WAS not slow take Indaba-tim-bi's hint. About a hundred and fifty yards to the left of the langer was a little dell where I had hidden my horse, to I carrying the

my arms. To our joy we found the horses safe, for the Zulus had not seen them. Now, of course, they were our only means of locomotion, for the oxen had been sent away, and even had they been there we could not have found time to inspan them.

I laid Tota down, caught my horse, undid his knee halter and saddled up. As I was doing so a thought struck me, and I told Indaba-zimbl to run to the laager and see if he could find my double barreled gun and some powder and

barreled gun and some powder and shot, for I had only my elephant "roer" and a few charges of powder and ball

He went, and while he was away, poor little Tota came to herself and began to cry, till she saw my face.

"Ah, I have had such a bad dream," she said, in Dutch; "I dreamed that the black Kaffirs were going to kill me.

Where is my papa?"

I winced at the question. "Your papa has gone on a journey, dear," I said, "and left me to look after you. We shall find him one day. You don't mind going with Heer Allan, do you?"

"No," she said, a little doubtfully, and

"No," she said, a little doubtfully, and began to cry again. Presently she remembered that she was thirsty, and asked for water. I led her to the river and she drank. "Why is my hand red, Heer Allan?" she asked, pointing to the smear of Bombyane's blood stained fingers.

At that moment I felt very glad that I had killed Bombyane.
"It is only paint, dear," I said; "see,
we will wash it and your face."
As I was doing this, Indaba-zimbi re

turned. The guns were all gone; he said the Zulus had taken them and the powder. But he had found some things and brought them in d brought them in a sack. There was thick blanket, about twenty pounds weight of biltong or sun dried meat, a few double handfuls of ship's biscuits,

two water bottles, a tin pannikin, some matches and sundries.

"And now, Macumazahn," he said, "we had best be going, for those Umtetwas are coming back. I saw one of them on the brow of the rise."

That was enough for me. I lifted little Tota on to the bow of my saddle, climbed into it and rode off, holding her in front of me. Indaba-zimbi slipped a rein into the mouth of the best of the Boer horses, the mouth of the best of the Boer horses, threw the sack of sundries on to its back and mounted also, holding the elephant gun in his hand. We went eight or nine hundred yards in silence till we were quite out of range of sight from the wagcoss, which were in a hollow. Then I pulled up, with such a feeling of thank-fulness in my heart as cannot be told in ss in my heart as cannot be told in catch us. But where were we to steer for? I put the question to Indaha-zimbi, seking him if he thought that we had better try and follow the oxen that we had sent away with the Kaffire and women on the preceding night. He shook

"The Umtetwas will go after the oxen presently," he answered, "and we have

"Quite enough," I answered with en-thusiasm; "I never want to see another; but where are we to go? Here we are with one gun and a little girl in the vast and lonely veldt. Which way shall we

turn?"
"Our faces were towards the north beore we met the Zulus," answered Indabadmbl; 'let us still keep them towards the north. Ride on, Macumazahn; to-night when we off-saddle I will look into

So all that long afternoon we rode on, collowing the course of the river. From the nature of the ground we could only go slowly, but before sunset I had the isfaction of knowing that there must be at least twenty-five miles between us and those accursed Zulus Little Tota slept most of the way, the motion of the se was easy, and she was worn out. At last the sunset came, and we off-

ddled in a dell by the river. There was not much to eat, but I soaked some biscuit in water for Tota, and Indaba simbi and I made a scanty meal off bil-When we had done I took off lota's frock, wrapped her up in the lanket near the fire we had made and lit a pipe. I sat there by the side of the orphaned child, and from my heart crephaned child, and from the hife thanked Providence for saving her life that and mine from the slaughter of that What a horrible experience it had day. What a horrible experience to ook back upon. And yet it was sober fact, one among those many tragedies h dotted the paths of the emigrant rs with the bones of men, women and children. These horrors are almos for instance, can scarcely realize that some forty years ago 600 white people, many of them women and children, thus massacred by the impis at san. But it was so, and the name of the district, Weenen, or the Place of Weeping, will commemorate them for-

Then I fell to reflecting on the extraordinary adroitness old Indaba-zimbi had shown in saving my life. It ap-peared that he himself had lived among sered that he himself had lived among the Umtetwa Zulus in his earlier manod, and was a noted rain doctor and pan's brother, ordered a general massa-are of the witch finders he had fled south and so caved his life. When he heard, efore, that the regiment was an Umciwa regiment, which, leaving their from Zululand to escape the cruelties of gaan, he, under pretense of spying hem, took the bold course of going straight up to the chief, Sususa, and ad him as his brother, which he was. The chief knew him at once, and so did the soldiers, for his fame was still great among them. Then he told him his cock and bull story about my being white spirit, whose presence in the larger would render it invincible, and with the object of saving my life in the chargeter which he knew must ensue. to charm me out of the laager deliver me into their keeping. How then worked has already been told; as a risky one; still, but for it my bles would have been done with

So I lay and thought with a heart full of machine, and so I did so saw old in-

through some mysterious performances with bones, which he produced from his bag, and askee mixed with water. I spoke to him and naked what he was about. He replied that he was tracing out the route that we should follow. I felt inclined to answer "bosh," but remembering the very remarkable instances which he had given of his prowess in occult matters, I held my

emotion, went to sleep.

I woke just as the dawn was beginning I woke just as the dawn was beginning to flame across the sky in sheets of primruse and of gold, or rather it was little Tota who woke me by kissing me as she lay between sleep and waking, and calling me "Papa." It wrung my heart to hear her. I got up, washed and dressed the child as best I could, and then we breakfasted as we had supped, on biltong and biscuit. Tota asked for milk, but I had none to give her. Then we caught the horses, and I saddled mine. "Well, Indaba-zimbi," I said, "now

what path do your bones point to?"

"Straight north," he said. "The jour-ney will be hard, but in four days we shall come to the kraal of a white man, an Englishman, not a Boer. His kraal is in a beautiful place, and there is a great peak behind it where there are many baboons."

I looked at him. "This is all nonsense Indaba-zimbi," I said. "Whoever heard of an Englishman building a house in these wilds, and how do you know any-thing about it? I think that we had better strike east towards Port Natal." "As you like, Macumazahn," he an-

wered, "but it will take us three months journey to get to Port Natal, if we ever get there, and the child-will die on the road. Say, Macumazahn, have my words come true heretofore, or have they not? Did I not tell you not to hunt the elephants on horseback? Did I not tell you to take one wagon with you instead two, as it is better to lose one than two?"
"You told me all these things," I an-

"And so I tell you now to ride north Macumazahn, for there you will find great happiness—yes, and great sorrow. But no man should run away from hap piness because of sorrow. As you will,

Again I looked at him. In his divinations I did not believe, but yet I came to he knew to be the truth. It struck me as possible that he might have heard of some white man living like a hermit in the wilds, but preferring to keep up his prophetic character would not say so. "Very well, Indaba-zimbi," I said;

"let us ride north."
Shortly after we started, the river we had followed hitherto turned off in a westerly direction, so we left it. All that day we rode across rolling uplands, and about an hour before sunset halted at a little stream which ran down from a range of hills in front of us. By this time I was heartly tired of the biltong, so taking my elephant rifle—for I had nothing else—I left Tota with Indaba-zimbi, and started to see if I could shoot something. Oddly enough we had seen to game all the day, nor did we see any on the subsequent days. For some mysterious reason they had temporarily left the district. I crossed the little streamlet in order to enter the belt of thorns which grew upon the hillside beyond, for there hoped to find buck. As I did so I was rather disturbed to see the spoor of two lions in the soft, sandy edge of a pool. Breathing a hope that they might not still be in the neighborhood, I went on into the belt of scattered thorns. For a long while I hunted about without seeing anything, except one dinker buck, which bounded off with a crash from the other side of a stone without giving me a chance. At length, just as it grew dusk, I spied a Petic buck, a graceful little bare, standing on a stone, about forty yards from me. Under ordinary cir-cumstances I should never have dreamed of firing at such a thing, especially with

an elephant gun, but we were hungry. So I sat down with my back against rock, and aimed steadily at its head. I did this because if I struck it in the body the three-ounce ball would have knocked it to bits. At last I pulled the trigger, the gun went off with the report of small cannon, and the buck disc I ran to the spot with more anxiety than I should have felt in an ordinary way over a koodoo or an eland. To my delight there the little creature lay—the huge bullet had decapitated it. Considering all the circumstances, I do not think I have often made a better shot than this, but if any one doubts, let him try his hand at a rabbit's head fifty yards away with an elephant gun and a three-ounce

I picked up the petie in triumph and returned to the camp. There we skinned him and toasted him over the fire. He just made a good meal for us, keeping the hind legs for breakfast,

There was no moon that night, and so it chanced that when I suddenly remembered about the lion spoor, and suggested that we had better tie up the horses quite close to us, we could not find them, though we knew that they were grazing within fifty yards. This being so, we could only make up the fire and take our chance. Shortly afterwards I went to sleep with little Tota in my arms. Sud-denly I was awakened by hearing that peculiarly painful sound, the scream of a horse, quite close to the fire, which was still burning brightly. Next second there came a noise of galloping hoofs, and before I could even rise my poor horse appeared in the ring of firelight. As in a flash of lightning, I saw his star-ing eyes and wide stretched nostrils, and the broken rein with which he had been knee haltered flying in the air. Also I saw something else, for on his back was a great dark form with glowing eyes, and from the form came a growling sound. It was a lion.

The horse dashed on. He galloped right through the fire, for which he had run in his terror, fortunately, however, without treading on us, and vanished into the night. We heard his hoofs for a hundred yards or more, then there was silence, broken now and again by distant growls. As may be imagined, we did not sleep any more that night, but waited anxiously till two hours later the dawn

As soon as there was sufficient light we rose, and, leaving Tota still asleep, crept cautiously in the direction in which the horse had vanished. When we had gone fifty yards or so, we made out its remains lying on the veldt, and caught sight of two great cat like forms slinking away in the gray light.

To go any further was useless; we knew all about it know, and we turned to look for the other horse. But our cup of misfortune was not yet full; it was nowhere to be found. Soon we came upon its spoor, and then we saw what had happened. Terrified by the sight and smell of the lions, it had with a desperate effort also burst the rein with which it had been knee haltered, and galloped far away. For now we were left alone in these vast solitudes without a horse to carry us, and with a child who was not old enough to walk for more than a little way at a time.

Well, it was no use giving in, so with a few words we went back to our camp, where I found Tota crying because she

and wore to fine heresit alone, and are a little food. Then we prepared to start. First we divided such articles as we must take with us into two equal paris, rejecting everything that we could possibly do without. Then, by an afterthought, we filled our water bottles, though at the time I was rather against doing so, because of the extra weight. But Indaba-simble overruled me in the matter, fortunately for all three of us. I settled to look after Tota for the first march, and gave the elephant gun to Indaba-simbl. At length all was ready, and we set out on foot. By the help of occasional lifts over rough places, Tota managed to walk up the slope on the hillside where I had shot the Petie buck. At length we reached it, and, looking at the country beyond, I gave an exclamation of dismay. To say that it was desert would be saying too much; it was more like the Barroo in the Cape—a vast sandy waste, studtoo much; it was more like the Barroo in the Cape—a wast sandy waste, studded here and there with low shrubs and scattered rocks. But it was a great expanse of desolate land, stretching as far as the eye could reach, and bordered far away by a line of purple hills, in the center of which a great solitary peak soared high into the air.

"Indaba-zimbi," I said, "we can never cross this if we take six days."

"As you will, Macumazahn," he answered; "but I tell you that there"—and he pointed to the peak—"there the white

he pointed to the peak—"there the white man lives. Turn which way you like, but if you turn you will perish."

I reflected for a moment. Our case was, humanly speaking, almost hopeless. It mattered little which way we went. We were alone, almost without food with no means of transport and a child to carry. As well perish in the sandy waste as on the rolling veldt or among the trees of the hillside. Providence alone could save us, and we must trus to providence,
"Come on," I said, lifting Tota on to

my back, for she was already tired.
"All roads lead to rest." How am I to describe the misery of the next four days? How am I to tell how we stumbled on through that awful desert, almost without food, and quite without water, for there were no streams, and we saw no springs? We soon found how the case was, and saved almost all the water in our bottles for the child. To look back on it is like a nightmare. I can scarcely bear to dwell on it. Day after day, by turns carrying the child after day, by turns carrying the child through the heavy sand; night after night lying down in the scrub, chewing the leaves, and licking such dew as there was from the scanty grass! Not a spring, not a pool, not a head of game! It was the third night; we were nearly mad with thirst. Tota was in a comatose condition. Indaba-zimbi still had a lit tle water in his bottle—perhaps a wine-glassful. We moistened her lips and our blackened tongues with it. Then we gave the rest to the child. It revived

her. She awoke from her swoon to sink into sleep. See, the dawn was breaking. The hills were not more than eight miles or so away now, and they were green.

There must be water there.

"Come," I said. Indaba-zimbi lifted Tota into the kind of sling that we had made out of the blanket in which to carry her on our backs, and we staggered on for an hour through the sand. She woke crying for her; our tongues were hanging from our lips; we could scarcely speak.

We rested awhile, and Tota mercifully

swooned away. Then Indaba-zimbi took her. Though he was so thin, the old

man's strength was wonderful.

Another hour; the slope of the great peak could not be more than two miles away now. A couple of hundred yards off grew a large baobale tree. Could we reach its shade? We had done half the distance when Indaba-zimbi fell from exhaustion. We were now so weak that neither of us could lift the child on to our backs. We each took one of her hands and dragged her along the road. Fifty yards—they seemed to be fifty miles. Ah, the tree was reached at last; compared with the heat outside, the shade of its dense foliage seemed like the dusk and cool of a vault. I remember thinking that it was a good place to die in. Then I remember no more.

I woke with a feeling as though the blessed rain were falling on my face and head. Slowly, and with great difficulty, I opened my eyes, then shut them again. having seen a vision. For a space I lay thus, while the rain continued to fall; I saw now that I must be asleep, or off my head with thirst or fever. If I were not off my head how came I to imagine that a lovely dark eyed girl was bending over me, sprinkling water on my facel A white girl, too, not a Kaffir woman However, the dream went on.

"Hendrika," said a voice in English the sweetest voice that I had ever heard; somehow it reminded me of wind whis pering in the trees at night. "Hen drika, I fear he dies; there is a flask of brandy in my saddle bag; get it."

"Ah! ah!" grunted a harsh voice in answer; "let him die, Miss Stella. He will bring you bad luck-let him die, I say. I felt a movement of air above me as though the woman of my vision turned swiftly, and once again I opened my eyes. She had risen, this dream woman. Now I saw that she was tall and grace ful as a reed. She was angry, too; her dark eyes flashed, and she pointed with her hand at a female who stood before her, dressed in nondescript kind of clothes, such as might be worn by either a man or a woman. The woman was young, of white blood, very short, with bowed legs and enormous shoulders. In face she was not bad looking, but the brow receded, the chin and ears were prominent-in short, she reminded me of nothing so much as a very handsome monkey. She might have been the miss-

The lady was pointing at her with her hand. "How dare you!" she said. "Are you going to disobey me again? Have you forgotten what I told you, Babyan

"Ah! ah!" grunted the woman, who seemed literally to curl and shrivel up beneath her anger. "Don't be angry with me, Miss Stella, because I can't bear it. I only said it because it was true. I will fetch the brandy."

Then, dream or no dream, I determined to speak.
"Not brandy," I gasped in English as well as my swollen tongue would allow;

"give me water."

"Ah, he lives!" cried the beautiful girl, "and he talks English. See, sir, here is water in your own bottle; you were quite close to a spring on the other side of the tree."

I struggled to a sitting position, lifted the bottle to my lips, and drained it. Oh! that drink of cool, pure water! never had I tasted anything so delicious. At the first gulp I felt life flow back into me. But wisely enough she would not let me have much. "No more! no more!" she said, and dragged the bottle from me almost by force.

"The child," I said-"is the child dead?" "I do not know yet," she answered.

"We have only just found you, and I tried to revive you first."

I turned and crept to where Tota lay by the side of Indaba-zimbi. It was impossible to say if they were dead or swooning. The lady sprinkled Tota's face with the water, which I watched greedily, for my thirst was still awful, while the woman Hendrika did the same

rast delight. Tota opened her eyes and tried to cry, but could not, poor little thing, because her tongue and lips were so swollen. But the lady got some water so swollen. But the lady got some water into her mouth, and, as in my case, the effect was magical. We allowed her to drink about a quarter of a pint, and no more, though she cried bitterly for it. Just then old Indaba-zimbi came to with a grean. He opened his eyes, glanced round and took in the situation.

"What did I tell you, Macumazahn?" and he seized the bottle and took a long pull at it.

Meanwhile I sat with my back against the trunk of the great tree and tried to realise the aituation. Looking to my left I saw two good horses—one bare backed and one with a lady's rude saddle on it. By the side of the horses were two dogs, of a stout greyhound breed, that sat watching us, and near the dogs lay a dead Afrile buck, which they had evidently been coursing.

"Hendrika," said the lady presently, "they must not eat meat just yet. Go

"Hendrika," said the lady presently, "they must not eat meat just yet. Go and look up the tree and see if there is any ripe fruit on it."

The woman ran swiftly into the plain and obeyed. Presently she returned. "I see some ripe fruit," she said, "but it is high, quite at the top."

"Fetch it," said the lady.

"Easier said than done," I thought to myself; but I was much mistaken. Suddenly the woman bounded at least three feet into the air and caught one of the spreading boughs in her large, flat hands spreading boughs in her large, flat hands—a swing that would have filled an acro-

bat with envy-and she was on it.
"Now there is an end," I thought, for the next bough was beyond her reach. But again I was mistaken. She stood up on the bough, gripping it with her bare feet, and once more sprang at the one above, caught it and swung herself into

I suppose that the lady saw my look of astonishment. "Do not wonder, sir," she said; "Hendrika is not like other peo-

ple. She will not fall."

I made no answer, but watched the progress of this extraordinary person with the most breathless interest. On she went, swinging herself from bough to went, swinging herself from bough to bough, and running along them like a monkey. At last she got to the top and began to swarm along a thin branch towards the ripe fruit. When she was near enough she shook the branch vio-lently. There was a crack—a crash—it broke. I shut my eyes, expecting to see her crushed on the ground before me.
"Don't be afraid," said the lady again laughing gently. "Look, she is quite

another two minutes we were al three sucking the pulpy fruit. In an or-dinary way we should have found it tasteless enough; as it was I thought it the most delicious thing I had ever tasted. After three days spent without food or water, in the desert, one is not particular. While we were still eating the fruit, the lady of my vision set he companion to work to partially flay the oribe which her dogs had killed, and busied nerself in making a fire of fallen boughs. As soon as it burned brightly she took strips of the oribe flesh, toaster them, and gave them to us on leaves We ate, and now we were allowed a lit-tle mor water. After that she took little Tota to the spring and washed her which she sadly needed, poor child Next came our turn to wash, and oh

the joy of it! I came back to the tree, walking painfully indeed, but a changed man. There sat the beautiful girl, with Tota on her knees. She was lulling her to sleep, and held up her finger to me enjoining si-lence. At last the child went off into s sound, natural slumber-an example that I should have been glad to follow had it not been for my burning curiosity Then I spoke:

"May I ask what your name is?" 1

"Stella," she answered.

'Stella what?" I said. "Stella nothing," she answered, in some pique. "Stella is my name; it is short and easy to remember, at any rate My father's name is Thomas, and we live up there," and she pointed round the base of the great peak. I looked at her astonished, "Have you lived there long?

"Ever since I was seven years old. We came there in a wagon. Before that we came from England-from Oxfordshire; I can show you the place on the big map. It is called Garsingham."

Again I thought I must be dreaming. "Do you know, Miss Stella," I said, "it is very strange-so strange that it almost seems as though it could not be true-but I also came from Garsingham, in Oxfordshire, many years ago."

She started up. "Are you an English gentleman?" she said. "Ah, I have always longed to see an English gentleman. I have never seen an Englishman since we lived here-no white people at all, indeed, except a few wandering Boers. We live among black people and baboons-only I have read about themlots of books-poetry and novels. But tell me what is your name? Macumazahn the black man called you, but you must have a white name, too."

"My name is Allan Quatermain," Her face turned quite white, her rosy

lips parted, and she looked at me wildly with her beautiful dark eyes.

"Do you know, it is very strange," she said, "but I have often heard that name, My father has told me how a little boy called Allen Quatermain once saved my life by putting out my dress when it was on fire-see (and she pointed to a faint red mark upon her neck), here is the scar of the burn."

"I remember it," I said. "You were dressed up as Father Christmas. It was I who put out the fire; my wrists were burnt in doing so."

Then for a space we sat silent, looking at each other, while Stella slowly fanned herself with her wide felt hat, in which some white ostrich plumes were fixed. "This is God's doings," she said at last. You saved my life when I was a little child; now I have saved yours and the little girl's. Is she your little daughter?"

she added, quickly. "No," I said; "I will tell you the tale presently."
"Yes," she said, "you shall tell me as

we go home. It is time to be starting home, it will take us three hours to get there. Hendrika, Hendrika, bring the horses here!"

CHAPTER VII.

N A MOMENT Hendrika obey ed, leading the horses to the side of the tree. "Now, Mr. Allan," said Stella. "you must ride

on my horse, and the old black man must ride on the other. I will walk, and Hendrika will carry the child. Oh do not be afraid, she is very strong, she could carry you

Hendrika grunted assent. I am sorry that I cannot express her method of speech by any more polite term. Sometimes she grunted like a monkey, somesometimes she did both together, when she became quite unintelligible. to hear its shricks.

arrangement, saying that we could walk, which was a fib, for I do not think I could have done a mile; but Shells would not listen; she would not even let me carry my elephant gun, but took it herself. So we mounted with some difficulty, and Hendrika took up the sleeping Tota in her long, sinewy arms.

"See that the 'baboon woman' does not run away into the mountains with the little white one," said Indaha-simble to me in Kaffir, as he climbed on to the horse.

me in Kaffir, as he climbed on to the horse.

Unfortunately, Hendrika understood his speech. Her face twisted and grew livid with fury. She put down Tota and literally sprang at Indaha-zimbi as a monkey springs. But, weary and worn as he was, the old gentleman was too quick for her. With an exclamation of genuine fright he threw himself from the horse on the further side, with the somewhat ludicrous result that all in a moment Hendrika was occupying the moment Hendrika was occupying the seat that he had vacated. Just then Stella realized the position.

Stella realized the position.

"Come down, you savage, come down!" she said, stamping her foot.

The extraordinary creature flung herself from the horse and literally groveled on the ground before her mistress and burst into tears,

"Pardon, Miss Stella," she clicked and grunted in villainous English, "but he called me a 'babyan frou' (baboon woman).

man).

"Tell your servant that he must not use such words to Hendrika, Mr. Allan," Stella said to me. "If he does," she added, in a whisper, "Hendrika will cer-tainly kill him." I explained this to Indaba-zimbi, who

being considerably frightened, deigned to apologize. But from that hour there was hate and war between these two. Harmony having been thus restored, we started, the dogs following us. A small strip of desert intervened between us and the slope of the peak; perhaps it was two miles wide. We crossed it and reached rich grass lands, for here a con-siderable stream gathered from the hills but it did not flow across the barren lands, it passed to the east along the fooi of the hills. This stream we had to pass by a ford. Hendrika walked boldly through it, holding Tota in her arms Stella leapt across from stone to stone like a roebuck; I thought to myself that she was the most graceful creature that I had ever seen. After this the track passed round a pleasantly wooded shoul-der of the peak, which was, I found, known as Babyan Kap, or Baboon Head.

"Tell me, Mr. Allan," she said, "how it was that I came to find you dying is

Of course we could only go at a foo

pace, so our progress was slow. Stells walked for some way in silence, then she

the desert?" So I began and told her all. It took an hour or more to do so, and she lis tened intently, now and again asking a

question.
"It is all very wonderful," she said when I had done, "very wonderful, in-deed. Do you know I went out this morning with Hendrika and the dogs for a ride, meaning to get back home by midday, for my father is ill, and I do not like to leave him for long. But just as I was going to turn, when we were about where we are now—yes, this was the very bush—an oribe got up, and the dogs chased it. I followed them for the gallop, and when we came to the river, in-stead of turning to the left as bucks generally do, the oribe swam the stream and took to the bad lands beyond. I followed it, and within a hundred yards of the big tree the dogs killed it. Hendriks wanted me to turn back at once, but said that we would rest under the shad of the tree, for I knew that there was spring of water near. Well, we went: and there I saw you all lying like dead; but Hendrika, who is very clever in some ways, said no-and you know the rest. Yes, it is very wonderful."

"It is, indeed," I said. "Now tell me, Miss Stella, who is Hendrika?" She looked round before answering to

see that the woman was not near. "Hers is a strange story, Mr. Allan. 1 will tell you. You must know that all these mountains and the country beyond are full of baboons. When I was a girl of about 10 I used to wander about a good deal alone in the hills and valleys, and watch the baboons as they played among the rocks. There was one family of baboons that I watched especiallythey used to live in a klaaf about a mile from the house. The old man baboon was very large, and one of the females had a gray face. But the reason why watched them so much was because saw that they had with them a creature that looked like a girl, for her skin was quite white, and, what was more, that she was protected from the weather when it happened to be cold by a fur belt of some sort, which she tied round her throat. The old baboons seemed to be especially fond of her, and would sit with their arms round her neck.

"For nearly a whole summer I watched this particular white-skinned baboon, till at last my curiosity quite overmas-tered me. I noticed that, though she climbed about the cliffs with the other monkeys, at a certain hour a little before sundown they used to put her, with one or two other much smaller ones, into little cave, while the family went off somewhere to get food-to the mealie fields, I suppose. Then I got an idea that I would catch this white baboon and bring it home. But of course could not do this by myself, so I took Hottentot—a very elever man when he was not drunk—who lived on the stead, into my confidence. He was called Hendrik, and was very fond of me; but for a long while he would not listen to my plan, because he said that the babyang would kill us. At last I bribed him with a knife that had four blades, and one afternoon we started, Hendrik carrying a stout sack made of hide, with a mouth could be drawn tight.

rope running through it so that the "Well, we got to the place, and, hiding ourselves carefully in the trees at the foot of the kloof, watched the baboons playing about and grunting to each other till at length, according to custom, they took the white one and three other little babies and put them in the cave. Then the old man came out, looked carefully round, called to his family, and went off with them over the brow of the kloof. Now very slowly and cautiously we crept up over the rocks till we came to the mouth of the cave and looked in. All the four little baboons were fast asleep, with their backs toward us, and their arms around each other's necks, the white one being in the middle. Nothing could have been better for our plans. Hendrik, who by this time had quite entered into the spirit of the thing, crept into the cave like a snake, and suddenly dropped the mouth of the hide bag over the head of the white baboon. The poor little thing woke up and gave a violent jump, which caused it to vanish right into the bag. Then Hendrik pulled the string tight, and together we knotted it so that it was impossible for our captive to escape. Meanwhile the other baby baboons had rushed from the cave screaming, and when we got outside they were nowhere to be seen.

'Come on, miss,' said Hendrik; 'the babyan will soon be back.' He had shouldered the sack, inside which the white baboon was kicking violently, and screaming like a child. It was dreadful

"We arrampted down the sace or the kloof and ran for home as fast as we could manage. When we were near the waterfall, and within about 205 yards of the garden wall, we heard a voice be-hind us, and there, leaping from rock to rock, and running over the grass, was the whole family of baboons headed by the old bear.

the whole family of baboons headed by
the old man.

"'Run, miss, runf' gasped Hendrik,
and I did like the wind, leaving him for
behind. I dashed into the garden, where
some Kaffirs were working, crying, 'The
babyans! Luckily the men
had their sticks and spears by them and
ran out just in time to save Hendrik,
who was almost overtaken. The baboons
made a good fight for it, however, and it
was not till the old man was killed with
an assegni that they ran away.

"Well, there is a little hut in the kraal
at the stead where my father sometimes

"Well, there is a little but in the kraal at the stead where my father sometimes shuts up natives who have misbehaved. It is very strong, and has a barred window. To this but Hendrik carried the sack, and, having untied the mouth, put it down on the floor, and ran from the place, shutting the door behind him. In another moment the poor little thing was out and dashing round the stone but as though it were mad. It sprung at the bars of the window, clung there, and beat its head against them till the blood came. Then it fell to the floor, and sat

there crying like a child, and rocking itself backwards and forwards. It was so
sad to see it that I began to cry too.

"Just then my father came in and
asked what all the fuss was about. I
told him that we had caught a young
white baboon, and he was angry, and
said that it must be let go. But when he
looked at it through the bars of the window he nearly fell down with astonishment.

" 'Why!' he said, 'this is not a baboon It is a white child that the baboons have

olen and brought up!"
"Now, Mr. Allan, whether my father is right or wrong, you can judge for yourself. You see Hendrika—we named her that after Hendrik, who caught her —she is a woman, not a monkey, and yet she has many of the ways of mon-keys, and looks like one, too. You saw how she can climb, for instance, and you hear how she talks. Also, she is very savage, and when she is angry or jealous she seems to go mad, though she is as clever as anybody. I think that she must have been stolen by the baboons

when she was quite tiny and nurtured by them, and that is why she is so like them.

"But to go on. My father said that it cost. The worst of it was that for three days she would eat nothing, and I thought that she would die, for all the while she sat and wailed. On the third day, however, I went to the bars of the window place and held out a cup of milk and some fruit to her. She looked at it for a long while, then crept up moan-ing, took the milk from my hand and drank it greedily, and afterwards ate the fruit. From that time forward she tool food readily enough, but only if I would feed her. But I must tell you of the dreadful end of Hendrik. From the day that we captured Hendrika the whole place began to swarm with ba-boons which were evidently employed in watching the kraals. One day Hendrik went out towards the hills alone to gather some medicine. He did not come back again, so next day search was made. By a big rock which I can show you they found his scattered and broken ones, the fragments of his assegni and

four dead baboons. They had set upon

"My father was very much frightened at this, but still he would not let Hen drika go, because he said that she was human, and that it was our duty to re claim her. And so we did-to a certain extent, at least. After the murder of Hendrik the baboons vanished from the neighborhood, and have only returned quite recently, so at length we ventured to let Hendrika out. By this time she had grown very fond of me; still on the first opportunity she ran away. But in the evening she returned again. She had been seeking the baboons, and could not find them. Shortly afterwards she began to speak-I taught her-and from that time she has loved me so that she will not leave me. I think it would kill her if I went away from her. She watches me all day, and at night sleeps on the floor of my hut. Once, too, she saved my life when I was swept down the river in flood; but she is jealous, and hates everybody else. Look how she is glaring at you now because I am talking

along with the child in her arms and staring at me in a most sinister fashion out of the corners of her eyes.

While I was reflecting on the baboon roman's strange story, and thinking that she was an exceedingly awkward customer, the path took a sudden turn. "Look!" said Stella, "there is our house. Is it not beautiful?"

It was beautiful indeed. Here on the western side of the great peak a bay had been formed in the mountain, which might have measured eight hundred or a thousand yards across by three-quarters of a mile in depth. At the back of the indentation the sheer cliff rose to the height of several hundred feet, and be hind it and above it the great Babyan peak towered up towards the heavens. The space of ground, embraced thus in

the arms of the mountain, as it were,

was laid out, as though by the cunning

hand of man, in three terraces that ros one above the other. To the right and left of the topmost terrace were chasms in the cliff, and from each chasm fell a waterfall, from no great height, indeed, but of considerable volume. These two streams flowed away on either side of the inclosed space, one toward the north, and the other, the course of which we had been following, round the base of the mountain. At each terrace they made a cascade, so that the traveler approaching had a view of eight waterfalls at once Along the edge of the stream to our left were placed Kaffir kraals, built in orderly groups with verandas, after the Ba-sutu fashion, and a very large part of the entire space of land was under cultivation. All of this I noted at once, as well as the extraordinary richness and depth of the soil, which for many ages past had been washed down from the mountain heights. Then following the line of an excellent wagon road, on which we now found ourselves, that wound up from terrace to terrace, my eye lit upon the crowning wonder of the scene. For in the center of the topmost platform or terrace, which may have inclosed eigh or ten acres of ground, and almost sur rounded by groves of orange trees, gleamed buildings of which I had never seen the like. There were three groups of them, one in the middle and one or either side, and a little to the rear; but as I afterwards discovered, the plan of all was the same. In the center was an edifice constructed like an ordinary Zulu hut-that is to say, in the shape of beehive, only it was five times the size of any hut I ever saw, and built of blocks of hewn white marble, fitted together with extraordinary knowledge of the principles and properties of arch building, and with so much accuracy and finish that it was often difficult to find the fronts of the massive blocks From this center but ran three covered passages, leading to other buildings of an exactly similar character, only smaller, and each whole block was inclosed

beight.

Of course we ward as yet too far off to see all these details, but the general outline I asw at ones, and it astonished me considerably. Even old Indata-zimbi, whom the baboon woman had been unable to move, deigned to show wonder.

"Oh!" be said, "this is a place of marvels. Who ever saw kraals built of white stone?"

Stella watched our faces with an ex-"Did your father build those kranle" I gasped at length.
"My father! no, of course not," she answered. "How would it have been

"My father! no, of course not." she answered. "How would it have been possible for one white man to do so, or to have made this road? He found them as you see,"

"Who built them, then?" I said again.
"I do not know. My father thinks that they are very ancient, for the people who live here now do not know how to lay one stone upon another, and these huts are so wonderfully constructed that, though they must have stood for ages, not a stone of them had fallen. But I can show you the quarry where the marble was cut; it is close by, and behind it is the entrance to an ancient mine, which my father thinks was a silver mine. Perhaps the people who worked the mine built the marble huts. The world is old, and no doubt plenty of people have lived in it and been forgotten."

seen many beautiful sights in Africa, and in such matters, as in others, comparisons are odious and worthless, but I do not think that I ever saw a loveller scene. It was no one thing—it was the combination of the mighty peak looking forth on to the scenes. combination of the mighty peak locking forth on to the everlasting plains, the great cliffs, the waterfalls that sparkled in Fainbow hues, the rivers girding the rich cultivated lands, the gold specked green of the orange trees, the flashing domes of the marble huts, and a thousand other things. Then over all brooded the peace of evening, and the infinite glory of the sunset that filled heaven with changing hues of splendor, that wrapped the mountain and cliffs in cloaks of purple and of gold, and lay upon the quiet face of the water like the smile of a god.

Perhaps, also, the contrast and the

Perhaps, also, the contrast and the memory of those three awful days and nights in the hopeless desert enhanced the charm, and perhaps the beauty of the girl who walked beside me completed it. For of this I am sure, that of all sweet and lovely things that I looked on then, she was the sweetest and the love-liest. Ah, it did not take me long to find my fate. How long will it be before I find her once again?

Continued next Saturday.

MAGGIOLI WON THE MATCH

omething About the Players in the Re cent Chicago Billiard Tournament. In the billiard match which took place in Chicago recently between Frank Maggioli and William Hatley, the la ter came out second best. The match was for \$250 a ide, 500 points up, at 14 inch balk line.

Fourteen inch balk line is now the favorite

game with experts for all public contests, and game. While it prevents the monotony of long runs amassed by nursing on the rail, it is by no means as restrictive as cushion carroms and admits of great freedom of execution on the part of the player. In straight billiards of course there is a great deal of billiards, of course, there is a great deal of pretty shooting, but as before mentioned the game grows tiresome the moment a player lands the balls on the rail. In balk line billiands the balls on the rail. In balk line bill-iards, when the bails get on the rail in any of the spaces formed by the intersection of the balk lines, the player must send one of the object balls out of the space on his second shot or take his seat. Nursing on the balk line, fourteen inches away from the rail, is one of the prettiest and most difficult feature of this game and one in which Schaefer and



MAGGIOLL. HATLEY. Of the two players in the recent match game, Maggioli has had by far the most exce. He has been playing in public for about twenty years, and in that time has taken part in numberless matches and tournaments. Few players of his class are better known in billiard circles. He is of French descent. He first attracted attention as a billiard player in 1873-75 by his playing with the Miller brothers, Albert Hoa, Abrahams and other New Orleans experts. Maggioli is a good player and has a graceful, easy meth-William Hatley was born at Seneca Falls,

N. Y., twenty-eight years ago. His record as a billiard player is mainly confined to Chicago. His first public appearance was in a room keepers' tournament in 1886. In this he tied for first money with Gallagher and Matthewa. The play off resulted in another tie, and the players then divided the prize. He entered the St. Louis tournament of 1887, in which John Thatcher won first prize, but but being in poor form was allowed to withdraw without playing, and was refunded his entrance money. He played in several other tournaments during 1887 and 1888. Hatley is a very strong but irregular player. At his he would worry any expert outside of Schaefe and Slosson.



REV. HERRICE JOHNSON. REV. JOHN HALL. Nothing has recently caused greate interest in the religious world than the discussion of proposed revision of the Westminster Confession by the Presbyterians. This is not the place to go into the merits of so profound a question, but readers may be interested in the portraits given of eminent Presbyterian divines who have taken decided grounds upon the matter.

A Great Light Dawns Upon Tommy. Tommy-Pa, old Miss Yellowby has just been here and brought you a Christmas present-another pair of slippers. That's the fourth pair you've gotten. Why do people always give preachers slippers and nothing else, pa? The Rector-Because preachers' sons

are said to be worse than those of anybody else, Tommy.—Puck.

A newspaper expert, whose front name is "Mose," never begins a game of billiards of any consequence without first giving the hoodoo a necker by a two hours' meditatio on an elephant's tusk.—New York Telegran