

A Goddess of Africa

A Story of the Golden Fleece.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

Author of "MISS CAPRICE," "DR. JACK'S WIFE,"
"DR. JACK," ETC., ETC.

(Continued.)

The time had come to strike a blow that was to free South Africa of as vile a monster, as cruel an impostor as ever held sway among the wild Karoos; and men better fitted to carry out this really humane deed could than have been found the world over than those who took their lives in their hands and accepted the trust. The account of their concluding venture as told to the correspondent was simple yet graphic.

Both of them tightened their belts and prepared for that last dash. Around them at the foot of the kopjes were probably a thousand of as cruel barbarians as Africa can boast.

According to the programme of the two desperate men not a shot was to be fired. It was to be a seizure—if not a seizure, the knife—if not the knife, as a last desperate resort, the rifle.

Pausing to take a long breath, the two daring Anglo-Saxon heroes, crouching low, ran swiftly out in the tall grass of the open space, stumbling here and there over the hidden boulders, but keeping ever in a direct line for the summit.

Just beyond the open glade they came upon a steep path which somewhat resembled a rude staircase. It was fortunately invisible from below and Burnham and Armstrong passed rapidly and noiselessly along the ascent.

At the very summit were two huge blocks of stone upheaved by some prehistoric earthquake. They leaned together in the shape of an "A" tent, forming an opening about four feet in height and trending downward.

The men were on their hands and knees now. They crawled cautiously across the last intervening boulder right up to the dark and foul smelling entrance to the M'lmo's cave.

Then together, like two great cats, they dropped softly into the darkness. The rocky aisle, a few paces in advance, turned sharply to the left. They cautiously peered around this "neck."

There in the semi-darkness sat N'dubi, the M'lmo of the Matabele, gaunt and savage, crouched like a spider in a noisome web.

As they caught sight of him, an inspiration swept over the god and he began an incantation. The half-muttered words of the chant resembled the mindless ravings of a hashesh dream. With every sway of his body forward his gree-grees and armlets of dead men's bones sounded like the angry warning of a rattlesnake.

Before he had finished the chant he sprang to his feet, tall and bony, and with blazing eyes. He had seen in the gloom the white faces of Burnham and Armstrong. There was no opportunity for seizure. The long, dusky arm of the Matabele god described a swift swoop towards the wall of the cave. In doing this he half turned his back. Was it assegai, gun or spear he sought to snatch from the wall? Burnham did not know, nor did he stop to guess. His rifle pitched like lightning to his shoulder, and the darkness was lanced with flame.

Then M'lmo, the Matabele god, threw his arms aloft and with never a groan fell prone upon his face dead. Echoes which had slept for centuries were wakened from their hoary lairs and went rioting and bellowing abroad in the hills. Out of the cavern pell-mell came the two men, scrambling wildly for the base of the hill where their horses were tied.

All had been well arranged beforehand, and worked with clock-like regularity. Armstrong, making a short detour, set fire to the big

encampment, which contained about two hundred huts. In the meantime Burnham had secured the horses and led them to Armstrong. The Matabele aroused by the rifle shot, had, as yet been unable to locate it. The smoke of the burning village gave them a rallying point, and they came swarming out like bees from a hive. The air was filled with the shouts of men, the screams of women and the crackling of the dry and burning grass.

Already the fugitives had been perceived by the Matabele, who were trying to cut them off from the river. Away went the horses like greyhounds in the race that was to turn the scale of life or death. They rounded the flankers of the enemy and stretched away for the river.

That was the story of how the notorious usurper met his doom. Those who have read an account of it in the columns of enterprising papers doubtless had little appreciation of the terrible dangers surrounding the mission of these brave fellows, who took their lives in their hands and went out to save the border from being drenched with blood. Heroic treatment is sometimes necessary in order to accomplish great results.

They had ridden hard; their horses had been pushed to the limit, and now, as Burnham had been saying, they must rest before completing their flight to Mangwe.

Naturally they were more than curious to know what strange mission brought Lord Bruno and his little band into this hotbed of danger, and when the English artist declared he had secured some excellent sketches of the Zambodi and Matabele in their war dances and in council, doubtless they considered the venture for so strange a purpose a little on the order of such hare-brained feats as poor old Don Quixote sought.

Then the presence of Marian aroused their curiosity, and the story had to be told.

Rex noticed Little Phil pressing close to Lord Bruno while the latter related how he had long sought his sister and found her in the fair idol of the Zambodi—it seemed to have some special meaning to the cowboy, for a little later Rex heard him laughing softly to himself and repeating "Sister Marian" in a crooning way as though he rejoiced in the new found happiness of the Englishman. Other events which followed thick and fast upon each other's heels caused Rex to quite forget the circumstance until it was resurrected in his mind by an event of which more will be said when the proper time comes.

Jim Bludsoe was again entrusted with the duty of finding a safe place for a camp.

As usual he looked for an elevation, and fortune was kind enough to throw it in their way.

It was a rocky fortress, where half a dozen well armed men could hold their own against scores, if the worst came to pass, and while all of them had grave fears for the future they were indeed glad to find such a temporary refuge.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DEFENCE OF THE RAMPARTS.

Here the dawn of another day found them, surrounded by as wild a country as South Africa knew.

The hours dragged along. Burnham and his companions shared with them their stock of provisions, so the pangs of hunger were warded off. Again and again they saw bands of the fierce Matabele scouring the country, and once Rex, using the glass, believed he had a glimpse of Zambodi warriors, with the knavish Hassaje at their head, though they vanished among the thickets before he could make sure his suspicion was absolutely correct.

It would not be strange, for these tribes have coalesced on several occasions when a war was being waged upon their common bete noir, the white settler.

About the middle of the afternoon came a shock. A large force of the jumpis was discovered advancing straight towards the rocky mound which sheltered them.

At first Jim was of the opinion they were following the trail, but he presently changed his mind. It was more likely some lone scout had discovered their camp, spied upon them in spite of their precautions, and then carried his startling news to the nearest aggregation of warriors.

At any rate the result was the same. They had discounted such a desperate climax—that is, having it before their eyes every hour and minute of the day and night, when finally the worst did break upon them, no one showed fear.

Perhaps there was a compression of lips, a flashing of determined eyes, and itching hands reached out for guns and pistols.

They were ready to give battle to

the whole Matabele nation if need be, for surh men do not count numbers when the fever rages in their veins. Bludsoe was in his element.

He issued his orders as the recognized leader of the little company, with a clearness that told of perfect confidence.

Those under him were posted so as to command the vulnerable points of attack.

Even Rex, with his small experience in affairs of this kind, could see that so long as the ammunition held out, with ready arms to wield the Remingtons, were there ten times an hundred desperate fighters below, they could not carry the wilderness fort.

This so long as daylight lasted. When night fell, the danger would increase; or should the supply of cartridges run short, so they would be compelled to fight hand to hand, there was a chance that the gallant defenders of the hill would be overwhelmed by superior numbers.

There was no longer a doubt with respect to the fact of their presence being known to the advancing blacks, who ran forward, jostling each other in their eagerness, brandishing weapons and uttering war-cries thrilling enough to chill the blood.

They reached the base of the rocky pile.

Not a shot had been fired—indeed, the defenders had not even disclosed their presence by any incautious act.

Jim was biding his time, just as Putman did at historic Bunker Hill—each shot must count, and until the whites of the Matabele's eyes could be discerned, not a bullet should go forth upon its mission.

Pushing after each other the blacks were half way up the narrow defile when above the cries of the rabble sounded Jim's:

"Now!"

A flash—a tremendous crash that seemed to cause the very foundations of their rocky fortress to quiver, and the game was on.

For a score of seconds nothing was to be heard but the detonation of Winchesters, forming one fearful confused rattle, together with the shrieks of the wretches whom this whirlwind of lead mowed down in the cut.

Then the firing ceased.

There was no longer an enemy in sight upon whom further shots might be spent. The smell of burnt powder filled the air, and as the breeze lifted the canopy of white smoke a fearful scene was disclosed.

It was a murderous fire the Matabele had faced, crowded into that narrow defile as they were.

Flesh and blood could not stand it longer, and it was no wonder those who were able had backed out of the death hole to hide behind outlying rocky spurs, and recover their breath.

The defile was not so deep by a foot or two, as it had been before the mad assault, since it was carpeted with human bodies.

Bludsoe sat the example to his men by replenishing his partially exhausted magazine, and then coolly awaited the next move of the enemy.

Their situation had advanced from bad to worse, for the noise of battle must have been heard for miles around, and by nightfall every black warrior within leagues of the rocky ramparts would be hurrying toward the scene of disturbance.

What then?

That night might be their last—upon those heights they would grapple with the grim monster Death, and fighting to the finishing gasp lay down their lives as became brave men.

Those who had escaped the slaughter did not appear to hanker after a second experience in a hurry.

They dodged about among the spurs of rocks, or else met incoming bands to place them in possession of the facts.

Thus the day drew near an end, with fully two hundred furious blacks in the immediate neighborhood of the rock fort, and others still hastening to the hub of the disturbance.

(To be Continued.)

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

Is to get a boot that will wear and fit you, then you will have satisfaction. You also want something to suit you in price. You will find them all at

McQUAID'S,

LOWER QUEEN STREET

Boot and Shoe Store.

A Shake-up Among the Clothing

When you are spending good money get good clothing in return for it. The kind of clothing we sell is standard made—it's worth every penny you put into it, it gives good service and looks well as long as you wear it. The beginning of this month opens up the fall trade for which we are thoroughly prepared. We have received

- 500 pairs pants from 75c to \$4.50.
- 225 Men's Suits from \$3.50 to \$15.00.
- 125 Boy's Suits from \$1.00 to \$7.50.
- 300 dozen Men's Underclothing from 40c to \$2.50.
- Top Shirts from 25c up.

Will shake up the balance of our stock of summer underclothing at half price.

If saving \$'s is a hobby of your's, come in, well encourage the hobby.

J. B. MACDONALD and CO.

Where worth and low prices meet.

The undersigned offers for sale at a bargain the following:

- One 40-Horse Power Engine and Boiler.
- 14 Driving Pulleys with Shaft and Belting.
- One Rip Saw and bench with carriage.
- One 30 in. Saw.
- One 24 in. Planer—One set hoisting blocks.
- One Matching and Moulding Machine.
- Fifty-one Moulding Knives.
- One Band Saw complete.
- One Buzz Planer.
- One Swing Saw complete.
- One Turning Lathe and Shaft—One Vice.
- Two Emery Wheels—One Jig Saw.
- Three Circular Saws and tables.
- All in first-class order.

MATTHEW & MCLEAN

Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Ltd

OF LONDON.

Special Travelling Accident & Sickness Coupon Policy

The above policy has just been issued by the greatest and most prominent Accident Company in the world to-day.

The policy is issued by the agent in Charlottetown at a moment when it is enclosed in a substantial pocket book.

The indemnities are as follows:—
Death caused by accident in passenger Railway conveyance \$500.00
Temporary Disablement caused by accident in Railway conveyance \$10.00 per week.

Temporary Disablement caused by Smallpox, Variola, Typhoid, Cholera, Asiatic Cholera, Erysipelas, Appendicitis, Diabetes, Pneumonia, Meningitis or Tetanus, \$10.00 per week.

PRICE OF POLICY—\$3.00 per annum.

JAMES J. JOHNSTON, Stamp and Book,

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PICTURESQUE Prince Edward Island

25c at all Bookstores.

An illustrated book on P. E. Island, an interesting souvenir for tourists.

—CHARLOTTETOWN—

TIME TABLE (LOCAL TIME.)

Arrival and Departure of Trains and Steamers.

TRAINS

Express leaves for the west.....	8 35 a. m.
Express arrives from the west.....	9 50 p. m.
Accommodation leaves for the west.....	4 10 p. m.
Accommodation leaves for the east.....	6 00 p. m.
Accommodation arrives from the west.....	10 55 a. m.
Express leaves for the east.....	2 25 p. m.
Express arrives from the east.....	7 05 a. m.
Accommodation leaves for the east.....	3 00 p. m.
Accommodation arrives from the east.....	4 50 p. m.

STEAMERS

PRINCESS.

Leaves for Picton every morning at.....	9 30 a. m.
Arrives from Picton every evening at.....	8 30 p. m.

LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.

Arrives from Boston and Halifax every Monday.....	12 p. m.
Leaves for Boston and Halifax every Wednesday.....	10 a. m.

HALIFAX.

Arrives from Boston and Halifax every Thursday.....	7 p. m.
Leaves for Halifax and Boston every Friday.....	1 p. m.

CAMPANA.

Arrives from Montreal and Quebec every alternate Friday.....	10 a. m.
Leaves for Quebec and Montreal the following Monday evening.....	

CITY OF GHENT.

Arrives from Halifax every Thursday afternoon.....	10 a. m.
Leaves for Halifax every Friday.....	10 a. m.

JACQUES CARTIER.

Leaves for Orwell Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays.....	3 p. m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Friday.....	3 p. m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Saturday.....	2 p. m.

FERRY BOATS.

"Hillsborough"—Leaves Ferry Wharf for Southport every half hour.	
"Elfin"—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 5.30, 8, 9, 11, a. m.; 1, 2, 4, 6, p. m. local time. Sails for at 9 a. m., 12.45, 2, 3, 4 p. m. Returning 1.15, 2.30, 3.15 and 5.30 p. m.	
"Southport"—Runs up East River every Tuesday, leaving at 5.30 a. m., and 3 p. m. local. Runs up West River every Friday, leaving at 5.30 a. m., and 4 p. m. local.	

All Business Men

And most Professional men on Prince Edward Island will have to have a certain amount of printing done this fall.

If you are a business man or a professional man we would like to do your printing for you—we would like to give you prices on it anyway.

We think we can give you better satisfaction in the Job Printing line than you can get anywhere else. We have put in a lot of new type, etc., this year, enabling us to turn out better work than ever before—and "we have work done when we promise it."

The Examiner Job Print

Ch'town's Leading Printers.
Cor. Queen and Richmond Streets
—upstairs.

Notice.

There has been on my premises, since July 15th last, four strayed heifers, one black and one red and white spotted (two year old), one white and one red and white (one year old.) Unless claimed within ten days and all damages paid they will be sold by public auction on Saturday, 22nd day of Sept. at the hour of two o'clock, p. m., on my premises to cover expenses.

JOSEPH McDONALD.

Glencoe, Sept. 11th, 1900.

BA K-ACHE ?

If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse—Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys. There is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time—

Dodd's Kidney Pills