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I. Fowle, Superintendent. Episcopal, Rev Nat Harding, Rector. Services every Sunday morning and night. Sunday school at 3 pm, Rev Nat Harding, Superintendent. Y. M. C. A. meets every Thursday night, Prayer meeting every Sunday

o'clock p. m. Hall, over Brown's TEMPERANCE MEETINGS. * Reform Club, Regular meeting every Tuesday night at 8 at Town Hall. WC TU, Regular meeting every Thursday, 4 p in at Town Hall

Club and Union Prayer meeting every Sunday, in Town Hall at 2 30 p m. Band of Hope meets every Friday. LODGES.

Orr Lodge, No 104, A F and A M meet at Masonic Hall 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights of each month, E.S. Hoyt, W

M; R T Hodges, Sec. Phalox Lodge, No 10, I O O F, meets every 1st and 3rd Friday night at their hall, C M Brown, N G; W J Crumpler, Sec'y. Vashington Lodge, No 1,490, Knights

J Carmalt, Dictator; Arthur Mayo, reporter; J'R Ross, F Reporter. Chicoro Council, No 350, American Legions of Honor, meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday nights at Odd Fellows' Hall, C M Brown, commander;

W M Cherry, collector. Pamilico Lodge, No 715, Knights and Ladies of Horor, meets 2nd and 4th Monday nights at Odd Fellows' Hall,

W M Cherry, Protector; TP Brown, Excelsion Lodge; No 31, () G.C. meets | As she did so, her sleeve, which was

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

VOL. XII.

QUATERMAIN'S WIFE.

Author of "Colonel Quaritch, V. C.," "Mr. Meeson's Will," "A Tale of Three Lions," "Allan Quatermain," "She," "Jess," etc.



his death, Allan her fully else- wife.

ecutor. Among them I found two manuscripts, of which the following is one. The other is simply

I have often thought (Mr. Quatermain's manuscript begins) that I would set down on paper the events connected with my marriage, and the loss of my most dear wife. Many years have now passed since that event, and to some extent time has softened the old grief, though heaven knows it is still keen wearily, and presently Squire Carson father's society. He was one of the gen- born in the country now known as scribed; but beneath and above this back to my wagon to get a change of enough. On two or three occasions I came in. His face was white and hag- tlest and most refined men that I ever Zululand. But a son of the chief's, a glowing belt his feet and head were clothes. On reaching it, I was rather surhave even begun the record. Once I gave it up because the writing of it de- I was afraid of him. pressed me beyond bearing, once because venient for lighting the kitchen fire.

we have nothing to do at present.

But now that I am at leisure here in to you." England, I will make a fourth attempt. If I succeed, the story may serve to interest some one in after years when I am dead and gone. It is a wild tale enough, and suggests some curious re-

I am the son of a missionary. My Sixth District, ET Boykin, of Sampson. | father was originally curate in charge of | they?" and he pointed upwards with his a small parish in Oxfordshire. He had | thumb. already been some years married to my dear mother when he went there, and place where we lived. It was an ancient, was a very large tree of some sort in the | main, listen-my wife's gone." garden. It was hollow, and we children used to play about inside of it, and with?" knock knots of wood from the rough bark. We all slept in a kind of attic. Fifth District, J M Brower, of Surry. I fully frightened because my eldest career with the child; Stella is left to brother made me hang to it by my me.' hands. That is all I remember about

long ago, or I would journey there to A little further down the read was a large house with big iron gates to it, and do-follow her?" on the top of the gate pillars sat two stone lions, which were so hideous that I was afraid of them. One could see the follow her? If I met her I might kill her house by peeping through the bars of the or him, or both of them, because of the the summer time some flowers grew her face again. I trusted her, I tell you, round the sun dial in the grass plat. and she has betrayed me. Let her go Squire Carson lived there. One Christ- I am weary of my life." mas-it must have been the Christmas before my father emigrated, or I should father, "you do not mean"not remember it—we children went to a Christmas tree at the Hall. There was a enough. But I will leave this civilized dining room, which was paneled with I, and hide our shame. Where? I don't black oak, was the Christmas tree. was a tall, dark man, very quiet in his tongues." manners, and he wore a bunch of seals on his waistcoat. We used to think him not more than forty. He had been, as I it down." afterwards learned, a great traveler in his youth, but some six or seven years before this date had married a lady who was half a Spaniard-a papist, my father

I can remember her well. She was small and very pretty, with a rounded figure, large black eyes and glittering accent. I suppose that I must have been Services every Sunday morning and a funny child to look at, and I know that my hair stood up on my head then as it does now, for I still have a sketch of mysen that my mother made of me, in which this peculiarity is strongly marked. On this occasion of the Christmas tree I remember that Mrs. Carson

him affectionately on the shoulder wit her gold eyeglasses said: "Look, cousin-look at that droll little boy with the big brown eyes; his hair is like a-what you call him?+scrubbing brush. Oh, what a droll little boy!" The tell gentleman pulled at his mustache, and, taking Mrs. Carson's hand in

his, began to smooth my hair down with it till I heard her whisper: "Leave go my hand, cousin. Thomas is looking like-like the thunderstorm." Thomas was the name of Mr. Carson.

After that I hid myself as well as I of Honor, meets 1st and 3rd Thursday nights at Odd Fellows' Hall, T soft, white stuff round her lovely little the Lord hath taken away; blessed be face, and had large, dark eyes, which 1 the name of the Lord." turn to have a present -oddly enough, considered in the light of future events.

it was a large monkey. She reached it down from one of, the lower boughs of the tree and handed it to me, saving: "Dat is my Christmas present to you,

Httle Allan Quatermain." 1st and 2nd Tuesday night at Odd covered with cotton wool, spangled over Fellows' Hall, Dr S. T. Nicholsoon with something that shone, touched one commander, Dr H Snell, Secretary. of the tapers-how I do not know-and

caught fire, and the flame ran up her arm towards her throat. She stood quite still. I suppose that she was paralyzed with fear; and the ladies who were near screamed very loud, but did nothing. Then some impulse seized me-perhaps instinct would be a better word to use, considering my age. I threw myself upon the child, and, beating at the fire with my hands, mercifully succeeded in extinguishing it before it really got hold. My wrists were so badly burned that they had to be wrapped up in wool for a long time afterwards, but with the ex-

T MAY be re- ception of a single purn upon her throat, membered that little Stella Carson was not much hurt. True is all that I remember about the of his diary, writ- | Christmas tree at the hall. What hapten just before pened afterwards is lost to me, but to this day in my sleep I often see little Quatermain Stella's sweet face and the stare of terror makes allusion to | in her dark eyes as the fire ran up her his long dead arm. This, however, is not wonderful, wife, stating that | for I had, humanly speaking, saved the he has written of life of her who was destined to be my

The next event which I can recall When his death | clearly is that my mother and three was known, his | brothers all fell ill of fever, owing, as I papers were afterwards learned, to the poisoning of handed to myself our well by some-evil minded person, who threw a dead sheep into it.

It must have been while they were ill that Squire Carson came one day to the vicarage. The weather was still cold, a record of events in which Mr. Quater- for there was a fire in the study, and I main was not personally concerned-a sat before the fire writing letters on a Zulu novel, the story of which was told | piece of paper with a pencil, while my to him by the hero many years after the father walked up and down the room, tragedy had occurred. But with this talking to himself. Afterwards I knew that he was praying for the lives of his came to the door and said that some one wanted to see him. "It is the squire, sir," said the maid,

"and he says he particularly wishes to see you."

ard, and his eyes shone

"Forgive me for intruding on you at suddenly was called away upon a such a time, Quatermain," he said, in a ourney, and the third time because a hoarse voice, "but to-morrow I leave Kaffir boy found my manuscript con- this place forever, and I wish to speak to you before I go-indeed, I must speak "Shall I send Allan away?" said my

> father, pointing to me. "No, let him bide. He will not understand." Nor, indeed, did I at the time; but I remembered every word, and in after years their meaning grew on me. "First tell me," he went on, "how are

"My wife and two of the boys are bewond hope," my father answered, with a he had four children, of whom I was groan. "I do not know how it will go the youngest. I remember faintly the with the third. The Lord's will be done!" "The Lord's will be done," the squire long, gray house, facing the road. There echoed, solemnly. "And now, Quater-

"Gone!" my father answered. "Who "With that foreign cousin of hers. It seems from a letter she left that she aland my mother always came up and ways cared for him, not for me. She kissed us when we were in bed. I used married me because she thought me a to wake up and see her bending over me, rich English milord. Now she has run a candle in her hand. There was a through my property, or most of it, and curious kind of pole projecting from the gone. I don't know where. Luckily, wall over my bed. Once I was dread- she did not care to encumber her new

"That is what comes of marrying a our old home. It has been pulled down papist, Carson," said my father. That was his fault; he was as good and charitable a man as ever lived, but he was bigoted. "What are you going to

He laughed bitterly in answer... "Follow her!" he said; "why should ! gates. It was a gloomy looking place, shame they have brought upon my child's with a tall yew hedge round it; but in name. No, I never want to look upon This house was called the Hall, and and find her fate. But I am going too. "Surely, Carson, surely," said my

"No, no; not that. Death comes soon great party there, and footmen wearing world that is a living lie. We will go red waistcoats stood at the door. In the right away into the wilds, my child and know where. Anywhere so long as there Squire Carson stood in front of it. He are no white faces, no smooth, educated

"You are mad, Carson," my father answered. "How will you live? How will old, but as a matter of fact he was then you educate Stella? Be a man and live

"I will be a man, and I will live it down, but not here, Quatermain. Education! Was not she-that woman who was my wife-was not she highly educated?-the cleverest woman in the country forsooth. Too clever for me, Quatermain-too clever by half. No, no, Stella shall be brought up in a different school; teeth. She spoke English with a curious if it be possible, she shall forget her very name. Good-by, old friend, good-by for ever. Do not try to find me out, henceforth I shall be like one dead to you, to you and all I knew," and he was gone. "Mad," said my father, with a heavy sigh. "His trouble has turned his brain.

But he will think better of it." At that moment the nurse came hurturned to a tall, foreign looking gentle- rying in and whispered something in his man who stood beside her, and tapping ear. My father's face turned deadly pale. He clutched at the table to support him self, then staggered from the room; My mother was dying.

It was some days afterwards, I do not know exactly how long, that my father took me by the hand and led me upstairs into the big room that had been my mother's bedroom. There she lay, dead in her coffin, with flowers in her hand. Along the wall of the room were arranged three little white beds, and on each of the beds lay one of my brothers. They all looked as though they were asleep, and they all had flowers in their hands. My father told me to kiss them could behind a chair, for I was shy, and all, because I should not see them any watched little Stella Carson, who was more, and I did so, though I was very the squire's only child, giving the chil- frightened. I did not know why. Then dren presents off the tree. She was he took me in his arms and kissed me.

thought more beautiful than anything I I cried very much, and he took me had ever seen. At last it came to my downstairs, and after that I have only a confused memory of men dressed in black carrying heavy burdens towards the gray churchyard.

Next comes a vision of a great ship and wide tossing waters. My father could no longer bear to live in England after the loss that had fallen on him, and made up his mind to emigrate to portion of our income went from my powder. Many is the elephant that I that he had a single white lock of hair

great progress in southern Africa. My a missionary among the Kaffirs, near to daba-zimbi, which, being translated, on; "you had better use it, or the Storm where the town of Cradock now stands, and here I grew to manhood. There were a few Boer farmers in the neighborhood, and gradually a little settlement of whites gathered round our mission station-a drunken Scotch blacksmith and wheelwright was about the most interesting character, who, when he was Burns and the "Ingoldsby Legends" literally by the page. It was from him that I contracted a fondness for the latter amusing writings which has never

Burns I never cared for so much, probably because of the Scottish dialect, which repelled me. What little education I got was from my father, but I never had much leaning toward books, nor he much time to teach them to me. On the other hand, I was always a keen observer of the ways of men and nature. By the time that I was 20 I could speak Dutch and three or four Kaffir dialects perfectly, and I doubt if there was anybody in South Africa who understood native ways of thought and action more completely than I did. Also I was really a good shot and horseman, wife and children. Presently a servant and I think—as, indeed, my subsequent career proves to have been the case—a fight the lightning." great deal tougher than the majority of

"Very well," answered my father, but I was held back from this by my was not a member of it, having been hues of glory, too wonderful to be deof the world's failures. Would that there a quarrel ensued between the two witch though with a crown of living fire and his prayer book, and, sitting on the little ing psalms to himself. Sometimes there was not light enough for this, but it made no difference, he knew them all by heart. When he had finished he would look out across the cultivated lands where the mission Kaffirs had their huts.

But I knew it was not these he saw, but rather the gray English church, and the the exercise of their occult powers and graves ranged side by side before the yew near the wicket gate.

It was there on the stoop that he died. He had not been well, and one evening back to Oxfordshire and my mother. He spoke of her a good deal, saving that she had never been out of his mind for a single day during all these years, and that he rejoiced to think he was drawing near that land whither she had gone. Then he asked me if I remembered that night when Squire Carson came into the study at the vicarage, and told him that his wife had run away, and that he was going to change his name and bury himself in some remote land.

I said that I remembered it perfectly. "I wonder where he went to," said my father, "and if he and his daughter Stella are still alive. Well, well! I shall never meet them again. But life is a strange thing, Allan, and you may. If

you, Allan. I hope that you will think near to be pleasant. of your old father sometimes, and that you will lead a good and happy life."

I remember that I did not much like grew very subject as the years went on. I went down to the kraal and watched to see a figure sitting in my father's chair. he was dead!



father, and seen his successor installed in his placefor the station was the prop- citement. erty of the society-I set to work long cherished,

but been unable to execute, because it involved separation from my father. Put shortly, it was to undertake a trading journey of exploration right through the countries now known as the Free State and the Transvaal, and as much further north as I could go. It was an adventurous scheme, for, though the emigrant Boers had begun to occupy positions in these territories, they were still to all practical purposes unexplored. But I was now alone in the world, and it mattered little what became of me; so, driven on by the overmastering love of adventure, which, old as I am, will perhaps still be

my cause of death, I determined to undertake it. South Africa. We must have been poor threw a three-ounce ball, and was gave him a most comical appearance. at the time; indeed, I believe that a large | charged with a handful of coarse black | Another strange thing about him was

killed with that roer, although it gener- among his black wool. At last I spoke father on my mother's death At any ally knocked me backwards when I fired to him: rate we traveled with the steerage pas- it, which I only did under compulsion. sengers, and the intense discomfort of The best of the lot, perhaps, was a dou- "you may be a good witch doctor, but the journey with the rough ways of our | ble barreled No. 12 shot gun, but it had vou are certainly a fool. It is no good fellow emigrants still remain upon my flint locks. Also, there were some old mind. At last it came to an end, and tower muskets, which might or might enemy is getting a start with the storm." wached Africa, which I was not to not throw straight at seventy yards. I "You may be clever, but don't think seave again for many, many years. In took six Kaffirs with me, and three good you know everything, white man," the those days civilization had not made any horses, which were supposed to be salted old fellow answered, in a high cracked -that is, proof against sickness. Among voice, and with something like a grin. father went up the country and became | the Kaffirs was an old fellow named In-

means "tongue of iron." I suppose he got this name from his circumstances, which, as he plays a convery black, but it gathered with extraorsober, could quote the Scottish poet siderable part in this history, are per- dinary rapidity. haps worth recording.

> oxen were bred by a Kaffir chief, whose pass. name I forgot, but whose kraal was at home. The chief entertained me yours," and I pointed to the west. handsomely, and on the following mornprised to find a collection of some hun- cloud-child. dreds of men and women sitting round which the thunder-clouds were banking resembled an enormous man. There and struck him a heavy blow with the up in a very ominous way.

It may be wondered that I did not run some years occupied the position of of splendor, and, lighting up the adabsolutely wild in such surroundings, wizard-in-chief to the tribe, although he vancing figure, wrapped its middle in see nothing of him, and at length, being met; even the most savage Kaffir loved | man of about 30, had lately set up as a | black as jet. Presently, as I watched, him, and his influence was a very good rival in supernatural powers. This irri- an awful flash of light shot from the the driving box wrapped up in a blanket. one for me. He used to call himself one tated Indaba-zimbi beyond measure, and head of the cloud and circled it about as were more such failures. Every evening doctors that resulted in a challenge to vanished. ground where the big thunderbolts were about to begin." observed to strike continually, and by invocations to the lightning, must strive uncle," I said. "I hope you don't feel comes of presumption in the old, for tion of claims and conveyancing. bring it on their rival. The terms of on you at the last." this singular match had been arranged

> neither of the men were struck, and thirty paces of me. That was enough the hint. We shall meet again before was told that they must then wait for for me. I fairly took to my heels, and not too soon, for just then some men another storm. If they escaped the as I went I heard old Indaba-zimbi's dry came up to the wagon. second time, however, they would be chuckle of amusement. held to be equal in power, and be jointly I climbed the hill till I came to where homewards. The first face I saw on arconsulted by the tribe on occasions of the chief was sitting with his Indunas, riving at the station was that of Indaba-

heavens grew darker and darker, and next to him. the still air heralded the coming of the "Hearken!" the chief was saying, "if you ever do, give them my kind love." storm, yet it did not come. By 4 o'clock the magic of Indaba-zimbi prevails After that I left him. We had been it became obvious that it must burst against my son, I will endure him no suffering more than usual from the dep- soon-at sunset, the old chief said, and more. Of this I am sure, that when he redations of the Kaffir thieves, who stole in the company of the whole assembly I has slain my son he will slay me, me our sheep at night, and, as I had done moved down to the place of combat. also, and make himself chief in my place. before, and not without success, I had The kraal was built on the top of a hill, I fear Indaba-zimbi. On!" determined to watch the kraal and see if and below it the land sloped gently to "Black one," answered the Induna, I could catch them. Indeed, it was from the banks of a river about half a mile "wizards die as dogs die, and, once dead, this habit of mine of watching at night away. On the hither side of the bank dogs bark no more." that I first got my native name of Ma- was the piece of land that was, the nalated as "he who sleeps with one eye Here the magicians took up their stand, and whispered in the Induna's ear, lookopen." So I took my rifle and rose to while the spectators grouped themselves ing at the assegai in his hand as he whisgo. But he called me to him and kissed on the hillside about two hundred yards pered. me on the forehead, saying, "God bless away, which was, I thought, rather too

When we had sat there for awhile my curiosity overcame me, and I asked first." leave of the chief to go down and inspect his tone at the time, but set it down to the arena. He said I might do so at my I said to myself. "They mean to kill an attack of low spirits, to which he own risk. I told him that the fire from him." Then I thought no more of the above would not hurt white men, and matter for a while-the scene before me went and found that it was a bed of iron till within an hour of sunrise, then, as ore, thinly covered with grass, which of no thieves appeared, returned to the sta- course accounted for its attracting the tion. As I came near I was astonished lightning from the storms as they traveled along the line of the river. At each the shadows grew blacker and blacker, At first I thought it must be a drunken end of this ironstone area were placed Kaffir, then that my father had fallen the combatants, Indaba-zimba facing the beneath the breath of an icy wind. On winter day it was, shot to the core asleep there. And so he had, indeed, for east, and his rival the west, and before each there burned a little fire made of some scented root. Moreover, they were dressed in all the paraphernalia of their and in its wake came the hissing sound HEN I had craft, snake skins, fish bladders, and I buried my know not what besides, while round their necks hung circlets of baboons' teeth went to the western end where the chief's son stood. He was pointing with and invoking it in a voice of great ex-

"Come, fire, and lick up Indaba-zimbil "Hear me, Storm Devil, and lick Into carry out a daba-zimbi with your red tongue! plan which I had | "Spit on him with your rain! Whirl him away in your breath! "Make him as nothing-melt the mar-

row in his bones! "Run into his heart and burn away the "Show all the people who is the true

Witch Finder! "Let me not be put to shame in the eves of this white man!" Thus he spoke, or rather chanted, and all the while rubbed his broad chest-for he was a very fine man-with some filthy

compound of medicine ai monti'.

After a while, getting tired of his song, I walked across the ironstone, to where Indaba-zimbi sat by his fire. He was not chanting at all, but his performance was much more impressive. It consisted in staring at the eastern Accordingly 1 sold such stock and sky, which was perfectly clear of cloud. goods as we had upon the station, reserv- and every now and again beckoning at ing only the two best wagons and two it with his finger, then turning round to pairs of oxen. The proceeds I invested point with the assegui towards his rival. in such goods as were then in fashion, For a while I looked at him in silence. for trading purposes, and in guns and He was a curious wizened man, appaammunition. The guns would have rently over fifty years of age, with thin moved any modern explorer to merri- hands that looked as tough as wire. His ment, but such as they were I man- nose was much sharper than is usual aged to do a good deal of execution among these races, and he had a queer with them. One of them was a single habit of holding his head sideways like barreled, smooth bore, fitted for percus- a bird when he spoke, which, in addision caps a roer we called it-which tion to the humor that lurked in his eye,

was I inclined to leave the safety of the hillside where the lightning was nevêr "Indaba-zimbi, my friend," I said, known to strike and venture down to the ironstone. Occasionally there still came flashes, but, search as we would. beckoning at the blue sky while your we could see no trace of either of the

"They call you Irontongue," I went

Devil won't hear you." "The fire from above runs down iron, strident voice and exhaustless eloquence. he answered, "so I keep my tongue quiet. This man was a great character in his Oh, yes, let him curse away, I'll put him way. He had been a noted witch out presently. Look now, white man." doctor among a neighboring tribe, and I looked, and in the eastern sky there came to the station under the following grew a cloud. At first it was small, but

This was odd enough, but as I had Two years before my father's death I seen the same thing happen before it did had occasion to search the country not particularly astonish me. It is by round for some lost oxen. After a long no means unusual in Africa for two and useless quest it occurred to me that thunderstorms to come up at the same I had better go to the place where the "time from different points of the com-

"You had better go on, Indaba-zimbi," about fifty miles from our station. I said, "the big storm is coming along There I went, and found the oxen safe fast, and will soon eat up that baby of "Babies sometimes grow to giants,

ing I went to pay my respects to him white man," said Indaba-zimbi, beckonbefore leaving, and was somewhat sur- ing away vigorously. "Look now at my I looked; the eastern storm had spread him auxiously watching the sky, in itself from earth to sky, and in shape

was its head, its shoulders, and its legs; "You had better wait, white man," yes, it was like a huge giant traveling said the chief, "and see the rain doctors across the heavens. The light of the setting sun escaping from beneath the est his praises so loudly." I inquired what he meant, and learned lower edge of the western storm shot that this man, Indaba-zimbi, had for across the intervening space in a sheet

when his work was done he would take trial by lightning being given and ac- "Aha," chuckled old Indaba-zimbi, cepted. These were the conditions. "my little boy is putting on his man's stoop of our station, would read the even- The rivals must await the coming of a ring," and he tapped the green ring on serious thunderstorm, no ordinary tem- his own head, which natives assume pest would serve their turn. Then, when they reach a certain age and digcarrying assegais in their hands, they nity. "Now, white man, unless you are must take their stand within fifty paces a bigger wizard than either of us you of each other upon a certain patch of had better clear off, for the fire fight is I thought this sound advice.

to avert death from themselves and the iniquities of a misspent life weighing your chief is after you with an assegai, "You look after yourself, and think of I was talking to him, and his mind went a month previously, but no storm worthy your own sins, young man," he and zimbi, clambering off the wagon with BANKING HOUSE of the occasion had arisen. Now the swered, with a grim smile, and taking a rapidity; "and all because of this wretchlocal weather prophets believed it to be pinch of snuff, and at that very moment ed upstart. There's gratitude for you, a flash of lightning, I don't know from white man. I expose him, and they I inquired what would happen if which storm, struck the ground within want to kill me. Well, thank you for

and sat down near to him. I looked at zimbi The prospect of being a spectator of the man's face and saw that he was inso unusual a sight overcame my desire tensely anxious for his son's safety, and said, holding his head on one side and to be gone, and I accepted the chief's in- by no means confident of his powers to vitation to see it out. Before midday I resist the magic of Indaba-zimbi. He new religion. Mine must be a bad one, regretted it, for though the western was talking in a low voice to the Induna seeing that my people wanted to kill me

"And once dead." said the chief. "wiz-

duna, presently. "It shall be done tonight, if the lightning does not do it "A bad lookout for old Indaba-zimbi.

"Good, my father, good!" said the In-

was too tremendous. The two storms were rapidly rushing together. The silence deepened and deepened, when the dying sun piled the westhen suddenly all nature began to moan came the wind, the smooth surface of with sunshine. It was enchanting to the river was ruffled by it into little waves, the tall grass bowled low before it,

of furious rain. Ah! the storms had met. From each there burst an awful dazzling blaze of and bones from human hands. First I light, and now the hill on which we sat warmth and freshness. It was June rocked in the noise of the following thunder. The light went out of the sky. his assegai towards the advancing storm darkness fell suddenly on the land, but not for long. Presently the whole land- shine and snow beneath tender and scape grew vivid in the flashes; it appeared and disappeared; now everything was visible for miles, now even the men at my side vanished in the was to have found an odorus peach blackness

> Suddenly the thunder and lightning ceased for a minute, and everything of winter. One caught musk of yelgrew black, and, except for the rain, si- low grain, the flavor of ripening

"It is over, one way or the other, chief," I called out into the darkness.

when the heavens were lit up again till in drowsing grates, while the people they literally seemed to flame. There marveling out-doors, watched the were the men, not four paces apart. A great flash fell between them; I saw them soft winds woo the roses and the lilstagger beneath the shock. Indaba-zimbi ies. Truly it was a day of days. Amid recovered himself first-at any rate, when its riotous luxury surely life was the next flash came he was standing bolt worth living, to hold up the head upright, pointing with his assegal to- and breathe it in as thirsting men still on his legs, but he was staggering like a drunken man, and the assegai had

from the east, right over the head of Indaba-zimbi. Next instant I saw the chief's son wrapped, as it were, in the heart of it. Then the thunder pealed, the rain burst over us like a torrent, and I saw no more.

that we could not move, nor, indeed, good will to men."-Mirror.

slowly rolled away down the course of the river, and with it went the rain; and Hotel. now the stars shone out in their wake. "Let us go and see," said the old chief, rising and shaking the water from his hair. "The fire fight has ended, let us go and see who has conquered." I rose and followed him, dripping as though I had swum a hundred yards with my clothes on, and after me came all the people of the kraal. We reached the spot; even in that light I could see where the ironstone had been split and fused by the thunder-

wizards. For my part, I believed that

they were both dead. Now the clouds

bolts. While I was looking about me, I suddenly heard the chief, who was on my right, give a low moan, and saw the people cluster round him. I went up and looked. There, on the ground, lay the body of his son. He was a dreadful sight. His hair was burned off his head, | 5-9-'89 the copper rings upon his arms were fused, the assegai handle which lay near was literally shivered into threads, and, when I took hold of his arm, it seemed to me that every bone of it was broken. The men with the chief stood gazing train and boat. No charge for convey silently, while the women wailed. "Great is the magic of Indaba-zimbi."

said a man at length. The chief turned kerrie in his hand. "Great or not, thou dog, he shall die." he cried, "and so shalt thou if thou sing-

I said nothing, but thinking it probable that Indaba-zimbi had shared the fate of his enemy, went to look. But I could prised to see a strange Kaffir seated on "Hullo! come out of that," I said.

The figure on the box slowly unrolled the blanket, and with great deliberation took a pinch of snuff. "It was a good fire fight, white man, was it not?" said Indaba-zimbi, in his high, cracked voice. "But he never had

a chance against me, poor boy. He knew nothing about it. See, white man. what comes of presumption in the young. It is sad, very sad, but I made the flashes fly, didn't I?" "You old humbug," I said, "unless "Good luck go with you, my black you are careful you will soon learn what

> and it will take all your magic to dodge that." "Now you don't say so," said Indabalong," and he was gone like a shot, and

> On the following morning I started "How do you do, Macumazahn?" he nodding his white lock. "I hear you are Christians here, and I want to try a for exposing an impostor."

(To be continued next week.)

A Perfect Christmas Day.

On Christmas day twelve months ago, the poetic and eloquent Grady. whose death we announce above, wrote the following tender, touchcumazahn, which may be roughly trans- tives said, "loved of the lightning." ards work no more spells," and he bent ing and eloquent article upon the splendor and the beauty of the heavenly baptised day. On this Christmas day, twelve month afterwards, his noble clay was consigned to the bosom of that Mother Earth that then seemed to him so entrancing and so beautiful. He said:

No man or woman now living

will see again such a Christmas day as the one which closed yesterday, stern skies with gold and purple. A walk abroad in its prodigal beauty. to breathe its elixir, to reach out the hands and plunge them open-fingered through its pulsing waves of and November welded and fused into a perfect glory that held sun- people of Edgecombe and adjoining splendid skies. To have winnowed such a day from the teeming winter U. on a bough whipped in the storms nuts, the fragrance of strawberries, NEW EUROPEANHOTEL, the exquisite odor of violets, the "Wait, white man, wait," answered the aroma of all seasons in the wonderful chief in a voice thick with anxiety and day. The hum of bees underrode the whistling wings of wild geese Hardly were the words out of his mouth flying southward. The fires slept wards his enemy. The chief's son was drink water; to put every sense on its gracious excellence; to throw the hands wide apart and hug whole Darkness, then again a flash, more armfuls of the day close to the heart, fearful, if possible, than any that had till the heart itself is enraptured gone before. To me it seemed to come and illumined. God's benediction came down with the day, slow dropping from the skies. God's smile

was its light, and all through its su-

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