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The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JAN. 31, 1860.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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

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My wife and Tota had been carried off by the baboons. As yet they had not been killed, for if so their remains would have been found with those of the dogs. They had been carried off. The brutes, acting under the direction of the womanmonkey. Hendrika, had dragged them away to some secret den, there to keep them till they died or kill them!

neath the terror of the shock. Then I roused myself from my despair. I bade and bring me guns and acammition. He; low the spoor. For a few yar is it was follow me presently to the little glade plain enough Stella had been dragged along. I could see where her heels had no marks of her feet. At the water's the water. edge the spoor vanished. The water was shallow, and they had gone along in it, or at least Hendrika and her victims could see where a moss grown stone had been freshly turned over in the water

"So the evil has fallen, Macumazahn," he said.

"It has fallen," I answered. "Keep a good heart, Macumazahn," ho said again. "She is not dead, nor is the little maid, and before they die we shall and them. Remember this, Hendrika loves her. She will not harm her or allow the babyans to harm her. She will

grouned. "The light a goon; fast." The moon rises in three hours," he answered "to vill e arch by moonlight. It is useless to start now; see, the sun sinks. Let us get the men together, cat and make things ready. Hamba gachle. Hasten slowly, Macumazahn," I could cat no food, but I packed some up to take with us, and made ready

ropes and a rough kind of litter. If we found them they would scarcely be able to walk. Ah! if we found them! How slowly the time passed! It seemed hours before the moon rose. But at last it did

Then we started. In all we were about a hundred men, but we only mustered five guns between us, my elephant roer and four that had belonged to Mr. Car-

CHAPTER XII.



E gained stream where Stolla had been taken. The natives looked at the torn fragments of the dogs, and at the marks of violence, and I heard them swearing to each other that whether the Star lived or died they

inated every baboon on Babyan's peak. I echoed the oath, and, as shall be seen,

We started on along the stream, fol-lowing the spoor of the baboons as we best could. But the stream left no spoor, and the hard, rocky banks but little. Still we wandered on. All night we wandered through the lonely moonlit valleys, startling the silence into a thousand echoes with our cries. But no answer came to them. In vain our eyes searched the sides of precipices formed of water riven rocks fantastically piled one upon another; in vain we searched through endless dells and fern clad crannies. There was nothing to be found. How could we expect to find two human beings hidden away in the recesses of this vast stretch of mountain ground, which no man yet had ever fully explored? They were lost, and in all hu-

man probability lost for ever. To and fro we wandered hopelessly, till at last dawn found us footsore and weary nearly at the spot whence we had started. We sat down waiting for the min to rise, and the men ate of such food as they had brought with them, and sent to the kraals for more.

I sat upon a stone with a breaking heart. I cannot describe my feelings, Let the reader put himself in my position and perhaps he may get some idea of them. Near me was old Indabazimbi, who sat staring straight before him as though he were looking into space, and taking note of what went on there. An idea struck me. This man had some occult power. Several times during our adventures he had prophesied, and in every case his prophecies had proved true. He it was who, when we escaped from the Zulu Impi, had told me to steer north, because there we should find the place of a white man who lived under the shadow of a great peak that was full of baboons. Perhaps he could help in this extremity-at any rate it was worth trying.

"Indaba-zimbi," I said, "you say that you can send your spirit through the doors of space and see what we cannot see. At the least I know that you can do strange things. Can you not help me now? If you can, and will save her, I will give you half the cattle that we

"I never said anything of the sort, Macumazahn," he answered. "I do things, I do not talk about them. Neither do I seek reward for what I do like a common witch doctor. It is well that you have asked me to use my wisdom, Macumazahn, for I should not have used it again without being asked-no, not even for the sake of the Star and yourself. whom I love, for if so my spirit would have been angry. In the other matters I had a part, for my life was concerned as well as yours; but in this matter I have no part, and therefore I might not use my wisdom unless you thought well to call upon my spirit. However, it would have been no good to ask me before, for For a moment I literally staggered be- I have only just found the herb I want," and he produced a handful of leaves of a plant that was unfamiliar to me, It the native run and alarm the people at had prickly leaves, shaped very much the kraals, telling them to come armed. Hike those of the common English nettle. "Now, Macumazahn," he went on, "bid the men leave us alone, and then

down there by the water." I did so. When I reached the glade I struck the ground; the child had, I pre- found Indaba-zimbi kindling a small fire sumed, been carried at least there were | under the shadow of a tree by the edge of

"Sit there, Macumazahn," he said, pointing to a stone near the fire, "and do not be surprised or frightened at anyhad, in order to obliterate the trail. I thing you see. If you move or call out we shall learn nothing."

I sat down and watched. When the bed. I ran along the bonk some way up fire was alight and burning brightly, the the ravine, in the vain hope of catching old fellow stripped himself stark naked, a sight of them. Presently I heard a and, going to the foot of the pool, dipped bark in the cliffs above me; it was an- himself in the water. Then he came swered by another, and then I saw that back shivering with the cold, and, leanscores of baboons were hidden about ing over the little fire, thrust leaves among the rocks on either side, and were of the plant I have mentioned into his slowly swinging themselves down to but mouth and began to chew them, mutterthe path. To go on unarmed as I was ingashe chewed. Most of the remaining would be useless. I should only be torn leaves he threw onto the fire. A dense to pieces as the dogs had been. So I smoke rose from them, but he held his turned and fled back toward the huts. head in this smoke and drew it down into As I drew near I could see that my mes- his lungs till I saw that he was exhibiting senger had roused the settlement, for every sign of suffocation. The veins in natives with spears and kernes in their his throat and chest swelled, he gasped hands were running up towards the loudly, and his eyes, from which tears kraals. When I reached the hut I met were streaming, seemed as though they old Indaba-zimbi, who were a very seri- were going to start from his head. Presently he fell over on his side, and lay senseless. I was terribly alarmed, and ance, but fortunately I remembered his

caution and sat quiet. Indaba-zimbi lay on the ground like a person quite dead. His limbs had all the utter relaxation of death. But as I watched I saw them begin to stiffen, exactly as though rigor mortis had set in. try to hide her away from you-that is Then, to my astonishment, I perceived them once more relax, and this time "Pray God that we may find her," I there appeared upon his chest the stain of decomposition. It spread and spread; in three minutes the man, to all appearance, was a livid corpse.

I sat amazed watching this uncanny sight, and wondering if any further natural process was about to be enacted. Perhaps Indaba-zimbi was going to fall As there was no help I took his advice, to dust before my eyes. As I watched I observed that the discoloration was beginning to fade. First it vanished from the extremities, then from the larger limbs, and lastly from the trunk. Then in turn came the third stage of relaxation, the second stage of stiffness or rigor, and the first stage of after-death collapse. When all these had rapidly succeeded each other, Indaba-zimbi quietly woke

I was too astonished to speak; I simply looked at him with my mouth open. "Well, Macumazahn," he said, putting his head on one side like a bird and nodding his white lock in a comical fashion, "it is all right: I have seen her."

"Seen who?" I said. "The Star, your wife, and the little maid. They are much frightened, but unharmed. The babyan-frau watches them. She is mad, but the baboons obey her and do not hurt them. The Star was sleeping from weariness, so I whispered in her eftr and told her not to be frightened, for you would soon rescue her, and that meanwhile she must seem to be

pleased to have Hendrika near her." "You whispered in her ear?" I said. "How could you whisper in her ear?"
"Bah! Macumazahn. How could I seem to die and go rotten before your eyes? You don't know, do you? Well, I will tell you one thing. I had to die to I knew that we had no time to lose, for pass the doors of space, as you call them. the baboon would quickly alarm the

I had to draw all the healthy strength and life from my body in order to gather power to speak with the Star. It was a langerous business, Macumazahn, for if I had let things go a little further they must have stopped so, and there would have been an end of Indaba-zimbi. Ah, you white men, you know so much that you think you know everything. But you don't! You are always staring at the clouds and can't see the things that lie at your feet. You hardly believe me now, do you, Macumazahn? Well, I will show you. Have you anything on you that the Star has touched or worn?"

I thought for a moment, and said that I had a lock of her hair in my pocketbook. He told me to give it to him. I did so. Going to the fire, he lit the lock of hair in the flame, and let it burn to ashes, which he caught in his left hand. These ashes he mixed up in a paste with the juice of one of the leaves of the plant I have spoken of.

"Now, Macumazahn, shut your eyes," he said.

I did so, and he rubbed his paste on my eyelids. At first it burnt me, then my head swam strangely. Presently this effect passed off, and my brain was perfectly clear again, but I could not feel the ground with my feet. Indaba-zimbi led me to the side of the stream. Beneath us was a pool of beautifully clear water. "Look into the pool, Macumazahn,"

said Indaba-zimbi, and his voice sounded

hollow and far away in my ears. I looked. The water grew dark: it cleared, and in it was a picture. I saw a cave with a fire burning in it. Against the wall of the cave rested Stella. Her dress was torn almost off her, she looked dreadfully pale and weary, and her eyelids were red as though with weeping. But she slept, and I could almost think that I saw her lips shape my name in her sleep. Close to her, her head upon Stella's breast, was little Tota; she had a skin thrown over her to keep out the night cold. The child was awake, and appeared to be moaning with fear. By the fire, and in such a position that the light fell full upon her face, and engaged in cooking something in a rough pot shaped from wood, sat the baboonwoman, Hendrika. She was clothed in baboon skins, and her face had been

however, wearing off. In the intervals of her cooking she would turn on Stella her wild eves, in which glared visible madness, with an expression of tenderness that amounted to worship. Then she would stare at the poor child and gnash her teeth as though with hate. Clearly she was jealous of it. Round the entrance arch of the cave peeped and peered the heads of many baboons. Presently Hendrika made a sign to one of them; apparently she did not speak, or rather grunt, in order not to wake Stella. The brute hopped forward, and she gave it a second rude wooden pot which was lying by her. It took it and went. The last thing that I saw, as the vision slowly vanished from the pool, was the dim shadow of the baboon returning with the pot full of water.

rubbed with some dark stain, which was,

Presently everything had gone. ased to feel strange. There beneath me was the pool, and at my side stood Indaba-zimbi, smiling.

"You have seen things," he said. "I have," I answered, and made no further remark on the matter. What was there to say? "Do you know the path to the cave?" I added.

He nodded his head. "I did not follow it all just now, because it winds," he said. "But I know it. We shall want the ropes." "Then let us be starting; the men have

eaten.' He nodded his head again, and, going to the men, I told them to make ready, adding that Indaba-zimbi knew the way. They said that was all right; if Indabazimbi had "smelt her out" they should soon find the Star. So we started cheerfully enough, and my spirits were so much improved that I was able to eat a boiled mealie cob or two as we walked.

We went up the valley, following the course of the stream for about a mile: then Indaba-zimbi made a sudden turn to the right along another kloof, of which there were countless numbers in the base of the great hill.

On we went through kloof after kloof. Indaba-zimbi, who led us, was never at a loss; he turned up gulleys and struck across necks of hills with the certainty of a hound on a hot scent. At length, my first impulse was to run to his assist- after about three hours' march, we came to a big silent valley on the northern slope of the great peak. On one side of this valley was a series of stony koppies, on the other rose a sheer wall of rock. We marched along the wall for a distance of some two miles. Then suddenly Indaba-zimbi halted.

"There is the place," he said, pointing to an opening in the cliff. This opening was about forty feet from the ground, and ellipse shaped. It cannot have been more than twenty feet high by ten wide, and was partially hidden by ferns and bushes that grew about it in the surface of the cliff. Keen as my eyes were, I doubt if I should ever have noticed it, for there were many such cracks and crannies in the rocky face of the great mountain.

We drew near and looked carefully at the place. The first thing I noticed was that the rock, which was not quite perpendicular, had been worn by the continual passage of baboons; the second, that something white was hanging on a bush near the top of the ascent.

It was a pocket-handkerchief. Now there was no more doubt about the matter. With a heating heart I began the ascent. For the first twenty feet it was comparatively easy, for the rock shelved; the next ten feet was very difficult, but still possible to an active man. and I achieved it, followed by Indabazimbi. But the last twelve or fifteen feet could only be scaled by throwing a rope over the trunk of a stunted tree, which grew at the bottom of the opening. This we accomplished with some trouble, and the rest was easy. A foot or two above my head the handkerchief fluttered in the wind. Hanging to the rope, I grasped it. It was my wife's, As I did so I noticed the face of a baboon peering at me over the edge of the cleft, the first baboon we had seen that morning. The brute gave a bark and vanished. Thrusting the handkerchief into

mere arched passage cut by water, ending in a gulley, which led to a wide open space of some sort. I looked through the passage and saw that the gullet arched passage and saw that the gullet arched passage cut by water, ending in a gulley, which led to a wide open space of some sort. I looked through the passage arched black with baboons. On they came by the hundred. I unslung my elephant gun from my shoulders, and waited, calling to the men below to come up with all possible speed. The brutes streamed on down the gloomy gulf towards me, barking, grunting and showing their huge teeth. I waited till they were within fifteen yards. Then I fired the elephant gun, which was loaded with slugs, right into the thick of them. In that narrow place the report echoed like a cannon shot, but its sound was quickly swallowed in the volley of piercing human sounding groans and screams that followed. The charge of heavy slugs had plowed through the number of the baboons, of which at least a dozen lay dead or dying in the passage. For a moment they hesitated, then they came on again with a hideous clamor. Fortunately by this time Indaba-zimbi, who also had a gun, was standing by my side, otherwise I should have been torn to pieces before I could reload. He fired both barrels into them, and again checked the rush. But they came on again, and notwithstanding the appearance of two natives with guns, which they let off with more or less success, we should have been overwhelmed by the great and ferocious apes had I not by this time succeeded in reloading the elephant gun. When they were right on to us I fired, with even more deadly effect than before, for at that distance every slug told on their long line. The howls and screams of rage and fury were now something inconceivable. One might have thought that we were doing battle with a host of demons; indeed in that light-for the overhanging arch of rock made it very dark-the gnashing snouts and somber glowing eyes of the apes looked like those of devils as they are represented by monkish fancy. But the last shot was too much for them; they withdrew, dragging some of their wounded with them, and thus gave us time to get the lower parts were here and there our men up the cliff. In a few minutes | clothed in grasses, lichens and creepers. all were there, and we advanced down | I walked along it, calling at the top of the passage, which presently opened into a rocky gulley with shelving sides. This

gulley had a water way at the bottom of it; it was about a hundred yards long, and the slopes on either side were topped by precipitous cliffs. I looked at these slopes; they literally swarmed with baboons, grunting, barking, screaming, and beating their breasts with their long arms in fury. I looked up the water way; along it, accompanied by a mob, or, as it were, a guard of baboons, came Hendrika, her long hair flying, madness written on her face, and in her arms was the senseless form of little Tota.

She saw us, and a foam of rage burst me the sound was a mere inarticulate cry, but the baboons clearly understood it, for they began to roll rocks down on to us. One bowlder leaped past me and struck down a Kaffir behind; another fell from the roof of the arch on to a narrow, water worn passage, which I man's head and killed him, Indaba-zimbi followed with a beating heart. Preslifted his gun to shoot Hendrika; I ently the passage opened into a small knocked it up so that the shot went over her, crying that he would kill the child. Then I shouted to the men to open out and form a line from side to side of the shelving gulley. Furious at the loss of their two comrades, they obeyed me, and keeping in the water way myself, together with Indaba-zimbi and the other guns, I gave the word to charge. Then the real battle began. It is difficult to say who fought the more fiercely, the natives or the baboons. The Kaffirs charged along the slopes, and as they came, encouraged by the screams of Hendrika, who rushed to and fro holding the wretched Toto before her as a shield, the apes bounded at them in fury. Scores were killed by the assegais and many more fell beneath our gun shots. but still they came on. Nor did we go seathless. Occasionally a man would elip, or be pulled over in the grip of a baboon. Then the others would fling themselves upon him like dogs on a rat. and worry him to death. We lost five men in this way, and I myself received a bite through the fleshy part of the left

arm, but fortunately a native near me assegaied the animal before I was pulled At length, and all of a sudden, the baboons gave up. A panic seemed to seize them. Notwithstanding the cries of Hendrika they thought no more of fight, but only of escape; some even did not attempt to get away from the assegais of the Kaffirs, they simply hid their horrible faces in their paws, and, moan-

ing piteously, waited to be slain. Hendrika saw that the battle was lost. Dropping the child from her arms, she rushed straight at us, a very picture of horrible insanity. I lifted my gun, but could not bear to shoot. After all she was but a mad thing, half ape, half woman. So I sprang to one side, and she landed full on Indaba-zimbi, knocking him down. But she did not stay to do any more. Wailing terribly, she rushed down the gulley and through the arch, followed by many of the surviving baboons, and vanished from our sight.

CHAPTER XIII.



was over. In all we more were bitten. while but few had escaped without some tokens whereby he might rememher what a babeen's teeth and claws are like. How many of the brutes we killed I never knew,

because we did not count, but it was a vast number. I should think that the stock must have been low about Babyan's peak for many years afterwards. From that day to this, however, I have always

picked up little Tota. The child was not in a swoon, as I had thought, but paralvzed by terror, so that she could scarcely speak. Otherwise she was unhurt. though it took her many a week to recover her nerve. Had she been older, and had she not remembered Hendrika, I doubt if she would have recovered it. She knew me again, and flung her little arms about my neck, clinging to me so closely that I did not dare to give her to any one else to carry lest I should add to her terrors. So I went on with her in my arms. The fears that pierced my heart may well be imagined. Should I find Stella alive or dead? Should I find her at all? Well, we should soon know now. We stumbled on up the stony water-course; notwithstanding the weight of Tota, I led the way, for suspense lent me wings. Now we were through, and an extraordinary scene lay before us. We were in a great natural amphitheatre, only it was three times the size of any amphitheatre ever shaped by man, and the walls were formed of precipitous cliffs, ranging from one to two hundred feet in height. For the rest, the space thus inclosed was level, studded with park-like trees, brilliant with flowers, and having a stream running through the center of it that, as I afterwards discovered, welled up from the ground at the head of the open space.

We spread ourselves out in a line, searching everywhere, for Tota was too overcome to be able to tell us where Stella was hidden away. For nearly half an hour we searched and searched, scanning the walls of rock for any possible opening to a cave. In vain-we could find none. I applied to old Indabazimbi, but his foresight was at fault bere. All he could say was that this was the place, and that the "Star" was hidden somewhere in a cave, but where the cave was he could not tell. At last we came to the top of the amphitheatre. There before us was a wall of rock, of which my voice. Presently my heart stood still, for I

thought I heard a faint answer. I drew nearer to the place from which the sound seemed to come, and again called. Yes, there was an answer in my wife's voice. It seemed to come from the rock. I went up to it and searched among the creepers, but still could find no opening. "Move the stone," cried Stella's voice, "the cave is shut with a stone."

I took a spear and prodded at the cliff whence the sound came. Suddenly the spear sank in through a mass of lichen. I swept the lichen aside, revealing a bowlder that had been rolled into the from her lips. She screamed aloud. To 1 mouth of an opening in the rock, which it fitted so accurately that, covered as it was by the overhanging lichen, it might well have escaped the keenest eye. We dragged the bowlder out; it was two men's work to do it. Beyond was a cave, shaped like a pickle bottle, and coming to a neck at the top end. We passed through and found ourselves in a second, much larger cave, that I at once recognized as the one of which Indabazimbi had shown me a vision in the water. Light reached it from abovehow I know not-and by it I could see a form half sitting, half lying on some skins at the top end of the cave. I rushed to it. It was Stella! Stella bound with strips of hide, bruised, torn, but still Stella, and alive.

She saw me, she gave one cry, then as I caught her in my arms she fainted. It was happy indeed that she did not faint before, for had it not been for the sound of her voice I do not believe we should ever have found that cunningly hidden cave, unless, indeed, Indaba-zimbi's magic (on which be blessings) had come to our assistance.

We bore her to the open air, laid her beneath the shade of a tree, and cut the bonds loose from her ankles. As we went I glanced at the cave. It was exactly as I had seen it in the vision. There burnt the fire, there were the rude wooden vessels, one of them still half full of the water which I had seen the baboon bring. I felt awed as I looked. and marveled at the power wielded by a savage who could not even read and

Now I could see Stella clearly. Her face was scratched, and haggard with fear and weeping. Her clothes were almost torn off her, and her beautiful hair was loose and tangled. I sent for water, and we sprinkled her face. Then I forced a little of the brandy which we distilled from peaches at the kraals between her lips, and she opened hereyes, and throwing her arms about me clung to me as little Tota had done, sobbing, "Thank God! thank God!"

After a while she grew quieter, and I made her and Tota eat a little food from the store that we had brought with us. I too ate and was thankful, for with the exception of the mealie cobs I had tasted nothing for nearly four-and-twentyhours. had lost Then she washed her face and hands, and seven men tidied her rags of dress as well as she was killed, and able. As she did so, by degrees I drew several her story from her.

It seemed that on the previous afternoon, being wearied with packing, she went out to visit her father's grave, taking Tota with her, and was followed there by the two dogs. She wished to lay some flowers on the grave and take farewell of the dust it covered, for as we had expected to trek early on the morrow she did not know if she would find a later opportunity. They passed up the garden, and, gathering some flowers from the orange trees and elsewhere, went on to the little graveyard. Here she laid them on the grave as we had found them, and then sitting down, fell into a deep and sad reverie, such as the occasion would naturally inde-

(Continued next week.)

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