

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.)

"Later he told me it was a war chant, a sort of barbaric incantation as it were, calculated to work upon the feelings of the warriors, and arouse them to a feverish state, preparatory to advancing upon some foe.

"The effect upon the impis was amazing. They no longer knelt or remained prostrate in mute adoration, but leaping to their feet began to flourish weapons and great oval shields, to shout, shriek and sing, and in a minute the plain was covered with a mass of whirling, whooping blacks, eager to emulate the daring deeds of their ancestors, as pictured in the battle song.

"In the midst of the racket I looked up again and saw the fair goddess looking directly at the spot where the professor and myself crouched. "Probably it was the height of recklessness, but I confess I never stopped to consider that—something impelled me to half rise and make a motion toward her. Whether my action had the effect of frightening her or not, she vanished from view, and I saw her no more; but I am positive her gaze fell upon me, and that she knows white men were in the neighborhood of the kraal.

"Who she is, and what strange fortune has caused her to be worshipped by these savage barbarians—these are grave questions that have been upon my mind ever since, and even before I met you, as I have said, my determination was taken to return again to this strange land of the Zambodi, and at the risk of my life if need be, endeavor to gain an interview with this charming goddess."

"I applaud your resolution, Rex, and give you my word you shall be well backed up in your undertaking. We'll introduce a few American up-to-date methods among these tribes of the African wilds, and see what the result may be. Now tell me what followed."

"Well, it's been hot enough ever since. We managed to get away from the vicinity of the kraal all right, but fortune wearied of smiling and began to frown.

"Presently the unhappy discovery was made that but one man remained of all our band of helpers. Then we ran into a marauding regiment of blacks and had to fight for it. Each hour since that time has been fraught with new anxieties, until it seemed finally that the end had come. You found us battling for our lives. We fought in grim despair, resolved to die hard, as every true descendant of Anglo-Saxon blood should do. Further words are needless, since you were on the spot in person, and your good right hand had a share in clearing the field.

"Briefly, that is all. You will admit that it was a singular fortune that gave me a privilege that few other men of our race have enjoyed—that of actually resting my eyes upon the mystic worship of these barbarian impis, and on the dazzling face of their fair god."

"Yes, you have been indeed favored. From what you say, the girl speaks English, since you heard her sing that grand old song."

"Yes, yes, and even distinguished the words. Her whole soul was in them, and her pronunciation as perfect as yours, or mine."

"Ah! there is the doctor beckoning. Supper is ready. Come, we will eat. It must refresh you after what has passed. Then we shall have to decide upon our plan of action. Much depends upon your condition."

"I'm tough enough to stand it, and the golden opportunity is too good to be lost. You can count upon me as in favor of an immediate

advance upon the enemy. Rex had no idea he was hungry until he started in. Their own meals of late had been so meagre that this put new vim into him. He brushed aside unpleasant memories of recent experiences, and remembered only his resolve to again see the white girl whom these superstitious blacks had set above them as an idol, a god to worship; and who swayed their minds with the magic of song.

When they had finished the meal Lord Bruno conferred with Bludsoe, who motioned to the doctor, after which they walked out to relieve the sentries.

These coming in a few minutes later, Red Eric spoke a few words to his employer.

"Come with me, Rex," said the latter rising, "Bludsoe wants us up yonder."

Ascending the rise they reached the spot where the athletic cowboy leaned against the lone tree, and smoked his pipe.

"What's in the wind?" asked Bruno as they drew up beside the statue.

Thereupon Bludsoe waved his hand in a semicircle, with not a little of the natural dramatic spirit found in forcible, decisive characters untrammelled by the false restrictions of society.

"Look yonder, and there and there. Those lights you see are signal fires of these black heathen. There's a method in the way they burn, and I'm dead sure they're war blazes, intended to gather a great force of the warriors in this region; so the sooner we skip, the better for our health, Lord Bruno," was the startling announcement he so calmly made.

CHAPTER VI.

DR. JAMESON'S RIDE AND THE SIEGE OF BULUWAYO.

Their preparations for a change of base did not consume much time, since the company of adventurers might be said to be in light marching order.

It was really the remarkable man of science who delayed their departure. The professor found himself in a quandary, since he dared not attempt to advance in the direction of Buluwayo alone, and could not venture back into the heart of the enemy's country carrying the accumulated mass of specimens with which he had burdened himself.

A happy compromise was suggested, of which he hastened to avail himself.

Near by there chanced to be a cleft in the rocks, where possibly at some time in the remote past a wild beast had made his lair. Into this receptacle the scientist dragged his bundles, and snugly deposited them, marking the spot so that he might find it again, provided he lived through the dangers that lay in wait for them in the African wilds—dangers more real, more terrible than the Scylla and Charybdis of the ancient mariners.

Jim Bludsoe took command. Possibly he was to a certain extent in the confidence of his employer—at any rate they held frequent whispered consultations, and by degrees Hastings was induced to relate that portion of his story concerning the appearance of the white god to the cowboy, whose interest seemed to be at once aroused.

They rode cautiously toward the north, and gradually lost sight of the Makalaka signal fires.

Rex had already taken quite a fancy to this Buffalo Bill of the African wilds, in whom he recognized a man of great determination of character, a king among scouts.

Bludsoe was not a boaster, but had a good command of language, being able to paint a striking scene in words with as much power as an artist might employ in manipulating his brush. To but few is given this talent to describe a scene so that it rises before the mental vision with all the charm of a picture.

A few words casually dropped informed Rex that Bludsoe had been one of that band of heroic souls who accompanied Jameson over the border into the land of the Boer.

After that he could not rest content until the ranger had given him a graphic description of the doctor's ride, the fearful battle in which such a harvest of death was reaped, and the final surrender, though Bludsoe confessed he was not present when this latter took place, having been charged with a desperate mission by "Doctor Jim," which he faithfully executed.

Following this came a brief but exceedingly graphic account of the attack on Buluwayo by the impis of the savage Matabele.

This town had previously been one of the headquarters of the renegade Zulus, who, having broken away from their parent stock, trekked far into the northward, subdued the Makalakas, and became a terror to the country; but when reverses fell upon them in 1894 with the defeat

of King Lobengula, the capital had to be delivered over to the British.

In the month of May, 1896, only a few weeks previous to the meeting of Hastings with these remarkable characters, the Matabele had swarmed out of their fastnesses, incited to war by the high priest N'dubi who had assumed the identity of the wonderful black god M'limo so feared by all the tribes of South Africa.

Buluwayo had been besieged, the women and children, over a thousand in all, were shut up in the great wooden market-place, while the men defended them.

Desperate scenes took place, which must go down to posterity in the history of that era during which South Africa was redeemed from the darkness of fetish sway.

Those men were of the heroic order, and in those days when the cruel foe flung their compact masses against the thin line of defenders, each and every member of the little band fought with a valor that should win the Victoria Cross, remembering the innocent ones within the great shed, in whose service they were ready to die.

It was the siege of Lucknow over again, only instead of mutinous Sepoys, the hordes of idolatrous Matabele flung their columns time and again upon the hollow square, through which they could not force a passage.

Death reaped a rich harvest, for the defenders were well armed, and heaps of the warriors, decked in their fantastic war dress, lay in spots where the terrible warfare had been most severe.

At last came succor, and never was the arrival of reinforcements more eagerly welcomed. No one heard the bagpipes in the distance as at Lucknow, where the glorious old refrain "The Campbells are Coming," reached the ears of the desperate defenders, reduced to the last extremity, and causing them to leap for the very madness of joy; but the crash of guns, the hearty English cheers, the shouts of savage dismay and the flight of the demoralized impis were quite as effective as the weird notes of the Scottish pibroch in telling the weary defenders of Buluwayo that all was well.

Hastings heard these things and pondered.

Evidently he realized that the most remarkable events for which the close of the nineteenth century would be noted, were destined to be enacted on South African soil.

Here was the theatre around which momentous results must cluster, results that interested the whole English-speaking world.

Yes, of a certainty the day had come for Africa's awakening, and the sleep of centuries was to be broken. As in America, as in India, as in Egypt and elsewhere, the glory of this achievement must in a great measure fall to the Anglo-Saxon race.

Colonial methods as a general thing, save under the British and French flags, are harsh and cruel.

It is true, as a recent writer has said, "The British do not hesitate to wage unprovoked wars of conquest; but after they have obtained possession of a country they treat their subjects kindly. The natives of Natal, Zululand, Basutoland and other regions in South Africa are happy and contented. The natives of Swaziland sent a delegation to England to beg the Government to take them under its rule and protect them from the Boers. The Fellaheen of Egypt look upon the British as their benefactors, their saviours. And so it is everywhere. The Englishman calls the black man a 'nigger' and regards him as his inferior; but he never forgets that the 'nigger' is, after all, a man, entitled to humane treatment. And so the subject races under British rule increase and multiply and thrive, and actually make some progress toward civilization."

(To be Continued.)

Electric Light Sports

FIRST OF THE SEASON.

ON THE

Grounds of the C. A. A. A.

ON

Thursday Evening, August 23rd

LIST OF EVENTS

1. One-half mile bicycle, (handicap).
2. 220 yards run, (handicap).
3. Hose Reel competition, one quarter mile, open to Firemen.
4. One mile bicycle, (handicap)
- Drill competition, open to companies Boys Brigade.
6. Relay race, one mile 4 runners, one quarter mile each, open to Militia Companies.
7. Three mile bicycle, (handicap).
8. Hurdle Race, 120 yards.
9. High Jump.
10. One half mile run, (handicap).

Entry fee—25 cents for each event. Entries to be in the hands of the Secretary at 2 p m on Monday, 13th,

Refreshments on Grounds.

Band of 4th Regiment in Attendance.

Twenty-five cents admits to Grounds and Grand Stand

B. C. PROWSE,
President.

REG. STEWART,
Secretary

\$8.25

WILL BUY A

DOUBLE BREASTED

ALL WOOL

WORSTED SUIT

AT

D. A. BRUCES

Summer Furniture

[REED, RATTAN

FURNITURE] for the porch, hall ways and any room where ease, comfort and coolness are desired. We have some strikingly pretty and handsome designs to select from.

WE HAVE ALSO

Those comfortable Basket work chairs which we sell at \$2.00 and rockers at \$2.25. Call and see them. They are just the thing for the verandah or lawn.

John Newson

Summer Suits

Our importations of clothes for spring and summer is now complete, and we invite inspection of the largest and newest stock of suits, overcoatings and trousering, to be seen in his city. Correct style, perfect fit and best workmanship guaranteed. Always on hand, a full line of gents' furnishings

JOHN M'LEOD & CO

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.
Express leaves for the east..... 2 25 p m.
Express arrives from the east... 7 05 a m.
Express leaves for 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 30 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 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 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.

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, Revere Hotel, Eureka House, Ocean House, Railway House, Lepage House, Dancaon House, Finlay House, McFayen House.
Summerside—Clifton House, Russ Hotel, Campbell Hotel, Perry House.
Souris—See View Hotel, Ocean House.
Tracadie—Acadia Hotel.
Bastico—Sea Side Hotel.
Sischope—Cliff House, Mutch House.
Brackley Point—Shaw House.
Alberton—Seaforth House, Albion Terrace.
Malpeque—Hodgson House, North Shore House.
Pownal—Florida Hotel, Dominion House.
Vernon River Bridge—Finlay House.
Georgetown—Aitken House, Tapper House, Acadia House.
Cape Traverse—Lansdowne Hotel.
Tignish—McKenna House, Bellevue Hotel, Railway Hotel.
Kensington—Clarke's Hotel, Commercial Hotel.
Montague—Macdonald House.
Mount Stewart—Clarke's Hotel, Manx House.
Hampton—Pleasant View House.
Port Hill—Port Hill House.
Besides, there are a good many private houses throughout the province where excellent accommodation at a reasonable rate may be obtained. Further information may be obtained upon application to The Exam. an office.

Blood Disorders

are simply kidney disorders. The kidneys filter the blood of all that shouldn't be there. The blood passes through the kidneys every three minutes. If the kidneys do their work no impurity or cause of disorder can remain in the circulation longer than that time. Therefore if your blood is out of order your kidneys have failed in their work. They are in need of stimulation, strengthening or doctoring. One medicine will do all three, the finest and most imitated blood medicine there is.

Dodd's Kidney Pills

Dr. Chase Cures Piles

Without the Danger, Pain or Expense of an operation—The Only Guaranteed Cure.

From nearly every town and village in Canada come letters from persons who have been rescued from the miseries of piles by using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. F. Stokes, 116 Dunlop street, Barrie, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with blind, itching piles for years, and could get nothing to stop the constant itching. I was always in pain until a friend of mine told me of the wonderful cures Dr. Chase's Ointment had made among his acquaintances.

"I only used one box and am entirely cured. In gratitude for this marvelous cure and for the benefit of others suffering as I did, I send you this record of my case."

When operations and every other means have failed to cure you, you can begin the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment with perfect confidence that it will cure you. It has never failed to cure piles and will not fail you; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates and Co., Toronto.