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POOR DOCUMENT

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THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL FOR TOILET SOAP.

Pears' Soap

FOR TOILET AND NURSERY.
Specially Prepared for the delicate skin of Ladies and Children and others sensitive to the weather, winter or summer.
Redness, Roughness, and Chapping prevented.

Fair white hands.
Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.

HERCULES ENGINES.
MONARCH BOILERS,
Rotary Mills, Shingle & Lath Machines, Planers, Band Saws, Arbors, New Saw Filing Machines, New Pattern Turbine Wheels, Hoisting Engines, Steam Derricks, Brass and Iron Fittings
For Steam or Water, Large Stock, All Sizes.

Hoe, Disston, Simonds' Patent and other Saws.
Best American Rubber and Gandy do do Leather } BELTING AND HOSE
Rubber, Plumbago, Asbestos and other Packings.
Lace Leather, (Wholesale and Retail,) Emery Wheels, (all sizes,) Leather Belts, (Large Stock) Excelsior Inspirators (Best One Handle, Wholesale and Retail,) Portable Forges, Low Water Alarms Copperine Boiler Purger, etc.,
A. ROBB & SONS, - Amherst, N. S.
14 INCH RUBBER BELTING CARRIED IN STOCK.

MAKE HENS LAY
NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER.
WE SEND BY MAIL A LARGE 2¼ POUND CAN FOR $1.20, TWO SMALL PACKS 50 CTS POST PAID.
Sheridan's Condition Powder
Is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. Strictly a medicine, to be given in the food, once daily, in small doses. Cures and cures all diseases of hens. Worth its weight in gold when hens are moulting, and to keep them healthy. Testimonials sent free by mail. Ask your druggist, grocer, general store, or feed dealer for it. If you can't get it, send at once to us. Take no other kind. We will send postpaid by mail as follows:—A new, enlarged, elegantly illustrated copy of the "FARMERS' POULTRY RAISING GUIDE" (price 25 cents); tells how to make money with a few hens, and two small packages of Powder for 50 cents; or, one large 2 1-4 pound can and Guide, $1.20. Sample package of Powder, 25 cents, five for $1.00. Six large cans, express prepaid, for $5.00. Send stamps or cash. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom-House Street, Boston, Mass.

D'LOW'S WORM SYRUP
DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD

BURDOCK PILLS
SUGAR COATED
A SURE CURE
FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHES, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

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House and Sign Painter;
Paper Hanger, etc.
22 North Market street.
All orders promptly attended to.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT
CURES PAINS—External and Internal.
RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.
HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cracks and Scratches.
BEST STABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD.
CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, and all kindred afflictions.
LARGE BOTTLES!
POWERFUL REMEDY!
MOST ECONOMICAL!
AS IT COSTS BUT
25 CENTS,
Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best healing medicine they have.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
of which there are several in the market. The genuine only prepared by and bearing the NAME OF
C. C. RICHARDS & CO., YARMOUTH, N. S.

ALWAYS ASK FOR
THE ISLAY BLEND
REGISTERED
TRADE MARK
WHISKY,
MACKIE & Co's
VERY OLD.
See Analytical Report on Each Bottle 6 Years Old.
DISTILLERIES:—
LAGAVULIN, } ISLAND OF ISLAY, ARGYLESHIRE.
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OFFICE, 5 DIXON STREET, GLASGOW.

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25 Years' Experience.
WE promise nothing till we know your case. Send stamp for full information, and get an HONEST OPINION. Mention this paper. Give age, sex, location of Hernia, employment, and if single or married. Write your name and address full and plain.
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SYNOPSIS OF THE STORY.

This story is supposed to be founded upon a manuscript found in the papers of Allan Quatermain, which were given to the author as literary executor. In it Quatermain tells the story of his marriage.

CHAPTER I.—Describes Allan's first meeting, when a child, with Stella Carson, at a Christmas gathering. Stella's dress caught fire and Allan extinguished the flames. Stella's mother was Spanish, and she eloped with a comet, leaving Stella with her father, Squire Carson. He determined to leave England on account of the disgrace, and at about the same time Allan's mother died and Allan's father took him to South Africa, where Mr. Quatermain became a missionary among the Kaffirs. When Allan was 30 his father died.

CHAPTER II.—Allan sold the effects and decided to go on a journey of trade and adventure. Among his men was a Kaffir named Indaba-zimbi, a witch doctor. Between him and another witch doctor there had two years before been a lightning contest, which resulted in the death of his contestant.

CHAPTER III.—Details the start of the expedition. Quatermain describes his first elephant hunt.

CHAPTER IV.—Quatermain discovered a large body of Zulus, and was surprised by two of their scouts. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, he shot both of them and retreated. The Zulus had been following a party of Dutch Boers, consisting of seventeen or eighteen men, their women and children, and a large number of cattle, with which they were removing to the north. For safety's sake the cattle and some of the women and children were sent away, while Quatermain, the witch doctor and the Boers remained. The next morning, by a ruse, Quatermain and Indaba-zimbi were captured by the Zulus.

CHAPTER V.—Quatermain discovered that Indaba-zimbi had betrayed the friends of the Zulus, who at first offered him no harm. The camp of the Boers was attacked and destroyed. One little child only was saved alive and Quatermain perceived a way of escaping by fighting and killing a Zulu warrior. The witch doctor had said that Quatermain was a spirit. The Zulus determined to kill him, but were prevented by Indaba, who pretended himself to kill Quatermain and then bring him to life again. This frightened the Zulus, and Indaba and Quatermain, with the child, made their escape.

[CONTINUED.]

Suddenly, without a sound, Bombyane shook his assegai and rushed straight at me. I saw his huge form come; like a man in a dream, I saw the broad spear flash on high; now he was on me. Then, prompted to do by some providential impulse, I dropped to my knee, and quick as light stretched out my spear. He drove at me; the blade passed over my head. I felt a weight on my assegai; it was wrenched from my hand, his great limbs knocked against me. I glanced round. Bombyane was staggering along with head thrown back and outstretched arms from which his spear had fallen. His spear had fallen, but the blade of mine stood out between his shoulders—I had transfixed him. He stopped, swung round slowly as though to look at me, then with a sigh the giant sank down—dead.

For a moment there was silence; then a great cry rose—a cry of "Bombyane is dead. The white spirit has slain Bombyane. Kill the wizard, kill the ghost who has slain Bombyane by witchcraft."

Instantly I was surrounded by fierce faces, and spears flashed before my eyes. I folded my arms and stood calmly awaiting the end. In a moment it would have come, for the warriors were mad at seeing their champion overthrown thus easily. But presently through the tumult I heard the high cracked voice of Indaba-zimbi.

"Stand back, you fools!" it cried; "can a spirit then be killed?"

"Spear him! spear him!" they roared in fury. "Let us see if he is a spirit. How did a spirit slay Bombyane with an assegai? Spear him, rain maker, and we shall see."

"Stand back," cried Indaba-zimbi again, "and I will show you if he can be killed. I will kill him myself, and call him back to life again before your eyes. Macumazahn, trust me," he whispered to me as he in his Sisutu tongue, which the Zulus did not understand. "Trust me; kneel on the grass before me, and when I strike at you with the spear, roll over like one dead; then, when you hear my voice again, get up. Trust me—it is your only hope."

Having no choice, I nodded my head in assent, though I had not the faintest idea of what he was about to do. The tumult lessened somewhat, and once more the warriors drew back.

"Great white spirit—spirit of victory," said Indaba-zimbi, addressing me aloud, and covering his eyes with his hand, "hear me and forgive me. These children are blind with folly, and think thee mortal because thou hast dealt death upon a mortal who dared to stand against thee. Deign to kneel down before me and let me pierce thy heart with this spear; then, when I call upon thee, arise unhurt."

I knelt down, not because I wished to, but because I must. I had not overmuch faith in Indaba-zimbi, and thought it probable that he was in truth about to make an end of me. But really I was so worn with fears, and the horrors of the night and day had taken such my nerves, that I did not greatly care what befell me. When I had been kneeling thus for about half a minute Indaba-zimbi spoke.

"People of the Umtetwa children of T'Chaka," he said, "draw back a little space, lest an evil fall on you, for now the air is thick with ghosts."

They drew back a space, leaving us in a circle about twelve yards in diameter.

"Look on him who kneels before you," went on Indaba-zimba, "and listen to my words, to the words of the witch-finder, the words of the rainmaker, Indaba-zimbi, whose fame is known to you. He seems to be a man, does he not? I tell you, children of the Umtetwa, he is no man. He is the spirit who gives victory to the white men; he it is who gave them assegais that thunder and taught them how to slay. Why were the impis of Dingan rolled back at the Blood river? Because he was there. Why did the Amaboona slay the people of Mosilikaaye by the thousand? Because he was there. And so I say to you that, had I not drawn him from the lager by my magic but three hours ago, you would have been conquered—yes, you would have been blown away like the dust before the wind; you would have been burned up like the dry grass in the winter when the fire is awake among it. Aye, because he had but been there many of your bravest were slain in overcoming a few—a pinch of men who could be counted on the fingers. But because I loved you, because your chief Susuza is my half brother—for had we not one father?—I came to you, I warned you. Then you prayed me and I drew the spirit forth. But you were not satisfied when the victory was yours, when the spirit of all you had taken asked but one little thing—a white child to take away and sacrifice to himself, to make the medicine of his magic of"—

Here I could hardly restrain myself from interrupting, but thought better of it.

"You said him nay; you said, 'Let him fight with our bravest man, let him fight with Bombyane, the giant, for the child.' And he deigned to slay Bombyane as you have seen, and now you say, 'Slay him; he is no spirit.' Now I will show you if he is a spirit, for I will slay him before your eyes, and call him to life again. But you have brought this upon yourselves. Had you believed, had you offered no insult to the spirit, he would have stayed with you, and you should have become unconquerable. Now he will arise and leave you, and woe be on you if you try to stay him. Now all men," he went on, "look for a space upon this assegai that I hold up," and he lifted the bangwan of the deceased Bombyane high above his head, so that all the multitude could see it. Every eye was fixed upon the broad, bright spear. For a while he held it still, then he moved it round and round in a circle, muttering as he did so, and still their gaze followed it. By my part, I followed his movements with the greatest anxiety. That assegai had already been nearer my person than I found at all pleasant, and I had no desire to make a further acquaintance with it. Nor, indeed, was I sure that Indaba-zimbi was his men was a Kaffir named Indaba-zimbi, a witch doctor. Between him and another witch doctor there had two years before been a lightning contest, which resulted in the death of his contestant.

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"Look! look! look!" he screamed.

Then suddenly the great spear flashed down towards my breast. I felt nothing, but it seemed as though it had passed through me.

"See!" roared the Zulus. "Indaba-zimbi has speared him; the red assegai stands out behind his back."

"Roll over, Macumazahn," Indaba-zimbi hissed in my ear, "roll over and pretend to die—quick! quick!"

I lost no time in following these strange instructions, but falling on my side, threw my arms wide, kicked my legs about, and died as artistically as I could. Presently I gave a stage shiver and lay still.

"See!" said the Zulus, "he is dead, the spirit is dead. Look at the blood upon the assegai!"

"Stand back! stand back!" cried Indaba-zimbi, "or the ghost will haunt you. Yes, he is dead, and now I will call him back to life again. Look!" and putting down his hand he plucked the spear from wherever it was fixed, and held it aloft. The spear is red, is it not? Watch, men, watch! it grows white!"

"Yes, it grows white," they said. "Oh! it grows white."

"It grows white because the blood returns to whence it came," said Indaba-zimbi. "Now, great spirit, hear me. Thou art dead, thy breath has gone out of thy mouth. Yet hear me and arise. Awake, white spirit, awake and show thy power. Awake! arise unhurt!"

I began to respond cheerfully to this imposing invocation.

"Not so fast, Macumazahn," whispered Indaba-zimbi.

I took the hint, and first held up my arm, then lifted my head and let it fall again.

"He lives! by the head of T'Chaka, he lives!" roared the soldiers, stricken with mortal fear.

Then slowly and with the greatest dignity I gradually arose, stretched my arms, yawned like one awaking from heavy sleep, turned, and looked upon them unconcernedly. As I did so, I noticed that old Indaba-zimbi was almost fainting from exhaustion. Beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, his limbs trembled and his breast heaved.

As for the Zulus, they waited for no more. With a howl of terror the whole regiment turned and fled across the rise, so that presently we were left alone with the dead and the swooning child.

"How on earth did you do that, Indaba-zimbi?" I asked in amaze.

"Don't ask me, Macumazahn," he gasped. "You white men are very clever, but you don't quite know everything. There are men in the world who can make people believe they see things which they do not see. Let us be going while we may, for when these Umtetwas have got over their fright they will come back to loot the wagons, and then perhaps they will begin to ask questions that I can't answer."

And here I may as well state that I never got any further information on this matter from old Indaba-zimbi. But I have my theory, and here it is for whatever it may be worth. I believe that Indaba-zimbi mesmerized the whole crowd of onlookers, making them believe that they saw the assegai in my heart and the blood upon the blade. The reader may smile and say "Impossible," but I would ask him how the Indian jugglers do their tricks unless it is by mesmerism. The spectators seem to see the boy go under the basket and there pierced with daggers; they seem to see women in a trance supported in mid air upon the point of a single sword. In themselves these things are not possible; they violate the laws of nature, and therefore must be illusion. And so, through the glamor thrown upon them by Indaba-zimbi's will, the Zulu impi seemed to see me transfixed with an assegai that never touched me. At least, that is my theory; if any one has a better, let him adopt it. The explanation lies between illusion and magic of a most imposing character, and I prefer to accept the first alternative.

AUCTION SALE.
MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner, in the City of Saint John, New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, the Fourteenth day of December next, at 12 o'clock, noon, under and by virtue of powers of sale contained in two certain indentures of Mortgage, the first one dated the twelfth day of November, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy seven, and made between Thomas J. Murphy, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province of New Brunswick, Clerk of the Crown part, and the Provincial Building Society, of the second part, registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds &c., in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book H. No. 7 of Records, pages 552, 553 and 554; the second one dated the twenty-seventh day of March, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy eight, made between the said Thomas J. Murphy and the Provincial Building Society, registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds &c., in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book H. No. 7 of Records, pages 552, 553 and 554; the second one dated the twenty-seventh day of March, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy eight, made between the said Thomas J. Murphy and the Provincial Building Society, to the undersigned Charles T. Bailey, for the purpose of satisfying the monies secd by the said Mortgages, default having been made in the payment thereof, the Lands and Premises mentioned and described in the said mortgages as follows, namely:—

ALL THAT CERTAIN PORTION OR PART of that certain lot of Land, situat in Sydney Ward, in the said city known and distinguished on the Plan of the said city, on file in the Office of the Common Clerk thereof by the number twelve hundred and six (1206), the portion part of said lot hereby conveyed having a frontage of forty feet, more or less, on the north side of Britain Street, and extending back northerly a distance of sixty feet more or less, together with the free and uninterrupted use, liberty and privilege of and passage in and along a certain passage of three feet in width, extending from the western side of Carmarthen Street a distance westerly of forty feet more or less, or unto the western side line of said lot, said passage of three feet in width being next and adjoining to the northward of the north side line of the portion of the said lot hereby conveyed, said passage of three feet in width to be used in common by the said Thomas J. Murphy his heirs and assigns, and the proprietor of the adjoining lot, his heirs, and assigns, together with a certain other passage of four feet, the width of the two passages forming one passage of seven feet in width from said Carmarthen Street to the western side line of said lot, as by reference to an Indenture made between Hugh S. Normansell and Mary M. his wife of the one part, and said George Smith and Mary his wife of the other part, bearing date the twenty-fifth day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy four, and registered in the Office of the Register of Deeds, in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book N. No. 6 of Records, pages 32,33, and 34, will more fully and at large appear

For Terms of Sale, and other particulars apply to the undersigned 77 Prince William Street, St. John N. B. Dated this twelfth day of November A. D. 1889.

CHARLES T. BAILEY, Assignee of Mortgagees.

T. B. HANINGTON, Auctioneer.

Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's corner(so called) in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Saturday the fourth day of January next, at twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the twenty-seventh day of July, A. D. 1889, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Elizabeth Ann McIntosh is plaintiff, and John Donnelly is defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises described in the plaintiff's bill of complaint, and in the said decretal order as those three tracts or parcels of land described as follows, that is to say:—

FIRST, that lot of land conveyed to the said John Donnelly by Thomas McCrum by deed bearing date the eighth day of November, A. D. 1859, and described as a tract of land in the parish of Musquash, formerly Lancaster, in the City and County of Saint John, bounded as follows:—beginning at a stake standing in the most western angle of lot number one granted to Ebenezer Scott, thence running north fifty-seven degrees, east fifty-three chains of four poles each, to cedar tree thence north thirty-three degrees, west ten chains to a spruce tree, thence south fifty-seven degrees, west fifty-three chains, and thence south thirty-three degrees, east ten chains to the place of beginning, containing fifty acres more or less, distinguished as Lot 0 in Thomas O'Keisher's survey west of Musquash River, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine.

Secondly, that lot of land in the Parish of Musquash aforesaid conveyed to said John Donnelly by one William Balcom and Mary Jane, his wife, by deed bearing date the ninth day of October, A. D. 1865, bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake placed at the south east angle of lot number forty-eight, on the west side of the road from St. Andrews to St. John, thence running by the magnet of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, north seventy-five degrees, west fifty-six chains to a post standing on the south west angle of said lot, thence south fifty-nine degrees, thirty minutes east, fifty-nine chains to the west side of the aforesaid road, and thence along the said side of that road in a northerly direction to the place of beginning, containing fifty acres more or less, distinguished as lot number forty-seven as appears by the original deed to Henry Garbutt.

Thirdly—That lot of land granted by the Crown to the said John Donnelly, described as follows:—Beginning at a spruce tree standing on the South Easterly bank or shore of Perch Lake, at the North Westerly angle of the lot purchased by Thomas Donnelly, thence South two degrees, West, thirty-four chains to a stake; thence North fifty-one degrees, West fourteen chains to another stake; thence South, forty degrees, West thirty-three chains to a post; thence South fifty one degrees, East twenty chains; thence North two degrees, East sixty chains; thence North seventy-seven degrees, East, thirty chains to the Westerly shore or bank of Perch Lake, and thence following the various courses thereof in a Southerly, Easterly and Northeasterly direction to the place of beginning, containing seventy-five acres, more or less; together with all and singular the buildings, erections and improvements to the said premises belonging; and also all the estate, right, title, claim and demand at law and in Equity of the said John Donnelly, of, in, to, or upon the same and every part thereof.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's solicitor, A. H. DeMill, Esq., or the undersigned Referee.

Dated this 25th day of September, A. D. 1889.

E. H. MACALPINE, Referee in Equity.

T. T. LANTALUM, Auctioneer.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To James F. Wanamake, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and the Province of New Brunswick, formerly of the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, Farmer, and Mary M., his wife, and all others whom it may concern:—

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT UNDER and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage, bearing date the eleventh day of October, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, and made between the said James F. Wanamake and Mary M., his wife, of the one part, and Mary A. Stead, of the said City of Saint John, widow, of the other part, and duly recorded in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the said County of Saint John, in Book I, No. 4 of records, pages 387, 388, 389, 390 and 391, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the Twenty-second day of February, A. D., 1890, at twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner, (so called), on Prince William street, in the said City of Saint John, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said indenture of mortgage as follows:—"All that certain piece parcel or land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, bounded and described in a grant from the crown, dated the twenty-third day of October, A. D., 1872, and registered the 24th day of December, 1872, by No. 14878 as follows: Beginning at a spruce tree standing at the South Easterly angle of the South half of lot number one, granted to John Wright in block C, thence North, forty chains, thence East twenty chains, thence South fifty chains to a post and thence West twenty chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres, more or less, and distinguished as the South half of lot number two in block C." together with all and singular, the buildings and improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any way appertaining. Dated this fourteenth day of November, A. D., 1889.

MARY A. STEAD, Mortgagee,

ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
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Call and Examine.
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AFTER THE PRESENT MILD WEATHER we may expect the Ice King to make himself felt (as he generally does) somewhere in the neighborhood of our pedal extremities. This being the case it would be well for us to provide for his coming by supplying ourselves forthwith with FROSTPROOF FOOT-COVERINGS, which we have found can be done most effectively by a call at the Shoe Store of
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CHAPTER VI.

WAS not slow to take Indaba-zimbi's hint. About a hundred and fifty yards to the left of the lager was a little dell where I had hidden my horse, together with one belonging to the Boers, and my saddle and bridle. Thither we went, I carrying the swooning Tota in my arms. To our joy we found the horses safe, for the Zulus had not seen them. Now, of course, they were our only means of locomotion, for the oxen had been sent away, and even had they been there we could not have found time to inspan them.

I laid Tota down, caught my horse, undid his knee halter and saddled up. As I was doing so a thought struck me, and I told Indaba-zimbi to run to the lager and see if he could find my double barreled gun and some powder and shot, for I had only my elephant "roer" and a few charges of powder and ball with me.

He went, and while he was away, poor little Tota came to herself and began to cry, till she saw my face.

"Ah, I have had such a bad dream," she said, in Dutch; "I dreamed that the black Kaffirs were going to kill me. Where is my papa?"

I winced at the question. "Your papa has gone on a journey, dear," I said, "and left me to look after you. We shall find him one day. You don't mind going with Heer Allan, do you?"

"No," she said, a little doubtfully, and began to cry again. Presently she remembered that she was thirsty, and asked for water. I led her to the river and she drank. "What is that on your hand red, Heer Allan?" she asked, pointing to the smear of Bombyane's blood stained fingers.

At that moment [illegible] I had killed Bombyane.

"It is only paint, dear," I said: "see, we will wash it away."

As I was doing so I turned. The great G[illegible] said the Zulus had taken the powder. But he had not and brought them in a thick blanket, about weight of biltong [illegible] few dozen biscuits, two water bottles, a tin pannikin, some matches and sundries.

"And now, Macumazahn," he said, "we had best be going, for those Umtetwas are coming back. I saw one of them on the brow of the rise."

That was enough for me. I lifted little Tota on to the bow of my saddle, climbed into it and rode off, holding her in front of me. Indaba-zimbi slipped a rein into the mouth of the best of the Boer horses, threw the sack of sundries on to its back and mounted also, holding the elephant gun in his hand. We went eight or nine hundred yards in silence till we were quite out of range of sight from the wagons, which were in a hollow. Then I pulled up, with such a feeling of thankfulness in my heart as cannot be told in words; for now I knew that, mounted as we were, those black demons could never catch us. But where were we to steer for? I put the question to Indaba-zimbi, asking him if he thought that we had better try and follow the oxen that we had sent away with the Kaffirs and women on the preceding night. He shook his head.

"The Umtetwas will go after the oxen presently," he answered, "and we have seen enough of them."

"Quite enough," I answered with enthusiasm; "I never want to see another; but where are we to go? Here we are with one gun and a little girl in the vast and lonely veldt. Which way shall we turn?"

"Our faces were towards the north before we met the Zulus," answered Indaba-zimbi; "let us still keep them towards the north. Ride on, Macumazahn, tonight when we off-saddle I will look into the matter."

So all that long afternoon we rode on, following the course of the river. From the nature of the ground we could only go slowly, but before sunset I had the satisfaction of knowing that there must be at least twenty-five miles between us and those accursed Zulus. Little Tota slept most of the way, the motion of the horse was easy, and she was worn out.

At last the sunset came, and we off-saddled in a dell by the river. There was not much to eat, but I soaked some biscuit in water for Tota, and Indaba-zimbi and I made a scanty meal off biltong. When we had done I took off Tota's frock, wrapped her up in the blanket near the fire we had made and lit a pipe. I sat there by the side of the orphaned child, and from my heart thanked Providence for saving her life and mine from the slaughter of that day. What a horrible experience it had been! It seemed like a nightmare to look back upon. And yet it was sober fact, one among those many tragedies which dotted the paths of the emigrant Boers with the bones of men, women and children. These horrors are almost forgotten now; people living in Natal, for instance, can scarcely realize that some forty years ago 600 white people, many of them women and children, were thus massacred by the impis at the district, Weenen, or the Place of Weeping, will commemorate them forever.

Then I fell to reflecting on the extraordinary adroitness old Indaba-zimbi had shown in saving my life. It appeared that he himself had lived among the Umtetwa Zulus in his earlier manhood, and was a noted rain doctor and witch finder. But when T'Chaka, Dingaan's brother, ordered a general massacre of the witch finders he had fled south and so saved his life. When he heard, therefore, that the regiment was an Umtetwa regiment, which, leaving their wives and children, had broken away from Zululand to escape the cruelties of Dingaan, he, under pretense of sport on them, took the bold course of going straight up to the chief, Susuas, and addressing him as his brother, which he was. The chief knew him at once, and so did the soldiers, for his fame was still great among them. Then he told him his cock and bull story about my being a white spirit, whose presence in the lager would render it invincible, and with the object of saving my life in the slaughter which he knew must ensue, agreed to charm me out of the lager and deliver me into their keeping. How the plan worked has already been told. It was a risky one; still, but for it my troubles would have been done with these many days.

So I lay and thought with a heart full of gratitude, and as I did so saw old Indaba-zimbi sitting by the fire and going through some mysterious performances with bones, which he produced from his bag, and ashes mixed with water. I spoke to him and asked what he was about. He replied that he was tracing out the route that we should follow. I felt inclined to answer "bosh," re-membering the very remarkable instances which he had given of his prowess in occult matters, I held my tongue, and taking little Tota into my arms, worn out with toil and danger and emotion, went to sleep