

meaning will not bear translation, there is often only one atonement—blood.

In his anger Raoul applied the forbidden reproach to the delegado, who as may be imagined, was pretty nearly all powerful in the "Sertao."

"For that you shall pay," Da Silva rejoined, and left the house.

In a few minutes he returned with a dozen friends, well armed. There was a severe struggle, but Raoul had been pounced upon before he could use his shot gun or the knife which he carried in an arm-hole of his waistcoat. Both were taken from him.

"Tie him up," ordered Da Silva. It was done, and the prisoner was promptly hauled to a store-room and flung on the floor, trussed hands, arms, feet and body.

"Now put a guard over him him," said Da Silva. "Where is the son of Diego Macedo?"

The young man was found without much trouble and a loaded rifle given to him.

"I place your father's murderer in your charge," said the delegado. "Watch over him with care. If he tries to escape—well, your father's murder is still unavenged, and you are sworn—you understand."

"I do," said the young Macedo, a powerful, heavy-featured ruffian, kicked Raoul savagely. When shall he try to escape, Senhor Delegado?" he asked.

"Whenever you choose. But wait until my friends have gone home," was the reply.

It was a sentence of death.

Da Silva returned to his house, which adjoined the store-room, and young Macedo sat on an empty packing-case with the rifle between his knees, jeering at his captive while waiting for the dispersal of the crowd outside and the departure of the delegado's friends.

Raoul had only enemies amongst the people of Porto Alegre, but luckily Luzzoni's agent at Villa Nova chanced to be there on business. He heard of the arrest, mounted his horse, and rode to Maranaos and Luzzoni.

The little Italian wasted no time in words. He knew well that he would have to race if he would save Raoul's life. Into one saddle-bag he packed carefully two bottles of most potent cachaca, the whisky of the country; into the other two loaded revolvers and a knife; then he mounted his best horse and left the Rua Direita at the animal's fastest speed.

Only those who have ridden from Maranaos to Porto Alegre will be able to appreciate that breakneck gallop. Even by daylight it is not a road at all, but a tortuous, switchback track through villainous "atinga" scrub forest. No wheeled vehicle could travel over it; the mercantile traffic is by mule-pack trains. Up and down, through streams and mud-holes, over whole-backed masses of slippery igneous rock, on which one's horse's hoofs ring as if passing over a cellar, through clumps of cacti, only avoided by detours in the day, absolute spiky traps when the sun has set—such is the way. Luzzoni started at nine o'clock and reached Porto Alegre at midnight. In a corral near the centre of the village were many horses, and the moon was up. The little Italian chose the best looking, unsaddled his own tired animal, saddled and bridled the fresh one, and hitched it to a post close to Delegado da Silva's store-room, in which a lamp still burned. Then, treading softly, for Da Silva's roystering friends had not yet gone home, he approached the window and looked within.

Raoul still lay trussed on the earthen floor. Young Macedo was nodding. An empty cachaca bottle stood on the packing-case beside him, with a broken glass. Luzzoni stole away and returned with the two bottles of strong liquor he had left in his saddle-bag; the revolvers were in his pockets, also the knife. He tapped the window gently. Young Macedo rose sleepily and opened it.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I've brought a drink for Signoro Raoul," replied Luzzoni.

"Toss him!" was the muttered reminder. "Give it to me and get off. It's time he tried to escape."

"I'll wait to see you give him a drink. He must need it badly."

Young Macedo snatched the bottle and drew the cork with his teeth.

"He'll want a lot of drinks soon enough, but you won't see him drinking, unless you are fool enough to go with him where he's going to."

"Where's that?" asked Luzzoni.

"Inferno," answered young Macedo, and, inserting the neck of the bottle

between his lips, he drank and drank. When, for want of breath, he took it away, the bottle was half empty.

"That's good."

"Yes, Give Signore Raoul some of it."

"No. There's none too much for myself."

"I have another bottle. It's yours if you will share it with him."

"Hand it over."

Luzzoni did so and stood with his elbows on the sill, watching, and listening to the merry-makers in the adjoining building.

Raoul had been very wide awake at the first sound of the Italian's gentle voice, but he snored loudly when young Macedo reeled towards him with the half-empty bottle.

"Here, wake up, you, and take hold!" said the guard, shaking his prisoner ineffectually. "The fool's asleep," he went on, staggering drunkenly and nearly falling as he spoke. "I can't rouse him."

Young Macedo, four parts drunk, was amused. He lifted his foot, but nearly fell again.

"Come in and kick him yourself," he said, and, staggering to the door, he unlocked it. Luzzoni entered the store-room very warily, turning the key behind him; but, as he had not quite closed the door, the bolt was not shot home.

Macedo had rolled off the packing-case to the floor, awakened, and missed his prisoner.

"Senhor Delegado! Senhor Delegado!" he shouted, hoarsely, endeavouring to get on his feet and to pick up his rifle; but the cachaca had been too potent. He toppled over again and lay sprawling. Just as Da Silva with half-a-dozen of his friends burst into the room through another doorway.

"Escaped! Maldito!" In a moment they were in the open, emptying their pistols at a horseman who flashed past, almost lying on the animal's neck. Fortunately, for himself, Raoul had not been robbed of his spurs, and by a mighty effort of will had been able to use them, notwithstanding that his legs felt as heavy and almost as lifeless as lead. Luzzoni had no chance of escape. He had not provided a second horse, and his own tired animal was without saddle or bridle. He ran, but the delegado saw and recognised him immediately, for the moon was at the full.

"The Italian!" he shouted, and started in pursuit. Five minutes afterwards, Luzzoni was being dragged, pushed, and kicked to the store-room, which he entered breathless. Young Macedo was sitting up, weeping with rage and maudlin drunkenness.

"Too—much cachash," he mumbled, his head lolling. "He gave me cachash—"

tongues of my friends here. Macedo, the drunken idiot, is, as you will perceive, again asleep. He will not remember anything."

That night and the next morning, Raoul rode eighty miles through scrub forest. He reached the railway station at Machado Portella, took the daily train to Todos Santos, and turned his back on the "Sertao" for good.

The Signorina Luzzoni rode leisurely to Maranaos alone, although Da Silva had offered to accompany her. According to the last information I had of her, she was still agent at Maranaos, for the important firm of Italian produce merchants. The Senhor Delegado da Silva proved himself a gentleman of sorts by preserving a golden silence. He would have had Raoul shot, and in his rage would have shot his rescuer, believing that he had to do with a man; but then the Brazilian of the "Sertao," gentleman or otherwise, does not live, who would not resent to the death that one forbidden insult.

### 12 YEARS' BAD LEG CAUSED BY A KICK.

#### 6 Doctors and 3 Hospitals Failed to Cure—Zam-Buk Heals in a Marvellous Way.

Mr W. Clarke, of the "Courier" Office, Clifton, Q. says:—"Twelve years ago, while playing football I was kicked on the right shin. The injury was most painful, but foolishly I neglected it. Poison must have got into the wound, for no sooner did it appear to heal than it would break out again into a nasty ulcerous sore. This would break out, and soon the leg was in a nasty condition. After being skilfully treated by six different doctors, who did their best to try and cure me, my leg broke out again, three times in New South Wales and twice in Queensland. I underwent two grafting operations, in which 32 pieces of skin were grafted on, but the ulcer broke out again through the grafts after one month's freedom from misery. I was in three different hospitals, but after I left them I was as bad as ever.

"For twelve long years did I suffer in this way, and had given up hope of ever getting cured—I was in despair. At this stage a friend strongly recommended Zam-Buk, and to encourage me to try this balm, bought a supply and gave it to me. I obtained such relief from the first two or three applications that I was more than encouraged to persevere. I laid in a good supply of Zam-Buk, and dressed the wound twice a day. Evidence of healing soon appeared, and all running ceased. Zam-Buk ended all pain, irritation and smarting, and the wound became cleansed. I persisted with Zam-Buk until my leg was completely cured, and new skin had formed over the once-injured place."

"I really cannot say how thankful I feel for my cure by Zam-Buk. It rescued me from a long period of agony and mental worry." Always keep a pot of Zam-Buk handy. Get a supply today from your stores or chemist, 1/6 and 3/6 per pot.



"In a moment they were in the open, emptying their little pistols at a horseman who flashed past, almost lying on the animal's neck."

"He is very sound asleep," he said, bending over the prisoner. "I don't like to disturb him. We two had better finish the other bottle."

"That's sense," said the guard, smacking his lips.

Very soon young Macedo was almost speechless and quite incapable. Assured of that, Luzzoni tossed down another glass of water. "Now," he said, "I'll wake Raoul and give him a drink."

"Give—him—two, senhor, my dear senhor—good cachash," mumbled Macedo, thickly, letting his rifle fall to the ground, and stretching himself full length on his packing-case. "Good ni—good cachash, good amigo," and he snored.

Immediately Luzzoni was alert. So was Raoul. Not for years had Raoul drunk intoxicants, but he swallowed the dose of cachaca which the Italian gave him; he needed it. While holding the bottle to his friend's lips, Luzzoni cut the ropes that bound him—snip—snip—snip. Raoul was free, but he did not speak while the Italian chafed his legs and arms. His eyes spoke his gratitude. Presently he rolled over and stretched his limbs.

"Obrigado," he whispered.

Luzzoni raised him to his feet and supported him to the door. Outside he assisted him into the saddle, thrust the revolvers into the saddlebags, and unlatched the borrowed horse.

"Start slowly, signore," he said, "but when the stiffness has worn off, ride hard. Maranaos will not be safe now. Da Silva is your enemy, remember."

As Raoul gathered up the reins, there was a yell from the store-room. Young

shoo-oot him. Give me the rifle. I'll—shoo-oot—him."

"No, you drunken fool," rejoined Da Silva, pale to the lips with fury. "I'll shoot him myself. Stand him up against the wall, friends, and get out of the way."

He snatched up the rifle and opened the breach. A cartridge was there.

"Now, senhor," he went on as he closed the breach, "say your prayers and be quick about it."

The Italian had himself backed to the wall. Calmly he faced his executor, drawing up his small figure to its full five feet, in the lamplight.

"I said my prayers before I started on this errand," he rejoined. "Now," and he threw open his jacket and vest, baring neck and chest, "now, Senhor Delegado da Silva, shoot—shoot—and kill a woman! It will be a fine tale to tell the Governor at Todos Santos, and the other delegates."

The rifle crashed to the floor and exploded harmlessly.

"Madre de Dios!" Da Silva muttered. There was no room for doubt. "And the scoundrel has a wife and family," he went on.

"I know," said the signorina. "He has no suspicion that I am a woman. Unless you or your men tell him, he will never know. Now, will you lend me a saddle and bridle? My horse is tired, but will be able to get to Maranaos. I borrowed a fresh horse for my friend. I will see that it is sent back."

"All that I have is at your disposition," replied Da Silva, gallantly, after a pause. "Even my tongue and the

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