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ALLAN QUATERMAIN

A FROWNING CITY.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD. Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Dawn," etc. Published by the Rose Published by the Rose Published by all the

Book-sellers, Copyrighted. week the meanitoes nearer was ye alive, and this, combined with anxiety as to'our position, effectually prevented me from sleeping as the others were doing, notwithstanding the attacks of the aforesaid Tana mosquitoes. And so I lay awake. smoking and reflecting on many things, but, being of a practical turn of mind, chiefly on how we were to give those Masai villains the slip. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and, notwithstanding the mosquitoes, and the great risk we were running from fever sleeping in such a spot. and forgetting that I had the cramp very badly in my right leg from squatting in a constrained position in the canoe, and that the Wakwafl who was sleeping by me smelled horribly, I really began to enjoy myself. The moonbeams played upon the surface of the running water that kept speeding unceasingly past us toward the sea, like men's lives toward the grave, till it glittered like a wide sheet of silver in the open where the trees threw on shadows. Near the banks, however, it was very dark, and the night-wind sighed sadly in the the forms of numerous antelopes advancing to the water, till suddenly there came an ominous roar, whereupon they all made off hurriedly. Then, after a pause, I caught sight of the massive form of his majesty, the lion, coming down to drink his fill after meat. Presently he moved on; then came the crashing of the reeds about fifty yards above us, and, a few minutes later, a huge black mass rose out of the water, about twenty yards from me, and snorted. It was the head of a hippopotamus. Down it went without a sound, only to rise again within five yards of where I sat. This was decidedly too near to be comfortable, more especially as the hippopotamus was evidently animated by intense curiosity to know what on earth our canoes were. He opened his great mouth, to yawn I suppose, and gave me an excellent view of his ivories; and I could not help reflecting how easily he could crunch up our frail canoe with a single bite. Indeed, I had half a mind to give him a ball from my eight figure flitting between the tree trunks.

bore, but, on reflection, determined to let him alone unless he actually made for the bout. Presently he sank again as noiselessly as before, and I saw no more of him. Just then, on looking toward the bank on our right, I fancied I caught sight of a dark have very keen sight, and I was almost sure that I saw something; but whether it was a bird, beast, or man. I could not say. At the moment, however, a dark cloud passed over the moon, and I saw no more of it. Just then, too, although all the other sounds of the forest had ceased, a species of horned owl, with which I was well ac quainted, began to hoot with great persistency. After that, save for the rustling of trees and reeds when the wind caught them, there was complete silence. But somehow, in the most unaccountable

way, I had suddenly turned nervous. There was no particular reason why l which surround the Central African traveler, and yet I undoubtedly was. If there felt the cold perspiration stand out upon my forehead. I would not arouse the others. Worse and worse I grew; my pulse fluttered like a dying man's; my nerves thrilled with the horrible sense of impotent terror, which anybody who is subject to nightmare will be familiar with; but still my will triumphed over my fears, and I lay quiet (for I was half-sitting, half-lying, in the bow of the canoe), only turning my face so as to command a view of Umslopogaas and the two Wakwafi who were sleeping alongside of and beyond me.

In the distance I heard a hippopotamus splash faintly; then the owl hooted again in a kind of unnatural, screaming note, (no doubt this owl was a wingless bird. I afterward learned that the hooting of an owl is a favorite signal among the Masai tribes), and the wind began to moan plaintively through the trees, making a heart-chilling music. Above was the black bosom of the cloud, and past me swept the black flood of the water, and I felt as though I and death were utterly alone between them. It was very desolate.

Suddenly my blood seemed to freeze in my veins, and my heart to stand still. Was it fancy, or were we moving? I turned my eyes to look for the other canos which should be alongside of us. " I could not see it, but instead I saw a lean and clutching black hand lifting itself above the gunwale of the little boat. Surely it was a nightmare! At the same instant a dim but devilish-looking face appeared to rise out of the water, and then came a lurch of the canoe, the quick flash of a knife, and an awful yell from the Wakwafi who was sleeping by my side (and the same poor fellow whose odor had been annoying me), and something warm spurted into my face. In an instant the spell was broken; I knew that it was no nightmare, but that we were attacked by swimming Masai. Snatching at the first weapon that came to hand, which happened to be Umslopogaas' battle-ax, I struck with all my force in the direction in which I had seen the flash of the knife. The blow fell upon a man's arm, and, catching it against the thick wooden gunwale of the canoe, completely severed it from the body just above the wrist. As for its owner, he uttered no sound or cry. Like a ghost he came, and like a ghost he went; leaving behind him a bloody hand still griping a great knife, or rather a short sword, that was buried

in the heart of our poor servant. Instantly there arose a hubbub and confusion, and I fancied, rightly or wrongly, through the meat. Fisherman say it is that I made out several dark heads gliding away toward the right-hand bank, whither we were rapidly drifting, for the rope by which we were moored had been severed with a knife. As soon as I had realized this fact, I also realized that the scheme had been to cut the boat loose so that it should drift on to the right bank (as it would have done with the natural ebb of the current), where no doubt a party of Masai were waiting to sig their shovelhead spears into us. Seizing one paddle myself, I told Umslopogaas to take another (for the remaining Askari was too frightened and bewildered to be of any use), and together we rowed vigorously out toward the middle of the stream: and

not an instant too soon, for in another minute we should have been aground, and then there would have been an end of us.

As soon as we were well out, we set tework to paddle the cance up stream again to where the other was moored, and very hard and dangerous work it was in the dark, and with nothing but the notes of Good's stentorian shouts, which he kept firing off at intervals, like a fog-horn, to guide us. But at last we fetched up, and were thankful to find that they had not been molested at all. No doubt the same hand that severed our rope should have severed theirs also, but was led away from his purpose by an irresistible inclination to murder when he got the chance, which, while it cost us a man, and him his hand, undoubtedly saved all the rest of us from massacre. Had it not been for that ghastly apparition over the side of the boat-an apparition that I shall never forget till my dying hour-the cance would undoubtedly have drifted ashore before I realized what had happened, and this history would never have been written by me.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SAINT SCINDA'S DANCE.

A Negro Priestess Predicts the Great Judgment Day.

Grenada county, Mississippi, furnishes a new theocracy, which is interesting. Along after the war a negro woman named Scinda, who was a slave of Captain Mitchell, a farmer of this county, suddenly revealed it to the world that she had been inspired by reeds. To our left, on the farther side of God, and was a servant of His to direct His the river, was a little sandy bay which was | people, both black and white. She organizclear of trees; and here I could make out | ed a band of exhorters, and went from farm to farm, pleading with both colours to quit | ports. their meanness. Her band grew, and now it numbers something like eight handred members of her colour.

In company with some friends I drove out to her church, which is situated three miles from here. Sunday evening, says a correspoment of the New Orleans Picayune, long before we reached the church we could hear the picking of the banjo and the shuffling of feet. Alighting, Scinda, arrayed in gorgeous red and yellow, came to the door to greet us. and welcome us in. The church is a small structure made of pine logs. 'Around on the walls hang her paraphernalia used in her marches through the country. In the centre of the room stood a little table covered with red cloth and grotesque figures of white sewed on it. This is where the members speak.

When we arrived a solder was telling his inspiration of the day. He consumed about ten minutes, then they danced and sang, and played the banjo and shouted. When dancing begins they all stand up, and as many as can join hands until a circle is formed. They marched around and around, singing their own chants, occasionally stopping, and each one goes through a shuffle to the music of a banjo. The performance lasts about ten minutes, then another preaches, then a dance, and so on until a few minutes before they break up for the day. Then every voice is hushed, and a stillness pervades the house.

Rising slow and deliberately from her seat Scinda, the priestess of this new, original and strange religion, proceeds to the appointed stand. Every one watches her with wide-eyed wonder, and is eager to catch every syllable of her utterance. Her sermons are short and to the point.

She claims that every word escaping her lips is from God. Her sayings are original, and some of them not devoid of good sense. In her sermon Sunday, among other things, she said : "Some of you darkies are like a hoecake cooked only on one side. You come should be, beyond the ordinary reasons | to church, and, on, nothing is too good for you to do. You sing and pray, and dance and shout, until one would think you are is one thing more than another of which I | ready for heaven. Monday comes, you have the most complete and entire scorn | show the raw side You are with the world; and disbelief, it is of presentiments; and | you steal, you lie, and do everything that yet here I was all of a sudden filled with is wrong. That is not the kind of religion and possessed by a most undoubted pre- we want. We want the hoecake cooked sentiment of approaching evil. I would | through and through ; when you break it in not give way to it, however, although I | the middle let it be brown as it is on the

Speaking of law, she said no law could be made too stringent for her. She wanted every violation of God's will punishable on earth as well as in the world to come. "The judges of our courts," she said, "ought to be baptised in the grace of God; the bible says that lawyers ought to be good and hon est, and prosecuting attorneys ought to be chockful of religion." She insists on personal cleanliness, and in this she is not far from godliness. She rigidly enforces hon esty and the prompt payment of debts.

She plays a powerful part in the affairs of Grenada county and the surrounding country. No politician dares oppose her, and about election time she is the recipient of more adulation and homage than white ex-

ponents of the scriptures. She holds the balance of power, and when a candidate has her promise of support he is safe. Her band probably polls 300 votes, and everyone of them votes as she directs. They dare not disobey the ten thousandth part of her simplest behest. It means, in they do, that Scinda's band will dance them into the bottomless pit of hell. She believes that a fellow is punished as he behaves himself on earth; the more he sins the worse

his punishment. Neither she nor her band is a subject of derision. They are subjects for thought. In this enlightened age, closely surrounded by churches, this woman has built up an influence that is powerful, and continues to grow. She firmly declares that God has told her the world would come to a close this year. This statement only came from her a few days ago, and the coloured people are exercised over her message from God as they were never before.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child; she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

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"Frigate" mackerel is the name of a fish that is being taken now and packed as straight goods on our poast. These fish closely resemble regular mackerel, but they are known by expert fishermen as a cross between a mackerel and a porgy. Their bellies are fat, and, like the porgy, the firt is distributed seventy-two years since they were on the coast before. They are being taken of Cape Cod and Block Island, run uniform in size and are classed "fat small No. 2." In the Boston market they sell at \$13. The fish would pass with most buyers without question .-New York Commercial Bulletin.

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and \$130. Intermediate - \$30. Return \$60; Steerage at very low rates" The Steamships of the Allan Line come direct to the Railway wharves, and passengers are forwarded on by special trains to Montreal and the West. The last train connecting at Quebec with

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