

"Wait, white man, wait," answered the chief in a voice thick with anxiety and fear.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the heavens were lit up again till they literally seemed to flame. There were the men, not four paces apart. A great flash fell between them, I saw them stagger beneath the shock. Indaba-zimbi recovered himself first—at any rate when the next flash came he was standing bolt upright, pointing with his assegai towards his enemy. The chief's son was still on his legs, but he was staggering like a drunken man and the assegai had fallen from his hand.

Darkness, then again a flash, more fearful, if possible than any that had gone before. To me it seemed to come from the east, right over the head of Indaba-zimbi. Next instant I saw the chief's son wrapped, as it were, in the heart of it. Then the thunder pealed, the rain burst on us like a torrent, and I saw no more.

The worst of the storm was done, but for a while the darkness was so dense that we could not move, nor, indeed, was I inclined to leave the safety of the hillside where the lightning was never known to strike and venture down the iron-stone. Occasionally there still came flashes, but in search as we would, we could see no trace of either of the wizards. For my part, I believed that they were both dead. Now the clouds slowly rolled away down the course of the river, and with it went the rain; and now the stars shone out in their wake.

"Let us go and see," said the old chief, rising and shaking the water from his hair. "The fire-fight has ended, let us go and see who has conquered."