

# 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.

All this had in it a nervous tension prepared for by the remarkable man who spent so many years among the Zambodi, an exile from his own race. Hence Rex was not greatly surprised when instead of passing out through the cabin door, she lifted a rude lantern, and asked him to follow into the depths of the mountain.

As they proceeded, he several times caught suspicious fumes in the air, which he recognized as the same agency through which he and Blundie had so nearly been overpowered when endeavoring to peer down into the awful fissure where the wretched black ape had been swallowed, and where the eternal fires shuddered, and boiled like furious demons in chains.

This gave him the notion that they were navigating some of those same weird passages connected with the ancient temple, and he would not have been surprised if at any time he found himself once more in the frowning presence of that assemblage of pagan gods.

Such an event, however, did not occur. Perhaps Maid Marian respected the sacred character of the temple, even as her father had done before her, knowing what veneration these black sons of Africa had for the idols before which their ancestors, the people who dwelt in the crater centuries back, were wont to prostrate themselves—at any rate she had never gazed upon those monsters of a bygone day, which was a blessed thing with regard to her peace of mind, since their hideous faces were enough to haunt one's sleep for many a year.

This fidelity to a trust bequeathed from generation to generation, has numerous examples in the life history of the aborigines of the New World. In Mexico, in Arizona, and elsewhere the Indians faithfully guard the ruins of ancient temples where the Aztecs or the Incas worshipped gods representing the sun.

These people have not for many generations prostrated themselves before the fire god, and only by tradition do they know what was the character of those deities belonging to a musty and dim past; and yet in their eyes a sort of sacredness hangs over certain secret cave-temples, which are zealously guarded in order that the profane foot of a white man shall ever enter to defile them.

After considerable winding about in narrow passages, Hastings' fair guide told him they were close to the exit. She thereupon extinguished the light which had thus far been of inestimable value to them as a guide to their feet, and the gloom seemed doubly dense in consequence.

Rex felt a hand touch his, and was wonderfully docile about being led—indeed, he had never entered a protest should such pleasant association have been continued indefinitely. And thus they issued from the passage, reaching the outer air through one of the numerous vents which the subterranean fires had formed in the age when dumb old Krokato was a howling giant, raining ashes, and boiling lava upon the country for leagues around, traces of which could still be found upon the forest trees, and the soil that had accumulated from decaying leaves and woody fur.

The young American could not place his new position. He looked down at the foot of the elevation—he had guessed that from their continuous descent, but it took him a full minute to master the lay of the land and figure where the Zambodi settlement was situated.

He was aided in getting his bearings by a peculiar red glow that suddenly appeared along the side of the mountain, and it hardly needed the village mention of the Zambodi girl's name from Marian to tell him this light came from in front of the refuge, and was intended to keep the attention of Hastings and his heroic spirits of war directed toward that quarter while the young mistress effected her escape through the lines.

This crude curtain of the blacks could hardly be expected to equal a military trench such as a Campos or a Viller would throw across the dreaded "gem of the Antilles;" but at the same time Zambodi warriors had sharp eyes, and could hear

springlock, so that the utmost care must be taken in passing their line. Hastings felt doubly anxious because he had more reason than ever for desiring to escape.

While his own life alone was the stake that hung in the balance, he could not as readily choose his own now there was cause for the exercise of caution.

If fortune should be kind and allow them to escape the grim dangers that arose on every side, threatening destruction as did Scylla and Charybdis to the mariners of old, the fact of their having shared these perils as common would be a precious tie to bring them closer together.

Rex found he could contemplate such a delightful contingency with remarkable complacency, though his good sense would not allow his building castles in the air while so much remained to be done.

They started upon their task of eluding the wild doctor's guards. The presence of the red fire above was a point in their favor, for the warriors on picket duty would hardly be looking for any need of their service so long as they had reason to believe the rival of Hastings remained at her lodge.

Stealthily they moved away, like shadowy spirits. Rex could just detect the dark form of his guide leading. To his mind she seemed to move over the ground more like an ethereal being than one of flesh and blood, and more than once Rex found himself wondering whether after all she might not in some measure partake of the wonderful personality with which in the minds of the Zambodi she was endowed; though each time she smiled at his folly and secretly chided himself for being influenced by the air of superstition with which he had of late been so completely surrounded.

He proved more cautious in his progress, despite the fact that he had hitherto prided himself on his agile qualities, and his long experience in the thunders of an African thicket. Perhaps this was partly due to the fact that he believed it would keep his eyes on the trim figure of the girl just ahead. Sometimes the very gods men worship prove an ignis fatuus for their feet.

At least Hastings would have done better to have paid more attention to the perils that beset his path.

His feet became caught in a dangling vine, without his being aware of the fact, and the consequence was, when he attempted to take another step, he felt his support give way, so that he went crashing into the bushes with noise enough to alarm the dead.

Rex felt startled exclamations, a rush of feet, and loud signal cries, proclaiming that suspicion had been aroused and a pursuit already inaugurated.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### HOPE IN A SCOTCH CLAYMORE.

Hastings disengaged his clumsy feet from the sticky tangle, and almost immediately erect, in time to hear the result of his unlucky contretemps.

The mischief was already done, and nobody but children and fools cry over spilt milk. Only immediate and hasty flight remained, with the necessity of leaving the girl behind, and inwardly cursed himself for a clumsy jackass. Self-castigation never availed anything, and Rex had never forgotten the lay of the land upon witnessing the annual march of a set of fanatics called Flagellants in New Mexico, who had once beaten a path across the sands, scourging each other and themselves with whips like scorpions, following out the Mohammedan custom of self-mortification in order to secure remission of sins done in the body, until covered with blood, and their flesh like raw beefsteak, they lay under the ordeal.

The voice of Maid Marian recalled him to his senses. "The most likely," she exclaimed, and spit his teeth at the thought of leaving so disastrously ruined traces of success when they seemed sure to lead.

Whether they started. She was as swift as a bird, and blood, who had once actually peered down at his qualities as a sprinter, began to believe he must have had his shoes, his feet seemed so heavy, with the he he urged her to leave him, for he thought not of his own peril, only that which must come upon the daily witch should she fall into the power of that bad old magician whose hatred exceeded all bounds.

The girl indignantly refused to profit by her superior lightness of foot, and preceding him in the mad race seemed to be only intent on selecting the easiest route so that he might make time.

Pursued they were beyond a shadow of a doubt, for on every hand wild shouts rang audible like the rush of feet and the swish of branches after the passage of swift forms, all told the story.

Rex could see but one fan to such a mad chase. It would be utterly impossible to elude their pursuers, swarming after them, more than one of whom might be a mortal Mercury, so far as speed was concerned.

By degrees they would be overwhelmed, and sooner or later must turn at bay, to stand and punt for breath and means of escape from scores of enraged sav.

He could see the blacks swarm at bay—wolver he howl.

# Suffocating With Croup

Croup is the terror of every mother and the cause of frequent deaths among young children. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine brings prompt relief, relieves the cough, makes breathing easy, and prevents suffocation. It is mothers' favorite remedy for coughs, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough and asthma.

Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 Macdonald street, Barrie, Ont., says: "Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its power of curing croup and croup. My little girl has been subject to the croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I cannot speak too highly of it."

25 cents a bottle, all dealers, or Edmonston, Bross & Co., Toronto.

## Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

would sing with the rush of assailed, and they would make a human pin-cushion of his wretched body.

Well, what of it? Every one must do some time or other, and a brave man cannot ask a more glorious end than the fate of a soldier, his face to the foe.

How many thousands of valiant souls thus met their fate at Balaklava, Inkermann, Waterloo, and elsewhere, and the host of battles around Richmond? Bah! after all, only a little strengthening of the nerves is needed to go down a hero, looking the inevitable calmly in the eye. There are souls that remain unconquered even in death. Witness the commands of a British troopship that foundered off the African coast—when it was discovered that the vessel must go down, and the boats were lost or splintered, he defied the grim monster, sounded the call to quarters, marshalled his men on deck, and as the vessel sank the military band was playing "God Save the Queen."

It was not about himself Rex felt the most concerned—the thought of Marian's probable fate racked his heart with anguish and almost forced a groan from his lips.

One once did the idea enter his head that she might have some object in altering their course—indeed, the command of a British troopship that foundered off the African coast—when it was discovered that the vessel must go down, and the boats were lost or splintered, he defied the grim monster, sounded the call to quarters, marshalled his men on deck, and as the vessel sank the military band was playing "God Save the Queen."

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she knew full well that with these men tigers in pursuit they would never escape by direct flight.

A terrible tragedy was impending. She doubtless thought more of the American than of her self. If a stay in the execution could be secured, something might crop up in their favor.

This was the utmost of her hope—to rest off the evil moment as long as possible.

She knew of a chance—perhaps a very slim one, but anything was better than the certain fate awaiting them if they continued to exhaust themselves in the unequal race.

Without warning Rex suddenly saw the blockade on his left, and by this he knew they had almost retraced their course.

Then for the first time it dawned upon his mind that Marian had some plan in view—he watched her more closely than before, endeavoring to permit his almost exhausted strength in order to be ready for the crisis, which he knew must be close at hand.

A wall loomed up in front—what appeared to be the front of a log cabin, strange as such a thing might seem in this country where the natives seldom dream of putting up a shelter more substantial than those made of grass and bark, with thatched roofs.

The girl darted through the doorway. Hastings followed, but staggering, fell.

She seized hold of his arm and with a strength he had not dreamed she possessed dragged him across the still, even while the savage shouts sounded in his ears that told of the arrival of the enemy.

Then the heavy door was slammed shut and a bar dropped into place, but not an instant too soon, for the dull impact of human bodies striking the timbers could be distinctly heard.

Rex had by this time managed to struggle to his knees.

He was somewhat confused, but the fact that they were temporarily safe from the fury of the black horde made a deep impression on his mind.

Nor was he apt to soon forget that he had been drawn behind the barricade by the little white hand of the fair being across whose path he had been thrown by one of the strangest freaks on record.

With each passing second Rex became more like himself, and presently was able to use his voice.

He discovered what manner of place it might be they had entered. Along the American frontier in days gone by, the rude cabins had sheltered the early settlers, and were on many an occasion of attack turned into a sort of fort.

Behind the door the inmates used the door as a point of defense, and the door was the point of defense.

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# Take Care of the Children.

At this time of the year every mother should jealously watch the health of her children. At the very first sign of a cough or cold she should adopt measures to break it up, for it is the precursor of much more acute and dangerous complications—such as Whooping Cough, Croup—perhaps even Consumption—these surely follow in the train of neglected colds. The enervating influences of summer leave a child's system weakened—it needs toning up and invigorating, the blood is thin and ought to be enriched, the whole body requires vitalizing. For more than half a century the best known agent for this purpose has been Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure. It is a never failing remedy. It has rebuilt and strengthened more enfeebled constitutions than any other medicine during that long period. It is guaranteed to bring these great results—if it fails to do so, the purchase money will be refunded in full. Read the opinion of Dr. H. E. Forbes, an old lady, whose grand-children owe their lives to Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure.

When taken in time Cures Croup in a night.

S. C. Wells Co., Toronto, as follows:

"Never shall I forget the agony I experienced that night, when little Tommy was taken with the Croup. It was midnight and snowing. Our house was a mile from the nearest village; I had no one to send for the doctor. I had given Tom nearly a bottle of syrup of ipecac without effect. He was suffocating. Frank, with fear, pulled him out of bed, and, as a last resource, made him turn round and round. In fact, I whirled him until he grew nauseated and suddenly threw up a quantity of mucus. His life was saved! With dear old Shiloh's Cough Cure at hand, nowadays, we have no such terrible scenes to contend with, for it prevents them." Sold in Canada and United States, 25c, 50c, and \$1; in England, 1s 2d, 2s 3d and 4s 6d.

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# B.B.B. Cures to Stay Cured

The most chronic diseases of the Stomach, Liver, bowels and Blood.

Thousands of testimonials from those who have been permanently cured by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters speak of its unfailing efficacy in Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Liver Complaint, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Hives, Ringworms, and all blood humors.

If you want to be cured to stay cured, use only B.B.B.

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We want a few more workers in this locality, at once, and in order to secure your co-operation without the delay of correspondence, we herewith explain our full plan in this advertisement. The work is simple and the Machine is easily operated, and with the Guide requires no teacher. If you wish to join our staff of Workers let us hear from you promptly with the Application Form for Stock and Machine filled out and remittance, and we will allot you Stock and send you machine and outfit to begin work at once.

# THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING SYNDICATE LIMITED.

Incorporated by Provincial Charter under the Ontario Companies Act. Authorized Capital Stock, \$180,000.

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO, CANADA

The Syndicate is offering a limited amount of Stock at \$1.00 per share in lots of twenty shares. (Each subscriber of the twenty shares to be furnished a twenty-dollar knitting machine free to work for the Syndicate and to share in the net profits of all goods made.)

The Syndicate has been organized for the purpose of manufacturing knitted goods cheaper than any existing company, to keep down prices, and to oppose as far as a knitting machine and companies which have joined hands to raise prices. To do this successfully it is necessary to get many subscribers. The Syndicate has all goods made by shareholders knitting at their own homes. The Syndicate pays for all properly made goods at once, on receipt of same, and besides paying for the work when sent in will semi-annually divide with its working shareholders the net profits from the sale of all goods made by its shareholders.

The Syndicate sells all goods made by its working shareholders at a low price, and also supplies each working shareholder, free of charge, full directions, samples and yarn to make the goods. The Syndicate furnishes a high speed family seamstress knitting machine, and will last a lifetime with ordinary usage, in the fact the Syndicate will guarantee the machine for twenty years. It will knit from the finest of imported yarns to the coarsest of Canadian wool. The machine is a high speed family seamstress knitting machine, and will last a lifetime with ordinary usage, in the fact the Syndicate will guarantee the machine for twenty years. It will knit from the finest of imported yarns to the coarsest of Canadian wool. The machine is a high speed family seamstress knitting machine, and will last a lifetime with ordinary usage, in the fact the Syndicate will guarantee the machine for twenty years. It will knit from the finest of imported yarns to the coarsest of Canadian wool. 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