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### The Canadian Bost.

**Q**UATERMAIN'S WIFE.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JAN. 10, 1880,

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Author of "Colorel Quaritch, V. C." "Mr. Meeson's Will," "A Tale of Three Lions," "Allan Quatermain," "She," "Jess," etc.

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and watch the baboons as they played smong 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 haboon was very large, and one of the females had a gray face. But the reason why I estched them so much was because I 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 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 overmastered me. I noticed that, though she ofimbed about the oliffs 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 a 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 I could not do this by myself, so I took a Hottentot-a very clever 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 s long while he would not listen to my plan, because he said that the babyans 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 rope running through it so that the mouth could be drawn tight.

"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 to hear its shrieks.

"We scrambled down the sides of the kloof and ran for home as fast as we could manage. When we were near the waterfall, and within about 600 yards of the garden wall, we heard a voice behind us, and there, leaping from rock to rock, and running over the grass, was the whole family of baboons headed by

the old man. "'Run, miss, run" gasped Hendrik, and I did like the wind, leaving him far behind. I dashed into the garden, where some Kaffirs were working, crying, 'The bahyana! the bahyana! 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 asseral that they ran away.

"Well, there is a little hut 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 hut 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 hut 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 achild, and rocking itself backwards and forwards. It was so

sail 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 astonish-

" 'Why!' he said, 'this is not a baboon, it is a white child that the baboons have stolen 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 monhow she can climb, for instance, and you hear how she talks. Also, she is very savage, and when she is angry or must have been stolen by the baboons when she was quite tiny and nurtured | The world is old, and no doubt plenty of by them, and that is why she is so like people have lived in it and been for-

thought that she would die, for all the day, however, I went to the bars of the for a long while, then crept up moaning, took the milk from my hand and drank it greedily, and afterwards ate the fruit. From that time forward she took 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 baboons 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 bones, the fragments of his assegai and four dead baboons. They had set upon him and torn him to pieces. "My father was very much frightened

at this, but still he would not let Hendrika go, because he said that she was human, and that it was our duty to reclaim 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

I looked. Hendrika was tramping 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 woman'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 behind 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 rose 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 Basutu 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 eight or ten acres of ground, and almost surrounded 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 on

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

blocks of hewn white marble, fitted to-

and finish that it was often difficult to | bowed again and stretched out his hand. find the fronts of the massive blocks. From this center hut ran three covered passages, leading to other buildings of an exactly similar character, only smaller, and each whole block was inclosed by a marble wall about four feet in

Of course we were as yet too far off to see all these details, but the general outline I saw at once, and it astonished me considerably. Even old Indaba-simbi, whom the baboon woman had been unable to move, deigned to show wonder. "Oh!" he said, "this is a place of mar-vels. Who ever saw kraals built of white

Stella watched our faces with an expression of intense amusement, but said "Did your father build those kraals?"

I gasped at length. '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

"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 keys, and looks like one, too. You saw 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 jealous she seems to go mad, though she mine, which my father thinks was a is as clever as an body. I think that she silver mine. Perhaps the people who worked the mine built the marble huts.

"But to go on. My father said that it ! Then we rode on in silence. I have was our duty to keep Hendrika at any seen many beautiful sights in Africa, cost. The worst of it was that for three and in such matters, as in others, comdays she would eat nothing, and I parisons are odious and worthless, but I do not think that I ever saw a lovelier while she sat and wailed. On the third scene. It was no one thing-it was the combination of the mighty peak looking window place and held out a cup of milk | forth on to the everlasting plains, the and some fruit to her. She looked at it great cliffs, the waterfalls that sparkled in rainbow hues, the rivers girdling the rich cultivated lands, the gold specked green of the orange trees, the flashing omes 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 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 loveliest. Ah, it did not take me long to find my fate. How long will it be before I find her once again?

CHAPTER VIII.



T LENGTH the ast platform, or reached, and we pulled up outside the wall surrounding the central group of marble huts-for so I must call them. for want of a better name. Our approach had been observed by a crowd of natives, whose race I have never been able

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 astonishment, 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 flowers were growing in it, besides others with which I was not acquainted. Pres ently 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 eaves. 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

edifice constructed like an ordinary Zulu hut—that is to say, in the shape of a "Be welcome, sir," he said. "It is "Be welcome, sir," he said. hut—that is to say, in the shape of a bechive, only it was five times the size of any hut I ever saw, and built of long since we have seen a white face in these wilds, and yours, if I am not mistaken, is that of an Englishman. There gether with extraordinary knowledge of the principles and properties of arch building, and with so much accuracy has been no Englishman here for ten years, and he, I grieve to say, was an outcast flying from justice," and he

I looked at him, and then of a sudden his name flashed back into my mind. 1

"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 When is a man part of a fishing tackle. When he's never spoken it," she answered. The weakness and debility which result from illness may be speedily evercome by the use of Aver's Sarsaparilla. This is a safe, but powerful tonic, assisting digestion, regulates the liver and kindneys, and cleaness the blood of all germs of disease.—83-1.

"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 a clergyman 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 without 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 comfortable 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 rable was set for breakfast with all manner of good things, such as I had not seen for many a month, which I contemplated with healthy satisfaction. Presently I looked up, and 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 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 then 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 blisters on her face and hands, one would scarcely have believed that this was the same child that Indaba-zimbi 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 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 little learner of the same at longer of the more and metals and thought 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."

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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 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 labor, for You see, we have plenty of labor, 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

"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 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 altogether 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 wagons?" 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 exception, the first Englishman that I have known out of a book. I suppose that I must seem very wild and avage 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 tonely. But perhaps my father is right—perhaps it would frighten and bewilder me. At any rate, he would never (Continued act week.)

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