

Striking a match on the bottom of his match box he lighted a cigarette, with an appearance of absorption in the process that left little doubt as to where his present interest centred. He had, however, in the momentary light his match afforded, taken mental stock of the Capriote's faultless features and also of the threatening look of hatred the man made no effort to disguise. What he had done to rouse this stranger's enmity he could not tell; neither could he be bothered with guessing riddles of his own propounding. He was probably a foster-brother or something of the kind of Camilla's. He had noted an amount of foster-relationship in the island, that had it extended beyond it, would, indeed, have rendered the whole world kin. He was a good-looking fellow, one could see—taller and better formed than many of the islanders—but what disturbed Camilla?

She stood against the ledge panting like some little animal pursued.

"Camilla, come here," he said lazily, still regarding the lighted end of his cigarette. Camilla glanced quickly at Giovanni, but drawn by a power she had never even tried to resist, crossed to where Andrea stood with his elbows behind him leaning on the ledge of stonework.

This pliant act seemed to add to the agony of the Capriote's endurance. He reached her with one step—seizing her wrist roughly in a grasp like iron.

"Who are you to bid her come and go at your will? Leave her to those who value a woman for more than her pretty face," he hissed between his teeth.

"May I ask who *you* are, and by what right you intrude yourself in a house where, to put it mildly, you are not welcome."

There was not the faintest indication of anger either in voice or manner; but the cigarette between Cressida's teeth needed relighting.

"Welcome or not, I am here to avenge this girl, who but for you—course you—would now be my wife instead of—"

He did not finish, for Andrew's fingers were round his throat, forcing him back towards the staircase. Of great physical strength, and trained in the use of every well-developed muscle, he held the lithe frame of the Italian at arm's length and helpless in his grasp. At the top of the stairs he released him with a scornful gesture, saying:

"Go, or I shall be tempted to teach you not to intrude where you are not wanted—damn you!"

The tone of contempt, coupled with this easy show of physical superiority, seemed to mount to Giovanni's brain with an impulse beyond control; mad, too, with the sight of Camilla trembling, yet turning in confidence to this man he hated (even now he thought he could discern the love light in her eyes), all surged to his head in a wild flood of passion and despair. His eyes shone in the gloom like two points of light. But something else more deadly caught Camilla's eye. She knew the ways of her countrymen. There was a flash of glittering steel, a cry—"Andrea, Andrea, for the love of Christ!" and the knife descending buried itself in the panting bosom of the girl. With one swift movement she had thrown herself before Andrea, her arms stretched backwards embracing him for the last time.

The white bodice was dyed in a second with a rich stain, the flood running down to join the crimson scarf knotted about her supple waist. Her heart ceased to beat, and Camilla sank at the feet of the man for whom she had given all.

The stars from their silent, majestic distance looked down while Giovanni, all rage strangled within him, and hushed by the strange superstitious awe with which he and his people regard death, for the moment made no sign. Then, bending for an instant above the silent form, he uttered a cry of horror and without a word leaped from the house-top.

Cressida, with a countenance as white and set as marble, vainly tried to staunch the stream flowing sluggishly now from the ugly gap in the soft flesh, while the face of Camilla, upturned to the stars, was settling into lines as peaceful as the very face of the heavens above her.

## ADVENTURE IN EAST AFRICA.

### EXPEDITION UP THE JUBA RIVER, THROUGH SOMALILAND.

NOTWITHSTANDING the labours of many explorers, great and small, large extents of Africa are still unknown land to us. Upon one of these districts, Somaliland, Captain Dundas has now succeeded in throwing some light, and the results of his adventurous expedition were described in an interesting paper which was read at the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. Captain Dundas's paper was illustrated by means of lantern views, and four of these sketches are the subject of our illustrations. Considerable interest is attached to the River Juba on account of its being the boundary between the Italian and British spheres of influence in East Africa, and also in connection with the ill-fated expedition in 1865 of Baron Von der Decken, whose vessel was wrecked above Baidera at the rapids. He, with five of his European colleagues, was murdered by the Somalis, but no further details of this catastrophe have ever transpired.

Captain Dundas is the first and only European who has ascended the river to Baidera since this ill-fated expedition, and his enterprise was one of considerable peril. Crossing the dangerous bar at the mouth of the river on April 25th last, in the stern-wheel steamer "Kenia," the property of the Imperial East Africa Company (in whose service Captain Dundas made the exploration), he arrived at Gobwen, a village with an old Arab port, two and a-half miles from the mouth. Some Kirobotos, natives of Muscat and soldiers of the Sultan of Zanzibar, occupy this port. Great trouble was caused at the outset by the massing at Gobwen of the Somali tribes, who evidenced their dislike to Europeans by refusing to allow the vessel to pass. However, after some little time, the difficulties were overcome and the vessel was allowed to proceed. The *personnel* of the expedition consisted of twelve Zanzibarris (native crew),

one Hindoo, one Chinaman, one Goanese native engineer, twelve native soldiers (undrilled), and fifteen native porters for cutting, &c., carrying fuel, and Commander Dundas, the only European.

Starting on July 23rd, the two large Somali villages of Hadjowen and Hadfualla, situated nearly opposite to each other, were passed, the natives crowding down to look at the vessel. The Somalis, as is well known, are a fine, handsome race, of good physique, with excellent features; the hair is very thick, and sticks out like a bush, but is parted in front. The younger girls and women are mostly pretty, with splendid black eyes, but are jealously guarded by the males; a Zungu, or European, is hardly permitted to look at them, the Somalis being strict Mahomedans. These two villages are the only large Somali villages on the river between the mouth and Munsoon, 360 miles, and Baidera, 387 miles. The bends are very sharp and numerous, and the banks, principally wood, occasionally open out to vast undulating plains, interspersed with bush and thorn trees, great numbers of Nikono palms, with fan palms growing to the water's edge in profusion.

The district of Goosha, forty-five miles from the mouth, is a series of large villages extending for a distance of ninety miles. The inhabitants, originally run-away slaves some fifty years ago, have increased so enormously that the villages are densely populated, and new clearings in the forest further up are continually being made, and new villages established. The people are very industrious, and for a distance of one hundred miles the banks, one and a-half to two miles in from the river, are continuous shambas, or cultivated lands, growing numerous kinds of grain. The people were glad to see a European, and would be willing to trade. The Sultan, or head chief at Faluile, begged Captain Dundas not to go to Baidera, as he said the up-country Somalis were very savage and



COMMANDER F. G. DUNDAS, R.N.  
From a photograph by J. C. Catford, Ilfracombe

treacherous and would assuredly kill him. However, undeterred he went on, the features of the river now being dense forest on either side, the trees being mostly of the acacia kind, the African oak, with tamarinds, and numbers of green thorn trees. Large masses of purple convolvula were intermixed with the thick network of creeper which, covering most of the trees, formed one serried mass of foliage. The scenery was beautiful, these thick green masses of foliage against the blue sky, with the brown muddy river running smoothly on without a sound, except the stroke of the stern wheel, or the occasional splash of a crocodile disappearing off the bank into the water on the approach of the vessel. The belt of forest extends for a mile and a-half from the bank, with thorn woods three-quarters of a mile in extent, beyond which stretch the huge grass plains so familiar in African scenery.

One of the illustrations represents a scene near a village called Mfudo. Captain Dundas followed one of the numerous game tracks made by the animals coming to water, to endeavour to get some meat for his men, and on emerging from the forest saw a large herd of antelope and several ostriches. When about to stalk the latter, hearing an unusual sound in the rear, he turned suddenly and espied two rhinoceros making straight for him. Fortunately, he was lucky enough to bring one down, and the other made off.

After several days' continuous steaming, with dense jungle on either side, he arrived at Baidera on the 10th of August. The hill on which Baidera is situated was black with Somalis, brandishing their spears; and evidently, from their excited state, trouble was brewing. The crew in terror begged Captain Dundas to turn back; but to this he would not consent, and anchored in mid-stream, the river being sixty yards wide. At 11 p.m. he saw large bodies of natives assembled on both banks, and they suddenly dashed into the river, swimming off on both sides. The Maxim guns were useless, and could not be fired, owing, however, to no fault of theirs; and the crew were too frightened to be depended upon to use their rifles. When the Somalis were just clambering on board, Captain Dundas fired a sound signal. It had occurred to him, some time previously when in the Masai territory, that it might, when seen for the first time, intimidate the savages in case of a night attack. On the present occasion it burst in mid-air with a loud explosion, lighting up the whole river with its showers of red stars, the water being black with heads; and Captain Dundas had the satisfaction to see the Somalis all turn and make for the banks in terror.

The next morning, knowing that some move was imperative, Captain Dundas landed, with his interpreter, without arms, pushing through the armed bands of Somalis, expecting to be speared every moment, and went up to the Sheik, who was too astonished for words. The result of all this was peace and permission to go on to the rapids, twenty-five miles further up, the second Sheik and three chiefs accompanying the "Kenia." Our illustration shows the view of Von der Decken's ill-fated vessel, the "Guelph," lying on her side at the entrance to the rapids, with her funnel standing, and beside it are two trees which have grown up through the bottom of the ship. The vessel was visited several times by Captain Dundas, just twenty-seven years to the day after the catastrophe.

After two months absence Captain Dundas arrived back in safety at the mouth of the river, and returned to England at the end of last month; the news having preceded him to the coast that he had been killed and the crew taken slaves by the Somalis.



PLAINS AT MFUDO ON THE RIVER JUBA. SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF RHINOCEROS WHILST COMMANDER DUNDAS WAS SHOOTING OSTRICHES



PRESENT CONDITION OF BARON VON DER DEGEN'S STEAMER "GUELPH" WRECKED AT THE RAPIDS, RIVER JUBA, 1865



GORWEN, WITH ARAB FORT, AT MOUTH OF RIVER JUBA



HOSTILE DEMONSTRATION BY NATIVES ON THE ARRIVAL OF COMMANDER DUNDAS AT BAIDERA

ADVENTURE IN EAST AFRICA - EXPEDITION UP THE JUBA RIVER, THROUGH SOMALILAND