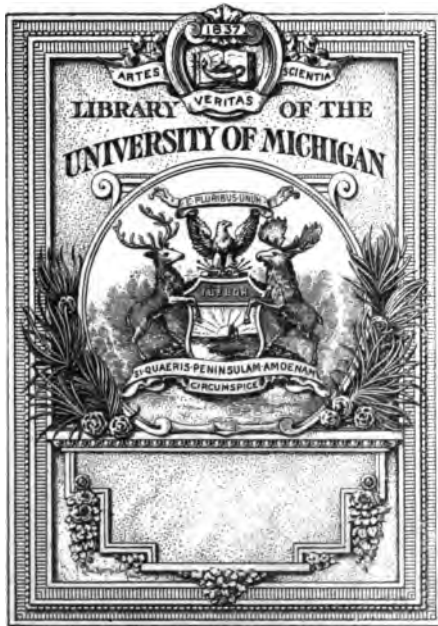


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GUANYA PAU:

A STORY OF AN AFRICAN PRINCESS.

BY

JOSEPH J. WALTERS, 1891

NATIVE OF LIBERIA, WEST AFRICA.

CLEVELAND, O.

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"It seems needful that something should be said specially about the education of women. As regards their interests they have been unkindly treated—too much flattered, too little respected. They are shut up in a world of conventionalities, and naturally believe that to be the only world. The theory of their education seems to be that they should not be made companions of men, and some would say they certainly are not."

—Friends in Council, B. I. ch. VIII

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QUEEN RANAVALONA III.,
OF MADAGASCAR.

51



INTRODUCTION.

THIS little book I give to the public, conscious of its defects and lack of literary finish. The author is an undergraduate and cannot hope to be able to make a valuable contribution to Literature. But this book, incorrect as it is, with its many errors of grammar and composition, has its MESSAGE. I feel assured that it will not fail to arouse the sympathy of those who read it, the women especially, in behalf of their unfortunate sisters in that dark land.

The facts herein given, though perhaps in some places misstated, are nevertheless a fair picture of woman's life in Africa, coming from one who has had ample opportunity to learn whereof he

writes, and who has coursing through his veins the same blood as those for whom this book pleads, and who has consecrated his life to the evangelization of his people.

This is the author's first plea in behalf of his native land, and how appropriate that it should be for those who constitute the prop and stay of the national fabric ; for no country can become great until it has pure, true, virtuous women, and Africa will take her place abreast of her sister continents only when her women are saved.

In short, our women must be educated. The infamous system of betrothing girls when three and four years old must be obliterated. *Polygamy must be wiped out of the land.* There are women in that country who would be as pure and good, who would make as blessed wives and

noble mothers, as those of any land were it not for the incestuous pandemonium in which they are incarcerated.

I beseech you, my lady readers, to take this matter to heart, and to help us in this great work for God and humanity. Remember, they will be educated and saved only when you will help us with the three means necessary for the work :

First, *Human forces* — “How shall they hear without a preacher ?”

Second, *Prayer*—“The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.”

Third, *Giving* — “Give ye them to eat.”

And God will reward you richly for doing this for His Name's sake.

JOSEPH J. WALTERS,

Oberlin, Ohio.



CONTENTS.

	Page.
Introduction.....	5
CHAPTER I.	
Guanya Pau's Father.....	11
CHAPTER II.	
Guanya Pau's Early Life.....	19
CHAPTER III.	
The Gregree Bush.....	26
CHAPTER IV.	
Kai Kundu's Visit.....	29
CHAPTER V.	
Guanya Pau Runs Away.....	33
CHAPTER VI.	
Prince Marannah.....	42
CHAPTER VII.	
The Wayside Woman.....	48
CHAPTER VIII.	
The Sembey Court.....	58
CHAPTER IX.	
Sundry Experiences.....	66
CHAPTER X.	
The Dead Nobleman.....	74
CHAPTER XI.	
The Beautiful Sceneries.....	81
CHAPTER XII.	
Caught.....	84

	Page.
	CHAPTER XIII.
Escape	92
	CHAPTER XIV.
The Mohammedan Missionary.....	98
	CHAPTER XV.
On the Farm.....	107
	CHAPTER XVI.
Out A-Fishing.....	113
	CHAPTER XVII.
Good News.....	121
	CHAPTER XVIII.
Guanya Pau's Two Dreams.	130
	CHAPTER XIX.
A Sufferer	136
	CHAPTER XX.
Sunshine and Storm.....	139
	CHAPTER XXI.
The End.....	144

GUANYA PAU.

A Story of an African Princess.

CHAPTER I.

GUANYA PAU'S FATHER.

AMONG the many tribes living about Liberia, is the Vey, the most intelligent, the Kru excepted, and promising of all the natives of the west coast. They live on both banks of the Cape Mount and Marphar Rivers and Pisu Lake. Neat little towns and villages at intervals of five and ten miles dot the banks making a chain of stations as far as the streams are navigable by the smallest canoe. The Veys are a comparatively industrious people. They cultivate the cassada, yam, edo, rice, maize, millet, and most of the fruits common to the country. They have a dialect peculiar to themselves, and withal are very con-

servative, and are extremely superstitious.

Each town and village has its own chief, with a king at the head of the whole tribe.

The chief of the town of Gallenah—which was a marvel of beauty for a heathen town and the idol of the Gallenians, admirably situated on the left bank of the Marphar, on an eminence overlooking the most beautiful views of the Marphar. The chief of this town was Manja (king) Kai Popo, the father of our Princess. Here Guanya Pau was born, and among the jagged hills and villages and the rural scenes of this lovely spot she spent her earliest days of girlhood.

Guanya Pau was proud of her ancestry, and well she might; for hers was a worthy one. They were all men of war, who had battled for their country's freedom, and fallen heroically in the front ranks. Those men who could show scars on their person, or other indications acquired in their country's defense, used to constitute among them the true nobility. "Martial prowess"; "war-

like stamina"; "ready to respond to the peal of the clarion"; these were the watchwords of the once patriotic Veys.

The Veys of to-day are but pigmies to what they once were. The martial spirit has waned. The patriotic sentiments, the undaunted heroism, the give-me-liberty-or-give-me-death principle, the contempt for the coward and praise for the brave, have dwindled to an alarming degree. It has been truly said that a nation is great in proportion as it has great men.

The Veys were at their zenith in the days of princes Mannah, Ballah, Hole-in-the-Head, and kings Sandfish and Kai Popo. These were men of superior fibre. In strength, herculean; in statesmanship, brilliant; in principle, uncompromising. With them liberty was man's supreme and divine right, and he had no reason to live except in the full, untrammelled exercise of it. No threat could baffle them, no sudden appearance of the enemy on the frontier could intimidate them, no amount of money could bribe them. But one reason for the present degeneration of the Veys is

due to their alliance with the Liberians who fight their battles for them.

Guanya Pau could trace her ancestry back four generations. Her father was the last of the long line of mighty warriors—the last prop of the Vey national fabric. Prince Mannah, her great grandfather, was he who led the victorious legions through the turbulent struggles of Bessie and Cabah (the most famous battles of the Veys); her grandfather, Prince Ballah Kai Palley, met the combined forces of the Corsau, Hurraw and Pahn near the Pisu Lake, and gained a triumphant victory, which made the Marphar free. Her own father, Manja, Kai Popo, excelled his father and grandfather by having in addition to his martial prowess the ability of a statesman. Had this man been born under the benign heaven of Europe or America, his name would stand in history beside the immortal Napoleon and Washington. How true the lines of Grey's elegy:

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

He could martial his phalanx against the fort of the enemy, carry it by storm, and found on its very ruins an emporium which would soon take its place in agricultural and commercial importance. Like the Roman Cincinnatus, many a time did the messenger, who brought the summons for him to go to war, find him cultivating the yam or edoe. In this respect their dignitaries of yore differed from those of to-day; and I may say that this is the supreme cause of their decline. They did not look upon work as something beneath the dignity of a gentleman. One would often see the chief with hoe in hand working side by side with his servant. The Vey gentleman of to-day, on the other hand, has many *jonkais* (servants) and *musus* (wives) who do the work, while he lounges around chatting and smoking, and flirting with the pretty Borneys.

It is said of Manja Kai Popo that one day while he was engaged in digging a furrow in which to plant yams, he was asked by a gentleman, who came up dressed as if for a monkey banquet,

whether he would not feel ashamed if some distinguished visitor from afar, who had heard of his fame and had made the journey thither with the expressed purpose of seeing him, to be found with nothing on but his "*bellay*" in the hot sun working like a slave. When Kai Popo curtly replied: "No; but I *would* be ashamed if such a one would find me in your condition, always dressed up strutting around like a peacock, interrupting those who are at their work, both by my appearance and my unseasonable conversation. It is not always, my dear man, that the 'apparel proclaims the man'. Men know me by *what I have done and am, not by what I have on.*"

Kai Popo's chief pride was in laying bare his breast to show a stranger the multitudinous scars which adorned his person. "These," said he, "are my greatest possessions; by them I show to the world that I love my country and would die for her welfare."

But Kai Popo's greatest achievement was the bringing the two sections of the Marphar, which had long stood apart and

constantly wrangled with each other, into friendly and harmonious relations. He saw that that state of things rendered them an easy prey to the Bush Tribes, and would eventually bring upon them serious calamities. "In union alone," he argued, "there is strength." Out of which alliance grew several institutions, the most noteworthy among them are the Sembey and the Boys' Gregree-Bush; the Girls' Gregree-Bush, which was weak and threatening, he placed on a more permanent basis.

Like all the heathen worthies, Kai Popo was a polygamist—he had ten wives, to whom he was very kind, and it was a question with his friends how such a warrior as he was, could be so indulgent to his wives; for such nature in a man is considered among them to be indicative of effeminacy. This man showed by his life that a man can be great and at the same time be kind and amiable, and that too to his wives. His head-wife was Mama Kendidia, the mother of our Princess. She was a woman, imperious in her bearing, of remarkable self-will, with a temper that

would catch fire on the touch of the smallest spark, and withal she was pretty, characteristics which were diametrically opposite to those of Kai Popo, who was of amiable and pleasing disposition, always ready for a good joke and laugh, endowed with a face that could not at all lay claim to comeliness. But this last we could judge from the description of his wife, as it is a common experience that homely men for the most part secure pretty wives.

CHAPTER II.

GUANYA PAU'S EARLY LIFE.

GUANYA PAU was denied the pleasure of her father's genial society through girlhood, as he died when she was scarcely four years old. She had a faint recollection of him coming in from the chase or farm and taking up her baby brother, who was greased over with palm oil, lying out in the sun (a precaution used with children to make them supple and strong); and of his once administering a reprimand to one of his refractory wives.

She was the second edition of her mother. The same independent bearing, the queenly carriage, the scornful air, the careless attitude, the cleanly-cut, well-made features, large expressive eyes, the reckless abandon which characterized the toss of her pretty little head, dimpled cheeks, pearly teeth, mouth and lips a decided improvement on the typical African's, lithe, elastic, a little grace-

ful, straight-forward, practical, a matter-of-fact kind of girl, somewhat head-strong, with the air of one who was born to rule and not to be ruled.*

Guanya Pau was, of course, a Gregree-Bush girl, consequently her name was changed to "Borney," the common name of the Gregree-Bush girls; by which name we shall occasionally call her.

On her father's death, she, scarcely four years old, was betrothed to a "gentleman" of the Pisu; not one of the royalty as her father had wished. Her mother, who understood her disposition, knew well that she would incur bitter experiences should she be clothed with power in a land where woman is not considered man's equal.

The man to whom she was betrothed, though of lower rank, was comparatively

*It is nothing strange that in Africa, and that too in the parts called "Negro land," we find women with features as fair and delicate as the Caucasian; small hands and feet, oval cheeks, teeth of marvelous whiteness, and many exceedingly beautiful. The writer in his travels accidentally met a "Borney" whose superior he has not seen in the United States. Not only had she a beautiful face, but possessed a symmetrical and well-proportioned figure, and withal she was superlatively modest.

wealthy, according to their standard of wealth, and was therefore able to pay a handsome dowry for her of about \$300 in wood and ivory. The average dowry is between fifty and one hundred dollars; and after you have gotten the woman, if you find that she is not a whole hundred per cent., like any other transaction, she can be restored and the money refunded. The custom in some sections is that when a man takes unto himself a wife, a report of several guns testifies that he is pleased with her, and no salute signifies displeasure, and to-morrow morning she may be seen with her little bundle making her way back to her mother's house, to await another chance for disposal.

But no sooner did our Borney come to years of discretion than she expressed extreme dissatisfaction with the system in vogue, and positively declared more than once that she would never submit to it.

Just at this time a new star crossed the orbit of her life. My gentlemen readers would think from the description I have given of Guanya Pau that she was unamenable to masculine influences;

but Guanya Pau was *genus homo* after all. A bold youth of her own age *did* succeed in capturing her affections, and they both vowed eternal love.

But the crisis came. The man to whom she was betrothed when a child, who was her senior by nearly twenty years, and who had already six wives, with bright prospects for six more, put in his claim ; but after recovering from the shock, which it caused her, she told her comrades with all the emphasis of her positive nature, that *sooner than marry him she would drown herself in the lake*. Her fellow Borneys, and especially her bosom friend, Jassah Guey, remonstrated with her, telling her that it was useless, that the system was an old, established one, that other maidens of her spirit, they learned, had been brutally forced into submission, that the wisest thing was to submit cheerfully.

One day when Guanya and her friend had gone to their room, after a lecture from their matron to the former for some alleged act of misdemeanor, Guanya took her seat on the mat beside Jassah, and holding her hand, said : "Jassah,

can I trust you ?” “O Guanya Pau !” replied Jassah, “what a question ! Have I ever deceived you before ?” “No, my dearest, sweetest, little friend ; no, no, you have never deceived me ; but you know you have had no special occasion to do so, nor do I believe if there were would you have done so. But I ask it because I have a secret to disclose to you, and I want to know if you can keep it all to yourself. Jassah, will you promise me that you will be my second-self, and keep my secrets as you would your own ?” “Guanya,” rejoined Jassah, “I am surprised at the seeming doubtfulness you have of my sincerity and love, which your question implies. But perhaps I am mistaken, this may be something serious, and therefore you want me to feel its importance. So then I promise you that sooner than betray you, my darling Guanya,” putting her arms affectionately around her neck and pressing her to her heart, “may the Gre-grees curse me.” “Well,” continued Guanya, “my mother has brought me word that within two moons (two months of eight weeks) some kind of a man is

coming to take me to his home. She tells me that the money was paid for me when I was a little girl. Dreadful! That the dislike I then manifested for him she hoped had vanished with my increased age and experience. She added further, that if I still have repugnance toward him I might as well dissipate it as soon as possible, or she would see that I was severely punished. Saying that I was always too proud, thinking more of myself than was right for a girl, that she and thousands of other women are content with the condition of things, and what am I more than they. She would hear nothing about my loving Momo or anybody else except that somebody of whom she spoke. Indeed, Jassah, she said many bitter things which I must not take time now to recount. The truth is, my friend, my mother and the other women to whom she alluded are satisfied with this state of things, because *they know of no better. They accept them as being absolutely necessary to the life of society.* If they could see things as they really are, that they were never destined in this

world to be servants—sold and treated like slaves, but on the contrary, that woman is as good and great as man, and intended to be his equal, and that the realization of this is *possible*, they would soon change their minds, and be as hostile to the present deception as I am. *But the day will come.* My mother may call me 'hot-headed,' 'headstrong,' 'wilful,' and what not; but, Jassah, I am inexorable and mean to swerve not a hair-breadth from my purpose.

"Now, Jassah, my secret is this, that baboon, I hear, is coming to see me to-morrow. I shall await him, and as soon as possible after his departure I shall run away and search for some other land, or if the Gregrees will, perish in the attempt. Now you have my secret, and my safety is in your hand. When I am gone you will pray to the Gregrees for me, won't you?"

Jassah heaved a deep sigh, then embracing her more affectionately, answered determinedly: "Guanya Pau, I shall never leave you."

CHAPTER III.

THE GREGREE BUSH.

THE Gregree Bush is an institution in some respects similar to the "White Cross Society" of America.

The Girls' Gregree Bush is of time immemorial. Said to be as old as the Vey tribe itself and founded by the old wizard, Pandama-Pluzhaway, the Devil's brother-in-law. The story runs like this: This man died. Of course, he went to the Devil; for he was a devil in this world and what will hinder him from being the same in the next? When he arrived at the Devil's Palace he was asked on what business he had come. He replied he would make a contract with the Devil. Thereupon the Devil challenged him to a combat, which was the means of testing his ability to make a contract with him. But the Devil found him his match and granted him whatever favor he desired.

Upon Pandama-Pluzhaway's return to earth he instituted the Gregree Bush

and appointed certain old women at its head. This is the Girls', the Boys' are of later origin and is said to owe its founding to Guanya Pau's eminent father.

The Zobah, as the leaders of these institutions are called, are those who lecture to the young women on matters of practical importance, and some of the instructions given by them are beneficial and wholesome. In their dress they approximate as near as possible the image of the Devil. Hence foreigners call them "Country Devil." Their attire consists of a black gown, reaching to the ground, a false-face, a head-dress two feet long, carrying in their hand a plaited brush. They are present at all weddings and deaths of great men to lead in the song and dance.

The natives try to persuade foreigners that the Zobah are not human, but real devils. An amusing story is told of how an American was affected on meeting a Zobah. There was some celebration at a certain town when he was eager to see the whole. But in his curiosity he ventured outside of the

prescribed limits and, of course, one of the Zobah started at him. Fortunately the American had his gun with him, and after retreating a few steps stopped and with one of those "d—— you", for which the average American is famous, made the Devil halt, turn around, and march back to her quarters. The bully American, of course, had to pay five dollars for his imprudent act.

The Gregree Bush girls are under some strict rules. For instance, they seldom dance with men. Men dance by themselves and maidens by themselves.

For unchastity the punishment is so severe that very few ever recover from it.

On entering the Gregree Bush they are given a peculiar kind of beads and a small horn for the neck, which they are required always to wear. As a rule these girls are respected and cases of unchastity are comparatively few.

I believe I can truly say that cases of moral turpitude are more frequent in America than it is among these heathen people.

CHAPTER IV.

KAI KUNDU'S VISIT.

ON the following day, Guanya Pau being now near her sixteenth birthday, within a few weeks of the time when her master would come to take her to his home, he came to the Gregree-Bush to visit her. His name was Kai Kundu, because of his short, stumpy form; he was homely beyond description, with nose and lips twenty-five per cent. in excess of the average African, with a face perpetually bearing the expression "I-don't-care-which-way-the-wind-blows, I am Kai Kundu, the short, the ugly, the clumsy, Kai Kundu."

He made an attempt to seat himself on the mat beside Guanya Pau, who immediately rose, went into the adjoining room, brought a bamboo chair, which she set at a more than respectable distance from the mat, thus avoiding all possible means of proximity between herself and his lordship. Looking up

into her face with one of his characteristic grins, which made him look like a full-grown chimpanzee, he said: "Guanya Pau, I understand it all, you are yet young and inexperienced; your fair complexion has not yet been burnt by the sun's heat, nor your hands hardened by work. Your action is like that of many other maidens." Then thinking that she was persuaded of the truth of his assertion, because she made no reply, he again made an effort to bring his chair near, only to be told peremptorily that if he didn't keep to the distance she had assigned him, she would report him to the authorities for indecorum.

Finding argument useless, Kai Kundu made himself comfortable, and grinned more than ever.

The two together certainly resembled Dr. Talmage's "hawk courting a dove." Finally, he mustered up enough courage to tell her his purpose for coming to see her, winding up with "I have watched and cared for you, Guanya, since you were a baby; O, my joy, when a very small girl, your mother consented to my having you, and fixed the dowry. I was

so elated that I paid her more than what she asked. I shall make you my head wife. I have cassada and rice farms all along the Marphar, have men and women gathering my nuts and making my oil. I have several large canoes which carry my produce weekly to the Beach—oil, kernel, wood, ivory, cloth, hides, rice, etc. Now, Borney, my child," this time grinning with his whole face, "tell me what you think of me."

"When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows : these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,—
You must not take for fire."

Guanya Pau with all the contempt of which her full, strong voice was capable, replied : "*Elombey*," etc. "What do you mean? Believe me if I tell you the truth from my heart, will you? I have not cared to think about you in any way except to hate you. As to loving you, I'd just as soon love a monkey. I shall never be your head wife, I don't care if you own all Marphar and Pisu put together, and you may convey this intelligence, if you choose, to my mother."

Kai Kundu, contracting his grin into a small compass, assured her that she would rue such expressions when she was in better spirits ; but finding all attempts to make her believe this futile, he took up his ungainly body, grinned like a chess-cat, and stalked out of the room.

CHAPTER V.

GUANYA PAU RUNS AWAY.

IMMEDIATELY upon Kai Kundu's departure, Guanya Pau looked up Jassah, and told her all that had happened, assuring her that the time was ripe for their departure, and that they should use all possible precaution so as to leave behind no clue as to where they had gone.

The girls were wholly inexperienced to traveling and to the country around, not having gone ten miles from their home in all their life. After debating the question of the road, they finally concluded to take the country highway, going north, and making for the woods, several miles beyond, trusting in the Gregrees to make whatever disposition of them they will. Soon all was settled, and the two made hasty and secret preparations to run away.

That night, when it was quite dark, and the little village was buried in deep sleep, the two spirited maidens, after

arranging their beads, disrobing themselves of those which would give a clue to their identity, and after invoking the Gregees to protect them from harm, came out into the open air, with uplifted hands, looked up into the sky and made a deep, prolonged sigh. Was it our God they thus invoked in the silent recesses of their souls? Was it to Him who has said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," that these poor girls in the solemn hush of that midnight hour, their souls tossed heavily by fears and apprehensions because of the risk they were about to take, leaving home and friends to go they knew not where, and that too when their whole country was pervaded with the same sentiments respecting woman; was it to Him that they went for help? Did they lift up their eyes unto the hills from whence cometh *our* help? I trow not. They had never heard the sweet call of the church-bell, nor soul-stirring words fall from the lips of some Kanabah-Kai (God man), nor the inspiring strains of the Sabbath-school. No one with heart full of love

for God, and with deep solicitude for souls had come among them and told the old, old story of Jesus and His love. Never had a missionary, the herald of good tidings, trod this part of the world ; and oh, how true is this the case of many of the tribes of West Africa, yea, of all that continent!

Jesus Christ died to save them nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and yet there are millions in that dark land dying ignorant of His great sacrifice and love. Dying without hope, without Christ, within Heaven !

Truly, darkness covers the land, and gross darkness the people. Oh, Lord, how long ? when will this gloom dissipate and the light from the Sun of Righteousness flood the land ? When, blessed Saviour, will Thy promises concerning Ethiopia be verified ? No, her sad condition is not *organic*, and it *is* possible to turn the tide from the channel in which it has flown for ages.

“The night is long that never finds the day.”

“Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove

covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

"For your shame ye shall have double."

"Shall drink at noon

The palm's rich nectar ; and lie down at eve
In the green pastures of remembered days ;
And walk, to wander and to weep no more
On Congo's mountain-coast, or Guinea's golden
shore."

Hark ! methinks I hear a voice from the clouds, which says: "*Give ye them to eat,*" implying that no angelic band will descend from the skies who, with one spark, will set that land aflame with the fire of the Gospel. But YE, men and women of flesh and blood, having but five loaves and two small fishes. Yes, yes, this stupendous work, the evangelization of Africa, must be done by human agencies. Another fact is worthy of note here, and that is, civilization is never indigenous, but *conditioned on the contact of races*. "There is not in history a record of a single indigenous civilization; there is nowhere in any reliable document the report of any people lifting themselves out of barbarism. The historic civilizations are all exotic. The

torches that blaze along the line of centuries were kindled each by the one behind." *

Pardon, dear reader, these occasional digressions. They are impromptu outbursts of a soul that is full of enthusiasm for his native land.

After the Borneys had finished these invocations, they took their little bundles and struck out upon the country road for the distant woods, which they reached as the first streaks of the morning reddened the eastern sky.

Through fear of detection, they crept into one of those "bugbugs" in which that country abounds, and after a refreshment of some of the cassadas and dried fish, with which they had provided themselves, they remained quiet.

When the sun had set, they crept out stealthily, made a brief and hasty survey of the woods, then went on, going they knew not where, but with the satisfaction that the distance between them and their home was becoming every minute greater.

But they had not proceeded far before

* Niebuhr.

they heard the fall of footsteps in the distance, and soon voices of men greeted their ear. They started, looked hither and thither, but there was no place for concealment. In their extremity, with their hearts in their mouths, they retreated double-quick to the place of "bugbugs," and were soon swallowed up in one of those hospitable caverns. How they blessed the little insects for building these strongholds.

"There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow."

The voices came nearer and nearer, ever increasing in volume, from which it was evident that they were disputing. As they approached the mound in which the girls were concealed, they stopped and took their bearing; then they came up to it, lay down their spears and other hunting outfit, took down from their shoulders bunches of country bread, then set to making a voracious dispatch of its contents; when one went a few feet away, cut a peculiar kind of vine, which grew suspended from a limb of a tree, from which they got a supply of water. They then talked over their plans, and

again tried to ascertain their whereabouts. They were two Vey men from a town several miles away on the chase of a wounded elephant. You may imagine what relief the Borneys felt when such discovery was made. But they soon became anxious, when one of the men intimated his intention to crawl inside the same hill and take a nap ; he was on the point of suiting the action to the word, when his companion dissuaded him, saying that they had no time to lose, and that he could hear the horns of their comrades calling.

The two hunters had not gone ten minutes, when there was a loud peal of a horn, which was repeated again and again, in the direction they had gone ; and presently there was a tearing, bel-lowing noise, as if the trees of the forest had been uprooted, and the mountain was tumbling down. The roar, mingled with the yells and screams of men, made the solemn aisles of the wood echo and re-echo. To the girls it brought unspeakable anxiety. Every moment the tumult increased in force and intensity, and seemed to be making straight for

the ill-fated "bugbug." The ground beneath them literally trembled, the lofty beech and mango tossed to and fro, the pointed tops of the bugbugs were knocked off; a violent whirlwind swept the mountain, the air became charged with a mal-odor almost stifling, and surcharged with a fume as if from the crater of some volcano. Trees and shrubs were pulled up and hurled high into the air; the whole forest seemed in violent agitation; and oh, what must be the fate of the bugbug!—certainly it will not stand against the onrushing storm when such hardy trees were yielding. Another prolonged bellow, and a monstrous elephant, transfixed with a spear, tore out of the thicket with marvelous swiftness, followed by some twenty more than half-naked Veys, in full pursuit. He made straight for the bugbug, as if to hide from his pursuers. But no such intention had crossed his brain. The elephant is no coward. His aim was to get possession of this vantage ground where he could make a bold fight.

When in front of this, he halted.

The men also halted. Each waited for the other to make the initiative attack. Finally, a youth of about nineteen years, with more daring than common-sense, advanced nearer, and threw his dart. The elephant turned around, lifted his snout in the air, and the imprudent young brave went up in the air, and came down crashing against the unlucky bugbug. The elephant in his turn accidentally struck the mound, crushing in part of a side, making a hole large enough to expose the unfortunate girls. But this he did not do purposely; he had nothing against the maidens, and probably would have stopped and apologized, had his tormentors permitted him.

With a surprising manœuvre, he turned about-face, going due north, carrying the eager huntsmen with him.

Then the winds hushed, the tempest subsided, the trees assumed their normal posture, terra firma became steady, the atmosphere received back her redolent and healthful elements; peace and order was everywhere restored, and the Borneys brought back to their right minds safe and unharmed.

CHAPTER VI.

PRINCE MARANNAH.

WHEN travel again was safe, the Borneys crept out of their hiding place, and continued their journey. At twilight of that day they came to a large rice farm. The people had ceased working for the day, and had gone to the village, at the farther end of the farm. The crackling notes of dumboy, and the sweet odor of palaver-sauce and palm butter (fine African dishes), reminded them of the good things they had left behind.

After it had grown dark, and they had disfigured their faces beyond recognition, they came into the village, and mingled with the crowd that had assembled before the king's house. The presence of Zobah with the particular cymbals, songs and dance, together with the peculiar attire of the participants, the disfigured and powdered faces, the manipulation of hair, so that it or its substitute stood perpendicular on the

head a foot high, beads tastefully arranged around the neck and waist, and many other nameless appendages which baffle masculine vocabulary to find names for—these indicated that the celebration was that of a wedding.

The girls recoiled at the thought of another innocent damsel decoyed into the trapper's meshes. They were, therefore, anxious to learn something about the couple; for their breasts were heaving convulsively because of the injustice heaped upon their sex. They also startled at the idea of the women around manifesting such great enthusiasm over the same. It was true, as Guanya Pau had said, that they were both ignorant and blind.

Accordingly, when the chorus had sung, or rather had hallooed themselves hoarse, the door of the king's house was opened, revealing a large room, on whose hard dirt floor-mats of matchless whiteness were spread, on which were massive bowls of food. After dispatching the palatable dishes, then came the climax. The king, with his own hand, opened case after case of Holland gin,

until many were intoxicated. Would that I were allowed here to tell my readers something about the effect of rum and gin on the heathen. But my feelings would lead me too far off, and besides it is irrelevant to the story. Suffice it for me to say that the heathen, at his best, is little better than the beast, and can you contemplate his condition after imbibing this distillation of hell?

After the feast, reports of several guns were given, and the crowd dispersed. Guanya Pau then secured a conversation with certain women of the place, who told them the following story:

Young Prince Musah was travelling incognito, when he made a visit to his old home, where he was born and reared, a village, as he called it, "of lofty palms and pretty women."

When he had sauntered through the glens and dells of his boyish haunts, along the shady banks of streams where he used to listen to the sweet warble of the mocking-bird, and watch the squirrel prance and chirp, and had strolled around refreshing his spirits with reminiscences of by-gone sports, he decided

to make the visit more remindful by taking back with him one of the pretty Borneys.

He had not long to make up his mind which of the many maidens he should choose, as the only satisfaction he required was a face fair to look upon, and one pleasing to the eyes (a fault common with African youths). Musah made his choice, and found out her guardian, who told him that the girl was sold, intimating at the same time that the whereabouts of her lover was unknown to him, he having left the country when she was quite small. But the possibility of the Prince losing this sweet girl, made him exert himself to the utmost to get her. He therefore doubled the dowry, and promised to make her his head wife, arguing withal the absurdity of hoping against hope the return of the vagabond lover. Adding that such action on the part of a lover indicated that he was not concerned about her; "for men are generally," said he, "anxious about those to whom they are attached, and show this by their frequent presence and their attempt to cultivate

acquaintance." "I can testify to this," continued he, "from personal experience." Then the Prince dwelt largely upon his worth, becoming ever eloquent, giving true examples of persuasive oratory. He was a natural orator, and he knew it, and he knew besides that with his voice he had influenced the most fastidious maiden.

The guardian, overcome by the Prince's offer and logic, sat still for a while plunged in deep meditation; then he looked up into Musah's face, as if to study his physiognomy, looked off into space, scratched his head, and drew a deep breath. His eyes then fell upon the timid Borney, who was standing behind the mat, pretending to be engaged in the arrangement of her beads.

"Borney, child of the patient heart, and idol of my house," said he, "are you willing to forego your husband who is lost to you and me, of whom during these many moons the sun has run his course, no wind has brought us intelligence? Surely such ill becomes a lover. I fear he does not care anything for you. But he may be dead, my child, and in

his grave, who knows ; for though we feed and nourish our dead, yet you know that no correct tidings do they send us. But, Borney, be not persuaded. In this matter I want you to be alone in your decision. Would you not though prefer this stranger, a Prince from the Pisu, of noble mien and warlike appearance ? Let your heart answer, Borney ; but for my part, I would prefer this gentleman, though I shall not influence you." Whereupon he swung the mat back, revealing a shy maiden of "sweet sixteen," of pretty face and figure, in a profusion of blushes.

The truth is, the girl had no decision to make, as her guardian had implied in his questions what course she should pursue. So she, without further ceremony, took her stand beside the noble young prince, and whispered, amid sobs and blushes : "I shall be your head wife, Prince Musah."

CHAPTER VII.

THE WAYSIDE WOMAN.

THE next morning, as they proceeded, they met a woman who was plodding along with a child on her back, and a basket on her head. The customary greeting "*Ya ku neh*" having been exchanged, Guanya Pau asked her why she looked so jaded and worn out. Taking down her basket, giving the little fellow a gentle tug, and asking them to sit down with her on a log near by, she replied: "Ah, child, my lot has been and is a hard one. May you never have to suffer what I have suffered. I was born a child of ill-luck. The Gregrees must have frowned upon me ere I saw the first light of day. Words cannot describe what sorrows and heartaches I have endured. When a little girl, I was sent to the Gregree-Bush, where I met a youth, who performed some menial services for the Zobah, and who would occasionally assist me with my work. In course of time, as we grew up, our little friend-

ship ripened into strong attachment. I told him that if he would promise me that he would think of no other woman, I would consent to have him, and that probably I could influence my mother to reduce the dowry. He swore, adding that there was not room in his heart for another woman, and said that he had always since a boy looked upon the polygamous system with extreme disgust. He further promised that he would work hard from henceforth, and save money to buy me. In a few days he left for Solama (an English trading station on the coast), where he hired himself for wages. After six moons, he came to visit me. He had improved so much, could speak another language, called Englishee (English), and said that after six moons more he would be able to buy me. O what anticipations I allowed to flit through my young brain. To be the sole possessor of that worthy young man I thought would be something enviable. I laughed and cried, and cried and laughed. How I wished those six moons would come and go. One passed, then two, then three, then

four, then five passed. I began then to count the days.

“Within two weeks of the time, I got communication from him that I must be patient and wait an additional moon longer. I was disappointed, but I knew it was all right, so I waited patiently. I was sure Jallah, for that was his name, was true as the sunlight. But alas for me! I had in my youthful enthusiasm inadvertently disclosed the delightful secret to my fellow Borney, who told it to another, and she to her friend, and so on it went until it came to the ears of my mother. But I was not anxious even then, for I was sure that Jallah would have means sufficient to buy me. Now judge of my surprise when my mother visited me, and told me that I had been betrothed to another when a little girl. I protested, told her that I loved Jallah, and would have nobody but him. She laughed, saying that I had no say so in the matter, that she would dispose of me as she saw fit. But I was obstinate, and told her that she had no control over my affections, and therefore had no right to determine whom I should have. She

laughed again, saying that 'affection' and 'love' had no place in this transaction, and that I would learn the same sooner or later ; adding that she would have me punished if I should mention again what I was going to do. Perhaps I was impudent, for I protested to the last that I did not think it was right for her to sell me to one whom I didn't remember to have seen, and whom I was not sure whether I could love ; becoming warm, I swore, yes, I became vehement ; and, my child, was I not right ?" Here the woman stopped short, wiped the tears which were coursing down her cheeks, gave the baby behind a touch-up, then resumed her story : " They act as though we are no better than the dumb brute, *wholly destitute of womanly affections, and have no preference whatever.* If they want a reward for their care over us, why not wait until we are of sufficient age to make our own bargain ? Why betroth us when we are so young, and that too to those brutal men who have already many women whom they abuse. I repeat it, *it is unjust !*"

At this point she broke completely

down, and gave way to a flood of tears. The two girls were naturally similarly affected, and contributed their share of water to the already copious stream.

For a few moments silence prevailed. Finally the woman continued: "But the worst I have yet to tell. My mother left me, and I was about to congratulate myself that I had carried my point. Of course, I regretted very much that I had had occasion to express myself so positively to my mother. My passion got control of my better judgment. I know now that my mother was so hard with me, because she had spent her whole life amidst such experiences and thought nothing else could possibly be right. These were warped and woofed in her very life; consequently my poor mother could do no better. My views of life seemed a deliberate attempt on the order of things—a *revolution on society*.

"But I must hasten with my story, no doubt you are anxious to continue your journey." When Guanya Pau assured her that they had the whole day at their disposal, she went on: "The worst of it is, my friends, that night when I had

lain for a few hours on my bed, tossing from one side to the other, unable to go to sleep from thinking of Jallah and the incidents of the past day, 'I heard the mat at my door rustle, then a head peeped in, soon followed by a stalwart body. I jumped from the bed, and was on the point of screaming, when a coarse voice said sternly: 'Jassaḥ, if you make any racket this time of night Zobah will punish you most severely.' 'What in the name of the Devil-bush do you want here this time of night?' I cried. 'I have,' said he, 'an order from your mother, signed by Zobah, to take you with me.' 'Who, me?' I screamed, 'Where to, what for, who are you, who is my mother, and who is Zobah, where do they live, where did you come from, who has any right to give you commission to come and take me, who in the name of your head are you, any how, who——?' I had not finished my interrogations, when I felt a strong arm clasp me around the waist, and a hand pressed against my mouth. I struggled and fought until exhausted, when I fell motionless at his feet.

“The next morning when I awoke, I was under a shady colanut tree. The sunlight was streaming through its leafy boughs. An old woman was sitting by me with a bowl of chicken-broth, and bade me drink. I asked her where I was, how I had come there, and who she was. She promised to answer my queries if I would drink the soup. Being weak and hungry, I considered it to my interest to comply with her request. After the refreshment, I felt strengthened, and inclined to follow up my questions.

“She told me that on the previous night I had been brought there while in a swoon, that my life for a while was despaired of, (oh, would that I had died!) but that the Gregrees had been invoked, the medicine-man summoned, who performed many rites over me, and who received propitious response to his prayers. I felt something heavy around my ankle, and asked who tied it there, and for what cause. She said the medicine-man; that he had been advised to use such precaution. Then she told me that I was in the home of the man who

had bought me when I was a little girl, that she was his mother, and noticing that I became alarmed at this disclosure, she prayed me to keep still, or else I would aggravate my trouble, and fall into more serious dilemma. But her gentle words had no influence over me. Far from it for me to 'keep still.' Like one in an agony of despair, I screamed with all the strength I could command. Soon a crowd was around me, and him who had the audacity to call me '*Na musu*' (my woman), I recognized to be the same man who attacked me at my room. I screamed then the louder." She had to stop again to take breath, wipe the tears from her eyes, heaved a deep sigh, then continued: "My dear young women, may you never suffer the like. How I am living to-day, is more than I can tell. You said that I look jaded and worn out. Age is not the cause. No, it is not age. I have not yet reached my thirty-fifth year, and could easily pass for sixty. No, it is not age, *it is not age*; but something else that has made me old." "But," interrupted Guanya Pau, "did you ever hear

of Jallah again?" "Wait," said she, "let me tell you. When they saw that no amount of coaxing would do, I was subjected to the severest treatment, confined and fed upon rice and water for a week. After this I was somewhat cowed, and concluded to yield to my fate, thinking that perhaps some day Jallah would find me, and we would run away.

"Well, the first opportunity I got, after having been there a few weeks, I ran away; but before I had gone far, I was caught, for they suspected that I would do such a thing, and unknown to me had always watched me. I was caught, shamefully whipped, confined, and treated more cruelly than before. I was then sent along with some others of his women to work, who were instructed to lay to my share the hardest part. Suffice it for me to say that they more than obeyed the injunction; as no doubt you have observed that women can become toward their own sex even more cruel than men.

"After a few moons, that man concluded that I would never do for him,

that I was more fit for a slave than for a gentleman's wife, so he sent me here to his uncle—a man than whom the Devil could not be meaner; and so I am here, where I expect to spend my remaining days, which cannot be many more." "But in all this time," Guanya Pau asked again, "have you not heard anything from Jallah?" "No, child," replied the woman, "I have never heard a single word from him. We shall never meet again."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SEMBEY COURT.

AFTER the above conversation the woman arose, adjusted the little fellow behind who had begun to squall, replaced her basket, pressed the hands of the Borneys, exchanged the "*Jemah weh*" and they parted.

Toward the cool of the day the Borneys came to a house located at the farther end of a large cassada farm, where they stopped and rested.

Here again their indignation was intensified when they saw the wife wait upon her lord in the capacity of a servant, placing the best of everything before him, and satisfying herself with the remnant that escaped his gastronomic appetite.

After he had eaten, another brought him his pipe, and still another was preparing the mat under a shady cola, where

his majesty could recline and sleep and smoke.

Then they scattered, the one with her fishing nets to the river, the other with her bill-hook to the cassada farm, and the third to her mortar to beat out rice.

If reproachful frowns and glances could have inflicted injury, this distinguished personage lying out there under the shade would certainly have been seriously harmed by these girls as they passed by him on their way out.

They went on talking together over what they had seen and heard, dwelling for a long time on the sad fate of the woman whom they had met, and resolving that they would never yield to such treatment.

Suddenly their attention was arrested by the sight of a beautiful grove not far away, shaded by stately palms and lofty mangos, surrounded by a rustic fence with here and there curiously twisted bunches of Gregree; the same also hanging from the branches of every tree on the inside, while at the gate there was an arch of rush and reeds coarsely interwoven, and just inside the gate

standing on a broad stump was a hideous representation of *Jehama* the devil; standing by his side was Zingbatutu, the medicine man.

In the center of the grove were several graves of kings at whose heads were basins of food, and at the foot jugs and bottles of water.

In the midst of this sacred spot, sitting on a low wooden stool, was Gandanya the witch, holding in her hand a short brush to prevent any unhallowed feet from desecrating this holy ground. By her side stood a lad of some nine years, who did her biddings.

At the farther end of the grove was the sanctum sanctorum, an elevation of a few feet, made of bamboo and rattan, walled in by a neat fence of saplings and rattan; in the center, hanging from a column standing upright in the ground, was an image of the devil, a little more artistic than the one at the gate.

Beads of all descriptions hung from the wall on the inside, and the low, narrow door was decorated with bones and skulls of animals, with two beautiful ivories overlapping each other ;

four rows of elaborately wrought chairs of bamboo and rattan made up the furniture of the room, upon which were sitting Vey gentlemen who wore red caps and muslin breeches.

In the center, on a chair more tasteful than the rest and more elevated, sat the chairman, likewise more gaudily dressed.

His breeches were of black silk, reaching about two inches below the knees, each leg large enough to hold a bushel; over this a leopard skin coat, which gave him a shaggy and savage appearance; about his ankles were several kinds of Gregrees, his feet were adorned with tastefully carved sandals, on which were several small bells which jingled every time he turned; on his shoulders hung three kinds of beads, upon his head a cap of leopard skin, about three feet long, tapering to a point.

This august personage, one could judge from his face, had a disposition which comported uniformly with his dress.

This was the Sembey, which was now in session and which at this moment was

about to consider the latest medical discoveries of Dr. Papa-Guy-a-gey, the famous physician of the Marphar.

The Borneys reached the place just as the Doctor rose to make his speech, which, after a few flattering remarks addressed to the chairman and the members in general, was as follows :

“A week ago, Kai Denu (fellow citizens), with gun under my arm, and knapsack across my shoulders, I struck out for the woods in quest of game.

“I had not proceeded far into the forest when I heard a coughing, like that of a child. I stopped, and concealed myself behind a bugbug. Soon a monstrous female baboon came out of the thicket, went to a certain hill, got a peculiar kind of dirt, plucked the bud from a certain bush, mixed these to the consistency of jelly, and gave it to her coughing child.

“On my return home, I tried the same on some of my servants, who had dreadful colds, and find it an unexcelled cough syrup.

“Farther in the woods, the next day, I ran across a limping chimpanzee, and

watched him go to a certain shrubbery and apply its tender leaves to his wounds. I shot him, in the interest of the medical science, and found he had been snake-bitten.

“I marked the shrubbery, had one of my good-for-nothing female servants bitten by a snake, applied the leaves, and found a wonderful liniment for snake-bite.”

Whereupon the Council unanimously voted that Dr. Papa Guyagey should be considered in all lands as a nobleman and a benefactor of mankind, and to further attest their appreciation and gratitude, by giving him for a paramour the prettiest woman in the village.

Next the case of Manja Ballah was brought before the Council.

His charge was that he had assumed the chiefship of the Dateah town, not having the required number of wives and servants.

Whereupon Ballah arose, and defended himself as follows:

“Kai Denu, I wish to show you as briefly as possible the fallacy of the accusation.

“Before I was twelve years old, my mother had bought for me seven wives, Borneys of the first order and rank.

“By cunning and sweet talk, I myself secured two at half price, women just as first-class as any who would have been willing to have given themselves to me for nothing, so great was their regard for me.

“As a reward for the kind services I recently rendered our neighbors, the Corsaw, I was given a young girl, who is now in the Gregree-Bush—a girl of great beauty, and who is destined to become my head wife—ten in all—exceeding the number required of a chief.”

Next the case of Kai Jalley was called up. This man was a notorious wife-beater, and recently he had beaten one of his wives so severely that she died from the effects. He stood there the very personification of brutality, and made his defence as follows :

“I am surprised, Kai Denu, to see you condescend to consider anything about *woman*. Isn't woman '*garna bale?*' (weak and effeminate,) and '*mah tende koqua?*' (good for nothing?)

conditions which are beneath our dignity to consider for a moment.

“Now, you know, woman is nowhere among us recognized as man’s equal, hence no redress can be demanded for her treatment. Furthermore, is she not in the same class with the mule or cow? You would all answer yes. Well, if I should kill my cow, none of you would raise the least objection.

“I therefore argue that you have no right to raise an objection here. It is my loss, I paid seventy-five dollars in cloth and ivory for her, and if I choose to throw away this money it is nobody’s business but my own.

“Manja Jallah (addressing the chairman), do I not speak the truth?”

Manja Jallah replied: “*Da hi ka, a be ke wah.*” (Yes, it is true.)

After the chairman had exchanged a few words with his associates, it was announced that the Sembey had no business to interfere with a man’s personal matters, that his wife was his property, and subject to whatever treatment he felt disposed to inflict.

CHAPTER IX.

SUNDRY EXPERIENCES.

So vehement did Guanya Pau become that she would have burst through the sacred precinct and collared old Ballah, had not her companion checked her.

After this they continued their journey for several days, sleeping often in the woods, when not favored with a lodge at some wayside inn. For food, when their supply gave out, they ate palm nuts, which are abundant in that country, and other wild fruits, equally wholesome and plentiful. Africa is certainly a land flowing with milk and honey.

The traveller, away out in the forest, if his provision gives out, need not famish. Almost at any time of the year the woods have a liberal supply of fruits and nuts — walnuts, colanuts, hickory-nuts, troves, several kinds of plums, wild plantain, figs, monkey-apple and

fruit, persimmon, lady-finger, alligator-pear and pepper, etc., etc.; if no brook is near, from which to quench his thirst, a large vine can frequently be found that has in its hollow abundant supply of cool, sweet water.

The Africans have not yet awakened to a full consciousness of their worth. It needs only the application of scientific and industrial principles to the illimitable resources of that wonderful land which are lying dormant, to make her rival the most affluent of her sister continents. Vegetation luxuriant. Climate miraculous. Already, with the veil but lifted, she is captivating the eye and intoxicating the brain of the daring lovers of mammon; and the cry to-day is ringing throughout the length and breadth of civilization: "Go to, let us have a share in the land." What stores of oil, kernel, ivory, indigo, India rubber, gutta percha, copal, skins, teak; wood enough to furnish the cabinet works of all nations; fruits sufficient to make pies and puddings for one-half the population of the world; cereals, waters abounding with all kinds of fish, etc., etc. May God

soon open the door for the development of this great country, and preserve the whole land from Cape Bon on the north to Cape of Good Hope on the south ; from Cape Guardafui on the east to Cape Verd on the west, for the black man, the African, whose exclusive, divine heritage it is.

To-day, being sultry and warm, the girls proceeded with almost snail-paces, bounding with new life, gay and jolly, oblivious to the trials of the past few days. But their gaiety is short-lived. A dark cloud covers the sun.

It is twilight; the first shades of evening are enshrouding the land. Hark ! there is heard in the distance just ahead a rustle among the leaves, followed by heavy tramp of feet, accompanied with low, suppressed conversation. Can it be that the girls are seen ? They have no time to test the truth of the inquiry ; but creep as stealthily as possible behind a large fallen Mango and lie flat on their faces.

Like dogs on the scent of their game, the men come straight to the tree. But this is not surprising, since the huge log

affords them an excellent seat on which they can sit and rest themselves. Fortunately they do not come to the lower part where the girls are hidden, nor on that side, but stop at the upper end.

They are two common-sized masculines, neither of whom can boast of a respectable beard; but supplied with well-developed muscles, hardy and able-bodied. Each carries a knife, fastened in a sailor's belt, and a rough cane of extraordinary weight and size, dressed in the free-and-easy style of the ordinary people, without the encumbrances which fashion and higher civilization impose.

Quiet everywhere prevails, so the Borneys easily hear the conversation which follows. "Varney," says one, "what do you think of our giving up the search, and going back home? It is my opinion that these devilish girls didn't take this road, but some other; or, what do you say about changing our course?" "Well," answers Varney, "for my part I want the reward which Kai Kunda offers for her capture, and therefore am willing to continue the

search a few days longer. But I agree with you in the advisability of taking another route." "But, by the way, have you thought how we shall identify her?" asks the other. "Yes," says Varney, "her mother gave me a full description of her. She is of ordinary height and size, not what you would call pretty, but passable, rather dignified in her bearing, has a sharp voice, bright eyes, makes holes in her jaws when she laughs, walks as if she owned all Marphar. In short, her mother said that she is a girl that would attract the attention of any man."

"I tell you what," says the other, "I'd just like to catch her, if I wouldn't knock some of that pride out of her. The idea of a woman having such notions as to run away, because she doesn't want a man who has many wives. Ha! ha! ha! who has ever heard of such a thing? I tell you, Varney, I feel sore whenever I think of it, and unless I am in better humor when we catch her, I am afraid she will suffer something at my hands." "Yes," rejoins Varney, "it is outrageous. But haven't you observed that the girls nowadays are getting their

heads full of sentimental nonsense? My brother, a few days ago, came near killing a foolish Borney he recently brought home, because she didn't want to stay in the same house with his other wives."

After they exchanged a few words with reference to their route, they appropriated some korjally (country bread), struck fire from a flint, lighted their pipes, and continued their journey.

The girls, who were half-dead with fright, lay still until they were well out of sight, breathed freely once more, and summoning all the strength they had, took a course diametrically opposite to that in which the men had gone; hastening as fast as their weakness would permit them, in order to find some place of lodging before it was quite dark. But darkness overtook them before they reached a settlement, so they made for themselves a bed of leaves under a branchy Mango.

About midnight their feelings were again disturbed by ferocious growls of a hungry leopard, who made the forest echo with his cries. But as he did not scent the girls, or was indifferent to

human flesh, the prince of beasts didn't further disturb the Borneys' peace of mind.

Before it was light the following morning, they continued in the same course, encountering a new kind of travellers. It was one of those typical December mornings—foggy and damp. Ever and anon they were greeted by a squad of merry, jolly-faced monkeys, who manifested as great surprise on seeing the young ladies as the young ladies did to see them. But, as they were on the monkeys' territory, the latter considered it their duty to take the initiatory step toward acquaintance and entertainment. They accordingly exhausted their catalogue of antic tricks and grimaces, for which their race is celebrated, often becoming too familiar in trying to see how near they could come to the anxious girls. In every squad there was here and there a "Dandy Jack," so called because he is the most beautiful species of the monkey family. He is somewhat more alert, and not as frisky as the ordinary monkey.

As they went on, they received further

greetings from many lovely specimens of the winged tribes. The king-fisher upon the lofty oak struck up his carol, green pigeons whistled their stereotyped anthem, the mocking-bird gave his sweet trill, culminating with the owl, who sounded his trite hoot :

“Task done or no done, 'tis time to go home, go
home;
I wear the shoe-boots, and chicken-soup, so
good, so good,
Big dinner at my house to-morrow,
John Bedab, Will Bedab, his wife,
And the Devil knows who all, who all !”

The sun soon made his appearance in the heaven, when the mist vanished, and nature's ten thousand voices became still.

CHAPTER X.

THE DEAD NOBLEMAN.

AT the cool of the following day the Borneys, after many turns and windings, caught sight at last of smoke curling up above what seemed to be a little village. But no sooner had they come within hearing distance than a sound of weeping was heard. A nobleman had lately died, and according to custom, mourners were stationed in his house, who made the village echo with their lamentations. But the saddest sight was to be seen in the house adjacent to the king's court.

The deceased during his lifetime had been a terror to his wives, so that when he died they were not disposed to shed tears over him; wherefore it was inferred that they had witched him. The witch was called in, who confirmed the decision, after counting her beads and muttering something to the unknown, imprecating upon the beads of the crim-

inals the condign punishment and going through with the hackneyed formula:

“ Yáng-Kate Yáng-Kate,
Zum bu yu vah, zum bu zhé ! ” etc.

She then advised that a large tank of pepper be prepared, and the women be made to kneel down in it, pending the further advice of the Medicine-man ; forbidding any one to render them the least aid. Even the women railed upon the unfortunates for their lack of respect for their husband.

But one of the women, more heroic than the rest, protested her innocence, lifted her knees from the tank, declaring that she would sooner die than submit. She was right. No sooner said than done—the action was suited to the word, and she lay weltering in her blood.

The Medicine-man then passed into the adjoining room, attended by two little boys, who carried his portmanteau, which contained innumerable humbugs. He was a plain-faced man, unassuming, without that pomposity and ostentatious display which characterize the men of his profession. Upon entering the room, his first act was to prostrate him-

self flat on the ground, going through many mutterings and grumblings ; then he sends one of the lads for water with which he bathes his face and hands, and repeats the above. Whereupon he takes out his beads, counts them, grumbles again, commands both boys to stand in front of him with arms folded, while he invokes the spirit of the dead man, winding up with :

“ Yam bah oh, yam bah oh,
Kali muſāye ma zhe yé ! ” etc.

He then lifts the mat, bids the youngsters bring more water, washes his face and hands, comes out into the Court where the women are, and makes the following announcement :

“ Hear ye, my countrymen, ye who have regard for the ancestral Gregrees. Ye bade me consult the spirits to ascertain which of these women are guilty of witching this nobleman. The spirits were angry with us, and I had to pray and supplicate, going through the whole curriculum of prayers and performances before they would give me their ears. They are certainly angry with us because of the great sin we have com-

mitted. Oh, Kai Denu (fellow citizens), guard against this evil in the future. We have almost incurred the wrath of our guardian Gregree, who can only be appeased by giving the cup of sassa wood* to the two guilty women."

Whereupon he points out two of the innocent women, and condemns them to drink the fatal draught. He also commands that the others be kept a while longer in the pepper, until sufficient water had been extorted from their eyes; saying that this would serve for an example, that the women hereafter might show sympathy for their deceased husbands.

He also enjoins upon the Zobah present to be more diligent in instilling in the minds of the Borneys under their care their duty to their husbands. "For the welfare of the State and nation," says he, "and the continued supremacy of the Veys depend upon the women adhering strictly to the customs of their forefathers."

*A very poisonous drink, which is distilled from certain herbs, roots, etc., and which inevitably brings death.

With fiendish cruelty they dance around the victims, making faces, and committing little acts of cruelty on their persons.

The command is given to strip them of their clothing, and to lead them into the medicine-grove.

Zobah with their band are there, and the crowd soon becomes hilarious in their wild demonstrations. The drums beat, the horns blow, the cymbals clash, the string-instruments sound forth their harsh strains. Notes discordant and in-harmonious, clashing with terrible collisions, vibrations wild and barbarous,—one jarring commingling of heterogeneous sounds—music unfit for the ears of Beelzebub.

This lasts several hours, and one would think ceased only when fatigue and exhaustion had set in.

I have heard a full chorus of my fellow-students bellow our college yell, and the developed lungs of good old '93 roar our soul-stirring whoop, but these put together on a day when the atmosphere is most conducive to the distention of the vocal organs, would fall way

below par compared with this chorus in the medicine-grove.

Finally, the frenzy ceases. The women are asked to stand, when they are again pointed to as an object lesson.

The younger cries, and makes a pathetic appeal to the chief for acquittal. Her cries and appeal could have moved the heart of a stone, but with contempt they spurn her. Whereupon the older says: "My friends, we are helpless, and in your hands. We have done nothing to merit this cup which is being prepared for us. The charge is, that in as much as we didn't cry on the death of that man, we witched him. Did he deserve our tears? Had he treated us well, we would have loved him, and upon his death tears would have been a natural, inevitable sequence. *Tears are natural and spontaneous things, bursting from their closets only for the deserving.* Why this scar on my face which will last me to my grave? This girl," pointing to her fellow-sufferer, "was always weak and sickly. Does any of you know what she suffered from that man when she was once in a most helpless,

pitiable condition? *Any man who can have the heart to abuse his afflicted wife is worse than a dog.*" The last is hardly out of her mouth, when she is kicked by a burly brute, and the poison is ordered to be brought immediately.

The younger woman again pleads and begs. Her condition is a sad one; her delicate health and weak constitution makes her case exceptionally serious. But a deaf ear is given to her cries. The bowls of the fatal draught are brought; they are commanded to drink them to the dregs. The older lifts the bowl to her mouth, throws back her head, empties it without a murmur, and dies without a struggle. The younger, amid bitter sobs and heart-rending cries, drinks part of her share. It is enough, she cannot finish it. She kicks and screams, and in her death throes speaks tender words of caresses to the one whose cradle is his grave, then dies.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEAUTIFUL SCENERIES.

IT goes without saying that the above scene pierced our Borneys to the quick ; so then, as soon as possible, they turned their backs upon the great, historic parliament, and took the "big road" trusting nature, the source of solace and comfort, to bring them back to their normal spirits.

It was a day well calculated to cheer and vivify the crest-fallen. It was as though spring, the season of color and song, had just gloriously opened. The balmy, bracing mountain-air, sweet-scented flowers pouring forth their wealth of fragrance, a thousand voices mingling and blending into a sweet, harmonious chorus, like a full-voiced orchestra swelling along the winding hills and valleys ; the chatter of the frisky, prancing "blue Jack," the babble of brooks, a stretching landscape of silken verdure, sprinkled here and there with spicy wild roses,

every sprig adorned with a diamond of the first water ; here and there glittering among the dewdrops and dancing among the leaves, are little birds of glorious plumage filling the air with gladsome carol ; trees of imposing trunks whose spreading branches are apparelled in beauty and gorgeously laden with masses of foliage—in a word, all nature below appears elaborately ornamented with the grandest devices.

Not satisfied with this scenery the girls climbed the hills which sentinelled the country for miles around, to see the sun pass through a gate-way of chromatic glory and solemnly set into the crimson west, leaving the horizon encircled with a low streak of livid purple with a line of gold on its ragged edge. Off toward the right stand two hoary summits side by side, shaking their heads in bold challenge for superiority ; from whose bases trickle two crystal streams with gladsome voices, which enlarge as they flow until like two warriors clashing their armor in joyful salutation they form a mighty confluence stretching out like a placid sheet of molten

silver sharply outlined against a luminous sky. The wide heaven is delicately glowing in all its parts with soft harmonies of dusky red and blue, while in its higher zone the finest net-work of pearl-white clouds, suffused with a silver radiance, chase each other in rapid succession along the glorious crimson path.

Presently, the moon peeps from the gorgeous window of the east, like the true queen of the night, illumines the unshorn heights, flooding the landscape with her silvery light.

Following her, company after company of stars, pearls of the sky, beaming down like the eye of God, striving to add new lustre to the already superfluous refulgence.

How admirable! How wonderful! How stupendous are Thy works, O Lord, God Almighty! Truly the heavens *do* declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work.

CHAPTER XII.

CAUGHT.

THE girls were not affected by the lovely scenery as one would suppose; for having lived amid similar scenes so long, it was natural that they should be the least appreciative of it.

I have seen men and women in that country, when all nature was thrilling in transports, to pass along with downcast eyes and crestfallen brows, unable to catch one bright suggestion from the lark's whistle or the waterfall's dash. The rose has for them no lesson, the flowers no word of warning, the grass no voice of hope.

With a resigned air, the Borneys left this blissful locality, and after passing through secluded groves, isolated nooks, and a multitude of tortuous meanderings, they found a well-beaten road, which led in the direction toward the lake they had seen from the hill. Following the narrow path, they came in a

few hours to a cosy little village, barricaded, and full of plantain, orange, banana, and other tropical fruit trees.

Here they found a cordial reception, and were in high spirits, until just as they were taking their leave of the family to go to their room for the night, in walked a modest-looking fellow, who, as soon as he had crossed the threshold, surveyed Guanya Pau from head to foot with a suspicious, supercilious look ; dropped his head upon his breast, as if trying to place her, then with a familiar smile advanced toward the trembling girl with outstretched palm, as he said : "This is Guanya Pau, I believe." Guanya Pau recoiled without speaking. Fortunately she had the presence of mind to know that a word might betray her. She retreated hastily to her room, where Jassah soon joined her.

It was at once decided that after they had consulted their hostess as to who the stranger was, they would secretly make their escape.

Acting upon this resolution, she summoned the lady to their room, who told them that she was ignorant of the

stranger's identity, that the first she had seen of him was a few days since, when he came to her house, asking for lodging, saying that he was on his way home, to a village in the neighborhood of Gallenah.

When it had grown dark, all the family being in bed, while the boisterous rooster was giving his first alarm of the night, the Borneys crept stealthily out of the house, took the big road, and were soon beyond the town's limits. Of course, in doing this, they had provoked the town's people—that is, by leaving the town in the night, as they were strangers. This would imply to these superstitious people that they were bearers of evil omen to their city, and consequently they would chase them. Therefore, the girls kept a sharp look-out as they went, their hearts jumping at every rustle of leaf or sigh of wind.

That night they covered such an expanse of territory as would astonish the ordinary pedestrian.

How we can travel, or work, or do the most irksome task when we are

conscious that upon this effort depends the safety of our life or that of those near and dear to us. Our exertions seem superhuman. They are. In an exigency the feeble arm lifts a hundred pounds, or throttles the savage lion. The feet that usually become tired and sore after walking five miles, cover fifty at one stretch, wholly unconscious of the distance traveled or the possibility of their sustaining fatigue. A weak, delicate woman is changed into an amazon, and faces the thundering cannon, or breasts the billows of the storm-tossed sea. In times of great religious interests (would to God they were more frequent), when the servant of the Lord feels a deep, earnest solicitude for souls, when, with his spiritual eye, he sees thousands of his fellow men standing on the brink of the awful abyss ready to take the mad plunge, his soul catches fire, his tongue becomes loose, and he preaches as he never preached before.

How grateful we should be that our Heavenly Father has thus endowed us. If this were not so, wrecks upon life's tempestuous sea would be more frequent

and appalling. Every unusual surge would sweep the poor, fainting soul far out into the broad chasm. Do not then tell me that there is none of the Divine in man.

If there is one thing, which I believe most thoroughly, it is the declaration of the Old Testament that God made man in His own image, and after His own likeness.

Day dawned, and the girls to their joy saw no sign of pursuers. But it is too early. The people are hardly aware of their flight. The sun hastens on his course in the heavens, but still no human forms loom up in the distance. The king of day reaches the zenith. It is growing intensely warm, and traveling is becoming more and more irksome.

Guanya Pau addresses her comrade: "Jassah, I think we can afford now to slacken our steps. I don't believe they intend to pursue us after all." She had hardly spoken, when Jassah exclaimed: "Guanya Pau, we are done for! Just look yonder to your right!"

Sure enough, there were six men,

armed with knives, coming across the fields, in a direction from which they had not expected them.

There were no bugbugs here in which they could hide, as they were in an open field, with grass only knee-deep, with here and there a tree. But concealment now was of no use, for they had been seen long before they were aware of their pursuers.

The girls stood still, feeling sure that the worst had come. The men came up, displaying their knives, and talking in a hurried, excited voice. When they were within a few yards of the girls, Guanya Pau noticed one of them to be the man who had addressed her the night before and because of whom they had fled. She, therefore, became still more alarmed; but this man soon proved himself a blessing to her.

No telling what deed of wickedness these superstitious wretches would have perpetrated upon the two helpless maidens, were it not for this man, who protested that he knew Guanya Pau, that she was of the royal family of Galenah; but her travelling without a male

escort and in this fashion, so far from home, was a mystery that he couldn't solve.

As they came up to the girls, who had by this time recovered from their fright, standing prepared for almost anything, this man came up to Guanya Pau and said, "I know you, therefore you need not try to disown yourself; and just now it is wholly to your advantage to identify yourself. I am a native of Gallenah, the prettiest city on the Marphar, and so are you. Your father was the greatest king of the whole Marphar. Your name is Guanya Pau. Do I not speak the truth?" Guanya Pau still refused to answer. "Well, then," said he, "if you won't speak you must bear the consequences. The truth is, Guanya Pau, these men would have abused you as soon as they caught you, had I not told them that you are the daughter of the late King Kai Popo. Now my eyes don't deceive me, I can swear that you are Kai Popo's daughter, for many times have I eaten corjalley at your house, and it is less than three years since I last saw you with Zobah

at the celebration on the death of your father's successor."

Guanya Pau being now assured of his sincerity, gave him an affirmative nod. Whereupon he further interceded with the men for their safety, and so they were taken back to the town without having their hands bound behind them or suffering any other inhumanity.

CHAPTER XIII.

ESCAPE.

As the party drew near the town they could hear the clash of cymbals, drum beatings and other expressions of rejoicings on the event of their capture, while the road, for a quarter of a mile beyond the town, was lined with curious spectators.

When they came into the town the noise ceased, they were carried into the women's department of the court.

Both the departments of the court were thronged with eager listeners while Zobah put these questions to the girls:

"Who are you and where from?" Guanya Pau, knowing that no hiding the truth would answer here, replied frankly: "I am daughter of the late Kai Popo of the town of Gallenah." But who would believe such a story?

Would Manja Kai Popo's daughter travel thus unattended and act as they had acted the preceding night?

Far be it from the truth. She is not a king's daughter and much less Kai Popo's; but some witch of evil omen, carrying about her person a bad Gregree to afflict the land. Upon this reply Zobah asked incredulously: "Manja Kai Popo's daughter? Where in the world have you heard about the great chieftain? Do you mean to lie to us, and have you contrived this scheme thinking that we shall let you go? Ah, my girl, you had better tell the right story, or you will soon wish you had."

In vain did Guanya Pau assure and reassure her that she was none other than Kai Popo's daughter, only to be slapped in the mouth and threatened with severer punishment.

How she wished now for that man to come in and confirm her testimony; but he was nowhere to be seen.

Finding her inexorable, Zobah continued: "Were you ever a Borney? if so, where and who were your teachers?"

Upon Guanya Pau answering that she had been a Borney at the well-known Gregree Bush near Gallenah, and naming as one of her teachers a Zobah who

was a prominent figure there and whose reputation was known throughout the Marphar, the Zobah began to think that after all there might possibly be some truth in what she said.

But still it was shocking to think of Kai Popo's daughter acting as this girl had acted.

She went on with her questions, asking Guanya Pau all about her home and the Gregree Bush there, until she came to the great question what she was doing traveling alone so far from home, and why she left the town so stealthily the last evening.

Although Guanya Pau was expecting all the while these inquiries would come, she had not been able to frame as yet a suitable answer.

After a moment she said that she and her companion had strayed out in the woods and had lost their way, and that they had left this town so suddenly because they were afraid of arousing suspicion by staying and loitering around.

A few more questions of secondary importance were asked, and the girls were given over to the chief, who com-

manded them to be immediately put into the stocks, while he dispatched a messenger to Gallenah to ascertain the truth about them.

Guanya Pau and Jassah were accordingly put into the stocks and left by themselves in the chief's large hall.

Nothing now seemed more certain than that they would soon be on their way back to Gallenah, where the most, cruel punishment awaited them.

But hope had not forsaken the brave girls and, besides, necessity is the mother of inventions.

Being women it was deemed unnecessary to place a guard over them during the night, and so they were left in the spacious hall all alone by themselves.

They spent the forepart of the night discussing plans of escape. They could hit upon none advisable, until at last Guanya Pau with her inventive mind threw up her hands in ecstasy and exclaimed, "Jassah, I have it, let us try fire!"

The "stock" is a large stick of wood which the prisoner can lift only by exerting all his strength to the rope tied

at both ends. His right foot is laid over the middle of the wood where an iron spike is driven over the small part of the leg near the ankle, strings tied to both ends of the log enable the prisoner to move about.

The scheme Guanya Pau formed was this: There were iron rods around, which were used for boring holes, after making them red hot in the fire.

When everything had become quite still the girls secured the rods, heated them in the fire and bored into the wood next to the places where the spikes were riveted in, until they became loose, when they pulled them out with ease and found themselves free again.

Then their first precaution was to procure as quickly as possible some of the dried meat and "sweets" which were in the adjoining room, and hastily left the town, taking an obscure road which made an acute angle with the big road on which they were captured, thinking that one would hardly suppose that they, strangers as they were to the country, would risk themselves in such an uncertain path.

Now again the poor girls put forth superhuman efforts and sped on in a manner calculated to excite wonder.

A hungry tiger once intercepted their path and roared upon them, but undaunted, they moved on doubly quick, counting the tigers behind more fatal than all the beasts in the forest.

When day dawned they found themselves about a mile distant from a delightful stream, which they reached and waded through before the sun was up.

Keeping close to the bank of the stream, which became ever larger, they soon came to a landing where there were fishermen with their harpoons and other fishing tackle.

One of these, who was on his way home, kindly consented to take the Borneys with him to the town.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MOHAMMEDAN MISSIONARY.

THE Borneys felt jubilant as the canoe glided on to its destination. Wild ducks here and there flew out of the water to congratulate them, while a fresh-water turtle occasionally lifted his head above the turbid stream to tender his appreciation for their heroism. The sea-breeze was blowing a delightful gale which ever increased in intensity and force. Soon the little lake was white with caps and its tranquil surface rolled up into foaming billows.

One would, no doubt, be led to think of these girls as the Melitans thought of St. Paul, that though they had escaped the land, yet vengeance suffereth them not to live. But this sudden change foreboded no ill to the fisherman, who knew such to be common in that time of the year with their lakes and rivers. In the morning the stream is calm and placid as a sea of glass. The anxious

mariner launches his canoe, hoists his sail, flaunts his penon to the breeze, drums are beaten, horns are blown, and everything seems to betoken a prosperous voyage. But soon the scene changes. The wind wafts to the southwest, a cloud appears on the western horizon the size of a man's hand, which grows every minute larger and blacker. A gale comes rushing and crashing against the boat, and if the mariners have not been quick to haul down the sails and to set the canoe about, she may ere long with all her cargo be lying on the bottom of the lake.

It was nothing more than natural that the Borneys should be anxious, knowing the superstitions which their people cherish. What would hinder him from thinking that they had incurred the anger of some Gregree, who would now swamp his canoe in order to wreak their revenge? They were therefore alarmed at every cough, glance or turn the fisherman made. Every moment they were expected to be called to an account and to be hurled into the raving stream. And oh, for them no fish had

1107 11

been prepared who would kindly swallow and disgorge them high and dry upon the shore. But their fears were groundless. The fisherman had witnessed many such gales and could have told them of his narrow escape swamping but two days since.

The gale passed over almost as quickly as it had come, the lake hushed her ragings and again settled into a peaceful calm. After a few more strokes of the paddle they landed safely upon the wharf of a small fishing town called *Nea Sanja* (Fishtown).

Most of the people, as one frequently finds in a Vey town during the day, had gone to their farms. Having expressed a thousand *E seh eh* (thanks) to their kind benefactor, they began to stroll around to look at the town. As they were passing what they took to be the chief's house, they heard the sound of something like a mussulman at prayers. Following their curiosity they soon found that their impression was a correct one.

Mohammedan missionaries had made their advent into the town to disciple

all the men ; and here was one at his mid-day devotions. They watched him go through the tedious formula ; smiting himself on the breast, performing multitudinous genuflections, prostrations and supererogations.

The Borneys were on the eve of taking their departure for scenes more delightful, when a citizen of the town came up, lifted the mat and entered the room. The teacher gave him cordial greeting and a friendly grasp of the hand, intimating that he knew on what business he had come and that he would soon be at leisure to hold him company.

After adjusting his many paraphernalia and having washed his face and hands, he called a servant, who came in at break-neck speed, and in similar haste executed his master's command. A thing which enables a close observer to form some opinion of the teacher's character. Then a woman with a thin, emaciated frame, like one upon whom ravenous consumption or some other fell malady was preying, and who would be willing to barter herself to any one who would consent to do her

walking for her, came with a bowl of prepared palaver sauce, followed by a little girl with a gourd of water.

The teacher with true hospitality asked the citizen to participate in the frugal meal. He respectfully, or rather, wisely declined, assuring His Eminence that it hadn't been long since he partook of a roasted cassada and fish. But recollecting the demands of custom he appropriated a half dozen spoonfuls of the delicious palaver sauce and emptied the gourd of water much to the sorrow of the little girl, who was thereby compelled to take a few extra steps for more. His Eminence did quick justice to the remainder and at its conclusion smacked his mouth rather unceremoniously, as though it would not have unfitted him for the evening prayers should he have taken a little more. When he had washed and had his pipe lighted, with his head involved in a cloud of smoke, he came up to the citizen and announced that he was ready for the *kru arbung* (business). The citizen indulged in a few common-places, and expressed the purpose of his visit,

dwelling enthusiastically upon the worth of the subject in question. But the teacher was apparently inflexible, and answered only by giving an occasional negative shake of the head.

“Well then,” asked the citizen somewhat abruptly, “for how much do you reckon the woman, since you are not willing to give the amount I ask?” The teacher replied rather contemptuously, “Why, about as much as I would value a cow or mule. For many times have I found a cow or mule of vastly greater value than many a woman. It is risky ; for it all depends upon what kind of a woman you get in the bargain. It too often happens like the children’s play, ‘she won’t work, she won’t eat (?) and must be cast upon the dunghill.’ My good friend, I have had serious experiences with some of these fickle Borneys, who are good for nothing else but gossip and giggle ; and besides, our women to-day have lost their pristine vigor.” At this point the teacher stopped, refilled his pipe, applied the fire coal and continued : “We shall never more behold such warriors in our

land as in the past ; men who fought our battles and freed our land from slavery. I, the true teacher of Islam, bewail the sad state of things which the future has in store for us."

"Well, Reverend Teacher," asked the citizen, "what can we do? You who are wont to advise us and whose advice is always wise and helpful, what remedy would *you* suggest?" The teacher lifting up his hands exclaimed : "Allah ha ku bolu!" Then went on : "The girls must be taught early that they have no other reason for existence than to serve their husbands. *That is the prominent, fundamental idea of our life.* They must learn that they have no preferences ; these must be instilled in them bright and early before they are grown up and have imbibed sentimental notions from various sources. In the name of my Holy Koran," continued the teacher enthusiastically, "that man ought to be drummed out of the country who allows his wife to do as she pleases. Oh, Allah, to what are we coming? World-renowned once for our valor and bravery, we have gradu-

ally dwindled to mere dwarfs. Almost any of our neighbors could now lord it over us. Where is that lofty patriotism, those inspiring war songs, that largeness of soul, that genuine love for country and freedom? These died with the last generation. And why was this? Nothing more than that we have allowed our women to come above their sphere. We have, I repeat it, my good friend, we have to our own detriment licensed our wives and daughters too far.

“I have come here to teach the truths of our Holy Koran, but if I shall only be able to impress this truth upon the minds and hearts of the men of this village, I shall consider my coming among you to have not been in vain.”

“Again, Holy Teacher,” asked the citizen, “how is it that you and your brethren give all your time instructing us men out of your Koran about Allah (God); but never teach our women?” “Allah ha ku bolu!” again exclaimed the teacher, “I say again, women are not like men. Her inferiority is self-evident. I shall not say that they have no soul, which I almost believe, but I

shall say that they are stupid and insusceptible of improvement. Our religion teaches their inferiority, and that they are subject to men. So Allah ordained it, and it is not in our power to alter his decree."

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE FARM.

THE Borneys were up betimes the next morning, dressed themselves like the working women of the town and with them started for the farms three miles away.

The party was a merry one. What with songs and story-telling, and anecdotes, and a general tendency to boisterousness, they soon forgot their hard lot and the work awaiting them.

And herein lies the life and soul of the Negro. The day may be dark and dreary, his life one unmitigated series of oppressions, the world and even God may seem to have forsaken him, yet amid it all he finds opportunity for song and praise. That is why the Negro, torn from his native land and carried to foreign shores, shorn of his manhood, subjected to the vilest cruelty, is never exterminated.

To the contrary, instead of pining he *grows*.

Almost any other race would succumb. But that susceptibleness of character, the ability to accommodate himself to circumstances, the conforming to the shifting scenes of life, the power to adjust his life to suit his surroundings, his flexible nature, his aptitude to find in the bitter cup of suffering a healthful tonic, mirth, fun, hilarity too often savoring of the boisterous, these I take to be the characteristic elements of this race which conserves his vitality and betokens his perpetuity if not his superiority.

But above all it argues that God has some good in store for this people. "For your shame ye shall have double."

What of the wrongs and indignities heaped upon these poor women? They are abused, disrespectfully handled, sold as cattle, their womanhood bedraggled in the pandemonium of a polygamous home; yet amid it all, "*Felah bor ton Dumbor*"—life is a song.

Mirth and fun, laughter and joviality, so pervade their whole existence that a casual observer would say their life is not so hard as missionaries and others

would have us believe. But "one may smile and smile and be a villain."

It is nothing unusual to see a woman along the street with a baby on her back and a basket on her head, whose countenance bespeaks anything but happiness, singing a jolly song and apparently in great glee.

There is an old adage among them which runs something like this: "Be sunny even on a cloudy day; for 'tis good and healthful."

It was not long before the Borneys were at the rice farm, and for once in the course of their wanderings they experienced a genuine *Fala-sah*—(heart lay down *). They are escorted by their friends from one end of the farm to the other, given the little hoe, which they used with astonishing dexterity.

The king's daughters do not exhibit soft hands unused to work. By the way, soft hands are rather the prerogative of the superior masculine.

In true "scratcher's" fashion the girls apply their utensils so assiduously that soon they are surrounded by a crowd

* These two words are used to express satisfaction of any kind.

of curious observers, who give them a hearty "*E seh eh*"—(thank you), ignorantly plying them with questions about their home and lovers.

Toward eleven o'clock, under a temporary shelter, the clean rough mat is spread where the nearly famished party sit two by two around each laden bowl, and with no other means for eating than that with which Providence has provided them make a brisk dispatch of the savory palm butter.

In the meanwhile cracking jokes and telling tales of "The Monkey courting the baboon's sister" and the "Race between the Fullingtonga and the Groundhog," etc.

When the meal is near its end, a Jonkai comes in, on whose broad shoulders is a capacious demijohn. "*Ena niah na kai eh, Ena*"—(come in, my good man), unanimously cry the women as soon as they have caught sight of the vessel and caught a whiff of its odor.

In obedience to their command he enters, puts down his burden at the feet of the laughing women and kindly offers his assistance.

The gourds brought, the Jonkai un-stops the demijohn and the fragrant palm wine is poured out until each has her gourd full, when one of the older women more lively than the rest undertakes to toast the two strangers in their midst. "Fellow women," says she, "we are as happy and as merry as jaybirds. Why should we not make our whole life a song, as 'tis said : "*Felah bor ton Dumbor*," ah, the truth is obvious. But I must not stop here in this hour of mirth to throw a dampness on the scene, I must direct my words to the two young women in our midst. I believe they are Borneys, and if so, may their lot be a happy one and may they be successful in falling into the hands of a worthy gentleman. We are a jolly, jolly party here to-day and we don't care for King Mussah or any other dignitary. Let us sing, girls, 'Oh Kongo.'

Then the old familiar song rings out sweetly in the air : "Oh Kongo ! Oh, Oh Kongo ! Be ma nya ya, Ya Ka che nyo, Fa nyang be."

This song has justice done to it only when it is sung by ladies and gentlemen

in concert. These are all the words of the song, which are repeated over and over again.

The peculiarities of their songs is that they can weave into them whatever words are necessary to suit the occasion.

For example, I was accompanying a missionary to a Vey village where he would preach. While crossing in the canoe over to the town, the paddlers behind us, with one of these common songs paid the following tribute to the missionary :

“Oh God man, your face is white, your hair is straight, you can read and write and speak God palava. My face is black, my hair is curly, I can neither read books nor write letters nor speak God palava. But, by the devil, if the canoe upsets I know who would get first to land. Oh white man, you better learn to swim, you had better learn to swim.”

At the cool of the day toward evening at the signal of the owl that “tasks done or not done 'tis time to go home,” the party packed up their little bundles, secured their utensils and took the big road for the town.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUT A-FISHING.

THAT night it was decided that Guanya Pau and Jassah should go fishing the next morning, whereupon the women made a collection of nets and baskets.

But while the women were speaking in gleeful anticipation of the projected fishing expedition, with their hands busily plying the twine, a gentlemanly figure minus the person made his introduction into the room, and demanded of one of the women an account of the day's work, and having learned, he sullenly expressed his dissatisfaction at the amount of work accomplished, assuring her that they had indulged in too much play in work-time, and that in the future he would see that they did better.

When he had stalked his disagreeable presence out of the room, Guanya Pau asked about him, and learned that he was an ordinary citizen of the village,

who had six wives, and the woman whom he had addressed was his head wife.

Bright and early the next morning the women arose, equipped themselves, and started for the river.

It had rained in torrents the previous morning, contrary to the wish of the women, and the river was therefore swollen high up the banks.

As they proceeded down the stream to find a suitable place to launch and cast their nets, a young man was seen running behind them, waving his hand, as though he had some important message for them.

The women halted until he came up, almost out of breath, who, when he had recovered sufficiently to speak, told them that they would find the banks in the direction they were going gradually yielding to the influence of the swelling waters, and that no good fishing-ground could be found.

Upon this information they bent their course down the stream until they came to the sacred pond. This is a body of water of the size of an ordinary pond

emptying into the Marphar river, whose source is from under a huge rock five miles inland.

The pond swarms with beautiful fishes, but no one is permitted to touch them, they are the property of the dead. No one is permitted to put his hand or foot into the stream.

Of course such sacrilege the spirits would avenge.

Upon its banks the spirits of the departed held meeting at night, and voted to take vengeance for affront against their holy stream.

Every night, at a certain hour, lights can be seen on the bank when the spirits are said to be in council.

No sooner had Guanya Pau come to the water in front of the others in her haste to cross over, not seeing a bridge anywhere near, and being too much engaged in her own thoughts to notice the innumerable bunches of Gregree suspended on the trees around, she plunged in to wade through.

The splash of the water grated on the ears of her companions, who, as soon as they had become fully conscious

of what had happened, threw up their hands in despair, while they cried: "Oh, my Borney, what have you done! Have you no reverence for the dead? Can it be possible that you have cursed both yourself and us? Oh, horrors! ten thousand horrors!"

Then the whole party screamed so loud and piteously that Guanya Pau and Jassah became anxious, and were afraid they would be reported to headquarters and sentenced to immediate doom.

So far as the curse from the dead was concerned Guanya Pau would ten times have preferred it to that of the stern, relentless living.

The women continued to stand bewailing their fate, praying the dead not to implicate them all in the offense. "Oh, inexorable fate! What mortal prayers or oblations can induce thee to let the offender go free! Against thy sacred laws has she transgressed, upon thy hallowed precincts trampled, polluted feet have recklessly fouled thy holy stream! Surely thou wilt avenge most speedily this unpardonable guilt. If not, why, the woody Kong will take up a

weeping, the full chorus of disordered waves will rend the air with lamentations, the lowly valleys will shriek unutterable woes, the loud thunderings and subtle lightnings will blend their voices in a chorus of grim melody. Yea, wilt thou, O spirits of the departed, not avenge this deed? Then the powers of earth and air, to thy shame, must do it.

“The palms near the water’s bank stand in lofty majesty, waving their branches as though against them the offense has been committed.

“The sun buries his face beneath a black cloud, as he fears his light will be tarnished by the miasma.

“Surely all nature is angry at the deed. The heavens are in mourning, covered with a veil of sombre blackness.”

Silence! The Gregrees speak. Heaven opens. A flood of water pours forth from its bosom. What, rain now, when thirty minutes ago there was no sign or vestige of a rain-cloud? Well, but what is strange about that? Why should it cause such wonderful comment when at this time of the year such occurrences are frequent?

But the women are blind to this fact, and nothing can account for it but Guanya Pau's mad plunge into the hallowed pond.

After ten minutes the rain ceased, the women likewise ceased, and continued their march along the river's bank, keeping Guanya Pau always in front, so as to keep their eyes on her.

They soon came to a fishing-pond, where they secured no small supply of fishes—grunters, tawneys, perches, etc., etc., and what was remarkable, was that at the close of the fishing Guanya Pau's basket was fullest of all; certainly the Gregrees had no control over the water, or this girl would not have succeeded so well. But they knew that they had.

This incident, of course, re-established Guanya Pau in their favor, and she was again given her liberty, and permitted to go in and out among them without suspicion or oversight.

The fishing ended, the women took the way for home along the river's bank.

It was about twelve o'clock, the sun was shining at his best, producing a heat that was almost intolerable.

The women had to pass another holy scene.

This time it was in the person of a deity of exquisite grace and beauty (?) — a leviathan monster, in short, an alligator of tremendous and scaly proportions.

This was their war-god, to whom they prayed when about to encounter the enemy, and whom they worship by placing in his way a sheep or goat. I have learned from good authority, that in cases of extreme peril, when to all appearances the enemy seems the more powerful and sure of victory, mothers have not hesitated, at the advice of the medicine-man, to give their children to make his Holiness a supper.

At this hour he was lying high and dry upon the bank, with his huge jaws distended, which would close now and then like a prodigious steel-trap when a sufficient number of flies, bugs, and other flying insects had stored themselves therein for safety or shelter.

The women kept at a safe distance, all except, of course, Guanya Pau, who advanced closer to him than the rest,

and, by a childish noise, caused him to shut the chasm prematurely, when he lifted his head, switched his tail, and glided down into the stream.

Guanya Pau was told that nothing but an offering would appease his anger, and naturally her first impression was that she herself would constitute the offering. But her fears were allayed when the leader of the party said that as soon as they reached the village she would send a Jonkai with a lamb or kid.

Nothing more was heard of Guanya Pau's irrevocable sin, and so the girl made herself comfortable on that score, and after a consultation with her companion, it was decided that they leave the following morning to try their fate in parts unknown.

CHAPTER XVII.

GOOD NEWS.

THE Borneys had scarcely lain down that evening, when there was a gentle swinging of the mat which served for the door of the room, and to their summons to enter, a young man with an intelligent face popped into the room, apparently striving to make as little noise as possible.

“Well, who are you, and what do you want?” demanded Guanya Pau. Without answering her question, the young man began to pay a tribute to her worth and heroism, assuring her that her trials were at an end, as she would see from his message. After a good deal of flattery and circumlocution he told his errand :

Guanya Pau’s lover had gone from the beach to her home with more than money enough to buy her ; who when he learned of her running away and the other things connected with it, became

prostrated, and for a while his condition was serious. But he finally rallied and resolved to prosecute a search for her, secretly employing this young man to aid him. He, the young man, had left him at a village fifty miles away, but was ignorant of his whereabouts at present; however, he would find him. His finding the girls happened as follows: On the previous evening he chanced upon the town where they were last, and got a clue as to the route they took. He added further that Guanya Pau's lover had offered him a large reward to find and to escort her to him.

For a while the girls were overcome with joy ; but on reflection Guanya Pau checked herself and friend, saying that perhaps this fellow is an impostor. They therefore asked him for testimonials. Whereupon he produced from under his cloth a well-known knife which Guanya Pau had seen and handled many times. There was now no doubt of the messenger's veracity, and after indulging in another spasm of ecstasy Guanya Pau took him into the "big room," commended him to the lady of

the house, who provided him with food and lodging.

She returned to her room, but it is useless to say that no amount of coaxing could induce Morpheus to take possession of their eyelids. Anticipations of soon meeting Momo, in whose embrace she would tell of her weary wanderings and misfortunes, ever filled her soul. Visions flitted before her of their union and going to a country where she would be the sole possessor of his affections, and live in civilized style.

“Oh, Jassah,” she said suddenly, “it seems as though the Gregrees whom I offended this morning have brought me good fortune instead of an evil one. But, Jassah, our success comes from our own persistence. It is truly said that whatever woman has in her head to do, she will do in spite of anything. And why not? The truth is, *men are ever exercising their prerogative to the letter, and we accept it without a question; but as soon as we assert ours, they brand us with transcending our sphere.* So long has woman been deceived that her condition seems to be *organic.* I may not

even now succeed ; but, Jassah, *the day will come*, THE DAY WILL COME. But pardon me, my friend, for reverting to these unhappy thoughts. Let us rather rejoice that our deliverance has come. Say, did I not tell you that *na Plading* (my sweetheart) was as true as the glistening dewdrop? There isn't another man like him in the world. Momo is true to the core. And, Jassah, you shall live with us, as long as you live, my home shall be yours. What a season of happiness I shall enjoy together with you and my h——."

"O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
 In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess ;
 I feel too much thy blessing ; make it less,
 For fear I surfeit !"

"Ha, ha, they say it is not for us to 'love,' and to have 'preferences.'" These two words Guanya Pau pronounced with much of her characteristic irony. "Jassah, is there a woman in this world so low in the scale of being who is not endowed with these greatest of all blessings? May Heaven pity such a one! But there is *no* such indi-

vidual. Why, that is putting us below the beasts!"

"Guanya," interrupted Jassah, "since we can't sleep and you are inclined to talk, will you change the conversation and give me an epitome of your love experience, beginning with your first meeting with Momo? I don't think you have ever told me where you first met him, and under what circumstances."

"Why, yes," responded Guanya, "most gladly shall I comply with your request to converse on a subject so full of romance and poetry. But I must not soar so high. I think it best to use the colloquial, commonplace, every-day speech. How I remember the first time I met him, as though it were yesterday. I was at home on a visit, Momo was employed by my mother to assist in making our oil.

One day, while sitting on the mat as usual after his morning work, he noticed me trying in vain to break a stout piece of wood. He came up to me quickly and offered his assistance. With his strong, muscular arms he snapped the wood as though it were a twig. I

smiled, thanked him, and said coyly : "I wish I had your muscles, Momo." He replied : "I haven't any objection to your having them, Borney, I'm sure." Now, my poor, fickle, little heart had to flutter because of that off-hand expression. Of course, as you know, Jassah, that, coupled with the honesty which shone from his face, meant lots to me. If men only knew how much joy or pain their carelessly spoken words cause us, they would be more sincere and *say only what they mean*. Well, when we had indulged in a pleasant chat, I went into the house. Ever after that he made it his duty to assist me with my wood and water, saying that somehow he felt a peculiar pleasure when near me. All the time, as you know, adding fuel to the flame ; and I for my part could never go to the spring but I looked behind, hoping Momo was following ; or go to gather wood, but I was eager to catch a sound of his footsteps. How many times I passed by when he was at his work, or standing in his yard, so as to attract his attention, I leave for you to guess. And, behold,

they say that it is a monstrous thing for a girl to fall in love! Jassah, *I warrant that there isn't a woman in this whole Vey country who couldn't tell a story similar to mine.*

"Well, have you got that epitome you ask for, or would you have me end the chapter down to date?"

"Down to date," shouted Jassah.

"And so," continued Guanya Pau, "it went on day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year. I thought (and do so yet) that there was nothing else in this world but Momo. Of course, Jassah, you are excepted," she said with a laugh. "I saw him in the moonshine, in the rainbow, and, above all, in my sweet dreams. He was the last one on whom my thoughts rested at night before my eyes lulled to sleep, the first object that met my gaze on awaking in the morning. If I were as diligent in thinking of the Gregrees as I am in thinking of Momo I would be a most devoted servant. But I feel that without him life is not worth living; and, my dearest Jassah, I mean what I say, when I declare that I would drown

myself before I would suffer that un-
gainly Kai Kundu to get me, or any-
body else, except Momo.

“Well, when this had gone on over
two years, one evening about twilight,
when I had finished my work, I went
and sat under the cola-tree behind our
house and pretended to be stringing my
beads. But my true object was soon
realized. Momo soon joined me and
sat down by my side. Who can picture
our feelings as that evening we sat be-
neath the shadows of that stately cola, in
the clear moonlight? We sat side by
side on the green grass, talking little
nothings. By and by he took a long
breath, somehow I felt anxious just be-
cause of that sigh. He then took both
my hands in his, sending a thrill clean
through me. Planting his frank, honest
eyes on mine which soon were directed
to the ground, he said : ‘Guanya Pau,
nah Edear (I love you); *ya in dear wah?*
(Do you love me?) What could I say
but to whisper faintly : ‘*Da keker*,
(with all my heart).

“After I had recovered from the
fright, I thought it time that I be prac-

tical. I said frankly, 'Momo, I am compelled to condition the answer I gave you. Will you comply with it?' He replied magnanimously: 'Guanya Pau, I shall do anything you ask of me, feeling sure that you will ask nothing beyond the range of my ability.' I thanked him and said that from my early girlhood I had always looked at polygamy with extreme antipathy, and had vowed never to come into the possession of a man who will have another wife. He pressed me to his heart, saying that he had cherished similar ideas, and had planned to leave the country, as soon as he could conveniently do so, for the Beach where he could put his plans into execution.

"All was settled. We are enshrined in each other's affections, and if the Gre-grees do not frustrate our plans, there will soon be a couple as happy as any the sun has ever looked down upon."

CHAPTER XVIII.

GUANYA PAU'S TWO DREAMS.

THE girls talked way into the night, and after Jassah had told her short love experience, which, happily for her, was only like a soap bubble, they fell into a sweet slumber, and were at once carried to the land of dreams. But our dreams at times are so inconsistent with our feelings. Guanya Pau, instead of meeting her lover, and for joy fainting in his arms, met instead a squad of ghosts, who demanded reparation for her pollution of their stream. They were loud and vehement, and threatened to bury her alive if she would not as quickly as possible meet the demands. Her fears were intensified, when, from out of the very pond she had defiled, came a spirit, more terrible than the rest, with his eyes flashing fire, and smoke issuing from his mouth and nostrils. He waved his hands, commanding the other spirits to give way, that he might devour the girl. With a scream

Guanya Pau awoke. Her heart was beating fast, and she felt tired and frightened. Her screams had also awakened her companion, who jumped up, and asked what the matter was.

She sleeps again, and dreams that she is sailing on a lake. The propitious breeze fills the canvas, and the canoe glides mildly along. As it approaches its destination she hears in the distance the silver notes of bells, and wonders what it means. Soon the canoe comes to land, and her first inquiry is about the ringing she heard while on the lake. Her escort asks her to look out upon the streets. In every direction she sees people on their way to some place, she knows not where—a man and woman walking arm in arm, children passing in high spirits and with bright faces, dressed as for a holiday. There is something strange, too, about the day itself. The air is balmy, the sun's rays are gentle, the grass looks like emerald, the sky is clothed in saffron, everything seems to be in gala day.

Again a sound similar to that which she had heard on the lake, rings out

clear and sweet, in perfect harmony with the scene, and as at the last it tolls a stroke every few seconds, Guanya Pau thinks it must be the voice of a spirit.

Her escort then takes her into a house, large and capacious, where several hundred people are sitting. A man rises in the aft of the building, on an elevated stand, holds a book in his hand, and reads something from it. Then there follows a noise, as of a small thundering, accompanied by the whole audience, who quickly rises to their feet, and to her uncultured ears make a great noise. The congregation sits, bows their heads, while the man on the platform kneels down, and with his face directed to the ceiling, speaks many earnest words. He gets up from his knees, reads from a big book before him, when another song is sung. At the conclusion of this piece he stands up again, opens the book, reads a small portion from it, stands before the congregation, and with hands and head and mouth seems to pour forth his soul.

Guanya Pau is now attracted by the low cry of a woman, who sits in a seat

in front of her, and can not refrain from asking her to escort the cause. He tells her that the young lady is a sinner, that the minister's words had touched her heart; and in a low whisper he repeats to her his text: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Guanya Pau is astonished beyond measure; but she sits perfectly still, with her eyes fixed on the preacher, though she understands not a word he says.

The preacher takes his seat, and after another song a man is seen bearing to the altar a bowl of water, when a young man clad in a suit of grey, whose face seems familiar, rises up from a front seat.

Guanya Pau looks eagerly, for she is sure that she has seen the face some time somewhere. She tries to place him, but what acquaintance can she have here in this strange land? Her eyes certainly are deceived.

The preacher reads from a little book which he holds in his hand, asks the

young man a few questions, dips his hand in the water, and sprinkles it on the young man's head. As the young man gets up from his knees, he turns around, exposing his whole face to Guanya Pau. "Great heavens! Can my eyes be trusted? Am I mad? No, no, it cannot be, it cannot be!" The minister kneels down, while the people bow, and offers the closing prayer; then standing up with hands extended, commits the congregation to the care and keeping of their Heavenly Father.

Now there is motion in the aisles, greetings and hand-shakings. The preacher comes down from the pulpit, warmly presses the hand of the recently baptized young man, while many others, both men and women, repeat the same with congratulations.

The young man turns to come up the aisle. His eyes fall upon Guanya Pau. He stops, and looks more curiously, as if doubting his eyes. Then, as if to prove the accuracy of his ocular organs, he takes a step further. The people in the meantime, who are going out one by one and two by two, are so occupied

in their expressions of their feelings and impressions of the sermon, and their joy to see the lost sheep brought into the fold, with other communications and conventionalities appropriate for the Lord's house and day, that they do not notice the young man's strange action. And again, as he had a reputation among them of being a thoughtful, earnest person, had they observed it, they would, no doubt, have thought that he was reflecting over the solemn vow he had just taken.

The young man advances nearer, after consulting with his own heart, laying aside all decorum, he looks the girl squarely in the face. She smiles, revealing her pretty teeth and the dimple in her cheeks. It is enough. "Guanya Pau!" he cries, and folds her in his arms. Amid sobs and tears the fainting girl lisps, "Momo," and awakes.

It was broad daylight, the sun was two hours high. Jassah had arisen, and quietly left the room. Guanya Pau felt weak and faint, so she decided to remain lying until Jassah returned,

CHAPTER XIX.

A SUFFERER.

IT was not long before Jassah came tipping into the room, and expressed surprise that Guanya was still lying down. Guanya apologized by telling her wonderful dream. "O you great dreamer," remarked Jassah, "was I with you when you went into that house, and there before all those people how did I conduct myself? And you were not ashamed to fall into your lover's arms in so public a place?"

But Guanya Pau's evangel, who put his head in at this time to tell them that it was high time to be going, put an end to Jassah's questions.

Guanya got up, executed her toilet, ate a hearty breakfast on the strength of her dreams; and soon the three were out on their way to the next town.

When half the distance had been covered, as they were passing a palm grove, they heard a noise in the thickets, accompanied with pitiful groans.

Guanya, satisfying herself that it was a human being, dispatched their guide to ascertain who it was. He soon returned, saying that it was "nothing but an old woman" who had run away from her master, with her foot still bound to the log; and that he had had a great mind to "lick" her for running away.

This made Guanya Pau fearfully indignant. "You wretch, you scoundrel, you low, base, unprincipled fellow," said she, "how can you have such a heart! Go away from me, I want nothing to do with you." "Come, Jassah!" and they made a direct line for the spot from which the groans came.

A miserable sight met their eyes. A thin face, wan complexion, swollen feet and ankles—a woman almost starved.

The man came up behind them; for though he was angry, and would have liked to knock Guanya Pau down for hurling those epithets at him, yet he dared not for Momo's sake, but especially for the sake of the reward which he was promised. He came, and offered his service. Guanya Pau would have



refused, but seeing that his was possibly the only strength which could wrench the cruel iron and free the prisoner, accepted the offer without so much as looking to the place from which it came.

Suppressing his feeling, the man worked away with marked assiduity until the poor woman escaped with only a few additional scratches.

The released showered upon her rescuers a flood of *'E seh eh, Kanabah E bowle* (Thank you, may God bless you); then after a few words were exchanged relative to her welfare and the country, they parted.

The three reached the town, when the guide entered to make inquiries about Momo, leaving the girls in the road. But he had not gone far when Guanya Pau recognized among a crowd of men coming up the same man whom she met some time since at another town. They therefore retreated with all possible haste, till they came to the waterside, where, finding an empty canoe, they launched out into the deep.



CHAPTER XX.

SUNSHINE AND STORM.

THE next morning the Borneys found themselves on Tosau Island, in an old quaint town of grim history. Much of the town was in a state of neglect and dilapidation. The houses were mostly circular, culminating into a point, built of bamboo and wattling, daubed with yellow clay. The roofs were of thatch and leaves, dried almost to a crisp, making an easy prey for the flames. The floor was of dirt, beaten and pounded until it was hard and solid. The houses were close together, and, like the typical African villages, there were no fences to cut off one neighbor from another, indicating lack of confidence in one another, and nothing for doors except mats. The yards were scrupulously clean, and in all the avenues where the women had the care and oversight, there was cleanliness and order.

Like other Vey towns, Tosau had its innumerable Gregrees and "Medicines,"

and manifold other indications told that they too were bound hand and foot by the chains of hoary superstitions.

The girls made acquaintances with some of the women, who took them along to the farm to share their work and hospitality. The Tosau people are especially celebrated for their hospitality, so the Borneys soon felt at home.

But the girls dared not tarry here long. Ah, will they never again have a season of rest, a home? Is it their fate henceforth to wander as vagabonds over the earth? No, the journey will soon end; but until then they must walk the path fate has marked out for them. It is theirs to obey and to be silent.

On the morning of the third day after their arrival, they made all hasty preparation to leave in the chief's big canoe for a town on the other side of the lake.

After expressions of gratitude to their kind hostess for their cordial reception and entertainment, and profuse adieus to the other members of the family, they went to the wharf and took passage in the capacious canoe, which had already one other passenger, a Vey

gentleman, apparently of noble birth, with sandalled feet, calico breeches, which came as far as the knees, with legs of tremendous proportions; falling gracefully over this was a white, shirt-like gown, bordered with red tape, open in front half way down the breast. Upon his head set a red cap, covering only the crown. He was quietly sitting upon a beautiful rattan chair, with a pipe in his mouth, adding his mite of tobacco smoke to the canopy beyond. Near by stood his flask of palm-wine, out of which he took between every dozen puffs a long draught. As further indication of his prestige, he had a curiously twisted rattan staff, and across his shoulders suspended a string of those beads which only men of rank wear.

He eyed the Borneys' rather suspiciously as they got into the canoe, but betrayed no anxiety, and soon gave himself up to smoking and palm-wine drinking.

When they were well out upon the bosom of the lake, Jassah addressed her friend: "Guanya, after all it seems to me that we shall be no better off

because of our traveling. I'm afraid we shall never see Momo again. Now, you know that wherever we go in this country, whether on the Marphar or the Pisu, we shall find the same system prevailing respecting woman. Have you thought what we had better do, my friend, shall we——?" Here Guanya interrupting her, said: "But, Jassah, I failed to tell you of a discovery I made night before last in Tosau. My reason for keeping it a secret was through fear that your joy might intensify mine, and so lead us to act imprudently. You know that I secured the full confidence of our hostess. When you had retired that night, I opened my heart to her, and prayed her assistance. She sympathized with me, laid my head upon her bosom, called me a brave little girl, and imparted to me this good news: Down the Beach, where I told you Momo went to work, and where I too went a few nights ago in my dream, is an American (Liberian) settlement; there a man has but one wife, and woman is held in the highest esteem and respect. All that I saw in my dream is correct. They

are God's people, who have God-men to do nothing else but to speak God palaver to the people. She said that even if a slave runs away and goes to them, his master dare not go and ask for him. She told me that she has helped some girls of my spirit to go there, and hear that they are in school, learning to read and write, who have given up their Gregrees and Medicines, and have laid their hearts down to the American religion. She then advised me to accept a passage in the king's big canoe, which leaves for Bendoo, where we can get an easy opportunity to go to the Beach."

After giving thanks, the girls indulged in a playful criticism of Kai Kundu's short, ungainly figure, flaunter nose, and two-pound lips; contrasting Guanya Pau's features with his, asking what the two look like together.

But just then the passenger in front moved uneasily in his seat. The girls didn't see it; for Guanya Pau at the same time cried out: "And who knows but what we may meet Momo there!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE END.

“ In the unreasoning progress of the world
A wiser spirit is at work for us,
A better eye than ours.”

IN a few hours the canoe came to land. The girls, after briefly surveying and discussing the situation, and having asked a few questions of the townspeople at the wharf, started for the town. But, alas! The town so near but yet so far! Only one more short day's journey of twelve hours and they would have seen what Guanya Pau saw only in dream—church steeples, those monitors of heaven, rising in their majesty, and pointing to the skies! On heaven's threshold, but cruel destiny permits them not to cross! When victory flashes its resplendent rays, then must they suffer defeat! On the eve of basking in the sunlight of liberty they must be incarcerated in the dungeon of despair!

Alas, those sweet chimes of the Sab-

bath-bell, the heavenly strains floating down the aisles of the tabernacle, the thrilling, soul-stirring words from the God-man's lips, these will never greet their ear, nor fill their soul!

As the unsuspecting girls turned to go up the street to which they were directed, that gentleman of note—their fellow-passenger, came up suddenly behind them, and without ceremony laid his hand roughly upon Guanya's shoulder, saying in a dictatorial tone: "Guanya Pau, you are my prisoner. Kai Kundu has sent men into all parts of the country to apprehend you. Come, go with me."

The girls answered not a word. They couldn't.

So elated was he over his success that he immediately hired a canoe, and they embarked for a port farther up the river.

He would have secured Guanya Pau, had he heard her threat. No doubt, it is well that he hadn't.

The canoe glided gracefully on. The lake was as tranquil as a sea of glass. The breeze was light and genial. The sky was bright and cheerful. The re-

