

# 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.)

In the midst of the fusillade came a much heavier discharge, very similar to the boom of the Dutch settler's yager or elephant gun.

Strange to say, the professor had insisted upon arming himself with one of these heavy though effective weapons, which appeared the more ridiculous when the rather unexercised stature of the fighting Gaul was taken into consideration.

This mammoth gun had always been an object of extreme solicitude to Jules. So long as they had porters, a stalwart black had usually trotted at his heels bearing the yager; but of late it had become quite a burden to Hastings, who more than once contemplated the feasibility of quietly allowing it to sink into some "drift" they were crossing.

Only on a few occasions had the learned savant deigned to discharge his gun; and it was always an open question in the mind of Hastings whether almost equally disastrous results in the rear were not apt to follow such an explosion as before its muzzle.

Therefore, when the thunderous crash of the elephant gun sounded so close to his ears, he experienced something like a sensation of awe, and half expected to find the form of the gallant Frenchman hurled across his back.

"What luck?" he bellowed, so that his words might be heard above the awful clamor.

"It is well," came in the high-pitched voice of the professor, who had evidently taken the precaution to brace himself ere pulling the trigger.

So Hastings again applied himself to the task of distributing the remainder of his leaden pills with a discrimination that was influenced by the audacity of the assailants; and since little of his ammunition went to waste, it can be set down as positive that his wonderful nerve served him as faithfully in this crisis as it had in times gone by.

Brief though the time that had elapsed since the advent of the first black warrior on the scene, those of the enemy who fortunately escaped the fire of the compatriots had rushed in close enough to discharge their own weapons toward the spot where a cloud of powder smoke told of occupation.

Some were armed with guns of modern make, for long contact with the gold and diamond hunters had made the Matabele and their sable allies familiar with such engines of destruction, and while possibly the owners might have no just claim to the title of sharpshooters, still they were able to keep pumping at their engines of war, and send a swarm of bullets toward the center of the disturbance, that hurtled and hissed about the ears of the besieged with the noisy venom of angry bees.

Numerous war spears also came singing through space, nor was the singular whirr of the deadly Zulu assegai unheard.

Hastings had been wounded in several places, but none of them were serious cuts, and in the fever of battle he hardly took notice of the fact.

Hearing a thud close at his elbow he turned his head to see a Makalaka spear pinning poor Jules to the tree; but his feeling of horror was dissipated upon discovering that the squirming professor had really not been seriously injured, since the weapon had only passed through the slack of his garments.

Finding himself unable to break away, the plucky little savant continued to rattle out the contents of his revolver, and his shrill voice could be heard high above the roar of the

melee, as he urged the savage to such defiance as only a son of France could express.

All this really occurred in a minute of time.

Seconds are laden with grave results when the blare of battle is in the air.

The cloud of smoke which served to conceal them from the sharp eyes of the surrounding blacks, equalized matters at the same time by rendering it impossible for them to see where to direct their shots.

So, while their weapons still held a few more charges, the two fugitives ceased firing.

Hastings snatched at the spear upon which his smaller ally was in one sense impaled, but it required his utmost strength to tear it loose from the tree, so that Jules could once more be master of his own actions.

Perhaps Rex had some vague idea that they might creep off, thanks to the friendly smoke that hugged the vicinity, and the gathering shades of dusk.

Be that as it may, he was given no time to put the inspiration into practical play. Perhaps the undaunted Gaul would have utterly refused to have deserted the scientific treasures of his collection to which he was so firmly wedded.

Before Rex could begin to shape a plan for the future there came a fresh burst of awful yells, and through the smoke sprang the figures of the Makalaka warriors, brandishing their arms and looking in the full panoply of their war dress like demons.

Thus, in an instant, the battle had become a hand to hand affair, where fierce blows were exchanged, where the discharge of a firearm was muffled by the fact of its being pressed against a human form, where two whites, back to back, were pitted against a horde of cruel and merciless foes, eager to drink their blood.

The sword of Damocles hung suspended by a single thread.

So the lives of these twain seemed on the very brink—the passage of one minute would mark their transition from this world into the next.

But that minute proved long enough to save them from such a fate.

Alone it were utterly impossible for them to win, and actually figured the chance of relief coming to them in this wild country north of Matabeleland was about one in a thousand.

Yet it came, such are the vagaries of fate—it came when even the stout heart of that hopeful son of Illinois had given up all expectation of surviving, so that he only fought on with the grim resolution of despair.

Above the tempest of war cries that sounded in his ears, Rex suddenly heard shouts that he feared must be the creation of a disordered brain—shouts that could come from none other than "faxon throats"—shouts that, raised in unison formed a mighty "hurrah" that dwarfed the screams of the blacks as the thunder of the tempest might overshadow the feeble growl of cannon.

The struggling mass of sable warriors that desperately endeavored to crush in upon the two white heroes also heard this shout from the forest.

To them it was the most dreaded sound upon earth. They had on numerous occasions engaged with the sturdy sons of England who guarded the border land. Desperate battles had been fought in the days gone by, and these black warriors from bitter experience had come to respect the prowess of the police employed by the British South Africa Company, as well as to fear Cecil Rhodes, the wizard whose hand controlled the destinies of this promising land.

Confusion immediately seized upon the assailants. Their glow of positive victory gave way to sudden despair.

Many turned and ran, hardly knowing in which direction the danger lay.

A few remained as if in the hope of accomplishing the death of the two fugitives ere themselves seeking safety in flight.

Flying figures could now be seen through the rifts of powder smoke—figures mounted on horses, and dashing hither and yon with a rapidity that could only have been equalled by Bedouins of the desert.

From these galloping figures there came flash after flash, and the rapid percussion of reports proclaimed a condition of affairs that could not be other than unhealthy for the unfortunate blacks who had lingered in the vicinity of the scene so long.

By this time Hastings had succeeded in downing the last foe man, who remained too obstinate for flight.

As in a dream he watched the dim panorama of scurrying horsemen, and heard the shots and shouts that proclaimed the rescue. It was almost incredible, this being snatched from death at the very last moment.

He leaned upon his rifle, the barre

of which was hot from repeated discharges, and panted for breath, while the excitable little professor, overwhelmed with joy, capered about like a boy, alternately shrieking "vive la France" and then in what was intended to be a deeper voice, "hurrah for old England."

Gradually the tumult died away, detonating shots no longer burst upon the startled ear, and even the terrified shouts of the scattered blacks melted in the distance.

The battle of the forest was over. Rex, still leaning upon his gun, stood there waiting to meet his saviors.

Somehow a spark of fire had fallen among some dead leaves and twigs under the tree, so that a little blaze now leaped up.

Professor Jules had a weakness in the line of a fire, and eagerly tossed some fragments of branches on the blaze, which of course sprang up higher.

Towards this figure, standing there, came one of the mounted rescuers, a man whose deep voice had rung out with a leonine roar as he urged his men to action.

Springing from his steed he advanced directly to Rex, who presented rather an heroic appearance, with blood-streaked face and clothing showing the desperate conditions through which he had just passed.

As the freight fell upon the features of the stalwart newcomer, Rex leaned forward to assure himself that he was not dreaming, and then found tongue to exclaim:

"Lord Bruno, by my life! You came up in the nick of time, Waterford, just as we were about to go under."

## CHAPTER III.

### LORD BRUNO'S COWBOYS.

The Englishman stood rooted in his tracks, staring at the figure before him.

"Jove! I know that voice, but I'll wager your own mother would fail to recognize you with that bloody face. Yes, I have heard a voice like that, but it is incredible."

"Not at all," declared Rex, cheerily, as he thrust out his hand.

"Rex Hastings! God! this is the biggest surprise of my life. Glad to see you—why, I couldn't be more so if it was a brother. But what under heaven are you doing up in this hot-bed of idolatry and fetish worship?" was what the other exclaimed as he wrung the proffered hand again and again, and even seemed tempted to indulge in a bear-like hug.

"You mean down in this country, for we have come from the north, over deserts, through the densest of forests, down rivers, fighting our way for months through the heart of Africa. I really began to believe our long pilgrimage was about to end right here, but a kind fate sent you in time. I could not have selected a more welcome saviour, had I been given the choice, than my old friend of the Quarter Latin in Paris, where we spent such happy days, sharing one another's troubles and pleasures."

"What! do you mean to tell me you two have made this terrible journey alone?" gasped the other, surveying the professor with considerable respect, seeing which Jules immediately puffed out his chest with the pride of a true son of Gascony.

"Bless you, not at all. Our people numbered forty odd when we left the coast with the permission of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and struck into the wilderness."

"But—where the deuce are they now?"

"Gone, every mother's son of 'em. Many deserted from time to time, a few were killed, and others fell into the hands of the terrible head-hunters of the far interior. We lost our last man to-day, poor Friday, the one faithful fellow of the lot."

"But tell me, my dear fellow, what sort of an expedition did you engineer? It is plain to be seen this gentleman is a man of science"—for the professor was eagerly endeavoring to discover what damage had been done to his specimens—"but unless you have developed the mania since we parted, my old artistic friend Rex Hastings was hardly the man to endure the dangers and hardships of such a tremendous undertaking in a search for specimens."

Hastings glanced around after the manner of a man who would not care to have his secret heard by other ears than those for which it was intended.

"You shall know all, Bruno, but not now, not here. It is as amazing a story as ever a Rider Haggard dreamed. It will thrill you to hear it in detail. Wait for a more fitting opportunity. The idea has suddenly flashed into my mind that there may be something more than accident in this singular meeting of two old art chums in the depth of a South African forest—that it means destiny—that perhaps you too may be enthralled by the wonderful story I shall presently spin, and catching some of the inspiration that has urged me to undertake such an apparently wild-goose chase, combine your forces with mine for success."

"Jove! you arouse my keenest curiosity, my dear fellow. Take pity on my well-known impetuosity, and don't let many hours elapse before you raise the veil and allow me a peep at the mystery."

"I promise you, Bruno. But on my part I too am consumed with curiosity concerning your presence here. What are you doing in this savage country, and who are these dashing, long-haired fellows, speeding about on their horses like actual Centaurs?" The Englishman laughed—there was

something very jolly in that laugh of his, and it won him friends wherever he roamed, since men of every nation love a genial nature.

"Look again—what manner of man would you take them to be, my Rex?"

Hastings observed a couple of the riders who chanced to be close enough to receive some benefit from the professor's fire.

"Well," he said, slowly, "if we were over in the States instead of thousands of miles away from America, I should have no hesitation in pronouncing them genuine cowboys, such as our western plains produce."

"Straight to the bull's-eye, that shot. They are cowboys, and I have even taken part in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Exhibition when he showed at Earle's Court in London. They naturally drifted to South Africa as the latest field for adventure. They are now under contract with me. You see I'm about to inaugurate a little Wild West of my own, and show these black fellows a trick or two that will open their eyes."

"Seriously speaking, Rex, they are in my employ. You know my penchant of old. I am an artist about everything. England is at present all agog over the state of affairs in Africa—an advance up the Nile has been ordered. I would like to have been with Tommy Atkins in that adventure, but the expedition is well supplied with artists and correspondents, even including our friend Conar Doyle. It is not so here. Ever since Jameson's raid, the eyes of the world have been upon the land of Pau Kruger, and now that the Matabele are upon the warpath the situation has become more intense than ever."

"I have resolved to learn certain facts with relation to the country and the people in this region, so that the English public may be better informed as to what a gigantic task lies before the success of their arms."

"And you take your life in your hands to invade this dangerous territory in order to dash off sketches of Matabele kraals, of the savage life engaged in the horrible war dance, bogged out in all their fantastic finery, and perhaps you even hope to draw a picture of their bloody war god, the terrible M'limo, the Great, Great One, the Black Bull, the Black Elephant, who shakes the earth with his stamping, the Founder of Nations, as they call him."

Lord Bruno's cheery face assumed an eager expression, but with a groan of sigh he shook his head in

(To be Continued.)

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The prices, well, we want you to see them when you are looking at the goods. Their cheapness will surprise you.

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## CANADAS International Exhibition

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Admissions have been made to the Live Stock prizes and a but making competition and exhibit of cheese making provided for.

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Very cheap fares and special excursions on all railways and steamers. Exhibits on several of the main lines will be carried practically free. Full particulars advertised for.

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Premium lists entry forms will be sent on application to

CHAS. A. EVERETT,  
Manager & Secretary.  
J. McLAUGHLIN,  
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## STILL THEY COME! Hope River Tea!

The parishioners of St. Ann's, Hope River, intend holding a grand Tea Party near the church grounds on

Wednesday, Aug. 22nd, Inst.

The tables will be supplied with abundance of choice viands, such as the ladies of Hope River so well know how to prepare. Saloons well stocked with temperate drinks and refreshments of different kinds will be provided. All amusements usual on such occasions will be supplied, and everything possible will be done to minister to the comfort and entertainment of visitors. All who desire to spend a pleasant day and help along a good cause are cordially invited to attend.

By Order of Committee.  
Aug. 13th 1900—dy 2 aw wklv.

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

#### STEAMERS PRINCESS.

Leaves for Pictou every morning.....	9 50 a. m.
Arrives from Pictou every evening.....	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.....	
Leaves for Quebec and Montreal the following Monday evening.....	

#### CITY OF GHEENT.

Arrives from Halifax every Thursday afternoon.....	
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.

"Ellisborough"—Leaves Ferry Wharf for Southport every half hour.

"Elli"—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 6.30, 8, 11, a. m.; 1, 2, 4, 6.30, p. m. local time. Sundays at 9 a. m., 12.45, 2, 4, 4 p. m. Returning 1.15, 2.30, 3.15 and 5 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.

#### HOTEL ACCOMMODATION.

For the benefit of tourists and others we publish the following list of hotels and boarding houses in Charlottetown and elsewhere:—

Charlottetown—Hotel Davies, Queen Hotel, Revers Hotel, Eureka House, Ocean House, Railway House, LePage House, Dancon House, Finlay House, McFadyen House.
Summerside—Clifton House, Russ Hotel, Campbell Hotel, Perry House.
Souris—Sea View Hotel, Ocean House.
Tracadie—Acadia Hotel.
Bonaventure—Sea Side Hotel.
St. John's—Cliff House, Mutch House.
Brackley Point—Shaw House.
Alberton—Sesforth House, Albion Terrace.
Malpeque—Hodgson House, North House House.
Pownal—Florida Hotel, Dominion House.
Vernon River Bridge—Finlay House.
Georgetown—Aitken House, Tapper House, Acadia House.
Cape Traverse—Lansdowne Hotel.
Tracadie—McKenna House, Bellevue Hotel, Railway Hotel.
Charlottetown—Clarke's Hotel, Commercial Hotel.
Montserrat—Medonald House.
Mount Stewart—Clarke's Hotel, Macdonald House.
Hampton—Pleasant View House.
Port Hill—Port Hill House.

Reservations are a good many private accommodations at a reasonable rate may be obtained. Further information may be obtained upon application to the Editor of this paper.

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is the deadliest and most painful malady to which mankind is subject. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Bright's Disease. They have never failed in one single case. They are the only remedy that ever has cured it, and they are the only remedy that can. There are imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills—pill, box and name—but imitations are dangerous. The original and only genuine cure for Bright's Disease is

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