

Our Little African, Egyptian, and Carthaginian Cousins

VOLUME EIGHT

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Volume 8

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Libraries of Hope

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Our Little African Cousin

Mary Hazelton Wade

Illustrated by L.J. Bridgeman



Preface

Far away, toward the other side of the round earth, far to the east and south of America, lies the great continent of Africa. There live many people strange to us, with their black skins, kinky, woolly hair, flat noses, and thick lips. These black people we call Africans or negroes, and it is a little child among them that we are going to visit by and by.

Different as these African people of the negro race are from us, who belong to the white race, they yet belong to the same great family, as we say. Like all the peoples of all the races of men on this big earth, they belong to the human family, or the family of mankind. So we shall call the little black child whom we are going to visit our little black cousin.

We need not go so far away from home, indeed, to see little black children with woolly, kinky hair and flat noses

like the little African. In the sunny South of our own land are many negro children as like the little negro cousin in Africa as one pea is like another. Years and years ago slave-ships brought to this country negroes, stolen from their own African homes to be the slaves and servants of the white people here. Now the children and great-grandchildren of these negro slaves are growing up in our country, knowing no other home than this. The home of the great negro race, however, is the wide continent of Africa, with its deserts of hot sand, its parching winds and its tropical forests.

So, as we wish to see a little African cousin in his own African home, we are going to visit little black Mpuke instead of little black Topsy or Sammy, whom we might see nearer by.

It's away, then, to Africa!

CHAPTER I

The Boy

Are you ready for a long journey this morning? Your eyes look eager for new sights, so we will start at once for Mpuke's strange home. We will travel on the wings of the mind so as to cross the great ocean in the passage of a moment. No seasickness, no expense, and no worry! It is a comfortable way to travel. Do you not think so?

Yes, this is Africa. Men call it the "Dark Continent" because so little has been known of it. Yet it is a very wonderful land, filled with strange animals and queer people, containing the oldest monuments, the greatest desert, the richest diamond mines, in the world.

Some of the wisest people in the world once lived here. Large libraries were gathered together, thousands of years ago, in the cities of this continent.

Yet the little negro whom we visit to-day is of a savage race. He is ignorant of civilised ways and customs. He knows nothing of books and schools. I doubt if he even knows when his birthday draws near; but he is happy as the day is long; his troubles pass as quickly as the April showers.

Let us paint his picture. We must make his eyes very round and bright and black. The teeth should be like the whitest pearls. His head must be covered with a mass of curly black wool. His lips are red and thick, while his skin is black and shining. He is tall and straight, and has muscles of which any boy might well be proud. He is not bothered by stiff collars or tight shoes. He is not obliged to stay in the house when he has torn a hole in his stocking, or ripped his trousers in climbing a tree, because he does not own any of these articles of clothing.

From morning until night, and from night until morning again, he is dressed in the suit Mother Nature provided for him – his own beautiful glossy skin. She knew well that in the hot land near the equator, where Mpuke was born, he would never feel the need of more covering than this.

One of the first things Mpuke can remember is the daily

bath his mother gave him in the river. In the days of his babyhood he did not like it very well, but gave lusty screams when he was suddenly plunged into the cold water. Yet other babies and other mothers were there to keep him company. It is the custom of his village for the women to visit the shore every morning at sunrise to bathe their little ones. What a chattering and screaming there is as one baby after another receives his ducking! Then, spluttering and choking and kicking, he is laid up on the bank to wriggle about on the soft grass, and dry in the sunshine. Now comes a toss upon mother's back, and the procession of women and babies hastens homeward through the shady pathway.

It lies in the very heart of Africa, this home of Mpuke's. The houses are so nearly alike that we almost wonder how the black boy can tell his own from his neighbour's. It can more properly be called a hut than a house. It has low walls made of clay, and a high conical roof thatched with palm leaves. There is not a single window; the narrow doorway faces the one street running through the village. A high wall is built all around the settlement. There are two reasons for this: in the first place, the wild animals must be

kept out, and secondly, the village is protected in case another tribe of black people should come to make war upon it. It is sad that it is so, but the negroes spend much of their time in fighting with each other.

There is a small veranda in front of Mpuke's home. It is roofed with the long grasses which are so plentiful in this country, and is a comfortable place for the boy to lie and doze during the hours of the hot midday. The house itself nestles in a grove of banana-trees and stately palms. It makes a beautiful picture. I wish we could take a good painting of it home to our friends.

Look! here comes Mpuke's father. He is the chief of the village, and all the people bow before his greatness and power. We must show proper respect to such an important person, so please don't laugh, although he is certainly an amusing sight.

He is a strong, well-built man, but his body is coloured in such a peculiar fashion with white and yellow chalk that it reminds us of the clowns at the circus. The braids of wool on his chin look like rats' tails, and others stick out at the sides of his head from under his tall hat of grass. He has a

string of charms hanging around his neck; he thinks these will protect him from his enemies, for he is a great warrior. His only clothing is a loin cloth made from the leaves of the pineapple-tree. His good wife wove it for him. His eyebrows are carefully shaved. As he walks along, talking to himself (the negroes are always talking!) he is trying to pull out a hair from his eyelashes with his finger-nail and knife.

This odd-looking man was chosen by the people to be their chief because he is so brave in fighting and so skilful in hunting. He has had many a battle single-handed with an angry elephant or furious panther. He has killed the cobra and the gorilla. He could show you the skulls of the enemies he has slaughtered in battle. He bears many scars beneath that coat of chalk, the marks of dangerous wounds he has received.

Mpuke honours and fears his father, and hopes in his boyish heart that he may grow up to be a chief like him, and have as many daring adventures. His greatest pleasure is in the mock battles which he has with the other boys of the village. Each one must be provided with a wooden spear and a blunt knife before he is ready for the game. Then the

boys gather in the open field they use for a playground. This sport is a serious thing; it is a training for the hard fighting which is sure to come later in their lives. The boys rush at each other as if in dead earnest. Hours sometimes pass before either side gains a victory.

CHAPTER II

Blacksmith and Dentist

When the first rays of the morning sun find their way through the tree-tops, the village wakes up. It is the best part of the day in any land, but especially in all tropical countries. The women come hastily out of the doorways, and prepare to get breakfast. All the cooking must be done out-doors, and soon a row of fires can be seen burning brightly in front of the houses. Mpuke's mother is very busy. She must boil the manioc pudding and bake some hippo-potamus meat for a hearty meal.

Manioc takes the place of flour with the black man. It looks somewhat like the potato, but the bulbs are not ready to gather till the plant is about fifteen months old. It is a very stringy vegetable. The women gather it in baskets and sink them in the river for a few days. They must stay there

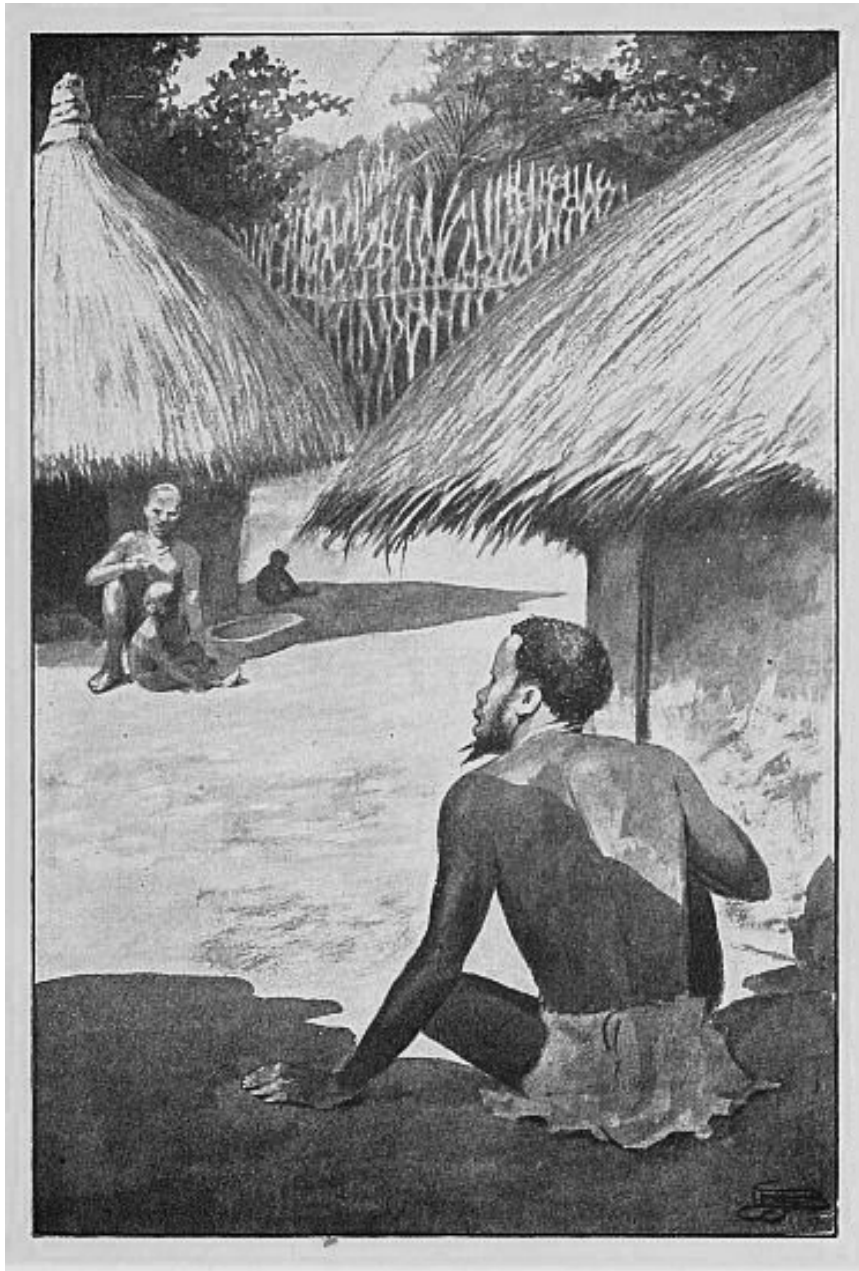
until the vegetables have fermented. This fermentation makes them mealy; it also makes it easy to draw out the tough fibres. The manioc is afterward kneaded into dough and made into round puddings, which are boiled several hours.

Mpuke's mother is a careful cook. When her manioc pudding is taken from the fire it is snowy white. It is a wholesome dish, and Mpuke is very fond of it. You may not agree with him unless you like sour milk; for the pudding has a flavour very much like that.

As soon as the meat is cooked, it is cut up and placed in earthen jars, a quantity of pepper is added, and palm oil poured over it to make a rich gravy.

The men eat their breakfast first. When it is finished they sit around under the trees while the women and children satisfy their hunger. The manner in which these people eat is not at all nice, but we must always remember they have never been taught a better way.

There is no table to set; no knives, or forks, or spoons. The negroes use only the kind they carry around with them, furnished by Mother Nature when they were born.



The Village

They gather around the jars and take out the pieces of meat with their fingers, sopping up the gravy with the manioc bread. Now for some palm wine to quench their thirst. The meal is quickly over. We are glad, for it has not been pleasant to watch.

Both men and women join in a friendly smoke. From the laughing and chattering they must be having a merry time.

But it is growing warm as the sunshine finds its way through the foliage, and there is much work to do before the stifling noon hours.

The women and children hurry away to their plantations of sweet potatoes, or groundnuts (peanuts), or tobacco. Some of the men get their spears and bows and arrows for hunting. Others prepare nets for fishing in the river. Every one is so busy that the village suddenly becomes quiet.

We will follow Mpuke on his way to the blacksmith, who is also the dentist in this little settlement. "What," we say, "is it possible that a savage knows how to fill teeth?" We discover that his work is of a very different kind from that of any dentist we ever met in white man's land. His business

is to grind the beautiful white teeth of the people till they are wedge-shaped. Mpuke is going to his hut to-day for this very purpose. His father has a small looking-glass he bought from the white traders, and when Mpuke is a good boy he is allowed to take it and look at himself for a few minutes. He will take great delight in viewing his teeth after they have been ground to the fashionable shape. There is some danger of his growing vain over the compliments he will receive. In the eyes of his own people he is a handsome boy, and needs only the finishing touch to his teeth to make him a beauty.

It is to be hoped that he will not become a dandy when he grows up. His mind, however, is very busy in thinking of warfare and hunting, and he is inclined to scorn the men who think too much of their looks.

See! There is one of the village dandies, now. He is strutting along like a peacock, and expects every one to stop and look at him. He has spent a long time in plastering his hair with clay well mixed with palm oil. The oil is fairly dripping from his face and neck now. We certainly are not used to this style of beauty, so we will turn our attention to

the hut on the other side of the road.

The man in the doorway is busy at his work. He is shaping jars and dishes out of clay. Some of the jars are beautiful in shape. Wouldn't you like to buy one of them? A few beads or a bit of bright calico would pay him well, according to his ideas.

Hark! There is the sound of a hammer. Let us take a peep inside of this next hut; we must discover what is being done here. A metal-worker is making armlets and anklets of copper. They will find a ready sale in the village, for no woman considers herself well-dressed unless she is able to wear a number of such ornaments. She is willing to work very hard on the plantation if she can earn enough jewelry to make a rattling noise and a fine display as she walks along.

CHAPTER III

Work and Play

The dentist works steadily for an hour or so upon Mpuke's teeth; but he grows warm and tired, and says he has done enough filing for one morning. The boy has been very patient and has not uttered a sound of complaint during the painful operation. But now he is delighted to be free, and hurries off to the shore of the river to work on the canoe he is building. His father helped him cut down a large tree, but he is doing all the rest of the work alone. He has worked many days in hollowing out the trunk of the tree. He has shaped it into a narrow, flat-bottomed boat. The paddles are beautifully carved, and there is very little left to be done now except the making of the sail.

That is easy work. The long grasses are already gathered, and he sits on the bank of the river weaving them into a

large, firm mat. This will serve as well as canvas for the sail.

What pleasure he will take in this canoe! Many a day he will spend in it, sailing along under the shade of the tall trees which line the river's banks. Many a fish he will catch and bring to his mother for the next meal. He delights in the sport, and does not seem to mind the myriads of gnats and mosquitoes which would send us home in a hurry.

But the black boy's life is not all play. He has had regular work to perform from the time when he began to walk alone. He must learn to make the rattan war shields, shape spears for battle, and weave nets for trapping fish and game. In fact, Mpuke must be ready to help his elders in all their occupations.

The boy has a sister who is nine years old. She looks very much like her brother, and has the same happy disposition. She has many duties, but they are quite different from her brother's.

She is a good cook, young as she is. She can broil a buffalo steak to perfection; it is her work to gather the insects and caterpillars which are considered dainties at the feasts of the black people. She weaves the mats on which

the family sleep at night. She helps her mother raise the tobacco, and gathers the peanuts and stores them away for the rainy season.

But let us go back to the river, where Mpuke is giving the finishing touch to his sail. As he turns his head to get a cooling breeze, it brings to his nostrils the smell of the dinner cooking in the village. He knows he must not be late at meal-time, and, besides, he has a good appetite for each of the day's three hearty meals.

He hurries down the path, thinking of the favourite dish his mother has promised him to-day. Do you care to taste it? It is boiled crocodile. The broth is seasoned with lemon juice and Cayenne pepper. "How kind my mother is," thinks Mpuke, "to cook such savoury messes. There are few boys so fortunate as I am. I will try to be a good son, and, if the white traders ever come this way again, I will buy her a chain of beads long enough to wind three times around her neck."

With these thoughts the boy reaches home, but the whole village is in a state of much excitement; great news has just been brought by one of the men. He has discovered

a herd of elephants feeding in a forest swamp only a few miles distant. He says that he counted at least a hundred of them.

The black people know that the elephant's sleeping time is from about eleven in the morning till three or four in the afternoon. It is the time that the people themselves take for rest; but to-day there is no noonday nap for Mpuke's village.

Dinner is eaten in haste. The men rush in and out of the houses getting their spears, bows, and poisoned arrows in readiness. The chief orders his assistants to get out his treasured elephant gun. It is the most valuable possession in the village. A small fortune (as the black people count) was given for it to the white traders. The chief's eyes shine, as he says to himself: "This shall bring down an elephant to-day."

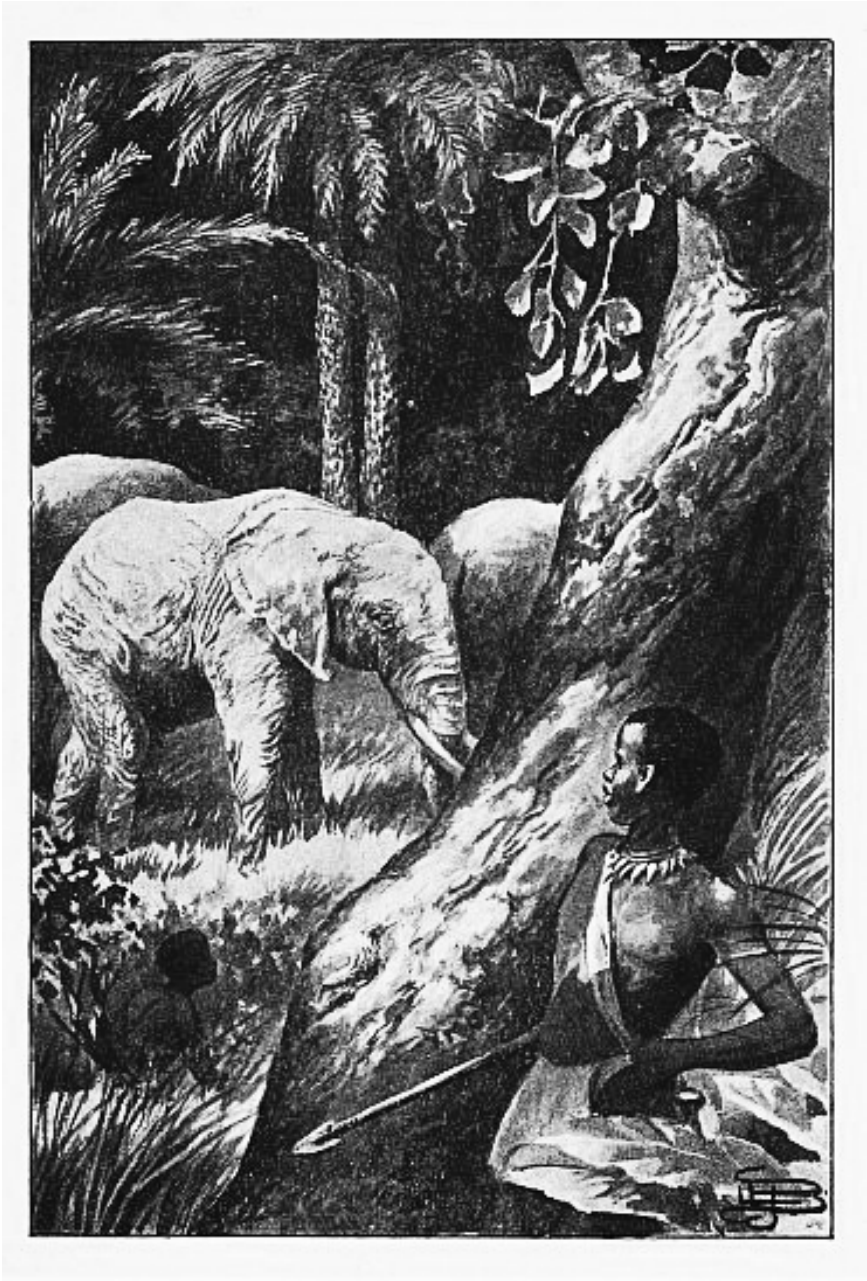
CHAPTER IV

The Elephant Hunt

Mpuke is wildly delighted when he finds that he may go on the hunt. But he is warned to be very quiet; he must not even whisper as the party creeps through the dense forest.

The hunt will be a failure unless the elephants are taken by surprise while they are sleeping. The men know that the wind is in their favour, since it is blowing from the elephants toward them. Otherwise, the keen-scented creatures would quickly discover the approach of their enemies.

Listen! do you hear that queer noise? It is the champing sound the elephants make in their throats when they are asleep. The hunters creep nearer and nearer; more and more and more carefully, if possible, they turn aside the thick undergrowth of trees and bushes. Ah! Mpuke's father is within a dozen yards of the herd. He looks keenly about



Hunting Elephants

till he discovers a huge tusker; he gives a signal to two of his followers to bring up the gun. It is carefully placed and aimed at a spot in the elephant's forehead about four inches above the eyes. It is a vital spot. Two of the best marksmen of the party direct their poisoned arrows at the heart. If all succeed in reaching the parts aimed at there will be nothing to fear. But if the huge creature is only slightly wounded, woe to Mpuke and this company of men who are taking their lives in their hands at this moment! A maddened elephant is a fearful creature to encounter.

Hush! Steady now! Bang! sounds the gun. At the same moment the arrows are let loose from the bows. The bullet was aimed well. It enters the exact spot intended. The arrows do their work. The king of the forest rolls over on his side without a sound. There is not even a death struggle, but there is a sudden commotion among the rest of the herd; it is as though a whirlwind had arisen. Every animal is instantly awake; the herd closes together like a great army. There is an angry uproar, a tremendous trumpeting and bellowing; the forest echoes and re-echoes with the sound. The ground shakes beneath their feet. Madly

plunging through the forest, the elephants flee in an opposite direction from the men. As they rush onward, great limbs of trees are torn off as though they were only straws.

Suppose they had turned toward the hunters, instead of from them! It is useless to think of it — for this time, at least, no one has been harmed. And now the men gather around their prey lying lifeless on the ground.

"Owi?" ("Is it dead?") Mpuke anxiously whispers. His father assures him of the fact, and allows the boy to take part in cutting the flesh away from the monstrous prize.

In a few moments the women of the village appear, carrying baskets. They have followed the party at a distance; they knew their help would be needed if any prey were secured.

The hunt has been a marvellous success. It often happens that hunters are obliged to wait in the underbrush for hours before they can get near enough for a good shot, or to gain such a position as to be able to cut the sinews of the sleeping elephant's legs with their spears, for this makes the animal helpless.

But the safest and most common way of hunting

elephants is to dig immense pits near their feeding-grounds. These are covered over with branches. The unwary elephant who comes this way makes a false step, and falls helpless into the pit. It is an easy matter then for the men to approach and kill him, either with their spears or bows and arrows.

But we must turn again to Mpuke and his companions. It is not long before the busy workers have removed all the flesh, and packed it in the big baskets. The monstrous ears must be saved; they will be useful to take the place of carts in harvest time. Two of the strongest men are loaded with the ivory tusks; they must be kept to sell to the traders.

The party hurries homeward, chattering in childish delight over the fun they will have this evening. They leave behind them only the skeleton of the huge animal which two hours since was so powerful.

As soon as they reach the village the boys are put to work. They must dig a pit, and bring wood to fill it. A fire must be kindled and kept burning till the sides of this earthen oven are thoroughly heated. After this the fire is put out, and one of the elephant's legs is laid in the oven.

The women bring green wood and fresh grass to lay over the roast, after which the hole is plastered tightly with mud. But the queer oven is not yet closed tightly enough. The loose earth taken from the pit is piled high above it, so that no heat can possibly escape.

You wonder how long the people must wait before their roast can be served. It will be a day and a half, at least; but when the time does come to open the pit the cooks will find enough tender, juicy meat to furnish every one in the village with a hearty meal.

The leg of an elephant is the most eatable portion of the animal; the rest of the flesh is tough and fibrous, although the negroes eat it, and enjoy it very much. The women smoke it, much as our people smoke ham, and in this way they can keep it a long time for use.

CHAPTER V

Song and Story

It has been a busy day for every one. In the short twilight the people gather about under the trees for music and story-telling. Mpuke runs to his house for his xylophone, and begins to play a sweet, sad air. One by one his neighbours join in an accompaniment with their rich voices. The African is a natural lover of music; he uses it to express all his feelings.

It is a weird sight — this group of black people rocking their bodies to and fro to keep time with the music. As they enter more deeply into the spirit of the evening song the expressions of their faces change; they seem to forget themselves, and become a part of the music itself.

And now the frogs add their voices to the chorus. The crickets and cicadas pipe their shrill notes, while at short

intervals a hoarse sound, between a groan and a whining bark, is wafted upwards from the river. It comes from a lonely crocodile who, no doubt, would like to join the company. It is much better for their comfort that he remains where he is.

Mpuke's xylophone is made of strips of soft wood, differing in length, fastened over a set of calabashes. In each calabash a hole has been carefully bored and covered over with spider's web. Perhaps you mistook the calabash for a gourd, which looks much like it. It is a curious growth which forms on the trunks of certain trees near Mpuke's home.

Our little friend makes sweet liquid music on his crude instrument. He calls it a marimba. The village metalworker made it for the boy in return for many presents of fish.

"That is a good lad," said the man, "he is thoughtful and generous. I will make him happy."

After the people have finished their songs, there is music on other instruments besides Mpuke's. Look at that big fellow blowing into an ivory horn. He needs to have a

strong pair of lungs if he is going to continue very long. What a dirge-like noise he makes! But when the tom-tom begins to sound, everybody is roused and joins in a wild dance.

The people wind in and out among the trees, round and round again, laughing, shouting, and singing, until they sink out of breath on the grass.

Mpuke is so tired he can hardly keep his eyes open. He drags himself into the hut where his sister lies on her mat, already sound asleep. Listen! what is that scuttling noise among the dried leaves in the corner? Mpuke's bright black eyes are helped by the moonlight streaming through the doorway. He discovers that it is a green lizard, which he knows to be quite harmless. But it is always wise to be watchful.

One night, not many moons ago, as the black boy counts time, he found a centipede close to his bare feet when he woke up suddenly in the night. He is quite sure that a good spirit roused him to save his life.

At another time a lizard of the most deadly kind must have shared the boy's mat with him through the night. At

any rate, he found the lizard at his side when his eyes opened to the morning light.

But Mpuke is too sleepy to think about unpleasant things, and in another moment he is dreaming of the roasted elephant that will make to-morrow's feast.

A week passes by. We will visit Mpuke once more as he is eating his early breakfast.

A messenger from the next village comes rushing in to the people. He has run ten miles this morning through the forest paths, and has brought word to Mpuke's father from his own chief. The two men are blood-brothers, and have promised to stand by each other in all troubles and dangers. "Blood-brothers," you say, "what does that mean?" When the chiefs were only boys they went through a sacred ceremony together. An arm of each was cut till the blood ran, then the two arms were pressed together, and the blood was allowed to mingle.

They must never quarrel again. No cruel words or deeds should ever pass between them, because they are now bound together by the strongest of all ties.

But what is the message that causes such a state of

excitement? It tells that enemies are approaching. It means war, and preparation for awful deeds. Mpuke's father is asked to come to the help of his blood-brother. Will he join him to meet the advancing foes?

There is only one answer possible; not a moment must be lost. The order is given to sound the war-drums; the people burst into an exciting battle-song; blasts from ivory trumpets can be heard throughout the village; the men cover their faces with charcoal and hastily seek the medicine-man. He must provide them with charms to protect them from danger. Poor fellow, he is the busiest one of all the people, making little packages of beads, shells, and stones for each soldier to wear as a talisman.

The women are at work getting the spears and arrows together; they must also sharpen the knives for their husbands and sons.

Now the men hurry down to the river's side. They jump into their canoes, and are out of sight as soon as they pass a bend in the banks of the stream. Mpuke watches them with glistening eyes; he longs to follow them, but he has been told to remain at home to protect his mother and

sisters in case of danger.

He knows already what war means; it was only last year that his own village was attacked. Young as he was, he stood all day behind the spiked wall, sharpened spear in hand, doing his part to defend his home. He was wounded in the leg on that terrible day, and for a long time afterward lay sick with fever. His sister was so good to him during that trying time; hour after hour she sat at his side on the veranda, and kept the flies and mosquitoes from his wound with a broom she made of an elephant's tail.

Mpuke thinks of this as he goes home through the forest path. Suddenly he stops quite still; his eyes roll in terror. A huge serpent lies coiled but a few feet away; he does not notice Mpuke, for his beadlike eyes are fastened on a monkey standing on the ground in front of him. The snake is charming it. He will force it to its own death, and yet he does not stir; it is the monkey that moves. It comes nearer and nearer to the monster; it makes a frightened cry as it advances.

Mpuke knows he cannot save its life, as he has no weapon with which to attack the serpent. He would like to

run, but does not stir until the monkey, having come close to its charmer, is suddenly strangled in the folds of its powerful body. The boy does not wait to see the snake devour his prey, but hurries homeward, without once daring to turn round.

The fires have all been put out. The women and children are talking in whispers. They wish to make as little noise as possible while the men are away, lest they be attacked by wild beasts or some passing band of savages.

Night comes; there is no sound of returning warriors. Mpuke sits in the doorway of his home, listening; his mother and sister are beside him. It draws near midnight, and yet there is no sleep for the anxious watchers.

Hark! faintly at first, then more and more plainly, the fighting song of the returning warriors is borne to them on the evening wind. And now they can hear the sound of paddles and shouts of boisterous laughter.

The men must have been victorious or they would not come home so gaily. There are but a few more minutes of waiting before the black heroes enter the village. We call them heroes, for that is the way their families think of them.

The men are tired, excited, and stained with blood. They are bringing home two of their comrades wounded, and the dead body of another. They have six prisoners taken from the enemy. These poor wretches are bound with ropes; they know their fate too well. They are now slaves, and must hereafter do the hardest work for their new masters.

The customs of their own settlement are different from those of Mpuke's village. They will suffer from homesickness, and will have many new things to which they must get used.

It seems strange to us that in travelling a short distance in the heart of Africa the people are found to differ from each other so much in language, habits, and even dress. For, scanty as it is, the style of decoration of one tribe varies greatly from that of another.

For instance, in Mpuke's home we know it is the fashion to have wedge-shaped teeth, while not far away the people think that a really beautiful person must have the teeth pointed. In one village the women wear wooden skewers pierced through their noses; in another, their principal

ornaments consist of metal rings in the ears, and metal armlets, anklets, and bracelets.

Among some tribes, the men's hair is braided in queer little tails, while others have it knotted at the back of the head and at the chin in tight bunches.

CHAPTER VI

The Battle Feast

It is the day after the battle. Mpuke's father orders his people to celebrate the victory. He tells them to prepare a great feast, as his blood-brother, Ncossi, is invited to come and bring his people.

A great deal of work must be done before the feast is ready. Some of the villagers prepare their nets to catch a certain fish that is rare and delicate. Others get their canoes ready for a hippopotamus hunt; still others search for young monkeys. They must also get a kind of snake that makes a delicious stew.

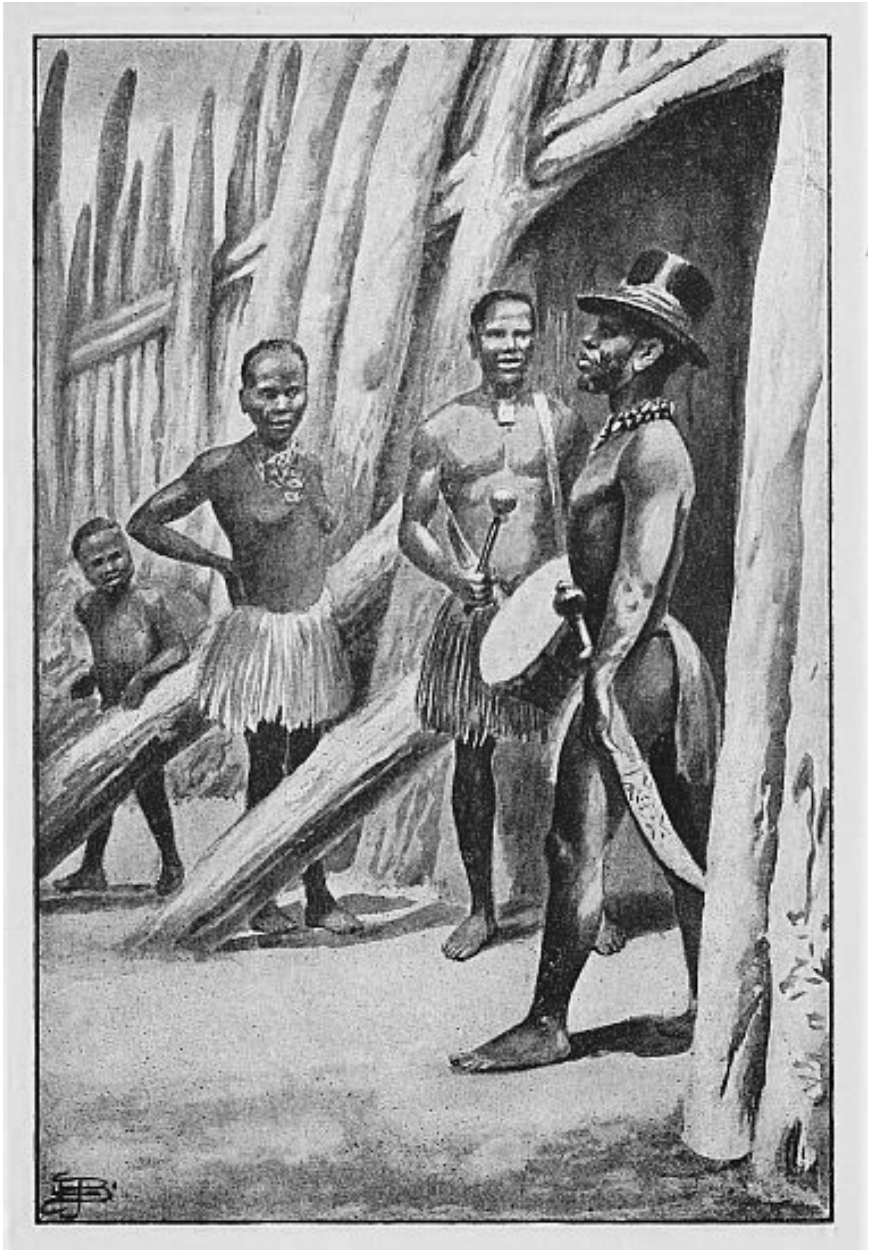
The children are sent through the fields and woods to gather the rarest and choicest insects. The country is scoured in all directions. The feast will surely be "fit for a king," at least an African king.

The great day comes at last, and the chief Ncossi arrives. He is dressed in the greatest splendour. A chain of leopards' teeth is wound around his neck; a great war knife hangs at his side. One of his cheeks is painted red and the other yellow. The heads of wild animals are tattooed upon his arms. He wears on his head a tall, tattered, beaver hat, for which he must have paid a great price to some trader. He is a peculiar object, yet, as he struts along, his followers look upon him with the greatest admiration, and keep exclaiming: "Look at our beautiful chief! Look at our beautiful chief!"

The mouths of the visitors water as they behold the pots boiling over the great fires, and the savoury odours of the meats greet their nostrils.

How glad they are that they have been invited to the fine banquet promised here! They act like happy children out for a holiday. There is no sign in their faces of the cruel side of their natures which showed itself in the battle a few days ago.

And now they gather in a circle on the grass, and begin to devour the good things the cooks spread before them.



"His followers look upon him with the
greatest admiration."

Will you share with them this dish of boiled smoked elephant? It is coarse and stringy; I fear you will not care for a second piece, although every one pronounces it delicious. The roasted monkey is fat and tender. You will enjoy it more if you do not allow yourself to think of its resemblance to a baby. The stewed buffalo ribs served with lemon juice and Cayenne pepper are fine, while we should not disdain the turtle soup if it were brought us in the best hotel in America.

The side dishes at this feast are the queerest we have ever seen — frizzled caterpillars, paste of mashed ants, and toasted crickets. Palm oil has been freely used in the crocodile stew and elephant gravy.

Mpuke's friends and relatives are enjoying themselves hugely. They gobble the good things in the most remarkable manner. They are so busy that they are almost silent. They drink large quantities of palm wine as well as the fermented juice of the baobab-tree. Palm wine is very pleasant and refreshing when it is first made. To-morrow, after the visitors have left, Mpuke will show us how to obtain it. He is an obliging little fellow, and will willingly

climb a tall palm-tree to the very top, bore deep holes in the wood, and fasten gourds into which the juice will drip. We should drink it at once, before it changes into the sour, intoxicating liquor drunk so freely at the feast.

Not many days after the celebration, the rainy season began. During this period the rain does not fall all day long, but comes down in torrents for an hour or two every morning.

Very little hunting is done now, but there are such good supplies of smoked elephant and buffalo meat it is not necessary.

Mpuke wakes up one morning with great pain in his head, and it does not go away after he gets up. He says to himself, "I am afraid some bad spirit bewitched me while I was dreaming last night." But he says nothing about his bad feelings to his mother. He is afraid she will think of the sleeping sickness. He does not want her to worry, so he will wait awhile and perhaps the pain will go away.

The sleeping sickness is the most terrible visitor in an African home. There is little hope for the one who has it. Sometimes the sufferer is ill for a few weeks only, but again

he may linger for a year before death comes.

The illness begins with a severe headache; next comes swelling of the body, like dropsy; in the last stage, the dying person dozes or sleeps all of the time.

With our little Mpuke, a day and a night pass and his headache grows worse and worse. His body is first hot and feverish, then shivering with a chill. His mother begins to notice how slowly he moves, and how hard it seems for him to do his work.

"You must lie on your mat in the hut, my dear one," she says to the boy. "The charm doctor shall be sent for; he will drive away the evil spirit that is making my child so sick."

The black woman has a strange belief; she thinks that evil beings are always near, ready to work harm. She spends much time in protecting her family and herself from these evil powers by repeating charms and going through queer ceremonies.

She teaches her children to fear spirits in the air, in the water, in the trees, in the ground; at every movement they look for possible trouble from beings they cannot see, yet imagine to be following them. If it were not for such a

foolish belief, the black people would be very happy; but they have one protector to whom they turn in all their troubles. They believe that he can drive away the evil spirits; he can bring health to the sick man; he can make charms to ward off the attacks of wild beasts; he can even control the winds and the waters.

CHAPTER VII

The African Medicine-Man

When the crops begin to dry up, it is the medicine-man who has the power to bring rain; when fever visits the settlement, his herbs and charms are alone of any use in relieving suffering. Therefore, when Mpuke becomes ill, the medicine-man is immediately visited.

His hut stands a little apart from the others in the village. It is very seldom that an outsider is allowed to enter the sacred place. After Mpuke's mother has wrapped up her little son, and placed him on his mat, she hastens to the home of the charm doctor, carrying an offering of tobacco and palm wine to the great man.

As she draws near the hut, he appears in the doorway. He wears many chains of metal rings about his body. Funny little packages are tied to the rings, and are supposed to

possess the power of working wonders. Feathers of different kinds of birds are sticking out of the packages, while a doleful clanging is made by iron bells at every movement of the "doctor."

When told of Mpuke's sickness, he goes back into the hut and puts on his tall hat of panther's skin. He takes some herbs and wonder-working charms from a dark corner, and comes out looking very solemn and quiet. He rarely speaks to Mpuke's mother as she reverently follows him to her own home.

In a few moments he is standing by the black boy's side. He makes some weird and mysterious motions, and tells Mpuke that he is driving away the evil spirit that has taken hold of his body. He gives the anxious mother a charm made from the hairs of an elephant's tail; this is to be fastened around the boy's neck. She is told to repeat certain words many times a day, and to draw a circle with ashes around the hut to keep bad spirits from returning.

But this is not all that is to be done for the cure of the boy; for the doctor really does know many good uses of herbs. He has discovered that the use of one of these is

almost sure to break up a fever like Mpuke's, so he steeps a large dose of this medicine, to be taken during the next three days. Then he goes away as quietly and solemnly as he came; the villagers bow before him in awe as they pass him on his way.

Mpuke is soon strong and well. What cured him? Did the doctor really have the power to drive spirits away? Or was it the medicine the boy swallowed? Of course, his mother believes nothing could have been done without the magic charms, but those who are wise must see that if the herb tea had not been made and swallowed, Mpuke would most likely be still burning with fever.

But Mpuke is now well and strong, glad to be out once more in his canoe; eager to look for honey in the wild bees' nests; chasing the monkeys from the banana-trees; feeding his chickens, and doing a hundred other things beside all these.

But the chickens we hardly recognise as such, they are such poor, scrawny things, with their bodies and feathers all awry; and when Mpuke's mother prepares a chicken stew, the meat is so dry and tasteless that it seems scarcely

worth eating. What can be the reason that the African chicken is so much poorer than the American bird? Perhaps it is because it is tormented by such numbers of insects.

This reminds me of something that once happened at Mpuke's home. One night, in the midst of sound sleep, they were suddenly attacked by an army. There were millions, yes, billions, in that army, yet it made no sound as it drew near. It had travelled many miles through fields and forests, and Mpuke's home happened to be in the line of march. That is the reason it was attacked.

For a few moments the sleepers were in a state of great excitement. There was much scuffling, screaming, scratching, and running about. Then all was quiet once more, and the family returned to their mats and dreams.

The strange army was not one of human beings, but, nevertheless, it caused fear and trembling while it stayed. It was composed of ants, much larger than any we have ever seen in our own country. They were under the orders of generals who marched at the sides of the advancing columns. Each ant knew his place and duty. He was ready to bite any living creature that barred his way; and it was a

fierce bite, too, for a piece of flesh was taken out each time before he let go.

For some reason unknown to us, the ants were changing their camping-ground and moving to another part of the forest. Such a small thing as Mpuke's home must not be allowed to stand in their way, so they passed through it, and took the people inside by surprise.

"Ouch!" screamed Mpuke, as he woke up to find himself covered by these wise but uncomfortable insects. Then, one after another, the boy's father, that brave warrior, his mother, his sister, and himself, fled from the hut as though a pack of hyenas were after them.

When morning came the ants had departed, but not an insect was left alive in the house. The fat spiders that had spun comfortable webs in the dark corners were now skeletons, a baby lizard lay lifeless in the doorway, and many crickets had fallen victims to the resistless invaders. Worse still! when Mpuke looked for his pet chicken, nothing was left of it save bones and feathers.

Paul Du Chaillu, an African explorer, has written very interesting accounts of the ants found in that country. The

wisdom of these little creatures fills us with wonder. Small as they are, they travel in such numbers that even the wild beasts of the forest hasten to get out of their way. They are not fond of the sunlight, and when marching in the daytime they prefer to stop in their journey and dig a tunnel underground rather than pass over an open plain.

CHAPTER VIII

The Gorilla

But we will leave the ants and their wonderful ways for the present, as we wish to follow Mpuke, whose mother has sent him a long way from home to gather some pineapples. The boy's sister carries a large basket on her head to hold the fruit. Pineapples allowed to ripen fully where they grow are much nicer than those picked while still a little green in order to stand the long journey to us. They are so tender that when Mpuke has cut off the top of one he can scoop out the pulp and eat it as though it were oatmeal porridge. And it is so sweet and juicy! It is no wonder the children were glad to go on their errand.

They play hide and seek among the bushes as they run along; they laugh and chatter and joke without a thought of fear, they are so used to the forest. Besides, Mpuke carries

a bow and arrow in his hand to be ready in case of need.

They soon reach the place, but discover that someone has been there before them. The fruit lies scattered over the ground. The children look about them in alarm; they speak in low tones instead of the noisy chatter of the moment before.

"Mpuke, do you think a gorilla is near us?" whispers his sister, and the next instant there is a loud crackling and trampling of the bushes.

Ten yards away stands the fiercest, wildest looking creature one can imagine. She is covered with dark, almost black, hair; standing on her short hind legs she is taller than most human beings.

How long her arms look, as she beats her breast in anguish! She does not notice the children hiding behind the trunk of a tree. She is looking down on the ground where her dead baby is lying. Has a passing hunter shot it during its mother's absence, or did it sicken and die? We do not know; we can only listen, breathless, to the mother's cry, too horrible to be described. See! she lifts the dead body in her arms and moves away.

When travellers in the Dark Continent first brought home accounts of this largest and most fearful of the ape family, people could scarcely believe in the truth of their statements, but now every one admits the gorilla to be the king of the African forest.

As soon as the frightened children reach home and tell their adventure, a party of the best huntsmen starts into the forests. If there is one gorilla in the neighbourhood, there must be more. No fruit is safe now; the village itself is not secure so long as the dreaded brutes are near. Besides these reasons for killing them, the people consider the brain of a gorilla the most powerful charm that can be used against one's enemies.

While the hunters are gone, we will listen to a legend Mpuke's mother is telling her children. It shows how the power of a man's mind can conquer even the strength of a gorilla.

How the Gorilla Came

My children, this is a story of a far-distant tribe of our race. It was told me by my mother, and she in turn listened to it at her mother's knee. I cannot tell you how old it is,

but it is very ancient.

Once upon a time there was a certain king who was very rich and powerful. He had many children, but they were all daughters, and this made him feel exceedingly sad. He longed for a son to take his place when he should die. At length, after many years, he was delighted at the birth of a baby boy.

The child grew rapidly into a strong, bright little fellow, and the king's heart was wrapped up in him. His father strove to gratify his smallest wish, and even divided with him his power over the kingdom. Of course the boy became proud and vain. He was quite spoiled by the flattery of his subjects and his father's lavish presents.

One day, as he was sitting under a tree with a circle of youths about him, he said:

"Oh, how fortunate a boy I am; there is nothing my father would refuse to give me. There is not another youth in the world like me!"

He had no sooner finished speaking than one of his boy subjects dared to make answer: "Sir Prince, there is one thing your father would refuse to give you, if you should ask

for it, because he could not do it."

"What do you mean?" asked the proud prince, indignantly.

"It is the moon," was the answer.

The young prince went at once to the king and said: "My dear father, you have never in my life refused me anything, and yet I have even now been taunted that if I were to ask it, you would not be able to get the moon for me. Must I endure this? Say that you will obtain it."

The king was troubled. It seemed that it would be impossible for him to satisfy his child for the first time, and he could not bear it. He sent criers throughout the country to call the wise men of his kingdom together, that he might ask their advice.

When they were all assembled, and heard that the king desired them to find a way by which the moon might be brought down to the prince, they, too, were troubled. They feared the king was going crazy; at least all of the wise men but the one who seemed to be the youngest. He turned to the king and slowly said:

"O King, there is a way by which this thing may be done,

but it requires long and great work. All the men of the country will be needed in cutting down the forest and shaping timber. All the women will be needed to plant the gardens, raise crops, and cook food for the men. All the children will be needed to make bark rope to tie the timbers in place, and to hand things to the builders. For, O King, this is my plan:

"Yonder mountain is very high, and I propose that a scaffold be built to cover its entire top; that a smaller scaffold be built on that; a still smaller, on that; and so on, until the moon is reached. Then it can be lifted down and brought to your son."

The king did not hesitate as to what he should do. He began at once to act upon the wise man's plan.

All the men in the country went to work cutting down the forest and putting up the scaffold. All the women set to work to cook for the workmen and to plant new gardens. All the children were kept busy making the bark rope and in running errands for their parents.

A month passed; the first scaffold had been built, and yet another upon that.

Two months — and now the top of the tower could no longer be seen by the multitude at the foot, for the people of all the countries round about had gathered there to watch the strange work.

Three months, four months, five months were gone, and the head workmen sent word down that now the moon was within easy reach.

At last it was whispered that the king, who had climbed to the top, was about to seize the moon and bring it down to earth. More people, from still greater distances, gathered at the foot to behold the great event.

What happened, my children? At first the moon could not be budged from its place; but then more force was applied. Lo! there was a cracking and snapping, as of a tremendous explosion. A river of fire came flowing down the scaffolds, which were quickly burned, together with all the people upon them, and most of those gathered at the foot of the mountain.

Most wonderful of all, those few grown people who did escape were changed into gorillas, while the children that were saved were transformed into monkeys.

My children, when you look at the moon on bright nights, you will notice dark spots upon it, where the shoulders of the strong man who tried to move it from its place were pressed against it.

Let this lesson be learned from my story: It is not well to gratify all the wishes of children; but only such as the parents think wise and good for them.

CHAPTER IX

The Gorilla Hunt

After many hours the hunters return. They have a wonderful tale to tell of what they have seen and done. Mpuke's father is the story-teller. The black faces of the listeners are very still, and all eyes are turned toward him as he speaks. He says:

"My people, we hunters went away from this village very quietly, as you all know. We did not wish the creatures of the forest to hear us as we crept along, one behind another. Our enemies, the gorillas, must not learn of our approach.

"We went on and on, farther and farther to the east. There was no path; we broke off twigs and leaves from the trees and scattered them along on the ground, so we should be able to find our way home again."

Here the whites of the chief's eyes grew larger and

rounder as he rolled them about in his head, and looked from one to another of his listeners. Then he continued:

"As we moved on through the forest, we stopped from time to time to listen. But there was no sound of the great gorillas' feet stamping upon the ground. There was no shaking of the limbs of trees. They could not be there.

"At last we came out of the forest into a wooded marsh. The mud was so deep that our feet sank far in at every step. It was a very bad place for us if we should need to run, but it was the very spot gorillas would like if they were in search of dinner, for there were great numbers of bushes loaded with berries, of which, you know, the fierce gorilla is very fond, as well as of other fruits and nuts.

"Hark! there was a sound of tramping feet. The ground trembled, and straight ahead of me I counted one, two, three full-grown gorillas. Two of their children were following them. They were moving along through an open space in the bog. Now they went on all fours, and again they would raise their great bodies and walk along, even as we do ourselves.

"They looked around, now and then, turning their ugly,

wrinkled faces toward me, but they had not discovered us. How sharp and wicked their eyes were! What long and powerful arms they had! They stopped beside the bushes and began to eat the berries.

"Mpuke, you would have enjoyed watching a mother gorilla feed her child. She would pick a berry, and then make a queer kind of chuckle to call her little one. He would run to her, and spring up into her arms. She would show her love by moving her thin black hand over his body, and pressing him to her breast. Then down he would jump again, or squat between her legs, while she picked more berries and handed them to him.

"Oh, those gorillas are strange and fearful creatures! But the time had come to let them know we were near by. Bang! went my gun, and the shot went straight into the breast of the mother gorilla. She fell over on her side, with a sharp cry. All the rest fled among the trees except a father gorilla, who rose up on his hind legs. At the same time he gave a fearful roar, and beat his breast, as though he were daring us to attack him. Before he had a chance to spring among us, whizz! flew the arrows from the bows of our brave

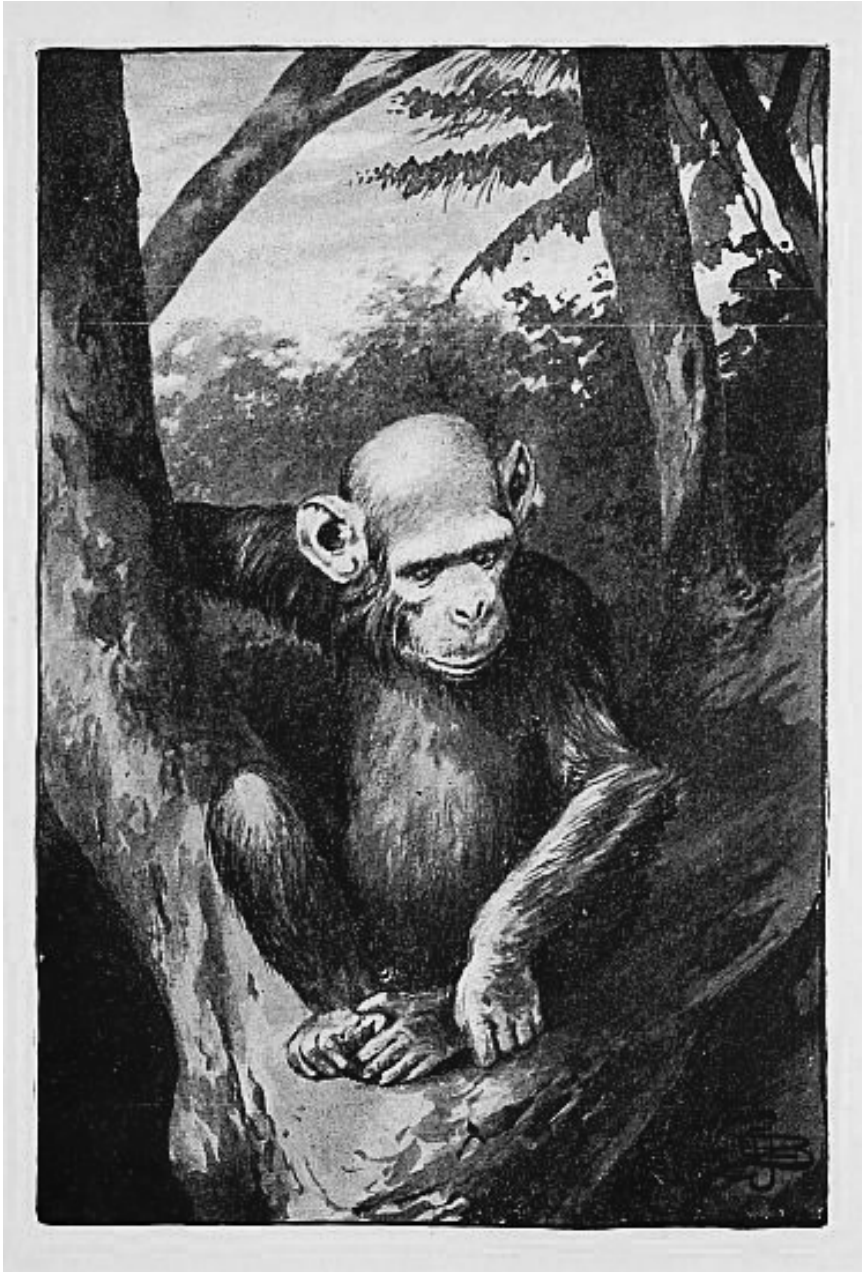
hunters, and a moment after he lay lifeless on the ground.

"We waited a long time in the place, hoping the other gorillas would come back, but not a single one appeared. The sun was getting low in the sky, so we started homeward. It would not be wise to stay in that damp, wild place after dark.

"We returned to the forest, and began to pick out our way. It was hard to find the tracks we had made on our way east. We had not gone far before I saw a dark object moving toward a high tree ahead of us. I gave the sign to halt. Was it another gorilla? No, it was not large enough, and I could see it had a bald, black, shiny head.

"It must be a chimpanzee. He reached the tree and climbed it, hand over hand. When he had found a comfortable crotch, he sat down on his haunches, and put one long arm around a branch of the tree, to hold himself in place. He must have come up here to rest for the night.

"He was just about to close his eyes, when one of our hunters made a slight noise in the bushes. Before we could fire, the startled chimpanzee had sprung from the tree and disappeared into the darkness of the forest. You well know



"He sat down on his haunches."

how shy the creatures are. They are not as bold as gorillas, and will never fight if they can avoid doing so.

"But our story is not yet ended. I am very tired. Gombo, will you tell my people what we discovered as we nearly reached the village?"

CHAPTER X

The Race of Dwarfs

The great chief leaned back against a tree-trunk, while Gombo went on with the tale of the day's adventures.

He told the astonished company that not a mile away was a camp of the strangest beings his eyes had ever beheld. He had heard of them and their ways from his own parents, but they had never wandered into this part of the country before.

They belonged to the race of dwarfs, and the very tallest one among them was hardly more than four feet high. Their hair grew in little tufts, or bunches, all over their heads; that of the women was no longer than the men's. Their upper lips were thick, and hung out over their mouths. Their skin was a reddish black, and their cheek-bones were high. And the children! They were such tiny, tiny things.

When they saw Mpuke's people, they huddled together like a pack of dogs, and hid their heads. A mother pigmy held a baby. She looked like a child, while it seemed as though the baby must be a doll in her arms.

These queer little people were cutting down branches and making ready to build their huts. The men came out to meet the hunters, carrying tiny bows and arrows. They made signs that they would like to become friends. They had heard of the banana plantation in Mpuke's village. They were willing to help the chief in his wars and catch game for his people if they could be paid in bananas.

Do you suppose the black hunters laughed at the idea of help from this group of tiny people? Indeed not. They had heard many stories of the great skill of the dwarfs with the bow and arrow, and of their great daring. They had heard, too, how much harm they could do if they took a dislike to a tribe or person. They knew it was wise to make friends with the little people.

Although they were very tired, they joined in a dance to show their good-will. But the pigmies had no music. One of their number beat time by striking a bow with an arrow

while the others strutted around in a circle. They looked comical enough, for they kept their legs very stiff and made their faces as solemn as possible. The hunters would have laughed if they dared. It was certainly odd to call that dancing. They pitied the tiny savages, with no musical instruments and no idea of tunes or songs.

CHAPTER XI

How the Dwarfs Live

"How do these queer little people sleep?" asks Mpuke, as Gombo stops for a moment in his story. "Don't they have any houses to protect them during the storms? And what kind of clothes do the men and women wear? I don't see that they have a chance to make many things, since they move from place to place so often."

"Dear me," answers the hunter, "you forget, Mpuke, what I said about their house-building when we found them. People of other tribes have told me that their houses are like beehives. They gather long, elastic branches, and bend them over into a curved roof for the house, fastening the ends to the ground. The longest branches are placed over the middle of the house. Shorter ones are laid on each side, and afterward the whole roof is covered with leaves.



"Afterward the whole room is
covered with leaves."

"The doorway is so low one has to creep into the house on his hands and knees, and all he finds inside is a bed made of sticks. That cannot be very comfortable or soft, can it, Mpuke?

"Their only clothing is an apron of palm leaves, which is very easily made. Oh, these queer little folk have an easy time of it, but I should not wish to live as they do. They have no bread, for they plant no manioc. They keep a fire burning as long as they stay in a place, so they can roast the game they shoot or trap. But that is the only cooking they ever do."

"How do they light their fires?" asks the curious Mpuke.

"They hunt around in the ground till they find two pieces of flint, and strike them together till they get sparks, just as I would myself," the hunter answers.

"Do you think they will steal from us unless we watch carefully?" asks one of the women, anxiously. "If they are thievish, I must hide my ornaments in the ground when we are to be away from the village."

"Do not be afraid," Gombo quickly replies, "for every one says they are very honest, and scorn a theft. To be sure,

it would not be a strange thing for a pigmy to shoot his arrow into the centre of a cluster of bananas, as a sign that when it ripens it shall be picked by him alone. But if he should do such a thing he would bring you enough game to pay for it. On the other hand, it would not be well for you to dare to pick a bunch that he has marked in this way, even though it is on your own tree, and he has never asked you for it. He would feel insulted if you should touch it, once he has claimed it for his own.

"These little people are good friends, but bad enemies, and we must show ourselves kind neighbours. As to your bracelets and anklets, you need have no fear whatever. The dwarfs do not seem to care for ornaments. Even their women do not try to look beautiful."

Gombo stops a moment to rest. He notices that the night is growing late. The chief rises and gives a signal for the people to scatter to their homes.

Mpuke is soon in the land of dreams; but he is awake bright and early next morning. He is anxious to visit his new neighbours, and get acquainted with the children of the dwarfs. As soon as his early breakfast is over, the black

boy hurries away over the forest path, and soon reaches the camp of the pygmies.

There is a fire in the hollow of a tree-trunk which the children are tending. The men and women are busy making their little huts. There are about thirty people in all. Mpuke makes signs of friendship, and smiles at the boys and girls who are so tiny beside himself. They soon get over their shyness, and show him their bows and arrows. One of the boys is very proud of his skill, and well he may be. Mpuke envies him when he sees him shoot one, two, three arrows in succession, so rapidly that the third one leaves the bow before the first one reaches the mark. Mpuke is a skillful archer, but he cannot shoot as well as the little dwarf.

"How do you fish?" he asks the children. "Do you use nets, or catch the fish with hooks?"

They take their fishing-rods and go down to the river with him. He is very much surprised when he sees them tie pieces of meat on the ends of their lines, and dangle them in the water.

"They must be silly creatures," thinks Mpuke, "to believe they can catch fish in any such way as that."

But he finds they are not silly. They are very skillful little fishermen; they are so clever in their motions, and they give such quick pulls at just the right moment, that they land fish after fish in a few minutes' time.

"I can learn a good many things from the dwarfs," thinks the boy. "I will spend all the time I can with them as long as they stay in this part of the country."

He bids them a pleasant good-bye, and scampers homeward to tell his mother what he has seen. Our little black cousin soon reaches an open space where the trees have been cut down. The grass is high and thick, but he hurries along, trampling it under foot as he makes a path for himself.

CHAPTER XII

Spiders!

Suddenly Mpuke has a queer feeling about his bare legs, as though he were caught in a net. Has any one been setting a snare here for birds or rabbits? Surely not, or Mpuke would have heard of it. The boy's bright eyes discover in a flash that he has entered the palace of an immense black and yellow spider. At the moment of discovery he receives a sharp sting on one of his bare legs.

"Ouch! ouch!" he cries, and jumps about in great distress.

Wicked as Mr. Spider looks, his bite is not dangerous, and Mpuke hurries home all the faster now to get some cooling herbs from his mother. They will soon take away the pain, and make the swelling go down.

Mpuke has watched the ways of spiders many times

before, but always at a safe distance. This king of spiders spins so strong a web that he can even trap birds in it. He kills them by sucking their blood in the same way he treats his other prey. As for beetles, flies, and wasps, it is mere sport for him to end their lives, once they enter his castle.

It was only last week that Mpuke discovered a spider he had never heard of before. It had its home in a burrow in the earth, shaped like a tunnel. As the boy was lying under a tree, half curled up in the bright sunshine, he saw a spider suddenly appear on the ground near by. It had no web. It seemed as though the earth must have opened to let it out.

Mpuke was wide awake in an instant, for, as you know, he is always ready to learn a lesson from his kind teacher, Mother Nature. He watched the spider disappear into the earth again, at the very spot where it had come out.

"Aha!" said the boy to himself, "I understand now, Mr. Spider. Your home is underground, and you have made a trapdoor that swings as you push it. You have covered it with earth so no one can find out where you live. When you hear a noise of some one coming you creep out upon your prey." At this moment the spider appeared again, and

pounced upon a poor clumsy caterpillar who was making his way slowly past his enemy's home. The caterpillar was many times larger than the spider, but what of that? The spider was quick and cunning in his motions; the caterpillar was strong, yet clumsy. There were several minutes of hard fighting, during which the spider gave several sharp bites and drew blood from his enemy. Then, seizing him from behind, he drew him backwards down into his cell below.

Mpuke waited awhile before he dug open the spider's burrow. He found it lying quite still and stupid; the caterpillar was dead and partly eaten. Perhaps the spider felt dull after a big dinner; perhaps he was only startled at having his home suddenly destroyed and laid bare in the sunlight.

Many little gray spiders spin their webs in Mpuke's home, but his mother would not destroy them for the world. They are great helpers in destroying the insects which make it hard to rest comfortably at night. There are ants of different kinds, mosquitoes in abundance, swarms of flies, besides the great African cockroaches that make the walls creak as they travel along their sides.

Mr. Spider is a real friend to the people because he is

not afraid of these creatures, although they are his enemies as well as Mpuke's.

The boy sometimes lies in bed and watches the battles fought by the spiders. There is one old fellow whose web is spun near Mpuke's head. He must be quite old, yet he is very quick, and always on the watch for his prey.

"I believe he never sleeps," thinks the boy, "at least I never yet saw his eyes closed. And, oh, my! what an appetite he has; although he eats so much, yet he does not seem to grow any fatter."

Mpuke likes to tell his playmates of the way in which this old gray spider mastered an immense roach. The roach was walking grandly along one day, with no thought of any one interfering with his dignity, when out pounced Mr. Spider from behind and jumped upon his back. It would have been easy enough for the roach to walk off with his enemy, if the spider had not clung with its hairy hind feet to the wall. They seemed to have hooks on the ends and dug into the bark, holding the spider and its prey in the spot where the attack was first made.

Now the battle began in earnest. They fought as fiercely

as two panthers. It sometimes seemed as though the roach would win the victory and carry off the spider, but the latter managed to reach over to his enemy's neck and give him a severe bite. The pain must have been great. He grew weaker and weaker, and, after two or three more bites, he gave up the battle. Mr. Spider had won a prize.

Some people say that it will be fair weather to-day because there are so many fresh cobwebs on the grass. They do not know why that is a good sign, but Mpuke knows. He has often watched spiders at work, and seen the half-liquid substance drawn out from tiny tubes in the body. As it reaches the air it hardens into the silk threads which are guided into place by the spider's hind legs. This odd substance is made in an organ called the spinneret, at the very end of the spider's body. He can draw it out as he pleases, but it takes time to make it, so he is never wasteful. He therefore does not spin a web unless he feels quite sure the winds and rains will not spoil it. He has wonderful senses by which he hears and feels things which are not heard or felt by human beings. He rarely makes a mistake in his judgment of the probable weather.

Did you ever see a spider's web propped up by a tiny twig? The threads are quite elastic, and after a time become stretched so that the web sags. Then the clever little workman feels that it can be made to last longer if it is strengthened. He looks around until he discovers the right kind of prop, and puts it into place much as a carpenter straightens a leaning building. The spider has certainly learned many things in Mother Nature's workshop.

But how does Mpuke spend the afternoon after he has returned from the camp of the dwarfs? He finds the women of the village starting on an excursion after land-crabs.

"Would you like to go?" asks his mother.

CHAPTER XIII

Land-Crabs

The black men are very fond of the meat of the crabs, but they think it is woman's work to kill them. Mpuke is not so old, however, but that he is willing to go with his mother. It is great sport to get the crabs excited, and to see them, scuttling around, ready to attack their foes. Their anger is really amusing, and Mpuke is not the least bit afraid of them.

There are many kinds of these land-crabs. Some have beautiful red shells, while others are of a bright blue, but the ones best for eating are gray.

The party carry baskets and sharp knives, and, going down to the river, are soon paddling merrily along in their canoes. Mpuke entertains the women by singing a funny song, and mimicking the ways of the little dwarfs.

Hark! what is that slow, swishing sound of the water? It may be a herd of hippopotami bathing in the river. The women do not care to meet them, so they look anxiously ahead. They see the heads of the hippopotami reaching out of the water, but they are a long way ahead. They will reach the island where the land-crabs are found before they come too near the great beasts. The boats are soon drawn up on the low shore. Each one carries a knife and basket, and the hunt begins.

The feet sink into the black mud at every step, but there are no fine shoes to be spoiled, nor long dresses to hold up. The black women do not seem to be troubled by the difficult walking, for no harm can befall them.

Mpuke goes ahead, and is the first one to find traces of the crabs. He discovers a number of their burrows close together in the muddy soil. And, look! here comes an old grandfather crab to meet him. The old fellow brandishes one of his huge claws like a club, as if to say, "Don't dare to touch me, sir, or I'll knock you down."

Back of the old grandfather comes a whole army of crabs, some big, some little. There are fathers and mothers,

aunts and uncles, children, and grandchildren. Some stand ready to fight, others run away in terror. Mpuke and the women are as busy as bees, chasing and catching their prey.

Watch our black cousin as he rushes upon this big crab. He strikes the back of the creature with a stout stick, and partially stuns it by the blow. At the same moment he seizes one of its great claws and tears it skillfully from the body. It is done in an instant, and Mr. Crab is now at his mercy.

But the next time Mpuke is not so successful. He strikes a good blow, but the crab manages to get away, and scuttles toward his own burrow. Mpuke springs forward, and knocks in his home, to the great amazement of the crab. What shall he do? Every moment is precious. He rushes to the burrow of a neighbour and tries to enter, but he is met by a pair of claws as big as his own.

"How dare you enter my house in such a rude manner?" perhaps the other exclaims, in crab language. His whole clumsy body follows the claws outside, and Mpuke holds his sides and laughs as the two crabs enter into a desperate fight.

At this moment there is a scream from one of the

women. Her hand is held tightly in the claw of the crab she has attacked. Mpuke rushes up to her, and with one stroke of his knife cuts away the claw from the crab's body. But, even now, the hand is held tightly, for the muscles of the claw have not loosened their hold. The woman is faint with the pain, and keeps on screaming until the claw has been pried open, and her bruised hand bound in cooling leaves.

As for the crab, he hurries away as fast as possible to his own dark, quiet home. There he probably consoles himself with the thought that a new claw will grow in course of time, and take the place of the old one.

After an hour or two of busy work the baskets are filled, and the party make their way safely to their homes. There were no accidents, and not a single hippopotamus was seen.

The men are all home, and have great news to tell. Word has reached the village that white traders are coming this way. Every one is excited. The stores of ivory must be collected; the skins of the wild animals must be collected together; while Mpuke and his young friends will spend every spare moment in catching parrots and paroquets, and making cages for them. The traders may buy them to carry

to children in far-distant lands.

Yes, Mpuke is delighted, above all else, that he may now be able to buy some beads for his precious mother.

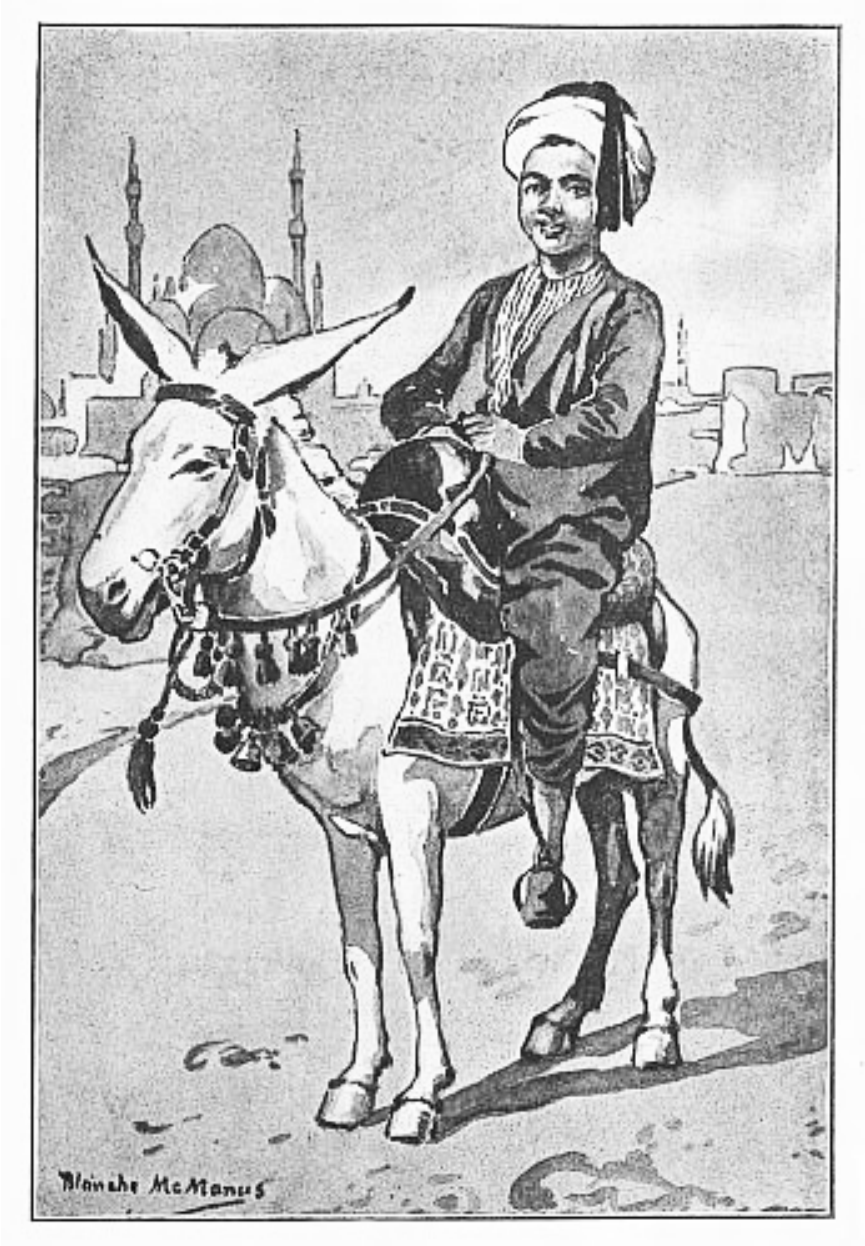
Perhaps the traders will tell such stories of their own country that Mpuke will long to see it. It is even possible that they will grow fond of the black boy during their stay in this village, and will invite him to come to America with them. And perhaps he will accept the invitation. Who knows?

THE END.

Our Little Egyptian Cousin

Blanche McManus

Illustrated by Balance McManus



Nabul and His Donkey

Preface

Our little Egyptian cousins are the descendants of one of the most ancient races on earth, but they are very wide-awake to-day in more ways than one.

Little Egyptian boys and girls are as keen and bright as their cousins of any land, and though their religion is that of Mohammed, the same as of our little Arabian cousins, their principles are most upright and correct.

Of recent years many, many thousands of little American and English cousins have visited the banks of the Nile, and frequent intercourse with strangers has given our little Egyptian cousins a very broad and intelligent outlook on life.

They have learned scraps of English, and indeed French and German too, almost unconsciously, and if the donkey boys of Cairo and the other great tourist resorts are keen

little fellows in their efforts to get coins from strangers, they are equally desirous of pleasing and give good value for their money.

The Egyptians of to-day are a cleanly, progressive people, and if they prefer donkey or camel back in preference to automobiles and railways as a means of travel it is because their country is not as yet developed to its full possibilities.

Some day things will be different, for the railway on land, steamboats on the Nile, and electric cars running from Cairo to the Great Pyramids are bound to somewhat change things.

It is safe to say, however, that for long years to come little American cousins visiting Egypt will look upon riding donkeys and camels and sailing upon the queer *dahabeahs* on the Nile as one of the pleasantest recollections of this old historic land. If, too, they can make such warm friends of their little Egyptian cousins as did George and his uncle Ben the people of modern Egypt will remain ever in their hearts as the kindest, most likable of folk.

Alexandria, *January, 1908.*


Mediterranean
ALEXANDRIA
Suez Canal
Pyramids of Gizeh
CAIRO
MEMPHIS
Red Sea
River Nile
Lybian Desert
KENEH
Thebes
LUXOR
First Cataract
ASSOUAN
Map of EGYPT
Showing Places Mentioned in "OUR LITTLE EGYPTIAN COUSIN"

CHAPTER I

Nabul and His Little White Donkey

"Hi-yah! Hi-yah! Who will ride on Nabul's little donkey – the swiftest donkey in all the great city of Cairo?" called out a shrill, clear voice. Through the crowded street there clattered a little white donkey and on his back was a small boy, laughing merrily and waving a short stick in one hand.

"Oh, look to thy face! Oh, look to thy heels! Oh, make way for me, good people!" cried the little boy as he guided his donkey skillfully through the crowd by taps with his heels.

As the donkey pushed his way along, everybody laughed good-naturedly, and stepped aside.

"'Tis only that imp of mischief, Nabul, and his donkey," they would say as they made way for the little rider, for everybody knew and liked little Nabul Ben Hassan, the

youngest donkey boy in Cairo.

Presently the donkey trotted around a corner and nearly upset a little table of cakes, beside which sat an old man fast asleep. "Plague on thee, dost thou not yet know how to drive a donkey?" grumbled the old fellow, who woke up just in time to save his cakes.

"Nay, father, 'tis thou who knowst not how to sell cakes, for thou wast fast asleep, while the flies ate the sugar from thy cakes without paying for it," answered Nabul. This made the passers-by laugh, for Nabul was a great favourite in the quarter, and the old cake-seller was not, for sometimes he tried to cheat them when they came to buy his round, brown cakes covered all over with honey.

Nabul now hurried on the faster. He was anxious to reach the square where all the donkey boys of the city were to be found at noon, for he had a great piece of news to tell his chum Abdal, who would be sure to be there.

Nabul had just come from the big hotel in the main street where, along with all the other donkey boys, he liked to trot his little donkey up and down the street in front of the veranda, or terrace, of the hotel, hoping to attract the

attention of those strange-speaking people who came from over the seas to see his country and to ride on the little Egyptian donkeys.

Indeed, truth to tell, the donkey boys thought the strangers came to Egypt just for that purpose, and out of compliment to the travellers, and with an eye to business, many of the boys named their donkeys after the great people of the various countries. There was a "King Edward" and a "Chamberlain" and a "Lord Cromer," to please the English, and another donkey was named after the French President "Fallieres," while Nabul himself called his "Teddy" – you all know who that is – and he usually called him "Teddy Pasha," because Pasha means, in his language, a great man.

Nabul already knew about America, that big country so far away, for did he not have an uncle who had been a "donkey boy" in "The Streets of Cairo" at the great Chicago Exposition, and was even now at a place called Coney Island? This uncle wrote him letters full of tales of wonderful doings, and did he not know also two of the oldest donkey boys now in Cairo who had been to the big Exposition

in America?

Little Nabul never tired of listening to the marvellous tales they brought back with them, and in this way he came to know how to tell the Americans from the other strangers who visited Cairo, as he watched them sitting on the broad terrace of the hotel.

It was the Americans who laughed and joked the most with the little donkey boys. Often, too, if they happened to be in a very good humour, they would throw them *milliemes*, the smallest of Egyptian coins, and then such a scramble as went on among the boys down in the street as each tried to get a coin. This would only make the visitors laugh the more, when they would scatter more coins.

"What a country must be that from whence these strangers come," thought Nabul to himself, "that one can throw away money like that! How I should like to go there! Perhaps we will some day, Teddy Pasha. I won't go without thee," he went on, tapping the little donkey gently with his heels, as he sat proudly on his back. He was turning all this over in his mind to-day as he rode to find his cousin Abdal, who was most probably taking his midday rest with the

other donkey boys.

When he reached the square it was noon. Here, in the shade of the locust and mimosa trees which bordered the square, stood dozens of donkeys of all sizes and colours – white and brown and black and gray donkeys – with bright-coloured saddles and blankets, and on their bridles and around their necks were strings of little jingling bells.

There are a great many donkeys in Egypt, for almost everybody uses a donkey on which to get about, and for that reason there are so many donkey boys who make a business of hiring out their clever little animals.

Some of the donkeys were fast asleep – that is, they had their eyes tight shut, but one can never tell when a donkey is shamming; others were looking very wise out of the corners of their eyes, but it may have been that they were only planning how to dodge their work, or wondering if they could rub their saddles off against the tree-trunks, and thus give their young masters a little trouble. No one can possibly guess what a donkey is thinking about, though it is safe to say that Egyptian donkeys, like donkeys the world over, are generally up to mischief.

Meanwhile the young owners of the donkeys were stretched out on the ground in the shade. Some were playing a game like knuckle-bones; others were eating their lunch of honey cakes and dates, but all were chattering away at the top of their voices like so many magpies.

"Ho, here comes the little one!" they all cried out as Nabul rode up, sliding off his donkey and dropping down beside a boy a little older than himself. Meanwhile his little white donkey made at once for the bunch of his fellows and began pushing them about without ceremony, in order to make room for himself in the shade. This of course ended in a great braying and biting of ears, and the boys had to jump up and lay about them with their sticks before order was restored.

"Thy Pasha is like one possessed of an evil spirit," said one of the boys as he went back to his game.

"Nay, he is but masterful; see, he obeys one without the stick. Come here, little dove," called Nabul, who whistled to the little donkey who wriggled his long ears and came as meek as a lamb and stood by the side of his master.

"Abdal," said Nabul eagerly in a low voice to his

companion lying in the shade, "I have good news for you. As I came by the big hotel I saw Mustapha, the dragoman, and he told me that it might be that he would want our donkeys to-morrow. There are two strangers at the hotel who have taken him for their dragoman. They have come from America in a big white ship to Alexandria, after many days on the ocean, and they are to stay a long time in our country. Mustapha is to be their guide, and if they want donkeys to ride Mustapha will see that they hire ours," and here Nabul paused for breath.

"Of a truth they will want donkeys, does not every one who comes to Cairo take a donkey ride through the bazaars and under the trees of the broad avenue leading out to the great pyramids?" demanded Abdal, sitting up and becoming as excited as his friend.

"Yes, but these strangers want to do more than that, for Mustapha says they may stay in our country for many weeks. One of these strangers is a boy like ourselves, and did you ever hear of a boy walking when he could ride?" asked Nabul triumphantly.

"But this boy may be different," said Abdal doubtfully;

"however, if Mustapha has promised–"

"Well, he has," interrupted Nabul, "so to-morrow we must take care to be the first to show ourselves before them."

The two boys talked it over awhile longer as they ate their bread and dates and bit of cheese which they each took from a big pocket inside their long gowns. Abdal then ran across the square and bought a melon from a fruit merchant who sat there on a round, straw mat with his stock of melons heaped about him. After they had finished this the two cousins mounted and galloped away, each in a different direction.

Nabul and Teddy Pasha did some business that afternoon, carrying a few people up and down the busy streets in the centre of the city, but in such an absent-minded fashion on Nabul's part that he very nearly let the Pasha rub a fat old gentleman, who was riding him, off against a wall. The streets in the older part of Cairo are very, very narrow and crooked.

Usually it was quite dark when Nabul came home in the evening, but to-day he was anxious to tell the good news to

his mother and the little sisters, so at sundown he and Teddy Pasha turned toward home.

As the little donkey trotted into the narrow street by the river where he and Nabul lived, Nabul's two little sisters came running to meet them. They had been watching for their brother as was their habit every evening, for often if he and Teddy were not too tired when they got home, they would be given a little canter to the end of the street and back, and they knew also that there were usually cakes or sweets in Nabul's pockets for them.

Nabul was very fond of his little sisters and good to them, better than little Egyptian boys often are to little girls; and as for the two little girls, they thought there was nobody in Cairo like their big brother.

The little girls were dressed in long blue cotton gowns and each wore a black veil wound around her head and hanging down to her waist. One of their greatest pleasures was to go out into the crowded city with Nabul, for they seldom went far away from their home by themselves.

This evening they hung close to their brother as he led Teddy into his stable, which was on the ground floor of the

house. Nabul laughed as he caught Zaida peeping into his pocket. "Yes, I have brought thee a sweet morsel," he said, taking a little stick out of his pocket, on which were threaded a row of small cakes, "but I have brought you something better than sweetmeats, a piece of good fortune – maybe it may mean new dresses – who knows?" and he ran up the stairs laughing, with the little girls close behind and asking all sorts of questions.

Thus they tumbled into the big family living-room quite out of breath. "Thou makest noise enough for a small army, my children," said their mother, who was setting out the evening meal. "Thou art home early, my son, but all must be well, for thou art merry."

"He has a secret and will not tell it to us, mother," cried Menah, the eldest sister.

"Now you shall hear it, I waited to tell the mother first," said Nabul as he told his story of the strangers who wanted to engage two donkeys and their drivers for, as he hoped, many weeks.

"It would seem, indeed, to be the hand of good fortune which is held out toward thee," said the mother Mizram.

They all sat around on the floor, which was covered with matting, and Mizram gave each one a thin, flat sort of pancake made of corn meal well browned. This was their plate, and on it she heaped up a stew of mutton and big red peppers fried in oil. Children are never too happy nor too excited to eat, but between each mouthful they talked their prospects over and over again, and were only sorry to think that their father was not here, too, to hear the good news. Nabul's father, Mahomet Ben Hassan, was the captain of a dahabeah, an Egyptian sailing boat, which carried merchandise and native passengers up and down the river Nile. He was away now on a trip and would not be home again for a week or more. An Egyptian household is very industrious, and every one of a suitable age and state of health is always very much occupied. Soon even the little girls would be taught to embroider, and their work would be sold to some merchant in the great Bazaar, and he in turn would sell it to strangers at, of course, a much higher price than the little girls would get for their labour.

When the girls had eaten the cakes that Nabul had brought them and some fruit, they sat in the big window



Nabul with His Mother and Sisters

that overlooked the river, and Abdal came in and sat with them until bedtime. Abdal's home was on a farm near Cairo, but since he had become a donkey boy he lived with friends just at the top of the street.

The little girls and their mother slept on a broad cot in the back room, up against the wall which was hung with matting to keep off the chill, but Nabul just rolled himself up in a woollen coverlid and slept on the hard matted floor, just as soundly, too, as he would have done in a soft bed.

As you may imagine, little Nabul did not oversleep the next morning. He was up with a bound as soon as he heard the call of the old muezzin from the little gallery of a near-by mosque, for that meant it was time for every one to get up and say his morning prayers and begin the work of the day. All over Cairo are found these Mohammedan places of worship, and from their towers and minarets, five times a day, the muezzin's call to prayer serves the people for a town clock.

"Thou must put on thy best clothes to-day," said Nabul's mother, as she opened a low wooden box painted green with red and gold decorations. This was Nabul's own

particular trunk, and from it was taken his best suit. Instead of the blue cotton gown which Nabul usually wore, he today put on a white one that had pretty yellow silk stripes in it, tying it in with a broad red silk sash at his waist. After this he stuck his little turban jauntily on the side of his head so that its long black tassel hung right down over one eye, but he did not seem to mind this in the least.

"There will not be another donkey boy in Cairo as fine as thee," said little Zaida, clapping her hands, while Menah stuffed in her brother's pocket a piece of sweet bread and some dates wrapped in a handkerchief for his lunch. Nor did she forget a couple of morsels of sugar for Teddy Pasha.

Nabul now rushed down-stairs to the stable, the Pasha neighing good morning to him as he heard his little master come in the door. Nabul brushed and rubbed the little donkey down until his coat was as fine and glossy as a little donkey's coat could be. Then he dusted off the gaily coloured blanket and threw it over Teddy Pasha's back, and strapped on the high padded red saddle, after which, catching the bridle, hung with red tassels and little bells in his hand, he sprang on his back, Teddy looking back at his little

master and wiggling his ears as though he quite approved of everything that had been done.

"Now be off, little dove, we are fine enough for the Khedive himself," said Nabul, waving a good-bye with his stick to the home folks, and riding away to join Abdal, who was just then leading his donkey out of its stable door near by.

"Art thou ready?" cried Nabul as he came up to his cousin. Abdal nodded and mounted quickly, and away went the two boys laughing and shouting and calling out pet names to their donkeys as they galloped along.

Soon the boys had left the narrow winding streets of old Cairo behind them, and were trotting past the beautiful gardens and through the wide thorough-fares where are only the fine modern houses and big hotels. Finally they halted in front of the great hotel where the strangers were staying.

Early as it was, there was a crowd of natives standing on the sidewalk and gathered about the steps leading from the broad terrace to the street. All of them were hoping to attract the attention of the guests of the hotel, some of

whom were already eating their breakfasts at little tables set about on the terrace.

There were beggars of all sorts asking alms, and street peddlers with their wares well displayed. Some of these were loaded down with heavy rugs and draperies, others had their arms full of gold and silver embroideries, or tinsel knickknacks of all kinds. There were snake-charmers and musicians and jugglers too. It was like a circus or a county fair. There were the dragomans, as the guides are called, in a group all by themselves, looking as if they owned the earth, as they swaggered grandly up and down the pavement dressed in their handsome silk clothes. No wonder they felt proud, for they were a big, fine-looking lot of fellows, and most of them spoke many languages. Our two little friends looked at them with admiration, for you must know it is the ambition of every donkey boy to become a dragoman himself some day.

In spite of the haste of our little friends, there were already other donkey boys ahead of them. These were gathered about a tall dragoman who stood leaning against the railings smoking his cigarette and paying not a bit of

attention to them.

"There is Mustapha, the dragoman," whispered Nabul to his friend, pointing to the group; "he too has on his beautiful new clothes."

"Yes, and see how those other fellows stick close to him, like flies around a honey jar," answered Abdal.

"Aha! they well know that Mustapha is the most popular dragoman in Cairo, and they hope that he will hire their donkeys," answered Nabul.

Our two little friends now slipped off their donkeys and ran up to the big dragoman, crying, "We are here, oh, Mustapha! send away these others."

This made the other boys clamour all the louder. Meanwhile Mustapha paid not the slightest attention to any of them, but went on puffing away at his cigarette, for Egyptians have the bad habit of smoking one of these nasty little cigarettes at nearly all times.

Mustapha did indeed look gorgeous. He had on a bright green silk garment and over this a pale yellow silk gown; a rich red sash was wound round his waist many times and around his head was rolled the folds of a great silken turban

of white and gold.

"Thou will want us, oh, Mustapha?" questioned Nabul at last in a whisper, giving Mustapha's sleeve a tug to remind the great man that they were still there.

"Who can tell? Allah alone knows the mind of these strangers," answered the dragoman, finally. "It may be that they will even want to ride in one of those evil-smelling flying carriages," he continued, throwing a scornful glance at a big automobile that just at that moment came to a halt beside them, one of the few to be seen in Egypt.

It is true that there are even automobiles in Egypt, and every dragoman and donkey boy is very jealous of them, for they are afraid that if there are too many automobiles, people will not ride on their camels and donkeys.

"Who would not rather ride on a beautiful donkey like mine than in one of those noisy, smelly things?" said Abdal, patting his little donkey's head.

"Hush, here come the two strangers," whispered Abdal, as a little boy, followed by a tall gentleman, came out on to the terrace.

But Mustapha's quick eye had seen them, and forgetting

his lofty manners he tossed away his cigarette and was smiling and bowing down to the ground when the little American boy ran up to him, crying: "Here is our dragoman, isn't he splendid, and look at all the little donkeys! Oh, do let us take a donkey ride right now, Uncle Ben," he went on eagerly, "wouldn't that be lots of fun, so much better than tramping about as we did yesterday?"

"Well, it's the thing to do when one comes to Egypt, so perhaps we had better try it if you think I can find a donkey high enough to keep my feet off the ground," said the tall gentleman, looking the little donkeys over.

All the donkey boys saw that he was talking about them, and pressed eagerly around, waving their sticks wildly, and each calling out that his was the best and fastest donkey in Cairo, and there was no other like him in all the world.

Little Nabul, with his arm over the Pasha's neck, called out as loudly as any of them, but his heart sank when he saw the little American put his hand on the bridle of one of the other donkeys standing near him. What chance had he among so many big fellows? And suppose Mustapha forgot his promise, after all! Mustapha was so busy talking to the

tall gentleman that he paid no attention to the boys.

At that moment a big donkey boy pushed Nabul so roughly to one side that both he and Teddy Pasha came very near tumbling between the long legs of a great wobbly camel that was just coming down the street laden with big sacks of grain hung across the humps on his back.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to hit a little fellow like that," cried the little American boy, who had seen it all. "You are twice as big as he."

Meanwhile Nabul had recovered his balance with tears of anger and mortification in his eyes. His pretty suit was splashed with mud, and the end of the rough, heavy sack that was slung across the camel's back had badly scratched the Pasha's saddle. With his heart almost bursting with grief and rage he went at the big boy with Abdal close behind him. If he could only give him a good whack with his stick!

"That's right, go for him," shouted the little American excitedly, rushing down the steps, "I'll help you out!" For a minute it looked as if there would be a general fight, but Mustapha with great dignity got between the boys and talked so sternly in Arabic to the big one that he was glad

enough to slink away to the farther side of the street, glad indeed that he had not got the beating which he deserved.

"Never mind," said the little American to Nabul, "I will ride your donkey. I think he is the nicest of them all, anyway."

Nabul did not understand all he said, but he knew what he meant quickly enough.

"Oh, yes," he cried, "me speak American, too."

"Oh, can you? Then we can talk together and we shall understand each other very well," cried the little American with great joy.

Nabul was so happy that he could only grin and point to the Pasha. "Teddy Pasha, his name, Teddy Pasha," he kept on saying.

"Oh, Uncle Ben, his little donkey is named Teddy; we must have him now, mustn't we?" cried George, as our little American friend was named.

"I don't imagine he can talk very much 'American' as he calls it," replied Uncle Ben, "but Mustapha has just been telling me that these two boys are good reliable little fellows and advises us to take them."

"I am sure they are," said George, enthusiastically, who had already made friends with the Pasha.

"Well, so long as you have made up your mind to see Egypt on donkey back, and are going to make your staid old uncle do the same thing, we will try these two boys and their donkeys to-day, and if they suit us we will engage them for the whole time we are here," said his uncle.

"Oh, you will be sure to like it, Uncle Ben," said George coaxingly; but he well knew that his uncle would do anything to please him, even to riding on a jolting donkey over the rough streets of Cairo.

CHAPTER II

A Donkey Ride Around Cairo

After it was all arranged, and Nabul and Abdal were actually sure that they were to be hired, they were so happy that they did not know whether they were standing on their heads or heels.

"Well, mount your steed, George, and we will be off," said the tall gentleman, George's uncle, Mr. Benjamin Winthrop. Mr. Winthrop had already mounted Abdal's donkey, hunching up his knees so that his feet would not touch the ground, so George clambered up on Teddy Pasha's high red saddle and the little donkey started off at a lively trot without waiting for a tap from Nabul's stick. Away went the little party down the street, the two Egyptian boys running along, each by the side of his donkey, crying out so as to clear the road ahead, and every now and again giving the donkeys a gentle stroke with their sticks,

not to make them go faster, but to guide them. They gave them first a tap on one side and then on the other, as they wanted them to go to the left or right.

"My! but they bounce you about," called out George to his uncle. It was the first time he had ever ridden a donkey and he was holding on for dear life for fear he would be shaken off.

"These Egyptian donkeys have got a funny sort of trot, but it's all right when you once get used to it," said Uncle Ben. "It's a bit rough at first, but just sit easy and you will soon swing into the motion."

So George tried to *look*, at least, as if he felt easy. Now they had left the new part of the city, frequented by the foreigners, behind them, and were entering the old city where only the natives live.

Here the streets are so narrow that often the roofs of houses nearly meet overhead, and they are so cluttered up that it is a wonder that any one can pass along. There were no sidewalks and everybody walked in the middle of the street. All the people who had any work to do seemed to be doing it in the middle of the street, instead of in their

houses.

The donkeys soon had to slacken their pace, for there was a perfect tangle of people and donkeys and little carts, and even a two-horse carriage tried to push through occasionally. This gave George a chance to breathe easier, and watch the process by which Nabul guided the Pasha through the crowd.

"Keep to the right, oh, my lord!" Nabul cried out to a richly dressed man who was crossing the street. "Look to the left of you, oh, my mother," he yelled to an old woman who was bending under a great basket of bread. Little Egyptian children usually call old women and men by some such respectful names as "Mother" or "Father" or "My Lord." They know well how to address their elders.

Presently there was a great hubbub and everybody made way for two tall, strong fellows dressed in white, with gaudy red and gold embroidered vests and red turbans, who came running down the street shouting as they went. Each carried a long white wand; behind them came a handsome carriage and pair.

"Make way for the syces and the carriage of the great

Pasha," cried Nabul, and the little donkeys squeezed up against the side of the house, though even then there was barely room for the carriage to pass.

George wanted to know who syces were. Mustapha, who had accompanied the party, explained that they were the men servants who ran before the carriages of great personages to clear the way for them. They can run all day as fast as horses can trot, and never get weary.

"Don't you ever get tired, either?" asked George of Nabul as he ran along beside him. The little Egyptian boy only laughed and shook his head. It was funny, he thought, how all these strangers asked him the same question when he took them to ride. He thought nothing of running all day long by the side of his donkey. Egyptian children are a strong, hardy little race of people and never seem to know what it is to be tired. They live much in the open air and they sleep on a hard bed, all of which tends to make them healthy and strong.

"Now how on earth are we going to pass through here?" asked George, as they turned a corner and saw a long string of camels coming toward them. Across each camel were

slung two great bulging sacks that nearly touched the houses on each side.

"Hi-yah! Hi-yah! Jannib ya hu!" (which meant, "Keep to the side, oh, you!") shrieked Nabul and Abdal to the men who had the camels in charge. But the camels stalked along in the middle of the way, wagging their long necks and, of course, the donkeys had to stop, for there was no room to pass.

Such a clamour as set up! The donkey boys screamed at the camel drivers, and the camel men yelled back at them; while Mustapha sat on his donkey calling the camels and their owners all the names he could think of.

"One would think they were all going to break each other's heads, wouldn't you, Uncle Ben?" said George, beginning to get uneasy.

"It's only their way of settling a difficulty, they have no idea of doing harm to any one," answered Mr. Winthrop. And this was true enough. Egyptians are not as quarrelsome as they seem. Peace was restored shortly, and the camel drivers prodded their camels with their sticks until they squeezed up against one side of the street, leaving just room

enough for the donkeys to get past. As it was, the last camel in the line nipped off George's cap and Nabul had to rescue it, but the boys only thought this a good joke.

Now they were trotting through a long, covered way on either side of which were tiny shops or booths for the sale of all sorts of wares.

"The Bazaar! the Bazaar where you buy pretty things!" said Nabul, pointing to the little booths where the merchants sat surrounded by all sorts of merchandise, clothes to wear, furniture and dishes to use, and good things to eat.

"So these are what you call stores; they look more like boxes," exclaimed George. "Sha'n't we stop now, Uncle Ben, and look at some of the things?"

"Mustapha says we should go to the great mosque first, and visit the Bazaars after lunch," called back his uncle.

So on went the little donkeys, climbing up into the very oldest part of the city, called the Citadel. Here they clattered through an ancient gateway and soon found themselves in a dark, gloomy street. The little donkeys went slowly now, for it was a steep climb around and around with high walls on either side, until at last they came out at



At the Bazaar

the very top on a sort of terrace, overlooking the city now far below, and there stood the great Mosque of Mohammed-Ali, with its great central dome and slender towers or minarets.

"Isn't it fine?" exclaimed George, as he slipped off the Pasha and stood looking up at the great building.

"Yes, but there are other mosques in Cairo that are much older," answered his uncle, "but this is the most interesting of all to see."

"Alabaster, all alabaster," said Nabul, laying his hand on the stone work near the great entrance.

"Much of the mosque is built of pure white alabaster," explained Mustapha, and indeed it is a fact that it is built of this fine white stone. It shows plainly what good taste these old Mohammedan builders had and what fine workmen they were.

"Can't we go inside?" asked George, starting at once for the door.

"Wait, the *babouches*," cried Nabul and Abdal together, catching George by the arm and pointing to a big pile of yellow slippers just inside the door. These slippers, or

babouches, were in charge of an old man with a long white beard and a dirty gown, and he had as assistants two or three boys who squatted beside the pile of footwear. On seeing the approach of the visitors one of the boys picked out the smallest pair of *babouches* he could find and motioned to George to put them on over his shoes.

"What is that for?" asked George, bewildered.

"No one can enter a Mohammedan mosque with the shoes in which he walks the street," answered Mustapha. "We Mohammedans leave ours at the door, but for the strangers there are these slippers, or *babouches*, to be worn over their shoes so that the sacred carpets of the mosque may not be defiled."

George thought it very funny as he stuck his feet into the big, wobbly yellow slippers. Nabul simply shuffled out of his own little red slippers and left them in charge of the boys at the door, whose business it was to guard such footgear while their owners were inside. Meanwhile Abdal stayed behind to guard the donkeys.

They entered a great hall where were many graceful columns, but the place seemed bare, for there were no

furnishings of any kind, except that the floor was covered with rich rugs, and from the ceiling hung hundreds of glittering lamps. On one side was a sort of pulpit at the top of a short flight of stairs. There were a number of people saying their prayers in the mosque. They would kneel and bow their heads to the floor and stand up and raise up their arms, all making the motions together. It made George think of the gymnastic exercises in his school at home.

"Nabul, I believe I have lost one of those precious old slippers," said George, suddenly looking down at his feet.

Nabul looked horrified when he saw George with only one slipper on.

"I find," he said, and hurried back the way they had come.

Mustapha turned around to see what was the matter, and waved his arms wildly and jabbered out a string of words when George told him what had happened.

"What do you suppose they will do to me, Uncle Ben," laughed George, "put me in prison? It is not my fault the old slipper came off, it's as big as a boat anyhow."

"I know what would have happened not so very many

years ago," answered his uncle. "We should probably all have been mobbed, if not killed, for it is only of recent years that people who are not Mohammedans have been allowed to come inside the mosques at all. There is nothing which shows the character and habits of the natives of Cairo better than by observing how their religion enters into their daily lives."

"It's a regular 'hunt the slipper game,'" said George, as he watched the little Egyptian looking carefully over the rugs.

Suddenly Nabul came running back with something in his clothes.

"Quick, I put him on," he whispered, slipping the missing *babouche* on George's foot, at the same time glancing around to see that no one was looking. No one was looking, and nothing happened, though George wondered if that would have been the case if he had been found with only one slipper.

At the door they dropped the *babouches* for good, and outside found Abdal playing games with some boys, and the donkeys fast asleep. They were soon waked up, and our

party cantered back to the hotel for lunch, for as George said, "It's funny how seeing things makes you so hungry."

Mustapha told the boys to be back at two o'clock with their donkeys, but just now they were cantering off for their own midday meal. Nabul was in such high spirits that he must stop and buy some hot fried peppers and a pile of sticky sweet cakes from the man who sat under a big red umbrella frying big red and green peppers in a pan of olive oil which stood on a small brazier of charcoal. It is the custom for the sellers of vegetables and cakes to cook them in the open air in order to attract trade by the odours and sweet smell of the cooking.

The man began to ladle out some of the hot greasy peppers. "More, more, 'tis not enough for a coin like that," cried the boy, throwing down a silver piece with a lofty air.

"Oho, thou eatest like a nobleman to-day," said the old man, peering at the coin. "Since when have the donkey boys become so rich?"

"There is a little American lord at the big hotel, and I am to be his donkey boy," answered Nabul, as he and Abdal carefully divided the peppers between them.

"Umph, yes, for a ride through the Bazaar and back again like all these stranger folk," said the old man as he flung some more peppers in his pan.

The boys only laughed and went off to eat their lunch in company with their companions in the great square.

There were a lot of their comrades there and they hailed our little friends at once, eager to know all about the strangers to whom they had hired out their donkeys, but Nabul and Abdal kept a discreet silence, only hinting that the strangers were doubtless princes in their own country. Donkey boys love to brag, but they are apt to be a jealous lot and are on their guard against any interference from one another.

One by one the boys got tired of asking questions and dozed off curled up on the dusty ground; but the young Egyptians did not mind this; nor the heat, the sun was very hot even though it was in winter; nor the swarm of flies that buzzed around them. But little Nabul could not sleep, he sat there thinking of the little American, and wondering how long he would keep him for his donkey boy.

If he would hire him for a long time what a lot of money

he would make, and what a lot of things he could buy with it. He would buy himself a new suit to wear on the last day of Ramadan, the Mohammedans' great religious fête, when everybody who possibly could put on new clothes of the finest stuffs and the brightest colours. He would buy a new saddle for Teddy Pasha, for his present one was looking the least bit shabby, and the scratch that it got from the rough sack on the camel's back that morning had not improved it in the least. The owner of a horse or donkey in Egypt will always dress up his steed as elaborately as his means will allow, and never, never, if it can be helped, will he drive him with a shabby saddle or bridle. Perhaps, even, there would be enough to buy new dresses for the little girls and a pair of silver bracelets for the mother, for all Egyptian women folk are very fond of jewelry. He would like to buy something, too, for the father, but before he knew it Nabul was fast asleep dreaming of untold riches, and only awoke with a jerk when Abdal reached over and shook him into wakefulness, for the sun told them it was time to be at work again.

George was hanging over the railing of the terrace of the

hotel on the look-out for them as they came up, and waved his hat in the air when he caught sight of Teddy Pasha again.

This time all started off towards the quarter of the big Bazaars. Here they found many tourists like themselves mounted on donkeys, for everybody who comes to Cairo must take a ride through the Bazaars where there are such curious and beautiful things for sale. All the same, if one was not a mere tourist, and wanted to learn of the manners and customs of the people, these curious streets and squares of little shops were quite the best places in the city to observe how hundreds and thousands of folk gained their living in most strange ways.

It was funny to see the merchants run out and hail the passers-by, and beg them to look at their wares. One shop-keeper nearly lifted Uncle Ben off the donkey, much to George's amusement. Many of them were very polite, too, and offered visitors coffee when they took their seats on the stools in front of a shop. The people in the Bazaar were almost as interesting as the shops themselves. There were the tall Egyptians of the towns and fellaheen from the

country and Bedouin Arabs from the desert in their long, flowing white cloaks, and big black people from the Soudan in the far South. Everybody jabbered at once, but all spoke the same speech. It was curious how, looking so different, they were all practically of one race and religion. There were also numbers of Egyptian women all bundled up in black with white veils over their faces, for neither the Egyptian nor Arab women would ever think of allowing a strange man to see their faces.

George had a chance to become better acquainted with the boys while his uncle was making some purchases. He found that not only could they speak a little English, but some French and a few words of Italian, too. The little Egyptian donkey boys are remarkably quick to catch up a foreign language. Nabul told him how he had learned his funny broken English. He had first picked up words from the tourists who rode on his donkey, and Mustapha had taught him a good deal, for he spoke English very well.

Their own speech in Arabic sounds very strange when translated into our own tongue, as the Egyptians, and indeed all the races which speak Arabic, are very fond of

using big words, and they invariably express themselves in the most formal and dignified manner. In the evening Nabul had gone to the English school all one year, and really he had acquired so much English that he could chatter away as fast as the little American, if not always so grammatically correct.

So by the time they had ridden through many more quaint streets and the beautiful Esbekiyeh Gardens and were well on their way back the boys were good friends.

"Please do tell them now that we will take them for our donkey boys for all the time we are here, Uncle Ben," George whispered when they alighted once more at the hotel.

"They do seem to be good obliging little fellows, and as you are the one to be pleased, for you will do most of the riding, I will tell Mustapha to arrange it with them," said Mr. Winthrop.

So it was settled that the services of the two boys and their donkeys should be engaged for a month, with the understanding that they would be free to do business with other people if at any time they were not needed.

And weren't the little Egyptians delighted! They cried "Salaam, salaam, O gracious Effendi!" many times, which was their way of saying, "Thank you, sir!" They strutted through the usual crowd of donkey boys hanging about, puffed up with pride, and were followed by the envious glances of the other boys, for it was not often one of their number fell in with such a piece of good luck.

And how happy they all were in Nabul's home when he rushed in with the news. The little sisters hugged him and the mother gave him an extra nice supper, and he went to sleep that night dreaming that he was a big, fine dragoman and that Teddy Pasha wore a great red turban and could talk English.

Every morning bright and early Nabul and Abdal with the donkeys, all looking as spick and span as possible, would be waiting in front of the hotel for the little "Effendi," as they called George Winthrop, and when Mr. Winthrop and George were ready, away they would ride.

Big, fat Mustapha, jolting up and down on his own donkey, would lead the way, and showed them each day some of the many strange and curious things to be seen in and

around the city, until finally George felt quite as much at home in Cairo as did his new found friends.

One day they hurried through lunch to go to see the "Whirling Dervishes," a queer lot of people, who spin around and around like a top, as fast as ever they can, until they are so tired they drop on the floor. They saw the "Howling Dervishes," too, men in gowns of many colours, with wild faces and long hair, whose blood-curdling howls as they swayed themselves to and fro almost frightened George, who could not understand how people could possibly do such queer things as an act of worship. These are only two of the many sects of the Mohammedan religion.

One day they crossed over to the island in the river Nile, where Mustapha knocked at a gate which was opened by a man in a long green gown, and they found themselves in a garden among trees loaded with oranges and lemons. Here George crept behind the boys along the top of a wall to a spot where, so the story runs, the baby Moses was found asleep in his cradle in the bulrushes by a daughter of the Pharaoh. The Pharaohs were the ancient kings of Egypt. It was most interesting for George, who was surprised indeed

to find this land of Mohammedanism had recollections also of his own Christian religion.

Another day they all rode out to a place named Heliopolis, where long ago there was a great city called the City of the Sun. Now only a tall granite obelisk stands there, and any little American can see its "twin," as George called it, if he or she will go to New York City and look at the big obelisk which stands in Central Park. Once upon a time several obelisks stood side by side at Heliopolis, but the Khedive, the ruler of Egypt, some years ago wanted to make a valuable present to the United States, so he gave them one of these obelisks, the same which to-day may be seen in New York City.

When they visited the great Museum Uncle Ben and George stood amazed before the great mummy cases and the petrified mummies themselves (many of them the old kings of Egypt), which have been buried for thousands of years, and only recently been brought to light. It is by preserving all these great finds, dug up from the soil often in the most unexpected places, that it has been possible to write the history of Egypt.

CHAPTER III

The Boys Climb the Pyramids

"Uncle Ben, I am going to ride the Pasha out to the Pyramids," announced George, as they were talking over their plans for a trip to the great Pyramids of Gizeh. They had just come in from a ride, and Nabul and Abdal were anxiously waiting, fearful lest the tall Effendi would say, "Well, boys, we won't need you to-morrow."

"Do you really mean to say that when you can either drive in a comfortable automobile or carriage, or ride on a street-car out to the Pyramids, that you prefer donkey back?" asked his uncle.

"Indeed I do, Uncle Ben, it's lots more fun," said George, "besides we can ride in automobiles and street-cars when we are home."

George was now quite used to riding donkey-back,

though didn't he feel tired and bumped about the first day or two! But now he could ride as well as the little Egyptian boys, and Nabul had taught him how to guide the donkey by taps with his heels; as for Teddy Pasha, he obeyed George almost as well as he did his little master.

"And Nabul, how will he get out there, run all the way? It's some distance, you know," said Mr. Winthrop, smiling at the boys.

"No, no!" broke in Nabul eagerly, "I ride behind the young Effendi; Teddy Pasha, he is strong."

"Yes, uncle, you know how strong these little donkeys are; they don't mind one bit carrying two persons. When Nabul gets tired of walking he can easily ride behind with me, can't you, Nabul?" chimed in George.

Nabul nodded vigorously, "Yes, yes."

"Well, if you boys and Teddy Pasha don't mind, it's all right," laughed Uncle Ben, "but if you don't object, I am going to drive, so, Abdal, I will not want you to-day, but there is a gentleman in the hotel who wants a donkey boy, and I have told him to take you," continued Mr. Winthrop.

The boys all pulled long faces, especially Abdal, who

knew he was going to miss a good time, for they intended to take their lunch and stay the day.

"It is just as well if neither of them went," muttered Mustapha, "there is sure to be trouble with the boys out there."

George started to ask why, but before he had a chance Mustapha carried the boys off to make arrangements for the morrow.

Little Nabul was at his usual place bright and early the next morning, all ready for their trip to the great Pyramids. He had a broad grin on his face as he peered through the railings and "salaamed" or bowed to Mr. Winthrop and George, who were finishing their breakfast at one of the little tables on the terrace.

The Pasha, too, looked around and wriggled his ears knowingly.

"He smells sugar, the rascal," exclaimed George, who had got in the habit of giving him sugar, and so, filling his pocket from the sugar-bowl, he came down into the street and began feeding it to the donkey.

Mustapha now came up with a small open carriage, and

they got off at once, leaving Abdal looking very blue.

Uncle Ben was in the carriage and Mustapha on the seat beside the driver, while George on Teddy Pasha trotted along, guided by Nabul on foot as usual.

Soon they were crossing the bridge across the Nile which has two great stone lions at either end, and then out on to a long, straight avenue shaded by big trees, which leads straight as an arrow from the city of Cairo out to the Pyramids.

There were many people coming and going along the great avenue. The country folks were bringing their produce into the city to sell, and much of it was carried on the backs of donkeys. There were great lumbering carts drawn by oxen, and long lines of camels, laden with such big loads piled on their backs that they looked like moving mountains.

Up to the very gates of Cairo come the great gardens and farms which grow bountiful supplies of vegetables and fruits, and there are even great wheat-fields watered by the flowing Nile and tilled by the *fellaheen*, or labourers, after the same manner that the natives of Arabia, across the Red

Sea, worked in Bible times.

Egypt is a great and progressive and very wealthy country, but the country folk have not all been taught as yet how to get the best results from their labour. They are learning rapidly, however, and they see things in the city, when they bring their produce to market, which please their fancies, and now in many an Egyptian farmhouse built of sun-baked mud, and even in the tents of the Bedouin Arabs of the desert, one often sees those common nickel alarm clocks, oil lamps, and even little hand sewing-machines.

Amidst all this throng of country people going citywards our friends made but slow progress. Often the little donkeys from the country would pass, carrying two and sometimes three big men on their backs.

"See what great loads these country donkeys have to carry," said Nabul to his donkey. "Thou shouldst be willing to carry me for a while," and so saying Nabul jumped up on Teddy Pasha's broad back behind the little American.

Teddy Pasha turned his head around with an inquiring look as much as to say, "Oh, yes, I can see you," and then drooped his ears, then stood stock-still. Not a foot would

he budge.

"Go on, lazy one, is this the way that thou wilt disgrace me?" cried Nabul, beating his heels against the Pasha. "No one will again believe me when I praise thee! Oh, thou ungrateful beast!" he continued, half-crying with vexation. By this time the carriage was far ahead and some little children wading in a pool by the wayside began to jeer at them.

George remembered the sugar in his pocket and tried to coax the Pasha with some of it. The Pasha ate it gratefully, but that was all he would do.

At this moment the boys heard some one laugh behind them, and the jingle of donkey bells, and who should go dashing past them but Abdal on his donkey, Bobs!

The minute Pasha saw it was Bobs passing him he got on his mettle and away he went after him. Meantime the carriage had halted, and when the boys came up, Uncle Ben was looking anxiously around and Mustapha was ready to scold.

"Why dost thou linger?" he demanded of Nabul, "and Abdal, why art thou not in the city earning money instead

of galloping all over the country?"

"I knew well that when the Effendi reaches the great Pyramids he will want to ride out to see the wonderful Sphinx, and I knew, too, he would not want to ride one of those miserable little donkeys that one finds there, so, behold, I am here at his service," and Abdal, quite unabashed, smiled so sweetly at Mr. Winthrop, that the gentleman did not have the heart to scold him for deserting his friend at the hotel.

"Thou wilt have to fight, then, with the donkey boys at the Pyramids; they will call thee a meddler, and perhaps beat thee," called out Mustapha ungraciously as the little procession started on again.

"Pouf," said Nabul, "they are only Bedouins." The little boys who live in Cairo have a great contempt for the Bedouins, the people who live in the desert.

"Why should they object to our riding your donkeys?" asked George, full of curiosity.

Nabul explained in his broken English that there was a tribe of Bedouins who lived near the Pyramids, who thought that they only had the right to act as guides to the

visitors who come to see these great monuments. This was because the men of their tribe had been doing this for years and years; and it was thus that they resented any one coming in and interfering with their ancient privileges.

"I call that real selfish, don't you, Uncle Ben?" exclaimed George.

"But they shall not fight me and Abdal, we are your donkey boys; you ride our donkeys in the great city, and you shall ride our donkeys at the Pyramids; it is the same thing; they shall not run us away," said little Nabul stoutly.

"We won't let them," declared George, and he doubled up his fists, "we'll fight first."

"Behold the great Pyramids!" called out Mustapha, pointing between the trees. Sure enough, there stood the three Pyramids, that every child knows so well from the pictures, rising one behind the other.

"They look very small," said George disappointedly.

"But they are big, very big, wait and you will see," said Nabul. This was quite true. As they rode nearer, the Pyramids seemed to grow bigger and bigger. Now as they had come to the end of the avenue the carriage stopped, for

only the sandy desert lay beyond.

Abdal had Bobs ready and Uncle Ben mounted, and away they went up a sloping hill toward the largest of the three Pyramids. All around the base of this Pyramid were gathered a crowd of Egyptians, men and boys, leading camels and donkeys. As soon as they caught sight of the little party, this howling crowd came rushing to meet them. A number of them gathered around Uncle Ben and George, catching hold of them; shouting in their own language and in broken English, "Take me for guide! Take me for guide!" Such a din as they kept up was never heard anywhere else.

George did not know whether to laugh or to feel frightened when two big fellows tried to pull him off his donkey, but he held on to Teddy Pasha for dear life, and the Pasha helped him fend off the fellows by backing his ears and kicking out with his heels.

Meanwhile Nabul and Abdal were brandishing their sticks in the faces of the Bedouins and calling them all kinds of names, all the while holding on tightly to the bridles of their own donkeys. Big, fat Mustapha forgot all about his dignity and went at the fellows, trying to push them away

and shouting at the top of his voice. In the midst of the fuss Nabul cried out: "O Sheik, O Sheik, decide for us!" At the same time he rushed up to a tall man with a long gray beard and flowing white garments, who strode up, giving the crowd of Bedouins a whack first to one side and then to the other with a high staff which he carried in his hand.

"Oh, thou ruffians, wilt thou drive the strangers away with thy violence?" demanded the old man, looking sternly around him, while Mustapha explained things to him.

"The Sheik will make them behave now," said Abdal.

"How can he?" asked George, glad to be free of the two Bedouins who had been pestering him.

"It is the Sheik of the Pyramids, the chief of the tribe, they must obey him," answered Nabul.

"Who gave them the right to guard the Pyramids? Why can't anybody walk around here alone if he wants to?" persisted the American boy.

"I know not, it has always been so," said Nabul with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Ah! And they pay many pieces of gold as a tax for the right," chimed in Abdal, looking wise.

"They rob the travellers of money, too, the thieves!" returned Nabul, glowering at a bunch of donkey boys who were poking all manner of fun at the little boys from the city, though they did not dare to attack them while the Sheik was around.

Mustapha had evidently arranged matters with the Sheik, and came back with four of the Bedouins whom he said would take Mr. Winthrop and George up to the top of the great Pyramid.

"Dear me, I certainly don't need two big men to help me climb up there," exclaimed George. "Why, it must be as easy as can be to climb from one of those steps to another, Uncle Ben."

"It's probably harder work than it looks, just try it," answered his uncle.

Mustapha was going to sit in the shade and have a friendly smoke with the Sheik, and rest after his exertions, but he very graciously told Nabul and Abdal that, if they wanted to, they could leave their donkeys in his charge and climb up with the "young Effendi."

Nothing loath, the little Egyptians began to scramble up

the side of the great Pyramid, calling to George to follow, that they knew the way.

The Pyramids are so built that the stones form great steps from the bottom to the top. To George's great surprise when he got to the first of these steps, which looked so small from the ground, he found it was as high as he was. The little Egyptian boys quickly hoisted themselves up, and nothing daunted, George followed as best he could; but after two or three of these high steps, he was glad enough to have his two guides take hold of his arms – one on either side – and lift him easily from one big step to the other. George was so out of breath that he could not say a word, but only watch Nabul and Abdal away ahead of him, climbing up the great stone blocks like gazelles. The ascent seemed to take a long time to George, but it was really only a few minutes before the two Bedouins lifted him over the last step. Close behind him came his uncle, panting between his two guides, and the little party now found themselves on a sort of platform at the tip-top of the great Pyramid.

How much could be seen from their lofty perch! And

how eager were the little Egyptians to point out everything to the strangers!

There were the other two Pyramids, much smaller than the one they stood on, which is called the Pyramid of Cheops. On one side stretched the great yellow desert of sand and rocks; on the other were green fields and groups of little Arab villages and palm-trees. That silver ribbon running through the green fields, way off yonder, was the great waterway of the Nile, and there beside it was the big white city of Cairo. They laughed as they looked down on the guides and donkey boys far below, for they looked like little toy figures.

"The Pyramids were built for tombs, weren't they, Uncle Ben?" asked George, as they rested and sipped tiny cups of coffee, which they bought from a man dressed in a yellow gown and green turban who sat beside a small brazier of charcoal making coffee to sell to the visitors.

"Yes, by those old Kings of Egypt – the Pharaohs. The stones of which they are built were brought from great distances and put into place by regular armies of men who worked many long years. Even to-day there is more or less

mystery surrounding them, and strangers from all over the world never cease to wonder and marvel at these curious monuments."

After resting awhile, our party climbed down again, which was almost as hard work as getting up. At the bottom the donkey boys of the Pyramids were waiting for them again, and only the Sheik's stern eye kept them in good order.

"You see that door there," said Nabul, pointing to an opening in the base of the Pyramid; "you can go inside if you like. It is said that the great kings of olden times were buried in there. That is the door to the tombs; and there is a great room inside with pictures painted on the walls, but oh, it is dark, I like it not," said little Nabul, shaking his head.

George did not think he would like it, either, and wanted to know where the Sphinx was. So all mounted the donkeys again and trotted through the sand to see the Sphinx, followed by the disappointed Bedouin donkey boys who finally one by one trailed off and left them in peace.

"I thought the Sphinx was right beside the Pyramids. I

don't see it now," said George.

"It is there, the great Sphinx, see!" said Nabul, as they turned around a hillock of sand. Sure enough there was the big stone head sticking up out of the sand. Nabul and Abdal brought the donkeys to a standstill in front of it, and the boys stood on the edge of a great pit staring at the strange figure which has the head of a human being and the body of a lion, and which was carved out of the rock so long ago that no one now knows its history.

"Look, the Sphinx smiles, she always smiles like that," whispered Nabul (he called it "Spinkie" in a funny little way). "I think sometimes I can see her mouth move." It is quite true that the stone lips do seem to smile.

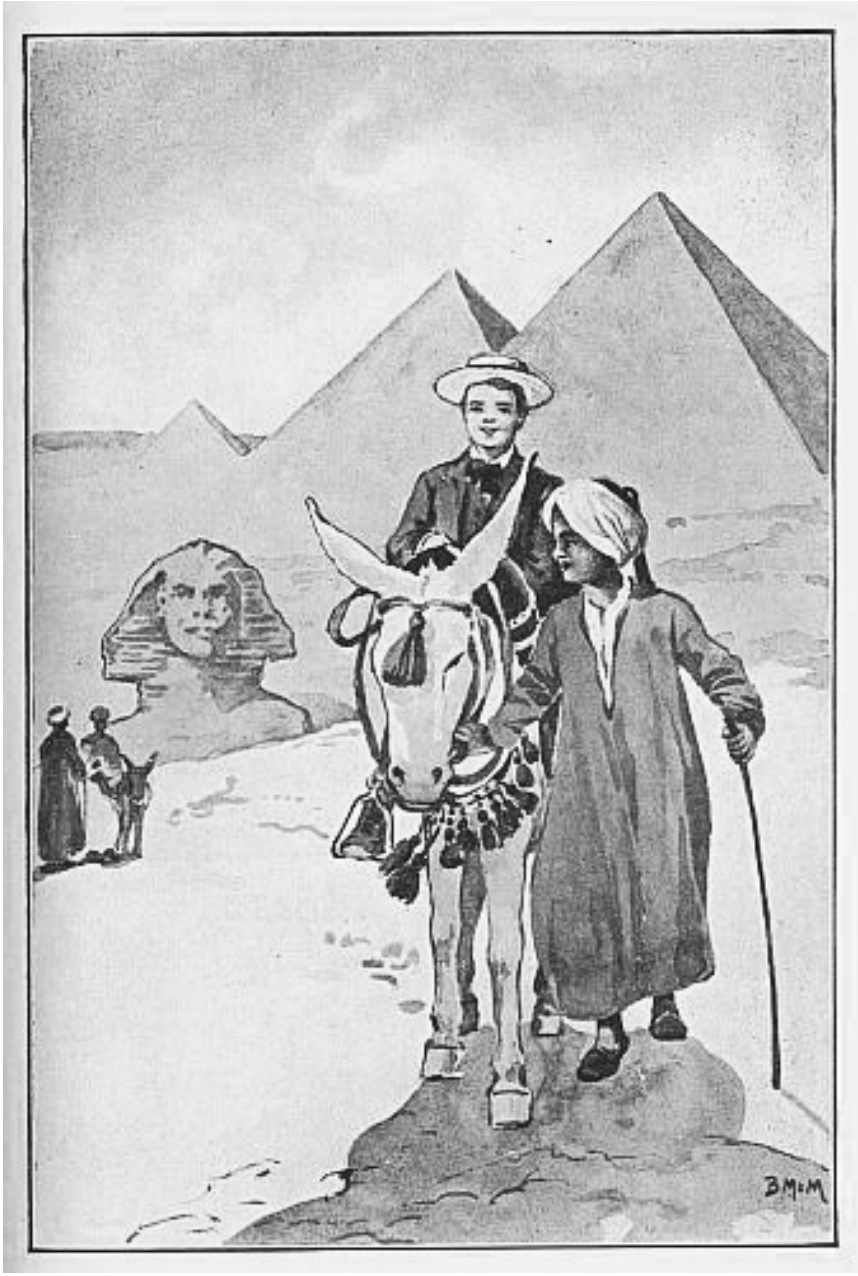
"Let's climb up and whisper something in its ear," said George. The boys ran down the sloping sides of the great pit in which sat the Sphinx, but to George's amazement he found that he could not even climb up to one of the great paws, much less the head which towered high above them.

By this time they all decided that they were very hungry, and that it would be a fine idea to have a picnic between the paws of the great Sphinx. So Mustapha opened the

lunch basket which he had brought, and the little party seated themselves in the shade of the strange stone face, and spread out the contents of the palm-leaf basket on a big flat stone. Nabul and Abdal had their lunch stowed away somewhere in their garments, and they were eager that George should taste their favourite dish of fried peppers that – ugh! – made his mouth smart, though he liked their sweet honey cakes. But not for anything would the little Egyptian boys eat any of the nice cold ham which was a part of his lunch, for no little Mohammedan child, or grown person either, would touch pork in any shape or form. It was against their religion.

Then they discovered that they were very thirsty, and Abdal ran off to find something cool to drink, and came back with one of the vendors of lemonade who hang around the Pyramids selling their cool drinks. The *sherbutli*, as Abdal called him, wore a bright red apron and carried little blue china cups on a brass tray. These he filled with lemonade from the big glass bottle which was slung over his shoulder, and the children thought nothing ever tasted nicer.

They rested for awhile and amused themselves watching the people who came riding up on camels or donkeys to see the Sphinx. Finally Mustapha said it was time to go back to the city, and though George stoutly declared he wasn't a bit tired he was not really sorry when Uncle Ben said that he had better drive back in the carriage with him, and Teddy Pasha and Bobs were probably glad, too, when they turned into their stables that night.



At the Pyramids

CHAPTER IV

Ben Hassan's Dahabeah

Nabul often talked with the "little Effendi" during their rides together, of his home and the mother and the two little sisters, and about his father and the dahabeah with its huge sails, until nothing would do but George must know them all and take a trip on the dahabeah.

The boys had their heads together a lot these days, and at last it came out that it would be a splendid plan for all of them to take a trip up the Nile on the dahabeah of Nabul's father.

"Think what a treat it will be, Uncle Ben," said George, "to go and live on a real Egyptian boat. Nabul's mother is going to keep house for us on board, and the little girls will help her. Then, just think! we can take the donkeys, too," continued George, warming up more and more to his

subject.

"Well! George, you seem to have thought of everything," and Mr. Winthrop laughed long and heartily. "I did not know you had such a head for business. It does not seem a bad idea, however, this river trip of yours; there must be much that is interesting to be seen in that way," continued his uncle. "I will ask Mustapha what he thinks about it."

"Uncle Ben, you are a good fellow!" exclaimed George, jumping up and hugging his uncle, for now he would have a chance to see something of the real life of the country such as the tourists who stayed only in the cities never had.

Mustapha was very bland and gracious when he found out that he was expected to go along, too. He said that Ben Hassan, Nabul's father, was a good friend of his, that there was no more skillful captain nor better dahabeah on the Nile than his, and that everything could be arranged as they wished.

Nabul was a happy little boy the day he guided these wonderful Americans, as he always thought of them, to his home. There they met Nabul's father, a tall, grave man of few words. While he and Uncle Ben talked the trip over

(with Mustapha as interpreter, though Ben Hassan knew some English), Mizram the mother gave them coffee served in tiny cups without handles, each set in a brass holder – the thick Turkish coffee which is all grounds and sugar which one gets in Egypt. Then the two little sisters crept in to see the kind people their brother had talked so much about. Menah, who was the eldest, was rather shy and quiet, but Zaida was a roguish, merry little soul who made friends easily. They did not know a word of English, but by smiles and gestures they made friends with George and showed him all their treasures. There was the big white cockatoo who swung on his perch and could talk, and a cage of small singing birds that Abdal's father had sent them.

And the little girls had some dolls of which they were very proud. The dolls were queer little figures, fashioned after those which had been dug up from old tombs where they had been buried for centuries. There were odd little stone and clay figures, too, which the girls treasured quite as much as they did the dolls in human form. One was in the form of a Nile crocodile, another of a buffalo and

another of a lion, and still others in the form of goats, camels, and donkeys. There was another doll in the form of a man carrying a great basket on his shoulder and another of a washerwoman.

The custom of little Egyptian children playing with these dolls and figures is very old – for all the world their dolls are like the Noah's Ark animals which you have at home – and ages and ages ago, when little children died, their dolls were always buried with them.

After the call upon Nabul's family everybody trooped down to the river to see the *Isis*, which was the name of Ben Hassan's dahabeah, and Mr. Winthrop agreed with George that it was just the thing they would both like, so it was all arranged on the spot without further ado, and it was decided that they would start on the voyage up-river the following week.

Finally the day came to set sail. It was indeed a busy morning for the family of Ben Hassan! Baskets and pots and pans and jars and sacks of clothing and household belongings of all kinds were loaded on to Teddy Pasha and Bobs, who must have wondered to themselves what was going to

happen. At last everything had been thought of, Nabul's mother gave the last directions to the friends whom Abdal lived with who were to look after the house and the fowls and the birds while they were away, then amid good-byes from the neighbours, who were all at their windows and doors to see them off, the little procession started down to the river landing where lay the dahabeah.

"Hurry up, lazy one," cried Abdal, "thou wilt have plenty of time to rest," as he hurried Bobs along with a tap from his stick.

"Thou dost not go that way to-day," said Nabul, giving Teddy Pasha's bridle a jerk as he started to turn down his habitual street. "Thou goest on a longer journey to-day." And the two little donkeys put their heads together as if to discuss this unusual proceeding.

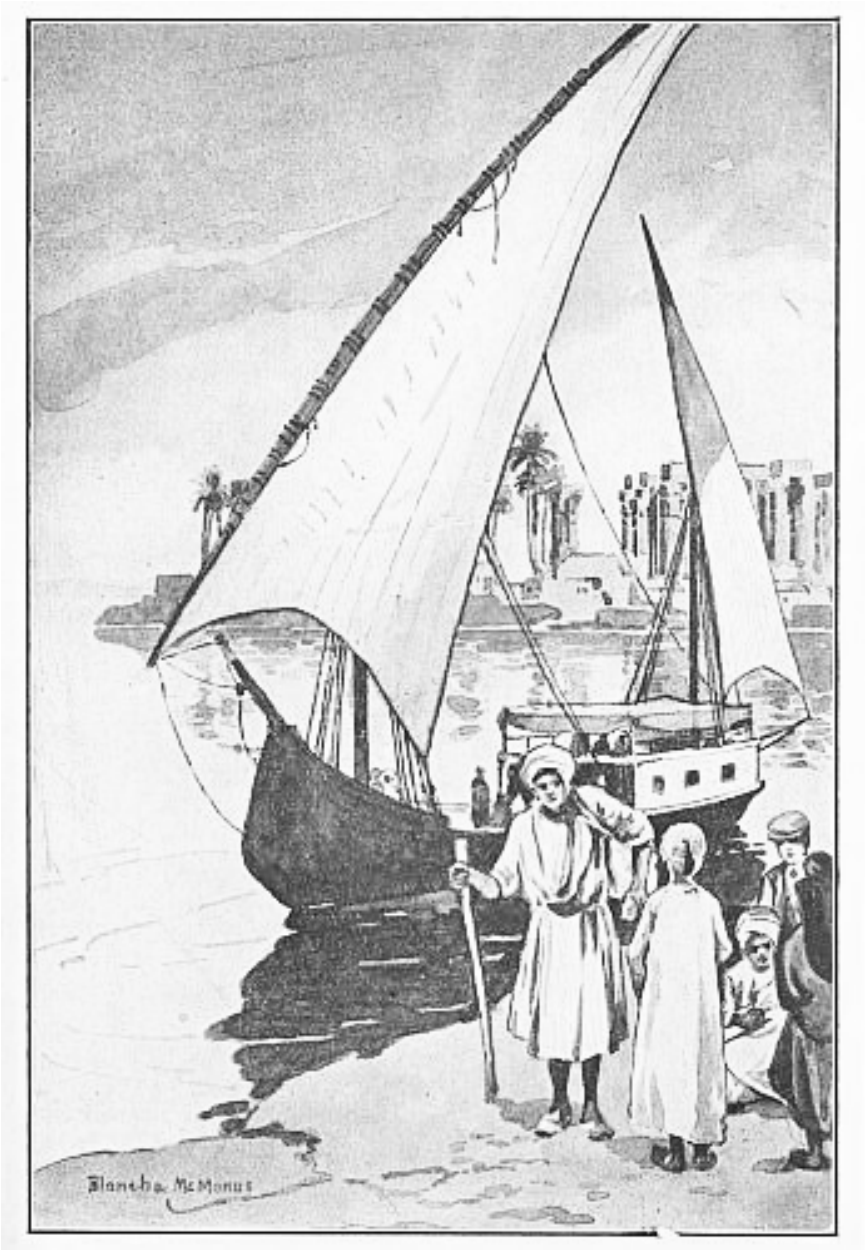
When they got to the dahabeah everybody was bustling about, putting the boat in order for the voyage. Nabul's father was standing on the little upper deck giving orders to some of the crew who were looking to the ropes and sails, while others were scrubbing the deck. Here and there were piled up all sorts of things, gaily painted wooden boxes,

which are the kind of trunks Egyptians use, baskets of eatables, live chickens, and big water-jars.

Everybody was talking and shouting all at once in the usual Egyptian fashion. Mizram, however, at once set to work to get things straightened out, and the little girls helped her as best they could.

In the midst of it all the carriage drove up with Mr. Winthrop and George and their baggage, with Mustapha beside the driver. George was standing up waving his cap, and was out of the carriage before it stopped. He rushed up the gang-plank and on to the deck, and insisted on shaking hands with everybody, beginning with the reis, as a Nile captain is named, and ending with the boy washing down the deck. Every one was greatly surprised, for Egyptians don't know anything about shaking hands in our way. Their ceremonies of politeness are quite as marked, but very different, as, for instance, a kiss on the forehead.

Meanwhile Mustapha was in his element, storming about and calling on the great Prophet Mohammed to bear witness that they would never be able to get off with such a crew of dullards.



The Dahabeah

"As for me I am going to get out of the way by going on the upper deck, it seems to be the only quiet place on board," said Uncle Ben, as he dodged the chickens and took refuge on the elevated stern of the boat where the grave, stately reis gave him a deep salaam of welcome.

Urged on by Mustapha's threats, the little crew soon began to get things in order. The tug of war came when it was time for the donkeys to come aboard. The boys got them up to the plank, but there they just planted their feet down firmly and not another step would they budge. They weren't going to leave dry land. Nabul coaxed and pulled, and Abdal clucked and prodded, but all Teddy Pasha did was to back his ears and give an awful bray, which made the crowd of loafers gathered on the river bank laugh. Finally Nabul tied a cloth over the Pasha's head, and while he pulled hard at the bridle in front Abdal tweaked the little donkey's tail, and this made him so mad that he dashed up the plank and on to the deck before he knew it, and just as soon as Bobs saw him go he rushed aft. The donkeys were then led triumphantly to their quarters in the prow of the boat, where they were very comfortable and

content. George at once christened this part of the boat "the menagerie," for the chickens were already there pecking away at some grain, each fastened to the railing by a long string tied around one leg to keep them from flying overboard. The little girls, too, had brought the big white cockatoo to keep them company, and his wooden cage hung against the side of the cabin, while curled up in a tight box was a tame snake belonging to one of the crew. The Egyptians of all ages and all classes are very fond of pets.

George was as excited and happy as could be as he rushed about with the children from one end of the boat to the other.

"Isn't it funny to see sailors in long white gowns and turbans on their heads, Uncle Ben?" laughed George. "How can they ever climb up the rigging in clothes like that?"

"But they don't have any rigging to climb, on a dahabeah, they only have to shift a rope once and again," said Mr. Winthrop.

There was a large sail in the bow and a much smaller one in the stern, each of them of the great pointed lateen variety seen on the rivers and along the coasts of all

Mediterranean countries. The boat itself was a sharp-prowed, broad-bottomed affair which seemed to glide over the water rather than through it. The Nile dahabeahs are among the most picturesque boats afloat.

In the stern, on the lower deck, were two small cabins for Uncle Ben and George, and a little saloon to eat in. Further forward was the kitchen and storeroom, and beyond these the quarters for the reis's family and Mustapha.

"We sleep on the deck," said Nabul. "Abdal and I just roll up in a blanket and lie down on the deck boards, and sleep just like the crew."

"I should like to do that, too; it must be lots more fun than sleeping in a stuffy little cabin," exclaimed George, much interested.

"It's hard if you aren't used to it, but we think nothing of doing so," said Abdal.

At last the friends who had come down to see them off had taken their leave, and the gang-plank was drawn in, the sails unfurled, and two of the men seized a couple of big oars and pushed off the prow from the bank. Slowly the dahabeah swung over to the middle of the stream; the

crowd on shore shouted a last farewell; the breeze caught and filled the big sails, and in a few minutes they were gliding swiftly through the muddy brown water of the Nile, up river toward the very heart of the "dark continent" of Africa.

On the upper deck Mustapha had just put two long wicker chairs for the "Effendis," and Uncle Ben, who had picked up a little Arabic, was comfortably stretched out in one trying to talk with the reis, who sat beside him on a rug spread on the deck smoking his big "hubble-bubble" pipe, every once in awhile giving an order to one of the crew as they trimmed the sails to catch all the breeze.

Mats were spread on the decks for the others; the children, however, were too busy to think of sitting down; they kept running from one side to the other, watching the houses and people on the banks as they slipped past, and the queer craft going and coming on the river.

"There come three nuggars," said Abdal, pointing to three broad, flat, barge-like boats, each with a high lateen sail, coming slowly toward them.

"What a funny name! what are 'nuggars'?" asked

George.

"Nuggars are the great Nile cargo boats which carry all kinds of merchandise up and down the river," said Nabul. "See the great boxes and bales on that one," he continued.

"And the one behind has a lot of oxen and sheep on it; they are loaded down to the water's edge, I wonder they don't sink," said George. "Oh! And here come three hay-stacks floating down-stream! With sails on top of them, too!" he cried.

But no, they too were boats, this time loaded with fodder and the long green bamboos which were being carried to the city. Then a ferryboat filled with people and donkeys crossed the river ahead of them, rowed by men in dark blue cotton gowns. It was all so novel and amusing the children were almost sorry to stop looking in order to eat lunch, though George did say he was hungry enough to eat a hippopotamus.

One of the men brought a table and noiselessly set it on deck for the "Effendis," and then served them the nice things that Mizram had cooked. There was chicken with a nice hot pepper sauce and rice and all kinds of vegetables

and melons and dates and oranges.

At the other end of the deck the reis and his family and Mustapha had their meal. Mizram served them all sorts of queer dishes that the little Egyptians kept on bringing to the "Effendi" to taste; and how they laughed at the faces the little American made over some of them!

'After Al-Ghada, rest, if it be but for two moments;
After Al-Asha, walk, if it be but two steps,'

said Mustapha, quoting one of their proverbs as he stretched himself on a rug for a nap after dinner. *Al-Ghada* is dinner and *Al-Asha* is supper.

"Nabul, what is in that bag?" asked George, pointing to a big brown bag which hung on the side of the mast of the dahabeah, and which one of the men was just taking down.

"It is the food of the crew. They put it there so that all can see it and no one can steal any of it without his fellows seeing him. The crew are going to eat their dinner now," explained Nabul, "and that fellow there has just climbed up and unhooked it."

By this time the sun was beating down hotly on the

canvas awning over the deck, and one by one everybody followed Mustapha's advice, except the men on duty. The little Egyptian children, curled up on their mats, were soon sound asleep. George stoutly declared that he was not going to miss anything by sleeping. Mr. Winthrop had brought a book that told all about Egypt, and George listened while his uncle read aloud about Memphis, which they would soon pass. Thousands of years ago it had been another burial-place, when the haughty Pharaohs reigned in Egypt. But the first thing that George knew, he had forgotten all about the Pharaohs, and woke with a start in his big chair by the rattle of the sails as they were dropped, while the dahabeah gently glided to the landing-place, where the reis was to deliver some merchandise which he had brought up to a dweller on the bank from a Cairo dealer in ironware.

From the landing-place on the river the party had time to take a ride inland, and Nabul and Abdal had the donkeys all ready as soon as the gangplank was pushed out. There was no trouble in getting the little donkeys off the boat. The minute they saw the dry land they made a dash for the shore. And weren't the donkey boys on the landing mad

when they saw that the strangers had brought their own donkeys. They howled and shouted, and wanted to know how the Cairo donkeys could be expected to carry the visitors through the sand and rough soil hereabouts.

However, they felt better when Mustapha picked out two of their donkeys – one for himself and the other for the two little girls – grumbling at the same time something about "too many children," but as Nabul whispered to Abdal, "Mustapha was like an old camel with a hard mouth and a soft heart."

The little girls were wild with delight that they were going, too. Menah sat with her feet hanging over one side and Zaida behind her with her feet dangling down the other side of the little donkey.

Away went the little procession, the donkeys kicking up a cloud of dust. The road wound through fields of grain, and along the roadside were to be seen children guarding cows and goats and other animals, who shouted merry greetings to our little friends as they passed by.

It was not long before Mustapha, who was riding ahead, called out, "Now you can see the village, there between the

palms," at the same time pointing with his cane – which a dragoman is never without – to a large grove of palm-trees they were approaching and amongst which were huddled a lot of queer flat-roofed houses.

"I don't see anything but big stones," said George.

"Let's see who gets there first," cried Nabul; and giving the donkeys a tap away the boys raced, the Pasha being the first to come to a halt beside the palm-trees.

"Now I can see that one of the stones is a house, Uncle Ben," cried George as they drew up closer.

There were some natives standing on the little landing of the minaret of the mosque, which no village hereabouts is without, whether it be large or small, and the children lost no time in following their example and climbing up the crazy stairs which wound around inside the slim tower.

The view round about was wonderfully varied. On one side stretched away the sandy desert, where the Bedouin shepherds guarded their flocks of goats, leading them from one little oasis to another, wherever they could find enough herbage to make a meal. On the other side was the flowering river-bottom of the Nile, one of the richest agricultural

regions in the world.

Just beside the mosque was a great grove of date palms, and George thought it very strange, and very much to his liking, too, that he could reach out his hand just beyond the gallery railing and pick the golden dates. "How I should like to come up here every day," he said as they made their way down to the ground.

Just before the entrance to the mosque was a great stone statue which astonished George and his uncle very much. The natives, too, evidently had a great regard for it, as they had planted a lot of low-growing, flowering trees all about it, sheltering it as if it were in a bower.

"How long do you suppose it has been here, Uncle Ben?" asked George, as he took his seat on the broad foot of the big statue.

"A long, long time, certainly, my boy," replied his uncle, "perhaps thousands of years."

After admiring the great statue awhile longer they discovered Mustapha sitting on the shady terrace of a coffee shop. He was drinking another of those little cups of muddy-looking, sweetish Turkish coffee of which the

Egyptians are so fond. Uncle Ben, too, liked it very much, for it was usually made of the purest of Mocha coffee which comes from the other side of the Red Sea not far away from Egypt, so he too stopped for a cup, the boys meanwhile wandering off with the little girls quite by themselves.

When they all got back to the coffee shop again each of the children had a little wicker cage or basket in which was imprisoned a chameleon, a queer little beast like a lizard, which lives by catching flies and insects.

The Egyptians have a superstition that to have a chameleon in the house is almost as good as having a cat – and they are very fond of cats, too. The cat catches rats and mice and the chameleon gathers in all the stinging bugs and insects and flies. This chameleon is thus a very useful little animal indeed. When frightened it changes the colour of its skin instantaneously in a most remarkable manner. It takes on quite a different colour from what it had a moment before. If it is lying on a green leaf it becomes a green colour so like the leaf it can hardly be seen, or if on the yellow sand or a gray stone it becomes yellow or gray in turn. The children had bought the chameleons for a few small coins from

some native boys whose acquaintance they had made in their stroll about the village.

Mustapha finally called out that they must go on if they wanted to get back to the boat before dark.

The next morning George was awakened at daybreak by a funny sort of singing and a great clucking of poultry. He dressed himself quickly and ran out on deck. The crew had cast off from the moorings, and as the big sail was being hoisted the sailors sang a slow, monotonous chant with the words, "Pray, pray to Mohammed!" as a sort of chorus. In a few minutes the dahabeah was again under way.

From the "menagerie" still came a clucking of distressed hens, a snorting and braying of donkeys, mingled with the shouts of children.

"What can be the matter?" thought George as he hurried to the forward end of the boat.

There a funny sight met his eyes! The pet snake had, by some means or other, wriggled itself out between the slats of its box during the night and eaten one of the hens, and now lay gorged and drowsy on the deck, raising its head occasionally to give a feeble hiss at the other chickens, who

were clucking and fluttering about at the ends of their cords, frightened out of what few wits a chicken has.

Nabul and Abdal were doing their best to pacify the donkeys, who showed that they didn't like snakes either, by trying to back over the side of the boat.

The cockatoo was swinging on his perch with every feather standing on end, while Menah and Zaida stood huddled together on top of a box, though they knew that the snake could not bite as his fangs had been taken out.

In the middle of the commotion was Mustapha, angrily scolding the sailor who owned the snake and who was cringing and bowing before the dragoman, making all sorts of excuses for his snake.

"Do we buy fowls to feed thy snake?" demanded Mustapha angrily. "Thou shalt pay the price of the chicken."

"Indeed, it was a fine fat hen and cost several piastres," put in Mizram.

The sailor meanwhile was putting the sleepy snake back into its box, calling it an "ingrate" and a "heartless viper" for thus causing its master so much trouble.

"What a lot of talk over one chicken," laughed George

when he was telling his uncle about it. But this is just the way these people go on over small things.

When things quieted down breakfast was served on deck, after which the children hung on the railings and enjoyed watching the many things of interest on the shores as the strong northerly breeze carried the dahabeah swiftly along. Sometimes they passed so near the shore that they could call to the little brown children paddling along the water's edge, who would answer back greetings, and hold out their hands and call out, "Backsheesh, give us back-sheesh," which meant they wanted pennies thrown to them.

Menah and Zaida were much interested in a group of girls who had brought their big copper pots and water-jars down to the edge of the river, and were scrubbing them while they chatted together, after which they would fill the jars with water and balancing them on their heads go gaily singing back to their homes.

"See the fisherman yonder, he is about to throw his net," cried Abdal, pointing to a man who stood on the high bank with a large net gathered up in his arms. With a swing of

his arms the man skillfully flung the net out into the river. It spread out into a great circle as it touched the water. The boys explained to George how it was weighted with stones, and as it slowly sank to the bottom it would imprison the fish so they could not get away. One has to be very skillful to do that, they said.

Sometimes the children would all gather around Mustapha and listen to his wonderful tales. How when he was young he took long journeys on camel-back far south in the great Lybian Desert, which they could see stretching away on their right. Once, too, he had there killed a lion which had chased him, and there were still lions to be found there, but not so many as there used to be. When he told them how he had seen crocodiles basking in the sun on the river banks, not so very far from Cairo, the children clapped their hands and wanted to know if they weren't going to see some crocodiles.

"And hippopotamuses, too?" asked George. But Mustapha shook his head and said he thought not, that there was so much traffic and so many steamboats and other craft on the river now that these animals had been frightened away

and were only found now in the Upper Nile, far beyond where they were going. This disappointed the boys very much.

Then again to while away the time the little Egyptians would show George how to play their games, while George in turn would attempt to teach them some of the American children's games.

On several occasions the sailor brought his tame snake on the upper deck and showed them all the wonderful tricks his pet could do. The snake would follow him all around the deck, holding its head erect and waving it about as if it liked the queer little tune the man whistled. The sailor offered to let the snake wrap itself around the boys' arms, but they would not agree to this, though they thought it amusing enough to watch its tricks with its master.

Everybody was so much amused by the snake's tricks that Mustapha amiably told the sailor he would not have to pay for the chicken it had eaten.

Abdal had been telling the "little Effendi" so much about his home in the country that George was anxious to see an Egyptian farm.

So the boys talked it over with Mustapha, and as the farm was not far from the river Mustapha said it would be possible to stop off there for a day or so on their way back.

Mustapha then busied himself all one day writing a letter to Abdal's father, saying that he and his party would stop at his farm and telling him what day the dahabeah would be at his landing, that he might make preparations to welcome the American Effendis.

George wondered how Mustapha was going to send the letter, but just then a big "steam dahabeah" passed them coming down the river crowded with a lot of tourists. The reis said this was their chance to send back Mustapha's letter. So he hailed it and as it slowed down he ordered several of his crew to launch the small boat which the dahabeah carried. This they did, and rowing over to the steamer threw the letter on board as she steamed past them. So George thought there was some use after all for a steamboat on the Nile, though it did seem out of place and not at all as comfortable and picturesque way of travelling as by a sailing vessel.

It was always a great event for the children when the

boat was tied up near some little village in order to lay in a new stock of provisions, to get some grain to carry further on, or to deliver some which they had brought from Cairo. They would all go on shore and it was great fun watching the people who came from near-by farms bringing vegetables and fruits and fowls to sell. They crowded around Mustapha, who did the bargaining, shouting in a high voice the prices of their wares. At each landing they always found the water-sellers who refilled the big water-jars on board, from the goat-skin water-bags slung by a strap over their shoulders. All the little children came trooping down from the neighbouring villages to stare shyly at the strangers, often hiding half-afraid behind their mother's gowns; but whether they were shy or bold, all of them would hold out their hands for backsheesh; even the babies perched on their mothers' shoulders held out their little hands, though they could not speak a word.

"'Tis the strangers who have spoiled them," Mustapha said as he drove away a crowd of little children who were pestering George at one little village. "They throw coins to the little ones on the banks as they go past on the great

steamers; they mean it kindly, but it teaches our little Egyptian children to beg and that makes them bad," and the fat dragoman scowled at the village children until they shook in their little slippers and ran away as fast as possible.

As they went farther up the river the green fields grew fewer and fewer and the yellow sand of the deserts on both sides came nearer and nearer the river.

One morning the *Isis* rounded a sharp bend in the river and there in the distance were a group of tall columns, rising from the bank surrounded by houses and trees.

"'Tis Luxor, the site of the most wonderful ruins in all Egypt," said Mustapha with pride.

Everybody crowded eagerly forward while Mustapha pointed out the places of interest. First came the part of the town where the Egyptians live and then the great hotels and gay shops, and finally, just at noon, our dahabeah pushed its high prow in among a lot of other dahabeahs and smaller craft, and tied up alongside the old temple with its row of a hundred tall columns which towered high above them on the river bank.

CHAPTER V

An Egyptian Farm

The little folks and the donkeys as well were wild to get on shore again and stretch their legs a bit, for they had not left the boat for several days. As soon as they could get away from the boat they scampered off past the big hotels where many tourists were sitting on the verandas and in the gardens sipping cool drinks just as they did at Cairo.

Everywhere George and his uncle were followed around by people who wanted to sell them relics which they said they had found in the ancient ruins – coins and scarabs and pottery, and all sorts of odd things. Mustapha waved them all away. "Their antiquities are only make-believes," he said, with contempt. "There are people who make these imitations, and these fellows make a business by selling them to travellers as real curiosities. Sometimes there were

real treasures that could be picked up at a bargain, but not so many as in the old days," said Mustapha.

Sun-up next morning found our little party riding out on another excursion. Mizram had packed many good things to eat in a big palm-leaf basket covered over with green leaves to keep the things cool, and this was slung across Teddy Pasha's broad back. Our friends were to have a picnic among some riverside ruins.

Soon they were riding between two rows of stone figures; an avenue of Sphinxes, like the great Sphinx at the Pyramids, only much smaller, and in a few minutes more all dismounted at the entrance to a great temple.

Such a rabble surrounded them! Beggars clamouring for backsheesh, people wanting to guide them through the ruins, and vendors of relics. Mustapha and the boys had to use their sticks freely to make the crowd stand back.

Two donkey boys promised to look after the donkeys, so after threatening them with all sorts of dire punishments if any harm should come to their animals, Nabul and his cousin ran after their little American friend.

For several hours Mustapha led his little band in and out

among the great columns and across the broad courts of ancient temples. There seemed to be thousands of these columns, some standing in long rows, others lying broken on the ground. How the children stared at the pictures painted on the walls by the old Egyptians, the colours as fresh as if they had just been painted. Mustapha showed them how these pictures made a regular story-book, if one only knew how to read them. Here were a lot of pictures that told all about the doings of one of the Pharaohs – how he went to war and the battles he fought. There were other pictures showing how he went hunting, and the various kinds of animals and birds he had brought back with him from the chase.

The children thought it was most amusing to read a story-book like that, and went about trying to make up stories for themselves out of the pictures.

They stopped to watch a number of men hard at work among the ruins lifting a fallen stone column. More than three hundred Egyptians were working to set up the fallen columns and clear away the rubbish, and they worked in much the same way as did the ancient Egyptians who built

the same temples. There were many young boys, too, helping to pull on the long ropes by which the columns were raised.

"Come, let us hunt and perhaps we can find some relics for ourselves," said Nabul. "One of the donkey boys last year found a little statue."

"I would like to find a mummy," exclaimed George, as the boys went to work prodding in the sand with their sticks.

"Mummies are too heavy to carry away," said Abdal, wisely shaking his head.

"I should like to find a doll," whispered Menah to her sister as they too turned over the sand in their little fingers, thinking of her own curious little dolls at home fashioned after the same manner as those frequently found among the ruins. "You remember the great traveler who went with our father in the dahabeah to some old city? How he had many men to dig in the sand for him, and how they found many wonderful things there? Well, he said that often the dolls and toys that were put in a little girl's tomb would be made of gold and silver," replied Menah. "I should like a doll of

real gold to play with."

Pretty soon the children tired of their search and stretched themselves out in the shade of an enormous stone column to rest.

Our party made many excursions to see many other old ruins, and one day Mustapha took them to see some funny camel races. It was the queerest thing in the world to see the long-legged camels come swinging along, covering yards and yards of ground at each step, each camel ridden by an Arab in flowing white dress and head covering. After this there was a race among the donkey boys. Nabul and Abdal were wild to join in this, but found it was against the rules for outsiders to enter.

"They are jealous, they know we could beat these up-country donkeys," Nabul consoled himself with saying, but he hurrahed with everybody else all the same when a lively little gray donkey, ridden by a small boy in a green dress, reached the goal first and got the prize.

One morning early found the *Isis* again sailing up the river toward Assouan and the Great Cataract, which was to be their last stopping-place.

When George and Uncle Ben arrived at Assouan it was market-day, and the square by the riverside was filled with all sorts of queer people and things.

For centuries lower Egypt had been periodically flooded and then dried out again, and the poor native farmers and fellaheen had suffered greatly, many, many thousands even dying of starvation. All the great volume of water in the river Nile became at certain seasons a mere trickling rivulet.

In late years a plan whereby all lower Egypt was to be properly watered and drained has made even the poorest of the labourers of the countryside happy and prosperous. This great benefit was brought about by the building of a great dam just above Assouan, and as the water was let through little by little in the dry season, and properly stored up when it flowed in abundance, it proved to be just the treatment that was needed to make an otherwise suffering people quite contented with their lot.

"I want to see the great Assouan dam," said George one morning as he and Uncle Ben were just finishing their breakfast. George was a most inquiring little fellow, and he

had heard some men talking of this great work at the hotel, and he wanted to see for himself what it really was.

George had become so expert with donkeys, that Uncle Ben called him *his* little donkey boy. Soon all was ready and Mustapha headed the little procession that made its way quickly along through clouds of dust and began struggling over a stony desert road.

Little Menah was riding behind George and Mustapha had been gracious enough to let Zaida sit behind him. The reason of this was that the donkey boys on the quay, who were a lot of wild young fellows from the desert, had come to blows among themselves as to which of their number should go with our party to supply the two extra donkeys required, whereupon Mustapha said he wouldn't have any of them, that they were a set of black heathens anyway – for some were little negro boys from the Soudan – so he borrowed a donkey from a friend of his for himself, and divided up the party in this way.

Mustapha was so big and fat and his donkey so small that poor little Zaida had scarcely any room to sit comfortably. George could hear Menah shaking with laughter at

her sister's efforts to keep from slipping off at every bounce the donkey gave.

Meanwhile Mustapha, quite unconscious that they were amused at him, was gravely telling them that the high wall of bricks which followed their road was the old-time boundary to Egypt and was built to keep back the hordes of barbarians from the south, but now Egypt was a much greater country and went far beyond this wall.

Soon they came into a little village on the bank of the river which spread out here like a lake. The children laughed when they dismounted and looked at each other. They were so covered with dust that the brown little Egyptians looked white. They shouted and clapped their hands with glee when Mustapha told them to get into a big boat painted with the brightest colours. Six tall black Soudanese, dressed in white, with red fezes, pulled at the oars, keeping time to a queer sort of chant. The children were so busy watching the rowers that, before they knew it, they were gliding past a tiny temple that seemed to be rising out of the water.

"This is the ancient temple of Philæ, one of the most

beautiful in Egypt," said Mustapha. "It is on an island, but since the great dam of Assouan was built the island itself is covered by water, and if the dam is raised still higher, as they talk of doing, the little temple will be entirely covered with water, or perhaps destroyed, which would be a pity."

On arriving at the great dam they got into another boat which took them over the First Cataract, or waterfall, on the Nile. Not over the worst part of it by any means, but quite "scary" enough for the little girls. Shortly after they were again back at Assouan.

George would have liked to have kept on up the river to the city of Khartoum, where there is a great school or college erected as a memorial to General Gordon, who opened up and first introduced outside civilization into these parts, but their plans would not permit of spending the extra time. To-day this magnificent school is filled with intelligent, hard-working Egyptian boys who, when they leave college and go out among their fellows, do much to benefit and lift them from the ignorance and superstition which formerly existed.

So the *Isis* was headed for home, and the good dahabeah

raced along, borne by the strong current of the river, as if it knew it was on its way home. The happy days passed quickly and our little friends had many adventures of which there is not time to tell you.

As they came to the wide fertile country above Cairo, and neared Abdal's home, the children were on a sharp lookout, and Abdal was wondering who would come down to the river to meet them. When the *Isis* did run her sharp prow into the bulrushes at the little landing-place for the farm of Abdal's father, where Mustapha proposed to stop, not only were all of Mustapha's friends there, but most of the villagers besides, and they all gave the visitors the heartiest of welcomes. There was Abdal's father and mother and the baby, and his little brother, who kissed him on both cheeks, and each in turn took the hand of each visitor, kissing his own hand at the same time, a pretty little custom among these people.

After the actual landing Uncle Ben and George mounted the donkeys, and followed by the others on foot, all talking and in the highest spirits, they rode for some distance through great fields of cotton and rice until they

came to a little village nestled away in the midst of palm-trees.

Here they stopped at Abdal's father's house, which was the biggest in the village, for Ali-Hijaz was the chief man of the little village and had many "fellaheen," or labourers, working in his cotton, rice, and cane fields.

Ali-Hijaz's house, like all the houses in the village, was built of mud bricks, which had first been baked by the sun; it was thatched with palm-leaves, and the trunks of palm-trees strengthened the walls and formed the rafters. Their host invited them into a large room, where they all seated themselves on mats spread on the hard earthen floor. While Ali-Hijaz offered Mr. Winthrop a long-stemmed pipe to smoke, Abdal and Nabul ran to the little Arab café of the village and soon came back bringing a big metal tray on which were a number of small cups and tiny tin pots of coffee. This was put in the middle of the floor and each person was served with a cup and one of the little pots of coffee. Menah and Zaida amused themselves playing with the baby, while their two mothers gossiped together, and George made friends with Abdal's little brother Amad,

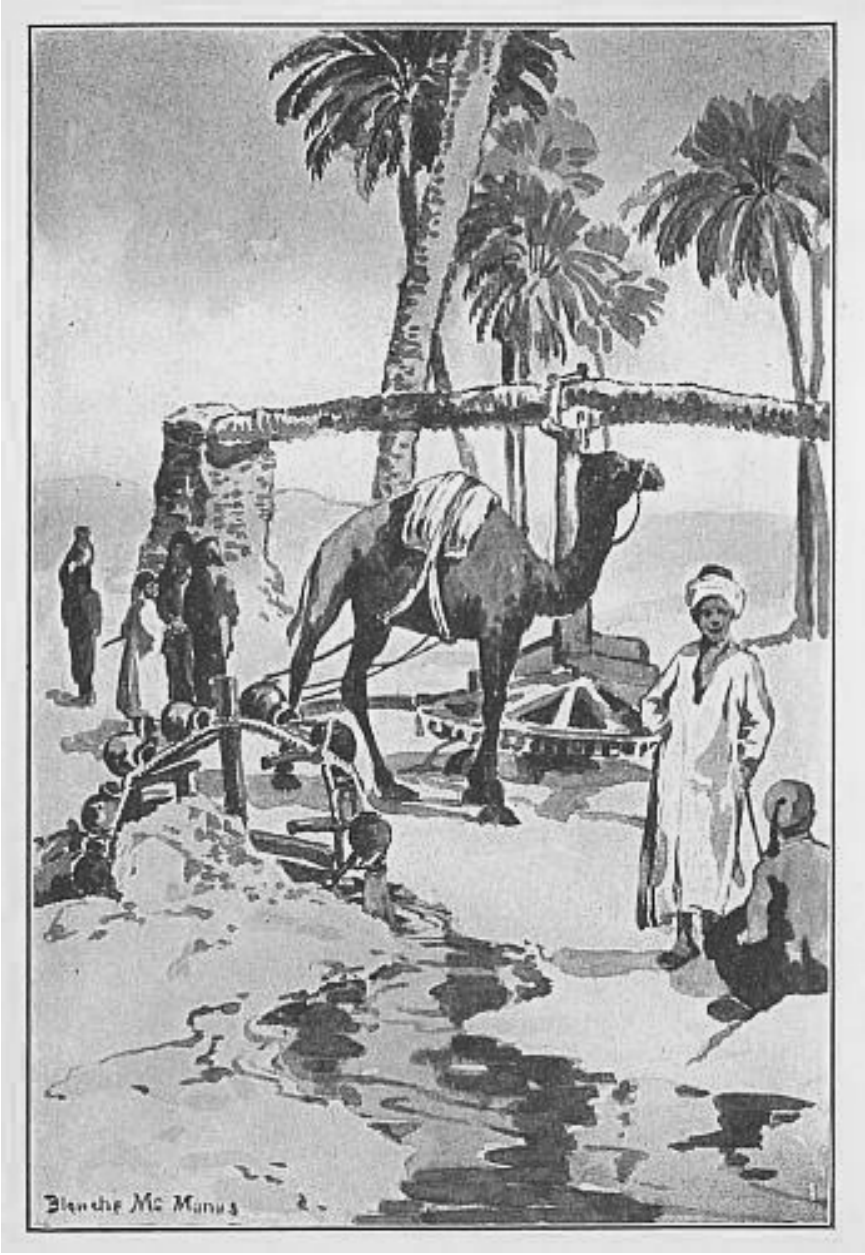
whom he thought looked very cunning in his white cotton gown and little turban stuck on his clean-shaven head.

"Just think, Uncle Ben," laughed George, "he can barely walk and yet he goes to the village school at *five* o'clock in the morning and stays till sundown, only coming home for dinner in the middle of the day. Whew! but that's hard work!"

"And then, all he learns is to recite the Koran – the Mohammedan Bible – at the top of his voice," replied Mr. Winthrop.

"That little mite!" said George with a mock groan. "Well, I am glad I go to school in America."

But Amad seemed to grow fat in spite of it, and was at the head of the procession when the children trooped out to see the village. All the houses looked alike, with only one big wooden door and no windows, just little slits in the walls for air and light. Within most of these houses there was no furniture of any kind, save some rugs, mats, and cooking utensils, and a few boxes made of the wood of the palm-tree, in which to keep the family clothes. Abdal's father had two European beds in his house which he had brought from



"A lazy-looking old camel was slowly turning
a great creaking wooden wheel."

Cairo, but the villagers had no use for such new-fangled things. As they walked along all the little village children ran out to talk to Abdal and followed them until, as Nabul said, the procession looked like a kite with a long tail. There were almost as many dogs as children, and George fought rather shy of the fierce-looking mongrel curs that barked at their heels.

Abdal took them into the fields where there was a "sakiyeh," or water-wheel, by which the fields are watered. A lazy-looking old camel was slowly turning a great creaking wooden wheel, and this turned another wheel on the rim of which were fastened a lot of earthen jars. These jars were filled with water as the wheel went down into a sort of well, and as it came up the water from the jars was emptied into a ditch which carried it over the fields in every direction.

Here for the first time George saw a camel ploughing, and such a funny plough it was! Just a log of wood with a pointed iron tip at one end and an upright pole at the other, by which the ploughman could guide it.

When they got back to the home at sunset they found

Ali-Hijaz had persuaded Mr. Winthrop to stay a day or two, as there was some good bird shooting in his rice fields, a sport of which Uncle Ben was very fond. This pleased the children, and that evening they had lots of fun playing one of their games called "Playing Pasha." They elected a "Pasha," and the choice fell on George, whom they put in a kind of litter made of palm branches. Four of their number carried this on their shoulders while the rest ran beside carrying lighted wisps of straw and hay for make-believe torches. One of the boys meanwhile beat a drum, and another played a small flute; and thus they marched around the village until the torches were all burned out and their mothers called them to bed.

The two guests were made comfortable in one of the beds, which were only kept for grand occasions like this, and early the next morning Mr. Winthrop and his host, with Mustapha, were off to shoot rice birds.

"We will go and see the wild pigeons," said Abdal, as the boys wondered how they should amuse themselves. "I know where there are many of them roosting in the trees."

"Good," answered Nabul, clapping his hands, and the

boys started off across the fields. The Egyptian folk are very fond of the wild pigeons of the country, and like to catch them and keep them for pets.

At the same time many of the Egyptian boys, too, are so cruel as to hunt these gentle birds, killing them with stones which they throw with unerring aim.

"Hist! they roost here," whispered Abdal as they came to a clump of low trees. Just then a number of pigeons flew out of the trees; at the same time, to the great surprise of the boys, one apparently was injured, and fell to the ground, and Nabul ran to pick it up. Someone had evidently injured its leg or wing. Just then two wild, savage-looking young boys came dashing up to Nabul crying, "Thou hast killed one of our tame pigeons, our father shall beat thee," trying at the same time to snatch the bird away from Nabul.

"'Tis not true," returned Nabul angrily, "dost thou think I am such a dullard as not to know a wild pigeon from a tame one?"

"And I know these birds well, I have often been here, they always roost in these trees," exclaimed Abdal. "I know thee, and I know that thy pigeons are far from here."

The Egyptians in the country usually tame many of these pigeons, and build them little houses to live in on the side of their own, and sometimes one will see a big mud tower in the village where hundreds of these pigeons live and build their nests.

In the midst of the dispute a tall man with an ugly, scowling face strode up with a stick, so, thinking things were getting too hot for them, our little friends turned and fled toward the village, Nabul, however, triumphantly holding on to the pigeon.

The other hunting party had brought back a big bag of birds and were well pleased with the day's work.

The next day they were to take leave of their kind hosts and go back to the *Isis*. When George awakened in the early morning, such a wailing met his ears he could only imagine that someone must be dead. Throwing on his clothes he rushed down the short flight of steps that led from his room to the big room on the ground floor and from there into the yard. There he saw Nabul lying face downward on the ground beside the stable door, with his sisters sitting beside him rocking themselves backwards and forwards and

wailing piteously, while Abdal and the older people rushed wildly about all talking at once.

"What is the matter? Nabul, are you hurt?" cried George, rushing up to the little group.

"Teddy Pasha is gone, some thief has stolen him," they all cried in one breath.

It was only too true, the little donkey had mysteriously disappeared in the night. Nabul had got up early to get the Pasha ready for their return to the boat. He had found the little donkey gone, as well as his bridle and saddle; Nabul had been looking for him ever since and had just come back broken-hearted.

"Oh, Nabul, we are sure to find him! Come and we will all look," cried George, nearly ready to cry himself – he had grown really attached to his little steed.

Poor little Nabul lifted up a wobegone face and slowly rose to his feet. His donkey was like a brother to him, and he felt he would never see him again.

No one thought of going back to the boat until the little donkey was found, and the whole village turned out to search for him.

Suddenly Nabul struck his forehead with his hand. "I know now! Those two ruffian boys we saw yesterday! 'Tis they who have stolen my donkey. The wretches! This is their revenge! We will go to their house and demand news of the Pasha," cried the distracted little boy.

"Follow, I know the way," said Abdal. The boys hurried through the fields and rice swamps until they came to a tumbled-down group of mud huts. No one was in sight save an ugly-looking brute of a dog and a little girl, who peered at the strangers from behind a corner of a wall.

Nabul boldly went up and shook the heavy wooden door of the house and called loudly, but it was tightly fastened and no one answered. He then gave the whistle he always used to call Teddy Pasha, but only the dog began to bark.

George was for battering in the door, but the boys said it was no use. "Teddy is not here, or he would have answered me," sighed Nabul, as he turned away sorrowfully, "but they have stolen him, I am sure."

"They would not dare keep him here so near our village," replied Abdal. "They have doubtless put him in some hiding-place far off. That is their sister," he continued,

pointing to the little girl behind the wall. "Where art thy brothers?" he demanded, but she only laughed and made a face at them.

"She knows something," said George, making a face in return at the child. But there was nothing for them to do but walk away and keep on with their search.

At sundown the boys returned home and poor Nabul sat on the ground with his head buried in his arms, refusing to be consoled. He had eaten nothing all day, and when his mother brought him a nice dish of curds she had made herself, he only shook his head.

It was a miserable household and nobody slept much that night. George and Abdal refused to go to bed at all and sat beside Nabul in the big room. Just as George was dozing away at daybreak he was roused up by a terrible bray just outside the door, answered by one from Bobs in the stable.

Like a flash Nabul, who had heard it too, tore open the house door and nearly tumbled over Teddy Pasha, who calmly walked into the middle of the room and stood there as much as to say, "Here I am, at last."

Little Nabul gave a shriek of joy and threw his arms

about the little donkey's neck and cried and laughed in the same breath. Abdal called out the good news, and in another moment everybody was petting Teddy Pasha and making as much to-do over him as if he were a long-lost member of the family. As for the little American, he was as happy as could be to see the little companion of his wanderings once more.

But the poor little donkey, wasn't he a sight, all covered with mud! He had evidently been taken away and hidden in the rice swamps; his pretty bridle and saddle were gone, and only a dirty and knotted piece of rope was around his neck. An ugly cut on one of his feet showed where he had been hobbled; his captors had evidently done everything to keep him secure, but in spite of it he had broken away by some means or other, and had come straight back to his master.

After leaving Abdal's family, and just as our party were going on board the dahabeah, Nabul picked up an odd greenish pebble. "What a funny looking stone!" he said. "It looks just like a beetle."

"That is what the learned ones call a scarab – don't you

know there are many of these in the big museum at Cairo?" cried Abdal, as the children bent over the tiny stone.

"Oh! maybe it is old," exclaimed George eagerly, "and worth lots and lots of money."

Just at that moment a party of learned looking men, Europeans, came up the bank from their dahabeah which had tied up just below the *Isis*. At their head was a Frenchman, an inspector of the Egyptian public monuments. With his party he was going some miles inland to pass judgment upon some newly discovered ruins of which he had recently heard.

"Let us go and ask the great Frenchman, he surely can tell us," and so saying, Nabul ran back to where Mr. Winthrop and the Frenchman were already talking together.

"Please, monsieur, is this old?" said Nabul, in his queer French, holding up the little pebble carved in the form of the sacred beetle of the Egyptians.

"Eh!" said the great man, taking the beetle in his hand. "Is it old, indeed!" he exclaimed in great excitement. "It is a sacred scarab. Most rare! There are only two others like it in the world. Where did you find it, *mon petit?*"

Nabul pointed out the spot where he had found the stone.

"*Voila!* and to think that I have already passed over that spot and did not know one of the most ancient and most wonderful scarabs known to the world was lying there!" and the great man paced up and down, running his hands through his hair.

"*Mon petit,*" the Frenchman said at last, stopping in front of Nabul, "you know the great museum at Cairo? Well, if you will take this little stone to the gentleman who is in charge there, he will be very glad to have it, and the authorities of the museum will reward you handsomely; it is worth more than money to them. I will give you a letter, which you must also give to this gentleman," and so saying the Frenchman took a pencil out of his pocket, and, tearing a leaf out of a small blank book, quickly wrote a few words and gave it to Nabul. "I will write him myself at once," he continued, "but I beg of you to guard the scarab most carefully. I rely on you to see that he does not lose it," said the Frenchman, turning earnestly to Mr. Winthrop. "It does not seem fair to take it from him unless I at once took it

myself to Cairo, and it is impossible for me to leave here now."

Mr. Winthrop and all of them promised, for they were all now interested in the wonderful stone, and Nabul proudly and carefully hid it inside his embroidered vest.

There was a happy little party on the dahabeah when she set sail again, and many were the farewells to the kind people of the little village, who all came to see them off.

And wasn't Teddy Pasha a spoiled and pampered little donkey! He was petted and fed and rubbed down by everybody on board until he not only looked as fine and sleek as ever, but also got so fat and lazy that Mustapha doubted if he would ever be willing to do any more work.

At last the *Isis* floated up to her moorings at Cairo, and everybody felt that they were home again. The first thing George did was to buy the finest donkey saddle and bridle he could find in Cairo and give to Teddy Pasha, who thereupon got vainer than ever. George and his little Egyptian friends took many more rides together before he and Uncle Ben went back to America. They all went together when Nabul carried the wonderful scarab and the Frenchman's

letter to the great man in the big museum, who talked very wisely about it. He thanked Nabul and told him he had done his country a service, and used a lot of long words that the children could not understand. But one day, not long afterward, a man in a fine uniform came riding in great style up to Nabul's house and gave little Nabul a sealed packet from the authorities of the big museum, and in it was a handsome sum of money for the little donkey boy who found the wonderful scarab.

It was enough indeed to set him up as a dragoman when he was older, but this would not be, Nabul promised himself, until he had first made a visit to see his little friend, George, in that wonderful country over the sea.

And thus it happened that the Little American Cousin really did bring the good fortune to little Nabul, the youngest donkey boy in the big city of Cairo.

THE END.

Our Little Carthaginian Cousin of Long Ago

Clara Vostrovski Winlow

Illustrated by John Goss


Hanno

Preface

The scene of this story is among the Carthaginians, an ancient people who lived more than two thousand years ago on the finest harbor in Northern Africa, and who undertook some of the most daring sea expeditions that the world has ever known; a nation of traders who founded so many colonies, amassed so much wealth, gained so much power, that Rome became envious and engaged them in three great conflicts.

These wars finally resulted not only in the Carthaginians being vanquished, but in one of the most complete annihilations of state and people, with their records of every kind, found anywhere in history.

Thus it is that almost the only accounts we have of this people have come to us through the "anger and envy and meanness" of their bitterest enemies. Notwithstanding this,

one of their men has been accepted as a great world hero.

Hannibal belongs to the second of the chief Rome-Carthage conflicts (the Punic Wars), the most important of them all. Someone has spoken of this war as the struggle of a great nation against a great man. The Romans showed how they themselves regarded it by calling it "War with Hannibal."

What we know of the last Carthaginian defense of their homes (third Punic War), and still more of the wonderful genius and the unselfish patriotism of Hannibal is apt to win sympathizers for Carthage, despite her accusers. While striving to do her justice we must not forget two important points that seem proved against her as a whole.

One of these is the greed for gain which led to the placing of selfish interests above the welfare of the state. The other is the striking lack of respect for the rights of subject nations.

Perhaps you can see in what ways these helped to bring about the country's destruction.

The Author.

Alameda, Calif., June 10, 1915.

Pronunciation of Proper Names

Æskulapius (es-kū-lā′pi-us)

Akhot (äkh′ōt)

Aphrodite (af-rō-dī′tē)

Ashtoreth (ash′tō-reth)

Astarte (as-tär′tē)

Atlas (at′las)

Baal-Hammon (bā-al hä′mön)

Balearic (bal-ē-ar′ik)

Britannia (bri-tan′i-ä)

Byrsa (bėr′sä)

Cabiri (ka-bī′rī)

Cæsar (sē′zär)

Carthage (kär′thāj)

Carthaginian (kär-tha-jin′i-an)

Cassiterides (kas-i-ter′i-dēz)

Cato (kā′tō)

Cerne (sėr′nē)

Dido (dī′dō)

Ebro (ā′brō)

Esmoun (es′mön)

Ethiopia (ē-thi-ō′pi-ä)

Gadiera (ga-dī′rä)

Gauls (gâlz)

Hamilcar Barca (ha-mil′kär bar′kä)

Hannibal (han′i-bal)

Hanno (han′ō)

Hasdrubal (has′drö-bal)

Hel′der

Hercules (her′kū-lēz)

Hodo (hō′dō)

Kada (kā′da)

Kirjath (kėr′jath)

Lybia (li′bi-ä)

Maco (mā′kō)

Mago (mā′gō)

Mediterranean (med′-i-te-rā′nē-an)

Melkarth (mel′kärth)

Mis′hath

Moloch (mō′lok)

Numidia (nū-mi′di-ä)

Osiris (ō-sī′ris)

Phœnecia (fe-nēsh′-ä)

Pygmalion (pig-mā′li-on)

Quintus Fabius (kwin′tus fā′bi-us)

Saguntum (sa-gun′tum)

Sardinia (sär-din′i-ä)

Scipio (sip′i-ō)

Sicily (sis′i-li)

Tyre (tīr)

Tyrian (tir′i-an)

Utica (ū′ti-kä)

CHAPTER I

An Adventurous Voyage

"I am eaten with envy." "Remember, I am counting on a handful of your spoils." "Bring me a nice young cannibal." "May the gods favor you, Hanno."

These, and other exclamations, shouted more than two thousand years ago, came from a group of boys on a pretty little Mediterranean Sea pleasure-boat, whose gay sails of fine embroidered Egyptian linen showed that it belonged to persons of wealth. They were evidently directed to a good-sized, rounded-beaked Carthaginian merchant vessel, with three banks of oars. This merchant vessel would have been conspicuous today not only because of its construction but also because of the huge, staring eyes painted on the high prow. Not satisfied with these for protection, there were also tiny images of war gods called Cabiri, placed at either

end. At the stern of the boat stood a curly-haired youth of about twelve years who was not at all backward in answering the shouts as long as the smaller boats remained within hearing, and who afterward continued for some time to wave his arm so energetically in farewell that there seemed danger of its being hurled as a parting token to those whom he was leaving behind.

It was not until the little boat and all in it looked like a big black speck in the distance that he gave a last quick glance to where Carthage could just be outlined. Then, dropping his arm wearily to his side, he turned with a faint show of interest to studying the scenes through which they were passing.

It was high noon. The sun's rays beat strongly down on the boat from a cloudless, greenish-blue sky, so characteristic of that part of the world; the smooth waves seemed merely the calm rhythmic breathing of the great Mediterranean Sea, so gently did they rise and fall. Now and then a fishing-boat slowly passed, or a vessel laden with those odd shellfish that furnished for the ancient world the famous Tyrian dye. Once the merchant vessel halted to

salute gravely the sacred vessel which yearly carried tribute from Carthage to the patron god of the mother city, Tyre.

The pretty villas surrounded by their orange and olive groves, which glimmered and sparkled near Carthage and Utica under the brilliant rays of the African sun, grew more and more infrequent, until the thinly inhabited coast attracted mainly through an occasional aspiring date-tree and the distant misty spurs and peaks of the Atlas Mountains.

There was something about the warm sea air, and perhaps in the gentle motion of the vessel and the measured strokes of the oars by which it was propelled, that produced a feeling of sleepiness, which, after the afternoon meal Hanno found incontrollable. A passing sailor laughed at him as he sat nodding beside a basket of fruit that someone had given him as a parting gift. Hanno threw an orange at him, but the sailor escaped, still laughing, while the fruit rolled down on the deck. Hanno jumped up to get it, and, as he did so, saw that there was a mass of canvas folded under the bench.

"That'd make a good bed," he thought. "Guess I'll try

it," and, crawling under, he stretched himself down on it and closed his eyes. His uncle, a tall, broad-shouldered man, with long, compactly waved hair, a face not unlike the Jewish cast, and a beard arranged in three rows of tight curls, found his resting-place later, and having smilingly directed a sailor to throw a light blanket over him, left him to pass the night there.

Hanno did not awake until early next morning when, sitting up suddenly, he hit his head so hard against the top of the bench that the fruit still on it was scattered in all directions. It was not until then that he remembered where he was. Crawling out and rubbing the sore spots on his head he bade a passing slave pick up the oranges, figs and grapes with which the basket had been filled, and turned away for his morning wash and breakfast.

"I slept out-of-doors all night," he gleefully told his uncle, whom he found carefully finishing his toilet.

"Yes," his uncle answered, fastening the three collars which he wore over a loose tunic, and arranging a necklace of artistically worked gold over the collars, "it was a good beginning. This voyage is going to make a man of you."

"Make a man of him!" Hanno's face showed some surprise at the expression. He had felt as if he were already one ever since ten days ago when it had been definitely decided that he should accompany his rich adventurous uncle on one of his commercial trips to the distant and little visited Cassiterides or Tin Islands, away near Britannia. And, as if this were not enough, he could not forget that his uncle had whispered to him: "We may go still further this time—yea, even into the glorious amber fields in unknown Northern waters," which was a secret so wonderful, and made him so important in his own eyes, that it was only through fear of his uncle's anger, that he kept himself from openly boasting of it.

Hanno now found that the ship had been anchored for the remainder of the day and night at one of the fortified posts of the Island of Sardinia, and he had an opportunity to take a little trip inland to some copper and lead mines in which his uncle had an interest.

There was not time to go into any of these, but as they reached the mines he saw a gang of wretched beings come up ready for their day's work underground. These were

slaves and war prisoners who paid this all too heavy price for the privilege of living. But the sight of such misery was so familiar that it did not occur to the boy to pity them. He did not even shrink when the driver hit a little limping, toothless old man with a leathery skin that hung in folds, a heavy blow between the shoulders, for not keeping abreast with the others. Yet it was to his credit that he did not laugh, as some of his companions would have done. Instead, a puzzled expression crept over his face as the man's sad, hollow eyes happened to meet his own for an instant, but, before he had time to consider anything about it, one of the Carthaginian engineers who directed the work in the mines, came up. He proved to be an old acquaintance, a distant relative of his mother, and Hanno, who had been trained to learn as much as possible wherever he might be, asked many questions about life on the Island and the natives. In answer the engineer took him to a cave which he said had long been abandoned but was typical of the homes of the natives.

"And doesn't anybody use it now?" asked Hanno. When he was told that no one did, he continued eagerly, "Oh, I'd

just love to stay here and play—"

"Why not? Just miss the boat. You can take the big sea trip some other time. It's dangerous anyway." At this the boy shook his head vigorously and ran to join his uncle, who was waving for him to return to the vessel.

Then one morning Hanno awoke to find that they had reached The Pillars of Hercules,[1] the Pillars, he remembered that once it had been thought Hercules had torn asunder, and which were supposed by many to mark the end of the Western world, beyond which it was fatal to venture. This belief did not seem strange to him as he gazed at the two gigantic cliffs which stand guard over the narrow channel between Europe and Africa where they separate the calm tideless Mediterranean from the stormy, and then still practically unknown, Atlantic. Alert boy that he was, Hanno nevertheless had his periods of dreaming, and as he stood on the deck, now looking at the three summits of the promontory on one side and then at the stern forbidding mountains on the other, he imagined himself on that first boat that had ever passed that gateway. His whole body

[1] Straits of Gibraltar

grew tense as he felt the fear of what might really be beyond, even while his eyes glowed with the pleasure of risking. As he stood thus deep in his dreams someone laid a hand on his shoulder. So real had his game been to him, Hanno gave a frightened jump aside, only to meet the laughing face of his big uncle.

"You haven't anything to fear yet," his uncle remarked. "Why, we haven't even come to our own settlement of Gadeira[2] where we are to spend the night. After that, well, even after that, he who has his wits about him need fear nothing. Come, why did I frighten you?"

"Oh," said Hanno, now ready to laugh at his alarm, "I was only imagining that I was the first to taste of the apple of knowledge, and I thought you were one of the devouring demons who intended punishing me for wanting to know too much!" Both laughed.

Then his uncle said: "If all goes well at the Tin Islands (Cassiterides) we may try just that sort of thing. The man who gets to a place first is the one that makes the money. Commerce these days is everything my boy!"

[2] The present Cadiz in Spain

Before noon they reached Gadeira, the remotest colony of the Phoenicians, the last outpost of civilization that they were to see for a long time to come. It lay at the northwest end of an island, which a narrow channel separates from the continent. At one end the channel becomes a large bay, two islands effectually keeping out the heavy rolling waves of the Atlantic. There were many vessels from all parts of the known world anchored here; Egyptian ships, manned by Phoenicians and commanded by a Phoenician captain in gaudy apparel; Greek triremes, and two graceful Samian ships with prows like swans' necks. When the Carthaginian appeared, a large part of the population gathered at the wharf to bid those on board welcome.

As Phoenician, the language of the Carthaginians, was spoken here, Hanno felt perfectly at home in the small fortified town, and particularly when he accompanied his uncle to the Carthaginian Temples of the great god El, of the god Melkarth, and of the goddess Ashtoreth to pray and make offerings that their voyage might meet with every success.

After Gadeira they were on the unknown sea. How

exciting it all was! and how brave and big Hanno felt to be with these daring men. He began to experience a new patriotic pride that he belonged to the one civilized nation who did not fear to risk all for the sake of greater gain. Yet queer little thrills ran through him when the tides rolled and tossed the boat and he found how mighty they were.

At first the vessel did not venture far from land, but felt its way all along what is now the coast of Spain and France. Despite the excitement in seeing strange sea-creatures, and in never knowing what might next be in store for him, as the days passed there was something exceedingly lonely in being in the midst of the boundless waste of waters on the one side and the sparsely inhabited wilderness on the other. Sometimes, for lack of anything better to do, Hanno would count the measured beat of the oars or the strange birds on the shore. Time would have passed even more slowly had it not been for the captain's assistant, a very important personage; called the "Look-out Man." He was an exceedingly active fellow, muscular, although small of stature, with a very sallow face, long hooked nose, and small keen eyes that always seemed to Hanno able to penetrate

through everything. He wore his hair and beard very much like Himlicat, Hanno's uncle, but bore no other resemblance whatever, in words, deeds or appearance to that kindly but decidedly pompous individual.

Hanno often accompanied the "Look-out Man" in his tour of inspection through the vessel and thus received some very valuable lessons in order and neatness. Nothing ever seemed out of place. It was really wonderful how much there was in the boat and how little space it seemed to fill. A large amount of naval tackling was separately disposed. There was merchandise, weapons, cooking-vessels, great jars in which wine and oil were kept, so arranged that each could be handled without disturbing anything else and all convenient in case of need, yet filling a space no larger than a small room. "It must be so on a boat of Carthage," the "Look-out Man" would say proudly, when Hanno expressed his admiration.

The "Look-out Man" was a famous storyteller, too, and sometimes he and Hanno would get into some corner, and, having given Hanno something to do and keeping his own hands busy, he would spin story after story. Sometimes they

would be of the monsters of the deep, but more often of a famous hunter and traveler, who wore the skins of wild beasts, invented navigation, and set up landmarks on distant shores. "Are these still there? Will we see some of them where we are going?" Hanno would eagerly ask. "Perhaps," the "Look-out Man" would answer briefly.

During the first part of the voyage the weather continued fine and clear, but one morning Hanno came on deck to find everything soaked in a thick gray fog. The boat was rocking and tossing so violently that the boy felt sure it must soon be upset. In great anxiety he resolved to seek his uncle, to ascertain why the boat had gone, as he believed, into deeper water during the night. He found Himlicat in close conference with the captain of the boat. Some sort of paper with lines and marks like a chart was spread before them, over which they were so intent that they did not notice the boy's approach. But, scarcely had he spoken, when his uncle looked up angrily and while the captain hastily folded the paper, exclaimed excitedly: "You are not to come up here without permission!"

Then he paused, and as Hanno's face flushed with the

reproof, added more mildly, "Have patience, my boy. You are old enough to understand that to keep our naval supremacy over other lands we have to guard many secrets. When you are older you shall inherit all I know from me, but now—go."

Hanno needed no second bidding. His uncle's reproof, and the violent rocking of the boat, caused him to feel so sick that he threw himself dejectedly down on his bunk. Nausea, pictures of crude maps and charts, visions of the glittering stars by which he knew the boat was generally guided, began to intermingle dizzily through his mind. But ten or fifteen minutes of this was all that he could endure, and again he made his way on deck, where the day which started so badly dragged wearily through.

CHAPTER II

The Voyage Continued

The next day the sea continued rough but the fog had disappeared. Hanno, still weak, dragged himself up again on deck and looked out toward where he thought land ought to be, but it was nowhere in sight. Evidently the day before they had ventured into deeper water, either through intent or accident. The "Look-out Man" passed him hurriedly without the usual greeting. The boy struggled after him, but the man, only pointing upward to the sky, hurried on.

Hanno turned to gaze where he had pointed. At first he perceived nothing; then he noticed that the fine streaks of clouds on the horizon were being rapidly replaced by thick masses. The sea, too, seemed rising, as if in preparation for a conflict. Dizzy and weak, he struggled to his feet, and, as

he did so, a huge billow swept over the deck, wetting him up to his knees. A strong wind began to blow and drive the *Kada*, as the boat was called, before it, while the lightning seemed to set the very sky on fire.

To the young Carthaginian, reared on the mild waters of the Mediterranean, it seemed like an attack of the gods themselves. He forgot to fear what would happen when the storm actually broke. Sick as he was, there was something that fascinated him in its gathering and made him conscious only that orders were being shouted above the noise of the rapidly rising waves, the howling wind, and the now persistent bursts of thunder. Suddenly someone spoke next to him. "Well, the odds have turned in our favor; the Cabiri have brought us through. We are going to make it all right." Hanno felt grateful to the "Look-out Man" for addressing him, and began to ask eagerly, "How—" The man interrupted him by pointing to a dark mass toward which the boat was slowly but surely being rowed and which soon proved to be a gently sloping sandy shore.

And they did somehow make it, Carthaginian grit and courage counting in their favor. The boat was guided

straight on the sand. Then everyone, even Hanno's dignified uncle, leaped out, and evidently prepared for just such emergencies, all waded through the low water and helped drag the boat high up beyond the reach of the waves, its flat bottom making this possible.

Hanno tried to do his share in helping, but he was still too weak to be of much assistance. As he stood panting at a little distance, he watched the calm, silent, unexcited mien of those directing the crew, with wonder that no trace of fear was to be detected in their faces.

It was two days before the boat, by strength of arms and levers, was again launched. It now proved possible to hoist the sails and in consequence the rate of travel was more rapid, as Hanno saw in a sort of log book into which his uncle gave him a glimpse. The boat no longer hugged the shore so closely, but made its way boldly from headland to headland.

Scarcely were they well started on this more rapid travel, than the "Look-out Man" called the attention of the captain and Himlicat to something dark on the horizon. The captain's more powerful glasses were at once turned toward

the object.

"It is a boat," he finally said. Then, after a moment, he added more excitedly, "I shouldn't wonder if it was the Roman boat that I noticed just outside the Pillars of Hercules. In that case it must have been following us ever since, and must have found safety during the storm not very far from where we have been."

"The spy!" exclaimed Hanno's uncle, turning a glance backward, so terrible in its wrath that Hanno trembled. "They want to steal our trade from us, do they? The Romans would like to call this sea 'Nostrum Marum,' would they, as they do the Mediterranean? And they hope to learn its secrets from us, eh? Well, we will see!" He glanced around, and then turning to the captain he harshly gave an order.

Immediately the boat turned and again directed its course toward the shore, which was exceedingly rocky. Here they anchored. "What are we going to do?" Hanno ventured to ask.

"Do?" repeated his uncle grimly. "Why, remain here forever, or return to die—anything, except help a Roman

spy!" What could this decision mean? Full of perplexity Hanno sought the "Look-out Man."

"Remain here?" that person repeated after the boy's inquiry. "We may, but I do not expect to, and I guess your uncle doesn't either. Did you notice the length of our cable? That's going to play a big part in freeing us, for, mark you, *there's no such thing on that vessel yonder!*"

"But I don't see—" began Hanno. He stopped, for his friend had taken out his glasses. "It is a Roman," the "Look-out Man" exclaimed almost triumphantly, handing the glasses, with a peculiar gleam in his eyes, to the boy. "And it is anchoring in a worse place than we are in at present."

After that the atmosphere on board seemed to grow actually cheerful. It was the time of the full moon, and, consequently, of high spring tide. The Romans, accustomed to the tideless Mediterranean, had evidently come unprepared for anything of the kind. As the tide rose, the Carthaginians joked and laughed while they kept their eyes fastened on the other boat, which was seen tossed about by the waves. Hanno felt himself trembling violently as he saw the danger which threatened themselves despite the

advantage that lay in their long cable, as well as the stranger. "Won't both boats be wrecked?" he asked his uncle in a voice that he could scarcely raise above a whisper.

"As for our boat, perhaps," Himlicat answered sternly. "But as for the other boat, certainly!" and he turned away.

Hanno sat down and covered his eyes. Suddenly a joyous shout from many voices made him raise his head.

There was great excitement on board. Something had happened. Forgetting his prohibition, Hanno rushed to the captain's poop, where he found his uncle who, forgetting to reprove him, silently handed him his glasses. The Roman boat had been dashed against the rocks!

The excitement did not last long. The anchor was raised and the *Kada*, with apparently no thought of possible survivors of the wreck, went rejoicing on her way. Two days later they were able to make a landing at one of the smaller Tin Islands.

Hanno had felt ill at ease ever since the destruction of the Roman boat, but he entirely forgot it, and the perils through which they had already passed, when his uncle

placed his hand kindly on his shoulder, saying, "Come, cheer up. Do you not realize that you are a bringer of civilization to people different from any you have ever seen, a people that but for such as we would remain quite isolated from the rest of the world?"

As he spoke, the crew, which consisted partly of thick-lipped, curly-haired natives of Libya and other parts of Africa, were already arranging the articles of exchange, which had been brought on the boat, in neat piles not far from the shore. One of these consisted of coarse earthenware; another of copper vessels.

Lastly, they brought out a considerable amount of salt, which the natives of these islands had difficulty in procuring, and valued greatly. This done, Himlicat ordered that a great quantity of brush should be gathered near the shore and set on fire as a signal of their presence. Then they returned to the boat.

Not long after, the natives, dressed in the skins of wild animals, came trooping up in ever increasing numbers, making wild signs of pleasure. After examining the display, some of them disappeared, but presently returned with

donkeys laden with ingots of tin—the commodity for which the Carthaginians had come. This they arranged opposite to the other commodities, and, signaling to the boat, retired to a distance.

Hanno accompanied his uncle and the officers of the boat to an inspection of what had been left, carrying, at Himlicat's suggestion, his writing tools with him. These were contained in a little elongated case which was generally carried in the folds of the robes. With one of the slender kalems that came with it dipped into ink, Hanno followed his uncle's example of estimating the value of the tin as compared with what they had themselves brought. To the bearded, long-haired barbarians, no doubt watching from a distance, this must have seemed like a magic rite.

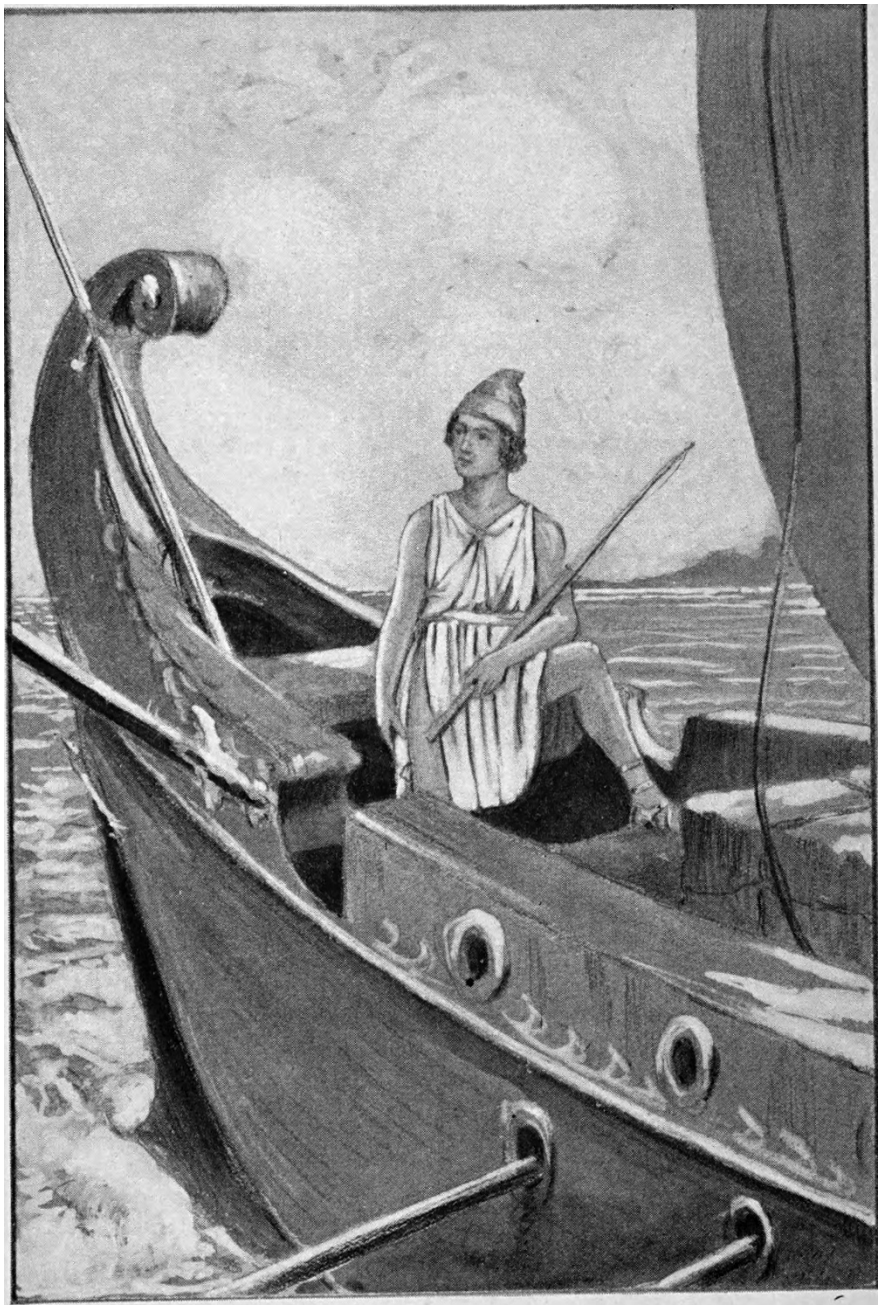
"A good lot!" Himlicat exclaimed, when he had looked the tin over. "A very good lot. They must be rich in tin this year. Then why shouldn't we get more? We have brought them what they value more highly—and at great peril to ourselves."

Accordingly they again retired. The savages understood what this meant. After conferring together they sent two of

their number away, who returned shortly, bringing a quantity of hides. This still not being satisfactory a few more skins and a small amount of lead was brought. Himlicat, who had been carefully studying the action of the savages through glasses, now decided that must serve. He therefore gave orders that the tin and other things were to be removed to the vessel, and then descending once more he deposited a flat bowl directly in front of his own goods. This was filled with cheap glittering ornaments of many different kinds.

"I had almost asked too much from them," he exclaimed to Hanno. "I could see that some were getting provoked. And I don't want to make enemies. These gewgaws cost me little, and will make them forget how much they have paid me, and likewise insure me a pleasant reception when I come again."

Hanno nodded admiringly, wondering if he should ever possess such great business talent. He watched eagerly to see what the natives would do after they had left, and when he saw them dancing and leaping, he felt sure that it was for joy at the great generosity of the merchant prince who



He watched eagerly to see
what the natives would do

had come to them.

The "Look-out Man" seemed to feel almost as much pleasure as Himlicat in the profits that they had made. He explained minutely to Hanno how important this tin was in the hardening of copper into bronze, and about how many bronze arms, implements, and utensils could be made with the addition of the tin that they were bringing back to Carthage. "We have almost a monopoly of this tin," he concluded. "It is one of the sources of wealth of our nation, and that is why Carthaginian merchants have to go to extremes sometimes to guard the secret of how we get it."

Hanno again thought of the foreign vessel that had followed them, while strange doubts as to their having acted rightly passed over him. He was about to ask his friend some of the questions that had troubled him at the time of the wreckage when his uncle came up with an announcement that put them completely out of his head for the rest of the trip.

"We are going to try for the amber fields," said Himlicat.

The trip to the Tin Islands had been full of perils, but they were insignificant compared to those now

encountered as they made their way into the Baltic Sea. After many hardships they reached the district east of Helder, where they found a certain amount of amber that the tide had washed ashore. They received bad treatment here, however, for while busily engaged in gathering the amber a flight of arrows descended into their midst. Fortunately they were near their boat, and managed to escape, but not until two of the crew had been hit by the poisoned arrows, from which they soon after died. They were in peril for another cause. Although their boat had been overhauled at the Tin Islands, it was again getting so foul with the long voyage that finally it was decided best to give up for the present any further search for the source of the amber trade, and begin the journey back to Carthage.

On account of the boat's condition travel was very slow. It was also uneventful, except for a brief period when the *Kada* found itself entangled in enormous masses of floating seaweed. The captain had by this time taken a fancy to Hanno. He occasionally allowed him to share his post, and taught him how he guided the vessel almost entirely through his knowledge of the stars.

How good the sight of Gadeira seemed when they sailed into its harbor after an absence of several months! Hanno was again cautioned that there were certain secrets he must not reveal. "When in doubt," his uncle said, "talk of our attack on the amber coast, or of the strange appearance and actions of the natives of the Tin Islands." They were surrounded by a crowd of people from the moment they entered, all anxious to hear the story of their adventures. There were many offers of hospitality, but before any were accepted, Hanno accompanied his uncle and the other Carthaginians who had made the daring voyage, to the temples of the gods, in order to offer sacrifices and thanks for their safe return.

Everything in Gadeira now seemed exceptionally interesting to Hanno, but particularly perhaps the merchant ships that had lately come in from other trips, for the Carthaginians had established trade with every part of the known world. The rich merchants were as friendly among themselves as they were inimical to all foreigners. One whom they met had just come from an island called Cerne, off the west African coast. There he had had dealings with

Ethiopians whom he described as wearing embroidered robes and drinking from ivory cups.

His return cargo consisted mainly of lion, panther, and elephant skins, together with some ivory.

Their stay in Gadeira was only long enough for necessary repairs to the boat, and they were off for the land which Hanno had thought more than once he was never again to see.

CHAPTER III

Carthage

From the time that the *Kada* entered the Mediterranean, Hanno, big boy though he was, became quite a nuisance. He got into everybody's way. Now he shouted, now threw his conical cap high into the air, and again risked his life in climbing a mast, and straining his eyes to catch a first glimpse of his home city. When the Island of Sicily was sighted, his excitement became even greater. From there south the deep blue waves, to which the Mediterranean owes some of its great charms, grew smoother and smoother. The atmosphere had that peculiar and sometimes tantalizing clearness which makes distant objects seem near at hand, so that when Utica, the sister city of Carthage, was sighted, Hanno could not understand why it took so long to reach the rocky promontory jutting

into the sea on which it is perched.

In the inner recess of this same bay, the finest of all in northern Africa, lay Carthage itself, the most important by far of the Phoenician colonies.

According to tradition, Carthage was founded by Dido, a beautiful Phoenician princess of Tyre, eight hundred years before the birth of Christ. Dido's rich husband had been murdered by her brother Pygmalion, so the story runs, and Dido, fearing that Pygmalion would also cause her own death, contrived to secure some boats and escape. A large number of Tyrians accompanied her. And it was in this beautiful and restful spot, protected both from the occasionally violent sea winds, and to a large extent also from the hot, dry, sand-laden winds of the desert, that they found refuge and established themselves, grew and thrived, developing especially on commercial lines, until they became the great merchant state of the ancient world.

Even before the harbor, or cothon, as it was called, was reached, numerous boats belonging to Carthage were seen. These were in the neighborhood of the bazaars, for merchandise found its way into the city through numerous

channels. There were two main harbors, an outer for merchant ships, and an inner, reserved for men of war. Neither vessel nor foot passenger could enter this latter harbor without permission. It was capable of holding over two hundred ships, many of which, however, were not much larger than fishing smacks of today. Near this entrance rose an island on which was the Admiral's palace, a large building made of dressed stone and decorated in the Greek style, though without Greek taste. This was placed so that the Admiral could observe all that passed on the sea. No one, however, out in it, could see what went on inside this harbor, not even those who were in the outer cothon, which was separated from it by a double wall. There was a certain degree of magnificence in this protected place. Wide quays projected out on every side, even from the island. Above them were storehouses for rigging, and naval workshops. At the end of each of these rose two Ionic marble columns, thus forming two splendid galleries.

As soon as the *Kada* was recognized, the iron chains stretched over the entrance to the first harbor were unfastened, and it glided in and was secured by one of the many

mooring cables placed around the sides. There were strange-looking boats to be seen, some of which were unloading their stores. These included ivory, and precious stones from Africa, cattle and fruit from the Balearic Islands, metal work from India, silk from China, spices, rare instruments of music, gold—in fact all the products of the known world. The shouts of command, as well as the chatter of idle sailors, for whom there were many quarters, made the scene a very lively one. Hanno, just home from the solitude of the sea, could not help exclaiming again and again, "Oh, how good to be home! Oh, how lively things are here!"

As Hanno and his uncle began to make their way through this noisy crowd, a trumpet sounded from the inner harbor. This was evidently a signal from the Admiral, for, shortly afterwards, two sharp-peaked war vessels made their way proudly through the rows of merchant ships on some unknown mission.

Scarcely had the travelers proceeded into the city, than they were accosted, for the news of their arrival had made its way quickly. First came some young fellows of Hanno's

own age, who did not mind sacrificing their dignity in their efforts to reach him first. Just behind them an exceedingly pretty little girl, three or four years old, was retarding the eager steps of a youth.

This crowd, augmented by several others, made its way with much noise, first through the narrow streets of the commercial quarter, bordered by flat-roofed, tightly-packed houses, many of them six stories in height. It was plain to see in this section that Carthage, or Kirjath-Hadeschath, as her Phoenician citizens called her, did not make a vain boast when she claimed more than a half-million inhabitants. Here and there under a portico, or in the cool of one of the tower-flanked gates, clusters of people might be seen anxious to escape the heat of the day.

Hanno paid no attention to where they were going, so absorbed was he in questioning and answering. Suddenly they were startled by a child's screaming, and saw that little Mishath, who had run ahead and was walking backward in order to face them, had just escaped being run over by two mules, heavily laden with oil. The half-caste Carthaginian who was driving them, stopped in fright at what had

happened, opened his thick lips and passed one hand on his woolly hair and the other against his flat nose in an indescribably comical manner. He seemed to expect instant death, and must have been greatly relieved at having only angry words hurled at him.

This danger passed, they were all suddenly separated and hustled to opposite sides, as the populace made way for a camel who needed the full width of the street, as he solemnly stalked along with his head raised high above the masses.

Everybody was in too good a humor to mind these interruptions and the party gayly made its way up one of the three great streets which led from the commercial quarter to a hill called the Byrsa, or Acropolis. This Byrsa, destined later to play an important part in the siege of Carthage, was surrounded by a high triple wall and was the best protected part of the city. It was reached by a stair-case of about sixty steps placed against the perpendicular walls in such a way that they could be easily destroyed in case of danger.

On the summit of the hill, commanding a view of the whole city, was the rich and beautiful temple dedicated to

the god Esmoun (Æsculapius). It faced the rising sun, and was built by the side of a great paved public square. Stone statues, dumb worshipers of the mighty god, were arranged along the avenue leading to this place. Hanno and his uncle, anxious though they were to reach home, would have felt guilty of impiety not to have entered. They did not remain long, however.

A few minutes' walk from there brought them to a splendid residential section, probably the highest and most open in the city. The large houses here, mostly occupied by wealthy merchants, were built with considerable taste, many of them having been designed by Greek architects.

In this neighborhood Hanno could not restrain himself longer, and, despite the heat of the day, rushed with great speed into an elegantly carved portico, in front of a mansion of magnificent proportions, at the door of which an old slave of the family stood waiting to receive him.

CHAPTER IV

Home

In the entrance-hall Hanno found his grandmother, who greeted him with much show of emotion. She was surrounded by a group of slaves, some of whom threw themselves at his feet as he came in.

"Your mother is preparing for a banquet tonight at which your father has urged her to be present," his grandmother explained as soon as he had regained his breath. "She has given orders, however, that you are to come to her at once. Do you think you still know the way?" Hanno nodded brightly, and made his way quickly through luxuriously furnished rooms, darkened with heavy curtains shutting out the dazzling light and excessive heat, to an upper story. Without stopping to knock, he burst into his mother's room and threw himself into her arms.

His mother, who had been seated before a toilet table of some rich dark wood resembling mahogany with a veneer of carved ivory, arose and returned his embrace with warmth, shaking her head, however, as she glanced sidewise into the silver-backed circular glass mirror that hung over the table, and saw that the thick masses of hair, that an attendant had just been fastening, had become loosened.

"You see what you have done!" she exclaimed laughing. "Never mind. It is no great matter. Lissa will fix it in a moment. Now run and have your bath that we may talk with you before we leave tonight. I won't ask a single question now. I am satisfied to see you looking well, even though you are as black as a Libyan." Kissing him again she dismissed him.

The attendant now came forward. She was a young woman attired in a striped robe reaching to her feet, over which was a tunic fastened around her waist with a belt. Heavy rings were in her ears, and glass bracelets on her arms. Her hair hung loose over her shoulders. She pushed a footstool under her mistress's feet, and then picked up the

gold pins from where they had fallen on the heavy Assyrian carpet that covered the floor, and placed them on the table which contained various vessels, with perfumes, ointments, and washes for the skin. All of these vessels had been made in Carthage. They were of various sizes. Some were beautifully chased. One was of rock crystal with a funnel and cover of gold. Near them stood a bronze stand covered with rings and bracelets, and next to it a hand mirror of highly polished metal whose handle consisted of a finely carved naked figure standing on a frog. While her mistress closed her eyes, Mishath parted the heavy wavy hair very deftly at the forehead, and arranged it underneath two narrow encircling bands.

"Now," she said, when she had finished, "look at yourself, dear mistress. Will anyone at the banquet be fairer?" Hanno's mother, shaking her head languidly at the maid, contemplated her own image in the mirror with apparent pleasure. Then, drawing a deep breath, she leaned back in her chair.

"Ah, how tiresome this dressing is," she exclaimed. "However, bring my new dresses that I may choose between

them. Hold them better," she continued almost impatiently as Lissa extended them before her.

"I don't wonder you hesitate," said Lissa slowly. "In this," and she nodded to the robe in her right hand, "you will look like a Goddess of the Mist, a bringer of dreams," and she paused and shook the folds of the wonderfully soft, white and transparent Egyptian muslin, delicately embroidered with lotus blossoms.

"But in this," and she turned to the exquisite gown of Persian silk interwoven with linen and dyed in the renowned Tyrian purple, which, however, in this case was of a decided bluish cast. "In this—you will dispute with our greatest Goddess Tanith some of the glory of our sky. Will you—"

Without allowing Lissa to finish, Kada arose. "Give me that," she said, pointing to the silk. "Today is a day of rejoicing, and my gayest attire is none too gay. And, here—I want none of these trinkets. Bring me my ebony box, and let me select those proper to wear."

When these had been brought she looked them over impatiently, finally selecting three necklaces, one of small

pearls to be worn just under the chin, another of finely wrought gold, and the third, to hang lowest, of queer beads and amulets, among these later one representing the eye of the Egyptian god Osiris. Several rings and bracelets and a long pair of earrings of spiral gold, set with precious stones of exquisite workmanship, completed the adornments.

In the meantime, both Hanno and his uncle, refreshed by baths and clean linen, had made their way to a hanging balcony, sheltered by broad-leaved plants and overlooking an inner court filled with highly cultivated tropical vegetation. Here they found Hanno's grandmother, Akhot, awaiting them.

Akhot must have been over sixty. Her hair was snow white, but there was nothing else about her fine, though rather stern, face to indicate age. While light refreshments were placed on a three-legged table by a slave, she listened attentively to the story of the voyage. Her eyes flashed in a way that seemed out of harmony with her general appearance as she heard of the fate of the Roman ship that had tried to follow the Carthaginian boat.

"Have they not done us enough harm!" she exclaimed.

"Will they have our trade too? Well, they will find it harder—Astoreth and all the gods be praised—to defeat our merchants, than they found it to defeat our hired soldiers."

As she spoke, a small but very active-appearing man entered. His face, covered partly by a carefully curled beard of reddish color, with a long, somewhat hooked nose, and small piercing eyes, was the personification of energy and shrewdness. His attire was simple, but not without a certain elegance. It consisted of an ornamented and patterned tunic, parted towards the two sides. A lappet, elaborately adorned, fell down in front, from a patterned girdle. He embraced his son and shook Himlicat warmly by the hand.

"I have been to a specially called meeting of the Shopetim,"[1] he said. "So I couldn't come to meet you, or I surely would have done so, great though the heat has been today. But look what Hodo, the goldsmith, is sending Hanno." As he spoke he held out a small brass box.

All crowded eagerly around as Hanno, who had taken it, lifted up the lid. Inside, on a little cushion of silk, lay a

[1] Rulers of Carthage

bracelet of plain, heavy gold, ending in two lion heads, beautifully carved, the beasts apparently snarling at one another.

"Hodo is a genius!" exclaimed the grandmother.

"A lordly way to welcome you home," said Hanno's father, tapping the boy on the back.

"But, come," he continued, turning to Himlicat, "you must get ready, tired though you must be, to go to the banquet with us tonight," and walking up to Himlicat he said something in a low but emphatic tone of which Hanno caught only the words, "Hannibal," "Spain," "Shopetim." Himlicat yawned. "I hate to do it," he said. "But, yes"—as Hanno's father was about to say something—"you needn't explain. I understand the importance. I will go." He raised his arm in the way that Carthaginian courtesy demanded, and left the room.

Hanno was drawn down into a chair beside his father and urged to repeat his story.

CHAPTER V

A Young Artist

Hanno felt quite a hero that evening when he had finished relating the main incidents of the long voyage which he had made. But he felt much more so after he had told, and enlarged on it, to a circle of boy friends. There was only one among all of these who did not seem to share the great enthusiasm which his story generally excited. This was Hodo, the young goldsmith, who, though barely seventeen, was already producing work that was exciting attention. At first this indifference had rather antagonized Hanno, but it ended, strangely enough, by fascinating him, so that for a while he almost lived in Hodo's little workshop.

This was in the crowded commercial part of the city, where all was commotion and noise, and where buildings of many stories cast a welcome shade over the very narrow

streets. It was here, in a softened darkness, that perfume bazaars gave out a languishing scent, in which all the spices and odors of all the world seemed combined. There were shops nearby with glass vessels, both transparent and translucent, to hold these essences if one wished, shops which displayed small flasks, jugs and vases, three to six inches long, colored blue, yellow, green and purple, in bands of zigzags, or curves, blended in a way that pleased, but did not, like Grecian work, appeal to the mind. There was perhaps too great a striving after the bizarre, seen in vases in the shape of helmets, barrels and even human heads. Many men were employed here, working with blow pipe, lathe or graver near a powerful furnace. The most dexterous were employed on the decoration, certain kinds of which had to be done with exceeding rapidity. In this quarter too, were the market-places, filled with dates, figs, almonds, plums, garlic, lentils and cucumbers, as well as honey and cheese. There were butchers plying their trade. In their shops might be seen the flesh of dogs for sale, so horrifying to the Greeks and Romans. Here were the tables also of the money-changers who seemed to do an enormous

business, in which something wrapped in leather was one of the first bank notes ever used in the world.

There was great simplicity of attire on the part of the busy men seen on the streets. Few wore sandals. The neck, chest, arms and legs of the majority were bare.

Hodo owned his little shop. He was an odd-looking individual, taller and less muscular than the majority of Carthaginians. His face was exceedingly pale, and the small eyes, which seemed meant to be shrewd, had, instead, a far-away look. He had a slow way of talking in broken sentences and phrases, with frequent repetition of unimportant words.

"So you don't envy me my trip?" Hanno once remarked to him.

"Oh, yes—yes—" Hodo exclaimed quickly. "But, you see, I'd rather have made it—a—a—a—pilgrimage."

"A pilgrimage?" Hanno repeated interrogatively, trying to understand his strange friend.

"Why—yes—one to Greece—to study—the—the works of art there—and—and—learn from them."

A neighboring workman looked in, and, seeing Hanno,

entered. He was an exceedingly alert, restless-looking fellow, his small, sharp black eyes roving ceaselessly from one end of the shop to the other, as if desirous of ferreting out every secret there.

"Have you been listening to that fellow?" he asked, nodding toward Hodo. "Ha! Ha! Isn't he great? To hear him one would think that this life were eternal, and we could devote years to the construction of one little gold ring. Ha! Ha! Oh, I tell you, you ought to see Marcat's new way of cutting gems. He can do twenty in the time it takes your friend here to do one." And the stranger launched forth into an enthusiastic description of the process and its great commercial value. He laughed again as he finished; a harsh, unpleasant laugh, which sounded all the more so because there seemed no occasion for it. "And have you heard," he asked, "of the marvelous drapery that Hiemphal, the magistrate, has had made for himself? Then you should, for it is dyed with the rarest of Tyrian dyes, and adorned with marvelous embroideries. But what do you think he paid for it? I might as well tell you, for you could never guess. Just enough to buy a marble palace!" With another harsh laugh,

and with a patronizing thump on Hodo's shoulders, he left the workshop.

Hanno looked inquiringly at Hodo. "Isn't Marcat's scheme a good one?" he asked.

Hodo, who had been engaged in work that showed that the Carthaginians understood the art of soldering gold to gold, and also to other metals, slowly shook his head. "We are going backward, not forward," he said, "when we devote our—our—talents as a—a—a—people to—to—to—mere money-getting. It—it—makes me sad. Let's—not—talk of it," he concluded. And, opening a small box, he began to show his friend some of his own work. Ignorant though Hanno was of such things, he nevertheless was conscious that what he saw had something in it of grace and fineness of execution, something Greek-like, not often met in his commercial and pleasure-loving city. He wondered if the pains taken were worthwhile, as he looked curiously first at some cameos, and then at a necklace. It was of solid gold in the form of a cord, and gave an impression that the easy curves were made of something soft and elastic. Towards the ends were cylinders with lion heads to one of which a

rein was attached, and to the other a cap with an elaborate hook, consisting of a knot in the center of a blue enamel rosette.

"They are beautiful," Hanno said without enthusiasm.

Hodo looked up quickly, his sallow face flushing. He hastily opened a little drawer, and took out what was probably his masterpiece. It was a silver dish, such as were used in temples for pouring out libations. "A priestess of—of—the Greek Temple to Aphrodite gave me—me—a commission for this herself—to—to—me—a—a—Carthaginian! That made me proud! Do—do—you like it?"

"The Greeks, you say," and Hanno gazed with curiosity at the embossed vessel. In the middle of the bottom was a rosette with twenty-two petals, springing from a central disk. This was surrounded by a ring in which were two wavy lines of intertwined ribbon. Four deers stood on the outer edge of the ring in a walking attitude, while between and behind them was a continuous row of tall, stiff papyrus reeds, terminating in blossoms. Hanno tried his best to appear interested, when Hodo, laughing, took the vessel away. He carefully secured the drawer.

"You are thinking of our promised walk," he said good naturedly, "and—and—chafing at—at—the delay. You shall not wait longer," and he opened the outer door. Right here the beautiful little girl, who had been one of those to meet Hanno when he returned to Carthage, almost ran into him. It was Mishath, Hodo's sister. She was a shy child, her beautiful face eclipsed by her hair, a curly, reddish-brown mass that hung almost to her knees. Hodo greeted her with affection mingled with surprise.

"How is this, Mishath?" he asked with some anxiety, looking at her flushed face, and the broken necklace of cheap but harmoniously arranged glass beads which she clutched in her hand. Mishath looked back with a frightened glance, was about to speak, and then catching Hanno's eye, choked, and threw herself into Hodo's arms.

"You must wait here," Hodo hastily exclaimed to his friend. "I will take my—my—sister home, but I will return immediately."

It was almost a half hour, however, before he was back. His face had a puzzled, anxious expression. For a while the two boys walked silently side by side. At last Hodo spoke.

"I can't understand it. Let me—me—tell it to you. You see, for some time Mishath and one or—or—two other children have had the—the—privilege of playing in the grounds adjoining those of—of the temple of Baal-Hammon. No one has ever disturbed them there before today. It seems that this afternoon the children were hiding from one another, when Mishath strayed through an opening into the temple grounds themselves. From here on we—we—couldn't hardly understand her story. She seems to insist that someone seized her and was carrying her away, when three of her companions, who had also discovered the opening, rushed up shouting. She was hastily put down, and—and all were chased out. I—I feel strangely worried about it, although it—it was probably the act of some servant of the temple—to—frighten the children for intruding."

By this time they had reached the outer walls of the city, and stopped to watch twenty or more men engaged in repairing a breach in the wall. These mighty walls, which aroused the astonishment of the ancient world, both on account of their workmanship as well as their mass, were

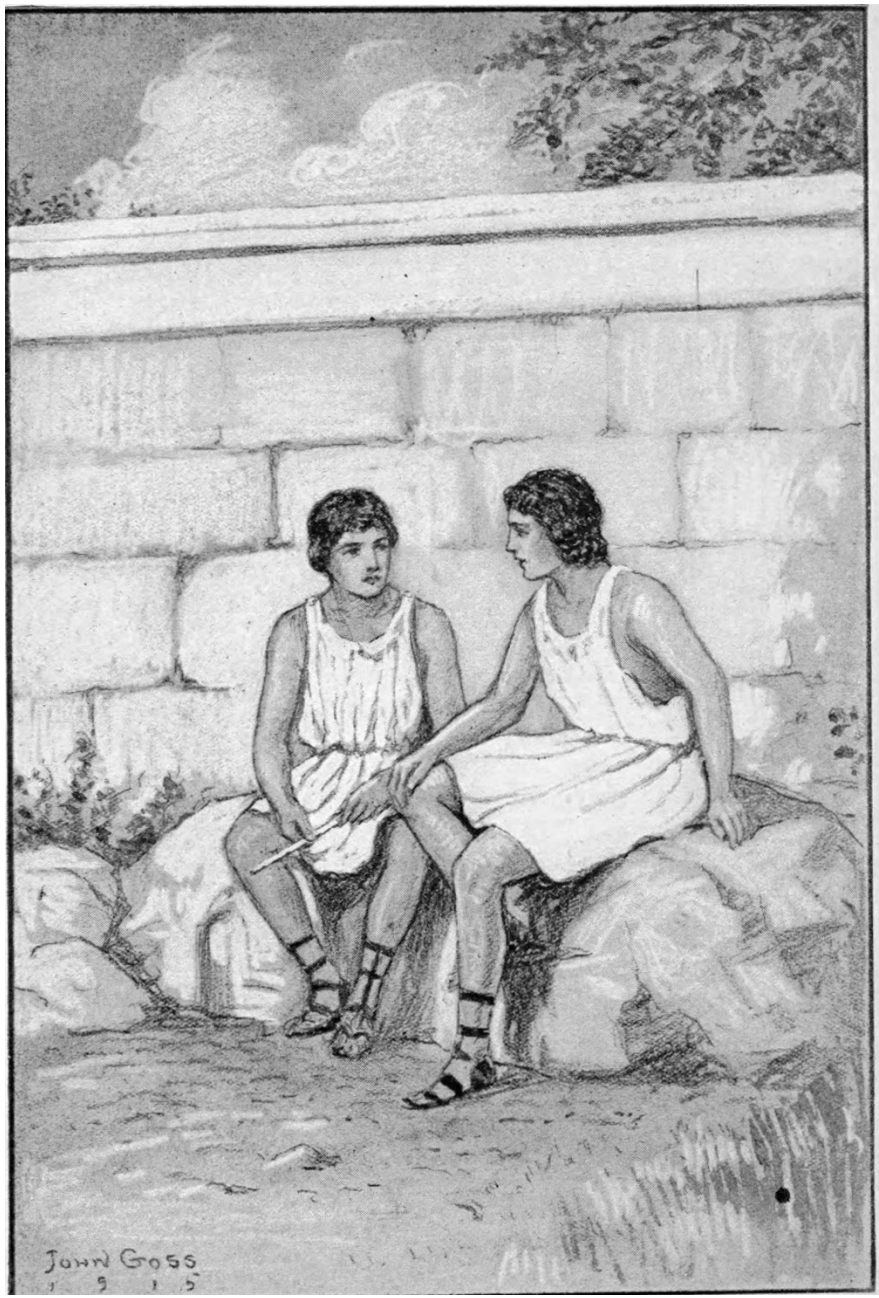
seventy-seven feet high, thirty-four feet thick, and extended six to seven leagues in circumference. The towers by which they were flanked here and there were higher and stronger. On the west and south of the city were three walls separated by regular distances. These contained chambers, some for elephants, of which several hundred were kept in Carthage, for the Carthaginians knew the art, few other nations have ever learned, that of thoroughly taming these great creatures. Over these chambers were stables for four thousand horses, as well as lodgings for twenty-four thousand men, some huge magazines, and fodder for both elephants and horses. Square towers, four stories high, arose at regular intervals. In the foundations were cisterns for water.

To Hanno's surprise, Hodo showed interest in watching these men at work. "I am glad to see these men labor faithfully, for we have need to keep up our fortifications well," he remarked. "Who knows when we—we—may again be in conflict with Rome. And the next time they attack, their object will not—not—not be the Island of Sicily as in the First Punic War, but—but the destruction

of Carthage itself." He looked very grave. The boys had seated themselves on one of the large boulders near the wall, and while Hanno amused himself throwing stones at some birds nearby, Hodo continued to talk, with a far-away expression on his strange dreamy face. "I was only a—a—little younger than you are—are now," he said, "when the Romans won the victory over us on—on—the sea. And why? Because, Hanno, we have only one—one ideal, the accursed accumulation of—of—gain, the gathering of means to—to live in luxury, in other words, a commercial ideal! Oh, yes, I know I am—am stating it extravagantly, and that there are exceptions. But listen. Who do we have do our fighting for—for us? Hired soldiers! And these whom we—we train, have already risen more than once against us, and—and—will rise again, unless our whole policy changes."

"But," broke in Hanno, aroused by the fire of Hodo's voice, "did we lose so much then in the First Punic War?"

"Lose?" repeated Hodo excitedly, and then more calmly, "It was not only that we—we lost Sicily and so—so brought Rome nearer to us. We also lost our—our dominion over



The boys had seated themselves on one of the large boulders near the wall

the sea, a dominion that we ought to—to have held. Oh, I wish you could have—have heard Hannibal talk of these things. I tell you, young as—as he was, he knew more than some of our generals! I am glad, however, that he is gone, for I am—am afraid that if he weren't"—here Hodo laughed pleasantly, and straightened up his slight, somewhat bent frame—"I'd be changing my—my trade to that of soldier."

"Of course you mean the son of Hamilcar Barca!" said Hanno. "Why, he's my second or third cousin! I was at Tyre the year that he left for Spain. I don't even know how he came to go, though I have often heard people criticise his father for having taken his sons to such a half-civilized country."

"Hamilcar Barca knew what he—he was about," Hodo said, with an unusual decision. "He understood better than, than—anyone else that Rome would never forgive us as—as long as we could claim superiority to—to her in any line. Carthage would not have to despair if there were more who loved their country as Hamilcar is teaching his son to—to—love it.

"I shall never forget Hannibal's joy when—when his father decided that his sons were to go with him. I was in the—the temple when Hamilcar brought Hannibal to the altar on which he was about to make sacrifice, and bade him lay his hand on—on the victim. 'We stand in the way of Rome and she designs our destruction,' he said, 'so swear,' his voice hoarse with passion, 'hatred to Rome as long as there is breath in your body.' Hannibal was only nine years old then, a mere—mere child, but those of us who heard him, and saw him afterward, felt that he had consecrated himself—heart—heart and soul—to avenge his country."

The boys sat deep in thought until they saw that the men were quitting work. Then they arose and also started for home. In the rich section of marble palaces, Hodo turned away, but, before he left, Hanno placed his hand affectionately on his shoulders, saying shyly, "You are not like my other friends, Hodo, and you are teaching me to look at many things differently than I have ever done before."

CHAPTER VI

A Day in the Suburbs

The Carthaginians were excellent agriculturists, some of their written books on the subject being considered so greatly superior to anything else known that later, when Rome destroyed the African city, Mago, their author was honored by having his works translated into Latin, and his name thus preserved to posterity. The extensive grain fields, highly cultivated gardens, orchards and plantations in the vicinity owed their productiveness to an excellent system of irrigation, through an extensive network of canals. To one side of the city, where the ground had originally been somewhat marshy, the course of the water had been directed to the canals and the ground thus reclaimed through drainage. Still further away immense flocks and herds testified to the material prosperity of the state.

Attractive country homes were to be seen on every side. There was one suburb which was reserved almost entirely for the summer homes of rich merchants. This was called the Megara, and enjoyed the importance of having a fortified wall of its own.

It was to the Megara that Hanno resolved to go several weeks after his talk with Hodo. As he made his way over the pavements on the great squares, he tried to estimate how hot the day was likely to be by the warmth that already began to feel uncomfortable beneath his thinly sandaled feet. He did not hurry, but stopped to watch some workmen repairing a part of the drain laid carefully beneath the street slabs, for the rain that fell during the winter was utilized as far as possible by the Carthaginians. And then, instead of going directly to his destination, he remembered a new way he had recently learned of snaring pelicans, and determined to visit a lake where many of these birds as well as flamingos were to be found. To reach the spot he had to pass enormous cisterns surrounded by colonnades, and supplied by a vast terrace, above which rain water was collected.

The sun was already pouring hot beams down from a

cloudless sky, when, having tired of the sport, he turned to pursue his way. He was glad when he had reached an olive grove, the silver gray foliage of the round heads of the trees, all very much alike, casting a welcome shade over the soil which had seemed all the more burning perhaps because of its reddish hue.

From this olive grove there was another short walk in the open, and then a welcome succession of orchards, until the walls of the Megara arose before him.

Feeling hot and tired, and seeing a mossy bed just inside of a thick hedge a short distance from the gate, he stretched himself full length on it.

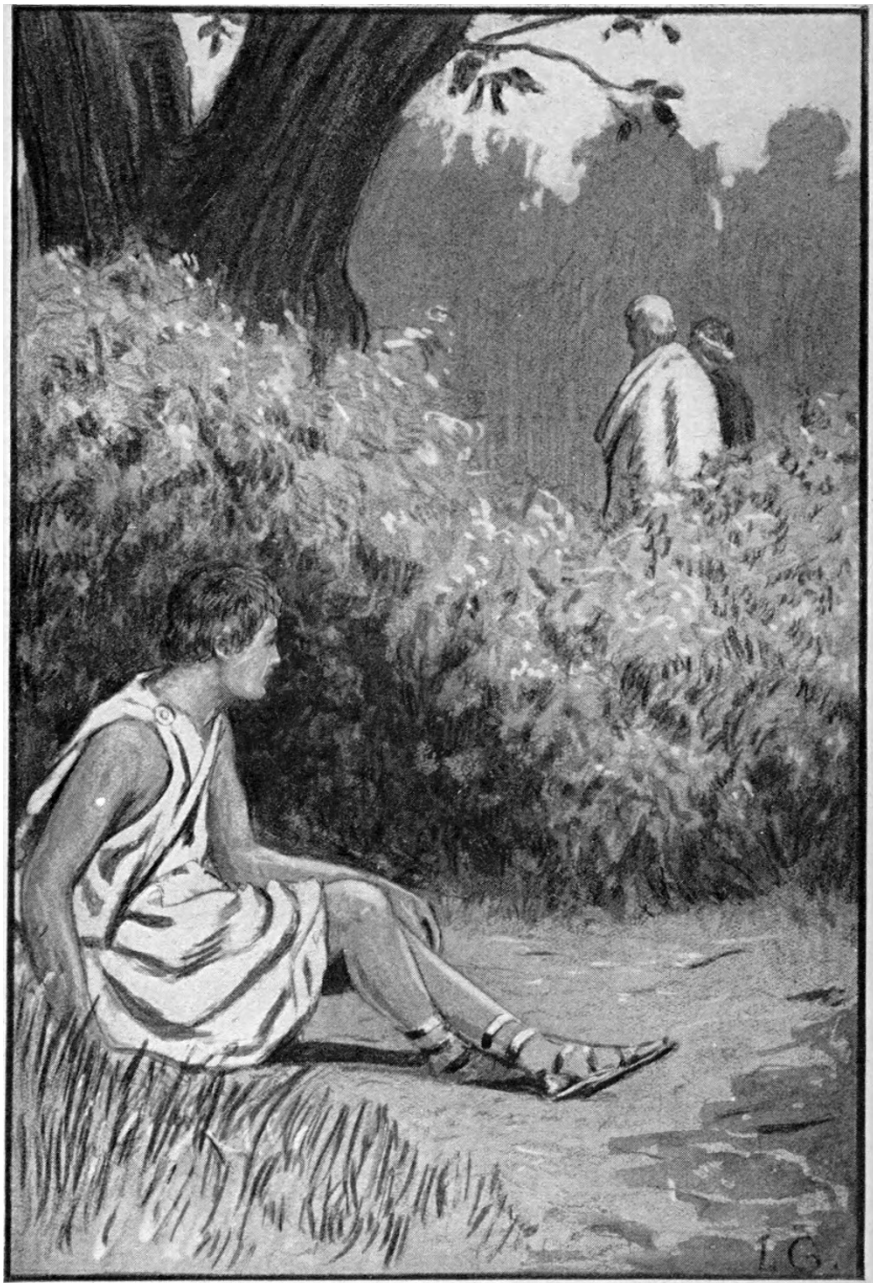
He must have dozed for he was awakened by hearing voices on the other side. At first he did not listen, but after a while bits of sentences began to claim his attention.

"We must have ten more," said a soft, masculine voice.

"They are hard to get," was the muttered response.

"But they must be got," reiterated the first voice, the soft tones strangely blended with unalterable decision.

Here the parties evidently moved a little further away, for only scattered words reached Hanno. The peculiarity of



Peeping out from under the hedge,
he saw two men

the voice and the enigmatic words aroused Hanno's curiosity. Peeping out from under the hedge, he saw two men, one of whom appeared to him to be a priest. There was something familiar in his face, and, after much thought, he decided that he had seen him in the temple of the god Moloch. The other looked as if he might be one of the lower order of temple servants. Hanno was about to crawl out from under his coverings when he saw that the men were returning. Fearful of the consequences of his being discovered he was forced to remain hidden. "For the present," the priest was saying, "no one must know of our method of procedure. You must amend your clumsiness. Your last bungling might have cost us dear."

"Nay, not so fast," the other retorted with a familiarity that startled Hanno. "It was the slave's fault for not repairing the break as soon as the chit had passed through and so prevented the others from following. Well, he won't forget another time. And I intend having her for the honor of the god yet!"

"Do," came insinuatingly from the soft-voiced priest. "The effect is enhanced by beauty. Adieu. I return to my

mission of persuasion. Oh, the foolish people! But haste you and report to the high priest Melikart, that I am having at least partial success—three already have promised to sacrifice, and some more will yet listen to my teaching—not many. I should believe that I was forgetting my art did I not know that the peaceful times are conspiring against me. Fare-thee-well." The soft tones made the last words sound like a benediction. Turning, the priest strolled down the hot silent street. Hanno lay very still. Although he did not understand the real import of what he had heard, he realized that it was what no outsider was supposed to know. He wondered vaguely what it all meant, but had come no nearer to solving the mystery when a half-hour later he crawled out and proceeded on his way. He thought of some clever questions to ask the owner of the house to which he was bound, but when he reached his destination he was greeted by so merry a group of children that he forgot all about it, and did not recall it again for many a day.

CHAPTER VII

Various Happenings

It was the time of the year when caravans made their way from Carthage across the Desert of Sahara, and also across vast tracts in many parts almost as bare of vegetation and homes into Asia. Hanno, who had been taking an active part in his father's business for some time, had obtained permission to accompany him on one of these expeditions to the desert's very edge. It was a big affair. Not one man, but numerous merchants were interested, and many weeks had been spent in preparing for it. All went well armed to protect themselves from thievish tribes whom they might meet, and carried provisions and water with them for many months. They were in high spirits, for one of these expeditions was sometimes sufficient to make the fortunes of all the merchants concerned, since in return for the cheap, gaudy finery, rude pottery, and salt which they

carried with them, they would be paid with gold, slaves, ivory, ebony, ostrich feathers, and precious stones.

The camel which Hanno and his father rode excited many favorable comments from the group of half-naked urchins who gathered to see them start. "Gee, what feet!" they would exclaim. Hanno had reason to feel proud of it, for it was one of the rare breed of racing camels, and its clean tone of skin, slender flanks and more alert look differed markably from its dull, ungainly, and exceedingly bored-looking companions.

It was a slow journey, but steady, for the lumbering gait of the ordinary camels, with which, of course, the racing camel had to keep pace, never seemed to tire. Near Carthage there were bits of picturesque scenery, but, as they proceeded further on, the landscape grew bare except for the heather, wild asparagus, and prickly esparto grass. Now and then a bit of relief was afforded by some sort of light pink blossom. The desert was reached at early dawn, a great, pallid, melancholy tract, with twisted shrubs almost bare of leaves along its edge. A solitary crow flew above their heads, and then as if despairing of the silent wastes turned

back. Hanno and his father kept the merchants company until the sands seemed gleams of the rising sun, and then parted to return much more rapidly than they had come.

A band of scowling Numidians met them, but offered no harm. Then a few straggling natives of countries neighboring on Carthage, and under heavy tribute to her, passed them.

At a new, rapidly developing suburb, they made a somewhat protracted stay. Many new buildings were being constructed here, most of them with something over-massive, and, therefore, decidedly Carthaginian in their appearance. This was partly due to the foundation of large blocks of stones used without mortar. The upper portion of the houses was often made of cement in much the same way that it is today, earth being enclosed within a frame of boards constructed on either side. All the housetops agreed in being covered by concrete roofs, so made that every drop of rain water falling down on them might be saved by being sent into hidden reservoirs.

Hanno had just turned a corner to go in advance to where they had left the camel, when a four-horsed chariot

passed him, the horses gay in their rich tasseled harness. In the front stood the master with his driver. The former had a bow in his left hand, while in his right he supported a parasol, which although considered a sign of effeminacy, by many Carthaginians nevertheless indicated high rank. Behind him stood a servant with two dangerous-looking daggers through his girdle. A quiver of arrows hung from the side of the car. Hanno recognized his cousin in the owner of this handsome equipage, the rich, and fashion-loving Maco, who was noted also as an ardent sportsman. He waved his hand vigorously at him. Maco nodded rather coldly, but after he had gone some distance evidently changed his mind and returned.

"We have room for you, you sea-explorer," he said, coming up to the boy, "if you are not afraid of a real animal hunt."

Hanno felt too happy to mind the insinuation. "I am not at all afraid." He called to where his father stood, talking with a very self-important looking architect, who had been giving instructions at one of the buildings.

When his father came up, and was told why he was

wanted, he hesitated for a moment, and then, to Hanno's great joy, gave his assent.

"May the god of the Chase befriend you," he shouted after them, as Hanno leaped up beside his cousin, and the driver clicked to the horses, sending them off at a smart canter.

For a while Hanno was too happy to speak. Then the thought that he had no weapon began to alloy his pleasure. What was the use of going if he was not to take a real part in the hunt! At last he spoke of this.

"We must remedy that," his cousin answered in a teasing tone. "For you are quite sure to do some killing. Sinco," he said, turning to the statue-like servant behind, "give my cousin one of mine." When Sinco had done this, not without some show of reluctance, Maco continued, "This may be your very own, young man, if you are the first to stain it with the blood of any animal that we meet." Then he laughed, as if what he had said were a great joke.

They had been advancing at a very rapid gait toward the mountains which here were covered with a thick growth of trees and shrubs. The road grew rougher as soon as they

began to ascend the slope, and progress was slower. Hanno kept his eyes wide open in the hope of proving to his scornful cousin that his being treated like a baby did not necessarily make him one. To his disappointment, however, as soon as they had come to a thicker underbrush, his cousin jumped out and beckoning to the driver and servant to follow him, bade Hanno remain with the horses. "Your mother would be my enemy for life if I let you get hurt," he said condescendingly, as he cautiously forced his way down the slope, where it would have been impossible for the horses to follow.

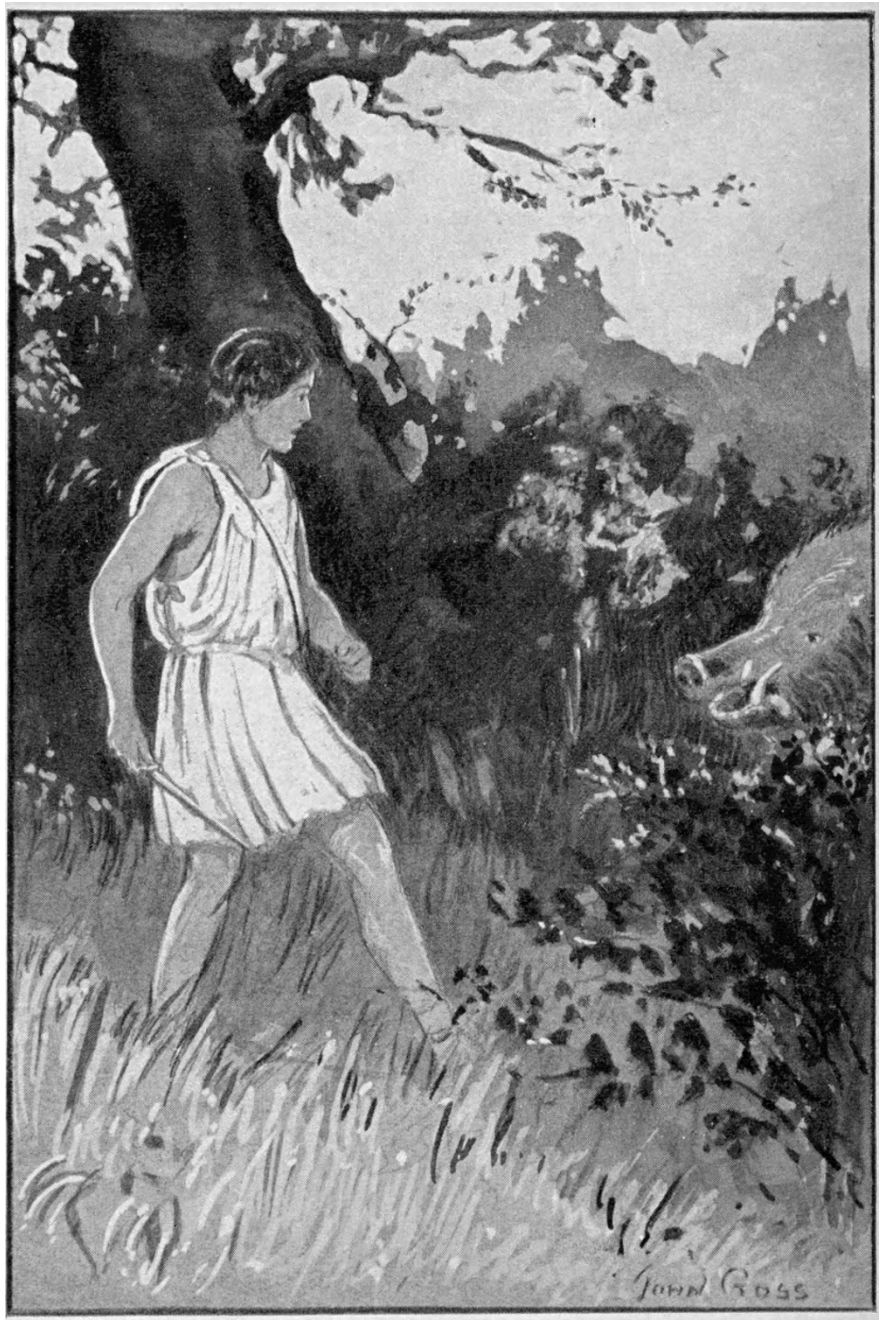
Hanno jumped down, unharnessed the horses and gave them their noon meal in the portable mangers which he found in the chariot. Then he made his way to a large date palm, under whose shade he stretched himself.

The quiet was suddenly broken by a faint cry from below which brought him to his feet. At the same instant there was a crashing in the bushes as if an animal of some size were approaching. The underbrush grew too high and thick for Hanno to make out what it might be. Quick as a flash, however, he drew his knife, and poised himself ready to

strike a blow. He took this position just in time, for a huge boar, with glittering tusks at least eight inches long, and tiny eyes flashing fiercely, with bristly hair erect, flew out just to his left, and, catching sight of a new enemy, rushed madly at him.

Hanno had done very little fighting on his own account, but he had spent hours in admiring study before paintings representing hunting scenes and had listened with intense interest, to stories of the chase. On the boat, too, one occasional amusement had been shooting the bow or launching stones at objects on shore, and Hanno had always won considerable praise for his dexterity. This practice now rendered him good service, although, when he saw the blazing eyes of the mad creature, he felt himself grow pale. Fortunately the thought of his cousin's scorn steadied his hand, and just as the boar was about to spring on him, he threw his dagger, aiming it just back of the fore leg. It evidently struck a vital spot, for to Hanno's amazement the animal, with one last frightful roll of its eyes, fell over dead.

Hanno was still rooted to the spot, when someone clapped him on the shoulder. It was his cousin, who had



He took this position just in time

followed the boar back without Hanno having perceived him.

"I know now where to find the companion that I need for my hunting trips," he said. "A splendid blow that. Where did you learn the trick? I'd have been proud to have struck so well myself. But the gods were on your side today. Here, you," he called to the two serving-men who had come up, "take this creature and let us prepare a sacrifice at once, as well as our own repast." A stone was accordingly rolled up, and on this a libation was poured. Then the heart and other organs of the boar, together with a choice piece of the flesh, were placed on it. A fire was kindled around them, and, as they burned, Maco repeated with a religious fervor, curious in a man of his type, a sort of incantation.

While this was being done, one of the servants busied himself roasting a part of the boar, while the other gathered dates and drew eatables from apparently mysterious places, until a fair repast was spread on the ground. With his cousin's praises ringing in his ears it was no wonder that this meal tasted sweeter to Hanno than any he had ever eaten before.

CHAPTER VIII

Mishath

As the cooler weather came on, the city became more and more lively. There was greater activity, too, on the part of the Shopetim, as the rulers of the city were called. This meant not only the regular meetings of that body, but also frequent banquets at which affairs of state were freely discussed before coming up officially for debate. These banquets, which were exceedingly elaborate, were possible not because the city paid for them, but because the Shopetim were almost without exception men of great wealth, many of them having bought their way to power. There were no inherited titles in Carthage. The rich and able ruled, regardless of birth. Sometimes the abuse of wealth was carried so far that several offices were held by one man.

Since the First Punic War more or less disquieting news frequently circulated through the city, and it was whispered everywhere that matters between the Romans and the Carthaginians must soon come to another war. This was the more feared because the neighboring tribes, from whom Carthage always exacted a heavy tribute, were becoming more and more restless. Things came to a crisis when a supposed plot was discovered, according to which the Numidians were prepared to enter the city. This plot, which existed only in the imaginations of a group of men who hoped to achieve military promotion, and so greater power through its being believed, was naturally thought part of a Roman plan of invasion.

It was first hinted at about the time of one of the great religious festivals of the season, for which the priests of the many different temples of the city had long been getting ready. This was particularly true of those of the temple of Moloch, that terrible place in Carthage where children were sacrificed to propitiate the gods. The excitement in the city was greatest, perhaps, when the priests announced that twenty children must be given, and urged the sacrifice

on all parents, not only for the welfare of their own souls but also for the safety of the city. The response must have been disappointing, for the announcement was made at three different times; finally the priests threatening dire calamity if greater patriotism were not shown.

Hanno paid but little attention to all this, until two days before the great event when he accidentally met his friend Hodo, at whom he stared in astonishment, so altered did he find him. And no wonder. Hodo had terrible news to tell. His little sister, Mishath, had disappeared and he feared the worst.

"She had been talking," he told Hanno brokenly, "of someone whom she called 'a man of God.' One day she came home with some flowers which this 'man of God' had given her: another time with a—kite. We thought nothing of it for—for we considered it the action of someone who had been attracted to her—her pretty face. But we should have paid more attention to her chatter, now—now she is gone," and Hodo, sinking down into a chair in the little workroom which they had reached, sobbed aloud.

Hanno, much moved, and not knowing what other

comforts to offer, placed his arm through that of his friend. "Have you no clue?" he asked at last.

"None," Hodo answered, "except the repeated phrase 'man of God!'" Both were silent for several minutes, then Hodo continued slowly: "Once or twice it has occurred to me that there might be—be some connection between the incident that—that occurred shortly after you returned from the Tin Islands—you—you remember, in the priest's garden. But no, surely—" and he shook his head.

When later Hanno had proceeded some distance toward home he suddenly stopped, and, after some reflection, turned and made his way back past the little garden to which Hodo had referred. As he stood staring into it a man came out of the gate, brushed past him, and then turning gave him a sharp, suspicious glance. As Hanno met it, he was struck not only by something sinister in it, but also by something strangely familiar in the man's general aspect. He could not place him, but for some reason when he tried to dismiss him from his thoughts, he found that he could not. What connection, if any, could that man have with the child's disappearance, he wondered. He went to

bed early but slept restlessly. Suddenly he awoke conscious of some strange dream in which Hodo, Mishath, and the strange man who had looked so sharply at him before the temple garden were jumbled together. Then the scene changed. The stranger was speaking to another man. Here he awoke fully. Why, they were the two whom he had seen by chance that hot summer day, when he had paid a visit to the suburb of Megara! He rubbed his eyes, but the thought not only persisted but expanded into a belief that they had some connection with his friend's grief. He tried to remember what they had said that day, but could only recall some expressions like "the more beautiful the better the effect on the people, and the more pleasing to the gods." He lay for a long time pondering over this. Had he not heard someone say that Mishath was beautiful? But what had that to do with the effect on the people and the pleasure of the gods? And then he suddenly felt as if choking. It was—The Sacrifice! THE SACRIFICE to Moloch! Mishath was to be one of the victims!

After that, sleep was impossible. As soon as light dawned he slipped quietly out of the house for a long walk

in the open air. But even that did not dispel his gloom. Little Mishath, sweet, innocent little Mishath, must die! For even if the way were found to save her, it must not be done, lest the anger of the terrible god Moloch descend on him and his.

When Hanno returned to the city, however, he had resolved that come what would he must tell Hodo his suspicions. "Perhaps he will laugh away my fears," he thought; "the child may already have been found."

Hodo was not in his workroom, and so Hanno made his way to the tall tenement house in which he lived. Hodo, very pale and hollow-eyed, opened the door for him. His widowed mother came in soon after, her eyes red from weeping and lack of sleep.

The boy had no sooner mentioned his suspicions than the mother uttered a cry: "It is as I thought. There is no hope now," and fell over in a faint. It took some time to restore her. Hanno was greatly affected, and when the mother sank down on her knees before him, and begged: "Oh, Hodo's friend, you who are so rich and powerful, will you not aid us to recover our darling?" he forgot the fears

that had been troubling him all morning and swore by the greatest god, Baal-Hammon, that he would do everything that lay in his power.

But when Hanno reached the street again he felt greatly agitated at what he had done. How would the gods regard his interference? Did not the priests teach that the children who were sacrificed were blest above all others? And whose help could he ask with safety? Neither his father nor mother would sympathize with his efforts. Well, there was his grandmother. She, at least, would not betray his secret nor laugh at it.

And so, after he had breakfasted, he made his way to where she sat in her small balcony, overlooking the garden, superintending the work of two slave girls who knelt on mats at her feet.

Evidently Hanno's face told a story which the bright quick eyes of his grandmother read at a glance.

"I am tired of being out here," she said, the fresh tones of her voice belying her words. "I shall lie down and you must talk to me, Hanno. See, Emca," she continued to the older of the two young women, "that no one disturbs me."

Then, nodding to her grandson to follow her, she made her way into a luxurious inner chamber. Here she dropped into a heavy ebony arm-chair, and pointing to a stool at her feet for Hanno to take, asked abruptly, but in a singularly kind voice, "Tell me frankly, what troubles you, Hanno?"

The story was a long one. At its conclusion she asked a few questions, and then sat with her face resting in her hands. When at last she spoke the tones of her voice had changed; there was something weary in its accents.

"I am glad you came to me, Hanno; if you had gone to someone else it might have cost you your liberty. Be careful not to speak of it. If you restore the child do not let anyone know you did it. And, Hanno," she continued almost fiercely, "do not trouble your mind about your impiety to the gods—when you grow older you may learn that the sacrifices seem as barbarous to many Carthaginians deserving of your highest respect, as they seem to the Greeks and Romans." She paused, then added: "Once more, I tell you, Hanno, let your conscience be clear. The gods of the priests are not the gods of the heavens," and with an embrace and promise of help, she dismissed him.

CHAPTER IX

The Festival

The solemnity of the great church festival was made even greater by the death, that very week, of one of the Shopetim. It augured no good, the people said.

On the day of the funeral the entire city wrapped itself in gloom. The unnatural, dismal silence which pervaded it was now and then disturbed by a piercing outburst of grief. The body of the deceased, carried by slaves on a richly draped litter, had been first enveloped in bands, the mouth and eyes being covered with gold leaf. An amulet, consisting of a little gold case containing a text written on gold plates, had been tied around the neck. The procession wound its way through the principle streets, past beautiful marble palaces, and the magnificent works of art, many of which Carthage had ruthlessly seized from conquered

cities, until it reached the burial-place, where it made its way to a plot set apart for persons high in the state. A handsome sarcophagus, called the eternal house, stood ready to receive the body.

Queer little lamps, made of discs of clay, pinched back in three places to form peaks, had been placed within this tomb to light the soul on its long journey. There were food and drink too, that the soul might not grow faint, and tiny images of warriors, horses, and chariots, as well as figures of the gods, each with a significance of its own.

Then, only two days after this, came a very different scene. The streets now were filled to overflowing, shops being emptied, workmen idle. Not only was all of Carthage gathered to see and take part in the gorgeous pageant prepared, but the people of all the outlying districts, and many from neighboring countries, had come to witness it, and to feast and make merry, after the required religious rites had been fulfilled. The unmistakable undertone of excitement and impatience grew constantly greater, especially among the multitudes of naked, unwashed children. It was seen, too, in the constant surging of the crowd, even

those who had gained advantageous positions seldom remaining quietly in them. It was with difficulty that many arms kept a pathway clear. At last a great shout went up: "They come! they come!" At the same time a loud trumpet blast announced that the procession had started. A deep expectant silence fell on all.

The succession of gods, goddesses, priests and priestesses that now began to file by was headed by the greatest god whom the Carthaginians acknowledged, Baal-Hammon, the Lord of Heaven, the Sun god, figured as a man in the prime of life, with enormous ram's horns.

Next to him came the representation of Ashtoreth or Astarte, the Moon goddess, or, as some claim, the goddess of all Nature, presiding over a never-ending process of creation and destruction. Over her shoulders was draped a square embroidered mantle, purple red in color, so fine, so beautiful, so rare that its purchase price would have ransomed a city. On one of her outstretched hands was perched a dove, while her head-dress represented a moon-disc.

Near her was Esmoun, the god of Medicine, or

Æsculapius, as the Greeks called him, the supreme manifestation of the Divinity, whose magnificent temple was in the Byrsa itself.

Then came many statues representing lesser gods, among them those of Greece and Egypt as well as a bevy of strange, grotesque dwarf gods. Last came Moloch, the terrible God of Fire and Light, to whom human sacrifices were made, and to whom this day was to be particularly devoted.

Among these representatives of the gods of Carthage walked the proud priests, richly dressed in scarlet stoles, which fell to their bare or sandaled feet, with garlands in their hands and golden crowns on their shaven heads.

The priestesses came after the musicians, with their lyres and castanets. Among them one of extraordinary beauty commanded attention. She was dressed in the costume of the great Egyptian Goddess Isis, a vulture's head surmounting her head-dress, and wings of the sacred bird spread over her dress. She walked with a free majestic calm, which, combined with her fine face, left an impression of courageous strength that accorded well with the bravery shown later by the women of Carthage when they knew

that their city was doomed.

Such throngs filled all the temples that it was sometimes difficult to enter or leave, but the greatest crowd of all, and one constantly increasing, was massed at the magnificent shrine of the Fire God.

> "On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
> And brazen plates the cedar beams enclosed.
> The rafters are with brazen cov'rings crowned,
> The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound."

In the outer portion, arrayed against the walls, were more of the beautiful statues which Carthage appropriated for her own whenever possible. Some of these were painted with a rare delicacy. The Greek influence was to be plainly seen. Here and there rose other statues representing different aspects of Moloch. These were surrounded by offerings, including incense boxes, perfume bottles, fruits, flowers, and rather crude tablets, on many of which the donors were represented in an adoring attitude, and in which they did not hesitate to recapitulate what they had already given to this deity. Only one of these tablets was of superior workmanship. It was very simple, with a border represent-

ing the Egyptian and Phoenician symbol of the universe, a snake with its tail in its mouth, and a representation of a raised hand denoting supplication. It ended with the words, "As thou hearest this supplication, oh, Baal Moloch, do thou bless me and mine."

In the center of the temple was a great, paved courtyard, lined with a succession of high columns, forming shaded porticos. At one end rose the pavilion on which sat the enormous and horrible metal statue representing Moloch, before which men looked like dwarfs.

Here the throng of worshipers was the thickest, many of them prostrate on the floor in their devotion, others bartering, strangely enough, with amulet merchants, or the peddlers of sacred statuettes. It was a beautiful place in which to be, with the trees and flowers which breathed forth a strange, almost over-powering perfume. The effect of these heavy odors was enhanced by the sound of the gently falling waters of fountains and the innumerable cooings of doves.

Very early that same morning there had been two unusual and trembling visitors to that inner courtyard.

They were Hodo and Hanno. Their visit was the outcome of several secret meetings in the apartments of Hanno's, grandmother, and were brought about entirely through her influence.

In the outer apartment Hodo, carrying something in a square wooden box, had stopped before one of the many regulations affixed to the walls and had read aloud, "Whoever transgresses against the Lord God Moloch shall forfeit his harvest to the Priest."

He gave a deep sigh. "Yea," he said in a low tone to Hanno, "and that and more will—will I gladly forfeit if—if my transgressions prove effective!"

Before the enormous statue the boys were met by one of the lesser priests who, taking the box from Hodo (evidently according to some agreement), opened it, revealing the beautiful silver plate that Hodo had once proudly shown Hanno as a commission from one of the Greek temples.

"And so," said the priest, eyeing it curiously, "the Greeks gave you this to do! Well, it is very fine, and I am glad that you are pious enough to donate it on this great day to our temple. The Lord God Moloch will surely reward you."

Here Hanno, seeing that Hodo could not speak, began to ask questions regarding the celebration. "Everything," concluded the priest, "is ready."

"And does the machinery of the statue never go amiss?" asked Hodo, his teeth chattering.

"It is always overhauled the day before it is to be put to any great use. That," the priest continued, "is absolutely necessary."

"Hodo here gets queer orders sometimes," began Hanno, remembering how his grandmother had drilled him. "Someone wants him to make little moveable gods to take to Africa. Now, if he could get a glimpse of the machinery"—here Hanno held out a gold piece—"he might form an idea how to go to work." And he jingled two more pieces.

"Ah" said the priest, made good-natured by the gift and the sight of the money, "that's your game is it? Well, it's against the rules but—if you're quick—" He glanced around. No one was in sight, and, lifting a heavy curtain, he disclosed a small door which he opened, the boys following him into an alcove immediately back of the

statue.

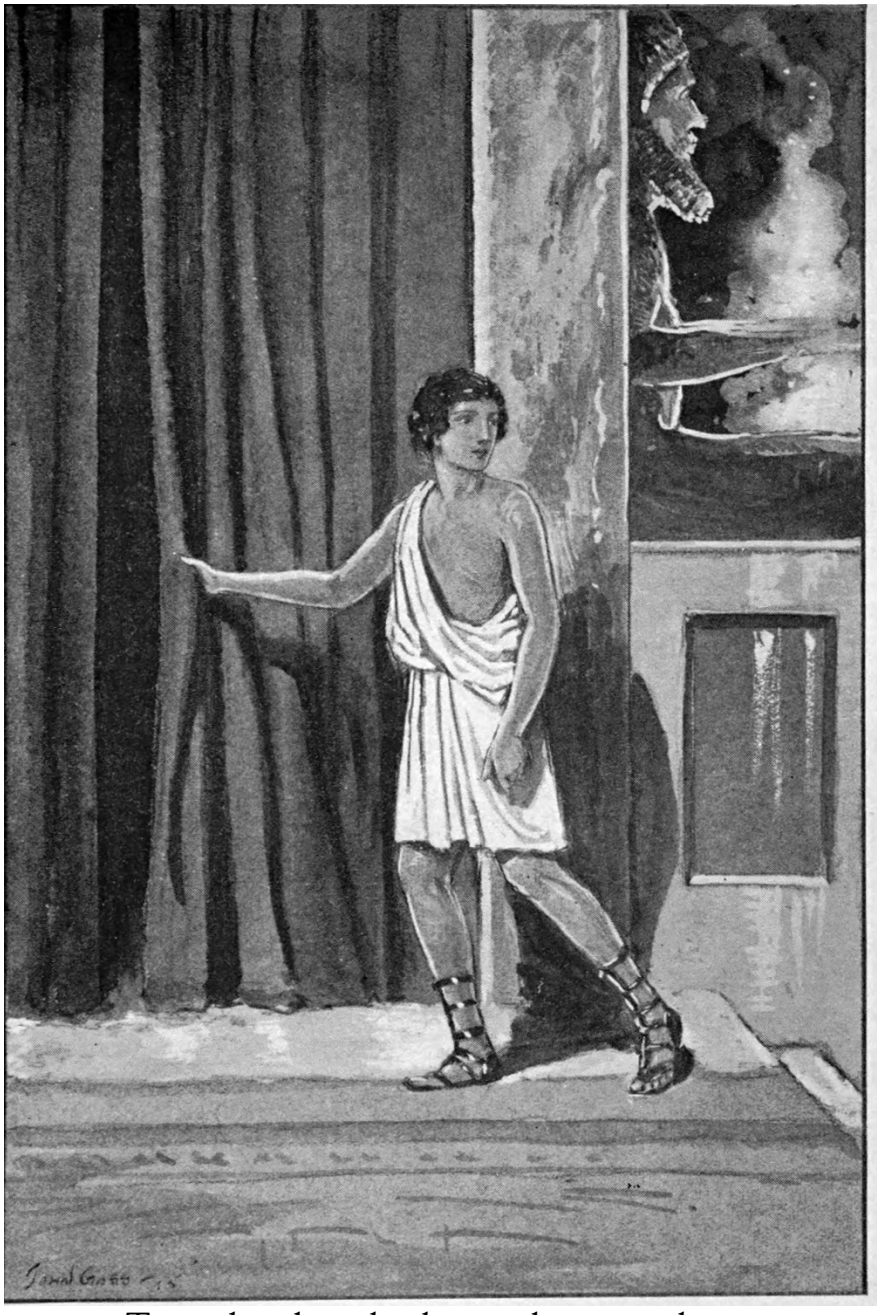
"If I—I—touch this, would it—it move?" and Hodo laid a quivering hand on one part of the works. The priest nodded curtly. "Come," he said, "you've seen enough," and he led the way back.

The three walked slowly into the outer hall. Here Hodo stopped and fumbling under the folds of his tunic, stutteringly said, "I—I—I—dropped—" and, without waiting to conclude, turned and ran back into the inner shrine.

A few minutes later Hodo, his face white as clay, had rejoined Hanno and the priest, whom his friend had managed to detain near the entrance. Fortunately for him some worshipers now entered, and Hanno, placing his arm through Hodo's, helped him regain the outer air.

Here the young artist seemed to breathe more easily. "It—is—is done," he gasped. "If—if—it works—there will be no—no sacrifice today."

And now both were somewhere in the temple. The ceremony began by a rich Sardinian carpet being placed before the statue. Then the High Priest, standing on it, gave a short prayer, begging the god to accept the offerings of his



Turned and ran back into the inner shrine

faithful subjects, and to bestow his favor on all in the city, but particularly on those who had made the greatest sacrifices. Then other priests muttered incantations and swung their censers. A deep silence fell as the worshipers prepared themselves for the great feature of the day, which was to consist of one child after another, to the number of twenty, being placed in the god's outstretched arms, from whence, by delicately managed machinery, each was to be dropped into his broad lap, in the hollow beneath which a bright fire burned.

The crash of cymbals, shouts from the priests and the excited ejaculations from the populous came together as three infants, one after the other, disappeared within the fiery furnace.

Hanno stood as if petrified. So Hodo had failed, after all. The machinery—yes, there was no doubt of it—was working. Rousing himself, he started to make his way toward the pillar against which Hodo was leaning. He had almost reached it when Hodo with a despairing cry rushed forward.

The awful moment had come. Mishath was led forth. She must have been drugged, for she seemed to offer no

resistance. She was dressed in white, a single perfect rose in her beautiful hair, which hung in waves almost to her knees. A murmur of admiration could be heard as the High Priest came forward and stood holding her by the hand for a few moments before he lifted her into the enormous arms of the idol.

Unable to take his eyes from Mishath's pale face and apparently unseeing eyes, Hanno was nevertheless aware that Hodo was struggling with several priests in the very front ranks of the prostrated people. "She is gone," he heard him cry; "gone forever!" But she was not yet gone. She lay uneasily on the outstretched arms which made no motion to deposit her below.

Around her stood several astonished priests, two of them speaking in low tones to the angry-browed High Priest.

For a moment he stood over the child with outstretched hands, as if about to slay her. Then arriving at some sudden decision, and evidently resolved to turn defeat into victory, stepped forth and addressed the worshipers. "Oh, people of Carthage, rejoice with me. A great sign has been given us

by Moloch that our sacrifices have been more than enough, for see, he refuses this child, beautiful and good though she undoubtedly is, and bids her live." As he spoke, he took Mishath up in his arms and cast a glance down to where Hodo was striving to free himself from the temple assistants who held him.

"You," said the High Priest, a look of understanding passing over his face; "do you claim her? Let him go," he added to the attendants, and placing the child in the arms of Hodo, who had rushed forward, said in a sharp but lower tone, "and go quickly!"

There was no need for the last words. The artist with his burden made his way through the crowds with an energy for which few acquaintances would have given him credit. At the entrance he was joined by Hanno who accompanied him to his home. As they passed out of the crowds into the tenement quarter where Hodo lived, now entirely bare of people, Hanno suddenly had a feeling that someone was at their very heels, and turning, saw the very man who lately had been constantly haunting his dreams—the evil-eyed temple servant. The latter met his startled gaze with a

malignant glance, and turning sharply, disappeared down a side street.

Hanno said nothing of this to Hodo, but having seen that the child was not seriously injured, and was recovering in her mother's arms, he returned home. Exceedingly tired with the exciting events of the last three days he threw himself down on the couch and fell into a deep sleep.

When he awoke he found his grandmother standing before him, her kind, strong face greatly troubled. For a while she could not speak as he gazed inquiringly at her.

"My poor, dear boy," she said, clasping him to herself, "I am in deep trouble about you."

Then she told him that word had reached them through a trusted friend, that steps were to be taken to arrest both himself and Hodo for that most serious of all crimes—impiety.

"It is my fault," she exclaimed; "I should have foreseen the consequences; but come, your parents are waiting below to decide what is to be done."

Downstairs Hanno found his father and his mother, his cousin, now very serious, and a trusted friend of the family.

It was a long, grave consultation that was held, the seriousness of any persecution by the priests being admitted by all. Finally, after long debate, the decision arrived at was not an altogether unwelcome one to Hanno. A merchant ship was to sail at dawn next morning for Spain. It was arranged that Hanno with Hodo, his mother and sister, were to board a pleasure-boat belonging to Maco that very night and travel in it as far as Utica, where they could board the larger vessel the next morning. Hanno was hastily provided with a special letter to Hannibal, and then word was sent to Hodo's home of the necessity of making certain quick preparations. Once out of the city, all felt certain that the matter would be dropped, and that Hanno at least, through liberal donations to the church, could soon return to Carthage.

Everything went even better than had been hoped. Hodo, his mother and Mishath, the latter weak but otherwise on the way to recovery, were dropped at the Island of Sardinia where provision was made for their temporary stay, while Hanno sailed on to what was to be the beginning of a new, and long, and very important era in his life.

CHAPTER X

With Hannibal

Hanno had been doubtful what his reception in Spain would be, but he was immediately reassured by Hannibal's kind greeting. "I have heard all about it," the great leader remarked gravely, after he had inquired regarding relatives and friends. "It was a rash thing to do. No one ought to undertake lightly anything contrary to religion, anything that may give offense to the gods. But I understand," he continued, as he saw Hanno's emotion, laying his hands gently on the boy's shoulder, "and one thing for me redeems whatever mistake there may have been in it—your loyalty and sacrifice for your friend. If you are willing, you will find plenty opportunity here to redeem yourself in the eyes of any who judge your action too severely."

The very next day Hanno's training began. It was very

much the same as Hannibal's own had been when, with his two brothers, he had first come to Spain. Every day a master from the Balearic Islands taught the boy how to shoot the bow, how to sling stones, and fling darts.

Time passed quickly and not unhappily. With one thing particularly Hanno was impressed—the universal love and respect for Hannibal, who though not yet at the head of the troops, already displayed those great qualities for which he afterward became famous. Sometimes the soldiers with whom the youth was now thrown, spoke also of Hannibal's father, Hamilcar Barca, and how he had changed the towns of Spain, which had been merely storehouses and manufacturing centers, into well-fortified cities, how he had trained the traders into capable soldiers, and how he had won over the natives. "Even the Romans could not withhold their respect," one old soldier had said in his hearing. "Why, Cato the Elder himself remarked that there was no king equal to Hamilcar Barca."

The time came when Hasdrubal, who had been in command since the death of his father-in-law, was killed. No sooner did the news reach camp than a great unanimous

shout arose of "Hannibal! Hannibal! OUR COMMANDER! We will follow only Hannibal!" Before night a delegation had been selected to leave at the earliest opportunity for Carthage to lay that request before the rulers there.

It was some time before this delegation returned, for they had to meet serious objections on the part of the rulers to giving so important a place to one as young as Hannibal then was. Hanno had sent a long letter to his parents enlarging on his opportunities, on the favor shown him by the popular leader, and begging his father to exert his influence on Hannibal's behalf. When finally the delegation did return with the news of success, there was general and unpretended rejoicing. This was not only among those of Carthaginian descent, but also among the heavy-armed troops which Hamilcar Barca had brought from Libya, among the selected light horse from Numidia, as well as among the native troops of Spain. Hanno, who had been made a member of Hannibal's staff, was with him at the time, and noted the pleasure which the great man felt. Hannibal's speech was a short one. He said, "I have only

one wish—that my country be great and prosperous, not humbled as Rome would humble it if she could. I can swear to you that I have consecrated my life to this end. You, who are Carthaginians, will reap a direct benefit, and you who are not, a no less though indirect one, for Carthage will never prove ungrateful to those who now come to her aid."

Hanno could not take his eyes from Hannibal's fine, resolute face, and, when he saw his emotion, he himself felt something new and strange surge through his blood, something that made him understand and almost envy Marina, an African chief, noted for his daredevil bravery, who flung himself down at the general's feet and kissed the hem of his garments. "Hannibal! Hannibal!" again rang out on all sides joyously.

From that day Hanno took his place among the other hero-worshipers of the camp. He studied every action, every word, every expression of a man who seemed to him little less than a god. To secure a few words of praise from him began to be for Hanno the height of happiness. And he came to long for action, for some way in which to prove his devotion. But although Hannibal added one town after

another to the Carthaginian possessions Hanno was given no opportunity for service until he was older.

There was one town on the eastern coast that the Carthaginians had not taken. It was called Saguntum, and the inhabitants desiring to be free appealed to Rome for help. The Romans were glad perhaps of an excuse to dictate to Carthage. They sent an embassy to Hannibal, sternly commanding him not to attack Saguntum, nor even to cross the Ebro River.

Hannibal received and heard the embassy with dignity mingled with undisguised disdain. Who were they to dare dictate to him? When they had finished he haughtily turned away without vouchsafing a reply.

From that day preparations were made to defy the Romans. A siege was laid to Saguntum. It lasted eight months, the starving inhabitants vainly hoping for the promised help from Rome that did not come. At last, rather than surrender, they burned the treasure, of which they had a great quantity, and themselves with it.

But if this siege was exciting to Hanno, it was nothing to what he felt when it was definitely announced that they

were to invade Italy, to march against Rome itself. To do this it was necessary to cross the high Alps Mountains, an undertaking at the time so stupendous that someone has said that no one but a madman or a great genius would have dared even to conceive it.

Hannibal had long been laying his plans for it. Now that the time had come, he called his troops together and asked them if they would follow him. "Follow him?" They would have followed him through fire itself!

Before the army started, a day was set apart for supplication to the gods for Carthaginian success. Then with ninety thousand foot soldiers, twelve thousand cavalry and thirty-seven elephants, the daring journey was begun.

Hannibal now proved his right to the homage paid him in so full a measure. When danger threatened he was always in the front; when hardships came he shared them with the meanest soldier. And certainly no leader at that time, nor perhaps in any other, ever cared for the comfort and well-being of his troops in a more fatherly fashion. His quickness of invention too, seemed able to meet every great and unexpected difficulty that presented itself.

As for Hanno, his chances for service were come. When the Carthaginians reached the Rhone River they found a body of unfriendly Gauls gathered to oppose their passage. Hannibal sent the youth, accompanied by a body of troops, to cross the stream higher up, and then to creep into the enemies' camp, and set it on fire. As soon as smoke showed that this had been done, the Carthaginian troops began to ford the river. The Gauls greeted them with jeers and wild shouts of joy, which, however, soon changed to dismay and flight, when they saw the fire that threatened their possessions.

The few who remained to fight were easily routed.

Here the serious question arose of getting the elephants, on the effect of whom Hannibal counted overmuch, perhaps, across the water.

Every possible effort to persuade them to enter it was made, but in vain. Hannibal was not discouraged. He ordered enormous rafts to be built. Then he had these covered with turf, so that they seemed a part of the shore. The elephants were taken from one to another of these, until the furthest rafts were reached. These then were

severed from the others. As they began to move most of the frightened beasts jumped immediately into the water, but were thus driven easily to the other side.

When Scipio, who had been sent by the Romans to fight the Carthaginians, learned that Hannibal was crossing the Alps, he could hardly believe it, and when persuaded that it was true, did not dare to follow. Instead, he resolved to return to Italy in the same way he had come, in order to meet Hannibal when he arrived.

In the meantime, the Carthaginian army struggled on over the rough mountain passes. Now and then they had experiences with hostile tribes who hurled huge stones at them from above and managed to inflict great damage. But even a worse effect on the spirits of the soldiers, accustomed to a warm southern climate, came through the bitter cold, their wet clothes often freezing on their backs. This was hard to counteract.

At one point there had been a fresh fall of snow across a narrow icy path, which rendered progress exceedingly difficult. Some of the soldiers stepped into immense holes, while several horses tumbled across rocks that lay hidden,

and all of these were hurled down the sides of the precipice. Hannibal ordered a halt.

"Who will volunteer," he asked, "to investigate what lies before us?"

A score of men and officers came forth at once, but among them Hanno's eager face caught the general's attention. "Go, Hanno," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "prove your lightness of foot, and steadiness of head."

Proud of the favor thus shown him, Hanno carefully advanced. Instead of becoming wider, the path grew narrower, and it was only by clinging to tiny bushes and roots of trees on the sides of rocks, that he was able to proceed. At last he reached the end, a place where a recent landslide had entirely covered the path, leaving an enormous precipice at its foot. With even greater difficulty he made his way back and reported what he had seen. "We shall have to return," he said.

But Hannibal shook his head. What were even such freaks of nature to him? Some of his men were set to work, and, before another hour had passed, there was a loud, resounding report, while rocks and trees were blown high

into the air. With some sort of explosive which he carried with him Hanno was making a new pathway to lower ground.

It required a day of hard work for the soldiers to clear this, and then, although most of the troops were able to descend into the green little valley below to camp there and rest, it took several more days before the path was wide enough for the passing of the elephants.

Thus one difficulty after another was conquered, until at last the foot of the mountains was reached. Here the troops soon forgot their dreadful hardships in the cordial welcome given them by Gallic tribes who fully shared their hatred of Rome.

To Hanno, in later years, the life in Italy always seemed like part of a strange dream. Was it really true, he always asked himself, that when Hannibal was there he was feared by the Romans as no other man had ever been? Was it true that he was victorious in battle after battle? That in the very dominions of those Romans feared by all the world he went wherever and did apparently whatever he pleased? And how did it come about that he always, almost

instinctively, eluded the Romans who always seemed at his very heels?

Sometimes particular battle scenes would flash through his mind. One in particular came often, in which by Hannibal's orders he had accompanied him to a spot where an old man who had served under Hamilcar Barca lay wounded. He would recall how Hannibal had raised him in his arms and had himself washed out his wounds with old wine, and how the man, weakened by loss of blood, had feebly held out his hand to him with an expression of hope and courage wonderful to behold in one so old, saying: "For your sake, oh, Hannibal, I shall make the effort to live and fight once again."

He could see the same service being done by the general's orders in other parts of the field, even the horses receiving the same careful attention; and he could see Hannibal striving to be everywhere, conscious of the hope that a word from him could bring.

One day, when Hanno was a very old man, a Roman said to him: "Tell me, you veteran of the Punic War, the secret of how your Hannibal kept that wonderful mixture

of soldiers that he had with him in Italy so faithful to him despite all the temptations to desert?"

"Everyone," Hanno answered firmly, "was willing to die for him, because"—here he paused, and then concluded emphatically—"because everyone knew that he was willing to die for the meanest among them."

"What?" said the Roman scornfully turning away. "I can't believe that of any barbarian."

Hanno's eyes flashed. Barbarian indeed! He recalled how, after a victorious battle, Hannibal had sought for a certain Roman leader in order to give him that decent burial considered so important in the ancient world; in contrast to this he saw again how the Romans, after slaying Hannibal's brother, had flung his head into the Carthaginian camp. If Hannibal was a barbarian what then were the Romans!

And then his anger passed, as he remembered sadly how his countrymen had treated this their greatest man, how through jealousy of the power he exercised, they had refused to send him the help which he needed, the help which would have enabled him, perhaps, to make his

wonderful victories lasting. Hodo had been right, Carthage became a loser as soon as she threw all her energies into a desire for gain.

When Hannibal was conquered at last, it was not through lack of loyalty in his followers, nor lack of brilliancy of generalship, for outside of Caesar there had never been a leader equal to him among the Romans. It was through a policy started by the Roman, Quintus Fabius—the policy of wearing out his army, or rendering them dissatisfied, by constant waiting. If you ever hear the expression, "Fabian policy," you will now know what it means. A still more important factor in his defeat came through the fact that Carthage did not support him in his self-sacrifice.

While Hanno was still with Hannibal, the life led by the soldiers was tiring enough for him. Sometimes he longed for the comforts of his Carthaginian home; sometimes regretted that he had ever come so far. One day Hannibal summoned him. "I am sending an embassy to Carthage, to again beg our people there not to throw away the advantages already gained. They leave in a couple of nights. If you desire, you may return with them."

A flush of happiness spread itself over Hanno's face. He looked up at Hannibal to express his gratitude for the consideration, and then something he could not have explained made him grow pale. The words refused to come.

"Well," said Hannibal with a genuine kindliness of words and tones so characteristic of him, "what is it?"

"Oh, Sire," stammered Hanno, "I have longed for Carthage; I have wanted to go home; but it has just come to me that there is something I want more, it is—to stay with you!"

There was so much sincerity in the speech that Hannibal was greatly affected. "If the gods will, you shall stay," he said, "and fight with me by my side to the end."

But evidently the gods did not will it, for on the very eve of the departure of the embassy, word reached Hanno of his father's death, and the urgent need of his presence home.

When the moment for parting came, Hannibal kissed Hanno on the cheek. "It must be as the gods will have it," he said. "They are strong and we are weak. Besides, ought I not to be glad that so faithful a comrade is to add his unpledged word to those of my ambassadors? You will still

fight for me by going back, Hanno, fight for me against that other Hanno who loves himself more than his country,[4] so go with my blessing. We may meet in another battlefield." And with a last parting wave to those who had already gone on, a last kindly glance at Hanno, Hannibal turned abruptly into his tent.

Hanno stood looking back at him, and then with a feeling of irretrievable loss turned his eyes from Italy, which he was never to see again.

THE END.

[4] A reference to the so-called Hanno the Great, a leader of the aristocratic party in Carthage, and an opponent of Hamilcar Barca and Hannibal.