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(By H. Rider Haggard.)

CHAPTER II.

THE LEGEND OF SOLOMON'S MINES. "What was it that you heard about my brother's journey at Bamangwato?" said Sir Henry, as I paused to fill my pipe before answering Captain Good.

"I heard this," I answered, "and I have never mentioned it to a soul till to-day. I heard he was starting for Solomon's Mines." "Solomon's Mines!" ejaculated both my

hearers at once. "Where are they?"

"I don't know," I said; "I know where they are said to be. I once saw the peaks of the mountains that border them, but there was a hundred and thirty miles of desert between me and them, and I am not aware that any white man ever got across it save one. But perhaps the best thing I can do is to tell you the legend of Solomon's Mines as I know it, you passing your word not to reveal anything I tell you without my permission. Do you agree to that? I have my rea-

sons for asking it." Sir Henry nodded, and Captain Good re-

plied, "Certainly, certainly," "Well," I began, "as you may guess, in a general way, elephant hunters are a rough set of men, and don't trouble themselves with much beyond the facts of life and the ways of Katirs. But here and there you meet a man who takes the trouble to collect traditions from the natives, and tries to make out a little piece of the history of this dark land. It was such a man as this who first told me the legend of Solomon's Mines, now a matter of nearly thirty years ago. It was when I was on my first elephant hunt in the Matabele country. His name was Evans, and he was killed next year, poor fellow, by a wounded buffalo, and lies buried near the Zambesi Falls. I was telling Evans one night, I remember, of some wonderful workings I had found whilst hunting koodoo and eland in what is now the Lydenburg district of the Transvaal. I see they have come across these workings again lately in prospecting for gold, but I knew of them years ago. There is a great wide wagon road cut out of solid rock, and leading to the mouth of the working or gallery. Inside the mouth of this gallery are stacks of gold quartz piled up ready for crushing, which shows that the workers, whoever they were, must have left in a hurry, and about twenty paces in the gallery is built across,

and a beautiful bit of misoary it is "'Ay,' said Evans, 'but I will tell you a queerer thing than that; and he went on to tell me how he had found in the far interior a rained city, which he believed to be the Ophir of the Bible; and, by the way, other more learned men have said the same long since poor Evans' time. I was, I remember, listening open-eared to all these wonders, for I was young at the time, and this story of an ancient civilization and of the treasure which those old Jewish or Phænician adventurers used to extract from a country long since lapsed into the darkest barbarism, took a great hold upon my imagination, when suddenly he said to me, "Lad, did you ever hear of the Suliman Mountains up to the northwest of the Mashukulumbwe country?" I told him I never had, "Ah, well, he said, "that was where Solomon really had his mines-his diamond mines, I mean.

". How do you know that?" I asked.

"'Know it! why, what is "Suliman" but a corruption of Solomon? (Suliman is the Arabic form of Solomon) and, besides, an old isanusl (witch doctor) up in the Manica country told me all about it. She said that the people who lived across those mountains were a branch of the Zulus, speaking a dialect of Zulu, but finer and bigger men even; and there lived among them great wizards, who had learned their art from white men when "all the world was dark," and who had the secret of a wonderful mine of "bright stones."

"Well, I laughed at this story at the time, though it interested me, for the diamond fields were not discovered then, and poor Evans went off and got killed, and for twenty years I never thought any more of the matter. But just twenty years afterwardand that is a long time, gentleman, an elephant hunter does not often live for twenty years at his business-I heard something more definite about Suliman's Mountains and the country which lies beyond it. I was up beyond the Manica country at a place called Sitanda's Kraal, and a miserable place it was, for one could get nothing to eat there, and there was but little game about. I had an attack of fever, and was in a bad way generally, when one day a Portugee arrived with a single companion-a half-breed. Now I know your Delagoa Portug e well. There is no greater devil unhung in a general way, battening as he does upon human agony and flesh in the shape of slaves. But this was quite a different type of a man to the low fellows I had been acustomed to meet; he reminded me more and more of the polite dons I have read about. He was tall and thin, with large black eyes and curling gray mustaches. We talked together a little, for he could speak broken English, and I understood a little Portugee, and he told me that his name was Jose Silvestre, and that he had a place near Delagoa Bay; and when he went on next day with his half-breed companions, he said, 'Good-bye,' taking off his hat quite in the old style. 'Good-bye, senor,' he said, 'if ever we meet again I shall be the richest man in the world, and I will remember you.' I laughed a little -I was too weak to laugh much-and watched him strike out for the great desert to the west, wondering if he was mad, or

what he thought he was going to find there. "A week passed and I got the better of my fever. One evening I was sitting on the ground in front of the little tent I had with me, chewing the last leg of a miserable fowl I had bought from a native for a bit of cloth worth twenty fowls, and staring at the hot red sun sinking down into the desert, when suddenly I saw a figure, apparently that of a European, for it wore a coat, on the slope of the rising ground opposite to me, about three hundred yards away. The figure crept along on its hands and knees, then it got up and staggered along a few yards on its legs, only to fall and crawl along again. Seeing that it must be somebody in distress, I sent one of my hunters to help him, and presently he arrived, and who do

you suppose it turned out to be?" "Jose Silvestre, of course," said Captain

"Yes, Jose Silvestre, or rather his skeleton and a little skin. His face was bright yellow with bilious fever, and his large, dark eyes stood nearly out of his head, for all his

nesn nad gone. There was nothing but yellow parchment-like skin, white hair, and the gaunt bones sticking up beneath.

" 'Water! for the sake of Christ, water?' he moaned. I saw that his lips were cracked, and his tongue, which protruded between them, swollen and blackish,

"I gave him water with a little milk in it, and he drank it in great gulps two quarts or more, without stopping. I would not let him have any more. Then the fever took him again, and he fell down and began to raye about Suliman's Mountains, and the diamonds, and the desert. I took him into the tent and did what I could for him, which was little enough; but I saw how it must end. About eleven o'clock he got quieter, and I lay down for a little rest and went to sleep. At dawn I woke again, and saw him in the half light sitting up, a strange, gaunt form, and gazing out toward the desert. Presently the first ray of sun shot right across the wide plain before us till it reached the far-away crest of one of the tallest of the Suliman Mountains more than a hundred miles away.

"'There it is!' cried the dying man in Portuguese, stretching out his long, thin arm, 'but I shall never reach it, never. No one will ever reach it!"

"Suddenly he paused, and seemed to take a resolution. 'Friend,' he said, turning toward me, 'are you there? My eyes grow dark.'

"'Yes,' I said; 'yes, lie down now, and

"'Ay,' he answered, 'I shall rest soon, I have time to rest-all eternity. Listen, I am dying! You have been good to me. 1 will give you the paper. Perhaps you will get there if you can live through the desert which has killed my poor servant and me.'

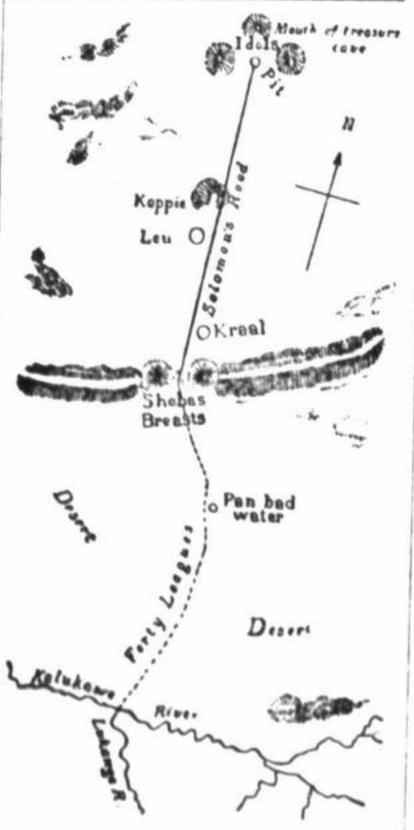
"Then he groped in his shirt and brought out what I thought was a Boer tobacco pouch of the skin of the swartvet-pens (sable antelope). It was fastened with a little strip of hide, what we call a rimpi, and this he tried to untie, but could not. He handed it to me. 'Untie it,' he said. I did so, and extracted a bit of torn yellow linen, on which something was written in rusty letters. Inside was a paper.

"Then he went on feebly, for he was growing weak: 'The paper has it all, that is on the rag. It took me pears to read. Listen: my ancestor: a political refugee from Lisbon, and one of the first Portuguese who landed on these shores, wrote that when he was dying on those mountains which no white foot ever pressed before or since. His name was Jose da Silvestra, and he lived three hundred years ago. His slave, who waited for him on this side the mountains, found him dead, and brought the writing home to Delagoa. It has been in the family ever since, but none have cared to read it till at last I did. And I lost my life over it, but another may succeed, and become the richest man in the world. Only give it to no one; go yourself!' Then he began to wan-

der again, and in an hour it was all over. "God rest him! he died very quietly, and I buried him deep, with blg boulders on his breast; so I do not think that the jackals can have dug him up. And then I came away." "Ay, but the document." said Sir Henry,

in a tone of deep interest. "Yes, the document; what was in it?" ad-

ded the captain. "Well gentlemen, if you like I will tell you. I have never showed it to anybody yet except my dear wife, who is dead, and she thought it was all nonsense, and a drunken old Portuguese trader who translated it for me, and had forgotten all about it next morning. The original rag is at my home in Durban, together with poor Don Jose's translation; but I have the English rendering in my pocket-book, and a facsimile of the map, if it can be called a map,



Here it is." "I. Jose da Silvestra, who am now dying

of hunger in the little cave where no snow is on the north side of the nipple of the southernmost of the two mountains I have named Sheba's Breasts, write this in the year 1590 with a cleft bone upon a remnant of my raiment, my blood being the ink. If my slave should find it when he comes, and should bring it to Delagoa, let my friend (name illegible) bring the matter to the knowledge of the king, that he may send anarmy which, if they live through the desert and the mountains, and can overcome the brave Kukuanes and their devilish arts, to which end many priests should be brought. will make him the richest king since Solomon. With my own eyes I have seen the countless diamonds stored in Solomon's treasure chamber behind the white 'Death;' but through the treachery of Gagool, the witchinder, I might bring naught away, scarcely my life. Let him who comes follow the map, and climb the snow of Sheba's left breast till he comes to the nipple, on the north side of which is the great road Solomon made, from whence three days' journey to the King's Place. Let him kill Gagool. Pray for my soul. Farewell.

Map.

"JOSE DA SILVESTRA." When I had finished reading the above and shown the copy of the map, drawn by the dying hand of the old don with his blood for ink, there followed a silence of astonish-

ment, "Well," said Captain Good, "I have been round the world twice, and put in at most ports, but may I be hung if I ever heard a yarn like that out of a story-book, or in it either, for the matter of that."

"It's a queer story, Mr. Quatermain," said Sir Henry. "I suppose you are not hoaxing us? It is, I know, sometimes thought al

lowable to take a greenhorn in." "If you think that, Sir Henry," I said, much put out, and pocketing my paper, for I do not like to be thought one of those silly fellows who consider it witty to tell lies, and who are forever boasting to new-comers of extraordinary hunting adventures which

the matter," and I rose to go. Sir Henry laid his large hand upon my shoulder "Sit down, Mr. Quatermain," he said; "I beg your pardon; I see very well you do not wish to deceive us, but the story sounded so extraordinary that I hardly could believe it."

never happened, "why, there is an end of

"You shall see the original map and writ ing when we reach Durban," I said, somewhat mollified, for really when I came to consider the matter it was scarcely wonderful that he should doubt my good faith. "But I have not told you about your brother. I knew the man Jim who was with him. He was a Bechuana by birth, a good hunter, and for a native a very clever man. The morning Mr. Neville was starting I saw Jim standing by my wagon and cutting up tobacco on the disselboon.

"'Jim,' said I, 'where are you off to this trip? Is it elephants?" "'No, Bans,' he answered, 'we are after

something worth more than ivory.' "And what might that be?" I said, for 1

was curious, 'Is it gold?' "'No, Baas, something worth more than gold,' and he grinned.

"I did not ask any more questions, for I did not like to lower my dignity by seeming curious, but I was puzzled. Presently Jim finished cutting his tobacco.

"'Baas,' said he. "I took no notice.

"Baas,' said he again.

"'Eh, boy, what is it!" said I. "Baas, we are going after diamonds."

"'Diamonds! why, then, you are going in the wrong direction; you should head for the Fields.' "Baas, have you ever heard of Suliman's

Berg? (Solomon's Mountains). " 'Ay!' "'Have you ever heard of the diamonds

"'I have heard a foolish story, Jim.'

"'It is no story, Baas. I once knew a woman who came from there, and got to Natal with her child, she told me-she is dead

"'Your master will feed the aasvogels (vultures), Jim, if he tries to reach Suliman's country, and so you will if they can get any picking off your worthless old carcass,' said I.

"He grinned: 'Mayhap, Baas. Man must die; I'd rather like to try a new country myself; the elephants are getting worked out about here. "'Ah! my boy.' I said, 'you wait till the

"pale old man" (death) gets a grip of your yellow throat, and then we'll hear what sort of a tune you sing.' "Half an hour after that I saw Neville's wagon move off. Presently Jim came run-

ning back. "Good-bye, Baas,' he said, 'I didn't like to start without bidding you good-bye, for I dare say you are right, and we shall never come back again.' "'Is your master really going to Suliman's

Berg, Jim, or are you lying? "'No, says he; 'he is going. He told me he was bound to make his fortune somehow, or try to; so he might as well try the diamonds.

"'Oh!' said I; 'wait a bit, Jim; will you take a note to your master, Jim, and promise not to give it to him till you reach Inyati?' (which was some hundred miles off). "'Yes,' said he.

"So I took a scrap of paper, and wrote on it, 'Let him who comes climb the snow of Sheba's left breast, till he comes to the nipple, on the north side of which is Solomon's great road. "'Now, Jim,' I said, 'when you give this

to your master, tell him he had better follow the advice implicitly. You are not to give it to him now, because I don't want him back asking me questions which I won't answer. Now, be off, you idle fellow, the wagon is nearly out of sight.'

"Jim took the note and went, and that is all I know about your brother, Sir Henry; but I am much afraid-"

"Mr. Quatermain," said Sir Henry, "I am going to look for my brother; I am going to trace him to Suliman's Mountains, and over them if necessary, till I find him, or till I know he is dead. Will you come with me?" I am, as I think I have said, a cautious

man, indeed a ready one, and I shrunk from such an idea. It seemed to me that to start on such a journey would be to go to certain death, and putting other things aside, as I had a son to support, I could not afford to die just then. "No, thank you, Sir Henry I think I had

rather not," I answered. "I am too old for wild-goose chases of that sort, and we should only end up like my poor friend Silvestre. I have a son dependent on me, so cannot afford to risk my life.'

Both Sir Henry and Captain Good looked very disappointed.

"Mr. Quatermain," said the former, "I am well off, and am bent upon this business. You may put the remuneration for your services at whatever figure you like in reason, and it shall be paid over to you before we start. Moreover, I will, before we start, arrange that in the event of anything happening to us or to you, that your son shall be suitably provided for. You will see from this how neccessary I think your presence. Also, if by any chance we should reach this place, and find diamonds, they shall belong to you and Good equally. I do not want them. But of course the chance is as good as nothing, though the same thing would apply to any ivory we might get. You may pretty well make your own terms with me, Mr. Quatermain; and of course I shall pay all expenses."

"Sir Henry," said I, "this is the most liberal offer I ever had, and one not to be sneezed at by a poor hunter and trader. But the job is the biggest I ever came across, and I must take time to think it over. I will give you my answer before we get to Durban,"

"Very good," answered Sir Henry, and then I said good-night and turned in, and dreamed about poor long-dead Silvestre and the diamonds.

(To be Continued.)

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