KING

BY H. BIDLE HAGGAED.

us in clouds from a land we know not, and we slay them. It is the third part of the life of a man since there was a war. Many thousand died in it, but we destroyed those who came to eat us up. So since then there has been no war."

"Your warriors unust grow weary of resting on their spears."

"My lord, there was one war, just after we destroyed the people that came down upon us, but it was a civil war, dog eat dog."

"How was that?"

"My, lord, the king, my half-brother, had a brother born at the same birth, and of the same woman. It is not our custom, my lord, to let twins live, the weakest must always die. But the mother of the king hid away bangwans each man also carried three large the weakest child, which was born last, for her heart yearned over it, and the child is Twala, the king. I am his younger brother born of another wife."

"Well?"

"My lord, Kafa, our father, died when we came to manhood, and my brother Imotu was made king in his place, and for a space reigned and had a son by his favorite wife. When the babe was three years old, just after the great war, during which no man could sow or reap, a famine came upon the land, and the people murmured because of the famine, and looked round like a starved lion for something to rend. Then it was that Gagool, the wise woman, who does not die, proclaimed to the people, saying, "The King Imotu is no king.' And at the time Imotu was sick with a wound, and lay in his hut not able to move.

'Then Gagool went into a hut and led out Twala, my half-brother, and the twin broth- last the whole regiment of the "Grays" (so er of the king, whom she had hidden since he was born among the caves and rocks, and corps of the Kukuana people, was marchstripping the 'moocha' (waist-cloth) off his ing behind us with a tread that shook the loins, showed the people of the Kukuanas ground. the mark of the sacred snake coiled round his waist, wherewith the eldest son of the king is marked at birth, and cried out loud, Behold, your king whom 1 have saved for you even to this day!' And the people being mad with hunger, and altogether bereft of reason and the knowledge of truth, cried out, 'The king! The king!' but I knew that it was not so, for Imotu, my brother, was the elder of the twins, and was the lawful king. And just as the tumult was at its height Imotu the king, though he was very sick, came crawling from his hut holding his wife by the hand, and followed by his little son Ignosi (the lightning).

'What is the noise?' he asked; 'why cry ye "The king! the king?"

"Then Twala, his own brother, born of the same woman and in the same hour, ran to him, and taking him by the hair stabbed him through the heart with his knife. And the people being tickle, and ever ready to worship the rising sun, clapped their hands and cried, 'Twala is king! Now we know that Twala is king !""

"And what became of his wife and her son Ignosi? Did Twala kill them, too?"

"Nay, my lord. When she saw that her lord was dead she seized the child with a cry, and ran away. Two days afterward she came to a kraal very hungry, and none would give her milk or food, now that her lord the king was dead, for all men hate the unfortunate. But at night-fall a little child, a girl, crept out and brought her to eat, and she blessed the child, and went on toward the mountains with her boy before the sun rose again, where she must have perished,

and were able to gaze in astonishment on the most magnificent set of men I have ever seen. They were all men of mature age, mostly veterans of about forty, and not one of them was under six feet in height, whilst many were six feet three or four. They wore upon their heads heavy black plumes of Sacaboola feathers, like those which adorned our guides. Round their waists and also beneath the right knee were bound circlets of white ox-tells, and in their left hands were round shields about twenty inches

across. These saields were very curious. The frame work consisted of an iron plate heaten out thin over which was stretched milk-white ox-hide. The weapons that each man bore were simple, but most effective, consisting of a short and very heavy two-edged spear with a wooden shaft,

the blade being about six inches across at the widest part. These spears were not used for throwing, but like the Zulu "bangwan." or stabbing assegai, were for close quarters only, when the wound inflicted by them was terrible. In addition to these and heavy knives, each knife weighing about two pounds. One knife was fixed in the ox-tail girdle, and the other two at the back of the round shield. These knives, which are called "tollas" by the Kukuanas, take the place of the throwing assegai of the Zulus. A Kukuana warrior can throw them

with great accuracy at a distance of fifty yards, and it is their custom on charging to hurl a volley of them at the enemy as they come to close quarters. Each company stood like a collection of

bronze statues till we were opposite to it, when at a signal given by its commanding officer who, distinguished by a leopard skin cloak, stood some paces in front, every spear was raised into the air, and from three hundred throats sprung forth with a sudden roar the royal salute of "Koom." Then when we had passed the company formed up behind us, and followed us toward the kraal, till at called from their white shields), the crack

At length, branching off from Solomon's Great Road, we came to the wide fosse surrounding the kraal, which was at least a mile round, and fenced with a strong paliside of piles formed of the trunks of trees. At the gateway this fosse was spanned by a primitive drawbridge which was let down by the guard to allow us to pass in. The kraal was exceedingly well laid out. Through the center ran a wide pathway intersected at right angles by other pathways so arranged as to cut the huts into square blocks, each block being the quarters of a company. The huts were dome-shaped and built, like those of the Zulus, of a framework of wattle, beautifully thatched with grass; but, un-

like the Zulu huts, they had doorways through which one could walk. Also they were much larger, and surrounded with a veranda about six feet wide, beautifully paved with powdered lime, trodden hard. All along each side of the wide pathway that pierced the kraal, were ranged hundreds of women brought out by curiosity to look at us. These women are, for a native race,

exceedingly handsome. They are tall and graceful, and their figures are wonderfully fine. The hair, though short, is rather curly

than woolly, the features are frequently aquiline, and the lips are not unpleasantly thick as is the case in most African races. But what struck us most was their exceedingly quiet, dignified air. They were all as well-bret in their way as the habitues of a

fashionable drawing-room, and in this respect differ from Zuiu women, and their cousins the Musai who inhabit the district b hind Zanzibar. Their curiosity had

ceed on our journey, and was delighted Presently we came to the first company, to learn that preparations had been made for us to leave on the following morning, messengers having already left to inform Twala, the king, of our coming. It appeared that Twala was at his principal place, known as Loo, making ready for the great annual feast which was held in the first week of June. At this gathering all the regiments, with the exception of certain detachments left behind for garrison purposes, were brought up and paraded before the king; and the great annual witch-hunt, of which more by and by, was held.

We were to start at dawn, and Infadoos, who was to accompany us, expected that we should, unless we were detained by accident or by swollen rivers, reach Loo on the night of the second day.

When they had given us this information our visitors bade us goo 1-night; and, having arranged to watch turn and turn about, thre of us flung ourselves down and slept the sweet sleep of the weary, whilst the fourth sat up on the lookout for treachery.

CHAPTER IX.

TWALA THE KING.

It will not be necessary for me to detail al length the incidents of our journey to Loo. It took two days' traveling along Solomon's Great Road, which pursued its even course right into the heart of Kukuanaland, Suffice it to say that as we went the country seemed to grow richer and richer, and the kraals, with their wide surrounding belts of cultivation, more and more numerous. They were all built upon the same principles as the first ones we had reached, and were guarded by ample garrisons of troops. Indeed, in Ku kuanaland, as among the Germans, the Zulus, and the Masai, every able-bodied man was a soldier, so that the whole force of the nation is available for its wars, offensive or defensive. As we traveled along we were overtaken by thousands of warriors hurrying up to Loo to be present at the great annual review and festival, and a grander series of troops I never saw. At sunset on the second day we stopped to rest awhile upon the summit of some heights over which the road ran. and there on a beautiful and fertile plain before us was Loo itself. For a native town it was an enormous place, quite five miles round 1 should say, with outlying kraals jutting out from it, which serve on grand occasions as cantonments for the regiments, and a curious horseshoe-shaped hill, with which we were destined to become better acquainted, about two miles to the north. It was beautifully situated, and through the center of the kraal, dividing it into two portions, ran a river, which appeared to be bridged at several places, the same perhaps that we had seen from the slopes of Sheba's Breasts. Sixty or seventy miles away three great snow-capped mountains, placed like the points of a triangle, started up out of the level plain. The conformation of these mountains was unlike that of Sheba's Breasts, being sheer and precipitous, instead of smooth and rounded.

Infadoos saw us looking at them, and volunteered a remark: "The road ends there," he said, pointing

to the mountains known among the Kukuanas as the "Three Witches." "Why does it end?" I asked.

"Who knows?" he answered with a shrug; "the mountains are full of caves, and there is a great pit between them. It is there that the wise men of old time used to go to get whatever it was they came to this country for, and it is there now that our kings are buried in the Place of Death."

"What was it they came for?" 1 asked, eageriv.

"Nay, I know not. My lords who come from the stars should know," he answered with a quick look. Evidently he knew more than he chose to say.

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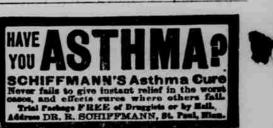
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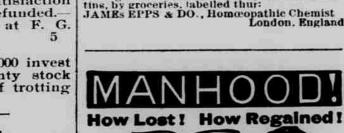
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for none have seen her since, nor the child Ignosi."

"Then if this child Ignosi had lived he would be the true king of the Kukuana people?"

"That is so, my lord; the sacred snake is round his middle. If he lives he is the king; but alas! he is long dead."

"See, my lord," and he pointed to a vast collection of huts surrounded with a fence, which was in its turn surrounded by a great ditch, that lay on the plain beneath us. "That is the kraal where the wife of Imotu was last seen with the child Ignosi. It is there that we shall sleep to-night, if, indeed," he added, doubtfully, "my lords sleep at all upon this earth."

"When we are among the Kukuahas, my friend Infadoos, we do as the Kukuanas do," I said, majestically; and I turned round suddenly to address Good, who was tramping along sullenly behind, his mind fully occupied with unsatisfactory attempts to keep his flannel shirt from flapping up in the evening breeze, and to my astonishment butted into Umbopa, who was walking along immediately behind me, and had very evidently been listening with the greatest interest to my conversation with Infadoos. The expression on his face was most curious, and gave the idea of a man who was struggling with partial success to bring something long ago forgotten back into his mind.

All this while we had been pressing on at a good rate down toward the undulating plain beneath. The mountains we had crossed now loomed high above us, and Sheba's Breasts were modestly veiled in diaphanons wreaths of mist, As we went on the country grew more and more lovely. The vegetation was luxuriant; without being tropical, the sun was bright and warm, but not burning, and a gracious breeze blew softly along the odorous slopes of the mountains. And, indeed, this new land was little less than an earthly paradise; in beauty, in natural wealth, and in climate I have never seen its like. The Transvaal is a fine country, but it is nothing to Kukuanaland.

So soon as we started Infadoos had dispatched a runner on to warn the people of the kraal, which, by the way, was in his military command, of our arrival. This man

had departed at an extraordinary speed, which Infadoos had informed me he would keep up all the way, as running was an exercise much practiced among his people.

The result of this message now became apparent. When we got within two miles of the kraal we could see that company after company of men was issuing from its gates and marching toward us.

Sir Henry laid his hand upon my arm, and remarked that it looked as though we were going to meet with a warm reception. Something in his tone attracted Infadoos' attention.

"Let not my lords be afraid," he said, hasuly, "for in my breast there dwells no guile, This regiment is one under my command, and comes out by my orders to greet you." I nodded easily, though I was not quite easy in my mind.

About a half a mile from the gates of the kraal was a long stretch of rising ground sloping gently upward from the road, and on this the companies formed up. It was s spleudid sight to see them, each company about three hundred strong, charging swiftly up the slope, with flashing spears and wav-ing plumes, and taking their appointed place. By the time we came to the slope twelve such companies, or in all three thousand six hundred men, had passed out and taken up their positions along the road.

brought them out to see us, but they allowed no rude expressions of wonder or savage criticism to pass their lips as we trudged wearily in front of them. Not even when old Infadoos with a surreptitious motion of

the hand pointed out the crowning wonder of poor Good's "beautiful white legs," did they allow the feeling of intense admiration which evidently mastered their minds to find expression. They fixed their dark eyes upon their snowy loveliness (Good's skin is exceedingly white), and that was all. But this was quite enough for Good, who is mod-

est by nature. When we got to the center of the kraal Infadoos halted at the door of a large hut, which was surrounded at a distance by a

circle of smaller ones. "Enter, sons of the stars," he said, in : magniloquent voice, "and deign to rest

awhile in our humble habitations. A little food shall be brought to you, so that ye shall have no need to draw your belts tight from hunger: some honey and some milk, and an ox or two, and a few sheep; not much, my lords, but still a little food."

"It is good," said I, "Infadoos, we are weary with traveling through realms of air: now let us rest."

Accordingly we entered into the hut, which we found amply prepared for our comfort. Couches of tanned skins were spread for us to rest on, and water was placed for us to wash in.

Presently we heard a shouting outside, and stepping to the door, saw a line of damsels, bearing milk and roasted mealies, and honey in a pot. Behind these were some youths driving a fat ox.

We received the gifts, and then one of the young men took the knife from his girdle and dexterously cut the ox's throat. In ten minutes it was dead, skinned, and cut up. The best of the meat was then cut off for us. and the rest I, in the name of our party, presented to the warriors round us, who took it off and distributed the "white men's gift." Umbopa set to work, with the assistance of an extremely prepossessing woman, to boil our portion in a large earthenware pot over a fire which was built outside the hut, and when it was nearly ready we sent a message to Infadoos, and asked him, and Seragga the king's sou, to join us. Presently they came, and sitting down up-

on the little stools, of which there were several about the hut (for the Kukuanas do not in general squat upon their haunches like the Zulus), helped us to get through our dinner. The old gentleman was most affable and polite, but it struck us that the young one regarded us with suspicion. He had, together with the rest of the party, been overawed by our white appearance and by our magic properties; but it seemed to me that. on discovering that we ate, drank and slept like other mortals, his awe was beginning to wear off and be replaced by sullen suspictor which made us feel rather uncomfortable.

In the course of our meal Sir Henry suggested to me that it might be well to try and discover if our host knew anything of his brother's fate, or if they had ever seen or heard of him; but, on the whole, I thought that it would be wiser to say nothing of the matter at that time.

After supper we filled our pipes and lit them, a proceeding which filled Infadoos aud Scraggs with astonishment. The Kukuanas were evidently unacquainted with the divine uses of tobacco-smoke. The herb was grown among them extensively; but, like the Zulus, they only used it for snuff, and quite failed to identify it in its new form.

Presently I seked Infadoos when we were

'res," I went on, "you are right; in the stars we know many things. I have heard, for instance that the wise men of old came to these mountains to get bright stones. pretty playthings, and yellow iron.'

"My lord is wise," he answered coldly; "I am but a child and caunot talk with my lord on such things. My lord must speak with Gagool the old, at the king's place, who is wise even as my lord," and he turned away.

As soon as he was gone, I turned to the others and pointed out the mountains. "There are Solomon's diamond mines," 1 said.

Umbopa was standing with them, apparently plunged in one of the fits of abstraction which were common to him, and caught my words.

"Yes, Macumazahn," ne put in, in Zulu, "the diamonds are surely there, and you shall have them, since you white men are so fond of toys and money."

"How do you know that, Umbopa?" I asked sharply, for I did not like his mysterious wavs.

He laughed: "I dream it in the night, white men," and then he too turned upon his heel and went.

"Now what," said Sir Henry, "is our black friend at? He knows more than he chooses to say, that is clear. By the way, Quatermain, has he heard anything of-of my brother?"

"Nothing; he has asked every one he has got friendly with, but they all declare no white man has ever been seen in the country before."

"Do you suppose he ever got here at all?" suggested Good; "we have only reached the place by a miracle; is it likely he could have reached it at all without the map?"

"I don't know," said Sir Henry gloomily, "but somehow I think that I shall find him." Slowly the sun sank, and then suddenly darkness rushed down on the land like a tangible thing. There was no breathingspace between the day and night, no will transformation-scene, for in these latitudes twilight does not exist. The change from day to night is so quick and as absolute as the change from life to death. The sun sank and the world was wreathed in shadows. But not for long, for see in the east there is a glow, then a bent edge of silver light, and at last the full bow of the crescent moon peeps above the plain and shoots its gleaming arrows far and wide, tilling the earth with a faint refulgence, as the glow of a good man's deeds shine for a while upon his little world after his sun has set, lighting the traveler to a fuller dawn.

We stood and watched the lovely sight, whilst the stars grew pale before this chastened majesty, and felt our hearts lifted up in the presence of a beauty we could not realize, much less describe. Mine had been s rough life, my reader, but there are a few thrings I am thankful to have lived for, and one of them is to have seen that moon rise over Kukuanaland. Presently our medita-tions were broken in upon by our polite friend Infadoos.

"If my lords are ready we will journey on to Loo, where a but is made ready for my lords to-night. The moon is now bright, so that we shall not fall on the way."

We assented, and in an hour's time were at the outskirts of the town, of which the extent, mapped out as it was by thousands of camp-fires, appeared absolutely endless. Indeed, Good; who was always fond of a bad joke, christened it "Unlimited Loo." Presently we came to a nical with a draw-

out 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 l as 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.

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A Mystery Explained.

The papers contain frequent no-tices 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 neadache, 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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