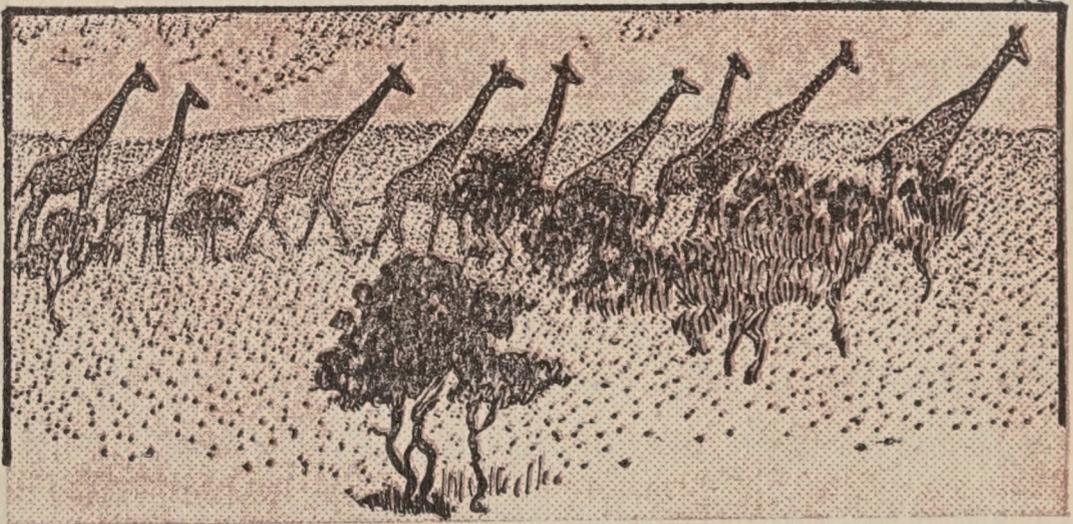
The witch doctor led us to a part of the country where as far as I could see in front of us the land was level and covered with grass. It was a real animal paradise. In the distance

to the right of us were hills covered with trees. From these hills a stream of water went racing down, bubbling and sparkling in the sunlight as it dashed from one place to another on its way to join a river in the valley. Dotted about over the plain were groves, or thickets, of mimosa trees. With my field glasses I caught sight of eight or ten strange-shaped animals. They were far out on the plain, and in the rays of the western sun they looked as though they might have come from some other world than ours. Juma and I hid in a clump of mimosa trees while the negro hunters drove the animals toward us.

It was a beautiful and wonderful sight, this herd of giraffes, as it came over the plain. The leader of the herd had a neck that looked to be ten feet long, while his forelegs were almost as long as his neck. He could lift his head above any animal in the world. With his tongue he could pluck the leaves from the tops of mimosa trees twenty feet high. He was so tall that he could have eaten his food from the gutters of a two-story house. His head was like that of a horse, while the shape of his neck and shoulders reminded me of a camel. He had the ears of an ox, the tail

of a donkey, and the legs of an antelope, while his spotted hide resembled that of a beautiful leopard.

But for the fact that my men and the people at the village must have food I could not have killed the animal when I saw his large, brilliant, beautiful, soft brown eyes. But I took aim at his head, pulled the trigger, and my rifle ball did its dreadful work. The giraffe fell to the ground. The other animals took



A HERD OF GIRAFFES.

fright and galloped away in such an awkward, clumsy manner that they made me laugh.

Juma and I jumped on our horses and followed them, leaving the dead beast to the care of the negroes. The giraffes had a good start, but they did not look as though they were going very fast. I thought we could easily

overtake them, but in this I was mistaken. I saw from their tracks that they were taking about fourteen feet at each step, and unless we could tire them out it would be no easy matter to get within shooting distance of them.

Our horses were fresh and sped over the plain at a rapid rate until we reached a very rough part of the country. Here the giraffes had the better of the race, and would keep just a little way ahead of us. As they ran their heads swayed to and fro on their long necks like tall trees in a windstorm. At the same time they lashed themselves with their tails, often turning their heads to look at us as if to see how close we were to them.

The giraffe is a silent animal, and so far as I know has never uttered a sound. For this reason our chase over the plains in the stillness of the late afternoon was a quiet one. We were gaining on the giraffes; but the sun was fast sinking, and for a few moments made the trees and plain change from green and brown to red. Then we were in the gloom of night, with clouds gathering in the south.

The giraffes disappeared in the darkness, but our horses did not slacken their speed. I could not control my animal until he was

worn out. The night was dark. A storm was upon us, and we did not know how to find our companions or get back to the village. We could not see an object except when there was a flash of lightning. The horses seemed to know that we were about to have one of



those dreadful African storms, and, quivering with fright, they refused to go farther.

Juma and I slipped to the ground, and by patting them on the neck and talking kindly we quieted them. Then the rain and hail came down with such fury that it seemed to me we should be pelted to death or drowned in the downpour. We were thankful that the storm did not last long, and got on our horses, allowing the animals to take us where they would.

The roar of a lion frightened them, and they again started on a run. Entering a forest at the edge of the plain, we raced along

through the bushes. I thought I should be brushed from my horse's back by the tree limbs. The animals did not stop until they came to an open space, where in the dim light we could make out the shapes of negro huts.

There was no sign of life about the place, and we rode in to find the main street grown up in weeds. We hobbled our horses by tying the strap about their forelegs; then going into one of the huts, we built a fire. While drying our clothes Juma told me that in Africa all the people would leave their villages if the witch doctor told them that evil spirits had come to live in the houses. But he was quite sure that these people had been run from their homes by some chief who had taken everything they had, and that this place had once been the home of the horses. For that reason the animals had brought us there instead of taking us back to the village where we came from. We were hungry, but so tired that sleep soon stole upon us.

I was awakened by a roar like that of a huge lion. The night had passed; the sun was shining brightly, so I made Juma get up. We took our guns and went to the door, expecting to have to protect our horses against a lion.

But as we stepped outside the hut, several ostriches were going by; and one gave a roar so much like that of a lion that I lost my nerve. However, Juma fired and wounded one. The horses had not been fooled, and were quietly eating grass. We unfastened their legs,



The ostrich roared like a lion.

jumped on their backs, and began to chase the big birds.

The ostrich that Juma had wounded could not keep up with his companions, for the huge

birds were running as fast as a railroad train going twenty-six miles an hour. Their tracks were fourteen feet apart, while their legs moved so fast that I could not see them. Even the lame one was keeping far enough ahead of us to be out of the reach of our bullets.

The birds led us away from the village and over a plain; but we kept up the chase, hoping to overtake the wounded one. On we went, gaining on him while the others were being lost to sight in the distance. Our horses seemed to enjoy the chase, and at last I came close enough to the lame bird to give him a ball. This made him slacken his speed, and my horse ran by him. I turned about and faced the ostrich. This brought us close to the big bird, when, to my surprise, he kicked forward, hitting my horse with such force that I came near falling off his back. The bird ran by me, but Juma fired and he fell.

As he lay on the ground kicking the sand and grass, making it fly in every direction, Juma ran up and began pulling out the beautiful white plumes that formed the bird's tail and wings. I thought this was cruel, and wanted him to quit until the bird was dead. But Juma said that if the plumes were not

pulled out before the ostrich died they would be of little value—that to have good ostrich plumes they must be taken while the bird was alive. By the time he had breathed his last Juma had pulled out all the beautiful white plumes.

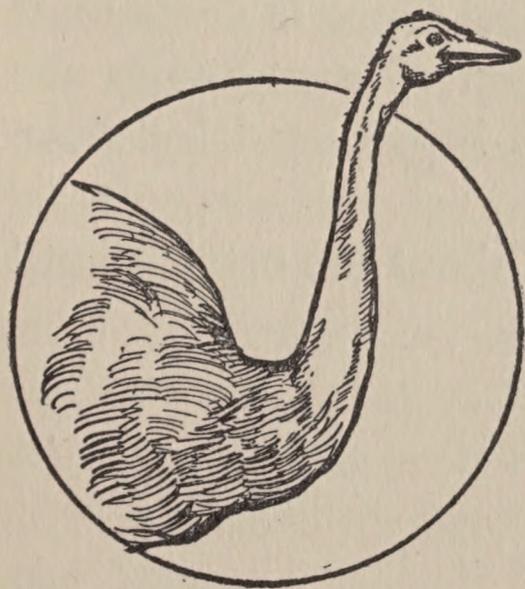
The ostrich is the largest and strongest of all birds. This one must have weighed more than three hundred pounds, for Juma and I could not lift him. He was eight or nine feet tall, and his body was covered with black feathers. Juma did not undertake to pick these off, but began to skin the bird, and I gathered dead grass and weeds to build a fire.

While doing this, to my surprise I found an ostrich egg. I called Juma to come and see it. "If we hunt about the plain, we shall find more of them," he said, "for those birds have come to eat the melons you have seen growing all around us. They have not as yet made their nests, and when this is the case they will lay their eggs wherever they happen to be."

We soon found six big eggs, each one weighing about four pounds. It would take two dozen hen eggs to equal one of them. Juma prepared to cook three of them by first cut-

ting a hole about the size of a silver half dollar in one end of each egg. Putting the eggs on the fire, he cut a little forked stick and put the forked or "Y" part into an egg. By rolling the handle of the "Y" between his hands, he made it spin around, first one way and then the other. In this way he scrambled the eggs as they cooked in their shells. We had no salt; and while I did not like the flavor of the ostrich eggs, they tasted very good to a hungry fellow.

I had never before been so long without food as to be able to eat two dozen hen eggs,



but I devoured one ostrich egg without any trouble. Juma wanted to cook another one, so we could have two apiece, but I had had all I wanted. As these eggs will keep fresh for more than a month, I told him that

he had better cook some meat and keep the eggs for another meal.

As Juma cooked the meat he had cut from the breast of the ostrich, I asked him many

questions about the big birds. He told me that they could outrun the fastest horse; that they were as strong as an ox and could kick harder than a mule, but, unlike the mule, the ostrich always kicked to the front.

The ostrich nest, he said, was nothing more than a hole scratched in the sand about twenty inches deep and five or six feet across the top. Some of the nests were large enough for a man to lie down in. As many as fifty eggs are sometimes found standing on end in one nest, and the only difference between these eggs and those of a hen is that the shells are very thick and in each egg there is something like a little pebble. When so many eggs are found in one nest, it is being used by more than one bird.

I think this is enough about the ostrich until our next meeting.



Second Evening.

LAST evening I promised to tell you young people about the ostrich. On the outside of his nest there are always several eggs. These are for the little ones to eat while they are too small to hunt for food. The father and mother birds take turn about in sitting on the nests while hatching out the eggs. At night, while the mother is on the nest, the father bird stands guard to drive away the jackals or any other animals that may come about. By the time all the eggs are hatched out, some of the young ostriches are as large as a hen and can run after their mother. Should anything happen to the mother bird, the father will take charge of the little ones and care for them.

If the mother bird has her young ones out with her hunting food and sees an enemy coming toward her, she will pretend that she is lame, and will go limping along in a way to

make her enemy believe she is wounded and get him to chase her, always keeping just out of his reach. She takes this means of leading him away from her little ones. They, knowing there is danger, squat close to the ground. Here they remain as quiet as if they were dead; and being of a brownish gray color, they are not likely to be seen.

I learned from Juma that the negroes who hunt ostriches will skin one, then stuff its neck and head so as to look like a live bird with all its feathers in place. When they go out to hunt, they take this ostrich skin with all the feathers on it; and as soon as they see a flock of the birds, one will put the skin over his body, hold the head up, and turn it from side to side as a live bird would do. The ostrich, being a very silly bird, takes this man in the skin to be a friend and allows the hunter to come among the flock. In this way he can sometimes spear two or three before the others see their mistake and run away. Before the birds are cold in death he plucks the few white plumes from their wings and tails. The dead ostrich is then taken to the village, where the skin is made into leather and its flesh used for food.

While Juma was talking we had cooked several pieces of the big bird, but we found it so tough when we began to eat it that Juma said: "This bird must have been thirty years old, for the meat of a young ostrich is as tender and as good as that of a chicken."

I was surprised to learn that the ostrich lived to be thirty years old; but I never doubted what Juma said.

Our horses had wandered to a clump of shade trees, and we thought it best to let them eat and rest awhile before trying to find our friends. Juma lay upon the ground and went to sleep, while I kept a sharp lookout in every direction over the plains.

Away in the distance I could see a herd of zebras, and among them a number of ostriches. Zebras like the ostriches to be with them, because they are tall and can look over the high grass and see any object on the plain. Should an enemy be stealing upon the herd, the ostriches can give the zebras warning in time for them to run away.



That I might better look over the plain and at the same time take a rest, I climbed upon a limb of one of the little trees. I had just seated myself when, near the dead ostrich, moving about in the grass, I saw some animals of a slate gray color and about the size of a large dog. They had sharp noses and bushy tails. When they came out of the tall grass, going



JACKALS HUNTING THE DEAD OSTRICH.

over to where the dead bird lay, I saw that they were jackals.

Those hungry, wolfish animals began tearing the bird to pieces and eating its flesh. They snapped and snarled at each other until I expected every moment for them to get to fighting over the meat.

There were so many of them that they soon

devoured the ostrich and then began to prowl around as if in search of something more to eat. As they came close to us, the horses grew uneasy, and I fired at the leader of the pack the moment I was sure I could make a dead shot. With a howl the animal jumped into the air and fell in the grass. His greedy companions began tearing him to pieces as they had done the ostrich. But I fired into the pack, wounding one, and the others ran away.

We allowed the horses to rest while Juma made a net out of grass in which to carry our meat and the ostrich eggs. The beautiful ostrich feathers he tied together, and, putting the string around his neck, let the white plumes hang over his black back.

We had traveled for several hours, and had come in sight of some forest trees; but we had lost the way to the deserted village. The hot sun was almost cooking me, and I felt that I should die of thirst. Although it was only one night since we had had the dreadful rain I told you about, all the water was soaked up by the sandy soil. Juma gave up all hope of finding the hut, but he said: "I believe here is a place where we can get water."

I could see no water, nor could I see any dif-

ference between the place he pointed out and any other part of the plain, except that it was much lower than the surrounding ground.

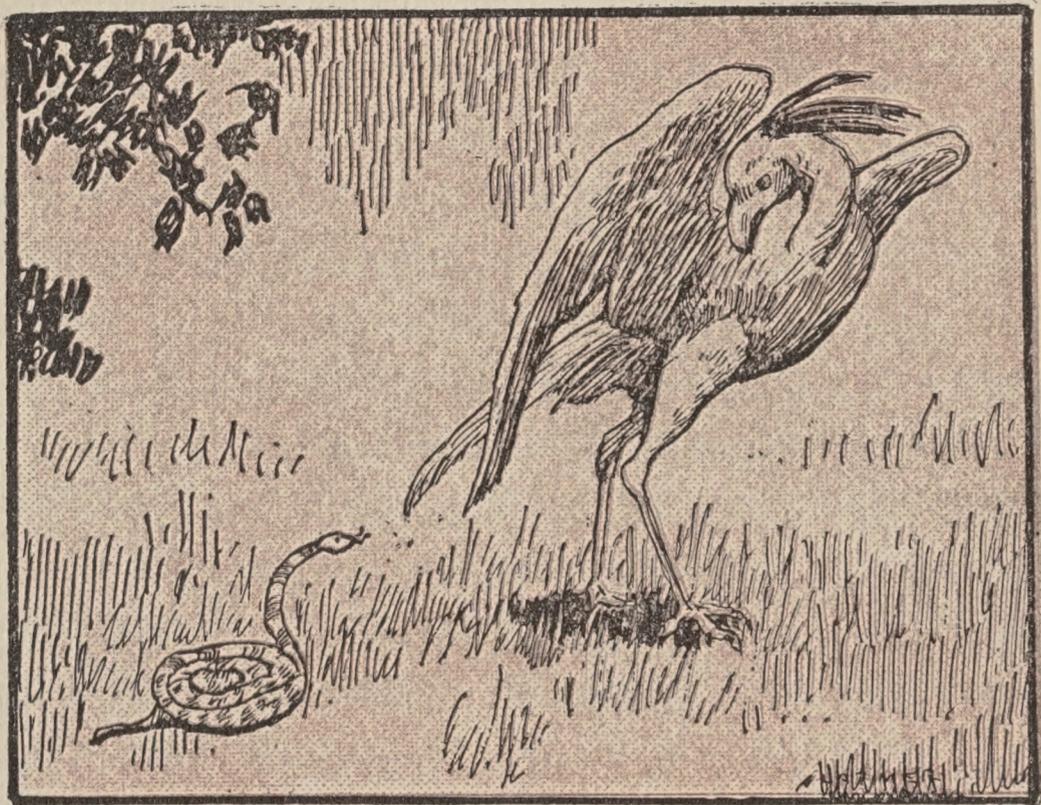
Juma looked about until he found a hollow reed about two feet long. On the end of this he fastened a bunch of grass. Now with his hands he dug a hole in the sand as far as he could reach with his arm as he lay on the ground. To the bottom of the little well he had just dug Juma carefully worked the bunch of grass that was on the end of the hollow reed, saying as he did so that large villages in Africa were sometimes supplied with water as he was going to supply us.

He told me that the village women take bags filled with empty ostrich egg shells to a low place in a sandy plain, make a little well, and place a hollow reed in it as he had done. The water in the sand runs into the hole, but the bunch of grass on the end of the reed keeps the sand from stopping up the hole. The women suck up the water through the reed into their mouths, then squirt it into the eggshells until they have them all filled. The holes in the eggshells are plugged with grass stoppers, put back into the bags, or nets, and the water carriers return to the village with their water supply.

Juma now began to do what he had told me the women did. He sucked up mouthful after mouthful of water and put it into our eggshells. Some was given to the horses, but I felt that I should have to be dying from thirst before I could drink this water after seeing how the shells were filled. So I quenched my thirst by sucking at the reed, and found the water very good.

The eggshells that Juma had filled with water were stopped up and put into our net. As we rode toward the woods, hoping to find a path that would lead us to some village, I saw in the top of one of the trees a large nest. It must have been built by some huge bird. At the same moment a shadow passed in a circle over the plain. Upon looking up, we saw, flying over our heads, an immense bird. She paid no attention to us, and as she flew close to the earth we could see that she resembled a crane and also an eagle—a body and neck of a crane, but the head of an eagle. A number of long feathers of dark color grew from the back and from each side of her head. They seemed to hang loosely, but I noticed that the bird could raise them and let them fall as she pleased.

I knew from these feathers that this was a secretary bird. This name was given to the bird because a long time ago, before there were any steel pens or typewriters, men called "secretaries" used pens made from quill feathers like the ones that grew on the heads of these



THE SECRETARY BIRD.

birds. When a secretary had occasion to stop writing, he put his quill pens behind his ears; and they looked so much like the feathers on the heads of these birds that people named the birds after the secretaries.

The bird before me was about three feet

tall, with feathers of a slate gray color. On the ground near where she stood was a snake the bite of which was death to any animal, but she walked boldly but carefully toward the serpent. She seemed to be aware of how far the snake could spring, for before she got close enough for the serpent to strike out and bite her on the body she stretched toward him the feathered points of one of her big wings.

As quick as a flash the serpent made a dart at them, sinking his fangs into the feathers. Of course this did not hurt the bird, and she provoked the snake to strike at her wing time and time again. The bird seemed to know when the serpent had used up his poison striking and biting at her wing feathers; then, springing upon her enemy, she killed him and, taking the snake in her bill, flew away to her nest to feed him to her little ones.

Juma told me that his people called the secretary bird the serpent-eater. But for them there would be so many snakes in parts of Africa that men could not travel without great danger of being killed by poisonous serpents.

For a secretary bird flying high in the air to be able to see a snake on the ground, I felt sure he must have eyes made like those of an

eagle, which have in them muscles and rings that give the bird power to push his eyes out and draw them in. In this way he can see small objects at a great distance, just as a man can with his field glasses or telescope.

For several hours we rode in and out among the trees, but we had no luck in finding a trail. I was tired and sleepy, and ordered a halt under a beautiful shade tree. Juma was to stand guard while I slept.

I was sweetly dreaming that I had found my father and that we were at home with mother, looking out of the window at the soldiers marching by, when I awoke to see hundreds of negro warriors coming toward us. Before I could get Juma awake the negroes, with drawn bows and spears, had surrounded us.

My first thought was to shoot over their heads and scare them, but Juma prevented me, waving with his arms and hands to the officers in charge of the warriors. He came forward, and Juma went to meet him. By signs and words they understood each other.

At last Juma returned to me and said: "Those negroes believe that you are a white

spirit and I am your slave. But they do not know whether you have come to help them in their wars or to help their enemies. They are to take us to their chief; and if his witch doctor says we have come to help them, we shall be well treated; but should he decide that we are going to help their enemies, we shall be burned alive."

This was not pleasant news; but if the witch doctor should say we must be burned alive and nothing happened to save us, there would be a good many dead negroes lying around before they set us on fire, for we had our two guns, four pistols, and plenty of balls and powder.

Before the officers could get their men to march back to their king, they had to be allowed to see the white spirit. Some of the officers wanted to feel my clothes and pull my hair, but Juma told them that they might die if they touched me.

Few of those negroes had ever seen a horse, and they looked on in wonderment when Juma and I mounted our animals. I was much distressed to see several tsetse flies hovering about them as I mounted, for the sting or bite of this fly is almost sure death to a horse. For this

reason horses are seldom seen in that part of Africa.

With soldiers all about us we rode off through the woods; and as we went farther into the forest, it looked as if night were upon us.

In the next story you shall hear of strange things among the people of this new king.



Third Evening.

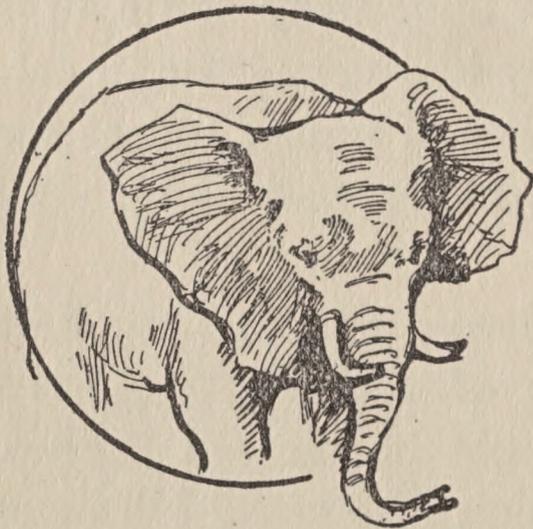
I WANT to tell you children that the African negro does not like to fight, hunt, or travel at night. So these negroes who had taken us prisoners built their camp fires but we learned that they had very little to eat. We were given some kind of mush, and as we still had some ostrich meat we made out a very good supper.

Before we went to sleep Juma told me that he had overheard one of the negro officers say that their king would be pleased if they brought him a white spirit who could kill lions with thunder and lightning, as the white man in their enemy's country did. I could not go to sleep for thinking that this white man might be my father.

I had long since learned that the best way to make African negroes respect and honor you is to keep them afraid of you and at the same time give them all the meat they can

eat. So I told Juma that at daylight he must find the head officer of the army and tell him that the white spirit wanted to feed his hungry men, and that if he would send me some good hunters I would kill all the animals they could find. As soon as the message was delivered the headman came to see me, bringing several of his best hunters.

Juma made him understand that I wanted to feed his men and then go with him and see



his king. He was very much surprised when he learned that by myself I could kill all the lions, rhinos, elephants, or buffaloes that his men could drive to me. Juma told him that alone I

could kill any living thing that walked upon the face of the earth or swam in the waters of the lakes and rivers; that the birds of the air had to drop dead at my feet whenever I willed that they should do so. The headman said that he would go with us on the hunt and see if all we told him was true.

The witch doctor was sent for; and after

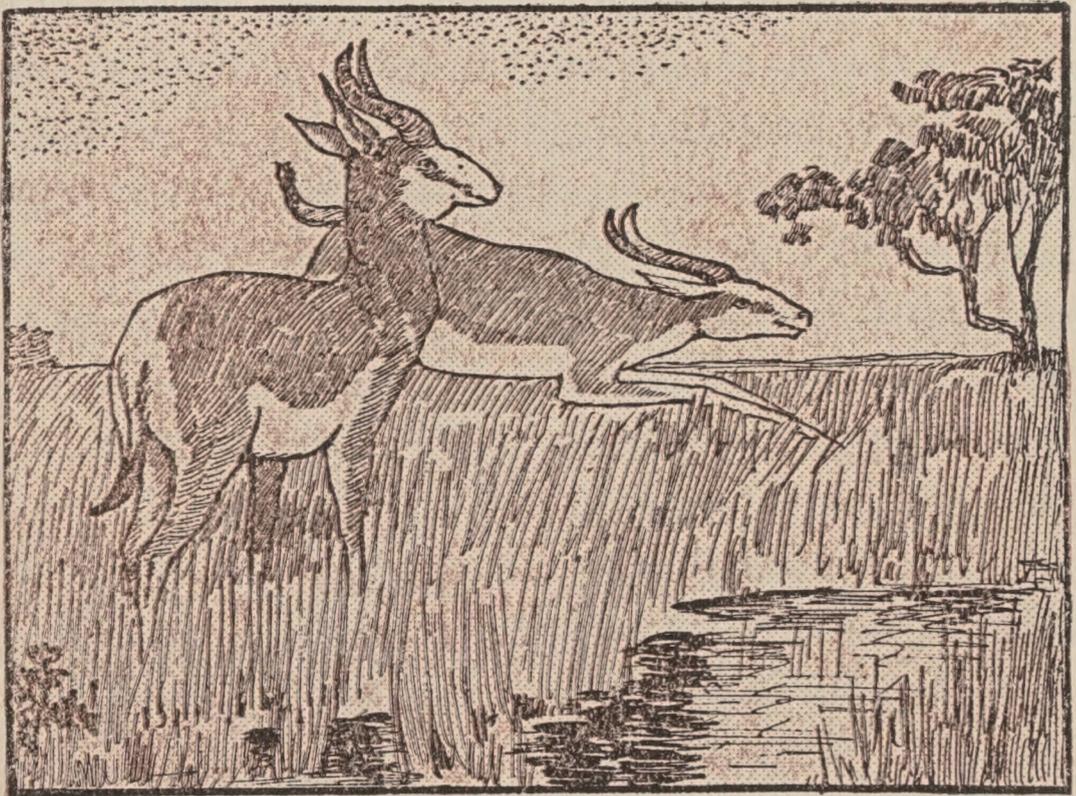
looking into his magic horn, he told me that if we wanted big game we must go to the northwest, which was in the direction of the great lake. Although this was many hours' journey from the camp, the guides were ordered to lead the way.

I was worn out with traveling; but word was brought to me that a herd of springbok were on a marshy plain just ahead of us, and we should have no time to rest before the hunt began. We hurried on until we came to a marshy field, where the herd of deerlike animals were feeding. The negroes made a long trip around the plain, so as to get on the far side of the game and drive them toward me. As luck would have it, the leader of the herd started toward the place where Juma and I were hidden in a clump of bushes, every animal in sight following him.

On they came by leaps and bounds, making a beautiful sight as they gracefully moved over the ground. Some would jump twelve feet into the air; others would bound along, jumping as high as a man at each leap. I knew that if the leader passed close to us his followers would more than likely trample us to death, because they were going so fast and there

was such a great number of them crowding on each other that they could not stop.

No sooner did the springbok in the lead get close enough for me to kill than I jumped up and fired. The beautiful animal leaped higher than ever and fell close to my feet. The one



The springbok came by leaps and bounds.

behind him was now so close upon us that he leaped over our heads and I shot him before he touched the ground, and Juma killed the third. The herd, having lost its leaders and being scared, was now scattering and running in every direction over the plain; but

Juma and I killed several more of the animals before they got out of shooting distance.

Even after the smoke from our guns had cleared, the negroes were afraid to come near us. It was not until Juma told them that the great white man wanted them to come and eat the meat that they would come to me. They looked in wonder at all the dead animals, and were so delighted with what I had done that some of them wanted to make me their chief. But Juma told them that this would make me angry, for I had come not to become their chief, but to visit their ruler.

That night when we reached the camp there was great rejoicing among the hungry soldiers when they found that we had plenty of meat for every one and that the white man had ordered that it be equally divided among them. They had never been given such kind treatment before. The custom among those people had been that when an animal was killed the chief and his head men took all the meat they wanted. If any remained, their people could divide it among themselves; but as the chief and head men usually wanted all the meat, there was none for the people.

For several days we marched toward the

north. I was lucky enough to kill a white rhino, which was greatly prized by the negroes not only for his meat, but for the head and horns. These would make a present for their king that would be highly prized.

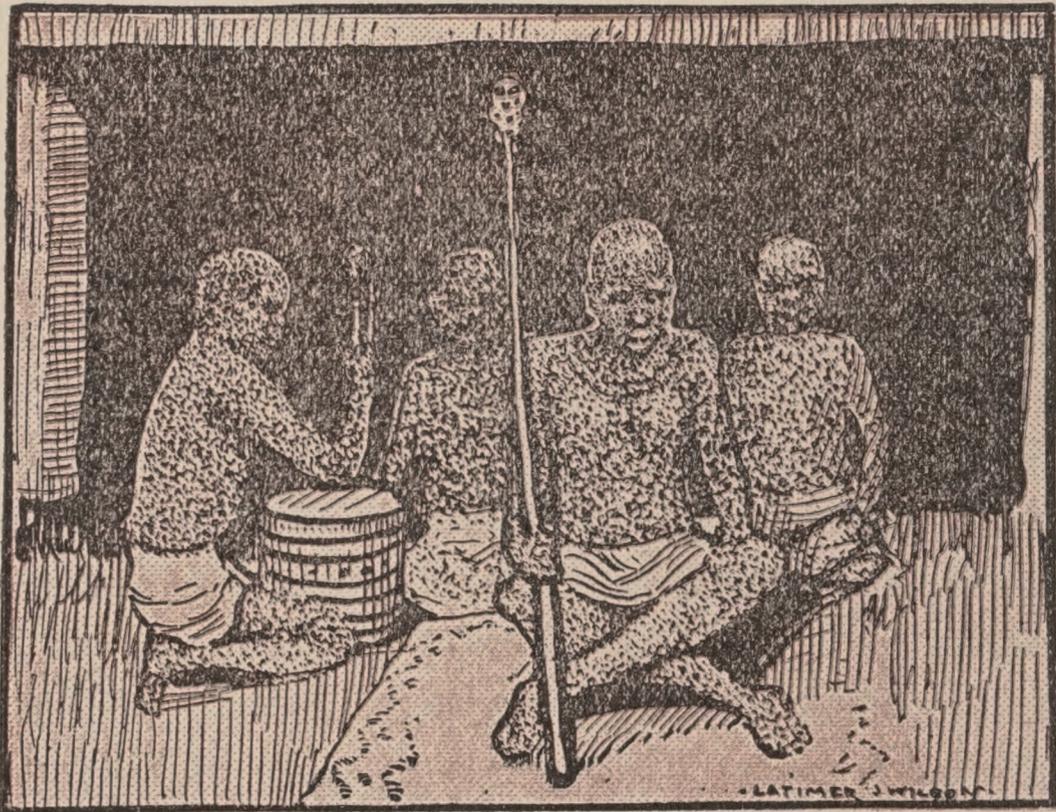
We passed through many villages and saw many strange sights, but at last we arrived at the town where the king lived. We could see that the people were ready to receive us with great honor. Drums were beating, and all kinds of noises were being made on their musical instruments. Amid all this din and clatter the head officers proudly marched up the main street of the village, followed by their soldiers, who were delighted with all the noise and display.

This place and its people were different from what we had been accustomed to see in Africa. The huts were of larger size, and everything about the place looked clean. The people were large, strong, and better looking than the negroes farther south. All the grown people wore clothes made of animal skins or from the bark of a tree that grew in that country.

We found the king sitting cross-legged on the ground in front of his palace. Squatting behind him were his sons and brothers. His

brothers wore numbers of charms to keep away the evil spirits, while the children wore on their chins dream charms.

The king shook hands with me in the same way that we do in this country and asked how I liked his kingdom. He was anxious to know how I found my way all over the world.



THE NEGRO KING.

I told him about the great oceans and our ships and the many wonderful things in our land. He was so pleased with me that he took me into his home, which was clean and

well kept. Here I saw many kinds of spears. Some had brass heads with iron handles, others had iron points with wooden handles. The king showed me little iron statues made to resemble cows and other animals. Many of the things I saw were mere toys, but to this negro king they were treasures of such great value that soldiers kept guard over them night and day.

As a special favor the king took me to see his favorite wife. She was so big and fat that she could not get up to greet us. She was so large that she had to crawl about on her hands and knees like a big, fat baby. I learned from the king that his people thought the fat women were the most beautiful; that one of his court ladies made all the girls of the royal family drink great quantities of milk from time to time during the day, which was done that they might grow up to be as large and lovely as his fat wife.

The king was anxious for me to teach him how to make his face white and his hair straight like mine. He also wanted to see me turn myself into a lion or an elephant and then come back to be a man.

I told him I could not do such things, but

he would not believe me. He said that his father was as great as a white man, for when he died a lion, a leopard, and a stick came out of his body. I was afraid that the king might have me killed to see if a lion or an elephant would come out of my body, but he soon became so interested in telling me how he became king that he forgot about the things he had asked me to do.

He told me that he had a great number of brothers, and upon the death of his father the wise men of the court had to select one of them to take their father's place as king. A magic drum was put upon the ground, and each one of the brothers tried to lift it, and each one failed to do so. Although he was quite a little fellow, he lifted the drum as though it had been a feather. After doing this he was taken to a certain place in the country and seated on the ground. The witch doctor made a few signs over him, and the earth under him rose in a column, lifting him up until he reached the sky. Here the spirits took a good look at him. His handsome form and beautiful black face pleased them so well that they allowed the column of earth to ease down to the ground. Upon seeing this, the wise men declared him

king. Had the spirits not been pleased with his looks, the column would have fallen to the ground, he would have been killed, and some of his brothers would have taken his father's place.

I knew the king was not telling the truth when he told me these and many other wonderful tales about himself and his people, but to please him I had to listen to them until night, when his people were going to have music and dancing in honor of the new moon.

As the sun went down, forty or fifty drummers assembled in the courtyard ready to make all the noise the king could stand. I think the king saw that I did not care for the music or dancing; and as he was not well, he soon sent the people away and ordered an officer to take me to my hut. Here I found Juma. He had been talking with the negroes of the village, and had heard that some of the king's officers were afraid that I would put what they called a spell on their king and that he would die. These same men were talking of putting to death the soldiers who had wanted to make me chief; for if the king died, these men would want to make me king of their country.

Juma had also heard the negroes talk of a race of little black men, or Pygmies, who lived in the dark, gloomy forests to the north-west of where we were; that in the same country where the Pygmies were there lived a tribe of large people called Niam-Niams, or man-eaters, who lived on human flesh. He told me so many dreadful things about these awful people that it made my flesh crawl and cold shivers run up my back. I did not go to sleep until late that night.

Soon I was awakened by a messenger from the king, who said his master was very sick and that I must come and cure him. I was afraid the king might kill me if I sent him word that I knew nothing about medicine and could not cure him, so I followed the messenger.

As I hurried from my hut to the king's palace, I saw men and women gathered in little groups looking as though they thought something dreadful was going to happen. The medicine men and witch doctors, loaded down with charms and lucky pieces, had gone to the palace gate, hoping the king would send for one of them. I could see from the way they looked and acted that they were angry because the king had sent for me.

I found the king with a hot fever and suffering great pain. Feeling that my life depended on my doing something to relieve him and knowing nothing else to do, I bathed his head and face in cool water. This gave him some relief for a little while. But as I could not at once cure him, he sent for his medicine man, who ordered me out of the palace.

That afternoon Juma came running into our hut to tell me that the medicine man had made the king and his people believe that I had brought bad luck to the village, that if the king died I would be burned as a witch, and that the drums would be sounded for the people to assemble and talk the matter over.

I will now let you children think over what I have told you until our next meeting.



Fourth Evening.

NOW, children, I said to Juma: "See that your gun and pistols are in good order, and go among the negroes to learn all that you can; for as soon as night comes, we will try to run away from this place."

Juma had been gone but a short time when, to my horror, our hut was surrounded by a number of savage-looking men armed with spears. My first thought was that Juma had been killed and they had come to put me to death.

Hour after hour I stood in the middle of the hut, with my gun in readiness, listening to every sound. I knew that if I fought my way out it was almost sure death, yet there was danger of these savages shutting me in the hut and setting it on fire. But I thought I had better stay where I was until the soldiers made some move to close up the door-

way or fire the hut. In the meantime some of the men who a few days before had wanted to make me their chief might come and help me to get away. From time to time during the day



the drums beat, and as evening came on I heard the war drums and the tramp, tramp of many feet. I could not understand what it all meant; but from the long, loud talking and great fuss that was made I knew that a large meeting had taken place. I waited all night, and at daylight it seemed to me that all the people had gathered about my hut. I understood from their talk that the white man

was to be burned the next day as a witch who had brought them bad luck.

This made my blood run cold; for I remembered having seen where men, women, and children had been hung up on the limbs of

trees over a pile of wood, which was set on fire to burn them to death. My only hope was for these people to change their minds before they could get me out of the hut. It requires



I fired at the man.

very little to make a negro change his mind, and I had twelve loads in my pistols and plenty of bullets for my rifle. All day long people crowded about my hut, and when evening came I had about lost heart. But when I thought

of my dear mother and my lost father, I plucked up courage and prayed that I might be spared the awful death that awaited me.

The drummers no longer sounded their call to the warriors. Every one except a few guards had left my hut, and things became so quiet that I could hear the chirping of the insects. I wondered if the king was dead or if all the men had gone to war.

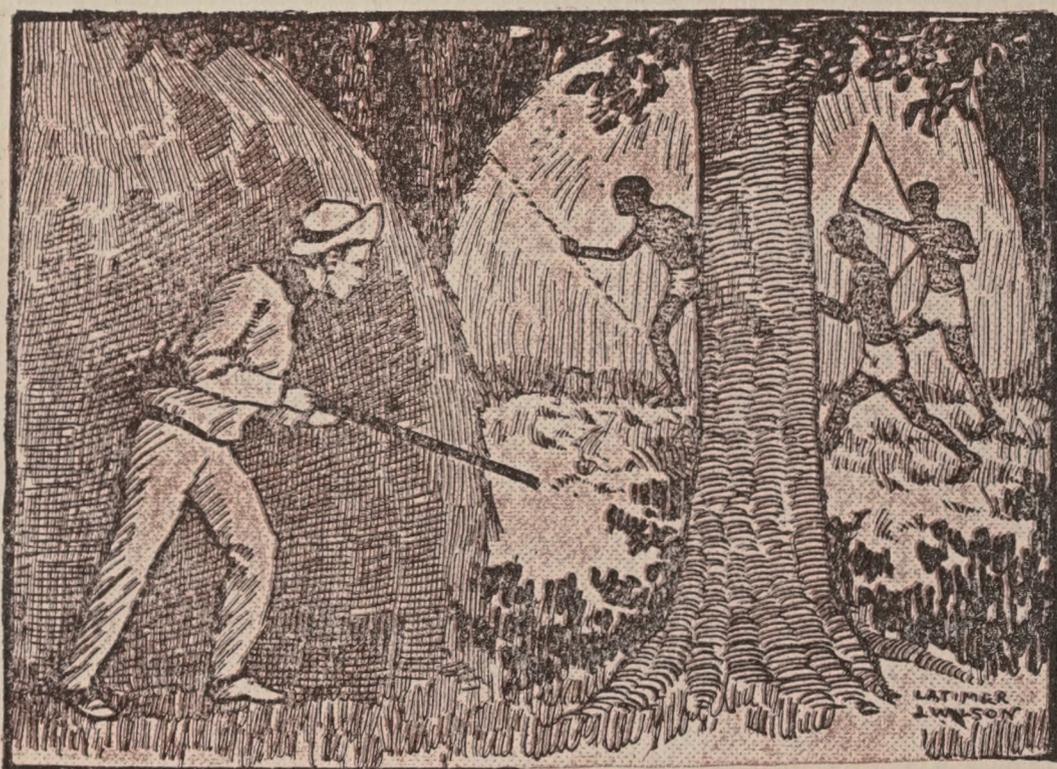
As I had eaten but little during the day, I built a fire and cooked some meat. I had just eaten a piece when a man appeared in the doorway shouting: "The king is dead! Come, take the white man out! The king is dead!"

I fired at the man, and at almost the same moment I heard the report of a gun from the far side of the village. I thought it must be Juma fighting his way out; and hoping to keep the negroes busy at my end of the village, I snatched a burning stick of wood from the fire and threw it against the dry grass wall of the hut. Then, with gun in hand, I ran out through the doorway.

The night was dark, and I could see no guards; but I heard men running toward my hut. Another shot was fired, and this time it

was close to me. I ran in the direction of the sound, keeping in the shadows.

My hut was now in a bright blaze, and the wind was blowing the burning grass to the other huts, setting them on fire. A light appeared at the far side of the village, and the

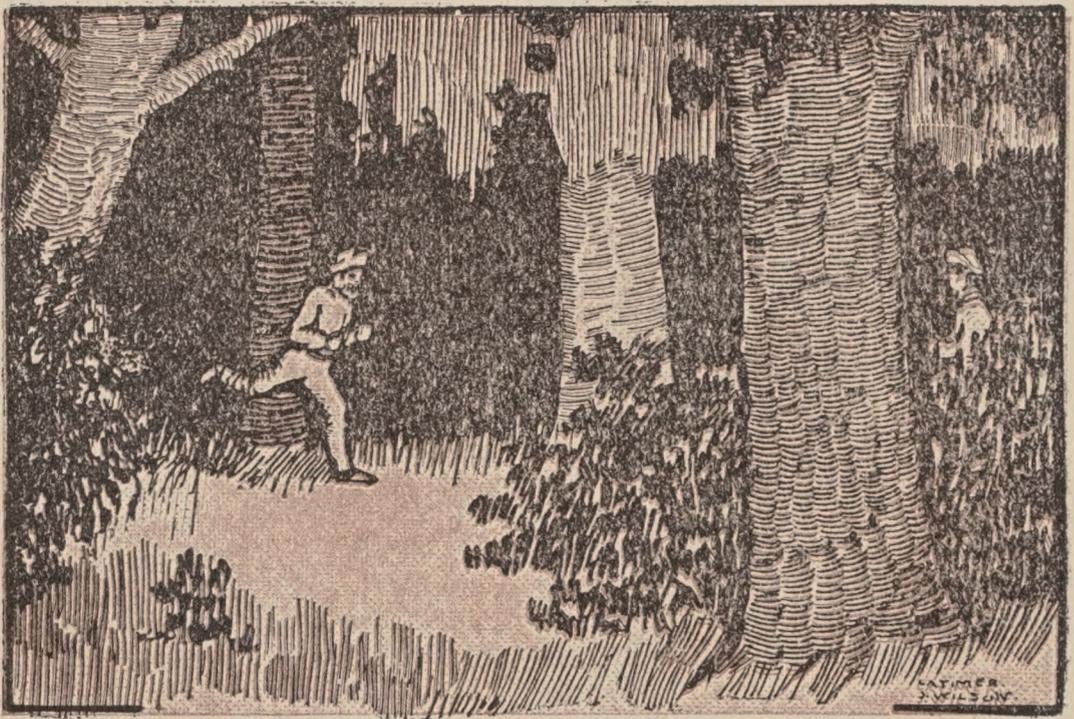


The village was on fire.

huts there began to burn. By this time men, women, and children were running to the woods like crazy people. The huts were taking fire and burning as if they had been made of paper. Everywhere it was as light as day, and I saw Juma running in the direction of

our burning house. By his side was a stranger, and following them were a number of negroes armed with bows, arrows, and spears.

To let Juma know where I was I fired my pistol and ran toward him. We met beside a burning hut, and at the meeting all my sor-



I see my father.

rows and sufferings were forgotten. Never before in the land of Africa was there such a joyful meeting, for the man with Juma was my father! But it was a meeting on a battle field, and I only had time to say, "O father!" and he to say "My son!" For the negro soldiers that my father had with him must be

prevented from murdering the people and robbing the houses to which they set fire.

I had been saved; but we must get away as quickly as we could, for the warriors from the other villages would soon be coming to fight us for destroying their king's town.

The soldiers were ordered to prepare for the march as soon as they had taken a little rest. With some of our men we hurried to the king's palace, where in the largest room of the hut was the body of the dead king sewed up in a cow's hide. Juma told us that these people knew nothing about coffins; that they prepared the dead king in this way for burial, as they did all their kings, but had deserted him upon hearing the shooting.

It was not until the next day, when we were far from the burned village, that I learned how it happened that father had made war on the negro village in time to save my life. It seems that the king at whose palace father lived had been greatly annoyed by the people we had driven from the village. They would steal his stock, make war on his small villages, and take his people prisoners to sell them into slavery. The king had never been able to whip them, and had often wanted my father to use

his gun when he went to war with these people. But father would never have anything to do with their wars, and told the ruler that he must save his ammunition to protect the king and his village. One day word came to him that away to the south white men had been seen, and, like him, they could kill lions and elephants with their hot-mouthed weapons. Father told the king that these white men were his brothers, and that if the king would furnish him an army he would fight his way through the enemy's country and find his relatives.

When the warriors were ready they marched south, burning the villages and taking the people prisoners. They were preparing to burn the dead king's town when Juma, who had made his escape from the village, brought them word that they must begin the war that night or I would be burned to death. The warriors were ordered at once to take the town and drive out the people, that I might be saved from an awful death.

I told my father of my coming to Africa with General Kermit to hunt for Dr. Wesley and how I was lost from my friends. Upon learning this he sent for the headman of the

warriors, telling him that they had not found all of the white people and that they must hunt for them until they did. The headman, whose name was Pokino, replied: "All the cows, sheep, goats, and prisoners that I have taken in war must first be delivered to my king. If I divide my army by sending part of them with you, all will be in great danger from the natives while in the enemy's country."

We had such a large number of prisoners, cows, goats, and sheep to guard and care for that the army made slow progress. As our horses had died from the bite of the tsetse flies, father and I had to walk. We marched through forests and over plains during the day, but at night we sat about the camp fire, and he told me stories of his wanderings in Africa while trying to find his way to the sea. Once, when he and his guides were going through a forest, his men began to follow a korwe bird. He was afraid that the bird would lead them so far from the path that they would lose their way. But he could not make them continue the journey until they had found the bird's home.

These birds build their nests in holes that they find in the trunks of trees. The moth-

er bird enters the nest, and the father plasters the opening over with a kind of clay or cement. He does this in such a way that she cannot get out, but a slit is left through which to feed her. The mother remains in this prison and hatches her young, the father caring for them during two or three months. If food is not plentiful, the father sometimes dies of hunger, because he gives all the food he can find to his family; but the mother bird gets so fat while in the prison nest that the negroes are always on the hunt for them.

He expressed his surprise at the beautiful fields and gardens that he saw around the negro villages in some parts of the country. Growing in the gardens were bananas, plantains, yams, sweet potatoes, cucumbers, figs, tomatoes, vegetable marrow, and many varieties of beans, peas, and melons. It was in some of these gardens that he found the largest and finest peanuts that are grown in the world. The natives call them ground nuts. In these fields grew also wheat, rice, maize, corn, millet, cotton, and a kind of tobacco. In fact, some of the negroes have in their fields and gardens almost everything that a white man has at home, and they raise many other

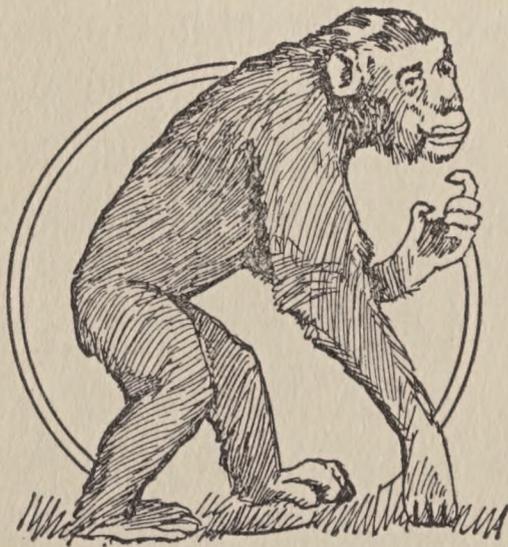
things that are not seen growing in any country but Africa.

Father told me that in his wanderings he had been to the country of the sokos. But I will tell you about them at our next meeting.



Fifth Evening.

CHILDREN, I know you are anxious for me to tell you about the sokos that my father found in Africa. These strange creatures are more like men than the gorilla or any other animal. They belong to the chimpanzee family, and walk erect with their hands clasped over the top of their heads, as if to steady themselves as they walk. When the soko stands up and walks along through



the grass, barking like a fox hound, he would make a good picture of a devil. His ears are very long, his forehead low, while on his light, yellow-colored face he has a growth of ugly whiskers. His jaws are like those of a dog, while his teeth are like a man's teeth,

with the exception of the canine or dog teeth, which are very large. Another remarkable thing about this animal is the little difference in the appearance of his fingers and those of the native negro.

The sokos live in what we might call little villages, ten or fifteen to the village, and each family has its own home. The sokos living in one village will not allow one from another village to come among them. Should one undertake to do so, those living in the village will beat him with their fists and amid loud yells run him away.

He is not a savage animal, but sometimes he will creep upon a man and catch hold of him. If the man does not hurt him, he will turn him loose and go away grinning and giggling. They are very fond of children, and are so smart that while the men and women are at work in the fields they steal upon the children, catch one, and run up a tree with it. The soko loves to hold the child in his arms and play with it. The only way the negro mother can get back her little one without its being hurt is to get a bunch of bananas and place it where the soko can see it. As the animal is very fond of bananas, he will come

down from the tree with the child in his arms to get the fruit. But when he finds that he cannot carry both the bananas and child and that the child will not cling to him as his own would do, he drops the child and takes



THE SOKO STEALING A CHILD.

the bunch of fruit that he loves better than the little negro.

The soko is not so powerful as the leopard or the lion, and he does not know how to use his strong canine teeth like a gorilla. He eats no flesh and never kills an animal for food, nor does he try to kill his enemies. Even in his fights with the leopard he merely disables the

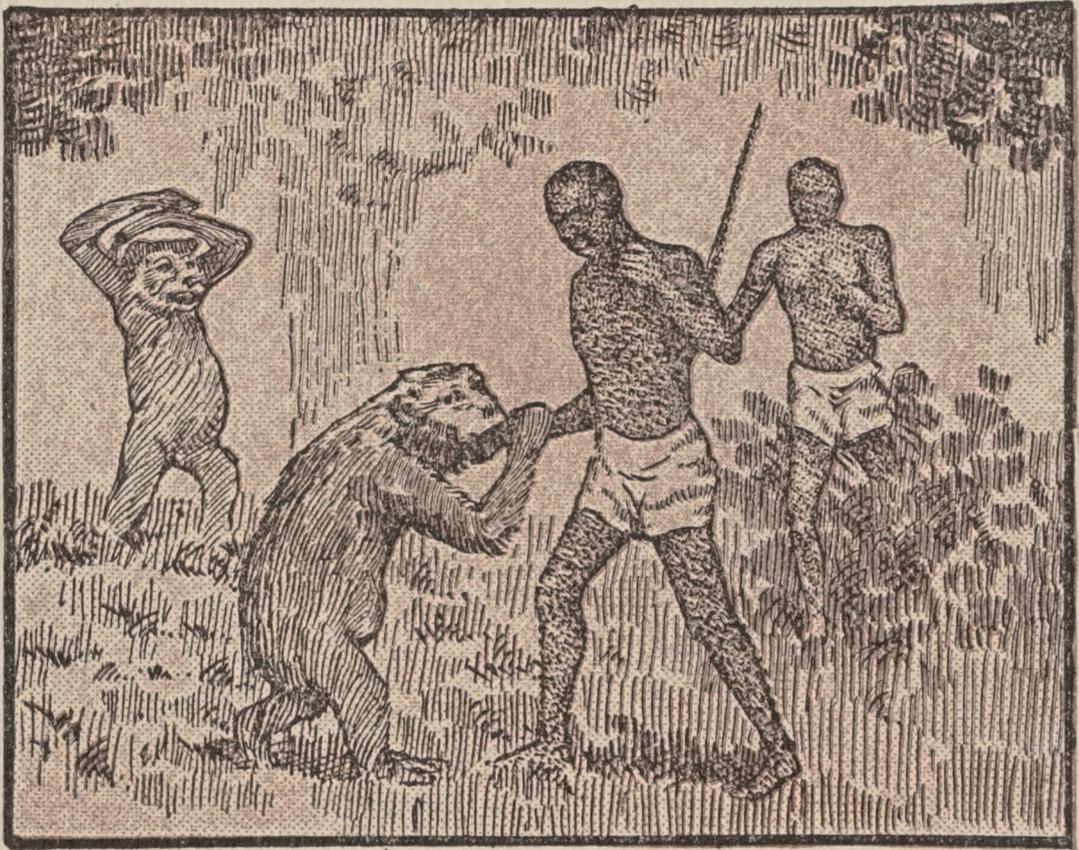
animal by biting its paws; but as the leopard is then unable to procure food, he soon dies. The lion is more than a match for the smart and cunning soko, for in a fight the lion will kill and tear him to pieces. But if we are to believe the natives, he will not eat its flesh.

The negroes are very fond of soko meat, and say that, while it is all good, there is no part of him so delicious as his yellow feet.

The negroes in the soko country are cannibals, or man-eating men. Not only do they eat the prisoners they have taken in war, after fattening them, but they eat their dead. They say that should one of their people die in another country and be buried, he would come out of his grave as a soko; therefore the soko was as much of a man as they, but not so mean. Although these cannibals talk in this way, they hunt and kill the soko without mercy.

Once father was in a hunt with these negroes when a number of sokos came near the camp. But if they had not barked like fox hounds on a trail the negroes would not have known they were so near to them. The hunters at once stretched a net around part of the grove of trees and then set fire to the high

grass and drove the animals into the trap, the hunters closing in on them from the opposite side of the net. As one of the men was about to strike a soko the animal grabbed the spear away from the negro, broke it, bit off the negro's fingers, spat them out, and got away.



The soko bites off the man's fingers.

Another hunter succeeded in spearing a soko, but the animal was so strong that he got away with the spear sticking in him. He ran a short distance, pulled the spear out of his body, and stuffed leaves in the wound to stop the flow

of blood; but the animal was so badly wounded that another hunter ran his spear through him, killing him at once.

At certain times during the year all the sokos in the surrounding country will meet and make so much noise drumming on hollow trees and yelling that no one wants to be in the same neighborhood with them. After these parties break up the father and mother have to take turn about in carrying the children home, as the sokos have no baby carriages for the children to ride in.

As we traveled northward, not a day passed that I did not ask father something about the sokos. But when we reached Pokino's village, I almost forgot that there was such a thing as a soko; for we heard of a party of travelers far to the north of us who had a white man for their chief. We were now among friends, and there was no reason why Pokino could not send the prisoners and cattle to his king and with his army assist us in finding the white man, who I felt sure was my friend General Kermit.

But Pokino would not consent to go, for, like all his people, he was full of vanity. He wanted to be pointed out as the great man

of the occasion, in delivering to the king the prisoners and cattle that the army had captured.

While trying to think out some way to get Pokino to go with us, it occurred to me that the name of General Kermit's cook, Queeny, was Pokino. This man might be her husband. After asking him a few questions, I was sure of it.

Knowing that the negroes thought a white man could do almost anything, I said: "Pokino, if you will go with us at once, I will take you to your favorite wife. You have thought her dead, but she is not; your wife was sold into slavery. The white man to the north of us got her away from the Arabs, and has been trying to get her back to you; but the mean negroes who live in that part of Africa will not let him come to your country."

When I told Pokino all about his wife—how she looked and of her being sold into slavery—he thought I must be a great spirit to know so much. He asked me many questions, all of which I answered to his satisfaction. He had been told that his wife had been stolen by the Arabs, and that they had put her to death because she had tried to get away.

But when he learned the truth from me, his rage knew no bounds. He stamped the ground like an angry child, and, running about the camp, he acted like a madman. He told his officers what he had heard, and they began jabbing their spears into the ground. From the way they acted I knew that these men were anxious to assist their chief in finding his wife and in punishing his enemies.

Pokino ordered some of his men to take the prisoners and the cattle to his king. Scouts, spies, and messengers were sent ahead of us with orders to send back any news they could get of the white man. The other soldiers were ordered to get in readiness for the march.

In a few hours we were on our way toward the country of Uganda. Father and I camped together; and although Juma cooked our food, we never allowed him to eat with us. Strange as it may seem, we never invited even the chief or any of his officers to dine with us, nor did we ever accept an invitation to dine with them; for the white men in Africa had learned that, should a white man dine with the natives, they would consider themselves on an equality with him and have no further respect for his color. In this case the white man loses his

power over them, which puts his life in great danger.

The country through which we passed was not so rough as some sections we had seen in Africa; and being in Pokino's country, we could travel very fast, as we had no fear of the natives. Although our soldiers robbed the people in the villages through which we passed, these poor negroes had to treat us with the greatest respect, because our men were the king's soldiers and the law allowed them to rob the natives of anything that they could find to eat.

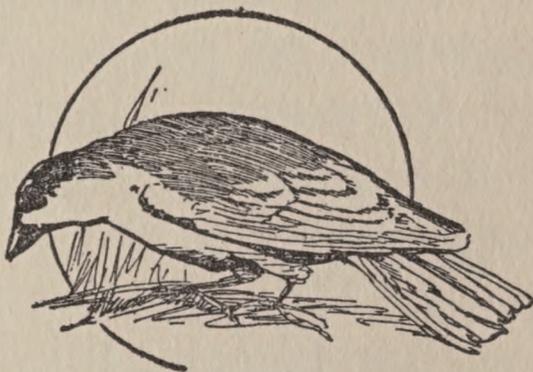
At one village near where we camped the negroes were drumming, singing, and yelling all night. They said they were doing this to drive away a devil that had come among them.

The next day, when we were miles from the village and had halted for dinner, I saw suspended from the limb of a tree a bird's nest which was beautifully woven into a bottlelike form.

While we were at dinner a bird with light and dark brown feathers on her wings and with gray and white feathers on the under surface of her body flew into the nest. In a few minutes another bird like the one in the nest came

and began making a great fuss by calling "Cherr! Cherr!" and alighted in a tree close by. He would fly down at us and call "Cherr! Cherr!" and then fly back to the tree. I thought he wanted us to get away from his nest; but father said the bird was called the great honey guide, and that he belonged to the cuckoo family. This name had been given to the bird because he is very fond of bees and honey, and he will guide men to where a bee tree can be found.

This bird was trying to get us to follow him that he might guide us to



THE HONEY GUIDE.

some hollow tree, which we would find full of honey. He cannot always be depended upon to guide you to a bee tree; for he sometimes takes men to where there is a snake or a lion that he wants the men to kill, because he does not like these creatures.

As soon as we could, father, Juma, and I began to follow the honey guide, which flew from tree to tree. Sometime I will tell you where our bird led us.



Sixth Evening.

NOW, children, the honey guide that I was telling you about flew from tree to tree, leading us farther and farther into the forest. As we did not want to get lost from our army, we were about to turn back when the bird lit upon a tree and chirped and chirped as though he had found something. He would not leave the tree, and we began to hunt for bees. We were not long in finding where they went in and out of the tree hive. The tree being hollow, we had no trouble in cutting it down. This caused a great excitement among the bees, but the honey guide showed his delight beyond measure as he caught and ate the little honey-makers.

The amount of honey in the bee tree was so great that we could not carry one-third of it away with us. We intended to send some of the soldiers to get what we had left; but upon leaving the bee tree and not having any

bird to guide us, we took the wrong direction, and instead of going toward our friends we went deeper into the dark forest. It was so dark and lonesome that father said: "It is in such places as this that the African dwarfs, or Pygmies, love to live."

Before we had gone far he pointed out to me the flickering light of little fires that were some distance from us. "Stop," he said. "I believe that is a camp of the little people. If we can creep upon them, we may get a chance to see the creatures and see what they are doing."

We were talking over the best way to go when we saw Pokino and some of his soldiers come out of the bushes. He had become uneasy because we remained away so long, and had tracked us to see what had detained us.

We told him that we had missed the trail, and instead of going toward the army we were about to find a camp of dwarfs. "Where is it?" asked Pokino. "I should like to catch a few of these little people and send them to my king, for I could not make him a present that would please him better."

Pokino ordered his men to surround the camp, surprise the little people, and catch as

many of them as they could. Father would have nothing to do with treating these little beings so cruelly, and we remained where we were.

The negro soldiers crawled in the direction of the camp while we sat there under the tree. Father told me that the people of other countries at that time did not believe there was a race of little people in Africa. However, long before the time of Christ the people of Southern Europe must have known about them, for some of the early story-writers said: "The cranes fly to the lakes above Egypt, from which flows the Nile. Here they fight with the Pygmies, who live in caves and ride small ponies."

Father had never seen the Pygmies that live in caves or those who rode small horses, but he had often heard that in a certain part of Africa there were Pygmies that were covered with hair and had tails. As he could not rely on the negroes for the truth, he did not believe what they said about the little people with tails. But he had seen these little naked, wild-eyed creatures with features resembling those of the young chimpanzee. "They roam through the dark forest," said he, "and live

in little huts built of grass and leaves. Although their houses are not much better than those made by the gorilla, these little people know how to make a fire by the use of the flint rock and dry moss. In their fires they roast their nuts, and over them they smoke and dry fish, cook snakes, rats, mice, and other meats on which they live. These dwarfs have little villages, or camps, and will not allow a stranger from another dwarf camp to come among them. Their faces are about the same color as that of a young chimpanzee, but the palms of their hands are as white as those of the white man. They look at you from gray, hazel, or black eyes, but their lips are as thick and their noses as flat as those of the black African. When they talk it sounds as though they said ‘Ya,’ ‘Ye,’ ‘Yo,’ ‘Oua,’ ‘Ke,’ ‘Ki,’ ‘Re,’ ‘Ri.’ They cannot count above ten; but they can sing and dance to the music of their tom-toms, and seem as happy-go-lucky as other negroes.”

The babies my father saw were tiny little things, and the mothers carried them in swings made of straps that were hung from their shoulders.

These people never have fields or gardens

in which to grow things to eat; but if food becomes scarce about their camp, like the gorilla, these little people move to another part of the forest, where nuts, berries, rats, mice, snakes, and other things are easy to get.

Unlike the gorilla and many of the negro tribes, these little people bury their dead, but bury them as no other people do. When one dies, great sorrow is shown by his friends in and about the camp; but search is at once made for a hollow tree. If a large one be found, the dead body is put in the hollow, which is then filled with earth and dry leaves and covered over with twigs of the tree. If a hollow tree cannot be found, they search out a little stream of water and either dam it or turn its course. In the bed of the stream they dig a hole and bury the body, after which the water is turned back into its old channel to flow over the grave. It is supposed that they do this to keep the man-eaters from finding the body of their dead relatives.

There are many tribes of these dwarfs that roam the forests of Africa. The people of each tribe are somewhat different from the others in their size, make-up, and the way in which they live. For that reason father was

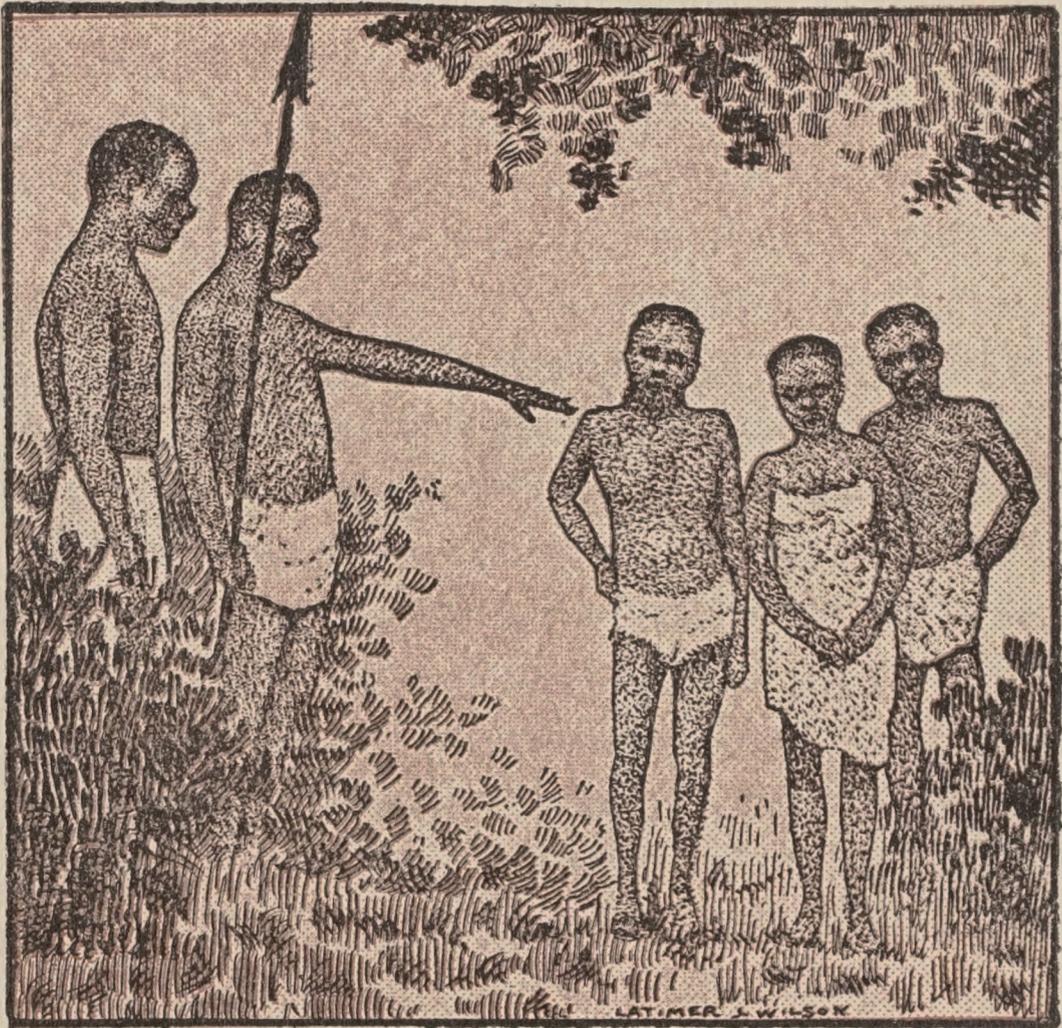
anxious to see what kind of dwarfs these were that we had found.

He soon had his curiosity satisfied; for the soldiers had made a raid on the camp, capturing several men, women, and children. Pokino came back with the captives to where we were. He was laughing at the strange little creatures as they waddled along. He was delighted that he could send to his king a present that he knew would be received with such great pleasure. The little prisoners were about the size of a ten-year-old boy; their skin was of a dull, dark brown color; their hair was of about the same color as their skin, and it reminded one of matted tow.

The little strangers were scared almost to death, for they did not know but that we would kill and eat them. But I had to laugh at them; for the snoutlike projection of their jaws, the large, thick lips, with a gaping mouth, made them look like apes. They had large heads, stringy necks, and huge ears. In fact, there was nothing about these dwarfs that was well formed except their hands. These were beautiful when compared to the hands of the native negro.

With our prisoners we hurried back to join

the army. Pokino could not at once send the dwarfs to his king, so I had the opportunity of being with them for some time. They were very timid when large men were about, but



CAPTURED PYGMIES.

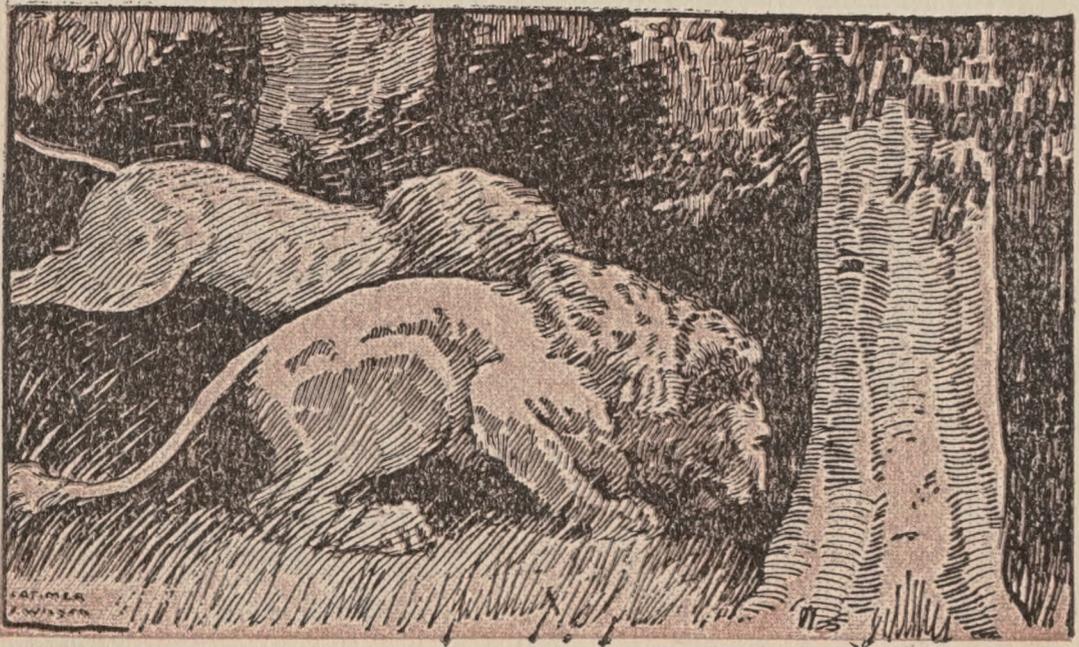
by nature they were wicked and cruel. They took a great delight in spearing or shooting arrows into our animals just to see them suffer. They were as cunning and sly as they

could be, and Juma said that it was this cunning that made them the best of hunters and trappers; and so expert were they in the use of the bow and arrow that they killed elephants by shooting them in the eye. Because of their great skill as hunters many of the African kings keep armies of them for the hunt. Other kings keep a few of these little people at their palaces to act the fool and amuse them with the ugly faces they can make and their wonderful, nimble dancing and jumping. Our soldiers had many a good laugh at the antics of these little people, and would sometimes exclaim: "O, they can jump like grasshoppers!"

It was wonderful to me how nimble these dwarfs were; for their feet were turned inward, making them pigeon-toed to such an extent that they waddled in walking. They were always looking for a chance to get away, but their guards kept such a close watch on them that they were unable to make their escape.

I should have liked to help these little creatures get away from Pokino, but I dared not do so. But one dark night, when we were camping in a forest, to our surprise two lions rushed into our camp. The soldiers were so

confused that some ran, and others gathered in groups to defend themselves with their spears. One of the lions carried away a man guarding the Pygmies. The other guards took fright and ran. It was daylight before Pokino got his men and camp in order, but the Pygmies had gone. You may know that



Two lions rushed into our camp.

they were in a hurry to get away, for they did not come to tell me good-by.

For the Pygmies' sake I was glad they escaped; but it was bad on the guards, as Pokino ordered their heads cut off for running away from their duty.

After this our army moved north rapidly.

Some days we would make long marches without any trouble; but at other times we would have to fight roving bands of robbers or the natives, who did not want us to go through their country.

Weeks of hard marching brought us to the country of Uganda. The Emperor, or king, of this country was the most powerful ruler of that part of Africa, and Pokino dared not take his army into this country unless the Emperor gave him permission.

Pokino had given up all hope of seeing his wife, and was now as anxious to return home as he had been to commence the search. But father persuaded him to send a message to the emperor of Uganda and tell him that some white men wanted to visit him.

When Pokino had agreed to do this, he told us that he did not expect to see any of the messengers again, feeling sure they would be killed before they ever reached the Emperor. As soon as the messengers were off on their journey we set about building a camp that we might live in comfort until we should receive some news of General Kermit or get a message from the Emperor.

We had been in camp but a few days when

one morning a messenger came in to say that the white man to the north of us had heard that his white brothers were following him, and he was then coming in the direction of our camp. This was good news, and day after day we anxiously awaited the arrival of our friends. Juma and I would go out every day to see what we could find in the woods, and one day, when some distance from camp, we saw some snow-white monkeys playing about in the trees. Juma said that we must kill some of them, as their skin was used by the king and members of his royal family. He knew that nothing would please the Emperor of Uganda better than a present of white monkey skins.

I discovered that these white monkeys were very cunning and sly, and we had chased them some distance before I got a shot at one. Fortunately, Juma also killed one. The other monkeys disappeared as suddenly as if they had been spirits, and we were unable to see where they went.

It was now late in the day. As we had come away from the camp expecting to return in a short time, we had brought no lunch, so Juma skinned one of the monkeys and cooked

it for our dinner. We did not get back to camp until it was dark. Here we found good news awaiting us.

I think I have told you enough for this time. At our next meeting you shall learn what the good news was.



Seventh Evening.

CHILDREN, the good news was that the Emperor of Uganda not only wanted to have the white men visit him, but he was sending a number of his officers and men to protect us from danger and guide us to his palace.

This good news, however, was soon followed by messengers coming to tell us that the white man and his people were not allowed to leave a village where they had remained all night. They were held there as prisoners because the witch doctor told the chief that the white man had put a spell on the clouds so that they could not rain, and for this reason the crops were being ruined by the dry weather.

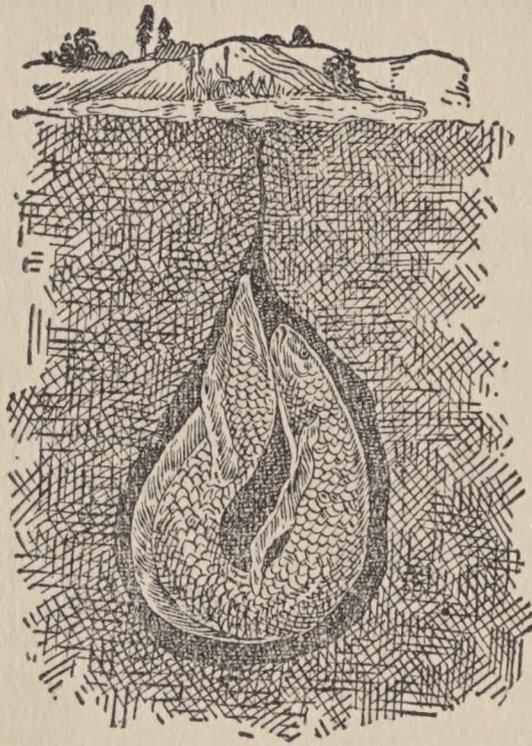
As Pokino now had permission to enter Uganda with his army, orders were given to prepare to march, for the white man's life must be saved. We were soon hurrying along

the path under the big forest trees; but before night we came to a plain covered with a jungle of brier bushes and tall, rank grasses. We went into camp before entering this plain, for there was danger of this grass taking fire and roasting us alive if we should undertake to do our cooking in such a place.

It was a long, hot trip that we had before us, but by the afternoon of the next day we arrived at a point on the plain that was bare of grass and bushes. This place had at one time been a small lake, but had recently dried up. Although our men were tired out and I was almost dead, they insisted on marching to the lowest point in this barren field to get the fish that could be found there. I thought that this was all foolishness, for how could they get fish where there was no water? But the men ran forward to where the ground was damp and marshy. Here with their hands or spears they began to dig into the wet earth. They soon dug up a number of balls that looked to me to be nothing but round pieces of mud, but when broken open in each one was a live fish that was quickly cleaned and put upon the fire to cook for our dinner.

Father told me that fish like these were of-

ten found in African lake beds; that when the fish felt the lake was becoming dry they made a ball of mud around themselves and lived



FISH THAT CAN LIVE UNDER THE
GROUND.

there until rain fell and filled the lake with water. He had hoped we would find enough water to drink and to supply us for a while on our journey, but we did not find even a small pool. I was famished for a drink. The hot sun had blistered my back, and I felt that I could not travel any farther;

but we had no time to rest after eating our fish, and Pokino ordered two of his men to carry me.

Upon being lifted from the ground, I saw to the north of us a beautiful section of country. The hills were green with grass. Waterfalls glistened and sparkled and splashed in the sunlight as it rushed over cliffs and bluffs to a lake in the valley. The trees were

full of delicious-looking fruit, while cows and sheep grazed in the pleasant shade. At the edge of this beautiful strip of country I saw what I took to be a white man looking toward us. This sight made me forget my tired condition, and, jumping down, I ran in the direction of the man. It all looked so close that I thought I would soon quench my thirst and enjoy the shade of the lovely trees. I must have run a long way and very fast, for father could not overtake me; yet I got no nearer to the beautiful country. The farther I traveled, the farther it was away. Then slowly the man disappeared among the trees, the water went off into mist, the trees and hills melted away into air, and the grass seemed to turn into the heat waves that float and shimmer over dry, hot places. In wonder and amazement I stopped until father overtook me. I asked if he thought I had been out of my mind with fever. "No, we all saw the cool-looking, beautiful country that you tried to reach; but we knew it was nothing but an air picture, called a mirage. These air pictures," he said, "are often seen on the low, hot plains of Africa; but the one that has just disappeared was the most perfect that I ever saw,

and it would deceive anybody who had never seen one."

By some of the men helping me from time to time, we arrived that evening at a place where there was a forest of large trees, and the welcome chill of night soon came over the country. Our camp fires had not been burning a great while when a scout came in with the message that the village where the white man had been held prisoner was but a few miles from us. The messenger stated that he could not get a chance to speak to the white man because there was such great excitement in the village and they kept such a close watch on the prisoners.

We got Pokino to order his men to march with us for an attack on the village; but the roar of a lion near the camp scared them, and they refused to leave the camp fires. I feared that the white man, whom I hoped was General Kermit, might be in as much danger as I had once been, and something must be done to save him from death by the foolish negroes. With some of our glass beads I hired several men who were braver than the others to go with us; but upon starting to leave the camp, a sound came from the woods as

of men or animals running through the bushes. Some of Pokino's men, thinking it might be lions or buffaloes, made themselves safe by climbing trees; others stood with us, prepared to fight whatever it might be.

On came the footsteps until by our firelight we saw men run out of the underbrush and come toward our camp. I fired my gun into the air, hoping to stop them; but my shot was returned, and we knew that the white man had made his escape from the village and was coming to our camp. These men were being closely followed by an army of negroes, and we had not more than time to show that we were friendly to the newcomers before we had to fight for our lives.

The battle was quickly over; for the negroes who had been chasing the white man could not understand where all the thunder, lightning, and lead drops came from. Being thus surprised and frightened, they ran back, Pokino's men chasing them.

We had been so occupied in driving back our enemies that I did not have time to see the white man.

But there was great rejoicing when we gathered about the camp fires, for our newcomers

were General Kermit and his party. The General told me that he had made a long hunt for me after we were separated; but hearing that a white man had been burned as a witch and thinking it was I, he had pushed on to the north. But having heard later that a white man was south of him, he had turned back for another search, when he was held as a prisoner in the village from which he had just made his escape.

Every one was happy except Queeney, who told me that she did not want to leave us and go back with her husband to be badly treated and abused by him. "He has become such a great man now," she said, "that, should I do one thing that he did not like, he would have my head cut off. I never knew what kindness was until I saw your people. With my people there is nothing but cruelty and murder. In my country women are thought to be no better than dogs, and are not treated as well by their husbands as the favorite hounds. Do you know," Queeney said to me, "that the men buy their wives from fathers who trade their daughters off for cows or animal skins? When a man buys a woman for his wife, he at once puts her to work to culti-

vate his fields. As soon as a man can buy enough wives to support him, he is considered to be a rich man. He will quit working and do nothing but fight, smoke, drink beer, and whip his wives when they do not do as much work as he thinks they should."

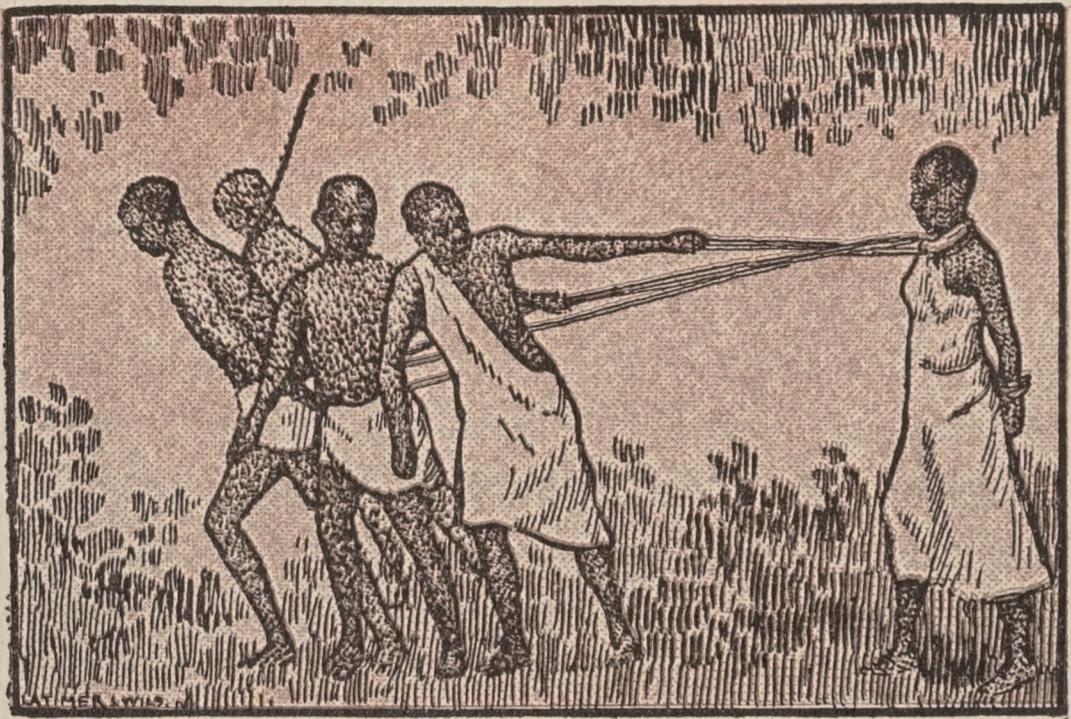
I knew that Queeney was telling the truth about the negro men, but we could do nothing to help her. She was now to Pokino what a new doll would be to a child, and it would be as useless to try to buy her from him as to buy the child's new doll.

With a few days' rest, General Kermit and his men were in condition to travel; and as we expected the arrival of the Emperor's soldiers at any time, we had everything in readiness to march to the palace of the black Emperor of Uganda.

Pokino's provisions were giving out; and having no invitation to visit the Emperor, he was anxious to go home. So we decided to try to reach the capital of Uganda with our little band of men. These arrangements pleased every one but Queeney, who refused to go with her husband; but Pokino ordered some of his soldiers to tie her hands and put a rope around her neck and drag her along

with them. He had been gone only a few hours, and we were just leaving camp when one of the Emperor's messengers came to say that his officers were but a short distance away, and that he had come to lead us to them.

We were received at their camp with all



POKONO TAKING HIS WIFE HOME.

the honor that could be shown us, and on our march to the capital city the officers and men treated us with marked respect. We found that their people were superior to other African tribes. The men were all strong, tall, and well built. Their spears, bows, and other implements of war were better than any we had

ever seen in Africa, and their skill in the use of them was far beyond that of other negro tribes. The soldiers wore clothes the cloth of which had been made from the bark of a tree that grew in their country. Their officers had uniforms made from the skins of animals.

These soldiers had been delayed in reaching us because they had gone out of their way to plunder and rob the native villages. The natives, knowing that it meant death for them to protect their property from the Emperor's men, always ran to the woods and let the soldiers take everything they wanted.

But the Emperor, thinking the long delay in our coming to see him was caused by the natives keeping his army from finding us, had one thousand of the poor natives put to death. He had two reasons for killing all these people. One was, he wanted to teach the natives that his orders must not be interfered with; and the other was, he desired to show us that he was such a great and powerful ruler that he could have any number of people killed in honor of a visit from a white man. In Africa, when a negro king wanted to show a guest his pleasure over the visit, he would have several of his servants or wives behead-

ed in honor of the visitor; and the greater the king the larger the number of people who had their heads cut off. We were now considered the Emperor's guests, and it was against the law for a native to look at us. Should one do so, he would be put to death. As a result of this, when the villagers heard that we were coming, they all ran to the woods, leaving their huts and fields to be robbed by our men.

As we marched through the wonderful country of Uganda, we found the villages clean; and although the houses were made of grass and leaves, they were well built. We marched through large, well-cultivated fields and gardens, where grew the most splendid crops of cotton, tobacco, and everything that was required as food. But of all the things which most interested General Kermit, was the great sea of water called Victoria Nyanza, the largest body of fresh water in the world.

As we neared the Emperor's village, we found that roads had been built from the palace town to other villages, a thing that we had seen in no other part of Africa.

With good roads to travel on, we soon arrived in sight of the capital city of Uganda,

which, when compared to other African towns, was a magnificent sight. The city was built upon a hill, and the huts were larger than any we had seen. Although the Emperor had been so very impatient to see us, when we arrived at the gates of his city he would not allow us to enter.

Children, I think this is story enough for this time, but at our next meeting I will tell you about that terrible Emperor of Uganda.



Eighth Evening.

WELL, children, when we were not at once allowed to see the Emperor of Uganda, General Kermit told the Emperor's officers that we would march on and not see him. The officers begged us not to do so, as the Emperor would get angry and not allow us to travel through his country.

Juma told us that these vain negro kings made all visitors remain waiting to show how much power they had—that sometimes they would require a stranger to remain outside the palace gate for a month before seeing him.

But the next day we were pleased to receive word from this ruler that he would see us. On our way to the palace a band of musicians, wearing long-haired goatskins, passed by us, and their dancing as they went along reminded us of trained bears.

We found the Emperor seated on his throne in the royal hut. He was a tall young man

with his hair cut short excepting on the top, where it was roached up into a high ridge from front to back, so as to look like a rooster's comb. He had rings on his fingers and rings on his toes. For a handkerchief he held a piece of gold-embroidered silk. This he used to hide his big mouth whenever he laughed. By his side was a white dog, a spear, a shield, and a woman. Seated on the ground about him were his wives, his officers, and his women sorcerers, or witch doctors.

We sat there for an hour looking at each other, when he sent one of his men to ask us if we had seen him. He then got up, and with his spear in one hand and leading the white dog by a string, he walked away. In walking he imitated a lion, for he thought this made him look very grand.

The next day this ruler sent to us for some powder and balls to use in guns that some travelers had given him a year before we reached his country.

He was not on his throne when we arrived at his hut; but he soon came in, trying to walk like a lion and leading his little white dog. Upon making his appearance all the chief men and all those who had business

with him threw themselves down with their faces upon the earth. The musicians kept up a great roar with their drums and other instruments. The first thing the Emperor did was to order one of the officers put to death because he did not fall upon the ground in precisely the way that his court rules required. After this he looked at the men and women whom his chiefs had taken in war and had brought to him as presents. These he gave to his officers and soldiers. One of his men complaining because he was given but one woman, the Emperor ordered his officers to behead him on the spot.

One of his soldiers was brought before him and accused of being a coward. Without hearing a word from the poor soldier, he ordered that he should be put to death by being bored through and through with red-hot irons.

And so the awful hours passed until, without a parting word, this negro ruler left the hut. The next day the Emperor invited us to bring some powder and balls and go hunting with him. We did not want to go, but we were afraid to make him angry; and marching to the palace, we were joined by this blood-thirsty man.

Not finding any game to kill, the king got impatient to shoot at something; and as the negroes think a woman is no better than any other animal, he would shoot at every woman who was so unlucky as to be passing through the woods.

The Emperor was very anxious for us to remain in his city as his visitors, for he sent us an abundance of food every day. But we were as anxious to get out of his country, having now been so long on our journey that we feared our relatives and friends would conclude that we were dead.

But we could not depart from Uganda without the Emperor's consent, having to depend upon him to furnish soldiers and guides for our journey. From day to day he would promise to do this, always putting it off until tomorrow, hinting that he wanted us to teach him how he could make himself white and make his hair straight, for, he said, white men knew how to do these things. It seemed to me that these negro rulers had rather be white and have straight hair than be kings.

At last, when he found that we could not or would not do what he asked, he sent us guides, soldiers, and provisions to go on our

journey. As we marched north through this beautiful country of Uganda, our army robbed all the villages we passed through, as was their privilege. There was no necessity for this, as we could procure all the food we wanted by killing some of the many wild animals that roamed through the woods and over the plains.

We saw many wonderful things while on this journey. But the most interesting sight to every one was Ripon Falls, which is an outlet to Lake Victoria Nyanza and forms the headwaters of the River Nile. The sight was one that would enchant you as if in a fairy kingdom or make you believe that you were in the land of the hobgoblins. On the one hand were the beautiful fields, trees, grasses, and flowers.



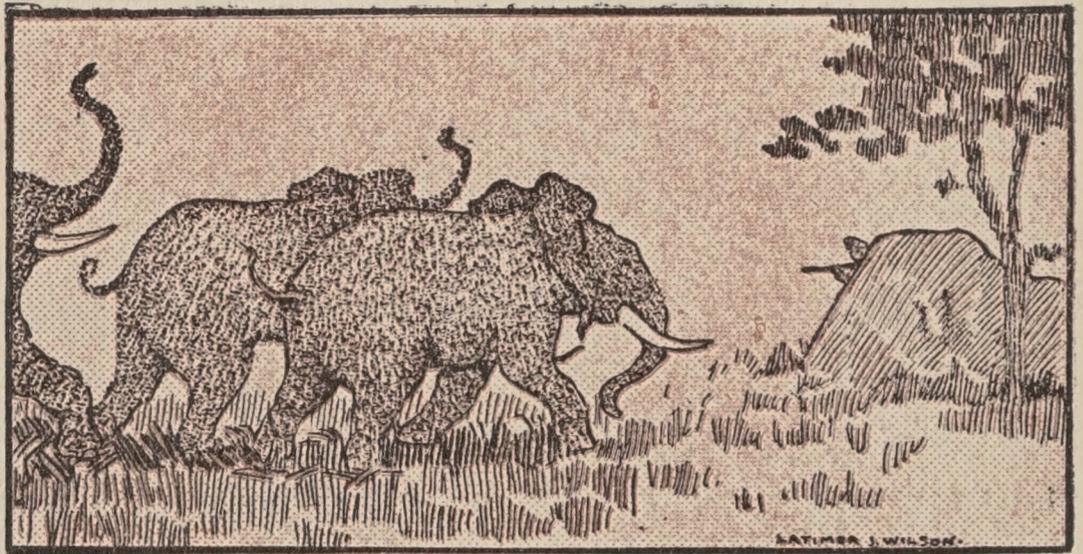
and huge hippopotami lazily moving about in the waters of the lake.

In the trees were pretty, graceful birds, while beautiful butterflies made their homes among the flowers. On the other hand were the falls, roaring like awful thunder, with rusty crocodiles

But we had no time to enjoy the beauties and grandeur of the falls, but had to march as rapidly as we could to a point on the Nile where the Emperor promised to have boats to take us down the river. After leaving the falls, General Kermit, Juma, and I had walked a little faster than the others, and came upon a most remarkable sight. On a plain in front of us were hundreds of elephants feeding on the high grass. We could not miss getting a shot at some of them; so we selected as a place to hide a big rock with a little tree growing by it.

General Kermit and Juma hid in the grass near the rock, while I got on the far side of the rock from them and hid in a scrubby tree. We had not more than reached this place when five elephants marched toward the rock. Before they got close enough for a ball to kill, Juma fired and hit one of the huge animals. This made the wounded elephant mad, and he charged at once, the others following. The General and Juma continued to fire, but on came the elephants. Two were badly wounded, which only checked their speed. In another moment they would be upon my friends unless they killed them. To kill five elephants in

a minute was not to be thought of, so General Kermit and Juma crawled as far under the rock as they could. I was too high up for the beasts to get me; and when one of the animals reached his trunk down to pull them from under the rock, I shot him in the eye, and the monster tottered and fell. This scared the others, and away they ran. The warriors had



On came the elephants!

heard the shooting, and, coming to us, were overjoyed at seeing the dead elephant. After skinning him, they cut his flesh into chunks and smoked it over a fire, which required such a long time that we camped there for the night.

At daybreak we took up our march for the point on the river where the Emperor had promised that our boats would be. They were

there, and also the soldiers who had been ordered to accompany us to Gondokoro; but they refused to get into the boats, saying that the river ran through a bewitched country, and that every one who entered it would die. Although these negro warriors knew the Emperor would cut off their heads if they disobeyed him, we could get but few of them to go with us.

We knew that we had a long, hard, and dangerous journey down the river in the little boats; and if we escaped being destroyed by the big alligators and hippopotami that lived in the river, we were in danger of being killed by lions, leopards, or the savage negroes who roamed the forests. But we were glad to be on our way home.

Day after day we guided our boats downstream, winding our way in and out among the masses of matted grass and water plants that formed floating islands upon the river. The animals in the water took no notice of us; and not having seen any natives that wanted to fight, we had become careless of danger. But as we were passing a place in the river where the grass and flowering plants grew far out into the water, we were reminded of end-

less danger by several boat loads of negro warriors coming out of hiding and making at us. So well had they been hidden that they were almost upon us before we saw them.

On they came, yelling that they were going to feed us to the fish. I was seated in the front of my boat, and before I well knew what I was



SAVAGES SHOOTING AT US.

doing, I had fired my big elephant gun at the front boat. The shot tore a hole in the bark canoe, which made it fill with water and sink. But the sinking of this boat did not stop our enemies. On they came, shouting as before. The savages were armed only with spears, and

could do us no harm until they got close enough to spear us.

But before the nearest boat was within spearing distance, General Kermit ordered us to fire. Several of the enemy's boats went to the bottom of the river, and the men who could had to swim for their lives.

Their chief was killed, and the boats in the rear put out for the shore. We pulled to the middle of the river, but the savages ran along the banks, shouting and shooting arrows at us.

As we floated down the river, thousands of negroes joined those on the banks, and we knew that we should be in great danger if the river became narrow.

I think I have told you enough until we meet again. Then I shall tell you about the end of our exciting trip.



Ninth Evening.

CHILDREN, I know that you will be glad to learn that the river became wider as we paddled on, and the savages could do us no harm; and when dark came we heard no more of them. We remained in our boats, paddling with all our might, until the sun rose high over our heads; then we landed, cooked some food, and rested until the cool of the afternoon.

We learned that the river emptied into a lake called Albert Nyanza, and that we should have many falls and rapids to pass before we could get to the lake. From this lake we should again find the Nile flowing toward the north, and, after a long journey down that river, we should reach Gondokoro.

The natives were now more friendly, and we were able to buy food without much trouble. As a result, we traveled along very well until one evening about sundown we heard a

roar which grew more dreadful as we continued down the river. The water soon began to carry our boat along very swiftly, for we were getting into the rapids near the falls.

Before our boats got to going so fast that we could not control them with our oars, and when the roar of the falls was almost deafening, we pulled to the shore. We made our supper on bananas, elephant's meat, fish, and some monkeys that I had killed.

It was well that we had Uganda boats, which are the best-built boats in the world; but we had to take them out of the river and carry them around these falls, which was necessary at many other places on our journey. But with all the hard wear, they lasted us until we got within a hundred miles of Gondokoro, when we were compelled to travel overland.

Our food supply having given out, we now had to live on bananas, other fruit, and the animals we could kill. If our hunters were not lucky, we went hungry. This, with many other hardships, discouraged the warriors, and each day found us with fewer men; but we pushed on until father and General Kermit became so weak from African fever that they could travel no farther. We had to make our

camp on the bank of the river and care for them as best we could.

Two of our men were sent to Gondokoro for help, while Juma, Fisi, and I remained to guard the sick. The night after our men had left us was dark, cloudy, and cold. Our camp fires were piled with wood and wet leaves that we might get a dense smoke to drive away the mosquitoes, for nowhere in the world are there so many and so bold mosquitoes as are found along the Nile and in Central Africa. At times it seemed as though they would pester us to death, and the only way we had of getting rid of them was to stay in smoke that would almost smother us.

Juma had just finished putting some wood on our fires when we heard the toot, toot of the native war horns, followed by the sound of the war drums. We knew that the natives were calling their people together, and we felt sure that it was for the purpose of making war on us.

We assisted father and General Kermit to a place down near the river, and made for them a bed of leaves. With logs we built a fort to protect ourselves should the negroes make a rush at us with their spears.

We now had the fires in front of us and the river behind us, so we could see any movement of our enemies. As a rule, the negroes will fight only during the day; but as the toot, toot of the war horns had stopped and the war drums had ceased to beat, we felt that



The savages danced about the fire.

they meant mischief that night. In silence we waited for what might happen. The negroes must have thought that we had run away; for hundreds of warriors with nothing on but a coat of grease mixed with red iron rust dashed

out of the bushes, running to our camp fires. As the savages danced and circled about in the firelight, the scene would have made a good picture of hell and its devils. As yet our fort had not been seen; and as the negroes have little idea of tracking, it was not until some of them had shouted themselves thirsty and started to the river for a drink that we were found. With spears in hand, they made a rush at us, but were met by a fire from our guns that sent them howling to the woods.

The great danger and excitement must have done father and the General more good than medicine; for they were better than they had been since having the fever, and used their guns as well as any of us.

The toot, toot of the war horns and the beating of the war drums were again heard, and we knew from this that more men were being called for. We at once got logs to make our fort higher and stronger, covering it with brush, so we could not be killed with spears thrown over the top of it. When daylight came there must have been five hundred or a thousand soldiers ready for war.

All day long these black demons fought with spears, throwing them at our fort; and all day

we lay behind our logs, driving them back with our guns. But as the sun began to sink, the dread of night came upon us. In the rays of the setting sun the river looked more like a stream of blood than one of water.

For some reason they had gone away to a part of the woods where we could not see them, and the only sounds that now came to our ears were the murmur of the river, the croaking of the frogs, and the chatter of the insects. We might not have a better time than this to prepare something to eat and get water. But when I waded out into the river to procure water that did not have so many bugs and insects in it as that close to the shore, I heard the splash of paddles. I hurried back to the fort and asked Juma who he thought it was. "Those fellows," he said, "are coming up the river in canoes, and we shall have to fight them on land and water."

At this moment a number of spears hit our fort, and with a yell the negroes rushed from the bushes and reeds that grew along the bank of the river.

Juma was struck in the left shoulder and badly wounded; but, pulling out the spear, he joined the rest of us in opening fire on the

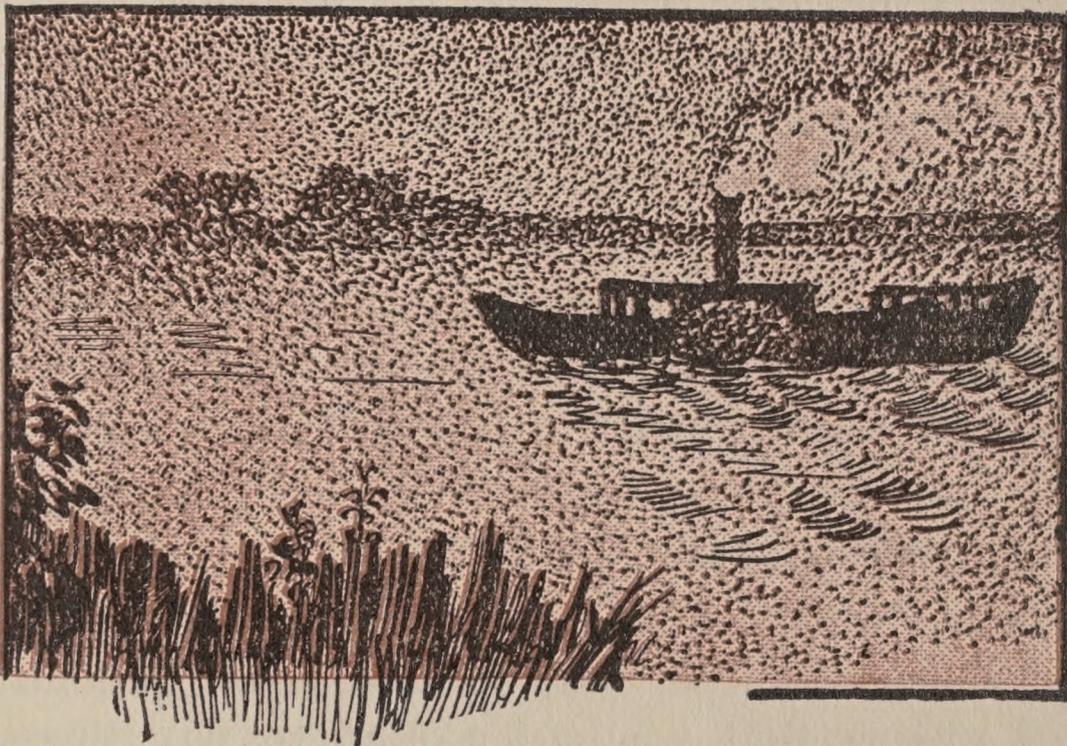
savages. Our firing stopped them but a moment, for it was now so dark that we could not see how to take aim. We had expected to keep the savages back until we received help from Gondokoro, but we had now lost hope. The black warriors were crowding close around our fort, and some of them had even climbed on it before we could drive them away.

My shoulder was battered sore by my elephant gun kicking me, and Juma was weakened from the wound he had received. But we must fight until death released us from our agony. If these black demons captured us, they would torture every one to death; and the longer they were doing it, the more they would enjoy seeing us die. We felt that now the savages would come at us from the land and the water, and it was with the bravery known only to men in our dangerous place that we prepared to meet them.

The next time the blacks appeared, they seemed to come from everywhere except the river. Spears and arrows rained upon our fort. Fisi was wounded, Juma could scarcely load his gun, while father and General Kermit were too weak to keep up a constant firing.

The savages were crowding upon us, and it

looked to me that we were lost, when I heard a long, loud whistle. I had never heard anything like it in Africa. The negro warriors became frightened at what they heard, and ran to the woods. Again I heard the whistle and a "chug, chug" noise. Every one looked down



THE BOAT THAT SAVED US.

the river and saw what was to us the most beautiful sight that we ever beheld. It was a steamboat with sparks flying from the chimneys and the white steam puffing from her escape pipes.

Our enemies had been the first to see the boat, and, thinking it a huge devil, ran to the

woods. We were not only spared from an awful death, but were soon on board the first steamboat that had ever been that far up the Nile.

The officers and men in charge gave us the best of care; but the long-continued hardships that I had undergone and the dreadful strain I had been under while protecting our little fort had been too much for me.

That night I went into a high fever, and knew nothing more that happened until we had gone far down the Nile. As we traveled farther north, the pure air from over the desert gave me strength; and when we arrived at Cairo, in the northern part of Egypt, I was able to leave the boat and go to a hospital.

We paid Juma and Fisi double the amount of money that we had agreed to pay them, bade them a grateful farewell, and sent them back home by the way of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean.

We had a delightful voyage back to America, and there was great rejoicing on our arriving at home. We found letters from my uncle telling of the discovery of large quantities of gold in California and of so many people

who had found it that father decided to give up his place in the zoo and take his family to California to hunt for the precious metal. But before leaving General Kermit I made him promise me that he would take me with him if he ever journeyed through any other country than Africa.

Now, children, if you look upon the map of Africa as it is to-day, you will find that the names of nearly all the countries we passed through have been changed, the country of Uganda being about the only one that retains the old name. The different governments of Europe have taken all this part of Africa for their own use. The negro villages that we passed through have long ago been destroyed, and in some places towns have been built by the white people. Where we toiled on our journey through the jungles, along narrow paths, suffering from heat, thirst, and hunger, men to-day travel on a railroad train in palace cars. The whistle and roar of the locomotive are now heard where then the roar of the lion and the whistle of the rhino broke the stillness of the night. Numbers of steamboats are now on the Nile River, and the hippo in Lake Victoria Nyanza must get out of the

way of the large steam vessels that to-day plow her waters.

Christian missionaries are teaching and preaching the gospel to the natives of the countries through which we traveled. But there are so many millions of negroes and so few missionaries that it will require years and years to teach all these people.

But the white man has been and is now taking possession of the land of the negro, and these people will become the slaves of the white race or be driven from place to place as the red man was driven in America. And in the hundreds of years to come the negro race will join the American Indian in the land beyond the grave.

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