

THE TOMB OF SHEIKH HUSEIN.

Photograph by F. Gilliet.



and followed by about sixty of my boys, clad in clean white tobes, or cloaks, with turbans on their heads, and their bodies well smeared with ghee. After them came the long train of camels, sheep, and goats, and a motley crowd of natives bringing up the rear. By the gateway before described there were grouped some three hundred natives, with their chiefs, ready to receive us. The whole affair



WOMEN OF SHEIKH HUSEIN.

Photograph by F. Gillett.

had a touch of religious mystery about it that made it odd and amusing to the Europeans. It was now the time for our hosts to show themselves highly appreciative of the holy and tremendous event of our coming. Led by an old man with long gray hair, they went through such contortions as I never believed human beings capable of. All were provided with long sticks in lieu of spears, which they crossed with one another, making a deafening sound,

at the same time singing and shouting to the accompaniment of a huge bass drum. They clapped their hands, danced, and twisted themselves into all manner of mad shapes. After this had gone on for some time, Sheikh Ali came forward and conducted us to the camping-place that had been prepared a couple of hundred yards further on, and here again we were surrounded by a dancing, singing mob. Later in the afternoon great feasts were prepared by the natives, as well as by my boys, to whom I gave a fat camel and an extra portion of ghee.

The women were not allowed to take part in these festivities, having to content themselves by looking on a long distance off. Luckily there was only a small shower through the day, but during the night and almost the whole of the next day there was a steady downpour, and we felt the cold keenly.

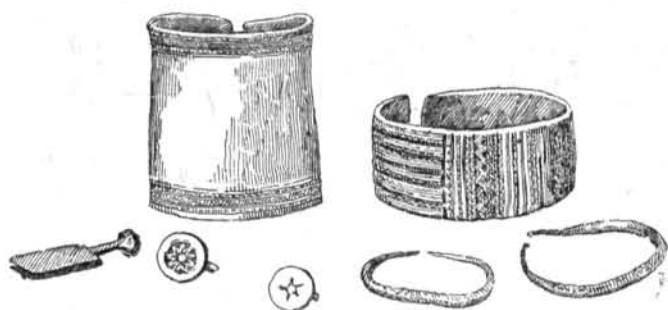
Several Abyssinians came to the camp; but, from the continual tales they offered of the difficulties and dangers of the road ahead, I was afraid they were secretly doing all they could to prevent our progress. I told them I was very anxious to visit the chain of lakes that extends south from Demble, and thence pass southwest to Lake Rudolf.¹

The Abyssinians had been very polite, bringing us grain and animals for sale at reasonable prices. One young officer brought his wife, a girl of about fifteen, and told me he would relinquish all claim to her as long as I remained

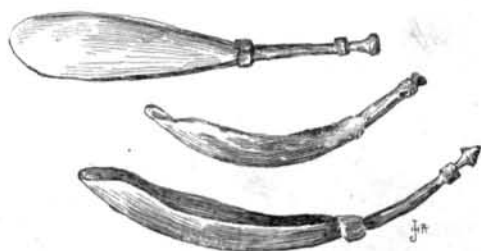
¹ To the west of Sheikh Husein, twelve miles distant, there is a high, rocky, barren mountain called Abougasin, towering to the height of nearly nine thousand feet. It is quite isolated in a broad valley, and acts as a landmark in this country. After we left this neighborhood the Abyssinians informed me that at the foot of Mount Abougasin there were some curious stone figures of horsemen. Just around the southern base of this mountain curves the Webi Shebeli. I was glad of this discovery, as it had been believed by some that the Webi Shebeli arose from a chain of small lakes not far from the Erer River, but here it was coming from the high mountains about Demble, and passing at the very foot of Sheikh Husein.

in the neighborhood, if I wished to have her stop with me in camp. I had to use considerable diplomacy in this case to avoid accepting the man's offer and at the same time not hurt his feelings.

After we had been two days at Sheikh Husein, all but fifteen of our boys rebelled, saying they could not stand the



cold, and were going home at once. We managed to get the rifles away from the leaders of the rebellion, and then I told the boys that if they wished to return home they would receive no pay, food, or rifles. One by one they

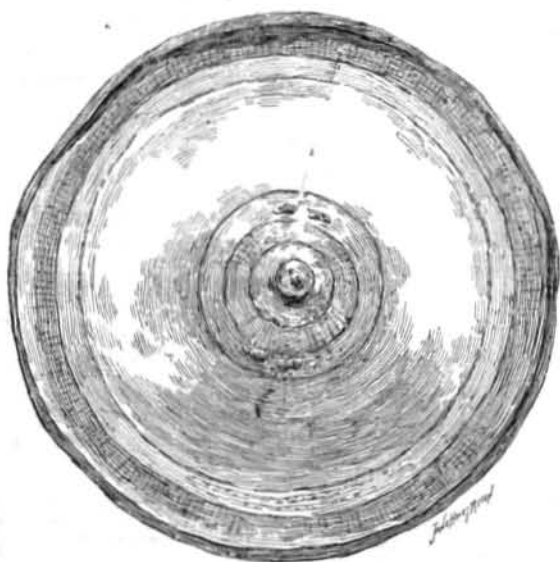


gradually returned to their work. The ringleaders were given extra hard work, and their rifles were kept from them for several days.

On the 25th of September some thirty Abyssinians visited the camp, to whom I gave a few fancy beads and looking-glasses. They and the Gallas are very fond of

small beads, brass chains, looking-glasses, needles, pocket-knives, and razors. The costly and really pretty ornaments I had with me were not liked as much as the most ordinary chains. There was a great demand for cloth. A shilling's worth of coarse American sheeting would buy a sword or knife, a bushel of durrha meal, or anything they possessed.

The rain had made the road ahead impassable, so there was nothing for me to do but wait for a while in the town.

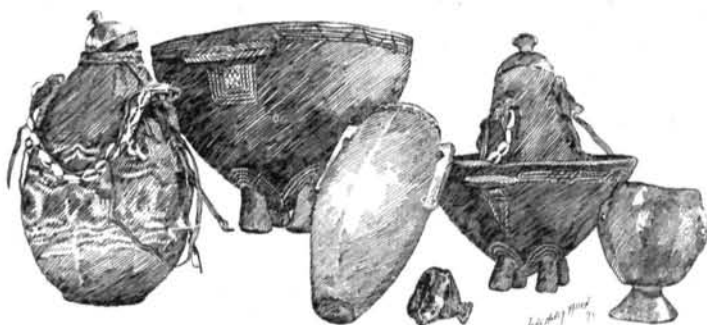


I spent the time however to advantage, as there was a great variety of natural-history specimens to be collected that I had not seen before.

Fred left for the North for a two days' elephant hunt, but he was not as successful in this trip as he usually was, and it was principally owing to my theodolite. They used to watch me in wonderment when I took observations with this instrument, and it appears that my boys had told them that when I looked through the glass I could

see anything in the country. Fred told me briefly of his journey as follows:—

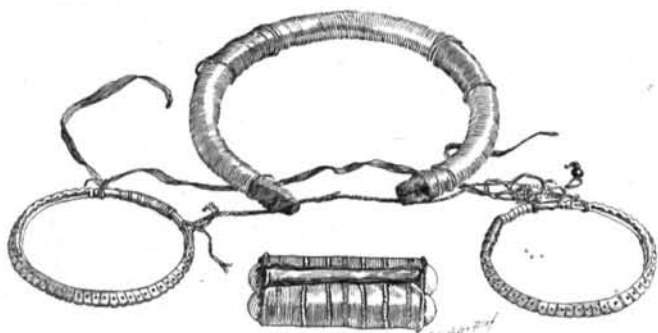
He journeyed for twenty-five miles, and on the following day his guide took him out to show him the track of an elephant two days old, and told him to look at it with his instrument, and see where the animal was. "At first I felt inclined to annihilate him; but seeing from his face that he was in earnest, and there was no humbug, I told him it was no use my looking at it. He said 'The other man looks into his instrument, and afterwards he says, "What do you call a place a hundred miles in that



direction? How many days does it take to reach a large lake in that direction?" Not wishing to lose the man's respect, I set up my camera, and turning to him, said very gravely, 'This elephant has bad tusks,—one is broken; and as he is very far away, I will return to camp.'

As it continued raining, and it was impossible to move, I managed to get considerable information from the natives concerning the man Sheikh Husein. Sheikh Husein came from Bagdad to this country two hundred years ago, with his lieutenant, Sheikh Mohammed, in order to convert the natives to Mohammedanism. He chose this lovely spot for his abode, while Sheikh Mohammed settled on a plateau thirty miles to the southwest. When the

two saints arrived at Harar they are supposed to have seated themselves on a rug, and to have prayed to Mohammed to transport them to some spot where they could work to the best advantage. Allah heard their prayers, and, raising them on a cloud, wafted them gently westward until they alighted on a hill in the Arusa Galla country, where they were commanded to sow their seed and create a wondrous town in the name of the Prophet. They were given a sword of Akhbar, which would slay all their enemies and protect their own holy persons from injury. And unto them was given the power of calling



forth the rocks from the mountains and causing noble edifices to appear strong enough to resist the attacks of elephants, and with walls high enough to keep out the hungry lions.

The tomb of Sheikh Husein was erected in one night, after the death of the saint, by superhuman force. No one dares venture into the enclosure at night, as the ghost of Sheikh Husein is supposed to haunt the place. The birds are regarded as more or less sacred, and Dodson and I were warned that some calamity would befall us if we persisted in collecting them. Sheikh Husein and Sheikh Mohammed had many children by Galla wives, and their descendants form the greater part of the population of the

two settlements that have been named after them. The people are very unlike any Africans I met during my journey, as they are much more intelligent and more highly civilized. They are light in color, with slender bodies, and do not average in height over five feet four inches, their features showing strongly their Asiatic origin. They are well clothed in cloth of their own manufacture, and their necks and arms are loaded down with heavy necklaces and bracelets, made of lead, brass, ivory, or beads. The women wear a brass ornament resembling a double cylinder over their foreheads, while suspended from their heads, over their ears, are two enormous brass rings. The boys are all obliged to learn Arabic, and countless are the inscriptions from the Koran, bound in the form of books, which are to be found in the tombs.



Besides the five shining white tombs, there were several stone mosques in the town. There was also a large artificial pond, from which a stone aqueduct led into the fields for purposes of irrigation. About ten years ago there was a great epidemic of cholera at Sheikh Husein, which had swept away four-fifths of the inhabitants, leaving only about five hundred permanent dwellers. The poor natives knew so little about sanitary conditions that they buried their dead around the edge of the pond from which they drank. In great contrast to their so-called Christian rulers, the Abyssinians, I found these people to be very moral in

regard to the relation of the two sexes. They were very honest and trustworthy, and seemed to be desirous of doing anything they could to help a stranger. There were many lesser kudu in the country, — a bit of thick jungle three-quarters of a mile from camp being a favorite resort for these beautiful antelope. On the 30th of September, we resolved to try to drive them, sending about forty men to beat the bushes. Fred was fortunate in securing his animal, which was a magnificent specimen, and he gives his story as follows: —

“It was a very hot day, and as I rested my hands over the barrels of my rifle, a gorgeous butterfly came and settled on them, then flew away to a flower, and hovered around it, and came back. Birds were flying from bush to bush, making little flashes of color over the green foliage.

“The men approached in a long line, making as little noise as possible. Happening to look behind me, I saw what I took to be an old dry branch of a tree. It seemed to move, however; so I watched closely, and soon made out the horn of a buck feeding behind a bush. It had passed me without my having noticed it, but now it was at my mercy, and the rifle rang out its death note.”

On the 1st of October two Abyssinians appeared as envoys from General Wal-da-Gubbra. They said that Emperor Menelek had appointed Wal-da-Gubbra king of this part of the country. He had returned from a war down South, and was now in his town of Ginea, within two marches of our camp. He was angry at our not having given him notice before we entered his country, and as he could not understand what we wanted, he wished that I should visit him. I asked the messengers why their master would not come to us. They replied, “Never;” but if we would visit him, and let him see that we meant nothing wrong, he would do all he could to assist us on our

journey. As I intended going for a long time through Abyssinian territory (the country ahead being governed by Ras Dargue, a brother of the Emperor Menelek), it was indeed best to make friends with these people.

I spent the next day deliberating what I should do. It would have been impossible to move the caravan across the high, rough mountain range, to the Abyssinian town, and I did not like the idea of leaving the camp in the rather unsettled state in which it was. Fred insisted that he should go instead of me. I finally agreed to accept his kind offer. We felt it was rather a dangerous undertaking, but at the same time Fred did not think the Abyssinians would attempt to use foul play towards him while I remained behind with almost the whole force of Somalis. Gillett started off on the 3d of October, with my head man and eight boys. As soon as he had gone, a horrible feeling of anxiety came over me for his safety, although my judgment told me that no harm would come to him. I knew he would not return for a week, and this long period of suspense I must undergo would be most unpleasant. The agreement was that if I did not hear in a week from my friend, I should rush to attack the Abyssinians, leaving the camp in charge of the natives of Sheikh Husein. My Somalis were suffering much from the cold, and were very impatient at the long delay, knowing the while that Lake Rudolf was still far away.

The rain seemed to be increasing rather than diminishing, and the camp was two or three inches under water, or else a mass of mud, continually. I tried to keep my boys cheerful by instituting games of all sorts, and by drilling them night and morning, giving them also much target practice. As there was a possibility of the Abyssinians attacking the camp, these drills were a most

necessary precaution. I also offered a rupee to any of my boys who would bring me in any new natural-history specimens; consequently dozens of snakes, lizards, mammals, and curious kinds of bugs were being continually brought to my tent. My boy Karsha captured for me, in a dense bush where we had had the kudu drive, an animal fourteen inches long, and covered with long, silvery white fur, resembling the *Lophiomys imhausi*. This was the only one of these animals seen on the trip.



LOPHIOMYS SMITHII,
Rhodes, Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

On the 5th of October, when I awoke at daybreak, I could see nothing beyond a few feet from me, on account of the fog. It was very cold, and one of my tent boys, Abdi Kereen, looked like a lost soul going to the infernal regions as he brought me my tub. My other servant, Abdi Farrah, who was the most cheerful and pleasant boy in the camp, however, came to me as usual with a hearty "Salem sahib," and started at his work cheerfully. And so it was with my men all around, — some dreadfully

depressed and grumbling, others doing what they could to keep the camp in good spirits.

The climate seemed to be doing Dodson good, for he was getting fat, in spite of his being continually at work. He proved a first-rate fellow, skinning nine or ten birds daily, besides doing much to assist me in collecting. I had a false alarm sounded during the night, and found that the men fell into their places admirably. They had been quick to learn, and by this time were in fine order.

The next day I was delighted to get a letter from Fred, dated October 4.

DEAR DONALD,—Bad road. Hope to arrive at Ginea to-morrow. Cannot be back in seven days. Will try to let you know by another note. Have crossed the Gillett range, sleeping on top last night. Very wet. Ground in swamp. Aneroids marked six thousand nine hundred feet, the highest peak being, I should think, nine thousand feet. We looked across plain, and saw the Daro and Hawatu hills. We must cross the river Darde to-morrow. Abyssinians are sending three oxen; one of them was brought to me to-day, very fat.

Yours ever,

FRED.

So we were still to spend many more days here. The situation began to look serious, and it seemed that the General Wal-da-Gubbra had much larger forces with him than I had at first expected.

About the only sport that I indulged in was shooting vulturine guinea-fowl, of which there were large flocks in the neighborhood. These birds were the greatest boon to us on our journey, and were found almost everywhere where there was water. There are three species of guinea-fowl in Africa, the vulturine guinea-fowl being extremely handsome. It is much larger than the ordinary domesti-

cated guinea-fowl, and the primary feathers on its wings, as well as the feathers on its breast, are of a rich purple color.

The rain stopped for a few days, so that I could have proceeded on my journey; but on the 11th of October Haji Idris returned from Ginea without Fred, but bringing a note from him in which he said: —

“Wal-da-Gubbra a good old chap, but he insists upon seeing you personally. Has treated me as well as he could. Promises a great present if you come, in the way of camels and mules, and also a safe journey all the way to Kaffa, to which point the Abyssinians rule. I am off for an elephant hunt.”

It seemed as if the only course open to me was to visit Wal-da-Gubbra; so I started at once on my journey to Ginea, after sending Dodson with the caravan around the Gillett range to Sheikh Mohammed, a distance of thirty-five miles. The scenery was very beautiful, and reminded me much of Norway, or mountainous parts of my own country. It was most enjoyable as we wound our way along the sides of the mountains, through dense forests of spruce and pine trees, covered with moss reaching to the ground, and crossed little brooks of clear, rushing water, about which myriads of butterflies were hovering in the moist air. We caught here and there glimpses of the valley far below us, and of the Shebeli River pursuing its tortuous course through a deep crevasse about the base of Mount Abougasin. As we approached a small Abyssinian village the officer in charge and ten of his soldiers came to meet us on their mules, and escorted us on our way. The captain and his men, seeing me catching butterflies in a net, started to collect the insects by striking them with their riding-whips. Of course they would break the insects' wings, so I had to tell them that it would

be useless to try to help me in collecting. "Why," they said, "do you only eat the wings?"

On the 15th of October, when I had nearly reached Ginea, I met Fred and his boys in the road. He had wondered why I had not come the day before, and had started back to Sheikh Husein; but he now decided he would go with me to Ginea. We were delighted to see each other, as when we parted the last time we did not know what might come of our dealings with the Abyssinians.

Sitting down at once to tiffin, we had a good long talk, the following being my friend's story of his journey to Ginea:—

"We started from the camp at Sheikh Husein at 11 A.M. It presented a most touching scene,—we might have been going to certain death, such were the tender farewells that were taken of us; the men formed a group and offered up prayers for our safety, and then one by one shook us by the hand in the most solemn manner. Our road, which led in a southerly direction, was at least eight yards across, and quite the best I had seen in Africa, being the main road to Sheikh Mohammed, made in Sheikh Husein's time, and leading through a dense jungle of bush that would otherwise have defied a passage. The two Shoans rode on ahead in great spirits at having successfully accomplished their mission.

"After a little over an hour we followed a path that branched off from the main road and led to the mountains. From this time we began to ascend. The bushes changed into trees, and they in turn increased in size till we met with some it would have taken two men to have spanned. I noticed a parasite on the trees that was an exact vegetable representation of red coral. In places we had to use the axe to make a way for the camel, cutting down large trees that barred the path. When the aneroid marked six thou-

sand eight hundred feet we came to a large field of durrha and one of pumpkins; it was much damper, moss growing on most of the trees. Up the steepest path we proceeded, great chasms of red earth yawning on either side, or else the mountain going sheer down from the feet of the mule.

"From the top of the pass we descended three hundred feet to where we camped. This spot, heavy with moisture and reeking with wet, is another farm worked by Galla hands for Shoan mouths, durrha, wheat, and pumpkins growing in large patches,—the houses of the Shoans being surrounded by a high stockade, and the huts of the Gallas being made with wooden posts and thatched roofs. The best place we could select for our camp was a perfect swamp; and from it we could see into the plain on the other side of the range, and in the distance, about thirty-five miles off, the Daro and Hawatu hills, the latter being formed of upright columns of rock, which give it a curious appearance. Hearing that our camel was unable to bring up its load, the Shoans despatched Gallas to carry up our things, and whilst waiting for them the boys held evening prayers, and I shot a dove for my supper. We were very well treated, the Gallas being made to bring us wood, honey, milk, and durrha meal,—the honey being chiefly wax, and the milk having a peculiar flavor, caused, I fancy, by the animal having eaten some spruce, which I found growing here.

"Owing to several showers of rain, we did not get off the following morning till 7 A. M., when, the road being said to be too bad for our camel to go loaded, eight Gallas were pressed into carrying our things, much to their disgust (but on the first sign of rebellion the Shoans clouted them over the head and forced them to pick up their loads). Our path, leading in a southeast direction, took us down into the plain, where we came to a village, and found a

beautiful black ox tied to a tree, — a present from Wal-da-Gubbra. After leaving this village, our road led through a forest of giant euphorbias, exceedingly dense, but, wherever it was at all open, full of elephant tracks. This forest led down to the river Darde, flowing east. It was full of water, but we managed to wade across, and halted for a short time to allow the boys to bathe and pray. After this the country changed, becoming more open, the euphorbias still large, but growing several yards apart.

"We camped at 4 p.m. at a large village in a flat, grassy country, dry, and swarming with guinea-fowl, of which I shot three, at the same time scaring a large wildcat. The following morning we again started at seven o'clock, and as we did so one of the Shoans presented me with his whip, saying, 'A great man needs one for his mule and his slave.' The Shoans mount from the off-side of their mules, and ride with only the big toe in the stirrup. We had not gone far when it began to rain; we were at once enveloped in a thick mist, and the water poured down on us until I was drenched. After an hour and a half we came to a hut and took refuge, squatting over a fire and eating chuko, a mixture of durrha meal, salt, and chilli-pepper, which was given to us in dirty wooden bowls, but was very comforting in our chilled, wet state. I now found it would be impossible for my camel to get to the Shoan camp before night, and as there was no food at the hut for my men, I determined to push on and do without my tent.

"The rain had cleared off by the time we started, and the country soon showed signs of old cultivation. The soil was exceedingly black, and ridges marked the boundaries of the crops. I asked the Shoans if it had not been so, and they replied, 'Yes; four years ago we came here and found the crops just ripe; the people fought and killed

some of us, and we exterminated most of them, and what were left died of hunger.' And men's skulls lying in all directions showed there was some truth in what they said. The rain did not hold up long, and, cold and miserable, we ambled along on our mules till far away in the distance our guides pointed out to us a hill, on the top of which they told us lay the Shoan fort. The rain cleared away just before we got to the foot of the hill, leaving me without a dry rag on my body; at the same time Haji Idris, riding up alongside of me, said, 'Are we to give up our rifles if they ask for them?' 'No,' I replied. 'Then we shall have to fight,' he answered, as he dropped behind again. One of the Shoans rode on ahead to announce our approach, and with doubtful feelings we ascended the steep slope, on the top of which stood the village, surrounded by a high wooden stockade.

"Before the door a crowd of men were assembled, and pouring through it herds of cattle. Trying to appear as dignified as circumstances would permit, I entered, and proceeded up a steep path till I reached the top. I was here requested to dismount, and, passing through another door, found an enclosure with a large circular tent in it, and a group of Shoans waiting for me, who bowed to the ground and made signs to me to enter; I did so, and was nearly suffocated by the smoke, having to throw myself down flat to be able to breathe. By doing so I discovered two Persian rugs for me, and, as soon as I could see, found the tent was made of brown blankets, and in the centre of it a large fire burning. Wal-da-Gubbra sent me a tobe, and I was quickly stripped of my dripping garments, and gathering warmth from the bright blaze without and from some darde (an Abyssinian drink) within. To my joy and surprise the Shoans were almost servile. They brought us a sheep, whose throat my men cut just

outside the tent; also some coffee, milk, bread, and honey.

"The Persian rug was too full of animal life to allow me to sleep all night, and early in the morning our guides came and advised us to send Wal-da-Gubbra some little present, — a rifle for instance. We of course pooh-poohed the idea, and put our wet things out to dry; but these I soon had to put on again, as Wal-da-Gubbra wished to see me. Preceded by his interpreter, Hazach Jarro, and followed by Idris and Ahamed Noor, I entered an inner enclosure and found Wal-da-Gubbra seated under a canopy, with a row of men at his back. In a stern voice I was asked why I had come to this country, what we wanted, and if we were sent by a king. He then told me there were very bad people ahead of us, and asked if I was not afraid of being killed. To which I replied that when God wanted a life he took it, wherever it was; whereupon the audience broke up, and after watching the soldiers file out I returned to my tent.

"The following morning, dressed in a suit of blue flannel pyjamas, so as not to be outdone by the splendor of yesterday, I again went to see Wal-da-Gubbra. This time I was shown into his private house, and besides a few boys there was no one present. He received me cordially, and motioned me to a rug at his side. He opened the ball by telling me that, being a stranger, I needed everything from him; whereupon I made him a present of a colored blanket and a bottle of wine. He then said that we could go where we liked and do what we liked, and that we must write a letter to Menelek, King of Abyssinia; upon which Idris and Ahamed Noor kissed his feet, and I, not feeling up to such an ordeal, shook him warmly by the hand. I find that if a Shoan kills an elephant it counts the same as if he had killed forty men; a lion equals ten, a leopard five, and a

rhinoceros four. Five days after leaving Ginea I went to meet Donald, and spent the night at the village, where I expected to find him; but he did not turn up. I had no one with me who could speak Galla, and had run out of food, and the natives, for what reason I could not understand, had turned nasty and refused to give us anything, whilst only a few days before when I had camped there they had showered eatables into the camp. With the few words of Galla at our disposal we tried to find out if Donald had passed, and we gathered that he had gone another way.

"The following morning we started towards Sheikh Hussein, when the natives barred the way and pointed to Ginea. We marched on, however, and at first I thought we were in for a row, so persistently did the natives try to stop us. At last they brought a sheep, honey, milk, and durrha, and begged us to stop; but, not knowing what had become of Donald, I marched on. About the middle of the day I found the path cleared, then large trees cut down, then in a bad place the path had been turned to the side and a way cut fresh through the jungle, so as to allow a camel to pass easily along.

"What did it all mean? At first I could not make out, and thought that perhaps the Shoan army had marched on Sheikh Huscin; soon, however, I met a native, and asking him what it meant, he said, 'Feringi' (European), and not long after I met Donald. All this work had been done to allow him to come easily to Ginea, and was the greatest honor old Gubbra could pay him. To say it was joyful meeting again does not describe it; and when the table was set under the shade of a large euphorbia and we fell to, life seemed at its pleasantest."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ABYSSINIANS GIVE ME A ROYAL RECEPTION — THE TOWN OF GINEA — OFFERS OF WIVES — GENERAL WAL-DA-GUBBRA AND HIS FAMILY — THE ABYSSINIANS — FRENCH INFLUENCE — I WRITE TO EMPEROR MENELEK — AN ELEPHANT HUNT — A GREAT DISCOVERY — A VERY BEAUTIFUL AND CURIOUS SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE ; THE CAVES OF WYNDLAWN — MEETING THE CARAVAN AGAIN AT SHEIKH MOHAMMED — LONG DELAYS — AN EXTINCT CRAITER — BEAUTIFUL NEW BIRD — WE CAN WAIT NO LONGER — MARCH TO THE BUDDA.

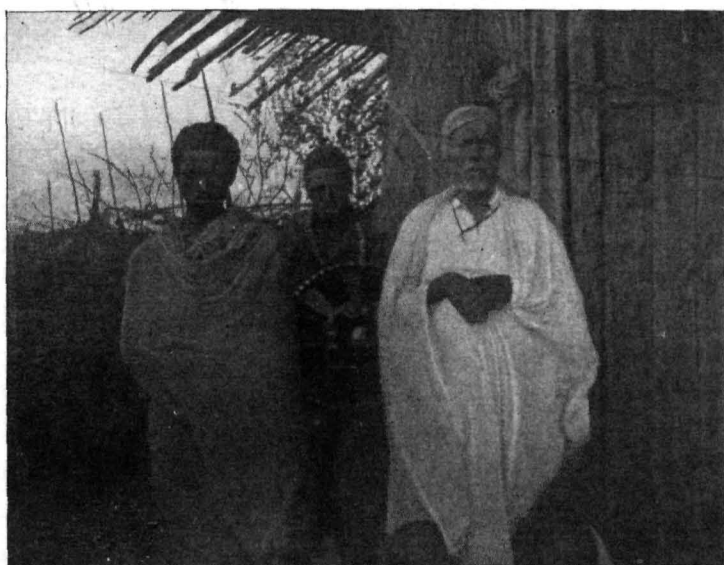
I WAS astonished at the preparations made for my reception by Wal-da-Gubbra. A broad road was cut for us through the thick bush, more than a hundred Galla slaves having been engaged in this work. These natives were standing in groups as we passed, and, to show their respect, bowed down to the ground before us. It seemed, indeed, as if I were to be given a royal reception. When we got to within half a mile of Ginea we were met by a troop of Abyssinians, led by Hazach Jarro, Wal-da-Gubbra's interpreter. Next to the old general, this man, who was a eunuch, was the most powerful commander in Ginea. The town of Ginea is situated on an isolated hill rising from an undulating, grassy plateau to the south of the Gillett Mountains. A high, thick wooden stockade surrounds about a hundred and fifty large thatched huts, while outside of this stockade are scattered twice that number of native dwellings. A dozen large tents scattered among the huts give the place rather a military appearance.

Fred and I dismounted from our mules as we reached the gate, and, marching through a double line of soldiers, with our fifteen Somali boys, were escorted to a spot where we were to camp. A fat ox was presented to us, and large quantities of honey, darde, spiced cakes, and various Abyssinian dishes composed of meal. Certainly the Abyssinians endeavored to entertain us in every way in their power. As soon as our tents were up, the natives heaped about them loads of sweet-smelling grass, showing a refinement in their tastes that took me quite by surprise.

Hazach Jarro inquired almost at once why we had not brought our wives along. Upon our telling him that, although we were willing to risk our own lives, we did not wish to endanger those of women by taking them through a country we knew nothing of, the old interpreter asked us if he could not provide us with some of the fair sex from his own village. He seemed much astonished when we told him we were quite content with the good things which had already been lavished upon us. Many slaves were appointed to do our bidding, causing great delight among our Somali boys, as they had no work to do except to sleep and eat. I did not see Wal-da-Gubbra until the next morning, when he sent for us before Fred and I had finished breakfast. We determined, however, not to leave our meal, but delayed a quarter of an hour, after which we were escorted, with the Somali interpreter, Ahamed Noor, who spoke Galla as well as Somali, into the principal courtyard of the town, where Wal-da-Gubbra had his audience tent. Here was much display. Over two hundred soldiers, with their rifles, lined the enclosure. At one end was a large circular tent of black cloth, with the side and front curtains raised to form wings. In and about this were throngs of Abyssinian officers, in their beautiful red-and-white cloaks and with long curved

swords, seated cross-legged, in Eastern fashion, while in the centre was the old governor, reclining on a lounge placed upon a raised platform. This apology for a throne was covered with many Persian rugs and very gaudy silk coverlets.

The old man held out a long, thin hand, concealing his face at the same time by a red-silk handkerchief, so that I



GENERAL WAL-DA-GUBBRA AND ABYSSINIAN ATTENDANTS.

Photograph by F. Gillett.

could only see his eyes. The first interview was short and formal, and only amounted to the interchange of a few civilities; but later in the day we paid the regent a long visit in his house, where he received us quite informally, and introduced us to the ladies of his household. The main dwelling, in which he spent the day, was a large, circular building, composed of a series of upright logs, with a high peaked roof. The entrance was high and well made, and was furnished with a door made of planks slung

on leather hinges. On one side was a raised platform, covered with cushions, for the exclusive use of the old nabob, while next to this was a small alcove occupied by his wife and daughter and their female attendants.

There was a fire burning in the middle of the room, surrounded by a low stone curbing, on which usually rested a handsome brass coffee-pot and some porcelain cups and saucers. About a dozen slave boys stood about their master, or played with two monkeys that frisked around the place. Sometimes these boys, who were only about ten years old, would become too noisy, and cause the old eunuch, Hazach Jarro, to give them all a sound thrashing with his cowhide whip. Wal-da-Gubbra is a tall, thin man, rather blacker than the average Abyssinian, but with expressive, cunning eyes, and a large, forcible mouth. He is very proud, and conducts himself with much dignity, his high forehead and stately bearing giving him quite an intellectual air; and he is also a wonderfully shrewd diplomatist, exerting a marvellous influence over his people. His officers cringe before him, and seem to delight in holding their cloaks before him that he may use them as spittoons. He carries his weight of seventy-five years wonderfully well, continually taking long journeys on mule-back. A small black-silk embroidered cap adorns his head, and a loose gown of the same material reaches to his feet; while these, which like his hands are enormously large, rest in the ordinary Abyssinian sandals, made of leather and laced as far up as the ankle.

His wife and daughter, evidently high-caste Abyssinian women, had very light complexions, resembling somewhat the Chinese, and were very stout. They were clothed in loose dresses of soft white Abyssinian cloth, and wore many silver ornaments of Abyssinian workmanship. I was astonished to see how well made some of these orna-

ments were, and how pretty and intricate were the designs. They also had a few bracelets and pins of European manufacture, and a handsome Geneva watch which they had procured from a Frenchman in Shoa. Their eyebrows had been removed, and in their place crescents tattooed in blue ink were substituted. It was their custom also to stain their gums a deep indigo blue. Like the men, they did their hair up in a series of puffs, running backward from the forehead, and smeared it liberally with butter.

The ladies were great flirts, and appeared highly amused at some toys I showed them. When it came to little naked porcelain dolls, they behaved indeed most scandalously. The old general would insist upon our drinking much *darde*, which is a wine made from durrha and honey, — not very intoxicating unless you drink enormous quantities of it, and which, in its white, milky color and rather sour taste, resembles the Mexican pulque. Dishes of *chuko*, or ground durrha meal, baked in butter and thoroughly browned, and seasoned with pepper and salt, were also placed before us to be eaten with our fingers. It is the custom of the Abyssinians to hide their faces under their cloaks when they are eating or drinking, so that, when the old general wished to take a drink from his glass bottle containing *darde*, one of his slave boys held a cloak before his face. Meat is eaten raw, and usually immediately after the animal is killed. It is very amusing to see crowds of Abyssinians about the carcass of a freshly killed animal, cutting off huge pieces of the quivering flesh, and then passing away to gorge themselves, far from the view of their comrades.

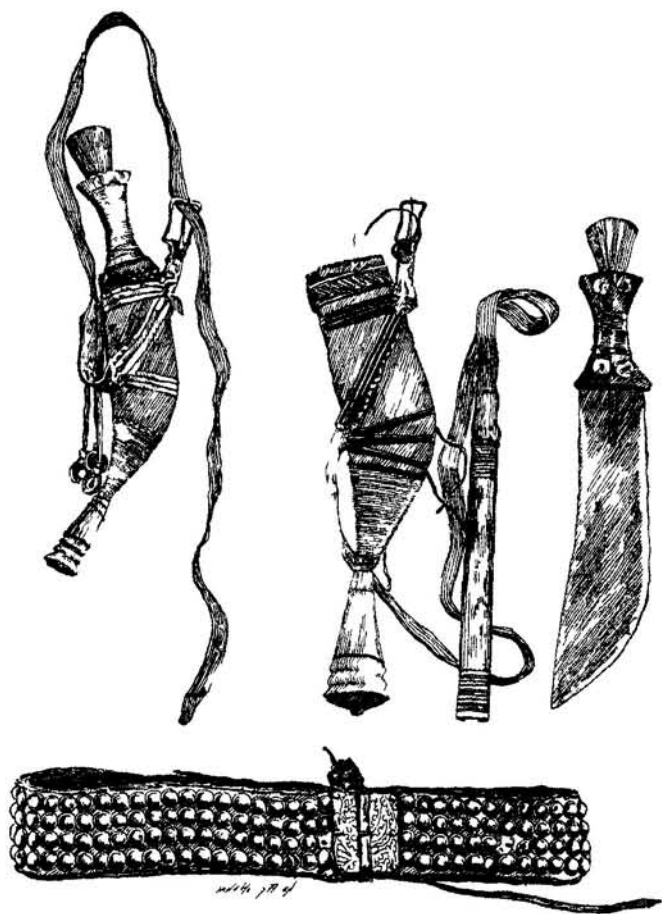
The Abyssinians are a fine-looking race of men, of the average size of Europeans, not burly like the negro, but very strong and wiry. Their color varies all the way from

a deep mahogany brown to the light yellow color of the Mongolian. Most of them have moustaches, and occasionally they have beards. They have a distinctly Jewish cast of features, long and narrow, with rather a hooked nose, and bright, keen, dark-brown eyes, and thin lips. Some of the women are exceedingly handsome, usually small, but with beautiful well-rounded figures, and oval faces. The most attractive part about them is their large, expressive brown eyes—which they use to great advantage—and their clean white teeth.

Being descendants chiefly of the Copts, they profess to be Christians; but I found that all they knew of the Bible were a few threatening tales from the Old Testament. The Coptic religion has been taught in Abyssinia for centuries, and of recent years Shoa has been flooded by French Roman Catholic missionaries, who have been very successful in introducing their reforms throughout the country. The shrewd Emperor Menelek has found it a great advantage to introduce a few religious ceremonies among his people, so that they might regard him and his associates as gifted with divine powers. The Abyssinians marry but one wife, but they think nothing of having many concubines. Formerly there were two rulers in Abyssinia, one residing to the north, who was by far the more powerful of the two, and demanded a yearly tribute from his neighbor in the south. The chiefs in the various countries under these rulers would frequently be stirring up rebellions; but Menelek, by his wonderful ability, has fused all the countries, north and south, into one strong, formidable empire. The regents whom he appoints over different countries are given complete power of life and death over their subjects, but they are not allowed to gain too much strength, as he continually shifts them from one position to another. The men are armed principally with

Remington rifles, besides different kinds of French breech-loaders.

Excepting a few officers who have recently been trained by French and Russian military men, there are no Abys-



ABYSSINIAN KNIVES AND MULE COLLAR.

sinians devoting their whole lives to military duty. Every Abyssinian is a soldier, and receives a little drilling from time to time, so that he may quickly obey orders when called upon to do duty in times of war. They go about with a rifle hung over the shoulder, superintending their

slaves working on the plantations, and indulge frequently on their own account in target practice.

They are very fond of elephant hunting, and shooting any game they can find. They have thus learned the use of the rifle, and many of them are excellent marksmen. Most of them fire with a rest, consisting of a stick forked at one end; while the other end is pointed to plant in the ground. These rests, which are quite short, they carry about with them, using them as walking-sticks. Though they are impetuous and daring warriors, they are careful to obey the commands of their officers, — the smallest want of discipline in this respect being punished by death or the cutting off an arm. When going to war they ride mule-back, leading also a few ponies, which they mount only when they wish to make a charge upon their enemy. They are quick in seizing advantageous positions, attacking their enemy in the dark or from ambush, or luring them on to some point where they may have them at a disadvantage. A hardier, more energetic lot of men could not be found. I made up my mind then and there that any nation attacking them would have its hands full.

Various cloths are manufactured in Abyssinia. A coarse cotton cloth, made into loose short trousers and cloaks, is worn by the poorer people, while the richer classes clothe themselves in beautiful and striking woollen cloaks of the finest texture, and wonderfully soft. These cloaks are eight feet long and doubled, so that they will cover the whole person; and, being pure white, with a scarlet band running down the middle a foot and a half wide, they make a brilliant display.

The women's dress consists of a short skirt, with a loose blouse attached.

The voices of both the men and women are pitched in a most unpleasantly high key, and their sentences are short

and jerky, the voice being raised to almost a screech at the end of each sentence. They claim their descent from Menelek, son of Solomon by the Queen of Sheba, while the Gallas, they claim, are descended from an Abyssinian princess who was given in marriage to a slave from a country south of Curague. According to Sir Richard Burton, the Gallas derive their name from the river Galla in Curague, where they gained a decisive victory over their kinsmen the Abyssinians.

Wal-da-Gubbra said it would be impossible for him to *let me pass through his country without first receiving orders from Emperor Menelek*. He said that if I would write to the Emperor, in nine days I could have a reply, as the journey to New Antoto, or Abdis Ababa, which is now the capital of Abyssinia, only took four days on mules; and he promised also that Menelek would surely do all he could to aid us on our journey. Accordingly, on October 17 I despatched a letter to the Emperor by some Abyssinians on mule-back, and determined to wait the nine days, at any rate, for a reply. In my letter I stated to the Emperor Menelek that I had found myself, quite unexpectedly, in his country; that I was journeying simply for the purpose of collecting natural-history specimens, and to have interesting tales to relate of a country that had never before been visited by a white man; that when we left Berbera we had no idea that the country about Sheikh Husein was owned by Abyssinians, or, in fact, that such a town existed. I begged his Majesty that he would allow us to proceed on our course, as we should interfere in no way with his people.

Crowds of Abyssinians continually came to me with various complaints, and begging for medicine.

What from the questioning, gazing crowd in the daytime, and the fleas and other vermin at night, Fred and I had

no peace whatever while in the Abyssinian town. There were a thousand permanent inhabitants in Ginea, mostly slaves, except a body of four hundred and fifty men, armed with rifles; but many hundreds of natives from all parts of the country came to the town daily, driving their flocks, or bringing salt from the south, and various marketable articles. There was a large market held twice a week in Ginea, where durrha, Indian corn, oats, beans, pumpkins, tobacco, coffee, chilli-peppers, sour oranges (introduced into Abyssinia by Frenchmen), salt, cloth, ornaments, and various utensils, besides slaves, were sold. I could buy two sacks of ground durrha meal for two tobes of American sheeting, costing at Aden less than an American dollar,—enough to last eighty men for four days.

Wal-da-Gubbra's daughter came to my tent one day and requested that I should bring about an interesting event that she had been expecting for three years! Poor woman! was she deceiving herself, or me? We were obliged to go frequently to Wal-da-Gubbra's house; but as it was always so full of fleas, monkeys, and slaves, and as carrying on a conversation through the medium of three languages was not very amusing, we made our visits as short as possible.

Wal-da-Gubbra tried to put every impediment in our way if we wanted to make any long journey; but we had heard of some curious caves some thirty miles to the south of Ginea, so Fred and I determined to evade the Abyssinians for a few days, on the excuse of elephant-hunting, and visit them.

We started off on October 22, with a guide provided by Wal-da-Gubbra to take us to the elephant country and to see that food was provided for us. We made a short curve about the hill of Ginea, and then descended precipitously

to a broad plain lying to the south. As far as we could see in that direction the land continued to slope downwards, and the hills diminished in size. After a seven-mile tramp we crossed a small river called the Denneck, a swift running-brook containing a species of chromis, as well as a kind of catfish a foot long; but here, being told by some natives that elephants had just passed, we camped, and started after these animals at once. Fred and I saw three elephants, but they were in a very dense jungle, and it was difficult to get a shot. I succeeded in bringing down one beast, after running a great deal of risk; but as we could only see a few yards ahead of us, we concluded not to continue the sport very long. Fred had very nearly lost his life in just such a thick place, a week before, by an elephant's charging at him at close quarters.

After tramping about in the morning to see if we could find elephants in a more open country, we started again on our journey to Loke, — which is the name of the country in which the caves are situated, — and marched seven miles south to a village called Illahni, where the natives provided Fred and myself and our fifteen boys with plenty of mutton, durrha, milk, and honey. The next morning, while we were at breakfast, a boy came running to us with the news that he had just seen an elephant walking through the forest below our camp. We were quick in following the boy to the spot, but after tracking for a mile, we lost the spoor in a mesh-work of other fresh tracks.

We hunted for a long time, but did not succeed in finding any of the beasts. On October the 25th we made a march of four hours south to the caves, describing many curves, and pitching towards the last part down a steep and rocky donkey path, very rough for the five camels to descend. What had appeared to me to be a level country now presented a most broken and rugged

appearance; for far below us was a deep canyon circling in a southerly direction, and connected with this were several smaller valleys. The view was superb. The pass was very rocky, but there was an absence of the thick, tangling thorn-bush so prevalent in Africa, this being replaced by rows of bushes resembling the English yew in shape, size, and beautiful deep shiny green color of its leaves, while forming picturesque groups at every turn were palm-trees, and many succulent shrubs, covered with beautiful flowering vines. Below us we could see the deep cut in the bottom of the valley, but the water was not visible until we found ourselves immediately above it.

After nearly a mile of twisting and turning in our descent, we reached the edge of the precipice, at the bottom of which were the clear rushing waters of the river Web two hundred feet below us. A little farther on, and we were at the water's edge, where marvel after marvel presented itself. Balustrades and peristyles, huge columns and arches, looking as though they had been cut and carved by the Cyclops from mountains of pure white marble, broke the water's course and lined its shores.

The manner in which the water had carved the rocks into such marvellous shapes was bewildering. There was a method about the whole scheme of columns, with their very ornate capitals, round symmetrical bodies, and splendid bases, that seemed to have emanated from the divine inspiration of a wonderful sculptor. We stood for a while contemplating the scene, and then passed under an arch and through a natural temple composed of a little group of columns of white translucent rock, supporting a roof of solid granite (see illustration, page 85).¹

¹ A specimen of the white rock which I brought back has been identified by Professor Heilprun, of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, as coral limestone.



When we emerged at the other side, words could not express our astonishment. Our Somali boys, usually absolutely indifferent to beautiful scenery, could curb their enthusiasm no longer, but with one accord broke out into a prayer, so thoroughly were they convinced that what they beheld was the work of God, and was intended to impress men with the greatness of his power.

The river broke around a little group of rocks, and joining again made a short dash, as it fell a couple of feet, and passed through the most superb archway it can be possible to imagine. The whole mountain appeared to be resting on a series of columns thirty to forty feet high and twenty to eighty feet apart, between which were spacious vaulted chambers, with their domes rising many feet higher; and then again many columns uniting formed long arched tunnels. Along the edge of the river, as it passed through the mountain, the columns occurred in masses, or occasionally only a few yards apart, their great bases forming a series of steps down to the water's edge.

It was possible to enter the caverns through the large archway, but there was another entrance that could be better reached by climbing up a steep bank, and then passing between masses of rock to a hole in the mountain-side, like the opening to Rob Roy's cave by Loch Lomond. This is the way the natives were accustomed to enter. You had to let yourself down carefully some twenty feet, until you found yourself in a large gloomy chamber, where natives had offered up sacrifices evidently for generations. There was an enormous fireplace on one side, over and about which were hung various offerings that had been made to Wak, consisting principally of wooden vessels, strings of cowry shells, sheepskins, and leather straps.

Lighting candles, we passed a hundred yards through the various archways and chambers, and then found we

could go no farther on account of the mountain's having caved in. The other side of the stream, however, continued quite open, but we could not cross, as the river was too deep and wide.

The Abyssinian guide said it would be impossible to get any food here. We had seen no natives since leaving Illahni, where the inhabitants had pretended they were unable to feed us if we went to the caves; but the truth of the matter was, the Abyssinian was afraid of our going so far away, and ordered the natives *not to allow us any food*. I had thought that we might be able to shoot some game, but Fred and I were only able to bag four guinea-fowl. The next morning, after a hasty glance at the southern extremity of the cavern, we were obliged to start back, in spite of our desire to explore the caves at length; but we did not leave until I had given them the name of the "Caves of Wyndlawn," in honor of my old summer home near Philadelphia.

After sending the camels ahead, Fred and I and a few boys skirted the mountain, which rises six hundred feet above the valley, to find the southern exit of the river. We found the stream rushing forth from its stony bed, after having carved a road for itself a mile long in an almost straight line south.¹ At this opening there was a more

¹ I was informed that the river Web flowed into the Jub or Webi Gannana, being joined by the Denneck just south of the Caves of Wyndlawn. Far to the south another river flows into the Web, formed by two streams called the Mana and the Wabera, each the size of the Denneck (which is twenty-one feet wide, a foot and a half deep, and flows at the rate of three miles an hour). The Web and the Mana and the Wabera all arise from the great plateau, eight to nine thousand feet high, called the Budda, which lies west of Sheikh Mohammed. The Web, arising from a high mountain called War-goma, is thirty yards wide, three to four feet deep, and flows at the rate of five and a half miles an hour as it passes through the Caves of Wyndlawn. I was also informed that the River Jub, which is called simply Canale in this neighborhood, comes from a country far to the west, called Jum Jum, beyond the country of the Boran. I afterwards visited a tribe called the Jan Jams, who told me that the Jub rose immediately to the north of their country.



rugged and grander series of chambers and arches than at the northern end, but the beautiful outlines were wanting. Just at the mouth of the cavern the river fell a few feet over a mass of broken arches. The mountain had been broken down somewhat, so as to form a semi-circle about the exit of the river; but all around, like radii, from the central arch, were to be seen the tunnels, winding in all directions beneath the great arches forty feet high.

No one who may in future years visit these caves will ever accuse me of having exaggerated their wonderful beauty.

We soon overtook the camels, and continued on fast to Ginea, which we reached at twilight, after marching continually all day. A great reception awaited us. I sent two of my boys ahead to inform Wal-da-Gubbra we were coming, when we were only a mile from his village; but in the short time allowed him he collected a body of a hundred soldiers, under arms, who met us just as we reached the village, and escorted us with great show to our old camping-ground. Besides the soldiers, crowds of natives came to meet us, and we had to undergo much hand-kissing, as we met many old friends. We spent the next day in the village, making ourselves miserable talking to the inquisitive natives, who would not allow us a moment's quiet. I kept continually dispensing medicines and giving medical advice. When I told the interpreter, Hazach Jarro, I could give him no more of my precious quinine, he tried to induce me to part with a few grains only, by offering me a beautiful slave girl as a permanent gift.

The people believed they were giving us a royal reception, and we were obliged to look pleased; but secretly we were annoyed at the idea that Wal-da-Gubbra was trying to induce us to turn back from our journey. We had a

long interview with the old man and the ladies of his household, in which many jokes and pleasantries were exchanged; but nothing was accomplished in advancing my plans. However, I reminded the general of his promise of camels, to which he replied that he would have a handsome present ready for me in the morning.

It rained during the night and the following morning, to our great disgust; but during a little break in the clouds I determined to move outside the village and make a start, at least, for Sheikh Mohammed. Fred and I bade good-by to Wal-da-Gubbra, the interview lasting a long time, as I had expected. He was most anxious that we should not move the caravan, and my hints that I should be obliged to push on if we did not get plenty of food given us had considerable effect, as he gave me four milch cows and their calves, and promised to feed all my men while they remained in his country, and also to make me a good present later on. We then left his village, after receiving many demonstrations of respect from the natives on all sides.

The following morning we made a march of fifteen and a half miles to Sheikh Mohammed, the road leading through a grassy, undulating plain, where there were scarcely any trees. The country bore evidence of having been densely populated, not long since, by a thrifty agricultural people, large ponds having been dug on all sides, and a regular system of drainage carried out. At present nothing was growing but long, coarse grass, and not a single permanent dweller was to be seen. On the march I saw a species of antelope resembling a clipspringer, but larger, which was then unknown to me.

We were delighted to reach the camp, and find everything in excellent order, and Dodson looking as hale and hearty as possible. It had been nearly a fortnight now

since we had seen the caravan, — which was like a home to us, — and great appeared to be the delight of the boys as they gathered around Fred and myself.

I told Fred about the new antelope I had seen, and he spent the next day hunting it, while I employed my time arranging stores and taking observations. On boiling a thermometer I found the elevation of Sheikh Mohammed to be 7,200 feet.

The Abyssinian commissioned by Wal-da-Gubbra to provide food for us only brought two sacks of unthrashed oats, and upon my upbraiding him for not supplying proper food, he replied that his country was very poor, and that he had brought all he had. After threatening to report him to his master, however, he promised to fetch better food in the morning. Fred came in after a successful day's hunt, bearing a fine male specimen of the antelope I had seen, which proved to be an Abyssinian duiker (*Cephalophus abyssinicus*).

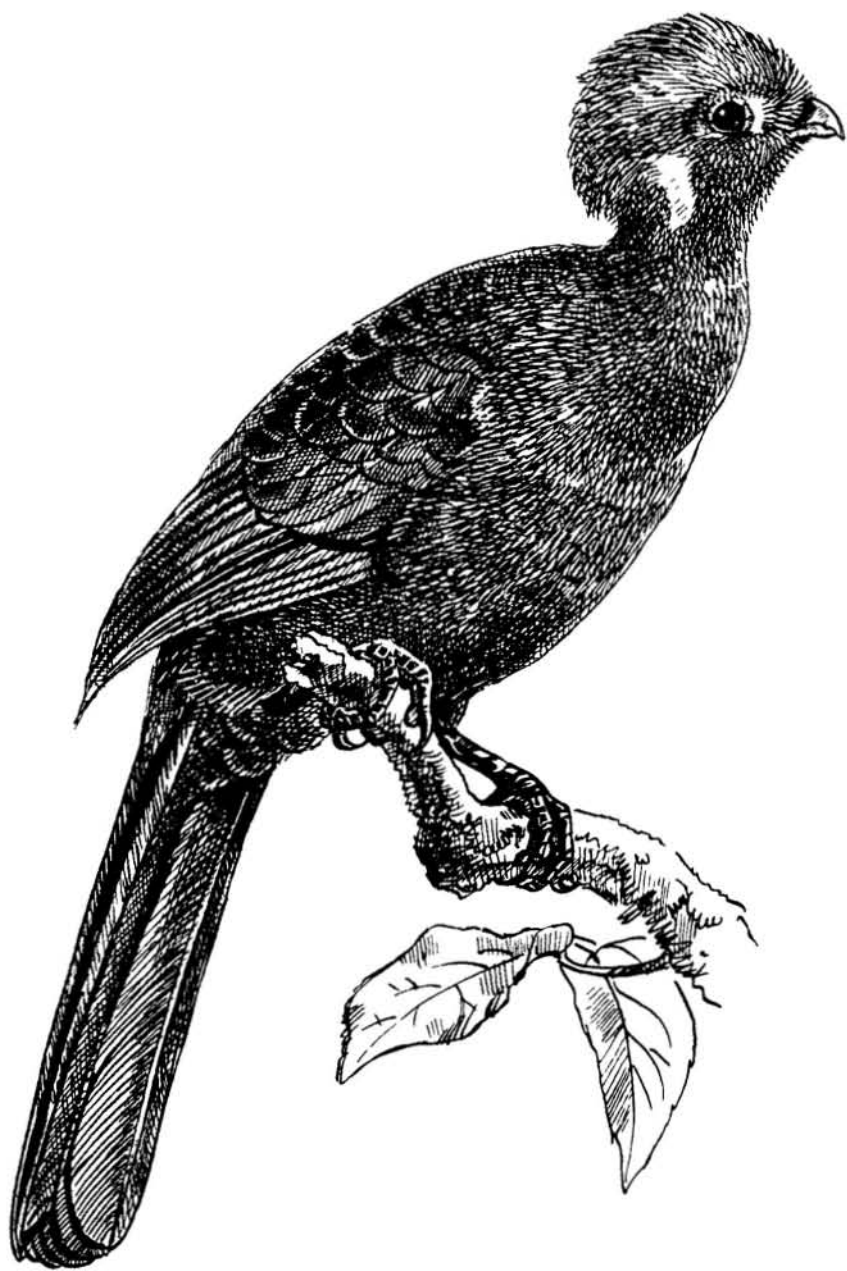
We spent a whole week more at Sheikh Mohammed, waiting for a reply to my letter to Emperor Menelek. It was very cold, and there were frequent showers, causing us great discomfort. Many observations taken during the nights and days gave a mean temperature of 59° Fahr., the mercury falling as low as 44° at night. Several of the camels died from the effects of the climate, and many more were sick.

There was much iron ore about this region, and also many evidences of volcanic action. Only a mile and a half from the camp was the crater of an extinct volcano, and at the bottom of this was a little marshy lake. I was fortunate in shooting in this high country several specimens of a beautiful turacus, which we found only in the dense cedar forests about here. The bird proved to be a new species, and has been named by Dr. Bowdler Sharpe, *Turacus*

donaldsoni. A very striking bird it was with its red, green, and blue markings, but its cry was harsh and loud, resembling a parrot's screech.

On the 9th of November two bullocks were brought into camp as a present from Wal-da-Gubbra, with a message from the general to the effect that he would send me twenty-six camels in the morning, and a guide to take us west. This news was too good to be true. Nothing was said about Emperor Menelek's answer, and the fact of the two bullocks coming, meant that the Abyssinians were simply wishing to detain us. The prospect seemed gloomy indeed. We had waited now a month in this country owing to the Abyssinians. The camels were dying, and my supply of cloth was being gradually used up. It seemed as though the Abyssinians were determined to prevent our going on; but if they intended stopping us, it was best to bring about the issue at once. Accordingly we started west on the morning of November 11 with anything but cheerful forebodings. Following a good road that leads all the way from Ginea to the capital of Abyssinia, we marched over a beautiful grassy and hilly country, where there were but few trees and bushes, and finally up a very steep pass. When we reached the summit we found ourselves on a broad grassy plain, eight thousand feet above the sea, called the Budda.

This plain extends west fifty miles, according to native report, and is then broken by the valley of the Shebeli River, while beyond it the country rises higher and higher until New Antoto is reached.



TURACUS DONALDSONI.

CHAPTER VII.

SURPRISED BY THE ABYSSINIANS — THE SOMALIS SHOW THEIR MIGHT — A DANGEROUS PREDICAMENT — EMPEROR MENELEK ORDERS US TO RETURN THE WAY WE CAME — GLOOMY PROSPECTS — SALAN MOHAMMED — WAL-DA-GUBBRA NOT TO BLAME — WE BID GOOD-BY TO THE GOOD OLD ABYSSINIAN GENERAL — AN AMUSING REQUEST FROM WAL-DA-GUBBRA'S DAUGHTER — MARCHING TOWARDS SOMALILAND AGAIN — THE HAWATU AND DARO MOUNTAINS — I RECEIVE A LETTER FROM EMPEROR MENELEK SAYING THAT HE DID NOT FORBID MY GOING THROUGH HIS COUNTRY — WE TURN SOUTH — HOPES DISAPPLIED — WAL-DA-GUBBRA AND HIS ARMY STOP US ON THE LAGA TUG — THE EXPEDITION A HARD ONE — AT THE SHEBELI RIVER ONCE MORE.

JUST about daybreak we were surprised by a little body of Abyssinians, who rode up to our camp on the Budda with much bluster. At their head was our old acquaintance Hazach Jarro, and also the son of Wal-da-Gubbra. They had a great deal to say about our marching without first notifying the general. Why had we not waited for his present, the King's answer, etc. They asked what we intended doing. If we intended going to the Emperor, everything would be done to facilitate our journey. I told them it would be impossible to go two hundred miles out of our way to New Antoto, through such a high, wet country, where our camels would surely die, but that on the contrary I was determined to march directly towards Lake Rudolf. After a tedious conference, in which the old excuses were repeated many times, and my answers were always the same, the envoys pretended to get into a rage, and left my tent, vowing that they would

inform the general that we did not obey his orders, and that we meant to fight.

I refused to go to Wal-da-Gubbra, who, they said, was camped very near. They had hardly left before my boys rushed to me with the news that the whole army of Wal-da-Gubbra was riding fast upon us. Fred and I jumped up, and on looking out of our tents were startled to see the formidable looking body of cavalry only a couple of hundred yards off, and trotting toward us at a good pace. There was not a second to delay. I blew the alarm on my whistle, and in a shorter space of time than it takes to describe it every company was in order for defence. We were none too soon, for the Abyssinians, seeing our determination to fight rather than be taken prisoners, came to a halt only eighty yards from our camp. For an engagement our position was the worst that could be imagined. Outnumbering us five to one, they could have charged us and cut us to pieces without much doubt, although my boys were as ready and determined to fight, if fight it must be, as ever men were. We should certainly have punished the Abyssinians severely, but the odds would have been too heavy against us. I think we all felt that our hour had come; but to our relief, Wal-da-Gubbra dismounted, took his seat on a rug that was quickly spread before him, and was soon the centre of a long line of men. I left Fred, Dodson, and the boys, with the understanding that they would immediately fire should the Abyssinians attempt to take me prisoner, and walked over to where the old general was seated, accompanied by my interpreter and my tent boy Abdi Kereen, the only weapon I had being a small revolver, which I held concealed in my pocket. The old man looked as disturbed and angry as possible, and shook hands with me in a vicious sort of manner. He produced a document with a large seal, which he pointed

to, telling me it was Emperor Menelek's private stamp, and then, rising, proceeded to read the letter. As I had feared, the Emperor refused to allow us to proceed, and ordered us to return the way we had come. I had to accept the situation, bad as it was.

As it commenced to rain hard, the old general had his tent pitched, and determined to wait till morning. In the afternoon my head man Haji Idris came to me, saying he was disgusted with the expedition, and wished to be allowed to return home by way of Abyssinia. This was a splendid thing for a head man to do, — just at the critical point to desert his master, when everything seemed going against him! I told him that if he left me it would only be as a deserter, and he would certainly have to suffer for it when the news reached Aden. I also gave him to understand that even if we should be obliged to go all the way back to the Shebeli River, I should never return to the coast before I had accomplished my object, and that I should hold him to his work to the last.

He returned to his duty in a sullen fashion, but I could never trust him after this, and had to keep a sharp lookout for everything that was done in camp. Fortunately for me, my two head men Salan Mohammed and Ahamed Aden were most loyal towards me. This Salan was by far the best man I had in the caravan. Strange to say, not once, during the whole time he was with me, was I obliged to find fault with him. He was always respectful, and a conscientious, hard worker, and exerted a great influence among the boys, which prevented Haji Idris from having his way too much.

Idris hated Salan on account of the latter's loyalty to me; but he was too cunning to attempt to interfere with him, as he knew that if it came to an issue between us I should have Salan and a large number of boys to support me. I do

not think the prospects of ultimate success of any expedition ever seemed gloomier than did mine for the next three months. It was one continual wrestle with the desires of most of my Somalis to return home.

The next day we proceeded to the foot of the hill on which the town of Ginea is situated. Fred and I visited Wal-da-Gubbra, and were received by him in his house in the most cordial fashion. After a few useless speeches, he came to the point that Menelek's orders were definite as to our returning to Somaliland.

I tried many times to get permission to go south, informing the old man that it would not be good for the Abyssinians to stop Europeans from travelling peacefully through the country south of here.

He replied that the Emperor Menelek owned the country all the way to Mombasa! All I could do was to get him to assent to our going back to the Shebeli River by a quicker route, instead of going far north again to Luku. The next day, November 16, came a present of twenty excellent camels. This was great luck. The old Abyssinian had indeed kept his word. I took Dodson with me to visit Wal-da-Gubbra, while Fred remained to guard the camp.

We were not absolutely certain that Wal-da-Gubbra would not prove treacherous in the end, so never more than two of the three Europeans left the camp at one time. The old man said he would have our road prepared for us if we wished to go in the morning, but that he would be delighted if we would pay him a long visit. Certainly nothing could have exceeded the hospitality of the Abyssinians, and I must say that Wal-da-Gubbra acted toward us like a gentleman.

It rained early the next morning, but as it cleared up so that we could dry the camel blankets, I decided to make a

start in the afternoon. Before leaving, however, an incident occurred that made us laugh heartily. Wal-da-Gubbra's daughter sent us a present of some chuko, which she knew we liked much, and she requested us to send in return a pair of long stockings and a pair of boots. Only too glad to please her after the many presents she and her father had made us, I sent her the coveted stockings, and Dodson sacrificed a pair of white tennis shoes, amused at the thought of how short her skirts would be the next time she went into the presence of Emperor Menelek.

We started the caravan off on Fred's old road leading to Soorar Darde, where he had been elephant shooting; but the camel-men who were ahead did not know their way, and struck off on a trail that passed more to the west. Fred and I had been paying our last visit to Wal-da-Gubbra, and when we caught up to the caravan it had already gone some distance on the wrong road. Some natives, however, told us that we could make our way by continuing on this path. The road was the roughest imaginable, leading up and down the steepest and stoniest donkey trails, and through dense jungles. We worked hard the next day for six hours, but accomplished only five miles.

We were at an elevation of 6,800 feet, but now every march took us lower and lower towards the hot, low-lying country about the Shebeli River. Soon we approached the Hawatu and Daro Mountains, a most peculiar-looking range, composed principally of red sandstone. The mountains rise boldly out of an undulating plain to the height of nearly six thousand feet, the tops appearing as though they once marked the level of the surrounding country, which had been washed away, leaving only these giant columns of rock. The dark red color of the clayey soil also corresponded with the color of these great barren, rocky masses.

On the 20th of November we found ourselves in the broad undulating plain we had seen south of us on our marches to Sheikh Husein. The temperature changed considerably, and there was none of the piercing cold at night that we had felt in the mountains. Two Abyssinians accompanied us, and made the natives in the various little villages we passed cut the bushes ahead for us; but they did not supply us with half enough food, and I was obliged to draw largely on our supply of rice and dates. We continued our journey in an easterly direction, parallel to the river Daroli, as the Darde is called in this party of the country.

The country was poorly populated, and many human bones were lying about the deserted villages, testifying to the raids made by the Abyssinians. The treatment of the natives by the Abyssinians is everywhere the same, — they are whipped about like dogs, and have always the appearance of a whipped dog when their conquerors are about.

On November 22, after a twelve-mile march, we camped on the banks of the Daroli, determining to rest the next day, and let the camels recuperate. The caravan consisted of a hundred and three camels, twenty sheep and goats, and the four milch cows and their calves that Wal-da-Gubbra had given us. The next day a great surprise was in store for me in the shape of a letter from the Emperor Menelek. The letter was in Abyssinian, but translated by a Frenchman into French and English, and was enclosed in an envelope bearing a gilt crown (see Appendix).

As he stated in his letter that he did not forbid my going where I liked, but only advised me, etc., I determined once more to push for Lake Rudolf by going to the southwest. So we started off the next morning in good spirits, hardly imagining that Wal-da-Gubbra would wish to

stop us. The country was fairly level, except near the base of the mountains, where it was cut up by deep rifts. Some natives reported to me that there were a few Mohammedan Gallas living on the top of the Daro and Hawatu Mountains that had never been subdued by the Abyssinians. Their stronghold is absolutely inaccessible except to expert climbers, and it would be an easy matter for them to prevent any force from reaching them, by simply dropping stones on their heads. They breed sheep and goats, and grow much grain on top of the mountain, which is quite level; and when they trade with the people living below, they let down and raise their sheep and bags of grain by means of ropes.

The two Abyssinians that had been with us left us at Abdula, where we camped on November 25. I tried to make arrangements with the natives that they should guide us from village to village, keeping as near west as possible; but I am afraid the stupid creatures thought that if they simply took us to the nearest village, whether it were east or west, and passed us on, it would be satisfactory. At one time the native guides asked me to go to a village lying diametrically opposite to the course I wished to take. I finally made them guide us as near to the foot of the Daro Mountains as was practicable, but I was disgusted that we had not gotten farther on our way after marching for six hours. We must have marched at least fifteen miles, but only gained about four miles.

A little south of the Daro and Hawatu Mountains lies another mountain range, and I was informed that just to the east of this there were several villages of Mohammedans who were very rich in live-stock, and that the chief of these people, named Darda Tarri, would be very willing to trade with us and to supply us with guides to the river Jub. We camped the next day by the side of a small stream of clear

water, the banks of which contained much salt, which is carried off by the natives for their camels. Continuing across a fairly level country, covered with dense jungle, through which we had to chop our way, we reached on the third day after this a broad river-bed called the Laga, and camped very near the Mohammedan villages before mentioned. Many of the Reitu came to the camp, and I succeeded in exchanging a cow and a calf for a fat camel, and buying a donkey for two pieces of cloth. These people were more Somalis than Gallas, as the men had been accustomed to marry Ogaden wives.

The next morning, just as we were starting for the south, two Abyssinians arrived with a message from Wal-da-Gubbra that we were not to go on, and that he himself was very near. The Emperor Menelek had evidently acted treacherously toward us, and had given orders to Wal-da-Gubbra to stop us at all hazards. There was nothing to do but to stop and wait for the general. The disappointment was great. We were now in the same position as before I received Emperor Menelek's diplomatic letter, and we should be obliged to go back to the Shebeli River, cross it, and after going a long way south make a rush west again for the river Jub.

Wal-da-Gubbra soon appeared with about three hundred soldiers. I went over to where he camped, while Fred, with Dodson and all the boys, remained some distance away. The general read me a letter from Menelek, as I had expected, forbidding me to do anything but return the way I had come. The old man had had a hard time of it, riding all the way from Ginea. We kept a very strict watch during the night; but no human beings disturbed our peace, although some fourfooted creatures managed to make night hideous. A lot of hyenas made a terrific noise in the bushes near our camp, fighting with one another, until

two lions came and drove them off. Owing to the darkness, I could not get a shot at these lions; but Fred knocked over a hyena that came close to his tent, after which everything was quiet.

In the morning we retraced our steps some distance along the Laga Tug. Wal-da-Gubbra on our parting promised eternal friendship, and said he was sorry to turn us back, but that if he did not do so he would lose his head, or else his right hand. He said he had made a tedious journey of three days,—having to walk a good deal of the time on account of the thick bushes,—so as to try to smooth matters over with me. He was most anxious that I should carry with me to Europe good reports of himself and the Abyssinians, gave me two bullocks, and promised us plenty of food until we reached the Shebeli River. I tried to be as pleasant as possible to him, and made him believe, before I parted from him, that I was going straight back to Berbera.

After a six hours' march northeast, we stopped at a tug called Daro, where there was much salt in the ground. It was quite hot, the elevation of the place being 2,780 feet. We remained here the next day, as the camels had not had nearly enough salt lately. It was interesting to see the beasts swallow great masses of the salty earth. There were many oryx and zebras about, and Fred and I had considerable sport shooting them. These zebra *grevii* are wonderfully tenacious of life. One of them ran a long distance with two bullets from my .577 express through both his lungs, and did not fall until I had given him a third wound in his neck. We found zebra meat to be the best of all game, tasting like beefsteak, but with a wild flavor.

Our marches took us through a country which was very much cut up by rifts and valleys, running in a southeast-

erly direction. On the 4th of December we pitched our camp among the bushes, far from any water; but, as we had been warned by our guides, we carried enough water to last us until the next day. One of the great advantages of having camels is that you can carry water enough to last several days, if you are pushed to it. We frequently did this, but as water is a heavy thing to carry, and I was afraid of overburdening the camels, I usually trusted the native reports of water ahead, and did not have the barrels filled. Thus at times we did not reach water until long after we had expected to find it, and accordingly were obliged to suffer considerably. A journey in Africa may entail more hardship than an expedition conducted in the Polar regions. Hunger can be endured, but thirst "maddens," as my boys aptly expressed it.

There were scarcely any inhabitants between Mount Elwak, where the Reitu live, and the Shebeli River. We found a few Gallas on a tug called Galugop, but they were very poor.

On December 6 we halted by a small tug, where there was a succulent grass of a very salty taste, which is excellent for camels. As I was feeling unwell, I remained in my tent in the afternoon, while Fred went fishing in some of the numerous pools of water that lay in the river-bed, with the result that we dined luxuriously on a small perch-like fish, a species of chromis, and on oryx meat, Dodson and Karsha having managed to kill an oryx apiece. A rhinoceros came near the camp, but ran away before any one could get a shot at it.

CHAPTER VIII.

I SEND TO BERBERA FOR CLOTH AND LETTERS — A RAIDING PARTY OF OGADEN SOMALIS — WE CROSS THE RIVER — A CROCODILE GIVES US A CHILL — A PLEASANT SURPRISE — CHRISTMAS WITH PRINCE BORIS — CHARGED BY AN ORYX — I AM FORTUNATE IN BEING ABLE TO BUY RICE — LIONS ABOUT — NEW YEAR'S DAY NOTES — LIONS AND HYENAS — A HOT DESERT — AFRICAN CHILDHOOD — REPORTS OF SMALL-POX.

ON our march the next day to Finik we disturbed a rhinoceros which was asleep on the top of a very steep and stony hill. He rushed down the rocky, precipitous declivity as though he were a goat. It is a great fallacy to look upon rhinoceroses as sluggish animals, which can travel only in flat countries. They run about easily over the roughest sort of hills, seeming to prefer to cross over a mountain rather than to go around it.

We were to see no more natives now until we got into Somaliland, as they are afraid to live within twenty-five miles of the river, owing to the frequent raids of the Ogaden Somalis. Camping on December 8 on a large tug which contained pools of water at short intervals, and which was only one march distant from the Webi Shebeli, I sent Haji Idris and some of my men to the river to see if the water was high; but as they reported the Shebeli flooded, I determined to remain here for some days until the water subsided, and to give the camels a rest. There were plenty of oryx, zebras, and rhinoceroses about, and it was easy to supply the camp with food. I was

too unwell to go out very much, and spent most of my time taking observations to rate my chronometers; but Fred and Dodson had a good time hunting, while the boys amused themselves with all sorts of games, — which they played with bits of wood and stones, — and with sham fights. The camels did not pick up as rapidly as we had hoped, so I determined to send Salan and three of my boys all the way to Berbera to buy an extra supply of cloth and to fetch our letters.

Gillett and Dodson now busied themselves writing letters, while I spent the next two days in preparing copies of my maps, and in writing articles for publication in the "Royal Geographical Society's Journal" and other periodicals. Lake Rudolf seemed far away indeed, and the chances were heavily against my being successful in turning the caravan once more toward the west. It seemed impossible to form any idea as to how long it would take me to accomplish my object. With six exceptions, none of my boys had ever been away from their homes before for a longer period than three or four months; and now, after more than five months of hard work, we were about to enter Somaliland again, without having got near Lake Rudolf!

Nevertheless, I did not cease to hope for the best, but determined to provide in every way for a successful issue. I gave Salan an order for four thousand rupees, and told him to spend the money in buying cloth and other materials for barter, as well as camels to carry the goods, and I also commissioned him to engage five Somalis for me, so that I should have some fresh hands that I could depend upon. This was an important commission to intrust to a Somali, but Salan had proved so faithful to me that I had little doubt that he would do his work honestly and quickly. It would be necessary to go far south before

attempting to push on toward Lake Rudolf, in order to avoid the Abyssinians, so I told Salan to meet the caravan at Bari, a town one hundred and fifty miles lower down the Shebeli River, allowing him forty-five days to travel to Berbera and back (nine hundred miles) and make his purchases.

I started Salan and three camel-men and two donkeys off for Berbera on December 15, Fred, with a small body of men, accompanying them across the river. I could not go myself to the Shebeli, as I had not been able to walk fifty yards from the camp for some days, owing to my slight fever; but Fred reported the water so low that the boys could easily wade across it. He had found an excellent crossing-place ten miles south of our camp, which was frequently used by the Ogaden Somalis in their raids upon the Gallas. This was just below a broad-topped mountain called Mt. Kaldash that I had marked on my map when we first crossed the river.

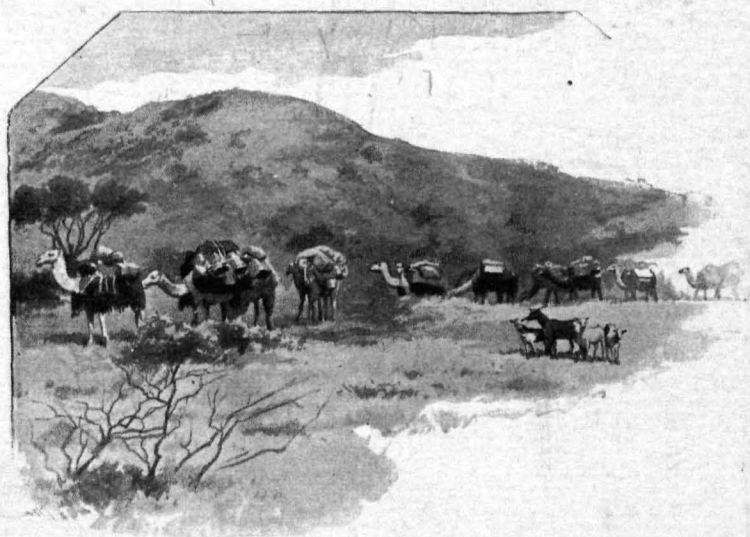
We succeeded the next day in clearing a path to this crossing, and on the afternoon of December 17 made our first march for ten days. We had a new arrival in camp the night before. One of the camels that Walda-Gubbra had given me gave birth to a young one, so that now we were to have a milch camel in camp. This camel, whose name was Gaut, was one of the best friends I had, giving abundance of milk for the next six months. The young one had to be killed, as we could not take it on the march, but Gaut did not seem to mind the loss in the slightest. A small body of my men went on ahead to the river to cut down the banks a little for crossing. They told me afterwards that just as they reached the water they saw there one hundred and fifty Ogaden Somalis on ponies coming down the broad tug on the other side, and about to cross the water to raid the Gallas. When they

spied my boys with their rifles they fled; whereupon a volley was fired over their heads, causing them to throw away their spears and shields, and run in all directions. My boys then crossed, and by repeated shouts managed to get the natives to return and give them the news they wanted of the country. The natives had mistaken my Somalis for Abyssinians. There was a great stir for a while about a reported theft of seventeen of my camels. Naturally I was very angry at this, and was resolving on plans of recapture, when news was brought that they were found. They had only strayed off through the carelessness of two of my camel-men, who were supposed to be watching them. We camped on a hill just above the water, and made all preparations for crossing the next morning. This was only fourteen miles below the spot where we had crossed the river nearly four months previously.

Dodson managed to give Fred a little excitement here. Fred told me that he had just reached the bottom of the hill when he heard something coming at a breakneck pace down the path. He at once thought it was a rhino that had been frightened by the noise of the camp. Being very anxious to get a shot, he decided to take his chances where he was, although he might not see the animal before it was on top of him. He was just getting ready to fire and then jump aside, when, to his intense astonishment and relief, Dodson, who was after a bath before darkness set in, appeared on a mule coming at full gallop. Fred said that it was the greatest piece of luck that he recognized Dodson in time to keep from firing.

We started across the river at sunrise, and before mid-day everything was on the other side. Fred, Dodson, and I stripped off our clothing and waded across, the boys having told us there were no crocodiles in this part of the

stream; but we were hardly out on the other side before the huge head of a crocodile appeared in the middle of the stream. We certainly felt very uncomfortable at the risk we had run, and resolved never again to swim in an African river. I took a rifle from one of my boys, and was fortunate enough to shoot the crocodile in the head, causing it to sink to the bottom at once. The camels walked across the river loaded, while the sheep and goats were



IN SOMALILAND AGAIN.

easily carried on the shoulders of the men. This was in great contrast to the rough work we had had crossing north of here, when the poor camel-man was washed away and drowned. After tiffin we marched along the dry river-bed by which the Ogadens had descended, and camped at sunset just at the southern end of Mt. Kaldash.

The next day, after marching ten miles south, we found some Somalis, who told us there were three villages not far off. I had completely recovered from my little illness now, and went out with Fred and Dodson elephant-hunting;

but, although there were innumerable fresh tracks, we found none of the animals near the camp. I gave Dodson a few boys, as he wished to follow the elephants, and provisioned him to stay over night; but the Somalis, unfortunately, had frightened the animals, and Dodson was obliged to return the next evening without his coveted tusks, although he had had some sport with antelopes.

A great surprise was in store for us. The Ogadens told me that a European sportsman had just come from Milmil, and was now only two marches to the west of us. We were most anxious to meet this sportsman, as we had had no news from home for nearly six months. After marching eleven miles to the south, to a comfortable spot in the great plain of Dagaboor, I wrote a letter inviting the European, whoever he might be, to come to our camp and spend the Christmas season with us, explaining to him that we were naturally very anxious to hear some European news. We were in an excellent spot for a Christmas camp. The plain of Dagaboor extends some thirty miles south of Mt. Kal-dash, and is continuous with a broad strip of level country along the Shebeli River which reaches all the way to Bari. There had been a little rain on the "Bunn" Dagaboor,¹ and the many green succulent bushes about afforded excellent food for the camels. Besides, there was abundance of game about, so we could not do better than remain here for a while. The only drawback to our camping-place was the fact that the water was a little salty; but this is the case all through the country near the Shebeli.

On December 24, two days after I had sent my letter, the messengers returned, followed by a gentleman on horseback whom I recognized at once as the well-known Russian sportsman, Prince Boris. We were delighted to meet each other, and determined at once to spend the

¹ Bunn is the Somali name for plain.

festive season together in a civilized way, Prince Boris quartering his caravan of sixty men by a little pool of water not far away, so that we could visit each other continually. Not only were the three Europeans of our party rejoiced at this rencontre, but our Somali boys were in ecstasies of delight in meeting their friends and relatives among Prince Boris's followers. Our camp was in a continual state of merriment.

Prince Boris and the three white men of our party went out in different directions every morning hunting. In the afternoon we would return to camp loaded down with large game of all sorts, besides bags of quail, guinea-fowl, and sand-grouse; and then, after a bath and a glass or two of brandy and soda, the feast of the day would be prepared. Christmas day our boys arranged a beautiful centre-piece of flowers for the table, and gayly decorated our tents with greens and flowering plants, while the whole enclosure in front of our tents was spread with zebra-skins, so as to produce a striking effect. Our cooks, Aden Arralla and Mireh, prepared at the same time a most excellent dinner, the menu consisting of oryx soup, fillets of beef, sand-grouse, brain croquettes, strawberry tart, and tinned peaches. Plenty of champagne helped us through our courses, and brandy and soda and cigarettes made conversation lively until late in the night. When we finally repaired to our different tents, we said truthfully that we had never had a more merry Christmas, and only hoped our good people at home were equally fortunate.

Our heads were clear, however, in the morning, and we started out as usual hunting. I had not gone far before I perceived two oryx grazing near a clump of bushes some distance off. Stalking them to within forty yards, and then aiming behind the shoulder, I brought one of them down with the first shot. The other darted off, but I struck

him on the fore-leg with a ball from my left barrel as he was running, and then jumped on my last remaining pony, — which a boy was leading some distance back, — and started in pursuit. Just as I was on the point of overtaking him, the oryx swerved around, and lowering his horns, made a wonderfully swift charge considering that he only had three legs to go on. I was so near that I had a narrow escape from being injured by the animal, as I could barely get my pony to turn quickly enough. Many are the stories told by Somalis of exciting adventures some of their people have had in hunting oryx on horseback, the beasts frequently transfixing with their bayonet-like horns both horse and rider. I have several times been charged myself by a wounded oryx when on foot; but these were trifling affairs, as I always had my rifle loaded and ready.

Prince Boris had a little .303 sporting-rifle that was wonderfully effective. A shot from this rifle in the shoulder of an oryx would invariably bring the animal to the ground, whereas I have frequently known them to travel long distances after having been shot in this spot by a .577 express. I had many occasions on my journey to bemoan the fact that I had not taken a .303 with me.

After spending four pleasant days together, we said good-by to Prince Boris, and started on our journey to Bari. Our stop had not only been beneficial to the camels, but had done us all good. What a lot we had had to talk about! This meeting in the jungle will be remembered by us as long as we live. After leaving the "Bunn" Daga-boor, we ascended somewhat into a rough, mountainous country, stony and dry, and typical of Somaliland. Oryx, zebras, and aoule, or Soemmering's gazelles, abounded. We marched for four days a little south of east, making about twelve miles daily. In many places there was green grass, and the tugs gave plenty of water. At midday the

temperature was 97° ; but as the paths were good, we would start out before daybreak, and finish our marches before the sun's rays became very powerful. We expected each day to arrive at some Somali villages that my guides kept telling me were very near, but we did not reach them till the fifth day.

On the last day of September we came to three large villages of Ogadens, who had escaped the raids of the Abyssinians, and consequently possessed enormous droves of camels. The natives who swarmed into our camp told me that there were some traders from Berbera among them with quantities of rice; so I determined to remain here a day or two and try to do some trading. Three lions kept roaring near our camp all night, and several times Fred and I were awakened by the boys telling us that the lions were quite close; but we were able to see nothing in the darkness. Nor did we hunt them the next day, as we had too much good work to do. Luckily I was able to buy nearly a month's supply of rice from the Berbera traders. These men knew of me, and were willing to take checks in payment for their rice. It was one of the greatest pieces of good fortune that could have befallen me to be able to get this quantity of rice, although I had to pay heavily for it. As it was New Year's day, I made a long entry in my diary, which I will quote:—

“BAUDEWAIN, Jan. 1, 1895.

“Never before has a New Year ushered itself in so full of possibilities of strange events happening at any day. I have had a most serious set-back, and one that would have broken up many an expedition. Starting out with the expectation of finishing my work in ten months, I now find myself back again in Somaliland, without having accomplished the one thing I set out to do,—and six months gone out of the ten I had anticipated. Would it

not be easy to imagine that six tenths of my provisions, pack animals, and trading goods were exhausted, and that my men would be determined against going west again, when they could almost hear their wives and children calling for them from the coast? But if I was unlucky in meeting an insurmountable barrier the first time I crossed the Webi Shebeli, I am fortunate in still having the means to perfect my plans, and to turn my former set-back to great accounts. I have been able to-day to replace tired camels for fresh ones, and to buy enough rice to last for a long time.

"When the six camel loads of cloth arrive from Berbera I shall certainly be well equipped once more. There are but two difficulties that I can foresee,—one that the Abyssinians may have conquered the people farther south than I think, and that they will bring their army against us again; the second and the greatest danger, my men may desert. I have a few men on whom I can rely not to desert me, but the majority are continually doing all in their power to get me to give the word to return, and are constantly forming plans for their escape. The anxiety is most unpleasant. At any hour we three Europeans may be left suddenly with only half a dozen boys to continue our journey to Rudolf.

"There would be little hopes of our getting through alive in this case; but Fred, Dodson, and myself will nevertheless attempt it, rather than return ignominiously to the coast. A hard trip it has been; but enough of the old year. When I am successful in '95, I shall make that journey through the Gallas and Abyssinians tell to good advantage, for full of rich results it was. Money I must spend, and plenty of it; but as I am willing to risk my life, and the lives of Fred and Dodson and eighty camel-men, to accomplish my purpose, I dare not shrink

from any expense that may increase the chances of success."

We remained at Baudewain to do more trading. The natives have a rich and well-fed appearance, their spears and shields newly burnished, and their clean white tobes making them look very smart. According to their report, the atrocities perpetrated by the Abyssinians in almost all of the rest of the Ogaden country were brutal to the last degree, — these "Christians" having devastated the whole country, killing the men and women they did not wish to carry off as slaves. At Sessabane they piled the mutilated remains of men and women into a huge pile, and then enjoyed a great dance around this grewsome object.

Lions were reported to have killed a pony and half eaten the carcass, so Fred and I thought that the animals would visit the spot again. We had two zarebas built near the body of the dead pony, into one of which Fred and his gun-bearer crept for the night, while Dodson and I kept watch in the other one. The lions did not appear, but swarms of hyenas amused us as they howled and laughed about the carcass. At one time some twenty hyenas seized the pony and dragged it at a fast run fifty yards without stopping. The power of these brutes is enormous. I saw one of them pull the horn out of a goat which had been fastened to a stake, and with another bite tear off the whole hind-leg. If the hyenas only knew their strength they would be among the most formidable animals in Africa. They occasionally kill old men and women or children, but I have never heard of their attacking a man able to defend himself.

The next march led us through a very dry and barren country, the sun's rays seeming to turn everything to a white heat, while the glare on the white clayey earth was

very severe. We passed over a plain where there was only one small row of bushes visible, far off in the distance, which seemed to be planted in a great lake. Whenever we saw such a mirage we became thirsty at once; but we had to check our desires in this respect, as we carried but very little water. There was no halting in this dry desert, so we had to continue marching to long past mid-day, when we found a few bushes with a little green on them that the camels could eat; but there was no water as had been reported. We now had to turn our course almost northeast in order to find water. The country continued to look dry and barren as the arid plains of Mexico, until we arrived at a tug where there was a little grove of cedar trees, and under these water. To the east of us rose the long chain of mountains along which the James brothers and Lord Wolverton had marched on their separate expeditions to Bari.

There were several natives at the water-holes, poor wretches who had fled from the Abyssinians, and among them was a little boy not over three years old, who amused me very much by begging for a little leather to make sandals for himself. On handing him a knife and some oryx hide, the youngster set to work like an old shoemaker cutting strips off the leather for laces, and fashioning the sandals wonderfully well. One of the first things that strikes a stranger in Africa is the wonderful rapidity with which children develop. Real childhood is unknown, although manhood is also never reached. The little ones are thrown on their own resources at such an early period that they quickly learn to act for themselves in providing for the passing hour, and little more than this is attained in after life. Our little visitor said that he had no relatives in the country, and no one to look after him, but he coolly intimated that he was going to follow the caravan till it

reached some large village, where he could earn his living by minding goats and sheep.

Starting out in the dark on the morning of the 5th of January from our camp in the cedar grove, we marched for over seven hours south across a desert that had once been covered with corn. Traces of irrigation were to be seen everywhere and many deserted villages. This was, ten years ago, the greatest grain-producing district in the country, the inhabitants supplying the nomadic tribes of Somaliland with corn. We camped by several deep round wells near the deserted village of Tur, where we found some empty cartridge shells that had been used by the Abyssinians, and which accounted for the desolation of the spot. There were many Soemmering's gazelles about the place, two of which I killed with one shot from a 45-90 Winchester, the ball going clear through the two bodies and whizzing away on the other side.

I was much disappointed in the condition of the camels. These Somali animals are the poorest specimens of camels one could possibly find. I lost four in three days. We longed to be out of these glaring barren plains, with their whirlwinds of dust, that were continually tearing up the camp and causing the greatest inconvenience, and where the little water that we got was so brackish and stinking. I suffered considerably from conjunctivitis; but I found that my sight was not impaired by the dust, however, as I managed to bring down a gazelle at two hundred and seventy yards.

Three more marches through the desert brought us to the Shebeli River again. There were many villages of Ogadens along its banks from which the inhabitants fled upon our approach; but soon finding out that ours was a white man's expedition, they became very friendly. The news was brought me that small-pox was raging near Bari,