

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.)

"Oh, I fear that would be too overpowering for a chap of my size. Besides, unless I am mistaken, another has undertaken the task of ridding the earth of that vile monster. You shall hear more about Frederick Burnham and his mission later. As to the rest I must leave guilty. I have sketched the Matabele under every condition, and even if I do say it myself, there are picturesque points about the rascal that please an artist's eye. The sight of a group of them decked in all their panoply of tiger skins and gaudy feathers, dancing in a circle in the most grotesque manner, and to the hollow beating of those monotonous tom-toms is a spectacle once seen never forgotten—a sight to conjure with. But you are wounded, my dear fellow," he said, suddenly.

"Not seriously, I believe." "Nevertheless you need attention. I have a man here who is a master hand at that sort of thing—a man whom nature made a physician, but whom a restless desire for the freedom of the prairies with a blue canopy overhead caused to become a cowboy." "With that Lord Bruno raised his voice and called: "I say, doctor, will you come here, please?"

One of the two men on horseback leaped to the ground and approached. He was decked in the full regalia of a "cow puncher," and even had the peculiar swagger so natural to the daring spirits who spend half of their lives in mad chases across country after stampeding cattle, or rounding up stray "mavericks" that await a brand.

Hastings fancied him on sight and the introduction was marked by a hearty hand-shake, for after discovering what execution the men at bay had accomplished among the assagai throwers, the doctor felt an uncommon interest in the hero who could toss lead with such glorious results; nor was his admiration any the less keen when he discovered that an old time friendship had existed between Rex and his employer.

He agreed with Hastings after a superficial examination, that the wounds which the professor and himself had received were none of them at all serious, and marvelled greatly that they had come out almost unscathed from the shower of missiles rained upon the spot by the advancing circle of blacks.

The others now drew near, and Lord Bruno signaled them to approach. Hastings was delighted to meet them. It seemed like a great treat to look into their faces, and hear English spoken again, even if it was in some sense murdered by western idioms, for except the dulcet notes of the professor, he had not heard a voice speak in the mother tongue for over three months.

The first to come was Jim Bludsoe, the leader of the little band, a wiry, bronzed man with the eye of a hawk, and a manner that told of a long life spent upon the border. He was almost a counterpart of Cody himself, and Hastings felt that such a daring spirit must necessarily leave his mark upon the land wherein he roved.

Next came a rough and ready genius, whose impetuous manner might be expected to get him into many a scrape. His tresses were inclined to be a dark auburn, so that the origin of "Red" Eric was readily discerned. The last of the lot probably interested Rex in a peculiar manner, since he did not appear to be more than a boy. Little Phil they called him. When introduced he seemed uneasy and let his eyes fall to the ground—glorious black eyes they were too. He could not but notice them, and

the slight figure of the lad. "I think he is rather delicate for such work as this," he said aside to the Briton, after the four had retired some little distance.

"I had the same impression, but having given my word to—er—a member of his family, I could not back out. And Little Phil has astonished us all with his endurance and grit. Nothing daunts him. He is ever eager to serve me, and often anticipates my wishes. I have already grown to think much of the boy. Taken collectively I have about the sturdiest little band of rangers ever let loose upon the Matabele. But let us leave this place. It would hardly do for a camp or laager, with all these ghastly evidences of warfare. I believe Bludsoe has an ideal spot in his mind, which we were about to settle upon when we heard the rattle of your hot fire and the war whoops of the blacks."

"Is it very far—because we have no horses, you know, our expedition having been on foot?"

"The luckiest thing in the world—thanks to Red Eric's suggestion we have a couple of extra animals. Why, things just seem to dovetail together, as it were. Wait until I get them here, and you shall no longer be without a mount. In this open country horses are of some use, whereas up in the tangle through which you blazed a path the beasts could never get on."

This was speedily arranged, and Professor Jules saw with no little pleasure every one of his thirteen packages strapped on the back of his steed ere he consented to clamber up among them.

As the little cavalcade moved away, with Bludsoe the scout in the advance, and Red Eric ranging on one quarter while the doctor looked after the other, the professor found himself alongside Little Phil, whom he drew into a desultory conversation.

Lord Bruno and Rex brought up the rear, and each again expressed his delight at this remarkable meeting under such extraordinary conditions.

"It is certainly something beyond the realms of chance that brought it about," declared the artist with positive determination in his voice.

"Who knows?" responded his companion, as he thought of the fabulous treasure of the extinct volcano, and his recent desire to find a comrade who would join him in a second attempt to wrest it from the secret cache where it had lain useless for ages.

"You have come down through a country I have longed to see, a country that for many moons has held a charm for me such as no other portion of Africa possesses," continued Lord Bruno, who evidently had something on his mind.

"Indeed, you surprise me. Any information I can give you I shall be most happy to supply. Truth to tell, ever since you dawned upon my vision I have been hugging myself with the hope that I might influence you to go back with me and secure that which slipped my fingers by the closest of margins."

"Count it done even before you tell me the nature of your secret mission. I am like a wandering Knight, seeking adventure, only I work in the interest of art, and not to gain the favor of a lady love. Bend your head a little this way, Hastings. I told you I was scouring the country to sketch the wild Matabele, and his allies, the savage Makalakas, on the warpath, in their kraals, at the feast, in the council, anywhere and under the oddest conditions. My dear fellow, all that is really true, but it is only a blind to cover my real purpose, which is to penetrate the interior, trace certain rumors to their source and discover some one who has set eyes upon the fair white god of the Zambodi."

Hastings uttered an involuntary cry. "Good heavens! how remarkable!" he muttered.

"Why do you say that?" demanded his companion looking at him with a sudden eager anticipation.

"Because your wish, dear Bruno, is already granted, since these eyes have rested on the beautiful face of the Light of Africa—yes, I myself have seen this white idol."

CHAPTER IV.

THREE MONTHS IN TANGLE AND DESERT.

Lord Bruno appeared to be strangely affected upon hearing this startling announcement from his companion.

His face lighted up with an eager expression that naturally enough aroused the curiosity of Hastings; nor were the words he let fall calculated to lessen this feeling.

"Something told me there was more than mere accident in this meeting, Rex; and already I can see the hand of destiny guiding us. Yes, I imagine we shall get on famously together. Of that, more anon."

They had left behind them the scene of the desperate encounter, with all

its hideous accompaniments, which would doubtless haunt Rex for many a day; although by this time he was growing accustomed to pictures of violence, since their long trail through the depth of African forest and desert had been marked in many places by sanguinary conflicts, where the ugly nature of the native tribes refused friendly overtures, and forced a meeting that resulted in pitched battle.

In many cases these blacks were so ugly in appearance, and with such barbarian manners and customs that one could hardly believe them human beings at all; indeed, the travelers were more apt to liken them to some family of monster apes, for like the gorilla they lived in the tree tops.

Familiarity usually breeds contempt, and in this case the continued fighting that fell to their share made soldiers out of an erstwhile art student and scientist.

Heavier grew the shadows, as night closed her sable mantle over the forest. Bludsoe evidently knew just where he was heading, for he possessed the remarkable acumen for which American frontiersmen have always been noted. The signs of forest and stream were as familiar to him as the mariner's compass to the sailor, and from mountain and plain the voices of nature whispered her eternal secrets in his ear. It were useless to ask him why certain things were so—he could only tell you that he was as sure of it as that he lived.

There was no encounter with the enemy, no warning shot from either vanguard or those upon the flanks.

Evidently the Makalakas had been utterly demoralized by the sudden swoop of Bruno and his cowboy band, and believed the forces of the feared wizard of South Africa, Cecil Rhodes, had been turned loose upon them.

As the country was swarming with hostiles it would be poor policy to remain long in one spot.

Even Lord Bruno knew this, and Jim Bludsoe would surely advise against it, though there was really nothing to prevent their stopping a few hours in order to cook supper and recuperate.

The twilight had rendered objects very uncertain by the time a whistle from the leader warned them he had arrived close to the spot which would serve them as a temporary laager, or camp.

Here the offshoots of the hills, known as kopjes, dwindled down to a rough country, in which it were an easy task to find some basin where a small fire might be lighted with but a trifling chance of discovery.

Bludsoe's unerring judgment had marked out such a place, and straight as the crow flies he led them to it.

Presently a cheery scene was presented in a little "dip" back of the first roll, where a camp fire burned, horses were staked out as on the plains, to nibble at the grass, and the doctor busied himself in preparing supper, for besides being able to minister to the wants of tortured flesh, this remarkable man was a chef of no mean calibre, and could tickle the palates of his fellows with savory dishes, which, if they lacked the elegance of a Delmonico concoction, were certainly unrivaled in the estimation of those who partook.

Bludsoe was looking after the horses, and doing numerous chores about the camp. The other two members of Lord Bruno's little band appeared to have vanished into thin air. Hastings had only to glance in the direction of a tree that marked the rise in front, to catch a glimpse of a small fiery spot which he knew was the end of a cigar Red Eric smoked while standing on guard. Little Phil occupied another cove of advantage near by. Evidently Bludsoe was not the man to be caught napping.

"Come," said the artist, as he threw himself at full length upon a blanket at some little distance from the fire, "suppose you occupy that place, Rex. We have some twenty minutes to spare before supper will be ready. Your friend is busy with his specimens, packing them up more securely for some purpose or other. I confess that I am frightfully eager to hear this amazing yarn of yours. Will you relieve my curiosity, my dear fellow?"

Hastings laughed as he accepted the seat, and hugged his knees.

"Twenty minutes would hardly be enough in which to tell you a tenth of the whole story, so I shall only relate that part beginning with my leaving Zanzibar and striking into the wilderness."

"Good!" said the Briton, nodding eagerly.

"I must in a measure explain the motive that influenced my action. It was no desire to emulate Stanley or even my friend Chandler—I did not seek to undertake these frightful dangers in the interest of art, such as might influence an enthusiast like yourself, nor did the eager desire of the professor to discover new wonders in the field of science that might cause untold millions unborn to rise up in ages to come and call him blessed, have any particular weight with me.

"Plainly, then, my dear Bruno, I am a rude, uncouth treasure seeker—a Cortez or Pizarro transferred to this heart of the Dark Continent. I sought a fortune, a will-o'-the-wisp that had eluded many an eager hand before. I have been so close to it that here is one of the gems which await the bold adventurer daring enough to invade the spirit-guarded temple in the hollow of the extinct volcano, called by the native Makalaka."

something in the pain of the artist—something that glowed in the glowing in the sparkling firelight like a gleaming drop of liquid fire, or a crystal of blood.

No wonder Lord Bruno uttered an exclamation as his eyes rested upon this priceless ruby. He had never seen its peer, rudely cut though it was by some native lapidary of a past age.

"Jove! if that be a sample of the treasure trove I don't wonder you are ready to undertake unlimited dangers in order to secure it. Really, I shall take some stock in King Solomon's Mines after this. The romancer had a foundation for his wonderful tale. That stone is worth a snug sum of guinea gold, I tell you. But pray proceed."

"At some other time I will tell you how and when and where I learned about this wonder treasure that has lain buried in the depths for ages. You remember the story of Edmond Dantes in Monte Cristo, and under what peculiar conditions he learned of the hiding place of the vast wealth accumulated on the island in the Mediterranean—well, I believe that in one sense my experience was almost as singular as his. But you shall judge yourself at some future time.

"Our journey was anything but peaceful. It started under favorable auspices, but ere a week had passed we found ourselves in hot water. I believe a wave of fanaticism has swept over Africa from the region of the Nile and the Kingdom of Dahomey down to the very borders of Matabele land."

"At any rate we found the blacks aggressive all through our trip. At times I actually had reason to suspect that these tribes of interior Africa were really united in some ancient league, and recognized in the white man the coming doom of their race, for at some future date, as surely as the world continues to exist, that restless, colonizing Anglo-Saxon race is bound to dominate Africa even as it does North America, Australia and many other quarters of the globe."

"Well, we were in a position to offer either the olive branch or war to the knife, and when the aggressive tactics of the blacks forced us to the latter condition, you can believe we hit hard."

"Still, the continual dripping of water will wear away a stone, and this constant system of warfare began to tell upon our organization."

"We lost some men in battle, others deserted, stealing what they could, and by degrees, our condition began to grow desperate."

(To be Continued.)

A WRONG IDEA OF... DYSPEPSIA

Throws all the Blame on the Stomach—The Real Seat of Trouble is the Intestines—The Permanent Cure is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

It is an old idea long since exploded that digestion is confined to the stomach. No modern scientist denies that by far the greater part of digestion and the more difficult part takes place in the intestines. This explains why dyspepsia is never really cured by preparations which merely aid stomach digestion and act only on the stomach.

This fact also explains why Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have been so remarkably successful as a cure for the worst forms of dyspepsia and indigestion. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly on the kidneys, liver and bowels, and give new tone and vigor to the intestines, and make them able to perform their work of digesting the substances on which the stomach has no effect.

Stomach treatment may do well enough for slight indigestion, but if you have chronic indigestion or dyspepsia of a serious nature you can profit by the experience of scores of thousands who have been permanently cured by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25¢ a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bank & Co., Toronto.



The One Who Cooks

knows there is one sure way to reach a man's heart, and that is by always having a nicely spread table. To do this you must have choice groceries, canned goods and provisions.

We Can Help You There

We have the best of everything in that line. What we want is your trade; can we have it

JOHN McKENNA, Queen Street.

STRICT CARE AND ATTENTION.

In this age of worry, hustle and business competition, strict care and attention in the filling of your physician's prescriptions is absolutely necessary for the safety and welfare of your family. We guarantee accuracy in dispensing and purest quality of drugs.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Will quickly banish those tired feelings that make life a burden in the hot weather. It braces the nerves, builds up tissue, bone and flesh, gives a healthy appetite and perfect digestion. Paine's Celery Compound is the best and safest of all medicines for summer use.

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Te come in and look over our groceries. Our stock is fine and fresh and guaranteed to be satisfactory. We keep everything in our line that is necessary

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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.

Driscoll & Hornsby QUEEN STREET.

CANADAS International Exhibition St. John, N. B.

Opens Sept. 10th, Closes Sept 19th.

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

Amusements will, this year, be more than ever a prominent feature, including many unique and startling novelties.

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 elsewhere.

Exhibitors desiring space in the buildings on the grounds should make early entry, and for sales and special privileges immediate application should be made.

Premium lists entry forms will be sent on application to

CHAS. A. EVERETT,

Manager & Secretary.

J. McLAUGHLIN,

President.

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 table 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 wkly.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS

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to-day you would have

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I have good companies and can quote you low rates.

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PICTURESQUE Prince Edward Island 25c at all Bookstores. An illustrated book on P. E. Island, an interesting souvenir for tourists.

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. Accommodation arrives from the east..... 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 west..... 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..... 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. "Elton"—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, 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, Revere Hotel, Eureka House, Joan House, Railway House, Lepage House, Duncan House, Finlay House, McFadyen House.

Summerside—Clifton House, Russ Hotel, Campbell Hotel, Perry House.

Souris—Sea View Hotel, Ocean House.

Tracadie—Acadia Hotel. Ruston—Sea Side Hotel. Stanhope—Cliff House, Mutch House. Brackley Point—Shaw House.

Alberton—Seaforth House, Albion Terrace. Malpeque—Hodgson House, North Shore House.

Powalton—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.

Montserrat—Macdonald Hotel. Mount Stewart—Clarke's Hotel, Mantle 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 at the Star office.

Lumbago is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys did their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is Dodd's Kidney Pills