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### MOST ATTRACTIVE STORY.

CHAPTER XIX. IGNOSI'S FAREWELL.

Ten days from that eventful morning found us once more in our old quarters at Loo; and, strange to say, but little the worse for our terrible experience, except that my stubby hair came out of that cave about three shades grayer than it went in, and that Good never was quite the same after Foulata's death, which seemed to move him very greatly. I am bound to say that, looking at the thing from the point of view of an oldish man of the world, I consider her removal was a fortunate occurrence, since, otherwise, complications would have been sure to ensue. The poor creature was no ordinary native girl, but a person of great, I had almost said stately, beauty, and of considerable retinement of mind. But no amount of beauty or reunement could have made an entanglement between Good and herself a desirable occurrence; for, as she herself put it, 'C in the san mate with the darkness, or the white with the black?"

I need hardly state that we never again penetrated into Sommon's treasure-chamber. After we had to overed from our fatigues, a process which too, us forty-eight hours, we descended into the great pit in the hope of finding the hole by which we had crept out of the mountain, out with no success. To begin with, rain ha i falien, and obliterated our spoor; and what is more, the sides of the vast pit were 10.1 of ant-bear and other hores. It was impossible to say to which of these we owed our sarvation. We also, on the day before we started back to Loo, made a further examination of the wonders of the stalactite cave, and, drawn by a kind of restless feeling, even penetrated once more into the Chamber of the Dead; and, passing beneath the spear of the white Death, gazed, with sensations which would be quite inpossible for me to describe, at the mass of rock which had shut us off from escape, tumking, the while, of the priceless treasures beyond, or the mysterious old hag. whose flattened tragments lay crushed beneath it, and of the fair girl of whose tomb it was the portal. I gazed at the 'rock,' for examine as we would, we could find no traces of the joint of the stiding door; nor, indeed, could we hit upon the secret, now utterly lost, that worked it, though we tried for an hour or more. It was certainly a marvelous bit of mechanism, characteristic, in its massive and yet inscrutable simplicity, of the age which produced it; and I doubt it the world has such another to show.

At fast we gave it up in disgust, though, if the mass had suddenly risen before our eyes, I doubt if we should have screwed up comage to step over Gagoor's mangled remains, and once more enter the treasurechamber, even in the sure and uncertain hope of unlimited diamonds. And yet I could have cried at the idea of leaving all that treasure, the biggest treasure probably that has ever in the world's history been accumulated in one spot. But there was no help for it. Only dynamite could force its way through five feet of solid rock. And so we left it. Perhaps in some remote unborn century, a more fortunate explorer may but upon the "Open Sesame, and flood the world with gems. But, myself, I doubt it. Somehow, I seem to feel that the millions of pounds' worth of gens that ite in the turee coffers will never stime round the neck of an earting beauty. "They and Foulata's bones will keep cold company tirk the end of all things

With a sigh of disappointment we made our way back, and next day started for Loo. And yet it was really very ungrateful of us to be disappointed; for, as the reader will remember, i had, by a lucky thought, taken the precaution to fill the pockets of my old shooting-coat with gents before we left our prison-nouse. A good many of these fell out in the course of our roll down the side of the pit, including most of the big ones, which I had crammed in on the top. But, comparatively speaking, an enormous quantit, still remained, including eighteen large stones ranging from about one nunared and tairty carats in weight. My old shootingcoat still near enough treasure to make us ail, if not immionaires, at least exceedingly wealthy men, and yet to keep enough stones each to make the three finest sets of gems in Europe. So we had not done so baday.

On arriving at Loo, we were most cordially received by Ignosi, whom we found well, and bushy engaged in consolidating his powers, and reorganizing the regiments which had suffered most in the great struggie with I wara.

He listened with breathless interest to our wonderful story, but when we told him of old Gagooi's frightful end he grew thought-

"Come hither," he called to a very old induna (councilor), who was sitting with seconds, and threw the corner of his others in a circle round the king, but out of ear shot. The old man rose, approached, saluted and seated himself.

"Thou art old," said Ignosi. "Ay, my lord the king!"

Tell me, when thou wast little, didst thou know Gagool the witch-doctress?" "Ay, my lord the king!"

"How was she then—young, like thee?"
Not so, my lord the king! She was even as now; old and dried, very ugly, and full of wickedness." "She is no more, she is dead."

"So, oh, king! then a curse is taken from the land.

"Koom! I go, black puppy, who tore out the old dog's throat. Koom! "Ye see, my trothers," said Ignost, "this was a strange woman, and I rejoice that she is dead. She would have let ye di in the dark place, and mayhap afterward she had found a way to slay me as she found a way to slav my father, and set up Twaia, whom her heart loved, in his place. Now go on with the tale; surely there never was the like!"

After I had narrated all the story of our escape, I, as we had agreed between ourselves that I should, took the opportunity to address Ignosi as to our departure from Kukuanaland.

"And nov , Ignosi, the time has come for us to bid thee farewell, and start to seek once more our own land. Behold, Ignosi, with us thou camest a servant, and now we leave thee a mighty king. If thou art grateful to us, remember to do even as thou didst promise; to rule justly, to respect law, and to put none to death without a cause. So shalt thou prosper. To-morrow, at break of day, Ignosi, wiit thou give us an escort who shall lead us across the mountains? Is it not so,

ignosi covered his face with his hands for a while before answering. "My heart is sore," he said, at last; "your words split my heart in twain. What have I done to ye, Incubu, Macumazahn, and Bougwan, that ye should leave me desolate? te who stood by me in rebellion and in battie, will ye leave me in the day of peace and victory? What will ye-wives? Choose from out the land! A piace to live in? Behold, the land is yours as far as ye can see. The white man's houses? Ye shall teach my people how to build them. Cattle for beef and milk? Every married man shall bring ye an ox or cow. Wild game to hunt? Does not the elephant walk through my forests, and the river-horse sleep in the reeds? Would ye make war? My impis (regiments) wait your word. It there is anything more that I can give, that will I give ye. "Nay, ignosi, we want not these things,"

l answered; "we would seek our own place. "Now do I perceiva," said Ignosi, bitterly, and with flashing eyes, "that it is the somes that ye love more than me, your triend. Ye have the stones, now would you go to Natat and acress the moving black water and sail mem, and be rich, as it is the unsire of a whose man a heart to be. Cursed tor your sake by the stones, and cursed he ware seeks Lagar. Douth small it be to him who sees foot tir tire place of Dentil to ment

them. 1 have spoken, white men; ye can I iaid my hand upon his arm. "Ignosi," I s.ud, "teh us, when thou didst wander in Zululand, and among the white men in Na-

tai, did not turne neart turn to the land thy mother told mee of, thy native land, where thou didst see the light, and play when thou wast little, the land where thy place was?"
"It was even so, Macumazahn."

"Then thus do our hearts turn to our land and to our own place,' Then came a pause. When Ignosi broke

it, it was in a different voice. "I do perceive that thy words are, now as ever, wise and fun of reason, Macumazahn; that which flies in the air loves not to run a ong the ground; the white man loves not to live on the level of the black. Well, ye must go, and leave my heart sore, because ye will be as dead to me, since from where ye will be no tidings can come to me.

"But listen, and let all the winte men know my words. No other white man shall cross the mountains, even if any man live to come so far. I will see no traders with their guns and rum. My people snah fight with the spear, and drink water, like their forefathers before them. I will have no praying-men to put fear of death into men's hearts, to stir them up against the king, and make a paul for the white men who follow to ran on. If a white man comes to my gates 1 will send him back; if a nundred come I will push them back; if an army comes i will make war on them with ail my s.r. ngth, and mey shall not prevail against me. None snad ever come for the siming scores; no, not an army, for if they come I win send a regiment and fill up the pit, and break down the white columns in the caves and not them with rocks, so that none can come even to that door of which ye speak, and whereof the way to move it is lost. But for ye three, Incusu, Macumazann, and Bougwan, the path is always open; for benold, we are dearer to me than aught that

breatnes. And ye would go. Infadoos, my uncle, and my induna, shall take thee by the hand and game thee, with a regiment. There is, as I mays learned, another way across u.e. mountains that he shall show thee. Farewell, my brothers, brave white men. See me no more for I have no heart to bear it. Beno.d, I make a decree, and it shall be published from the mountains to the mountanus, your names, Incubu, Macamazahn, and Bougwan, snall be as the names of dead kings, and he who speaks them shall die. So shall your memory be preserved in the land forever.

(This extraordmary and negative way of showing intense respect is by no means unknown among African people, and the result is that if, as is usual, the name in question has a significance, the meaning has to be expressed by an idiom or another word. In this way a memory is preserved for generations, or until the new word supplants the old one).

"Go now, ere my eyes rain tears like a woman's. At times when ye look back the path of life, or when ye are old and gather yourselves together to crouch before the fire, because the sun has no more heat, ye will think of how we stood shoulder to shoulder in that great battle that thy wise words planned, Macumazahn; of how thou wast the point of that horn that galled Twala's flank, Bougwan; whilst thou stood in the ring of the Grays, Incubu, and men went down before thine ax like corn before a sickle; ay, and of how thou didst break the wild buil's (Twala's) strength, and bring his pride to dust. Fare ye well forever, Incubu, Macumazahn, and Bougwan, my lords and my friends,

He rose, looke I earnestly at us, for a few seconds, and then threw the corner of his tares over his head to as to cover his face from us.



He rose, looked earnest! jat us, for a fine kaross over his head so as to cover h s face from us.

We went in silence. Next day at dawn we went to Loo, escorted by our old friend, Infadoos, who was heartbroken at our departure, and the regiment of Buffaloes. Early as the hour was, all the main street of the town was lined with multitudes of people, who gave us the royal salute as we passed at the head of the regiment, while the women blessed us as having rid the land of Twala, throwing flowers before us as we went. It really was very affecting, and not the sort of thing one is accustomed to meet with from natives. One very ludicrous incident occurred, how-

ever, which I rather welcomed, as it gave us something to laugh at. Just before we got to the confines of the town a pretty young girl, with some beautiful tilies in her hand, came running forward and presented them to Good (somehow they all seemed to like Good; I think his eyeglass and solitary whisker gave him a fictitious value), and then said she had a boon

"Speak on." "Let my lord show his servants his beautiful white legs, that his servant may look at them, and remember them all her days, and tell of tuem to her children; his servant has travele : four day's journey to see them, for the fame of them has gone throughout the

"I'll be hanged if I do," said Good, ex-

"Come, come, my dear fellow," said Sir Henry, 'you can't refuse to oblige a lady.' "I won't" said Good, obstinately; "it is positively indecent.

However, in the end he consented to draw up his trousers to the knee, amidst notes of rapturous admiration from all the women present, especially the gratified young lady, and in this guise he had to walk till he got clear of the town.

Good's legs will, I fear, never be so greatly admired again. Of his melting teeta, and even of his "transparent eye," they wearied more or less but of his legs, never.

As we traveled, infadoos told us that there was another pass over, the mountains to the north of the one followed by Solomon's great road, or rather that there was a place where it was possible to climb down the warl of the citff that separated Kukuanaiand from the desert, and was broken by the towering shapes or Sheba's Breasts. It appeared, too, that rather more than two years previously a party of Kukuana hun-ters had descended this path into the desert in search of estriches, whose plumes were much prized among them for war head-dresses, and that in the course of their hunt they had been led far from the mountains, and were much troubled by thirst. Seeing, however, trees on the horizon, they made toward them, and discovered a large and fertile oasis of some miles in extent, and plentiful-ly watered. It was by way of this oasis that he suggested that we should return, and the idea seemed to us a good one, as it appeared that we should escape the rigors of the mountain pass, and as some of the hunters were in attendance to guide us to the casis, from which, they stated, they could perceive more fertige spots far away in the desert.

(at orten puzzied an or us to understand how it was possible that Ignosi's mother, bearing the child with her, should have survived the dangers of the journey across the mountains and the desert—dangers

which so nearly proved fatal to ourselves. It has since occurred to me—and 1 give the idea to the reader for what it is worth-that she must have taken this second route, and wandered out, like Hagar, into the desert. If she did so, there is no longer anything inexplicable about the story, since she may well, as Ignosi himself related, nave been picked up by some ostrich hunters before she or the child were exhausted, and led by them to the oasis, and, thence, by stages, to the fertile country, and so on, by slow degrees, southward to Zululand.-A. Q.)

Traveling easily, on the night of the fourth day's journey we found ourselves once more on the crest of the mountains that separate Kukuanaland from the desert, which rolled away in sandy billows at our feet, and about twenty-five miles to the north of Sheba's Breasts. At dawn on the following day, we were

led to the commencement of a precipitous descent, by which we were to descend the precipice, and gain the desert two thousand and more feet away.

Here we bade farewell to that true friend and sturdy old warrior, Infadoos who solemnly wished all good upon us, and nearly wept with grief. "Never, my lords," he said, 'shall mine old eyes see the like of ye again. Ah! the way that Incubu cut his men down in the battle. Ah! for the sight of that stroke with which he swept off my brother Twala's head! It was beautifulbeautiful! I may never hope to see such another, except, perchance, in happy dreams, We were very sorry to part from him, in-

deed, Good was so moved that he gave him as a souvenir-what do you think?-an eyeglass. (Afterward we discovered that it was a spare one.) Infadoos was delighted, foreseeing that the possession of such an article would enormously increase his prestige, and, after several vain attempts, actually succeeded in screwing it into his own eye. Anything more incongruous than the old warrior looked with an eyeglass I never saw. Eyeglasses don't go well with leopard-skin cloaks and black ostrich plumes.

Then, having seen that our guides were well laden with water and provisions having received a thundering farewell salute from the Buffaloes, we wrung the old warrior's hand and began our downward climb.

A very arduous business it proved to be, but somehow that evening we found our-

selves at the bottom without accident.

"Do you know," said Sir Henry that night,
as we sat by our fire and gazed up at the
beetling cliffs above us. "I think that there
are worse places than Kukuanaland in the world, and that I have spent unhappier times than the last month or two, though I have never spent such queer ones. Eh! you fellows?" "I almost wish I were back," said Good,

with a sigh. As for myself, I reflected that all's well that ends well; but in the course of a long life of shaves, I never had such shaves as those I had recently experienced. The thought of that battle still makes me feel cold all over, and as for our experience in the treasure-chamber-Next morning we started on a toilsome

march across the desert, having with us a good supply of water carried by our guides, and camped that night in the open, starting again at dawn on the morrow. By midday of the third day's journey we

could see the trees of the oasis of which the guides spoke, and by an hour before sundown we were once more walking upon grad and listening to the sound of running

(To be Continued.)

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