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Fortunately there were at Lamu at this time a party of Wakwafi Askari (soldiers). The Wakwafi, who are a cross between the Masai and the Wataveta, are a fine, manly race, possessing many of the good qualities of the Zulu, and a greater capaci ty for civilization. They are also great hunters. As it happened, these particular men had recently been a long trip with an Englishman named Jutson, who had started for Mombasa, a port about one hundred and fifty miles below Lamu, and journeyed right round Kilimandjaro, one of the highest known mountains in Africa. Poor fellow; he had died of fever when, on his return journey and within a day's march o Mombasa. It does seem hard that he should have gone off thus when within a few hours of safety, and after having survived so many perils; but so it was. His hunters buried him, and then came on to Lamu in a dhow. Our friend, the Consul, suggested to us that we had better try and hire these men, and, accordingly, on the following morning we started to interview the party,

In due course, we found them in a mud hut on the outskirts of the town. Three of the men were sitting outside the hut, and fine, frank-looking fellows they were, having a more or less civilized appearance. The them we cautiously opened the subject of our visit, at first with very scant success. They declared that they could not entertain any such idea; that they were worn and weary with long traveling; and that their hearts were sore at the loss of their master. They meant to go back to their homes and rest a while. This did not sound very promising, so by way of affecting diversion I asked where the remainder of them were. I was told there were six, and I saw but three. One of the men said that they slept in the hut, and were yet resting after their labors-"sleep weighed down their eyelids, and sorrow made their hearts as lead; it was best to sleep, for with sleep came forgetfulness. But the men should be awakened."

accompanied by an interpreter.

Presently they came out of the hut, yawning-the first two men being evidently of the same race and style as those already before us; but the appearance of the third, and last, nearly made me jump out of my skin. He was a very tall, broad man, quite six feet three, I should say, but gaunt, with lean, weary-looking limbs. My first glance at him told me that he was no Wak wafi; he was a pure bred Zulu. He came out with his thin, aristocratic looking hand plac d before his face to hide a yawn, so l could only see that he was a "Keshla," or ring man, (among the Zulus a man as sumes the ring, which is made of a species of black gum twisted in with the hair, and polished a brilliant black, when he has reached a certain dignity and age, or is the husband of a sufficient number of wives. Till he is in a position to wear a ring he is looked on as a boy, though he may by thirty-five years of age, or even more), and that he had a great three-cornered hole in his forehead. In another second Done. Do not wait for the Spring rush. The | he removed his hand, revealing a powwork can be done better now. An elegant line | erful-looking Zulu face, with a humorous mouth, a short, woolly beard, tinged with gray, and a pair of brown eyes, keen as a hawks'. I knew my man at once, al though I had not seen him for twelve years. "How do you do, Umslopogaas?" I said quietly, in Zulu.

The tall man (who among his own people was commonly known as the "Woodpecker," and also as the "Slaughterer,") started, and almost let the long-handled battle-ax, he held in his hand, fall, in his astonishment. The next second he had recognized me, and was saluting me in an outburst of sonorous language which made his companions, the Wakwafi, stare. "Koos" (chief), he began, "Koos-y-Pag-

ate! Koos-y-umcool (chief from of old-mighty chief)! Koos! Baba! (father) Macumazahn, old hunter, slayer of elephants, eater up of lions, clever one! watchful one! brave one! quick one! whose shot never misses, who strikes straight home, who grasps a hand and holds it to the death (i. e., is a true friend)! Koos! Baba! Wise is the voice of our people that says, 'Mountain never meets with mountain, but at day-break or at even man shall meet again with man.' Behold! a messenger came up from Natal, 'Macumazahn is dead! cried he. 'The land knows Macumazahn no more.' That is years ago. And now, behold, now in this strange place of stinks 1 find Macumazahn, my friend. There is no room for doubt, the brush of the old fox has gone a little gray; but is not his eye as keen, and are not his teeth as sharp? Ha! ha! Macumazahn, mindest thou how thou didst plant the ball in the eye of the charging buffalo-mindest thou-"

I had let him run on this, because I saw that his enthusiasm was producing a marked effect upon the minds of the five Wakwafi, who appeared to understand something of his talk; but now I thought it time to put a stop to it, for there is nothing that I hate so much as this Zulu system of extravagant praising-"bongering," as they call it. "Silence," I said. "Has all thy noisy talk been stopped up since last I saw thee that it breaks out thus, and sweeps us away? What doest thou here with these men-thou whom I left a chief in Zululand? How is it that thou art far from thine own place, and gathered together with strangers?"

Umslopogaas leaned himself upon the head of his long battle-ax (which was nothing eles but a pole-ax, with a beautiful handle of rhinoceros horn), and his grim face grew sad.

"My father,' he answered, "I have a word to tell thee, but I cannot speak it before these low people (unfagozana)," and he glanced at the Wakwafi Askari; "it is for thine own ear. My father, this will I say," and here his face grew stern again, "a woman betrayed me to the death, and covered my name with shame-ay, my own life, a round-faced girl, betrayed me; but I escaped from death; ay, I broke from the very hands of those who came to slay me, I struck but three blows with this mine ax Inkosikaasi-surely my father will remember it-one to the right, one to the left, and one in front, and yet I left three men dead. And then I fled, and, as my father knows, even now that I am old, my feet are as the feet of the Sassaby, (one of the fleetest of the African antelopes), and there breathes not the man who, by running, can touch me again when once I have bounded from his side. On I sped, and after me came the messengers of death; and their voice was as the voice of dogs that hunt. From my own kraal I flew, and, as I passed, she who had betrayed me was drawing water from the spring. I fleeted by her like the

shadow of death, and as I went I smote

with mine ax, and lo! her head fell, it fell

into the water-pan. Then I fled north.

Day after day 4 journeyed on; for three moons I journeyed. -- sting not, stopping not, but running on ward forgetfulness, till I met the party of the white hunter who is now dead, and am come hither with his servants. And naught have I brought with me. I who was high-born, ay, of the blood of Chaka, the great king-chief, and a captain of the regiment of the Nkomabakosi-am a wanderer in strange places, man without a kraal. Naught, have brought save this mine ax; of all my belongings, this remains alone. They have divided my cattle; they have taken my wives; and my children know my face no. more. Yet with this ax." and he swung the formidable weapon round his head, making the air hiss as he clove it, "will carve another path to fortune. I have spoken."

I shook my head at him. "Umslopogaas," I said, "I know thee from of old. Ever ambitious, ever plotting to be great, I fear me that thou hast overreached thyself at last. Years ago, when thou wouldst have plotted against Cetywayo, son of Panda, I warned thee, and thou didst listen. But now, when I was not by thee to stay thy hand, thou hast dug a pit for thine own feet to fall in. Is it not so? But what is done is done. Who can make the dead tree green, or gaze again upon last year's sun? Who can recall the spoken word, or, bring back the spirit of the slain? That which Time swallows comes not up again. Let it be forgotten!

"And now, behold, Umslopogaas, I know thee for a great warrior and a brave man, faithful to the death. Even in Zululand, where all the men are brave, they called thee the 'Slaughterer,' and at night told stories round the fire of thy strength and deeds. Hear me now. Thou seest this great man, my friend," and I pointed to Sir Henry; "he also is a warrior as great as thou, and strong as thou art; he could throw thee over his shoulder. Incubu is his name. And thou seest this one also; him with the round stomach, the shining eye, and the pleasant face. Bongwan (glass eye) is his name, and a good man is he and a true, being of a people who pass their life upon the water, and live in floating

"Well, we three whom thou seest would travel inland, past Dongo Egere, the great white mountain (Mt. Kenia), and far into the unknown beyond. We know not what we shall find there; we go to hunt and seek adventures, and new places, being tired of sitting still, and the same old things around us. Wilt thou come with us? To thee shall be given command of all our servants; but what shall befall thee, that I know not. Once before we three journeyed thus, in search of adventure, and we took with us a man such as thou-one Umbopa; and, behold, we left him the king of a great country, with twenty Impis (regiments), each of three thousand plumed warriors, waiting on his word. How it shall go with thee, I know not; mayhap death awaits thee and us. Wilt thou throw thyself to fortune and come, or fearest thou, Umslopogaas?"

The great man smiled. "Thou art not altegether right, Macumazahn," he said; "I have plotted in my time, but it was not ambition that led me to my fall; but, shame on me that I should have to say it, a fair woman's face. Let it pass. So we are going to see something like the old times again, Macumazahn, when we fought and hunted in Zululand? Ay, I will come. Come life, come death, what care I, so that the blows fall fast and the blood runs red? I grow old, I grow old, and I have not fought enough. And yet am I a warrior among warriors; see my scars," and he pointed to countless cicatrices, stabs and cuts, that marked the skin of his chest and legs and arms. "See the hole in my head; the brains gushed out therefrom, yet did slay him who smote, and live. Knowest thou how many men I have slain, in fair hand-to-hand combat, Macumazahn? See! here is the tale of them," and he pointed to long rows of niches cut in the rhinoceroshorn handle of his ax. "Number them, Macumazahn-one hundred and three-and I have never counted but those whom have ripped open, (alluding to the Zulu custom of opening the stomach of a dead foe. They have a superstition that, if this is not done, as the body of their enemy swells up so will those who kill him swell up), or whom another man had not struck."

"Be silent," I said; for I saw that he was getting the blood-fever on him-"be silent; well art thou called the 'Slaughterer.' We RIDEAU would not hear of thy deeds of blood. Remember, if thou comest with us, we fight not save in self-defense. Listen; we need servants. These men," and I pointed to the Wakwaff, who had retired a little way during our "indaba" (talk), "say they will not come."

"Will not come!" shouted Umslopogaas; "where is the dog that says he will not come when my father orders? Here thou -and with a single bound he sprang upon the Wakwafi with whom I had first spoken and, seizing him by the arm, dragged him toward us. "Thou dog!" he said, giving the terrified man a shake; "didst thou say that thou wouldst not go with my father? Say it once more and I will choke thee"and his long fingers closed round his throat as he said it-"thee, and those with thee Hast thou forgotten how I served thy brother?"

"Nay; we will come with the white man," gasped the man.

"White man!" went on Umslopogaas, in simulated fury, which a very little provocation would have made real enough; "of whom speakest thou, insolent dog?"

"Nay; we will go with the great chief." "So!" said Umslopogaas, in a quiet voice, as he suddenly released his hold, so that the man fell backward. "I thought you would."

"That man Umslopogaas seems to have a curious moral ascendency over his companions," Good afterward remarked, thoughtfully.

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