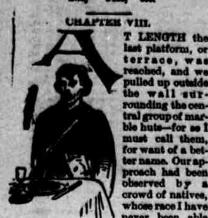
QUATERMAIN'S WIFE

By H. RIDHR HAGGARD. or of "Colonal Quardish, V. C.," "M non's Will," "A Tale of Three Idena," "Allen Quatermain," "Ehe," "Jess," do.



T LENGTH the last platform, or terrace, was reached, and we pulled up outside the wall surrounding the cen-tral group of mar-ble huts—for se I must call them, for want of a better name. Our approach had been observed by a crowd of natives,

to determine accurately; they belonged to the Basutu and peaceful section of the Bantu peoples rather than to the Zulu and warlike. Several of these ran up to take the horses, gazing on us with aston lahment, not unmixed with awe. We dismounted—speaking for myself, not without difficulty—indeed, had it not been for Stella's support I should have

"Now you must come and see my father," she said. "I wonder what he will think of it, it is all so strange. Hendrika, take the child to my hut and give her milk, then put her into my bed; I will

come presently."
Hendrika went off with a somewhat ugly grin to do her mistress' bidding, and Stella led the way through the narrow gateway in the marble wall, which may have inclosed nearly half an "erf, or three-quarters of an acre of ground in all. It was beautifully planted as a garden, many European vegetables and flow-ers were growing in it, besides others with which I was not acquainted. Presently we came to the center hut, and it was then that I noticed the extraordinary beauty and finish of the marble masonry In the hut and facing the gateway was a modern door, rather rudely fashioned of Bucken pont, a beautiful reddish wood that has the appearance of having been sedulously pricked with a pin. Stella opened it, and we entered. The interior of the hut was the size of a large and lofty room, the walls being formed of plain polished marble. It was lighted somewhat dimly, but quite effectively, by peculiar openings in the roof, from which the rain was excluded by overhanging caves. The marble floor was strewn with native mats and skins of animals. Bookcases filled with books were placed against the walls, there was a table in the center, chairs seated with rimpi or strips of hide stood about, and beyond the table was a couch on which a man was lying reading.
"Is that you, Stella?" said a voice, that

even after so many years seemed familiar to me. "Where have you been, my dear? I began to think that you had lost yourself again." 'No, father, dear, I have not lost my

self, but I have found somebody else. At that moment I stepped forward so that the light fell on me. The old gentleman on the couch rose with some difficulty and bowed with much courtesy. He was a fine-looking old man, with deep-set dark eyes, a pale face, that bore many traces of physical and mental suffering, and a long white beard.
"Be welcome, sir," he said.

ce we have seen a white face in these wilds, and yours, if I am not mistaken, is that of an Englishman. There has been no Englishman here for ten years, and he, I grieve to say, was an outcast flying from justice, bowed again and stretched out his hand. I looked at him, and then of a sudden his name flashed back into my mind.

"How do you do, Mr. Carson?" I said. He started back as though he had been

"Who told you that name?" he cried. "It is a dead name. Stella, is it you? I forbade you to let it pass your lips." "I did not speak it, father. I have never spoken it," she answered.

"Sir," I broke in, "if you will allow me, I will show you how I came to know your name. Do you remember many years ago coming into the study of dergyman in Oxfordshire and telling him that you were going to leave England for ever?" He bowed his head.

"And do you remember a little boy who sat upon the hearthrug writing with a pencil?"
"I do," he said.

"Sir, I was that boy, and my name is Allan Quatermain. Those children who lay sick are all dead, their mother is dead, and my father, your old friend is dead also. Like you he emigrated and last year he died in the Cape. But this is not all the story. After many adventures I, one Kaffir, and a little girl, lay senseless and dying in the bad lands where we had wandered for days with out water, and there we should have perished, but your daughter Miss"-"Call her Stella," he broke in, hastily.

"I cannot bear to hear that name, I have forsworn it." "Miss Stella found us by chance and saved our lives.

"By chance, did you say, Allan Quatermain? he answered. "There is little chance in this; such chances spring from another will than ours. Welcome, Allan, son of my old friend. Here we live as it were in a hermitage, with Nature for our only friend, but such as we have is yours, and for as long as you will take it. But you must be starving, talk no more. Stella, it is time for food. Tomorrow we will talk."

To tell the truth I can recall very little more of the events of that evening. A kind of dizzy weariness overmastered me. I remember sitting at a table next to Stella, and eating heartily, and then I remember nothing more.

I awoke to find myself lying on a con fortable bed in a hut built and fashioned on the same model as the center one. While I was wondering what time it was, a native came bringing some clean clothes on his arm, and, luxury of luxuries, produced a bath hollowed from wood. I rose feeling a very different man; my strength had come back again to me. I dressed and, following a covered passage, found myself in the center hut. Here the table was set for break fast with all manner of good things, such as I had not seen for many a month, which I contemplated with healthy sad isfaction. Presently I looked up, there before me was a more delightful sight, for standing in one of the doorways which led to the sleeping huts was Stella, leading little Tota by the hand.

She was very simply dressed in a loose blue dress, with wide collar, and girdled in at the waist by a little leather belt. In the bosom of her robe was a bunch of orange blooms, and her rippling hair was tied in a single knot behind her shapely head. She greeted me with a smile, asking me how I had slept, and ther held Tota up for me to kiss. Under her loving care the child had been quite transformed. She was neatly dressed in a garment of the same stuff that Stella wore, her fair hair was brushed; indeed, had it not been for the sun bilisters on her face and hands, one would scarcely have believed that this was the same child that Indaba-nimbi and I had dragged for hour after hour through the burning, waterless desert.

"We must breakfast alone, Mr. Allan," she said; "my father is so upset by your arrival that he will not get up yet. Oh, you cannot tell how thankful I am that you have come. I have been so anxious about him of late. He grows weaker about him of late. He grows weaker and weaker; it seems to me as though the strength were ebbing away from him. Now he scarcely leaves the kraal; I have to manage everything about the farm, and he does nothing but read and think."

Just then Hendrika entered, bearing a jug of coffee in one hand and of milk in the other, which she sat down upon the table, casting a look of little love at me as she did so.

"Be careful, Hendrika: you are spill-"Be careful, Hendrika; you are spilling the coffee," said Stella. "Don't you wonder how we come to have coffee here, Mr. Allan? I will tell you—we grow it. That was my idea. Oh, I have lots of things to show you. You don't know what we have managed to do in the time that we have been here. You see, we have plenty of laber, for the people about look upon my father as their chief."

"Yes," I said, "but how do you get all of these luxuries of civilization?" and I pointed to the books, the crockery, and the knives and forks.

"Very simply. Most of the books my father brought with him when he first trekked into the wilds; there was nearly a wagon load of them. But every three years we have sent an expedition of these wagons right down to Port Natal. The wagons are loaded with ivory and other goods, and come back with all kinds of things that have been sent out from England for us. You see, although we live in this wild place, we are not al-together cut off. We can send runners to Natal and back in three months, and the wagons get there and back in a year. "Have you ever been with the wag-ons?" I asked.

"Since I was a child I have never been more than thirty miles from Babyan's Peak," she answered. "Do you know, Mr. Allan, that you are, with one ex ception, the first Englishman that I have known out of a book. I suppose that I must seem very wild and savage to you, but I have had one advantage— a good education. My father has taught me everything, and perhaps I know some things that you don't. I can read French and German for instance. I think that my father's first idea was to let me run wild altogether, but he gave

it up."
"And don't you wish to go into the

world?" I asked.
"Sometimes," she said, "when I get lonely. But perhaps my father is right --perhaps it would frighten and bewilder me. At any rate, he would never return to civilization. It is his idea, you know, though I am sure I do not know where he got it from, nor why he cannot bear that our name should be spoken. In short, Mr. Quatermain, we do not make our lives; we must take them as we find them. Have you done your breakfast? Let us go out and I will show you our domain."

I rose and went to my sleeping place to fetch my hat. When I returned, Mr. Carson-for, after all, that was his name. though he would never allow it to be spoken-had come into the hut. He felt better now, he said, and would accompany us on our walk if Stella would give him an arm. So we started, and after us came

Hendrika with Tota and old Indabazimbi, whom I found sitting outside as old man.

The view from the platform was almost as beautiful as that from the lower ground looking up to the peak. The marble kraals, as I have said, faced west, consequently all the upper terrace lay in the shadow of the great peak till nearly 11 o'clock in the morning, which was a great advantage in that warm latitude. First we walked through the garden, which was beautifully cultivated, and one of the most productive that I ever saw. There were three or four natives working in it, and they all saluted my host as "Baba," or father. Then we visited the other two groups of marble huts. One of these was used for stables and outbuildings, the other as storehouses, the center hut having been, however, turned into a chapel. Mr. Carson was not ordained, but he earnestly tried to convert the natives, most of whom were refugees who had come to him for shelter, and he had practiced the more elementary rites of the church for so long that I think he began to believe that he really was a clergyman. For instance, he always married those of his people who would consent to a monogamous existence, and

baptized their children. When we had examined these wonder ful remains of antiquity, the marble huts, and admired the orange trees, the vines and fruits which thrive like weeds in this marvelous soil and climate, we descended to the next platform and saw the farming operations in full swing. I think that it was the best farm I have ever seen in Africa. There was ample water for purposes of irrigation, the grass lands below gave pasturage for hundreds of head of cattle and horses, and, for natives, the people were most industrious. Moreover, the whole place was managed by Mr. Carson on the co-operative system he only took a tithe of the produce-indeed, in this land of teeming plenty, what was he to do with more? Consequently the tribemen, who, by the way, themselves the "Children of Thomas," were able to accumulate considerable wealth. All their disputes were referred to their "father," and he also was judge of offenses and crimes. Some were punished by imprisonment, whipping and loss of goods, other and grave transgressions by expulsion from the community, a fiat which to one of these favored natives must have seemed as heavy as the decree that drove Adam from the Garden of Eden. Old Mr. Carson leaned upon his daugh

ter's arm and contemplated the scene "I have done all this, Allan Quater-

main," he said. "When renouncing civilization first, I wandered here by chance; seeking a home in the remotest places in the world, I found this lonely spot a wilderness. Nothing was to be seen except the sice, the domes of the marble huts and the waterfalls. I took possession of the huts. I cleared the patch of garded land and planted the orange grove. I had only six natives then, but by degrees others joined me; now my tribe is a thousand strong. Here we live in profound peace and plenty. I have all I need, and I ask no more. Heaven has prospered me so far-may it be so to the end, which for me draws And now I am tired and will go back. If you wish to see the old quarry and the mouth of the ancient mines, Stella will show them to you. No, my love, you need not trouble to come. can manage alone. Look, some of the

head men are waiting to see me." So he went, but still followed by Hen drika and Indaba-zimbi we turned, and, walking along the bank of one of the rivers, passed up behind the marble krazis, and came to the quarry, whence the material had been cut in some remote age. The pit opened up a very

tnick seam of the writtest and most beau-tiful marble. I know another like it in Natal. But by whom it had been worked Natal. But by whom it had been worked I cannot say. Not by natives, that is certain, though the builders of the kraals had condescended to borrow the shape of native huts for their model. The only relic of those builders that I ever saw was a highly finished bronze pick axe which Stella found one day in the quarry. After we had examined the quarry we climbed the alope of the hill till we came to the mouth of the ancient mines situated in a kind of gorge. I believe them to have been silver mines. The gorge was long and narrow, and the moment we entered it there rose from every side a sound of groaning and barking that was almost enough to deafen one. I knew what it was at once; the whole place was filled with baboons, which place was filled with baboons, which clambered down the rocks towards us from every direction, in a manner that struck me as being unnaturally fearless. Stella clung to my arm. "It is very silly of me," she whispered. "I am not at all nervous, but I cannot

bear the sight of those animals ever since they killed Hendrik. I always think that there is something human

Meanwhile the baboons came nearer, Meanwhile the baboons came nearer, talking to each other as they came. Tota began to cry, and clung to Stella. Stella clung to me, while I and Indaba-zimbi put as bold a front on the matter as we could. Only Hendrika stood looking at the brutes with an unconcerned smile on her monkey face. When the great apes were quite near, she suddenly called out aloud. Instantly they stopped their hideous clamor as though at a word of command. Then Hendrika addressed

From the mouth of Hendrika came a succession of grunts, groans, squeaks, click and every other abominable noise that can be conceived. To my mind the whole conveyed an idea of expostulation. At any rate the baboons listened. One of them grunted back some answer, and then the whole mob drew off to the

I stood astonished, and without a word we turned back to the kraal, for Hendrika was too close for me to speak. When we reached the dining but Stella went in, followed by Hendrika. But Indaba-zimbi plucked me by the sleeve,

and I stopped outside.
"Macumazahn," he said. "Baboo woman — devil woman. Be careful, Macumazahn. She loves that Star (the natives aptly enough called Stella the Star), and is jealous. Be careful, Macu-mazahn, or the Star will set!"

CHAPTER IX.



tween my arrival at Babyan's Peak and my marriage with Stella When I look back on it it seems sweet as with the odor of flowers and dim as with the happy dusk of summer eves, while through the sweet-

uess comes the sound of Stella's voice, and through the gloom shines the starlight of her eyes. I think that we loved each other from the first, though for a while we said no word of love. Day by day I went about the place with her, ac-companied by little Tota and Hendrika only, while she attended to the thousand and one matters which her father's ever growing weakness had laid upon her; or, rather, as time drew on, I attended to the business and she accompanied me. All day through we were together. Then after supper, when the night had fallen, and come in at length to hear her father read aloud, sometimes from the works of a poet, sometimes from history, or, if he did not feel well, Stella would read, and when this was done Mr. Carson would celebrate a short form of prayer, and we would separate till the morning once more brought our happy hour of meeting.

So the weeks went by, and with every week I grew to know my darling better. Often I wonder now if my fend fancy deceives me, or if indeed there are wome as sweet and dear as the. Was it solitude that had given such depth and gentleness to her? Was it the long years of communing with nature that had endowed her with such peculiar grace, the grace we find in opening flowers and budding trees? Had she caught that murmuring voice from the sound of the streams that fall continually about her rocky home? was it the tenderness of the evening sky beneath which she loved to walk, that lay like a shadow on her face, and the light of the evening stars that shone in her quiet eyes? At the least, to me she was the realization of the dream which haunts the sleep of sin stained men; so my memory paints her, so I hope to find her when at last the sleep has rolled away and the fevered dreams are done.

At last there came a day-the most blessed of my life-when we told our love. We had been together all the morning, but after dinner Mr. Carson was so unwell that Stella stopped in with him. At supper we met and after supper, when she had put little Tota, to whom she had grown much attached, to bed, we went out, leaving Mr. Carson dozing on the couch. The night was warm and lovely, and without speaking we walked up the garden to the orange grove and sat down there upon a rock. There was a little which shook the petals of the orange bloom over us in showers, and bore their delicate fragrance far and wide. Silence reigned around, broken only by the sound of the falling waterfalls that now died to a faint murmur, and now, as the wavering breeze turned boomed loudly in our ears. The moon was not yet visible, but already the dark clouds that floated through the sky above_us-for there had been rainshowed a glow of silver, telling us that she shone brightly behind the peak.

Stella began to talk in her low, gentle roice, telling me of her life in the wilderness, how she had grown to love it, how her mind had gone on from idea to idea, and how she pictured the great rushing world that she had never seen as it was reflected to her from the books which she had read. It was a curious vision of life that she had; things were out of proportion in it; it was more like a dream than a reality-a mirage than the actual face of things. The idea of great cities, and especially of London, had a kind of fascination for her; she could scarcely realize the rush, the roar and hurry, the hard crowds of men and women, strangers each to each, feverishly seeking for wealth and pleasure beneath a murky sky, and treading one another down in the fury of competition. "What is it all for?" she asked, earnestly. "What do they seek? Having so

few years to live, why do they waste them thus?" I told her that in the majority of instances it was actual hard necessity that drove them on, but she could scarcely realize it. Living as she had done, in the midst of the teeming plenty of the fruitful earth, she did not seem to understand that there are millions who from day to day know not how to stay their

hunger.
"I never want to go there," she went "I should be bewildered and frightened to death. It is not natural to live

like that. God put Adam and Eve in a garden, and that is how he meant their children to live—in peace, and looking always on beautiful things. This is my idea of perfect life. I want no other."

"I thought that you once told me that you found it lonely," I said.

"So I did," she answered innocently, "but that was before you came. New I am not lonely any more, and it is perfect—perfect as the night."

Just then the full moon rose above the elbow of the peak, and her rays stole far and wide down the misty valley, gleaming on the water, brooding on the plain, searching out the hidden places of the rocks, wrapping the fair form of nature as in a silver bridal veil through which her beauty shone mysteriously.

as in a silver bridal veil through which her beauty shone mysteriously.

Stella looked down the terraced valley; she turned and looked up at the scarred face of the golden moon, and then she looked at ms. The beauty of the night was about her face, the scent of the night was on her hair, the mystery of the night shone in her shadowed eyes. She looked at ms, I looked at her, and all our hearts' love blossomed within us. We spoke no word—we had no words to speak, but slowly we drew near, till lips were pressed to lips as we kissed our eternal troth.

It was she who broke that holy silence.

It was she who broke that holy silence speaking in a changed voice, in soft deep notes that thrilled me like the lowest

chords of a smitten harp.
"Ah, now I understand," she said, "now I know why we are lonely, and how we can lose our loneliness. Now I know what it is that stirs us in the beauty of the sky, in the sound of water and in the scent of flowers. It is love that speaks in everything, but till we hear his voice we understand nothing. But when we hear then the riddle is answered and the gates of our heart are opened, and, Allan, we see the way that wends through death to heaven, and is lost in the glory of which our love is but a shadow.

'Let us go in, Allan. Let us go before the spell breaks, so that whatever comes to us, sorrow, leath or separation, we may always have this perfect memory to save us.

I rose like a man in a dream, still hold ing her by the hand. But as I rose my eyes fell upon something that gleamed white among the foliage of the orange bush at my side. I said nothing, but looked. The breeze stirred the orange leaves, the moonlight struck for a mo ment full upon the white object.
It was the face of Hendrika, the babyan

woman, as Indaba-zimbi had called her, and on it was a glare of hate that made

me shudder.
I said nothing; the face vanished, and just then I heard a baboon bark in the rocks behind. Then we went down the garden, and

Stella passed into the center hut. I saw Hendrika standing in the shadow near the door and went up to her.
"Hendrika," I said, "why were you

watching Miss Stella and myself in the She drew her lips up till her teeth

gleamed in the moonlight.
"Have I not watched her these many years, Macumazahn? Shall I cease to watch her because a wandering white man comes to steal her? Why were you kissing her in the garden. Macumazahn?

How dare you kiss her who is a star?"
"I kissed her because I love her, and because she loves me," I answered "What has that to do with you, Hen

drika?" "Because you love her," she hissed in answer, "and do I not love her also, who saved me from the babyans? I am a woman as she is, and you are a man, and they say in the kraals that men love women better than women love women. But it is a lie, though this is true, that if a woman loves a man she forgets all her flowers-beautiful flowers; I climb the rocks where you would never dare to go to find them; you pluck a piece of orange bloom in the garden and give it her. What does she do? She takes the orange bloom, she puts it in her breast and lets my flowers die. I call to hershe does not hear me-she is thinking You whisper to some one far away, and she hears and smiles. She used to kiss me sometimes; now she kisses that white brat you brought, because you brought Oh, I see it all-all; I have seen it from the first; you are stealing her from us, stealing her to yourself, and those who loved her before you came are forgotten. Be careful, Macumazahn, be careful, lest I am revenged upon you. You, you hate me; you think me half a monkey; that servant of yours calls me baboon woman. Well, I have lived with baboons, and they are clever-yes, they can play tricks and know things you don't, and I am cleverer than they, for I have learnt the wisdom of white people also, and I say to you, 'Walk softly, Macumazahn, or you will fall into a pit," and with one more look of malice she was gone.

I stood for a moment reflecting. 1 was afraid of this strange creature who seemed to combine the cunning of the great apes that had reared her with the passion and skill of human kind. I foreboded evil at her hands. And yet there was something almost touching in the fierceness of her jealousy. It is gen erally supposed that this passion only exists in strength when the object loved is of another sex from the lover, but I confess that, both in this instance and in some others that I have met with, this has not been my experience. I have known men, and especially uncivilized men, who were as jealous of the affection of their friend or master as any lover could be of that of his mistress and who has not seen cases of the same thing where parents and their children were concerned? But the lower one gets in the scale of humanity the more readily this passion thrives; indeed, it may be said to come to its intensest perfection in brutes. Women are more jealous than men, small hearted men are more jeal ous than those of larger mind and wide sympathy, and animals are the most jealous of all. Now Hendrika was in some ways not far removed from animal, which may perhaps account for the fe-

rocity of her jealousy of her mistress affection. Shaking off my presentiments of evil. I entered the center hut. Mr. Carson was resting on the sofa, and by him knelt Stella holding his hand, and he head resting on his breast. I saw at once that she had been telling him of what had come about between us; nor was I sorry, for it is a task that a wouldbe son-in-law is generally glad to do by

deputy. "Come here, Allan Quatermain," he said, almost sternly, and my heart gave a jump, for I feared lest he might be about to require me to go about my business. But I came.

"Stella tells me," he went on, "that you two have entered into a marriage engagement. She tells me also that she loves you, and that you say that you

"I do indeed, sir," I broke in; "I love her truly; if ever a woman was loved in this world I love her." "I thank heaven for it," said the old

man. "Listen, my children. Many years ago a great shame and sorrow fell upon me, so great a sorrow that, as I metimes think, it affected my brain, At any rate, I determined to do what most men would have considered the act of a madman, to go far away into the wilderness with my only child, there to live remote from civilization and its

evia. 1 did so; 1 found this place, and here we have lived for many years, hap-ply enough, and perhaps not without soing good in our generation, but still in a way unnatural to our race and status. At first I thought that I would status. At first I thought that I would let my daughter grow up in a state of complete ignorance, that she should be nature's child. But as time went on, I saw the folly and the wickedness of my plan. I had no right to degrade her to the level of the savages around me, for if the fruit of the tree of knowledge is a bitter fruit, still it teaches good from avil. So I educated her as well as I was evil. So I educated her as well as I was able, till in the end I knew that in mind, as in body, she was in no way inferior to her sisters, the children of the civil-ized world.

She grew up and entered into woman-hood, and then it came into my min-that I was doing her a bitter wrong, that I was separating her from her kind and keeping her in a wilderness where she could find neither mate nor companion. But though I knew this, I could not yet make up my mind to return to active life; I had grown to love this place. dreaded to return into the world I had abjured. Again and again I put my resolutions aside. Then at the comneucement of this year I fell ill. For a while I waited, hoping that I might get better, but at last I realized that I should never get better, that the hand of death vas upon me." "Ah, no, father, not that!" Stella said,

with a cry.
"Yes, love, that, and it is true. Now you will be able to forget our separation in the happiness of a new meeting," and he glanced at me and smiled. "Well. when this knowledge came home to me, I determined to abandon this place and trek for the coast, though I well know that the journey would kill me. I should never live to reach it. But Stella would, and it would be better than leaving her here alone with savages in the wilderness. On the very day that I had made up my mind to take this step Stella found you dying in the bad lands, Allar Quatermain, and brought you here. She brought you, of all men in the world, you, whose father had been my dearest friend, and who once with your baby hands had saved her life from fire, that she might live to save yours from thirst. At the time I said little, but I saw the hand of Providence in this, and I determined to wait and see what came about between you. At the worst, if nothing came about, I soon learned that I could trust you to see her safely to the coast after I was gone. But many days ago I knew how it stood between you, and now things have come about as I prayed they might. God bless you both, my children; may you be happy in your love; may it endure till death and be-yond it. God bless you both," and he stretched out his hand toward me.

I took it, and Stella kissed him

Presently he spoke again:
"It is my intention," he said, "if you two consent, to marry you next Sunday. I wish to do so soon, for I do not know how much longer will be allowed to me I believe that such a ceremony, solemnly celebrated and entered into before witnesses, will, under the circumstances, be perfectly legal; but of course you will repeat it with every formality the first moment it lies in your power to do so. And now, there is one more thing: when I left England my fortunes were in a shattered condition; in the course of years they have recovered themselves, the ac-cumulated rents, as I heard but recently, when the wagons last returned from Port Natal, have sufficed to pay off al charges, and there is a considerable bal ance over. Consequently you will not marry on nothing, for of course you. Stella, are my heiress, and I wish to make a stipulation. It is this. That so soon as my death occurs you shall leave this place and take the first opportunity of returning to England. I do not ask you to live there always: it might prove too much for people reared in the wilds, as both of you have been; but

winds, as both of you have been; but I
do ask you to make it your permanent
home. Do you consent and promise this?"
"I do," I answered.
"And so do I," said Stella.
"Very well," he answered: "and now
I am tired out. Again God bless you
both, and good night."

NTHE follow ing mor con ver sation with In First o all I tole him that I was

going to marry "Oh!" he said,"? thought so, Mac umazahn. Did not tell you that you would find

must be content to watch the Star from long way off, to you it is given to wea her on your heart. But remember, Macu mazahn, remember that stars set.'

"Can you not stop your croaking ever for a day?" I answered angrily, for his words sent a thrill of fear through me, "A true prophet must tell the ill as well as the good, Macumazahn. I only speak what is on my mind. But wha of it? What is life but loss, loss upor loss, till life itself be lost. But in death we may find all the things that we have lost. So your father taught, Macuma zahn, and there was wisdom in his gen tleness. Oh! I do not believe in death it is change, that is all, Macumazahn Look now, the rain falls, the drops of rain that were once water in the clouds fall side by side. They sink into the ground; presently the sun will come out, the earth will be dry, the drops will be gone. A fool looks and says the drops are dead, they will never be one again they will never again fall side by side. But I am a rain maker, and I know the ways of rain. It is not true. The drops will drain into the river and will be on water there. They will go up into the clouds again in the mists of morning, and there will again be as they have been. We are the drops of rain, Macumazahn. When we fall, that is our life. When we sink into the ground, that is death, and when we are drawn up again to the sky, what is that, Macumazahn? No! no! when we find, we lose and when we seem to lose, then we shall really find. I am not a Christian, Macumazahn, but I am old, and have watched and seen things that perhaps Christians do not see. There, I have spoken. Be happy with your star, and if it sets, wait, Macumazahn, wait till it rises again. It will not be long; one day you will go to sleep, then your eyes will open on another sky, and there your star will be shining. Macumazahn."

I made no answer at the time could not bear to talk of such a thing. But often and often in the after years l have thought of Indaba-zimbi and his beautiful simile and gathered comfort from it. He was a strange man, this old rain making savage, and there was more wisdom in him than in many learned atheists-those spiritual destroyers who, in the name of progress and humanity, would divorce hope from life, and leave as wandering in a lonesome, self consubject, "I have something to say," a I told him of the threats of Hendrika.

He listened with an unmoved face, nodding his white lock at interval as the narrative went on. But I saw that he was disturbed by it.
"Macumazahu," he said at length, "I have told you this is an evil woman.

She was nourished on baboon milk, and the baboon nature is in her veins. Such creatures should be killed, not kept. She will make you mischief if she can. But I will watch her, Macvmazahn. Look, the Star is waiting for you; go, or she will hate me as Hendrika hates So I went, nothing loath, for attrac

so I went, nothing loath, for attractive as was the wisdom of Indaba-zimbi, I found a desper meaning in Stella's simplest word. All the rest of that day I passed in her company, and the greater part of the two following days. At last came Saturday night, the eve of our marriage. It rained that night, so we did not go out, but spent the evening in the hut. We sat hand in hand, saying little, but Mr. Carson talked a good deal, telling us tales of his youth, and of countries that he had visited. Then he read aloud from the Bible, and bade us good night. I also kissed Stella and went to bed. I reached my hut by the covered way, and before I undress the door to see what the night was like. It was very dark, and rain was still falling, but as the light streamed out into the gloom I fancied that I caught sight

of a dusky form gliding away.

The thought of Hendrika flashed into my mind; could she be skulking about outside there? Now I had said nothing of Hendrika and her threats either to Mr. Carson or Stella, because I did not wish to alarm them. Also I knew that Stella was attached to this strange person, and I did not wish to shake her con-fidence in her unless it was absolutely necessary. For a minute or two I stood hesitating, then, reflecting that, if it was Hendrika out there, there she should stop, I went in and put up the stout wooden bar that was used to secure the door. For the last few nights old Indaba-zimbi had made a habit of sleeping in the covered passage, which was the only other possible way of access. As I came to bed I had stepped over him rolled up in his blanket, and to all appearance fast asleep. So, it being evident that I had nothing to fear, I promptly dismissed the matter from my mind, which, as may be imagined, was indeed fully oc-

cupied with other matters.

I got into bed, and for awhile lay awake thinking of the great happiness in store for me, and of the providential course of events that had brought it within my reach. A few weeks since and I was wandering in the desert a dying man, bearing a dying child, and with scarcely a possession left in the world except a store of buried ivory that I never expected to see again. And now I was about to wed one of the sweetest and loveliest women in the whole world woman whom I loved more than I could have thought possible, and who loved me back again. Also, as though that were not good fortune enough, I was to acquire with her considerable possessions, quite sufficiently large to enable us to follow any plan of life we found agree-able. As I lay and reflected on all this I grew afraid of my good fortune. Old Indaba-zimbi's melancholy prophesies came into my mind. Hitherto he had always prophesied truly. What if these should be true also? I turned cold as I thought of it, and prayed to the power above to preserve us both to live and love together. Never was prayer more needed. While its words were still upon my lips I dropped asleep and dreamed a most

dreadful dream. I dreamed that Stella and I were standdressed in white and radiant with beauty, but it was a wild, spiritual beauty which frightened me. Her eyes shone like stars, a pale flame played about he features and the wind that blew did not stir her hair. Nor was this all, for her white robes were death wrappings, and the altar at which we stood was formed of the piled up earth from an open grave that yawned between us. So we stood waiting for one to wed us, but no one came. Presently from the open grave sprang the form of Hendrika. In her hand was a knife, with which she stabbed at me, but pierced the heart of Stella, who, without a cry, fell backwards into the grave, still looking at me as she fell. Then Hendrika leaped after her into the grave. I heard her feet strike heavily. "Awake, Macumazahu! awake!" cried

the voice of Indaba-zimbi. I awoke and bounded from the bed, the cold perspiration pouring from me. In the darkness on the other side of the hut I heard sounds of furious struggling. Luckily I kept my head. Just by m was a chair on which were matches and a rush taper. I struck a match and held it to the taper. Now in the glowing light I could see two forms rolling one over the other on the floor, and from be tween them came the flash of steel. The fat melted and the light burnt up. It was Indaba-zimbi and the woman Hendrika who were struggling, and, what was more, the woman was getting the better of the man, strong as he was. I rushed toward them. Now she was up permost, now she had wrenched herself from his fierce grip, and now the great knife she had in her hand flashed up. But I was behind her, and, getting

hands beneath her arms, jerked with all my strength. She fell backwards, and, in her effort to save herself, most for tunately dropped the knife. Then we flung ourselves upon her. Heavens! the strength of that she devil! Nobody who has not experienced it could believe it. She fought and scratched and bit, and at one time nearly mastered the two of us. As it was she did break loose. She rushed at the bed, sprung on it, and bounded thence straight up at the roof of the hut. I never saw such a jump, and could not conceive what she meant to do. In the roof were the peculiar holes which I have described. were designed to admit light, and covered with overhanging eaves. She sprung straight and true like a monkey, and catching the edge of the hole with her hands strove to draw herself through it. But here her strength, exhausted with the long struggle, failed her. For a moment she swung, then dropped to the ground and fell senseless. "Ou!" gasped Indaba-zimbi. "Let us

tie the devil up before she comes to life again.' I thought this a good counsel, so we took a rein that lay in the corner of the

room, and lashed her hands and feet in such a fashion that even she could scarcely escape. Then we carried her into the passage, and Indaba-zin:bi sat over her, the knife in his hand, for I did not wish to raise an alarm at that hour of the night. "Do you know how I caught her, Macumazahn?" he said. "For several nights

I have slept here with one eye open, for I thought she had made a plan. To night I kept wide awake, though I pretended to be asleep. An hour after you got into the blankets the moon rose, and I saw a beam of light come into the hut through the hole in the roof. Present I saw the beam of light vanish. At I thought that a cloud was passing over the moon, but I listened and heard a

noise as though some one was squeezing himself through a narrow place. Pres ently he was through and hanging by his hands. Then the light came in again,

frau swinging from the root, and about to drop into the hut. She clump by both hands, and in her mouth was a great knife. She dropped, and I ran forward to seize her as she dropped, and gripped her round the middle. But she heard me come, and, seizing the knife, struck at me in the dark and missed me. Then we struggled, and you know the rest. You were very nearly dead to-night, Macumazahn."

Macumarahn."

"Very nearly, indeed," I answered, still panting and arranging the rags of my night dress around me as best I might. Then the memory of my horrid dream flashed into my mind. Doubtless it had been conjured up by the sound of Hendrika dropping to the floor—in my dream it had been a grave that she dropped into. All of it had been experienced in that second of time. Well, dreams are swift; perhaps time itself is nothing but a dream, and events that seem far apart really occur simultaneously.

ously.

We passed the rest of the night watching Hendrika. Presently she came to herself and struggled furiously to break the rein. But it was too strong even for her, and, moreover, Indaba-zimbi uncer-emoniously sat upon her to keep her quiet. At last she gave it up.

Indue course the day broke—my mar-riage day. Leaving Indaba-zimbi to watch my would-be murderess, I went and fetched some natives from the and fetched some natives from the stables, and with their aid bore Hendrika to the prison hut—that same hut in which she had been confined when she had been brought a buboon child from the rocks. Here we shut her up, and, leaving Indaba-zimbi to watch out side, I returned to my sleeping place and dressed in the best garments that babyan kraals could furnish. But when I looked at the reflection of my face, I was horrified. It was covered with scratches inflicted by the nails of Hendrika. I doctored them up as best I could, and went out for a walk to calm my nerves, which, what between the pending that day, were not a little dis-turbed.

When I returned it was breakfast time.

went into the dining but, and there Stella was waiting to greet me, dressed in simple white and with orange flowers on her breast. She came forward to me shyly enough; then, seeing the condition

of my face, started back.
"Why, Allan! what have you been doing to yourself?" she asked.
As I was about to answer, her father came in leaning on his stick, and catching sight of me instantly asked the same

Then I told them everything, both of Hendrika's threats and of her fierce at tempt to carry them into execution. But I did not tell my horrid dream. Stella's face grew white as the flowers on her breast, but that of her father be

came very stern. "You should have spoken of this be-fore, Allan," he said. "I now see that I did wrong to attempt to civilize this wicked and revengeful creature, who, it

wicked and revengeful creature, who, if she is human, has all the evil passions of the brutes that reared her. Well, I will make an end of it this very day."

"Oh, father," saic Stella, "don't have her killed. It is all dreadful enough, but that would be more dreadful still. I have been very fond of her, and, bad as she is she has loved me. Don't have here

she is, she has loved me. Don't have her killed on my marriage day."
"No," her father answered, "she shall not be killed, for, though she deserves to die, I will not have her blood upon our hands. She is a brute and has followed the nature of brutes. She shall go back

whence she came. No more was said on the matter at the time, but when breakfast-which was rather a farce-was done, Mr. Carson

sent for his head man and gave him ce tain orders. We were to be married after the ser vice which Mr. Carson held every Sunday morning in the large marble but set apart for that purpose. The service began at 10 o'clock, but long before that hour all the natives on the place came up in troops, singing as they came, to be present at the wedding of the "Star." It was a pretty sight to see them, the men dressed in all their finery, and carrying shields and sticks in their hands, and the women and children bearing green branches of trees, ferns and flowers. At length, about half-past nine, Stella rose, pressed my hand, and left me to my reflections. At a few minutes to ten she reappeared again with her father, dressed in a white veil, a wreath orange flowers on her dark curling hair, a bouquet of orange flowers in her hand. To me she seemed like a dream of loveliness. With her came little Tota in a high state of glee and excitement. She

was Stella's only bridesmaid. Then we all passed out towards the church hut. The bare space in front of it was filled with hundreds of natives, who set up s song as we came. But we went on into the hut, which was crowded with such of the natives as usually worshiped there. Here Mr. Carson, as usual, read the service, though he was obliged to sit down in order to do so. When it was done—and to me it seemed interminable —Mr. Carson whispered to me that he meant to marry us outside the hut in sight of all the people, so we went out and took our stand under the shade of a large tree that grew near the hut facing the bare space where the natives wer gathered.

Mr. Carson held up his hand to enjoin silence. Then, speaking in the native dialect, he told them that he was about to make us man and wife after the Christian fashion and in the sight of all men. This done, he proceeded to read the marriage service over us, and very solemnly and beautifully he did it. We said the words, I placed the ring-it was her father's signet ring, for we had no other —upon Stella's finger, and it was done.
Then Mr. Carson spoke. "Allan and

Stella," he said, "I believe that the ceremony which has been performed makes you man and wife in the sight of God and man, for all that is necessary to make a marriage binding is, that it should be celebrated according to the custom of the country where the parties to it reside. It is according to the custom that has been in force here for fifteen years or more that you have been married in the face of all the people, and in token of it you will both sign the registry that I have kept of such marriages, among those of my own people that have adopted the Christian faith. Still, in case there should be any legal flaw, I again demand the solemn promise of you both that on the first opportunity you will cause this marriage to be re-celebrated in some civilized land. Do you promise?"
"We do," we answered.

Then the book was brought out and we signed our names. At first my wife signed hers "Stella" only, but her father bade her write it Stella Carson for the first and last time in her life. Then several of the indunas, or head men, including old Indaba-zimbi, put their marks in witness. Indaba-zimba drew his mark in the shape of a little star, in humorous allusion to Stella's native name. register is before me now as I write. That, with a lock of my darling's hair that lies between its leaves, is my dear-est possession. There are all the names and marks as they were written many years ago beneath the shadow of the tree on Babyan Kraals in the wilderness, but alse! and alse! where are those who wrote them?

Continued next Saturday;