done. It was swelling rapidly, and the flesh around the punctures was discoloured as though from a bruise. Soon he began to complain of red-hot pains shooting up the arm to the shoulder, and within the hour, in spite of the evening chill, he was sweating from head to foot. The doctor recognised the symptoms.

"Man dear, you're poisoned!" he said bluntly. "I've tried everything I've got, but I don't know what it is I'm fighting against. There's only one thing more I can do—pour all the whisky in camp into you and see if we can't drown it out of you."

NATIVES READY FOR A CEREMONIAL DANCE IN HONOUR OF THE YOUNG MAN IN THE FOREGROUND WHO SINGLE-HANDED, ARMED ONLY WITH A SPEAR, HAS KILLED A LION.

"No!" said Rector through his teeth. "Cut the arm off at the shoulder—and for God's sake, do it quick!"

They did it; and because other means were not at hand, they seared the stump with fire, in the native fashion, to stop the bleeding. Through it all Rector sat, livid and steady, keeping himself in hand with that wonderful nerve of his that not even the agony of saw and flame could shake. He fainted when they were through with him, but the whisky that they gave him brought him around. All they could give him, however, never went to his head, and this in itself was a bad sign.

But they had not done their work quite soon enough. The poison spread so swiftly that it was a thing to marvel at, until limbs and trunk were black and swollen out of all human semblance. Even then the man's nerve dominated them. He said, his voice controlled and coherent by what effort they could only guess:—

"Boys, there's only one thing you can do for me. I can't stand this much longer—and it may last for hours; there's no knowing. You don't want to see me twisting and screaming here like a poisoned rat, do you? Then for God's sake put a bullet in me now, and let me go while I can die decently, won't you?"

In telling the story later, Rogers said: "It wouldn't have seemed quite so horrible, somehow, if the poor chap himself hadn't been so steady. But the contrast between that quiet voice of his—as quiet, almost, as though he were offering you a cigar—and the sight of him—Lord, if I could ever forget it! I couldn't stand for it at first—it seemed so like shooting him down in cold blood; I believe I even said to wait a while; but the doctor, who knew better than I what was coming, took his revolver out of his belt and put it on the ground between us."

To the day of his death neither man will tell who fired the shot. They buried their comrade next morning, on the spot, because there was nothing else to do; and Rogers, half dead with fever, and beside himself with the horror of the night, and therefore never thinking of how far his words might prove adequate to the occasion, could only repeat over and over:

"And he never knew what bit him—he never even knew what bit him!"

Mr. Roosevelt has announced his intention of bringing back skins and skeletons for the collection he will give to the National Museum. As many other collectors have found to their sorrow, this is by no means an easy thing to accomplish. Even when skins are cured at once, in the most careful manner, there is constant danger that they will become spoiled, not only from the effect of the climate, but from the ravages of insects particularly the plague of white ants with which all Africa is infested. These ants, by the way, are one of the greatest pests the hunter has to encounter. So voracious are they that a coat or a pair of trousers left inadvertently overnight where they could reach it has been found in the morning nearly riddled. They will eat everything that is not stone or metal: after a visitation of them, a place is stripped as bare as after a flight of locusts.

Throughout British East Africa and in Uganda one breaks through the same forests, suffers thirst and heat in the same desert land, wades through the same swamps, bags the same game. But though there may be monotony, there is never-failing variation as well: above all, there is ever the strange and subtle spell that only the Black Land has power to cast over those who have once known her thrall.

Ports of Call.

(By ELAINE MACDONALD in "The Australasian.")

Almost every Australian, when he finds the means and opportunity, goes to England. He travels half-way across the world, touches at three continents, and sees Ceylon, Arabia, Egypt, France, and Spain; and yet when he returns, his impressions, with the exception of those made by the people and amusements on board ship, can almost invariably be summed up in one word—London, modern London, commercial London, historical London, Dickens' London, musical and artistic London, London of the shops, restaurants, hotels, and theatres—but always London. Even with the centres of history and tradition it is strange how the great, smoky city, with its roaring traffic and endless grey streets, can efface the impression of the life and colour of the East, the glimpses of new continents and nations, the individual character and charm of every port.

Immediately after leaving West Australia, the first sign of the tropics is the exquisite colour of the Indian ocean—an incredibly pure blue. Even in the foaming wake there is no tint of green.

Colombo is usually reached early in the morning. One is awakened by the slowing down of the boat, and sees through the port a line of flat beach fringed with cocoanut palms, which might be a Pacific atoll. The boat lies out in the harbour in a crowd of warships, transports, liners, tramps, launches, fishing boats, and catamarans. Lithe, copper-coloured natives paddle about, kneeling in slightly hollowed logs. On the jetty, money-changers sit cross-legged before little tables of coins. Everything in Colombo is bright and vivid. There are no indefinite greys, or drabs, or browns. The buildings are yellow, and pink, and terracotta, the roads red, the grass emerald green. The natives dress in gay pink and scarlet; the shops show bright silks and embroideries. Flowering trees fill the gardens and line the streets; the sky and sea are vividly blue.

There is a good lake fringed with palms, and surrounded by a carved stone balustrade. Natives stand washing clothes on steps leading down to the water. They throng the streets, they gather in every patch of shade, and squat on their haunches gossiping; or stare impassively or lie asleep. Old women sit under bushes, selling flat cakes, and sweets rolled up in green leaves. In the main streets rows of rickshaws are drawn up to the kerb. The boys sleep beside them. Carts, with hoods woven of dry palm leaves, are drawn by pairs of tiny, humped oxen, with curly designs branded all over their flanks. An Australian once described them as "the kind of cattle they scribble on." Along some of the roads there are banyans and tall jack-fruit trees, with the big yellow-green fruit growing out from the trunks instead of the branches. Natives gather round stand-pipes, the men luxuriously pouring the water over themselves, the women filling jars. The place teems with life. One almost fancies that the red road is alive and pulsing beneath one's feet. Yet there is no noise or bustle; rather a feeling of peace. The sun shines strongly with an orange light, but the air is cool and fresh.

Aden is the next port. On shore it is hot and dirty, but seen from the ship the absolute dryness and sterility are impressive; and one realises for the first time what the countries are like where it never rains. Rocky crags, with jagged crests, rise abruptly. They look brown and purple in the afternoon light. There is hardly any earth, and not a vestige of vegetation. At the foot there is just room for the little town. On a rocky pinnacle is a flag-staff, with the Union Jack flying. Its real meaning impresses one for, perhaps, the first time. The white and yellow buildings are square and flat-roofed, with rows of arched openings.

The little town is very still. From the steamer deck one can hear the town clock, perched on another little crag, chiming the quarters. A few Arabs lead their camels along the main street. Two negroes, clothed in brown and orange, tie their boat to the steamer's buoy. One stretches out and goes to sleep, the other sings a plaintive song—a few notes repeated over and over. Crowds of large soot-coloured sea-birds circle so close, that one can stretch out a hand and touch them as they pass. An Italian warship lies at anchor, the sun glinting on her polished brass, not a sign of life on her decks. The heat shimmers on the rocks; the grass-green water is without a ripple. Everything is still.

Next day the boat is in the Red Sea. In the south are little islands of red sandstone rising abruptly from the water, each with a lighthouse. On the east is the coast of Africa—a wall of jagged black rock, and a long stretch of white sand, the heat dancing and quivering over it. Through the glass one can see a few Arab huts and stunted bushes scattered in the dreary waste. It curves away out of sight. The second day there is no sign of land, but on the third morning slightly hilly shores of warm brown and red appear on each side, and close in at Suez. The boat lies some distance out, in clear turquoise-blue water. To the left are the steep rocky shores of Africa veiled in a rose-purple mist; then the square white buildings of Suez. Between it and the coast of Arabia is a disenchanting ditch—the Suez Canal. Along its left bank are straggling bushes and a line of little signal stations, and, on the right, the desert of orange sand stretches from the water's edge into the dim distance—bare, featureless, but wonderfully impressive. Wandering Arabs tether their camels and pitch their primitive tents within a stone's-throw of the great mail boat, which creeps along, hardly seeming to move; yet, even at that dead slow pace, the wash tears away great masses of sand from the banks. In several places the canal opens into wide shallow lakes, but the ship's course always lies close to the right bank.

As the sun goes down over Egypt, a cold wind springs up in the desert, and whirls the sand about. Red and green lights mark the signal stations. An intensely powerful searchlight casts a white glare on the canal and a section of the banks ahead, and intensifies the surrounding darkness. It is an anxious time for the captain. He allows no music or entertainments on board, and everything is silent. Sometimes the keel

ZEBRAS ARE AS COMMON AS DEER IN THE GERMAN DISTRICT UP BEHIND ZANZIBAR.