first and take his cattle afterwards: still, there was a certain amount of plausi bility about it. While I was still wondering what it all might mean, the Zalus began to run past us in companies towards the river. Suddenly a shout amounced that they had found the spoor of the cattle, and the whole imple of them started down it at a run till they vanished over a rise about a quarter of a mile away.

We waited for half an hour or more, but nothing could we see of them.

"Now I wonder if the devils have really gone," said Hans Botha to me.
"It is very strange."

"I will go and see," said Indaba-zimbi, "if you will come with me, Macuma-

"if you will come with me, Macuma-

ridge and look over."
At first I hesitated, but curiosity over-came me. I was young in those days

and weary with suspense.

"Very well," I said, "we will go."
So we started. I had my elephant gun
and ammunition. Indaba-zimbi had his
medicins bag and an assegal. We crept

to the top of the rise like sportsmen stalk ing a buck. The slope on the other side

grew bushes and tall grass.

They must have gone down the Donga," I said to Indaba-zimbi, "I can't see

s I spoke there came a roar of men

all around me. From every rock, from every tuft of grass rose a Zulu warrior. Before I could turn, before I could lift a

gus, I was seized and thrown. 'Hold him! Hold the white spirit

fast" cried a voice, "Hold him, or he

wil slip away like a snake. Don't hurt him, but hold him fast. Let Indaba-

I turned on Indaba-zimbi. "You black

vil, you have betrayed me!" I cried.

"Wait and see, Macumazahn," he an swered, coolly. "Now the fight is going to begin."

k e e ping me to make me into medicine? I had heard of such things being done by Zulus and kindred tribes, and my blood ran cold at

the thought. What an end! To be

pounded up, made medicine of, and

However, I had little time for further

reflection, for now the whole impi was

pouring back from the Donga and river

banks where it had hidden while their ruse

was carried out, and once more formed

up on the side of the slope. I was taken

the center of the reserve line in the espe-

cial charge of a huge Zulu named Bom-

byane, the same man who had come for-ward as a herald. This brute seemed to

regard me with an affectionate curiosity.

with the handle of his assegai, as though to assure himself that I was solid, and

several times he asked me to be so good

as to prophesy how many Zulus would

be killed before the "Amaboona," as

they called the Boers, were "caten up."
At first I took no notice of him be-

youd scowling, but presently, goaded

into anger, I prophesied that he would

walked a long way from Zululand, and

And he got it shortly, as will be seen.

Now the Zulus began to sing again:

We have caught the white spirit, my brother, my

brother! Iron tongue whispered of him, he smelt him out,

Now the Maboona are ours-they are already

zimbi had betrayed me. Suddenly the

chief of the impi, a gray haired man

named Sususa, held up his assegai, and

instantly there was silence. Then he

spoke to some indunas who stood near

him. Instantly they ran to the right

and left down the first line, saying a

word to the captain of each company as

they passed him. Presently they were

at the respective ends of the line, and

simultaneously held up their spears. As

they did so, with an awful roar of "Ru-

lata Amaboona" ("Slay the Boers"), the

entire line, numbering nearly a thousand

nen, bounded forward like a buck start-

led from its form, and rushed down

upon the little laager. It was a splen-

did sight to see them, their assegais glit-

tering in the sunlight as they rose and

fell above their black shields, their war

plumes bending back upon the breeze,

and their fierce faces set intently on the

foe, while the solid earth shook beneath

the thunder of their rushing feet. I

thought of my poor friends the Dutch-

men, and trembled. What chance had

Now the Zulus, running in the shape

of a bow so as to wrap the laager round

on three sides, were within seventy

yards, and now from every wagon broke

tongues of fire. Over rolled a number of the Umtetwa, but the rest cared little,

On they rushed right up the laager,

striving to force a way in. But the

Boers plied them with volley after vol-

ley, and, packed as the Zulus were, the

small shot did frightful execution. Only

one man ever got on to a wagon, and as

he did so I saw a Boer woman strike

him on the head with an ax. He fell

from the two lines on the hill side, the

diers on the slope, among whom I was,

to their chief, who had come up. "You

have sent out the little girls to fight, and

they are frightened. Let us show them

the way."
"No, no!" the chief Sususa answered,

laughing. "Wait a minute and the little

girls will grow to women, and women

are good enough to fight against Boers!"

of their fellows, and rushed forward again with a roar. But the Boers in the

langer had found time to load, and they

met with a warm reception. Reserving

their fire till the Zulus were packed like

sheep in a kraal, they loosed into them

with the roots, and the warriors fell in

little heaps. But I saw that the blood of

the Umtetwas was up; they did not

mean to be beaten back this time, and

the end was near. See! six men had

leapt on to the wagon, slain the man be-

hind it and sprung into the laager. They

were killed there, but others followed

and then I turned my head. But I could

not shut my ears to the cries of rage and

death, and the terrible S'gee! S'gee! of

the savages as they did their work of

murder. Once only I looked up and

saw poor Hans Botha standing on a

wagon smiting down men with the butt

of his rifle. Then assegais shot up to-

wards him like tongues of steel, and

The attacking Zulus heark the mockery

back, and slowly, amid howls of derision

"Let us go, father!" shouted the sol-

elephant guns loaded with slugs and

they against so many?

Zulus drew back.

So that treacherous villain Indaba-

only laughed aloud. "Oh! white

be dead in an hour!

shall be glad of a rest,"

dead, my brother.

Now and again he poked me in the ribs

the crest of the slope and placed in

GASPED with

wonder and rage. What did that

scoundrel Inda-

Why had I been

drawn out of the

laager and seized.

and why, being select, was I not instantly killed. They called me the "White

Spirit." Could it

be that they were

mean?

ba-zimbi

zimbi walk by his side."

DATERMAIN'S WIFE. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Jores "Colonel Quaritch, V. C.," "M Booms Will," "A Tale of Three Liones "Aftan Quatermain," "Shop" "Japa," etc. CHAPTER IV.

taken care country so able to find the spot again, we proceeded on our journey. For a

the line which ow divides the Orange Free state from riqualand West, and the Transvaal from

depopulated. Not very long before Mo-silikatri the Lion, Chaka's general, had swept across it in his progress toward what is now Matapeleland. His foot-steps were evident enough. Time upon time I trokked up to what had evidently been the sites of the Kaffir kraals. Now the kraals were ashes and piles of tum-bled stones, and strewn about among the rank grass were the bones of hunthe rank grass were the bones of hur dreds of men, women and children, all of whom had kissed the Zulu assegai.

We were trekking parallel with the Kolng river when a herd of blesbock crossed the track. I fired at one of them and hit it behind. It galloped about a thousand yards with the rest of the herd then lay down. As we were in want of meat, not having met with any game fo a few days past, I jumped on to my re-maining horse, and, telling Indaba-zimbi that I would overtake the wagons or meet them on the further side of a rise about an hours trek away, I started after the wounded buck. As soon as I came within a hundred vards of it. however, it jumped up and ran away as fast as though it were untouched, only to lie down again at a distance. I followed, thinking that strength would soon fail it. This happened three times. On the third occasion it vanished behind s ridge, and though by now I was out of both temper and patience I thought I might as well ride to the ridge and see if I could get a shot at it on the further

I reached the ridge, which was strown with stones, looked over it, and saw—a Zulu impi!

I subbed my eyes and looked again. Yes, there was no doubt of it. They were laited about a thousand yards away, by the water; some were lying down, some were cooking at fires, others were stalking about with spears and shields in their hands; there might have been two thou-and of them in all. While I was won-dering-and that with no little uneasiness what on earth they could be doing there, suddenly I heard a wild cry to the right and left of me. I glanced first one way; then the other. From either side two great. Zalus were bearing down on me, their broad stabbing assegals aloft, and black shields in their left hands. The man to the right was about fifteen yards away, he to the left was not more than ten. On they came, their fierce eyes al-most starting out of their heads, and I felt, with a sold thrill of fear, that in another three seconds those great "bang wans" might be buried in my vitals.

On such occasions we act, I suppose more from instinct than anything elseno time for thought. At any rate, I dropped my reins, and, raising my gun, fired point blank at the left-hand man. The bullet struck full in the middle of his shield, pierced it and passed through him, and over he rolled spon the veldt. I swung round in the saddle; most happily my horse was accustomed to standing still when I fired from his back, also be was so surprised he did not know which way to shy. The other savage was almost on me; his outstretched shield touched the muzzle of my gun as I pulled the trigger of the left barrd. At exploded, the warrior spruig legit into the air, so d fell against my harse dead, his spear passing just in front of my face.

Without waiting to reload, or even to look if the main body of the Zulus had seen the death of their two scouts, I turned my horse and drove my heels into his sides. As soon as I was down the slope of the rise I pulled a little to the right, in order to intercept the wagons before the Zulus saw them. I had not gone 300 yards in this new di rection when, to my utter astonishment. struck a trail marked with wagon wheels and the hoofs of oxen. Of wagand several hundred cattle. Morgover, they had passed within twelve hours; I could tell that by the spoor. Then I understood the impi was following the track of the wagons, which in all probability belonged to a party of emigran

The spoor of the wagons ran in the direction I wished to go, so I followed it. About a mile further on I came to the crest of a rise, and there, about five fur-longs away, I saw the wagons drawn up in a rough laager upon the banks of the river. There, too, were my own wagons trekking down the slope towards them.

In another five minutes I was there, Boers-for Boers they were-were nding about outside the little laager tching the approach of my two wag-I called to them, and they turned saw me. The very first man my es fell on was a Boer named Hans whom I had known well years o in the Cape. He was not a bad becimen of his class, but a very restless rson, with a great objection to authory, or, as he expressed it, "a love of reedom." He had joined a party of the nigrant Boers some years before, but, I learned presently, had quarreled h its leader, and was now trekking way into the wilderness to found a lit le colony of his own. Poor fellow! It ras his last trek.

"How do you do, Meinheer Botha?" I and to him in Dutch. The man looked at me, looked again, then, startled out of his Dutch stolidity, cried to his wife, who was seated on the box of the wagon:

"Come here, frau, come. Here is Alian Quatermain, the Englishman, the Heer Quatermain, and what is the news down in the Cape yonder?"

"I don't know what the news is in the Cape, Hans," I answered, solemly; "but news here is that there is a Zulu topi toon your spoor and within two miles of the wagon. That I know, for I ave just shot two of their sentries," and showed him my empty gun.

For a moment there was a silence of astonishment, and I saw the bronzed cos of the men turn pale beneath their while one or two of the women a little scream, and the children

crept to their sides. mighty," cried Hans, "that must in the Umtetwa regiment that Dingson

not come at them because of the marshes, and so were afraid to return to Zululand and struck north to join Mosilikaaye."

"Laager up, Carles! Laager up for your lives, and one of you jump on a horse and drive in the cattle."

At that moment my own wagons came up. Indaba-zimbi was sitting on the box of the first, wrapped in a blanket. I called him and told him the news.

"Ill tidings, Macumazalm," he said; "there will be dead Boers about to-morrow morning, but they will not attack till dawn, then they will wipe out the laager so," and he passed his hand be-fore his mouth.

fore his mouth.

"Stop that croaking, you white headed crow," I said, though I knew that his words were true. What chance had a larger of ten wagons all told against at least two thousand of the bravest savages in the world?

"Macumaraha, will you take my advice this time?" Indaba-zimbi said, presently.

"What is it?" I asked.
"This. Leave your wagons here, jump on that horse, and let us two run for it as hard as we can go. The Zulus won't follow us, they will be looking after the Boers."
"I won't leave the other white men,"

I said; "it would be the act of a coward. If I die, I die." "Very well, Macumazahn, then stay and be killed," he answered, taking a pinch of snuff. "Come, let us see about wagons," and we walked towards

Here everything was in confusion. However, I got hold of Hans Botha and put it to him if it would not be best to desert the wagons and make a run for

"two of the women are too fat to go a mile, one is sick in childbed, and we have only six horses among us. Besides, if we did we should starve in the desert. No. Heer Allan, we must fight it out with the savages, and God help us." "God help us, indeed. Think of the

"I can't bear to think," he answered, in a broken voice, looking at his own little girl, a sweet, curly haired, blue eyed child of 6, named Tota, whom I had often nursed as a baby. "Oh, Heer Allan, your father, the Predicant, always warned me against trekking north, and I never would listen to him because and I never would listen to him because I thought him a cursed Englishman; now I see my folly. Heer Allan, if you can, try to save my child from those black devils; if you live longer than I do, or if you can't save her, kill her, and he clasped my hand. "It hasn't come to that yet, Hans," I

Then we set to work on the laager. The wagons, of which, including my there were ten, were drawn into the form of a square, and the disselboom of each securely lashed with reins to the underworks of that in front of it. The wheels also were locked, and the space between the ground and the bed planks of the wag-ons was stuffed with branches of the 'wait a bit" thorn that fortunately grew near in considerable quantities. In this way a barrier was formed of no mean strength as against a fee unprovided with firearms, places being left for the men to fire from. In a little over an hour everything was done that could be done, and a discussion arose as to the disposal of the cattle, which had been driven up close to the camp. Some of the Boers were anxious to get them into the langer, small as it was, or at least as many of them as it would hold.

I argued strongly against this, pointing out that the brutes would probably be seized with a panic as soon as the fir ing began, and trample the defenders of the laager under foot. As an alternative plan I suggested that some of the native servants should drive the herd along the valley of the river till they reached a tribe, or so Of course, if the Zulus saw them shfety. they would be taken, but the nature of the ground was favorable, and it was possible that they might escape if they started at once. The proposition was at once agreed to, and, what is more, it was settled that one Dutchman and such of the women and children as could travel should go with them. In half an hour's time twelve of them started with the natives, the Boer in charge, and the cattle. Three of my own men went with the latter, the three others and Indaba-zimbi

topped with me in the laager. The parting was a heart breaking scene, upon which I do not care to dwell. The women wept, the men grouped, and the children looked on with scared white faces. At length they were gone, and I for one was thankful of it. There remained in the laager seventeen white men, four natives, the two Boer fraus who were two stout to travel, the woman in childhed and her baby, and Hans Botha's little daughter Tota, whom he could not make up his mind to part with. Happily, her mother was already dead. And here I may state that ten of the women and children, together with about half of the cattle, escaped. The Zulu impi never saw them, and on the third day of travel they came to the fortified place of a Griqua chief, who sheltered them on receiving half the cattle in payment. Thence by slow degrees they journeyed down to the Cape Colony, reaching a civilized region within a little

more than a year from the date of the

attack on the laager. The afternoon was now drawing toward evening, but still there were no signs of the impi. A wild hope struck us that they might have gone on about their business. Ever since Indaba-zimbi had heard that the regiment was supposed to belong to the Umtetwa tribe, he had, I noticed, been plunged in deep thought. Presently he came to me and volunteered to go out and spy upon their movements. At first Hans Botha was against this idea, saying that he was a "verdomde swartzel"-an accursed black creature-and would betray us. I pointed out that there was nothing to betray. The Zulus must know where the wagons were, but it was important for us to gain information of their whereabouts. So it was agreed that Indaba-zimbi should go. I told him this. He nodded his white lock, said "All right, Macumazahn," and started. I noticed with some surprise. however, that before he did so he went to the wagon and fetched his "mouti," or medicine, which, together with his own magical apparatus, he always carried in a skin bag. I asked him why he did this. He answered that it was to make himself invulnerable against the spears of the Zulus. I did not in the

affection for the old fellow, and sincerely hoped that he might escape the doom which overshadowed us. So Indaba-zimbi sauntered off, and as I looked at his retreating form I thought that I should never see it again. But was mistaken, and little knew that he was risking his life, not for the Boers, whom he hated one and all, but for me

least believe his explanation, for in my

heart I was sure that he meant to take

the opportunity to make a bolt of it, leav-

ing me to my fate. I did not, however,

interfere to prevent this, for I had an

whom in his queer way he loved. When he had gone we completed our reparations for defense, strengthening the wagons and the thorns beneath with earth and stones. Then at sunset we ate and drank as heartily as we could under the circumstances, and when we

party offered up prayer to God for our party offered up prayer to God for our preservations; it was a toucting sight to see the burty Dutchman, his hat off, his broad face lit up by the last rays of the setting sun, praying aloud in homely, simple language to Him who alone could gave us from the spears of a cruel foe. I remember that the last sentence of his proven was alone to the last sentence of his prayer was, "Almighty, if we must be killed, save the women and children and my little girl Tota from the accursed Zulus, and do not let us be tortured."

I echoed the request very carnestly in my own heart, that I know, for in com-mon with the others I was dreadfully affaid, and it must be admitted not with-

Then the darkness came on, and we took up our appointed places, each with a rifle in his hands, and peered out into the gloom in silence. Occasionally one of the Boers would light his pipe with a brand from the smoldering fire, and the glow of it would shine for a few moents on his pale, anxious face.

Behind me one of the stout "fraus" lay upon the ground. Even the terror of our position could not keep her heavy eyes from their accustomed sleep, and the snored loudly. On the further side her, just by the fire, lay little Tota, wrapped in a kaross. She was asleep also, her thumb in her mouth, and from time to time her father would come to

look at her.
So the hours were on while we waited for the Zulus. But from my intives I had little fear that they would atso, they could have compassed our de-struction with but small loss to them-selves. It is not the habit of this people, they like to fight in the light of day—at

dawn for preference.

About 11 o'clock, just as I was nodding About 11 o clock, I heard a low whistle outside the laager. Instantly I was wide awake, and all along the line I heard the clicking of locks as the Beers cocked their guns. "Macumazahn," said a voice, the voice

of Indaba simbi, "are you therer"

of Indaba simbi, "are you there?"
"Yes," I answered,
"Then 'hold a light so that I can see how to climb into the laager," he said.
"Yah! 'yah! hold a light," put in one of the Boers. "I don't trust that black schepsel of yours, Heer Quatermain; he may have some of his countrymen with tim." Accordingly a lantern was produced and held towards the voice. There was Indaba-zimbi alone. We let him into the laager and asked

him the news.
"This is the news, white men," he said, "I waited till dark, and creeping up to the place where the Zulus are encamped, hid myself behind a stone and listened. They are a great regiment of Umtetwas, as Buar Botha yonder thought. They struck the spoor of the wagons three days ago and followed it. To-night they sleep upon their spears, to-morrow at daybreak they will attack the laager and kill everybody. They are very bitter against the Boers, because of the battle at Blood river and the other fights, and that is why they followed the wagons instead of going straight north

after Mosilikaayye."

A kind of groan went up from the group of listening Dutchmen. "I tell you what it is, heeren," I said. "instead of waiting to be butchered here like a buck in a pitfall, let us go out now

and fall upon the impi while it sleeps." This proposition excited some discussion, but in the end only one man could be found to vote for it. Boers, as a rule, lack that dash which makes great soldiers; such forlorn hopes are not in their line, and rather than embark upon them they prefer to take their chance in a laager, however poor that chance may be. For my own part, I firmly believe that, had my advice been taken, we should have routed the Zulus. Seventeen desperate white men, armed with guns, would have produced no small effect upon a camp of sleeping savage But it was not taken, so it is no use talking about it.

After that we went back to our posts, and slowly the weary night wore on towards the dawn. Only those who have watched under similar circumstances while they waited the advent of almost certain and cruel death, can know the torturing suspense of those heavy hours. But they went somehow, and at last in the far east the sky began to lighten, while the cold breath of dawn stirred the tilts of the wagons and chilled me to the bones. The fat Datch woman behind me woke with a yawn, then, remembering all, moaned aloud, while her teeth chattered with cold and fear. Hans Botha went to his wagon and got a bottle of peach brandy, from which he poured into a tin pannikin, giving us each a stiff draw, and making attempts to be cheerful as he did so. But his affected jocularity only seemed to depress his comrades the more. Certainly it op-

pressed me. Now the light was growing, and we could see some way into the mist which still hung densely over the river, and now-ah! there it was. From the other side of the hill, a thousand yards or more from the laager, came a faint humming sound. It grew and grew till it gathered to a chant the awful war chant of the Zulus. Soon I could eatch the words. They were simple enough: We shall slay, we shall slay. Is it not so, my

brothers? Our spears shall blush blood red. Is it not so, my

brotherst
For we are the sucklings of Chaks, blood is our
milk, my brothers.
Awake, children of the Umtetwa, awakel

Fire vulture wheels, the jackal snifts the air; Awake, children of the Uniterwa ery aloud, ye ringed men; There is the foc, we shall slay them. Is it not so, my brothers? S'gee! S'gee! S'gee!

Such is a rough translation of that nateful chant which I often hear to this very day in my dreams. It does not ook particularly imposing on paper, but f the reader could have heard it as it colled through the still air from the broats of nearly three thousand warrior singing all to time, he would have found

it impressive enough. Now the shields began to appear over the brow of the rise. They came by companies, each company about a hundred strong. Altogether there were thirty-one companies. I counted them. When all were over they formed themselves into a triple line, then trotted down the slope toward us. At a distance of a hundred and fifty yards, or just out of shot of such guns as we had in those days, they halted and began singing again:

Yonder is the kraal of the white man-a little kraat, my brothers; We shall eat it up, we shall trample it flat, my But where are the white man's cattle-where are

his exen, my brothers? This question seemed to puzzle them a good deal, for they sang the song again and again. At last a herald came forward, a great man with ivory rings on his arm, and putting his hands to his mouth, called out to us asking where our

Hans Botha climbed on to the top of a wagon and roared out that they might answer that question themselves. Then the herald called again, saying that he saw that the cattle had been sent

"We shall go and find the cattle," he said, "then we shall come and kill you, because without cattle you must stop where you are, but if we wait to kill you before we get the cattle, they may have when a looked again he was gone. I turned sick with fear and rage. alasi what could I do? They were all dead now, and probably my own turn was coming, only my death would not

be so swift. The fight was ended, and the two lines on the slope broke their order, and moved down to the laager. Presently we were there, and a dreadful sight it was. Many of the attacking Zulus were was. Many of the attacking Zulus were dead—quite fifty, I should say—and at least a hundred and fifty were wounded, some of them mertally. The chief, Sususa, gave an order, the dead men were picked up and piled in a heap, while those who were slightly hurt walked off to get some one to the up their wounds. But the more serious cases met with different treatment. The chief or one of his indunas considered each case, and if it was in any way bad, the man was taken up and thrown into the river any objection, though one poor fellow swam to shore again. He did not stoj there long, however, for they pushes him back and drowned him by force.

The strangest case of all was that c the chief's own brother. He had been captain of the line, and his ankle was smashed by a bullet. Sususa came up to him, and having examined the wound rated him soundly for failing in the first

onslaught.
The poor fellow made the excuse that it was not his fault, as the Boers had his him in the first rush. His brother ad-mitted the truth of this and talked to

him amicably.
"Well," he said at length, offering him a pinch of snuff, "you cannot wal again," chief," said the wounded man,

looking at his ankle.
"And to-morrow we must walk far, went on Sususa. "Yes, chief."

"Say, then, will you sit here on the veldt, or"—and he nodded towards the river. The man dropped his head on his breast for a minute as though in thought,

Presently he lifted it and looked Susus straight in the face.

"My ankle pains me, my brother," he said; "I think I will go back to Zululand, for there is the only kraal I wish to see,

even if I creep about it like a snake."
"It is well, my brother," said the chief.
"Rest softly," and having shaken hands
with him, he gave an order to one of the indunas, and turned away.

Then men came, and, supporting the wounded man, helped him down to the banks of the stream. Here, at his request, they tied a heavy stone round his neck, and then threw him into a deep pool. I saw the whole sad cene, and the victim never even winced. It was impossible not to admire the courage of the man, or to avoid being struck with the cold-blooded cruelty of his brother, the chief. And yet the act was neces-sary from his point of view. The man must either die swiftly or be left to perish of starvation, for no Zulu force will encumber itself with wounded men. Years of merciless warfare had so hardened these people that they looked on death as nothing, and were, to do them justice, as willing to meet it themselves as to inflict it on others. When this very impi had been sent by the Zulu King Dingaan, it consisted of some mine thou-sand men. Now it numbered about three; all the rest were dead. They, too, would probably soon be dead. What did it matter? They lived by war, to die in blood. It was their natural end. "Kill till you are killed." That is the motto of the Zuiu soldier. It has the merit of

simplicity.

Meanwhile the warriers were looting the wagons, including my own, having first thrown all the dead Boers into a heap. I looked at the heap; all of them were there, including the two stout fraus, poor things. But I missed one body, that of the Hans Botha's daughter, little Tota. A wild hope came into my heart that she might have escaped; but no, spirit," he said, "is it so? Well, I've was not possible. I could only pray that

she was already at rest. Just then the great Zulu, Bombyane, who had left my side to indulge in the congenial occupation of looting, came out of a wagon crying that he had got the "little white one." I looked; he was carrying the child Tota, gripping her frock in one of his huge black hands. He stalked up to where we were, and held the child before the chief. "Is it dead, father?" he said.

Now, as I could well see, the child was not dead, but had been hidden away, and fainted with fear.

The chief glanced at it carelessly, and said:

"Find out with your kerrie." Acting on this hint the black devil held up the child, and was about to kill it with his knobstick. This was more than I could bear. I sprang at him and struck him with all my force in the face, little caring if I was speared or not. He dropped Tota on the ground.

"Oh!" he said, putting his hand to his nose, "the white spirit has a hard fist. Come, spirit, I will fight you for the

The soldiers cheered and laughed. 'Yes! yes!" they said, "let Bombyane fight the white spirit for the child. Let

them fight with assegais."

For a moment I hesitated. What chance had I against this black giant! But I had promised poor Hans to save the child if I could, and what did it matter? As well die now as later. However, I had wit enough left to make a favor of it, and intimated to the chief through Indaba-zimbi that I was quite willing to condescend to kill Bombyane, on condition that if I did so the child's life should be given to me. Indaba-zimbl interpreted my words, but I noticed that he would not look on me as he spoke, but covered his face with his hands and spoke of me as "the ghost" or the "sor of the spirit." For some reason that I have never quite understood, the chief consented to the duel. I fancy it was because he believed me to be more than mortal, and was anxious to see the last

of Bombyane. "Let them fight," he said, "Give them assegais and no shields; the child shall be to him who conquers."

"Yes! yes!" cried the soldiers, "Le them fight. Don't be afraid, Bom byane; if he is a spirit, he's a very small "I never was frightened of man or

beast, and Lam not going to run away from a white ghost," answered the re doubtable Bombyane, as he examined the blade of his great bangwanar stab bing assegai. Then they made a ring round us, gave

me a similar assegai and set us some ter paces apart. I kept my face as calm as I could, and tried to show no signs or fear, though in my heart I was terribly afraid. Humanly speaking, my doon was on me. The giant warrior before me had used the assegai from a child-I had no experience of the weapon. Moreover, though I was quick and active, he mus have been at least twice as strong as i was. However, there was no help for it so, setting my teeth, I grasped the great spear, breathed a prayer, and waited.

The giant stood awhile looking at me and, as he stood, Indaba-zimbi walked across the ring behind me, muttering a he passed, "Keep cool, Macumazahn, and As I had not the slightest intention of

commencing the fray, I thought this good advice. Heavens! how long that half minute

but the whole scene rises up before my cycs as I write. There behind us was the bloodstained laager, and near it lay the piles of dead; round us was rant upon rank of plumed savages, standing it silence to wait the issue of the duel and in the center stood the gray haired chief and general, Sususa, in all his was finery, a cloak of leopard skin upor his shoulders. At his feet lay the sense less form of little Tota, to my left squatted Indaba-zimbi, nodding his white lock and muttering something—probably spells; while in front was my glani antagonist, his spear aloft and his plumes bending in the gentle breeze. Then over all, over grassy alops, rives and koppie, over the wagons of the laager, the piles of dead, the dense ranks of the living, the swooning child, over all shone the bright impartial sun, looking down like the great indifferent eye of heaven upon the loveliness of nature and the cruelty of mad. Down by the river grew thorn trees, and from their floated the sweet scent of the mimoss flower, and came the sound of coolng turtle doves. I never smell the one of hear the other without the scene flash. turtle doves. I never smell the one of hear the other without the scene flash ing into my mind again, complete in its

shook his assegal and rushed straight a me. I saw his huge form come; like a man in a dream, I saw the broad spea flash on high; now he was on me. Then flash on high; now he was on me. Then, prompted to it by some providential impulse, I dropped to my kace, and quick as light stretched out my spear. He drove at me; the blade passed over my head. I felt a weight on my assegni; it was wrenched from my hand, his great limbs knocked against me. I glanced with head thrown back and outstretches arms from which his spear had fallen His spear had fallen, but the blade of mine stood out between his shoulders—I had transfixed him. He stopped, swung round slowly as though to look at me, then with a sigh the giant sank down—

For a moment there was silence; then a great cry rose—a cry of "Bombyane is dead. The white spirit has slain Bomb-yane. Kill the wizard, kill the ghost who has slain Bombyane by witchcraft. Instantly I was surrounded by fierce faces, and spears flashed before my eyes. I folded my arms and stood calmly waiting the end. In a moment it would have come, for the warriors were mad at seeing their champion overthrown thus easily. But presently through the tumult I heard the high cracked voice of

Indaha-zimbl.
"Stand back, you fools!" it cried: "car spirit then be killed?" Bpear him! spear him!" they roared

in fury. "Let us see if he is a spirit. How did a spirit slay Bombyane with an assegai? Spear him, rain maker, and we

"Stand back," cried Indaba-zimbl again, "and I will show you if he can be killed. I will kill him myself, and call him back to life again before your eyes Macumazahn, trust me," he whispered in my car in the Sisutu tongue, which the Zulus did not understand. "Trust me; kneel on the grass before me, and when I strike at you with the spear, rol over like one dead; then, when you hear my voice again, get up. Trust me-it is your only hope."
Having no choice, I nodded my head

in assent, though I had not the faintest idea of what he was about to do. The tumult lessened somewhat, and once more the warriors drew back.

Great white spirit-spirit of victory, said Indaba-zimbi, addressing me aload, and covering his eyes with his hand, "hear me and forgive me. These chil-dren are blind with felly, and think thee mortal because thou hast dealt death upon a mortal who dared to stand against thee. Deign to kneel down before and let me pierce thy heart with this spear; then, when I call upon thee, arise

I knelt down, not because I wished to. but because I must. I had not overmuch faith in Indaba-zimbi, and thought it probable that he was in truth about to make an end of me. But really I was so worn with fears, and the horrors of the night and day had so shaken my nerves, that I did not greatly care what befell me. When I had been kneeling thus for about half a minute Indabazimbi spoke.

"People of the Umtetwa children of TChaka," be said, "draw back a little space, lest an evil fall on you, for now the air is thick with ghosts."

They drew back a space, leaving us in a circle about twelve vards in diameter. "Look on him who kneels before you," went on Indaba-zimba, "and listen to my words, to the words of the witchfinder, the words of the rainmaker, Indaba-zimbi, whose fame is known to you. He seems to be a man, does he not? I tell, you, children of the Umtetwa, he is no man. He is the spirit who gives victory to the white men; he it is who gave them assogais that thunder and taught them how to slay. Why were the impis of Dingan rolled back at the Blood river? Because he was there. Why did the Amaboona slay the people of Mosilikaaye by the thousand? cause he was there. And so I say to you that, had I not drawn from the laager by my magic but three hours ago, you would have been conquered-yes, you would have been blown away like the dust before the wind; you would have been burned up like the dry grass in the winter when the fire is awake among it. Ave, because he had but been there many of your bravest were slain in overcoming a few-a pinch of men who could counted on the fingers. But because I loved you, because your chief Sususa is my half brother-for had we not one father?-I came to you, I warned you. Then you prayed me and I drew the spirit forth. But you were not satisfied when the victory was yours, when the spirit of all you had taken asked but one little thing-a white child to take away and sacrifice to himself, to make the medicine of his magic of"-

Here I could hardly restrain myself from interrupting, but thought better

"You said him nay; you said, 'Let him fight with our bravest man, let him fight with Bombyane, the giant, for the child." And he deigned to slay Bombyane as you have seen, and now, you say, 'Slay him; he is no spirit.' Now I will show you if he is a spirit, for I will slay him before your eyes, and call him to life again. But you have brought this upon your selves. Had you believed, had you of fered no insult to the spirit, he would have stayed with you, and you should have become unconquerable. Now he will arise and leave you, and woe be or you if you try to stay him. Now all men," he went on, "look for a space upon this assegal that I hold up," and he lifted the bangwan of the deceased Bombyane high above his head, so that all the multitude could see it. Every eye was fixed upon the broad, bright spear. For a while he held it still, then he moved it round and round in a circle, muttering as he did so, and still their gaze followed it. For my part, I followed his movements with the greatest anxiety. That assegai had already beer nearer my person than I found at all deasant, and I had no desire to make a further acquaintance with it. Nor, indeed, was I sure that Indaba-zimbi was not really oning to kill me. I could not

through me.

"See!" roared the Zulus. "Is
zimbi has speared him; the red a
stands out behind his back." "Roll over, Macumazahn," Indaba zimbi hissed in my ear, "roll over and pretend to die—quick! quick!"

I lost no time in following these strange instructions, but falling on my side, threw my arms wide, kicked my legs about, and died as artistically as I could. Presently I gave a stage shiver and lay still. still.

"Seel" said the Zulus, "he is dead, the spirit is dead. Look at the blood upon the assegai!"

"Stand back! stand back!" cried Indaba-zimbi, "or the ghost will haunt you. Yes, he is dead, and now I will call him back to life again. Look!" and putting down his hand he plucked the spear from wherever it was fixed, and held it aloft.

"The assess is red in it not? Watch, men. "The spear is red, is it not? Watch, men, watch! it grows white!"

every detail. Suddenly, without a sound, Bombyan

arm, then lifted my head and let it fall again.

"He lives! by the liead of TiChaka, he lives!" roured the soldiers, stricken with mortal fear.

Then slowly and with the greatest dignity I gradually arcse, stretched my arms, yawsed like one awaking from heavy sleep, turned, and looked upor them unconcernedly. As I did so, I not teed that old Indabarimbi was almost fainting from synaistics. Beads of perfectly the strength of th fainting from exhaustion. Beads of per-spiration stood upon his brow, his limbs trembled and his breast heaved.

As for the Zulus, they waited for no more. With a howl of terror the whole regiment turned and fled across the rise,

so that presently we were left alone with the dead and the swooning child, "How on earth did you do that, Indaba-zimbi?" I asked in amaze. "Don't ask me, Macumazahn," he.

watch! it grows white!"

"Yes, it grows white," they said. "Oh!
it grows white."

"It grows white because the blood returns to wheace it came," said Indabazimbi. "Now, great spirit, hear me.
Thou art dead, the breath has gone out

Thou art dead, the breath has gone out of thy mouth. Yet hear me and arise. Awake, white spirit, awake and arise thy power. Awaltel arise unburt!"

I began to respond cheerfully to this imposing lavocation.

"Not so fast, Macumazahn," whispered indate simbl.

I took the hint, and first field up my arm, then lifted my head and let it fall again.

gasped. "You white men are very clever, but you don't quite know everything. There are men in the world who can There are men in the world who can make people believe they see things which they do not see. Let us be going while we may, for when these Umtetwas have got over their fright they will come back to loot the wagons, and then per-haps they will begin to ask questions that

And here I may as well state that I never got any further information on this matter from old Indaba-zimbi. But I have my theory, and here it is for whatever it may be worth. I believe that Indaba-zimbi mesmerized the whole that Indaba-zimbi mesmerized the whole crowd of onlookers, making them believe that they saw the assegal in my heart and the blood upon the blade. The reader may smile and say "Impossible," but I would ask him how the Indian jugglers' do their tricks unless it is by mesmerism. The spectators seem to see the boy go under the basket and there pierced with daggers; they seem to see women in a trace supported in mid air upon the point of a single sword. In themselves these things are not possible; they violate the laws of nature, and therefore be illusion. And so, through the glamor thrown upon them by Indaba-zimbi's will, the Zulu impi seemed to see me transfixed with an assegui that never thed me. At least, that is my theory; if any one has a better, let him adopt it. The explanation lies between illusion and magic of a most imposing character, and I prefer to accept the first alternative.

Continued next Saturday.

CHICAGO'S MONUMENT TO GRANT. It Will Be Unveiled Sept. 1, 1890, and It a Masterpiece.

Oh Sept. 1 of this year Chicago's monument to Gen. U. S. Grant will be unveiled. It will stand on an enormous pedestal, which is already in place, and will overlook the beautiful Lake Shore



Rebisso is the sculptor, and when committee recently inspected his work entire satisfaction with it was expressed, The statue represents the general sitting quietly in his saddle.

The sculptor has shown appreciation of the fact that Grant was not a soldier of romance, but a calm, stern man of practical ideas. Gen. Joseph Stockton, one of the trustees of the statue committee, says:

'I remember now that at the battle of Big Black River Grant sat on his horse beside a pool of muddy water, looking just as this statue represents him. An officer rode up and said: 'General, they have opened a battery on us over there. 'Put a brigade in and take it,' answered Grant, without showing the least ex-

citement."

Amateur Entertainments. Most amateur entertainments are given in places where there are no regular stages, and in such a case a platform should be built about three feet high and ten or more deep, the full width of the room. Curtains of canton flamel can be used, or large screens, if such are more convenient. While the characters are being posed for tableau, or the stage being set for any scene, the piano or or chestra can be played as in a theatre. and for that reason the piano should be outside of the curtain or on the floor. A dressing room should be parted off on

each side of the stage.

There are books which have many bright little comedies requiring two, three or four characters. Among them are: "A Happy Pair," only requiring two persons: "A Fair Encounter," needing but two women, or "Weeping Wives," needing four. This last was translated from the French by Mrs. James R. Pitcher, of Short Hills, N. J. There are many others which are bright . and good. Let the manager beware of tragic pieces, or "scenes" from "Mac-beth," "Mary and Elizabeth," or "Romee and Juliet." Let everything of this kind be light and sprightly. It is within the possibilities for a man or woman who is good manager of parlor entertainments to write a piece that shall be full of amusement, because novel and new, and novelty is to be sought for, -Olive