

KING Solomon's Mines.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

at the bottom of a water-way, over which the road went suddenly on. At another place it was cut in zig-zags out of the side of a precipice five hundred feet deep, and in the third it tunneled right through the base of an intervening ridge a space of thirty yards or more.

Here we noticed that the sides of the tunnel were covered with quaint sculptures mostly of mailed figures driving in chariots. One, which was exceedingly beautiful, represented a whole battle scene with a convoy of captives being marched off in the distance.

"Well," said Sir Henry, after inspecting this ancient work of art, "it is very well to call this Solomon's Road, but my humble opinion is that the Egyptians have been here before Solomon. I should never set a foot on it if that isn't Egyptian handiwork, all I have to say is it is very like it."

By midday we had advanced sufficiently far down the mountain to reach the region where wood was to be met with. First we came to scattered bushes which grew more and more frequent, till at last we found the road winding through a vast grove of silver trees similar to those which are to be seen on the slopes of Table Mountain at Cape Town. I had never before met with them in all my wanderings, except at the Cape, and their appearance here astonished me greatly.

"Ah!" said Good, surveying these shining-leaved trees with evident enthusiasm, "there is lots of wood, let us stop and cook some dinner; I have about digested that raw meat."

Nobody objected to this, so leaving the road we made our way to a stream which was bubbling away not far off, and soon had a goodly array of dry boughs blazing. Cutting off some substantial hunks from the flesh of the tree which we had brought with us, we proceeded to toast them on the end of sharp sticks, as one sees the Kairis do, and ate them with relish. After filling ourselves, we lit our pipes and gave ourselves up to enjoyment, which, compared to the hardships we had recently undergone, seemed almost heavenly.

The brook, of which the banks were clothed with dense masses of a gigantic species of maiden-hair fern interspersed with feathery tufts of wild asparagus, bubbled away merrily at our side, the soft air murmured through the leaves of the silver trees, doves cooed around, and bright-winged birds flashed like living gems from bough to bough. It was like Paradise.

The magic of the place, combined with the overwhelming sense of dangers left behind, and of the promised land reached at last, seemed to charm us into silence. Sir Henry and Umbopa sat conversing in a mixture of broken English and Kikuaia Zulu in a low voice, but earnestly enough, and I lay, with my eyes half shut, upon the fragrant bed of fern and watched them. Presently I missed Good, and looked to see what had become of him. As I did so I observed him sitting by the bank of the stream, in which he had been bathing. He had nothing on but his flannel shirt, and his natural habits of extreme neatness having reasserted themselves, was actively employed in making a most elaborate toilet. He had washed his gutta-percha collar, thoroughly shaken out his trousers, coat and waist-coat, and was now folding them up neatly till he was ready to put them on, shaking his head sadly as he did so over the matter of trying to dry them, which had naturally resulted from our frightful journey. Then he took his boots, scrubbed them with a handful of ferns, and finally rubbed them over with a piece of fat, which he had carefully saved from the inco meat, till they looked, comparatively speaking, respectable. Having inspected them judiciously through his eyelashes, he put them on and began a fresh operation.

From a little bag he carried he produced a pocket-comb in which was fixed a tiny looking-glass, and in this he surveyed himself. Apparently he was not satisfied, for he proceeded to do his hair with a great care. Then came a pause whilst he scrutinized contemplatively the effect; still it was not satisfactory. He felt his chin, on which was now the accumulated scrub of a ten days' beard. "Surely," thought I, "the hair is not going to try and shave." But so it was. Taking the piece of fat with which he had greased his boots, he washed it carefully in the stream. Then diving again into the bag he brought out a little pocket-razor with a guard to it, such as are sold to people afraid of cutting themselves, or to those about to undertake a sea voyage. Then he vigorously scrubbed his face and chin with the fat and began. But it was evidently a painful process, for he groaned very much over it, and I was convinced with inward laughter as I watched him struggling with that stubby beard. It seemed so very odd that a man should take the trouble to shave himself with a piece of fat in such a place and under such circumstances. At last he succeeded in getting the worst of the scrub of the right side of his face and chin, when suddenly I, who was watching, became aware of a flash of light that passed just by his head.

"Good sprang up with a profane explanation (if it had not been a safety razor he would certainly have cut his throat) and so did I, without the exclamation, and this was what I saw. Standing there, not more than twenty paces from where I was, and ten from Good, were a group of men. They were very tall and copper-colored, and some of them wore great plumes of black feathers and short cloaks of leopard skins; this was all I noticed at the moment. In front of them stood a youth of about seventeen, his hand still raised and his body bent forward in the attitude of a Grecian statue of a spear-thrower. Evidently the flash of light had been a weapon, and he had thrown it.

As I looked an old soldier-like looking man stepped forward out of the group, and catching the youth by the arm said something to him. Then he advanced upon us. Sir Henry, Good, and Umbopa had by this time seized their rifles and lifted them threateningly. The party of natives still came on. It struck me that they could not know what rifles were, or they would not have treated them with such contempt. "Put down your guns!" I hallooed to the oldest, seeing that our only chance of safety lay in conciliation. They obeyed, and walking to the front I addressed the elderly man who had checked the youth.

"Greeting," I said in Zulu, not knowing what language to use. To my surprise I was understood. "Greeting," answered the man, not indeed, in the same tongue, but in a dialect so closely allied to it, that neither Umbopa or myself had any difficulty in understanding it. Indeed, as we afterward found out, the language of the Zulu people was an old-fashioned form of the Zulu tongue, bearing about the same relationship to that of the English of Chaucer, does to the English of the nineteenth century.

"Whence come you?" he went on, "what see you? and why are the faces of three of you white, and the face of the fourth as the face of our mother's sons?" and he pointed to Umbopa. I looked at Umbopa as he said it, and it flashed across me that he was right. Umbopa was like the faces of the men before me, so was his great form. But I had not time to reflect on this coincidence.

"We are strangers and come in peace," I answered, speaking very slow, so that he might understand me, "and this man is our servant."

"Ye lie," he answered; "no strangers can cross the mountains where all things die. But what do your lies matter? If ye are strangers then ye must die, for no strangers may live in the land of the Kikuanas. It is the king's law. Prepare then to die, oh strangers!"

I was slightly staggered at this, more especially as I saw the hands of some of the party of men set down to their sides, where hung on each what looked to me like a large and heavy knife.

"What does that beggar say?" asked Good. "He says we are going to be seragg'd," I answered grimly.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Good; and, as it was his way when perplexed, put his hands to his false teeth, dragging the top set down and allowing them to fly back to his jaw with a snap. It was a most fortunate move, for next second the dignified crowd of Kikuanas gave a simultaneous yell of horror, and bolted back some yards.

"What's up?" said I. "It's his teeth," whispered Sir Henry, excitedly. "He moved them. Take them out, Good, take them out!" He obeyed, slipping the set into the sleeve of his flannel shirt.

In another second hostility had overcome fear, and the men advanced slowly. Apparently they had now forgotten their amiable intentions of doing for us.

"How is it, oh strangers," asked the old man solemnly, "that the teeth of the man (pointing to Good, who had nothing on but a flannel shirt, and had only half finished his shaving) whose body is clothed, and whose legs are bare, who grows hair on one side of his sickly face and not on the other, and who has one shining and transparent eye, and teeth that move of themselves, coming away from the jaws and returning of their own will?"

"Open your mouth," I said to Good, who promptly curled up his lips and grinned at the old gentleman like an angry dog, revealing to their astonished gaze two thin lines of gum as utterly innocent of ivory as a newborn elephant. His audience gasped.

"Where are his teeth?" they shouted; "with our eyes we saw them." "Turning his head slowly and with a gesture of ineffable contempt, Good swept his hand across his mouth. Then he grinned again, and lo! there were two rows of lovely teeth.

The young man who had flung the knife threw himself down on the grass and gave vent to a prolonged howl of terror; and as for the old gentleman his knees knocked together with fear.

"I see that ye are spirits," he said, falteringly; "did ever man born of woman have hair on one side of his face and not on the other, or a round and transparent eye, or teeth which moved or melted away and grew again? Parlon us, oh, my lords."

Here was luck, indeed, and, needless to say, I jumped at the chance. "It is granted," I said, with an imperial smile. "Nay, ye shall know the truth. We come from another world, though we are men such as ye; we come." I went on, "from the biggest star that shines at night."

"Oh! oh!" groaned the chorus of astonished aborigines. "Yes," I went on, "we do, indeed," and I again smiled benignly as I uttered that amazing lie. "We come to stay with you a little while, and bless you by our sojourn. Ye will see, oh, friends, that I have prepared in self by learning your language."

"It is so, it is so," said the chorus. "Only, my lord," put in the old gentleman, "thou hast learned it very badly."

I cast an indignant glance at him and he quailed. "Now, friends," I continued, "ye might think that after so long a journey we should find it in our hearts to avenged such a reception, mayhap to strike cold in death the impious hand that—that, in short—threw a knife at the head of him whose teeth come and go."

"Spare him, my lords," said the old man in supplication; "he is the king's son, and I am his uncle. If anything befalls him his blood will be required at my hands."

"Yes, that is certainly so," put in the young man with great emphasis. "You may perhaps doubt our power to avenge," I went on, heedless of this by-play. "Stay, I will show you. Here you live and stay" (addressing Umbopa in a savage tone), "give me the magic tube that speaks," and I tipped a wink toward my express rifle.

Umbopa rose to the occasion, and with something as nearly resembling a grin as I had ever seen on his dignified face, handed me the rifle.

"It is here, oh, lord of lords," he said, with a deep obeisance. Now, just before I asked for the rifle I had perceived a little klipspringer antelope standing on a mass of rock about seventy yards away, and determined to risk a shot at it.

"Ye see that buck," I said, pointing the animal out to the party before me. "Tell me, is it possible for a man, born of woman, to kill it from here with a noise?" "It is not possible, my lord," answered the old man.

"Yet shall I kill it," said I, quietly. The old man smiled. "That my lord can do," he said.

I raised the rifle, and covered the buck. It was a small animal, and one which one might well be excused for missing, but I knew that it would not do to miss. I drew a deep breath, and slowly pressed on the trigger. The buck stood still as stone. "Bang! thud!" The buck sprang into the air and fell on the rock dead as a door-nail.

A groan of terror burst from the group before us. "If ye want meat," I remarked, coolly, "go fetch that buck."

The old man made a sign, and one of his followers departed, and presently returned bearing the klipspringer. I noticed, with satisfaction, that I had hit it fairly behind the shoulder. They gathered round the poor creature's body, gazing at the bullet-hole in consternation.

"Ye see," I said, "I do not speak empty words." "There was no answer." "If ye yet doubt our power," I went on, "let one of ye go stand upon that rock that I may make him as this buck."

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The old gentleman did not take the suggestion in good part. Indeed, he seemed hurt.

"No no," he ejaculated, hastily, "my old eyes have seen enough. These are wizards, indeed. Let us bring them to the king. Yet if any should wish a further proof let him

bring them to the king, and the king will see that they are no wizards, but men of the Kikuanas race come into this country."

"My lord, the race came down here like the breath of a storm ten thousand thousand moons ago, from the great lands which lie there beyond," and he pointed to the north. "They could travel no further, so say the old voices of our fathers that have come down to us, the children, and so says Gagooi, the smaller out of witches, because of the great mountains which ring in the land," and he pointed to the snow-clad peaks. "The country, too, was good, so they settled here and grew strong and powerful, and now our numbers are like the sea-sand, and when Twala the King calls up his regiments they outnumber the plain as far as the eye of man can reach."

"And if the land is walled in with mountains, who is there for the regiments to fight with?"

"Nay, my lord, the country is open there," and again he pointed toward the north, "and now and again warriors sweep down upon

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January is gone, yet some papers are still publishing those lists of marriageable young men.

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Church Howe has \$100,000 invested in his Nemaha county stock farm and has 125 head of trotting horses.

A Fatal Mistake. Physicians make no more fatal mistake than when they inform patients that nervous heart troubles come from the stomach and are of the liver and spleen. Dr. Franklin Miles, the noted Indiana specialist, has proven the contrary in his new book on "Heart Disease" which may be had free of F. G. Fricke & Co., who guarantee and recommend Dr. Miles' unequalled new Heart Cure, which has the largest sale of any heart remedy in the world. It cures nervous and organic heart disease, short breath, fluttering, pain or tenderness in the side, arm or shoulder, irregular pulse, fainting, smothering, dropsy, etc. His Restorative Nervine cures headache, fits, etc.

It Should be in Every House. J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife, who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cocksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore. Large bottle, 50c and \$1.00.

The girl's industrial school building at Geneva is well along toward completion, and is said to be admirably arranged for its purpose.

A Mystery Explained. The papers contain frequent notices of rich, pretty and educated girls eloping with negroes, tramps and coachmen. The well-known specialist, Dr. Franklin Miles, says all such girls are more or less hysterical, nervous, very impulsive, unbalanced, usually subject to headache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, immoderate crying or laughing. These show a weak, nervous system for which there is no remedy equal to Restorative Nervine. Trial bottles and a fine book, containing many marvelous cures, free at F. G. Fricke & Co's, who also sell and guarantee Dr. Miles' celebrated New Heart Cure, the finest of heart tonics. Cures fluttering, short breath, etc.

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The principal of the Ulysses schools has been arrested on the charge of unmettlically beating his pupils.

Startling Facts. The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks and the following suggests, the best remedy: alphous Humphling, of Butler, Penn., swears that when his son was speechless from St. Vitus Dance, Dr. Miles great Restorative Nervine cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valparai and J. D. Tolmer, of Logansport, Ind. each gained 20 pounds in an taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vastulr Ind. was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions easy and much sea-sickness, dizziness, lockjaw and nervous prostration by one bottle. Trial bottle and fine book of Nervous cures free at F. G. Fricke & Co., who recommends this unequalled remedy.

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