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KING SOLOMON'S MINES

A MOST ATTRACTIVE STORY.

"He must be wounded," said Sir Henry, anxiously. As he made the remark an untoward thing happened. The dead body of the Kukuana soldier, or rather what had appeared to be his dead body, suddenly sprang up, knocked Good head over heels off the ant-heap, and began to spear him. We rushed forward in terror, and as we drew near we saw the brawny warrior making dig after dig at the prostrate Good, who at each prod jerked all his limbs into the air .-Seeing us coming the Kukuana gave one final most vicious dig, and with a shout of "Take that, wizard," bolted off. Good did not move, and we concluded that our poor comrade was done for. Sadry we came toward him, and were indeed astonished to find him pale and faint indeed, but with a serene smile upon his face, and his eye-glass still fixed in his eye.

"Capital armor this," he murmured, on catching sight of our faces bending over him. "How sold he must have been!" and then fainted. On examination we discovered that he had been seriously wounded in the leg by a tolla in the course of the pursuit, but that the chain armor had prevented his last assailant's spear from doing anything more than bruise him badly. It was a merciful escape. As nothing could be done for him at the moment, he was placed on one of the wicker shields used for the wounded, and carried along with us.

On arriving before one of the gates of Loo we found one of our regiments watching it in obedience to orders received from Ignosi, The remaining regiments were in the same way watching the other exits to the town. The officer in command of this regiment coming up saluted Ignosi as king, and informed him that Twala's army had taken refuge in the town, whither Twala himself had also escaped, but that he thought that they were thoroughly demoralized, and would surrender. Thereupon Ignosi, after taking counsel with us, sent forward heralds to each gate ordering the defenders to open, and promising on his royal word life and forgiveness to every soldier who laid down his arms. The message was not without its effect. Presently, amid the shouts and cheers of the Buffaloes, the bridge was dropped across the fosse, and the gates upon the turther sale flung open.

Taking due precautions against treachery. we marched on into the town. All along the road-ways stoor dejected warriors, their heads drooping, and their shields and spears at their feet, who, as Ignosi passed, saluted him as king. On we marched straight to Twala's kraal. When we reache I the great space where a day or two previously we had seen the review and the witch hunt we found it deserted. No, not quite deserted, for there, on the further side, in front of his but, sat Twala himself, with but one attendant-Gagool.

It was a melancholy sight to see him seated there, his battle-ax and shield by his side, his chin upon his mailed breast, with but one erone for companion, and notwithstanding his crue ties and misdeeds, a pang of compassion shot through me as I saw him thus "fallen from his high estate." Not a soldier of all his armies, not a courtier out of the hundreds who had cringed round him, not even a solitary wife, remained to share his fate or halve the bitterness of his fall. Poor savage! he was learning the lesson that fate teaches to most who live long enough, that the eyes of mankind are blind to the discredited, and that he who is defenseless and fallen finds few friends and little mercy. Nor, indeed, in this case did be deserve any.

Filing through the kraal gate we marched straight across the open space to where the ex-king sat. When within about fifty yards the regiment was halted, and accompanied only by a small guard we advanced toward him, Gagool reviling us bitterly as we came. As we drew near, Twala, for the first time, litted up his plumed head, and fixed his one eye, which seemed to flash with suppressed fury almost as brightly as the great diadem bound round his forehead, upon his successful rival-Ignosi.

"Hail, oh, king!" he said, with bitter mockery; "thou who hast eaten of my bread, and now by the aid of the white man's magic hast seduced my regiments and defeated mine army, hail! what fate hast thou for me, oh, king?"

"The fate thou gavest to my father, whose throne thou hast sat on these many years!" was the stern answer.

"It is well. I will show thee how to die, that thou mayest remember it against thine own time. See, the sun sinks in blood," and he pointed with his red battle-ax toward the firey orb now going down; "it is well that my sun should sink with it. And now, oh, king! I am ready to die, but I crave the boon of the Kukuana royal house, to die fighting. Thou canst not refuse it, or even those cowards who fled to-day will hold thee shamed."

"It is granted. Choose with whom wilt thou fight? Myself I cannot fight thee, for the king fights not except in war."

Twala's somber eye ran up and down our ranks, and I felt, as for a moment it rested on myself, that the position had developed a new horror. What if he chose to begin by fighting me? What chance should I have against a desperate savage six feet high, and broad in proportion? I might as well commit suicide at once. Hastily I made up my mind to decline the combat, even if I were hooted out of Kukuanaland as a consequence. It is, I think, better to be hooted than to be quartered with a battle-ax. Presently he spoke.

"incubu, what sayest thou, shall we end what we began to-day, or shall I call thee coward, white-even to the liver?" "Nay," interposed Ignosi; "thou shalt not

fight with Incubu." "Not if he is afraid," said Twala.

Unfortunately Sir Henry understood this remark, and the blood flamed up into his

"I will fight him," he said; "he shall see if I am afraid."

"For God's sake," I entreated, "don't risk your life against that of a desperate man, Anybody who saw you to-day will know that you are not a coward."

"I will fight him," was the suffen answer, "No living man shall call me a coward. I am ready now!" and he stepped forward and lifted his ax. I wrung my hands over this absurd piece

of quixotism; but if he was determined on fighting, of course I could not stop him. "Fight not, my white brother," said Ignosi, laying his hand affectionately on Sir Henry's arm; "thou hast fought enough, and if aught befell thee at his hands it would cut my heart

in twain." "I will fight, Ignosi," was Sir Henry's an-

"It is well, Incubu; thou art a brave man, It will be a good fight. Behold, Twals, the elephant is ready for thee,"

The ex-king laughed savagely, and stepped

forward and faced Curtis. For a moment they stood thus, and the setting sun caught their stalwart frames and clothed them both in fire. They were a well-matched pair.

Then they began to circle_round each other, their battle axes raised. Suddenly Sir Henry sprang forward and struck a fearful blow at Twala, who stepped to one side. So heavy was the stroke that the striker half overbalanced himself, a circumstance of which his antagonist took a prompt advantage. Circling his heavy battle-ax round his head, he brought it down with tremendous force. My heart jumped into my mouth; 1 thought that the affair was already finished. But no; with a quick upward movement of the left arm Sir Henry interposed his shield between himself and the ax, with the result that its outer edge was shorn clean off, the ax falling on his left shoulder, but not heavily enough to do any serious damage. In another second Sir Henry got in another blow, which was also received by Twala upon his shield." Then followed blow upon blow which were in turn, either received upon the shield or avoided. The excitement grew intense; the regiment which was watching the encounter forgot its discipline, and, drawing near, shouted and groaned at every stroke. Just at this time, too, Good, who had been laid upon the ground by me, recovered from his faint, and, sitting up, perceived what was going on. In an instant he was up, and, catching hold of my arm, hopped about from place to place on one leg, dragging me after him, yelling out encouragements to Sir Henry.

"Go it, old fellow!" he halloed. "That was a good one! Give it him amidships." and so on.

Presently Sir Henry, having caught a fresh stroke upon his shield, hit out with all his force. The stroke struck through Twala's shield and through the tough chain armor behind it, gashing him in the shoulder. With a yell of pain and fury Twala returned the stroke with interest, and, such was his strength, shore right through the rhinoceros' horn handle of his antagonist's battle-ax, strengthened as it was with bands of steel, wounding Curtis in the face.

A cry of dismay rose from the Buffaloes as our hero's broad ax-head fell to the ground; and Twala, again raising his weapon, flew at him with a shout. I shut my eyes. When I opened them again, it was to see Sir Henry's shield lying on the ground, and Sir Henry himself with his great arms twined round Twala's middle. To and fro they swung, hugging each other like bears, straining with all their mighty muscles for dear life, and dearer honor. With a supreme effort Twala swung the Englishman clean off his feet, and down they came together, rolling over and over on the lime paving. Twala striking out at Curtis's head with the battle-ax, and Sir Henry trying to drive the tolla he had drawn from his belt through Twala's armor.

It was a mighty struggle and an awful thing to see.

"Get his ax!" yelled Good; and perhaps our champion heard him. At any rate, dropping the tolla, he made a grab at the ax, which was fastened to Twala's wrist by a strip of buffalo hide, and still rolling over and over, they fought for it like wild-cats drawing their breath in heavy gasps. Suddenly Sir Henry freed himself the weapon remaining in his grasp. Another second and he was up upon his feet, the red blood streaming from the wound in his face, and so was Twala. Drawing the heavy tolla from his belt, he staggered straight at Curtis and struck him upon the breast. The blow came home true and strong, but whoever it was made that chain armor underderstood his art, for it withstood the steel, Again Twala struck out with a savage yell, and again the heavy knife rebounded, and Sir Henry went staggering back. Once more Twala came on, and as he came our great Englishman gathered himself together, and, swinging the heavy ax round his head, hit at him with all his force. There was a shriek of excitement from a thousand

throats, and, behold! Twala's head seemed

to spring from his shoulders, and then fell



Twala's head seemed to spring from his shoulders.

and came rolling and bounding along the ground toward Ignosi, stopping just at his feet. For a second the corpse stood upright, the blood spouting in fountains from the severed ateries; then with a dull crash it fell to the earth, and the gold torque from the neck went rolling away across the pavement. As it did so Sir Henry, overpowered by faintness and loss of blood, fell heavily

In a second he was lifted up, and eager hands were pouring water on his face. Auother minute, and the great gray eyes opened wide.

He was not dead.

Then I, just as the sun sank, stepping to where Twala's head lay in the dust, unloosened the diamond from the dead brow, and handed it to Ignosi.

"Take it," I said, "lawful King of the Kukuanas."

Ignosi bound the diadem upon his brow, and then advancing placed his foot upon the broad chest of his headless foe and broke out into a chant, or rather a pean of victory, so beautiful, and yet so utterly savage, that I despair of being able to give an adequate idea of it. I once heard a scholar with a fine voice read aloud from a Greek poet called Homer, and I remember that the sound of the rolling lines seemed to make my blood stand still. Ignosi's chant, uttered as it was in a language as beautiful and sonorous as the old Greek, produced exactly the same effect on me, although I was ex-

hausted with toil and various emotions. "Now," he began, "now is our rebellion swallowed up in victory, and our evil-doing justified by strengtla

"In the morning the oppressors rose up and shook themselves; they bound on their plumes and made them ready for war. "They rose up and grasped their spears;

the soldiers called to their captains, 'Come, lead us'-and the captains eried to the king,

'Direct thou the battle." "They rose up in their pride, twenty thou-

sand men, and yet a twenty thousand. "Their plumes covered the earth as the plumes of a bird cover her nest; they shook their spears and shouted, yea, they hurled their spears in the sunlight; they lusted for the battle an'l were glad.

"They came up against me; their strong ones came running swiftly to crush me; they cried, 'Ila! ha! he is one already

"Then breathed I on them, and my breath was as the breath of a storm, and lo! they

"My lightnings pierced them; I licked up their strength with the lightning of my spears; I shook them to the earth with the thunder of my shouting.

"They broke-they scattered-they were gone as the mists of the morning. "They are food for the crows and the foxes, and the place of battle is fat with

their blood. "Where are the mighty ones who rose up in the morning? where are the proud ones who tossed their plumes and cried, 'He is as one already dead?"

"They bow their heads, but not in sleep; they are stretched out, but not in sleep. "They are forgotten; they have gone into the blackness, and shall not return; yea,

others shall lead away their wives, and their children shall remember them no more. "And I-I! the king-like an eagle have I found my evrie. "Behold! far have I wandered in the

night-time, yet have I returned to my little ones at the day-break. "Creep ye under the shadow of my wings, oh people, and I will comfort ye, and ye

shall not be dismayed. "Now is the good time, the time for spoil. "Mine are the cattle in the valleys, the virgins in the kraals are mine also,

"The winter is overpast, the summer is at hand. "Now shall evil cover up her face, and prosperity shall bloom in the land like a

"Rejoice, rejoice, my people! let all the land rejoice in that the tyranny is trodden

down, and that I am the king." He paused, and out of the gathering gloom there came back the deep reply: "Thou art the king."

Thus it was that my prophecy to the herald came true, and within the forty-eight hours Twaia's headless corpse was stiffening at Twala's gate.

(To be Continued.)

Advice to Mothers. Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once ; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to the taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

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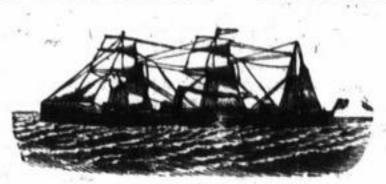
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