

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.)

Just as the sun was sinking behind the range of ragged hills to the west, the suppressed enthusiasm of the impis again burst all restraint, and the warriors came pouring up the defile, at the same time trying to effect a lodgment in various other quarters.

Again the fiery blaze, again the crash of guns rolling like thunder over the neighboring kopjes, again men falling like ripe grain under the scythe of the reaper—and the name of that husbandman was Death.

Every man stood up to the task and did his duty nobly. When Jim swept his eyes around and noted the regularity with which they pumped the lead out of their magazine guns, he felt proud of them, proud of being associated with them.

Like the first made assault, this one also proved a failure, though the Matabele would not give up until they had lost frightfully.

This time they endeavored to counterbalance the effect of the torrent of lead which the besieged let loose, by a flight of assegais and various weapons.

Many of these failed to cover the distance and struck the face of the rock, only to fall back again; but there were some that had been hurled with muscular force that sent them among the defenders.

Red Eric had one in his thigh, luckily with little damage, the dauntless French professor was seen tugging at a shaft that had penetrated his coat and pinned him to the ground, while Bludsoe came within an ace of yielding up his life then and there, a keep pointed assegai grazing his head as he jerked back out of the way.

When the baffled assailants drew sullenly off, those on the heights breathed more freely. A few more such mad assaults and their limited stock of ammunition would be gone, when annihilation must ensue.

So the night swathed them about with her mantle of darkness. Never was night more ungraciously received, for in her train she brought new perils to the beleaguered little band of hardy adventurers—concealed by her dark robes the cunning enemy would seek to develop other schemes for overwhelming those whom they had twice assailed without result, save the decimating of their number.

Bludsoe foresaw great trouble ahead, and he endeavored to arrange for a saving in the line of ammunition. Rocks were plentiful, and there was nothing to hinder them from accumulating these jagged fragments in certain places where they could be of the most positive value. When these were rained down upon the defenseless heads of the impis, the result must be disastrous. No doubt they would then screen themselves under their rhinoceros hide shields, but in so doing it would necessarily expose them to the full force of the pitiless streams of lead. Besides, when a rock weighing perhaps one or two hundred pounds drops some distance it is sure to acquire such frightful momentum that the unlucky savage below is apt to find himself flattened out like a pancake under his shield.

Burnham and his companion had conducted themselves as brave men should, and were of inestimable assistance to those whom they had so strangely met.

After the second repulse of the blacks, a council of war was held, and a definite plan of campaign adopted.

To remain just as they were was to give up all hope, since there were not enough provisions in the larder

for another meal. It was likewise folly to think of sallying out, since even if fortune were kind enough to allow of a passage through the ranks below they would be speedily pursued and overtaken.

Mr. Burnham proposed the only plan that contained any element of hope, and Jim Bludsoe fell in with it immediately.

The two horses had quite recovered from their fatigue, and were in good fettle for work. What was to hinder the two scouts from making a bold dash through the lines. If they managed to escape there was a chance that help could be brought in time.

It was the only hope, and almost a forlorn one at that. Few men would take the risk covered by such a ride, with the scales against them; but braver hearts never beat than those of the twain who plunged into a hostile country to rid South Africa of a monster.

Preparations followed, though but little could be done. Every scrap of food and all spare cartridges they left with those who were to remain. Belts were tightened, saddle girths and bridles examined, and Burnham even partially muffled the hoofs of the horses the better to insure silence. His experience was apt to prove valuable under such conditions.

Hardly had the night settled in than they discovered something calculated to give them an uneasy feeling.

A fire sprang into existence, then another and still another, until a semicircle of flame stretched around the side of the rocky mound.

The object of this was plain enough—their enemies did not intend that those whom they besieged should creep off under cover of darkness and elude them.

Of course this crescent of flame made the task of the two bold riders the more difficult, and increased the chances of disaster overtaking them; but having embarked in the enterprise they could not be headed by even such possible disaster.

The time came at last, when the two men squeezed a hand of every one they were leaving. Lord Bruno came to the top of the defile to see the thing through. A whispered word, another hand-shake and they were gone, swallowed up in the gloom below, while the others crouched there on the rocks, counting the seconds and listening with their hearts, so to speak, in their mouths.

CHAPTER XXX.

TO DO OR DIE.

There are times in the life experience of all men when seconds seem hours, so fraught with grave responsibilities is each little fragment that goes to make up a minute.

Such was the anxiety of the band of fugitives, stranded upon that rocky mound that it seemed ages since Burnham and Armstrong had left them before a sign of their presence became evident below; and yet they understood full well that this very silence was the most favorable thing that could happen, since it declared most positively the success of the bold scouts in descending the narrow defile.

There came a sudden shout. This was instantly followed by a shot, and immediately from scores of savage throats went up such a chorus of yells that the very air seemed to quake.

"Yonder they go!" exclaimed Lord Bruno. Every eye was glued upon the spot where a tremendous commotion became visible. Black figures could be seen bounding toward that focal point from every direction, figures that moved their arms frantically, and made all manner of warlike gestures, figures that were fierce enough to cause a quail of alarm in the bravest breasts.

Ah! other forms were in it—swift as a gleam of light two horses dashed into view bearing down upon the fires, those in the saddle bending low in order to take the smallest possible chance of being struck by flying assegai or spear.

Over the fire with grand leaps the horses were urged. Burnham had wisely blinded the eyes of the animals, knowing how next to impossible it would be to induce them to attempt such a thing unless some similar precaution were taken.

For half a dozen seconds there was the greatest excitement imaginable—the quick detonation of firearms and the shouts of the impis combined to make a fearful clamor. Then it died away and all was still.

"I believe they made it," said Lord Bruno, who was laboring under intense excitement himself. Bludsoe echoed his words.

"If they've gone down you'd hear shouts of victory from the black boys below. That sullen silence means defeat," he said.

All bent their heads to listen, while straining eyes surveyed the dark expanse beyond the fires.

A minute passed—several of them, and their suspense became painful. Then a tongue of fire clove the gloom a couple of miles away, immediately succeeded by a second, and the two reports presently reached their ears. X

"The signal—they have made it, by Jove!" burst out Lord Bruno. "Thank God!" said Hastings, over whom a sensation of positive relief swept.

At least this little hope remained, and if they could only keep their savage foes at bay through the night the chances of succor arriving during the next day were good.

Armstrong and his companion knew full well where to go, and mounted on good steeds, with the lives of the little party at stake, they would exhaust every endeavor to succeed.

Englishmen never refuse to answer an appeal for aid, no matter what the danger involved. Ere now they have penetrated the Sahara and made forced marches over a thousand miles of hostile territory to rescue a solitary fellow-countryman held a prisoner by the King of Dahomey or some rajah of Farther India.

Then began a night never to be forgotten. Not an hour of it but what they were engaged in some way.

The cunning Matabele seemed determined to exhaust every artifice which could be conceived before combining for a grand assault. Their severe losses on the two former occasions appeared to make them a trifle shy about venturing up that miniature canyon. Perhaps they had some knowledge of the avalanche of ragged projectiles waiting to be turned loose upon the first provocation, and shrank from the encounter.

At least such a grand movement was kept as a sort of dernier ressort, to be attempted when all other tactics failed.

Bludsoe and his heroes could not expect a moment's sleep. They must be on the qui vive every second of the night, for no one could tell when or where the crafty Matabele would strike, and surely eternal vigilance was the price of safety under such circumstances as these.

An hour had scarcely elapsed since the flight of the two scouts, when Red Eric detected a movement in a quarter where they had not believed an attack could be made.

The face of the rocky wall was so steep that it did not seem as though human beings could climb it; but these dwellers of the South African wilderness were next to monkeys in agility, and nothing seemed impossible to them.

He gave no alarm, but the word was quietly passed around, and when a collection of stones both large and small had been laid in, the bombardment began.

It was quite a fierce little affair while it lasted, for some of the enemy had managed to effect a lodgment in places higher up than was suspected, and taking advantage of the excitement these dare-devils attempted to carry the fortress.

One thing was against them—Rex had been placed on guard and crouched down near the centre of the enclosure he could see the outline of the rocky ramparts marked against the heavens.

The instant a dusky figure appeared in view above this, Hastings' gun spoke, and the result was disastrous to the would-be invader.

Meanwhile Jim Bludsoe and Lord Bruno kept guard over the defile, casting an occasional rock into the depths in order to ascertain whether moving forms had entered; but the time had not come for this. By degrees the allies might work their courage up to the point of desperation, and then would come the tug of war.

This first little brush was soon over, and a careful survey from all sides assured Bludsoe that the field was clear.

(To be Continued.)

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.

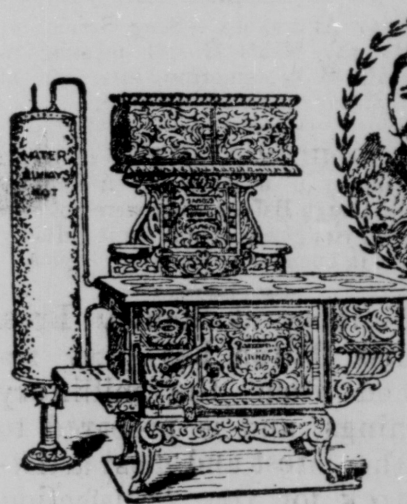
J. B. MACDONALD and CO.

Where work and low prices meet.

The undersigned offers for sale 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



KITCHENER

A LOYAL AND EFFICIENT SERVANT in the Kitchen...

Burns Coal or Wood. 48 Styles and Sizes.

Fresh Warm Air circulates through the oven. Steel Oven gives uniform heat. Duplex Grates. Linings that cannot crack or crumble. Saves Fuel. Cheap in Price and equal to higher priced ranges.

CIRCULAR FREE from our Local Agent or our nearest house

THE McCLARY MFG. CO.

LONDON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER

S. W. Crabbe, Local Agent, Charlottetown.

What You Pay For Medicine

is no Test of its Curative Value—Prescriptions Versus Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are just as much a doctor's prescription as any formula your family physician can give you. The difference is that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills were perfected after the formula had proven itself of inestimable value in scores of hundreds of cases.

Dr. Chase won almost as much popularity from his ability to cure kidney disease, liver complaint, and backache, with this formula, as he did from the publication of his great recipe book.

The idea of one treatment reaching the kidneys and liver at the same time was original with Dr. Chase. It accounts for the success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in curing the most complicated ailments of the filtering organs, and every form of backache. As a family medicine Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are unapproached. They keep the kidneys, liver, and bowels healthy, active, and regular, and so prevent and cure nine-tenths of the ills to which humanity is subject. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansou, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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 ordered may count on getting them then. We ask your kind indulgence for the delay.

"Agents for American Ranges."

FENNELL & CHANDLER

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 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 30 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.....
Leaves for Halifax every Friday 10 a m.

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 5.30, 8.9, 11, a.m.; 1.2, 4.6, p.m. local time. Sundays at 9 a.m., 12.45, 3.3, 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

Charlottetown'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 MACDONALD.
Glouce, Sept. 11th, 1906.
day and wky. Sins.

Woman's Weakness

A woman's reproductive organs are the most intense and continuous sympathy with her kidneys. The slightest disorder in the kidneys brings about a corresponding disease in the reproductive organs. Dodd's Kidney Pills, by restoring the kidneys to their perfect condition, prevent and cure those fearful disorders peculiar to women. Pale young girls, worn-out mothers, suffering wives and women entering upon the Change of Life, your best friend is

Dodd's Kidney Pills