

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.

Although he had hated to use his revolver for many reasons, it began to look as though such a thing would become necessary, and he fumbling among numerous dangling cat-tails with the intention of dragging the six-shooter into the argument, when by a mere accident the wooden pole of his assailed struck the black knuckles of the savage whom he had marked for the early and swift transit to the happy hunting grounds of the Zambodi.

The effect was simply electrical, for the toughest sort of a trouper sensation burst from the lips of the black duelist, almost petrifying Rex, who burst out with a gasp.

"Jim, Jim Hudson, is it you?"

"The devil! It's Mr. Hastings, sure pop!"

At this couple of figures ran forward, bursting through the sheltering bushes.

No need to tell Rex who they were, for the one in the lead was tall, of form, with the figure an athlete might envy.

Another moment and he found the arms of the Englishman around him in spite of the paint and paraphernalia that went to make a full-dressed Zambodi warrior out of him, and he enjoyed the felicity of a genuine bear hug, while Hudson danced around them endeavoring to imitate the eccentric gestures and hops of a warrior preparing to go upon the war-path, and Little Phil stood near by, evidently in sympathy with it all.

This was an event worthy of being celebrated—an event to be marked in the calendar of their lives with a white cross.

From despair they had suddenly found reason for the wildest hope, and Rex gave his artist friend as good a thing in the line of a bear hug as he received.

"This is a miracle—we had reason to believe you might be in that house they were bombarding, but I never dreamed you had changed to a Zambodi," declared Lord Bruno.

"And how came you here—where are the others, Monsieur Jules, the doctor, Red Eric?" asked Lord Bruno, his horrible suspicion flashed over him that these brave fellow adventurers might have met the fate that hangs over those who invade hostile lands.

"Don't worry—the boys are all right. We were to meet them here after they had set fire to the kraal."

"What! Was that your work?"

"I rather think you got in ahead of the boys. When I saw the fire balls popping over the stockade I knew it was all day with the whole business. What a grand sight, Rex! Perhaps some day we may paint it between us. It would make a scorcher for an exhibition. But tell me, under the fellow, is this young girl with you the party known as the fair girl of the Zambodi?"

Lord Bruno's voice took on a strain of eagerness and anxiety, as he turned toward the party in whom he was so deeply interested.

Before Rex could make a reply several figures loomed up close by, a signal was uttered, and upon Hudson answering, who should advance but Red Eric and his two companions.

"The old cabin's a wreck—couldn't locate 'em there—must have skedaddled, I reckon. But they set fire to the pesky kraal with their fireworks before we could use a match. Glory, just see it scorch. Gives a fellow a taste of what he can expect afterwards," rattled off the cowboy.

Then he noticed the addition to their number, and when his eyes fell on Maid Marian he guessed the truth, for these independent cattle punchers are quick as lightning.

"Say, that must be Mr. Hastings. This here is quite a neat surprise, and the gal too. Well, if we can know what's good for us, we'll leave out of this cursed country like jack rabbits before a prairie fire."

His advice was as sound as a nut and all of them appreciated the fact. Lord Bruno made no effort to address the girl. The first thing to be done was to make good their escape, and once this had been effected minor matters could be easily settled.

So they quitted the little glade that had come so near being the scene of a desperate hand-to-hand combat between two friends in deep disguise, and the excitement within and around the stockade was still at its height, so that their chances of slipping away without bringing on a general battle with the natives seemed good.

Overhead the very heavens were aglow with the reflection of the terrible sea of fire below, and to a timid soul, so wonderful was the spectacle that some fears might have been aroused as to the destruction of the whole universe by a wave of flame.

He immediately sought the side of Marian. Much as he despised his ridiculous costume he could not keep his distance. At least she would not consider him less a man because circumstances had compelled him to adopt such a disguise, she who had been beside him when he yielded that weighty sword, hallowed by a history connected with many a Scottish battlefield when Highland clan and Lowland lord pitted their strength against the hosts of Edward.

Haste was a quality essential to success in this game, for although the blacks were for the hour apparently panic-stricken by the terrible calamity that had befallen them, their recovery would be almost as sudden as their collapse.

When the fire died low, and only ashes remained to mark the site of the kraal, the voice of the vindictive and stout-hearted Hastings would make itself heard in the land, calling aloud for vengeance upon those who were primarily responsible for the curse that had fallen upon them.

Then would begin a pursuit that might continue to the very stockade of Bulawayo, for these Zambodi warriors know little what fear in warfare means. Zulu braves have proven in more than one fierce battle with British regulars, and the blood of a young Prince of France was consecrated by the assaults of these hard fighters.

Looking backward occasionally they could see that the conflagration was growing gradually in intensity, as the lodges became more scattered.

The work had been accomplished, and when the shock of desolation passed away they could expect to have a desperate pursuit inaugurated.

Still, however, they would feel honored in a position to defy the most determined of foes, provided they avoided pitfalls and ambushes, for which these Zulu tribes are noted.

trap in their usual means of securing game, and in war they naturally apply the same tactics with a view to exterminating their foes.

The high spirits consequent upon the success of their plans, were not destined to hold out.

Rex saw that something was wrong when a halt was called, and Lord Bruno entered an earnest discussion with Hudson.

The latter struck a match and dropped to the ground as if bent upon an examination.

Then he used some strong language.

"What's wrong?" asked Hastings, hurrying to where they stood.

"The horses are gone!" replied the cowboy.

"Here was a fearful calamity, and while Rex could not grasp its full scope as readily as the prairie rider, he realized that an exceedingly grave condition confronted them.

To be afoot in this African wilderness with a whole tribe of enraged warriors hunting high and low for them was a state of affairs calculated to alarm the boldest.

It must needs be something beyond the ordinary that could make Lord Bruno frown and shake his head.

A closer examination was made. The horses, however disagreeable they might appear.

Some cunning enemy had either seen them hide the animals or else a mere accident had run across them.

At any rate the horses were gone, and it would be useless looking for them.

But for the presence of the young girl the air in that neighborhood would have been fairly sulphurous, such was the rage of Hudson and Red Eric.

The doctor being a philosopher, took things as they came, much as a disciple of the prophet Mohammed might have done, and Little Phil wouldn't make him hear.

Lord Bruno shouldered the blame, declaring that it was pretty much his fault—Hudson had suggested he should come to guard the vicious animals, but he had believed every arm would be needed at the kraal, in order to carry out their designs.

The mischief was done, the horses had been stolen, and now it remained to them to make a safe retreat.

Such emergencies bring out all their may be in a panic.

Although Hudson was deeply mortified and inwardly furious at the trick played in his own camp, he recovered himself and began to consider what was best to do.

Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a simple matter to hang about the kraal, and waiting until some

Chronic Bronchitis

Mr. Wm. Davidson, St. Andrews, Que., states:—"Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has cured me of chronic bronchitis. I have, without success, tried many remedies for the past six years. Last winter when I had a severe attack and was unable to work I procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and am happy to state that the third bottle made me well again."

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Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

When their horses could be recovered. Now the case was different—Lord Bruno desired to place as much distance between the destroyed kraal, with the vengeful Zambodi, and their own persons, as possible. Perhaps the presence of Marian had something to do with this. At any rate it was determined to make the move.

Hudson was fully aroused. He knew full well they would be followed by a swarm of eager vengeance seekers, and to throw these trackers off the trail it was necessary that he bring to bear all the tricks learned in his wild life along the Texas border.

As they turned their backs upon the silent volcano which in the ages gone by had been such a factor in the landscape of that country, an outlet of the eternal fires, Lord Bruno managed to get Rex at his elbow in order to question him concerning the girl.

What he heard seemed to give the Briton great satisfaction, for he squared the hand of his companion several times.

"You have done me a great favor, my dear fellow. The story is too long to tell now, and you shall hear it later; but Marian is my sister. The man she called father was my uncle Rex. He lived here at the bottom of it all, as you may well believe. No wonder he spoke my father's name in his death throes, for he had terrible wronged him. I know you will rejoice with me, and if the future brings me any good, I shall be glad to share it with you."

"Stop, I beg," interrupted Rex, "and consider my present condition. I have no money, and I have no chance of ever had in that quarter, by my appearance as a savage. Don't you think I'm heavily handicapped?"

"Hang the looks—beauty's only skin deep after all. I know you to be a brave, big-hearted comrade. A man I should feel honored in claiming as a brother, and any sensible girl must think the same way," returned the impulsive Waterford.

"Let us change the subject. You mean to explain all this to her, of course?"

"I shall wait until we make our first halt, and then have a quiet talk with Marian. I am sorry to think that I should feel honored in claiming as a brother, and any sensible girl must think the same way," returned the impulsive Waterford.

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are stranded here without our mounts.

"Come, that is joyful news to a forerunner. Who knows but what we may come out all right yet. But excuse me, and I will resume my place beside your sister. If we get a chance that cost I shall rejoice to do it again. You see I've discarded the cat-tails and the ruff of dyed ostrich feathers. No laughing—it's a serious business with me, but it served a purpose."

CHAPTER XXVII.
IN THE COUNTRY OF THE MATABLE.

All around in their rear finally ceased to disturb them. Whether this came from the distance they were placing between themselves and the devastated kraal, or the fact that the blacks were no longer racking the air with their cries of terror and rage, could not of course be known.

Through the balance of the night they continued to push on. Marian stood it bravely, her life having been spent freely in the open air, so that she was able to endure much, and must have exhausted an ordinary girl fresh from civilization.

Jim led them, Jim who was alive to the emergency, and determined that if their foes did overtake them, he would give the black impus a run for the money.

Twice had they crossed the drift, and it was here the cowboy's ingenuity was brought into full play. The intention of course was to throw their pursuers off the trail, and as water breaks the scent for the dogs, so it could be utilized to distract human trackers.

Thus, the first time, they entered the drift until the water was knee deep, and in this way walked up the stream half a mile, Marian carrying off her share with the most perfect good nature, accepting the hand of Hastings as they splashed along.

When they left the stream, Hudson placed a certain phre where no trail would remain, and the warriors showed unusual shrewdness they were apt to hunt a long time ere the hunt became manifest.

On the second occasion, when the drift was struck, material for a raft was found, the men fastened a rope upon it, and in this way floated a long distance, when the course of the stream changing for the worse, they were compelled to force more strike terra firma, and resume their weary tramp.

Rex realized that his companion was growing tired. She leaned more heavily on his arm, and he took occasion to let Lord Bruno know this fact.

A hasty consultation with the guide followed, and Rex was informed that the destination was only a mile further on.

When he told this to Marian, she answered cheerily that she could keep up and she kept her word.

Rex was pleased with the selection made for a bivouac. He admired the shrewdness of the cowboy in picking out an elevation, for the approach of a foe could be the easier detected.

Maid Marian was only too glad to sit down and rest, and Rex feared she had really overtaxed her powers of endurance.

Lord Bruno took him aside, and after clambering along the bed of a small creek, carefully dislodged some loose stones, and hauled the missing coat out of a cleft.

This then was the secret cache—when he was led by the wonderful shrewdness of Jim Hudson directly to the spot which had been the turning point in their flight when mounted.

The little packets of jewels were still in the side pockets just where he had left them.

Thus Rex was able to throw aside his disguise in a measure. The doctor had a spare flannel shirt to loan him, and he managed in some way to cleanse his skin of the coloring matter that had served him so well.

It is really surprising how a small thing will sometimes give a great amount of pleasure. Rex could not remember feeling more pleased than when he drew his coat on over that rather aged flannel shirt, and accepted the loan of a cap from his friend.

Now, he was in full dress, and it to be presented to the queen, if his personal sensations were to be relied on.

And how proudly he stalked into the presence of Marian again, though the darkness gave her but a scant opportunity of learning the change in his attire.

Sleep was needed badly, and Lord Bruno wisely refused to let a restless night be the end of the journey.

They formed a couch for her from a pile of furs, and Rex would have been only too glad to lie down beside her, but the risk of the risk was too great.

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Consumption No Barrier.

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