

# 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.)

"Hastings had come down from in front of the shelter and could look down upon the stacks surrounding the great collection of pots. Fires were burning here and there, but extreme care was always taken for a spark might at any time set the whole kraal in a blaze. This thought crept into Hastings' mind, and he remembered it as a suggestion put forward by Jim Bludsoe when he first gazed upon the home of the Zambodi.

In the hands of desperate men fire is a terrible weapon, and the most daring savage in the world becomes panic-stricken when a sea of flame sweeps over forest and prairie or licks up his lodges like a whirlwind; for to him there is a majesty in the outstretched arms of the fire-fiend, since most of them have at some time or other worshipped the mysterious agent that leaves but ashes after it has dined.

With Maid Marian to assist him in making his escape, it hardly seemed probable he would need to apply so drastic a remedy as touching a torch to the kraal.

Besides, he felt no animosity towards the blacks, remembering that his mission had been to despoil the ancient temple of its precious legacy.

One wish he entertained, and really believed it would do him a world of good to be given a chance to finish Hassaje before shaking the dust of Zambodi land from his feet.

The ancient reprobate and charlatan had aroused within him an ugly feeling, such as he could not remember entertaining towards any other human being. Perhaps, if the truth were diligently sought, the reason for this might be found in the fact of Hassaje's hostility towards Marian, and his evident desire to seek her destruction.

Had the witch-doctor exorcised his deity and learned a little ordinary common sense he might have found a clear field long ago by secretly aiding and abetting the escape of the white girl; but such a solution to the vexatious problem had probably never entered his dense head.

Rex watched his companion make a few simple preparations for departure.

He knew that she was bidding farewell to what had been her home for many years, and which must have some niche in her memory, no matter what bright scenes the future might open up.

The Zambodi girl was to be left behind, temporarily at least, and there was a logical reason for such a move.

Rex could remember reading of an army about to abandon a fort or strategical post, leaving a few men behind to keep the fires burning and thus deceive the watching foe.

That was to be her mission. From time to time up to midnight she was to perform some little task in which she had been carefully drilled by her mistress, and in various ways beguile those who watched below into the belief that the fair god still occupied her retreat.

Perhaps this would be through the burning of a little colored fire such as must awe the barbarian heart—anon it might turn to a song born in Scotland's borders, such as Marian had taught her how to sing with feeling, not unlike her own.

Rex saw that the idea was a bright one, and did not hesitate to compliment her on it.

At last it was time to go. They had a long and wearisome journey before them, with dangers on every side. The chances of their reaching Buluwayo in safety were rather problematical; but they had

brave hearts, and were ready to go and dare, whatever the future held. He was naturally curious to know how she expected to pass the cordon of warriors which the medicine-man had thrown around the base of the kopje, for if any one was thoroughly acquainted with the ground the worker of wonders should be.

All this had in a measure been prepared for by the remarkable man who spent so many years among the Zambodi, an exile from his own race.

Hence Rex was not greatly surprised when instead of passing out through the cabin door, she lighted a rude lantern, and asked him to follow into the depths of the mountain.

As they proceeded, he several times caught suspicious fumes in the air, which he recognized as the same agency through which he and Bludsoe had so nearly been overpowered when endeavoring to peer down into the awful fissure where the wretched black spy had been swallowed, and where the eternal fires raged, and boiled like furious demons in chains.

This gave him the notion that they were navigating some of those same ancient passages connected with the have been surprised if at any time he found himself once more in the presence of that assemblage of pagan gods.

Such an event, however, did not occur.

Perhaps Maid Marian respected the sacred character of the temple, even as her father had done before her, knowing what veneration these black sons of Africa had for the idols before which their ancestors or the people who dwelt in the crater centuries back, were wont to prostrate themselves—at any rate she had never gazed upon those monsters of a bygone day, which was a blessed thing with regard to her peace of mind, since their hideous faces were enough to haunt one's sleep for many a year.

This fidelity to a trust bequeathed from generation to generation, has numerous examples in the life history of the aborigines of the New World.

In Mexico, in Arizona, and in Peru the Indians faithfully guard the ruins of ancient temples where the Aztecs or the Incas worshipped gods representing the sun.

These people have not for many generations prostrated themselves before the fire god, and only by tradition do they know what was the character of those devotions belonging to a musty and dim past; and yet in their eyes a sort of fanatical sacredness hangs over certain secret cave-temples, which are zealously guarded in order that the profane foot of no white man shall ever enter to defile them.

After considerable winding about in narrow passages, Hastings' fair guide told him they were close to the exit.

She thereupon extinguished the light which had thus far been of inestimable value to them as a guide to their feet, and the gloom seemed doubly dense in consequence.

Rex felt a hand touch his, and was wonderfully docile about being led—indeed, he would not have entered a protest should such pleasant association have been continued indefinitely.

And thus they issued from the passage, reaching the outer air through one of the numerous vents which the subterranean fires had formed in the age when dumb old Krokot was a bellowing giant, raining ashes and boiling lava upon the country for leagues around, traces of which could still be found under the forest trees, and the soil that had accumulated from decaying leaves and woody fibre.

The young American could not place his new position. They were at the foot of the elevation—he had guessed that from their continuous descent, but it took him a full minute to master the lay of the land and figure where the Zambodi settlement was situated.

He was aided in getting his bearings by a peculiar red glow that suddenly appeared up along the side of the mount, and it hardly needed the whispered mention of the Zambodi girl's name from Marian to tell him this light came from in front of the refuge, and was intended to keep the attention of Hassaje and his fierce spirits of war directed toward that quarter while the young mistress effected her escape through the lines.

This crude cordon of the blacks could hardly be expected to equal a military trocha such as a Campos or a Weyler would throw across the distracted "gem of the Antilles;" but at the same time Zambodi warriors had sharp eyes, and could hear sounds with the quickness of a

LOST.—In June, between Queen Street and Navigation Co's Wharf, a parcel of clothing. Finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving me at this office.

WANTED.—A girl about 16 or 17 years of age, smart and tidy. Apply to Mrs. A. Redmond St., George St.

springbok, so that the utmost care must be taken in passing their line. Hastings felt doubly anxious because he had more reason than ever for desiring to escape.

While his own life alone was the stake that hung in the balance, he could be as reckless as he chose, but now there was cause for the exercise of caution.

If fortune should be kind and allow them to escape the grim dangers that arose on every side, threatening destruction as did Scylla and Charybdis to the mariners of old, the fact of their having shared these perils in common would be a precious tie to bring them closer together.

Rex found he could contemplate such a delightful contingency with remarkable complacency; though his good sense would not allow his building castles in the air while so much remained to be done.

They started upon their task of eluding the witch-doctor's guards.

The presence of the red fire above was a point in their favor, for the warriors on picket duty would hardly be looking for any need of their service so long as they had reason to believe the fair rival of Hassaje remained at her lodge.

Stealthily they moved away, like shadowy spirits. Rex could just detect the dark form of his guide as she moved over the ground more ethereal being than one of flesh and blood; and more than once Rex found himself wondering whether after all she might not in some measure partake of the wonderful personality with which in the minds of the Zambodi she was endowed; though each time he smiled at his folly and secretly chided himself for being influenced by the air of superstition with which he had of late been so completely surrounded.

He proved more clumsy in his progress, despite the fact that he had hitherto prided himself on his agile qualities, and his long experience in threading the mazes of an African thicket.

Perhaps this was partly due to the fact that he believed it his duty to keep his eyes on the trim figure of the girl just ahead. Sometimes the very gods men worship prove an ignis fatuus for their feet.

At least Hastings would have done better to have paid more attention to the perils that beset his path.

His feet became caught in a dangling vine, without his being aware of the fact, and the consequence was, when he attempted to take another step, he felt his support give way, so that he went crashing into the bushes with noise enough to alarm the dead.

Then came startled exclamations, a rush of feet, and loud signal cries, proclaiming that suspicion had been aroused and a pursuit already inaugurated.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### HOPE IN A SCOTTISH CLAYMORE.

Hastings disentangled his clumsy feet from the wretched vine, and was almost immediately erect, in time to hear the result of his unlucky contretemps.

The mischief was already done, and nobody but children and fools cry over spilt milk. Only immediate and hasty flight remained, with the chances decidedly against them. He inwardly cursed himself for a clumsy jackass. Self castigation never mended anything, and Rex had never forgotten his horror upon witnessing the annual march of a sect of fanatics called Flagellants in New Mexico, who once a year bear a cross across the sands, scourging each other and themselves with whips like scorpions, following out the Mohammedan's idea of self-torture in order to secure remission of sins done in the body, until covered with blood, and their flesh like raw beefsteak, they faint under the ordeal.

The voice of Maid Marian recalled him to his senses.

"We must fly!" she exclaimed, and Rex gritted his teeth at the thought of having so disastrously ruined their chances of success when they seemed most bright.

(To be Continued.)

# To Those Interested.

The makers of THE HIGHLAND RANGES were unable to ship all of our ranges this week, but we expect to have a large shipment by next trip of S. S. Halifax from BOSTON and those who have orders may count on getting them then. We ask your kind indulgence for the delay.

"As good as for American Ranges."

FENNELL & CHANDLER

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- One Matching and Moulding Machine.
- Fifty-one Moulding Knives.
- One Band Saw complete.
- One Buzz Planer.
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- 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

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For 20 Years—A Constant Sufferer From Bleeding and Protruding Piles—Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

In vain did Mrs. Jas. Brown, of Hintonburgh, near Ottawa, search for a cure for piles. In Europe and America she tried every remedy available, but it remained for Dr. Chase's Ointment to effect a cure.

Mrs. Brown writes:—"I have been a constant sufferer from nearly every form of piles for the last twenty years, and during that time both here and in the Old Country have tried most every remedy.

"I am only doing justice to Dr. Chase's Ointment when I say that I believe it to be the best remedy obtainable for bleeding and protruding piles. I strongly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to mothers, or indeed to any person suffering from that dread torment—piles."

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# NEW Beautiful Enamelled

Belt and neck clasps, broaches, cuff links, hat pins, scar pins, coffee and tea spoons.

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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 at.....	9 50 a. m.
Arrives from Pictou 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....	
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.....	
JACQUES CARTIER.	
Leaves for Orwell Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays.....	3 p. m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Friday at.....	3 p. m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Saturday at.....	2 p. m.
FERRY BOATS.	
"Hillsborough"—Leaves Ferry Wharf for Southport every half hour.	
"Edin"—Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 6.30, 8, 9, 11, a. m.; 1, 2, 4, 6.30, p. m., local time. Sundays at 9 a. m., 12.45, 2, 3, 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.	

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of Dodd's Kidney Pills are legion. The box is imitated, the outside coating and shape of the pills are imitated and the name—Dodd's Kidney Pills is imitated. Imitations are dangerous. The original is safe. Dodd's Kidney Pills have a reputation. Imitators have none or they wouldn't imitate. So they trade on the reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Do not be deceived. There is only one DODD'S. Dodd's is the original. Dodd's is the name to be careful about—

## D-O-D-D'S KIDNEY PILLS