

suspected me of the universal cupidity which marks us all, and felt that even Menelik's passport was not sufficient warrant for permitting a white man to enter territory theretofore unknown to our race. Fearing to contravene the King's authority, concerned because I insisted upon going to a village which to me was only the outpost of an unknown territory, but to him was known as a native gold market, he finally resorted to deception, telling me of impossible trails and of the fearsome Shankalis, not yet thoroughly subdued, he said, by Abyssinian arms. "I love you as a brother," said he; "you tell me that you have a wife and children whom you love; then for your sake and for theirs, I tell you, do not go to Gomer." He furnished me with an intelligent guide—and evidently told him to lead me away from the desired village.

Fortunately, the map and compass showed me that we were being drifted north instead of properly to the south; the guide repeated the stories of impossible roads, then when I persisted he yielded and looked troubled. About this time came two runners, Jewish-looking Abyssinians, I remember, announcing that, wherever I may have been thus far taken by the guide, I was to now know that I should go where I chose, and not where the guide willed. The "Duke" had probably had time to receive assurances from Menelik that he really meant me to go anywhere along the Blue Nile. Then the whole thing came out. We reached Gomer by some of the best trails that fell to me in Africa. There were no threatening Shankalis, but the natives were trading gold in the sky-covered market, filling the