FERTILIZERS!

WE AGAIN OFFER FOR THE ELEVENTH SEASON OUR CELEBRATED

'CERES' SUPERPHOSPHATE

(The Complete Fertilizer)

POPULAR PHOSPHATE,

BONE MEAL, MEDIUM BONE, GROUND BONE.

JACK & BELL, Proprietors.

Chemical Fertilizer Works, Halifax, N. S.

45 4m

New Goods,

—AT—

R. D. BEALS!

—Comprising—

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, Ready Made Clothing, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, Crockery Ware, SHELF HARDWARE.

Best Groceries.

TIN WARE, ETC.

EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL LINES.

Eggs for Goods or Cash.

Butter and all Other Produce in Exchange

Nictaux Falls, May 9th, '87.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO

GREAT REDUCTION,

The whole Stock of

W. W. SAUNDERS'

will be sold at a Great Reduction during the Xmas Holidays, embracing the following well-selected lines:

DRY GOODS,

HOSIERY, a Specialty,

HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS, OVERBOOTS, RUBBERS AND LARIGANS, GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERY, CANNED GOODS, ESSENCES, EXTRACTS, AND PATENT MEDICINES, large stock of LAMPS, GLASS, EARTHEN, STONE, TINWARE, HARDWARE, AND CUTLERY, AND A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF XMAS NOVELTIES

William Hart, Assignee.

Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given that WILLIAM H. R. BALCOM and WILLIAM H. NIXON, of Nictaux Falls, in the County of Annapolis, traders, doing business under the name, firm and style of BALCOM & NIXON, have by deed of assignment, bearing date the 8th day of April, A. D., 1889, assigned to me all their property *in trust* for the benefit of such of their creditors as shall execute said deed of assignment within ninety days from the date hereof, subject, however, to certain preferential claims. The said deed has been filed at the Registry Office, for the County of Annapolis, and a duplicate thereof lies at the office of the subscriber at Nictaux Falls, aforesaid, where the same may be inspected by creditors.

Dated at Nictaux Falls, the 9th day of April A. D., 1889.

WILLIAM J. H. BALCOM, Assignee.

8it10

Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given that ARTHUR W PHINNEY, of Middleton, in the County of Annapolis, Merchant, has by deed of Assignment, bearing date the 9th day of April, A. D., 1889, assigned to me all his property, in trust, for the benefit of his creditors, subject to certain preferential claims. The deed has been filed at the Registry office for the County of Annapolis, and a duplicate thereof lies at the office of the subscriber at Middleton, in the County aforesaid, where the same may be inspected by creditors.

Dated at Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, the 9th day of April, A. D., 1889.

ROBERT J. PHINNEY, Assignee.

2

Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given that ARTHUR E. SULIS, of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, manufacturer, doing business under the name, firm, and style of "The Acadia Organ Company," has by deed of assignment, bearing date the 26th day of March, A. D., 1889, assigned to me all his property in trust for the benefit of his creditors, subject to certain preferential claims. The deed has been filed at the Registry Office for the County of Annapolis, and a duplicate thereof lies at the office of the subscriber in Bridgetown, where the same may be inspected by creditors.

Dated at Bridgetown, the 27th day of March, A. D., 1889.

W. M. FORSYTH, Assignee.

2m

Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given that L. S. Bowlby, J. Haddon Balcom, and Ernest L. Balcom, of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, doing business under the name, style and firm of BOWLBY BALCOM & CO., Lumber Manufacturers, has, by deed of assignment, dated the 31st day of August, 1888, assigned to us all their property in trust for the general benefit of their creditors, subject to certain preferential claims. Creditors desiring to execute the same must do so within forty days from the date thereof, said deed lies at our office where the same may be inspected and executed by creditors.

Dated at Lawrencetown, this 31st day of August, 1888.

L. R. MORSE, ALEX. OSWALD, Assignees.

NOTICE.—The above mills of Bowlby, Balcom & Co., will be run as usual until further notice.

L. R. MORSE, ALEX. OSWALD, Assignees.

22tf

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent. United States Consul Agent.

Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1889. NO. 8.

CHEAP —FOR— CASH!

FLOUR, OATMEAL, FEEDING FLOUR, CORMEAL, GROCERIES, STOVES, PLOWS, HORSE CLOTHING,

Harnesses made to Order.

REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

N. H. PHINNEY.

Nov. 19th, 1888.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 50 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 25 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

INSPECTION

is Invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in

Monuments, Tablets,

HEADSTONES, Etc.

Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.

Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,

OPPOSITE RINK, . . BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.

THE CELEBRATED

Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,

—ALSO:—

FORCE PUMP,

with Hose attached if required.

We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underdraining or conveying water underground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.

International S.S. Co.,

FOR BOSTON, DIRECT, FROM Annapolis.

Summer Arrangement.

Commencing TUESDAY, MAY 21st, the favorite Side Wheel Steamer "NEW BRUNSWICK" having been thoroughly overhauled and fitted, will leave Annapolis every Tuesday and Saturday p. m., directly after the arrival of the Halifax express, for Boston direct.

FARE FROM ALL W. & A. R. STATIONS

ONE DOLLAR LESS

than by any other route.

ST. JOHN LINE.

The Palace Steamer "CUMBERLAND" or "STATE OF MAINE" will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday morning at 7.25 Eastern Standard time, and every Saturday evening for Boston direct, at 6.45.

Tickets can be obtained from all agents on the W. & A. R.

W. H. KELLY, Agent. Commercial Wharf, Boston. J. W. DODGE, Agent. W. & A. R. Windsor. R. A. CARDER, Agent, Annapolis.

May 17th, 1889.

BRIDGETOWN

MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS,

Importer of Marble

and manufacturer of

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

Also Monuments in Red Granite Gray Granite, and Freestone.

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice.

T. D.

Bridgetown, March 13th, 89.

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

From such unwelcome visitors as Neuralgia, Sore throat or Diphtheria

the surest protection and relief is

Simson's Liniment!

Mr. Edwin McKinnon, Hampton, P. E. Island, says:

"I have never found anything so beneficial for Neuralgia as Simson's Liniment."

Mr. Robert Reid, of Frogmore, P. E. Island, says:

"Nothing relieves Neuralgia as readily as Simson's Liniment. I have tested it, and am assured of its merits."

Elizabeth Paquette, St. Thomas, Que., says:

"After suffering excruciating agony with Neuralgia for two sleepless nights, I found relief by inhaling and bathing the affected parts with Simson's Liniment. 15 minutes after using it every vestige of the pain had disappeared. There never was anything so effectual."

Simson's Liniment is just the remedy every one has long been looking for.

The largest bottle in the market for 25 cts. One trial will assure you of its reliability.

Manufactured by

Brown Bros. & Co.,

DRUGGISTS, ... HALIFAX, N. S

Prince Lambert!

5688----2:37 1-4.

This well known Standard Stallion will make the season of 1889 in Kings and Annapolis Counties as follows:—

LEAVING his owner's Stable, Kingston, on Monday, April 29th at 8 o'clock, arriving at James Patterson's, Aylesford, at 12 noon, thence to Reed Bros., Brooklyn St., arriving at 5 p. m., and remaining until 8 a. m., on Wednesday. Thence to Somerset at 12 noon, and to his own stable at night, where he may be found on Thursday. On Friday, will leave at 8 o'clock, arriving at Ross' Hotel, Middleton, at noon, thence to John Hall's, Lawrencetown, at 5 p m., returning to his own stable at noon, on Saturday, where he will remain until Monday. He will make this route every week during the season, ending July 20th.

TERMS.—$5 for service. When mare proves in foal, $7 additional.

PEDIGREE.—Prince Lambert is by Daniel Lambert, [102] the greatest of living sires, having 35 trotters in the 2.30 list. Daniel Lambert by Ethan Allen, record 2.15 with mate. He by Vermont, Black Hawk 5. He by Sherman Morgan, he by Justin Morgan. Dam by Young Columbus, 2nd dam by Rysdyk's Hambletonian [s. t. b.]

Mares at owner's risks. Mares kept at reasonable rates and best care guaranteed.

T. A. TUFTS.

Kingston, April 20th, '89. 2m

'89 YARMOUTH S.S. CO. '89

THE SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTE BETWEEN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE UNITED STATES.

The quickest time only 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

THE FAST STEEL STEAMER

"YARMOUTH,"

WILL leave Yarmouth for Boston every *Wednesday* and *Saturday Evenings*, after arrival of the train of the Western Counties Railway. Returning, will leave Lewis's Wharf, Boston, at 10 a. m., every *Tuesday* and *Friday*, connecting at Yarmouth with train for Halifax and Intermediate Stations.

The YARMOUTH carries a regular mail to and from Boston, and is the fastest Steamer plying between Nova Scotia and the United States. Fitted with Triple Expansion Engines, Electric Lights, Bilge Keels, etc.

The Steamer "City of St. John" leaves Pickford & Black's wharf every Monday, at 10 p. m., for Yarmouth and intermedtate ports; returning leaves Yarmouth every Thursday, at 8 a. m.

For all other information apply to F. CROSSKILL, Station Agent, Bridgetown, or to

W. A. CHASE, Sect. and Treas. L. E. BAKER, Manager.

Yarmouth, April, '89.

THIS YEAR'S

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

IN BRONZE on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4, Bulfinch St.

W. A. CHUTE,

BUILDING MOVER,

BEAR RIVER, N. S.

BUILDINGS of all descriptions Raised and Moved, by land or Water, without taking down chimneys or disturbing the occupants. Stranded Vessels, of all sizes, raised and floated. Boilers and engines, of all description, hoisted in and out of steamers, placing them in any position.

I am the only building mover in the Lower Provinces thoroughly fitted with the latest improvements. Having had twenty years' experience I can guarantee satisfaction. With numbers of fine recommendations.

Also, Agent for The London Guarantee and Accident Company, of London, England.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

THE partnership heretofore existing between SAMUEL FITZRANDOLPH and ABNER WILLIAMS is hereby dissolved. The business will in future be carried on by Samuel Fitz-Randolph, who will pay all debts against the firm, and to whom all firm debts must be paid.

Dated April 16th, A. D., 1889.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

Happiness.

To throb with tides of perfect health
In glad free veins;
To pulse with life that knows no pain;
Whose restless wealth
Of energy, desire and will
Increase and give increasing still
To meet a sphere which power shall fill,
Nor ills destroy;
While thought and act together thrill,
Oh, this is joy.

To move with conscious scope, and grasp
Truth's end and plan;
To leap beyond that bound of man,
Time's iron clasp;
To bend an intellect so keen
It knows no fault, on the unseen,
And mark what shall be and hath been
Immortality;
Forever learning;—this must mean
Mind's victory!

To feel all hopes, all ends, all aims
Blending to one;
Then waken to a life begun
With double claims;
Yielding to glorious hopes which roll
Upon the wondering heart and soul;
Rising beyond doubt's sad control,
To where above
Sweet youth, life waits its finished whole,
Ah, that is love.

To fold this mortal vesture by;
To see, at last,
The gray earth slip into the past,
And Heaven draw nigh;
Waiting with nothing more to fret
The spirit learning to forget
Old memories, that sin has set
Till life shall cease;
To rest where death and trust have met,—
Oh, that is peace!

To watch, in overwhelming awe,
Faith's shadow lift;
To gaze while those vast glories shift
That Moses saw;
To meet the terrible White Throne,
To hear One star-creating Tone
Call this poor trembling soul His own
Eternally;—
Oh, this, my heart, and this, alone,
Is Ecstacy!

We Shall Know at Last.

I think we shall know, we shall know at last,
All that was strange in the past—
Shall one day know, and shall haply see
That the sorrow and ills, that with tears and sighs,
We vainly endeavored to flee.
Were angels who, veiled in sorrow's guise
Came to us only to bless,
Maybe we shall kneel and kiss their feet,
With grateful tears, when we shall meet
Their unveiled faces, pure and sweet,
Their eyes deep tenderness.
We shall know, perchance, had these angels come
Like mendicants unto a kingly gate,
When we sat in joy's royal state,
We had barred them from our home,
But when in our doorway one appears
Clothed in the purple of sorrow's power,
He will enter in; no prayers or tears
Avail us in that hour.
So what we call our pains and losses
We may not always count aright;
The rough bars of our heavy crosses
May change to living light.

Select Literature.

Karenga.

An African Sketch.

It was early morning in the tropics, not quite six, and consequently the sun was not yet risen on the earth. The Mundeli had sometime before tumbled himself yawning out of his mosquito-disturbed hammock. The stillness outside was gradually breaking into the air of an awaking encampment. The garrison were lighting their fires, cooking their breakfasts, and grumbling in a feeble kind of a way at the chill morning air, and the order of things in general. Suddenly above those accustomed sounds pierced a shrill whistle from beyond the outer boma, which caused the chief to leap from his seat, oversetting his unlucky servitor head over heels in so doing.

'It's the steamer! Run, run, you idiot, and see if they've got any mails on board!' And, having indued socks and shoes in a twinkling, he followed Uledi out of doors.

The house he left was a rough log hut thatched with palm leaves, and surmounted by a flagstaff whence waved the dark blue banner with the golden star. Lukebe was one of the smallest and newest stations of the Etat Independant du Congo, and all of it at present visible, besides the house above mentioned, was a row of huts for the garrison (consisting mostly of Gold Coast negroes from Accra), a couple of store tents, and an unfinished structure destined eventually to take their place, the whole surrounded by a strong boma of stakes and thorny bushes, with a gate leading to the river. Outside this was the landing place for steamers, where the chief of the station intended to construct a jetty; but the only approach as yet to the realization of this idea was the leveling of a portion of the steep bank of red clay.

The chief, whose name in private life was Raymond Oliphant, hurried across the enclosure, a tall, boyish-looking figure in white flannels and pith-helmet, and, in the gateway, nearly fell into the arms of the returning Uledi.

'Him no bring no mail, sir; him only Gazelle come back from Falls, sir.'

'Bother you!' grumbled Oliphant suppressing a strong desire to punch Uledi on the head, and slackened his speed at once, looking at the poor little Gazelle, as she lay panting and puffing beside the prospective jetty, with a considerable abatement of interest, not to say disgust.

'Don jour, mon cher!' shouted her captain, a burly Belgian, known in private life as 'Jumbo,' looking out from under the awning, and mopping his red countenance with a vast red handkerchief. 'En voila une belle!'

'What's wrong?' asked Oliphant shortly. He was rather inclined to visit his disappointment about the mail on the head of poor Captain Duverrier.

'Arabs, mon ami. Slave raiders from Nyangwe, some two hundred strong—been firing at us from both banks; no one hurt, happily. Pretty goings on up the river. Villages burnt to the ground; there'll be scarcely a living soul left between Falls and Aruwimi. Had to steam all night to get away from them. We're out of wood; I suppose you have some?'

'Certainly!' Oliphant turned to give the necessary orders.

'And we've no time to lose, so you'd better come on board as quick as you can.'

'What for?' asked the chief with provoking coolness.

'What for! Why, man alive, I suppose you don't mean to stay here?'

'I've no orders to leave the station.'

The captain shrugged his extensive shoulders. 'As you please, my friend. If you'd like to wait three months or so, till you hear from Boma, I dare say Hassan Ben Ali, or whatever the gentleman's name is, will have the politeness to wait likewise.'

'It's not likely they'd attack the station and if they did, why, I'd back these fellows to hold it against them for a month. Whas sort of fighting can they do with those miserable duck guns of theirs, loaded with brass slugs?'

The captain gave another slow Flemish shrug, as who would say, 'He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar,' and repeated slowly, 'As you will; it's no affair of mine;' and half an hour later Oliphant was watching the Gazelle as she steamed away down the river, in no depression of spirit. He was 23, and new to the country; fighting, to his mind, assumed the aspect of 'a jolly good lark,' and if there was one man he would have pitched into with greater pleasure than another, that man was an Arab slave-trader.

So, forgetting all about the mails, he whistled softly to himself as he swung back slowly across the Place, while Uledi followed behind, with a lugubrious countenance, casting glances of indignant contempt at the garrison, who were congregated, loudly chattering, under the shade of the great baobab in the centre. But he did not speak till they had reached the hut and Oliphant had ordered him to get breakfast, when he stood meditatively still in the doorway, and then remarked:

'Bwana, him Accra man sabby Francess.'

'Well, you ass, what of that?'

Uledi did not reply in words, but spread the palms of his hands outward, shrugged his shoulders, turned his head backwards till he seemed in danger of breaking his neck, and finally showed all his teeth in a portentious grin void of the slightest semblance of mirth. And having thus expressed his sense of the worthlessness of Accra men in general, he turned away and began to make the tea.

But when the Mundeli went out after breakfast to drill those Accras, they looked so smart and soldierly in their neat white uniforms, and showed themselves so quick and handy in learning the use of their newly acquired rifles, that his heart was filled with pride and pleasure, and utterly despised the warnings of Uledi, who was probably jealous. He could surely depend on these fellows in any emergency.

After drill there was the erection of the new store to be superintended (and a vast deal of superintendence these Ba-yanzi did require); and so the busy day wore on till noon, and the chief retired to his hut to sleep the siesta of the just. He was rudely awakened however before it was half over.

'Bwana, there's a man come from the Arabs to say that there's a runaway slave of theirs here, and they want her back.'

Oliphant swung his feet out of the hammock with a huge yawn which merged into a groan.

'There's no such thing here,' said he testily; and then, in an audible English aside, 'Don't I jolly well wish there were!'

'But, Bwana, there is. Just before the man came they found a woman hiding in one of the canoes.'

'By Jingo!' ejaculated Oliphant, hurrying out of the hut and striding up to the noisy group assembled under the baobob tree. The throng of Accra soldiers and Ba-yanzi laborers parted asunder, and allowed him a full view of the centre of attraction.

She was crouching on the ground, this miserable piece of contraband goods—a sickening spectacle enough. The giant frame, covered only by a rag of dirty grass cloth, showed the poor bones everywhere through the loose, wrinkled skin, gashed and scarred by the slave-driver's whip and the thorny branches of the jungle. Her hair once elaborately dressed after the fashion of the Bakumu, was now a frightful mass of dishevelled wool, matted with dirt and bits of branches, and from under it glared two great, scared, restless eyes, like those of a hunted animal.

And beside her, shouting and gesticulating, emphasizing his statements on Karenga's person by occasional prods with the butt end of the 'courbash' he held in his hand, was an ugly half-caste Arab in a dirty *disdasheh*, while some half dozen of his followers showed their teeth in ferocious grins and snarls.

'Stop that, you brute!' was Oliphant's salutation, accompanied by a well-delivered 'right-hander' that nearly upset the Arab's equilibrium. He had just been in time to see the whip handle brought down with a sounding thwack on the poor wretch's shoulders. She was too cowed and spiritless to cry out much; she only gave a little moan and rubbed her skinny knuckles into her eyes. But when she saw her tormentor stagger back several paces, and finally bring up against one of his henchmen, whom he immediately fell to abusing, she sat up and became perfectly rigid and open mouthed with astonishment.

'Here, Uledi,' said the chief, whose Swahili was not sufficient for the angry harrangue that followed; 'ask the fellow what he wants.'

The demand was interpreted.

'Tell him we'll do no such thing.'

The Accra men's countenance fell, and Khamis looked vicious.

'Tell him Englishmen don't make slaves, and they don't allow others to make them, and he shan't have her. Why we wouldn't treat a dog that way. It's—why, it's a confounded shame!'

'He says if Bwana no send back, Suleyman bin Abec come fetch him.'

'Let him. Tell him the white man have plenty of guns. There, that's all about it. Tell him if he don't go at once he shall be kicked out.'

Which message, being faithfully delivered by Uledi, had the desired effect, and Khamis retired grumbling with his satellites.

'What are you fellows all standing staring for! Go about your business. Here, one of you—get this poor creature something to eat; she's half starved. Uledi can you make her understand? Tell her there's nothing to be frightened of; we won't let anyone hurt her.' For she still crouched there, trembling and terrified, with eyes nearly starting out of her head.

Then he turned on his heel and walked thoughtfully away, presently disappearing into the store tent, where he proceeded to measure out, from the last opened bale, some four yards or so of red and white striped trade calico.

He had seen a good many nasty things since he first set foot in Africa, but just now he felt perfectly sick with a mixture of pity and disgust—especially when he remembered a horrid, deep festering gash on the upper arm, either done with a spear when she was first captured or a cut from the 'hippo-hide' lash. Bah! It doesn't do to think of such things in this beastly climate.

"I say, Uledi! Take this to her, and tell her she can put it on if she wants, and see that none of the other beggars grab it. And—I say, you can tell her to come here afterwards, when she's rested and had something to eat; and she can get that arm of hers tied up if she likes.'

'Which was done. She did not, as Oliphant had perhaps feared, 'make a scene.' She seemed more dazed and bewildered by the kindess shown her than anything else. There was not much to be got out of her. She had been dragged from her village—three—four—she could not tell how many days off. They had killed many people there with guns and spears. Yes, she had children—three—and they had taken away the boys. She did not know what had become of them. She had the baby with her, and they got angry because it cried, and took it away from her and threw it on the ground; and when she screamed and wanted to stay about it they beat her—he might see—and dragged her away.

And Oliphant turned aside his face, and said, 'Beasts!' and something else which the recording angel did not write down against him.

'Tell her we—I mean, confound it all—if one of 'em tries to lay a finger on her we'll blow him into little bits.' And leaving this piece of consolation behind him, he went to see to the defences which he considered so utterly unnecessary.

Then the sunset bugle sounded, the Ba-yanzi trooped off to their homes outside the stockade, the gates were closed and the watchfires lighted; and having gone the rounds and seen that all was well, the Mundeli lay down to sleep.

Past midnight, perhaps about two in the morning, he became conscious that some one was standing over him, and he heard a faint, far-off voice saying something to which he paid no attention, till it gradually dawned on him that the voice was close by and addressed to him:

'Bwana, Bwana, wake up!'

'Well, what now?'

Uledi was almost sobbing.

'Oh, sir! sir! Arab coming, and—him Accra man all run away!'

Oliphant was on his feet in an instant, six-shooter in hand. They ran out, paying no heed to a trembling, sobbing figure that crouched beside the door, crossed the place, saw the river gate standing wide open, and reached it just in time to see a canoe crowded with black bodies and white uniforms push off from the landing place.

'Stand! Halte-là! Stop this instant!' he thundered, and the crack of a rifle rang out on the still night air. One or two suppressed yells were heard, but the flying paddles slackened not for a moment, and the canoe shot across the moonlit surface into the black shadow of the nearest island.

'Who's left here? Uledi, help me get out the mountain Krupp! Here, you fellows!'

He was rushing toward the gun himself when Uledi touched his arm and pointed eastward along the river. A huge black mass was seen moving slowly across a broad silvered reach, creeping nearer and near.

'El Arab!' whispered Uledi.

'What are we to do?' That only flashed through Oliphant's mind—he did not say it aloud. His next words were:

'Come and bar the gate. Who's left beside yourself?'

'Only Marzouk and Ferajji—and Karenga.'

'Who's Karenga?'

'The slave-woman that ran away. She called me and told me they were going away in canoes.'

'Pity she couldn't have done it a little sooner!'

'Bwana, they'd have killed you! What could we do against so many?'

'Well, well!'

Marzouk and Ferajli had by this time arrived on the scene, and the gate was effectually barricaded.

'Now we ought to have the boats ready in case——'

'Bwana, there are none left; they have taken all!'

'All?'

It was too true. Even the whale-boat, usually kept inside the stockade for safety was gone. A further inspection revealed the fact that the store-tent had been broken open and a large part of its contents abstracted.

There was no time to be angry with that dark shadow still creeping nearer. A careful reconnoitring through the loop-holes revealed it still holding on its way. The gun was got into position besides the gate, all the available firearms loaded, and then came the suspense of waiting. The strained ears of the listening four soon caught the muffled plash of paddles alongside the gateway. Then there was a long pause, and then a shuffling and scrambling, and the sound of many bare feet on the clay. Oliphant stood, rifle in hand, at one of the loop-holes, Uledi beside him similarly armed. Marzouk, who had some skill in gunnery, was attending to the mountain Krupp.

'Fire!' said Oliphant the rifles cracked. There was a howl and a scattering rush outside, which showed that the shots had told, and after a while, answering shots began to find their way through the boma to right and left, which though praiseworthy in intention, lamentably fell short in effect. While this had gone on for some little time, something like a shooting star came sailing through the air—an arrow wrapt round with blazing oiled palm-fibre. It fell dangerously near one of the huts, but before it could catch, or any of them could reach it, something dark had sprung out of the shadow, and probably trodden it out, for the light disappeared.

'Who's that?' asked Oliphant, a little startled. He had looked around just in time to see this.

'Him Karenga, Bwana,' replied the sententious Uledi.

'Karenga? Oh, I'd forgotten her! Poor old girl. Well, we must stop that game of theirs. Marzouk, you might fire now.'

Bang went the gun, with what result could not be known, as in the chorus of yells and howls which followed, fright could not well be distinguished from injury. It was probable that the artillery was too near them to do any harm; but there was a general scamper down the bank and shrill cries of 'Oh, my friends and relations!' mingled with asseverations that the place was garrisoned by Sheitans, whom no man could face and live.

'They've had enough,' laughed Oliphant gleefully, forgetting for the moment the desertion of his men and all prospective troubles and difficulties in the flush of victory. Uledi looked grave, in spite of the sounds which assured him that the enemy was again on the river, and paddling away.

'Him go, Bwana, but him come back.'

'Well, he can have a second edition if he likes.'

Uledi scarcely understood this, but he guessed Oliphant's meaning from his look and tone, and proceeded darkly to hint that he was well acquainted with the character of Suleyman ben Abed, who, as he phrased it, was not afraid of anything, and had a heart no bigger than the end of Bwana's little finger. Besides he had at least two hundred men armed with guns, and when he found out—as he was sure to do before long, that they were only four!

'We'll beat them off before that. There are about 20 charges of powder for the Krupp left in that keg, and there is more in the store. And the cartridges—'

'Bwana,' said Uledi in a low voice, pointing to the kegs lying glistening in the moonlight on the top of a packing case, 'those are all we could find.'

Oliphant whistled. Just then Marzouk rose from his knees, in whic posture he had been carefully examining the gun, and came towards him with clasped hands and a dejected countenance.

'Bwana!' he said appealingly. Marzouk was a good fellow and true, but he had little English, and of that little trouble of mind had bereft him. 'Bwana, the gun is dead!'

'What do you mean?' asked Oliphant somewhat sharply in Swahili.

Poor Marzouk fairly dropped on his knees.

'Bwana, I didn't do it! I don't know how it happened. Come and look at it. It will break if it is fired again!'

Oliphant went over and investigated matters as well as he could by the moonlight and the help of a match or two. There was an undoubted crack, and it was evident that another shot, or at most two, would fulfil Marzouk's prophecy. He remained looking at it in gloomy silence, while Marzouk stood at 'attention' before him, with the air of a man who is going to be hanged and knows that he deserves it. He looked so miserable that Oliphant was quite touched, and roused himself up to administer consolation.

'There, there, nobody blames you for it. It's a flaw in the iron—it wasn't your fault. Well, it can't be helped. If Suleyman comes again, we'll fire her off and send the pieces flying at him. And what's to be done now?'

They were unanimous in declaring that Bwana must go and get some sleep while he could; they would watch, and call him when there was need. He looked from one to another of their honest black faces, and an unwonted seriousness came over him. He had always been good to his men, very good, as hot-tempered young Englishmen go; and yet now he felt a vague remorseful suspicion that he had never rated these brave hearts at their true value.

'We may beat them off before the cartridges are done,' he said. 'If not, there's nothing for it but to take to the bush. We might reach Itembo, get a canoe there, and so go down to Bongala. But we can't leave the powder and guns for Suleyman. Put the big powder-keg and all the petroleum casks ready in the store tent, and anything else that will burn. And get together all the rifles you can find—all except your own—we must dig a hole and bury them.'

They were moving away to execute his orders when he stopped them. I doubt whether he was animated by that sense of the fitness of things which prompted the harangues ascribed to all ancient and modern commanders just before a battle; but he felt vaguely that he wanted to say something more.

(Concluded on fourth page.)

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