

The Mines of Solomon

A Pioneer of Rhodesia Says That Country is the Lost Land of Ophir.

Tells of Discovering Prehistoric Mines Believed to Be King Solomon's Mines.

Journeyed Away Into the Never Never Country Up the Zambesi.

It is a far cry from the darkest fever-infested jungles of the darkest Africa of David Livingstone, above where the Loanga and Great Zambesi flow, to Victoria, B. C., and it is not often that this city, or any other on the Pacific coast, entertains a visitor from there. The men who have wandered through those wilds are few, and when one would patiently wait to hear his story. One of the few men who have travelled through that district, Mr. H. R. de Noon, has been spending a few days at the Dominion hotel in this city, he having arrived via Australia by the steamer Warrimoo. He sailed last night for San Francisco, to endeavor, if possible, to build up a fever-racked frame.

For twenty-five years Mr. de Noon has mined, traded, fought and travelled through the Transvaal, Bechuanaland and Rhodesia, and the native countries some five hundred miles north to the Zambesi. He is the owner of some rich mines discovered by him in Rhodesia, and was the owner of others which he not long since he disposed of in the London markets.

Some of the mines found by him in this newly-opened country were discovered not as prospect holes, but with

their ancient shafts intact after a silence of perhaps fifty centuries; with some of their rudely fashioned mining chisels used in the digging of these shafts, lying where the workers of many centuries ago laid them down, and with their big dumps piled up to be washed, thousands of years before Christ came to earth. These Mr. de Noon believes to be the world-famed King Solomon's mines from where the talents of gold came in their hundreds for the use of the king in building the temple at Jerusalem. These are, he thinks, the mines of Solomon, and Rhodesia of to-day is the land of Ophir of the Bible.

Mr. de Noon, during the course of a talk on the mines of South Africa, ancient and modern, of wars and heroes of wars, of Boers, Kaffirs and other blacks, and other men and matters of those lands, of which this fore-runner of civilization and pioneer prospector is fully qualified to speak, said that though he was always reticent in proclaiming such a belief, he was not too strongly versed in scientific lore, and fearing the questioning of disbelievers—he verily believed that these mines which he has located in what to-day the map makers name after Rhodes as situated in that identical land of Ophir to which the ships of Hiram's navy went for the golden stores.

King Solomon's Mines. They came from the south, says the historian of the Bible in telling of how Hiram's ships went for the clean-up and Mr. de Noon believes this coming from the south refers to the trip up the east coast of Africa, where, according to legends, traditions, and what information can be gleaned from the natives, was evidently the landing port of the fleet.

Many things point to this, firstly, no gold has been found in Madagascar or in India, therefore it was to Africa that the ships came, and to the land of Ophir. Another link in the chain of circumstantial evidence connecting the visit of the puny-like flotilla of Hiram to Sofala bay, the Portuguese harbor on the East African coast is that not far from Baira, the growing town on Sofala bay which is the terminus of the Beira and Port Salisbury railway, one of the recently projected lines of Cecil Rhodes to feed the Cape to Cairo railway, are many ruined ancient towns, now sunken beneath the earth, but day by day more of their columns of little granite blocks and falling buildings and "corruces" are being unearthed by the archaeologist and traveller. Every day more evidence is being brought to light that thousands of years ago, these were cities of the much sought for land of Ophir.

For at least a strip of one hundred miles in Portuguese territory and Ghasiland these ancient villas are to be found, and in Rhodesia they are being discovered throughout a territory ranging for over four hundred miles, together with numbers of these pre-historic mines such as has been located by Mr. de Noon. There is no doubt about the fact, in his opinion, that this is

The Land of Ophir, and the mines are those of King Solomon.

However, be that as it may, whether they are the old mines found by Mr. de Noon while beating a path for civilization, are those of King Solomon or mines of other ancient and modern owners, they are mines in which the miners told thousands of years before Christ. They are and have been rich mines as is plainly proven by the rich returns gained by the present discoverer and others from the big dumps left by the ancient workers. The old shafts are to be found at intervals stretching over territory for at least four hundred miles north of Port Salisbury, formerly known as Bulawayo when Rhodesia was Mashonaland, the capital of Rhodesia.

Describing these pre-historic mines, Mr. de Noon says the greater portion of them are very big at the mouth of the shaft, much larger than the shaft of the modern mine, and they are all built up

with tailings and debris around the mouth of the shaft. They taper as they go down as though they were the reverse of a monster cone, verging into nothingness at the bottom. Everything points to the fact that the manner of sinking these mines was most peculiar. From all evidence it seems to be shown that they were dug with chisels rudely made from iron similarly to the way in which the natives manufacture their assegai heads. Numbers of the chisels have been found in the vicinity of the ancient workings. As the work of deep mining progressed, the workers assembling built up the debris in baskets strung from their shoulders, climbing to the shaft tops and dumping the dirt around the pit mouth.

Near by the most of these ancient shafts are ruined cities, with the

Remains of Fine Buildings. mostly of granite, built of blocks not very different from those of road paver. These "ruined" buildings, the stone of which is so preserved that one would think it had only stood for perhaps a matter of three years, contrast most strangely with the bee-hive like kraals of the latter-day natives, loudly proclaiming the retrogression of to-day. The strange thing about these strange buildings and ruins is that although the stones are keyed together with all firmness, not a trace of the use of mortar is to be seen. One of the finest of these old ruins is to be seen at Zambesi, near the town of Fort Victoria in Rhodesia, where the remains of a house, built by a man who with his men fell fighting against fearful odds in the last Matabele campaign, are buried.

Dr. Dent, an archeologist sent out by the Imperial government to examine these ruins, has placed a collection of the implements of iron, mining chisels and other things in the museum at Capetown, and in a book published by him, "The Mined Cities of Mashonaland"—Rhodes was first called Mashonaland—he suggests that the ruined towns were built by either Phoenicians or Moors. Mr. de Noon has gathered much information among his travels among the native tribes which leads him to form quite a different opinion to that of the doctor. While admitting that he is not so well posted in science as Dr. Dent, he being instead a prospector, he would trade a traveller by desire, and a fighter sometimes of necessity, he gathers from travels through the unexplored portions of the country, and the traditions and customs of the tribes, that the early inhabitants of this land of Ophir were either Phoenicians or Moors, but Arabians, or the same people as they of Arabia and the northern deserts he did not now, but it was not unlikely.

In working their mines the ancient Arabs or whatever people they were—never touched the reefs. They only worked the strata and smaller leads, probably not being able to work the reefs and ledges with the incomplete tools at their command. That their mines were rich was again evidenced when the prospectors of Rhodesia found and set to work on their long-abandoned mines and tailings. When the miners who came upon one of these mounds of golden deposits, the bequests of the miners of Ophir who had carried the alluvial debris up from

The Deep Conical Diggings basketful by basketful, they took out three hundred ounces of gold to the ton—over \$4,500 in gold to every ton they washed. The miner seldom keeps news of good fortune to himself, and those prospectors of Rhodesia wrote long screeds to the papers of Fort Salisbury and of other towns in that part of Africa. Then there was quite a stampede to the Rhodesian mines, but the prehistoric dumps were discovered by the fortunate few.

Of the ancient mines, many still remain silent as of old, untrodden by the hob-nail boot of the miner of to-day. The miners who stampeded to the diggings were, however, only disappointed in the extent of the richness of the mines to secure. Although they were all not able to rake out 300 ounces to the ton, many found good gold producing lands, for the country is rich throughout, and those who located properties were soon earning big returns.

To show how the reefs of Rhodesia are paying Mr. de Noon asked for an example recently made of one of his mining properties in Rhodesia. It gave 74 pennyweight of gold and 24 of silver. He has in all five mines, as well as some coal deposits in Rhodesia and the country to the north.

One Singular Thing about placer—or as the African miner calls them—alluvial deposits, in that country is that there is no difference and the richness of the gravel between the surface and the bedrock. In other mining countries when a miner gets down to bedrock he usually finds increased pay, but there the mine seldom produces better than at the top, no matter how far down the mine shafts are sunk, though occur in the quartz mines. This is a question which experts seem unable to explain.

Mr. de Noon regards Rhodesia as probably

The Most Promising Country in Africa. It is highly mineralized from border to border. Rhodesia is not an old country. The British flag was first raised at Bulawayo on September 18th, 1890. Since then it has undergone three wars. Its residents have fought against the Portuguese across its borders for the old Union Jack, the people of the Portuguese strip having invaded them when the feeling was so bitter against England in Portugal some years ago, when the British consulate was mobbed at Lisbon. During the fight with the Portuguese, who were driven from the then Mashonaland, a singular but fortunate coincidence occurred. General Ferreira, one of the Boer leaders killed in the present war, was leading a Boer trail as they laid their marches into new territory, into Rhodesia, just north of the Transvaal border and close to the Portuguese border, and the driving back of the Portuguese also effected the retirement of the Boers.

The other two Wars of the Rhodesians were against the natives, the Matabeles. In these campaigns there was some hard fighting, and many good lives were lost. The second rising of the Matabeles, Mr. de Noon said, all of Rhodesia believe to have been precipitated by the

Jameson raid. Mr. de Noon was in Fort Salisbury at the time of the raid, and as Dr. Jameson had drawn a good many men from there, all knew that there was going to be a fuss, but where? The story was that Dr. Jameson's force was to attack Chief Kruger in Bechuanaland, but as Kama was known to be peaceable the mystery deepened. Explanation soon came when the news was received that the Transvaal border had been crossed, and soon afterwards came the word of the smashing of the raid at Doornkop. News travels quick among the native tribes of South Africa, every bit as quick as the telegraphic reports of the white men, and when the Matabeles heard of the smashing of the raid, they proclaimed throughout their villages that the Matabeles—the white men—had been defeated; and then came the second rising. Again the well-tried colonists fought like men to save their land from the savage, and how they succeeded and at what cost the pages of history tell. The tragic story of the annihilation of brave Capt. Wilson whose brother is numbered among the slain, by all hands of the Empire in Rhodesia, who remains now sleep in the ruined city of Zambesi in the vicinity of Fort Victoria, is all too fresh on the world's memory to need repetition. This and other only too well known stories of futile heroism tell of the cost of this rising.

This was the danger which again confronted the land of Rhodesia when the present war began in October last, but thanks to the

Good Work of Col. Plummer and his troops of irregular cavalry, the danger has to a great extent been removed. It was not an idle fear that was upon the Rhodesians, for it was common talk among the kraals that the Matabeles were fighting the Boers, and all that was needed to create a rising was the receipt of news that the Boers were winning battles. If the report that the Boers were winning battles was announced, all feared that the natives would seize what they perceived to be their opportunity and march on Fort Salisbury, and other Rhodesian towns. The general newspaper reader looks only at Col. Plummer's efforts to relieve Mafeking, in considering his work in this war, but Mr. de Noon says the Rhodesian has much to thank Col. Plummer for. He has saved Rhodesia by keeping not only the portmanteau Boers in check, but also the Matabeles.

Both Col. Plummer and the gallant defender of Mafeking, Col. Baden-Powell, are well known to Mr. de Noon, for he fought side by side with them in the wars of Rhodesia.

Both are Great Favorites with the people of South Africa, the latter especially. He was considered a hero before his gallant defence of the little border town. Even the Dutchmen themselves have an open admiration for him. The Boers fear those irregular troops, these trained African fighters, more than they would twice as many or even more powerful Tommies. Were it not for the fear of Baden-Powell and his troops that is deep within their hearts, they would perhaps long ago have been tempted to rush Mafeking, but knowing the irregulars who form his garrison of old, they fear the attack.

Col. Plummer and Baden-Powell are both men of iron constitutions, used to every form of African warfare, and versed in every trait of not only the Boer character, but also that of the native. Baden-Powell is the recognized leader of all scouts. Of the country around Mafeking Mr. de Noon says it is very flat and offers very little cover, a most unfavorable battlefield from a Boer point of view.

Of the other notable personalities connected with the war who are among the acquaintances of Mr. de Noon is

Cecil Rhodes. Speaking of the man blamed by the Boers for having caused that war, Mr. de Noon pays him the tribute of being not only a clever and resourceful man, but a brave one. The presence of Rhodes in Kimberley increased the strength of its garrison more than the average reader

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would think, for the personality of Rhodes would be a great tower of strength to those in the beleaguered city. Mr. de Noon knows the South African millionaire very well, having been connected with the Rhodesian mines before he went northward to prospect and mine on his own account.

He credits Rhodes with much of the responsibility for the ill-advised raid. Rhodes had again and again called the attention of the British government to the Boer preparations and intrigues, and when no attention had been given to the warnings, it seems that he brought on the raid to bring matters to a focus. The raid though, while it was lamentable in one sense was opportune in another, for it checkedmate a deep-laid German Boer plot. Mr. Rhodes undoubtedly knew that the conspiracy had laid its plans to strike, and he warned the British government, which was also aware of the intrigues. When no action was taken by the British government this South African millionaire resolved for once to take the work of the Empire into his own hands and call the conspirators, as it were, off the failure of the raid history tells, but it is doubtful if Jameson would have made a like failure had he been fully in the secret of the plans of Rhodes, which is a question. Dr. Leyds, the present Boer agent in Europe, was the mover of the leading lights in the conspiracy.

However, aside from the attempts of Rhodes to take unto himself the rights to do Imperial work, without authority, he has done a great deal for the

Upholding of British Supremacy in South Africa. For years he has checkedmate all the Boer plans for a United South Africa under the Dutch flag.

Mr. de Noon has a story to tell concerning the great antipathy of Miss Olive Schreiner, sister of the President of Cape Colony, to Cecil Rhodes. It is, according to what he heard in Africa, a case of unrequited love. The authoress set her cap for the promoter, and on him ignoring her advances, as is the way of women who love to hate.

As for Premier Schreiner he owes all his advancement to Rhodes, and his present antagonism to Rhodes is another exhibition of Afrikaner gratitude. The two men are the now

Leaders of Opposing Factions in South Africa. Rhodes leads the Britishers and Schreiner the Afrikaners, who, while as such they must be, are not so united South Africa, under another flag than the Union Jack. Schreiner is looked upon with much suspicion by the people of South Africa, some calling him a "made in Germany local British subject," he was fully aware of the fact that the large amounts of cannon and ammunition that was being carried through Cape Colony for some time prior to the war was to be used against Britain, but not the slightest step did he take to stop the ingoing of the arms and munitions.

Rhodes is credited with being responsible for the present war by many papers and people, said Mr. de Noon, but every right-minded man in Africa knows that there would have been war just the same had there never been any Cecil Rhodes. Many are ready to see the bad points of Rhodes—and it is admitted that he has many—but still he has many good ones, and there is no man in the world who has a keener insight into the future of South Africa than the same Cecil Rhodes. He is a man of the future in the country, but unlike many, he

Has Not Trekked Home to spend it. Much of his private capital has been building up of many of his African enterprises. Take for instance the Beira-Fort Salisbury railway, giving Rhodesia communication with the east coast. He could not get the government to build this line, and rather than let it drop, he came forward with his own money.

He plainly foresaw the present war, and often told the British government that it was bound to come. To-day his prophecies are coming true. The Boer has always been bitter against the British, and since the war of 1881 the malice has been deep-rooted. The raid of 1894, of course, intensified the feeling against the British, and the Boer arsenal began to fill for the struggle which the Boers have been waging since the day of the Boer war, which should end the power of Britain. They hoped that when the outbreak came it would give birth to a European war, and while the allied countries of Europe downed the British supremacy—the Boer pictured it—they would swoop down from Zambesi to the Cape, and all the land south of the big river would be a Boer republic. How the Boer hopes and wishes have been flattened the history of the past few months tell.

Dr. Jamieson, of the raid, is well known to Mr. de Noon. He saw him last at Fort Salisbury not long before the outbreak of the war. The people tried to get the raid leader to address them in the town hall, but he would not, saying that it was then a time for action, not for words. He afterwards went out and applied for military service, and when refused a commission on account of the raid, he went into beleaguered Ladysmith, where he doctored the fever victims until he fell a victim himself. With him in the garriotte of Ladysmith was Col. Rhodes, a brother of Cecil, and two other noted members of the Johannesburg Reform League.

The Little Englanders and the continental press have accused Hon. Joseph Chamberlain of complicity in the raid, but in the opinion of Mr. de Noon, and as far as he could learn, according to the public sentiment of South Africa, the British war leader undoubtedly had no knowledge of the raid until its abrupt ending at Doornkop. There are many stories among the people of Africa concerning the raid, and one, which, however, finds little belief, is that Oom Paul Kruger himself and his party were among those mixed up in it.

The acquaintances of Mr. de Noon, whose names by reason of this war have become notorious, are not limited to Britishers. He knows Oom Paul Kruger well, but has not much that is good to say of the old President of the Transvaal. Of General Joubert, though, whom he well knows, he speaks well, and places him at the head of the Boers in his acquaintanceship. President Kruger and General Joubert have never agreed. Kruger is an anti-progressist and wants

none other than Boers or Hollanders in the country. He does not want improvement of things modern, unless it be that the promoters of the railway or what other modernization is trying to come into the Transvaal is willing to silence the conscience of Mr. Kruger with golden salve, while Joubert, on the other hand, is a strong progressist, and looks to the improvement of the country in every possible way. He favors the introduction of railways and the opening up of mines and manufactures. It is a well known fact that had he had his way there would have been no war.

The average Boer, says Mr. de Noon, while there are exceptions, is of course, is little better than a white Kaffir. All the Kaffirs want are wives and cattle. He does not favor the coming of the white man and the white man's ways. He wishes to remain

Just as His Fathers Were. The Boers is the same. They live as their fathers did, with a few cattle around the house; if food is needed they can go and shoot a springbok. Advance is not wanted. The coming of the British, or other outsider, saving the Hollanders, is looked upon with disfavor. They wanted to fill the country with Hollanders, and like the Irishmen, who are appointed to the police force on arriving at New York, the Hollanders who go to the Transvaal are soon given government offices in preference to all others.

The Orange Free State people are a much more enlightened people on the whole than the Transvaalers, and had it not been for President Steyn, Attorney-General Reitz and other political leaders, it is doubtful if the people would ever have joined the Boers. After the British defeated them at Bloemfontein, and having defeated them, handed back their country to them, one would scarcely think they had a grievance against the British. Nor have the people, President Steyn and his benchmen are responsible for the Free States entering the field. Had Sir John Brand, now landroast at Bloemfontein, been still in the presidential chair, things would have been different.

While he was on the subject of the war, and things pertinent thereto, Mr. de Noon told of the topography of

The Country About Kroonstadt and Wynberg, here the Boers are assembling for what appears to be their last stand. It is, he says, what might be termed a rolling country. There are, it is true, several ranges of hills crossing the country, here and there, but for the most part it is flat. There are a few large trees, but the whole place is covered with a stunted scrub, something like a heather of a little larger growth than that of the Scottish moors. There are some kopjes, but they are not as thickly dotted about the land as in other parts of the country.

Few people outside those of Africa, Mr. de Noon says, can grasp what is meant by the word "kopje." It is difficult of explanation. A kopje is practically a rising conical shaped peak in its true sense of the word. The best way to explain it, perhaps, is that it means an abrupt rising, no matter what size. A cairn of stones, if it rises abruptly, is a kopje, or again a great mountain may be a kopje, or a higher peak in a range of mountains, a more conical shaped peak on a mountain top. There is little cover in this district as compared with that to the south.

While the Boer government has little else to be said to its credit, thinks Mr. de Noon, it governs the Kaffir better than the British. As soon as the traveller crosses the boundary line from Rhodesia into the Transvaal, or into the Portuguese strip, he says, at once remarked in the Kaffir behavior is at once remarked. Both the Boer and the Portuguese authorities keep the Kaffir in his place, and keep the distinction well defined that there is a wide difference between a White Skin and a Black One.

In Rhodesia, Cape Colony or Natal, the blacks are sometimes quiet, insolent. They will often jostle the white man in the streets, and if the white man remonstrates he is hauled before a magistrate and usually fined. The Kaffir in British territory is taught that he is free and equal to the white man. That may be all very well, but Mr. de Noon holds that his experience among the blacks from the Cape to the Zambesi has shown him that it is better that the line of distinction be firmly drawn, and the black man kept down.

Travelling as he has done so widely through Central Africa, Mr. de Noon has a wide circle of experiences to tell of his trips through hitherto untrodden wilds, accompanied only by the train of black boys carrying his supplies on their heads. He says he has found that the most of

the tribes profess belief in a supreme being, while many others have the deities of the woods for their gods, the lion being a favorite. He has a great appreciation of the native chiefs, and among them he credits to his never having paid attention to any ruler that they have made, but accounting himself a superior being, going into their villages at any time without ceremony. The man who probably he murdered before he has gone far into the country, but the man who shows a contempt for them is as safe in the wild as on the streets of Capetown. The custom prevails among most African villages that, upon arrival after nightfall is accounted an enemy. Many chiefs demand that their visitors shall not enter the village until permission has been given, and some have been known to keep men waiting a ridiculously long time, saying that a

Gods Ought to be Spoken To, or something of that sort. Lobengula has been known to keep men waiting as long as two months, and Kama and others have held the desiring visitor as long as three months. Mr. de Noon made it a rule never to stand on ceremony and wait, and found that it gave him even a better standing with the black man than if he had.

In all the villages he visited he never took any of the chiefs by surprise. They knew of his coming; all had a full description of him and his boys, and even in the most removed parts of the country they knew of his intention of visiting the tribes months before he came.

How the news travels so rapidly does not long remain a surprise to the traveller, for he soon finds out that the natives have telegraphic system of their own. The rapidity with which news is carried for hundreds of miles by these blacks has long been a mystery to the uninitiated. To quote an instance of the rapid carrying of news by the blacks, Mr. de Noon tells of how the natives sent the news of the defeat of the Matabeles at Beluwa. The telegraph wires were down, the natives having cut them to make bracelets of the wire, and it was not until the wire could be repaired that the field force were able to communicate the news of their victory to Bulawayo. Imagine the surprise of the troops when the operator at Bulawayo replied to their operator that they had known of the victory for some days past and could tell the loss on the Matabele side. The news had reached Bulawayo three days before the troops could send it.

Another instance remarked by Mr. de Noon of how the natives had carried the news of a battle over hundreds of miles, Faster Than the Telegraphers

could send it. This was when the unfortunate 24th were wiped out at Isandhlwana, in the Zulu campaign. On the day after the battle a number of the blacks at Durban told their masters that "away up in the hills there was in one place a field filled with many white men lying dead." The blacks were not believed, and it was not until ten days later that the sad news was confirmed by news from the British troops.

Mr. de Noon says it is not by the beating of drums, as many have said, that the blacks carry the news, but by shouting which advises they have from range to range. The runner co-oes up, and the news is answered from the succeeding ranges, and thus the news is passed along. This is the working of the Kaffirgram.

Many are the

Strange Customs of the Blacks, and because of one of those customs more evidence is obtainable of the great antiquity of the native races or Rhodesia. Whenever the blacks are about to cross a mountain traverse, a thick, and probably animal infested wood, or wherever they are overtaken by nightfall, the travelling natives throw a stone, or places stones in the branches of trees, to emblemize, as it were, a prayer. At the approaches to mountains, jungles, and other places where the black dreads danger, great mounds and cairns of stones are to be seen. The average prayers of the journeying blacks are for protection from lions, protection for friends and relatives left behind, or more frequently, that his legs may be strengthened for his journey. Some of these prayer stone cairns have attained a prodigious height, showing that the stones must have been accumulating for at least five thousand years.

The novel "She" has been taken by the general reader as fiction, pure and simple, but in the travels of Mr. de Noon he has found that in a measure this character of Rider Haggard

Has a Foundation in Fact.

There are many tribes who believe in a woman such as "She" of Haggard. The Basutos, who seem to have been one of the primitive races, from whom many other tribes are descended, and of the ages, have sprung, are strong in this belief, but those who entertain it most strongly are the people of Mount Wondza to the north of Rhodesia. They believe that this great white Queen, who lives forever, reigns on the fastnesses of Mount Wondza, and none but the religious heads of the tribe ever see her. They believe that she has eternal life. She is, however, different somewhat from the "She" of Haggard, in that she has four breasts, and never under any circumstances appeared without being muffled up from head to foot. She was thought to have power to give rain or withhold it at will, and many other supernatural powers. It was, however, difficult to learn what other attributes this great undying queen was claimed to have, or what were her surroundings and history. The evidence of the tribes to discuss her made the mystery unfathomable to the traveller.

That the tribes, though far apart, and to all intents and purposes not bound by the slightest kinship,

Have Things in Common, was shown to Mr. de Noon when entering a village in Rhodesia, some time after returning from Mount Wondza. As he entered the village the drums were beaten as usual on the coming of an outsider, but the villagers were too engrossed in a dance then in progress to pay much attention. He had seen the same dance in the village of one of the tribes away to the northward, and being familiar with the tribe then dancing, he

sprang into the circle, joining the dance, and as a dirge that he sang, and the chief of the village, Mr. de Noon, who came from our people, the traveller told Mount Wondza went up many points.

As Mr. de Noon Zambesi did not where he became Black V

An African form of led on many tribes well. Although it is reported to have been tribes along the saw a hostile move on the lower river, the chief, who coming through the firmament, met him, and gave him a large, it would be a few would always place Zambesi did the return. In Rhodesia looked for a return. Each village was carry supplies boys were usually cotton, beads or were always carried poses when travelling removed natives. years ago was a month's work.

The Followers are working their can river which d tion of Central A dired miles up fro have established sion is remarkable that it is far rem To the book-lore terest. It is the gard's Allan Qu fact that book was existence. This no doubt, but the as that of the hunter, although Quatermain is t mission, which w his imagination, v istence in fact. of the massacre d to relate, du years after the Speaking of this

Duplex of his King So Author's club, in Haggard said, "I aim to dismystify travel sustaining. In King Solom Quatermain are out of my turbul have been verified. I never had fion that they w fact. When I too a spot then usin sion there, had it occupants killed, mission there—e very killed—a m eece."

In this Jesuit m der of its formo wipe out, Mr. de says. There are there, a Frenchm Austrian. They among the native see any success until the third gers who went up days, carried the missionaries have established to feed sion. The native in the grounds. usually found to

At the Jesuit, b they are again t

Beyond the fever is rife, and think the white acclimatize hims himself was so a hope, and the ing frame down, but 100 pounds, train were so to peance on his they wished to village to attend strong enough to with this in hand, susceptibility of. It is a well est have no gratitude have an abundan When he was

Parting at the coast, he h which could not offered them w cottons and gea with the natives them their wag up a mighty hu no doubt have Rhodesian nativ ward to the l traveller lay, a he had before i says he will nev he refused the o he forgot watch ing on the bank, the written the down the coast. It is another water fever wh to this coast, w the sanitarium ed up: would ropes. He v Melbourne, com from New-Sou here on the Wa When at Cap compliments t Cape to the there by Gahad

A woman, wh nee, and who can't, and who Carter's Iron P the nervous rest.

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