

The Prodject Goottenberg EBooc ov King Sollomonz Mianz, bi H. Rider Haggard

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SOLLOMONZ MIANZ \*\*\*

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[Ilustraishon]

King Sollomonz Mianz

bi H. Rider Haggard

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## PREPARERZ NOTE

This wauz tiapt from a 1907 edishon publisht bi Cascel and Cumpany, Limmited.

## DEDICAISHON

This faithfool but unpretending reccord  
ov a remarcabel advenchure  
iz heerbi respectfooly deddicated  
bi the narator,

ALLAN QWATERMANE,

too aul the big and littel boiz  
whoo rede it.

## AUTHORZ NOTE

The author venchuerz too take this oporchunity too thanc hiz rederz for the kiand recepshon dha hav acorded too the suxescive edishonz ov this tale juring the laast twelv yeerz. He hoaps dhat in its prezsent form it wil faul intoo the handz ov an even wider public, and dhat in yeerz too cum it ma continnu too afoerd amuezment too dhose whoo ar stil yung enuf at hart too luv a stoery ov trezhure, wor, and wiald advenchure.

Ditchingam,  
11 March, 1898.

## POAST SCRIPTUM

Nou, in 1907, on the ocaizhon ov the ishu ov this edishon, I can oanly ad hou glad I am dhat mi romans shood continnu too plese so menny rederz. Imaginaishon haz bene verrifide bi fact; the King Sollomonz Mianz I dreemd ov hav bene discuverd, and ar pootting out dhare goald wuns moer, and, acording too the latest repoerts, dhare dimondz aulso; the Coocoowaanaaz or, raather, the Matabely, hav bene taimd bi the white manz boollets, but stil dhare ceme too be menny whoo fiand plezhure in these cimpel pagez. Dhat dha ma continnu so too doo, even too the thherd and foerth generaishon, or perhaps lon'gher stil, wood, I am shure, be the hope ov our oald and departed frend, Allan Qwatermane.

H. Rider Haggard.  
Ditchingam, 1907.

## INTRODUCSHON

Nou dhat this booc iz printed, and about too be ghivven too the werld, a cens ov its shortcuttingz boath in stile and contents, wase verry hevily uppon me. Az regardz the latter, I can oanly sa dhat it duz not pretend too be a fool acount ov evverithhing we did and sau. Dhare ar

menny thhingz conected widh our gerny intoo Coocoowaanaaland dhat I shood

hav liact too dwel uppon at length, which, az it iz, hav bene scaersly aluded too. Amungst these ar the cureyous ledgendz which I colected about the chane armor dhat saivd us from destrucshon in the grate battel ov Loo, and aulso about the "Cilent Wunz" or Colosci at the mouth ov the stalactite cave. Agane, if I had ghivven wa too mi one impulcez, I shood hav wisht too go intoo the differencez, sum ov which ar too mi miand verry sugestive, betwene the Zooloo and Coocoowaanaa diyalects. Aulso a fu

pagez mite hav bene ghivven up profitably too the concideraishon ov the indidgenous floeraa and faunaa ov Coocoowaanaaland.[1] Then dhare remainz the

moast interesting subgect—dhat, az it iz, haz oanly bene tucht on incidentaly—ov the magnificent cistem ov military organizaishon in foers in dhat cuntry, which, in mi opinyon, iz much supereyor too dhat inaugurated bi Chacaa in Zoolooland, inazmuch az it permits ov even moer

rappid mobilizaishon, and duz not necescitate the employment ov the pernishous cistem ov enforst cellibacy. Laastly, I hav scaersly spoken ov the domestic and fammily customz ov the Coocoowaanaaz, menny ov which ar

exedingly qwaint, or ov dhare profishency in the art ov smelting and welding mettalz. This ciyens dha carry too concidderabel perfecshon, ov which a good exaampel iz too be cene in dhare "tollaaz," or hevvy throwing

niavz, the bax ov these wepponz beying made ov hammerd iarn, and the edgez ov butifool stele welded widh grate skil on too the iarn fraimz.

The fact ov the matter iz, I thaut, widh Cer Henry Kertis and Captane Good, dhat the best plan wood be too tel mi stoery in a plane, straitforword manner, and too leve these matterz too be delt widh subceqwently in whautevver wa ultimaitly ma apere too be desirabel. In the meenwhile I shal, ov coers, be delited too ghiv aul informaishon in mi pouwer too enniboddy interested in such thhingz.

And nou it oanly remainz for me too offer apollogeze for mi blunt wa ov riting. I can but sa in excuce ov it dhat I am moer acustomd too handel a rifel dhan a pen, and canot make enny pretens too the grand litterary fliats and flurrishez which I ce in novvelz—for sumtiamz I like too rede a novvel. I supose dha—the fliats and flurrishez—ar desirabel, and I regret not beying abel too suppli them; but at the same time I canot help thhinking dhat cimpel thhingz ar aulwase the moast imprescive, and dhat boox ar eseyer too understand when dha ar ritten in plane lan'gwage, dho perhaps I hav no rite too cet up an opinyon on such a matter. "A sharp spere," runz the Coocoowaanaa saying, "needz no pollish"; and on the same principel I venchure too hope dhat a troo stoery, houwevver strainj it ma be, duz not reqwire too be dect out in fine werdz.

ALLAN QWATERMANE.

[1] I discuvverd ate variyetese ov antelope, widh which I wauz preveyously totaly unaqwainted, and menny nu speeshese ov plaants, for the moast part ov the bulbous tribe.—A.Q.

KING SOLLOMONZ MIANZ

CHAPTER I.  
I METE CER HENRY KERTIS

It iz a cureyous thhing dhat at mi age—fifty-five laast berthda—I shood

fiand micelf taking up a pen too tri too rite a history. I wunder whaut sort ov a history it wil be when I hav finnisht it, if evver I cum too the end ov the trip! I hav dun a good menny thhingz in mi life, which ceemz a long wun too me, owing too mi havving begun werc so yung, perhaps. At an age when uther boiz ar at scoole I wauz ernaling mi livving az a trader in the oald Collony. I hav bene trading, hunting, fiting, or mining evver cins. And yet it iz oonly ate munths ago dhat I made mi pile. It iz a big pile nou dhat I hav got it—I doant yet no hou big—but I doo not thhinc I wood go throo the laast fiftene or cixtene munths agane for it; no, not if I nu dhat I shood cum out safe at the end, pile and aul. But then I am a timmid man, and dislike viyolens; moerover, I am aulmoast cic ov advenchure. I wunder whi I am gowing too rite this booc: it iz not in mi line. I am not a litterary man, dho verry devoted too the Oald Testament and aulso too the “In’goldzby Ledgendz.” Let me tri too cet doun mi rezonz, just too ce if I hav enny.

Ferst rezon: Becauz Cer Henry Kertis and Captane Jon Good aasct me.

Ceccond rezon: Becauz I am lade up here at Derban widh the pane in mi left leg. Evver cins dhat confounded liyon got hoald ov me I hav bene liyabel too this trubbel, and beying raather bad just nou, it maix me limp moer dhan evver. Dhare must be sum poizon in a liyonz teeth, urtherwise hou iz it dhat when yor wuindz ar heeld dha brake out agane, genneraly, marc u, at the same time ov yere dhat u got yor mauling? It iz a hard thhing when wun haz shot cixty-five liyonz or moer, az I hav in the coers ov mi life, dhat the cixty-cixth shood chu yor leg like a qwid ov tobacco. It braix the rootene ov the thhing, and pootting uther concideraishonz acide, I am an orderly man and doant like dhat. This iz bi the wa.

Thherd rezon: Becauz I waunt mi boi Harry, whoo iz over dhare at the hospital in Lundon studdeying too becum a doctor, too hav sumthhing too amuse him and kepe him out ov mischefe for a weke or so. Hospital werc

must sumtiamz paul and gro raather dul, for even ov cutting up ded boddese dhare ma cum satiyety, and az this history wil not be dul, whautevver els it ma be, it wil poot a littel life intoo thhingz for a da or too while Harry iz reding ov our advenchuerz.

Foerth rezon and laast: Becauz I am gowing too tel the strain'gest stoery dhat I remember. It ma ceme a qwere thhing too sa, espeshaly conciddering dhat dhare iz no woomman in it—exept Foulataa. Stop, dho! dhare iz Gagayoolaa, if she wauz a woomman, and not a feend. But she wauz a hundred at leest, and dhaerfoer not marrijabel, so I doant count her. At enny rate, I can saifly sa dhat dhare iz not a “petticote” in the whole history.

Wel, I had better cum too the yoke. It iz a stif place, and I fele az dho I wer bogd up too the axel. But, “*sut jes, sut jes,*” az the Boerz sa—I am shure I doant no hou dha spel it—softly duz it. A strong teme wil cum throo at laast, dhat iz, if dha ar not too poor. U can nevver doo ennithhing widh poor oxen. Nou too make a start.

I, Allan Qwatermane, ov Derban, Nataal, Gentelman, make oath and sa—Dhats hou I hedded mi deposishon befoer the madgistrate about poor Kevaaaz and Ventvuughelz sad deths; but sumhou it duznt ceme qwite the rite wa too beghin a booc. And, beciadz, am I a gentelman? Whaut iz a gentelman? I doant qwite no, and yet I hav had too doo widh niggherz—no, I wil scrach out dhat werd “niggherz,” for I doo not like it. Ive none natiavz whoo “ar”, and so u wil sa, Harry, mi boi, befoer u hav dun widh this tale, and I hav none mene whiats widh lots ov munny and fresh out from home, too, whoo “ar not”.

At enny rate, I wauz born a gentelman, dho I hav bene nuthhing but a poor traveling trader and hunter aul mi life. Whether I hav remaind so I no not, u must juj ov dhat. Hevven nose Ive tride. I hav

kild menny men in mi time, yet I hav nevver slane wauntonly or staid mi hand in innocent blud, but oonly in celf-defens. The Aulmity gave us our liavz, and I supose He ment us too defend them, at leest I hav aulwase acted on dhat, and I hope it wil not be braut up against me when mi cloc striax. Dhare, dhare, it iz a croowel and a wicked werld, and for a timmid man I hav bene mixt up in a grate dele ov fiting. I canot tel the riats ov it, but at enny rate I hav nevver stolen, dho wuns I cheted a Caffer out ov a herd ov cattel. But then he had dun me a derty tern, and it haz trubbed me evver cins intoo the bargane.

Wel, it iz atene munths or so ago cins ferst I met Cer Henry Kertis and Captane Good. It wauz in this wa. I had bene up ellefant hunting beyond Baman'gwaato, and had met widh bad luc. Evverithhing went rong dhat trip, and too top up widh I got the fever badly. So soone az I wauz wel enuf I trect doun too the Dimond Feeldz, soald such ivory az I had, toogheter widh mi waggon and oxen, discharjd mi hunterz, and tooc the poast-cart too the Cape. Aafter spending a weke in Cape Toun, fianding dhat dha overcharjd me at the hotel, and havving cene evverithhing dhare wauz too ce, including the botannical gardenz, which ceme too me liacly too confer a grate bennefit on the cuntry, and the nu Housez ov Parlament, which I expect wil doo nuthhing ov the sort, I determiand too go bac too Nataal bi the "Dunkeld", then liying at the dox wating for the "Edinburro Caacel" ju in from In'gland. I tooc mi berth and went aboard, and dhat aafternoone the Nataal pascen'gerz from the "Edinburro Caacel" traanzshipt, and we wade and poot too ce.

Amung these pascen'gerz whoo came on boerd wer too whoo exited mi cureyosity. Wun, a gentelman ov about therty, wauz perhaps the bigghest-chested and lon'ghest-armd man I evver sau. He had yello hare, a thhic yello beard, clere-cut fechuerz, and larj gra ise cet depe in hiz hed. I nevver sau a finer-loocking man, and sumhou he remianded me

ov an ainshent Dane. Not dhat I no much ov ainshent Dainz, dho I nu a moddern Dane whoo did me out ov ten poundz; but I remember wuns

ceying a picchure ov sum ov dhose gentry, whoo, I take it, wer a kiand ov white Zhulus. Dha wer drinking out ov big hornz, and dhare long hare hung doun dhare bax. Az I looct at mi frend standing dhare bi the companyon-ladder, I thaut dhat if he oanly let hiz gro a littel, poot wun ov dhose chane sherts on too hiz grate shoalderz, and tooc hoald ov a battel-ax and a horn mug, he mite hav sat az a moddel for dhat picchure. And bi the wa it iz a cureyous thhing, and just shose hou the blud wil out, I discuvverd aafterwordz dhat Cer Henry Kertis, for dhat wauz the big manz name, iz ov Danish blud.[2] He aulso remianded me strongly ov sumbody els, but at the time I cood not remember whoo it wauz.

[2] Mr. Qwatermainz ideyaaz about ainshent Dainz ceme too be raather confuezd; we hav aulwase understood dhat dha wer darc-haerd pepel. Probbably he wauz thhinking ov Saxonz.—Edditor.

The uther man, whoo stood tauking too Cer Henry, wauz stout and darc, and

ov qwite a different cut. I suspected at wuns dhat he wauz a naval officer; I doant no whi, but it iz difficult too mistake a navy man. I hav gon shooting trips widh cevveral ov them in the coers ov mi life, and dha hav aulwase pruivd themcelvz the best and bravest and nicest fellose I evver met, dho sadly ghivven, sum ov them, too the uce ov profane lan'gwage. I aasct a page or too bac, whaut iz a gentelman? Ile aancer the qweschon nou: A Roiyal Naval officer iz, in a genneral sort ov wa, dho ov coers dhare ma be a blac shepe among them here and dhare. I fancy it iz just the wide cese and the breth ov Godz windz dhat waush dhare harts and blo the bitternes out ov dhare miandz and make them whaut men aut too be.

Wel, too retern, I pruivd rite agane; I ascertaind dhat the darc man

“wauz” a naval officer, a leftenant ov therty-wun, whoo, aafter  
ceventene  
yeerz’ cervice, had bene ternd out ov her Madgestese emploi widh the  
barren onnor ov a comaanderz ranc, becauz it wauz imposcibel dhat he  
shood be promoted. This iz whaut pepel whoo cerv the Qwene hav too  
expect: too be shot out intoo the coald werld too fiand a livving just when  
dha ar beghinning reyalz too understand dhare werc, and too reche the  
prime ov life. I supose dha doant miand it, but for mi one part I had  
raather ern mi bred az a hunter. Wunz haafpens ar az scaers  
perhaps, but u doo not ghet so menny kix.

The officerz name I found out—bi refuuring too the pascen’gerz’  
lists—wauz Good—Captane Jon Good. He wauz braud, ov mejum hite,  
darc,  
stout, and raather a cureyous man too looc at. He wauz so verry nete and  
so  
verry clene-shaivd, and he aulwase woer an i-glaas in hiz rite i. It  
ceemd too gro dhare, for it had no string, and he nevver tooc it out  
exept too wipe it. At ferst I thaut he uest too slepe in it, but  
aafterwordz I found dhat this wauz a mistake. He poot it in hiz trouserz  
pocket when he went too bed, toogheter widh hiz fauls teeth, ov which he  
had too butifool cets dhat, mi one beying nun ov the best, hav often  
cauzd me too brake the tenth comaandment. But I am antiscipating.

Soone aafter we had got under wa evening cloazd in, and braut widh it  
verry derty wether. A kene brese sprung up of land, and a kiand ov  
agravated Scoch mist soone drove evveriboddy from the dec. Az for the  
“Dunkeld”, she iz a flat-bottomd punt, and gowing up lite az she wauz,  
she roald verry hevvely. It aulmoast ceemd az dho she wood go rite  
over, but she nevver did. It wauz qwite imposcibel too wauc about, so I  
stood nere the en’gianz whare it wauz worm, and amuezd micelf widh  
wauching the penjulum, which wauz fixt opposite too me, swinging sloly  
baqwordz and forwordz az the vescel roald, and marking the an’ghel she  
tucht at eche lerch.

“Dhat penjulumz rong; it iz not properly wated,” suddenly ced a sumwhaut testy vois at mi shoalder. Loocking round I sau the naval officer whoome I had notiast when the pascen‘gerz came aboard.

“Indede, nou whaut maix u thhinc so?” I aasct.

“Thhinc so. I doant thhinc at aul. Whi dhare”—az she rited hercelf aafter a role—“if the ship had reyaly roald too the degry dhat thhing pointed too, then she wood nevver hav roald agane, dhats aul. But it iz just like these merchant skipperz, dha ar aulwase so confoundedly caerles.”

Just then the dinner-bel rang, and I wauz not sorry, for it iz a dredfool thhing too hav too liscen too an officer ov the Roiyal Navy when he ghets on too dhat subgect. I oonly no wun wers thhing, and dhat iz too here a merchant skipper expres hiz candid opinyon ov officerz ov the Roiyal Navy.

Captane Good and I went down too dinner tooghether, and dhare we found Cer

Henry Kertis aulreddy ceted. He and Captane Good wer plaist tooghether, and I sat opposite too them. The captane and I soone fel intoo tauc about shooting and whaut not; he aasking me menny qweschonz, for he iz verry inqwizsitive about aul sorts ov thhingz, and I aancering them az wel az I cood. Prezsently he got on too ellefants.

“Aa, cer,” cauld out sumbody whoo wauz citting nere me, “uve reecht the rite man for dhat; Hunter Qwatermane shood be abel too tel u about ellefants if enniboddy can.”

Cer Henry, whoo had bene citting qwite qwiyet liscening too our tauc, started vizsibly.

“Excuse me, cer,” he ced, lening forword acros the tabel, and speking in a lo depe vois, a verry sutabel vois, it ceemd too me, too cum out ov dhose grate lungz. “Excuse me, cer, but iz yor name Allan Qwatermane?”

I ced dhat it wauz.

The big man made no ferther remarck, but I herd him mutter “forchunate” intoo hiz beerd.

Prezsently dinner came too an end, and az we wer leving the saloone Cer Henry stroald up and aasct me if I wood cum intoo hiz cabbin too smoke a pipe. I axepted, and he led the wa too the “Dunkeld” dec cabbin, and a verry good cabbin it iz. It had bene too cabbinz, but when Cer Garnet Wolcely or wun ov dhose big swelz went down the coast in the “Dunkeld”, dha noct awa the partishon and hav nevver poot it up agane. Dhare wauz a sofaa in the cabbin, and a littel tabel in frunt ov it. Cer Henry cent the schuword for a bottel ov whisky, and the thre ov us sat down and lit our piaps.

“Mr. Qwatermane,” ced Cer Henry Kertis, when the man had braut the whisky and lit the lamp, “the yere befoer laast about this time, u wer, I beleve, at a place cauld Baman’gwaato, too the north ov the Traanzvaal.”

“I wauz,” I aancerd, raather cerpriazd dhat this gentelman shoold be so wel aqwainted widh mi muivments, which wer not, so far az I wauz aware, concidderd ov genneral interest.

“U wer trading dhare, wer u not?” poot in Captane Good, in hiz qwic wa.

“I wauz. I tooc up a waggon-lode ov goodz, made a camp outside the cettelment, and stopt til I had soald them.”

Cer Henry wauz citting opposite too me in a Maderaa chare, hiz armz lening on the tabel. He nou looct up, fixing hiz larj gra ise fool uppon mi face. Dhare wauz a cureyous anxiyety in them, I thaut.

“Did u happen too mete a man cauld Nevvil dhare?”

“O, yes; he outspand alongside ov me for a fortnite too rest hiz oxen befoer gowing on too the intereyor. I had a letter from a lauyer a fu munths bac, aasking me if I nu whaut had becum ov him, which I aancerd too the best ov mi abillity at the time.”

“Yes,” ced Cer Henry, “yor letter wauz forwarded too me. U ced in it dhat the gentelman cauld Nevvil left Baman’gwaato at the beghinning ov Ma in a waggon widh a driver, a voorlooper, and a Caffer hunter cauld Gim, anouncing hiz intenshon ov trecking if poscibel az far az Inyaty, the extreme trading poast in the Matabely cuntry, whare he wood cel hiz waggon and procede on foot. U aulso ced dhat he did cel hiz waggon, for cix munths aafterwordz u sau the waggon in the poseshon ov a Porchughese trader, whoo toald u dhat he had baut it at Inyaty from a white man whose name he had forgotten, and dhat he beleevd the white man widh the native cervant had started of for the intereyor on a shooting trip.”

“Yes.”

Then came a pauz.

“Mr. Qwatermane,” ced Cer Henry suddenly, “I supose u no or can ghes nuthing moer ov the rezonz ov mi—ov Mr. Nevvilz gerny too the northword, or az too whaut point dhat gerny wauz directed?”

“I herd sumthhing,” I aancerd, and stopt. The subject wauz wun which I did not care too discuss.

Cer Henry and Captane Good looct at eche uther, and Captane Good nodded.

“Mr. Qwatermane,” went on the former, “I am gowing too tel u a stoery, and aasc yor advice, and perhaps yor acistans. The agent whoo forworded me yor letter toald me dhat I mite reli on it impliscitly, az u wer,” he ced, “wel none and universaly respected in Nataal, and espeshaly noted for yor discredhon.”

I boud and dranc sum whisky and wauter too hide mi confuezhon, for I am a modest man—and Cer Henry went on.

“Mr. Nevvil wauz mi bruther.”

“O,” I ced, starting, for nou I nu ov whoome Cer Henry had remianded me when ferst I sau him. Hiz bruther wauz a much smauler man and had a darc beard, but nou dhat I thaut ov it, he posest ise ov the same shade ov gra and widh the same kene looc in them: the fechuerz too wer not unlike.

“He wauz,” went on Cer Henry, “mi oanly and yun’gher bruther, and til five yeerz ago I doo not suppose dhat we wer evver a munth awa from eche uther. But just about five yeerz ago a misforchune befel us, az sumtiamz duz happen in fammilese. We qworeld bitterly, and I behaidv unjustly too mi bruther in mi an’gher.”

Here Captane Good nodded hiz hed viggorously too himcelf. The ship gave a big role just then, so dhat the loocking-glaas, which wauz fixt opposite us too starbord, wauz for a moment neerly over our hedz, and az I wauz citting widh mi handz in mi pockets and staring upwordz, I cood ce him nodding like ennithhing.

“Az I daersa u no,” went on Cer Henry, “if a man dise intestate, and haz no propperty but land, reyal propperty it iz cauld in In’gland, it aul decendz too hiz eldest sun. It so happend dhat just at the time when we qworeld our faather dide intestate. He had poot of making hiz wil until it wauz too late. The rezult wauz dhat mi bruther, whoo had not bene braut up too enny profeshon, wauz left widhout a penny. Ov coers it wood hav bene mi juty too provide for him, but at the time the qworel betwene us wauz so bitter dhat I did not—too mi shame I sa it (and he cide deeply)—offer too doo ennithhing. It wauz not dhat I grujd him justice, but I wated for him too make advaancez, and he made nun. I am sorry too trubbel u widh aul this, Mr. Qwatermane, but I must too make thhingz clere, a, Good?”

“Qwite so, qwite so,” ced the captane. “Mr. Qwatermane wil, I am shure, kepe this history too himcelf.”

“Ov coers,” ced I, for I raather pride micelf on mi discredishon, for which, az Cer Henry had herd, I hav sum repute.

“Wel,” went on Cer Henry, “mi bruther had a fu hundred poundz too hiz acount at the time. Widhout saying ennithhing too me he droo out this paultry sum, and, havving adopted the name ov Nevvil, started of for South Africaa in the wiald hope ov making a forchune. This I lernd aafterwordz. Sum thre yeerz paast, and I herd nuthhing ov mi bruther, dho I rote cevveral tiamz. Doutles the letterz nevver reecht him. But az time went on I groo moer and moer trubbel about him. I found out, Mr. Qwatermane, dhat blud iz thhicker dhan wauter.”

“Dhats troo,” ced I, thhinking ov mi boi Harry.

“I found out, Mr. Qwatermane, dhat I wood hav ghivven haaf mi forchune too no dhat mi bruther Jorj, the oonly relaishon I poses, wauz safe and wel, and dhat I shood ce him agane.”

“But u nevver did, Kertis,” gerct out Captane Good, glaancing at the big manz face.

“Wel, Mr. Qwatermane, az time went on I became moer and moer ancshous too fiand out if mi bruther wauz alive or ded, and if alive too ghet him home agane. I cet enqwirese on foot, and yor letter wauz wun ov the rezults. So far az it went it wauz satisfactory, for it shode dhat til laitly Jorj wauz alive, but it did not go far enuf. So, too cut a long stoery short, I made up mi miand too cum out and looc for him micelf, and Captane Good wauz so kiand az too cum widh me.”

“Yes,” ced the captane; “nuthhing els too doo, u ce. Ternd out bi mi Lordz ov the Admiralty too starv on haaf pa. And nou perhaps, cer, u wil tel us whaut u no or hav herd ov the gentelman cauld Nevvil.”

## CHAPTER 2.

### THE LEDGEND OV SOLLOMONZ MIANZ

“Whaut wauz it dhat u herd about mi brutherz gerny at Baman’gwaato?” aasct Cer Henry, az I pauzd too fil mi pipe befoer replying too Captane Good.

“I herd this,” I aancerd, “and I hav nevver menshond it too a sole til too-da. I herd dhat he wauz starting for Sollomonz Mianz.”

“Sollomonz Mianz?” ejacculated boath mi hererz at wuns. “Whare ar dha?”

"I doant no," I ced; "I no whare dha ar ced too be. Wuns I sau the peex ov the mountainz dhat border them, but dhare wer a hundred and thherty mialz ov dezsert betwene me and them, and I am not aware dhat enny white man evver got acros it save wun. But perhaps the best thhing I can doo iz too tel u the ledgend ov Sollomonz Mianz az I no it, u paacing yor werd not too revele ennithhing I tel u widhout mi permishon. Doo u agry too dhat? I hav mi rezonz for aasking."

Cer Henry nodded, and Captane Good replide, "Certainly, certainly."

"Wel," I began, "az u ma ghes, genneraly speking, ellefant hunterz ar a ruf cet ov men, whoo doo not trubbel themcelvz widh much beyond the facts ov life and the wase ov Cafferz. But here and dhare u mete a man whoo taix the trubbel too colect tradishonz from the natiavz, and trise too make out a littel pece ov the history ov this darc land. It wauz such a man az this whoo ferst toald me the ledgend ov Sollomonz Mianz, nou a matter ov neerly thherty yeerz ago. Dhat wauz when

I wauz on mi ferst ellefant hunt in the Matabely cuntry. Hiz name wauz Evvanz, and he wauz kild the following yere, poor fello, bi a wuinded buffalo, and lise berrede nere the Zambesy Faulz. I wauz telling Evvanz wun nite, I remember, ov sum wunderfool werkingz I had found whialst hunting coodoo and eland in whaut iz nou the Lidenberg district ov the Traanzvaal. I ce dha hav cum acros these werkingz agane laitley in prospecting for goald, but I nu ov them yeerz ago. Dhare iz a grate wide waggon rode cut out ov the sollid roc, and leding too the mouth ov the werking or gallery. Incide the mouth ov this gallery ar stax ov goald qworts piald up reddy for roasting, which shose dhat the werkerz, whoowevver dha wer, must hav left in a hurry. Aulso, about twenty pavez in, the gallery iz bilt acros, and a butifool bit ov masonry it iz."

"I,' ced Evvanz, 'but I wil spin u a qwerer yarn dhan dhat'; and he went on too tel me hou he had found in the far intereyor a roowind

citty, which he beleevd too be the Ofer ov the Bibel, and, bi the wa, uther moer lerned men hav ced the same long cins poor Evvansez time. I wauz, I remember, liscening open-eerd too aul these wunderz, for I wauz yung at the time, and this stoery ov an ainshent civilizaishon and ov the trezhuerz which dhose oald Juwish or Feneeshan advenchurerz uest too extract from a cuntry long cins lapst intoo the darkest barbarizm tooc a grate hoald uppon mi imaginaishon, when suddenly he ced too me, 'Lad, did u evver here ov the Suliman Mountainz up too the north-west ov the Mushaculumbwy cuntry?' I toald him I nevver had. 'Aa, wel,' he ced, 'dhat iz whare Sollomon reyalz had hiz mianz, hiz dimond mianz, I mene.'

"Hou doo u no dhat?" I aasct.

"No it! whi, whaut iz "Suliman" but a corrupshon ov Sollomon?[3] Beciadz, an oald Izanusy or wich doctores up in the Manicaa cuntry toald me aul about it. She ced dhat the pepel whoo livd acros dhose mountainz wer a "braanch" ov the Zhulus, speking a diyalect ov Zooloo, but finer and biggher men even; dhat dhare livd amung them grate wizzardz, whoo had lernt dhare art from white men when "aul the werld wauz darc," and whoo had the ceecret ov a wunderfool mine ov "brite stoanz."

[3] Suliman iz the Arrabic form ov Sollomon.—"Edditor".

"Wel, I laaft at this stoery at the time, dho it interested me, for the Dimond Feeldz wer not discuvverd then, but poor Evvanz went of and wauz kild, and for twenty yeerz I nevver thaut enny moer ov the matter. Houwevver, just twenty yeerz aafterwordz—and dhat iz a long time, gentelmen; an ellefant hunter duz not often liv for twenty yeerz at hiz biznes—I herd sumthhing moer deffinite about Suliman Mountainz and the cuntry which lise beyond them. I wauz up beyond the Manicaa cuntry, at a place cauld Citandaaz Craal, and a mizserabel place it wauz, for a man cood ghet nuthhing too ete, and dhare wauz but

littel game about. I had an atac ov fever, and wauz in a bad wa  
genneraly, when wun da a Porphughy ariavd widh a cin'ghel companyon  
—a

haaf-brede. Nou I no yor lo-claas Delago Porphughy wel. Dhare iz  
no grater devvil unhung in a genneral wa, battening az he duz uppon  
human aggony and flesh in the shape ov slaivz. But this wauz qwite a  
different tipe ov man too the mene fellose whoome I had bene acustomd  
too

mete; indede, in aperans he remianded me moer ov the polite domz I  
hav red about, for he wauz taul and thhin, widh larj darc ise and  
kerling gra mustaasheyose. We tauct tooghether for a while, for he cood  
speke broken In'glish, and I understood a littel Porphughy, and he toald  
me dhat hiz name wauz Hoza Cilvester, and dhat he had a place nere  
Delago Ba. When he went on next da widh hiz haaf-brede companyon, he  
ced 'Good-bi,' taking of hiz hat qwite in the oald stile.

“Good-bi, cenyor,' he ced; 'if evver we mete agane I shal be the  
ritchest man in the werld, and I wil remember u.' I laaft a  
littel—I wauz too weke too laaf much—and waucht him strike out for the  
grate dezsert too the west, wundering if he wauz mad, or whaut he thaut  
he wauz gowing too fiand dhare.

“A weke paast, and I got the better ov mi fever. Wun evening I wauz  
citting on the ground in frunt ov the littel tent I had widh me,  
chuwing the laast leg ov a mizserabel foul I had baut from a native for  
a bit ov cloth werth twenty foulz, and staring at the hot red sun  
cinking doun over the dezsert, when suddenly I sau a figgure, aparrently  
dhat ov a Uropeyan, for it woer a cote, on the slope ov the rising  
ground opposite too me, about thre hundred yardz awa. The figgure crept  
along on its handz and nese, then it got up and staggherd forword a  
fu yardz on its legz, oonly too faul and craul agane. Ceying dhat it  
must be sumbody in distres, I cent wun ov mi hunterz too help him, and  
prezsently he ariavd, and whoo doo u supose it ternd out too be?”

“Hoza Cilvester, ov coers,” ced Captane Good.

“Yes, Hoza Cilvester, or raather hiz skelleton and a littel skin. Hiz face wauz a brite yello widh billeyous fever, and hiz larj darc ise stood neerly out ov hiz hed, for aul the flesh had gon. Dhare wauz nuthhing but yello parchment-like skin, white hare, and the gaunt boanz sticking up beneeth.

“Wauter! for the sake ov Criast, wauter!” he moand and I sau dhat hiz lips wer cract, and hiz tung, which protrooded betwene them, wauz swollen and blackish.

“I gave him wauter widh a littel milc in it, and he dranc it in grate gulps, too qworts or so, widhout stopping. I wood not let him hav enny moer. Then the fever tooc him agane, and he fel doun and began too rave about Sulimanz Mountainz, and the dimondz, and the dezsert. I carrede him intoo the tent and did whaut I cood for him, which wauz littel enuf; but I sau hou it must end. About elevven oacloc he groo qwiyyeter, and I la doun for a littel rest and went too slepe. At daun I woke agane, and in the haaf lite sau Cilvester citting up, a strainj, gaunt form, and gasing out toowordz the dezsert. Prezsently the ferst ra ov the sun shot rite acros the wide plane befoer us til it reecht the faarawa crest ov wun ov the taulest ov the Suliman Mountainz moer dhan a hundred mialz awa.

“Dhare it iz!” cride the dying man in Porchughese, and pointing widh hiz long, thhin arm, ‘but I shal nevvver reche it, nevvver. No wun wil evver reche it!’

“Suddenly, he pauzd, and ceemd too take a rezolueshon. ‘Frend,’ he ced, terning toowordz me, ‘ar u dhare? Mi ise gro darc.’

“Yes,’ I ced; ‘yes, li doun nou, and rest.’

“I, he aancerd, ‘I shal rest soone, I hav time too rest—aul eternity. Liscen, I am diying! U hav bene good too me. I wil ghiv u the riting. Perhaps u wil ghet dhare if u can liv too paas the dezsert, which haz kild mi poor cervant and me.’

“Then he groapt in hiz shert and braut out whaut I thaut wauz a Boer tobacco pouch made ov the skin ov the Swort-vet-penz or sabel antelope. It wauz faacend widh a littel strip ov hide, whaut we caul a rimpy, and this he tride too looce, but cood not. He handed it too me. ‘Unti it,’ he ced. I did so, and extracted a bit ov toern yello linnen on which sumthhing wauz ritten in rusty letterz. Incide this rag wauz a paper.

“Then he went on feebly, for he wauz growing weke: ‘The paper haz aul dhat iz on the linnen. It tooc me yeeرز too rede. Liscen: mi ancestor, a polittical refugy from Lizbon, and wun ov the ferst Porphuguese whoo landed on these shoerz, rote dhat when he wauz diying on dhose mountainz

which no white foot evver prest befoer or cins. Hiz name wauz Hoza daa Cilvestraa, and he livd thre hundred yeeرز ago. Hiz slave, whoo wated for him on this cide ov the mountainz, found him ded, and braut the riting home too Delago. It haz bene in the fammily evver cins, but nun hav caerd too rede it, til at laast I did. And I hav lost mi life over it, but anuther ma suxede, and becum the ritchest man in the werld—the ritchest man in the werld. Oonly ghiv it too no wun, cenyor; go yorcelf!’

“Then he began too waunder agane, and in an our it wauz aul over.

“God rest him! he dide verry qwiyetly, and I berrede him depe, widh big boalderz on hiz brest; so I doo not thhinc dhat the jaccaulz can hav dug him up. And then I came awa.”

“I, but the doccument?” ced Cer Henry, in a tone ov depe interest.

“Yes, the document; whaut wauz in it?” added the captane.

“Wel, gentelmen, if u like I wil tel u. I hav nevver shode it too enniboddy yet exept too a drunken oald Porchughese trader whoo traanzlated it for me, and had forgotten aul about it bi the next morning. The oridginal rag iz at mi home in Derban, tooghether widh poor Dom Hozase traanzlaishon, but I hav the In’glisch rendering in mi pocket-booc, and a faximmily ov the map, if it can be cauld a map. Here it iz.”

“I, Hoza daa Cilvestraa, whoo am nou diying ov hun’gher in the littel cave whare no sno iz on the north cide ov the nippel ov the suthernmoast ov the too mountainz I hav naimd Shebaaz Brests, rite this in the yere 1590 widh a cleft bone uppon a remnant ov mi rament, mi blud beying the inc. If mi slave shood fiand it when he cumz, and shood bring it too Delago, let mi frend (name iledgibel) bring the matter too the nollej ov the king, dhat he ma cend an army which, if dha liv throo the dezsert and the mountainz, and can overcum the brave Cucuwainz and dhare devvilish arts, too which end menny preests shood be braut, wil make him the ritchest king cins Sollomon. Widh mi one ise I hav cene the countles dimondz stord in Sollomonz trezhure chaimber behiand the white Deth; but throo the tretchery ov Gagoole the wich-fiander I mite bring naut awa, scaersly mi life. Let him whoo cumz follo the map, and clime the sno ov Shebaaz left brest til he rechez the nippel, on the north cide ov which iz the grate rode Sollomon made, from whens thre dase’ gerny too the Kingz Pallace. Let him kil Gagoole. Pra for mi sole. Faerwel.

HOZA DAA CILVESTRAA.”[4]

[4] Eu José da Silvestra que estou morrendo de fome ná pequena cova onde nÃo ha neve ao lado norte do bico mais ao sul das duas montanhas que chamei seio de Sheba; escrevo isto no anno 1590; escrevo isto com

um pedaço d'osso n' um farrapo de minha roupa e com sangue meu por tinta; se o meu escravo dér com isto quando venha ao levar para Lourenzo Marquez, que o meu amigo ——— leve a cousa ao conhecimento d'

El Rei, para que possa mandar um exercito que, se desfiler pelo deserto e pelas montonhas e mesmo sobrepujar os bravos Kukuanes e suas artes diabolicas, pelo que se deviam trazer muitos padres Far o Rei mais rico depois de Salomão. Com meus proprios olhos vé os di amantes sem conto guardados nas camaras do thesouro de Salomão a traz da morte

branca, mas pela traição de Gagoal a feiticeira achadora, nada poderia levar, e apenas a minha vida. Quem vier siga o mappa e trepe pela neve de Sheba peito à esquerda até chegar ao bica, do lado norte do qual está a grande estrada do Solomão por elle feita, donde ha tres dias de jornada até ao Palacio do Rei. Mate Gagoal. Reze por minha alma. Adeos.

HOZA DAA CILVESTRAA.

[Ilustraishon: Mescen SKECH MAP OV THE ROOTE TOO KING SOLLLOMONZ MIANZ]

When I had finnisht reding the abuv, and shone the cobby ov the map, draun bi the dying hand ov the oald Dom widh hiz blud for inc, dhare follode a cilens ov astonishment.

“Wel,” ced Captane Good, “I hav bene round the werld twice, and poot in at moast poerts, but ma I be hung for a mutinere if evver I herd a yarn like this out ov a stoery booc, or in it iather, for the matter ov dhat.”

“Its a qwere tale, Mr. Qwatermane,” ced Cer Henry. “I supose u ar not hoaxing us? It iz, I no, sumtiamz thaut allouwabel too take in a greenhorn.”

“If u thhinc dhat, Cer Henry,” I ced, much poot out, and pocketing mi paper—for I doo not like too be thaut wun ov dhose cilly fellose whoo concidder it witty too tel lise, and whoo ar for evver boasting too nucummerz ov extrordinary hunting advenchuerz which nevver happend —“if u thhinc dhat, whi, dhare iz an end too the matter,” and I rose too go.

Cer Henry lade hiz larj hand uppon mi shoalder. “Cit down, Mr. Qwatermane,” he ced, “I beg yor pardon; I ce verry wel u doo not wish too deceve us, but the stoery sounded so strainj dhat I cood hardly beleve it.”

“U shal ce the oridginal map and riting when we reche Derban,” I aancerd, sumwhaut mollifide, for reyaly when I came too concidder the qweschon it wauz scaersly wunderfool dhat he shood dout mi good faith.

“But,” I went on, “I hav not toald u about yor bruther. I nu the man Gim whoo wauz widh him. He wauz a Bechuwanaa bi berth, a good hunter, and for a native a verry clevver man. Dhat morning on which Mr. Nevvil wauz starting I sau Gim standing bi mi waggon and cutting up tobacco on the dicelboome.

“‘Gim,’ ced I, ‘whare ar u of too this trip? It iz ellefants?’

“‘No, Baas,’ he aancerd, ‘we ar aafter sumthhing werth much moer dhan ivory.’

“‘And whaut mite dhat be?’ I ced, for I wauz cureyous. ‘Iz it goald?’

“‘No, Baas, sumthhing werth moer dhan goald,’ and he grind.

“I aasct no moer qweschonz, for I did not like too lower mi dignity bi

ceming inqwizsitive, but I wauz puzseld. Prezsently Gim finnisht cutting hiz tobacco.

“‘Baas,’ ced he.

“I tooc no notice.

“‘Baas,’ ced he agane.

“‘A, boi, whaut iz it?’ I aasct.

“‘Baas, we ar gowing aafter dimondz.’

“‘Dimondz! whi, then, u ar stering in the rong direcshon; u shood hed for the Feeldz.’

“‘Baas, hav u evver herd ov Sulimanz Berg?’—dhat iz, Sollomonz Mountainz, Cer Henry.

“‘I!’

“‘Hav u evver herd ov the dimondz dhare?’

“‘I hav herd a foolish stoery, Gim.’

“‘It iz no stoery, Baas. Wuns I nu a woomman whoo came from dhare, and reecht Nataal widh her chiald, she toald me:—she iz ded nou.’

“‘Yor maaster wil fede the aazvuughelz’—dhat iz, vulchuerz—‘Gim, if he trise too reche Sulimanz cuntry, and so wil u if dha can ghet enny pickingz of yor werthles oald carcas,’ ced I.

“‘He grind. ‘Mahap, Baas. Man must di; Ide raather like too tri a nu cuntry micelf; the ellefants ar ghetting werct out about here.’

“Aa! mi boi,’ I ced, ‘u wate til the “pale oald man” ghets a grip ov yor yello throte, and then we shal here whaut sort ov a chune u cing.’

“Haaf an our aafter dhat I sau Nevvilz waggon moove of. Prezently Gim came bac running. ‘Good-bi, Baas,’ he ced. ‘I didnt like too start widhout bidding u good-bi, for I daersa u ar rite, and dhat we shal nevver trec south agane.’

“Iz yor maaster reyaly gowing too Sulimanz Berg, Gim, or ar u liying?’

“No,’ he aancerd, ‘he iz gowing. He toald me he wauz bound too make hiz forchune sumhou, or tri too; so he mite az wel hav a fling for the dimondz.’

“O!’ I ced; ‘wate a bit, Gim; wil u take a note too yor maaster, Gim, and prommice not too ghiv it too him til u reche Inyaty?’ which wauz sum hundred mialz of.

“Yes, Baas.’

“So I tooc a scrap ov paper, and rote on it, ‘Let him whoo cumz . . . clime the sno ov Shebaaz left brest, til he rechez the nippel, on the north cide ov which iz Sollomonz grate rode.’

“Nou, Gim,’ I ced, ‘when u ghiv this too yor maaster, tel him he had better follo the advice on it impliscitly. U ar not too ghiv it too him nou, becauz I doant waunt him bac aasking me qweschonz which I woant aancer. Nou be of, u idel fello, the waggon iz neerly out ov cite.’

“Gim tooc the note and went, and dhat iz aul I no about yor bruther,

Cer Henry; but I am much afrade—”

“Mr. Qwatermane,” ced Cer Henry, “I am gowing too looc for mi bruther; I am gowing too trace him too Sulimanz Mountainz, and over them if nescenary, til I fiand him, or until I no dhat he iz ded. Wil u cum widh me?”

I am, az I thhinc I hav ced, a caushous man, indede a timmid wun, and this sugeschon fritend me. It ceemd too me dhat too undertake such a gerny wood be too go too certane deth, and pooting uther concideraishonz acide, az I had a sun too supoert, I cood not afoerd too di just then.

“No, thanc u, Cer Henry, I thhinc I had raather not,” I aancerd. “I am too oald for wiald-gooce chacez ov dhat sort, and we shood oanly end up like mi poor frend Cilvester. I hav a sun dependent on me, so I canot afoerd too risc mi life foolishly.”

Boath Cer Henry and Captane Good looct verry disapointed.

“Mr. Qwatermane,” ced the former, “I am wel of, and I am bent uppon this biznes. U ma poot the remuneraishon for yor cervicez at whautevver figgure u like in rezon, and it shal be pade over too u befoer we start. Moerover, I wil arainj in the event ov ennithing untooword happening too us or too u, dhat yor sun shal be sutably provided for. U wil ce from this offer hou nescenary I thhinc yor prezsens. Aulso if bi chaans we shood reche this place, and fiand dimondz, dha shal belong too u and Good eeqwaly. I doo not waunt them. But ov coers dhat prommice iz werth nuthhing at aul, dho the same thhing wood apli too enny ivory we mite ghet. U ma pritty wel make yor one termz widh me, Mr. Qwatermane; and ov coers I shal pa aul expencez.”

“Cer Henry,” ced I, “this iz the moast libberal propozal I evver had, and

wun not too be sneezd at bi a poor hunter and trader. But the job iz the bigghest I hav cum acros, and I must take time too thhinc it over. I wil ghiv u mi aancer befoer we ghet too Derban."

"Verry good," aancerd Cer Henry.

Then I ced good-nite and ternd in, and dremt about poor long-ded Cilvester and the dimondz.

### CHAPTER 3.

#### UMBOPAA ENTERZ OUR CERVICE

It taix from foer too five dase, acording too the spede ov the vescel and the state ov the wether, too run up from the Cape too Derban. Sumtiamz, if the landing iz bad at Eest Lundon, whare dha hav not yet made dhat wunderfool harbor dha tauc so much ov, and cinc such a mint ov munny in, a ship iz delade for twenty-foer ourz befoer the cargo boats can ghet out too take of the goodz. But on this ocaizhon we had not too wate at aul, for dhare wer no brakerz on the Bar too speke ov, and the tugz came out at wuns widh the long stringz ov ugly flat-bottomd boats behiand them, intoo which the paccagez wer bundeld widh a crash. It did not matter whaut dha mite be, over dha went slap-bang; whether dha containd chinaa or woollen goodz dha met widh the same treetment. I sau wun cace hoalding foer duzsen ov champagne smasht aul too bits, and dhare wauz the champagne fizsing and boiling about in the bottom ov the derty cargo bote. It wauz a wicked waist, and evvidently so the Cafferz in the bote thaut, for dha found a cuppel ov unbroken bottelz, and nocking of the nex dranc the contents. But dha had not aloud for the expanshon cauzd bi the fiz in the wine,

and, feling themcelvz swelling, roald about in the bottom ov the bote, caulng out dhat the good liccor wauz "tagaty"—dhat iz, bewicht. I spoke too them from the vescel, and toald them it wauz the white manz stron'ghest meddicine, and dhat dha wer az good az ded men. Dhose Cafferz went too the shoer in a verry grate frite, and I doo not thhinc dhat dha wil tuch champagne agane.

Wel, aul the time dhat we wer stemng up too Nataal I wauz thhinking over Cer Henry Kerticez offer. We did not speke enny moer on the subject for a da or too, dho I toald them meny hunting yarnz, aul troo wunz. Dhare iz no nede too tel lise about hunting, for so meny cureyous thhingz happen within the nollej ov a man whoose biznes it iz too hunt; but this iz bi the wa.

At laast, wun butifool evening in Jannuuary, which iz our hottest munth, we steemd paast the coast ov Nataal, expecting too make Derban Point bi suncet. It iz a luvly coast aul along from Eest Lundon, widh its red sand'hilz and wide sweeps ov vivvid grene, dotted here and dhare widh Caffer craalz, and borderd bi a ribbon ov white cerf, which spouts up in pillarz ov fome whare it hits the rox. But just befoer u cum too Derban dhare iz a peculeyar richnes about the landscape. Dhare ar the shere cluifs cut in the hilz bi the rushing rainz ov cenchurese, doun which the rivverz sparkel; dhare iz the depest grene ov the boosh, growing az God plaanted it, and the uther greenz ov the mely gardenz and the shooggar patchez, while nou and agane a white hous, smiling out at the plascid ce, poots a finnish and ghivz an are ov hoamlines too the cene. For too mi miand, houwevver butifool a vu ma be, it reqwiarz the prezsens ov man too make it complete, but perhaps dhat iz becauz I hav livd so much in the wildernes, and dhaerfoer no the vallu ov civilizaishon, dho too be shure it driavz awa the game. The Garden ov Eden, no dout, looct fare befoer man wauz, but I aulwase thhinc dhat it must hav bene farer when Eve adornd it.

Too retern, we had miscalculated a littel, and the sun wauz wel doun

befoer we dropt ancor of the Point, and herd the gun which toald the good foax ov Derban dhat the In'glisch Male wauz in. It wauz too late too thhinc ov ghetting over the Bar dhat nite, so we went cumfortably too dinner, aafter ceying the Mailz carrede of in the life-bote.

When we came up agane the moone wauz out, and shining so briatly over ce and shoer dhat she aulmoast paild the qwic, larj flashez from the liat'hous. From the shoer floted swete spicy odorz dhat aulwase remiand me ov himz and mishonarese, and in the windose ov the housez on the Bereyaa sparkeld a hundred liats. From a larj brig liying nere aulso came the music ov the salorz az dha werct at ghetting the ancor up in order too be reddy for the wind. Aultooghether it wauz a perfect nite, such a nite az u sumtiamz ghet in Suthern Africaa, and it throo a garment ov pece over evveriboddy az the moone throo a garment ov silver over evverithhing. Even the grate booldog, belonging too a spoerting pascen'ger, ceemd too yeeld too its gentel influwencez, and forghetting hiz yerning too cum too close qworterz widh the baboone in a cage on the foaxel, snord happily at the doer ov the cabbin, dreeming no dout dhat he had finnisht him, and happy in hiz dreeme.

We thre—dhat iz, Cer Henry Kertis, Captane Good, and micelf—went and sat bi the whele, and wer qwiyet for a while.

“Wel, Mr. Qwatermane,” ced Cer Henry prezsently, “hav u bene thhinking about mi propozalz?”

“I,” eccode Captane Good, “whaut doo u thhinc ov them, Mr. Qwatermane?”

I hope dhat u ar gowing too ghiv us the plezhure ov yor cumpany so far az Sollomonz Mianz, or wharevver the gentelman u nu az Nevvil ma hav got too.”

I rose and noct out mi pipe befoer I aancerd. I had not made up mi

miand, and waunted an adishonal moment too decide. Befoer the barning tobacco had faulen intoo the ce I had decided; just dhat littel extraa cecond did the tric. It iz often the wa when u hav bene bothering a long time over a thhing.

“Yes, gentelmen,” I ced, citting doun agane, “I wil go, and bi yor leve I wil tel u whi, and on whaut condishonz. Ferst for the termz which I aasc.

“1. U ar too pa aul expencez, and enny ivory or uther vallubelz we ma ghet iz too be divided betwene Captane Good and micelf.

“2. Dhat u ghiv me £500 for mi cervicez on the trip befoer we start, I undertaking too cerv u faithfooly til u chuse too abandon the enterprise, or til we suxede, or dizaaster overtaix us.

“3. Dhat befoer we trec u execute a dede agreying, in the event ov mi deth or disabelment, too pa mi boi Harry, whoo iz studdeying meddicine over dhare in Lundon, at Ghise Hospital, a sum ov £200 a yere for five yearz, bi which time he aut too be abel too ern a livving for himcelf if he iz werth hiz sault. Dhat iz aul, I thhinc, and I daersa u wil sa qwite enuf too.”

“No,” aancerd Cer Henry, “I axept them gladly. I am bent uppon this prodject, and wood pa moer dhan dhat for yor help, conciddering the peculeyar and exclucive nollej which u poses.”

“Pitty I did not aasc it, then, but I woant go bac on mi werd. And nou dhat I hav got mi termz I wil tel u mi rezonz for making up mi miand too go. Ferst ov aul, gentelmen, I hav bene observing u boath for the laast fu dase, and if u wil not thhinc me impertinent I ma sa dhat I like u, and beleve dhat we shal cum up wel too the yoke tooghether. Dhat iz sumthhing, let me tel u, when wun haz a long gerny like this befoer wun.

“And nou az too the gerny itcelf, I tel u flatly, Cer Henry and Captane Good, dhat I doo not thhinc it probbabel we can cum out ov it alive, dhat iz, if we atempt too cros the Suliman Mountainz. Whaut wauz the fate ov the oald Dom daa Cilvestraa thre hundred yeez ago? Whaut wauz the fate ov hiz descendant twenty yeez ago? Whaut haz bene yor brutherz fate? I tel u francly, gentelmen, dhat az dhare faits wer so I beleve ourz wil be.”

I pauzd too wauch the efect ov mi werdz. Captane Good looct a littel uncumfortabel, but Cer Henrese face did not chainj. “We must take our chaans,” he ced.

“U ma perhaps wunder,” I went on, “whi, if I thhinc this, I, whoo am, az I toald u, a timmid man, shood undertake such a gerny. It iz for too rezonz. Ferst I am a fatalist, and beleve dhat mi time iz apointed too cum qwite widhout refferens too mi one muivments and wil, and dhat if I am too go too Suliman Mountainz too be kild, I shal go dhare and shal be kild. God Aulmity, no dout, nose Hiz miand about me, so I nede not trubbel on dhat point. Ceccondly, I am a poor man. For neerly forty yeez I hav hunted and traded, but I hav nevver made moer dhan a livving. Wel, gentelmen, I doant no if u ar aware dhat the avverage life ov an ellefant hunter from the time he taix too the trade iz betwene foer and five yeez. So u ce I hav livd throo about cevven generaishonz ov mi claas, and I shood thhinc dhat mi time canot be far of, enniwa. Nou, if ennithhing wer too happen too me in the ordinary coers ov biznes, bi the time mi dets ar pade dhare wood be nuthing left too supoert mi sun Harry whialst he wauz ghetting in the wa ov erning a livving, wharaz nou he wil be cet up for five yeez. Dhare iz the whole afare in a nutshel.”

“Mr. Qwatermane,” ced Cer Henry, whoo had bene ghivving me hiz moast cereyous atenshon, “yor motiavz for undertaking an enterprise which

u beleve can oonly end in dizaaster reflect a grate dele ov credit on u. Whether or not u ar rite, ov coers time and the event alone can sho. But whether u ar rite or rong, I ma az wel tel u at wuns dhat I am gowing throo widh it too the end, swete or bitter. If we ar too be noct on the hed, aul I hav too sa iz, dhat I hope we ghet a littel shooting ferst, a, Good?"

"Yes, yes," poot in the captane. "We hav aul thre ov us bene acustomd too face dain'ger, and too hoald our liavz in our handz in vareyous wase, so it iz no good terning bac nou. And nou I vote we go down too the saloone and take an observaishon just for luc, u no." And we did—throo the bottom ov a tumbler.

Next da we went ashoer, and I poot up Cer Henry and Captane Good at the littel shanty I hav bilt on the Bereyaa, and which I caul mi home. Dhare ar oonly thre ruimz and a kitchen in it, and it iz constructed ov grene bric widh a galvaniazd iarn roofe, but dhare iz a good garden widh the best loqwot trese in it dhat I no, and sum nice yung man'gose, ov which I hope grate thhingz. The curator ov the botannical gardenz gave them too me. It iz looct aafter bi an oald hunter ov mine naimd Jac, whoose thhi wauz so badly broken bi a buffalo cou in Cicucunis cuntry dhat he wil nevver hunt agane. But he can potter about and garden, beying a Griqwaa bi berth. U wil nevver perswade a Zooloo too take much interest in gardening. It iz a peesfool art, and peesfool arts ar not in hiz line.

Cer Henry and Good slept in a tent picht in mi littel grove ov oranj trese at the end ov the garden, for dhare wauz no roome for them in the hous, and whaut widh the smel ov the bloome, and the cite ov the grene and goalden froote—in Derban u wil ce aul thre on the tre tooghether—I daersa it iz a plezzant place enuf, for we hav fu mosketose here on the Bereyaa, unles dhare happenz too cum an unnuezhuwaly hevvy rane.

Wel, too ghet on—for if I doo not, Harry, u wil be tiard ov mi stoery befoer evver we fech up at Sulimanz Mountainz—havving wuns made up mi

miand too go I cet about making the nescesary preparaishonz. Ferst I ce cuerd the dede from Cer Henry, providing for u, mi boi, in cace ov axidents. Dhare wauz sum difficulty about its legal execueshon, az Cer Henry wauz a strain'ger here, and the propperty too be charjd iz over the wauter; but it wauz ultimaitly got over widh the help ov a lauyer, whoo charjd £20 for the job—a price dhat I thaut outrajous. Then I pocketed mi chec for £500.

Havving pade this tribbute too mi bump ov caushon, I perchaist a waggon and

a span ov oxen on Cer Henrese behaaf, and butese dha wer. It wauz a twenty-too-foot waggon widh iarn axelz, verry strong, verry lite, and bilt throowout ov stinc wood; not qwite a nu wun, havving bene too the Dimond Feeldz and bac, but, in mi opinyon, aul the better for dhat, for I cood ce dhat the wood wauz wel cezond. If ennithing iz gowing too ghiv in a waggon, or if dhare iz grene wood in it, it wil sho out on the ferst trip. This particcular veyikel wauz whaut we caul a “haaf-tented” waggon, dhat iz too sa, oonly cuvverd in over the aafter twelv fete, leving aul the frunt part fre for the nescesarese we had too carry widh us. In this aafter part wer a hide “cartel,” or bed, on which too pepel cood slepe, aulso rax for rifelz, and menny uther littel conveyencez. I gave £125 for it, and thhinc dhat it wauz chepe at the price.

Then I baut a butifool teme ov twenty Zooloo oxen, which I had kept mi i on for a yere or too. Cixtene oxen iz the uezhual number for a teme, but I tooc foer extraa too alou for cazhuwaltese. These Zooloo cattel ar smaul and lite, not moer dhan haaf the cise ov the Africander oxen, which ar genneraly uezd for traanspoert perpocez; but dha wil liv whare the Africanderz wood starv, and widh a modderate lode can make

five mialz a da better gowing, beying qwicker and not so liyabel too becum footsor. Whaut iz moer, this lot wer thurroly "saulted," dhat iz, dha had werct aul over South Africaa, and so had becum prooffe, comparratiavly speking, against red wauter, which so freeqwently destroy whole teemz ov oxen when dha ghet on too strainj "velt" or graas cuntry. Az for "lung cic," which iz a dredfool form ov numoanyaa, verry prevvalent in this cuntry, dha had aul bene inoculated against it. This iz dun bi cutting a slit in the tale ov an ox, and bianding in a pece ov the diseezd lung ov an annimal which haz dide ov the cicnes. The rezult iz dhat the ox cickenz, taix the disese in a miald form, which causez its tale too drop of, az a roole about a foot from the roote, and becumz prooffe against fuchure atax. It ceemz croowel too rob the annimal ov hiz tale, espeshaly in a cuntry whare dhare ar so menny flise, but it iz better too sacrifice the tale and kepe the ox dhan too loose boath tale and ox, for a tale widhout an ox iz not much good, exept too dust widh. Stil it duz looc od too trec along behiand twenty stumps, whare dhare aut too be tailz. It ceemz az dho Nachure made a triafling mistake, and stuc the stern ornaments ov a lot ov prise bool-dogz on too the rumps ov the oxen.

Next came the qweschon ov provizhonning and meddicianz, wun which reqwiard the moast caerfool concideraishon, for whaut we had too doo wauz too avoid lumbering the waggon, and yet too take evverithhing absoluetly nescesary. Forchunaitly, it ternd out dhat Good iz a bit ov a doctor, havving at sum point in hiz preveyous carere mannaijd too paas throo a coers ov meddical and cergical instrucshon, which he haz moer or les kept up. He iz not, ov coers, qwaulifide, but he nose moer about it dhan menny a man whoo can rite M.D. aafter hiz name, az we found out aafterwordz, and he had a splendid traveling meddicine chest and a cet ov instrooments. Whialst we wer at Derban he cut of a Cafferz big to in a wa which it wauz a plezhure too ce. But he wauz qwite nonplust when the Caffer, whoo had sat stollidly wauching the operaishon, aasct him

too poot on anuther, saying dhat a "white wun" wood doo at a pinch.

Dhare remaind, when these qweschonz wer satisfactorily cetteld, too ferther important points for concideraishon, naimly, dhat ov armz and dhat ov cervants. Az too the armz I canot doo better dhan poot doun a list ov dhose which we finaly decided on from among the ampel stoer dhat Cer Henry had braut widh him from In'gland, and dhose which I oand. I cobby it from mi pocket-booc, whare I made the entry at the time.

"Thre hevvy breche-loding dubbel-ate ellefant gunz, waying about fiftene poundz eche, too carry a charj ov elevven dracmz ov blac pouders." Too ov these wer bi a wel-none Lunden ferm, moast exelent makerz, but I doo not no bi whoome mine, which iz not so hily finnisht, wauz made. I hav uezd it on cevveral trips, and shot a good menny ellefants widh it, and it haz aulwase pruivd a moast supereyor weppon, thurroly too be relide on.

"Thre dubbel-500 Exprescez, constructed too stand a charj ov six dracmz," swete wepponz, and admirabel for mejum-ciazd game, such az eland or sabel antelope, or for men, espeshaly in an open cuntry and widh the cemmy-hollo boollet.

"Wun dubbel No. 12 central-fire Keperz shot-gun, fool choke boath barrelz." This gun pruivd ov the gratest cervice too us aafterwordz in shooting game for the pot.

"Thre Winchester repeting rifelz (not carbianz), spare gunz.

"Thre cin'ghel-acshon Coalts revolverz, widh the hevveyer, or Amerrikan pattern ov cartrij."

This wauz our total armament, and doutles the reder wil observ dhat the wepponz ov eche claas wer ov the same make and caliber, so dhat

the cartrigez wer interchainjabel, a verry important point. I make no apollogy for detaling it at length, az evvery expereyenst hunter wil no hou vital a propper supli ov gunz and amunishon iz too the suxes ov an expedishon.

Nou az too the men whoo wer too go widh us. Aafter much consultaishon we decided dhat dhare number shood be limmited too five, naimly, a driver, a leder, and thre cervants.

The driver and leder I found widhout much difficulty, too Zhulus, naimd respectiavly Gozaa and Tom; but too ghet the cervants pruivd a moer difficult matter. It wauz nescesary dhat dha shood be thurroly trustwerthy and brave men, az in a biznes ov this sort our liavz mite depend uppon dhare conduct. At laast I cecuerd too, wun a Hottentot naimd Ventvuughel, or "windberd," and wun a littel Zooloo naimd Kevaa, whoo had the merrit ov speking In'glish perfectly. Ventvuughel I had none befoer; he wauz wun ov the moast perfect "spoorerz," dhat iz, game trackerz, I evver had too doo widh, and tuf az whipcord. He nevver ceemd too tire. But he had wun faling, so common widh hiz race, drinc. Poot him within reche ov a bottel ov gin and u cood not trust him. Houwevver, az we wer gowing beyond the rejon ov grog-shops this littel weecnes ov hiz did not so much matter.

Havving cecuerd these too men I looct in vane for a thherd too sute mi perpoce, so we determiand too start widhout wun, trusting too luc too fiand a sutabel man on our wa up cuntry. But, az it happend, on the evening befoer the da we had fixt for our deparchure the Zooloo Kevaa informd me dhat a Caffer wauz wating too ce me. Acordingly, when we had dun dinner, for we wer at tabel at the time, I toald Kevaa too bring him in. Prezsently a taul, handsum-loocking man, sumwhare about thherty yeerz ov age, and verry lite-cullord for a Zooloo, enterd, and lifting hiz nob-stic bi wa ov salute, sqwauted himcelf down in the

corner on hiz haunchez, and sat cilent. I did not take enny notice ov him for a while, for it iz a grate mistake too doo so. If u rush intoo conversaishon at wuns, a Zooloo iz apt too thhinc u a person ov littel dignity or conceqwens. I observd, houwevver, dhat he wauz a “Keshlaa” or ringd man; dhat iz, he woer on hiz hed the blac ring, made ov a speeshese ov gum pollisht widh fat and werct up in the hare, which iz uezhuwaly ashuemd bi Zhulus on ataning a certane age or dignity. Aulso it struc me dhat hiz face wauz familleyar too me.

“Wel,” I ced at laast, “Whaut iz yor name?”

“Umbopaa,” aancerd the man in a slo, depe vois.

“I hav cene yor face befoer.”

“Yes; the Incoosy, the chefe, mi faather, sau mi face at the place ov the Littel Hand”—dhat iz, Izand’hlwanaa—“on the da befoer the battel.”

Then I rememberd. I wauz wun ov Lord Chelmzfordz ghiadz in dhat unlucky Zooloo Wor, and had the good forchune too leve the camp in charj ov sum waggonz on the da befoer the battel. While I wauz wating for the cattel too be inspand I fel intoo conversaishon widh this man, whoo held sum smaul comaand amung the native auxilleyarese, and he had exprest too me hiz douts az too the saifty ov the camp. At the time I toald him too hoald hiz tung, and leve such matterz too wiser hedz; but aafterwordz I thaut ov hiz werdz.

“I remember,” I ced; “whaut iz it u waunt?”

“It iz this, ‘Macumazaan.’” Dhat iz mi Caffer name, and meenz the man whoo ghets up in the middel ov the nite, or, in vulgar In’glisch, he whoo keeps hiz ise open. “I here dhat u go on a grate expedishon far intoo the North widh the white cheefs from over the wauter. Iz it a troo werd?”

"It iz."

"I here dhat u go even too the Lucan'gaa Rivver, a muinz gerny beyond the Maniccaa cuntry. Iz this so aulso, 'Macumazaan?'"

"Whi doo u aasc whither we go? Whaut iz it too u?" I aancerd suspishously, for the obgets ov our gerny had bene kept a ded ceecret.

"It iz this, O white men, dhat if indede u travvel so far I wood travvel widh u."

Dhare wauz a certane asumpshon ov dignity in the manz mode ov speche, and espeshaly in hiz uce ov the werdz "O white men," insted ov "O Incosis," or cheefs, which struc me.

"U forghet yorcelf a littel," I ced. "Yor werdz run out unnawaerz. Dhat iz not the wa too speke. Whaut iz yor name, and whare iz yor craal? Tel us, dhat we ma no widh whoome we hav too dele."

"Mi name iz Umbopaa. I am ov the Zooloo pepel, yet not ov them. The hous ov mi tribe iz in the far North; it wauz left behiand when the Zhulus came doun here a 'thouzand yeeرز ago,' long befoer Chacaa raind in Zoolooland. I hav no craal. I hav waunderd for menny yeeرز. I came from the North az a chiald too Zoolooland. I wauz Cetewayose man in the Ncomabacosy Redgiment, cerving dhare under the grate Captane, Umzlopogaasy ov the Ax,[5] whoo taut mi handz too fite. Aafterwordz I ran awa from Zoolooland and came too Nataal becauz I waunted too ce the white manz wase. Next I faut against Cetewayo in the wor. Cins then I hav bene werking in Nataal. Nou I am tiard, and wood go North agane. Here iz not mi place. I waunt no munny, but I am a brave man, and am werth mi place and mete. I hav spoken."

[5] For the history ov Umzlopogaasy and hiz Ax, the reder iz referd too the boox cauld "Allan Qwatermane" and "Nadaa the Lilly."—"Edditor".

I wauz raather puzseld bi this man and hiz wa ov speche. It wauz evvident too me from hiz manner dhat in the mane he wauz telling the truth, but sumhou he ceemd different from the ordinary run ov Zhulus, and I raather mistrusted hiz offer too cum widhout pa. Beyng in a difficulty, I traanzlated hiz werdz too Cer Henry and Good, and aasct them dhare opinyon.

Cer Henry toald me too aasc him too stand up. Umbopaa did so, at the same time slipping of the long military grate cote which he woer, and reveling himcelf naked exept for the moochaa round hiz center and a neclace ov liyonz' clauz. Certainly he wauz a magnificent-loocking man; I nevver sau a finer native. Standing about cix foot thre hi he wauz braud in propoershon, and verry shaiply. In dhat lite, too, hiz skin looct scaersly moer dhan darc, exept here and dhare whare depe blac scarz marct oald aseghi wuindz. Cer Henry wauct up too him and looct intoo hiz proud, handsum face.

"Dha make a good pare, doant dha?" ced Good; "wun az big az the uther."

"I like yor loox, Mr. Umbopaa, and I wil take u az mi cervant," ced Cer Henry in In'glish.

Umbopaa evvidently understood him, for he aancerd in Zooloo, "It iz wel"; and then added, widh a glaans at the white manz grate statchure and bredth, "We ar men, dhou and I."

## CHAPTER 4.

### AN ELLEFANT HUNT

Nou I doo not propose too narate at fool length aul the incidents ov our long travvel up too Citandaaz Craal, nere the juncshon ov the Lucan'gaa and

Caluqwa Rivverz. It wauz a gerny ov moer dhan a thouzand mialz from Derban, the laast thre hundred or so ov which we had too make on foot, owing too the freeqwent prezsens ov the dredfool "cetcy" fli, whoose bite iz fatal too aul annimalz exept donkese and men.

We left Derban at the end ov Jannuwary, and it wauz in the cecond weke ov

Ma dhat we campt nere Citandaaz Craal. Our advenchuerz on the wa wer menny and vareyouz, but az dha ar ov the sort which befaul evvery African hunter—widh wun exepshon too be prezsently detaild—I shal not cet them down here, lest I shood render this history too werisum.

At Inyaty, the outliying trading staishon in the Matabely cuntry, ov which Loben'gulaa (a grate and croowel scoundrel) iz king, widh menny regrets we parted from our cumfortabel waggon. Oonly twelv oxen remaind

too us out ov the butifool span ov twenty which I had baut at Derban.

Wun we lost from the bite ov a coabraa, thre had perrisht from "povverty" and the waunt ov wauter, wun strade, and the uther thre dide from eting the poizonous herb cauld "chulip." Five moer cickend from this cauz, but we mannijd too cure them widh docez ov an infuezhon made bi boiling down the chulip leevz. If adminnisterd in time this iz a verry efective antidote.

The waggon and the oxen we left in the imejate charj ov Gozaa and Tom, our driver and leder, boath trustwerthy boiz, reqwesting a werthy Scoch mishonary whoo livd in this distant place too kepe an i on them. Then, acumpanede bi Umbopaa, Kevaa, Ventvuughel, and haaf a duzsen

barerz whoome we hiard on the spot, we started of on foot uppon our wiald

qwest. I remember we wer aul a littel cilent on the ocaizhon ov this deparchure, and I thhinc dhat eche ov us wauz wundering if we shood evver

ce our waggon agane; for mi part I nevver expected too doo so. For a while we tramt on in cilens, til Umbopaa, whoo wauz marching in frunt, broke intoo a Zooloo chaant about hou sum brave men, tiard ov life and the taimnes ov thhingz, started of intoo a vaast wildernes too fiand nu thhingz or di, and hou, lo and behoald! when dha had travveld far intoo the wildernes dha found dhat it wauz not a wildernes at aul, but a butifool place fool ov yung wiavz and fat cattel, ov game too hunt and ennemese too kil.

Then we aul laaft and tooc it for a good omen. Umbopaa wauz a cheerfool savvage, in a dignifide sort ov wa, when he wauz not suffering from wun ov hiz fits ov brooding, and he had a wunderfool nac ov keping up our spirrits. We aul groo verry fond ov him.

And nou for the wun advenchure too which I am gowing too trete micelf, for

I doo deerly luv a hunting yarn.

About a fortniats march from Inyaty we came acros a peculeyarly butifool bit ov wel-wauterd woodland cuntry. The cluifs in the hilz wer cuvverd widh dens boosh, "idoro" boosh az the natiavz caul it, and in sum placez, widh the "vaakht-ane-bekha," or "wate-a-littel thorn," and dhare wer grate qwauntitese ov the luvly "machabel" tre, laden widh refreshing yello froote havving enormous stoanz. This tre iz the

ellefants favorite foode, and dhare wer not waunting cianz dhat the grate bruits had bene about, for not oonly wauz dhare spoor freeqwent, but in menny placez the trese wer broken down and even uprooted. The ellefant iz a destructive feder.

Wun evening, aafter a long dase march, we came too a spot ov grate luvlines. At the foot ov a boosh-clad hil la a dri rivver-bed, in which, houwevver, wer too be found puilz ov cristal wauter aul trodden round widh the hoofe-prints ov game. Facing this hil wauz a parc-like plane, whare groo clumps ov flat-topt mimosaa, varede widh ocaizhonal gloscy-leevd machabelz, and aul round strecht the ce ov paathles, cilent boosh.

Az we emerjd intoo this rivver-bed paath suddenly we started a troope ov taul giraafs, whoo gallopt, or raather saild of, in dhare strainj gate, dhare tailz scroode up over dhare bax, and dhare huifs ratling like castanets. Dha wer about thre hundred yardz from us, and dhaerfoer practicaly out ov shot, but Good, whoo wauz wauking ahed, and whoo had an expres loded widh sollid baul in hiz hand, cood not resist temptaishon. Lifting hiz gun, he let drive at the laast, a yung cou. Bi sum extrordinary chaans the baul struc it fool on the bac ov the nec, shattering the spinal collum, and dhat giraaf went roling hed over heelz just like a rabbit. I nevver sau a moer cureyous thhing.

“Kers it!” ced Good—for I am sorry too sa he had a habbit ov using strong lan’gwage when exited—contracted, no dout, in the coers ov hiz nautical carere; “kers it! Ive kild him.”

““Oo”, Bougwan,” ejacculated the Cafferz; ““oo! oo!””

Dha cauld Good “Bougwan,” or Glaas I, becauz ov hiz i-glaas.

“O, ‘Bougwan!’” re-eccode Cer Henry and I, and from dhat da Goodz reputaishon az a marvelous shot wauz establisht, at enny rate among the

Cafferz. Reyalz he wauz a bad wun, but whenever he mist we overlook it for the sake ov dhat giraaf.

Havving cet sum ov the "boiz" too cut of the best ov the giraafs mete, we went too werc too bild a "skerm" nere wun ov the puilz and about a hundred yardz too its rite. This iz dun bi cutting a qwauntity ov thorn booshez and piling them in the shape ov a cercular hej. Then the space encloazd iz smuidhd, and dri tambooky graas, if obtainabel, iz made intoo a bed in the center, and a fire or fiarz lited.

Bi the time the "skerm" wauz finnisht the moone peept up, and our dinnerz ov giraaf staix and roasted marro-boanz wer reddy. Hou we enjoid dhose marro-boanz, dho it wauz raather a job too crac them! I no ov no grater lucshury dhan giraaf marro, unles it iz ellefants hart, and we had dhat on the morro. We ate our cimpel mele bi the lite ov the moone, pausing at tiamz too thanc Good for hiz wunderfool shot; then we began too smoke and yarn, and a cureyous picchure we must hav made sqwauting dhare round the fire. I, widh mi short grizseld hare sticking up strate, and Cer Henry widh hiz yello lox, which wer ghetting raather long, wer raather a contraast, espeshaly az I am thhin, and short, and darc, waying oonly nine stone and a haaf, and Cer Henry iz taul, and braud, and fare, and wase fiftene. But perhaps the moast cureyous-looking ov the thre, taking aul the circumstaancez ov the cace intoo concideraishon, wauz Captane Jon Good, R.N. Dhare he sat uppon

a lether bag, loocking just az dho he had cum in from a cumfortabel dase shooting in a civviliazd cuntry, absolutly clene, tidy, and wel drest. He woer a shooting sute ov broun twede, widh a hat too mach, and nete gaterz. Az uezhuwal, he wauz butifooly shaivd, hiz i-glaas and hiz fauls teeth apeerd too be in perfect order, and aultooghether he looct the netest man I evver had too doo widh in the wildernes. He even spoerted a collar, ov which he had a supli, made ov white guttaa-perchaa.

"U ce, dha wa so littel," he ced too me innocently, when I

express mi astonishment at the fact; "and I aulwase like too tern out like a gentelman." Aa! if he cood hav foercene the fuchure and the rament prepaerd for him.

Wel, dhare we thre sat yarning awa in the butifool muinlite, and wauching the Cafferz a fu yardz of sucking dhare intoxicating "dacchaa" from a pipe ov which the mouthpece wauz made ov the horn ov an eland, til wun bi wun dha roald themcelvz up in dhare blankets and went too slepe bi the fire, dhat iz, aul exept Umbopaa, whoo wauz a littel apart, hiz chin resting on hiz hand, and ththinking deeply. I notiast dhat he nevver mixt much widh the uther Cafferz.

Prezsently, from the depths ov the boosh behiand us, came a loud "'woof", "woof"!" "Dhats a liyon," ced I, and we aul started up too liscen. Hardly had we dun so, when from the poole, about a hundred yardz of, we herd the strident trumpeting ov an ellefant. "*Unkungunklovo! Indlovu!*" "Ellefant! Ellefant!" whisperd the Cafferz, and a fu minnuets aafterwordz we sau a suxeshon ov vaast shaddowy formz mooving sloly from the direcshon ov the wauter toowordz the boosh.

Up jumpt Good, barning for slauter, and ththinking, perhaps, dhat it wauz az esy too kil ellefant az he had found it too shoote giraaf, but I caut him bi the arm and poold him doun.

"Its no good," I whisperd, "let them go."

"It ceemz dhat we ar in a parradice ov game. I vote we stop here a da or too, and hav a go at them," ced Cer Henry, prezsently.

I wauz raather cerpriazd, for hithertoo Cer Henry had aulwase bene for pooshing forword az faast az poscibel, moer espeshaly cins we ascertaind at Inyaty dhat about too yeeرز ago an In'GLISHMAN ov the

name ov Nevvil "had" soald hiz waggon dhare, and gon on up cuntry. But I supose hiz hunter instincts got the better ov him for a while.

Good jumpt at the ideyaa, for he wauz longing too hav a shot at dhose ellefants; and so, too speke the truith, did I, for it went against mi conshens too let such a herd az dhat escape widhout a pool at them.

"Aul rite, mi hartese," ced I. "I thhinc we waunt a littel recreyaishon. And nou lets tern in, for we aut too be of bi daun, and then perhaps we ma cach them feding befoer dha moove on."

The utherz agrede, and we proceded too make our preparaishonz. Good tooc  
of hiz cloadhz, shooc them, poot hiz i-glaas and hiz fauls teeth intoo hiz trouserz pocket, and foalding eche artikel neetly, plaist it out ov the ju under a corner ov hiz mackintosh shete. Cer Henry and I contented ourcelvz widh ruffer arainjments, and soone wer kerld up in our blankets, and dropping of intoo the dreemles slepe dhat rewordz the travveler.

Gowing, gowing, go—Whaut wauz dhat?

Suddenly, from the direcshon ov the wauter came soundz ov viyolent scuffling, and next instant dhare broke uppon our eerz a suxeshon ov the moast afool roerz. Dhare wauz no mistaking dhare origin; oonly a liyon  
cood make such a noiz az dhat. We aul jumpt up and looct toowordz the wauter, in the direcshon ov which we sau a confuezd mas, yello and blac in cullor, stagghering and strugling toowordz us. We ceezd our rifelz, and slipping on our veltscuinz, dhat iz shoose made ov untand hide, ran out ov the skerm. Bi this time the mas had faulen, and wauz roling over and over on the ground, and when we reecht the spot it struggheld no lon'gher, but la qwhite stil.

Nou we sau whaut it wauz. On the graas dhare la a sabel antelope bool—the moast butifool ov aul the African anteloaps—qwite ded, and traansfixt bi its grate kervd hornz wauz a magnificent blac-maind liyon, aulso ded. Evvidently whaut had happend wauz this: The sabel antelope had cum down too drinc at the poole whare the liyon—no dout the same which we had herd—wauz liying in wate. While the antelope dranc, the liyon had sprung uppon him, oanly too be receevd uppon the sharp kervd hornz and traansfixt. Wuns befoer I sau a cimmilar thhing happen. Then the liyon, unnabel too fre himself, had toern and bitten at the bac and nec ov the bool, which, maddend widh fere and pane, had rusht on until it dropt ded.

Az soone az we had exammiand the beests sufishmently we cauld the Cafferz, and betwene us mannaijd too drag dhare carcacez up too the skerm.

Aafter dhat we went in and la doun, too wake no moer til daun.

Widh the ferst lite we wer up and making reddy for the fra. We tooc widh us the thre ate-boer rifelz, a good supli ov amunishon, and our larj wauter-bottelz, fild widh weke coald te, which I hav aulwase found the best stuf too shoote on. Aafter swaulowing a littel breccast we started, Umbopaa, Kevaa, and Ventvuughel acumpaneying us. The uther

Cafferz we left widh instrucshonz too skin the liyon and the sabel antelope, and too cut up the latter.

We had no difficulty in fianding the braud ellefant trale, which Ventvuughel, aafter examinaishon, pronounst too hav bene made bi betwene twenty and thherty ellefants, moast ov them fool-grone boolz. But the herd had muivd on sum wa juring the nite, and it wauz nine oacloc, and aulreddy verry hot, befoer, bi the broken trese, bruizd leevz and

barc, and smoking droppingz, we nu dhat we cood not be far from them.

Prezently we caut cite ov the herd, which numberd, az Ventvuughel had ced, betwene twenty and thherty, standing in a hollo, havving finnisht dhare morning mele, and flapping dhare grate eerz. It wauz a splendid cite, for dha wer oonly about too hundred yardz from us. Taking a handfool ov dri graas, I throo it intoo the are too ce hou the wind wauz; for if wuns dha wianded us I nu dha wood be of befoer we cood ghet a shot. Fianding dhat, if ennithhing, it blu from the ellefants too us, we crept on stelthhily, and thanx too the cuvver mannaijd too ghet within forty yardz or so ov the grate bruits. Just in frunt ov us, and braudcide on, stood thre splendid boolz, wun ov them widh enormous tusx. I whisperd too the uthertz dhat I wood take the middel wun; Cer Henry cuvvering the ellefant too the left, and Good the bool widh the big tusx.

“Nou,” I whisperd.

Boome! boome! boome! went the thre hevvy rifelz, and doun came Cer Henrese ellefant ded az a hammer, shot rite throo the hart. Mine fel on too its nese and I thaut dhat he wauz gowing too di, but in anuther moment he wauz up and of, taring along strate paast me. Az he went I gave him the cecond barrel in the ribz, and this braut him doun in good earnest. Haistily slipping in too fresh cartrigez I ran cloce up too him, and a baul throo the brane poot an end too the poor bruits strugghelz. Then I ternd too ce hou Good had faerd widh the big bool, which I had herd screming widh rage and pane az I gave mine its qwetus. On reching the captane I found him in a grate state ov exiatment. It apeerd dhat on receving the boollet the bool had ternd and cum strate for hiz asalant, whoo had baerly time too ghet out ov hiz wa, and then charjd on bliandly paast him, in the direcshon ov our encampment. Meenwhile the herd had crasht of in wiald alarm in the uther direcshon.

For awhile we debated whether too go aafter the wuinded bool or too follo the herd, and finaly deciding for the latter aulternative, departed, thhinking dhat we had cene the laast ov dhose big tusx. I hav often wisht cins dhat we had. It wauz esy werc too follo the ellefants, for dha had left a trale like a carrage rode behiand them, crushing down the thhic boosh in dhare fureyous flite az dho it wer tambooky graas.

But too cum up widh them wauz anuther matter, and we had struggheld on under the broiling sun for over too ourz befoer we found them. Widh the exepshon ov wun bool, dha wer standing tooghether, and I cood ce, from dhare unqwiyet wa and the manner in which dha kept lifting dhare trunx too test the are, dhat dha wer on the looc-out for mischefe. The sollitary bool stood fifty yardz or so too this cide ov the herd, over which he wauz evvidently keping centry, and about cixty yardz from us. Thhinking dhat he wood ce or wind us, and dhat it wood probbably start them of agane if we tride too ghet nerer, espeshaly az the ground wauz raather open, we aul aimd at this bool, and at mi whisperd werd, we fiard. The thre shots tooc efect, and down he went ded. Agane the herd started, but unforchunaitly for them about a hundred yardz ferther on wauz a nullaa, or dride-out wauter trac, widh stepe banx, a place verry much resembling the wun whare the Prins Impereyal wauz kild in Zoolooland. Intoo this the ellefants plunjd, and when we reecht the ej we found them strugling in wiald confuezhon too ghet up the uther banc, filling the are widh dhare screemz, and trumpeting az dha poosht wun anuther acide in dhare celfish pannic, just like so menny human beyingz. Nou wauz our oporchunity, and firing awa az qwicly az we cood lode, we kild five ov the poor beests, and no dout shood hav bagd the whole herd, had dha not suddenly ghivven up dhare atempts too clime the banc and rusht hedlong down the nullaa. We wer too tiard too follo them, and perhaps aulso a littel cic ov slauter, ate ellefants beying a pritty good bag for wun da.

So aafter we wer rested a littel, and the Cafferz had cut out the harts ov too ov the ded ellefants for supper, we started hoamwordz, verry wel pleezd widh our dase werc, havving made up our miandz too cend the barerz on the morro too chop awa the tusx.

Shortly aafter we re-paast the spot whare Good had wuinded the paitreyarcal bool we came acros a herd ov eland, but did not shoote at them, az we had plenty ov mete. Dha trotted paast us, and then stopt behiand a littel pach ov boosh about a hundred yardz awa, wheling round too looc at us. Az Good wauz ancshous too ghet a nere vu ov them, nevver havving cene an eland cloce, he handed hiz rifel too Umbopaa, and, follode bi Kevaa, stroald up too the pach ov boosh. We sat down and wated for him, not sorry ov the excuce for a littel rest.

The sun wauz just gowing down in its reddest gloery, and Cer Henry and I wer admiring the luvly cene, when suddenly we herd an ellefant screme, and sau its huge and rushing form widh uplifted trunc and tale ciloowetted against the grate firy globe ov the sun. Next cecond we sau sumthhing els, and dhat wauz Good and Kevaa taring bac toowordz us widh the wuinded bool—for it wauz he—charging aafter them. For a moment

we did not dare too fire—dho at dhat distans it wood hav bene ov littel uce if we had dun so—for fere ov hitting wun ov them, and the next a dredfool thhing happend—Good fel a victim too hiz pashon for civviliazd dres. Had he concented too discard hiz trouserz and gaterz like the rest ov us, and too hunt in a flannel shert and a pare ov velt-scuinz, it wood hav bene aul rite. But az it wauz, hiz trouserz cumberd him in dhat desperate race, and prezsently, when he wauz about cixty yardz from us, hiz boote, pollisht bi the dri graas, slipt, and down he went on hiz face rite in frunt ov the ellefant.

We gave a gaasp, for we nu dhat he must di, and ran az hard az we cood toowordz him. In thre cecondz it had ended, but not az we

thaut. Kevaa, the Zooloo boi, sau hiz maaster faul, and brave lad az he wauz, ternd and flung hiz asceghi strate intoo the ellefants face. It stuc in hiz trunc.

With a screme ov pane, the broote ceezd the poor Zooloo, herld him too the erth, and placing wun huge foot on too hiz boddy about the middel, twiand its trunc round hiz upper part and "toer him in too".

We rusht up mad widh horror, and fiard agane and agane, til prezsently the ellefant fel uppon the fragments ov the Zooloo.

Az for Good, he rose and rung hiz handz over the brave man whoo had ghivven hiz life too save him, and, dho I am an oald hand, I felt a lump gro in mi throte. Umbopaa stood contemplating the huge ded ellefant and the man'gheld remainz ov poor Kevaa.

"Aa, wel," he ced prezsently, "he iz ded, but he dide like a man!"

## CHAPTER 5.

### OUR MARCH INTOO THE DEZSERT

We had kild nine ellefants, and it tooc us too dase too cut out the tusx, and havving braut them intoo camp, too berry them caerfooly in the sand under a larj tre, which made a conspiccuwous marc for mialz round. It wauz a wunderfooly fine lot ov ivory. I nevver sau a better, avveraging az it did betwene forty and fifty poundz a tusc. The tusx ov the grate bool dhat kild poor Kevaa scaild wun hundred and cevventy poundz the pare, so neerly az we cood juj.

Az for Kevaa himcelf, we berrede whaut remaind ov him in an ant-bare hole, tooghether widh an asceghi too protect himcelf widh on hiz gerny too a better werld. On the thherd da we marcht agane, hoping dhat we mite liv too retern too dig up our berrede ivory, and in ju coers, aafter a long and werisum tramp, and menny advenchuerz which I hav not space too detale, we reecht Citandaaz Craal, nere the Lucan'gaa Rivver, the reyal starting-point ov our expedishon. Verry wel doo I recolect our arival at dhat place. Too the rite wauz a scatterd native cettelment widh a fu stone cattel craalz and sum cultivated landz doun bi the wauter, whare these savvagez groo dhare scanty supli ov grane, and beyond it strecht grate tracts ov waving "velt" cuvverd widh taul graas, over which herdz ov the smauler game wer waandering. Too the left la the vaast dezsert. This spot apeerz too be the outpoast ov the fertile cuntry, and it wood be difficult too sa too whaut natchural causez such an abrupt chainj in the carracter ov the soil iz ju. But so it iz.

Just belo our encampment flode a littel streme, on the farther cide ov which iz a stony slope, the same doun which, twenty yeeرز befoer, I had cene poor Cilvester creping bac aafter hiz atempt too reche Sollomonz Mianz, and beyond dhat slope beghinz the wauterles dezsert, cuvverd widh a speeshese ov caroo shrub.

It wauz evening when we picht our camp, and the grate baul ov the sun wauz cinking intoo the dezsert, cending gloereyous rase ov menny-cullord lite fliying aul over its vaast expans. Leving Good too superintend the arainjment ov our littel camp, I tooc Cer Henry widh me, and wauking too the top ov the slope opposite, we gaizd acros the dezsert. The are wauz verry clere, and far, far awa I cood distin'gwish the faint blu outlianz, here and dhare capt widh white, ov the Suliman Berg.

"Dhare," I ced, "dhare iz the waul round Sollomonz Mianz, but God nose if we shal evver clime it."

"Mi bruther shood be dhare, and if he iz, I shal reche him sumhou,"

ced Cer Henry, in dhat tone ov qwiyet confidens which marct the man.

“I hope so,” I aancerd, and ternd too go bac too the camp, when I sau dhat we wer not alone. Behiand us, aulso gasing earnestly toowordz the far-of mountainz, stood the grate Caffer Umbopaa.

The Zooloo spoke when he sau dhat I had observd him, adrescing Cer Henry, too whoome he had atacht himcelf.

“Iz it too dhat land dhat dhou woodst gerny, Incubu?” (a native werd mening, I beleve, an ellefant, and the name ghivven too Cer Henry bi the Cafferz), he ced, pointing toowordz the mountane widh hiz braud asceghi.

I aasct him sharply whaut he ment bi adrescing hiz maaster in dhat familleyar wa. It iz verry wel for natiavz too hav a name for wun among themcelvz, but it iz not decent dhat dha shood caul a white man bi dhare heethenish apelaishonz too hiz face. The Zooloo laaft a qwiyet littel laaf which an’gherd me.

“Hou dust dhou no dhat I am not the eeqwal ov the Incosy whoome I cerv?” he ced. “He iz ov a roiyal hous, no dout; wun can ce it in hiz cise and bi hiz meyen; so, mahap, am I. At leest, I am az grate a man. Be mi mouth, O Macumazaan, and sa mi werdz too the Incoos Incubu, mi maaster, for I wood speke too him and too the.”

I wauz an’gry widh the man, for I am not acustomd too be tauct too in dhat wa bi Cafferz, but sumhou he imprest me, and beciadz I wauz cureyous too no whaut he had too sa. So I traanzlated, exprescing mi opinyon at the same time dhat he wauz an impudent fello, and dhat hiz swaggher wauz outrajous.

“Yes, Umbopaa,” aancerd Cer Henry, “I wood gerny dhare.”

“The dezsert iz wide and dhare iz no wauter in it, the mountainz ar hi and cuvverd widh sno, and man canot sa whaut lise beyond them behiand the place whare the sun cets; hou shalt dhou cum thither, Incubu, and whaerfoer dust dhou go?”

I traanzlated agane.

“Tel him,” aancerd Cer Henry, “dhat I go becauz I beleve dhat a man ov mi blud, mi bruther, haz gon dhare befoer me, and I gerny too ceke him.”

“Dhat iz so, Incubu; a Hottentot I met on the rode toald me dhat a white man went out intoo the dezsert too yeerz ago toowordz dhose mountainz widh wun cervant, a hunter. Dha nevver came bac.”

“Hou doo u no it wauz mi bruther?” aasct Cer Henry.

“Na, I no not. But the Hottentot, when I aasct whaut the white man wauz like, ced dhat he had thine ise and a blac beard. He ced, too, dhat the name ov the hunter widh him wauz Gim; dhat he wauz a Bechuwanaa hunter and woer cloadhz.”

“Dhare iz no dout about it,” ced I; “I nu Gim wel.”

Cer Henry nodded. “I wauz shure ov it,” he ced. “If Jorj cet hiz miand uppon a thhing he genneraly did it. It wauz aulwase so from hiz boihood. If he ment too cros the Suliman Berg he haz cros it, unles sum axident overtooc him, and we must looc for him on the uther cide.”

Umbopaa understood In’GLISH, dho he raerly spoke it.

“It iz a far gerny, Incubu,” he poot in, and I traanzlated hiz remarc.

“Yes,” aancerd Cer Henry, “it iz far. But dhare iz no gerny uppon this erth dhat a man ma not make if he cets hiz hart too it. Dhare iz nuthhing, Umbopaa, dhat he canot doo, dhare ar no mountainz he ma not clime, dhare ar no dezserts he canot cros, save a mountane and a dezsert ov which u ar spaerd the nollej, if luv leedz him and he hoaldz hiz life in hiz handz counting it az nuthhing, reddy too kepe it or loose it az Hevven abuv ma order.”

I traanzlated.

“Grate werdz, mi faather,” aancerd the Zooloo—I aulwase cauld him a Zooloo, dho he wauz not reyaly wun—“grate swelling werdz fit too fil the mouth ov a man. Dhou art rite, mi faather Incubu. Liscen! whaut iz life? It iz a fether, it iz the cede ov the graas, blone hither and thither, sumtiamz multipliying itcelf and diying in the act, sumtiamz carrede awa intoo the hevvenz. But if dhat cede be good and hevvy it ma perchaans travvel a littel wa on the rode it wilz. It iz wel too tri and gerny wunz rode and too fite widh the are. Man must di. At the werst he can but di a littel sooner. I wil go widh the acros the dezsert and over the mountainz, unles perchaans I faul too the ground on the wa, mi faather.”

He pauzd awhile, and then went on widh wun ov dhose strainj bersts ov retorical elloqwens dhat Zhulus sumtiamz indulj in, which too mi miand, fool dho dha ar ov vane repetishonz, sho dhat the race iz bi no meenz devoid ov powettic instinct and ov intelecchuwal pouwer.

“Whaut iz life? Tel me, O white men, whoo ar wise, whoo no the ceecrets ov the werld, and ov the werld ov starz, and the werld dhat lise abuv and around the starz; whoo flash yor werdz from afar widhout a vois; tel me, white men, the ceecret ov our life—whither it gose and whens

it cumz!

“U canot aancer me; u no not. Liscen, I wil aancer. Out ov the darc we came, intoo the darc we go. Like a storm-drivven berd at nite we fli out ov the Noawhare; for a moment our wingz ar cene in the lite ov the fire, and, lo! we ar gon agane intoo the Noawhare. Life iz nuthhing. Life iz aul. It iz the Hand widh which we hoald of Deth. It iz the glo-werm dhat shianz in the nite-time and iz blac in the morning; it iz the white breth ov the oxen in winter; it iz the littel shaddo dhat runz acros the graas and loosez itcelf at suncet.”

“U ar a strainj man,” ced Cer Henry, when he had ceest.

Umbopaa laaft. “It ceemz too me dhat we ar much alike, Incubu. Perhaps “I” ceke a bruther over the mountainz.”

I looct at him suspishously. “Whaut dust dhou mene?” I aasct; “whaut dust dhou no ov dhose mountainz?”

“A littel; a verry littel. Dhare iz a strainj land yonder, a land ov wichcraaft and butifool thhingz; a land ov brave pepel, and ov trese, and streemz, and snowy peex, and ov a grate white rode. I hav herd ov it. But whaut iz the good ov tauking? It grose darc. Dhose whoo liv too ce wil ce.”

Agane I looct at him doutfooly. The man nu too much.

“U nede not fere me, Macumazaan,” he ced, interpreting mi looc. “I dig no hoalz for u too faul in. I make no plots. If evver we cros dhose mountainz behiand the sun I wil tel whaut I no. But Deth cits uppon them. Be wise and tern bac. Go and hunt ellefants, mi maasterz. I hav spoken.”

And widhout anuther werd he lifted hiz spere in salutaishon, and

reternd toowordz the camp, whare shortly aafterwordz we found him clening a gun like enny uther Caffer.

“Dhat iz an od man,” ced Cer Henry.

“Yes,” aancerd I, “too od bi haaf. I doant like hiz littel wase. He nose sumthhing, and wil not speke out. But I supose it iz no uce qworeling widh him. We ar in for a cureyous trip, and a mistereyous Zooloo woant make much differens wun wa or anuther.”

Next da we made our arainjments for starting. Ov coers it wauz imposcibel too drag our hevvy ellefant rifelz and uther kit widh us acros the dezsert, so, dismissing our barerz, we made an arainjment widh an oald native whoo had a craal cloce bi too take care ov them til we reternd. It went too mi hart too leve such thhingz az dhose swete tuilz too the tender mercese ov an oald thhefe ov a savvage whose greddy ise I cood ce gloting over them. But I tooc sum precaushonz.

Ferst ov aul I loded aul the rifelz, placing them at fool coc, and informd him dhat if he tucht them dha wood go of. He tride the experriment instantly widh mi ate-boer, and it did go of, and blu a hole rite throo wun ov hiz oxen, which wer just then beying drivven up too the craal, too sa nuthhing ov nocking him hed over heelz widh the recoil. He got up concidderably starteld, and not at aul pleezd at the los ov the ox, which he had the impudens too aasc me too pa for, and nuthhing wood injuce him too tuch the gunz agane.

“Poot the live devvilz out ov the wa up dhare in the thach,” he ced, “or dha wil merder us aul.”

Then I toald him dhat, when we came bac, if wun ov dhose thhingz wauz miscing I wood kil him and hiz pepel bi wichcraaft; and if we dide and he tride too stele the rifelz I wood cum and haunt him and tern hiz cattel mad and hiz milc sour til life wauz a werines, and wood

make the devvilz in the gunz cum out and tauc too him in a wa he did not like, and genneraly gave him a good ideyaa ov jujment too cum. Aafter dhat he prommiast too looc aafter them az dho dha wer hiz faatherz spirrit. He wauz a verry superstishous oald Caffer and a grate villane.

Havving dhus dispoazd ov our superfluwous ghere we arainjd the kit we five—Cer Henry, Good, micelf, Umbopaa, and the Hottentot Ventvuughel—wer

too take widh us on our gerny. It wauz smaul enuf, but doo whaut we wood we cood not ghet its wate doun under about forty poundz a man. This iz whaut it concisted ov:—

The thre expres rifelz and too hundred roundz ov amunishon.

The too Winchester repeting rifelz (for Umbopaa and Ventvuughel), widh too hundred roundz ov cartrij.

Five Cocrainz wauter-bottelz, eche hoalding foer piants.

Five blankets.

Twenty-five poundz' wate ov biltong—i.e. sun-dride game flesh.

Ten poundz' wate ov best mixt beedz for gifts.

A celecshon ov meddicine, including an ouns ov qwinene, and wun or too smaul cergical instrooments.

Our niavz, a fu sundrese, such az a cumpas, matchez, a pocket filter, tobacco, a trouwel, a bottel ov brandy, and the cloadhz we stood in.

This wauz our total eqwipment, a smaul wun indede for such a venchure, but we daerd not atempt too carry moer. Indede, dhat lode wauz a hevvy

wun per man widh which too travvel acros the barning dezsert, for in such placez evvery adishonal ouns telz. But we cood not ce our wa too rejucing the wate. Dhare wauz nuthhing taken but whaut wauz absolutly nescenary.

Widh grate difficulty, and bi the prommice ov a prezsent ov a good hunting-nife eche, I suxeded in perswading thre retched natiavz from the village too cum widh us for the ferst stage, twenty mialz, and too carry a larj goord hoalding a gallon ov wauter apece. Mi obgect wauz too enabel us too refil our wauter-bottelz aafter the ferst niats march, for we determiand too start in the coole ov the evening. I gave out too these natiavz dhat we wer gowing too shoote ostrichez, widh which the dezsert abounded. Dha jabberd and shrugd dhare shoalderz, saying dhat we wer mad and shood perrish ov thherst, which I must sa ceemd probbabel; but beying desirous ov obtaning the niavz, which wer aulmoast un'none trezhuerz up dhare, dha concented too cum, havving probbably reflected dhat, aafter aul, our subceqwent extincshon wood be no afare ov dhaerz.

Aul next da we rested and slept, and at suncet ate a harty mele ov fresh befe wausht down widh te, the laast, az Good remarct sadly, we wer liacly too drinc for menny a long da. Then, havving made our final preparaishonz, we la doun and wated for the moone too rise. At laast, about nine oacloc, up she came in aul her gloery, fludding the wiald cuntry widh lite, and throwing a cilver shene on the expans ov roling dezsert befoer us, which looct az sollem and qwiyet and az aleyen too man az the star-studded fermament abuv. We rose up, and in a fu minnuets wer reddy, and yet we hezsitated a littel, az human nachure iz prone too hezsitate on the threshoald ov an irevvocabel step. We thre white men stood bi ourcelvz. Umbopaa, asceghi in hand and a rifel acros hiz shoalderz, looct out fixtly acros the dezsert a fu pacez ahead ov us; while the hiard natiavz, widh the goordz ov wauter, and Ventvuughel, wer gatherd in a littel not behiand.

“Gentelmen,” ced Cer Henry prezently, in hiz depe vois, “we ar gowing on about az strainj a gerny az men can make in this werld. It iz verry doutfool if we can suxede in it. But we ar thre men whoo wil stand tooghether for good or for evil too the laast. Nou befoer we start let us for a moment pra too the Pouwer whoo shaips the destinese ov men, and whoo agez cins haz marct out our paaths, dhat it ma plese Him too direct our steps in acordans widh Hiz wil.”

Taking of hiz hat, for the space ov a minnute or so, he cuvverd hiz face widh hiz handz, and Good and I did liaqwise.

I doo not sa dhat I am a ferst-rate praying man, fu hunterz ar, and az for Cer Henry, I nevver herd him speke like dhat befoer, and oanly wuns cins, dho depe doun in hiz hart I beleve dhat he iz verry relidjous. Good too iz piyous, dho apt too sware. Ennihou I doo not remember, exepting on wun cin’ghel ocaizhon, evver pooting up a better prare in mi life dhan I did juring dhat minnute, and sumhou I felt the happyer for it. Our fuchure wauz so compleetly un’none, and I thhinc dhat the un’none and the afool aulwase bring a man nerer too hiz Maker.

“And nou,” ced Cer Henry, ““trec”!”

So we started.

We had nuthhing too ghide ourcelvz bi exept the distant mountainz and oald Hoza daa Cilvestraaz chart, which, conciddering dhat it wauz draun bi a diyng and haaf-distraut man on a fragment ov linnen thre cenchurese ago, wauz not a verry satisfactory sort ov thhing too werc widh. Stil, our sole hope ov suxes depended uppon it, such az it wauz. If we faild in fianding dhat poole ov bad wauter which the oald Dom marct az beyng citchuwated in the middel ov the dezsert, about cixty mialz from our

starting-point, and az far from the mountainz, in aul probabillity we must perrish mizerably ov thherst. But too mi miand the chaancez ov our fianding it in dhat grate ce ov sand and caroo scrub ceemd aulmoast infinitesimal. Even suposing dhat daa Cilvestraa had marct the poole corectly, whaut wauz dhare too prevent its havving bene dride up bi the sun generaishonz ago, or trampeld in bi game, or fild with the drifting sand?

On we trapt cilently az shaidz throo the nite and in the hevvy sand. The caroo booshez caut our fete and retarded us, and the sand werct intoo our veltscuinz and Goodz shooting-buits, so dhat evvery fu mialz we had too stop and empty them; but stil the nite kept faerly coole, dho the atmosfere wauz thhic and hevvy, ghivving a sort ov cremy fele too the are, and we made fare proagres. It wauz verry cilent and loanly dhare in the dezsert, opresciavly so indede. Good felt this, and wuns began too whiscel "The Gherl I left behiand me," but the noats sounded lugubreyous in dhat vaast place, and he gave it up.

Shortly aafterwordz a littel incident okerd which, dho it starteld us at the time, gave rise too a laaf. Good wauz leding, az the hoalder ov the cumpas, which, beying a salor, ov coers he understood thurroly, and we wer toiling along in cin'ghel file behiand him, when suddenly we herd the sound ov an exclamaishon, and he vannisht. Next cecond dhare arose aul around us a moast extrordinary hubbub, snorts, groanz, and wiald soundz ov rushing fete. In the faint lite, too, we cood descri dim galloping formz haaf hidden bi reeths ov sand. The natiavz throo doun dhare loadz and prepaerd too bolt, but remembering dhat dhare wauz noawhare too run too, dha caast themcelvz uppon the ground

and hould out dhat it wauz goasts. Az for Cer Henry and micelf, we stood amaizd; nor wauz our amaizment lescend when we perceevd the form

ov Good carering of in the direcshon ov the mountainz, aparrently mounted on the bac ov a hors and hallowing wialdly. In anuther cecond

he throo up hiz armz, and we herd him cum too the erth widh a thud.

Then I sau whaut had happend; we had stumbeld uppon a herd ov sleping qwaggaa, on too the bac ov wun ov which Good acchuwaly had faulen, and the broote natchuraly enuf got up and made of widh him. Cauling out too the utherz dhat it wauz aul rite, I ran toowordz Good, much afrade lest he shood be hert, but too mi grate relefe I found him citting in the sand, hiz i-glaas stil fixt fermly in hiz i, raather shaken and verry much fritend, but not in enny wa injuerd.

Aafter this we travveld on widhout enny ferther misadvenchure til about wun oacloc, when we cauld a halt, and havving drunc a littel wauter, not much, for wauter wauz preshous, and rested for haaf an our, we started agane.

On, on we went, til at laast the eest began too blush like the cheke ov a gherl. Then dhare came faint rase ov primrose lite, dhat chainjd prezently too goalden barz, throo which the daun glided out acros the dezsert. The starz groo pale and paler stil, til at laast dha vannisht; the goalden moone waxt waun, and her mountane ridgez stood out against her cicly face like the boanz on the cheke ov a diying man. Then came spere uppon spere ov lite flashing far awa acros the boundles wildernes, peercing and firing the vailz ov mist, til the dezsert wauz draipt in a tremmulous goalden glo, and it wauz da.

Stil we did not halt, dho bi this time we shood hav bene glad enuf too doo so, for we nu dhat when wuns the sun wauz foolly up it wood be aulmoast imposcibel for us too travvel. At length, about an our later, we spide a littel pile ov boalderz rising out ov the plane, and too this we dragd ourcelvz. Az luc wood hav it, here we found an overhanging slab ov roc carpeted beneath widh smuidh sand, which afoerded a moast graitfool shelter from the hete. Underneath this we

crept, and eche ov us havving drunc sum wauter and eten a bit ov biltong, we la doun and soone wer sound aslepe.

It wauz thre oacloc in the aafternoone befoer we woke, too fiand our barerz preparing too retern. Dha had cene enuf ov the dezsert aulreddy, and no number ov niavz wood hav tempted them too cum a step farther. So we tooc a harty drinc, and havving emptede our wauter-bottelz, fild them up agane from the goordz dhat dha had braut widh them, and then waucht them depart on dhare twenty mialz' tramp home.

At haaf-paast foer we aulso started. It wauz loanly and dezzolate werc, for widh the exepshon ov a fu ostrichez dhare wauz not a cin'ghel livving crechure too be cene on aul the vaast expans ov sandy plane. Evvidently it wauz too dri for game, and widh the exepshon ov a dedly-loocking coabraa or too we sau no reptialz. Wun incelet, houwevver, we found abundant, and dhat wauz the common or hous fli. Dhare dha came, "not az cin'ghel spise, but in batalleyonz," az I thhinc the Oald Testament[6] cez sumwhare. He iz an extrordinary incelet iz the hous fli. Go whare u wil u fiand him, and so it must hav bene aulwase. I hav cene him encloazd in amber, which iz, I wauz toald, qwite haaf a milleyon yearz oald, loocking exactly like hiz descendant ov too-da, and I hav littel dout but dhat when the laast man lise diying on the erth he wil be buzing round—if this event happenz too oker in summer—wauching for an oporchunity too cettel on hiz nose.

[6] Rederz must beware ov axepting Mr. Qwatermainz refferencez az accurate, az, it haz bene found, sum ar prone too doo. Auldho hiz reding evvidently wauz limmited, the impreshon projuest bi it uppon hiz miand wauz mixt. Dhus too him the Oald Testament and Shaixpere wer interchainjabel authorritese.—"Edditor".

At suncet we haulted, wating for the moone too rise. At laast she came up,

butifool and cerene az evver, and, widh wun hault about too oacloc in the morning, we trujd on werily throo the nite, til at laast the welcum sun poot a pereyod too our laborz. We dranc a littel and flung ourcelvz doun on the sand, thurroly tiard out, and soone wer aul aslepe. Dhare wauz no nede too cet a wauch, for we had nuthhing too fere from enniboddy or ennithhing in dhat vaast untenanted plane. Our oonly ennemese wer hete, thherst, and flise, but far raather wood I hav faist enny dain'ger from man or beest dhan dhat aufool trinnity. This time we wer not so lucky az too fiand a sheltering roc too gard us from the glare ov the sun, widh the rezult dhat about cevven oacloc we woke up expereyencing the exact censaishonz wun wood atribbute too a beefstake on a gridiron. We wer litteraly beying baict throo and throo. The barning sun ceemd too be sucking our verry blud out ov us. We sat up and gaaspt.

"Fu," ced I, grabbing at the halo ov flise which buzd cheerfooly round mi hed. The hete did not afect "them".

"Mi werd!" ced Cer Henry.

"It iz hot!" eccode Good.

It wauz hot, indede, and dhare wauz not a bit ov shelter too be found. Looc whare we wood dhare wauz no roc or tre, nuthhing but an unending glare, renderd dazling bi the heted are dhat daanst over the cerface ov the dezsart az it daancez over a red-hot stove.

"Whaut iz too be dun?" aasct Cer Henry; "we caant stand this for long."

We looct at eche uther blantly.

"I hav it," ced Good, "we must dig a hole, ghet in it, and cuvver

ourcelvz widh the caroo booshez.”

It did not ceme a verry prommicig sugeschon, but at leest it wauz better dhan nuthhing, so we cet too werc, and, widh the trouwel we had braut widh us and the help ov our handz, in about an our we suxeded in delving out a pach ov ground sum ten fete long bi twelv wide too the depth ov too fete. Then we cut a qwauntity ov lo scrub widh our hunting-niavz, and creping intoo the hole, poold it over us aul, widh the exepshon ov Ventvuughel, on whoome, beying a Hottentot, the hete had no

particcular efect. This gave us sum slite shelter from the barning rase ov the sun, but the atmosfere in dhat ammater grave can be better imadgiand dhan descriabd. The Blac Hole ov Calcuttaa must hav bene a foole too it; indede, too this moment I doo not no hou we livd throo the da. Dhare we la panting, and evvery nou and agane moicennig our lips from our scanty supli ov wauter. Had we follode our inclinaishonz we shood hav finnisht aul we posest in the ferst too ourz, but we wer foerst too exercise the moast ridgid care, for if our wauter faild us we nu dhat verry soone we must perrish mizserably.

But evverithhing haz an end, if oonly u liv long enuf too ce it, and sumhou dhat mizserabel da woer on toowordz evening. About thre oacloc in the aafternoone we determiand dhat we cood bare it no lon’gher. It wood be better too di wauking dhan too be kild sloly bi hete and thherst in this dredfool hole. So taking eche ov us a littel drinc from our faast diminnishing supli ov wauter, nou wormd too about the same temperachure az a manz blud, we staggherd forward.

We had then cuvverd sum fifty mialz ov wildernes. If the reder wil refer too the ruf cobby and traanzlaishon ov oald daa Cilvestraaz map, he wil ce dhat the dezsert iz marct az mezhuring forty leegz acros, and the “pan bad wauter” iz cet doun az beying about in the middel ov it. Nou forty leegz iz wun hundred and twenty mialz, conceqwently we aut at the moast too be within twelv or fiftene mialz ov the wauter if

enny shood reyaly exist.

Throo the aafternoone we crept sloly and painfooly along, scaersly doowing moer dhan a mile and a haaf in an our. At suncet we rested agane, wating for the moone, and aafter drinking a littel mannaijd too ghet sum slepe.

Befoer we la doun, Umbopaa pointed out too us a slite and indistinct hilloc on the flat cerface ov the plane about ate mialz awa. At the distans it looct like an ant-hil, and az I wauz dropping of too slepe I fel too wondering whaut it cood be.

With the moone we marcht agane, feling dredfooly exausted, and suffering torchuerz from thherst and pricly hete. Nobody whoo haz not felt it can no whaut we went throo. We wauct no lon'gher, we staggherd, nou and agane fauling from exauschon, and beying obliajd too caul a hault evvery our or so. We had scaersly ennergy left in us too speke. Up too this Good had chatted and joact, for he iz a merry fello; but nou he had not a joke in him.

At laast, about too oacloc, utterly woern out in boddy and miand, we came too the foot ov the qwere hil, or sand cobby, which at ferst cite resembeld a gigantic ant-hepe about a hundred fete hi, and cuvvering at the bace neerly too akerz ov ground.

Here we halted, and drivven too it bi our desperate thherst, suct doun our laast drops ov wauter. We had but haaf a piant a hed, and eche ov us cood hav drunc a gallon.

Then we la doun. Just az I wauz dropping of too slepe I herd Umbopaa remarc too himself in Zooloo—

“If we canot fiand wauter we shal aul be ded befoer the moone risez too-morro.”

I shudderd, hot az it wauz. The nere prospect ov such an aufool deth iz not plezzant, but even the thaut ov it cood not kepe me from sleping.

## CHAPTER 6.

WAUTER! WAUTER!

Too ourz later, dhat iz, about foer oacloc, I woke up, for so soone az the ferst hevvy demaand ov boddily fateghe had bene sattisfide, the torchuring thherst from which I wauz suffering acerted itcelf. I cood slepe no moer. I had bene dreming dhat I wauz baithing in a running streme, widh grene banx and trese uppon them, and I awoke too fiand micelf in this arrid wildernes, and too remember, az Umbopaa had ced, dhat if we did not fiand wauter this da we must perrish mizerably. No human crechure cood liv long widhout wauter in dhat hete. I sat up and rubd mi grimy face widh mi dri and horny handz, az mi lips and ilidz wer stuc tooghether, and it wauz oanly aafter sum fricshon and widh an effort dhat I wauz abel too open them. It wauz not far from daun, but dhare wauz nun ov the brite fele ov daun in the are, which wauz thhic widh a hot merkines dhat I canot describe. The utherz wer stil sleping.

Prezently it began too gro lite enuf too rede, so I droo out a littel pocket cobby ov the "In'goldzby Ledgendz" which I had braut widh me, and red "The Jacdau ov Reemz." When I got too whare

"A nice littel boi held a goalden uwer,

Embost, and fild widh wauter az pure  
Az enny dhat flose betwene Reemz and Namer,”

litteraly I smact mi cracking lips, or raather tride too smac them. The mere thaut ov dhat pure wauter made me mad. If the Cardinal had bene dhare widh hiz bel, booc, and candel, I wood hav whipt in and drunc hiz wauter up; yes, even if he had fild it aulreddy widh the sudz ov sope “werthy ov waushing the handz ov the Pope,” and I nu dhat the whole concecrated kers ov the Catholic Cherch shood faul uppon me for so doowing. I aulmoast thhinc dhat I must hav bene a littel lite-hedded widh thherst, werines and the waunt ov foode; for I fel too thhinking hou astonisht the Cardinal and hiz nice littel boi and the jacdau wood hav looct too ce a bernt up, broun-ide, grizly-haerd littel ellefant hunter suddenly bound betwene them, poot hiz derty face intoo the bacin, and swaulo evvery drop ov the preshous wauter. The ideyaa amuezd me so much dhat I laaft or raather cackeld aloud, which woke the utherz, and dha began too rub “dhare” derty facez and drag “dhare” gumd-up lips and ilidz apart.

Az soone az we wer aul wel awake we began too discus the cichuwaishon, which wauz cereyous enuf. Not a drop ov wauter wauz left. We ternd the bottelz upcide doun, and lict dhare tops, but it wauz a falure; dha wer dri az a bone. Good, whoo had charj ov the flaasc ov brandy, got it out and looct at it longingly; but Cer Henry promptly tooc it awa from him, for too drinc rau spirrit wood oanly hav bene too precippitate the end.

“If we doo not fiand wauter we shal di,” he ced.

“If we can trust too the oald Domz map dhare shood be sum about,” I ced; but nobody ceemd too derive much satisfacshon from this remarck. It wauz so evvident dhat no grate faith cood be poot in the map. Nou it wauz gradjuwaly growing lite, and az we sat staring blantly at eche uther, I observd the Hottentot Ventvuughel rise and beghin too wauc about

widh hiz ise on the ground. Prezently he stopt short, and uttering a guttooral exclamaishon, pointed too the erth.

“Whaut iz it?” we exclaimd; and rising cimultainyously we went too whare he wauz standing staring at the sand.

“Wel,” I ced, “it iz fresh Springboc spoor; whaut ov it?”

“Springbux doo not go far from wauter,” he aancerd in Duch.

“No,” I aancerd, “I forgot; and thanc God for it.”

This littel discuvvery poot nu life intoo us; for it iz wonderfool, when a man iz in a desperate posishon, hou he catchez at the slitest hope, and feelz aulmoast happy. On a darc nite a cin’ghel star iz better dhan nuthhing.

Meenwhile Ventvuughel wauz lifting hiz snub nose, and sniffing the hot are for aul the werld like an oald Impalaa ram whoo cents dain’ger. Prezently he spoke agane.

“I “smel” wauter,” he ced.

Then we felt qwite jubilant, for we nu whaut a wonderfool instinct these wiald-bred men poses.

Just at dhat moment the sun came up gloereyously, and reveeld so grand a cite too our astonnisht ise dhat for a moment or too we even forgot our thherst.

Dhare, not moer dhan forty or fifty mialz from us, glittering like silver in the erly rase ov the morning sun, soerd Shebaaz Brests; and stretching awa for hundredz ov mialz on iather cide ov them ran

the grate Suliman Berg. Nou dhat, citting here, I atempt too describe the extrordinary granjure and buty ov dhat cite, lan'gwage ceemz too fale me. I am impotent even befoer its memmory. Strate befoer us, rose too enormous mountainz, the like ov which ar not, I beleve, too be cene in Africaa, if indede dhare ar enny uther such in the werld, mezhuring eche ov them at leest fiftene thouzand fete in hite, standing not moer dhan a duzsen mialz apart, linct tooggether bi a precippitous clif ov roc, and touwering in aufool white solemnity strate intoo the ski. These mountainz plaist dhus, like the pillarz ov a gigantic gaitwa, ar shaipt aafter the fashon ov a woommanz brests, and at tiamz the mists and shaddose beneeth them take the form ov a recumbent woomman, vaild mistereyously in slepe. Dhare bacez swel gently  
from the plane, loocking at dhat distans perfectly round and smuidh; and uppon the top ov eche iz a vaast hilloc cuvverd widh sno, exactly coresponding too the nippel on the female brest. The strech ov clif dhat conects them apeerz too be sum thouzandz ov fete in hite, and perfectly precippitous, and on eche flank ov them, so far az the i can reche, extend cimmilar lianz ov clif, broken oonly here and dhare bi flat tabel-topt mountainz, sumthhing like the werld-faimd wun at Cape Toun; a formaishon, bi the wa, dhat iz verry common in Africaa.

Too describe the comprehencive granjure ov dhat vu iz beyond mi pouwerz. Dhare wauz sumthhing so inexprescibly sollem and overpouwering  
about dhose huge volcanose—for doutles dha ar extinct volcanose—dhat it qwite aud us. For a while the morning liats plade uppon the sno and the broun and swelling mascez beneeth, and then, az dho too vale the magestic cite from our cureyouis ise, strainj vaporz and cloudz gatherd and increest around the mountainz, til prezently we cood oonly trace dhare pure and gigantic outlianz, showing goastlike throo the flecy envelope. Indede, az we aafterwordz discuvverd, uezhuwaly dha wer rapt in this gauz-like mist, which doutles acounted for our not havving cene them moer cleerly befoer.

Shebaaz Brests had scaersly vannisht intoo cloud-clad privacy, befoer our thherst—litteraly a barning qweschon—reyacerted itcelf.

It wauz aul verry wel for Ventvuughel too sa dhat he smelt wauter, but we cood ce no cianz ov it, looc which wa we wood. So far az the i mite reche dhare wauz nuthhing but arrid sweltering sand and caroo scrub. We wauct round the hilloc and gaizd about ancshously on the uther cide, but it wauz the same stoery, not a drop ov wauter cood be found; dhare wauz no indicaishon ov a pan, a poole, or a spring.

“U ar a foole,” I ced an’grily too Ventvuughel; “dhare iz no wauter.”

But stil he lifted hiz ugly snub nose and snift.

“I smel it, Baas,” he aancerd; “it iz sumwhare in the are.”

“Yes,” I ced, “no dout it iz in the cloudz, and about too munths hens it wil faul and waush our boanz.”

Cer Henry stroact hiz yello beard thautfooly. “Perhaps it iz on the top ov the hil,” he sugested.

“Rot,” ced Good; “whoowevver herd ov wauter beying found at the top ov a  
hil!”

“Let us go and looc,” I poot in, and hoaplesly enuf we scambeld up the sandy ciadz ov the hilloc, Umbopaa leding. Prezsently he stopt az dho he wauz petrifide.

“*Nanzia manzie!*” dhat iz, “Here iz wauter!” he cride widh a loud vois.

We rusht up too him, and dhare, shure enuf, in a depe cut or indentaishon on the verry top ov the sand cobby, wauz an undouted poole ov wauter. Hou it came too be in such a strainj place we did not stop too inqwire, nor did we hezsitate at its blac and unplezzant aperans. It wauz wauter, or a good imitaishon ov it, and dhat wauz enuf for us. We gave a bound and a rush, and in anuther cecond we wer aul down on our stummax sucking up the unninviting fluwid az dho it wer nectar fit for the godz. Hevvenz, hou we did drinc! Then when we had dun drinking we toer of our cloadhz and sat down in the poole, abzorbing the moischure throo our parcht skinz. U, Harry, mi boi, whoo hav oanly too tern on a cuppel ov taps too summon "hot" and "coald" from an uncene, vaasty cistern, can hav littel ideyaa ov the lucshury ov dhat muddy waulo in brackish teppid wauter.

Aafter a while we rose from it, refresht indede, and fel too on our "biltong," ov which we had scaersly bene abel too tuch a mouthfool for twenty-foer ourz, and ate our fil. Then we smoact a pipe, and la doun bi the cide ov dhat blesced poole, under the overhanging shaddo ov its banc, and slept til noone.

Aul dhat da we rested dhare bi the wauter, thanking our starz dhat we had bene lucky enuf too fiand it, bad az it wauz, and not forghetting too render a ju share ov grattichude too the shade ov the long-departed daa Cilvestraa, whoo had cet its posishon down so accuraitly on the tale ov hiz shert. The wunderfool thhing too us wauz dhat the pan shood hav laasted so long, and the oanly wa in which I can acount for this iz on the suposishon dhat it iz fed bi sum spring depe down in the sand.

Havving fild boath ourcelvz and our wauter-bottelz az fool az poscibel, in far better spirrits we started of agane widh the moone. Dhat nite we cuvverd neerly five-and-twenty mialz; but, needles too sa, found no moer wauter, dho we wer lucky enuf the following da too ghet a

littel shade behiand sum ant-heeps. When the sun rose, and, for awhile, cleerd awa the mistereyous mists, Sulimanz Berg widh the too magestic Brests, nou oonly about twenty mialz of, ceemd too be touwering rite abuv us, and looct grander dhan evver. At the aproche ov evening we marcht agane, and, too cut a long stoery short, bi dalite next morning found ourcelvz uppon the lowest sloaps ov Shebaaz left brest, for which we had bene steddily stering. Bi this time our wauter wauz exhausted wuns moer, and we wer suffering ceveerly from thherst, nor indede cood we ce enny chaans ov releiving it til we reecht the sno line far, far abuv us. Aafter resting an our or too, drivven too it bi our torchuring thherst, we went on, toiling painfooly in the barning hete up the laavaa sloaps, for we found dhat the huge bace ov the mountane wauz compoazd entiarly ov laavaa bedz belcht from the bouwelz ov the erth in sum far paast age.

Bi elevven oacloc we wer utterly exhausted, and, genneraly speking, in a verry bad state indede. The laavaa clinker, over which we must drag ourcelvz, dho smuidh compaerd widh sum clinker I hav herd ov, such az dhat on the Iland ov Ascenshon, for instans, wauz yet ruf enuf too make our fete verry soer, and this, tooghether widh our uther mizerese, had pritty wel finnisht us. A fu hundred yardz abuv us wer sum larj lumps ov laavaa, and toowordz these we steerd widh the intenshon ov liying doun beneeth dhare shade. We reecht them, and too our cerprise, so far az we had a capascity for cerprise left in us, on a littel platto or rij cloce bi we sau dhat the clinker wauz cuvverd widh a dens grene groath. Evvidently soil formd ov decompoazd laavaa had rested dhare, and in ju coers had becum the receptakel ov ceedz depozsited bi berdz. But we did not take much ferther interest in the grene groath, for wun canot liv on graas like Nebucadnezzar. Dhat reqwiarz a speshal dispensaishon ov Provvidens and peculeyar digestive organz.

So we sat doun under the rox and groand, and for wun I wisht hartily dhat we had nevver started on this fuilz errand. Az we wer citting dhare I sau Umbopaa ghet up and hobbel toowordz the pach ov grene, and a fu minnuets aafterwordz, too mi grate astonishment, I perceevd dhat uezhuwaly verry dignifide individjuwal daancing and shouting like a mainyac, and waving sumthhing grene. Of we aul scambeld toowordz him az faast az our werede limz wood carry us, hoping dhat he had found wauter.

“Whaut iz it, Umbopaa, sun ov a foole?” I shouted in Zooloo.

“It iz foode and wauter, Macumazaan,” and agane he waivd the grene thhing.

Then I sau whaut he had found. It wauz a mellon. We had hit uppon a pach ov wiald mellonz, thouzandz ov them, and ded ripe.

“Mellonz!” I yeld too Good, whoo wauz next me; and in anuther minnute hiz fauls teeth wer fixt in wun ov them.

I thhinc we ate about cix eche befoer we had dun, and poor froote az dha wer, I dout if I evver thaut ennithhing nicer.

But mellonz ar not verry nutrishous, and when we had sattisfide our thherst widh dhare pulpy substans, and poot a stoc too coole bi the cimpel proces ov cutting them in too and cetting them end on in the hot sun too gro coald bi evaporaishon, we began too fele exedingly hun’gry. We had stil sum biltong left, but our stummax ternd from biltong, and beciadz, we wer obliajd too be verry sparing ov it, for we cood not sa when we shood fiand moer foode. Just at this moment a lucky thhing chaanst. Loocking across the dezsert I sau a floc ov about

ten larj berdz fliying strate toowordz us.

*"Skit, Baas, skit!"* "Shoote, maaster, shoote!" whisperd the Hottentot, throwing himcelf on hiz face, an exaampel which we aul follode.

Then I sau dhat the berdz wer a flocc ov *pauw* or bustardz, and dhat dha wood paas within fifty yardz ov mi hed. Taking wun ov the repeting Winchesterz, I wated til dha wer neerly over us, and then jumpt too mi fete. On ceying me the *pauw* buncht up tooghether, az I expected dhat dha wood, and I fiard too shots strate intoo the thhic ov them, and, az luc wood hav it, braut wun doun, a fine fello, dhat wade about twenty poundz. In haaf an our we had a fire made ov dri mellon staux, and he wauz toasting over it, and we made such a fede az we had not taisted for a weke. We ate dhat *pauw*; nuthhing wauz left ov him but hiz leg-boanz and hiz beke, and we felt not a littel the better aafterwordz.

Dhat nite we went on agane widh the moone, carreying az menny mellonz az

we cood widh us. Az we acended we found the are groo cooler and cooler, which wauz a grate relefe too us, and at daun, so far az we cood juj, we wer not moer dhan about a duzen mialz from the sno line. Here we discuvverd moer mellonz, and so had no lon'gher enny anxiety about

wauter, for we nu dhat we shood soone ghet plenty ov sno. But the acent had nou becum verry precippitous, and we made but slo proagres, not moer dhan a mile an our. Aulso dhat nite we ate our laast morcel ov biltong. Az yet, widh the exepshon ov the *pauw*, we had cene no livving thhing on the mountane, nor had we cum acros a cin'ghel spring or streme ov wauter, which struc us az verry od, conciddering the expans ov sno abuv us, which must, we thaut, melt sumtiamz. But az we aafterwordz discuvverd, owing too a cauz which it iz qwite beyond mi pouwer too explane, aul the streamz flode doun uppon the north cide ov

the mountainz.

Nou we began too gro verry ancshous about foode. We had escaipt deth bi thherst, but it ceemd probbabel dhat it wauz oanly too di ov hun'gher. The events ov the next thre mizserabel dase ar best descriabd bi coppeying the entrese made at the time in mi note-booc.

"21st Ma.—Started 11 a.m., fianding the atmosfere qwite coald enuf too travvel bi da, and carreying sum wauter-mellonz widh us. Struggheld on aul da, but found no moer mellonz, havving evvidently paast out ov dhare district. Sau no game ov enny sort. Haulted for the nite at sundoun, havving had no foode for menny ourz. Sufferd much juring the nite from coald.

"22nd.—Started at sunrise agane, feling verry faint and weke. Oanly made about five mialz aul da; found sum patchez ov sno, ov which we ate, but nuthhing els. Campt at nite under the ej ov a grate platto. Coald bitter. Dranc a littel brandy eche, and huddeld ourcelvz tooghether, eche rapt up in hiz blanket, too kepe ourcelvz alive. Ar nou suffering friatfooly from starvaishon and werines. Thaut dhat Ventvuughel wood hav dide juring the nite.

"23rd.—Struggheld forword wuns moer az soone az the sun wauz wel up, and had thaud our limz a littel. We ar nou in a dredfool plite, and I fere dhat unles we ghet foode this wil be our laast dase gerny. But littel brandy left. Good, Cer Henry, and Umbopaa bare up wunderfooly, but Ventvuughel iz in a verry bad wa. Like moast Hottentots, he canot stand coald. Pangz ov hun'gher not so bad, but hav a sort ov num feling about the stummac. Utherz sa the same. We ar nou on a level widh the precippitous chane, or waul ov laavaa, linking the too Brests, and the vu iz gloereyous. Behiand us the glowing dezsert roalz awa too the horizon, and befoer us li mile uppon mile ov smuidh hard sno aulmoast

levvel, but swelling gently upwordz, out ov the center ov which the nippel ov the mountane, dhat apeerz too be sum mialz in cercumferens, risez about foer thouzand fete intoo the ski. Not a livving thhing iz too be cene. God help us; I fere dhat our time haz cum.”

And nou I wil drop the gernal, partly becauz it iz not verry interesting reding; aulso whaut follose reqwiarz telling raather moer folly.

Aul dhat da—the 23rd Ma—we struggheld sloly up the incline ov sno, liying down from time too time too rest. A strainj gaunt croo we must hav looct, while, laden az we wer, we dragd our wery fete over the dazzling plane, glaring round us widh hun’gry ise. Not dhat dhare wauz much uce in glaring, for we cood ce nuthhing too ete. We did not acumplish moer dhan cevven mialz dhat da. Just befoer suncet we found ourcelvz exactly under the nippel ov Shebaaz left Brest, which touwerd thouzandz ov fete intoo the are, a vaast smuidh hilloc ov frosen sno. Weke az we wer, we cood not but apreesheyate the wunderfool cene, made even moer splendid bi the fliying rase ov lite from the cetting sun, which here and dhare staid the sno blud-red, and cround the grate dome abuv us widh a diyadem ov gloery.

“I sa,” gaaspt Good, prezsently, “we aut too be sumwhare nere dhat cave the oald gentelman rote about.”

“Yes,” ced I, “if dhare iz a cave.”

“Cum, Qwatermane,” groand Cer Henry, “doant tauc like dhat; I hav evvery faith in the Dom; remember the wauter! We shal fiand the place soone.”

“If we doant fiand it befoer darc we ar ded men, dhat iz aul about it,” wauz mi consolatory repli.

For the next ten minnuets we trujd in cilens, when suddenly Umbopaa, whoo wauz marching along becide me, rapt in hiz blanket, and widh a lether belt strapt so tiatly round hiz stummac, too “make hiz hun’gher smaual,” az he ced, dhat hiz waist looct like a gherlz, caut me bi the arm.

“Looc!” he ced, pointing toowordz the springing slope ov the nippel.

I follode hiz glaans, and sum too hundred yardz from us perceevd whaut apeerd too be a hole in the sno.

“It iz the cave,” ced Umbopaa.

We made the best ov our wa too the spot, and found shure enuf dhat the hole wauz the mouth ov a cavvern, no dout the same az dhat ov which daa Cilvestraa rote. We wer not too soone, for just az we reecht shelter the sun went down widh startling rapiddity, leving the werld neerly darc, for in these lattichuedz dhare iz but littel twilite. So we crept intoo the cave, which did not apere too be verry big, and hudling ourcelvz tooghether for wormth, swaulode whaut remaind ov our brandy—baerly a mouthfool eche—and tride too forghet our mizserese in slepe. But the coald wauz too intens too alou us too doo so, for I am convinst dhat at this grate altichude the thhermommeter canot hav marct les dhan foertene or fiftene degrese belo fresing point. Whaut such a temperachure ment too us, ennervated az we wer bi hardship, waunt

ov foode, and the grate hete ov the dezsert, the reder ma imadgine better dhan I can describe. Sufice it too sa dhat it wauz sumthhing az nere deth from expoazhure az I hav evver felt. Dhare we sat our aafter our throo the stil and bitter nite, feling the frost waunder round and nip us nou in the fin’gher, nou in the foot, nou in the face. In vane did we huddel up clocer and clocer; dhare wauz no wormth in our mizserabel starvd carcacez. Sumtiamz wun ov us wood drop intoo an unnesy slumber for a fu minnuets, but we cood not slepe much, and

perhaps this wauz forchunate, for if we had I dout if we shood hav evver woke agane. Indede, I beleve dhat it wauz oonly bi foers ov wil dhat we kept ourcelvz alive at aul.

Not verry long befoer daun I herd the Hottentot Ventvuughel, whose teeth had bene chattering aul nite like castanets, ghiv a depe ci. Then hiz teeth stopt chattering. I did not thhinc ennithhing ov it at the time, concluding dhat he had gon too slepe. Hiz bac wauz resting against mine, and it ceemd too gro coalder and coalder, til at laast it felt like ice.

At length the are began too gro gra widh lite, then goalden arrose sped acros the sno, and at laast the gloereyous sun peept abuv the laavaa waul and looct in uppon our haaf-frosen formz. Aulso it looct uppon Ventvuughel, citting dhare amungst us, “stone ded”. No wunder hiz bac felt coald, poor fello. He had dide when I herd him ci, and wauz nou frosen aulmoast stif. Shoct beyond mezhure, we dragd ourcelvz from the corps—hou strainj iz dhat horror we mortalz hav ov the companionship ov a ded boddy—and left it citting dhare, its armz claaapt about its nese.

Bi this time the sunlite wauz poering its coald rase, for here dha wer coald, strate intoo the mouth ov the cave. Suddenly I herd an exclamaishon ov fere from sumwun, and ternd mi hed.

And this iz whaut I sau: Citting at the end ov the cavvern—it wauz not moer dhan twenty fete long—wauz anuther form, ov which the hed rested on its chest and the long armz hung doun. I staerd at it, and sau dhat this too wauz a “ded man”, and, whaut wauz moer, a white man.

The utherz sau aulso, and the cite pruivd too much for our shatterd nervz. Wun and aul we scambeld out ov the cave az faast az our

haaf-frosen limz wood carry us.

## CHAPTER 7.

### SOLLOMONZ RODE

Outcide the cavvern we halted, feling raather foolish.

“I am gowing bac,” ced Cer Henry.

“Whi?” aasct Good.

“Becauz it haz struc me dhat—whaut we sau—ma be mi bruther.”

This wauz a nu ideyaa, and we re-enterd the place too poot it too the proofe. Aafter the brite lite outcide, our ise, weke az dha wer widh staring at the sno, cood not peers the gloome ov the cave for a while. Prezsently, houwevver, dha groo acustomd too the cemmy-darcnes, and we advaanst toowordz the ded man.

Cer Henry nelt doun and peerd intoo hiz face.

“Thanc God,” he ced, widh a ci ov relefe, “it iz “not” mi bruther.”

Then I droo nere and looct. The boddy wauz dhat ov a taul man in middel life widh aqwiline fechuertz, grizseld hare, and a long blac moostaash. The skin wauz perfectly yello, and strecht tiatly over the boanz. Its cloathing, widh the exepshon ov whaut ceemd too be the remainz ov a woollen pare ov hose, had bene remuivd, leving the skelleton-like frame naked. Round the nec ov the corps, which wauz frosen perfectly stif,

hung a yello ivory croocifix.

“Whoo on erth can it be?” ced I.

“Caant u ghes?” aasct Good.

I shooc mi hed.

“Whi, the oald Dom, Hoza daa Cilvestraa, ov coers—whoo els?”

“Imposcibel,” I gaaspt; “he dide thre hundred yeeرز ago.”

“And whaut iz dhare too prevent him from laasting for thre thousand yeeرز in this atmosfere, I shood like too no?” aasct Good. “If oanly the temperachure iz sufishmently lo, flesh and blud wil kepe fresh az Nu Seland mutton for evver, and Hevven nose it iz coald enuf here. The sun nevver ghets in here; no annimal cumz here too tare or destroi. No dout hiz slave, ov whoome he speex on the riting, tooc of hiz cloadhz and left him. He cood not hav berrede him alone. Looc!” he went on, stooping down too pic up a qweerly-shaipt bone sceipt at the end intoo a sharp point, “here iz the ‘cleft bone’ dhat Cilvestraa uest too drau the map widh.”

We gaizd for a moment astonnisht, forgetting our one mizserese in this extrordinary and, az it ceemd too us, cemmy-miracculous cite.

“I,” ced Cer Henry, “and this iz whare he got hiz inc from,” and he pointed too a smaul wuind on the Domz left arm. “Did evver man ce such a thhing befoer?”

Dhare wauz no lon’gher enny dout about the matter, which for mi one part I confes perfectly apauld me. Dhare he sat, the ded man, whose

direcshonz, ritten sum ten generaishonz ago, had led us too this spot. Here in mi one hand wauz the roode pen widh which he had ritten them, and about hiz nec hung the croocifix dhat hiz diying lips had kist. Gasing at him, mi imaginaishon cood reconstruct the laast cene ov the draamaa, the travveler diying ov coald and starvaishon, yet striving too conva too the werld the grate ceecret which he had discuvverd:—the afool loanlines ov hiz deth, ov which the evvidens sat befoer us. It even ceemd too me dhat I cood trace in hiz strongly-marct fechuerz a liacnes too dhose ov mi poor frend Cilvester hiz descendant, whoo had dide twenty yeerz befoer in mi armz, but perhaps dhat wauz fancy. At enny rate, dhare he sat, a sad memento ov the fate dhat so often overtaiX dhose whoo wood pennetrate intoo the un'none; and dhare doutles he wil stil cit, cround widh the dred madgesty ov deth, for cenchurese yet unborn, too startel the ise ov waundererz like ourcelvz, if evver enny such shood cum agane too invade hiz loanlines. The thhing overpouwerd us, aulreddy aulmoast perrisht az we wer widh coald and hun'gher.

“Let us go,” ced Cer Henry in a lo vois; “sta, we wil ghiv him a companyon,” and lifting up the ded boddy ov the Hottentot Ventvuughel, he plaist it nere too dhat ov the oald Dom. Then he stuipt, and widh a gerc broke the rotten string ov the croocifix which hung round daa Cilvestraaz nec, for hiz fin'gherz wer too coald too atempt too unfaacen it. I beleve dhat he haz it stil. I tooc the bone pen, and it iz befoer me az I rite—sumtiamz I use it too cine mi name.

Then leving these too, the proud white man ov a paast age, and the poor Hottentot, too kepe dhare eternal vidgil in the midst ov the eternal snose, we crept out ov the cave intoo the welcum sunshine and rezhuemd our paath, wundering in our harts hou menny ourz it wood be befoer we wer even az dha ar.

When we had wauct about haaf a mile we came too the ej ov the

platto, for the nippel ov the mountane duz not rise out ov its exact center, dho from the dezsert cide it had ceemd too doo so. Whaut la belo us we cood not ce, for the landscape wauz reedhd in billose ov morning fog. Prezently, houwevver, the hiyer layerz ov mist cleerd a littel, and reveeld, at the end ov a long slope ov sno, a pach ov grene graas, sum five hundred yardz beneeth us, throo which a streme wauz running. Nor wauz this aul. Bi the streme, baasking in the brite sun, stood and la a groope ov from ten too fiftene “larj anteloaps”—at dhat distans we cood not ce ov whaut speeshese.

The cite fild us widh an unrezoning joi. If oonly we cood ghet it, dhare wauz foode in plenty. But the qweschon wauz hou too doo so. The beests wer foolly cix hundred yardz of, a verry long shot, and wun not too be depended on when our liavz hung on the rezults.

Rappidly we discust the advizability ov trying too stauc the game, but in the end dismist it reluctantly. Too beghin widh, the wind wauz not favorabel, and ferther, we must certainly be perceevd, houwevver caerfool we wer, against the blianding bacground ov sno, which we shoold be obliajd too travers.

“Wel, we must hav a tri from whare we ar,” ced Cer Henry. “Which shal it be, Qwatermane, the repeting rifelz or the exprescez?”

Here agane wauz a qweschon. The Winchester repeterz—ov which we had too, Umbopaa carreying poor Ventvuughelz az wel az hiz one—wer cited up too a thousand yardz, wharaz the exprescez wer oonly cited too thre hundred and fifty, beyond which distans shooting widh them wauz moer or les ghes-werc. On the uthar hand, if dha did hit, the expres boollets, beying “expanding,” wer much moer liacly too bring the game doun. It wauz a notty point, but I made up mi miand dhat we must risc it and use the exprescez.

“Let eche ov us take the buc opposite too him. Ame wel at the point ov the shoalder and hi up,” ced I; “and Umbopaa, doo u ghiv the werd, so dhat we ma aul fire tooghether.”

Then came a pausz, eche ov us aming hiz levvel best, az indede a man iz liacly too doo when he nose dhat life itcelf dependz uppon the shot.

“Fire,” ced Umbopaa in Zooloo, and at aulmoast the same instant the thre rifelz rang out loudly; thre cloudz ov smoke hung for a moment befoer us, and a hundred eccose went fliying over the cilent sno. Prezsently the smoke cleerd, and reveeld—o, joi!—a grate buc liying on its bac and kicking fureyously in its deth agony. We gave a yel ov triyumf—we wer saivd—we shood not starv. Weke az we wer, we rusht doun the intervening slope ov sno, and in ten minnuets from the time ov shooting, dhat annimalz hart and livver wer liying befoer us. But nou a nu difficulty arose, we had no fuwel, and dhaerfoer cood make no fire too cooc them. We gaizd at eche uther in disma.

“Starving men shood not be fancifool,” ced Good; “we must ete rau mete.”

Dhare wauz no uther wa out ov the dilemmaa, and our nauwing hun’gher made the proposishon les distaistfool dhan it wood utherwise hav bene. So we tooc the hart and livver and berrede them for a fu minnuets in a pach ov sno too coole them. Then we wausht them in the ice-coald wauter ov the streme, and laastly ate them gredily. It soundz horribel enuf, but onnestly, I nevver taisted ennithhing so good az dhat rau mete. In a qworter ov an our we wer chainjd men. Our life and viggor came bac too us, our febel pulcez groo strong agane, and the blud went coercing throo our vainz. But miandfool ov the rezults ov over-feding on starvd stummax, we wer caerfool not too ete too much, stopping whialst we wer stil hun’gry.

“Thanc Hevven!” ced Cer Henry; “dhat broote haz saivd our liavz. Whaut iz it, Qwatermane?”

I rose and went too looc at the antelope, for I wauz not certane. It wauz about the cise ov a donky, widh larj kervd hornz. I had nevver cene wun like it befoer; the speeshese wauz nu too me. It wauz broun in cullor, widh faint red striaps, and groo a thhic cote. I aafterwordz discuvverd dhat the natiavz ov dhat wunderfool cuntry caul these bux “*inco*.”

Dha ar verry rare, and oanly found at a grate altichude whare no uther game wil liv. This annimal wauz faerly hit hi up in the shoalder, dho whoose boollet braut it down we cood not, ov coers, discuvver. I beleve dhat Good, miandfool ov hiz marvelous shot at the giraaf, ceecretly cet it down too hiz one prouwes, and we did not contradict him.

We had bene so bizsy satisfiying our hun’gher dhat hithertoo we had not found time too looc about us. But nou, havving cet Umbopaa too cut of az much ov the best mete az we wer liacly too be abel too carry, we began too inspect our surroundingz. The mist had cleerd awa, for it wauz ate oacloc, and the sun had suct it up, so we wer abel too take in aul the cuntry befoer us at a glaans. I no not hou too describe the gloereyous panoraamaa which unfoalded itcelf too our gase. I hav nevver cene ennithhing like it befoer, nor shal, I supose, agane.

Behiand and over us touwerd Shebaaz snowy Brests, and belo, sum five thousand fete beneeth whare we stood, la leghe on leghe ov the moast luvly champagne cuntry. Here wer dens patchez ov lofty forrest, dhare a grate rivver wound its cilvery wa. Too the left strecht a vaast expans ov rich, unjulating velt or graas land, wharon we cood just make out countles herdz ov game or cattel, at dhat distans we cood not tel which. This expans apeerd too be ringd in bi a waul ov distant mountainz. Too the rite the cuntry wauz moer or les mountanous; dhat iz, sollitary hilz stood up from its levvel, widh

stretchez ov cultivated land betwene, amungst which we cood ce gruijs ov dome-shaipt huts. The landscape la befoer us az a map, wharin rivverz flasht like cilver snaix, and Alp-like peex cround widh wialdly twisted sno reeths rose in granjure, whialst over aul wauz the glad sunlite and the breth ov Nachuerz happy life.

Too cureyous thhingz struc us az we gaizd. Ferst, dhat the cuntry befoer us must li at leest thre thousand fete hiyer dhan the dezsert we had crost, and cecondly, dhat aul the rivverz flode from south too north. Az we had painfool rezon too no, dhare wauz no wauter uppon the suthern cide ov the vaast rainj on which we stood, but on the northern face wer menny streemz, moast ov which apeerd too unite widh the grate rivver we cood ce wianding awa farther dhan our ise cood follo.

We sat doun for a while and gaizd in cilens at this wunderfool vu. Prezently Cer Henry spoke.

“Iznt dhare sumthhing on the map about Sollomonz Grate Rode?” he ced.

I nodded, for I wauz stil gasing out over the far cuntry.

“Wel, looc; dhare it iz!” and he pointed a littel too our rite.

Good and I looct acordingly, and dhare, wianding awa toowordz the plane, wauz whaut apeerd too be a wide ternpike rode. We had not cene it at ferst becauz, on reching the plane, it ternd behiand sum broken cuntry. We did not sa ennithhing, at leest, not much; we wer beghinning too loose the cens ov wunder. Sumhou it did not ceme particularly un’natchural dhat we shood fiand a sort ov Roman rode in this strainj land. We axepted the fact, dhat wauz aul.

“Wel,” ced Good, “it must be qwite nere us if we cut of too the rite. Hadnt we better be making a start?”

This wauz sound advice, and so soone az we had wausht our facez and handz in the streme we acted on it. For a mile or moer we made our wa over boalderz and acros patchez ov sno, til suddenly, on reching the top ov the littel rise, we found the rode at our fete. It wauz a splendid rode cut out ov the sollid roc, at leest fifty fete wide, and aparrently wel kept; dho the od thhing wauz dhat it ceemd too beghin dhare. We wauct doun and stood on it, but wun cin'ghel hundred pacez behiand us, in the direcshon ov Shebaaz Brests, it vannisht, the entire cerface ov the mountane beying stroone widh boalderz intersperst widh patchez ov sno.

“Whaut doo u make ov this, Qwatermane?” aasct Cer Henry.

I shooc mi hed, I cood make nuthhing ov the thhing.

“I hav it!” ced Good; “the rode no dout ran rite over the rainj and acros the dezsert on the uther cide, but the sand dhare haz cuvverd it up, and abuv us it haz bene oblitterated bi sum volcannic erupshon ov moalten laavaa.”

This ceemd a good sugeschon; at enny rate, we axepted it, and proceded doun the mountane. It pruivd a verry different biznes travveling along doun hil on dhat magnificent paathwa widh fool stummax from whaut it wauz travveling uphil over the sno qwite starvd and aulmoast frosen. Indede, had it not bene for mellancoly recolecshonz ov poor Ventvuughelz sad fate, and ov dhat grim cave whare he kept cumpany widh the oald Dom, we shood hav felt pozsitiavly cheerfool, notwithstanding the cens ov un'none dain'gerz befoer us. Evvery mile we wauct the atmosfere groo softer and baameyer, and the cuntry befoer us shon widh a yet moer luminous buty. Az for the rode itcelf, I nevver sau such an en'ginering werc, dho Cer Henry ced dhat the grate rode over the St. Gottard in Switserland iz verry cimmilar. No difficulty had bene too grate for the Oald Werld en'ginere whoo lade it

out. At wun place we came too a ravene thre hundred fete braud and at leest a hundred fete depe. This vaast gulf wauz acchuwaly fild in widh huge blox ov drest stone, havving archez peerst throo them at the bottom for a wauterwa, over which the rode went on subliamly. At anuther place it wauz cut in sigzagz out ov the cide ov a prescipice five hundred fete depe, and in a thherd it tunneld throo the bace ov an intervening rij, a space ov thherty yardz or moer.

Here we notiast dhat the ciadz ov the tunnel wer cuvverd widh qwaint sculpchuerz, moastly ov maild figguerz driving in charreyots. Wun, which wauz exedingly butifool, represented a whole battel cene widh a convoi ov captiavz beying marcht of in the distans.

“Wel,” ced Cer Henry, aafter inspecting this ainshent werc ov art, “it iz verry wel too caul this Sollomonz Rode, but mi humbel opinyon iz dhat the Egipshanz had bene here befoer Sollomonz pepel evver cet a foot on it. If this iznt Egipshan or Feneeshan handiwerc, I must sa dhat it iz verry like it.”

Bi midda we had advaanst sufishmently doun the mountane too cerch the rejon whare wood wauz too be met widh. Ferst we came too scatterd booshez

which groo moer and moer freeqwent, til at laast we found the rode wianding throo a vaast grove ov cilver trese cimmilar too dhose which ar too be cene on the sloaps ov Tabel Mountane at Cape Toun. I had nevver befoer met widh them in aul mi waunderingz, exept at the Cape, and dhare aperans here astonnisht me graitly.

“Aa!” ced Good, cervaying these shining-leevd trese widh evvident enthuseyazm, “here iz lots ov wood, let us stop and cooc sum dinner; I hav about digested dhat rau hart.”

Nobody obgected too this, so leving the rode we made our wa too a streme which wauz babling awa not far of, and soone had a goodly fire

ov dri bouz blasing. Cutting of sum substaanshal hunx from the flesh ov the *inco* which we had braut widh us, we proceded too toast them on the end ov sharp stix, az wun cese the Cafferz doo, and ate them widh rellish. Aafter filling ourcelvz, we lit our piaps and gave ourcelvz up too enjoiment dhat, compaerd widh the hardships we had recently undergon, ceemd aulmoast hevvenly.

The brooc, ov which the banx wer cloadhd widh dens mascez ov a gigantic speeshese ov madenhare fern intersperst widh fethery tufts ov wiald asparragus, sung merrily at our cide, the soft are mermerd throo the leevz ov the cilver trese, duvz coode around, and brite-wingd berdz flasht like livving gemz from bou too bou. It wauz a Parradice.

The madgic ov the place combiand widh an overwhelming cens ov dain'gerz left behiand, and ov the prommiast land reecht at laast, ceemd too charm us intoo cilens. Cer Henry and Umbopaa sat convercing in a mixchure ov broken In'glish and Kitchen Zooloo in a lo vois, but earnestly enuf, and I la, widh mi ise haaf shut, uppon dhat fraigrant bed ov fern and waucht them.

Prezsently I mist Good, and I looct too ce whaut had becum ov him. Soone I observd him citting bi the banc ov the streme, in which he had bene baithing. He had nuthhing on but hiz flannel shert, and hiz natchural habbits ov extreme neetnes havving reyacerted themcelvz, he wauz actiavly emploid in making a moast elabborate toilet. He had wausht hiz guttaa-perchaa collar, had thurroly shaken out hiz trouserz, cote and waistcote, and wauz nou foalding them up neetly til he wauz reddy too poot them on, shaking hiz hed sadly az he scand the numerous rents and taerz in them, which natchuraly had rezulted from our friatfool gerny. Then he tooc hiz buits, scrubd them widh a handfool ov fern, and finaly rubd them over widh a pece ov fat, which he had caerfooly

saivd from the *inco* mete, til dha looct, comparratiavly speking, respectabel. Havving inspected them judishously throo hiz i-glaas, he poot the buits on and began a fresh operaishon. From a littel bag dhat he carrede he projuest a pocket-come in which wauz fixt a tiny loocking-glaas, and in this he cervade himcelf. Aparrently he wauz not sattisfide, for he proceded too doo hiz hare widh grate care. Then came a pauz whialst he agane contemplated the efect; stil it wauz not satisfactory. He felt hiz chin, on which the acumulated scrub ov a ten dase' beard wauz flurrishing.

“Shuerly,” thaut I, “he iz not gowing too tri too shave.” But so it wauz. Taking the pece ov fat widh which he had greest hiz buits, Good wausht it thurroly in the streme. Then diving agane intoo the bag he braut out a littel pocket razor widh a gard too it, such az ar baut bi pepel whoo ar afrade ov cutting themcelvz, or bi dhose about too undertake a ce voiyage. Then he rubd hiz face and chin viggorously widh the fat and began. Evvidently it pruivd a painfool proces, for he groand verry much over it, and I wauz convulst widh inword laafter az I waucht him strugling widh dhat stubly beard. It ceemd so verry od dhat a man shood take the trubbel too shave himcelf widh a pece ov fat in such a place and in our cercumstaancez. At laast he suxeded in ghetting the hare of the rite cide ov hiz face and chin, when suddenly I, whoo wauz wauching, became conshous ov a flash ov lite dhat paast just bi hiz hed.

Good sprang up widh a profane exclamaishon (if it had not bene a saifty razor he wood certainly hav cut hiz throte), and so did I, widhout the exclamaishon, and this wauz whaut I sau. Standing not moer dhan twenty pacez from whare I wauz, and ten from Good, wer a groope ov men. Dha wer verry taul and copper-cullord, and sum ov them woer grate pluemz ov blac fetherz and short cloax ov leppard skinz; this wauz aul I

notiast at the moment. In frunt ov them stood a ueth ov about cevventene, hiz hand stil raizd and hiz boddy bent forward in the attichude ov a Greeshan statchu ov a spere-thrower. Evvidently the flash ov lite had bene cauzd bi a weppon which he had herld.

Az I looct an oald soalger-like man stept forward out ov the groope, and catching the ueth bi the arm ced sumthhing too him. Then dha advaanst uppon us.

Cer Henry, Good, and Umbopaa bi this time had ceezd dhare rifelz and lifted them thretteningly. The party ov natiavz stil came on. It struc me dhat dha cood not no whaut rifelz wer, or dha wood not hav treted them widh such contempt.

“Poot doun yor gunz!” I hallode too the utherz, ceying dhat our oonly chaans ov saifty la in concileyaishon. Dha obade, and wauking too the frunt I adrest the elderly man whoo had chect the ueth.

“Greting,” I ced in Zooloo, not nowing whaut lan’gwage too use. Too mi cerprise I wauz understood.

“Greting,” aancerd the oald man, not, indede, in the same tung, but in a diyalect so cloasly allide too it dhat niather Umbopaa nor micelf had enny difficulty in understanding him. Indede, az we aafterwordz found out, the lan’gwage spoken bi this pepel iz an oald-fashond form ov the Zooloo tung, baring about the same relaishonship too it dhat the In’GLISH ov Chaucer duz too the In’GLISH ov the nianteenth cenchury.

“Whens cum u?” he went on, “whoo ar u? and whi ar the facez ov thre ov u white, and the face ov the foerth az the face ov our mutherz sunz?” and he pointed too Umbopaa. I looct at Umbopaa az he ced it, and it flasht acros me dhat he wauz rite. The face ov Umbopaa wauz like the facez ov the men befoer me, and so wauz hiz grate form like

dhare formz. But I had not time too reflect on this cowincidens.

“We ar strain’gerz, and cum in pece,” I aancerd, speking verry sloly, so dhat he mite understand me, “and this man iz our cervant.”

“U li,” he aancerd; “no strain’gerz can cros the mountainz whare aul thhingz perrish. But whaut doo yor lise matter?—if ye ar strain’gerz then ye must di, for no strain’gerz ma liv in the land ov the Coocoowaanaaz. It iz the kingz lau. Prepare then too di, O strain’gerz!”

I wauz sliatly staggherd at this, moer espeshaly az I sau the handz ov sum ov the men stele doun too dhare ciadz, whare hung on eche whaut looct too me like a larj and hevvy nife.

“Whaut duz dhat beggar sa?” aasct Good.

“He cez we ar gowing too be kild,” I aancerd grimly.

“O, Lord!” groand Good; and, az wauz hiz wa when perplext, he poot hiz hand too hiz fauls teeth, dragghing the top cet doun and alouwing them too fli bac too hiz jau widh a snap. It wauz a moast forchunate moove,  
for next cecond the dignifide croud ov Coocoowaanaaz utterd a cimultainyous yel ov horror, and bolted bac sum yardz.

“Whauts up?” ced I.

“Its hiz teeth,” whisperd Cer Henry exitedly. “He muivd them. Take them out, Good, take them out!”

He obade, slipping the cet intoo the sleve ov hiz flannel shert.

In anuther cecond cureyosity had overcum fere, and the men advaanst

sloly. Aparrently dha had nou forgotten dhare ameyabel intenshon ov killing us.

“Hou iz it, O strain‘gerz,” aasct the oald man sollemly, “dhat this fat man (pointing too Good, whoo wauz clad in nuthhing but buits and a flannel shert, and had oanly haaf finnisht hiz shaving), whose boddy iz cloadhd, and whose legz ar bare, whoo grose hare on wun cide ov hiz cicly face and not on the uther, and whoo waerz wun shining and traansparent i—hou iz it, I aasc, dhat he haz teeth which moove ov themcelvz, cumming awa from the jauz and reterning ov dhare one wil?”

“Open yor mouth,” I ced too Good, whoo promptly kerld up hiz lips and grind at the oald gentelman like an an‘gry dog, reveling too hiz astonnisht gase too thhin red lianz ov gum az utterly innocent ov ivorese az a nu-born ellefant. The augens gaaspt.

“Whare ar hiz teeth?” dha shouted; “widh our ise we sau them.”

Terning hiz hed sloly and widh a geschure ov ineffabel contempt, Good swept hiz hand acros hiz mouth. Then he grind agane, and lo, dhare wer too rose ov luvly teeth.

Nou the yung man whoo had flung the nife throo himcelf doun on the graas and gave vent too a prolongd houl ov terror; and az for the oald gentelman, hiz nese noct toogheter widh fere.

“I ce dhat ye ar spirrits,” he ced falteringly; “did evver man born ov woomman hav hare on wun cide ov hiz face and not on the uther, or a round and traansparent i, or teeth which muivd and melted awa and groo agane? Pardon us, O mi lordz.”

Here wauz luc indede, and, needles too sa, I jumpt at the chaans.

"It iz graanted," I ced widh an impereyal smile. "Na, ye shal no the truth. We cum from anuther werld, dho we ar men such az ye; we cum," I went on, "from the bigghest star dhat shianz at nite."

"O! o!" groand the coerus ov astonnisht aboridginese.

"Yes," I went on, "we doo, indede"; and agane I smiald benianly, az I utterd dhat amasing li. "We cum too sta widh u a littel while, and too bles u bi our sogern. Ye wil ce, O frendz, dhat I hav prepaerd micelf for this vizzit bi the lerning ov yor lan'gwage."

"It iz so, it iz so," ced the coerus.

"Oanly, mi lord," poot in the oald gentelman, "dhou hast lernt it verry badly."

I caast an indignant glaans at him, and he qwaild.

"Nou frendz," I continnude, "ye mite thhinc dhat aafter so long a gerny we shood fiand it in our harts too avenj such a recepshon, mahap too strike coald in deth the impereyous hand dhat—dhat, in short—throo a nife at the hed ov him whoose teeth cum and go."

"Spare him, mi lordz," ced the oald man in suplicaishon; "he iz the kingz sun, and I am hiz unkel. If ennithhing befaulz him hiz blud wil be reqwiard at mi handz."

"Yes, dhat iz certainly so," poot in the yung man widh grate emfacis.

"Ye ma perhaps dout our pouwer too avenj," I went on, heedles ov this bi-pla. "Sta, I wil sho u. Here, dhou dog and slave (adrescing Umbopaa in a savvage tone), ghiv me the madgic chube dhat speex"; and I tipt a winc toowordz mi expres rifel.

Umbopaa rose too the ocaizhon, and widh sumthhing az neerly resembling a grin az I hav evver cene on hiz dignifide face he handed me the gun.

“It iz here, O Lord ov Lordz,” he ced widh a depe obazans.

Nou just befoer I had aasct for the rifel I had perceevd a littel *klipspringer* antelope standing on a mas ov roc about cevventy yardz awa, and determiand too risc the shot.

“Ye ce dhat buc,” I ced, pointing the annimal out too the party befoer me. “Tel me, iz it poscibel for man born ov woomman too kil it from here widh a noiz?”

“It iz not poscibel, mi lord,” aancerd the oald man.

“Yet shal I kil it,” I ced qwiyetly.

The oald man smiald. “Dhat mi lord canot doo,” he aancerd.

I raizd the rifel and cuvverd the buc. It wauz a smaul annimal, and wun which a man mite wel be excuezd for miscing, but I nu dhat it wood not doo too mis.

I droo a depe breth, and sloly prest on the trigggher. The buc stood stil az a stone.

“Bang! thud!” The antelope sprang intoo the are and fel on the roc ded az a doer nale.

A grone ov cimultainyous terror berst from the groope befoer us.

"If u waunt mete," I remarct cooly, "go fech dhat buc."

The oald man made a cine, and wun ov hiz followerz departed, and prezently reternd baring the *klipspringer*. I notiast widh satisfacshon dhat I had hit it faerly behiand the shoalder. Dha gatherd round the poor crechuerz boddy, gasing at the boollet-hole in consternaishon.

"Ye ce," I ced, "I doo not speke empty werdz."

Dhare wauz no aancer.

"If ye yet dout our pouwer," I went on, "let wun ov u go stand uppon dhat roc dhat I ma make him az this buc."

Nun ov them ceemd at aul incliand too take the hint, til at laast the kingz sun spoke.

"It iz wel ced. Doo dhou, mi unkel, go stand uppon the roc. It iz but a buc dhat the madgic haz kild. Shuerly it canot kil a man."

The oald gentelman did not take the sugeschon in good part. Indede, he ceemd hert.

"No! no!" he ejacculated haistily, "mi oald ise hav cene enuf. These ar wizzardz, indede. Let us bring them too the king. Yet if enny shood wish a ferther prooffe, let "him" stand uppon the roc, dhat the madgic chube ma speke widh him."

Dhare wauz a moast genneral and haisty expreshon ov dicent.

"Let not good madgic be waisted on our poor boddese," ced wun; "we ar sattisfide. Aul the wichcraaft ov our pepel canot sho the like ov

this.”

“It iz so,” remarkt the oald gentelman, in a tone ov intens relefe;  
“without enny dout it iz so. Liscen, children ov the Starz, children ov  
the shining I and the moovabel Teeth, whoo roer out in thunder, and  
sla from afar. I am Infadoos, sun ov Cafaa, wuns king ov the  
Coocoowaanaa  
pepel. This ueth iz Scraggaa.”

“He neerly scragd me,” mermerd Good.

“Scraggaa, sun ov Twalaa, the grate king—Twalaa, huzband ov a thousand  
wiavz, chefe and lord parramount ov the Coocoowaanaaz, keper ov the  
grate  
Rode, terror ov hiz ennemese, schudent ov the Blac Arts, leder ov a  
hundred thousand woreyorz, Twalaa the Wun-ide, the Blac, the  
Terribel.”

“So,” ced I supercilleyously, “lede us then too Twalaa. We doo not tauc  
widh lo pepel and underlingz.”

“It iz wel, mi lordz, we wil lede u; but the wa iz long. We ar  
hunting thre dase’ gerny from the place ov the king. But let mi  
lordz hav paishens, and we wil lede them.”

“So be it,” I ced caerlesly; “aul time iz befoer us, for we doo not  
di. We ar reddy, lede on. But Infadoos, and dhou Scraggaa, beware!  
Pla us no munky trix, cet for us no foxez’ snaerz, for befoer yor  
brainz ov mud hav thaut ov them we shal no and avenj. The lite  
ov the traansparent i ov him widh the bare legz and the haaf-haerd  
face shal destroi u, and go throo yor land; hiz vannishing teeth  
shal afix themcelvz faast in u and ete u up, u and yor wiavz  
and children; the madgic chuebz shal argu widh u loudly, and make u  
az civz. Beware!”

This magnificent adres did not fale ov its efect; indede, it mite aulmoast hav bene spaerd, so deeply wer our frendz aulreddy imprest widh our pouwerz.

The oald man made a depe obazans, and mermerd the werdz, "*Koom Koom*," which I aafterwordz discuvverd wauz dhare roiyal salute, coresponding too the *Bayéte* ov the Zhulus, and terning, adrest hiz followerz. These at wuns proceded too la hoald ov aul our goodz and chattelz, in order too bare them for us, exepting oonly the gunz, which dha wood on no acount tuch. Dha even ceezd Goodz cloadhz, dhat, az the reder ma remember, wer neetly foalded up becide him.

He sau and made a dive for them, and a loud aultercaishon ensude.

"Let not mi lord ov the traansparent I and the melting Teeth tuch them," ced the oald man. "Shuerly hiz slave shal carry the thhingz."

"But I waunt too poot em on!" roerd Good, in nervous In'glish.

Umbopaa traanzlated.

"Na, mi lord," aancerd Infadoos, "wood mi lord cuvver up hiz butifool white legz (auldho he iz so darc Good haz a cin'gularly white skin) from the ise ov hiz cervants? Hav we ofended mi lord dhat he shood doo such a thhing?"

Here I neerly exploded widh laafing; and meenwhile wun ov the men started on widh the garments.

"Dam it!" roerd Good, "dhat blac villane haz got mi trouserz."

"Looc here, Good," ced Cer Henry; "u hav apeerd in this cuntry

in a certane carracter, and u must liv up too it. It wil nevver doo for u too poot on trouserz agane. Hensfoerth u must exist in a flannel shert, a pare ov buits, and an i-glaas.”

“Yes,” I ced, “and widh whiskerz on wun cide ov yor face and not on the uther. If u chainj enny ov these thhingz the pepel wil thhinc dhat we ar impostorz. I am verry sorry for u, but, cereyously, u must. If wuns dha beghin too suspect us our liavz wil not be werth a braas farthing.”

“Doo u reyaly thhinc so?” ced Good gloomily.

“I doo, indede. Yor ‘butifool white legz’ and yor i-glaas ar nou “the” fechuerz ov our party, and az Cer Henry cez, u must liv up too them. Be thancfool dhat u hav got yor buits on, and dhat the are iz worm.”

Good cide, and ced no moer, but it tooc him a fortnite too becum acustomd too hiz nu and scant atire.

## CHAPTER 8.

### WE ENTER COOCOOWAANAALAND

Aul dhat aafternoone we travveld along the magnificent roadwa, which trended steddily in a north-westerly direcshon. Infadoos and Scraggaa wauct widh us, but dhare followerz marcht about wun hundred pavez ahead.

“Infadoos,” I ced at length, “whoo made this rode?”

“It wauz made, mi lord, ov oald time, nun no hou or when, not even the wise woomman Gagoole, whoo haz livd for generaishonz. We ar not oald enuf too remember its making. Nun can fashon such roadz nou, but the king sufferz no graas too gro uppon it.”

“And whoose ar the ritingz on the waul ov the caivz throo which we hav paast on the rode?” I aasct, refuuring too the Egipshan-like sculpchuerz dhat we had cene.

“Mi lord, the handz dhat made the rode rote the wunderfool ritingz. We no not whoo rote them.”

“When did the Coocoowaanaa pepel cum intoo this cuntry?”

“Mi lord, the race came doun here like the breth ov a storm ten thousand thousand muinz ago, from the grate landz which li dhare beyond,” and he pointed too the north. “Dha cood travvel no ferther becauz ov the hi mountainz which ring in the land, so sa the oald voicez ov our faatherz dhat hav decended too us the children, and so cez Gagoole, the wise woomman, the smeller out ov witchez,” and agane he pointed too the sno-clad peex. “The cuntry, too, wauz good, so dha cetteld here and groo strong and pouwerfool, and nou our numberz ar like the ce sand, and when Twalaa the king caulz up hiz redgiments dhare pluemz cuvver the plane so far az the i ov man can reche.”

“And if the land iz wauld in widh mountainz, whoo iz dhare for the redgiments too fite widh?”

“Na, mi lord, the cuntry iz open dhare toowordz the north, and nou and agane woreyorz swepe doun uppon us in cloudz from a land we no not, and we sla them. It iz the thherd part ov the life ov a man cins dhare

wauz a wor. Menny thousandz dide in it, but we destroid dhose whoo came too ete us up. So cins then dhare haz bene no wor.”

“Yor woreyorz must gro wery ov resting on dhare speerz, Infadoos.”

“Mi lord, dhare wauz wun wor, just aafter we destroid the pepel dhat came doun uppon us, but it wauz a civvil wor; dog ate dog.”

“Hou wauz dhat?”

“Mi lord the king, mi haaf-bruther, had a bruther born at the same berth, and ov the same woomman. It iz not our custom, mi lord, too suffer twinz too liv; the weker must aulwase di. But the muther ov the king hid awa the feebler chiald, which wauz born the laast, for her hart yernd over it, and dhat chiald iz Twalaa the king. I am hiz yun’gher bruther, born ov anuther wife.”

“Wel?”

“Mi lord, Cafaa, our faather, dide when we came too manhood, and mi bruther Imotoo wauz made king in hiz place, and for a space raind and had a sun bi hiz favorite wife. When the babe wauz thre yeerz oald, just aafter the grate wor, juring which no man cood so or repe, a fammine came uppon the land, and the pepel mermerd becauz ov the fammine, and looct round like a starvd liyon for sumthhing too rend. Then it wauz dhat Gagoole, the wise and terribel woomman, whoo duz not di, made a proclamaishon too the pepel, saying, ‘The king Imotoo iz no king.’ And at the time Imotoo wauz cic widh a wuind, and la in hiz craal not abel too moove.

“Then Gagoole went intoo a hut and led out Twalaa, mi haaf-bruther, and

twin bruther too the king, whoome she had hidden among the caivz and  
rox  
cins he wauz born, and stripping the 'moocha' (waist-cloth) of hiz  
loinz, shode the pepel ov the Cooowaanaaz the marc ov the saicred  
snake  
coild round hiz middel, whaerwidh the eldest sun ov the king iz marct  
at berth, and cride out loud, 'Behoald yor king whoome I hav saivd for  
u even too this da!'

"Nou the pepel beying mad widh hun'gher, and aultooghether bereft ov  
rezon  
and the nollej ov truth, cride out—"The king! The king!" but I  
nu dhat it wauz not so, for Imotoo mi bruther wauz the elder ov the  
twinz, and our laufool king. Then just az the chumult wauz at its hite  
Imotoo the king, dho he wauz verry cic, crauld from hiz hut hoalding  
hiz wife bi the hand, and follode bi hiz littel sun Ignosy—dhat iz, bi  
interpretaishon, the Liatning.

"Whaut iz this noiz?' he aasct. 'Whi cri ye "The king! The king!"

"Then Twalaa, hiz twin bruther, born ov the same woomman, and in the  
same  
our, ran too him, and taking him bi the hare, stabd him throo the  
hart widh hiz nife. And the pepel beying fickel, and evver reddy too  
wership the rising sun, clapt dhare handz and cride, "'Twalaa iz  
king!" Nou we no dhat Twalaa iz king!"

"And whaut became ov Imotoose wife and her sun Ignosy? Did Twalaa kil  
them too?"

"Na, mi lord. When she sau dhat her lord wauz ded the qwene ceezd the  
chiald widh a cri and ran awa. Too dase aafterword she came too a craal  
verry hun'gry, and nun wood ghiv her milc or foode, nou dhat her lord

the king wauz ded, for aul men hate the unforchunate. But at niatfaul a littel chiald, a gherl, crept out and braut her corn too ete, and she blest the chiald, and went on toowordz the mountainz widh her boi befoer the sun rose agane, and dhare she must hav perrisht, for nun hav cene her cins, nor the chiald Ignosy.”

“Then if this chiald Ignosy had livd he wood be the troo king ov the Coocoowaanaa pepel?”

“Dhat iz so, mi lord; the saicred snake iz round hiz middel. If he livz he iz king; but, alas! he iz long ded.”

“Ce, mi lord,” and Infadoos pointed too a vaast colecshon ov huts surrounded bi a fens, which wauz in its tern encerkeld bi a grate dich, dhat la on the plane beneeth us. “Dhat iz the craal whare the wife ov Imotoo wauz laast cene widh the chiald Ignosy. It iz dhare dhat we shal slepe too-nite, if, indede,” he added doutfooly, “mi lordz slepe at aul uppon this erth.”

“When we ar amung the Coocoowaanaaz, mi good frend Infadoos, we doo az the Coocoowaanaaz doo,” I ced magesticaly, and ternd round qwicly too adres Good, whoo wauz tramping along sullenly behiand, hiz miand foolly occupide widh unsatisfactory atempts too prevent hiz flannel shert from flapping in the evening brese. Too mi astonishment I butted intoo Umbopaa, whoo wauz wauking along imejaitly behiand me, and verry evvidently had bene liscening widh the gratest interest too mi conversaishon widh Infadoos. The expreshon on hiz face wauz moast cureyous, and gave me the ideyaa ov a man whoo wauz strugling widh parshal suxes too bring sumthhing long ago forgotten bac intoo hiz miand.

Aul this while we had bene prescing on at a good rate toowordz the unjulating plane beneeth us. The mountainz we had crost nou luimd hi abuv our hedz, and Shebaaz Brests wer vaild modestly in diyaffanous reeths ov mist. Az we went the cuntry groo moer and moer luvly. The vegetaishon wauz lucshureyant, widhout beying troppical; the sun wauz brite and worm, but not barning; and a graishous brese blu softly along the odorous sloaps ov the mountainz. Indede, this nu land wauz littel les dhan an erthly parradice; in buty, in natchural welth, and in climate I hav nevver cene its like. The Traanzvaal iz a fine cuntry, but it iz nuthing too Coocoowaanaaland.

So soone az we started Infadoos had despacht a runner too worn the pepel ov the craal, which, bi the wa, wauz in hiz millitary comaand, ov our arival. This man had departed at an extrordinary spede, which Infadoos informd me he wood kepe up aul the wa, az running wauz an exercise much practiast amung hiz pepel.

The rezult ov this message nou became aparrent. When we ariavd within too mialz ov the craal we cood ce dhat cumpany aafter cumpany ov men wer ishuwing from its gaits and marching toowordz us.

Cer Henry lade hiz hand uppon mi arm, and remarct dhat it looct az dho we wer gowing too mete widh a worm recepshon. Sumthhing in hiz tone atracted Infadoos' atenshon.

"Let not mi lordz be afrade," he ced haistily, "for in mi brest dhare dwelz no ghile. This redgiment iz wun under mi comaand, and cumz out bi mi orderz too grete u."

I nodded esily, dho I wauz not qwite esy in mi miand.

About haaf a mile from the gaits ov this craal iz a long strech ov

rising ground sloping gently upwordz from the rode, and here the cumpanese formd. It wauz a splendid cite too ce them, eche cumpany about thre hundred strong, charging swiftly up the rise, widh flashing speerz and waving pluemz, too take dhare apointed place. Bi the time we reecht the slope twelv such cumpanese, or in aul thre thousand six hundred men, had paast out and taken up dhare posishonz along the rode.

Prezsently we came too the ferst cumpany, and wer abel too gase in astonishment on the moast magnificent cet ov woreyorz dhat I hav evver cene. Dha wer aul men ov machure age, moastly vetteranz ov about forty, and not wun ov them wauz under six fete in hite, whialst menny stood six fete thre or foer. Dha woer uppon dhare hedz hevvy blac pluemz ov Sacaboolaa fetherz, like dhose which adornd our ghiadz. About dhare waists and beneeth the rite nese wer bound cerclets ov white ox tailz, while in dhare left handz dha carrede round sheeldz mezhuring about twenty inchez acros. These sheeldz ar verry cureyous. The fraimwerc iz made ov an iarn plate beten out thhin, over which iz strecht milc-white ox-hide.

The wepponz dhat eche man boer wer cimpel, but moast efective, concisting ov a short and verry hevvy too-ejd spere widh a wooden shaaft, the blade beying about six inchez acros at the widest part. These speerz ar not uezd for throwing but like the Zooloo "*bangwan*," or stabbing asceghi, ar for cloce qworterz oonly, when the wuind inflicted bi them iz terribel. In adishon too hiz *bangwan* evvery man carrede thre larj and hevvy niavz, eche nife waying about too poundz. Wun nife wauz fixt in the ox-tale gherdel, and the uther too at the bac ov the round sheeld. These niavz, which ar cauld "*tollas*" bi the Coocoowaanaaz, take the place ov the throwing asceghi ov the Zhulus.

The Coocoowaanaa woreyorz can caast them widh grate accuracy too a distans ov

fifty yardz, and it iz dhare custom on charging too herl a volly ov them at the ennemy az dha cum too close qworterz.

Eche cumpany remaind stil az a colecshon ov bronz statchuse til we wer opposite too it, when at a cignal ghivven bi its comaanding officer, whoo, distin'gwisht bi a leppard skin cloke, stood sum pacez in frunt, evvery spere wauz raizd intoo the are, and from thre hundred throats sprang foerth widh a sudden roer the roiyal salute ov "*Koom*." Then, so soone az we had paast, the cumpany formd up behiand us and follode us toowordz the craal, til at laast the whole redgiment ov the "*Grase*"—so cauld from dhare white sheeldz—the crac coer ov the Coocoowaanaa pepel, wauz marching in our rere widh a tred dhat shooc the ground.

At length, braanching of from Sollomonz Grate Rode, we came too the wide

fos surrounding the craal, which iz at leest a mile round, and fenst widh a strong pallisade ov pialz formd ov the trunx ov trese. At the gaitwa this fos iz spand bi a primmitive draubrij, which wauz let doun bi the gard too alou us too paas in. The craal iz exedingly wel lade out. Throo the center runz a wide paathwa intercected at rite an'ghelz bi uther paathwase so arainjd az too cut the huts intoo sqware blox, eche bloc beying the qworterz ov a cumpany. The huts ar dome-shaipt, and bilt, like dhose ov the Zhulus, ov a fraimwerc ov wautel, butifooly thacht widh graas; but, unlike the Zooloo huts, dha hav doerwase throo which men cood wauc. Aulso dha ar much larger, and surrounded bi a verandaa about cix fete wide, butifooly paivd widh pouderd lime trodden hard.

Aul along eche cide ov this wide paathwa dhat peercez the craal wer rainjd hundredz ov wimmen, braut out bi cureyosity too looc at us. These wimmen, for a native race, ar exedingly handsum. Dha ar taul and graisfool, and dhare figguerz ar wunderfooly fine. The hare, dho

short, iz raather kerly dhan woolly, the fechuerz ar freeqwently aqwiline, and the lips ar not unplezzantly thhic, az iz the cace amung moast African racez. But whaut struc us moast wauz dhare exedingly qwiyet

and dignifide are. Dha wer az wel-bred in dhare wa az the "habichuwase" ov a fashonabel drauwing-roome, and in this respect dha differ from Zooloo wimmen and dhare cuzsinz the Masci whoo inhabbit the

district beyond Zansibar. Dhare cureyosity had braut them out too ce us, but dha aloud no roode expreshonz ov astonishment or savvage critticism too paas dhare lips az we trujd werily in frunt ov them.

Not even when oald Infadoos widh a surreptishous moashon ov the hand pointed out the crouning wunder ov poor Goodz "butifool white legz," did dha suffer the feling ov intens admiraishon which evvidently maasterd dhare miandz too fiand expreshon. Dha fixt dhare darc ise uppon this nu and snowy luvlines, for, az I thhinc I hav ced, Goodz skin iz exedingly white, and dhat wauz aul. But it wauz qwite enuf for Good, whoo iz moddest bi nachure.

When we reecht the center ov the craal, Infadoos haulted at the doer ov a larj hut, which wauz surrounded at a distans bi a cerkel ov smauler wunz.

"Enter, Sunz ov the Starz," he ced, in a magniloqwent vois, "and dane too rest awhile in our humbel habitaishonz. A littel foode shal be braut too u, so dhat ye ma hav no nede too drau yor belts tite from hun'gher; sum hunny and sum milc, and an ox or too, and a fu shepe; not much, mi lordz, but stil a littel foode."

"It iz good," ced I. "Infadoos; we ar wery widh travveling throo relmz ov are; nou let us rest."

Acordingly we enterd the hut, which we found amply prepaerd for our cumfort. Couchez ov tand skinz wer spred for us too li on, and

wauter wauz plaist for us too waush in.

Prezsently we herd a shouting outside, and stepping too the doer, sau a line ov damselz baring milc and roasted melese, and hunny in a pot. Behiand these wer sum ueths driving a fat yung ox. We receevd the ghifts, and then wun ov the yung men droo the nife from hiz gherdel and dexterously cut the oxez throte. In ten minnuets it wauz ded, skind, and jointed. The best ov the mete wauz then cut of for us, and the rest, in the name ov our party, I presented too the woreyorz round us, whoo tooc it and distribbuted the “white lordz’ ghift.”

Umbopaa cet too werc, with the acistans ov an extreemly preposescing yung woomman, too boil our porshon in a larj erthhenware pot over a fire which wauz bilt outside the hut, and when it wauz neerly reddy we cent a message too Infadoos, and aasct him and Scraggaa, the kingz sun, too join us.

Prezsently dha came, and citting doun uppon littel stuilz, ov which dhare wer ceveral about the hut, for the Coocoowaanaaz doo not in genneral sqwaut uppon dhare haunchez like the Zhulus, dha helpt us too ghet throo our dinner. The oald gentelman wauz moast affabel and polite, but it struc me dhat the yung wun regarded us widh dout. Toogheter with the rest ov the party, he had bene overaud bi our white aperans and bi our madgic proppertese; but it ceemd too me dhat, on discuvvering dhat we ate, dranc, and slept like uther mortalz, hiz au wauz beghinning too ware of, and too be replaist bi a sullen suspishon—which made me fele raather uncumfortabel.

In the coers ov our mele Cer Henry sugested too me dhat it mite be wel too tri too discuvver if our hoasts nu ennithhing ov hiz brutherz fate, or if dha had evver cene or herd ov him; but, on the whole, I thaut dhat it wood be wiser too sa nuthhing ov the matter at this

time. It wauz difficult too explane a rellative lost from "the Starz."

Aafter supper we projuest our piaps and lit them; a proceding which fild Infadoos and Scraggaa widh astonishment. The Coocoowaanaaz wer evvidently unaqwainted widh the divine deliats ov tobacco-smoke. The herb iz grone amung them extenciavly; but, like the Zhulus, dha use it for snuf oanly, and qwite faild too identifi it in its nu form.

Prezsently I aasct Infadoos when we wer too procede on our gerny, and wauz delited too lern dhat preparaishonz had bene made for us too leve on the following morning, mescen'gerz havving aulreddy departed too inform

Twalaa the king ov our cumming.

It apeerd dhat Twalaa wauz at hiz principal place, none az Loo, making reddy for the grate annuwal feest which wauz too be held in the ferst weke ov June. At this gathering aul the redgiments, widh the exepshon ov certane detachments left behiand for garrison perpocez, ar braut up and paraded befoer the king; and the grate annuwal wich-hunt, ov which moer bi-and-bi, iz held.

We wer too start at daun; and Infadoos, whoo wauz too acumpany us, expected dhat we shood reche Loo on the nite ov the cecond da, unles we wer detaind bi axident or bi swollen rivverz.

When dha had ghivven us this informaishon our vizsitorz bad us good-nite; and, havving arainjd too wauch tern and tern about, thre ov us flung ourcelvz doun and slept the swete slepe ov the wery, whialst the foerth sat up on the looc-out for poscibel tretchery.

CHAPTER 9.

## TWALAA THE KING

It wil not be nescesary for me too detale at length the incidents ov our gerny too Loo. It tooc too fool dase' travveling along Sollomonz Grate Rode, which pershude its even coers rite intoo the hart ov Coocoowaanaaland. Sufice it too sa dhat az we went the cuntry ceemd too gro ritchee and ritchee, and the craalz, widh dhare wide surrounding belts ov cultivaishon, moer and moer numerous. Dha wer aul bilt uppon the same principelz az the ferst camp which we had reecht, and wer garded bi ampel garrisonz ov truipe. Indede, in Coocoowaanaaland, az amung

the Germanz, the Zhulus, and the Masci, evvery abel-boddede man iz a soalger, so dhat the whole foers ov the naishon iz avalabel for its worz, ofencive or defencive. Az we travveld we wer overtaken bi thousandz ov woreyorz hurreying up too Loo too be prezsent at the grate annuwal revu and festival, and moer splendid truipe I nevver sau.

At suncet on the cecond da, we stopt too rest awhile uppon the summit ov sum hiats over which the rode ran, and dhare on a butifool and fertile plane befoer us la Loo itelf. For a native toun it iz an enormous place, qwite five mialz round, I shood sa, widh outliying craalz progecting from it, dhat cerv on grand ocaizhonz az cantonments for the redgiments, and a cureyous horsshoo-shaipt hil, widh which we wer destiand too becum better aqwainted, about too mialz too the north. It iz butifooly citchuwated, and throo the center ov the craal, dividing it intoo too porshonz, runz a rivver, which apeerd too be brijd in cevveral placez, the same indede dhat we had cene from the sloaps ov Shebaaz Brests. Cixty or cevventy mialz awa thre grate sno-capt mountainz, plaist at the points ov a triyan'ghel, started out ov the levvel plane. The conformaishon ov these mountainz iz unlike dhat ov Shebaaz Brests, beying shere and precippitous, insted ov smuidh and rounded.

Infadoos sau us loocking at them, and vollunteerd a remarc.

“The rode endz dhare,” he ced, pointing too the mountainz none among the Coocoowaanaaz az the “Thre Witchez.”

“Whi duz it end?” I aasct.

“Whoo nose?” he aancerd widh a shrug; “the mountainz ar fool ov caivz, and dhare iz a grate pit betwene them. It iz dhare dhat the wise men ov oald time uest too go too ghet whautevver it wauz dha came for too this

cuntry, and it iz dhare nou dhat our kingz ar berrede in the Place ov Deth.”

“Whaut wauz it dha came for?” I aasct egherly.

“Na, I no not. Mi lordz whoo hav dropt from the Starz shood no,” he aancerd widh a qwic looc. Evvidently he nu moer dhan he chose too sa.

“Yes,” I went on, “u ar rite, in the Starz we lern menny thhingz. I hav herd, for instans, dhat the wise men ov oald came too these mountainz too fiand brite stoanz, pritty plaithhingz, and yello iarn.”

“Mi lord iz wise,” he aancerd coaldly; “I am but a chiald and canot tauc widh mi lord on such matterz. Mi lord must speke widh Gagoole the oald, at the kingz place, whoo iz wise even az mi lord,” and he went awa.

So soone az he wauz gon I ternd too the utherz, and pointed out the mountainz. “Dhare ar Sollomonz dimond mianz,” I ced.

Umbopaa wauz standing widh them, aparrently plunjd in wun ov the fits ov

abstracshon which wer common too him, and caut mi werdz.

“Yes, Macumazaan,” he poot in, in Zooloo, “the dimondz ar shuerly dhare, and u shal hav them, cins u white men ar so fond ov toiz and munny.”

“Hou dust dhou no dhat, Umbopaa?” I aasct sharply, for I did not like hiz mistereyous wase.

He laaft. “I dreemd it in the nite, white men;” then he too ternd on hiz hele and went.

“Nou whaut,” ced Cer Henry, “iz our blac frend driving at? He nose moer dhan he chusez too sa, dhat iz clere. Bi the wa, Qwatermane, haz he herd ennithhing ov—ov mi bruther?”

“Nuthhing; he haz aasct evveriwun he haz becum frendly widh, but dha aul declare dhat no white man haz evver bene cene in the cuntry befoer.”

“Doo u supose dhat he got here at aul?” sugested Good; “we hav oanly reecht the place bi a mirrakel; iz it liacly he cood hav reecht it widhout the map?”

“I doant no,” ced Cer Henry gloomily, “but sumhou I thhinc dhat I shal fiand him.”

Sloly the sun sanc, then suddenly darcnes rusht down on the land like a tan'gibel thhing. Dhare wauz no breething-space betwene the da and nite, no soft traansformaishon cene, for in these lattichuedz twilite duz not exist. The chainj from da too nite iz az qwic and az absolute az the chainj from life too deth. The sun sanc and the werld wauz reedhd in shaddose. But not for long, for ce in the west dhare iz a glo, then cum rase ov cilver lite, and at laast the fool and

gloereyous moone liats up the plane and shuits its gleming arrose far and wide, filling the erth widh a faint refulgens.

We stood and waucht the luvly cite, whialst the starz groo pale befoer this chacend madgesty, and felt our harts lifted up in the prezsens ov a buty dhat I canot describe. Mine haz bene a ruf life, but dhare ar a fu thhingz I am thancfool too hav livd for, and wun ov them iz too hav cene dhat moone shine over Coocoowaanaaland.

Prezsently our meditaishonz wer broken in uppon bi our polite frend Infadoos.

“If mi lordz ar rested we wil gerny on too Loo, whare a hut iz made reddy for mi lordz too-nite. The moone iz nou brite, so dhat we shal not faul bi the wa.”

We acented, and in an ourz time wer at the outskerts ov the toun, ov which the extent, mapt out az it wauz bi thouzandz ov camp fiarz, apeerd absolutly endles. Indede, Good, whoo iz aulwase fond ov a bad joke, criscend it “Unlimmited Loo.” Soone we came too a mote widh a draubrij, whare we wer met bi the ratling ov armz and the hoers challenj ov a centry. Infadoos gave sum paaswerd dhat I cood not cach, which wauz met widh a salute, and we paast on throo the central strete ov the grate graas citty. Aafter neerly haaf an ourz tramp, paast endles lianz ov huts, Infadoos haulted at laast bi the gate ov a littel groope ov huts which surounded a smaual coertyard ov pouderd liamstone, and informd us dhat these wer too be our “poor” qworterz.

We enterd, and found dhat a hut had bene aciand too eche ov us. These huts wer supereyor too enny dhat we had yet cene, and in eche wauz a moast cumfortabel bed made ov tand skinz, spred uppon matrecez ov

aromatic graas. Foode too wauz reddy for us, and so soone az we had  
wauht  
ourcelvz widh wauter, which stood reddy in erthhenware jarz, sum yung  
wimmen ov handsum aperans braut us roasted meets, and mely cobz  
daintily cervd on wooden platterz, and presented them too us widh depe  
obazancez.

We ate and dranc, and then, the bedz havving bene aul muivd intoo wun  
hut  
bi our reqwest, a precaushon at which the ameyabel yung ladese smiald,  
we flung ourcelvz doun too slepe, thurroly werede widh our long  
gerny.

When we woke it wauz too fiand the sun hi in the hevvenz, and the female  
atendants, whoo did not ceme too be trubbelld bi enny fauls shame,  
aulreddy  
standing incide the hut, havving bene orderd too atend and help us too  
“make reddy.”

“Make reddy, indede,” grould Good; “when wun haz oonly a flannel shert  
and a pare ov buits, dhat duz not take long. I wish u wood aasc them  
for mi trouserz, Qwatermane.”

I aasct acordingly, but wauz informd dhat these saicred rellix had  
aulreddy bene taken too the king, whoo wood ce us in the foernoone.

Sumwhaut too dhare astonnishment and disapointment, havving  
reqwested the  
yung ladese too step outside, we proceded too make the best toilet ov  
which the cercumstaancez admitted. Good even went the length ov agane  
shaving the rite cide ov hiz face; the left, on which nou apeerd a  
verry fare crop ov whiskerz, we imprest uppon him he must on no acount  
tuch. Az for ourcelvz, we wer contented widh a good wauh and coming  
our hare. Cer Henrese yello lox wer nou aulmoast uppon hiz shoalderz,

and he looct moer like an ainshent Dane dhan evver, while mi grizseld scrub wauz foolly an inch long, insted ov haaf an inch, which in a genneral wa I concidderd mi maximum length.

Bi the time dhat we had eten our brecfast, and smoact a pipe, a message wauz braut too us bi no les a personage dhan Infadoos himcelf dhat Twalaa the king wauz reddy too ce us, if we wood be pleezd too cum.

We remarct in repli dhat we shood prefer too wate til the sun wauz a littel hiyer, we wer yet wery widh our gerny, &c., &c. It iz aulwase wel, when deling widh uncivviliazd pepel, not too be in too grate a hurry. Dha ar apt too mistake poliatnes for au or cervillity. So, auldho we wer qwite az ancshous too ce Twalaa az Twalaa cood be too ce us, we sat doun and wated for an our, employiing the interval in preparing such prezents az our slender stoc ov goodz permitted—naimly, the Winchester rifel which had bene uezd bi poor Ventvuughel, and sum beedz. The rifel and amunishon we determiand too present too hiz roiyal hines, and the beedz wer for hiz wiavz and coercherz. We had aulreddy ghivven a fu too Infadoos and Scraggaa, and found dhat dha wer delited widh them, nevver havving cene such thhingz befoer. At length we declaerd dhat we wer reddy, and ghided bi Infadoos, started of too the augens, Umbopaa carreying the rifel and beedz.

Aafter wauking a fu hundred yardz we came too an encloazhure, sumthhing like dhat surounding the huts which had bene alotted too us, oonly fifty tiamz az big, for it cood not hav cuvverd les dhan six or cevven akerz ov ground. Aul round the outside fens stood a ro ov huts, which wer the habitaishonz ov the kingz wiavz. Exactly opposite the gaitwa, on the ferther cide ov the open space, wauz a verry larj hut, bilt bi itcelf, in which hiz madgesty resided. Aul the rest wauz open ground; dhat iz too sa, it wood hav bene open had it not bene fild bi cumpany aafter cumpany ov woreyorz, whoo wer musterd dhare too the

number ov cevven or ate thousand. These men stood stil az statchuse az we advaanst throo them, and it wood be imposcibel too ghiv an addeqwate ideyaa ov the granjure ov the spectakel which dha presented, widh dhare waving pluemz, dhare glaancing speerz, and iarn-bact ox-hide sheeldz.

The space in frunt ov the larj hut wauz empty, but befoer it wer plaist cevveral stuilz. On thre ov these, at a cine from Infadoos, we ceted ourcelvz, Umbopaa standing behiand us. Az for Infadoos, he tooc up a posishon bi the doer ov the hut. So we wated for ten minnuets or moer in the midst ov a ded cilens, but consmous dhat we wer the obgett ov the concentrated gase ov sum ate thousand paerz ov ise. It wauz a sumwhaut triying ordele, but we carrede it of az best we cood. At length the doer ov the hut opend, and a gigantic figgure, widh a splendid tigher-skin carros flung over its shoalderz, stept out, follode bi the boi Scraggaa, and whaut apeerd too us too be a witherd-up munky, rapt in a fer cloke. The figgure ceted itcelf uppon a stoole, Scraggaa tooc hiz stand behiand it, and the witherd-up munky crept on aul foerz intoo the shade ov the hut and sqwauted down.

Stil dhare wauz cilens.

Then the gigantic figgure slipt of the carros and stood up befoer us, a trooly alarming spectakel. It wauz dhat ov an enormous man widh the moast entiarly repulcive countenans we had evver beheld. This manz lips wer az thhic az a Neegroze, the nose wauz flat, he had but wun gleming blac i, for the uther wauz represented bi a hollo in the face, and hiz whole expreshon wauz croowel and censhuwal too a degry. From the larj hed rose a magnifficent plume ov white ostrich fetherz, hiz boddy wauz clad in a shert ov shining chane armor, whialst round the waist and rite ne wer the uezhuwal garnishez ov white ox-tale. In hiz rite hand wauz a huge spere, about the nec a thhic torc ov goald, and bound on

the foerhed shon dully a cin'ghel and enormous uncut dimond.

Stil dhare wauz cilens; but not for long. Prezently the man, whoome we riatly ghest too be the king, raizd the grate javvelin in hiz hand. Instantly ate thousand speerz wer lifted in aancer, and from ate thousand throats rang out the roiyal salute ov "*Koom*." Thre tiamz this wauz repeted, and eche time the erth shooc widh the noiz, dhat can oanly be compaerd too the depest noats ov thunder.

"Be humbel, O pepel," piapt out a thhin vois which ceemd too cum from the munky in the shade, "it iz the king."

"*"It iz the king",*" buimd out the ate thousand throats in aancer.  
"*"Be humbel, O pepel, it iz the king."*"

Then dhare wauz cilens agane—ded cilens. Prezently, houwevver, it wauz broken. A soalger on our left dropt hiz sheeld, which fel widh a clatter on too the liamstone floering.

Twalaa ternd hiz wun coald i in the direcshon ov the noiz.

"Cum hither, dhou," he ced, in a coald vois.

A fine yung man stept out ov the ranx, and stood befoer him.

"It wauz thi sheeld dhat fel, dhou auqword dog. Wilt dhou make me a reproche in the ise ov these strain'gerz from the Starz? Whaut hast dhou too sa for thicelf?"

We sau the poor fello tern pale under hiz dusky skin.

"It wauz bi chaans, O Caaf ov the Blac Cou," he mermerd.

“Then it iz a chaans for which dhou must pa. Dhou hast made me foolish; prepare for deth.”

“I am the kingz ox,” wauz the lo aancer.

“Scraggaa,” roerd the king, “let me ce hou dhou canst use thi spere. Kil me this blundering foole.”

Scraggaa stept forword widh an il-favord grin, and lifted hiz spere. The poor victim cuvverd hiz ise widh hiz hand and stood stil. Az for us, we wer petrifide widh horror.

“Wuns, twice,” he waivd the spere, and then struc, aa! rite home—the spere stood out a foot behiand the soalgerz bac. He flung up hiz handz and dropt ded. From the multichude about us rose sumthhing like a mermer, it roald round and round, and dide awa. The tradgedy wauz finnisht; dhare la the corps, and we had not yet reyaliazd dhat it had bene enacted. Cer Henry sprang up and swoer a grate oath, then, overpouwerd bi the cens ov cilens, sat down agane.

“The thrust wauz a good wun,” ced the king; “take him awa.”

Foer men stept out ov the ranx, and lifting the boddy ov the merderd man, carrede it thens.

“Cuvver up the blud-stainz, cuvver them up,” piapt out the thhin vois dhat proceded from the munky-like figgure; “the kingz werd iz spoken, the kingz doome iz dun!”

Dharuppon a gherl came forword from behiand the hut, baring a jar fild widh pouderd lime, which she scatterd over the red marc, blotting it from cite.

Cer Henry meenwhile wauz boiling widh rage at whaut had happend;  
indede,  
it wauz widh difficulty dhat we cood kepe him stil.

“Cit doun, for hevvenz sake,” I whisperd; “our liavz depend on it.”

He yeilded and remaind qwiyet.

Twalaa sat cilent until the tracez ov the tradgedy had bene remuivd, then  
he adrest us.

“White pepel,” he ced, “whoo cum hither, whens I no not, and whi I  
no not, greting.”

“Greting, Twalaa, King ov the Coccoowaanaaz,” I aancerd.

“White pepel, whens cum ye, and whaut ceke ye?”

“We cum from the Starz, aasc us not hou. We cum too ce this land.”

“Ye gerny from far too ce a littel thhing. And dhat man widh u,”  
pointing too Umbopaa, “duz he aulso cum from the Starz?”

“Even so; dhare ar pepel ov thi cullor in the hevvenz abuv; but aasc  
not ov matterz too hi for the, Twalaa the king.”

“Ye speke widh a loud vois, pepel ov the Starz,” Twalaa aancerd in a  
tone which I scaersly liact. “Remember dhat the Starz ar far of, and  
ye ar here. Hou if I make u az him whoome dha boer awa?”

I laaft out loud, dho dhare wauz littel laafter in mi hart.

“O king,” I ced, “be caerfool, wauc warily over hot stoanz, lest dhou  
shoodst bern thi fete; hoald the spere bi the handel, lest dhou shood

cut thi handz. Tuch but wun hare ov our hedz, and destrucshon shal cum uppon the. Whaut, hav not these"—pointing too Infadoos and Scraggaa, whoo, yung villane dhat he wauz, wauz emloid in clening the blud ov the soalger of hiz spere—"toald the whaut manner ov men we ar? Hast dhou cene the like ov us?" and I pointed too Good, feling qwite shure dhat he had nevver cene enniboddy befoer whoo looct in the leest like "him" az he then apeerd.

"It iz troo, I hav not," ced the king, cervaying Good widh interest.

"Hav dha not toald the hou we strike widh deth from afar?" I went on.

"Dha hav toald me, but I beleve them not. Let me ce u kil. Kil me a man amung dhose whoo stand yonder"—and he pointed too the opposite cide ov the craal—"and I wil beleve."

"Na," I aancerd; "we shed no blud ov men exept in just punnishment; but if dhou wilt ce, bid thi cervants drive in an ox throo the craal gaits, and befoer he haz run twenty pavez I wil strike him ded."

"Na," laaft the king, "kil me a man and I wil beleve."

"Good, O king, so be it," I aancerd cooly; "doo dhou wauc acros the open space, and befoer thi fete reche the gate dhou shalt be ded; or if dhou wilt not, cend thi sun Scraggaa" (whoome at dhat moment it wood hav ghivven me much plezhure too shoote).

On hering this sugeschon Scraggaa utterd a sort ov houl, and bolted intoo the hut.

Twalaa fround magesticaly; the sugeschon did not plese him.

"Let a yung ox be drivven in," he ced.

Too men at wuns departed, running swiftly.

"Nou, Cer Henry," ced I, "doo u shoote. I waunt too sho this ruffeyan dhat I am not the oonly magishan ov the party."

Cer Henry acordingly tooc hiz "expres," and made reddy.

"I hope I shal make a good shot," he groand.

"U must," I aancerd. "If u mis widh the ferst barrel, let him hav the cecond. Cite for 150 yardz, and wate til the beest ternz braudcide on."

Then came a paуз, until prezently we caut cite ov an ox running strate for the craal gate. It came on throo the gate, then, catching cite ov the vaast concors ov pepel, stopt schupidly, ternd round, and bellode.

"Nouz yor time," I whisperd.

Up went the rifel.

Bang! "thud"! and the ox wauz kicking on hiz bac, shot in the ribz. The cemmy-hollo boullet had dun its werc wel, and a ci ov astonishment went up from the acembeld thouzandz.

I ternd round cooly—

"Hav I lide, O king?"

"Na, white man, it iz the truth," wauz the sumwhaut aud aancer.

“Liscen, Twalaa,” I went on. “Dhou hast cene. Nou no we cum in pece, not in wor. Ce,” and I held up the Winchester repeter; “here iz a hollo staaf dhat shal enabel the too kil even az we kil, oonly I la this charm uppon it, dhou shalt kil no man widh it. If dhou liftest it against a man, it shal kil the. Sta, I wil sho the. Bid a soalger step forty pavez and place the shaaft ov a spere in the ground so dhat the flat blade loox toowordz us.”

In a fu cecondz it wauz dun.

“Nou, ce, I wil brake yonder spere.”

Taking a caerfool cite I fiard. The boollet struc the flat ov the spere, and shatterd the blade intoo fragments.

Agane the ci ov astonishment went up.

“Nou, Twalaa, we ghiv this madgic chube too the, and bi-and-bi I wil sho the hou too use it; but beware hou dhou ternst the madgic ov the Starz against a man ov erth,” and I handed him the rifel.

The king tooc it verry gin’gerly, and lade it doun at hiz fete. Az he did so I observd the wisend munky-like ffigure creping from the shaddo ov the hut. It crept on aul foerz, but when it reecht the place whare the king sat it rose uppon its fete, and throwing the fuury cuvvering from its face, reveeld a moast extrordinary and weerd countenans. Aparrently it wauz dhat ov a woomman ov grate age so shrunken dhat in cise

it ceemd no larger dhan the face ov a yere-oald chiald, auldho made up ov a number ov depe and yello rinkelz. Cet in these rinkelz wauz a sunken slit, dhat represented the mouth, beneeth which the chin kervd outwordz too a point. Dhare wauz no nose too speke ov; indede, the vizzage

mite hav bene taken for dhat ov a sun-dride corps had it not bene for a pare ov larj blac ise, stil fool ov fire and intelligens, which gleemd and plade under the sno-white iabrouz, and the progecting parchent-cullord scul, like juwelz in a charnel-hous. Az for the hed itcelf, it wauz perfectly bare, and yello in hu, while its rinkeld scalp muivd and contracted like the hood ov a coabraa.

The figgure too which this feerfool countenans belongd, a countenans so feerfool indede dhat it cauzd a shivver ov fere too paas throo us az we gaizd on it, stood stil for a moment. Then suddenly it progected a skinny clau armd widh nailz neerly an inch long, and laying it on the shoalder ov Twalaa the king, began too speke in a thhin and peercing vois—

“Liscen, O king! Liscen, O woreyorz! Liscen, O mountainz and plainz and rivverz, home ov the Coocoowaanaa race! Liscen, O skise and sun, O rane and storm and mist! Liscen, O men and wimmen, O ueths and madenz, and O ye baibz unborn! Liscen, aul thhingz dhat liv and must di! Liscen, aul ded thhingz dhat shal liv agane—agane too di! Liscen, the spirrit ov life iz in me and I proffeci. I proffeci! I proffeci!”

The werdz dide awa in a faint wale, and dred ceemd too cese uppon the harts ov aul whoo herd them, including our one. This oald woomman wauz verry terribel.

““Blud! blud! blud!” rivverz ov blud; blud evveriwahre. I ce it, I smel it, I taist it—it iz sault! it runz red uppon the ground, it rainz doun from the skise.

““Footsteps! footsteps! footsteps!” the tred ov the white man cumming from afar. It shaix the erth; the erth trembelz befoer her maaster.

“Blud iz good, the red blud iz brite; dhare iz no smel like the smel ov nu-shed blud. The liyonz shal lap it and roer, the vulchuerz shal waush dhare wingz in it and shreke widh joi.

“I am oald! I am oald! I hav cene much blud; “haa, haa!” but I shal ce moer are I di, and be merry. Hou oald am I, thhinc ye? Yor faatherz nu me, and “dhare” faatherz nu me, and “dhare” faatherz’ faatherz’ faatherz. I hav cene the white man and no hiz desiarz. I am oald, but the mountainz ar oalder dhan I. Whoo made the grate rode, tel me? Whoo rote the picchuerz on the rox, tel me? Whoo reerd up the thre Cilent Wunz yonder, dhat gase acros the pit, tel me?” and she pointed toowordz the thre precippitous mountainz which we had notiast on the preveyous nite.

“Ye no not, but I no. It wauz a white pepel whoo wer befoer ye ar, whoo shal be when ye ar not, whoo shal ete u up and destroi u.

“Ya! ya! ya!”

“And whaut came dha for, the White Wunz, the Terribel Wunz, the skild in madgic and aul lerning, the strong, the unswerving? Whaut iz dhat brite stone uppon thi foerhed, O king? Whoose handz made the iarn garments uppon thi brest, O king? Ye no not, but I no. I the Oald Wun, I the Wise Wun, I the *Isanusi*, the wich doctres!”

Then she ternd her bauld vulchure-hed toowordz us.

“Whaut ceke ye, white men ov the Starz—aa, yes, ov the Starz? Doo ye ceke

a lost wun? Ye shal not fiand him here. He iz not here. Nevver for agez uppon agez haz a white foot prest this land; nevver exept wuns, and I remember dhat he left it but too di. Ye cum for brite stoanz; I no it—I no it; ye shal fiand them when the blud iz dri; but shal ye retern whens ye came, or shal ye stop widh me? “Haa! haa! haa!”

“And dhou, dhou widh the darc skin and the proud baring,” and she pointed her skinny fin’gher at Umbopaa, “whoo art “dhou”, and whaut ceext

“dhou”? Not stoanz dhat shine, not yello mettal dhat gleemz, these dhou leevst too ‘white men from the Starz.’ Methhinx I no the; methhinx I can smel the smel ov the blud in thi hart. Strip of the gherdel—”

Here the fechuerz ov this extrordinary crechure became convulst, and she fel too the ground foming in an epileptic fit, and wauz carrede intoo the hut.

The king rose up trembling, and waivd hiz hand. Instantly the redgiments began too file of, and in ten minnuets, save for ourcelvz, the king, and a fu attendants, the grate space wauz left empty.

“White pepel,” he ced, “it paacez in mi miand too kil u. Gagoole haz spoken strainj werdz. Whaut sa ye?”

I laaft. “Be caerfool, O king, we ar not esy too sla. Dhou hast cene the fate ov the ox; woodst dhou be az the ox iz?”

The king fround. “It iz not wel too thretten a king.”

“We thretten not, we speke whaut iz troo. Tri too kil us, O king, and lern.”

The grate savvage poot hiz hand too hiz foerhed and thaut.

“Go in pece,” he ced at length. “Too-nite iz the grate daans. Ye shal ce it. Fere not dhat I shal cet a snare for u. Too-morro I wil thhinc.”

“It iz wel, O king,” I aancerd unconcerndly, and then, acumpanede

bi Infadoos, we rose and went bac too our craal.

## CHAPTER 10.

### THE WICH-HUNT

On reching our hut I moashond too Infadoos too enter widh us.

“Nou, Infadoos,” I ced, “we wood speke widh the.”

“Let mi lordz sa on.”

“It ceemz too us, Infadoos, dhat Twalaa the king iz a croowel man.”

“It iz so, mi lordz. Alaas! the land crise out becauz ov hiz crooweltese. Too-nite ye shal ce. It iz the grate wich-hunt, and menny wil be smelt out az wizzardz and slane. No manz life iz safe. If the king cuvvets a manz cattel, or a manz wife, or if he feerz a man dhat he shood exite a rebelleyon against him, then Gagoole, whoome ye sau, or sum ov the wich-fianding wimmen whoome she haz taut, wil smel dhat man out az a wizzard, and he wil be kild. Menny must di befoer the moone grose pale too-nite. It iz evver so. Perhaps I too shal be kild. Az yet I hav bene spaerd becauz I am skild in wor, and am beluvd bi the soalgerz; but I no not hou long I hav too liv. The land groanz at the crooweltese ov Twalaa the king; it iz werede ov him and hiz red wase.”

“Then whi iz it, Infadoos, dhat the pepel doo not caast him doun?”

“Na, mi lordz, he iz the king, and if he wer kild Scraggaa wood

rane in hiz place, and the hart ov Scraggaa iz blacker dhan the hart ov Twalaa hiz faather. If Scraggaa wer king hiz yoke uppon our nec wood be hevveyer dhan the yoke ov Twalaa. If Imotoo had nevver bene slane, or if Ignosy hiz sun had livd, it mite hav bene utherwise; but dha ar boath ded."

"Hou noast dhou dhat Ignosy iz ded?" ced a vois behiand us. We looct round astonnisht too ce whoo spoke. It wauz Umbopaa.

"Whaut menest dhou, boi?" aasct Infadoos; "whoo toald the too speke?"

"Liscen, Infadoos," wauz the aancer, "and I wil tel the a stoery. Yeez ago the king Imotoo wauz kild in this cuntry and hiz wife fled widh the boi Ignosy. Iz it not so?"

"It iz so."

"It wauz ced dhat the woomman and her sun dide uppon the mountainz. Iz it not so?"

"It iz even so."

"Wel, it came too paas dhat the muther and the boi Ignosy did not di. Dha crost the mountainz and wer led bi a tribe ov waundering dezsart men acros the sandz beyond, til at laast dha came too wauter and graas and trese agane."

"Hou noast dhou this?"

"Liscen. Dha travveld on and on, menny munths' gerny, til dha reecht a land whare a pepel cauld the Amazooloo, whoo aulso ar ov the

Coocoowaanaa stoc, liv bi wor, and widh them dha tarrede menny yeerz, til  
at length the muther dide. Then the sun Ignosy became a waunderer agane,  
and gernede intoo a land ov wunderz, whare white pepel liv, and for  
menny moer yeerz he lernd the wizdom ov the white pepel.”

“It iz a pritty stoery,” ced Infadoos incredjulously.

“For yeerz he livd dhare werking az a cervant and a soalger, but  
hoalding in hiz hart aul dhat hiz muther had toald him ov hiz one place,  
and caasting about in hiz miand too fiand hou he mite gerny thither too  
ce hiz pepel and hiz faatherz hous befoer he dide. For long yeerz he  
livd and wated, and at laast the time came, az it evver cumz too him  
whoo can wate for it, and he met sum white men whoo wood ceke this  
un’none land, and joind himcelf too them. The white men started and  
travveld on and on, ceking for wun whoo iz lost. Dha crost the  
berning dezsert, dha crost the sno-clad mountainz, and at laast  
reecht the land ov the Coocoowaanaaz, and dhare dha found “the”, O  
Infadoos.”

“Shuerly dhou art mad too tauc dhus,” ced the astonnisht oald soalger.

“Dhou thhinxt so; ce, I wil sho the, O mi unkel.

““I am Ignosy, riatfool king ov the Coocoowaanaaz!””

Then widh a cin’ghel muivment Umbopaa slipt of hiz “moochaa” or  
gherdel,  
and stood naked befoer us.

“Looc,” he ced; “whaut iz this?” and he pointed too the picchure ov a  
grate snake tatoode in blu round hiz middel, its tale disapering  
intoo its open mouth just abuv whare the thhise ar cet intoo the boddy.

Infadoos looct, hiz ise starting neerly out ov hiz hed. Then he fel uppon hiz nese.

*“Koom! Koom!”* he ejacculated; *“it iz mi brutherz sun; it iz the king.”*

*“Did I not tel the so, mi unkel? Rise; I am not yet the king, but widh thi help, and widh the help ov these brave white men, whoo ar mi frendz, I shal be. Yet the oald wich Gagoole wauz rite, the land shal run widh blud ferst, and herz shal run widh it, if she haz enny and can di, for she kild mi faather widh her werdz, and drove mi muther foerth. And nou, Infadoos, chuse dhou. Wilt dhou poot thi handz betwene mi handz and be mi man? Wilt dhou share the dain’gerz dhat li befoer me, and help me too overthro this tirant and merderer, or wilt dhou not? Chuse dhou.”*

The oald man poot hiz hand too hiz hed and thaut. Then he rose, and advaancing too whare Umbopaa, or raather Ignosy, stood, he nelt befoer him, and tooc hiz hand.

*“Ignosy, riatfool king ov the Coccoowaanaaz, I poot mi hand betwene thi handz, and am thi man til deth. When dhou waust a babe I dandeld the uppon mi nese, nou shal mi oald arm strike for the and fredom.”*

*“It iz wel, Infadoos; if I conker, dhou shalt be the gratest man in the kingdom aafter its king. If I fale, dhou canst oonly di, and deth iz not far of from the. Rise, mi unkel.”*

*“And ye, white men, wil ye help me? Whaut hav I too offer u! The white stoanz! If I conker and can fiand them, ye shal hav az menny az ye can carry hens. Wil dhat sufice u?”*

I traanzlated this remarc.

“Tel him,” aancerd Cer Henry, “dhat he mistaix an In’gliselman. Welth iz good, and if it cumz in our wa we wil take it; but a gentelman duz not cel himcelf for welth. Stil, speking for micelf, I sa this. I hav aulwase liact Umbopaa, and so far az lise in me I wil stand bi him in this biznes. It wil be verry plezzant too me too tri too sqware matterz widh dhat croowel devvil Twalaa. Whaut doo u sa, Good, and u, Qwatermane?”

“Wel,” ced Good, “too adopt the lan’gwage ov hiperbole, in which aul these pepel ceme too indulj, u can tel him dhat a rou iz shuerly good, and wormz the cockelz ov the hart, and dhat so far az I am concernd Ime hiz boi. Mi oanly stipulaishon iz dhat he alouz me too ware trouserz.”

I traanzlated the substans ov these aancerz.

“It iz wel, mi frendz,” ced Ignosy, late Umbopaa; “and whaut saist dhou, Macumazaan, art dhou aulso widh me, oald hunter, clevverer dhan a wuinded buffalo?”

I thaut awhile and scracht mi hed.

“Umbopaa, or Ignosy,” I ced, “I doant like revolueshonz. I am a man ov pece and a bit ov a couward”—here Umbopaa smiald—“but, on the uther hand, I stic up for mi frendz, Ignosy. U hav stuc too us and plade the part ov a man, and I wil stic bi u. But miand u, I am a trader, and hav too make mi livving, so I axept yor offer about dhose dimondz in cace we shood evver be in a posishon too avale ourcelvz ov it. Anuther thhing: we came, az u no, too looc for Incubuse (Cer Henrese) lost bruther. U must help us too fiand him.”

“Dhat I wil doo,” aancerd Ignosy. “Sta, Infadoos, bi the cine ov the

snake about mi middel, tel me the truith. Haz enny white man too thi nollej cet hiz foot within the land?"

"Nun, O Ignosy."

"If enny white man had bene cene or herd ov, woodst dhou hav none?"

"I shood certainly hav none."

"Dhou herest, Incubu," ced Ignosy too Cer Henry; "he haz not bene here."

"Wel, wel," ced Cer Henry, with a ci; "dhare it iz; I supose dhat he nevver got so far. Poor fello, poor fello! So it haz aul bene for nuthhing. Godz wil be dun."

"Nou for biznes," I poot in, ancshous too escape from a painfool subject. "It iz verry wel too be a king bi rite divine, Ignosy, but hou dust dhou propose too becum a king indede?"

"Na, I no not. Infadoos, hast dhou a plan?"

"Ignosy, Sun ov the Liatning," aancerd hiz unkel, "too-nite iz the grate daans and wich-hunt. Menny shal be smelt out and perrish, and in the harts ov menny utherz dhare wil be grefe and an'gwish and fury against the king Twalaa. When the daans iz over, then I wil speke too sum ov the grate cheefs, whoo in tern, if I can win them over, wil speke too dhare redgiments. I shal speke too the cheefs softly at ferst, and bring them too ce dhat dhou art indede the king, and I thhinc dhat bi too-morrore lite dhou shalt hav twenty thousand speerz at thi comaand. And nou I must go and thhinc, and here, and make reddy. Aafter the daans iz dun, if I am yet alive, and we ar aul alive, I wil mete the here, and we can tauc. At the best dhare must be wor."

At this moment our conferens wauz interupted bi the cri dhat mescen'gerz had cum from the king. Advaancing too the doer ov the hut we orderd dhat dha shood be admitted, and prezently thre men enterd, eche baring a shining shert ov chane armor, and a magnifficent battel-ax.

"The ghifts ov mi lord the king too the white men from the Starz!" ced a herrald whoo came widh them.

"We thanc the king," I aancerd; "widhdrau."

The men went, and we exammiand the armor widh grate interest. It wauz the moast wunderfool chane werc dhat iather ov us had evver cene. A whole cote fel tooghether so cloasly dhat it formd a mas ov linx scaersly too big too be cuvverd widh boath handz.

"Doo u make these thhingz in this cuntry, Infadoos?" I aasct; "dha ar verry butifool."

"Na, mi lord, dha came doun too us from our foerfaatherz. We no not whoo made them, and dhare ar but fu left.[7] Nun but dhose ov roiyal blud ma be clad in them. Dha ar madgic coats throo which no spere can paas, and dhose whoo ware them ar wel-ni safe in the battel. The king iz wel pleezd or much afrade, or he wood not hav cent these garments ov stele. Cloadh yorcelvz in them too-nite, mi lordz."

[7] In the Soudan soerdz and coats ov male ar stil woern bi Arrabz, whose ancestorz must hav stript them from the boddese ov Croosaderz.—"Edditor".

The remainder ov dhat da we spent qwiyetly, resting and tauking over the cichuwaishon, which wauz sufishmently exiting. At laast the sun went

doun, the thousand wauch fiarz glode out, and throo the darcnes we herd the tramp ov menny fete and the clashing ov hundredz ov speerz, az the redgiments paast too dhare apointed placez too be reddy for the grate daans. Then the fool moone shon out in splendor, and az we stood wauching her rase, Infadoos ariavd, clad in hiz wor dres, and acumpanede bi a gard ov twenty men too escort us too the daans. Az he recomended, we had aulreddy dond the sherts ov chane armor which the king had cent us, pootting them on under our ordinary cloathing, and fianding too our cerprise dhat dha wer niather verry hevvy nor uncumfortabel. These stele sherts, which evvidently had bene made for men ov a verry larj statchure, hung sumwhaut luisly uppon Good and micelf, but Cer Henrese fitted hiz magnificent frame like a gluv. Then strapping our revolverz round our waists, and taking in our handz the battel-axe which the king had cent widh the armor, we started.

On ariving at the grate craal, whare we had dhat morning bene receevd bi the king, we found dhat it wauz cloasly pact widh sum twenty thousand men arainjd round it in redgiments. These redgiments wer in tern divided intoo cumpanese, and betwene eche cumpany ran a littel paath too alou space for the wich-fianderz too paas up and doun. Ennithhing moer imposing dhan the cite dhat wauz presented bi this vaast and orderly concors ov armd men it iz imposcibel too conceive. Dhare dha stood perfectly cilent, and the moone poerd her lite uppon the forrest ov dhare raizd speerz, uppon dhare magestic formz, waving pluemz, and the harmoanyous shading ov dhare vareyouc-cullord sheeldz. Wharevver we looct wer line uppon line ov dim facez cermounted bi rainj uppon rainj ov shimmering speerz.

“Shuerly,” I ced too Infadoos, “the whole army iz here?”

“Na, Macumazaan,” he aancerd, “but a thherd ov it. Wun thherd iz prezsent at this daans eche yere, anuther thherd iz musterd outside in

cace dhare shood be trubbel when the killing beghinz, ten thousand moer garrison the outpoasts round Loo, and the rest wauch at the craalz in the cuntry. Dhou ceest it iz a grate pepel."

"Dha ar verry cilent," ced Good; and indede the intens stilnes amung such a vaast concors ov livving men wauz aulmoast overpouwering.

"Whaut cez Bougwan?" aasct Infadoos.

I traanzlated.

"Dhose over whoome the shaddo ov Deth iz hovvering ar cilent," he aancerd grimly.

"Wil menny be kild?"

"Verry menny."

"It ceemz," I ced too the utherz, "dhat we ar gowing too acist at a glajatoreyal sho arainjd regardles ov expans."

Cer Henry shivverd, and Good ced he wisht dhat we cood ghet out ov it.

"Tel me," I aasct Infadoos, "ar we in dain'ger?"

"I no not, mi lordz, I trust not; but doo not ceme afrade. If ye liv throo the nite aul ma go wel widh u. The soalgerz mermer against the king."

Aul this while we had bene advaancing steddily toowordz the center ov the open space, in the midst ov which wer plaist sum stuilz. Az we

proceded we perceevd anuther smaul party cumming from the direcshon  
ov  
the roiyal hut.

“It iz the king Twalaa, Scraggaa hiz sun, and Gagoole the oald; and ce,  
widh them ar dhose whoo sla,” ced Infadoos, pointing too a littel  
groope ov about a duzsen gigantic and savvage-loocking men, armd widh  
speerz in wun hand and hevvy kerrese in the uther.

The king ceted himcelf uppon the center stoole, Gagoole croucht at hiz  
fete, and the utherz stood behiand him.

“Greting, white lordz,” Twalaa cride, az we came up; “be ceted, waist  
not preshous time—the nite iz aul too short for the deedz dhat must be  
dun. Ye cum in a good our, and shal ce a gloereyous sho. Looc  
round, white lordz; looc round,” and he roald hiz wun wicked i from  
redgiment too redgiment. “Can the Starz sho u such a cite az this? Ce  
hou dha shake in dhare wickednes, aul dhose whoo hav evil in dhare  
harts and fere the jujment ov ‘Hevven abuv.’”

““Beghin! beghin!”” piapt Gagoole, in her thhin peercing vois; “the  
hiyenaaz  
ar hun’gry, dha houl for foode. “Beghin! beghin!””

Then for a moment dhare wauz intens stilnes, made horribel bi a  
pressage ov whaut wauz too cum.

The king lifted hiz spere, and suddenly twenty thousand fete wer  
raizd, az dho dha belongd too wun man, and braut down widh a  
stamp uppon the erth. This wauz repeted thre tiamz, causing the sollid  
ground too shake and trembel. Then from a far point ov the cercel a  
sollitary vois began a waling song, ov which the refrane ran sumthhing  
az follose:—

““Whaut iz the lot ov man born ov woomman?””

Bac came the aancer roling out from evvery throte in dhat vaast cumpany—

““Deth!””

Gradjuwaly, houwevver, the song wauz taken up bi cumpany aafter cumpany, til the whole armd multichude wer cinging it, and I cood no lon'gher follo the werdz, exept in so far az dha apeerd too represent vareyouz fasez ov human pashonz, feerz, and joiz. Nou it ceemd too be a luv song, nou a magestic swelling wor chaant, and laast ov aul a deth derj ending suddenly in wun hart-braking wale dhat went eccowing and roling awa in a vollume ov blud-kerdling sound.

Agane cilens fel uppon the place, and agane it wauz broken bi the king lifting hiz hand. Instantly we herd a pattering ov fete, and from out ov the mascez ov woreyorz strainj and aufool figguerz apeerd running toowordz us. Az dha droo nere we sau dhat these wer wimmen, moast ov them aijd, for dhare white hare, ornamented widh smaul bladderz taken from fish, streemd out behiand them. Dhare facez wer painted in striaps ov white and yello; doun dhare bax hung snake-skinz, and round dhare waists ratteld cerclets ov human boanz, while eche held a smaul forct waund in her shrivveld hand. In aul dhare wer ten ov them. When dha ariavd in frunt ov us dha halted, and wun ov them, pointing widh her waund toowordz the crouching figure ov Gagoole, cride out—

“Muther, oald muther, we ar here.”

““Good! good! good!”” aancerd dhat aijd Iniqwity. “Ar yor ise kene, *Isanusis* [wich doctrecez], ye ceerz in darc placez?”

“Muther, dha ar kene.”

““Good! good! good!” Ar yor eerz open, *Isanusic*, ye whoo here werdz dhat cum not from the tung?”

“Muther, dha ar open.”

““Good! good! good!” Ar yor cencez awake, *Isanusic*—can ye smel blud, can ye perj the land ov the wicked wunz whoo cumpas evil against the king and against dhare naborz? Ar ye reddy too doo the justice ov ‘Hevven abuv,’ ye whoome I hav taut, whoo hav eten ov the bred ov mi wizdom, and drunc ov the wauter ov mi madgic?”

“Muther, we can.”

“Then go! Tarry not, ye vulchuerz; ce, the slayerz”—pointing too the omminous groope ov execuëshonerz behiand—“make sharp dhare speerz; the white men from afar ar hun’gry too ce. “Go!””

Widh a wiald yel Gaguilz horrid minnisterz broke awa in evvery direcshon, like fragments from a shel, the dri boanz round dhare waists ratling az dha ran, and hedded for vareyous points ov the dens human cerkel. We cood not wauch them aul, so we fixt our ise uppon the *Isanusi* nerest too us. When she came too within a fu pacez ov the woreyorz she halted and began too daans wialdly, terning round and round widh an aulmoast increddibel rapiddity, and shreking out centencez such az

“I smel him, the evil-doower!” “He iz nere, he whoo poizond hiz muther!”

“I here the thauts ov him whoo thaut evil ov the king!”

Qwicker and qwicker she daanst, til she lasht hercelf intoo such a frensy ov exiatment dhat the fome flu in spex from her nashing jauz, til her ise ceemd too start from her hed, and her flesh too qwivver vizsibly. Suddenly she stopt ded and stiffend aul over, like a pointer dog when he cents game, and then widh outstrecht waund she began too crepe stelthhily toowordz the soalgerz befoer her. It ceemd too us dhat az she came dhare stowicizm gave wa, and dhat dha shranc from her. Az for ourcelvz, we follode her muivments widh a horribel facinaishon. Prezsently, stil creping and crouching like a dog, the *Isanusi* wauz befoer them. Then she halted and pointed, and agane crept on a pace or too.

Suddenly the end came. Widh a shreke she sprang in and tucht a taul woreyor widh her forct waund. Instantly too ov hiz comraidz, dhose standing imejaitly next too him, ceezd the duimnd man, eche bi wun arm, and advaanst widh him toowordz the king.

He did not resist, but we sau dhat he dragd hiz limz az dho dha wer parraliazd, and dhat hiz fin'gherz, from which the spere had faulen, wer limp like dhose ov a man nuly ded.

Az he came, too ov the villanous execueshonerz stept forword too mete him. Prezsently dha met, and the execueshonerz ternd round, loocking toowordz the king az dho for orderz.

""Kil!"" ced the king.

""Kil!"" sqweect Gagoole.

""Kil!"" re-eccode Scraggaa, widh a hollo chuckel.

Aulmoast befoer the werdz wer utterd the horribel dede wauz dun. Wun man had drivven hiz spere intoo the victimz hart, and too make ashurans

dubbel shure, the uther had dasht out hiz brainz widh a grate club.

““Wun”,” counted Twalaa the king, just like a blac Madam Defarj, az Good ced, and the boddy wauz dragd a fu pacez awa and strecht out.

Hardly wauz the thhing dun befoer anuther poor rech wauz braut up, like an ox too the slauter. This time we cood ce, from the leppard-skin cloke which he woer, dhat the man wauz a person ov ranc. Agane the aufool cillabelz wer spoken, and the victim fel ded.

““Too”,” counted the king.

And so the dedly game went on, til about a hundred boddese wer strecht in rose behiand us. I hav herd ov the glajatoreyal shose ov the Cezarz, and ov the Spannish bool-fiats, but I take the libberty ov douting if iather ov them cood be haaf so horribel az this Coocoowaanaa wich-hunt. Glajatoreyal shose and Spannish bool-fiats at enny rate contribbuted too the public amuezmment, which certainly wauz not the cace here. The moast confermd censaishon-mun'gher wood fite shi ov censaishon if he nu dhat it wauz wel on the cardz dhat he wood, in hiz one propper person, be the subject ov the next “event.”

Wuns we rose and tride too remmonstrate, but wer sternly represt bi Twalaa.

“Let the lau take its coers, white men. These dogz ar magishanz and evil-doowerz; it iz wel dhat dha shood di,” wauz the oonly aancer vouchsaift too us.

About haaf-paast ten dhare wauz a pauz. The wich-fianderz gatherd themcelvz tooghether, aparrently exhausted widh dhare bluddy werc, and we thaut dhat the performans wauz dun widh. But it wauz not so, for

prezently, too our cerprise, the ainshent woomman, Gagoole, rose from her

crouching posishon, and supoerting hercelf widh a stic, staggherd of intoo the open space. It wauz an extrordinary cite too ce this friatfool vulchure-hedded oald crechure, bent neerly dubbel widh extreme age, gather strength bi degrese, until at laast she rusht about aulmoast az actiavly az her il-omend pupilz. Too and fro she ran, chaanting too hercelf, til suddenly she made a dash at a taul man standing in frunt ov wun ov the redgiments, and tucht him. Az she did this a sort ov grone went up from the redgiment which evvidently he comaanded. But too

ov its officerz ceezd him aul the same, and braut him up for execueshon. We lernd aafterwordz dhat he wauz a man ov grate welth and importans, beying indede a cuzsin ov the king.

He wauz slane, and Twalaa counted wun hundred and thre. Then Gagoole agane sprang too and fro, gradjuwaly drauwing nerer and nerer too ourcelvz.

“Hang me if I doant beleve she iz gowing too tri her gaimz on us,” ejacculated Good in horror.

“Noncens!” ced Cer Henry.

Az for micelf, when I sau dhat oald feend daancing nerer and nerer, mi hart pozsitiavly sanc intoo mi buits. I glaanst behiand us at the long rose ov corpcez, and shivverd.

Nerer and nerer waultst Gagoole, loocking for aul the werld like an animated crooked stic or commaa, her horrid ise gleming and glowing widh a moast unholy luster.

Nerer she came, and yet nerer, evvery crechure in dhat vaast ascemblage wauching her muivments widh intens anxiyety. At laast she stood stil

and pointed.

“Which iz it too be?” aasct Cer Henry too himcelf.

In a moment aul douts wer at rest, for the oald hag had rusht in and tucht Umbopaa, aleyas Ignosy, on the shoalder.

“I smel him out,” she shreect. “Kil him, kil him, he iz fool ov evil; kil him, the strain’ger, befoer blud flose from him. Sla him, O king.”

Dhare wauz a pauz, ov which I instantly tooc advaantage.

“O king,” I cauld out, rising from mi cete, “this man iz the cervant ov thi ghests, he iz dhare dog; whoosowevver shedz the blud ov our dog shedz our blud. Bi the saicred lau ov hospitallity I clame protecshon for him.”

“Gagoole, muther ov the wich-fianderz, haz smelt him out; he must di, white men,” wauz the sullen aancer.

“Na, he shal not di,” I replide; “he whoo trise too tuch him shal di indede.”

“Cese him!” roerd Twalaa too the execueshonerz; whoo stood round red too the ise widh the blud ov dhare victimz.

Dha advaanst toowordz us, and then hezsitated. Az for Ignosy, he clucht hiz spere, and raizd it az dho determiand too cel hiz life deerly.

“Stand bac, ye dogz!” I shouted, “if ye wood ce too-morroze lite. Tuch wun hare ov hiz hed and yor king dise,” and I cuvverd Twalaa

widh mi revolver. Cer Henry and Good aulso droo dhare pistolz, Cer Henry pointing hiz at the leding execueshoner, whoo wauz advaancing too carry out the centens, and Good taking a delibberate ame at Gagoole.

Twalaa winst perceptibly az mi barrel came in a line widh hiz braud chest.

“Wel,” I ced, “whaut iz it too be, Twalaa?”

Then he spoke.

“Poot awa yor madgic chuebz,” he ced; “ye hav adjuerd me in the name ov hospitallity, and for dhat rezon, but not from fere ov whaut ye can doo, I spare him. Go in pece.”

“It iz wel,” I aancerd unconcernedly; “we ar wery ov slauter, and wood slepe. Iz the daans ended?”

“It iz ended,” Twalaa aancerd sulkily. “Let these ded dogz,” pointing too the long rose ov corpcez, “be flung out too the hiyenaaz and the vulchuerz,” and he lifted hiz spere.

Instantly the redgiments began too defile throo the craal gaitwa in perfect cilens, a fateghe party oonly remaning behiand too drag awa the corpcez ov dhose whoo had bene sacrificast.

Then we rose aulso, and making our salaam too hiz madgesty, which he hardly daind too acnollej, we departed too our huts.

“Wel,” ced Cer Henry, az we sat doun, havving ferst lit a lamp ov the sort uezd bi the Coocoowaanaaz, ov which the wic iz made from the fiber ov

a speeshese ov paam lefe, and the oil from clarrifide hippopotamus fat,  
“wel, I fele uncommonly incliand too be cic.”

“If I had enny douts about helping Umbopaa too rebel against dhat  
infernal blacgard,” poot in Good, “dha ar gon nou. It wauz az much  
az I cood doo too cit stil while dhat slauter wauz gowing on. I tride  
too kepe mi ise shut, but dha wood open just at the rong time. I  
wunder whare Infadoos iz. Umbopaa, mi frend, u aut too be graitfool  
too us; yor skin came nere too havving an are-hole made in it.”

“I am graitfool, Bougwan,” wauz Umbopaaz aancer, when I had  
traanzlated,  
“and I shal not forghet. Az for Infadoos, he wil be here bi-and-bi. We  
must wate.”

So we lit our piaps and wated.

## CHAPTER 11.

### WE GHIV A CINE

For a long while—too ourz, I shood thhinc—we sat dhare in cilens,  
beying too much overwhelmed bi the recolecshon ov the horrorz we had  
cene too tauc. At laast, just az we wer thhinking ov terning in—for the  
nite droo ni too daun—we herd a sound ov steps. Then came the  
challenj ov a centry poasted at the craal gate, which apparrently wauz  
aancerd, dho not in an audibel tone, for the steps stil advaanst;  
and in anuther cecond Infadoos had enterd the hut, follode bi sum  
haaf-duzsen staitly-loocking cheefs.

“Mi lordz,” he ced, “I hav cum acording too mi werd. Mi lordz and Ignosy, riatfool king ov the Cooowaanaaz, I hav braut widh me these men,” pointing too the ro ov cheefs, “whoo ar grate men amung us, havving eche wun ov them the comaand ov thre thousand soalgerz, dhat liv but too doo dhare bidding, under the kingz. I hav toald them ov whaut I hav cene, and whaut mi eerz hav herd. Nou let them aulso behoald the saicred snake around the, and here thi stoery, Ignosy, dhat dha ma sa whether or no dha wil make cauz widh the against Twalaa the king.”

Bi wa ov aancer Ignosy agane stript of hiz gherdel, and exhibbited the snake tatoode about him. Eche chefe in tern droo nere and exammiand the cine bi the dim lite ov the lamp, and widhout saying a werd paast on too the uther side.

Then Ignosy rezhuemd hiz moochaa, and adrescing them, repeted the history he had detaild in the morning.

“Nou ye hav herd, cheefs,” ced Infadoos, when he had dun, “whaut sa ye: wil ye stand bi this man and help him too hiz faatherz throne, or wil ye not? The land crise out against Twalaa, and the blud ov the pepel flose like the wauterz in spring. Ye hav cene too-nite. Too uther cheefs dhare wer widh whoome I had it in mi miand too speke, and whare ar dha nou? The hiyenaaz houl over dhare corpcez. Soone shal ye be az dha ar if ye strike not. Chuse then, mi brutherz.”

The eldest ov the cix men, a short, thhic-cet woreyor, widh white hare, stept forword a pace and aancerd—

“Thi werdz ar troo, Infadoos; the land crise out. Mi one bruther iz amung dhose whoo dide too-nite; but this iz a grate matter, and the thhing iz hard too beleve. Hou no we dhat if we lift our speerz it ma not be for a thhfe and a liyar? It iz a grate matter, I sa, ov which nun can ce the end. For ov this be shure, blud wil flo in rivverz

beofer the dede iz dun; menny wil stil cleve too the king, for men wershship the sun dhat stil shianz brite in the hevvenz, raather dhan dhat which haz not rizsen. These white men from the Starz, dhare madgic iz grate, and Ignosy iz under the cuvver ov dhare wing. If he be indede the riatfool king, let them ghiv us a cine, and let the pepel hav a cine, dhat aul ma ce. So shal men cleve too us, nowing ov a truth dhat the white manz madgic iz widh them.”

“Ye hav the cine ov the snake,” I aancerd.

“Mi lord, it iz not enuf. The snake ma hav bene plaist dhare cins the manz chiald’hood. Sho us a cine, and it wil sufice. But we wil not moove widhout a cine.”

The utherz gave a decided acent, and I ternd in perplexity too Cer Henry and Good, and explaind the cichuwaishon.

“I thhinc dhat I hav it,” ced Good exultingly; “aasc them too ghiv us a moment too thhinc.”

I did so, and the cheefs widhdroo. So soone az dha had gon Good went too the littel box whare he kept hiz meddicianz, unloct it, and tooc out a note-booc, in the fli-leevz ov which wauz an aulmanac. “Nou looc here, u fellose, iznt too-morro the 4th ov June?” he ced.

We had kept a caerfool note ov the dase, so wer abel too aancer dhat it wauz.

“Verry good; then here we hav it—‘4 June, total eclips ov the moone comencez at 8.15 Grennich time, vizsibel in Tenerif—“South Africaa”, &c.’ Dhaerz a cine for u. Tel them we wil darken the moone too-morro nite.”

The ideyaa wauz a splendid wun; indede, the oanly weke spot about it wauz a fere lest Goodz aulmanac mite be incorect. If we made a fauls proffecy on such a subgect, our presteje wood be gon for evver, and so wood Ignosese chaans ov the throne ov the Coocoowaanaaz.

“Supose dhat the aulmanac iz rong,” sugested Cer Henry too Good, whoo wauz bizsily emloid in werking out sumthhing on a blanc page ov the booc.

“I ce no rezon too supose ennithhing ov the sort,” wauz hiz aancer. “Eclipez aulwase cum up too time; at leest dhat iz mi expereyens ov them, and it espeshaly staits dhat this wun wil be vizsibel in South Africaa. I hav werct out the recconingz az wel az I can, widhout nowing our exact posishon; and I make out dhat the eclips shood beghin here about ten oacloc toomorro nite, and laast til haaf-paast twelv. For an our and a haaf or so dhare shood be aulmoast total darcnes.”

“Wel,” ced Cer Henry, “I supose we had better risc it.”

I aqweyest, dho doutfooly, for eclipez ar qwere cattel too dele widh—it mite be a cloudy nite, for instans, or our daits mite be rong—and cent Umbopaa too summon the cheefs bac. Prezsently dha came, and I adrest them dhus—

“Grate men ov the Coocoowaanaaz, and dhou, Infadoos, liscen. We luv not too sho our pouwerz, for too doo so iz too interfere widh the coers ov nachure, and too plunj the werld intoo fere and confuezhon. But cins this matter iz a grate wun, and az we ar an’gherd against the king becauz ov the slauter we hav cene, and becauz ov the act ov the *Isanusi*

Gagoole, whoo wood hav poot our frend Ignosy too deth, we hav determiand too brake a roole, and too ghiv such a cine az aul men ma ce. Cum hither"; and I led them too the doer ov the hut and pointed too the red baul ov the moone. "Whaut ce ye dhare?"

"We ce the cinking moone," aancerd the spoaxman ov the party.

"It iz so. Nou tel me, can enny mortal man poot out dhat moone befoer her our ov cetting, and bring the kertane ov blac nite doun uppon the land?"

The chefe laaft a littel at the qweschon. "No, mi lord, dhat no man can doo. The moone iz stron'gher dhan man whoo loox on her, nor can she vary in her coerchez."

"Ye sa so. Yet I tel u dhat too-morro nite, about too ourz befoer midnite, we wil cauz the moone too be eten up for a space ov an our and haaf an our. Yes, depe darcnes shal cuvver the erth, and it shal be for a cine dhat Ignosy iz indede king ov the Coocoowaanaaz. If we doo this thhing, wil ye be sattisfide?"

"Ya, mi lordz," aancerd the oald chefe with a smile, which wauz reflected on the facez ov hiz companyonz; "'if" ye doo this thhing, we wil be sattisfide indede."

"It shal be dun; we thre, Incubu, Bougwan, and Macumazaan, hav ced it, and it shal be dun. Dust dhou here, Infadoos?"

"I here, mi lord, but it iz a wunderfool thhing dhat ye prommice, too poot out the moone, the muther ov the werld, when she iz at her fool."

"Yet shal we doo it, Infadoos."

"It iz wel, mi lordz. Too-da, too ourz aafter suncet, Twalaa wil cend

for mi lordz too witnes the gherlz daans, and wun our aafter the daans beghinz the gherl whoome Twalaa thhinx the farest shal be kild bi Scraggaa, the kingz sun, az a sacrifice too the Cilent Wunz, whoo cit and kepe wauch bi the mountainz yonder,” and he pointed toowordz the thre strainj-loocking peex whare Sollomonz rode wauz supoast too end. “Then let mi lordz darken the moone, and save the madenz life, and the pepel wil beleve indede.”

“I,” ced the oald chefe, stil smiling a littel, “the pepel wil beleve indede.”

“Too mialz from Loo,” went on Infadoos, “dhare iz a hil kervd like a nu moone, a strong’hoald, whare mi redgiment, and thre uther redgiments which these cheefs comaand, ar staishond. This morning we wil make a plan whaerbi too or thre uther redgiments ma be muivd dhare aulso. Then, if in truith mi lordz can darken the moone, in the darcnes I wil take mi lordz bi the hand and lede them out ov Loo too this place, whare dha shal be safe, and thens we can make wor uppon Twalaa the king.”

“It iz good,” ced I. “Nou leve us too slepe awhile and too make reddy our madgic.”

Infadoos rose, and, havving saluted us, departed widh the cheefs.

“Mi frendz,” ced Ignosy, so soone az dha wer gon, “can ye doo this wunderfool thhing, or wer ye speking empty werdz too the captainz?”

“We beleve dhat we can doo it, Umbopaa—Ignosy, I mene.”

“It iz strainj,” he aancerd, “and had ye not bene In’glisshmen I wood not hav beleevd it; but I hav lernd dhat In’glissh ‘gentelmen’ tel no lise. If we liv throo the matter, be shure dhat I wil repa u.”

“Ignosy,” ced Cer Henry, “prommice me wun thhing.”

"I wil prommice, Incubu, mi frend, even befoer I here it," aancerd the big man widh a smile. "Whaut iz it?"

"This: dhat if evver u cum too be king ov this pepel u wil doo awa widh the smelling out ov wizzardz such az we sau laast nite; and dhat the killing ov men widhout triyal shal no lon'gher take place in the land."

Ignosy thaut for a moment aafter I had traanzlated this reqwest, and then aancerd—

"The wase ov blac pepel ar not az the wase ov white men, Incubu, nor doo we vallu life so hily. Yet I wil prommice. If it be in mi pouwer too hoald them bac, the wich-fianderz shal hunt no moer, nor shal enny man di the deth widhout triyal or jujment."

"Dhats a bargane, then," ced Cer Henry; "and nou let us ghet a littel rest."

Thurroly werede out, we wer soone sound aslepe, and slept til Ignosy woke us about elevven oacloc. Then we rose, wausht, and ate a harty brecfast. Aafter dhat we went outside the hut and wauct about, amusing ourcelvz widh exammining the strucchure ov the Coocoowaanaa huts and observing the customz ov the wimmen.

"I hope dhat eclips wil cum of," ced Cer Henry prezsently.

"If it duz not it wil soone be aul up widh us," I aancerd moernfooly; "for so shure az we ar livving men sum ov dhose cheefs wil tel the whole stoery too the king, and then dhare wil be anuther sort ov eclips, and wun dhat we shal certainly not like."

Reterning too the hut we ate sum dinner, and paast the rest ov the da in receving vizsits ov cerremony and cureyoscity. At length the sun cet, and we enjoid a cuppel ov ourz ov such qwiyet az our mellancoly foerbodingz wood alou too us. Finaly, about haaf-paast ate, a mescen'ger came from Twalaa too bid us too the grate annuwal "daans ov gherlz" which wauz about too be cellebrated.

Haistily we poot on the chane sherts dhat the king had cent us, and taking our rifelz and amunishon widh us, so az too hav them handy in cace we had too fli, az sugested bi Infadoos, we started boaldly enuf, dho widh inword fere and trembling. The grate space in frunt ov the kingz craal boer a verry different aperans from dhat which it had presented on the preveyous evening. In place ov the grim ranx ov cerrede woreyorz wer cumpany aafter cumpany ov Coocoowaanaa gherlz, not over-drest, so far az cloathing went, but eche cround widh a reeth ov flouwerz, and hoalding a paam lefe in wun hand and a white arum lilly in the uther. In the center ov the open muinlit space sat Twalaa the king, widh oald Gagoole at hiz fete, atended bi Infadoos, the boi Scraggaa, and twelv gardz. Dhare wer aulso prezsent about a scoer ov cheefs, amungst whoome I reccogniazd moast ov our frendz ov the nite befoer.

Twalaa greted us widh much aparrent corjallity, dho I sau him fix hiz wun i vishously on Umbopaa.

"Welcum, white men from the Starz," he ced; "this iz anuther cite from dhat which yor ise gaizd on bi the lite ov laast niats moone, but it iz not so good a cite. Gherlz ar plezzant, and wer it not for such az these," and he pointed round him, "we shood nun ov us be here this da; but men ar better. Kiscez and the tender werdz ov wimmen ar swete, but the sound ov the clashing ov the speerz ov woreyorz, and the smel ov menz blod, ar sweter far! Wood ye hav wiavz from amung our pepel, white men? If so, chuse the farest here, and ye shal

hav them, az menny az ye wil," and he pauzd for an aancer.

Az the prospect did not ceme too be widhout atracshonz for Good, whoo, like moast salorz, iz ov a susceptibel nachure,—beying elderly and wise, foerceying the endles complicaishonz dhat ennithhing ov the sort wood involv, for wimmen bring trubbel so shuerly az the nite follose the da, I poot in a haisty aancer—

"Thanx too the, O king, but we white men wed oonly widh white wimmen like ourcelvz. Yor madenz ar fare, but dha ar not for us!"

The king laaft. "It iz wel. In our land dhare iz a provverb which runz, 'Wimmenz ise ar aulwase brite, whautevver the cullor,' and anuther dhat cez, 'Luv her whoo iz prezsent, for be shure she whoo iz abcent iz fauls too the;' but perhaps these thhingz ar not so in the Starz. In a land whare men ar white aul thhingz ar poscibel. So be it, white men; the gherlz wil not go begghing! Welcum agane; and welcum, too, dhou blac wun; if Gagoole here had wun her wa, dhou woodst hav bene stif and coald bi nou. It iz lucky for the dhat dhou too caimst from the Starz; haa! haa!"

"I can kil the befoer dhou kilst me, O king," wauz Ignosese caam aancer, "and dhou shalt be stif befoer mi limz cece too bend."

Twalaa started. "Dhou speext boaldly, boi," he replide an'grily; "prezhume not too far."

"He ma wel be boald in whoose lips ar truith. The truith iz a sharp spere which flise home and miscez not. It iz a message from 'the Starz,' O king."

Twalaa scould, and hiz wun i gleemd feersly, but he ced nuthhing moer.

“Let the daans beghin,” he cride, and then the flouwer-cround gherlz sprang forword in cumpanese, cinging a swete song and waving the delicate paamz and white lillse. On dha daanst, loocking faint and spirrichuwal in the soft, sad lite ov the rizens moone; nou wherling round and round, nou meting in mimmic worfare, swaying, eddeying here and dhare, cumming forword, fauling bac in an orderd confuezhon deliatfool too witnes. At laast dha pauzd, and a butifool yung woomman sprang out ov the ranx and began too piroowet in frunt ov us widh a grace and viggor which wood hav poot moast balla gherlz too shame. At length she retiard exhausted, and anuther tooc her place, then anuther and anuther, but nun ov them, iather in grace, skil, or personal atracshonz, came up too the ferst.

When the chosen gherlz had aul daanst, the king lifted hiz hand.

“Which deme ye the farest, white men?” he aasct.

“The ferst,” ced I unthhinkingly. Next cecond I regretted it, for I rememberd dhat Infadoos had toald us dhat the farest woomman must be offerd up az a sacrifice.

“Then iz mi miand az yor miandz, and mi ise az yor ise. She iz the farest! and a sorry thhing it iz for her, for she must di!”

““I, must di!”” piapt out Gagoole, caasting a glaans ov her qwic ise in the direcshon ov the poor gherl, whoo, az yet ignorant ov the aufool fate in stoer for her, wauz standing sum ten yardz of in frunt ov a cumpany ov madenz, en’gaijd in nervously picking a flouwer from her reeth too pecez, pettal bi pettal.

“Whi, O king?” ced I, restraining mi indignaishon widh difficulty; “the gherl haz daanst wel, and pleezd us; she iz fare too; it wood be hard too reword her widh deth.”

Twalaa laaft az he aancerd—

“It iz our custom, and the figguerz whoo cit in stone yonder,” and he pointed toowordz the thre distant peex, “must hav dhare ju. Did I fale too poot the farest gherl too deth too-da, misforchune wood faul uppon me and mi hous. Dhus runz the proffecy ov mi pepel: ‘If the king offer not a sacrifice ov a fare gherl, on the da ov the daans ov madenz, too the Oald Wunz whoo cit and wauch on the mountainz, then shal he faul, and hiz hous.’ Looc ye, white men, mi bruther whoo rained befoer me offerd not the sacrifice, becauz ov the teerz ov the woomman, and he fel, and hiz hous, and I rane in hiz sted. It iz finnisht; she must di!” Then terning too the gardz—“Bring her hither; Scraggaa, make sharp thi spere.”

Too ov the men stept forword, and az dha advaanst, the gherl, for the ferst time reyalising her impending fate, screemd aloud and ternd too fli. But the strong handz caut her faast, and braut her, strugling and weping, befoer us.

“Whaut iz thi name, gherl?” piapt Gagoole. “Whaut! wilt dhou not aancer? Shal the kingz sun doo hiz werc at wuns?”

At this hint, Scraggaa, loocking moer evil dhan evver, advaanst a step and lifted hiz grate spere, and at dhat moment I sau Goodz hand crepe too hiz revolver. The poor gherl caut the faint glint ov stele throo her teerz, and it soberd her an’gwish. She ceest strugling, and claasping her handz convulciavly, stood shuddering from hed too foot.

“Ce,” cride Scraggaa in hi gle, “she shrinx from the cite ov mi littel plaithhing even befoer she haz taisted it,” and he tapt the braud blade ov hiz spere.

“If evver I ghet the chaans u shal pa for dhat, u yung hound!” I

herd Good mutter beneeth hiz breth.

“Nou dhat dhou art qwiyet, ghiv us thi name, mi dere. Cum, speke out, and fere not,” ced Gagoole in mockery.

“O, muther,” aancerd the gherl, in trembling axents, “mi name iz Foulataa, ov the hous ov Shuco. O, muther, whi must I di? I hav dun no rong!”

“Be cumforted,” went on the oald woomman in her haitfool tone ov mockery.

“Dhou must di, indede, az a sacrifice too the Oald Wunz whoo cit yonder,” and she pointed too the peex; “but it iz better too slepe in the nite dhan too toil in the datime; it iz better too di dhan too liv, and dhou shalt di bi the roiyal hand ov the kingz one sun.”

The gherl Foulataa rung her handz in an’gwish, and cride out aloud, “O, croowel! and I so yung! Whaut hav I dun dhat I shood nevver agane ce the sun rise out ov the nite, or the starz cum following on hiz trac in the evening, dhat I ma no moer gather the flouwerz when the ju iz hevvy, or liscen too the laafing ov the wauterz? Wo iz me, dhat I shal nevver ce mi faatherz hut agane, nor fele mi mutherz kis, nor tend the lam dhat iz cic! Wo iz me, dhat no luvver shal poot hiz arm around me and looc intoo mi ise, nor shal men children be born ov me! O, croowel, croowel!”

And agane she rung her handz and ternd her tere-staind flouwer-cround face too Hevven, loocking so luvly in her despare—for she wauz indede a butifool woomman—dhat ashuerdly the cite ov her wood hav melted the harts ov enny les croowel dhan wer the thre feendz befoer us. Prins Arthherz apele too the ruffeyanz whoo came too bliand him wauz not moer tutching dhan dhat ov this savvage gherl.

But it did not moove Gagoole or Gaguilz maaster, dho I sau cianz ov pittly among the gardz behiand, and on the facez ov the cheefs; and az for Good, he gave a feers snort ov indignaishon, and made a moashon az dho too go too her acistans. With aul a woommanz qwicnes, the duimd gherl interpreted whaut wauz paacing in hiz miand, and bi a sudden muivment flung hercelf befoer him, and claaspt hiz "butifool white legz" widh her handz.

"O, white faather from the Starz!" she cride, "thro over me the mantel ov thi protecshon; let me crepe intoo the shaddo ov thi strength, dhat I ma be saivd. O, kepe me from these croowel men and from the mercese ov Gagoole!"

"Aul rite, mi harty, Ile looc aafter u," sang out Good in nervous Saxon. "Cum, ghet up, dhaerz a good gherl," and he stuipt and caut her hand.

Twalaa ternd and moashond too hiz sun, whoo advaanst widh hiz spere lifted.

"Nouz yor time," whisperd Cer Henry too me; "whaut ar u wating for?"

"I am wating for dhat eclips," I aancerd; "I hav had mi i on the moone for the laast haaf-our, and I nevver sau it looc helthheyer."

"Wel, u must risc it nou, or the gherl wil be kild. Twalaa iz loosing paishens."

Reccognising the foers ov the argument, and havving caast wun moer desparing looc at the brite face ov the moone, for nevver did the moast ardent astronnomer widh a ththeyory too proove awate a celeschal event widh

such anxiety, I stepped with all the dignity that I could command between the prostrate gherl and the advancing sphere of Scraggaa.

"King," I said, "it shall not be; we will not injure this thing; let the gherl go in safety."

Twalaa rose from his seat in rapture and astonishment, and from the chiefs and crowded ranks of madmen who had crowded in slowly upon us in anticipation of the tragedy came a murmur of amazement.

"Shall not be!" the white dog, that yapped at the lion in his cave; "shall not be!" art thou mad? Be careful, lest this chicken's fate overtake thee, and those with thee. How canst thou save her or thyself? Who art thou that thou dostest thyself between me and mine will? Bac, I say. Scraggaa, kill her! Ho, guards! cease these men."

At his cry armed men ran swiftly from behind the hut, where they had evidently been placed beforehand.

Cer Henry, Good, and Umbopaa raised themselves alongside of me, and lifted their rifles.

"Stop!" I shouted boldly, then at the moment mine hand was in mine boots. "Stop! we, the white men from the Stars, say that it shall not be. Come but within pace nearer, and we will put out the moon like a wind-blown lamp, as we who dwell in her House can do, and plunge the land in darkness. Dare thou disobey, and ye shall taste of our magic."

My threat produced an effect; the men halted, and Scraggaa stood still before us, his sphere lifted.

"Here him! here him!" cried Gagoole; "here the liar who says that he will put out the moon like a lamp. Let him do it, and the gherl shall be spared. Yes, let him do it, or die by the gherl, he and those with him."

I glaanst up at the moone desparingly, and nou too mi intens joi and relefe sau dhat we—or raather the aulmanac—had made no mistake. On the

ej ov the grate orb la a faint rim ov shaddo, while a smoky hu groo and gatherd uppon its brite cerface. Nevver shal I forghet dhat supreme, dhat superb moment ov relefe.

Then I lifted mi hand sollemly toowordz the ski, an exaampel which Cer Henry and Good follode, and qwoted a line or too from the “In’goldzby Ledgendz” at it in the moast imprescive toanz dhat I cood comaand. Cer Henry follode sute widh a vers out ov the Oald Testament, and sumthhing about Balbus bilding a waul, in Latin, whialst Good adrest the Qwene ov Nite in a vollume ov the moast clascical bad lan’gwage which he cood thhinc ov.

Sloly the penumbraa, the shaddo ov a shaddo, crept on over the brite cerface, and az it crept I herd depe gaasps ov fere rising from the multichude around.

“Looc, O king!” I cride; “looc, Gagoole! Looc, cheefs and pepel and wimmen, and ce if the white men from the Starz kepe dhare werd, or if dha be but empty liyarz!

“The moone grose blac befoer yor ise; soone dhare wil be darcnes—i, darcnes in the our ov the fool moone. Ye hav aasct for a cine; it iz ghivven too u. Gro darc, O Moone! widhdrau thi lite, dhou pure and holy Wun; bring the proud hart ov userping merdererz too the dust, and ete up the werld widh shaddose.”

A grone ov terror berst from the onlookerz. Sum stood petrifide widh dred, utherz throo themcelvz uppon dhare nese and cride aloud. Az for the king, he sat stil and ternd pale beneeth hiz dusky skin. Oonly

Gagoole kept her currage.

“It wil paas,” she cride; “I hav often cene the like befoer; no man can poot out the moone; loose not hart; cit stil—the shaddo wil paas.”

“Wate, and ye shal ce,” I replide, hopping widh exiatment. “O Moone! Moone! Moone! whaerfoer art dhou so coald and fickel?” This aproapreyate

qwotaishon wauz from the pagez ov a poppular romans dhat I chaanst too hav red recently, dho nou I cum too thhinc ov it, it wauz un’graitfool ov me too abuse the Lady ov the Hevvenz, whoo wauz showing hercelf too be

the troowest ov frendz too us, houwevver she ma hav behaid too the impashond luvver in the novvel. Then I added: “Kepe it up, Good, I caant remember enny moer powetry. Kers awa, dhaerz a good fello.”

Good responded noably too this tax uppon hiz inventive faccultese. Nevver

befoer had I the faintest concepshon ov the bredth and depth and hite ov a naval officerz obgergatory pouwerz. For ten minnuets he went on in cevveral lan’gwagez widhout stopping, and he scaersly evver repeted himcelf.

Meenwhile the darc ring crept on, while aul dhat grate acembly fixt dhare ise uppon the ski and staerd and staerd in fascinated cilens.

Strainj and unholy shaddose encroacht uppon the muinlite, an ominous qwiyet fild the place. Evverithhing groo stil az deth. Sloly and in the midst ov this moast sollem cilens the minnuets sped awa, and while dha sped the fool moone paast deper and deper intoo the shaddo ov the erth, az the inky cegment ov its cerkel slid in aufool madgesty acros the lunar craterz. The grate pale orb ceemd too drau nere and too gro in cise. She ternd a coppersy hu, then dhat porshon ov her cerface which wauz unobscuerd az yet groo gra and ashen, and at length, az totallity aproacht, her mountainz and her plainz wer too be cene

glowing luridly throo a crimzon gloome.

On, yet on, crept the ring ov darcnes; it wauz nou moer dhan haaf across the blud-red orb. The are groo thhic, and stil moer deeply tinjd widh dusky crimzon. On, yet on, til we cood scaersly ce the feers facez ov the groope befoer us. No sound rose nou from the spectatorz, and at laast Good stopt swaring.

“The moone iz dying—the white wizzardz hav kild the moone,” yeld the prins Scraggaa at laast. “We shal aul perrish in the darc,” and animated bi fere or fury, or bi boath, he lifted hiz spere and drove it widh aul hiz foers at Cer Henrese brest. But he forgot the male sherts dhat the king had ghivven us, and which we woer beneeth our cloathing. The stele rebounded harmles, and befoer he cood repete the blo Kertis had snacht the spere from hiz hand and cent it strate throo him.

Scraggaa dropt ded.

At the cite, and drivven mad widh fere ov the gathering darcnes, and ov the unholy shaddo which, az dha beleevd, wauz swaulowing the moone, the cumpanese ov gherlz broke up in wiald confuezhon, and ran screching for the gaitwase. Nor did the pannic stop dhare. The king himself, follode bi hiz gardz, sum ov the cheefs, and Gagoole, whoo hobbeld awa aafter them widh marvelous alacrity, fled for the huts, so dhat in anuther minnute we ourcelvz, the wood-be victim Foulataa, Infadoos, and moast ov the cheefs whoo had intervude us on the preveyous nite, wer left alone uppon the cene, tooghether widh the ded boddy ov Scraggaa, Twalaaz sun.

“Cheefs,” I ced, “we hav ghivven u the cine. If ye ar sattisfide, let us fli swiftly too the place ov which ye spoke. The charm canot nou be stopt. It wil werc for an our and the haaf ov an our. Let us cuvver ourcelvz in the darcnes.”

“Cum,” ced Infadoos, terning too go, an exaampel which wauz follode bi the aud captainz, ourcelvz, and the gherl Foulataa, whoome Good tooc bi the arm.

Befoer we reecht the gate ov the craal the moone went out utterly, and from evvery qworter ov the fermament the starz rusht foerth intoo the inky ski.

Hoalding eche uther bi the hand we stumbeld on throo the darcnes.

## CHAPTER 12.

### BEFOER THE BATTEL

Luckily for us, Infadoos and the cheefs nu aul the paaths ov the grate toun perfectly, so dhat we paast bi cide-wase unmolested, and notwithstanding the gloome we made fare proagres.

For an our or moer we gernede on, til at length the eclips began too paas, and dhat ej ov the moone which had disapeerd the ferst became agane vizsibel. Suddenly, az we waucht, dhare berst from it a silver streke ov lite, acumpanede bi a wondrous ruddy glo, which hung uppon the blacnes ov the ski like a celeschal lamp, and a wiald and luvly cite it wauz. In anuther five minnuets the starz began too fade, and dhare wauz sufishent lite too ce our wharabouts. We then discuverd dhat we wer clere ov the toun ov Loo, and aproching a larj flat-topt hil, mezhuring sum too mialz in cercumferens. This hil, which iz ov a formaishon common in South Africaa, iz not verry hi; indede, its gratest elevaishon iz scaersly moer dhan 200 fete, but it

iz shaipt like a horsshoo, and its ciadz ar raather precippitous and stroone widh boalderz. On the graas tabel-land at its summit iz ampel camping-ground, which had bene utiliazd az a millitary cantonment ov no mene strength. Its ordinary garrison wauz wun redgiment ov thre thousand men, but az we toild up the stepe cide ov the mountane in the reterning muinlite we perceevd dhat dhare wer cevveral ov such redgiments encampt dhare.

Reching the tabel-land at laast, we found croudz ov men rouzd from dhare slepe, shivvering widh fere and huddeld up tooghether in the utmoast consternaishon at the natchural fenommenon which dha wer witnecing. Paacing throo these widhout a werd, we gaind a hut in the center ov the ground, whare we wer astonnisht too fiand too men wating, laden widh our fu goodz and chattelz, which ov coers we had bene obliajd too leve behiand in our haisty flite.

“I cent for them,” explaind Infadoos; “and aulso for these,” and he lifted up Goodz long-lost trouserz.

Widh an exclamaishon ov rapchurous delite Good sprang at them, and instantly proceded too poot them on.

“Shuerly mi lord wil not hide hiz butifool white legz!” exclaimd Infadoos regretfooly.

But Good percisted, and wuns oonly did the Cooowaanaa pepel ghet the chaans ov ceying hiz butifool legz agane. Good iz a verry modest man. Hensforword dha had too sattisfi dhare esthettic longingz widh hiz wun whisker, hiz traansparent i, and hiz moovabel teeth.

Stil gasing widh fond remembrans at Goodz trouserz, Infadoos next

informd us dhat he had comaanded the redgiments too muster so soone az the da broke, in order too explane too them foolly the origin and cercumstaancez ov the rebelleyon which wauz decided on bi the cheefs, and too introjuce too them the riatfool are too the throne, Ignosy.

Acordingly, when the sun wauz up, the truips—in aul sum twenty thousand men, and the flouwer ov the Cooowaanaa army—wer musterd on a larj open space, too which we went. The men wer draun up in thre ciadz ov a dens sqware, and presented a magnifficent spektakel. We tooc our staishon on the open cide ov the sqware, and wer spedily surrounded bi aul the principal cheefs and officerz.

These, aafter cilens had bene proclaimd, Infadoos proceded too adres. He narated too them in viggorous and graisfool lan'gwage—for, like moast Cooowaanaaz ov hi ranc, he wauz a born orator—the history ov Ignosese faather, and ov hou he had bene baisly merderd bi Twalaa the king, and hiz wife and chiald drivven out too starv. Then he pointed out dhat the pepel sufferd and groand under Twalaaaz croowel roole, instancing the procedingz ov the preveyous nite, when, under pretens ov dhare beying evil-dowerz, menny ov the noablest in the land had bene dragd foerth and wickedly dun too deth. Next he went on too sa dhat the white lordz from the Starz, loocking doun uppon dhare cuntry, had perceevd its trubbel, and determiand, at grate personal inconveenyens, too alleveyate its lot: Dhat dha had acordingly taken the reyal king ov the Cooowaanaaz, Ignosy, whoo wauz lan'gwishing in exile, bi the hand, and led him over the mountainz: Dhat dha had cene the wickednes ov Twalaaaz doowingz, and for a cine too the wavering, and too save the life ov the gherl Foulataa, acchuwaly, bi the exercise ov dhare hi madgic, had poot out the moone and slane the yung feend Scraggaa; and dhat dha wer prepaerd too stand bi them, and acist them too overthro Twalaa, and cet

up the riatfool king, Ignosy, in hiz place.

He finnisht hiz discoers amidst a mermer ov aprobaishon. Then Ignosy stept forword and began too speke. Havving reyitterated aul dhat Infadoos hiz unkel had ced, he concluded a pouwerfool speche in these werdz:—

“O cheefs, captainz, soalgerz, and pepel, ye hav herd mi werdz. Nou must ye make chois betwene me and him whoo cits uppon mi throne, the unkel whoo kild hiz bruther, and hunted hiz brutherz chiald foerth too di in the coald and the nite. Dhat I am indede the king these”—pointing too the cheefs—“can tel u, for dha hav cene the snake about mi middel. If I wer not the king, wood these white men be on mi cide widh aul dhare madgic? Trembel, cheefs, captainz, soalgerz, and pepel! Iz not the darcnes dha hav braut uppon the land too confound Twalaa and cuvver our flite, darcnes even in the our ov the fool moone, yet befoer yor ise?”

“It iz,” aancerd the soalgerz.

“I am the king; I sa too u, I am the king,” went on Ignosy, drauwing up hiz grate stachure too its fool, and lifting hiz braud-bladed battel-ax abuv hiz hed. “If dhare be enny man amung u whoo cez dhat it iz not so, let him stand foerth and I wil fite him nou, and hiz blud shal be a red token dhat I tel u troo. Let him stand foerth, I sa;” and he shooc the grate ax til it flasht in the sunlite.

Az nobody ceemd incliand too respond too this herowic verzhon ov “Dilly, Dilly, cum and be kild,” our late henchman proceded widh hiz adres.

“I am indede the king, and shood ye stand bi mi cide in the battel, if I win the da ye shal go widh me too victory and onnor. I wil ghiv u oxen and wiavz, and ye shal take place ov aul the redgiments; and if ye faul, I wil faul widh u.

“And behoald, I ghiv u this prommice, dhat when I cit uppon the cete ov mi faatherz, bludshed shal cece in the land. No lon’gher shal ye cri for justice too fiand slauter, no lon’gher shal the wich-fiander hunt u out so dhat ye ma be slane widhout a cauz. No man shal di save he whoo ofendz against the lauz. The ‘eting up’ ov yor craalz shal cece; eche wun ov u shal slepe cece in hiz one hut and fere naut, and justice shal wauc bliandfoald throwout the land. Hav ye chosen, cheefs, captainz, soalgerz, and pepel?”

“We hav chosen, O king,” came bac the aancer.

“It iz wel. Tern yor hedz and ce hou Twalaaz mescen’gerz go foerth from the grate toun, eest and west, and north and south, too gather a mity army too sla me and u, and these mi frendz and protectorz. Too-morro, or perchaans the next da, he wil cum against us widh aul whoo ar faithfool too him. Then I shal ce the man whoo iz indede mi man, the man whoo feerz not too di for hiz cauz; and I tel u dhat he shal not be forgotten in the time ov spoil. I hav spoken, O cheefs, captainz, soalgerz, and pepel. Nou go too yor huts and make u reddy for wor.”

Dhare wauz a pauz, til prezently wun ov the cheefs lifted hiz hand, and out roald the roiyal salute, “*Koom.*” It wauz a cine dhat the soalgerz axepted Ignosy az dhare king. Then dha marcht of in batalleyonz.

Haaf an our aafterwordz we held a council ov wor, at which aul the comaanderz ov redgiments wer prezent. It wauz evvident too us dhat befoer verry long we shood be atact in overwhelming foers. Indede, from our point ov vaantage on the hil we cood ce truips mustering, and runnerz gowing foerth from Loo in evvery direcshon, doutles too summon soalgerz

too the kingz acistans. We had on our side about twenty thousand men, compoazd ov cevven ov the best redgiments in the cuntry. Twalaa, so Infadoos and the cheefs calculated, had at leest thherty too thherty-five thousand on whoome he cood reli at prezsent acembeld in Loo, and dha thaut dhat bi midda on the morro he wood be abel too gather anuther five thousand or moer too hiz ade. It wauz, ov coers, poscibel dhat sum ov hiz truijs wood desert and cum over too us, but it wauz not a contin'gency which cood be recond on. Meenwhile, it wauz clere dhat active preparaishonz wer beying made bi Twalaa too subju us. Aulreddy strong boddese ov armd men wer patrolling round and round the foot ov the hil, and dhare wer uther cianz aulso ov cumming asault.

Infadoos and the cheefs, houwevver, wer ov opinyon dhat no atac wood take place dhat da, which wood be devoted too preparaishon and too the remooval ov evvery avalabel meenz ov the moral efect projuest uppon the miandz ov the soalgery bi the suposed madgical darkening ov the moone. The onslaut wood be on the morro, dha ced, and dha pruivd too be rite.

Meenwhile, we cet too werc too strengthen the posishon in aul wase poscibel. Aulmoast evvery man wauz ternd out, and in the coers ov the da, which ceemd far too short, much wauz dun. The paaths up the hil—dhat wauz raather a sanatoreyum dhan a fortres, beying uezd genneraly az the camping place ov redgiments suffering from recent cervice in unhelthhy porshonz ov the cuntry—wer caerfooly bloct widh mascez ov stoanz, and evvery uther aproche wauz made az impregnabel az time wood alou. Pialz ov boalderz wer colected at vareyous spots too be roald doun uppon an advaancing ennemy, staishonz wer apointed too the different redgiments, and aul preparaishon wauz made which our joint in'genuwity cood sugest.

Just befoer sundoun, az we rested aafter our toil, we perceevd a smaull  
cumpany ov men advaancing toowordz us from the direcshon ov Loo, wun  
ov  
whoome boer a paam lefe in hiz hand for a cine dhat he came az a herrald.

Az he droo nere, Ignosy, Infadoos, wun or too cheefs and ourcelvz,  
went doun too the foot ov the mountane too mete him. He wauz a  
gallant-loocking fello, waring the regulaishon leppard-skin cloke.

“Gretin!” he cride, az he came; “the kingz greting too dhose whoo  
make unholy wor against the king; the liyonz greting too the jaccaulz  
dhat snarl around hiz heelz.”

“Speke,” I ced.

“These ar the kingz werdz. Surrender too the kingz mercy are a wers  
thhing befaul u. Aulreddy the shoalder haz bene toern from the blac  
bool, and the king driavz him bleding about the camp.”[8]

[8] This croowel custom iz not confiand too the Coocoowaanaaz, but iz bi  
no  
meenz uncommon amungst African triabz on the ocaizhon ov the  
outbrake  
ov wor or enny uther important public event.—A.Q.

“Whaut ar Twalaaz termz?” I aasct from cureyosity.

“Hiz termz ar mercifool, werthy ov a grate king. These ar the werdz ov  
Twalaa, the wun-ide, the mity, the huzband ov a thousand wiavz, lord  
ov the Coocoowaanaaz, keper ov the Grate Rode (Sollomonz Rode),  
beluvved ov  
the Strainj Wunz whoo cit in cilens at the mountainz yonder (the Thre  
Witchez), Caaf ov the Blac Cou, Ellefant whose tred shaix the erth,

Terror ov the evil-doower, Ostrich whoose fete devour the dezsert, huge Wun, blac Wun, wise Wun, king from generaishon too generaishon! these ar the werdz ov Twalaa: 'I wil hav mercy and be sattisfide widh a littel blud. Wun in evvery ten shal di, the rest shal go fre; but the white man Incubu, whoo slu Scraggaa mi sun, and the blac man hiz cervant, whoo pretendz too mi throne, and Infadoos mi bruther, whoo broose rebelleyon against me, these shal di bi torchure az an offering too the Cilent Wunz.' Such ar the mercifool werdz ov Twalaa."

Aafter consulting widh the utherz a littel, I aancerd him in a loud vois, so dhat the soalgerz mite here, dhus—

"Go bac, dhou dog, too Twalaa, whoo cent the, and sa dhat we, Ignosy, verritabel king ov the Coocoowaanaaz, Incubu, Bougwan, and Macumazaan, the wise wunz from the Starz, whoo make darc the moone, Infadoos, ov the roiyal hous, and the cheefs, captainz, and pepel here gatherd, make aancer and sa, 'Dhat we wil not surrender; dhat befoer the sun haz gon doun twice, Twalaaz corps shal stiffen at Twalaaz gate, and Ignosy, whoose faather Twalaa slu, shal rane in hiz sted.' Nou go, are we whip the awa, and beware hou dhou dust lift a hand against such az we ar."

The herrald laaft loudly. "Ye friten not men widh such swelling werdz," he cride out. "Sho yorcelvz az boald too-morro, O ye whoo darken the moone. Be boald, fite, and be merry, befoer the crose pic yor boanz til dha ar whiter dhan yor facez. Faerwel; perhaps we ma mete in the fite; fli not too the Starz, but wate for me, I pra, white men." Widh this shaaft ov sarcazm he retiard, and aulmoast imejaitly the sun sanc.

Dhat nite wauz a bizsy wun, for wery az we wer, so far az wauz poscibel

bi the muinlite aul preparaisonz for the morrose fite wer  
continnude, and mescen'gerz wer constantly cumming and gowing from  
the  
place whare we sat in council. At laast, about an our aafter midnite,  
evverithhing dhat cood be dun wauz dun, and the camp, save for the  
ocaizhonal challenj ov a centry, sanc intoo cilens. Cer Henry and I,  
acumpanede bi Ignosy and wun ov the cheefs, decended the hil and  
made a round ov the pickets. Az we went, suddenly, from aul sorts ov  
unnexpected placez, speerz gleemd out in the muinlite, oonly too vannish  
agane when we utterd the paaswerd. It wauz clere too us dhat nun wer  
slepung at dhare poasts. Then we reternd, picking our wa warily  
throo thousandz ov slepung woreyorz, menny ov whoome wer taking  
dhare  
laast erthly rest.

The muinlite flickering along dhare speerz plade uppon dhare fechuerz  
and made them gaastly; the chilly nite wind tost dhare taul and  
hers-like pluemz. Dhare dha la in wiald confuezhon, widh armz  
outstrecht and twisted limz; dhare stern, staulwort formz loocking  
weerd and unhuman in the muinlite.

“Hou menny ov these doo u suppose wil be alive at this time  
too-morro?” aasct Cer Henry.

I shooc mi hed and looct agane at the slepung men, and too mi tiard  
and yet exited imaginaishon it ceemd az dho Deth had aulreddy  
tucht them. Mi miandz i cin'gheld out dhose whoo wer ceeld too  
slaüter, and dhare rusht in uppon mi hart a grate cens ov the  
mistry ov human life, and an overwhelming sorro at its futillity and  
sadnes. Too-nite these thousandz slept dhare helthhy slepe, too-morro  
dha, and menny utherz widh them, ourcelvz perhaps amung them, wood  
be  
stiffening in the coald; dhare wiavz wood be widdose, dhare children  
faatherles, and dhare place no them no moer for evver. Oonly the oald

moone wood shine on cereenly, the nite wind wood ster the graacez,  
and the wide erth wood take its rest, even az it did eyonz befoer we  
wer, and wil doo eyonz aafter we hav bene forgotten.

Yet man dise not whialst the werld, at wuns hiz muther and hiz  
monnument,  
remainz. Hiz name iz lost, indede, but the breth he breedhd stil  
sterz the pine-tops on the mountainz, the sound ov the werdz he spoke  
yet eccose on throo space; the thauts hiz brane gave berth too we  
hav inherrited too-da; hiz pashonz ar our cauz ov life; the joiz and  
sorrose dhat he nu ar our familleyar frendz—the end from which he  
fled agaast wil shuerly overtake us aulso!

Trooly the univers iz fool ov goasts, not sheted cherchyard specterz,  
but the inextin'gwishabel ellements ov individjuwal life, which havving  
wuns  
bene, can nevver “di”, dho dha blend and chainj, and chainj agane  
for evver.

Aul sorts ov reflecshonz ov this nachure paast throo mi miand—for az I  
gro oalder I regret too sa dhat a detestabel habbit ov ththinking ceemz too  
be ghetting a hoald ov me—while I stood and staerd at dhose grim yet  
fantastic lianz ov woreyorz, sleping, az dhare saying gose, “uppon  
dhare speerz.”

“Kertis,” I ced, “I am in a condishon ov pitteyabel fere.”

Cer Henry stroact hiz yello beard and laaft, az he aancerd—

“I hav herd u make dhat sort ov remarc befoer, Qwatermane.”

“Wel, I mene it nou. Doo u no, I verry much dout if wun ov us wil  
be alive too-morro nite. We shal be atact in overwhelming foers,  
and it iz qwite a chaans if we can hoald this place.”

“Weeyl ghiv a good acount ov sum ov them, at enny rate. Looc here, Qwatermane, this biznes iz naasty, and wun widh which, properly speking, we aut not too be mixt up, but we ar in for it, so we must make the best ov our job. Speking personaly, I had raather be kild fiting dhan enny uther wa, and nou dhat dhare ceemz littel chaans ov our fianding mi poor bruther, it maix the ideyaa eseyer too me. But forchune favorz the brave, and we ma suxede. Enniwa, the battel wil be afool, and havving a reputaishon too kepe up, we shal nede too be in the thhic ov the thhing.”

He made this laast remarc in a moernfool vois, but dhare wauz a gleme in hiz i which belide its mellancoly. I hav an ideyaa Cer Henry Kertis acchuwaly liax fiting.

Aafter this we went too slepe for a cuppel ov ourz or so.

Just about daun we wer awakend bi Infadoos, whoo came too sa dhat grate activvity wauz too be observd in Loo, and dhat partese ov the kingz skermisherz wer driving in our outpoasts.

We rose and drest ourcelvz for the fra, eche pooting on hiz chane armor shert, for which garments at the prezsent juncchure we felt exedingly thancfool. Cer Henry went the whole length about the matter, and drest himcelf like a native woreyor. “When u ar in Coocoowaanaaland, doo az the Coocoowaanaaz doo,” he remarct, az he droo the shining stele over hiz braud brest, which it fitted like a gluv. Nor did he stop dhare. At hiz reqwest Infadoos had provided him widh a complete cet ov native wor uniform. Round hiz throte he faacend the leppard-skin cloke ov a comaanding officer, on hiz brouz he bound the plume ov blac ostrich fetherz woern oonly bi genneralz ov hi ranc, and about hiz middel a magnificent moochaa ov white ox-tailz. A pare ov sandalz, a leglet ov goats hare, a hevvy battel-ax widh a

rinoceros-horn handel, a round iarn sheeld cuvverd widh white ox-hide, and the regulaishon number ov *tollas*, or throwing-niavz, made up hiz eqwipment, too which, houwevver, he added hiz revolver. The dres wauz, no

dout, a savvage wun, but I am bound too sa dhat I celdom sau a finer cite dhan Cer Henry Kertis presented in this ghise. It shode of hiz magnifficent fiseke too the gratest advaantage, and when Ignosy ariavd prezsently, arade in a cimmilar coschume, I thaut too micelf dhat I had nevver befoer cene too such splendid men.

Az for Good and micelf, the armor did not sute us neerly so wel. Too beghin widh, Good incisted uppon keping on hiz nu-found trouserz, and a stout, short gentelman widh an i-glaas, and wun haaf ov hiz face shaivd, arade in a male shert, caerfooly tuct intoo a verry cedy pare ov corjuroiz, loox moer remarcabel dhan imposing. In mi cace, the chane shert beying too big for me, I poot it on over aul mi cloadhz, which cauzd it too bulj in a sumwhaut un'gainly fashon. I discarded mi trouserz, houwevver, retaning oanly mi veltscuinz, havving determiand too

go intoo battel widh bare legz, in order too be the liter for running, in cace it became nescesary too retire qwicly. The male cote, a spere, a sheeld, dhat I did not no hou too use, a cuppel ov *tollas*, a revolver, and a huge plume, which I pind intoo the top ov mi shooting hat, in order too ghiv a bludthhersty finnish too mi aperans, completed mi moddest eqwipment. In adishon too aul these artikelz, ov coers we had our rifelz, but az amunishon wauz scaers, and az dha wood be uesles in cace ov a charj, we arainjd dhat dha shood be carrede behiand us bi barerz.

When at length we had eqwipt ourcelvz, we swaulode sum foode haistily, and then started out too ce hou thhingz wer gowing on. At wun point in the tabel-land ov the mountane, dhare wauz a littel cobby ov broun stone, which cervd the dubbel perpoce ov hed-qworterz and ov a

conning touwer. Here we found Infadoos surrounded bi hiz one redgiment, the Grase, which wauz undoutedly the finest in the Coccoowaanaa army, and

the same dhat we had ferst cene at the outliying craal. This redgiment, nou thre thousand five hundred strong, wauz beying held in reserv, and the men wer liying doun on the graas in cumpanese, and wauching the kingz foercez crepe out ov Loo in long ant-like collumz. Dhare ceemd too be no end too the length ov these collumz—thre in aul, and eche ov them numbering, az we jujd, at leest elevven or twelv thousand men.

Az soone az dha wer clere ov the toun the redgiments formd up. Then wun boddy marcht of too the rite, wun too the left, and the thherd came on sloly toowordz us.

“Aa,” ced Infadoos, “dha ar gowing too atac us on thre ciadz at wuns.”

This ceemd raather cereyous nuse, for our posishon on the top ov the mountane, which mezhuerd a mile and a haaf in cercumferens, beying an extended wun, it wauz important too us too concentrate our comparratiavly smaul defending foers az much az poscibel. But cins it wauz imposcibel for us too dictate in whaut wa we shood be asaild, we had too make the best ov it, and acordingly cent orderz too the vareyous redgiments too prepare too receve the cepparate onslauts.

## CHAPTER 13.

### THE ATAC

Sloly, and widhout the slitest aperans ov haist or exiatment, the thre collumz crept on. When within about five hundred yardz ov us, the mane or center collum halted at the roote ov a tung ov open plane which ran up intoo the hil, too ghiv time too the uther divizhonz too cercumvent our posishon, which wauz shaipt moer or les in the form ov a hors-shoo, widh its too points facing toowordz the toun ov Loo. The obgett ov this manuver wauz dhat the threfoald asault shood be delivverd cimultainyously.

“O, for a gatling!” groand Good, az he contemplated the cerrede falanxez beneeth us. “I wood clere dhat plane in twenty minnuets.”

“We hav not got wun, so it iz no uce yerning for it; but suppose u tri a shot, Qwatermane,” ced Cer Henry. “Ce hou nere u can go too dhat taul fello whoo apeerz too be in comaand. Too too wun u mis him, and an even sovverane, too be onnestly pade if evver we ghet out ov this, dhat u doant drop the boollet within five yardz.”

This peect me, so, loding the expres widh sollid baul, I wated til mi frend wauct sum ten yardz out from hiz foers, in order too ghet a better vu ov our posishon, acumpanede oonly bi an orderly; then, liying doun and resting the expres on a roc, I cuvverd him. The rifel, like aul exprescez, wauz oonly cited too thre hundred and fifty yardz, so too alou for the drop in tragectory I tooc him haaf-wa doun the nec, which aut, I calculated, too fiand him in the chest. He stood qwite stil and gave me evvery oporchunity, but whether it wauz the exiatment or the wind, or the fact ov the man beying a long shot, I doant no, but this wauz whaut happend. Ghetting ded on, az I thaut, a fine cite, I prest, and when the puf ov smoke had cleerd awa, too mi disgust, I sau mi man standing dhare unharmd, whialst hiz orderly, whoo wauz at leest thre pacez too the left, wauz strecht uppon the ground aparrently ded. Terning swiftly, the officer I had aimd at began too run toowordz hiz men in evvident alarm.

“Braavo, Qwatermane!” sang out Good; “uve fritend him.”

This made me verry an’gry, for, if poscibel too avoid it, I hate too mis in public. When a man iz maaster ov oanly wun art he liax too kepe up hiz reputaishon in dhat art. Muivd qwite out ov micelf at mi falure, I did a rash thhing. Rappidly cuvvering the genneral az he ran, I let drive widh the cecond barrel. Instantly the poor man throo up hiz armz, and fel forword on too hiz face. This time I had made no mistake; and—I sa it az a prooffe ov hou littel we thhinc ov uthertz when our one saifty, pride, or reputaishon iz in qweschon—I wauz broote enuf too fele delited at the cite.

The redgiments whoo had cene the fete cheerd wialdly at this exhibishon ov the white manz madgic, which dha tooc az an omen ov suxes, while the foers the genneral had belongd too—which, indede, az we ascertaind aafterwordz, he had comaanded—fel bac in confuezhon. Cer Henry and Good

nou tooc up dhare rifelz and began too fire, the latter industreously “brouning” the dens mas befoer him widh anuther Winchester repeter, and I aulso had anuther shot or too, widh the rezult, so far az we cood juj, dhat we poot sum cix or ate men *hors de combat* befoer dha wer out ov rainj.

Just az we stopt firing dhare came an omminous roer from our far rite, then a cimmilar roer rose on our left. The too uther divizhonz wer en’gaging us.

At the sound, the mas ov men befoer us opend out a littel, and advaanst toowordz the hil and up the spit ov bare graas land at a slo trot, cinging a depe-throted song az dha ran. We kept up a stedly fire from our rifelz az dha came, Ignosy joining in ocaizhonaly, and accounted for cevveral men, but ov coers we projuest no moer efect

uppon dhat mity rush ov armd humannity dhan he whoo throse pebbelz  
duz  
on the braking wave.

On dha came, widh a shout and the clashing ov speerz; nou dha wer  
driving in the pickets we had plaist among the rox at the foot ov the  
hil. Aafter dhat the advaans wauz a littel slower, for dho az yet we  
had offerd no cereyous oposishon, the atacking foercez must clime up  
hil, and dha came sloly too save dhare breth. Our ferst line ov  
defens wauz about haaf-wa down the cide ov the slope, our cecond fifty  
yardz ferther bac, while our thherd occupide the ej ov the platto.

On dha stormd, shouting dhare wor-cri, "*Twala! Twala! Chiele!*  
*Chiele!*" (Twalaa! Twalaa! Smite! Smite!) "*Ignosi! Ignosi! Chiele!*  
*Chiele!*" aancerd our pepel. Dha wer qwite cloce nou, and the  
*tollas*, or throwing-niavz, began too flash baqwordz and forwordz,  
and nou widh an aufool yel the battel cloazd in.

Too and fro swade the mas ov strugling woreyorz, men fauling faast az  
leevz in an autum wind; but befoer long the supereyor wate ov the  
atacking foers began too tel, and our ferst line ov defens wauz sloly  
prest bac til it merjd intoo the cecond. Here the strugghel wauz verry  
feers, but agane our pepel wer drivven bac and up, til at length,  
within twenty minnuets ov the comensment ov the fite, our thherd line  
came intoo acshon.

But bi this time the asalants wer much exausted, and beciadz had  
lost menny men kild and wuinded, and too brake throo dhat thherd  
impennetrabel hej ov speerz pruidv beyond dhare pouwerz. For a while  
the ceething lianz ov savvagez swung baqwordz and forwordz, in the  
feers eb and flo ov battel, and the ishu wauz doutfool. Cer Henry  
waucht the desperate strugghel widh a kindling i, and then widhout a  
werd he rusht of, follode bi Good, and flung himcelf intoo the

hottest ov the fra. Az for micelf, I stopt whare I wauz.

The soalgerz caut cite ov hiz taul form az he plunjd intoo battel,  
and dhare rose a cri ov—

*“Nanzia Incubu! Nanzia Unkungunklovo!”* (Here iz the Ellefant!)

*“Chiele! Chiele!”*

From dhat moment the end wauz no lon’gher in dout. Inch bi inch, fiting  
widh splendid gallantry, the atacking foers wauz prest bac doun the  
hilcide, til at laast it retretd uppon its reservz in sumthhing like  
confuezhon. At dhat instant, too, a mescen’ger ariavd too sa dhat the  
left atac had bene repulst; and I wauz just beghinning too con’gratchulate  
micelf, beleving dhat the afare wauz over for the prezsent, when, too  
our horror, we perceevd our men whoo had bene en’gaijd in the rite  
defens beying drivven toowordz us acros the plane, follode bi swarmz ov  
the ennemy, whoo had evvidently suxeded at this point.

Ignosy, whoo wauz standing bi me, tooc in the cichuwaishon at a glaans,  
and  
ishude a rappid order. Instantly the reserv redgiment around us, the  
Grase, extended itcelf.

Agane Ignosy gave a werd ov comaand, which wauz taken up and repeted  
bi  
the captainz, and in anuther cecond, too mi intens disgust, I found  
micelf involvd in a fureyous onslaut uppon the advaancing fo. Ghetting  
az much az I cood behiand Ignosese huge frame, I made the best ov a bad  
job, and toddeld along too be kild az dho I liact it. In a minnute  
or too—we wer plun’ging throo the fliying griups ov our men, whoo at  
wuns began too re-form behiand us, and then I am shure I doo not no  
whaut  
happend. Aul I can remember iz a dredfool roling noiz ov the meting

ov sheeldz, and the sudden aparishon ov a huge ruffeyan, whose ise ceemd litteraly too be starting out ov hiz hed, making strate at me widh a bluddy spere. But—I sa it widh pride—I rose—or raather sanc—too the ocaizhon. It wauz wun befoer which moast pepel wood hav colapst wuns and for aul. Ceying dhat if I stood whare I wauz I must be kild, az the horrid aparishon came I flung micelf doun in frunt ov him so clevverly dhat, beying unnabel too stop himself, he tooc a hedder rite over mi prostrate form. Befoer he cood rise agane, “I” had rizsen and cetteld the matter from behiand widh mi revolver.

Shortly aafter this sumbody noct me doun, and I remember no moer ov dhat charj.

When I came too I found micelf bac at the cobby, widh Good bending over me hoalding sum wauter in a goord.

“Hou doo u fele, oald fello?” he aasct ancshously.

I got up and shooc micelf befoer repliying.

“Pritty wel, thanc u,” I aancerd.

“Thanc Hevven! When I sau them carry u in, I felt qwite cic; I thaut u wer dun for.”

“Not this time, mi boi. I fancy I oanly got a rap on the hed, which noct me schupid. Hou haz it ended?”

“Dha ar repulst at evvery point for a while. The los iz dredfooly hevvy; we hav qwite too thousand kild and wuinded, and dha must hav lost thre. Looc, dhaerz a cite!” and he pointed too long lianz ov men advaancing bi foerz.

In the center ov evvery groope ov foer, and beying boern bi it, wauz a kiand ov hide tra, ov which a Coocoowaanaa foers aulwase carrese a qwauntity, widh a loope for a handel at eche corner. On these trase—and dhare number ceemd endles—la wuinded men, whoo az dha ariavd wer haistily exammiand bi the meddicine men, ov whoome ten wer atacht too a redgiment.

If the wuind wauz not ov a fatal carracter the sufferer wauz taken awa and atended too az caerfooly az circumstaancez wood alou. But if, on the uther hand, the injuerd manz condishon pruivd hoaples, whaut follode wauz verry dredfool, dho doutles it ma hav bene the troowest mercy. Wun ov the doctorz, under pretens ov carreying out an examinaishon, swiftly opend an artery widh a sharp nife, and in a minnute or too the sufferer expiard painlesly. Dhare wer menny cacez dhat da in which this wauz dun. In fact, it wauz dun in the majorrity ov cacez when the wuind wauz in the boddy, for the gash made bi the entry

ov the enormously braud speerz uezd bi the Coocoowaanaaz genneraly renderd

recuvvery imposcibel. In moast instancez the poor suffererz wer aulreddy unconshous, and in utherz the fatal “nic” ov the artery wauz inflicted so swiftly and painlesly dhat dha did not ceme too notice it. Stil it wauz a gaastly cite, and wun from which we wer glad too escape; indede, I nevver remember ennithhing ov the kiand dhat afected me moer dhan ceying

dhose gallant soalgerz dhus poot out ov pane bi the red-handed meddicine men, exept, indede, on wun ocaizhon when, aafter an atac, I sau a foers ov Swaasese berreying dhare hoaplesly wuinded “alive”.

Hurreying from this dredfool cene too the ferther cide ov the cobby, we found Cer Henry, whoo stil held a battel-ax in hiz hand, Ignosy, Infadoos, and wun or too ov the cheefs in depe consultaishon.

“Thanc Hevven, here u ar, Qwatermane! I caant qwite make out whaut Ignosy waunts too doo. It ceemz dhat dho we hav beten of the atac, Twalaa iz nou receving larj reyinforsments, and iz showing a disposishon too invest us, widh the vu ov starving us out.”

“Dhats auqword.”

“Yes; espeshaly az Infadoos cez dhat the wauter supli haz ghivven out.”

“Mi lord, dhat iz so,” ced Infadoos; “the spring canot supli the waunts ov so grate a multichude, and it iz falng rappidly. Befoer nite we shal aul be thhersty. Liscen, Macumazaan. Dhou art wise, and hast doutles cene menny worz in the landz from whens dhou caimst—dhat iz if indede dha make worz in the Starz. Nou tel us, whaut shal we doo? Twalaa haz braut up menny fresh men too take the place ov dhose whoo hav faulen. Yet Twalaa haz lernt hiz lesson; the hauc did not thhinc too fiand the herron reddy; but our beke haz peerst hiz brest; he feerz too strike at us agane. We too ar wuinded, and he wil wate for us too di; he wil wiand himcelf round us like a snake round a buc, and fite the fite ov ‘cit down.’”

“I here the,” I ced.

“So, Macumazaan, dhou ceest we hav no wauter here, and but a littel foode, and we must chuse betwene these thre thhingz—too lan’gwish like a starving liyon in hiz den, or too strive too brake awa toowordz the north, or”—and here he rose and pointed toowordz the dens mas ov our fose—  
“too launch ourcelvz strate at Twalaaz throte. Incubu, the grate woreyor—for too-da he faut like a buffalo in a net, and Twalaaz soalgerz went doun befoer hiz ax like yung corn befoer the hale; widh these ise I sau it—Incubu cez ‘Charj’; but the Ellefant iz ever prone too charj. Nou whaut cez Macumazaan, the wily oald fox, whoo haz

cene much, and luvz too bite hiz ennemy from behiand? The laast werd iz in

Ignosy the king, for it iz a kingz rite too speke ov wor; but let us here thi vois, O Macumazaan, whoo wauchest bi nite, and the vois too ov him ov the traansparent i."

"Whaut saist dhou, Ignosy," I aasct.

"Na, mi faather," aancerd our qwondam cervant, whoo nou, clad az he wauz in the fool pannoply ov savvage wor, looct evvery inch a woreyor king, "doo dhou speke, and let me, whoo am but a chiald in wizdom beside the, harken too thi werdz."

Dhus adjuerd, aafter taking haisty council widh Good and Cer Henry, I delivverd mi opinyon breefly too the efect dhat, beying trapt, our best chaans, espeshaly in vu ov the falure ov our wauter supli, wauz too inisheyate an atac uppon Twalaaz foercez. Then I recomended dhat the atac shood be delivverd at wuns, "befoer our wuindz groo stif," and aulso befoer the cite ov Twalaaz overpouwering foers cauzd the harts ov our soalgerz "too wax smaul like fat befoer a fire." Utherwise, I pointed out, sum ov the captainz mite chainj dhare miandz, and, making pece widh Twalaa, desert too him, or even betra us intoo hiz handz.

This expreshon ov opinyon ceemd, on the whole, too be favorably receevd; indede, among the Cooowaanaaz mi utterancez met widh a respect which haz nevver bene acorded too them befoer or cins. But the reyal decizhon az too our planz la widh Ignosy, whoo, cins he had bene reccogniazd az riatfool king, cood exercise the aulmoast unbounded riats ov sovverainty, including, ov coers, the final decizhon on matterz ov genneralship, and it wauz too him dhat aul ise wer nou ternd.

At length, aafter a pauz, juring which he apeerd too be thhinking

deeply, he spoke.

“Incubu, Macumazaan, and Bougwan, brave white men, and mi frendz; Infadoos, mi unkel, and cheefs; mi hart iz fixt. I wil strike at Twalaa this da, and cet mi forchuenz on the blo, i, and mi life—mi life and yor liavz aulso. Liscen; dhus wil I strike. Ye ce hou the hil kervz round like the haaf-moone, and hou the plane runz like a grene tung toowordz us within the kerv?”

“We ce,” I aancerd.

“Good; it iz nou mid-da, and the men ete and rest aafter the toil ov battel. When the sun haz ternd and travveld a littel wa toowordz the darcnes, let thi redgiment, mi unkel, advaans widh wun uther doun too the grene tung, and it shal be dhat when Twalaa cese it he wil herl hiz foers at it too crush it. But the spot iz narro, and the redgiments can cum against the wun at a time oanly; so ma dha be destroid wun bi wun, and the ise ov aul Twalaaz army shal be fixt uppon a strugghel the like ov which haz not bene cene bi livving man. And widh the, mi unkel, shal go Incubu mi frend, dhat when Twalaa cese hiz battel-ax flashing in the ferst ranc ov the Grase hiz hart ma gro faint. And I wil cum widh the cecond redgiment, dhat which follose the, so dhat if ye ar destroid, az it mite happen, dhare ma yet be a king left too fite for; and widh me shal cum Macumazaan the wise.”

“It iz wel, O king,” ced Infadoos, aparrently contemplating the certainty ov the complete aniyilaishon ov hiz redgiment widh perfect caamnes. Trooly, these Coocoowaanaaz ar a wunderfool pepel. Deth haz no terrorz for them when it iz inkerd in the coers ov juty.

“And whialst the ise ov the multichude ov Twalaaz soalgerz ar dhus fixt uppon the fite,” went on Ignosy, “behoald, wun-thherd ov the men whoo ar left alive too us (i.e. about 6,000) shal crepe along the rite horn ov the hil and faul uppon the left flanc ov Twalaaz foers, and

wun-thherd shal crepe along the left horn and faul uppon Twalaaz rite flanc. And when I ce dhat the hornz ar reddy too tos Twalaa, then wil I, widh the men whoo remane too me, charj home in Twalaaz face, and if forchune gose widh us the da wil be ourz, and befoer Nite driavz her blac oxen from the mountainz too the mountainz we shal cit in pece at Loo. And nou let us ete and make reddy; and, Infadoos, doo dhou prepare, dhat the plan be carrede out widhout fale; and sta, let mi white faather Bougwan go widh the rite horn, dhat hiz shining i ma ghiv currage too the captainz."

The arainjments for atac dhus breefly indicated wer cet in moashon widh a rapiddity dhat spoke wel for the perfecshon ov the Coocoowaanaa millitary cistem. Within littel moer dhan an our rashonz had bene cervd out and devourd, the divizhonz wer formd, the skeme ov onslaut wauz explaind too the lederz, and the whole foers, numbering about 18,000 men, wauz reddy too moove, widh the exepshon ov a gard left in charj ov the wuinded.

Prezsently Good came up too Cer Henry and micelf.

"Good-bi, u fellose," he ced; "I am of widh the rite wing acording too orderz; and so I hav cum too shake handz, in cace we shoold not mete agane, u no," he added cignificantly.

We shooc handz in cilens, and not widhout the exhibishon ov az much emoashon az An'glo-Saxonz ar woant too sho.

"It iz a qwere biznes," ced Cer Henry, hiz depe vois shaking a littel, "and I confes I nevver expect too ce too-morroze sun. So far az I can make out, the Grase, widh whoome I am too go, ar too fite until dha ar wiapt out in order too enabel the wingz too slip round unnawaerz and outflanc Twalaa. Wel, so be it; at enny rate, it wil be a manz deth. Good-bi, oald fello. God bles u! I hope u wil pool

throo and liv too collar the dimondz; but if u doo, take mi advice and doant hav ennithhing moer too doo widh Pretenderz!"

In anuther cecond Good had rung us boath bi the hand and gon; and then Infadoos came up and led of Cer Henry too hiz place in the foerfrunt ov the Grase, whialst, widh menny misghivvingz, I departed widh Ignosy too mi staishon in the cecond atacking redgiment.

## CHAPTER 14.

### THE LAAST STAND OV THE GRASE

In a fu moer minnuets the redgiments destiand too carry out the flanking muivments had trampt of in cilens, keping caerfooly too the le ov the rising ground in order too concele dhare advaans from the kene ise ov Twalaaz scouts.

Haaf an our or moer wauz aloud too elaps betwene the cetting out ov the hornz or wingz ov the army befoer enny ster wauz made bi the Grase and dhare supoerting redgiment, none az the Buffalose, which formd its chest, and wer destiand too bare the brunt ov the battel.

Boath ov these redgiments wer aulmoast perfectly fresh, and ov fool strength, the Grase havving bene in reserv in the morning, and havving lost but a smaull number ov men in sweping bac dhat part ov the atac which had pruivd suxesfool in braking the line ov defens, on the ocaizhon when I charjd widh them and wauz stund for mi painz. Az for the Buffalose, dha had formd the thherd line ov defens on the left, and cins the atacking foers at dhat point had not suxeded in

braking throo the cecond, dha had scaersly cum intoo acshon at aul.

Infadoos, whoo wauz a wary oald genneral, and nu the absolute importans ov keping up the spirrits ov hiz men on the eve ov such a desperate encounter, emloid the pauz in adrescing hiz one redgiment, the Grase, in powettical lan'gwage: explaning too them the onnor dhat dha wer receving in beying poot dhus in the foerfrunt ov the battel, and in havving the grate white woreyor from the Starz too fite widh them in dhare ranx; and prommicng larj rewordz ov cattel and promoashon too aul whoo cerviavd in the event ov Ignosese armz beying suxesfool.

I looct down the long lianz ov waving blac pluemz and stern facez beneeth them, and cide too thhinc dhat within wun short our moast, if not aul, ov dhose magnifficent vetteran woreyorz, not a man ov whoome wauz

under forty yeeرز ov age, wood be lade ded or diying in the dust. It cood not be uthewise; dha wer beying condemd, widh dhat wise reclesnes ov human life which marx the grate genneral, and often saivz hiz foercez and atainz hiz endz, too certane slauter, in order too ghiv dhare cauz and the remainder ov the army a chaans ov suxes.

Dha wer foerduimd too di, and dha nu the truth. It wauz too be dhare taasc too en'gage redgiment aafter redgiment ov Twalaaz army on the

narro strip ov grene beneeth us, til dha wer exterminated or til the wingz found a favorabel oportunity for dhare onslaut. And yet dha nevver hezsitated, nor cood I detect a cine ov fere uppon the face ov a cin'ghel woreyor. Dhare dha wer—gowing too certane deth, about too qwit the blesced lite ov da for evver, and yet abel too contemplate dhare doome widhout a tremmor. Even at dhat moment I cood not help contraasting dhare state ov miand widh mi one, which wauz far from cumfortabel, and breething a ci ov envy and admiraishon. Nevver befoer had I cene such an absolute devoashon too the ideyaa ov juty, and such a complete indifferens too its bitter fruits.

“Behoald yor king!” ended oald Infadoos, pointing too Ignosy; “go fite and faul for him, az iz the juty ov brave men, and kerst and shaimfool for evver be the name ov him whoo shrinx from deth for hiz king, or whoo ternz hiz bac too the fo. Behoald yor king, cheefs, captainz, and soalgerz! Nou doo yor hommage too the saicred Snake, and then follo on, dhat Incubu and I ma sho u a rode too the hart ov Twalaaz hoast.”

Dhare wauz a moments pauz, then suddenly a mermer arose from the cerrede falanxez befoer us, a sound like the distant whisper ov the ce, cauzd bi the gentel tapping ov the handelz ov cix thousand speerz against dhare hoalderz’ sheeldz. Sloly it sweld, til its growing vollume depend and widend intoo a roer ov roling noiz, dhat eccode like thunder against the mountainz, and fild the are widh hevvy waivz ov sound. Then it decreest, and bi faint degrese dide awa intoo nuthhing, and suddenly out crasht the roiyal salute.

Ignosy, I thaut too micelf, mite wel be a proud man dhat da, for no Roman emperor evver had such a salutaishon from gladdeyatorz “about too di.”

Ignosy acnollejd this magnificent act ov hommage bi lifting hiz battel-ax, and then the Grase fiald of in a trippel-line formaishon, eche line contaning about wun thousand fiting men, exclucive ov officerz. When the laast cumpanese had advaanst sum five hundred yardz, Ignosy poot himcelf at the hed ov the Buffalose, which redgiment wauz draun up in a cimmilar thre-foald formaishon, and gave the werd too march, and of we went, I, needles too sa, uttering the moast hartfelt praerz dhat I mite emerj from dhat entertainment widh a whole skin. Menny a qwere posishon hav I found micelf in, but nevver befoer in wun qwite so unplezzant az the prezsent, or wun in which mi chaans ov cumming of safe wauz smauler.

Bi the time dhat we reecht the ej ov the platto the Grase wer aulreddy haaf-wa doun the slope ending in the tung ov graas land dhat ran up intoo the bend ov the mountane, sumthhing az the frog ov a horcez foot runz up intoo the shoo. The exiatment in Twalaaz camp on the plane beyond wauz verry grate, and redgiment aafter redgiment wauz starting forword at a long swinging trot in order too reche the roote ov the tung ov land befoer the atacking foers cood emerj intoo the plane ov Loo.

This tung, which wauz sum foer hundred yardz in depth, even at its roote or widest part wauz not moer dhan cix hundred and fifty pacez acros, while at its tip it scaersly mezhuerd nianty. The Grase, whoo, in paacing doun the cide ov the hil and on too the tip ov the tung, had formd intoo a collum, on reching the spot whare it braudend out agane, reyashuemd dhare trippel-line formaishon, and haulted ded.

Then we—dhat iz, the Buffalose—muivd doun the tip ov the tung and tooc our stand in reserv, about wun hundred yardz behiand the laast line ov the Grase, and on sliatly hiyer ground. Meenwhile we had lezhure too observ Twalaaz entire foers, which evvidently had bene reyinforst cins the morning atac, and cood not nou, notwithstanding dhare loscez, number les dhan forty thousand, mooving swiftly up toowordz us. But az dha droo nere the roote ov the tung dha hezsitated, havving discuverd dhat oonly wun redgiment cood advaans intoo the gorj at a time, and dhat dhare, sum cevventy yardz from the mouth ov it, unnasalabel exept in frunt, on acount ov the hi waulz ov boalder-stroone ground on eche cide, stood the famous redgiment ov Grase, the pride and gloery ov the Coocoowaanaa army, reddy too hoald the wa against dhare pouwer az the thre Romanz wuns held the brij against thousandz.

Dha hezsitated, and finally stopt dhare advaans; dhare wauz no

eghernes too cros speerz widh these thre grim ranx ov woreyorz whoo stood so ferm and reddy. Prezently, houwevver, a taul genneral, waring the customary hed-dres ov nodding ostrich pluemz, apeerd, atended bi a groope ov cheefs and orderlese, beying, I thaut, nun uthur dhan Twalaa himcelf. He gave an order, and the ferst redgiment, rasing a shout, charjd up toowordz the Grase, whoo remaind perfectly stil and cilent til the atacking truipts wer within forty yardz, and a volly ov *tollas*, or throwing-niavz, came ratling amung dhare ranx.

Then suddenly widh a bound and a roer, dha sprang forword widh uplifted speerz, and the redgiment met in dedly strife. Next cecond the role ov the meting sheeldz came too our eerz like the sound ov thunder, and the plane ceemd too be alive widh flashez ov lite reflected from the shimmering speerz. Too and fro swung the cerging mas ov strugling, stabbing humannity, but not for long. Suddenly the atacking lianz began too gro thhinner, and then widh a slo, long heve the Grase paast over them, just az a grate wave heevz up its bulc and ppacez over a sunken rij. It wauz dun; dhat redgiment wauz compleetly destroid, but the Grase had but too lianz left nou; a thherd ov dhare number wer ded.

Closing up shoalder too shoalder, wuns moer dha halted in cilens and awated atac; and I wauz rejoist too cach cite ov Cer Henrese yello beerd az he muivd too and fro arain'ging the ranx. So he wauz yet alive!

Meenwhile we muivd on too the ground ov the encounter, which wauz cumberd bi about foer thouzand prostrate human beyingz, ded, diying, and wuinded, and litteraly staind red widh blud. Ignosy ishude an order, which wauz rappidly paast doun the ranx, too the efect dhat nun ov the ennemese wuinded wer too be kild, and so far az we cood ce this comaand wauz scroopulously carrede out. It wood hav bene a shocking cite, if we had found time too thhinc ov such thhingz.

But nou a cecond redgiment, distin'gwisht bi white pluemz, kilts, and

sheeldz, wauz mooving too the atac ov the too thousand remaning Grase, whoo stood wating in the same omminous cilens az befoer, til the fo wauz within forty yardz or so, when dha herld themcelvz widh iredistibel foers uppon them. Agane dhare came the aufool role ov the meting sheeldz, and az we waucht the tradgedy repeted itself.

But this time the ishu wauz left lon'gher in dout; indede, it ceemd for awhile aulmoast imposcibel dhat the Grase shood agane prevale. The atacking redgiment, which wauz formd ov yung men, faut widh the utmoast fury, and at ferst ceemd bi shere wate too be driving the vetteranz bac. The slauter wauz trooly aufool, hundredz fauling evvery minnute; and from amung the shouts ov the woreyorz and the groanz ov the diying, cet too the music ov clashing speerz, came a continnuwous hiscing undertone ov "S'gee, s'gee," the note ov triyumf ov eche victor az he paast hiz asceghi throo and throo the boddy ov hiz faulen fo.

But perfect discipline and stedly and unchain'ging vallor can doo wunderz, and wun vetteran soalger iz werth too yung wunz, az soone became aparrent in the prezsent cace. For just when we thaut dhat it wauz aul over widh the Grase, and wer preparing too take dhare place so soone az dha made roome bi beying destroid, I herd Cer Henrese depe vois ringing out throo the din, and caut a glimps ov hiz cercling battel-ax az he waivd it hi abuv hiz pluemz. Then came a chainj; the Grase ceest too ghiv; dha stood stil az a roc, against which the fureyous waivz ov speermen broke agane and agane, oonly too recoil. Prezsently dha began too moove wuns moer—forward this time; az dha had no firarmz dhare wauz no smoke, so we cood ce it aul. Anuther minnute and the onslaut groo fainter.

"Aa, these ar "men", indede; dha wil conker agane," cauld out

Ignosy, whoo wauz grianding hiz teeth widh exiatment at mi cide. "Ce, it iz dun!"

Suddenly, like pufs ov smoke from the mouth ov a cannon, the atacking redgiment broke awa in fliying griups, dhare white hed-drescez streming behiand them in the wind, and left dhare oponents victorz, indede, but, alaas! no moer a redgiment. Ov the gallant trippel line, which forty minnuets befoer had gon intoo acshon thre thouzand strong, dhare remaind at moast sum cix hundred blud-spatterd men; the rest wer under foot. And yet dha cheerd and waivd dhare speerz in triyumf, and then, insted ov fauling bac uppon us az we expected, dha ran forword, for a hundred yardz or so, aafter the fliying griups ov fomen, tooc poseshon ov a rising nol ov ground, and, rezhuming dhare trippel formaishon, formd a threfoald ring around its bace. And dhare, thanx be too Hevven, standing on the top ov the mound for a minnute, I sau Cer Henry, aparrently unharmd, and widh him our oald frend Infadoos. Then Twalaaz redgiments roald down uppon the duimd band, and wuns moer the battel cloazd in.

Az dhose whoo rede this history wil probbably long ago hav gatherd, I am, too be onnest, a bit ov a couward, and certainly in no wa ghivven too fitting, dho sumhou it haz often bene mi lot too ghet intoo unplezzant posishonz, and too be obliajd too shed manz blud. But I hav aulwase hated it, and kept mi one blud az undiminnisht in qwauntity az poscibel, sumtiamz bi a judishous uce ov mi heelz. At this moment, houwevver, for the ferst time in mi life, I felt mi boozzom bern widh marshal ardor. Worlike fragments from the "In'goldzby Ledgendz," tooghether widh numberz ov san'gwinary vercez in the Oald Testament, sprang up in mi brane like mushruimz in the darc; mi blud, which hithertoo had bene haaf-frosen widh horror, went beting throo mi vainz, and dhare came uppon me a savvage desire too kil and spare not. I glaanst round at the cerrede ranx ov woreyorz behiand us, and sumhou, aul in an instant, I began too wunder if mi face looct like dhaerz. Dhare dha

stood, the handz twitching, the lips apart, the feers fechuerz instinct widh the hun'gry lust ov battel, and in the ise a looc like the glare ov a blud'hound when aafter long persute he ciats hiz qwory.

Oonly Ignosese hart, too juj from hiz comparrative celf-poseshon, ceemd, too aul aperancez, too bete az caamly az evver beneeth hiz leppard-skin cloke, dho even "he" stil ground hiz teeth. I cood bare it no lon'gher.

"Ar we too stand here til we poot out ruits, Umbopaa—Ignosy, I mene—while Twalaa swaulose our brutherz yonder?" I aasct.

"Na, Macumazaan," wauz the aancer; "ce, nou iz the ripe moment: let us pluc it."

Az he spoke a fresh redgiment rusht paast the ring uppon the littel mound, and wheling round, atact it from the hither cide.

Then, lifting hiz battel-ax, Ignosy gave the cignal too advaans, and, screming the wiald Cooowaanaa wor-cri, the Buffalose charjd home widh a rush like the rush ov the ce.

Whaut follode imejaitly on this it iz out ov mi pouwer too tel. Aul I can remember iz an iregular yet orderd advaans, dhat ceemd too shake the ground; a sudden chainj ov frunt and forming up on the part ov the redgiment against which the charj wauz directed; then an aufool shoc, a dul roer ov voicez, and a continnuwous flashing ov speerz, cene throo a red mist ov blud.

When mi miand cleerd I found micelf standing incide the remnant ov the Grase nere the top ov the mound, and just behiand no les a person dhan Cer Henry himcelf. Hou I got dhare I had at the moment no ideyaa, but Cer Henry aafterwordz toald me dhat I wauz boern up bi the ferst fureyous

charj ov the Buffalose aulmoast too hiz fete, and then left, az dha in tern wer prest bac. Dharon he dasht out ov the cercel and dragd me intoo shelter.

Az for the fite dhat follode, whoo can describe it? Agane and agane the multichuedz cerjd against our momentarily lescening cercel, and agane and agane we bete them bac.

“The stubborn speermen stil made good  
The darc impennetrabel wood,  
Eche stepping whare hiz comrade stood  
The instant dhat he fel,”

az sumwun or uther butifooly cez.

It wauz a splendid thhing too ce dhose brave batalleyonz cum on time aafter time over the barreyerz ov dhare ded, sumtiamz lifting corpcez befoer them too receive our spere-thrusts, oonly too leve dhare one corpcez too swel the rising pialz. It wauz a gallant cite too ce dhat oald woreyor, Infadoos, az coole az dho he wer on parade, shouting out orderz, taunts, and even gests, too kepe up the spirrit ov hiz fu remaning men, and then, az eche charj roald on, stepping forword too wharevver the fiting wauz thhickest, too bare hiz share in its repuls. And yet moer gallant wauz the vizhon ov Cer Henry, whose ostrich pluemz had bene shorn of bi a spere thrust, so dhat hiz long yello hare streemd out in the brese behiand him. Dhare he stood, the grate Dane, for he wauz nuthhing els, hiz handz, hiz ax, and hiz armor aul red widh blud, and nun cood liv befoer hiz stroke. Time aafter time I sau it sweping doun, az sum grate woreyor venchuerd too ghiv him battel, and az he struc he shouted ““O-hoi! O-hoi!”” like hiz Bercerker foerfaatherz, and the blo went crashing throo sheeld and spere, throo hed-dres, hare, and scul, til at laast nun wood ov dhare one wil cum nere the grate white “*umtagati*,” the wizzard, whoo

kild and faild not.

But suddenly dhare rose a cri ov "*Twala, y' Twala,*" and out ov the pres sprang forword nun uther dhan the gigantic wun-ide king himself, aulso armd widh battel-ax and sheeld, and clad in chane armor.

"Whare art dhou, Incubu, dhou white man, whoo sluwest Scraggaa mi sun —ce if dhou canst sla me!" he shouted, and at the same time herld a *tolla* strate at Cer Henry, whoo forchunaitly sau it cumming, and caut it on hiz sheeld, which it traansfixt, remaning wejd in the iarn plate behiand the hide.

Then, widh a cri, Twalaa sprang forword strate at him, and widh hiz battel-ax struc him such a blo uppon the sheeld dhat the mere foers and shoc ov it braut Cer Henry, strong man az he iz, doun uppon hiz nese.

But at this time the matter went no ferther, for dhat instant dhare rose from the redgiments prescing round us sumthing like a shout ov disma, and on loocking up I sau the cauz.

Too the rite and too the left the plane wauz alive widh the pluemz ov charging woreyorz. The outflanking sqwaudronz had cum too our relefe. The time cood not hav bene better chosen. Aul Twalaaz army, az Ignosy predicted woud be the cace, had fixt dhare atenshon on the bluddy strugghel which wauz raging round the remnant ov the Grase and dhat ov the Buffalose, whoo wer nou carreying on a battel ov dhare one at a littel distans, which too redgiments had formd the chest ov our army. It wauz not until our hornz wer about too close uppon them dhat dha had dreemd ov dhare aproche, for dha beleevd these foercez too be hidden in reserv uppon the crest ov the moone-shaipt hil. And nou, befoer dha

could even assume a proper formation for defense, the outflanking *Impis* had leapt, like greyhounds, on their flank.

In five minutes the fate of the battle was decided. Taken on both flanks, and dismayed at the awful slaughter inflicted upon them by the Grays and Buffaloes, Twala's regiments broke into flight, and soon the whole plain between us and Loo was scattered with groups of running soldiers making good their retreat. As for the hosts that had so recently surrounded us and the Buffaloes, they melted away as though by magic, and presently we were left standing there like a rock from which the sea has retreated. But what a sight it was! Around us the dead and dying lay in heaped-up masses, and of the gallant Grays there remained but ninety-five men upon their feet. More than three thousand four hundred had fallen in this one regiment, most of them never to rise again.

"Men," said Infadoos calmly, as between the intervals of bandaging a wound on his arm he conversed with him of his courage, "you have kept up the reputation of your regiment, and this day's fighting will be well spoken of by your children's children." Then he turned round and shook Cer Henry Kertis by the hand. "Thou art a great captain, Incubus," he said simply; "I have lived a long life among warriors, and have none more brave than you, yet have I never seen a man like unto thee."

At this moment the Buffaloes began to march past our position on the road to Loo, and as they went a message was brought to us from Ignosy requesting Infadoos, Cer Henry, and myself to join them. Accordingly, orders having been issued to the remaining ninety men of the Grays to employ themselves in collecting the wounded, we joined Ignosy, who informed us that he was pressing on to Loo to complete the victory by capturing Twala, if that should be possible. Before we had gone far, suddenly we discovered the figure of Good sitting on an ant-hill about

wun hundred pacez from us. Cloce beside him wauz the boddy ov a Coocoowaanaa.

“He must be wuinded,” ced Cer Henry ancshously. Az he made the remarc, an untooword thng happend. The ded boddy ov the Coocoowaanaa soalger, or raather whaut had apeerd too be hiz ded boddy, suddenly sprang up, noct Good hed over heelz of the ant-hepe, and began too spere him. We rusht forword in terror, and az we droo nere we sau the brauny woreyor making dig aafter dig at the prostrate Good, whoo at eche prodgerct aul hiz limz intoo the are. Ceying us cumming, the Coocoowaanaa gave wun final and moast vishous dig, and widh a shout ov “Take dhat, wizzard!” bolted awa. Good did not moove, and we concluded dhat our poor comrade wauz dun for. Sadly we came toowordz him, and wer astonnisht too fiand him pale and faint indede, but widh a cerene smile uppon hiz face, and hiz iaglaas stil fixt in hiz i.

“Cappital armor this,” he mermerd, on catching cite ov our facez bending over him. “Hou soald dhat beggar must hav bene,” and then he fainted. On examinaishon we discuverd dhat he had bene cereyously wuinded in the leg bi a *tolla* in the coers ov the persute, but dhat the chane armor had prevented hiz laast asalants spere from doowing ennithhing moer dhan broose him badly. It wauz a mercifool escape. Az nuthing cood be dun for him at the moment, he wauz plaist on wun ov the wicker sheeldz uezd for the wuinded, and carrede along widh us.

On ariving befoer the nerest gate ov Loo we found wun ov our redgiments wauching it in obegens too orderz receevd from Ignosy. The uther redgiments wer in the same wa garding the different exits too the toun. The officer in comaand ov this redgiment saluted Ignosy az

king, and informd him dhat Twalaaz army had taken reffuge in the toun, whither Twalaa himcelf had aulso escaipt, but he thaut dhat dha wer thurroly demoraliazd, and wood surrender. Dharuppon Ignosy, aafter taking counceel widh us, cent forword herraldz too eche gate ordering the defenderz too open, and prommicin on hiz roiyal werd life and forghivnes too evvery soalger whoo lade down hiz armz, but saying dhat if dha did not doo so befoer niatfaul he wood certainly bern the toun and aul within its gaitz. This message wauz not widhout its efect. Haaf an our later, amid the shouts and cheerz ov the Buffalose, the brij wauz dropt acros the fos, and the gaitz uppon the ferther cide wer flung open.

Taking ju precaushonz against tretchery, we marcht on intoo the toun. Aul along the roadwase stood thouzandz ov degeted woreyorz, dhare hedz drooping, and dhare sheeldz and speerz at dhare fete, whoo, hedded bi dhare officerz, saluted Ignosy az king az he paast. On we marcht, strate too Twalaaz craal. When we reecht the grate space, whare a da or too preveyously we had cene the revu and the wich hunt, we found it deserted. No, not qwite deserted, for dhare, on the ferther cide, in frunt ov hiz hut, sat Twalaa himcelf, widh but wun atendant—Gagoole.

It wauz a mellancoly cite too ce him ceted, hiz battel-ax and sheeld bi hiz cide, hiz chin uppon hiz maild brest, widh but wun oald crone for companyon, and notwidhstanding hiz criamz and misdeedz, a pang ov compashon shot throo me az I looct uppon Twalaa dhus “faulen from hiz hi estate.” Not a soalger ov aul hiz armese, not a coercher out ov the hundredz whoo had crinjd round him, not even a sollitary wife, remaind too share hiz fate or haav the bitternes ov hiz faul. Poor savvage! he wauz lernin the lesson which Fate techez too moast ov us whoo liv long enuf, dhat the ise ov mankiand ar bliand too the discreddeed, and dhat he whoo iz defensles and faulen fiandz fu frendz and littel mercy. Nor, indede, in this cace did he deserv enny.

Filing throo the craal gate, we marcht acros the open space too whare the ex-king sat. When within about fifty yardz ov him the redgiment wauz haulted, and acumpanede oonly bi a smaull gard we advaanst toowordz him, Gagoole reviling us bitterly az we came. Az we droo nere, Twalaa, for the ferst time, lifted hiz pluemd hed, and fixt hiz wun i, which ceemd too flash widh suprest fury aulmoast az briatly az the grate dimond bound round hiz foerhed, uppon hiz suxesfool rival—Ignosy.

“Hale, O king!” he ced, widh bitter mockery; “dhou whoo hast eten ov mi bred, and nou bi the ade ov the white manz madgic hast cejest mi redgiments and defeted mine army, hale! Whaut fate hast dhou in stoer for me, O king?”

“The fate dhou gaivst too mi faather, whose throne dhou hast sat on these menny yeerz!” wauz the stern aancer.

“It iz good. I wil sho the hou too di, dhat dhou maist remember it against thine one time. Ce, the sun cinx in blud,” and he pointed widh hiz battel-ax toowordz the cetting orb; “it iz wel dhat mi sun shood go doun in its cumpany. And nou, O king! I am reddy too di, but I crave the boone ov the Coocoowaanaa roiyal Hous[9] too di fiting. Dhou canst not refuse it, or even dhose couwardz whoo fled too-da wil hoald the shaimd.”

[9] It iz a lau amungst the Coocoowaanaaz dhat no man ov the direct roiyal blud can be poot too deth, unles bi hiz one concent, which iz, houwevver, nevver refuezd. He iz aloud too chuse a suxeshon ov antaggonists, too be apruivd bi the king, widh whoome he fiats, til wun ov them kilz him.—A.Q.

“It iz graanted. Chuse—widh whoome wilt dhou fite? Micelf I canot fite

widh the, for the king fiats not exep in wor."

Twalaaz somber i ran up and doun our ranx, and I felt, az for a moment it rested on micelf, dhat the posishon had devellopt a nu horror. Whaut if he chose too beghin bi fiting "me"? Whaut chaans shood I hav against a desperate savvage cix fete five hi, and braud in propoershon? I mite az wel comit suwicide at wuns. Haistily I made up mi miand too decline the combat, even if I wer hooted out ov Coocoowaanaaland az a conceqwens. It iz, I thhinc, better too be hooted dhan too be qworterd widh a battel-ax.

Prezsently Twalaa spoke.

"Incubu, whaut saist dhou, shal we end whaut we began too-da, or shal I caul the couward, white—even too the livver?"

"Na," interpoazd Ignosy haistily; "dhou shalt not fite widh Incubu."

"Not if he iz afrade," ced Twalaa.

Unforchunaitly Cer Henry understood this remarc, and the blud flaimd up intoo hiz cheex.

"I wil fite him," he ced; "he shal ce if I am afrade."

"For Hevvenz sake," I entreted, "doant risc yor life against dhat ov a desperate man. Enniboddy whoo sau u too-da wil no dhat u ar brave enuf."

"I wil fite him," wauz the sullen aancer. "No livving man shal caul me a couward. I am reddy nou!" and he stept forword and lifted hiz ax.

I rung mi handz over this abcerd pece ov Qwixotizm; but if he wauz

determiand on this dede, ov coers I cood not stop him.

“Fite not, mi white bruther,” ced Ignosy, laying hiz hand afecshonaitly on Cer Henrese arm; “dhou hast faut enuf, and if aut befel the at hiz handz it wood cut mi hart in twane.”

“I wil fite, Ignosy,” wauz Cer Henrese aancer.

“It iz wel, Incubu; dhou art a brave man. It wil be a good fra. Behoald, Twalaa, the Ellefant iz reddy for the.”

The ex-king laaft savvaijly, and stepping forword faist Kertis. For a moment dha stood dhus, and the lite ov the cinking sun caut dhare staulwort fraimz and cloadhd them boath in fire. Dha wer a wel-macht pare.

Then dha began too cerkel round eche uther, dhare battel-axez raizd.

Suddenly Cer Henry sprang forword and struc a feerfool blo at Twalaa, whoo stept too wun cide. So hevvy wauz the stroke dhat the striker haaf overballanst himcelf, a cercumstaans ov which hiz antaggonist tooc a prompt advaantage. Cercling hiz mascive battel-ax round hiz hed, he braut it doun widh tremendous foers. Mi hart jumpt intoo mi mouth; I thaut dhat the afare wauz aulreddy finnisht. But no; widh a qwic upword muivment ov the left arm Cer Henry interpoazd hiz sheeld betwene himcelf and the ax, widh the rezult dhat its outer ej wauz shorn awa, the ax fauling on hiz left shoalder, but not hevvely enuf too doo enny cereyous dammage. In anuther moment Cer Henry got in a cecond blo, which wauz aulso receevd bi Twalaa uppon hiz sheeld.

Then follode blo uppon blo, dhat wer, in tern, iather receevd uppon the sheeldz or avoided. The exiatment groo intens; the redgiment which

wauz wauching the encounter forgot its discipline, and, drauwing nere, shouted and groand at evvery stroke. Just at this time, too, Good, whoo had bene lade uppon the ground bi me, recuvverd from hiz faint, and, citting up, perceevd whaut wauz gowing on. In an instant he wauz up, and catching hoald ov mi arm, hopt about from place too place on wun leg, dragghing me aafter him, and yelling encurraijments too Cer Henry—

“Go it, oald fello!” he haloode. “Dhat wauz a good wun! Ghiv it him amidships,” and so on.

Prezently Cer Henry, havving caut a fresh stroke uppon hiz sheeld, hit out widh aul hiz foers. The blo cut throo Twalaaz sheeld and throo the tuf chane armor behiand it, gashing him in the shoalder. Widh a yel ov pane and fury Twalaa reternd the blo widh interest, and, such wauz hiz strength, shoer rite throo the rinosceros’ horn handel ov hiz antaggonists battel-ax, strengthhend az it wauz widh bandz ov stele, wuinding Kertis in the face.

A cri ov disma rose from the Buffalose az our herose braud ax-hed fel too the ground; and Twalaa, agane rasing hiz weppon, flu at him widh a shout. I shut mi ise. When I opend them agane it wauz too ce Cer Henrese sheeld liying on the ground, and Cer Henry himcelf widh hiz grate armz twiand round Twalaaz middel. Too and fro dha swung, hugghing eche uther like baerz, straning widh aul dhare mity muscelz for dere life, and derer onnor. Widh a supreme effort Twalaa swung the In’glisshman clene of hiz fete, and doun dha came tooghether, roling over and over on the lime paving, Twalaa striking out at Kertis’ hed widh the battel-ax, and Cer Henry trying too drive the *tolla* he had draun from hiz belt throo Twalaaz armor.

It wauz a mity strugghel, and an aufool thhing too ce.

“Ghet hiz ax!” yeld Good; and perhaps our champeyon herd him.

At enny rate, dropping the *tolla*, he snacht at the ax, which wauz faacend too Twalaaz rist bi a strip ov buffalo hide, and stil roling over and over, dha faut for it like wiald cats, drauwing dhare breth in hevvy gaasps. Suddenly the hide string berst, and then, with a grate effort, Cer Henry frede himcelf, the weppon remaning in hiz hand. Anuther cecond and he wauz uppon hiz fete, the red blud streming from the wuind in hiz face, and so wauz Twalaa. Drauwing the hevvy *tolla* from hiz belt, he reeld strate at Kertis and struc him in the brest. The stab came home troo and strong, but whoowever it wauz whoo made dhat chane armor, he understood hiz art, for it widhstood the stele. Agane Twalaa struc out with a savvage yel, and agane the sharp nife rebounded, and Cer Henry went stagghering bac. Wuns moer Twalaa came on, and az he came our grate In’glishman gatherd himcelf tooghether, and swinging the big ax round hiz hed with both handz, hit at him with aul hiz foers.

Dhare wauz a shreke ov exiatment from a thouzand throats, and, behoald! Twalaaz hed ceemd too spring from hiz shoalderz: then it fel and came roling and bounding along the ground toowordz Ignosy, stopping just at hiz fete. For a cecond the corps stood uprite; then with a dul crash it came too the erth, and the goald torc from its nec roald awa across the paivment. Az it did so Cer Henry, overpouwerd bi faintnes and los ov blud, fel hevvely across the boddy ov the ded king.

In a cecond he wauz lifted up, and egher handz wer poering wauter on hiz face. Anuther minnute, and the gra ise opend wide.

He wauz not ded.

Then I, just az the sun sanc, stepping too whare Twalaaz hed la in the dust, unluist the dimond from the ded brouz, and handed it too Ignosy.

“Take it,” I ced, “laufool king ov the Coocoowaanaaz—king bi berth and victory.”

Ignosy bound the diyadem uppon hiz brouz. Then advaancing, he plaist hiz foot uppon the braud chest ov hiz hedles fo and broke out intoo a chaant, or raather a peyan ov triyumf, so butifool, and yet so utterly savage, dhat I despare ov beying abel too ghiv an addeqwate verzhon ov hiz werdz. Wuns I herd a scollar widh a fine vois red aloud from the Greke powet Homer, and I remember dhat the sound ov the roling lianz ceemd too make mi blod stand stil. Ignosese chaant, utterd az it wauz in a lan'gwage az butifool and sonnorous az the oald Greke, projuest exactly the same efect on me, auldho I wauz exausted widh toil and menny emoashonz.

“Nou,” he began, “nou our rebelleyon iz swaulode up in victory, and our evil-doowing iz justifide bi strength.

“In the morning the opressorz arose and strecht themcelvz; dha bound on dhare harnes and made them reddy too wor.

“Dha rose up and tost dhare speerz: the soalgerz cauld too the captainz, ‘Cum, lede us’—and the captainz cride too the king, ‘Direct dhou the battel.’

“Dha laaft in dhare pride, twenty thouzand men, and yet a twenty thousand.

“Dhare pluemz cuvverd the vallese az the pluemz ov a berd cuvver her nest; dha shooc dhare sheeldz and shouted, ya, dha shooc dhare sheeldz in the sunlite; dha lusted for battel and wer glad.

“Dha came up against me; dhare strong wunz ran swiftly too sla me; dha cride, ‘Haa! haa! he iz az wun aulreddy ded.’

“Then breedhd I on them, and mi breth wauz az the breth ov a wind, and lo! dha wer not.

“Mi liatningz peerst them; I lict up dhare strength widh the liatning ov mi speerz; I shooc them too the ground widh the thunder ov mi shoutingz.

“Dha broke—dha scatterd—dha wer gon az the mists ov the morning.

“Dha ar foode for the kiats and the foxez, and the place ov battel iz fat widh dhare blud.

“Whare ar the mity wunz whoo rose up in the morning?

“Whare ar the proud wunz whoo tost dhare speerz and cride, ‘He iz az a man aulreddy ded’?

“Dha bou dhare hedz, but not in slepe; dha ar strecht out, but not in slepe.

“Dha ar forgotten; dha hav gon intoo the blacnes; dha dwel in the ded muinz; ya, uthertz shal lede awa dhare wiavz, and dhare children shal remember them no moer.

“And I—! the king—like an eghel I hav found mi ery.

“Behoald! far hav I flone in the nite cezon, yet hav I reternd too

mi yung at the daibrake.

“Shelter ye under the shaddo ov mi wingz, O pepel, and I wil cumfort u, and ye shal not be dismade.

“Nou iz the good time, the time ov spoil.

“Mine ar the cattel on the mountainz, mine ar the verginz in the craalz.

“The winter iz overpaast widh stormz, the summer iz cum widh flouwerz.

“Nou Evil shal cuver up her face, nou Mercy and Gladnes shal dwel in the land.

“Rejois, rejois, mi pepel!

“Let aul the starz rejois in dhat this turrany iz trodden doun, in dhat I am the king.”

Ignosy ceest hiz song, and out ov the gathering gloome came bac the depe repli—

““Dhou art the king!””

Dhus wauz mi proffecy too the herrald foolfild, and within the forty-ate ourz Twalaaz hedles corps wauz stiffening at Twalaaz gate.

CHAPTER 15.

## GOOD FAULZ CIC

Aafter the fite wauz ended, Cer Henry and Good wer carrede intoo Twalaaz hut, whare I joind them. Dha wer boath utterly exhausted bi exershon and los ov blud, and, indede, mi one condishon wauz littel better. I am verry wiry, and can stand moer fateghe dhan moast men, probbably on acount ov mi lite wate and long traning; but dhat nite I wauz qwite dun up, and, az iz aulwase the cace widh me when exhausted, dhat oald wuind which the liyon gave me began too pane. Aulso mi hed wauz aking viyolently from the blo I had receevd in the morning, when I wauz noct censles. Aultooghether, a moer mizserabel treyo dhan we wer dhat evening it wood hav bene difficult too discuvver; and our oanly cumfort la in the reflecshon dhat we wer exedingly forchunate too be dhare too fele mizserabel, insted ov beying strecht ded uppon the plane, az so menny thousanz ov brave men wer dhat nite, whoo had rizsen wel and strong in the morning.

Sumhou, widh the acistans ov the butifool Foulataa, whoo, cins we had bene the meenz ov saving her life, had constichuted hercelf our handmaden, and espeshaly Goodz, we mannaijd too ghet of the chane sherts, which had certainly saivd the liavz ov too ov us dhat da. Az I expected, we found dhat the flesh underneeth wauz terribly conchuezd, for dho the stele linx had kept the wepponz from entering, dha had not prevented them from broosing. Boath Cer Henry and Good wer a mas ov conchuezhonz, and I wauz bi no meenz fre. Az a remmedy Foulataa braut us sum pounded grene leevz, widh an aromattic odor, which, when aplide az a plaaster, gave us concidderabel relefe.

But dho the broosez wer painfool, dha did not ghiv us such anxiyety az Cer Henrese and Goodz wuindz. Good had a hole rite throo the

fleshy part ov hiz “butifool white leg,” from which he had lost a grate dele ov blod; and Cer Henry, widh uther herts, had a depe cut over the jau, inflicted bi Twalaaz battel-ax. Luckily Good iz a verry decent cerjon, and so soone az hiz smaul box ov meddicianz wauz foerthcumming, havving thurroly clenzd the wuindz, he mannaijd too stich up ferst Cer Henrese and then hiz one pritty satisfactorily, conciddering the imperfect lite ghivven bi the primmitive Coocoowaanaa lamp in the hut. Aafterwordz he plentifooly smeerd the injuerd placez widh sum anticeptic ointment, ov which dhare wauz a pot in the littel box, and we cuvverd them widh the remainz ov a pocket-hankerchefe which we posest.

Meenwhile Foulataa had prepaerd us sum strong broth, for we wer too wery too ete. This we swaulode, and then throo ourcelvz down on the pialz ov magnificent carrocez, or fer rugz, which wer scatterd about the ded kingz grate hut. Bi a verry strainj instans ov the irony ov fate, it wauz on Twalaaz one couch, and rapt in Twalaaz one particular carros, dhat Cer Henry, the man whoo had slane him, slept dhat nite.

I sa slept; but aafter dhat dase werc, slepe wauz indede difficult. Too beghin widh, in verry truith the are wauz fool

“Ov faerwelz too the diying  
And moerningz for the ded.”

From evvery direcshon came the sound ov the waling ov wimmen whose huzbandz, sunz, and brutherz had perrisht in the battel. No wunder dhat dha waild, for over twelv thousand men, or neerly a fifth ov the Coocoowaanaa army, had bene destroid in dhat aufool strugghel. It wauz hart-rending too li and liscen too dhare crise for dhose whoo nevver wood retern; and it made me understand the fool horror ov the werc

dun dhat da too ferther manz ambishon. Toowordz midnite, houwevver, the  
ceesles crying ov the wimmen groo les freeqwent, til at length the  
cilens wauz oonly broken at intervalz ov a fu minnuets bi a long  
peercing houl dhat came from a hut in our imejate rere, which, az I  
aafterwordz discuvverd, proceded from Gagoole “kening” over the ded  
king Twalaa.

Aafter dhat I got a littel fitfool slepe, oonly too wake from time too time  
widh a start, thhinking dhat I wauz wuns moer an actor in the terribel  
events ov the laast twenty-foer ourz. Nou I ceemd too ce dhat woreyor  
whoome mi hand had cent too hiz laast acount charging at me on the  
mountane-top; nou I wauz wuns moer in dhat gloereyous ring ov Grase,  
which  
made its imortal stand against aul Twalaaz redgiments uppon the littel  
mound; and nou agane I sau Twalaaz pluemd and goery hed role paast mi  
fete widh nashing teeth and glaring i.

At laast, sumhou or uther, the nite paast awa; but when daun broke I  
found dhat mi companyonz had slept no better dhan micelf. Good, indede,  
wauz in a hi fever, and verry soone aafterwordz began too gro  
lite-hedded, and aulso, too mi alarm, too spit blud, the rezult, no  
dout, ov sum internal injury, inflicted juring the desperate efforts  
made bi the Coocoowaanaa woreyor on the preveyous da too foers hiz big  
spere  
throo the chane armor. Cer Henry, houwevver, ceemd pritty fresh,  
notwidhstanding hiz wuind on the face, which made eting difficult and  
laafter an impocibillity, dho he wauz so soer and stif dhat he  
cood scaersly ster.

About ate oacloc we had a vizsit from Infadoos, whoo apeerd but  
littel the wers—tuf oald woreyor dhat he wauz—for hiz exershonz in the  
battel, auldho he informd us dhat he had bene up aul nite. He wauz  
delited too ce us, but much greevd at Goodz condishon, and shooc

our handz corjaly. I notiast, houwevver, dhat he adrest Cer Henry  
widh a kiand ov revverens, az dho he wer sumthhing moer dhan man;  
and, indede, az we aafterwordz found out, the grate In'glishman wauz  
looct on throwout Coocoowaanaaland az a supernatchural beying. No  
man, the  
soalgerz ced, cood hav faut az he faut or, at the end ov a da  
ov such toil and bludshed, cood hav slane Twalaa, whoo, in adishon too  
beying the king, wauz supoast too be the stron'ghest woreyor in the  
cuntry, in cin'ghel combat, shering throo hiz bool-nec at a stroke.  
Indede, dhat stroke became proverbeyal in Coocoowaanaaland, and enny  
extrordinary blo or fete ov strength wauz hensfoerth none az  
"Incubuse blo."

Infadoos toald us aulso dhat aul Twalaaz redgiments had submitted too  
Ignosy, and dhat like submishonz wer beghinning too arive from cheefs  
in the outliying cuntry. Twalaaz deth at the handz ov Cer Henry had  
poot an end too aul ferther chaans ov disterbans; for Scraggaa had bene  
hiz oonly legittimate sun, so dhare wauz no rival clamant too the throne  
left alive.

I remarct dhat Ignosy had swum too pouwer throo blud. The oald chefe  
shrugd hiz shoalderz. "Yes," he aancerd; "but the Coocoowaanaa pepel can  
oonly be kept coole bi letting dhare blud flo sumtiamz. Menny ar  
kild, indede, but the wimmen ar left, and utherz must soone gro up too  
take the placez ov the faulen. Aafter this the land wood be qwiyet for a  
while."

Aafterwordz, in the coers ov the morning, we had a short vizsit from  
Ignosy, on whoose brouz the roiyal diyadem wauz nou bound. Az I  
contemplated him advaancing widh kingly dignity, an obceeqweyous gard  
following hiz steps, I cood not help recauling too mi miand the taul  
Zooloo whoo had presented himcelf too us at Derban sum fu munths bac,  
aasking too be taken intoo our cervice, and reflecting on the strainj  
revolueshonz ov the whele ov forchune.

"Hale, O king!" I ced, rising.

"Yes, Macumazaan. King at laast, bi the mite ov yor thre rite handz," wauz the reddy aancer.

Aul wauz, he ced, gowing wel; and he hoapt too arainj a grate feest in too weex' time in order too sho himcelf too the pepel.

I aasct him whaut he had cetteld too doo widh Gagoole.

"She iz the evil geenyus ov the land," he aancerd, "and I shal kil her, and aul the wich doctorz widh her! She haz livd so long dhat nun can remember when she wauz not verry oald, and she it iz whoo haz aulwase traind the wich-hunterz, and made the land wicked in the cite ov the hevvenz abuv."

"Yet she nose much," I replide; "it iz eseyer too destroi nollej, Ignosy, dhan too gather it."

"Dhat iz so," he ced thautfooly. "She, and she oonly, nose the ceecret ov the 'Thre Witchez,' yonder, whither the grate rode runz, whare the kingz ar berrede, and the Cilent Wunz cit."

"Yes, and the dimondz ar. Forghet not thi prommice, Ignosy; dhou must lede us too the mianz, even if dhou hast too spare Gagoole alive too sho the wa."

"I wil not forghet, Macumazaan, and I wil thhinc on whaut dhou saist."

Aafter Ignosese vizsit I went too ce Good, and found him qwite delereyous. The fever cet up bi hiz wuind ceemd too hav taken a ferm hoald ov hiz cistem, and too be complicated widh an internal injury. For foer or five dase hiz condishon wauz moast crittical; indede, I beleve fermly dhat had

it not bene for Foulataaz indefattigabel nercing he must hav dide.

Wimmen ar wimmen, aul the werld over, whautevver dhare cullor. Yet sumhou

it ceemd cureyous too wauch this dusky buty bending nite and da over the feverd manz couch, and performing aul the mercifool errandz ov a cic-roome swiftly, gently, and widh az fine an instinct az dhat ov a traird hospital ners. For the ferst nite or too I tride too help her, and so did Cer Henry az soone az hiz stifnes aloud him too moove, but Foulataa boer our interferens widh impaishens, and finaly incisted uppon our leving him too her, saying dhat our muivments made him restles, which I thhinc wauz troo. Da and nite she waucht him and tended him, ghivving him hiz oanly medicine, a native cooling drinc made

ov milc, in which wauz infuezd juce from the bulb ov a speeshese ov chulip, and keping the flise from cetling on him. I can ce the whole picchure nou az it apeerd nite aafter nite bi the lite ov our primitiv lamp; Good toscing too and fro, hiz fechuerz emaishated, hiz ise shining larj and luminous, and jabbering noncens bi the yard; and ceted on the ground bi hiz cide, her bac resting against the waul ov the hut, the soft-ide, shaiplly Coocoowaanaa buty, her face, wery az it wauz widh her long vidgil, annimated bi a looc ov infinite compashon—or wauz it sumthhing moer dhan compashon?

For too dase we thaut dhat he must di, and crept about widh hevvy harts.

Oanly Foulataa wood not beleve it.

“He wil liv,” she ced.

For thre hundred yardz or moer around Twalaaz chefe hut, whare the sufferer la, dhare wauz cilens; for bi the kingz order aul whoo livd in the habitaishonz behiand it, exept Cer Henry and micelf, had bene

remuivd, lest enny noiz shood cum too the cic manz eerz. Wun nite, it wauz the fifth ov Goodz ilnes, az wauz mi habbit, I went acros too ce hou he wauz doowing befoer terning in for a fu ourz.

I enterd the hut caerfooly. The lamp plaist uppon the floer shode the figgure ov Good toscing no moer, but liying qwite stil.

So it had cum at laast! In the bitternes ov mi hart I gave sumthhing like a sob.

“Hush—h—h!” came from the pach ov darc shaddo behiand Goodz hed.

Then, creping clocer, I sau dhat he wauz not ded, but sleping soundly, widh Foulataaz taper fin'gherz claaspt tiatly in hiz poor white hand. The cricis had paast, and he wood liv. He slept like dhat for atene ourz; and I scaersly like too sa it, for fere I shood not be beleevd, but juring the entire pereyod did this devoted gherl cit bi him, fering dhat if she muivd and droo awa her hand it wood wake him. Whaut she must hav sufferd from cramp and werines, too sa nuthhing ov waunt ov foode, nobody wil evver no; but it iz the fact dhat, when at laast he woke, she had too be carrede awa—her limz wer so stif dhat she cood not moove them.

Aafter the tern had wuns bene taken, Goodz recuvvery wauz rappid and complete. It wauz not til he wauz neerly wel dhat Cer Henry toald him ov aul he ode too Foulataa; and when he came too the stoery ov hou she sat bi hiz cide for atene ourz, fering lest bi mooving she shood wake him, the onnest salorz ise fild widh teerz. He ternd and went strate too the hut whare Foulataa wauz preparing the mid-da mele, for we wer bac in our oald qworterz nou, taking me widh him too interpret in cace he cood not make hiz mening clere too her, dho I am bound too sa dhat she understood him marvelously az a roole, conciddering hou extreemly limmited wauz hiz forane vocabbulary.

“Tel her,” ced Good, “dhat I o her mi life, and dhat I wil nevver forghet her kiandnes too mi diying da.”

I interpreted, and under her darc skin she acchuwaly ceemd too blush.

Terning too him widh wun ov dhose swift and graisfool moashonz dhat in her

aulwase remianded me ov the flite ov a wiald berd, Foulataa aancerd softly, glaancing at him widh her larj broun ise—

“Na, mi lord; mi lord forghets! Did he not save “mi” life, and am I not mi lordz handmaden?”

It wil be observd dhat the yung lady apeerd entiarly too hav forgotten the share which Cer Henry and micelf had taken in her preservaishon from Twalaaz clutchez. But dhat iz the wa ov wimmen! I remember mi dere wife wauz just the same. Wel, I retiard from dhat littel intervü sad at hart. I did not like Mis Foulataaz soft glaancez, for I nu the fatal ammorous propencitese ov salorz in genneral, and ov Good in particcular.

Dhare ar too thhingz in the werld, az I hav found out, which canot be prevented: u canot kepe a Zooloo from fiting, or a salor from fauling in luv uppon the slitest provocaishon!

It wauz a fu dase aafter this laast occurs dhat Ignosy held hiz grate “indabaa,” or council, and wauz formaly reccogniazd az king bi the “injunaaz,” or hed men, ov Coocoowaanaaland. The spektakel wauz a moast imposing wun, including az it did a grand revu ov truijs. On this da the remaning fragments ov the Grase wer formaly paraded, and in the face ov the army thanct for dhare splendid conduct in the battel. Too eche man the king made a larj prezsent ov cattel, promoting them wun and aul too the ranc ov officerz in the nu coer ov Grase which wauz in

proces ov formaishon. An order wauz aulso promulgated throowout the length and bredth ov Cooowaanaaland dhat, whialst we onnord the cuntry

bi our prezsens, we thre wer too be greted widh the roiyal salute, and too be treted widh the same cerremony and respect dhat wauz bi custom acorded too the king. Aulso the pouwer ov life and deth wauz publicly conferd uppon us. Ignosy, too, in the prezsens ov hiz pepel, reyafermd the prommicez which he had made, too the efect dhat no manz blud shood be shed widhout triyal, and dhat wich-hunting shood cece in the land.

When the cerremony wauz over we wated uppon Ignosy, and informd him dhat

we wer nou ancshous too investigate the mistery ov the mianz too which Sollomonz Rode ran, aasking him if he had discuvverd ennithing about them.

“Mi frendz,” he aancerd, “I hav discuvverd this. It iz dhare dhat the thre grate figguerz cit, whoo here ar cauld the ‘Cilent Wunz,’ and too whoome Twalaa wood hav offerd the gherl Foulataa az a sacrifice. It iz dhare, too, in a grate cave depe in the mountane, dhat the kingz ov the land ar berrede; dhare ye shal fiand Twalaa boddy, citting widh dhose whoo went befoer him. Dhare, aulso, iz a depe pit, which, at sum time, long-ded men dug out, mahap for the stoanz ye speke ov, such az I hav herd men in Nataal tel ov at Kimberly. Dhare, too, in the Place ov Deth iz a ceecret chaimber, none too nun but the king and Gagoole. But Twalaa, whoo nu it, iz ded, and I no it not, nor no I whaut iz in it. Yet dhare iz a ledgend in the land dhat wuns, menny generaishonz gon, a white man crost the mountainz, and wauz led bi a woomman too the ceecret chaimber and shone the welth hidden in it. But befoer he cood take it she betrade him, and he wauz drivven bi the king ov dhat da bac too the mountainz, and cins then no man haz enterd the place.”

“The stoery iz shuerly troo, Ignosy, for on the mountainz we found the

white man," I ced.

"Yes, we found him. And nou I hav prommiast u dhat if ye can cum too dhat chaimber, and the stoanz ar dhare—"

"The gem uppon thi foerhed pruiuz dhat dha ar dhare," I poot in, pointing too the grate dimond I had taken from Twalaaz ded brouz.

"Mahap; if dha ar dhare," he ced, "ye shal hav az menny az ye can take hens—if indede ye wood leve me, mi brutherz."

"Ferst we must fiand the chaimber," ced I.

"Dhare iz but wun whoo can sho it too the—Gagoole."

"And if she wil not?"

"Then she must di," ced Ignosy sternly. "I hav saivd her alive but for this. Sta, she shal chuse," and caulng too a mescen'ger he orderd Gagoole too be braut befoer him.

In a fu minnuets she came, hurrede along bi too gardz, whoome she wauz kercing az she wauct.

"Leve her," ced the king too the gardz.

So soone az dhare supoert wauz widhdraun, the witherd oald bundel—for she

looct moer like a bundel dhan ennithhing els, out ov which her too brite and wicked ise gleemd like dhose ov a snake—sanc in a hepe on too the floer.

"Whaut wil ye widh me, Ignosy?" she piapt. "Ye dare not tuch me. If ye tuch me I wil sla u az ye cit. Beware ov mi madgic."

“Thi madgic cood not save Twalaa, oald she-woolf, and it canot hert me,” wauz the aancer. “Liscen; I wil this ov the, dhat dhou revele too us the chaimber whare ar the shining stoanz.”

“Haa! haa!” she piapt, “nun no its ceecret but I, and I wil nevver tel the. The white devvilz shal go hens empty-handed.”

“Dhou shalt tel me. I wil make the tel me.”

“Hou, O king? Dhou art grate, but can thi pouwer ring the truth from a woomman?”

“It iz difficult, yet wil I doo so.”

“Hou, O king?”

“Na, dhus; if dhou telst not dhou shalt sloly di.”

“Di!” she shreect in terror and fury; “ye dare not tuch me—man, ye no not whoo I am. Hou oald thhinc ye am I? I nu yor faatherz, and yor faatherz’ faatherz’ faatherz. When the cuntry wauz yung I wauz here; when the cuntry grose oald I shal stil be here. I canot di unles I be kild bi chaans, for nun dare sla me.”

“Yet wil I sla the. Ce, Gagoole, muther ov evil, dhou art so oald dhat dhou canst no lon’gher luv thi life. Whaut can life be too such a hag az dhou, whoo hast no shape, nor form, nor hare, nor teeth—hast naut, save wickednes and evil ise? It wil be mercy too make an end ov the, Gagoole.”

“Dhou foole,” shreect the oald feend, “dhou akerst foole, demest dhou dhat life iz swete oonly too the yung? It iz not so, and naut dhou

noast ov the hart ov man too thhinc it. Too the yung, indede, deth iz sumtiamz welcum, for the yung can fele. Dha luv and suffer, and it ringz them too ce dhare beluvved paas too the land ov shaddose. But the oald fele not, dha luv not, and, "haa! haa!" dha laaf too ce anuther go out intoo the darc; "haa! haa!" dha laaf too ce the evil dhat iz dun under the starz. Aul dha luv iz life, the worm, worm sun, and the swete, swete are. Dha ar afrade ov the coald, afrade ov the coald and the darc, "haa! haa! haa!" and the oald hag riadh in gaastly merriment on the ground.

"Cece thine evil tauc and aancer me," ced Ignosy an'grily. "Wilt dhou sho the place whare the stoanz ar, or wilt dhou not? If dhou wilt not dhou diast, even nou," and he ceezd a spere and held it over her.

"I wil not sho it; dhou darest not kil me, darest not! He whoo slase me wil be akerst for evver."

Sloly Ignosy braut doun the spere til it prict the prostrate hepe ov ragz.

Widh a wiald yel Gagoole sprang too her fete, then fel agane and roald uppon the floer.

"Na, I wil sho the. Oonly let me liv, let me cit in the sun and hav a bit ov mete too suc, and I wil sho the."

"It iz wel. I thaut dhat I shood fiand a wa too rezon widh the. Too-morro shalt dhou go widh Infadoos and mi white brutherz too the place, and beware hou dhou falest, for if dhou shoast it not, then dhou shalt sloly di. I hav spoken."

"I wil not fale, Ignosy. I aulwase kepe mi werd—"haa! haa! haa!" Wuns befoer a woomman shode the chaimber too a white man, and behoald! evil befel him," and here her wicked ise glinted. "Her name wauz Gagoole

aulso. Perchaans I wauz dhat woomman.”

“Dhou liast,” I ced, “dhat wauz ten generaishonz gon.”

“Mahap, mahap; when wun livz long wun forghets. Perhaps it wauz mi mutherz muther whoo toald me; shuerly her name wauz Gagoole aulso. But marc,

ye wil fiand in the place whare the brite thhingz ar a bag ov hide fool ov stoanz. The man fild dhat bag, but he nevver tooc it awa.

Evil befel him, I sa, evil befel him! Perhaps it wauz mi mutherz muther whoo toald me. It wil be a merry gerny—we can ce the boddese ov dhose whoo dide in the battel az we go. Dhare ise wil be gon bi nou, and dhare ribz wil be hollo. “Haa! haa! haa!””

## CHAPTER 16.

### THE PLACE OV DETH

It wauz aulreddy darc on the thherd da aafter the cene descriabd in the preveyous chapter when we campt in sum huts at the foot ov the “Thre Witchez,” az the triyan’ghel ov mountainz iz cauld too which Sollomonz Grate Rode runz. Our party concisted ov our thre celvz and Foulataa, whoo wated on us—eseshaly on Good—Infadoos, Gagoole, whoo wauz boern

along in a litter, incide which she cood be herd muttering and kercing aul da long, and a party ov gardz and atendants. The mountainz, or raather the thre peex ov the mountane, for the mas wauz evvidently the rezult ov a sollitary upheval, wer, az I hav ced, in the form ov a triyan’ghel, ov which the bace wauz toowordz us, wun peke beying on our rite, wun on our left, and wun strate in frunt ov us.

Nevver shal I forghet the cite afoerded bi dhose thre touwering peex in the erly sunlite ov the following morning. Hi, hi abuv us, up intoo the blu are, soerd dhare twisted sno-reeths. Beneeth the sno-line the peex wer perpel widh heeths, and so wer the wiald moorz dhat ran up the sloaps toowordz them. Strate befoer us the white ribbon ov Sollomonz Grate Rode strecht awa uphil too the foot ov the center peke, about five mialz from us, and dhare stopt. It wauz its terminus.

I had better leve the felingz ov intens exiatment widh which we cet out on our march dhat morning too the imaginaishon ov dhose whoo rede this history. At laast we wer drauwing nere too the wonderfool mianz dhat had bene the cauz ov the mizerabel deth ov the oald Porchughese Dom thre cenchurese ago, ov mi poor frend, hiz il-stard descendant, and aulso, az we feerd, ov Jorj Kertis, Cer Henrese bruther. Wer we destiand, aafter aul dhat we had gon throo, too fare enny better? Evil befel them, az dhat oald feend Gagoole ced; wood it aulso befaul us? Sumhou, az we wer marching up dhat laast strech ov butifool rode, I cood not help feling a littel superstishous about the matter, and so I thhinc did Good and Cer Henry.

For an our and a haaf or moer we trampt on up the hether-frinjd wa, gowing so faast in our exiatment dhat the barerz ov Gaguilz hammoc cood scaersly kepe pace widh us, and its occupant piapt out too us too stop.

“Wauc moer sloly, white men,” she ced, progeting her hidjous shrivveld countenans betwene the graas kertainz, and fixing her gleming ise uppon us; “whi wil ye run too mete the evil dhat shal befaul u, ye cekerz aafter trezhure?” and she laaft dhat horribel laaf which aulwase cent a coald shivver doun mi bac, and for a while qwite tooc the enthuseyazm out ov us.

Houwever, on we went, til we sau befoer us, and betwene ourcelvz and the peke, a vaast cercular hole widh sloping ciadz, thre hundred fete or moer in depth, and qwite haaf a mile round.

“Caant u ghes whaut this iz?” I ced too Cer Henry and Good, whoo wer staring in astonishment at the aufool pit befoer us.

Dha shooc dhare hedz.

“Then it iz clere dhat u hav nevver cene the dimond digghingz at Kimberly. U ma depend on it dhat this iz Sollomonz Dimond Mine. Looc dhare,” I ced, pointing too the straataa ov stif blu cla which wer yet too be cene among the graas and booshez dhat cloadhd the ciadz ov the pit, “the formaishon iz the same. Ile be bound dhat if we went doun dhare we shood fiand ‘piaps’ ov sopy breckeyated roc. Looc, too,” and I pointed too a cerese ov woern flat slabz ov stone dhat wer plaist on a gentel slope belo the levvel ov a wautercoers which in sum paast age had bene cut out ov the sollid roc; “if dhose ar not tabelz wuns uest too waush the ‘stuf,’ Ime a Duchman.”

At the ej ov this vaast hole, which wauz nun uther dhan the pit marct on the oald Domz map, the Grate Rode braancht intoo too and cercumvented it. In menny placez, bi the wa, this surrounding rode wauz bilt entiarly out ov blox ov stone, aparrently widh the obgett ov supoerting the edgez ov the pit and preventing faulz ov refe. Along this paath we prest, drivven bi cureyosity too ce whaut wer the thre touwering obgets which we cood discern from the hither cide ov the grate gulf. Az we droo nere we perceevd dhat dha wer Colosci ov sum sort or anuther, and riatly con’gechuerd dhat befoer us sat the thre “Cilent Wunz” dhat ar held in such au bi the Coocoowaanaa pepel. But it wauz not until we wer qwite cloce too them dhat we reccogniazd the fool madgesty ov these “Cilent Wunz.”

Dhare, uppon huge peddestalz ov darc roc, sculpchuerd widh roode emblemz  
ov the Fallic wership, ceeparated from eche uther bi a distans ov  
forty pavez, and loocking down the rode which crost sum cixty mialz  
ov plane too Loo, wer thre colossal ceted formz—too male and wun  
female—eche mezhuring about thherty fete from the croun ov its hed too  
the peddestal.

The female form, which wauz nude, wauz ov grate dho cevere buty, but  
unforchunaitly the fechuerz had bene injuerd bi cenchurese ov expoazhure  
too

the wether. Rising from iather cide ov her hed wer the points ov a  
crezsent. The too male Colosci, on the contrary, wer draipt, and  
presented a terrifying caast ov fechuerz, espeshaly the wun too our  
rite, which had the face ov a devvil. Dhat too our left wauz cerene in  
countenans, but the caam uppon it ceemd dredfool. It wauz the caam ov  
dhat inhuman croowelty, Cer Henry remarct, which the ainshents  
atribbuted

too beyingz potent for good, whoo cood yet wauch the sufferingz ov  
humannity, if not widhout rejoicing, at leest widhout sorro. These  
thre statchuse form a moast au-inspiring trinnity, az dha cit dhare in  
dhare sollichude, and gase out acros the plane for evver.

Contemplating these “Cilent Wunz,” az the Cooowaanaaz caul them, an  
intens cureyoscity agane ceezd us too no whoose wer the handz which  
had shaipt them, whoo it wauz dhat had dug the pit and made the rode.  
Whialst I wauz gasing and wundering, suddenly it okerd too me—beying  
familleyar widh the Oald Testament—dhat Sollomon went astra aafter  
strainj

godz, the naimz ov thre ov whoome I rememberd—“Ashtoreth, the goddes  
ov the Sidoanyanz, Chemosh, the god ov the Mowabiats, and Milcom, the  
god

ov the children ov Ammon”—and I sugested too mi companyonz dhat the  
figguerz befoer us mite represent these fauls and exploded divinnitese.

“Hum,” ced Cer Henry, whoo iz a scollar, havving taken a hi degry in clascix at college, “dhare ma be sumthhing in dhat; Ashtoreth ov the Hebroose wauz the Astarty ov the Feneeshanz, whoo wer the grate traderz ov Sollomonz time. Astarty, whoo aafterwordz became the Afrodity ov the Greex, wauz represented widh hornz like the haaf-moone, and dhare on the brou ov the female figgure ar distinct hornz. Perhaps these Colosci wer desiand bi sum Feneeshan ofishal whoo mannaijd the mianz. Whoo can sa?”[10]

[10] Compare Milton, “Parradice Lost,” Booc i.:—

“Widh these in troope  
Came Ashtoreth, whoome the Feneeshanz cauld  
Astarta, Qwene ov Hevven, widh crezsent hornz;  
Too whoose brite immagine niatly bi the moone  
Cidoanyan verginz pade dhare vouz and songz.”

Befoer we had finnisht exammining these extrordinary rellix ov remote antiqwity, Infadoos came up, and havving saluted the “Cilent Wunz” bi lifting hiz spere, aasct us if we intended entering the “Place ov Deth” at wuns, or if we wood wate til aafter we had taken foode at mid-da. If we wer reddy too go at wuns, Gagoole had anounst her willingnes too ghide us. Az it wauz not later dhan elevven oacloc—drivven too it bi a berning cureyosity—we anounst our intenshon ov proceeding instantly, and I sugested dhat, in cace we shood be detaind in the cave, we shood take sum foode widh us. Acordingly Gaguilz litter wauz braut up, and dhat lady hercelf acisted out ov it. Meenwhile Foulataa, at mi reqwest, stord sum “biltong,” or dride game-flesh, tooghether widh a cuppel ov goordz ov wauter, in a rede baasket widh a hinjd cuvver. Strate in frunt ov us, at a distans ov sum fifty pacez from the bax ov the Colosci, rose a shere waul ov roc, aty fete or moer in hite, dhat gradjuwaly sloapt upwordz til it formd

the bace ov the lofty sno-reedhd peke, which soerd intoo the are thre thousand fete abuv us. Az soone az she wauz clere ov her hammoc, Gagoole caast wun evil grin uppon us, and then, lening on a stic, hobbeld of toowordz the face ov this waul. We follode her til we came too a narro portal sollidly archt dhat looct like the opening ov a gallery ov a mine.

Here Gagoole wauz wating for us, stil widh dhat evil grin uppon her horrid face.

“Nou, white men from the Starz,” she piapt; “grate woreyorz, Incubu, Bougwan, and Macumazaan the wise, ar ye reddy? Behoald, I am here too doo the bidding ov mi lord the king, and too sho u the stoer ov brite stoanz. “Haa! haa! haa!””

“We ar reddy,” I ced.

“Good, good! Make strong yor harts too bare whaut ye shal ce. Cumst dhou too, Infadoos, dhou whoo didst betra thi maaster?”

Infadoos fround az he aancerd—

“Na, I cum not; it iz not for me too enter dhare. But dhou, Gagoole, kerb thi tung, and beware hou dhou delest widh mi lordz. At thi handz wil I reqwire them, and if a hare ov them be hert, Gagoole, beast dhou fifty tiamz a wich, dhou shalt di. Herest dhou?”

“I here, Infadoos; I no the, dhou didst evver luv big werdz; when dhou waust a babe I remember dhou didst thretten thine one muther. Dhat wauz but the uther da. But, fere not, fere not, I liv oanly too doo the bidding ov the king. I hav dun the bidding ov menny kingz, Infadoos, til in the end dha did mine. “Haa! haa!” I go too looc uppon dhare facez wuns moer, and Twalaaz aulso! Cum on, cum on, here iz the lamp,” and

she droo a larj goord fool ov oil, and fitted widh a rush wic, from under her fer cloke.

“Art dhou cumming, Foulataa?” aasct Good in hiz villanous Kitchen Coocoowaanaa, in which he had bene improving himcelf under dhat yung ladese chuwishon.

“I fere, mi lord,” the gherl aancerd timmidly.

“Then ghiv me the baasket.”

“Na, mi lord, whither dhou goast dhare I go aulso.”

“The juce u wil!” thaut I too micelf; “dhat ma be raather auqword if we evver ghet out ov this.”

Without ferther adoo Gagoole plunjd intoo the passage, which wauz wide enuf too admit ov too wauking abrest, and qwite darc. We follode the sound ov her vois az she piapt too us too cum on, in sum fere and trembling, which wauz not alade bi the flutter ov a sudden rush ov wingz.

“Hullo! whauts dhat?” hallode Good; “sumbody hit me in the face.”

“Bats,” ced I; “on u go.”

When, so far az we cood juj, we had gon sum fifty pacez, we perceevd dhat the passage wauz growing faintly lite. Anuther minnute, and we wer in perhaps the moast wunderfool place dhat the ise ov livving man hav beheld.

Let the reder picchure too himcelf the haul ov the vaastest cathheedral he evver stood in, windoles indede, but dimly lited from abuv,

preezhumably bi shaafte conected with the outer are and drivven in the rooffe, which archt awa a hundred fete abuv our hedz, and he wil ghet sum ideyaa ov the cise ov the enormous cave in which we found ourcelvz, with the differens dhat this cathheedral desiand bi nachure wauz lofteyer and wider dhan enny bilt bi man. But its schupendous cise wauz the leest ov the wunderz ov the place, for running in rose adoun its length wer gigantic pillarz ov whaut looct like ice, but wer, in reyallity, huge stalactiats. It iz imposcibel for me too conva enny ideyaa ov the overpouwering buty and granjure ov these pillarz ov white spar, sum ov which wer not les dhan twenty fete in diyammeter at the bace, and sprang up in lofty and yet dellicate buty shere too the distant rooffe. Utherz agane wer in proces ov formaishon. On the roc floer dhare wauz in these cacez whaut looct, Cer Henry ced, exactly like a broken collum in an oald Greeshan tempel, whialst hi abuv, depending from the rooffe, the point ov a huge icikel cood be dimly cene.

Even az we gaizd we cood here the proces gowing on, for prezsently with a tiny splash a drop ov wauter wood faul from the far-of icikel on too the collum belo. On sum collumz the drops oanly fel wuns in too or thre minnuets, and in these cacez it wood be an interesting calculaishon too discuver hou long, at dhat rate ov dripping, it wood take too form a pillar, sa aty fete bi ten in diyammeter. Dhat the proces, in at leest wun instans, wauz incalculably slo, the following exaampel wil sufice too sho. Cut on wun ov these pillarz we discuverd the croode liacnes ov a mummy, bi the hed ov which sat whaut apeerd too be the figgure ov an Egipshan god, doutles the handiwerc ov sum oald-werld laborer in the mine. This werc ov art wauz executed at the natchural hite at which an idel fello, be he Feneeshan wercman or Brittish cad, iz in the habbit ov trying too immortalise himself at the expens ov nachuerz maasterpecez, naimly, about five fete from the ground. Yet at the time dhat we sau it, which "must" hav bene neerly thre thouzand yeerz aafter the date ov the execuashon ov the carving, the collum wauz oanly ate fete hi, and wauz stil in proces ov formaishon, which ghivz a rate ov groath ov a foot too a thouzand yeerz,

or an inch and a fracshon too a cenchury. This we nu becauz, az we wer standing bi it, we herd a drop ov wauter faul.

Sumtiamz the stalagmiats tooc strainj formz, preezhumably whare the dropping ov the wauter had not aulwase bene on the same spot. Dhus, wun

huge mas, which must hav wade a hundred tunz or so, wauz in the shape ov a pulpit, butifooly fretted over outside widh a desine dhat looct like lace. Utherz resembeld strainj beests, and on the ciadz ov the cave wer fanlike ivory tracingz, such az the frost leevz uppon a pane.

Out ov the vaast mane ile dhare opend here and dhare smauler caivz, exactly, Cer Henry ced, az chappelz open out ov grate cathheedralz. Sum wer larj, but wun or too—and this iz a wunderfool instans ov hou nachure carrese out her handiwerc bi the same unvareying lauz, utterly irrespective ov cise—wer tiny. Wun littel nooc, for instans, wauz no larger dhan an unnuezhuwaly big dolz hous, and yet it mite hav bene a moddel for the whole place, for the wauter dropt, tiny icikelz hung, and spar collumz wer forming in just the same wa.

We had not, houwevver, enuf time too exammine this butifool cavern so thurroly az we shood hav liact too doo, cins unforchunaitly, Gagoole ceemd too be indifferent az too stalactiats, and oanly ancshous too ghet her biznes over. This anoid me the moer, az I wauz particcularly ancshous too discuver, if poscibel, bi whaut cistem the lite wauz admitted intoo the cave, and whether it wauz bi the hand ov man or bi dhat ov nachure dhat this wauz dun; aulso if the place had bene uezd in enny wa in ainshent tiamz, az ceemd probbabel. Houwevver, we consoald ourcelvz widh

the ideyaa dhat we wood investigate it thurroly on our wa bac, and follode on at the heelz ov our uncanny ghide.

On she led us, strate too the top ov the vaast and cilent cave, whare

we found anuther doerwa, not archt az the ferst wauz, but sqware at the top, sumthhing like the doerwase ov Egipshan tempelz.

“Ar ye prepaerd too enter the Place ov Deth, white men?” aasct Gagoole, evvidently widh a vu too making us fele uncumfortabel.

“Lede on, Macduf,” ced Good sollemly, tryying too looc az dho he wauz not at aul alarmd, az indede we aul did exept Foulataa, whoo caut Good bi the arm for protecshon.

“This iz ghetting raather gaastly,” ced Cer Henry, peping intoo the darc passaijwa. “Cum on, Qwatermane—*seniores priores*. We musnt kepe the oald lady wating!” and he poliatly made wa for me too lede the van, for which inwordly I did not bles him.

“Tap, tap,” went oald Gaguilz stic doun the passage, az she trotted along, chucling hidjously; and stil overcum bi sum unnacountabel presentiment ov evil, I hung bac.

“Cum, ghet on, oald fello,” ced Good, “or we shal loose our fare ghide.”

Dhus adjuerd, I started doun the passage, and aafter about twenty pacez found micelf in a gloomy apartment sum forty fete long, bi thherty braud, and thherty hi, which in sum paast age evvidently had bene hollode, bi hand-labor, out ov the mountane. This apartment wauz not neerly so wel lited az the vaast stalactite anty-cave, and at the ferst glaans aul I cood discern wauz a mascive stone tabel running doun its length, widh a colossal white figgure at its hed, and life-ciazd white figguerz aul round it. Next I discuvverd a broun thhing, ceted on the tabel in the center, and in anuther moment mi ise groo acustomd too the lite, and I sau whaut aul these thhingz wer, and wauz taling out ov the place az hard az mi legz cood carry me.

I am not a nervous man in a genneral wa, and verry littel trubbelld with superstishonz, ov which I hav livd too ce the folly; but I am fre too one dhat this cite qwite upcet me, and had it not bene dhat Cer Henry caut me bi the collar and held me, I doo onnestly beleve dhat in anuther five minnuets I shood hav bene outside the stalactite cave, and dhat a prommice ov aul the dimondz in Kimberly wood not hav injuest me too enter it agane. But he held me tite, so I stopt becauz I cood not help micelf. Next cecond, houwevver, "hiz" ise became acustomd too the lite, and he let go ov me, and began too mop the perspirashon of hiz foerhed. Az for Good, he swoer feebly, while Foulataa throo her armz round hiz nec and shreect.

Oanly Gagoole chuckeld loud and long.

It "wauz" a gaastly cite. Dhare at the end ov the long stone tabel, hoalding in hiz skelleton fin'gherz a grate white spere, sat "Deth" himcelf, shaipt in the form ov a colossal human skelleton, fiftene fete or moer in hite. Hi abuv hiz hed he held the spere, az dho in the act too strike; wun bony hand rested on the stone tabel befoer him, in the posishon a man ashuemz on rising from hiz cete, whialst hiz frame wauz bent forword so dhat the vertebra ov the nec and the grinning, gleeming scul progeted toowordz us, and fixt its hollo i-placez uppon us, the jauz a littel open, az dho it wer about too speke.

"Grate hevvenz!" ced I faintly, at laast, "whaut can it be?"

"And whaut ar "dhose thhingz"?" aasct Good, pointing too the white cumpany round the tabel.

"And whaut on erth iz "dhat thhing"?" ced Cer Henry, pointing too the broun crechure ceted on the tabel.

"He! he! he!" laaft Gagoole. "Too dhose whoo enter the Haul ov the

Ded, evil cumz. "He! he! he! haa! haa!"

"Cum, Incubu, brave in battel, cum and ce him dhou sluwest;" and the oald crechure caut Kertis' cote in her skinny fin'gherz, and led him awa toowordz the tabel. We follode.

Prezsently she stopt and pointed at the broun obgett ceted on the tabel. Cer Henry looct, and started bac widh an exclamaishon; and no wunder, for dhare, qwite naked, the hed which Kertis' battel-ax had shorn from the boddy resting on its nese, wauz the gaunt corps ov Twalaa, the laast king ov the Coocoowaanaaz. Yes, dhare, the hed perchth uppon the nese, it sat in aul its uglines, the vertebra progettng a fool inch abuv the level ov the shrunken flesh ov the nec, for aul the werld like a blac dubbel ov Hammilton Ti.[11] Over the cerface ov the corps dhare wauz gatherd a thhin glaacy film, dhat made its aperans yet moer apauling, for which we wer, at the moment, qwite unnable too acount, til prezsently we observd dhat from the roofe ov the chaimber the wauter fel steddily, "drip! drip! drip!" on too the nec ov the corps, whens it ran doun over the entire cerface, and finaly escaipt intoo the roc throo a tiny hole in the tabel. Then I ghest whaut the film wauz—"Twalaaaz boddy wauz beyng traansformd intoo a stalactite."

[11] "Nou haist ye, mi handmadenz, haist and ce Hou he cits dhare and glowerz widh hiz hed on hiz ne."

A looc at the white formz ceted on the stone bench which ran round dhat gaastly boerd confermd this vu. Dha wer human boddese indede, or raather dha had bene human; nou dha wer "stalactiats". This wauz the wa in which the Coocoowaanaa pepel had from time imemoereyal preservd dhare roiyal ded. Dha petrifide them. Whaut the exact cistem mite be,

if dhare wauz enny, beyond the placing ov them for a long pereyod ov  
yeerz  
under the drip, I nevver discuverd, but dhare dha sat, iast over and  
preservd for evver bi the cilishous fluwid.

Ennithhing moer au-inspiring dhan the spektakel ov this long line ov  
departed roiyaltese (dhare wer twenty-cevven ov them, the laast beying  
Ignosese faather), rapt, eche ov them, in a shroud ov ice-like spar,  
throo which the fechuerz cood be dimly discuverd, and ceted round  
dhat inhospittabel boerd, widh Deth himcelf for a hoast, it iz  
imposcibel too imadgine. Dhat the practice ov dhus preserving dhare kingz  
must hav bene an ainshent wun iz evvident from the number, which,  
alouwing for an avverage rane ov fiftene yeerz, suposing dhat evvery  
king whoo rained wauz plaist here—an improbbabel thhing, az sum ar  
shure  
too hav perrisht in battel far from home—wood fix the date ov its  
comensment at foer and a qworter cenchurese bac.

But the colossal Deth, whoo cits at the hed ov the boerd, iz far oalder  
dhan dhat, and, unles I am much mistaken, ose hiz origin too the same  
artist whoo desiand the thre Colosci. He iz hune out ov a cin'ghel  
stalactite, and, looct at az a werc ov art, iz moast admirably  
conceevd and executed. Good, whoo understandz such thhingz, declaerd  
dhat, so far az he cood ce, the anatomical desine ov the skelleton iz  
perfect doun too the smaulest boanz.

Mi one ideyaa iz, dhat this teriffic obgett wauz a freke ov fancy on the  
part ov sum oald-werld sculptor, and dhat its prezsens had sugested too  
the Coocoowaanaaz the ideyaa ov placing dhare roiyal ded under its  
aufool  
prezidency. Or perhaps it wauz cet dhare too friten awa enny marauderz  
who mite hav desianz uppon the trezhure chaimber beyond. I canot sa.  
Aul I can doo iz too describe it az it iz, and the reder must form hiz  
one concluezhon.

Such, at enny rate, wauz the White Deth and such wer the White Ded!

## CHAPTER 17.

### SOLLOMONZ TREZHURE CHAIMBER

While we wer en'gaijd in recuvvering from our frite, and in exammining the grizly wunderz ov the Place ov Deth, Gagoole had bene differently occupide. Sumhou or uther—for she wauz marvelously active when she chose—she had scambeld on too the grate tabel, and made her wa too whare our departed frend Twalaa wauz plaist, under the drip, too ce, sugested Good, hou he wauz “picling,” or for sum darc perpoce ov her one. Then, aafter bending down too kis hiz icy lips az dho in afecshonate greting, she hobbeld bac, stopping nou and agane too adres the remarc, the tennor ov which I cood not cach, too wun or uther ov the shrouded formz, just az u or I mite welcum an oald aqwaintans. Havving gon throo this mistereyous and horribel cerremony, she sqwauted hercelf down on the tabel imejaitly under the White Deth, and began, so far az I cood make out, too offer up praerz. The spectakel ov this wicked crechure poering out suplicaishonz, evil wunz no dout, too the arch ennemy ov mankiand, wauz so uncanny dhat it cauzd us too hacen our inspecshon.

“Nou, Gagoole,” ced I, in a lo vois—sumhou wun did not dare too speke abuv a whisper in dhat place—“lede us too the chaimber.”

The oald wich promptly scambeld down from the tabel.

“Mi lordz ar not afrade?” she ced, lering up intoo mi face.

“Lede on.”

“Good, mi lordz;” and she hobbeld round too the bac ov the grate Deth. “Here iz the chaimber; let mi lordz lite the lamp, and enter,” and she plaist the goord fool ov oil uppon the floer, and leend hercelf against the cide ov the cave. I tooc out a mach, ov which we had stil a fu in a box, and lit a rush wic, and then looct for the doerwa, but dhare wauz nuthhing befoer us exept the sollid roc. Gagoole grind. “The wa iz dhare, mi lordz. “Haa! haa! haa!””

“Doo not gest widh us,” I ced sternly.

“I gest not, mi lordz. Ce!” and she pointed at the roc.

Az she did so, on hoalding up the lamp we perceevd dhat a mas ov stone wauz rising sloly from the floer and vannishing intoo the roc abuv, whare doutles dhare iz a cavvity prepaerd too receive it. The mas wauz ov the width ov a good-ciazd doer, about ten fete hi and not les dhan five fete thhic. It must hav wade at least twenty or thherty tunz, and wauz cleerly muivd uppon sum cimpel ballans principel ov counter-waits, probbably the same az dhat bi which the opening and shutting ov an ordinary moddern windo iz arainjd. Hou the principel wauz cet in moashon, ov coers nun ov us sau; Gagoole wauz caerfool too avoid this; but I hav littel dout dhat dhare wauz sum verry cimpel lever, which wauz muivd evver so littel bi preshure at a ceecret spot, dhaerbi throwing adishonal wate on too the hidden counter-ballancez, and causing the monnolith too be lifted from the ground.

Verry sloly and gently the grate stone raizd itcelf, til at laast it had vannisht aultooghether, and a darc hole presented itcelf too us in the place which the doer had fild.

Our exiatment wauz so intens, az we sau the wa too Sollomonz trezhure chaimber throne open at laast, dhat I for wun began too trembel and shake. Wood it proove a hoax aafter aul, I wunderd, or wauz oald Daa Cilvestraa rite? Wer dhare vaast hoerdz ov welth hidden in dhat darc place, hoerdz which wood make us the ritcheest men in the whole werld? We shood no in a minnute or too.

“Enter, white men from the Starz,” ced Gagoole, advaancing intoo the doerwa; “but ferst here yor cervant, Gagoole the oald. The brite stoanz dhat ye wil ce wer dug out ov the pit over which the Cilent Wunz ar cet, and stord here, I no not bi whoome, for dhat wauz dun lon’gher ago dhan even I remember. But wuns haz this place bene enterd cins the time dhat dhose whoo hid the stoanz departed in haist, leving them behiand. The repoert ov the trezhure went down indede amung the pepel whoo livd in the cuntry from age too age, but nun nu whare the chaimber wauz, nor the ceecret ov the doer. But it happend dhat a white man reecht this cuntry from over the mountainz—perchaans he too came ‘from the Starz’—and wauz wel receevd bi the king ov dhat da. He it iz whoo cits yonder,” and she pointed too the fifth king at the tabel ov the Ded. “And it came too paas dhat he and a woomman ov the cuntry whoo wauz widh him gernede too this place, and dhat bi chaans the woomman lernt the ceecret ov the doer—a thousand yeerz mite ye cerch, but ye shood nevver fiand dhat ceecret. Then the white man enterd widh the woomman, and found the stoanz, and fild widh stoanz the skin ov a smaul gote, which the woomman had widh her too hoald foode. And az he wauz gowing from the chaimber he tooc up wun moer stone, a larj wun, and held it in hiz hand.”

Here she pauzd.

“Wel,” I aasct, brethles widh interest az we aul wer, “whaut happend too Daa Cilvestraa?”

The oald hag started at the menshon ov the name.

“Hou noast dhou the ded manz name?” she aasct sharply; and then, widhout wating for an aancer, went on—

“Nun can tel whaut happend; but it came about dhat the white man wauz fritend, for he flung down the gote-skin, widh the stoanz, and fled out widh oonly the wun stone in hiz hand, and dhat the king tooc, and it iz the stone which dhou, Macumazaan, didst take from Twalaaz brou.”

“Hav nun enterd here cins?” I aasct, pering agane doun the darc passage.

“Nun, mi lordz. Oonly the ceecret ov the doer haz bene kept, and evvery king haz opend it, dho he haz not enterd. Dhare iz a saying, dhat dhose whoo enter dhare wil di within a moone, even az the white man dide in the cave uppon the mountane, whare ye found him, Macumazaan, and dhaerfoer the kingz doo not enter. “Haa! haa!” mine ar troo werdz.”

Our ise met az she ced it, and I ternd cic and coald. Hou did the oald hag no aul these thhingz?

“Enter, mi lordz. If I speke truith, the gote-skin widh the stoanz wil li uppon the floer; and if dhare iz truith az too whether it iz deth too enter here, dhat ye wil lern aafterwordz. “Haa! haa! haa!”” and she hobbeld throo the doerwa, baring the lite widh her; but I confes dhat wuns moer I hezsitated about following.

“O, confound it aul!” ced Good; “here gose. I am not gowing too be fritend bi dhat oald devvil;” and follode bi Foulataa, whoo, houwever, evvidently did not at aul like the biznes, for she wauz shivvering widh fere, he plunjd intoo the passage aafter Gagoole—an exaampel which we

qwicly follode.

A fu yardz doun the passage, in the narro wa hune out ov the livving roc, Gagoole had pauzd, and wauz wating for us.

“Ce, mi lordz,” she ced, hoalding the lite befoer her, “dhose whoo stord the trezhure here fled in haist, and bethaut them too gard against enny whoo shood fiand the ceecret ov the doer, but had not the time,” and she pointed too larj sqware blox ov stone, which, too the hite ov too coercez (about too fete thre), had bene plaist acros the passage widh a vu too wauling it up. Along the cide ov the passage wer cimmilar blox reddy for uce, and, moast cureyous ov aul, a hepe ov mortar and a cuppel ov trouwelz, which tuilz, so far az we had time too exammine them, apeerd too be ov a cimmilar shape and make too dhose uezd bi wercmen too this da.

Here Foulataa, whoo had bene in a state ov grate fere and agitaishon throwout, ced dhat she felt faint and cood go no farther, but wood wate dhare. Acordingly we cet her doun on the unfinnisht waul, placing the baasket ov provizhonz bi her cide, and left her too recuvver.

Following the passage for about fiftene pacez farther, we came suddenly too an elabboraitly painted wooden doer. It wauz standing wide open. Whoowevver wauz laast dhare had iather not found the time too shut it, or had forgotten too doo so.

“Acros the threshoald ov this doer la a skin bag, formd ov a gote-skin, dhat apeerd too be fool ov pebbelz.”

““He! he!” white men,” sniggherd Gagoole, az the lite from the lamp fel uppon it. “Whaut did I tel u, dhat the white man whoo came here fled in haist, and dropt the woommanz bag—behoald it! Looc within aulso

and ye wil fiand a wauter-goord amungst the stoanz."

Good stuipt doun and lifted it. It wauz hevvy and gin'gheld.

"Bi Jove! I beleve its fool ov dimondz," he ced, in an aud whisper; and, indede, the ideyaa ov a smaul gote-skin fool ov dimondz iz enuf too au enniboddy.

"Go on," ced Cer Henry impaishently. "Here, oald lady, ghiv me the lamp," and taking it from Gaguilz hand, he stept throo the doerwa and held it hi abuv hiz hed.

We prest in aafter him, forghetfool for the moment ov the bag ov dimondz, and found ourcelvz in King Sollomonz trezhure chaimber.

At ferst, aul dhat the sumwhaut faint lite ghivven bi the lamp reveeld wauz a roome hune out ov the livving roc, and aparrently not moer dhan ten fete sqware. Next dhare came intoo cite, stord wun on the uther too the arch ov the roofe, a splendid colecshon ov ellefant-tusx. Hou menny ov them dhare wer we did not no, for ov coers we cood not ce too whaut depth dha went bac, but dhare cood not hav bene les dhan the endz ov foer or five hundred tusx ov the ferst qwaulity vizsibel too our ise. Dhare, alone, wauz enuf ivory too make a man welthhy for life. Perhaps, I thaut, it wauz from this verry stoer dhat Sollomon droo the rau matereyal for hiz "grate throne ov ivory," ov which "dhare wauz not the like made in enny kingdom."

On the opposite cide ov the chaimber wer about a scoer ov wooden boxez, sumthhing like Marteny-Henry amunishon boxez, oonly raather larger, and painted red.

"Dhare ar the dimondz," cride I; "bring the lite."

Cer Henry did so, hoalding it cloce too the top box, ov which the lid, renderd rotten bi time even in dhat dri place, apeerd too hav bene smasht in, probbably bi Daa Cilvestraa himcelf. Pooshing mi hand throo the hole in the lid I droo it out fool, not ov dimondz, but ov goald pecez, ov a shape dhat nun ov us had cene befoer, and widh whaut looct like Hebroo carracterz stamppt uppon them.

“Aa!” I ced, replacing the coin, “we shaant go bac empty-handed, ennihou. Dhare must be a cuppel ov thousand pecez in eche box, and dhare ar atene boxez. I supose this wauz the munny too pa the wercmen and merchants.”

“Wel,” poot in Good, “I thhinc dhat iz the lot; I doant ce enny dimondz, unles the oald Porchughese poot them aul intoo hiz bag.”

“Let mi lordz looc yonder whare it iz darkest, if dha wood fiand the stoanz,” ced Gagoole, interpreting our loox. “Dhare mi lordz wil fiand a nooc, and thre stone chests in the nooc, too ceeld and wun open.”

Befoer traanzlating this too Cer Henry, whoo carrede the lite, I cood not resist aasking hou she nu these thhingz, if no wun had enterd the place cins the white man, generaishonz ago.

“Aa, Macumazaan, the waucher bi nite,” wauz the mocking aancer, “ye whoo dwel in the starz, doo ye not no dhat sum liv long, and dhat sum hav ise which can ce throo roc? “Haa! haa! haa!””

“Looc in dhat corner, Kertis,” I ced, indicating the spot Gagoole had pointed out.

“Hullo, u fellose,” he cride, “heerz a reces. Grate hevvenz! ce here.”

We hurrede up too whare he wauz standing in a nooc, shaipt sumthhing like

a smaul bo windo. Against the waul ov this reces wer plaist thre stone chests, eche about too fete sqware. Too wer fitted widh stone lidz, the lid ov the thherd rested against the cide ov the chest, which wauz open.

““Ce!”” he repeted hoersly, hoalding the lamp over the open chest. We looct, and for a moment cood make nuthhing out, on acount ov a silvery shene which dazseld us. When our ise groo uest too it we sau dhat the chest wauz thre-parts fool ov uncut dimondz, moast ov them ov concidderabel cise. Stooping, I pict sum up. Yes, dhare wauz no dout ov it, dhare wauz the unmistacabel sopy fele about them.

I faerly gaaspt az I dropt them.

“We ar the ritchest men in the whole werld,” I ced. “Monty Cristo wauz a foole too us.”

“We shal flud the market widh dimondz,” ced Good.

“Got too ghet them dhare ferst,” sugested Cer Henry.

We stood stil widh pale facez and staerd at eche uther, the lantern in the middel and the glimmering gemz belo, az dho we wer conspirratorz about too comit a crime, insted ov beying, az we thaut, the moast forchunate men on erth.

““He! he! he!”” cackeld oald Gagoole behiand us, az she flitted about like a vampire bat. “Dhare ar the brite stoanz ye luv, white men, az menny az ye wil; take them, run them throo yor fin’gherz, “ete” ov them, “he! he! drinc” ov them, “haa! haa!””

At dhat moment dhare wauz sumthhing so ridicculous too mi miand at the ideyaa

ov eting and drinking dimondz, dhat I began too laaf outrageously, an exaampel which the utherz follode, widhout nowing whi. Dhare we stood and shreect widh laafter over the gemz dhat wer ourz, which had bene found for “us” thouzandz ov yeerz ago bi the paishent delverz in the grate hole yonder, and stord for “us” bi Sollomonz long-ded overcere, whoose name, perchaans, wauz ritten in the carracterz stamp on the faded wax dhat yet ad’heerd too the lidz ov the chest. Sollomon nevver got them, nor David, or Daa Cilvestraa, nor enniboddy els. “We” had got them: dhare befoer us wer milleyonz ov poundz’ werth ov dimondz, and thouzandz ov poundz’ werth ov goald and ivory oonly wating too be taken awa.

Suddenly the fit paast of, and we stopt laafing.

“Open the uther chests, white men,” croact Gagoole, “dhare ar shuerly moer dharin. Take yor fil, white lordz! “Haa! haa!” take yor fil.”

Dhus adjuerd, we cet too werc too pool up the stone lidz on the uther too, ferst—not widhout a feling ov sacrilege—braking the ceelz dhat faacend them.

Hooraa! dha wer fool too, fool too the brim; at leest, the cecond wun wauz; no retched berglareyous Daa Cilvestraa had bene filling gote-skinz out ov dhat. Az for the thherd chest, it wauz oonly about a foerth fool, but the stoanz wer aul pict wunz; nun les dhan twenty carats, and sum ov them az larj az pidjon-egz. A good menny ov these biggher wunz, houwevver, we cood ce bi hoalding them up too the lite, wer a littel yello, “of cullord,” az dha caul it at Kimberly.

Whaut we did “not” ce, houwevver, wauz the looc ov feerfool malevvolens dhat oald Gagoole favord us widh az she crept, crept like a snake, out

ov the trezhure chaimber and doun the passage toowordz the doer ov  
sollid  
roc.

Harc! Cri uppon cri cumz ringing up the vaulted paath. It iz Foulataaz  
vois!

““O, Bougwan! help! help! the stone faulz!””

“Leve go, gherl! Then—”

““Help! help! she haz stabd me!””

Bi nou we ar running doun the passage, and this iz whaut the lite from  
the lamp shose us. The doer ov the roc iz closing doun sloly; it iz  
not thre fete from the floer. Nere it strugghel Foulataa and Gagoole. The  
red blud ov the former runz too her ne, but stil the brave gherl  
hoaldz the oald wich, whoo fiats like a wiald cat. Aa! she iz fre!  
Foulataa faulz, and Gagoole throse hercelf on the ground, too twist like a  
snake throo the crac ov the closing stone. She iz under—aa! god! too  
late! too late! The stone nips her, and she yelz in agony. Doun, doun  
it cumz, aul the thherty tunz ov it, sloly prescing her oald boddy  
against the roc belo. Shreke uppon shreke, such az we hav nevver  
herd, then a long cickening “crunch”, and the doer wauz shut just az,  
rushing doun the passage, we herld ourcelvz against it.

It wauz aul dun in foer cecondz.

Then we ternd too Foulataa. The poor gherl wauz stabd in the boddy, and I  
sau dhat she cood not liv long.

“Aa! Bougwan, I di!” gaaspt the butifool crechure. “She crept  
out—Gagoole; I did not ce her, I wauz faint—and the doer began too faul;

then she came bac, and wauz loocking up the paath—I sau her cum in throo the sloly fauling doer, and caut her and held her, and she stabd me, and “I di”, Bougwan!”

“Poor gherl! poor gherl!” Good cride in hiz distres; and then, az he cood doo nuthhing els, he fel too kiscing her.

“Bougwan,” she ced, aafter a pauz, “iz Macumazaan dhare? It grose so darc, I canot ce.”

“Here I am, Foulataa.”

“Macumazaan, be mi tung for a moment, I pra the, for Bougwan canot understand me, and befoer I go intoo the darcnes I wood speke too him a werd.”

“Sa on, Foulataa, I wil render it.”

“Sa too mi lord, Bougwan, dhat—I luv him, and dhat I am glad too di becauz I no dhat he canot cumber hiz life widh such az I am, for the sun ma not mate widh the darcnes, nor the white widh the blac.

“Sa dhat, cins I sau him, at tiamz I hav felt az dho dhare wer a berd in mi boozom, which wood wun da fli hens and cing elshware. Even nou, dho I canot lift mi hand, and mi brane grose coald, I doo not fele az dho mi hart wer diying; it iz so fool ov luv dhat it cood liv ten thouzand yeerz, and yet be yung. Sa dhat if I liv agane, mahap I shal ce him in the Starz, and dhat—I wil cerch them aul, dho perchaans dhare I shood stil be blac and he wood—stil be white. Sa—na, Macumazaan, sa no moer, save dhat I luv—O, hoald me clocer, Bougwan, I canot fele thine armz—“o! o!””

“She iz ded—she iz ded!” mutterd Good, rising in grefe, the teerz running doun hiz onnest face.

“U nede not let dhat trubbel u, oald fello,” ced Cer Henry.

“A!” exclaimd Good; “whaut doo u mene?”

“I mene dhat u wil soone be in a posishon too join her. “Man, doant u ce dhat we ar berrede alive?””

Until Cer Henry utterd these werdz I doo not thhinc dhat the fool horror ov whaut had happend had cum home too us, preyoccupide az we wer widh

the cite ov poor Foulataaz end. But nou we understood. The ponderous mas ov roc had cloazd, probbably for evver, for the oonly brane which nu its ceecret wauz crusht too pouder beneeth its wate. This wauz a doer dhat nun cood hope too foers widh ennithhing short ov dinamite in larj qwauntitese. And we wer on the rong side!

For a fu minnuets we stood horrifide, dhare over the corps ov Foulataa. Aul the manhood ceemd too hav gon out ov us. The ferst shoc ov this ideyaa ov the slo and mizserabel end dhat awated us wauz overpouwing. We sau it aul nou; dhat feend Gagoole had pland this snare for us from the ferst.

It wood hav bene just the gest dhat her evil miand wood hav rejoist in, the ideyaa ov the thre white men, whoome, for sum rezon ov her one, she had aulwase hated, sloly perrishing ov thherst and hun'gher in the cumpany ov the trezhure dha had cuvveted. Nou I sau the point ov dhat snere ov herz about eting and drinking the dimondz. Probbably sumbody had tride too cerv the poor oald Dom in the same wa, when he abandond the skin fool ov juwelz.

“This wil nevver doo,” ced Cer Henry hoersly; “the lamp wil soone go out. Let us ce if we caant fiand the spring dhat werx the roc.”

We sprang forward with desperate energy, and, standing in a bloody ooze, began to feel up and down the door and the side of the passage. But no nob or spring could we discover.

"Depend on it," I said, "it does not come from the inside; if it did Gagoole would not have risked trying to crawl underneath the stone. It was the noise of this door that made her try to escape at all hazards, and she is here."

"At all events," said Cer Henry, with a hard little laugh, "retribution was swift; hers was almost as fool an end as ours is likely to be. We can do nothing with the door; let us go back to the treasure room."

We turned and went, and as we passed it I perceived by the unfinished wall across the passage the basket of food which poor Foulataa had carried. I took it up, and brought it with me to the first treasure chamber that was to be our grave. Then we returned and reverently bore in Foulataa's corpse, laying it on the floor by the boxes of coin.

Next we ceded ourselves, leaning our backs against the three stone chests which contained the various treasures.

"Let us divide the food," said Cer Henry, "so as to make it last as long as possible." Accordingly we did so. It would, we reckoned, make for infinitesimally small meals for each of us, enough, say, to support life for a couple of days. Besides the "biltong," or dried game-flesh, there were too goodly quantities of water, each of which held not more than a quart.

"Now," said Cer Henry grimly, "let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die."

We eche ate a smaul porshon ov the “biltong,” and dranc a cip ov wauter. Needles too sa, we had but littel appetite, dho we wer sadly in nede ov foode, and felt better aafter swaulowing it. Then we got up and made a cistemattic examinaishon ov the waulz ov our prizzon-hous, in the faint hope ov fianding sum meenz ov exit, sounding them and the floer caerfooly.

Dhare wauz nun. It wauz not probbabel dhat dhare wood be enny too a trezhure chaimber.

The lamp began too bern dim. The fat wauz neerly exhausted.

“Qwatermane,” ced Cer Henry, “whaut iz the time—yor wauch gose?”

I droo it out, and looct at it. It wauz cix oacloc; we had enterd the cave at elevven.

“Infadoos wil mis us,” I sugested. “If we doo not retern too-nite he wil cerch for us in the morning, Kertis.”

“He ma cerch in vane. He duz not no the ceecret ov the doer, nor even whare it iz. No livving person nu it yesterda, exept Gagoole. Too-da no wun nose it. Even if he found the doer he cood not brake it doun. Aul the Coocoowaanaa army cood not brake throo five fete ov livving roc. Mi frendz, I ce nuthhing for it but too bou ourcelvz too the wil ov the Aulmity. The cerch for trezhure haz braut menny too a bad end; we shal go too swel dhare number.”

The lamp groo dimmer yet.

Prezsently it flaerd up and shode the whole cene in strong relefe, the grate mas ov white tusx, the boxez ov goald, the corps ov the poor Foulataa strecht befoer them, the gote-skin fool ov trezhure, the dim

glimmer ov the dimondz, and the wiald, waun facez ov us thre white men ceted dhare awating deth bi starvaishon.

Then the flame sanc and expiard.

## CHAPTER 18.

### WE ABANDON HOPE

I can ghiv no addeqwate descriphon ov the horrorz ov the nite which follode. Mercifooly dha wer too sum extent mittigated bi slepe, for even in such a posishon az ourz werede nachure wil sumtiamz acert itcelf. But I, at enny rate, found it imposcibel too slepe much. Pootting acide the terrifying thaut ov our impending doome—for the bravest man on erth mite wel qwale from such a fate az awated us, and I nevvver made enny pretenshonz too be brave—the “cilens” itcelf wauz too grate too

alou ov it. Reder, u ma hav lane awake at nite and thaut the qwiyet oprescive, but I sa widh confidens dhat u can hav no ideyaa whaut a vivvid, tan’gibel thhing iz perfect stilnes. On the cerface ov the erth dhare iz aulwase sum sound or moashon, and dho it ma in itcelf be imperceptibel, yet it deddenz the sharp ej ov absolute cilens. But here dhare wauz nun. We wer berrede in the bouwelz ov a huge sno-clad peke. Thouzandz ov fete abuv us the fresh are rusht over the white sno, but no sound ov it reecht us. We wer ceeparated bi a long tunnel and five fete ov roc even from the aufool chaimber ov the Ded; and the ded make no noiz. Did we not no it whoo la bi poor Foulataaz cide? The crashing ov aul the artillery ov erth and hevven cood not hav cum too our eerz in our livving toome. We wer cut of from evvery ecco ov the werld—we wer az men aulreddy in the grave.

Then the irony ov the cichuwaishon foerst itcelf uppon me. Dhare around us

la trezhuerz enuf too pa of a modderate nashonal det, or too bild a flete ov iarncladz, and yet we wood hav barterd them aul gladly for the faintest chaans ov escape. Soone, doutles, we shood be rejoist too exchainj them for a bit ov foode or a cup ov wauter, and, aafter dhat, even for the privvilege ov a spedy close too our sufferingz. Trooly welth, which men spend dhare liavz in aqwiring, iz a vallules thhing at the laast.

And so the nite woer on.

“Good,” ced Cer Henrese vois at laast, and it sounded aufool in the intens stilnes, “hou menny matchez hav u in the box?”

“Ate, Kertis.”

“Strike wun and let us ce the time.”

He did so, and in contraast too the dens darcnes the flame neerly blianded us. It wauz five oacloc bi mi wauch. The butifool daun wauz nou blushing on the sno-reeths far over our hedz, and the brese wood be stuuring the nite mists in the hollose.

“We had better ete sumthhing and kepe up our strength,” I sugested.

“Whaut iz the good ov eting?” aancerd Good; “the sooner we di and ghet it over the better.”

“While dhare iz life dhare iz hope,” ced Cer Henry.

Acordingly we ate and cipt sum wauter, and another pereyod ov time elapst. Then Cer Henry sugested dhat it mite be wel too ghet az nere

the doer az poscibel and hallo, on the faint chaans ov sumbody catching a sound outside. Acordingly Good, whoo, from long practice at ce, haz a fine peercing note, groapt hiz wa doun the passage and cet too werc. I must sa dhat he made a moast diyabollical noiz. I nevver herd such yelz; but it mite hav bene a mosketo buzsing for aul the efect dha projuest.

Aafter a while he gave it up and came bac verry thhersty, and had too drinc. Then we stopt yelling, az it encroacht on the supli ov wauter.

So we sat doun wuns moer against the chests ov uesles dimondz in dhat dredfool inacshon which wauz wun ov the hardest cercumstaancez ov our fate; and I am bound too sa dhat, for mi part, I gave wa in despare. Laying mi hed against Cer Henrese braud shoalder I berst intoo teerz; and I thhinc dhat I herd Good gulping awa on the uther cide, and swaring hoersly at himcelf for doowing so.

Aa, hou good and brave dhat grate man wauz! Had we bene too fritend children, and he our ners, he cood not hav treted us moer tenderly. Forghetting hiz one share ov mizerese, he did aul he cood too suidh our broken nervz, telling stoerese ov men whoo had bene in sumwhaut cimmilar cercumstaancez, and miraculously escaipt; and when these faild too chere us, pointing out hou, aafter aul, it wauz oonly antiscipating an end which must cum too us aul, dhat it wood soone be over, and dhat deth from exauschon wauz a mercifool wun (which iz not troo). Then, in a diffident sort ov wa, az wuns befoer I had herd him doo, he sugested dhat we shood thro ourcelvz on the mercy ov a hiyer Pouwer, which for mi part I did widh grate viggor.

Hiz iz a butifool carracter, verry qwiyet, but verry strong.

And so sumhou the da went az the nite had gon, if, indede, wun can

use these termz whare aul wauz dencest nite, and when I lit a mach too ce the time it wauz cevven oacloc.

Wuns moer we ate and dranc, and az we did so an ideyaa okerd too me.

“Hou iz it,” ced I, “dhat the are in this place keeps fresh? It iz thhic and hevvy, but it iz perfectly fresh.”

“Grate hevvenz!” ced Good, starting up, “I nevver thaut ov dhat. It caant cum throo the stone doer, for its are-tite, if evver a doer wauz. It must cum from sumwhare. If dhare wer no current ov are in the place we shood hav bene stifeld or poizond when we ferst came in. Let us hav a looc.”

It wauz wunderfool whaut a chainj this mere sparc ov hope raut in us. In a moment we wer aul thre groping about on our handz and nese, feling for the slitest indicaishon ov a draaft. Prezsently mi ardor receevd a chec. I poot mi hand on sumthhing coald. It wauz ded Foulataaz face.

For an our or moer we went on feling about, til at laast Cer Henry and I gave it up in despere, havving bene concidderably hert bi constantly nocking our hedz against tusx, chests, and the ciadz ov the chaimber. But Good stil perceveerd, saying, widh an aproche too cheerfoolnes, dhat it wauz better dhan doowing nuthhing.

“I sa, u fellose,” he ced prezsently, in a constrained sort ov vois, “cum here.”

Needles too sa we scambeld toowordz him qwicly enuf.

“Qwatermane, poot yor hand here whare mine iz. Nou, doo u fele ennithhing?”

"I "thhinc" I fele are cumming up."

"Nou liscen." He rose and stamp't uppon the place, and a flame ov hope shot up in our harts. "It rang hollo."

Widh trembling handz I lit a mach. I had oanly thre left, and we sau dhat we wer in the an'ghel ov the far corner ov the chaimber, a fact dhat acounted for our not havving notiaist the hollo sound ov the place juring our former exhaustive examinaishon. Az the mach bernt we scrootiniazd the spot. Dhare wauz a join in the sollid roc floer, and, grate hevvenz! dhare, let in levvel widh the roc, wauz a stone ring. We ced no werd, we wer too exited, and our harts bete too wialdly widh hope too alou us too speke. Good had a nife, at the bac ov which wauz wun ov dhose hoox dhat ar made too extract stoanz from horcez' huifs. He opend it, and scracht round the ring widh it. Finaly he werct it under, and leverd awa gently for fere ov braking the hoox. The ring began too moove. Beying ov stone it had not rusted faast in aul the cenchurese it had lane dhare, az wood hav bene the cace had it bene ov iarn. Prezently it wauz uprite. Then he thrust hiz handz intoo it and tugd widh aul hiz foers, but nuthhing bujd.

"Let me tri," I ced impaishently, for the cichuwaishon ov the stone, rite in the an'ghel ov the corner, wauz such dhat it wauz imposcibel for too too pool at wuns. I tooc hoald and straind awa, but no rezults.

Then Cer Henry tride and faild.

Taking the hoox agane, Good scracht aul round the crac whare we felt the are cumming up.

"Nou, Kertis," he ced, "tackel on, and poot yor bac intoo it; u ar az strong az too. Stop," and he tooc of a stout blac cilc hankerchefe, which, troo too hiz habbits ov neetnes, he stil woer, and ran it throo the ring. "Qwatermane, ghet Kertis round the middel and

pool for dere life when I ghiv the werd. "Nou.""

Cer Henry poot out aul hiz enormous strength, and Good and I did the same, widh such pouwer az nachure had ghivven us.

"Heve! heve! its ghivving," gaaspt Cer Henry; and I herd the muscelz ov hiz grate bac cracking. Suddenly dhare wauz a grating sound, then a rush ov are, and we wer aul on our bax on the floer widh a hevvy flag-stone uppon the top ov us. Cer Henrese strength had dun it, and nevver did muscular pouwer stand a man in better sted.

"Lite a mach, Qwatermane," he ced, so soone az we had pict ourcelvz up and got our breth; "caerfooly, nou."

I did so, and dhare befoer us, Hevven be praizd! wauz the "ferst step ov a stone stare."

"Nou whaut iz too be dun?" aasct Good.

"Follo the stare, ov coers, and trust too Provvidens."

"Stop!" ced Cer Henry; "Qwatermane, ghet the bit ov biltong and the wauter dhat ar left; we ma waunt them."

I went, creping bac too our place bi the chests for dhat perpoce, and az I wauz cumming awa an ideyaa struc me. We had not thaut much ov the dimondz for the laast twenty-foer ourz or so; indede, the verry ideyaa ov dimondz wauz nauzhous, ceying whaut dha had entaild uppon us; but, reflected I, I ma az wel pocket sum in cace we evver shood ghet out ov this gaastly hole. So I just poot mi fist intoo the ferst chest and fild aul the avalabel pockets ov mi oald shooting-cote and trouserz, topping up—this wauz a happy thaut—widh a fu handfoolz ov big wunz from the thherd chest. Aulso, bi an aafterthaut, I stuf Foulataaz baasket, which, exept for wun wauter-goord and a littel biltong, wauz

empty nou, widh grate qwauntitese ov the stoanz.

“I sa, u fellose,” I sang out, “woant u take sum dimondz widh u? Ive fild mi pockets and the baasket.”

“O, cum on, Qwatermane! and hang the dimondz!” ced Cer Henry. “I hope dhat I ma nevver ce anuther.”

Az for Good, he made no aancer. He wauz, I thhinc, taking hiz laast faerwel ov aul dhat wauz left ov the poor gherl whoo had luvd him so wel. And cureyous az it ma ceme too u, mi reder, citting at home at ese and reflecting on the vaast, indede the imezhurabel, welth which we wer dhus abandoning, I can ashure u dhat if u had paast sum twenty-ate ourz widh next too nuthhing too ete and drinc in dhat place, u wood not hav caerd too cumber yorcelf widh dimondz whialst plun'ging doun intoo the un'none bouwelz ov the erth, in the wiald hope ov escape from an aggonising deth. If from the habbits ov a liaftime, it had not becum a sort ov cecond nachure widh me nevver too leve ennithhing werth havving behiand if dhare wauz the slitest chaans ov mi beying abel too carry it awa, I am shure dhat I shood not hav botherd too fil mi pockets and dhat baasket.

“Cum on, Qwatermane,” repeted Cer Henry, whoo wauz aulreddy standing on the ferst step ov the stone stare. “Steddy, I wil go ferst.”

“Miand whare u poot yor fete, dhare ma be sum aufool hole underneeth,” I aancerd.

“Much moer liacly too be anuther roome,” ced Cer Henry, while he decended sloly, counting the steps az he went.

When he got too "fiftene" he stopt. "Heerz the bottom," he ced.  
"Thanc goodnes! I thhinc its a passage. Follo me doun."

Good went next, and I came laast, carreying the baasket, and on reching the bottom lit wun ov the too remaning matchez. Bi its lite we cood just ce dhat we wer standing in a narro tunnel, which ran rite and left at rite an'ghelz too the staerface we had decended. Befoer we cood make out enny moer, the mach bernt mi fin'gherz and went out. Then arose the dellicate qweschon ov which wa too go. Ov coers, it wauz imposcibel too no whaut the tunnel wauz, or whare it led too, and yet too tern wun wa mite lede us too saifty, and the uther too destrucshon. We wer utterly perplext, til suddenly it struc Good dhat when I had lit the mach the draaft ov the passage blu the flame too the left.

"Let us go against the draaft," he ced; "are drauz inwordz, not outwordz."

We tooc this sugeschon, and feling along the waul widh our handz, whialst trying the ground befoer us at evvery step, we departed from dhat akerst trezhure chaimber on our terribel qwest for life. If evver it shoold be enterd agane bi livving man, which I doo not thhinc probbabel, he wil fiand tokenz ov our vizsit in the open chests ov juwelz, the empty lamp, and the white boanz ov poor Foulataa.

When we had groapt our wa for about a qworter ov an our along the passage, suddenly it tooc a sharp tern, or els wauz bisected bi anuther, which we follode, oonly in coers ov time too be led intoo a thherd. And so it went on for sum ourz. We ceemd too be in a stone labbirinth dhat led noawhare. Whaut aul these passagez ar, ov coers I canot sa, but we thaut dhat dha must be the ainshent werkingz ov a mine, ov which the vareyouz shaafte and adits travveld hither and thither az the oer led them. This iz the oonly wa in which we cood account for such a multichude ov gallerese.

At length we halted, thurroly woern out widh fateghe and widh dhat hope deferd which maketh the hart cic, and ate up our poor remaning pece ov biltong and dranc our laast sup ov wauter, for our throats wer like lime-kilnz. It ceemd too us dhat we had escaipt Deth in the darcnes ov the trezhure chaimber oanly too mete him in the darcnes ov the tunnelz.

Az we stood, wuns moer utterly deprest, I thaut dhat I caut a sound, too which I cauld the atenshon ov the utherz. It wauz verry faint and verry far of, but it "wauz" a sound, a faint, mermering sound, for the utherz herd it too, and no werdz can describe the blestnes ov it aafter aul dhose ourz ov utter, aufool stilnes.

"Bi hevven! its running wauter," ced Good. "Cum on."

Of we started agane in the direcshon from which the faint mermer ceemd too cum, groping our wa az befoer along the rocky waulz. I remember dhat I lade doun the baasket fool ov dimondz, wishing too be rid ov its wate, but on cecond thauts tooc it up agane. Wun mite az wel di rich az poor, I reflected. Az we went the sound became moer and moer audibel, til at laast it ceemd qwite loud in the qwiyet. On, yet on; nou we cood distinctly make out the unmistacabel swerl ov rushing wauter. And yet hou cood dhare be running wauter in the bouwelz ov the erth? Nou we wer qwite nere it, and Good, whoo wauz leding, swoer dhat he cood smel it.

"Go gently, Good," ced Cer Henry, "we must be cloce." "Splash!" and a cri from Good.

He had faulen in.

"Good! Good! whare ar u?" we shouted, in terrifide distres. Too our intens relefe an aancer came bac in a choky vois.

“Aul rite; Ive got hoald ov a roc. Strike a lite too sho me whare u ar.”

Haistily I lit the laast remaning mach. Its faint gleme discuvverd too us a darc mas ov wauter running at our fete. Hou wide it wauz we cood not ce, but dhare, sum wa out, wauz the darc form ov our companyon hanging on too a progecting roc.

“Stand clere too cach me,” sung out Good. “I must swim for it.”

Then we herd a splash, and a grate strugghel. Anuther minnute and he had grabd at and caut Cer Henrese outstrecht hand, and we had poold him up hi and dri intoo the tunnel.

“Mi werd!” he ced, betwene hiz gaasps, “dhat wauz tuch and go. If I hadnt mannaijd too cach dhat roc, and none hou too swim, I shood hav bene dun. It runz like a mil-race, and I cood fele no bottom.”

We daerd not follo the banx ov the subterainyan rivver for fere lest we shood faul intoo it agane in the darcnes. So aafter Good had rested a while, and we had drunc our fil ov the wauter, which wauz swete and fresh, and wausht our facez, dhat neded it sadly, az wel az we cood, we started from the banx ov this African Stix, and began too retrace our steps along the tunnel, Good dripping unplezzantly in frunt ov us. At length we came too anuther gallery leding too our rite.

“We ma az wel take it,” ced Cer Henry werily; “aul roadz ar alike here; we can oonly go on til we drop.”

Sloly, for a long, long while, we stumbeld, utterly exhausted, along this nu tunnel, Cer Henry nou leding the wa. Agane I thaut ov abandoning dhat baasket, but did not.

Suddenly he stopt, and we bumt up against him.

“Looc!” he whisperd, “iz mi brane gowing, or iz dhat lite?”

We staerd widh aul our ise, and dhare, yes, dhare, far ahed ov us, wauz a faint, glimmering spot, no larger dhan a cottage windo pane. It wauz so faint dhat I dout if enny ise, exept dhose which, like ourz, had for dase cene nuthhing but blacnes, cood hav perceevd it at aul.

Widh a gaasp ov hope we poosht on. In five minnuets dhare wauz no lon'gher enny dout; it “wauz” a pach ov faint lite. A minnute moer and a breth ov reyal live are wauz fanning us. On we struggheld. Aul at wuns the tunnel narrode. Cer Henry went on hiz nese. Smauler yet it groo, til it wauz oonly the cise ov a larj foxez erth—it wauz “erth” nou, miand u; the roc had ceest.

A sqwese, a strugghel, and Cer Henry wauz out, and so wauz Good, and so wauz I, dragging Foulataaz baasket aafter me; and dhare abuv us wer the blesced starz, and in our nostrilz wauz the swete are. Then suddenly sumthhing gave, and we wer aul roling over and over and over throo graas and booshez and soft, wet soil.

The baasket caut in sumthhing and I stopt. Citting up I hallode lustily. An aancering shout came from belo, whare Cer Henrese wiald carere had bene chect bi sum levvel ground. I scambeld too him, and found him unhert, dho brethles. Then we looct for Good. A littel wa of we discuverd him aulso, hamd in a forct roote. He wauz a good dele noct about, but soone came too himcelf.

We sat down toogheter, dhare on the graas, and the revulshon ov feling wauz so grate dhat reyal I thhinc we cride widh joi. We had escaipt from dhat afool dunjon, which wauz so nere too becumming our grave. Shuerly

sum mercifool Pouwer ghided our footsteps too the jaccaul hole, for dhat iz whaut it must hav bene, at the terminaishon ov the tunnel. And ce, yonder on the mountainz the daun we had nevver thaut too looc uppon agane wauz blushing rosy red.

Prezsently the gra lite stole doun the sloaps, and we sau dhat we wer at the bottom, or raather, neerly at the bottom, ov the vaast pit in frunt ov the entrans too the cave. Nou we cood make out the dim formz ov the thre Colosci whoo sat uppon its verj. Doutles dhose aufool passagez, along which we had waunderd the livlong nite, had bene oridginally in sum wa conected widh the grate dimond mine. Az for the subterainyan rivver in the bouwelz ov the mountane, Hevven oanly nose whaut it iz, or whens it flose, or whither it gose. I, for wun, hav no anxiyety too trace its coers.

Liter it groo, and liter yet. We cood ce eche uther nou, and such a spectakel az we presented I hav nevver cet ise on befoer or cins. Gaunt-cheect, hollo-ide retchez, smeerd aul over widh dust and mud, bruizd, bleding, the long fere ov imminent deth yet ritten on our countenancez, we wer, indede, a cite too friten the dalite. And yet it iz a sollem fact dhat Goodz i-glaas wauz stil fixt in Goodz i. I dout whether he had evver taken it out at aul. Niather the darcnes, nor the plunj in the subterainyan rivver, nor the role doun the slope, had bene abel too cepparate Good and hiz i-glaas.

Prezsently we rose, fering dhat our limz wood stiffen if we stopt dhare lon'gher, and comenst widh slo and painfool steps too strugghel up the sloping ciadz ov the grate pit. For an our or moer we toild stedfaastly up the blu cla, dragghing ourcelvz on bi the help ov the ruits and graacez widh which it wauz cloadhd. But nou I had no moer thaut ov leving the baasket; indede, nuthhing but deth shood hav parted us.

At laast it wauz dun, and we stood bi the grate rode, on dhat cide ov the pit which iz opposite too the Colosci.

At the cide ov the rode, a hundred yardz of, a fire wauz barning in frunt ov sum huts, and round the fire wer figguerz. We staggherd toowordz them, supoerting wun anuther, and hauling evvery fu pacez. Prezsently wun ov the figguerz rose, sau us and fel on too the ground, criying out for fere.

“Infadoos, Infadoos! it iz we, thi frendz.”

He rose; he ran too us, staring wialdly, and stil shaking widh fere.

“O, mi lordz, mi lordz, it iz indede u cum bac from the ded!—cum bac from the ded!”

And the oald woreyor flung himcelf doun befoer us, and claasping Cer Henrese nese, he wept aloud for joi.

## CHAPTER 19.

### IGNOSESE FAERWEL

Ten dase from dhat eventfool morning found us wuns moer in our oald qworterz at Loo; and, strainj too sa, but littel the wers for our terribel expereyens, exept dhat mi stubly hare came out ov the trezhure cave about thre shaidz grayer dhan it went in, and dhat Good nevver wauz qwite the same aafter Foulataaz deth, which ceemd too moove

him verry graitley. I am bound too sa, loocking at the thhing from the

point ov vu ov an oldish man ov the werld, dhat I concidder her remooval wauz a forchunate occurs, cins, urtherwise, complicaishonz wood hav bene shure too ensu. The poor crechure wauz no ordinary native gherl, but a person ov grate, I had aulmoast ced staitly, buty, and ov concidderabel refianment ov miand. But no amount ov buty or refianment cood hav made an entan'ghelment betwene Good and hercelf a desirabel occurs; for, az she hercelf poot it, "Can the sun mate with the darcnes, or the white with the blac?"

I nede hardly state dhat we nevver agane pennetrated intoo Sollomonz trezhure chaimber. Aafter we had recuvverd from our fateegz, a proces which tooc us forty-ate ourz, we decended intoo the grate pit in the hope ov fianding the hole bi which we had crept out ov the mountane, but with no suxes. Too beghin with, rane had faulen, and oblitterated our spoor; and whaut iz moer, the ciadz ov the vaast pit wer fool ov ant-bare and urther hoalz. It wauz imposcibel too sa too which ov these we ode our salvaishon. Aulso, on the da befoer we started bac too Loo, we made a ferther examinaishon ov the wunderz ov the stalactite cave, and, draun bi a kiand ov restles feling, even pennetrated wuns moer intoo the Chaimber ov the Ded. Paacing beneeth the spere ov the White Deth we gaizd, with censaishonz which it wood be qwite imposcibel for me too describe, at the mas ov roc dhat had shut us of from escape, thhinking the while ov priasles trezhuerz beyond, ov the mistereyous oald hag whoose flattend fragments la crusht beneeth it, and ov the fare gherl ov whoose toome it wauz the portal. I sa gaizd at the "roc," for, exammine az we cood, we cood fiand no tracez ov the join ov the sliding doer; nor, indede, cood we hit uppon the ceecret, nou utterly lost, dhat werct it, dho we tride for an our or moer. It iz certainly a marvelous bit ov meccanizm, characteristic, in its mascive and yet inscrootabel cimpliscity, ov the age which projuest it; and I dout if the werld haz such anuther too sho.

At laast we gave it up in disgust; dho, if the mas had suddenly rizens befoer our ise, I dout if we shood hav scroode up currage too

step over Gaguilz man'gheld remainz, and wuns moer enter the trezhure chamber, even in the shure and certane hope ov unlimmited dimondz.

And

yet I cood hav cride at the ideyaa ov leving aul dhat trezhure, the bigghest trezhure probbably dhat in the werldz history haz evver bene acumulated in wun spot. But dhare wauz no help for it. Oanly dinamite cood foers its wa throo five fete ov sollid roc.

So we left it. Perhaps, in sum remote unborn cenchury, a moer forchunate exploerer ma hit uppon the "Open Cessamy," and flud the werld widh gemz.

But, micelf, I dout it. Sumhou, I ceme too fele dhat the tenz ov milleyonz ov poundz' werth ov juwelz which li in the thre stone cofferz wil nevver shine round the nec ov an erthly buty. Dha and Foulataaz boanz wil kepe coald cumpany til the end ov aul thhingz.

Widh a ci ov disapointment we made our wa bac, and next da started for Loo. And yet it wauz reyaly verry un'graitfool ov us too be disapointed; for, az the reder wil remember, bi a lucky thaut, I had taken the precaushon too fil the wide pockets ov mi oald shooting cote and trouserz widh gemz befoer we left our prizzon-hous, aulso Foulataaz baasket, which held twice az menny moer, notwidhstanding dhat

the wauter bottel had occupide sum ov its space. A good menny ov these fel out in the coers ov our role down the cide ov the pit, including cevveral ov the big wunz, which I had cramd in on the top in mi cote pockets. But, comparratiavly speking, an enormous qwauntity stil remaind, including nianty-thre larj stoanz rain'ging from over too hundred too cevventy carats in wate. Mi oald shooting cote and the baasket stil held sufishent trezhure too make us aul, if not milleyonaerz az the term iz understood in Amerricaa, at leest exedingly welthhy men, and yet too kepe enuf stoanz eche too make the thre finest cets ov gemz in Urope. So we had not dun so badly.

On ariving at Loo we wer moast corjaly receevd bi Ignosy, whoome we found wel, and bizsily en'gaijd in consollidating hiz pouwer, and reyorganising the redgiments which had sufferd moast in the grate strugghel widh Twalaa.

He liscend widh intens interest too our wunderfool stoery; but when we toald him ov oald Gaguilz friatfool end he groo thautfool.

"Cum hither," he cauld, too a verry oald Injunaa or councilor, whoo wauz citting widh utherz in a cerkel round the king, but out ov ere-shot. The ainshent man rose, aproacht, saluted, and ceted himcelf.

"Dhou art aijd," ced Ignosy.

"I, mi lord the king! Thi faatherz faather and I wer born on the same da."

"Tel me, when dhou waust littel, didst dhou no Gagayoolaa the wich doctres?"

"I, mi lord the king!"

"Hou wauz she then—yung, like the?"

"Not so, mi lord the king! She wauz even az she iz nou and az she wauz in the dase ov mi grate grandfaather befoer me; oald and dride, verry ugly, and fool ov wickednes."

"She iz no moer; she iz ded."

"So, O king! then iz an ainshent kers taken from the land."

"Go!"

*“Koom! I go, Blac Puppy, whoo toer out the oald dogz throate. Koom!”*

“Ye ce, mi brutherz,” ced Ignosy, “this wauz a strainj woomman, and I rejois dhat she iz ded. She wood hav let u di in the darc place, and mahap aafterwordz she had found a wa too sla me, az she found a wa too sla mi faather, and cet up Twalaa, whoome her blac hart luvd, in hiz place. Nou go on widh the tale; shuerly dhare nevver wauz its like!”

Aafter I had narated aul the stoery ov our escape, az we had agrede betwene ourcelvz dhat I shood, I tooc the oportchunity too adres Ignosy az too our deparchure from Coocoowaanaaland.

“And nou, Ignosy,” I ced, “the time haz cum for us too bid the faerwel, and start too ce our one land wuns moer. Behoald, Ighou caimst widh us a cervant, and nou we leve the a mity king. If Ighou art graitfool too us, remember too doo even az Ighou didst prommice: too roole justly, too respect the lau, and too poot nun too deth widhout a cauz. So shalt Ighou prosper. Too-morro, at brake ov da, Ignosy, Ighou wilt ghiv us an escort whoo shal lede us acros the mountainz. Iz it not so, O king?”

Ignosy cuvverd hiz face widh hiz handz for a while befoer aancering.

“Mi hart iz soer,” he ced at laast; “yor werdz split mi hart in twane. Whaut hav I dun too u, Incubu, Macumazaan, and Bougwan, dhat ye shood leve me dezzolate? Ye whoo stood bi me in rebelleyon and in battel, wil ye leve me in the da ov pece and victory? Whaut wil ye—wivavz? Chuse from amung the madenz! A place too liv in? Behoald, the land iz yorz az far az ye can ce. The white manz housez? Ye shal teche mi pepel hou too bild them. Cattel for befe and milc? Evvery marrede man shal bring u an ox or a cou. Wiald game too hunt? Duz not the ellefant wauc throo mi forrests, and the rivver-hors

slepe in the reedz? Wood ye make wor? Mi Impis wate yor werd. If dhare iz ennithhing moer which I can ghiv, dhat wil I ghiv u."

"Na, Ignosy, we waunt nun ov these thhingz," I aancerd; "we wood ceke our one place."

"Nou doo I lern," ced Ignosy bitterly, and widh flashing ise, "dhat ye luv the brite stoanz moer dhan me, yor frend. Ye hav the stoanz; nou ye wood go too Nataal and acros the mooving blac wauter and cel them, and be rich, az it iz the desire ov a white manz hart too be. Kerst for yor sake be the white stoanz, and kerst he whoo ceex them. Deth shal it be too him whoo cets foot in the place ov Deth too fiand them. I hav spoken. White men, ye can go."

I lade mi hand uppon hiz arm. "Ignosy," I ced, "tel us, when dhou didst waunder in Zoolooland, and among the white pepel ov Nataal, did not thine hart tern too the land thi muther toald the ov, thi native place, whare dhou didst ce the lite, and pla when dhou waust littel, the land whare thi place wauz?"

"It wauz even so, Macumazaan."

"In like manner, Ignosy, doo our harts tern too our land and too our one place."

Then came a cilens. When Ignosy broke it, it wauz in a different vois.

"I doo perceve dhat nou az evver thi werdz ar wise and fool ov rezon, Macumazaan; dhat which flise in the are luvz not too run along the ground; the white man luvz not too liv on the levvel ov the blac or too hous among hiz craalz. Wel, ye must go, and leve mi hart soer, becauz ye wil be az ded too me, cins from whare ye ar no tidingz can cum too me.

“But liscen, and let aul yor brutherz no mi werdz. No uther white man shal cros the mountainz, even if enny man liv too cum so far. I wil ce no traderz widh dhare gunz and gin. Mi pepel shal fite widh the spere, and drinc wauter, like dhare foerfaatherz befoer them. I wil hav no praying-men too poot a fere ov deth intoo menz harts, too ster them up against the lau ov the king, and make a paath for the white foke whoo follo too run on. If a white man cumz too mi gaitz I wil cend him bac; if a hundred cum I wil poosh them bac; if armese cum, I wil make wor on them widh aul mi strength, and dha shal not prevale against me. Nun shal evver ceke for the shining stoanz: no, not an army, for if dha cum I wil cend a redgiment and fil up the pit, and brake doun the white collumz in the caivz and choke them widh rox, so dhat nun can reche even too dhat doer ov which ye speke, and wharov the wa too moove it iz lost. But for u thre, Incubu, Macumazaan, and Bougwan, the paath iz aulwase open; for, behoald, ye ar derer too me dhan aut dhat breedhz.

“And ye wood go. Infadoos, mi unkel, and mi Injunaa, shal take u bi the hand and ghide u widh a redgiment. Dhare iz, az I hav lernd, anuther wa acros the mountainz dhat he shal sho u. Faerwel, mi brutherz, brave white men. Ce me no moer, for I hav no hart too bare it. Behoald! I make a decry, and it shal be publisht from the mountainz too the mountainz; yor naimz, Incubu, Macumazaan, and Bougwan, shal be “*hlonipa*” even az the naimz ov ded kingz, and he whoo speex them shal di.[12] So shal yor memmory be preservd in the land for evver.

[12] This extrordinary and neggative wa ov showing intens respect iz bi no meenz un‘none amung African pepel, and the rezult iz dhat if, az iz uezhuwal, the name in qweschon haz a cignifficans, the mening must be exprest bi an iddeyom or uther werd. In this wa a memmory iz preservd for generaishonz, or until the nu werd utterly suplaants the

oald wun.—A.Q.

“Go nou, are mi ise rane teerz like a woommanz. At tiamz az ye looc bac down the paath ov life, or when ye ar oald and gather yorcelvz tooghether too crouch befoer the fire, becauz for u the sun haz no moer hete, ye wil thhinc ov hou we stood shoalder too shoalder, in dhat grate battel which thi wise werdz pland, Macumazaan; ov hou dhou waust the point ov the horn dhat gauld Twalaaz flank, Bougwan; whialst dhou stood in the ring ov the Grase, Incubu, and men went down befoer thine ax like corn befoer a cickel; i, and ov hou dhou didst brake dhat wiald bool Twalaaz strength, and bring hiz pride too dust. Fare ye wel for evver, Incubu, Macumazaan, and Bougwan, mi lordz and mi frendz.”

Ignosy rose and looct earnestly at us for a fu cecondz. Then he throo the corner ov hiz carros over hiz hed, so az too cuvver hiz face from us.

We went in cilens.

Next da at daun we left Loo, escorted bi our oald frend Infadoos, whoo wauz hart-broken at our deparchure, and bi the redgiment ov Buffalose. Erly az wauz the our, aul the mane strete ov the toun wauz liand widh multichuedz ov pepel, whoo gave us the roiyal salute az we paast at the hed ov the redgiment, while the wimmen blest us for havving rid the land ov Twalaa, throwing flouwerz befoer us az we went. It wauz reyaly verry afecting, and not the sort ov thhing wun iz acustomd too mete widh from natiavz.

Wun ludicrous incident okerd, houwevver, which I raather welcumd, az it gave us sumthhing too laaf at.

Just befoer we reecht the confianz ov the toun, a pritty yung gherl, widh sum luvly lillese in her hand, ran forword and presented them too

Good—sumhou dha aul ceemd too like Good; I thhinc hiz i-glaas and sollitary whisker gave him a fictishous vallu—and then ced dhat she had a boone too aasc.

“Speke on,” he aancerd.

“Let mi lord sho hiz cervant hiz butifool white legz, dhat hiz cervant ma looc uppon them, and remember them aul her dase, and tel ov them too her children; hiz cervant haz travveld foer dase’ gerny too ce them, for the fame ov them haz gon throwout the land.”

“Ile be hangd if I doo!” exclaimd Good exitedly.

“Cum, cum, mi dere fello,” ced Cer Henry, “u caant refuse too oblige a lady.”

“I woant,” replide Good obstinaitly; “it iz pozsitiavly indecent.”

Houwevver, in the end he concented too drau up hiz trouserz too the ne, amidst noats ov rapchurous admiraishon from aul the wimmen prezsent, espeshaly the grattifide yung lady, and in this ghise he had too wauc til we got clere ov the toun.

Goodz legz, I fere, wil nevver be so graitley admiard agane. Ov hiz melting teeth, and even ov hiz “traansparent i,” the Cooowaanaaz werede moer or les, but ov hiz legz nevver.

Az we travveld, Infadoos toald us dhat dhare wauz anuther paas over the mountainz too the north ov the wun follode bi Sollomonz Grate Rode, or raather dhat dhare wauz a place whare it wauz poscibel too clime down the waul ov clif which cepparaitz Cooowaanaaland from the dezsert, and iz broken bi the touwering shaips ov Shebaaz Brests. It apeerd, aulso,

dhat raather moer dhan too yeerz preveyously a party ov Coocoowaanaa hunterz

had decended this paath intoo the dezsert in cerch ov ostrichez, whose pluemz ar much priazd among them for wor hed-drescez, and dhat in the coers ov dhare hunt dha had bene led far from the mountainz and wer much trubheld bi thherst. Ceying trese on the horizon, houwevver, dha wauct toowordz them, and discuvverd a larj and fertile owacis sum mialz in extent, and plentifooly wauterd. It wauz bi wa ov this owacis dhat Infadoos sugested we shood retern, and the ideyaa ceemd too us a good wun, for it apeerd dhat we shood dhus escape the riggorz ov the mountane paas. Aulso sum ov the hunterz wer in attendans too ghide us too the owacis, from which, dha stated, dha cood perceve uther fertile spots far awa in the dezsert.[13]

[13] It often puzseld aul ov us too understand hou it wauz poscibel dhat Ignosese muther, baring the chiald widh her, shood hav cerviavd the dain'gerz ov her gerny acros the mountainz and the dezsert, dain'gerz which so neerly pruivd fatal too ourcelvz. It haz cins okerd too me, and I ghiv the ideyaa too the reder for whaut it iz werth, dhat she must hav taken this cecond roote, and waunderd out like Hagar intoo the wildernes. If she did so, dhare iz no lon'gher ennithhing inexpliccabel about the stoery, cins, az Ignosy himcelf related, she ma wel hav bene pict up bi sum ostrich hunterz befoer she or the chiald wauz exhausted, wauz led bi them too the owacis, and thens bi stagez too the fertile cuntry, and so on bi slo degrese southwordz too Zoolooland.—A.Q.

Travveling esily, on the nite ov the foerth dase gerny we found ourcelvz wuns moer on the crest ov the mountainz dhat ceperate Coocoowaanaaland from the dezsert, which roald awa in sandy billose at our fete, and about twenty-five mialz too the north ov Shebaaz Brests.

At daun on the following da, we wer led too the ej ov a verry

precipitous cazm, bi which we wer too decend the prescipice, and gane the plane too thousand and moer fete belo.

Here we bad faerwel too dhat troo frend and sterdy oald woreyor, Infadoos, whoo sollemly wisht aul good uppon us, and neerly wept widh grefe. "Nevver, mi lordz," he ced, "shal mine oald ise ce the like ov u agane. Aa! the wa dhat Incubu cut hiz men doun in the battel! Aa! for the cite ov dhat stroke widh which he swept of mi bruther Twalaaz hed! It wauz butifool—butifool! I ma nevver hope too ce such anuther, exept perchaans in happy dreemz."

We wer verry sorry too part from him; indede, Good wauz so muivd dhat he gave him az a soovenere—whaut doo u thhinc?—an "i-glaas"; aafterwordz we discuvverd dhat it wauz a spare wun. Infadoos wauz delited, foerceying dhat the poseshon ov such an artikel wood increce hiz presteje enormously, and aafter cevveral vane atempts he acchuwaly suxeded in scrooving it intoo hiz one i. Ennithhing moer incon'groowous dhan the oald woreyor looct widh an i-glaas I nevver sau. I-glaacez doo not go wel widh leppard-skin cloax and blac ostrich pluemz.

Then, aafter ceying dhat our ghiadz wer wel laden widh wauter and provizhonz, and havving receevd a thundering faerwel salute from the Buffalose, we rung Infadoos bi the hand, and began our dounword clime. A verry arjuwous biznes it pruivd too be, but sumhou dhat evening we found ourcelvz at the bottom widhout axident.

"Doo u no," ced Cer Henry dhat nite, az we sat bi our fire and gaizd up at the beetling clifs abuv us, "I thhinc dhat dhare ar wers placez dhan Cooowaanaaland in the werld, and dhat I hav none unhappeyer tiamz dhan the laast munth or too, dho I hav nevver spent such qwere

wunz. A! u fellose?"

"I aulmoast wish I wer bac," ced Good, widh a ci.

Az for micelf, I reflected dhat aulz wel dhat endz wel; but in the coers ov a long life ov shaivz, I nevver had such shaivz az dhose which I had recently expereyenst. The thaut ov dhat battel maix me fele coald aul over, and az for our expereyens in the trezhure chaimber—!

Next morning we started on a toilsun truj acros the dezsert, havving widh us a good supli ov wauter carrede bi our five ghiadz, and campt dhat nite in the open, marching agane at daun on the morro.

Bi noone ov the thherd dase gerny we cood ce the trese ov the owacis ov which the ghiadz spoke, and within an our ov sundoun we wer wauking wuns moer uppon graas and liscening too the sound ov running wauter.

## CHAPTER 20.

### FOUND

And nou I cum too perhaps the strain'gest advenchure dhat happend too us in aul this strainj biznes, and wun which shose hou wunderfooly thhingz ar braut about.

I wauz wauking along qwiyetly, sum wa in frunt ov the uther too, doun the banx ov the streme which runz from the owacis til it iz swaulode up in the hun'gry dezsert sandz, when suddenly I stopt and rubd mi

ise, az wel I mite. Dhare, not twenty yardz in frunt ov me, plaist in a charming cichuwaishon, under the shade ov a speeshese ov fig-tre, and facing too the streme, wauz a cosy hut, bilt moer or les on the Caffer principel widh graas and wiadhz, but havving a fool-length doer insted ov a be-hole.

“Whaut the dickenz,” ced I too micelf, “can a hut be doowing here?” Even az I ced it the doer ov the hut opend, and dhare limpt out ov it a “white man” cloadhd in skinz, and widh an enormous blac beard. I thaut dhat I must hav got a tuch ov the sun. It wauz imposcibel. No hunter evver came too such a place az this. Certainly no hunter wood evver cettel in it. I staerd and staerd, and so did the uther man, and just at dhat juncchure Cer Henry and Good wauct up.

“Looc here, u fellose,” I ced, “iz dhat a white man, or am I mad?”

Cer Henry looct, and Good looct, and then aul ov a sudden the lame white man widh a blac beard utterd a grate cri, and began hobling toowordz us. When he wauz cloce he fel down in a sort ov faint.

Widh a spring Cer Henry wauz bi hiz cide.

“Grate Pouwerz!” he cride, ““it iz mi bruther Jorj!””

At the sound ov this disterbans, anuther figgure, aulso clad in skinz, emerjd from the hut, a gun in hiz hand, and ran toowordz us. On ceying me he too gave a cri.

“Macumazaan,” he hallode, “doant u no me, Baas? Ime Gim the hunter. I lost the note u gave me too ghiv too the Baas, and we hav bene here neerly too yeerz.” And the fello fel at mi fete, and roald over and over, weping for joi.

“U caerles scoundrel!” I ced; “u aut too be wel

*sjambocked*”—dhat iz, hided.

Meenwhile the man widh the blac beerd had recuvverd and rizens, and he and Cer Henry wer pump-handling awa at eche uther, aparrently widhout a werd too sa. But whautevver dha had qworeld about in the paast—I suspect it wauz a lady, dho I nevver aasct—it wauz evvidently forgotten nou.

“Mi dere oald fello,” berst out Cer Henry at laast, “I thaut u wer ded. I hav bene over Sollomonz Mountainz too fiand u. I had ghivven up aul hope ov evver ceying u agane, and nou I cum acros u perch in the dezsert, like an oald *aasvögel*.”[14]

[14] Vulchure.

“I tride too cros Sollomonz Mountainz neerly too yeerz ago,” wauz the aancer, spoken in the hezsitating vois ov a man whoo haz had littel recent oporchunity ov using hiz tung, “but when I reecht here a boalder fel on mi leg and crusht it, and I hav bene abel too go niather forword nor bac.”

Then I came up. “Hou doo u doo, Mr. Nevvil?” I ced; “doo u remember me?”

“Whi,” he ced, “iznt it Hunter Qwatermane, a, and Good too? Hoald on a minnute, u fellose, I am ghetting dizsy agane. It iz aul so verry strainj, and, when a man haz ceest too hope, so verry happy!”

Dhat evening, over the camp fire, Jorj Kertis toald us hiz stoery, which, in its wa, wauz aulmoast az eventfool az our one, and, poot shortly, amounted too this. A littel les dhan too yeerz befoer, he had started from Citandaaz Craal, too tri too reche Sulimanz Berg. Az for the note I had cent him bi Gim, dhat werthy lost it, and he had nevver herd ov it

til too-da. But, acting upon information he had received from the natives, he decided not for Shebaaz Brests, but for the ladder-like descent of the mountains down which we had just come, which is clearly a better route than that marked out in old Dom Cilvestraaz plan. In the desert he and Gim had suffered great hardships, but finally he reached this oasis, where a terrible accident befell Jorj Kertis. On the day of their arrival he was sitting by the stream, and Gim was extracting the honey from the nest of a stingless bee which is to be found in the desert, on the top of a bank immediately above him. In so doing he loosed a great boulder of rock, which fell upon Jorj Kertis' right leg, crushing it fatally. From that day he had been so lame that he found it impossible to go either forward or back, and had preferred to take the chance of dying in the oasis to the certainty of perishing in the desert.

As for food, however, he got on pretty well, for he had a good supply of ammunition, and the oasis was frequented, especially at night, by large quantities of game, which came thither for water. These he shot, or trapped in pits, using the flesh for food, and, after their loads were out, the hides for clothing.

"And so," Jorj Kertis ended, "we have lived for nearly two years, like a second Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, hoping against hope that some natives might come here to help us away, but none have come. Only last night we decided that Gim should leave me, and try to reach Citandaaz Craal to get assistance. He was to go tomorrow, but I had little hope of ever seeing him back again. And now 'u', of all people in the world, 'u', who, as I fancied, had long ago forgotten all about me, and was living comfortably in old England, turned up in a promiscuous way and found me where you least expected. It is the most wonderful thing that I have ever heard of, and the most merciful too."

Then Cer Henry set to work, and told him the main facts of our adventures, sitting till late into the night to do it.

“Bi Jove!” ced Jorj Kertis, when I shode him sum ov the dimondz:  
“wel, at leest u hav got sumthhing for yor painz, beciadz mi  
werthles celf.”

Cer Henry laaft. “Dha belong too Qwatermane and Good. It wauz a part  
ov the bargane dhat dha shood divide enny spoilz dhare mite be.”

This remarc cet me thhinking, and havving spoken too Good, I toald Cer  
Henry dhat it wauz our joint wish dhat he shood take a thherd porshon ov  
the dimondz, or, if he wood not, dhat hiz share shood be handed too  
hiz bruther, whoo had sufferd even moer dhan ourcelvz on the chaans ov  
ghetting them. Finaly, we prevaild uppon him too concent too this  
arainjment, but Jorj Kertis did not no ov it until sum time  
aafterwordz.

Here, at this point, I thhinc dhat I shal end mi history. Our gerny  
acros the dezsert bac too Citandaaz Craal wauz moast arjuwous, espeshaly  
az we had too supoert Jorj Kertis, whoose rite leg wauz verry weke  
indede, and continnuwaly throo out splinterz ov bone. But we did  
acumplish it sumhou, and too ghiv its detailz wood oanly be too  
reprojuce much ov whaut happend too us on the former ocaizhon.

Cix munths from the date ov our re-arival at Citandaaz, whare we found  
our gunz and uther goodz qwite safe, dho the oald raascal in charj  
wauz much disgusted at our cerviving too clame them, sau us aul wuns  
moer

safe and sound at mi littel place on the Bereyaa, nere Derban, whare I am  
nou riting. Thens I bid faerwel too aul whoo hav acumpanede me  
throo the strain'gest trip I evver made in the coers ov a long and  
varede expereyens.

P.S.—Just az I had ritten the laast werd, a Caffer came up mi avvenu ov

oranj trese, carreying a letter in a cleft stic, which he had braut from the poast. It ternd out too be from Cer Henry, and az it speex for itcelf I ghiv it in fool.

October 1, 1884.

Braly Haul, Yorcsaire.

Mi Dere Qwatermane,

I cend u a line a fu mailz bac too sa dhat the thre ov us, Jorj, Good, and micelf, fecht up aul rite in In'gland. We got of the bote at Southampton, and went up too toun. U shood hav cene whaut a swel Good ternd out the verry next da, butifooly shaivd, froc cote fitting like a gluv, brand nu i-glaas, etc., etc. I went and wauct in the parc widh him, whare I met sum pepel I no, and at wuns toald them the stoery ov hiz "butifool white legz."

He iz fureyous, espeshaly az sum il-nachuerd person haz printed it in a Sociyety paper.

Too cum too biznes, Good and I tooc the dimondz too Streterz too be vallude, az we arainjd, and reyaly I am afrade too tel u whaut dha poot them at, it ceemz so enormous. Dha sa dhat ov coers it iz moer or les ghes-werc, az such stoanz hav nevver too dhare nollej bene poot on the market in ennithhing like such qwauntitese. It apeerz dhat (widh the exepshon ov wun or too ov the largest) dha ar ov the finest wauter, and eeqwal in evvery wa too the best Brasileyan stoanz. I aasct them if dha wood bi them, but dha ced dhat it wauz beyond dhare pouwer too doo so, and recomended us too

cel bi degrese, over a pereyod ov yeerz indede, for fere lest we shood flud the market. Dha offer, houwevver, a hundred and aty thousand for a verry smaull porshon ov them.

U must cum home, Qwatermane, and ce about these thhingz, espeshaly if u incist uppon making the magnifficent prezsent ov the thherd share, which duz "not" belong too me, too mi bruther Jorj.

Az for Good, he iz "no good". Hiz time iz too much occupide in shaving, and utherr matterz conected widh the vane adorning ov the boddy. But I thhinc he iz stil doun on hiz luc about Foulataa. He toald me dhat cins he had bene home he hadnt cene a woomman too tuch

her, iather az regardz her figgure or the sweetnes ov her expreshon.

I waunt u too cum home, mi dere oald comrade, and too bi a hous nere here. U hav dun yor dase werc, and hav lots ov munny nou, and dhare iz a place for sale qwite cloce which wood sute u admirably. Doo cum; the sooner the better; u can finnish riting the stoery ov our advenchuerz on boerd ship. We hav refuezd too tel the tale til it iz ritten bi u, for fere lest we shal not be beleevd. If u start on recete ov this u wil reche here bi

Cristmas, and I booc u too sta widh me for dhat. Good iz cumming, and Jorj; and so, bi the wa, iz yor boi Harry (dhaerz a bribe for u). I hav had him doun for a weex shooting, and like him.

He iz a coole yung hand; he shot me in the leg, cut out the pellets, and then remarct uppon the advaantagez ov havving a meddical schudent widh evvery shooting party!

Good-bi, oald boi; I caant sa enny moer, but I no dhat u wil cum, if it iz oanly too oblige

Yor cincere frend,  
HENRY KERTIS.

P.S.—The tusx ov the grate bool dhat kild poor Kevaa hav nou bene poot up in the haul here, over the pare ov buffalo hornz u gave me, and looc magnificent; and the ax widh which I chopt of Twalaaz hed iz fixt abuv mi riting-tabel. I wish dhat we cood hav mannajd too bring awa the coats ov chane armor. Doant loose poor Foulataaz baasket in which u braut awa the dimondz.

H.C.

Too-da iz Chuezda. Dhare iz a stemer gowing on Frida, and I reyaly thhinc dhat I must take Kertis at hiz werd, and sale bi her for In'gland, if it iz oanly too ce u, Harry, mi boi, and too looc aafter the printing ov this history, which iz a taasc dhat I doo not like too trust too enniboddy els.

ALLAN QWATERMANE.

End ov the Prodject Goottenberg EBooc ov King Sollomonz Mianz, bi H. Rider Haggard

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