

Our Little Arabian, Crusader, and Native American Cousins

VOLUME SEVEN

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Volume 7

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Libraries of Hope

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Our Little Arabian Cousin

Blanche McManus

Illustrated by Blanche McManus



Hamid

Preface

Our little Arabian cousins live in a far-away land, where all the manners and customs of life are very different from our own.

The little Arab children of the desert are quite different from those who live in the towns, as, indeed, are their elders. The Bedouins of the desert are by no means an uncivilized race, and their kind-heartedness and strict regard for doing by others as they would be done by is a marked feature of their daily life.

This little book tells of the comings and goings of two little children of the desert; how they lived their lives; their plays and games; and many of the curious sights they saw as they travelled about with their parents, on one occasion visiting the great city of Medina, where they were as much strangers as if they were little American cousins who had

come there on a journey.

Arabia itself is a wild, sad country, but with here and there great patches of verdure, date-palms, cocoanuts, and coffee plants which give prosperity to the inhabitants. Some of the tribes are warlike and less peaceful than others, but they are the outcasts of the country, the same as are found elsewhere than in Arabia.

Our little Arabian cousins have much in common with other little cousins, in that they are very strictly brought up, and are taught to have a great respect for their elders, and particularly to be polite and thoughtful to strangers. Their games and many of the acts of their daily lives are what we ourselves would consider violent and rough, but that only shapes them in their future careers to live up to their ancestral traditions.

B. M.

CHAPTER I

Rashid Comes to the Black Tents

‘‘They come, father, they come; I see a cloud of dust just over the hills,” cried young Hamid, galloping up on his fiery little pony to where his father sat proudly on his horse, with a number of the men of his tribe around him. Al-Abukar, Hamid’s father, was a grave, dignified Bedouin Arab, with a flowing beard and a long white cloak completely covering him. In his right hand he held a long lance or spear.

“Nay, nay,” said Al-Abukar, shading his eyes with his hand, as he looked out across the desert, “’tis only the sand caught up in a swirl of the wind. Be not impatient, my son,” he continued, “thou wilt tire both thyself and the little mare if thou dashest needlessly about, and neither of you will be able to greet thy little friend with the proper spirit.”

Hamid and Zuleika, the little pony, both tossed their

heads at the idea of such a thing; and no wonder! for Hamid belonged to the Beni-Harb, one of the best and bravest of the Bedouin tribes. As for Zuleika, she had come from the Nijd Desert, where the finest Arabian horses are bred, and it was said she was a descendant of the famous horse of Saladin, the great Arab ruler of olden times.

The pony's coat was rough and shaggy, and not smooth and glossy as we like to see; but Hamid could soon show you all her good points. The small head, with its thin pointed ears, wide nostrils, and large eyes, and the proud arch of her neck and the network of muscles on her wiry legs all showed that she was an Arabian horse of the bluest blood.

Hamid and his father had ridden out into the desert to meet little Rashid, a young friend of theirs who lived in the city of Medina. Rashid had been ill, and it was not easy to get well in the hot, narrow, ill-smelling streets of an Arabian city; so his father was bringing him to stay some months with Hamid, that he might live in a tent and breathe the dry, pure air of the desert, drink plenty of camel's milk, and thus become well and strong.

"The People of the Walls," as the Arabs of the desert call

the folk who live in the towns, often send their children to live for awhile in the "Black Tents" in the desert, that they may grow up strong and healthy and become hardy and brave like the Bedouins themselves. The Bedouins, the real desert Arabs, are among the bravest and most courageous people in all the world. The "Black Tents," the habitations of the Bedouins, are so called because they are made of a material very sombre and dark in colour.

"Could we not ride farther out to meet our friends?" asked Hamid, for both he and Zuleika were becoming more and more restless.

"I fear we should miss them, for I know not whether they will come over the ridge or by the road up the valley," said his father.

Just at this moment one of the Bedouins called out: "Do I not see the dust from the camels' feet over yonder?"

"Ah, it is truly they; haste and we will give them welcome." So saying, Al-Abukar spurred his horse forward, and Hamid and his pony were not far behind. Together they flew like the wind over the sand and rocks.

As they came in sight of their friends, they shouted out

their names, at the same time throwing their lances into the air and catching them again, and firing off their guns in real circus fashion.

You would think that all this would frighten one's friends to death, but this is only the polite Bedouin way of welcoming any one.

The camels of the caravan which was bringing the people from Medina came to a halt and everybody dismounted, and loud and warm were the greetings between friends.

Hamid and Rashid clapped the palms of their right hands together, and then touched foreheads and put their arms around each other's necks. This is the real Arab form of greeting a friend. They are more affectionate than any of the other Eastern nations, and show their joy and happiness with much emotion when meeting friends or relatives.

All now formed one group and rode along together until they came in sight of a grove of palm-trees in the midst of which was Hamid's home, a great brown tent made of cloth of camel's hair, and held to the ground by ropes tightly pegged down so that the strong winds of the desert might not overturn it. All around were the tents of other Bedouins,

relatives and friends of Al-Abukar, belonging to the same tribe.

As our party reached the tents, the men and children left behind came forward to welcome them with shouts and more gun-firing.

"Prepare the guest-rice at once," called out Al-Abukar, as he pulled aside the curtains of the tent for his friends to enter. Here was Zubaydah, Hamid's mother, ready to welcome them, and she had the black servant bring a large bowl of water so that they could wash off the dust of travel.

After this all sat around on rugs, and Rashid was made to lie down on a pile of cushions, for he was very tired after his long journey. Fatimah, Hamid's little sister, now brought the guests rose-water with which to bathe their fingers and faces once more, and bowls of water, sweetened with the juice of pomegranates, to drink.

"In the name of Allah, the Merciful!" exclaimed every one, as each took a drink from the bowl; and, after they had finished, "Praise be to Allah!"

"Pleasure and health to thee," said Al-Abukar, politely, as he put his great hubble-bubble pipe before his friend, first

taking a puff at it himself.

Meanwhile Hamid was busy pounding coffee, which had been freshly roasted, into a powder, with a mortar and pestle. This is always the occupation of the oldest son when guests are about, the father taking it upon himself to make the coffee afterwards. The Arabs are great coffee-drinkers, and it is from Arabia that the finest mocha comes. It gets its name from a town in the southern part of Arabia.

Al-Abukar made the coffee in a great brass urn, mixing the ground coffee with sweet-smelling herbs. As soon as it was ready for drinking, he himself took the first cup, after which tiny brass cups were filled and passed around to the guests. He did not fill the cups quite full; for that, for some reason, would be a great insult to his guests. Moreover, the cups were so tiny that they held hardly more than the cups of a doll's tea-service would hold. Each emptied his cup twice of the delicious coffee without milk or sugar; but not for anything would Al-Abukar have offered them a third, for that would be deemed a hint that he wished his guests to leave.

Now all the relatives and friends from the other tents

came in to call, and sat around smoking and drinking still more coffee, and listening to the gossip of the city and country.

The Bedouins are very hospitable, look upon a guest and his rights as sacred, and are ever ready to avenge a wrong against him. A Bedouin will entertain any one who calls at his tent; and, while you are his guest, you will be protected to the utmost power of your host, and treated quite as one of the family. At the same time a stranger is only expected to stay three days; but, when he leaves, his host simply passes him on to another friend or relative, where he may stay another three days. He is welcomed thus by as many of the tribe as he wishes to visit. All very delightful this, you will think; and, if you ever wish to visit your little Arabian cousins, you will always be sure of a warm welcome.

A Bedouin will never harm any one after he has once eaten with him. They call this "eating salt" together; and there are some tribes that expect every stranger they come across to eat with them in order that eternal peace may be assured.

Just now there was a smell of good cooking coming from

that part of the tent which was curtained off for the women, and where Zubaydah and the black servants were making all sorts of dishes for the visitors. One of the servants having ground the wheat for the bread between two great stones, it was mixed with milk and bean flour and made into round, flat, thin cakes. Then it was baked in a queer kind of an oven shaped like a big jar with a wide mouth.

Besides these hot cakes, there was to be the "guest-rice," all swimming in melted butter. There was goat's meat, too, of which the Arabs are very fond; but which we would think a little strong to eat often. Curds made of camel's milk were a special feature, and many kinds of soft white cheeses, as well as dates, grapes, and pomegranates.

All these things were put on a great brass tray, which was placed on a low table in the centre of the tent. Every one sat closely around the table, and all said "Bis millali" before eating, which is the Mohammedan way of saying grace.

Al-Abukar helped himself first; and then put a choice bit into his friend's mouth. Then every one began to dip into the dishes with their fingers, because there were no knives or forks or separate plates. They all ate with a good appetite,

for there is nothing like the desert air to give one a good appetite.

Zubaydah waited on the guests herself, and afterwards ate with the children, who meantime had been simply looking on.

After the meal was over, they all sat around in a cool corner of the tent, the men smoking their great pipes again. Hamid could not keep his eyes off the beautiful sword and the brace of fine pistols with their red cords, which belonged to his father's friend. They were the most beautiful things he had ever seen, he thought.

Hamid had not a bit of the shyness which Eastern children usually have, for the Arab children are taught from their earliest days always to be independent; and their elders talk with them and encourage them to ask questions. This is a part of their education.

So Hamid was told all about Medina and the doings of the great city; and his father's friend took off his great sword that Hamid might fasten it at his own waist.

"Some day I shall have a sword just like that," said Hamid, as he handed it back, after having marched around

the tent with it dragging on the ground behind him. Rashid lay on the soft cushions and laughed, still too tired to get up and rush about as Hamid was doing.

Rashid's father, the Sharif, had brought a gift of a beautiful chased dagger of Damascus steel for Al-Abukar.

"It is indeed a beautiful weapon," said Hamid's father, feeling its polished blade with careful fingers. No gift could possibly please an Arab more than a good weapon, and he thanked his friend from the city again and again.

"Here is also a toy from the bazaar that I have brought thy son," said the Sharif. "See," he continued, "it is a toy camel with a strange device inside its body by which it moves its head and legs. 'Tis one of those strange mechanical toys that are the work of infidels in a foreign land, but all the same none the less wonderful for that." (The Mohammedans call all the people of other faiths infidels.)

"Nay, one needs no toys from the town," said Hamid, proudly. "We play with live camels and horses and chase the wild beasts across the desert."

We would think it very rude indeed of a little boy to speak thus; but instead of scolding Hamid, they praised him;



A School in Modena

and the Sharif said, smilingly, "Truly thou art one of the 'sons of fight.'" That is what the word Beni-Harb, the name of their tribe, means in the Arabic language.

This is the true Arab spirit; and children are taught to scorn childish things so that they may the sooner become hardy and brave in any kind of danger. It is really very funny to see the little boys act and talk as if they were already grown men like their fathers; and they would much rather play with swords and pistols any day than with toys.

"Indeed thou art a little fighting hawk. May Allah grant that the sweet wind of the desert put strength into the limbs of my son," continued Al-Abukar's guest, looking sorrowfully at little Rashid's pale cheeks as he lay on his cushions.

"He is a little better already," said Zubaydah, kindly, as she gave little Fatimah a censer of burning musk to swing before her guests, that they might enjoy the smell of sweet perfumes after the meal.

"I will show you my falcons if you are not too tired," said Hamid, anxious to amuse his little friend.

"Oh, indeed I am not tired. Where are they?" cried

Rashid, jumping up and forgetting all about his long ride.

Hamid led his little guest out among the great palm-trees and past a great many tents to a sort of mud hut thatched with palm leaves.

"How are the birds to-day?" asked Hamid of a man who was sitting in front of the hut, while two fine greyhounds lay beside him. "I have brought a little friend with me who will hunt with the falcons some day."

"May it be soon," said the thin, wiry Bedouin, rising and drawing the curtain of the hut. "The old ones are impatient to be flung to the wind, and I would teach the young ones something more."

This man was Awad, the old falconer, the man who trains falcons, who was only too proud to show off his household of fine birds. These hawk-like birds, called falcons, are great hunters of small game; and can be trained to hunt for their masters, just as one can train a dog. The falcon drops down on its prey from above, in a swift, straight line, and buries its sharp claws in its back, often killing it before its master comes up.

Hamid showed Rashid how he could make his two

handsome falcons come and sit on his wrist and obey him. He could throw them off into the air, and they would come back to him when he whistled.

"Some day when thou art stronger, we will go out with the falcons," said Hamid, as he put the birds back on their perch.

When they left the hut, they saw Fatimah running toward them, a dear little gazelle bounding along by her side.

"Isn't she beautiful?" said Fatimah, as Rashid stroked the gazelle's dainty head. "I think falcons are cruel because they chase these pretty creatures. My little pet was caught by the falcons; and, when father brought her home, I begged him to give her to me for a playmate. Now, more than ever, I do not like to have the falcons chase these dear, gentle little animals." Then she put her arms around the gazelle's neck and hugged it.

When the children went back to the tent, they found that the older folk had had their siesta, or midday sleep, and were now sitting in front of the tent.

Zubaydah had the supper-tray brought out to the children; and, when they had again eaten, while the men

were sitting around smoking their perfumed water-pipes, the full moon came up over the ridge and made it almost as light as day; for the moonlight of the desert seems brighter than moonlight anywhere else because the air is so clear.

Now they all began to tell stories and recite poetry, of which the Arabs are very fond. The Arab loves to hear and to tell stories about the great deeds of their people in the past, and to recite beautiful poems in praise of the glories of many years ago.

Finally Fatimah brought out her lute, a queer little instrument with only one string, which did not make much music. But the song was very pretty, and Fatimah sang it very sweetly:

"Oh, take these purple robes away.
Give back my cloak of camel's hair.
And bear me from this tow'ring pile
To where the 'Black Tents' flap the air.

"The camel's colt with fait' ring tread.
The dog that bays at all but me.

Delight me more than ambling mules —
Than every art of minstrelsy."

After the song, Rashid and Hamid rolled themselves up in warm blankets in a corner of the big tent and were soon asleep. So ended Rashid's first day in the "Black Tents."

CHAPTER II

Hamid and Rashid at Play

When little Rashid woke up the next morning, he rubbed his eyes and for a moment wondered if he was dreaming. It seemed so strange to find himself lying in the corner of the big tent instead of in his own room, with his pet doves cooing at his window.

But instead of doves, what he heard was the neighing and stamping of horses, and the calls of the men driving the camels out to pasture. As he turned his head, he found Hamid's mother standing beside him with a bowl in her hand.

"Here is warm milk from the camel," she said, with a smile, "to make thee well and redden thy cheeks. Hasten to drink it while it is warm. There is water in yonder basin with which to wash," she added.

Rashid was up in a minute, and dashed the water over his face and hands. Then he made his prayer like a good little Mohammedan that he was, for he must do this before eating.

"I never tasted anything nicer than that," said he, as he finished his bowl of milk.

"'Tis good for thee to be hungry, for it means that thou art already better," said little Fatimah, wisely, giving him a piece of the cake which had been baked the night before. She had brought in her bowl to keep him company at his breakfast.

"Where is Hamid?" asked Rashid, looking around for his little friend.

"He has been in and out many times; but I would not let him waken you," said Zubaydah.

"He is full of a secret that he will not tell me," spoke up Fatimah, in rather a hurt voice.

Just then Hamid poked his head in behind the curtain of the tent in a great state of excitement.

"Come, Rashid," he said, "and tell me what thou findest here."

Rashid ran at once out from the tent, and there stood a fine little blooded Arabian horse, all saddled and bridled.

"Oh, what a beautiful little horse!" exclaimed Rashid.

"She only waits for her master," said a voice behind him, and he turned to find Al-Abukar smiling gravely.

"The horse is thine," he said. "She will also help to bring strength to thy limbs, and will carry thee like the wind across the plains and hills."

Little Rashid was so astonished and happy that he could not find words with which to thank his kind friend for his gift, but he kissed his hand and stammered out something. Then he threw his arms about the pony's arched neck and patted her delicate little nose. Oh, how beautiful he thought the handsome red saddle and bridle, with their silver buckles and red tassels! There is no gift that pleases a little Arab boy so much as a fine pony.

"Is she not a queen?" said Hamid, who was as much pleased as his little friend. "I rode with father to the tents of the great Sheik, where one finds the best and swiftest horses; and I helped to pick her out from dozens of other ponies. She belongs to one of the five great families, does she not,

father?"

Hamid, like all little Arab boys, had been taught to love horses, and to know the history of the great breeds of Arabia as well as he did that of his own tribe.

"Oh, she knows me already!" exclaimed Rashid, with delight, as the pony rubbed her little nose against his arm.

"She looks lovely and haughty, like a little Sultanah," he continued.

"What shall you call her?" asked Fatimah, who was giving the pony a bit of her cake to nibble.

"I will call her 'Sultanah,'" said Rashid, as he clapped his hands; and everybody agreed that the little horse could not have a better name.

"'Now you must feed her, Rashid, so that she will know that she belongs to you," said Hamid. "I will get some of the date bread." He ran back quickly into the tent, and was back again in a moment with a brown, sticky mass in his hand, a kind of paste made of dried dates. This Rashid fed to Sultanah, who seemed to enjoy it very much.

"You must sometimes feed her meat, too; that will make her strong and swift," added Hamid, who was proud indeed

to be able to show that he knew all about Arabian ponies.

"Our cousin who lives near the sea gives his horses dried fish to eat," said Rashid.

"That may be well enough for some horses," replied Hamid, "but I give Zuleika dates and milk and cakes. She eats what her master does. Do you not, my beauty?" he said, stroking Zuleika, who had just strolled up to make friends with the newcomer.

Nothing would do but that Rashid must have a ride at once; so Hamid saddled his pony, too, and away went the two boys cantering swift and sure in the morning sunlight.

"We will pass by the madressah, and let the boys see how fine we are," said Hamid.

The madressah was a low shed made of palm-branches where the little Bedouin boys and girls went to school; for even in the desert the children must study their lessons.

When Hamid and Rashid rode up, a number of children were sitting around on the ground, singing out their recitations at the top of their voices, while the school-mistress sat outside sewing.

But they forgot all about their lessons when they spied

the new boy, and ran out to greet Rashid and ask him all sorts of questions; and they patted and praised Sultanah and picked out her good points in a very knowing way.

"Oh, thou truant!" said the school-mistress to Hamid, "why art thou not at thy lessons? Always thou hast thy head filled with other things than thy books."

"Nay, teacher, be not cross; to-morrow we will both come; and you will see that I shall bring you a new pupil," said Hamid, as he and Rashid rode away.

"Here is the place where the ponies are kept," said Hamid, riding up to one side of their tent. The boys jumped off their horses and began to unsaddle.

"We will fasten Sultanah, for she is strange yet to her new home," said Hamid, tying the pony's halter to one of the tent ropes. "But Zuleika would never wander from this spot where I place her until I bid her. She will never let any one touch her but me; and, if a stranger tried to mount her, he would soon find himself lying in the dust.

"Zuleika does everything but talk," Hamid went on, for he loved his horse as if she were one of the family. "Sometimes, when the nights are cold, she will come around

to the tent curtain and put her head inside and neigh, and then I let her come inside and stand by the fire."

"Now we will make 'kayf' for awhile; for thou hast rushed about enough for one hot morning," said Hamid, throwing his saddle in one corner of the big tent.

Making "kayf" is just a little Arab boy's way of having a good time doing nothing at all but lying on a rug in a cool corner of a tent, or sitting in the shade of a palm-tree.

Rashid was not sorry to rest after the excitement of the morning, so he curled up on one of the mats and was fast asleep in a minute.

"Thou hast promised to show me the young camels," whispered Rashid when Hamid had finished pounding the coffee after the midday meal.

"Come now, then," said Hamid. "Nassar-Ben and his men guard the camel-colts down by the stream."

The two boys went in and out among the brown tents, jumping over the tent ropes rather than taking the trouble to go around, until they found the big herd of camels with a number of baby camels. They were in the river valley, where there was a good crop of coarse, high grass called

camel-grass, because it is so coarse that nothing but a camel could eat it.

It was a great herd of camels, some of them eating of the grass and others lying down in the shade; and all around were frisking numbers of little baby camels.

Hamid's father was a Sheik, or captain of a tribe of Bedouins, the real desert tribes of Arabs, who live only in tents in an oasis of the desert.

They had pitched their tents in this particular spot because of its being a very suitable one in which to pasture their camels. The sole wealth of a Bedouin is his flocks and herds and his horse and his firearms; and, of course, his tent and his few simple belongings.

Some of the Sheiks raise horses, others sheep, and others camels. The people of Hamid's tribe lived by raising and selling camels to their neighbours who did not raise them, or to the merchants in the cities and towns.

"Don't baby camels look as if they would break in two?" said Rashid, as they came up to a group of young camels, "their legs are so long and thin."

"Father is going to take some of the colts to sell to the

great Sheik who has the fine horses. Perhaps he will let us go with him," said Hamid. "I heard Nassar-Ben tell him last night that the young camels were now strong enough for the journey.

"Nassar-Ben is our camel-sheik; and he and his men guard the herd. There he sits in the shadow of the tent, and those are his children scrambling around and playing on that old camel's back," continued Hamid, bound that his little friend should know all about everything.

"Wait, oh, babies! I can mount quicker than that," shouted Hamid to Nassar-Ben's children, who were amusing themselves climbing over the back of one of the old camels.

"Look! This is the way to mount a camel," said Hamid, as he climbed up one of the legs of a big camel as if it were a tree-trunk; and, finally, throwing his leg over the beast's neck, he was soon perched on the hump in the middle of the camel's back.

"Come up, come up, that's the stairway!" he called to Rashid.

"Oh, I daren't," cried poor little Rashid, slipping back as he tried to hold on to the camel's rusty knee.

"You will learn in time, my little master," said Nassar-Ben, lifting him up beside Hamid. Then all the other little children swarmed up the old camel's legs; and, when the camel man gave her a blow with a stick, away she went, the children laughing and holding on to each other to keep from slipping off. Suddenly the old camel wheeled around and started back at a gallop. Little Rashid had ridden on a camel before, but never on a bare-back camel in that fashion. The first thing he knew he was lying in the dust, together with one of the little Bedouin boys, whom he had pulled off with him as he fell.

"Oh!" said the little boy, half-crying, "you made me fall off on purpose!" He felt so badly that he, one of the boys of the camel-sheik, should have been seen to fall from a camel that he began to thump Rashid as hard as he could.

"Fie! for shame!" cried Hamid, rushing up to them as he jumped down from the camel. "Is this the way to treat a stranger and a guest in our tents?"

The little boy stopped at once and hung his head, looking very much ashamed; for he knew how wrong it was to be rude to a guest.

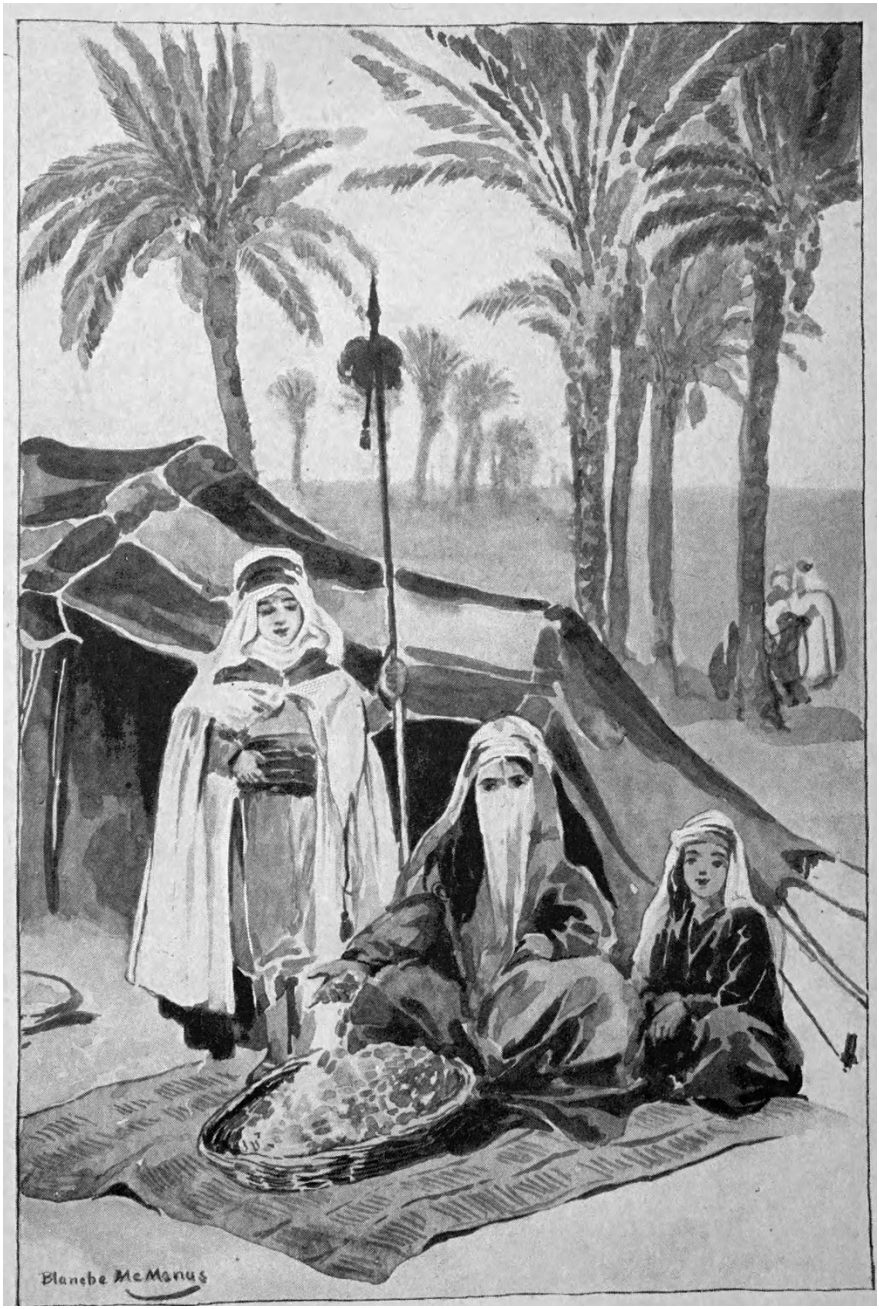
"This greenhorn from the town made me fall, and they jeered at me," he said, sulkily.

"Nay, but I did not mean to pull you off," said Rashid; "thou must blame the steep hump of the camel." He looked so sorry that the little fellow stopped frowning at once. They made friends again, and all ran back for another ride on the camel, while Rashid made up his mind that he would learn to climb and mount a camel all by himself.

After a few days, Rashid's father had to go home, and Rashid had quite a lump in his throat as he sat on Sultanah one morning and watched his father's little caravan pass out of sight over the ridge. He would not have cried for anything, however; and, when he thought of his good friends here in the "Black Tents" and his little pony and the good times he was to have, he felt better.

What with drinking camel's milk and galloping over the plain on Sultanah's back, Rashid soon began to grow strong and well. His little white face changed to a healthy brown colour.

Rashid and Hamid helped the falconer look after his birds, and Awad, their keeper, showed them how to train a



In the Black Tents

falcon oneself.

One day as the boys were sitting under the shadow of a group of big palm-trees playing a sort of "jack-straw" game with date seeds for stones, Rashid suddenly exclaimed: "What can that be?" A sudden flash of light had made his eyes blink, and straightway there was another. "Who is playing tricks?" said Hamid, looking around. Then they heard a low laugh, and there was Fatimah behind a tree, holding a little looking-glass in her hand so that it would flash a ray of sunlight right in the boys' eyes.

"Oh, you monkey! Where did you get that glass, and who is this stranger?" asked Hamid; for he had just spied another little girl's head peeping over Fatimah's shoulder.

"There is a merchant at the great tent. He is Hajj and this is his little granddaughter; and, oh! he has such beautiful things to sell, mirrors like this and silks and jewelry and — but you should see them yourselves!" said Fatimah without stopping for breath.

Hamid did not need to be told the second time. It was a great event in the lives of the desert children whenever a travelling merchant came; for this was the only chance they

ever had to buy anything whatever known to the town dwellers.

The children found the old merchant opening up his saddle-bags and spreading his wares on a rug in front of the tent, while everybody crowded around to look at the velvet purses, the silk veils, and trinkets of all kinds as well as weapons and firearms which he displayed.

What caught Hamid's eyes first were the long pistols with funny curved handles set with mother-of-pearl and silver.

"Oh, father!" he said, "thou hast promised me a new pistol! You remember; it was when I shot to the centre of the mark a month ago."

"Ah, thou hast a good memory; but thy mother wants a silken veil and Fatimah some gewgaws," said old Al-Abukar.

"Here is a fine pistol which will just suit the little Sheik," said the old merchant, taking from his own belt a fine weapon, all set with pearl and silver. "This was made for the son of a great prince; but it came to me in the course of trade and it is a gift that will make the boy glad."

"Oh, father! What a beautiful weapon! It will be a long time before one sees such another," exclaimed Hamid, as he

handled the weapon lovingly.

"Ah, well," said his father, "a promise is a promise; and one might as well spend the money now as at another time." Then he began to unroll the long sash around his waist, so that he could get at his leather belt in which he kept his money.

Wasn't Hamid a proud boy when he stuck the pistol in his sash and strolled up and down in front of the other boys. They were all envious, too, in a proper way; for it was not every one who could carry a pistol made for a prince.

"Now let us see what thy new pistol will do," said Al-Abukar, taking a coin from his pouch, and, through a hole in it, attaching a string and suspending it from the end of a pole which projected from one side of the tent. He paced backwards a short distance, and told Hamid to stand on that spot and shoot at the string which held the coin and try to cut it with the bullet from his pistol.

"Oh, father, thou hast given me a hard task," said Hamid, as he took his place and began to load his pistol.

"So much the more honour to you if you do it well, then," replied his father. "Aim carefully and not too high,"

he continued.

Hamid shot at the coin several times, but with no luck.

"Let Rashid try his skill," said Al-Abukar.

Rashid's hand shook as he took aim, and his first shot went wild; but his second just grazed the coin and sent it swinging to and fro like a pendulum.

"Well done! oh, son of the city!" cried out the children from the other tents, who had crowded around to watch the shooting.

Their praise pleased Rashid, for he had practised hard with Hamid at shooting at a mark since he had been in the desert.

"I will do it this time," said Hamid, as he set his teeth. Again, however, he only sent the dust flying about an astonished camel, who just at that moment poked his inquisitive nose out from behind the tent.

"Enough powder and shot has been wasted for one day," said Al-Abukar, raising his pistol; "we will take the coin down." Then, firing at the cord with a sure and steady aim, he cut it as if with a knife.

"It is not the fault of the new pistol," said Al-Abukar,

smiling at Hamid, who looked very disappointed. “Never mind, thou wilt succeed better another time,” he added.

CHAPTER III

The Robber Band and an Ostrich Hunt

Meantime Fatimah was making friends with Nawara, the old merchant's little grand-daughter. She was a wild, shy little girl, wearing a dark blue cotton dress, a mass of tangled black hair hanging down on her shoulders. The hot sun and the wind had burnt her face almost black. She was telling Fatimah of her long journeys with her grandfather.

"Thou art a great traveller," said Fatimah, looking at the little girl in round-eyed wonder.

"Yes, my father and mother are dead," she said, "and, as I have no little brothers or sisters, I go always with grandfather. He makes a nice seat for me on top of the big bales of goods on the camel's back, or he holds me before him on his dromedary."

"And art thou never afraid?" asked Fatimah.

"Oh, no! Sometimes, though, at night, when I hear the jackals howling near our tent, I pull the rug up over my head. But when we come to the 'Black Tents' every one is so kind. I find many little playmates; and often they want me to stay with them. Grandfather would miss me sadly if I did," said Nawara, with an important air. "When we halt I always gather the dry thorns and make the fire, and melt the milk balls to make a cool drink while the cakes are cooking," she went on.

"Thou art indeed quite a little woman," said Fatimah's mother, smiling at the little girl's talk.

"'Tis good to be here," said the merchant, after his other customers had gone and the family had gathered for the evening meal in front of the tent. "We came a long, weary way to-day. I feared to stop by the road, for there was talk of robbers hiding in the hills, and a party of travellers had been attacked by them a few days ago."

"Perhaps we will see them to-morrow, father, and then I will have a chance to use my new pistol," spoke up Hamid, eagerly.

"The rascals give no one a chance to see them. They keep

themselves safely hid behind the rocks, and fire upon the peaceful traveller before he is aware that they are there," the merchant replied.

"It is their way," said Al-Abukar. "I would not hasten thy going," he continued; "but if thou wilt join our party we will ride together as far as the tents of our friends. It will be safer for thee and the little one as well as thy goods," said the Sheik.

So it was arranged that the old merchant and Nawara should start out with them the next day.

Hamid and Rashid lay awake half the night, planning what they would do if they met the robbers; and they were up and had saddled their horses while it was yet starlight, so as to get a good start before the heat of the day came down upon them.

The camel men were ready with the camels tied together in a long line, one behind the other, so that they might not stray apart.

The old merchant seated himself cross-legged on his dromedary, which is much like a camel except that it is swifter and has two humps on its back instead of one.

"Thou hast been very kind," said little Nawara, putting her arms around Fatimah and kissing her as they were leaving.

"Thou wilt come again some day, perhaps," said Zubaydah, the mother. "Meantime here is something to keep thee from having to cook the midday meal," she said, as she stuffed some fresh dates and cakes into the food-bags.

Now the men started the camels, Al-Abukar and the boys swung themselves into their saddles, and away they galloped.

Hamid looked very fine indeed, for a little Bedouin boy likes to look at his best when he is making his first visit. He had put on his long white cloak of camel's-hair cloth, and thrown over his white cap a silk cloth like a large handkerchief with long red tassels at the corners. This was held on by a cord of brown wool wound round and round his head. In the broad silken sash at his waist was stuck a small dagger with a curved blade and of course the new pistol, and his jacket was embroidered with a silver thread.

Rashid, too, was dressed in Bedouin style; and each of the boys carried a spear, while they had polished as brightly as possible the silver buckles and ornaments on their bridles

and saddles. To the boys' great disappointment nothing happened and they reached the tents of their friends safely enough. Here they spent three happy days.

While Al-Abukar and his friend the Sheik bargained over the prices of the colts, Hamid and Rashid played with the children of the encampment, riding races on horseback and having a good time generally. Indeed they were sorry when they came to say good-bye, and turned their horses' heads homewards.

"I don't believe there are any robbers, after all," said Rashid to Hamid, as they were riding back together a little ahead of the party.

"They are only men from the mountains, anyway," said Hamid, with a toss of his head, a Bedouin's way of saying he didn't think much of their bravery.

"Some of them are courageous enough," said one of the camel men who had just come up behind them; "and this is just the sort of a place they would choose to lurk in," he continued, looking carefully about him as they entered a ravine between the hills.

Just as the camel man had finished speaking, Hamid

looked up and saw a curl of white smoke coming out from behind a rock on the hillside above them.

"Down!" cried Hamid, pushing Rashid forward on his pony's neck and at the same time throwing himself flat on Zuleika's neck just as a bullet went whizzing over their heads.

"'Tis they! the rascals! They are skulking behind the rocks, and will not come out and fight in the open like brave men," cried Al-Abukar, galloping up furiously and sending a shot back in the direction from which they had been attacked.

"Give your horses their rein, boys, and ride on as fast as ever you can. These worthless fellows will have no horses that can overtake yours. I will teach the brigands what it means to fire on a Bedouin chief." So saying, Al-Abukar dashed straight up the rocky side of the ravine.

"I will not flee! I will follow you, father!" cried Hamid, spurring Zuleika on close behind his father's horse. Rashid followed, not knowing what might happen, but determined to stay by Hamid at any cost.

The horses needed no spur, for the sound of the shot had made them wild, and they bounded up the steep rocky

trail like gazelles.

The band of robbers were so taken aback at this sudden return of their attack that they fled without a parting shot, but not before Al-Abukar had captured their chief.

"Aha! Thy beard is now in my grasp," said Al-Abukar to the robber chief, as he and his men fastened their prisoner on the back of one of the camels.

"Thou didst not think any one could reach thee on that steep mountainside, but thou didst not reckon on the mettle of the horses of our tribe."

"Look you," said the camel man, as he rode up alongside the boys again, "it was a good thing that you sheltered yourselves behind your horses' necks. Here, Rashid, is the hole of the bullet right through this head-kerchief of yours, and if you had not pulled your little friend down on to his horse's neck as you were riding beside him, Hamid, the bullet would certainly have gone straight through his head."

"Oh, Hamid, you have saved my life," said Rashid, turning pale for the first time. He had been too much excited before to be frightened.

"He only did his duty to his friend," Al-Abukar replied,

gravely; but Hamid saw by his look that he was proud of his son. He sat up a little straighter in his saddle and felt that he had grown at least a couple of inches taller during the morning.

"Thou hast disobeyed me, child, but I cannot scold thee," continued his father; "for you and Rashid both followed me like brave little sons of the desert."

"But, father!" said Hamid, clutching at Zuleika's rein, suddenly, "I forgot all about firing my new pistol!" At this they all laughed heartily.

"Never mind," said his father; "I am sorry to say there are still many robbers left, and that you may yet have a chance to use it."

When they rode up to the tents with their prisoner, the robber chief, every one hurrahed; and the mother and Fatimah had, of course, to hear all about the adventures at once.

"Shall we go out to-day, my young masters, and see if we can bring home some hares for our dinner, or perhaps catch a grouse or two?" asked Awad, the falconer, when Hamid and Rashid came to look at the birds on the morning after

the adventure with the robbers.

"Yes, indeed!" cried both the boys in one breath; and it was not long before they were speeding over the plain beside Awad, with the two greyhounds leaping along after them.

Awad carried his falcon, and Hamid had his own bird, too, perched on his wrist. Every now and then the boys, out of sheer fun, would throw their spears up in the air and catch them again as they were riding furiously across the plain. This is quite a feat, as you may imagine, when one is riding at full speed, but Hamid could do it easily. His spear was a long bamboo cane with a brass tip on one end, and on the other an iron spear sharpened so that it could be stuck upright in the ground if need be. Next to his pony and his pistol, Hamid was more fond of his spear than of any other of his belongings; and he could not be induced to part with it at any time.

Over the rocky, sandy ground they rode, and through thickets of acacia and mimosa trees. Just as they came out into the open again there was a whirr, and up rose a bevy of birds just in front of them.

"Now is thy chance! Whistle off thy falcon!" cried Awad.

Quick as a flash Hamid threw off his falcon from his wrist, and like a dart it swept after the fleeing birds.

"Ho! my beauty, faster! faster! faster!" cried Hamid, and, patting his pony's neck, he flew along, with Rashid close behind.

"She gains on them!" cried Rashid. Just then the falcon with a shrill cry came up with the poor bird it had been chasing, as it fluttered to the ground tired out; and, fixing its great talons in the feathers of its back, carried it toward Hamid.

"Well done!" cried Awad, as Hamid rode up to him, glowing with pride. "Thou art indeed an apt pupil, and some day will excel thy teacher."

"But thou didst not throw off thy own falcon," said Hamid.

"Nay, I wanted you to have all the glory this time," answered Awad, with a smile. "But now comes my turn," he exclaimed, as he sent his falcon flying after some hares which were scuttling along the ground to their holes. The greyhounds bounded after the frightened little animals; but, though they are the swiftest dogs known, the old falcon

which Awad had been carrying on his wrist was faster than they. He caught up with the hares before they did and pounced upon one of them.

By this time the sun was high above the horizon; and the very air seemed quivering, it was so hot.

"We will stop now and have something to eat, this seems a likely place," said the old falconer, as they halted under a tree. The boys declared they were quite ready, and vaulted at once from their horses; for they had eaten only a bit of dry bread before starting out.

"Thrust your spear into the ground, Rashid, as I have mine," said Hamid; "and we will make a tent under which to rest, by hanging Awad's great cloak between them."

"Look, Hamid, what a pretty round, white stone I have found here," called out Rashid, as the end of his lance struck something hard in the sand.

"Stone!" said Hamid, brushing the sand away. "It's an ostrich's egg, and here is another; why, it's an ostrich's nest!"

"Oh, and to think that I found it!" cried Rashid. He had seen the eggs for sale in the bazaars of Medina, and knew that the ostriches bury their eggs in the hot sand, which

hatches them out in time; but he had hardly hoped to be able to ever find a real ostrich's nest himself.

"What is this?" asked Awad, as he came up from hobbling the horses. "Ostrich eggs! Then likely enough the bird itself is not far off," he continued, looking around.

"Yes, there she is," cried Hamid, pointing to a spot some distance away. Sure enough, there was the ostrich, with its head buried in the sand.

"Foolish bird! she thinks that as long as she hides her head in the sand, and cannot see us, that we are not able to see her, and that she is safely hidden from danger. Come, let us give chase," said Awad, running back to the horses. So, forgetting the heat and their hunger, the boys jumped on their horses again, while the greyhounds, hot on the scent, led the chase after the big bird.

The ostrich apparently heard them coming and got her head out of the sand quickly enough. And did not the long-legged bird give them a chase, covering yards of ground at each step!

"She is throwing stones at us," laughed Hamid, as the bird's big feet sent a shower of small stones flying back at

them.

"Oh, if I only had a stout rope with me," said Awad.

"It is here," said the black servant who had accompanied them, drawing a coil from his saddle-bag and throwing it to Awad as they all galloped onward.

But if the bird was swift, so were the others, too; and, as the greyhounds gained on her, the ostrich grew bewildered until finally she turned at bay and showed fight.

"Beware!" shouted Awad, as he caught Zuleika's bridle and reined her back just as the bird lifted her great foot to strike at Hamid. "A blow from her foot would be a dangerous thing," he continued. At the same time he threw a noose of rope and skillfully entangled the ostrich's foot just as one of the greyhounds sprang at the bird. After many struggles, the ostrich was thrown and secured in spite of its vicious kicks.

Awad sent the servant in hot haste back to the tents to fetch help to get the ostrich home; for it is no easy matter to manage one of these great strong birds, even after you have got it well secured.

At last our little hunting-party had a chance to rest; and,

while they ate their dried dates and cakes, the boys talked of nothing but their ostrich hunt. Rashid was sure that this was the most wonderfully interesting day he had ever spent.

CHAPTER IV

Rashid Goes Home

In time Awad had trained the ostrich so well that the children could play with her as they did with the camels and ponies.

One day there was a great laughing and shouting around the tents. No wonder! for there came the ostrich stalking along with Hamid and Rashid on her back. Hamid sat astride the bird's neck, guiding it by a rope which was tied around its head for a bridle.

"Let me get up, too," cried Fatimah, who came running out of the tent; and good-natured Awad swung her up beside the boys.

"Hold on tight," he called out, as away went the big bird with a troop of little Bedouin children following a long way after.

Such a ride as the children had! Poor Awad was quite breathless when they got back, from running to keep up with the bird's long strides.

But now Rashid's happy days in the desert were coming to an end; for the time had come when he must leave the "Black Tents" and go home. He was well and strong now, and a messenger had come from his father, saying how much he missed his boy, and how all at home wanted to have him back again.

"Oh, Rashid, must you go?" asked Hamid, who felt very sad at losing his little friend.

"Yes, but my father has sent word that you must come back with me, Hamid, for a visit with us."

And so it was all arranged that not only Hamid was to go with Rashid, but all the family as well. Everybody was very busy making preparations.

There were a great many things to do in order to get ready for the journey, for when a Bedouin travels he takes his house and all his belongings with him.

Long before the peep of day Nassar-Ben had his great camels kneeling before the tents, and the camel men began

to fasten the loads on the camels' backs, the beasts were groaning and moaning as they always do when they are being loaded. Camels are very cunning and wise, and try to make out that they have already too much to carry, even before they have made the attempt. Every once and awhile they would get up, and the camel men would cry out to them to kneel down again and keep quiet, giving a sharp blow with the curved stick which the drivers always carry to guide the camels.

One of the camels carried a litter in which Fatimah and her mother were to ride. It was like a broad seat and long enough so that Zubaydah and Fatimah might use it as a bed to lie down upon as well. Arched over it were poles on which hung curtains to keep out the dust and sun.

"Isn't this nice and snug?" laughed Fatimah.

"Too snug when all of you little ones are here," answered her mother.

The children had all climbed up into the litter to see just what it was like; and, of course, they had got in the way of Zubaydah who was hanging the pouches or bags around inside the curtains. These contained the food and other

necessaries for the journey.

"It is very well for thee, Fatimah, but I am glad I am going to ride Zuleika," said Hamid, slipping out and stopping to watch two men swing two large jars of water across the camel's back behind the litter, which the Arabs called the "shugduf"

All the little Bedouin children of the neighbourhood crowded around to bid Rashid good-bye, for they had grown very fond of him and were sorry to see him go. Each had brought him some little parting gift, such as a string of dates, a bunch of feathers for his spear, or a tame bird.

After Rashid had thanked his kind little friends, there was great fun stowing the presents away so that they might be carried safely, especially the shell of one of the ostrich's eggs which Awad had brought him. Finally Fatimah found a place for this last gift by putting it in a palm-leaf basket and hanging it from the roof of the "shugduf."

At last all was ready. The boys mounted their ponies and the camel men tried out orders to the great beasts, and the camels got up slowly, groaning under their big loads. Al-Abukar looked splendid as he rode at the Head of the little



In the “Shugduf”

caravan on his swift dromedary.

Over the dromedary's back were two big saddle-bags with long crimson tassels which hung nearly down to the ground; the saddle itself was of red leather with a high 'metal pommel at the front and back. Beside the dromedary cantered the two boys.

Rashid turned around and waved a last good-bye with his spear to all his friends whom he had left behind at the encampment, while all the little Bedouins ran after him a little way, shouting at the tops of their voices: "May your shadow never grow less, O little Son of the Walls!"

Soon the "Black Tents" were left far behind, and the camels struck into their regular caravan gait, rolling and lurching like a ship at sea.

If you were riding a camel for the first time you would understand why the Arabs call the camel "the ship of the desert," for it rolls backwards and forwards and pitches first forward and then backward exactly like a ship in mid-ocean.

At noon they halted for the midday meal. While the men hastily put up a tent, the children gathered dry branches in the thickets of thorn-bushes with which to make the fire.

Meanwhile Hamid had spied some tents in the distance; and, near them, a woman tending goats.

"May we go and ask her to give us some milk, mother?" asked Fatimah.

"Yes, and here is some bread to give her in exchange for the milk," said Zubaydah.

The Bedouin woman gladly filled the bowl that the children brought with them with nice warm goat's milk, but when Fatimah offered her the bread, she shook her head angrily.

"Nay, nay, I am not a 'labban,'" — a milk-seller — she said. The true Bedouins think it is a disgrace to sell milk, and that it is only right that they should give it freely to any stranger who may ask for it.

When the children got back with the milk, Zubaydah was frying dates in butter, and soon they were all sitting in the shade of the tent eating heartily of them and the cold meat and rice and cakes.

"The camels are glad to rest, too," said Rashid, watching them as they slowly knelt down one by one. It is one of the funniest sights in the world to see a camel lay down on the

ground. He sighs and groans and slowly unbends his funny long legs that look as if they would come unjointed and drop off. He folds up his fore legs a little, then he folds up his hind legs in part, and then he falls on his knees until his nose nearly touches the ground. Now he finishes the folding up process with all his legs, as if they were the blades of a jack-knife, and tucks them well away beneath him.

When it became cooler our party broke camp, and the little caravan started off again over the desert. They passed more and more tents and herds, and also a little party of travellers like themselves, and all shouted salaams, or greetings, as they went by.

When they stopped for their supper, Hamid and Rashid, instead of washing themselves as usual, poured sand over their faces and hands in place of water. This is the Mohammedan custom when travelling in the desert, for where water has to be carried with one, it must not be wasted.

When bedtime came the children were quite ready for it, for it had been a long, hard day. Fatimah said she would rather sleep in the tent; but the two boys rolled themselves

up in their rugs on the warm sand outside, and, with their saddles for pillows, slept as soundly as did their ponies, who were tethered beside them.

"Fasten the curtains of the litter well," said Al-Abukar when the little party started off the next day, "the 'poison-wind' has begun to blow."

"Ugh! and it is as hot as if it blew from a furnace," said Hamid, tying the end of his kerchief tightly across his mouth. Rashid did the same, while Fatimah helped her mother to draw the curtains tightly around them; for the simoon, as this great desert wind is called, was blowing great whirls of sand into their faces.

"Here comes a thing of ill-omen," said Hamid's father, pointing to a great column of sand which whirled by them at a rapid rate.

"Ay, it is a genie, the evil spirit of the desert," muttered the old camel-sheik, wrapping his cloak more closely about him.

The genie is practically a pillar of sand drawn up into the air by the wind as it whirls and blows around and around with a circular motion, very much in the same way that a

water-spout is formed at sea. The Arabs are all afraid of the genie, and say it is an evil spirit; and no wonder, for these moving columns of sand do not look unlike some strange, living thing as they go dancing across the desert.

The wind was blowing so hard when they halted at midday that they could not think of putting up a tent or cooking; but ate as best they could huddled up beside the kneeling camels, with their cloaks pulled up over their heads.

"I am eating more sand than bread," said Hamid, with disgust, as he held tightly to his cloak to keep it wrapped closely about him, and tried to eat at the same time.

"I know I must have eaten a basketful," said Rashid.

"Oh, there goes my veil," cried Fatimah, who had thoughtlessly popped her head out of the litter.

"Thou wilt never see it again," said her mother. Almost immediately it had been lost to view as it went sailing through the air.

"Never mind, thou shalt buy the prettiest that can be found in the Bazaar when we get to the city," said her father, consolingly.

The little caravan struggled against the wind all the rest of the day; and that night there was no sleeping in a tent for anybody. The next day, however, things went better.

"Oh! I see over there a beautiful lake of blue water and palm-trees beside it," cried Fatimah. "Look, mother," she said, waking her mother from a doze and pointing across the sandy plain.

"Indeed it looks as though there were water and trees ahead," said her mother; but Al-Abukar answered: "Nay, it is but a mirage."

"But we can see the ripple of the water; it must be real," persisted Fatimah.

"Nay," said the camel man, and shielding his eyes with his hand, he peered at the strange sight. "The camels say nothing," he continued, "and they are wise and can always tell when water is near. If it were real water they would begin to whine and groan." Sure enough, as they went toward the mirage, it faded away altogether, the lake, trees, and all.

"But it did look real, did it not, father?" said Fatimah.

"Ah, so has thought many a poor traveller to his undoing, when he was lost in the desert and was dying of

thirst," answered her father. "He thinks he sees cool water and green trees ahead of him, and hurries along to reach them, only to find that the mocking mirage has faded away and that there is nothing there but the hot sand of the desert."

A mirage really is nothing more than a sort of reflection of some very distant object projected into the sky through the hot, dry air of the desert. Sometimes the desert traveller sees a phantom city in the clouds, and sometimes a ship, as if it were floating on the sandy waves of the desert instead of on the ocean; but it is all a delusion and not real.

From now on, the little Bedouins began to remark that they were leaving the desert behind them. They began to pass some houses, and then small villages of mud huts with roofs of palm-leaves. Around these villages were little fields divided off by low ridges of earth. There were orchards of fruit-trees, and Hamid and Rashid rode up to one of these and bought some pomegranates.

"Did ever anything taste nicer?" said Fatimah. And they all agreed with her as they ate the sweet, pink pomegranate seeds.

Soon they were riding through great groves of date-palms, and shortly caught a glimpse of the city shining white through the trees still some distance away.

"Oh, Hamid! I believe that is my father yonder," cried Rashid, as he caught sight of several horsemen riding toward them.

It was true; it was the Sharif, Rashid's father, who, with a party of relatives, had come out to meet them. Rashid galloped forward, and in another moment was in the arms of his father.

The caravan came to a halt, and, after many greetings on all sides, got under way again, and they all rode together into the city.

"Is not the big city a wonderful place?" whispered little Fatimah to her mother as they rode through the great city gates of stone, the walls of which were painted with broad bands of yellow and red. She had never before seen a large city.

"Keep clear of the sides, O camel men!" shouted out Nassar-Ben, who had hard work guiding his little caravan through the narrow, winding streets. The camel men had to

run behind their charges, prodding them with sticks and crying out: "Go in the middle of the road! O! He! O! Hi!"

Finally they came to the great square called the "Kneeling Place of the Camels," because all the caravans which came into the city were obliged to unload or encamp there. On one side of the square was the house in which Rashid lived. "Welcome to our house," said the Sharif, as he led his friends through a gateway and into a large courtyard.

Here they dismounted. Rashid's mother and his big brother, Ali, and all the other relations and servants rushed out to meet them. And wasn't Rashid glad to see them all again!

CHAPTER V

Hamid and Fatimah See the Great City

"What is that?" asked Hamid, who was awakened in the morning by the sound of a voice shouting, "Great is Allah!" He and Rashid were sleeping on the roof of the house, as city Arabs often do in the hot weather.

"That is the 'Muezzin,'" replied Rashid. "Come to the parapet and you can see him."

Rashid pointed to a tall, slender tower not far away. Near the top was a small balcony, on which a man was standing. He calls out these words every day at sunrise and sunset to remind the people that they must not forget to say their prayers. In a monotonous sing-song voice he calls: "Great is Allah! there is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his Prophet." When the people hear this cry, they rise and say their prayers, always looking toward Mecca, the Holy City.

Hamid could see five of these long needle-like towers or minarets, and a great green dome, rising above the tree-tops not far away.

"That is the great Mosque," said Rashid; "and we are going there to-day because —" but he got no further, for just at that moment a dozen or more pigeons came flying about him, fluttering their wings on his face and perching on his shoulders.

"Oh, what pretty birds! How tame they are!" said Hamid, stroking the smooth wings of one of the white doves.

"They are my pets," said Rashid. "They come every morning to be fed. Let us give them their breakfasts." Leading the way to the storeroom on the ground floor, he filled a basket with grain which he took from one of the great bags which were always stored there. Then they scattered the grain all about the courtyard in the centre of the house, to the great delight of the pigeons.

The little Bedouins were eager to see the city; and, of course, the first place that Rashid showed his friends was the great Mosque, as their church was called.

It was the same where Hamid had seen the "Muezzin" in

the tower. This Mosque is very sacred to the Arabs, and they visit it at every opportunity, because it is the tomb of the great Arab Prophet Mohammed. When they reached the Mosque, they left their slippers outside, and, after saying a prayer or two, Rashid showed Hamid and Fatimah around the great building.

After this they walked down the long street that led from the Mosque to the great City Gate. Here were gathered all the shops. Such funny little shops! Nothing but little rickety wooden booths thatched with palm-leaves, and very dingy and dirty. However, they contained many wonderful and curious things. The children marvelled at them all. There were great strings and bunches of pink, red, and white coral that is found on the rocks in the Red Sea, and there were ornaments and jewelry made of mother-of-pearl; as well as many kinds of strange weapons, whose handles were inlaid with pieces of this same glittering shell.

"Just look at that lamp," said Hamid, "made from an ostrich's egg," as he stopped before one of the booths where the shells of the eggs of these big birds had been mounted in brass and silver and made into hanging-lamps, pipe-bowls,



"They scattered the grain all about the courtyard."

and vases.

Fatimah was very happy. She had found a booth where she could buy a pretty rose-coloured veil to replace the one she had lost in the desert.

In the shadow of the big City Gate a number of children were sitting weaving baskets and mats of palm-leaves.

"How easily she does it," said Fatimah, as they stood watching one of the little girls plait the long strips of dry leaves into a pretty basket.

By the time our little party had walked up and down the long line of shops many times, they were quite ready to go home and rest in the balcony of the "majlis," or parlour of the house. The children soon found that this balcony was a very cosy nook in which to sit because it hung out over the street, so that they might easily see everything which went on in the big, lively square.

The "majlis" itself, which extended back into the house, was a great big, bare room with a divan of cushions around the walls and a large rug covering the floor in the centre. There was no furniture except a low table in the middle, on which were the hubble-bubble pipes and a brass tray which

held the coffee- pot and cups. High up on the wall hung some swords and guns well out of the reach of the little folks.

Some days later Hamid was kneeling in the "majlis" balcony and peeping out through the carved wooden lattice which enclosed the balcony on the street side, while Fatimah stood behind him looking over his shoulder. Suddenly Rashid put his head in at the door and exclaimed: "I have been looking everywhere for thee."

"Just come and look out on the square, Rashid; it is full of people and camels and horses, and tents are being put up all over it," called out Hamid.

"It is the big caravan that comes from Damascus. They are the pilgrims on their way to the Holy City," said Rashid, joining them on the balcony. "I was looking every-where for thee to tell thee of it. Father says there are many thousands of the pilgrims."

Such a bustle and scurrying about and noise as there was in the big square. Tents were being put up like magic, camels were being unloaded, and horses and donkeys and dromedaries were stamping around, and little children were tearing about everywhere and getting in the way, — for many

of the pilgrims take their families with them.

"There are the tents of the Pacha, the chief of the caravan," said Rashid, pointing to the big green tents with gold crescents on their tops. The Pacha's tents occupied the chief place right in the middle of the square.

"The Pacha rides in a splendid litter swung between two beautiful horses, and those must be his dromedaries yonder with the rich trappings," said Rashid, who could explain all this to his little companions, because each year he had seen the caravan arrive and depart, always with the same magnificence and splendour.

It is the religious duty of all good Mohammedans, as the followers of the Great Prophet are called, to make at least one pilgrimage to Mecca, the capital city of Arabia, called the "Holy City."

For this reason every year great caravans from far and near journey across Arabia carrying thousands of pilgrims to Mecca.

"See! see! I do believe there is Nawara," cried Fatimah, "there, just by the big tent."

"Yes, it is she," said Hamid, "and there is the old

merchant, too."

With one accord the three children ran down into the square, dodging under camels and around tents, until at last they got to where Nawara was standing. The little girl was so astonished to see her friends of the desert that for a moment she could say nothing. Then she threw her arms around Fatimah, crying out how glad she was to see her again.

"But, Nawara, what are you doing here?" asked Fatimah.

"Grandfather is going to make the pilgrimage to the Holy City, and we are going with the caravan because it is safer," said Nawara, in her little wise way. "Then, too, grand-father will be able to sell his wares to the pilgrims."

The old merchant now joined them and was as pleased to see them again as was his little granddaughter. He had already put on the special dress that pilgrims wear, of white cloth with red stripes, and carried a big rosary of beads at his belt. When he told them that the caravan would stay there until the next day at evening, the children said that Nawara must stay with them until all was ready for the departure. So Nawara went to the great house with Fatimah. Later the old merchant came, too, and Rashid's mother gave them a nice

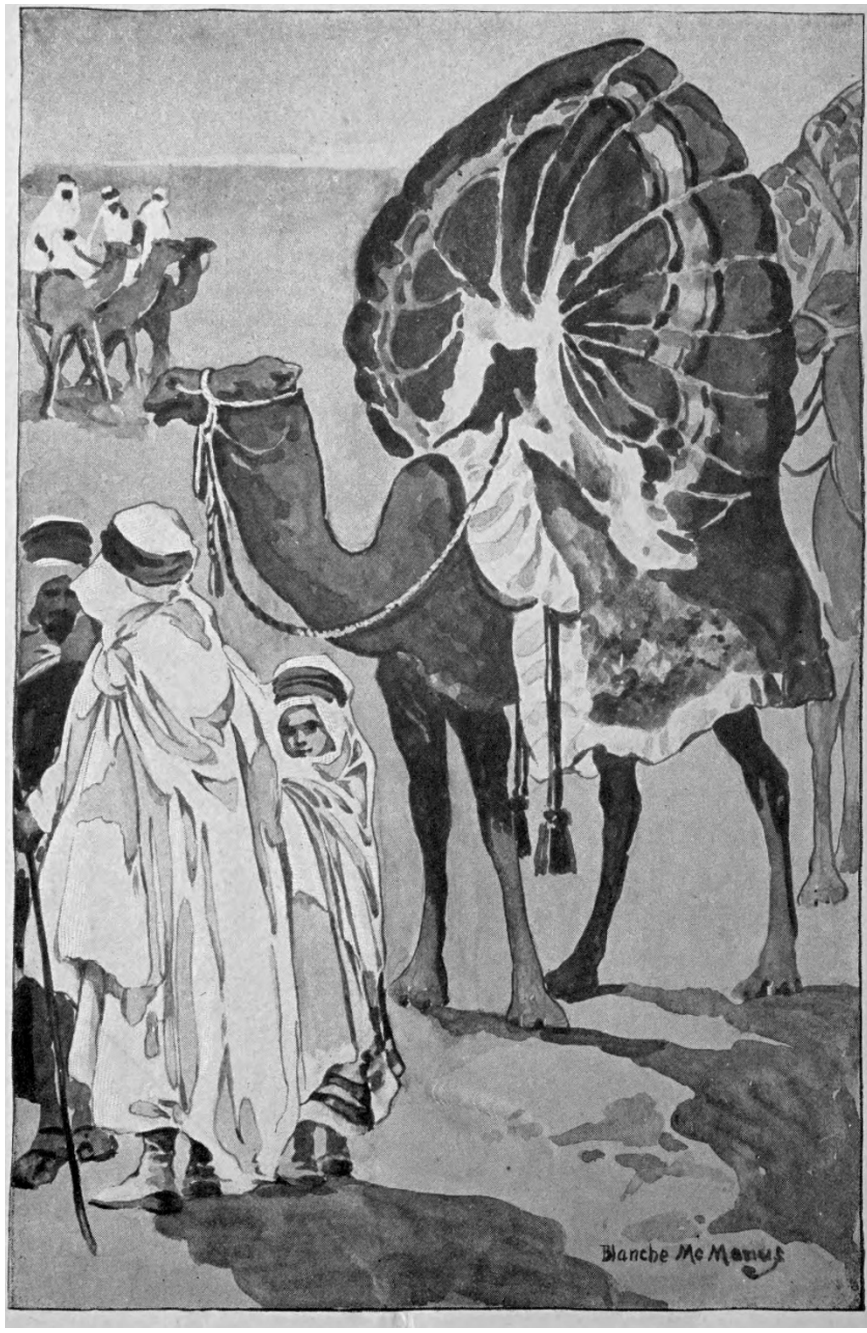
supper. They all sat around a big tray filled with good things to eat, while Nawara told the children of all that had happened to her since they had parted in the desert.

All the next day the young folks waited for the sound of the cannon, which was to be the signal for the caravan to start. Every few minutes one or the other of the boys would rush into the house, saying that the gun had gone off and the camels were going; but it proved each time a false alarm, and Fatimah had just told Nawara to make up her mind to stay another night when the old merchant's servant came rushing in to say that the head of the caravan had already started and was just then passing out the great gate. So once more Nawara had to part from her kind little friends.

The children ran up on top of the house, and for a long time they could see the big caravan winding over the hills and through the plantations of palm-trees.

"Father, can't we go out to the palm groves to-day to see the men gather the dates? Many of the children of the city are going," begged Rashid.

"Yes," said Rashid's father. "I have no doubt but that all you young folks will be fighting together in no time, and



The Caravan on the Road to Mecca

there will be more stones gathered than dates. Remember what happened last week." So saying, the Sharif sat back on the divan and took another pull at his long pipe.

Rashid hung his head and tried to look sorry; but his eye twinkled when he thought of the wild scrimmage with sticks and stones that had taken place between the boys of the town and the boys outside the walls. He had fought on the side of the city boys; and, of course, Hamid, though he was of the desert himself, sided with him. There was always great jealousy between these two clans of boys, and they were all the time carrying war into each other's territory; but, after all, not much damage was done on either side beyond some bruised heads and a few broken sticks.

"Thou hast become quite a fighter since thy life in the 'Black Tents,'" said his father; "but if Ali will go along to keep thee from getting into mischief, thou mayst go with thy little friends." Ali said that he would go, and they ran to saddle their ponies.

"How am I to go?" asked Fatimah.

"Oh, thou canst ride with me," said Hamid, like the good brother that he was; and Ali put her up on Zuleika behind

Hamid. Away they trotted out of the great gate toward the large groves of palm-trees which surround Medina.

The road was lively with parties of children who, like themselves, were going to the palm groves; for it was the season when the Bedouin farmers cut down the great bunches of dates, and every one, especially the children, made a regular picnic of it. All the children of the city, apparently, were hurrying along, some on horseback and many more on foot, all bent on having a good time.

Just behind our young people came some children riding on donkeys, trying their best to make their little donkeys keep up with the desert ponies of the boys.

Hamid looked back at them and sang out:

"The riding of a horse is an honour to the rider
And joyful is his face;
But the mule is a dishonour
And the donkey a disgrace."

Then Rashid began to laugh. This made the little donkey boys very angry. Off they jumped from their donkeys, and

were picking up stones to throw at Rashid and his friends, while Ali threatened them with his stick.

"No wonder father sent me with you to look after you," said Ali, shaking his finger at Hamid and Rashid as they rode on laughing, "if you are bound to get into mischief as early in the day as this."

"But all the same no Bedouin boy would ride a donkey or a mule for anything," said Hamid.

"That is quite true among you desert people," said Ali; "but these town and farmer folk don't care on what they ride so long as they do not have to walk."

Now they had come to a large grove of palm-trees, and near one of the trees was a man standing with a rope in his hand.

"Let us stop here," said Ali, calling out to Rashid; "there is a man going to climb up to the top of a tree now."

The children jumped quickly off their horses and joined the group of people under the trees watching the man.

He had tied one end of the rope around his waist and had passed it around the slim trunk of the tree, attaching the other end also to his waist. With this rope holding him

well up against the tree-trunk, he began to climb by holding on to the rough bark wherever he could get a hold for as much as one of his toes, at the same time bracing himself against the strong rope which held him.

"I should not like to do that," said Rashid.

"I wonder that he does not get giddy and fall," said Fatimah.

But the man went up easily, though he had a long way to climb. Like most date-palms, the tree was very tall, and the leaves and fruit all grew together on the very tip-top of the great stem or trunk. It was, as Hamid said, "just like the bunch of feathers on the end of his spear."

When the man finally did reach the bunch of dates, it was quite a job to cut through the big stem, which was nearly as large around as his arm.

"Isn't that a big bunch?" said Hamid, as the man lowered the great golden-coloured dates to the ground.

"Yes," said Rashid, "but look, there must be some larger bunches still, for some are tied up to keep them from breaking off their stems."

The women and children were collecting the gathered

dates and packing them in skins and boxes and baskets to be sent away to the markets; but the dried dates that we so often eat are left much longer on the trees to ripen and grow sugary.

"Oh, Hamid, thou and Fatimah must have a 'necklace of sham' to wear! All the children have them!" said Rashid, who had been exploring the garden and had come running quickly back. "There is a woman making them now."

The woman was threading dates on a string and then dipping them into boiling water so that they would keep their pretty golden colour. Then she put them aside in the sun to dry.

Rashid bargained with the woman for three of the necklaces at once.

"It brings one good luck to wear a necklace of the dates of Medina," said the woman as she hung the strings of dates around the children's necks; "and thou must not eat them as this naughty one here has just done." She frowned at her own little girl, who stood by sobbing because her mother had just given her a box on the ear for eating half of her new necklace.

The children had a jolly time helping to pick the dates and pack them, though likely there was more play than work. And they all ate so many dates it was a wonder that they were not ill.

At sundown they rode back to the town, chaffing and laughing with everybody they met along the road. When they got home, hot and tired, Rashid's mother gave them a lovely drink made of the juice of fresh pomegranates, cooled in the snowy ice which was brought down to the city each night from the neighbouring mountains.

"Do you know why the letter 'O' is on every date stone?" asked Rashid that evening as he and Hamid were sitting in the courtyard playing checkers with date stones, while Fatimah sat watching the progress of the game. They often occupied themselves thus in the cool of the evening after supper.

"I have never seen the 'O;' where is it?" asked Hamid, carefully looking at a date stone as if he was only seeing one for the first time.

"There it is," said Rashid, who showed him a tiny round ring on one side of the date stone. "It is said that when our

great Prophet first ate of the fruit of the date-palm, he exclaimed: 'Oh! what a fine fruit!' Ever
since the letter 'O' has been found on every date stone."

Hamid and Fatimah began looking closely at every date stone they could find; and, sure enough, on every one of them there was a tiny letter "O." You will always find it there, too, if you look for it.

But the young people did not always play. In the early mornings and cool evenings Rashid and Hamid went to school in one corner of the great Mosque. Here the pupils sat in rows on mats, or lounged about on the floor. Before each pupil was a little wooden stand, on which lay a big book from which they shouted out their lessons in a loud voice. They made such a noise that one wonders how they could learn anything at all.

The other children called Hamid the little "Sheik" and often they would forget all about lessons while they listened to his stories about the great desert. Meantime Fatimah was learning how to make many nice new dishes in the big kitchen at home, or she sat with her mother in the women's part of the house, learning how to sew like little city girls.

But, in spite of these happy days spent by the desert folk with the "People of the Walls," the little Bedouins began to long for the great wide desert and its life of freedom. Soon the end of their visit came; one day the little caravan could be seen making its way homeward to their own country far beyond the plain which came up to the city walls.

The first news that Hamid sent Rashid after he got home to the "Black Tents" was about the robber chief. His band had paid a ransom for him and he had been given his liberty, after he had promised solemnly not to attempt to rob or kill again. You must know that a promise made in the "Black Tents" is never broken.

The interchange of visits between Hamid and Rashid occurred regularly each year. Rashid learned of the ways of the dwellers in the "Black Tents;" and gained in health and strength until even Hamid was not Kis superior in hunting or the rougher games of the plains. Hamid, on the other hand, learned of the life in the Great City, and profited much from the loving companionship of his little friend among the "People of the Walls." Fatimah, too, shared in the happy visits and grew to be called "the beautiful

daughter of the Sheik, wise with the wisdom of both desert and city."

THE END.

Our Little Crusader Cousin of Long Ago

Evaleen Stein

Illustrated by Charles E. Meister


Hugh
Raymond

Preface

I wonder if you boys and girls know what the crusades were? Perhaps not; so in as few pages as I can I will try to give you a little idea of them, though when you grow older you will find there are no end of interesting things to learn about them.

In the first place we must go back a long way, to the year 1000,when, for some reason or other, people in Europe got it into their heads that be- cause it was a thousand years from the birth of Christ the world would surely come to an end. They were so certain of it that they thought a great deal about their sins and what would become of them in the next world. Many of them even sold all they had and spent their time making pilgrimages from one holy place to another; for they believed that to go on foot and pray at these shrines

would benefit them greatly in the life to come. Some went to shrines of saints near their homes, some to the city of Rome and elsewhere; but of course the most sacred place of all to visit was Jerusalem, where is the tomb of our Saviour. To pray at this, the Holy Sepulchre, as it was most often called, these pilgrims longed to do more than anything else. Those who had done so were called "palmers" because they always wore in their hats a bit of palm which they brought from the Holy Land, and they no doubt were not a little proud that they had made the long and perilous journey in safety. For in those days to go to Jerusalem was indeed a hard and dangerous undertaking, requiring many months, sometimes years.

Some went by land, passing through many countries and enduring great hardships; while others, going to some port on the Mediterranean sea, - you know Palestine is on the eastern coast of this, - sailed in boats, usually small and crowded and little able to withstand storm and shipwreck. And worst of all, when at last the weary pilgrim reached the holy city he was liable to be beaten or robbed or perhaps killed by the Turks, or Saracens, as most people called them,

who ruled over Palestine. The Saracens did not believe in our Christian religion, but in their own prophet Mohammed; so they looked with contempt on the pilgrims and treated them very cruelly.

Now of course you know the world did not come to an end in the year 1000. But the European people were still frightened, and decided that they must have made a mistake and that it would end a thousand years from the crucifixion of our Lord instead of from his birth. So for thirty-two years more they made pilgrimages harder than ever. At the end of that time they found that most of them were still alive and the world behaving about as usual and with no signs of the Day of Judgment; perhaps it was to show their relief and thankfulness to God because of this, or perhaps simply because so many had gotten in the habit of it, but at any rate pilgrims still thronged to Jerusalem and the Saracens treated them worse and worse all the time.

Of course the pilgrims brought back many stories of cruelty and of how the infidels (that means people who do not believe in our religion, and was another name for the Saracens) desecrated even the tomb of our Saviour; and

these stories made their friends at home more and more angry and indignant. At last things came to a climax when a French monk, named Peter the Hermit, went to Jerusalem and was so badlytreated that on his way home he stopped at Rome and told Pope Urban about things there. Peter spoke so well that the Pope wept over the story, and going to France with Peter, he called together a large company, in which were many of the greatest princes and noblest knights of the land.

The Pope told them the things he had heard, and then begged them to stop fighting and quarreling among themselves, as many of them had been doing, and to go to the Holy Land and take the Holy Sepulchre away from the Saracens; indeed, to conquer Jerusalem and all Palestine so that Christians might go there and worship in peace.

Before the Pope was through speaking, everybody had become so excited that suddenly as with one voice the multitude shouted, "God wills it!" "God wills it!" and pressing forward, vowed that they would go and fight for the Holy Land and the tomb of Christ. At this Pope Urban said, "Let this then be your war-cry, 'God wills it!'" And in token

that they were going to fight and shed their blood for Christ, each man received a cross of red cloth, which was fastened upon his sleeve; and having once taken this cross, it was considered cowardly and disgraceful to turn back from the undertaking.

But they did not turn back. The princes and knights set to work to raise great armies, and knights and soldiers from other countries joined them. It all took a long while, but at last they were ready, and in the year 1096 they set off for Palestine; and because of the red cross every man wore, the expedition was called a "crusade" and the soldiers "crusaders."

Long and hard was the journey; thousands died on the way from sickness and hardships and fighting enemies in countries through which they passed. But at last the crusaders reached Palestine, which they finally conquered after many months of gallant fighting. Indeed, the fame of the heroes of that first crusade is still handed down in poetry and stories. Of course, having conquered the country, they could not all go away and leave it at the mercy of the Saracens, who would all the while be trying to get it back

again. So many of the leaders sent for their wives and children and planned to stay there, building castles and living much as they did at home. The chief part of the land they called the Kingdom of Jerusalem, and they elected for king of this the best and bravest knight among them, Godfrey of Bouillon.

But Godfrey, though he consented to govern the city and country, would not be called king, saying he would not wear a crown of gold where Christ had worn one of thorns. Godfrey ruled well, but lived only a short time; and after him came several other rulers, who, less humble than he, allowed themselves to be called kings.

But sure enough, all the while the Saracens were not idle, and kept trying harder and harder to drive out the Christians from the different cities. At last, under the leadership of their Sultan Saladin, who was a skillful warrior, they succeeded in recapturing some of these places, for a great many of the first crusaders had gone back home and there were not enough left to hold them.

When news of this reached Europe, the kings of France and of Germany led a second crusade to try and drive the

Saracens off again. But the Christian armies were ambushed and defeated and accomplished nothing. A few years more and the Saracens had got back nearly all Palestine, including Jerusalem. When this happened, King Richard of England, who was soon to win the name of "the Lion Heart," determined to lead a third crusade, and he asked King Philip of France to join him. These two were then the most powerful kings in Europe. They decided to go by sea instead of land, and planned to get their armies and fleets together and meet at the island of Sicily, which was on the way. Then they were to sail from there to the seaport city of Acre in Palestine; for Acre had the best harbor on that coast, and before they could march on to Jerusalem they would have to capture the place so they could keep on landing more troops and supplies there. Moreover, they knew that the Christian armies already in Palestine had for two years been besieging the city in vain and were still camped about it.

Now the two kings expected to reach Sicily in the spring of the year 1190 - it was almost a hundred years, you see, after the first crusade - but so many things delayed them that they did not meet there until fall, and with the kind of ships

people had then they dared not risk a long voyage through the storms of winter; so Richard and Philip had to stay in Sicily until the next spring. As soon as April came Philip sailed for the Holy Land; but as some of the English supply ships had not yet come, Richard had to wait a few weeks longer; - and this brings us to the beginning of our story, which starts in June 1191.

There were other crusades after the one our story is about, seven in all, and many are the gallant heroes of these whose names have been handed down to us; but for his marvelous daring and unsurpassed bravery, his kingly spirit and his romantic life none has so captured the world's fancy as has King Richard of the Lion Heart, who is even now on his way sailing into our little story.

Key to Pronunciation of Proper Names and Some Other Words

Acre (ah'-ker)
Al'-lah
Ascalon (as'-ka-lon)
As'-sur
Beauvaise (bo-vay')
Beirut (bay-root')
Berengaria (ba-ren-ga'-re-a)
Bouillon (boo-yon)
Bur'-gun-dy
Cat'-a-pult
Champaign (sham-pane')
Cyprus (si'-prus)
Favelle (fav-el')
Languedoc (lang-dok')
Lusignan (lu-zen-yon)
Mal'-ek A'-del
Man'-go-nel
Montferrat (mon-fa-rah')
Mosque (mosk)
Navarre (na-var')
Pet'-ra-ry
Pratelles (pra-tel')
Rhodes (rodz)
Sal'-a-din
Sicily (sis'-i-ly)
Trenchmer (tranch'-mare)

CHAPTER I

Richard the Lion Heart Lands in Palestine

Far away, on the coast of Palestine, beyond the ancient city of Acre the slopes of Mount Carmel gleamed bright green in the June sunlight; pink and white oleanders, blue myrtle bloom, golden daisies and countless other of the gay flowers that flourish in that warm country dotted the green, and here and there rose tall, feathery palm trees crowned with clusters of ripening dates. But though the mountain was bright with color, the sandy plain beside the city walls was gray with tattered tents of war from which floated banners and pennons once brilliant and glowing but now faded in the burning sun of the East; for the crusading army besieging Acre had been camped there for two years.

To be sure, along the shore there showed now beside this older camp the fresher tents of the French host and the

silken one of King Philip with its standard sown with golden lilies. But though these new crusaders from France had been welcomed with such joy nearly two months before, and though they had helped batter and pound the walls of Acre almost every day since then, still the great stone towers were stout and strong, the city still untaken. And more than this, Saracen soldiers and their allies, a mixed horde of Turks, Moors, Arabs and Egyptians (though I shall call them all, as did many of the crusaders, simply "Saracens"), were all the while gathering to help the people of Acre, and had begun to besiege the besiegers themselves, so that the latter had been obliged to dig a moat around their camp and be constantly on the watch for attacks from behind while they were trying in vain to storm the city.

(Before I go any farther, I wonder, have you children read the Preface of this story? If not, you had best hurry up and do so or you will not understand things nearly so well. It is not very long, and though I am going right on with the story, if you are quick about it you can soon catch up.)

It is no wonder then that all the Christian army, especially those who had been there two whole years, were

hoping and praying for the fleet of Richard to sail in sight, for they felt sure that with the coming of the lion-hearted king the city must surely be captured. For weeks they had looked anxiously to the west across the waters of the Mediterranean, but it was not till the June morning when our story begins that a soldier who had climbed up the slopes of Mount Carmel suddenly saw a tiny streak of white away off on the horizon, and flashing in front of it a gleam of red. Then more and more white rose over the sea, and with a glad cry, "King Richard is coming!" he flew down to the camp, and in a moment, as the word sped from mouth to mouth, the shore was lined with an eager throng, all breathlessly watching as nearer and nearer drew the English fleet.

On and on they came, oars flashing, sails swelling, ships and ships of every kind, almost two hundred of them. Soon rose the sound of trumpets from the foremost one, sweeping far ahead of all, flying scarlet sails and red as a poppy from stem to stern. "Look! Look!"

"King Richard's ship, the Trenchmer!" shouted the French soldiers; for while in Sicily they had seen the royal

vessel, whose name means "sea-cutter."

And very gay and splendid it looked, its scarlet sides glittering in the sun, its deck fluttering with the bright pennons of the noble knights who crowded to its rail. At either end of the ship was a high platform with castle-like turrets, and on this were the trumpeters blowing as hard as ever they could. But it was the prow of the vessel that caught the attention of all. There flew the royal standard of England with its three lions, and close beside it stood a tall, powerfully built and strikingly handsome man who bore himself with the most noble dignity. Over his hauberk of chain mail hung a purple mantle fastened with a richly jeweled clasp; his head was uncovered, and his tawny yellow hair, curling about his neck, shone in the light. As he stood motionless, with folded arms, his clear blue eyes fixed on the land seemed not to see the excited throng waiting there, but to be looking into some great dream of his own; and then, just as the ship was getting ready to anchor, with a sudden quick gesture flinging his mantle back and moving to the rail, he plunged into the sea, and wading breast-high to the shore, reverently knelt and touched his lips to the sacred

soil. Thus it was that King Richard of the Lion Heart landed, first of all the fleet.

For a few moments the waiting crowd had stood speechless, watching the king, but the instant he rose to his feet such a shout of joy went up that even the Saracens in the besieged city began to mount the walls and peer over the battlements; and their hosts of allies camped along the shore ventured nearer to glimpse this wonderful new hero who had come to fight them and whose fame had already spread across the sea.

As for the crusaders, they were simply wild with joy, and while King Philip was welcoming Richard they hurriedly formed processions, marching up and down, beating drums, blowing trumpets, and fairly shouting themselves hoarse.

Meantime the knights and their followers were flocking off the Trenchmer, and among them came a boy in the dress of a page, a tunic of Lincoln green, long black hose, a short scarlet cape and small velvet cap with a pheasant's feather; on one sleeve of his tunic was embroidered a red cross, on the other three leopards. His fair hair and dark eyes spoke his mixed Saxon and Norman blood; and as he eagerly

scanned the people on shore suddenly his face lighted as a dark-haired boy of about his own age sprang toward him, and with a glad "Hugh!" and "Raymond!" they tumbled into each other's arms. The two lads, both pages, Hugh, as the leopards on his sleeve showed, serving King Richard, and Raymond attending Count William de Pratelles of France, had met during the winter the armies had spent in Sicily and had become warm friends; though of course they had been separated when King Philip sailed first for Palestine.

As Hugh now gazed wonderingly around, "Why!" he said, "it looks as if people were here from every country in the world!"

"Yes," answered Raymond, "I believe they are. Ever so many have come since we've been here; that group of newer tents yonder are Austrians who got here a short time ago with their Duke Leopold, and the older crusaders say that for two or three years little parties of soldiers have been landing from nearly everywhere. Did you ever in your life see so many different banners and so many queer-looking people and queer clothes?"

"No, indeed!" said Hugh, continuing to gaze around.

And Raymond was certainly right; the people were of many races, and their clothes of innumerable kinds, yet none in the least like we are used to seeing soldiers wear. What kind were they, then? Well, the Saracens had loose robes girdled in various ways, and turbans of many folds of silk or linen wrapped around their heads to protect them from the hot sun. The crusader's dress was usually some kind of long tunic of linen or wool, and cross-gartered hose; and when the knights put on their armor they wore over it another loose, sleeveless tunic, called a surcoat, often richly embroidered, and meant, like the turbans of their enemies, to protect them from the heat. For most of them had come from cooler countries and had found that the sun of Palestine could make their metal armor as hot as an oven.

But while Hugh was still staring, "Look!" cried Raymond, "the other biggest ships have anchored, and there are ladies on one! See! King Philip is lifting one of them ashore in his arms! Who is she? I didn't see her in Sicily."

"That is the Princess Berengaria of Navarre," answered Hugh. "No, I mean Queen Berengaria. King Richard married her in Cyprus only a week ago. I will tell you about

it when we get time to talk. Isn't she a beauty? And that other handsome lady is Queen Joan, King Richard's sister, - she used to be queen of Sicily. They have a lot of noble ladies with them and they are all going along with the army."

"Well," said Raymond, "there are a good many ladies in camp now, wives of the different knights who live here, so I guess they won't be lonesome. But look at the big chests they are taking off the third ship! I suppose that is King Richard's treasure ship. King Philip had one; it's over there in the harbor now."

"Yes," said Hugh, "and I don't wonder they have to have big chests of gold. It must take an enormous amount of money to pay so many soldiers and buy things for them to eat."

"I should think so!" echoed Raymond. "You know all our ships carried a year's supply of stuff to eat, but when we came, things were getting so scarce with the army that had been here so long that we had to let them have some of our food. The crusaders, though, haven't suffered anything like the folks shut up in the city there. They say they are nearly starved, for of course the armies camped here won't let

anything get inside the gates. They think the Saracens outside do manage to sneak in a few things for the Acre people, but it can't be much, and they must be mighty hungry."

"Well," said Hugh, "King Richard started with a year's supply, too, and he has brought besides a lot of grain and fruit and wine and I don't know what all from Cyprus, so I. guess there will be enough to last our armies for a while."

Meantime the new-comers were being shown the place allotted to them for their camp and the soldiers were beginning to pitch the tents; so the two pages scampered off to see if they were needed for any service.

All day long the crusaders swarmed about, unloading ships and arranging the new camp, and though much was still to be done, by nightfall the quarters were ready for the more important people. The gay silken pavilions for the two queens and their ladies were pitched at a safe distance from any possible fighting and were piled with cushions spread with rich coverings; and before the handsome tent of King Richard in the midst of the camp was planted the English standard and his own banner with its three leopards.

When it grew dark great bonfires were lighted, and all the soldiers feasted and shouted and sang and spent nearly the whole night rejoicing. Hugh and Raymond were so excited they could hardly sleep at all when, near dawn, they threw themselves on their beds, each in a tent adjoining that of his master. The two kings however were not with the rejoicing throng. In Richard's tent for hours they talked over the crusade and tried to plan what would be their next move against Acre; and when they parted, both looked tired and worn. For Philip was barely recovered from the fever which had attacked him in Palestine and which had carried off so many of the crusaders who were unused to the climate; and Richard, who had been sailing down the coast for several days, was beginning also to feel the seeds of this same sickness.

CHAPTER II

Hugh Tells of the Voyage

The next morning Hugh did a number of errands for King Richard, and then the latter, who was fond of the lad, told him he might run along and look around a bit with his friend Raymond. Hugh at once hurried over toward the French camp, and though Raymond had told him in what direction to look for Count William's tent, he was quite uncertain of finding it among so many thousands. But luckily he had not gone far when he spied Raymond holding the bridle of a war-horse his master was mounting. He was going with a company of French knights to see if they could find some Saracens thought to be hiding in the hills and trying to bring food to the besieged city.

As soon as Count William rode off the two pages ran down to the shore to watch the rest of the ships being

unloaded. These were of many kinds and sizes; as no one then had dreamed of steamboats, all had sails, and long rows of oars, too. The smaller ones were called galleys and the larger "busses" and "dromonds;" these last usually had one deck and a few cabins below, and carried about two hundred men, including fifty knights and their horses, and provisions for a year. At each end was built up a platform where trumpeters could sit, or, more important when the ship was in a fight, where archers could be stationed; for gunpowder was not yet invented. Also, at the top of the mast was a little cage-like place to which archers could climb by means of a rope ladder. These ships were thought very large and fine in those days, though to us they would look very small and queer.

As the two boys watched, "Look!" said Raymond, "that must be King Richard's horse they are taking off the Trenchmer. See how careful they are with him and how proudly he steps along. But, Hugh," he added, as he eyed the horse more critically, "that's not the one he had in Sicily; that was a black one from Spain, I remember."

"Yes," said Hugh, "it was, but he likes this one better; he

got him in the island of Cyprus on the way here, and his name is Favelle. Isn't he handsome? And they say the jewels on his harness and trappings are worth a fortune, and besides these the stirrups and all the trimmings of the saddle are pure gold and on his crupper are two little golden lions pawing each other! And there come more of the knights' horses, all with their armor!" For war-horses then were protected by armor, the same as their masters.

"And they will find it mighty hot and uncomfortable in this country!" said Raymond. "I've seen the horses and knights, too, just panting after they have been fighting a while. I guess the Saracens know better how to do in a climate like this. They ride the fastest kind of Arabian horses and carry just light shields, and they seem to depend more on shooting their arrows and then getting out of the way quickly. Of course in hand-to-hand fighting our crusaders can smash harder with their battle-axes and things."

"I see the armies here have a good many fighting machines," said Hugh, "but I believe King Richard has brought some better ones. There are some of them now coming off yonder galleys," and he pointed to the huge

wooden structures being set up on the beach; some were for pounding through city walls, and were called "battering-rams" because of the ram's head of copper fastened on the end of the great beam of wood which did the pounding and which was hung by ropes to a strong framework. There were other ropes fastened to the beam and it sometimes took hundreds of men to pull it back and forth. Other of the machines were called catapults, petraries and mangonels and were made to shoot arrows or hurl stones a great distance.

As the boys eyed these machines, "You know," went on Hugh, "they are the ones King Richard had built in Sicily last winter because he thought wood was scarce over here. He even brought stones for the catapults. Do you see that pile there on the beach?"

"Yes," answered Raymond, "it was a good thing he got them ready in Sicily. Wood and stones are scarce here. And just a few days ago our French army was attacking the city walls and the Saracens poured down some Greek fire and burned up two of King Philip's biggest machines. That Greek fire is horrible! A lot of soldiers have been burned to

death by its getting under their armor, and water won't put it out. I never saw anything like it before."

"I saw some of it on the way here, when King Richard fought the Saracen ship," said Hugh.

"What all did King Richard do on the way?" asked Raymond. "We didn't stop anywhere or have any adventures!" he added regretfully.

"Well," said Hugh, "things generally are moving when King Richard is around. Didn't we have a fine exciting winter in Sicily when he was fighting King Tancred there?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered Raymond, his eyes sparkling. "I never did know, though, what the quarrel was about; you know King Philip kept out of it."

"There was reason enough to fight," said Hugh. "It seems the husband of Queen Joan, King Richard's sister, used to be king of Sicily, and when he died a while ago Tancred got himself made king and shut up Queen Joan and took away all her money. He earned the good beating he got!"

"Did they make up afterward?" asked Raymond. "You know about that time we sailed for here with King Philip."

"Yes," said Hugh, "they gave each other presents, and

then King Richard invited everybody to a big feast in honor of his betrothal to Princess Berengaria. His mother, Queen Eleanor, had brought her from Navarre, somewhere near Spain, where her father is king. King Richard couldn't go after her himself, because he had started on the crusade, but he wanted to get married and take her along."

"But I thought you said yesterday they were married in Cyprus," said Raymond, looking rather bewildered.

"So they were," answered Hugh, "for when the princess got to Sicily, - it was just after you left, - it was Lent, you know, and it's against the church rules to have grand weddings then. So they thought, as Lent would soon be over, they would stop at Rhodes, one of the islands on the way, and get married there. King Richard had that handsome ship over there fitted up for the ladies, for Queen Joan decided to come, too, and he sent along some of our best knights to guard them. You just ought to have seen us start away from Sicily. I believe everybody there was out to see us off! It was a fine bright day, and we had flags flying and music playing and everything lively. When it got dark they lighted the big red lantern on the mast of the

Trenchmer - see it over there? - so the others could follow our ship. But in a little while a terrible storm came up."

"Were you scared?" asked Raymond.

"Yes," admitted Hugh, after a moment's hesitation, "I was. The storm lasted two days and I thought surely we should all upset and be drowned! Several of the ships were wrecked and blown to pieces, a lot of them ran up on little islands, and the third day we managed to put into the harbor at Rhodes. The Trenchmer was pretty badly battered up, but when King Richard looked around and saw the ladies' ship wasn't there, he wouldn't stay, but gave orders to sail right on for Cyprus, which was the next big island. He thought maybe he would find the princess there. The next day we sighted Cyprus, and there was the ladies' ship standing off outside the harbor of a town."

"Why were they outside the harbor?" asked Raymond.

"That was what King Richard wanted to know," replied Hugh. "So he sent two sailors and one of our knights in the Trenchmer's little life-boat to see what was the matter; and the captain of the ladies' ship told them that two others of our galleys had been wrecked on the coast and when the

men tried to swim ashore the Cyprus people beat them off so they could get all the valuable things that floated in. They acted so mean that the captain didn't dare land with the ladies. When our folks came back and told King Richard that, he was simply furious!"

"What did he do?" inquired Raymond, who was listening with interest.

"Do?" echoed Hugh, "why, the wind wasn't toward the harbor so we could sail in, but he ordered the rowers to get the Trenchmer there as fast as they could. Then we all hurried ashore and King Richard sent for the king of Cyprus, whose name was Isaac. When Isaac showed fight and wouldn't apologize for the outrageous way his people had acted about the wreck, King Richard just grabbed his big battleax - you know how enormous it is - and waving it in the air, he rushed toward the town to attack it. All our knights went after him, and a good many from some other ships that had come up, and before long King Richard had taken the town. And right away he signalled for the ladies' ship to come on, and he took Princess Berengaria and Queen Joan and their maids of honor and put them in

Isaac's best palace. Then he took another fine palace for himself, and all the knights had very grand houses to stay in."

"What became of Isaac?" put in Raymond.

"At first he promised everything King Richard wanted," replied Hugh, "but when King Richard found he was all the while plotting behind his back, he made him prisoner. Isaac cried and made such a fuss about being chained up that King Richard said his chains should be silver because he had been a king. He looked pretty scornful, though, when he said it, and put a good strong guard over him, so I guess Isaac will never get Cyprus back again."

"How long did you stay there?" asked Raymond.

"A whole month," answered Hugh, "and then came the wedding. It was the grandest affair! King Richard looked magnificent; he had on a bright rose-colored satin tunic and a mantle of striped silver tissue all embroidered with jewels, and his belt and sword were sparkling with more jewels, and on his head was a kind of cap of red velvet brocaded with gold lions, and he carried a gold scepter in his hand. The Princess Berengaria looked like a fairy beside him, - you saw

how little she is. She wore a wonderful white dress, with lots of gold and diamonds," he added vaguely, for he could remember Richard's costume better than his bride's. "And then," he went on, "I helped carry in the dishes at the feast afterward, and I was worn out when it was over. I never saw so many fine things to eat in all my life, and everything was served on gold and silver platters, for we used all Isaac's best things and he was very rich. Right away after the feast we loaded up the ships again and started for here."

"When was it you fought the Saracen ship?" was Raymond's next question.

"Why, that was two days after we left Cyprus," replied Hugh. "It was the biggest ship I ever saw. King Richard thought it must have held nearly fifteen hundred men!"

"Whew!" exclaimed Raymond, with round eyes. "I didn't know ships could be so big!"

"Neither did I," said Hugh, "but it was. It seems it was carrying food and money for Acre here; I suppose they thought they could sneak it into the city some way. The ship was so big that King Richard knew the Trenchmer couldn't fight it alone, so he ordered six more of our fleet to line up

in a row and they all started to ram the Saracen one. It was then the Saracens began throwing Greek fire on ours. They threw vases full of it, - it's a kind of liquid, you know, - and when the vases smashed, it caught fire in the air, and it got on some of the sailors and burned them to death!"

"Did the rams make a hole in the ship?" asked Raymond.

"Yes," said Hugh, "and when the Saracens saw that, they began to chop more holes as fast as they could, for they wanted the ship to sink before our men could climb on it. I guess they thought they would rather drown than fall into the hands of our crusaders, and then, too, they didn't want us to get all the food and treasure they had on board. But King Richard and the rest hurried and climbed on it and got most of the things off and put on our ships. The Saracens fought like everything, but unless they could swim somewhere I don't think many were alive when our fighters got through with them. Some of our men were killed but most got back all right to our ships, and then we sailed on for Palestine. When King Richard first caught sight of the coast he said two words I couldn't understand - one of the knights said they were Latin and meant 'Holy Land ' - and

then he never took his eyes off it, but just stood watching it in a kind of dream till we landed."

"Well," said Raymond, drawing a long breath, "of course our trip here was all very strange and new to me, but it was nothing like so exciting as yours!"

But by this time the boys knew they had better be going back to their masters, so they parted for the day.

CHAPTER III

In the Camp before Acre

It was more than a week after the landing of the English fleet and their new camp was in fairly good order, but none of the leaders of the crusade were in a particularly good humor and many of the foot-soldiers were growing every day more impatient because no progress had been made toward the taking of Acre. Everybody had hoped for so much with the coming of King Richard, but for days he had been stretched on his bed tossing and burning with the terrible fever that had attacked so many of the crusaders, and which of course was the reason he was not in a good humor. King Philip was irritable and cross because he himself was still not entirely over the same kind of fever, though he had not been nearly so sick as Richard; and then he did not like the delay, and moreover he and Richard were not really very good

friends anyway, and only tried to keep at peace with one another on account of the crusade. Then there was the Austrian Duke Leopold, who was out of sorts because he was a stupid man with a high opinion of himself and he thought King Richard had snubbed him, which likely he had as he had a great contempt for Duke Leopold.

As for the people of Acre, no doubt they were all the while getting hungrier and crosser; and the Sultan Saladin with his army of Saracens camped on the hills behind Acre and his allies beyond the moat of the crusaders were becoming tired with their constant watching.

But if affairs were not going in a way to please the grown folks on either side, our two boys found no end of things to interest them. Everything was so strange and different from their own homes, and until starting on the crusade neither had ever traveled anywhere. And this reminds me that I have not yet told you where their homes were nor how it happened that, though one came from England and the other from France, they had no trouble in talking to each other. That was because many of the English nobles, of whom Hugh's father was one, and especially King Richard

himself, though born in England, seemed really to belong much more to France and spoke French almost altogether. And as the reason for this Frenchiness has to do with the history of Richard, I must tell you a little about him before going on with the boys.

One hundred and thirty years before, Richard's great-grandfather, William, Duke of Normandy (which was part of France), had got together an army and sailed over and conquered England, to which he claimed a right, and had made himself king. The Saxons who lived there had fought hard, but had to submit; and King William and the Norman knights who had come with him, though they settled down to live in England, for a long while still spoke their own French language and did things as they had done in Normandy. When William died his children and grandchildren grew up and married into noble French families, dukes and counts of large domains, so that by the time that Richard became king of England he had inherited also at least half of France. And though he was not called king of these French possessions but, as was the custom of the time, had to render "homage" for them to King Philip, neverthe-

less the latter knew that the homage was scarcely more than a form; and as Richard grew more and more powerful, Philip became more and more uneasy lest he gain possession of still more of France. At the same time Richard on his part more than suspected that Philip, who was crafty as he himself was open, was trying to get from him his French inheritance.

So it was that though they had once been good friends they had come to distrust one another, and, odd as it may seem, that was one reason why they had gone together on the crusade. Neither wanted to go away and leave the other behind for fear his kingdom would be gone when he came back. Yet while they disliked and suspected each other, for the sake of the success of the crusade they tried to work together and of course always behaved most politely.

And now that we understand more about the kings, let us go back for a minute to the history of our boys. Hugh's father, Sir Kenneth of Alnwyck, was of Norman descent and had been a friend of King Richard in his youth; his mother was a Saxon lady, and though from her he had learned the language of England, French was usually spoken in the

home which was a beautiful castle on the banks of the river Wye. But Hugh had not lived there since he was seven years old, for, as was the Norman custom, boys of that age were always sent away to the home of some other noble knight to be brought up and trained. They spent the first seven years in their new home as pages, then at fourteen they became squires, and finally, at twenty-one, if considered worthy, they received knighthood. So Hugh had been sent to the castle of an English knight, also of Norman blood, where he had lived happily for five years, learning many things not in books, of which there were but few then.

Meantime the boy's father had suffered a long illness which had left him quite helpless; and when he heard of the crusade King Richard was planning he was broken-hearted at being unable to take the cross himself and go along, for he was a brave knight. But remembering his friendship for Richard, whom he had seen much of in Normandy long before he was king, he had sent word to him begging that he would take Hugh with him as page. Sir Kenneth felt it would comfort him to know at least that his young son was going, if only as a page, and that he might do some service in the

army of the cross. For the wish to be a crusader was taking everybody by storm. King Richard, to the joy of both Hugh and his father, had readily granted the latter's request; and the lad had shown himself so bright and mannerly that he had already become a favorite with his master.

Raymond's history was, in part, not unlike that of Hugh. His father, a baron of Languedoc, had sent him to be trained in the chateau of his friend Count William de Pratelles; when Count William joined the crusaders, as of course no knight could take with him all the pages and squires he had at home, he had chosen Raymond because of his faithfulness and obedience.

So now we are ready to go on with our story again. As I said before, the boys found much to interest them, and whenever they had a spare moment they spent it together poking around the great camp. One morning when thus looking about, "The big fighting machines are all put together," said Hugh, "and do you see that roof of fresh hides on the tall wooden tower? A soldier told me that it was soaked in vinegar and that the Greek fire couldn't burn it!"

"Is that so?" said Raymond, looking with interest at the

great tower-like structure built in several stories and mounted on wheels so that it might be loaded with archers and drawn up close to the walls of the besieged city. For King Richard, in spite of his sickness, had ordered the machines he had brought with him to be set up, a fort to be built and preparations made so far as possible for the attack on Acre which he hoped to make as soon as he was able. "Just see how far along the new fort is," went on Raymond. "I wonder how the Acre people like the looks of it," and he glanced toward the battered city walls where the Saracen flag still flew with its crescent and single star.

As the boys strolled along it was like going through a great tented town. Everywhere were flying the banners and pennons of the innumerable knights, and here and there were war-horses being groomed or hounds blinking in the sun. Armorers were busy looking over the long tunics of metal, or "hauberks," as they were called, some made of hundreds of rings of steel sewn on thick leather, some of small metal rings linked together like a chain purse, and some of scales of steel lapping over each other. Then there were curious helmets of all kinds being rubbed up. Some of

these were of chain mail like the hauberks; but most were round with flat tops, looking much like kitchen saucepans turned upside down. Lances and spears and bows and arrows were everywhere to be seen. And everywhere, too, were crosses. Each man wore his cross of red cloth on the breast or sleeve of his tunic, unless he belonged to one of the military orders, in which case it was fastened on the shoulder of a large black or white mantle, and he wore also a red cap with a white one under it and carried a staff tipped by a small white shield bearing a red cross.

There were two of these military orders, or societies, one called the Knights of the Temple and the other the Knights of St. John; both having been started in Jerusalem a long while before and their object being to try to protect pilgrims from the Saracens. They had begun simply as brotherhoods of monks, though all were of noble birth. The Knights of the Temple, so named because their house was near the temple in the holy city, would go to the coast whenever pilgrims landed and do their best to fight off the Saracens, who would often attack them; the Knights of St. John, or Hospitallers, as they were often called, took care of those

who fell sick or were wounded in these fights. The two orders had been small and poor at first, but had grown so rich and powerful that when the crusades began both took an important part in the fighting, and in the camp at Acre their tents and banners covered a large space.

Beyond these were three small churches built of wood, for as many of the crusaders had been there so long they had tried to supply some of the things they had had at home. And as they were not fighting or praying all the while, they found ways to amuse themselves between times. They had laid out lists and sometimes tournaments were held, where the noble knights fought in sham battles (as if they did not have enough real ones!) while the ladies looked on; for there were a number of the latter in the camp. There were troubadours who sang songs, and story-tellers and even jugglers to entertain when there was a lull in the fighting. Often, too, some of the knights would make bold to mount their war-horses and gallop off with their falcons on their wrists to chase hawks or other birds. For this kind of hunting was a sport all delighted in, and many had brought with them their finest falcons, which were natural birds of prey

and had been carefully trained to chase and capture other birds. Indeed, as the boys reached the edge of the French camp, a horseman attended by two squires dashed past with a smile of greeting for both lads. "There goes Count William hunting!" cried Raymond. "Did you see his falcon? It's a beauty. I feed and tend it. Did King Richard bring his?"

"Bring his?" echoed Hugh. "Well, I should think so! He's brought his favorite, named Arrow, and a dozen besides. I believe he'd as soon think of leaving his head behind, for he likes hawking better than almost anything else in the world except fighting and playing on his lute and making up poetry; you know he's great at that. He keeps the lute near his bed where it's always handy, and the falcons are in the tent just beyond his, and I help take care of them."

Here the boys fell to discussing the training of falcons, till presently they found themselves at the moat which I told you the crusaders had been obliged to dig around their camp to help protect them from the Saracens camped beyond and ready to attack them from behind and so distract their attention whenever they tried to assault the city. As now the boys looked across the deep ditch filled with sea water, the

Saracen camp, like that of the crusaders, seemed a town of. tents. There were fewer fluttering banners and pennons than those of the Christians, but many of the tents were striped with gay colors and gorgeously furnished within. Indeed, if our two pages could have peeped into that belonging to the Sultan Saladin, camped with his hosts on the hills beyond the city, they would have fairly gasped at the magnificence of it, for the people of the far East have always loved color and gold and gems, and Saladin's tent was much more splendid than even the handsome ones of the crusading kings.

But though Hugh and Raymond could not see all these things, they could watch the strange people moving about in their gay robes. Dark-eyed Egyptians in brightly striped mantles and turbans; tall, swarthy Nubians from the desert, in white robes and with heads swathed in many folds of white linen; brown Arabs sitting by their tents polishing long spears, or else rubbing down the silky coats of their swift-footed horses; all these were a never ending wonder to the boys.

Then from where the camp stretched far out they could

hear the cries of the many people who came daily to sell their wares. There were donkeys laden with fagots, water-carriers with goat-, some even with ox-skins full of water, for any fit to drink was scarce in Palestine, and so were bottles and barrels, so this was the way it was carried about and sold; there were sweet- meat and fruit venders, all shouting at the top of their voices, dogs barking - but all at once Hugh, who had been eagerly watching as much as he could, caught sight of something he had never seen before. "What's that queer beast over yonder?" he cried, "See! it has humps on its back!"

"Oh," said Raymond, smiling, "that's a camel. You'll see lots of them here; they carry things on their backs, and people ride on them."

"I can't imagine how!" said Hugh, still gazing; for there were no circuses then so folks could know about the animals of far countries.

If the boys could only have walked through the camp they would have found many more things to interest them. They would have seen bakers, always a pair of them, sitting cross-legged by the queerest ovens, just square holes in the ground, a couple of feet wide and deep, and lined with

smooth, hard plaster. One of the men would be throwing in bundles of dry thorn-bush, which, blazing up quickly, would make the plaster very hot. Then the other baker, who had been patting out large round loaves of dough, scarcely thicker than pasteboard, would clap them one by one on the sides of the oven where they would bake in a minute or two. Beyond these perhaps would be a barber sitting on his heels while his customer, whose head he was shaving, knelt on a rug before him.

Then there were fortune-tellers, and letter-writers, in flowing robes and with long ebony cases for their reed pens stuck in their girdles, writing letters for soldiers, beginning each at the back of a folded sheet of parchment and writing in slanting lines toward the upper left-hand corner, so filling every page to the front of the sheet, where the letter ended. Why did they write backward like that? Dear me! I do not know, except that their ancestors had always done so, just as, when reading their books, they began at the back and read toward the front, instead of the way we do. If our boys could have looked into some of the finer tents they likely would have seen men seated on cushions, their slippers with

curled-up toes on a rug beside them. If meal-time, they would have in front of them little tabourettes, tiny round tables not more than two feet high, with large brass trays on them set out with bowls of food and baskets of fruit. What kind of food? Well, except the fruit, mostly things you would not like: mutton or kid cut up in chunks and boiled with all sorts of queer flavors; curdled milk, lentils and rice, maybe, all of which they ate with their fingers. Where were their plates and knives and forks and spoons? They did not have any! Instead, each man had beside him a pile of the thin round loaves the bakers had made; taking one of these he would double it over and use it to scoop up the meat and gravy, everybody eating from the same bowl. Did not their fingers get frightfully sticky? Of course, but then, when they finished, a servant would bring a handsome copper ewer and basin and pour water over their hands and dry them on a napkin. But that would not have been a strange sight to our pages, who were used to serving their masters the same way; for nobody used forks then and the crusaders' fingers got as sticky as anybody's.

Nevertheless there were so many odd things going on it

was a pity the two boys could not get a closer glimpse of them. They did see a good deal though, and a crusader soldier who was standing near, guarding the moat, noticing their interest, pointed out some more. "Do you see that long, low roof over yonder?" he asked; and as the boys looked, "That's a big bazaar where they have all kinds of queer things to sell. And over that way," pointing in another direction, "they have a regular market, and they are always trying to get things across the moat here and through our camp into the city. Only last night our archers shot down a boat-load of them, and I guess their stuff is pretty salty by this time!" and he smiled grimly as he glanced down into the water beneath.

"They've got a regular bath place, too," he went on, "and a mosque over yonder for their heathen worship. I can hear those outlandish-looking priests of theirs every day when they call out 'La Allah! La Allah!' or something like that, and then you ought to see all those folks drop down on their knees as quick as lightning and begin mumbling prayers to some of their heathenish gods! Pah! the dogs of infidels!" and the soldier spat on the ground to show his contempt for

the whole Saracen race.

And no doubt at the same time, over in the enemy camp, there were Saracens who looked across the moat and spoke of "the dogs of Christians" with their little wooden churches. No doubt, too, the Saracens understood the Christian worship as little as the soldier did theirs, and were just as contemptuous when every evening crusaders bowed their heads in prayer as a loud-voiced herald went through the camp shouting out "God save the Holy Sepulchre!" Later on both Christians and Saracens came to know each other better and to look with more respect on the efforts of each to seek God - but it took a long time.

Meanwhile our two boys had turned away from the moat, and "Let's go over where Queen Berengaria's tent is," said Hugh. "Maybe there will be a puppet show to see."

"All right," answered Raymond, and they scampered off toward the ladies' quarters, for there was generally amusement of some kind going on there.

CHAPTER IV

Assaulting the City

One morning as Hugh was moving quietly about, putting his master's tent in order, the sick king, lying on his bed with closed eyes, slightly roused and asked the two faithful knights watching by him, "Does Philip attack the city soon? I thought I heard my squires whispering about it."

"Yes, Sire," answered one of the knights, "the French army will assault Acre at mid-day."

Richard only shrugged his shoulders and again closed his eyes. But when Hugh, having finished his work, stepped outside, he heard other knights talking. "It's too bad King Richard can't do anything!" said one. "Yes," replied the other, "you know he is still desperately sick, but King Philip doesn't want to wait, and some of the English troops will help guard the moat."

And this reply of the knight showed one of the reasons why the crusaders did not get along so well as they might. There was more or less jealousy between the armies of the different nations, and they did not always work together to the best advantage. When the French made an attack, part of the English would often hold back, and the French would do the same way when the English king led. And Duke Leopold of Austria was often sulky and wouldn't fight with the others. The crusaders might have won much more than they did, if they had all rallied round one leader, as did the Saracens, who obeyed every command of their great Sultan Saladin.

So now a part of the English waited for Richard to get well and lead them, though quite a number of others made ready to help guard the moat. Hugh, who was not then needed in the royal tent, ran after these as they rode toward the edge of the camp. Meantime in the French section Raymond was hurrying about as fast as he could, waiting on the squires of Count William as they armed him.

Of course while all these preparations were being made to attack the city, the people shut up there had been

watching from the walls and had not missed anything. Suddenly a deafening noise arose, and Hugh, running toward the moat, turned around and rushed nearer the Acre walls, where the din was growing louder and louder. "What's that noise for?" he asked breathlessly of a French soldier who had stopped to fasten his helmet.

"Oh," said the soldier, "that's the signal the Saracens make to tell Saladin's troops and all those Egyptians and Arabians yonder that we are going to assault Acre. Then they will try to cross the moat and attack us from behind, and of course that always takes a lot of our men from fighting to get into the city. Just hear those infidels beating their drums and banging and pounding on anything that will make a noise! Some of them even pound on brass and copper cooking pots and platters!"

Sure enough, as the soldier had said, Saladin's troops heard the signal and rushing down from their camp on the hills joined their allies beyond the moat, and soon the din of battle drowned the noise in the besieged city, for at the same moment the French army began a furious assault. Dragging up their huge battering-rams, they thumped and

pounded the great walls; from the petraries and mangonels heavy stones were hurled against and over them, and from archers on the ground and others stationed in tall wooden towers wheeled up close to the city flew an incessant shower of arrows.

Hugh, who had found a group of pages busy carrying fresh arrows to these archers, at once began to help too and almost ran into Raymond eagerly hurrying to bring a shield to one who had dropped his. Then the boys scampered to a sheltered nook behind one of the petraries, for they had no armor and showers of arrows and stones and Greek fire were pouring down from the walls, which the Saracens were defending with a desperate bravery. Hugh noticed that the rams were battering hardest of all against one tall tower in an angle of the wall, and "Look!" he heard one of the men shout as he helped work the huge wooden beam, "The old Cursed Tower shook that time!" For this was what the crusaders had named it, and they all especially hated it and wanted to knock it down, because it was said to have been built with the thirty pieces of silver which Judas received for betraying our Lord Jesus.

But though it shook, the Cursed Tower did not fall; and though the French knights fought valiantly it was in vain they tried to scale the massive walls they could not batter down; for so deadly was the Greek fire poured upon them and so fiercely did the Saracens resist, that at last they were forced to retreat, having lost many of their number. Moreover, the fighting at the moat had been so violent that a large number of the crusaders had been obliged to leave the city walls and go there. All were bitterly mortified, especially as the Saracens, seeing them retreating, began to jeer from the walls and to taunt them with cowardice; which was not true, for the bravest fighters in Christendom were in the crusading army. But to take a strongly walled city in those days was not an easy task. Fever had weakened many of the crusaders, their heavy armor was a burden under the burning sun of Palestine, but worst of all, the quarrels and disagreements of their leaders made it hard for the army to make headway.

King Philip was so disappointed over the defeat of his effort that his fever came back for a while, so with both kings sick in their tents, the besieging army settled down to

comparative quiet. That is, they delayed making another assault, but at intervals, every day and night, the big battering-rams pounded away, and now and then a shower of stones would be hurled over the walls by the other machines. Hugh and Raymond were much interested in these, especially one that belonged to the French army and that Philip had named "Bad Neighbor."

"Do you see," said Hugh one day as they were watching this send a huge stone into the city, "the Acre people have set up a petrary on top of the wall almost as big as Bad Neighbor?"

"Yes," said a crusader coming with his arms full of stones, "and do you know what the heathen call theirs? - 'Bad Kinsman!'"

Here, "Hark!" cried Raymond, "that's a herald! Hear his trumpet?"

Everybody stopped working the fighting machines and stared at a queer little procession coming through the camp. "Well, what's that?" exclaimed Hugh in bewilderment; but as nobody could tell, both boys hurried off to find out.

"It's an English herald!" said Raymond as they ran along.

"Yes," said Hugh, "and there's a big Saracen behind him carrying a white flag, and then come six black men with white turbans, some bringing baskets, and some goatskins like the water-carriers do in this country."

The tall, dark figures, looking neither to right nor left, followed the herald, who cleared a path for them, announcing that they came on a peaceful errand from the Sultan Saladin. Straight on they went toward the quarters of King Richard, seeing which, Hugh sprang after them and flew as fast as his legs would carry him to his master's tent, reaching it just as the strangers disappeared within one close by.

Raymond, who had hurried after him and was waiting near by, hoping Hugh would come out and tell him the news, soon began to hear the soldiers talking, for nothing was long kept secret from the camp. "Well! if that don't beat everything!" said one. "They say that heathen Saladin has sent cold sherbets and the finest fruit to 'The Malek Ric!'"

"Who's that?" asked a soldier who had not been long with the army.

"Why, that's what those Saracens call King Richard.

'Malek' is their heathenish name for king, and I suppose 'Ric' is as near as they can come to Richard. It's got to be a sort of nickname for him here."

"That Saladin can't be such a bad fellow," replied the other. "I heard my master say the other day that if he would turn Christian, he would make a fine honorable knight."

Here Hugh came out of the tent, and Raymond, knowing nothing had escaped him, ran to him, asking, "Did Saladin really send things to King Richard?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered Hugh. "They wouldn't let anybody in the king's tent, but took them to the one near it and I got right by the door and saw it all. Those goatskins were full of sherbet packed in snow from the top of the mountains, and the baskets heaped with the finest fruit you ever saw! The black men were slaves from Nubia, and their leader brought a message from the sultan saying he was sorry 'The Malek Ric' was sick and that he didn't want him to die like a slave in his tent, but to get well so he could fight him in the open field. And he said he'd send him dainties every day till he was all right. The herald interpreted for them; you know he can speak their language."

"Whew!" exclaimed Raymond, "wasn't that fine of Saladin!" as Hugh paused, enjoying his importance as news-dealer, for others had gathered around to listen.

"Yes," he went on, "King Richard was mightily pleased when one of his knights went in and told him, and he sent a message of thanks to the sultan and ordered presents given to all the slaves. And then I heard that he drank a cup of the sherbet right away to show his contempt for the opinion of some of the knights who thought the things might be poisoned. He said Saladin might be an infidel, but he was as honorable as any knight in our army."

And this was quite true. Both Saladin and Richard were brave fighters and generous foes and greatly admired one another, though they had never met; and it really seemed a pity that fate had made them enemies when in many ways they might have enjoyed each other's friendship.

CHAPTER V

The Fall of Acre

Of the two kings whom we left in bed in the last chapter, Philip, who was least ill, crept out first and turned his attention to the building of more fighting machines, besides seeing that Bad Neighbor was kept in repair, for it was often broken to pieces by Bad Kinsman, which had the advantage of hurling stones from the high wall. Richard also, who was slowly recovering, though unable to be up, was having more machines got ready, and the two pages never tired of watching their progress. Always, too, some parts of the city walls were being battered by different sections of the army.

"I don't see how those walls stand so much pounding!" said Raymond one morning as the two boys were looking on.

"I don't either!" replied Hugh. "The Duke of Burgundy

and Duke Leopold both have their machines going today, and when I came out of King Richard's camp the Knights of the Temple were dragging theirs around to the other side of that old Cursed Tower."

Here the boys passed close to a great wooden stone-throwing machine at one side of which stood a priest in black robe droning out, "God save the Holy Sepulchre! Come up and pay your pence for the Petrary of God!" For this was the name of the machine, which had been built at the common expense of the whole army; and always the priest stood there to preach and collect money to repair it when damaged by the enemy. The two lads had gone only a short distance beyond this when suddenly they sprang back with startled exclamations as an arrow whizzed past, a few paces in front, and buried its point in the earth. Though they had been warned not to go too near the city walls, they had grown rather reckless, and now they glanced up sharply to see if any more were coming; but as the sky seemed clear, Hugh ran forward and pulled up the dart still quivering in the ground.

"See!" he cried in surprise, "it has a folded piece of

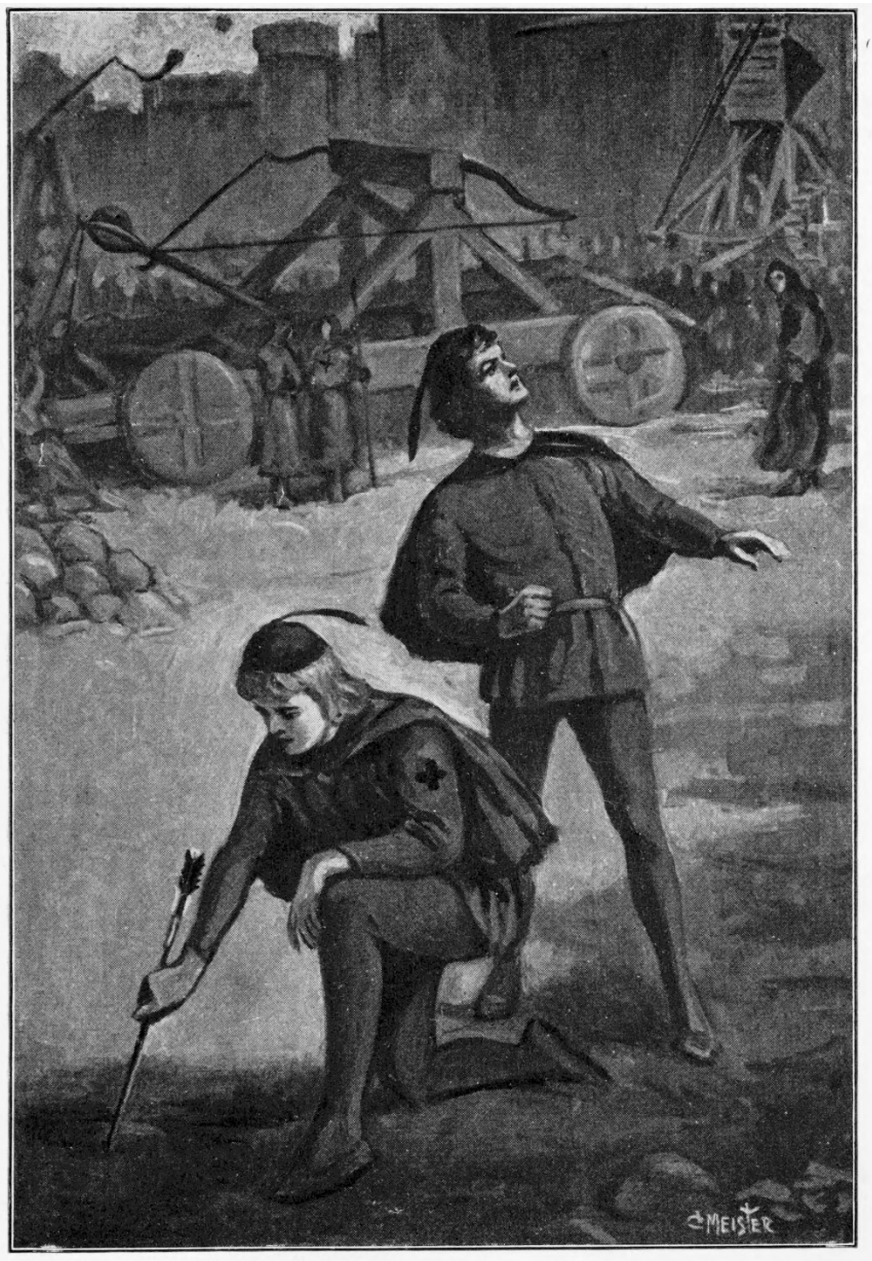
parchment fastened to it, and something written on the outside of it!" He and Raymond screwed up their faces and examined it with puzzled eyes, till at last, "Pshaw!" he said, "what's the use! We can't read it! Let's take it to the priest yonder; he ought to be able to!" For there were no regular schools in those days and, aside from monks and priests, few people, even those of noble rank, could read or write.

The boys hurried over to the Petrary of God and showed the carefully folded bit of parchment to the priest, explaining to him how it had come. The priest, after making out the direction on the outside, did not venture to unfold it, but holding it tightly in his hand, said, "This is evidently a message to the king of England, for his name is written on it. It is strange who could have sent it in such a way from the city yonder."

"Well," said Hugh impatiently, "give it to me and I will take it to him."

"Not so fast, boy," answered the priest, "such a message as this is too important to trust to any stray lad. We must find some trustworthy soldier."

At this Hugh's face flushed, and drawing himself up



“Hugh ran forward and pulled up the dart.”

proudly, "Sir priest," he said, "I would have you know I am no 'stray lad,' but one of King Richard's own pages. Here are his three leopards worked on my sleeve!"

The priest, who did not see very well, now looked Hugh over more carefully and knew from the leopards the boy spoke the truth, for no one not in the service of the king would dare display them. So, handing the parchment to him with "Well, well, boy, I meant no offense," he went on with his droning "God save the Holy Sepulchre!"

Hugh, scowling darkly, received the message and the two boys set off at a run for the English camp, where, at the royal tent, they delivered it to one of the knights attending the sick king; then they hung around, waiting for any news that might leak out, as news generally did. And before long Hugh learned from one of the squires that the parchment really was important. The squire thought it gave valuable information that would help Richard plan his attack on the city.

"Who sent it?" asked Raymond.

"Nobody knows!" answered Hugh. "King Richard was as surprised as anybody."

And it certainly seemed strange that, though every day or two fresh messages, always directed to King Richard, continued to arrive in the camp in the same way, no one ever found out who was the sender. It has always been thought, however, that it was some Christian captive in Acre who in some way contrived to shoot the arrows over the wall and who dared not sign his name lest, if found out by the Saracens, he should be killed. At any rate the information thus gained was a great help to the crusaders.

By and by the continual battering of the rams began to tell. The machines of Philip broke down a small part of the wall and the Petrary of God knocked off a corner of the Cursed Tower; yet the armies were unable to enter the city. Meantime Richard, though still too weak to walk, was growing restive, and one day when Hugh went into his tent to carry a basket of fine Damascus plums from Saladin, he found the king sitting on the edge of his bed while two squires were trying to comb his tawny hair and beard, snarled from his long tossing with fever till they stood out like a lion's mane.

Just then, as one of them struggled with a hard tangle,

the king made a wry face, and "Hugh," he said, "come here and be my barber. These varlets are pulling me unmercifully!" and his eyes snapped dangerously. The squires, glad to be released, handed the ivory combs to the page, who, though rather frightened at the task, was deft-handed and managed successfully to smooth out the tangled locks. Then he brought a copper basin and ewer of water and helped his master wash, and the knights and squires attending him dressed him in his linen tunic, cross-gartered his hose from knee to ankle, and put on his soft leather shoes. When Hugh saw them bringing out his hauberk of chain mail and helmet, "Why, he is not going to try to fight, is he?" he whispered in surprise to one of the squires.

"Not exactly," answered the squire, "but he's given orders to attack the city today. Our sappers are to try to undermine the wall, and if they can make a big enough break in it, there will be a general assault, and King Richard is to be carried on his bed to the new tower so he can direct the men. Run over to the pile of cushions yonder and bring an armful."

Hugh quickly obeyed and brought the cushions, which he helped arrange so the king could partly sit up ; then, all

being ready, four knights took up the corners of the silken-covered bed and carried their royal master out of the tent and up the steps of the new fighting tower he had had built. His bed was placed on the top-most of its four platforms, the roof of which was spread with raw-hides steeped in vinegar to protect it from fire. The tower was then filled with the best English archers and rolled near the city wall. As Hugh watched he could see that under it crept men dragging huge logs and all kinds of shovels and mining tools; and as soon as they were near enough they began digging as hard as they could under a part of the wall by the Cursed Tower. As the hole grew bigger they propped up the earth over their heads with the great logs.

Meantime, the Saracens, not dreaming that Richard himself was in the tower or that their wall was being undermined, merely supposed that the attack of the archers was part of the day's work to which they had grown used. To be sure, their archers sent down showers of arrows in return, but if one showed himself an instant from behind the parapet, down he tumbled, the mark of some English bowman. Presently, when one appeared on the wall wearing

the armor of a knight whom he had killed the day before, Richard's eyes flashed, and seizing a cross-bow near his bed, he sent an arrow straight into the Saracen's heart. The king was an expert with the cross-bow, and one after another a dozen or more of his shafts flew, never one missing its mark.

While this was going on the petraries and rams had not been idle, and were banging the Cursed Tower as the sappers, having set fire to the logs in their hole under the wall, crept hurriedly out. In a little while, when the logs had burned through, there was a great crash as down fell the Cursed Tower, and the walls settled into the hole, leaving a wide breach. At this there was a loud shout from the crusaders, and the English knights and foot-soldiers who had been waiting rushed to the assault.

But the Saracens, too, rushed to defend themselves, and fierce and terrible was the battle. Hand to hand they fought, the swords and battle-axes of the crusaders dealing deadly blows, the archers sending their arrows in clouds, and all the while the petraries and catapults hurling their great stones into the city.

But though the crusaders fought bravely, so did the

Saracens, and they had one weapon which nothing could withstand, the terrible Greek fire. They had prepared a fresh supply of this, and poured it down mercilessly on the besieging army till at last the crusaders were forced to fall back.

Hugh and Raymond, who had been anxiously watching the battle, drew long faces as they heard the trumpeters give the signal for retreat. "Oh!" said Hugh, "I thought surely they would get in this time!"

"So did I!" answered Raymond. "I believe they could if our army had helped. I don't see why they don't work together more!"

Here four knights came bringing King Richard back on his bed, and Hugh ran to the tent. He was surprised, though, to see that as the king was carried in he did not look downhearted, as he had expected, but that he seemed much brighter. The fact was, Richard knew that the day's work had destroyed enough of the wall so that the crusaders could not long be kept out, and that the Saracens themselves must realize by this time how determined a foe they had and that they might as well surrender.

And this was just about what happened. The Saracens, though they had once more forced the enemy to retreat, knew their own strength was spent; they knew also that the crusaders, while not entirely united, might any day make up their disputes and attack in a body, when they could not hope to withstand them; and worst of all, their scanty supply of food was now entirely gone, and Richard's ships and army kept such close watch that no more could be brought to them by sea or smuggled in by land. So, worn out by their two years' siege, they sent messengers to Saladin begging him to allow them to surrender, and at last he reluctantly gave his consent.

It was a gaunt and sorrowful procession that marched out of Acre, carrying nothing with them save the clothes they wore. And it was a battered and wretched city they left behind, though it was not entirely empty, as it still held over two thousand Christians whom the Saracens had kept captive through all the long siege. The crusaders made it their first work to care for these, and then they strove so far as possible to clean and purify the city before the entrance of the army, which was to take place a week or more later.

CHAPTER VI

On the Road to Jerusalem

Ten days after its fall, the crusading army made its grand entry into Acre. By this time Richard was again able to ride Favelle, and as usual he led the procession. Kings, queens, and knights, all were magnificently dressed, and even the common soldiers had freshened up their tunics and polished their spears and shields so they looked very fine as they streamed through the crooked streets of the dingy old city. Hugh and Raymond, following their masters on foot, gazed curiously around at the queer flat-roofed houses of stone or plaster, all showing heavy doors, and their few windows closely latticed.

Richard soon established himself, with the two queens and their attendants, in the largest of the stone houses. It had been the palace used by Saladin when in Acre and was

built around a courtyard where had once been a beautiful garden; tall palms and cypress trees still rose from it, but the flowers were withered and neglected, for water had been too scarce in the besieged city to spare any for them. Like most houses in Eastern countries, the palace proved much handsomer within than you would have supposed from the plain wall without; but it was not furnished like the castles Hugh was used to at home, and as he followed his master to his room he looked in vain for chairs or beds, or tables. What did they sit and sleep on? Why, divans built against the walls and piled with cushions. Were there tabourettes to eat from? To be sure; handsome ones, inlaid with pearl and ebony and silver, and trays with fine porcelain bowls and tiny coffee cups in holders of filigree gold and silver. And everywhere were magnificent rugs and curtains. Hugh helped bring his master's belongings to him, and placed his own in a little alcove near by.

Meanwhile, King Philip was not at all pleased to put up with a second-best place; while as for Duke Leopold of Austria, he was cross and sulky as could be because he was obliged to take what was left, for, stupid and conceited as he

was, he thought himself quite as good as any king there; and, to prove it, that very evening he had his banner set up on the tower where floated those of Richard and Philip.

Next morning, Hugh, who had risen early, heard a commotion in his master's room. Richard was not yet up, but already one of his knights had brought him word, "Sire, Duke Leopold's banner is mounted beside your own!"

That was enough for the Lion Heart. "What?" he cried. "Dares the impudent Austrian swine insult us so?" Then rising up in his bed, "Hugh!" he called, "Quick! Bring me water and comb!" For he had taken a great notion for Hugh's help at his toilet. Hugh hurried to serve his master, who, with further aid from his squires, was soon dressed. One of them insisted on bringing him some bread and wine, which he quickly dispatched; then he strode from the house toward the tower, followed by a little party of knights, all anxious to see what he would do.

Hugh ran along and watched the tower as the king mounted the winding stair and came to the parapet where the banners floated. With a low growl as of an angry lion, he seized Duke Leopold's, and tearing it from its place, flung

it down and set his foot upon it. Everybody drew a long breath as he coolly came down the stair and returned to his quarters.

Later in the day, when the two pages got together, as they usually managed to, they talked it over. "They say Duke Leopold is furious!" said Raymond. "Yes," agreed Hugh, "but he knows well enough he'd better keep away from King Richard. It was fine the way he tore down that Austrian rag!" and Hugh's eyes snapped, for he was proud to serve the Lion Heart, whose reckless boldness and bravery he ardently admired. Some of Richard's knights, however, were not so sure he had done well to trample on the banner as he did, for though Duke Leopold did not dare to do anything then, they knew him to be a sullen, resentful man, who would nurse his wrath and bide his time to do the king an ill turn. And Richard, though warmly loved by a host of admiring friends, nevertheless, by his proud bearing and contempt for those he disliked, had made numerous enemies among the crusaders, who could ill afford to add to the many quarrels among themselves.

But though the older people kept up their disputes, the

two pages continued the best of friends and every day found some chance to explore the old city together. In ordinary times its narrow, crooked streets would have been crowded with just such noisy throngs as had gone daily among the tents beyond the moat. But now the boys could peer into the dark, empty little booths that served for shops, and into the deserted mosques; these were the Saracen churches, each with a domed roof, and beside it a tall, slender tower circled high up by a balcony where every day their priests had many times called the people to pray to Allah, which was their name for God. The dwelling-houses all had their flat roofs protected by low walls or little wooden fences, and looking at these one day, "Those house-tops are queer," said Hugh, "but they surely are a very good plan for a warm country like this."

"Yes, indeed," said Raymond, "and Count William says that the people in Palestine often eat and sleep and do all sorts of things on their roofs when they are shady in the mornings and evenings. And they are splendid places to see anything going on in the street." Sometimes the boys climbed the battered city walls and looked down at the

camp, where the common soldiers were still quartered, and at the blue sea beyond them and the green mountains behind.

Thus the crusading army rested for about three weeks, when more trouble began to brew. This time it was the lack of real friendliness between the two kings that began to be whispered about more boldly, though almost from the fall of the city it had been hinted at. And soon everybody knew the trouble. King Philip was going home! Hugh could hardly believe his ears when he heard one of the squires say so. "What!" he exclaimed, "going to leave the crusade? How dares he?"

"Well," said the squire, "crusade or no crusade, that's what he is going to do. I was talking with some of the French soldiers, and they have their orders to get ready to go."

"But why?" asked Hugh in amazement.

"I guess he don't tell all his reasons to everybody," said the squire, "but he says he is sick and that he is needed at home. But the soldiers seemed to think it's more because he's out of sorts with King Richard and doesn't like to take second place, as he generally has to." And the squire smiled,

for the Lion Heart's followers all liked his high-handed way of doing things.

That afternoon Raymond came running to the nook by the Cursed Tower, where the boys usually met, looking very woe-begone. "Hugh," he burst out, "isn't it dreadful that King Philip is going home?"

"Yes, indeed," said Hugh, "and will he take all the French with him?"

"No," replied Raymond, "it seems the other crusaders made such a fuss he has to leave ten thousand men under the Duke of Burgundy, and thank goodness, Count William is one of them, so I won't have to go!" For the lad was really very much mortified that his king should desert the cause, and would have been heart-broken had he been compelled to follow him. And Hugh also was delighted that he would not have to part from his friend.

Sure enough, a few days later the French king and the greater part of his army took their leave. As the ships sailed out of the harbor there came a sound of hissing from the troops on shore, who felt themselves deserted without reason; and they had begun to realize that to conquer the

Holy Land was a thousand times harder task than they had supposed. But Richard watched in silent scorn; there was a far-away look in his eyes and, as the last sail disappeared, the smouldering fire in them seemed to leap to little tongues of flame. He was deeply and bitterly disappointed in the action of Philip; moreover, he was sure the latter had more reason than jealousy for going home and that he meant to scheme to get his French possessions away from him, though he had solemnly promised to do nothing unfriendly while the crusade lasted. But Richard said no word of this, keeping his thoughts to himself. And as to the crusade, though no one saw more clearly than he the difficulty of the task, he still hoped that he might be able to take Jerusalem if only he could get enough soldiers. So to this end he sent messengers on the returning ships to try and gain more men from his English and French dominions.

Meanwhile, he gave orders for the host still in Acre to make ready to start for the holy city, for he knew that it would be a long march, and thought that if more soldiers came from home they could join them on the way. But to get things ready to move was no easy matter; for many of the

men who had been besieging the city longest had grown lazy with their rest within it and lost their enthusiasm for going farther; and Duke Leopold and his Austrians were surly and unmanageable because Richard was now the head of the crusade. However, after many delays, all was finally arranged. The two queens and their ladies were to stay in the palace at Acre, a garrison was left to guard the city, and at last late in July the crusaders set out, and in spite of all their troubles looked very brave and gay.

The white surcoats and red crosses of the knights gleamed in the sunlight and their fluttering banners were as bright as a garden of flowers. Behind these came the foot-soldiers marching in solid columns, then the great baggage-wagons, beside which were grouped the pages of the various knights. Hugh and Raymond walked together, though when the army paused for food and rest or to camp at night they separated to find and wait upon their masters. Then at the end of the whole body of troops was always a guard of soldiers to protect them from attack behind. King Richard had arranged also that a fleet of ships should sail along as the army moved and supply it with food.

Thus the crusaders started off over the sands and beneath the hot sun that was soon to make their armor an intolerable burden, though they dared not cast it off because of the constant shower of arrows that day by day fell upon them from the Saracen hosts. For back of the long line of hills, which ran parallel to the narrow strip of coast, Saladin led a great army, moving as the crusaders moved. These hills were beautiful with groves of olive and fig and citron trees, and here and there shone the gold of oranges, but the soldiers of the cross had little time to look at them, so busy were they watching for the flying arrows. Though Saladin's men outnumbered Richard's three to one, he did not wish to risk an open battle with the latter, but hoped rather to wear them out by his bands of archers, who would dash out on their swift Arab horses, shoot their volley of arrows, and rush back at a wild gallop.

"Goodness!" cried Hugh, as a shower of darts fell on the men just ahead of them as they marched along one hot morning, "they have so many arrows sticking in their chain armor, they look like porcupines!"

"I don't think many are hurt who have good armor," said

Raymond, "but some who haven't are hard hit! I'm thankful we have the big baggage-wagons between us and the hills yonder!"

"Our cross-bowmen seem to do more damage with their long bolts when they can get a chance at those heathen, but their Arab horses are so fast they're gone before you know it!" said Hugh.

"Well," said Raymond, "they must have plenty of arrows to waste! They are fairly paving the ground with them. I'm tired of tramping over them!"

"They're not so bad as tarantulas, though," answered Hugh. "Look out! There's one now!"

Raymond jumped aside as Hugh, spying a stone, promptly dropped it on the great spider. These tarantulas, and scorpions, too, added much to the hardships of the soldiers, often creeping into their tents and wounding them with poisonous bites. Indeed, as the crusaders toiled on day after day beneath the scorching sun, they found more and more discomforts to bear. Many at last tore off their heavy armor and threw it away, preferring to risk the Saracens' arrows rather than endure it longer. Often their feet were

torn and bleeding from the low-growing thorny bushes through which their way led; and always they must watch for some sudden move of the enemy; for though Saladin did not want to risk a big battle, many were the whirlwind attacks his followers made on the less protected parts of the army. At such times, when King Richard would hear of it, he would gallop furiously along the lines, hurling his lance and wielding his great battle-ax, and always then the Saracens, shouting, "The Malek Ric!" fled before him as fast as their Arab horses could carry them.

At last the army neared Jaffa, and the two pages toiling along with the rest were glad. Raymond, limping a little from a thorn in his foot, listened as Hugh said, "I heard the folks around King Richard's tent talking last evening, and they said we'd reach Jaffa in a couple of days, but that tomorrow we have such a narrow strip of coast to march over that our army will have to string out, so maybe the Saracens will dare attack us more boldly; but the king, while he wants an open battle, doesn't want one to begin till we get to a better place to fight."

"I heard pretty much the same thing in Count William's

tent," said Raymond. "I guess everybody is warned to be on the watch tomorrow."

Sure enough, that night, after the herald had cried through the camp "God save the Holy Sepulchre!", the word was passed around that no battle was to be started on the morrow until they heard King Richard's signal, two blasts on the trumpet, blown three times.

Next morning the boys were all excitement as the army started off. The king led as usual, and after him rode the Knights of the Temple; behind these came the long line of crusaders, both on horse and foot, while guarding the rear rode the Knights of St. John. As they marched along the narrow coast, soon they came in sight of the beautiful gardens around a town named Assur. "Oh, look!" cried Hugh, gazing at the wilderness of roses and jessamines and laden fruit trees of every kind, while shining among them were ripe oranges and lemons and scarlet pomegranates, and towering overhead rose clusters of stately palms. But scarcely had the boys begun to admire all this, when suddenly such a storm of arrows broke over the rear of the army, and even the baggage-wagons, that the two pages had to dodge to keep

from being hit.

It was as King Richard had guessed. The Sultan Saladin had decided to make a bold attack at that spot, hoping to drive the crusaders into the sea. He had begun on the Knights of St. John, as being farthest from the fiery Richard. The knights chafed and fretted under their orders not to fight till the signal was given, and sent a messenger galloping to the king begging permission to charge the Saracens, but Richard sent back word to wait for his signal. Thicker and thicker fell the arrows, till at last the brave knights could bear it no longer, and with a loud shout, "For Saint George and the Sepulchre!" they dashed headlong at the foe.

The battle thus begun, though sooner than Richard had planned, he at once took the lead. The baggage column and the pages, being ordered to keep out of the way, drew off to one side of where the main fight was raging. Hugh and Raymond, aching to be in it, were obliged to content themselves with climbing on top of one of the loaded wagons and looking on; and so fearful a sight it grew that for a little while they stared in utter silence, though the din of battle was so great that they could scarcely have heard

each other speak, had they tried. Led by the brave Saladin, on rushed the Saracens, pouring from the defiles of the hills with the most frightful cries. They seemed to think the more noise they made the more terrifying they would be. They beat on brazen drums, they blew on great trumpets, they shrieked and yelled as they swept on, white men, yellow men, brown and black, from the different countries that Saladin ruled. Gorgeously dressed in many stripes and colors and with heads wound with white or gay turbans, there seemed no end of the host from behind the hills. But the crusaders were ready for them. Raising their own war-cries and meeting them fearlessly, knights and foot-soldiers stood their ground bravely, dealing terrific blows with their heavier weapons.

As the boys watched breathlessly, presently, "Look at King Richard!" cried Hugh. But Raymond was already staring with all his might as the Lion Heart, mounted on Favelle, dashed furiously to and fro through the fight, fiercely swinging his battle-ax and cutting a wide path before him as he went.

"Did you ever see anything like him?" again exclaimed

Hugh. "You can fairly see the blue fire darting from his eyes, and he mows down the Saracens like wheat in August! See how they fly before him!"

"He is simply terrific!" replied Raymond. "We saw some pretty stiff fighting around Acre, but King Richard was sick then. I didn't know anybody could do things like that! Why, if all the soldiers were like him there wouldn't be a Saracen left alive!"

Indeed, with all his daring exploits and fame for bravery, never had Richard deserved the name of Lion Heart more truly than as he dashed headlong through the battle of Assur, dealing death with every blow, and all the while so skillfully directing the movements of his army that in the end the Saracens were utterly defeated. Those who remained of Saladin's great host, leaving their thousands of slain heaped upon the shore, fled terror-stricken to the refuge of the hills.

The losses of the crusaders were few compared to those of the enemy; and when the dead and wounded had been cared for, they made their camp around the walls of Assur, where they were to rest for a day. Richard's tent was pitched

in the midst of the beautiful gardens which luckily had been beyond the battlefield, and Hugh gathered some of the choicest fruit from these and brought it on a silver salver to refresh his master after the hard-fought struggle of the day.

CHAPTER VII

The King Goes Falconing

It was now October and the crusading army had been ten days at Jaffa. They had found the walls broken down and much of the city destroyed; for Saladin, discouraged by his defeat at Assur, had not tried to hold the place, but rather to make it as little use as possible to Richard. But the latter, as soon as the soldiers had rested a little, had set them to work repairing the broken walls so the city might be a safe place for his ships to land their food.

Hugh and Raymond and all the other pages, whenever at leisure, helped carry mortar and wait on the men. The work was going well, and one bright morning King Richard decided to take a day's sport with his falcons. A small party of English and French knights, including Raymond's master and a few squires attending them, went along. When they were ready to start, at the king's command, the boys ran to

the tent where the royal falcons were kept and supplied those of the knights who had not brought their own birds from home. Hugh handed up to his master his favorite, Arrow, who sat proudly on King Richard's wrist. As was the custom for falcons, his head was covered with a tiny hood so nothing might distract his attention till some hawk came in sight and he was loosed to chase it; Arrow's hood was of purple velvet tipped with a gold tassel and he held his head very high as he rode along.

After the party was gone, the two pages explored the old city for a while, then went and hunted shells by the seashore; and when the afternoon was nearly spent they sat under a fig tree by the road, eating its fruit and watching for the return of the party.

As the boys talked and watched, the sun slowly sank in the west, and as dusk fell, others besides themselves began to look anxiously for the sportsmen. But it was quite dark and the torches had been lighted for some time in the camp before the falconers rode slowly into Jaffa. As a crowd of knights gathered about them they saw their pace had been slow because some of them were wounded. Everyone could

see that King Richard was silent and troubled; and when Raymond ran to attend Count William he could find him nowhere.

One of the squires, noticing him, said, "If you are looking for Count William de Pratelles, he is not here."

Raymond stared at him a moment in blank amazement, then, "Where is he?" he cried. But the squire was already following King Richard, so the lad hurried along with Hugh and turned into the courtyard of the large stone house where the king lodged. When Hugh sprang to hold his master's stirrup, "Lad," said King Richard, "bring writing materials to my room at once."

Hugh hastened to obey, and soon fetched the tip of a cow's horn, set in silver, that served as inkstand, a quill pen and sheet of parchment; and the king, without waiting for rest or food, at once began to write. When he had finished and Hugh had brought wax and a lighted candle so he might seal the letter with his royal ring, the page's next errand was to find and bring to the house a trusty messenger whom the king named. To him Richard gave the letter and a large purse of gold, ordering him to take the swiftest horse in

camp and seek Saladin as quickly as possible. As soon as the messenger was gone, "Hugh," said the king, "now get me a basin of water and send in a squire to brush the dust from my tunic."

When the page and squire had helped their master freshen up, they brought him food and drink. Then, bidding Hugh hand him his lute, he dismissed them, and soon they could hear soft, plaintive strains of music and the echo of a song. For no matter how troubled over the happenings of the day, the Lion Heart could always comfort himself thus, or, best of all, by the making of a new song, which he could do wonderfully well.

Meantime, out in the courtyard a group of eager listeners had been hearing an account of the hawking party, from another of the squires, and this is what he told them: "Things went all very well at first. We rode along a little stream and started two or three herons and a hawk, and the king and knights flew their falcons and had fine sport. Toward noon the sun got pretty hot, and we saw a wood ahead of us and rode into it and spread out the lunch we had brought. Afterward there was a little more sport, and

then most of the party were rather tired and were for turning back; you know how this climate is - you can't do things the way you can at home.

"King Richard, though, wasn't ready to go back; he told the rest they could stay there and he would ride on a bit and see if he could start another hawk. You know how bold he is and never thinks of any danger to himself. But no sooner had he set off than Count William de Pratelles -"

Here Raymond could keep still no longer; "Oh! is he dead?" he asked, his eyes full of tears.

"No, lad," answered the squire, "at least I hope not; but let me go on. As I was saying, Count William and a few of the other knights and a couple of us squires got on our horses and followed after, though the king did not see us. Pretty soon he spied a hawk and set Arrow loose and galloped ahead to see the chase, so fast we could hardly keep him in sight.

"At last, when Arrow had killed the hawk, even King Richard seemed tired, and getting off his horse, threw himself down under a tree and went to sleep as coolly as if there wasn't a Saracen within a thousand miles. He slept an

hour or more, and the afternoon was getting on, and we knew it would take a while to ride back to Jaffa, but nobody liked to wake him.

"In a few minutes, though, it was done for us. A party of Saracens suddenly burst out of a thicket and rushed on the king. At that he jumped up, half awake, and sprang on his horse and began slashing them with his sword. Of course we all hurried up to help him, and everybody began to fight hard, though none of us had anything but swords. King Richard disposed of at least seven of the Saracens single-handed, when the rest pretended to fly. But it was only a ruse to draw us into ambush, for they had probably been watching our party from the start. Anyhow, we had chased them only a little way when a big troop of heathens galloped out of the deep woods and surrounded our little handful of men, far outnumbering us.

"We were in a pretty bad fix, fighting against so many to one. King Richard, as usual, hacked away furiously with his sword.

"They seemed to be trying to take him prisoner, and it looked as if nothing could save him, when suddenly Count

William, in the thick of the fight, seeing how things were going, put on a disdainful air as if surprised that the heathen didn't know him, and called out - you know he can speak their barbaric tongue - that he was 'The Malek Ric' At this they left King Richard and rushed on him, which was what he meant them to do, for he wanted to save King Richard; and the infidels took him prisoner and rode off so fast we couldn't tell where they had gone."

Here the squire paused a moment, and a murmur of admiration for Count William rose from the listeners in the courtyard when they realized the noble sacrifice he had made; for everyone knew he was likely to be beheaded by the Saracens, who showed little mercy to prisoners. Poor Raymond, when he heard his master's probable fate discussed by those about him, was not ashamed to burst into tears, for Count William had always been good and kind to him and he loved him much.

But the squire went on: "There isn't much more to tell. King Richard had been fighting so hard he knew nothing of what Count William had done till it was all over, and then he was hot for pursuing the Saracens, no matter how many.

But by this time it was dark and, besides, the heathen had scattered and gone in different directions, so nobody knew which way the prisoner had been taken, and there was nothing left to do but come back here."

Everyone was talking of what had happened when Hugh hurried into the courtyard after being dismissed by King Richard, and he soon learned the squire's story from Raymond, who could not repress a bitter sob as he thought of his master's probable cruel death. Hugh tried to comfort him as best he could, and, "Come, stay here with me," he said; "we can sleep together, and I'm sure King Richard will be glad to have you."

Raymond was glad to accept the offer, and later on, when the boys went to the little room where Hugh slept, they talked long. Hugh knew enough to hold his tongue about his master's affairs except those he was sure would make no difference to tell, and so had said nothing to anyone in the courtyard about Richard's letter to Saladin. But now an idea occurred to him, and knowing that Raymond, too, could hold his tongue, he told him of the letter and purse of gold. "I wondered at the time," he said, "why he was in such a

hurry and what it was all about, but I believe now he sent the messenger to try to ransom Count William. And they say that even if he is a heathen, Saladin is such a gentleman and admires King Richard so much that I think he won't have Count William killed, but will let him be ransomed."

Raymond quite took heart at what Hugh told him, and both, feeling much relieved, soon went to sleep. And indeed, Hugh had guessed exactly right as to what Richard had done.

CHAPTER VIII

Malek Adel Visits Richard

When the Saracens who had captured Count William brought him, a few days later, to the sultan's camp, and he was found not to be "The Malek Ric" as they supposed, they were angry and wished to behead him at once. This Saladin was quite willing they should do, and it was only the prompt arrival of the messenger, who had ridden at full speed, that saved him. For on reading Richard's letter, Saladin at once granted his request to ransom Count William.

The latter had given himself up to die, and great was his joy when, with a courteous farewell, the sultan dismissed him and even sent some of his own soldiers to escort him safely back to the crusaders' camp; for when not actually fighting, both the king and the sultan and the nobles in both armies were chivalrous enough to behave most politely to

one another.

Of course on his return, more than a week after his capture, Count William received a warm welcome, and Raymond was delighted to have his master to serve once more. Count William was surprised, however, to find the crusaders still resting in Jaffa, for he knew the king was anxious to go on.

The two pages also used to wonder why they delayed there. They could not know how hard Richard had tried to move the common soldiers, many of whom had grown lazy, as at Acre, with the easy life at Jaffa. Nor could they know all the jealousy and opposition he met with from the leading knights, the Dukes of Burgundy and Austria, and even the chiefs of the Knights of the Temple and of St. John. And most difficult and irritating of all was a great quarrel going on between two powerful nobles, Conrad of Montferrat and Guy of Lusignan, as to which should be called king of Jerusalem; which seemed particularly silly, as Jerusalem was yet to be taken by the crusaders and the task looked every day more impossible. Nevertheless, Conrad, who had a large number of followers, was very angry because Richard

favored Guy's claims instead of his own, and it was even said that he had turned traitor to the cause and offered to join his forces with Saladin in fighting the king.

But though our pages could not know all of Richard's troubles, the camp was full of rumors of them; and everyone knew that a messenger had come from the sultan to arrange a meeting between the latter's brother, Malek Adel (which means King Adel), and King Richard, and that it was to talk about possible terms of peace. For Saladin thought perhaps the English king might now be willing to listen to such.

On the day Malek Adel was to come, Hugh helped carry his master's royal tent to one of the finest gardens outside the walls of Jaffa. When all was ready and Richard, handsomely dressed and attended by a group of knights, including Count William, waited for his visitor, Hugh went out, and soon joined by Raymond, the two sat in the shade of a pomegranate bush and watched the road from the hills. Presently a party of horsemen came in sight; as they drew nearer, "Look!" said Hugh, "that one in the middle must be Malek Adel! What a splendid purple mantle all glittering with gold! And what gorgeous trappings all the horses have

on!"

"And see!" cried Raymond, "there comes a string of camels, seven of them! Do you suppose they are a present?"

"I guess so," replied Hugh, as the boys sprang up and stood ready for any service. Hugh had hoped to hold the bridle-rein or stirrup of Malek Adel as he dismounted, but as he and the two nobles with him were attended by their own Nubian slaves there was nothing for the pages to do but look on as the English king, stepping to the door of his tent, received his visitors with the utmost courtesy. After this greeting Malek Adel presented to King Richard the camels he had brought, and directed a slave to unroll a package from the back of one of them. This second gift proved to be a magnificent silken tent, which King Richard at once ordered to be pitched in the garden so all might see its beauty. After it had been duly admired, and the party had entered the royal one already prepared for them, at a signal from one of the squires Hugh went in and passed around sherbet and fruit and sweetmeats on silver trays.

When he was dismissed and joined Raymond again, "Those Saracen lords certainly are goodlooking," he said,

"and my! such splendid robes and turbans and mantles! You know King Richard likes handsome clothes himself, and I'm glad he had on that brocaded mantle of his and one of his best embroidered tunics."

"What do you suppose he will do with all those camels?" asked Raymond.

"I don't know," said Hugh. "They might carry his baggage on the march, but they look so fine with their red harnesses and all those little silver bells and gay saddle cloths that I don't believe they're meant for anything but riding on, and of course that wouldn't suit King Richard."

Meantime, while the boys were talking, much more important affairs were discussed within the royal tent. But though, when Malek Adel left, no peace terms had been reached, nevertheless a warm friendship had sprung up between him and King Richard, and after that day it was no uncommon sight for the Saracen king to visit his English foe, with whom he found many tastes in common. And more than once, at these times, Hugh brought his lute to King Richard, who played and sang for Malek Adel; and though the latter was not himself gifted to do the same in

return, he sometimes brought with him the most skillful of the Saracen poets and musicians to perform for King Richard's pleasure. Some of the crusaders did not like this friendship, but the king treated their opinions with his usual contempt, and when it came to battles neither he nor Malek Adel fought a whit less fiercely because they liked each other.

Indeed, no one should have criticized the Lion Heart for finding a little pleasure where he could, for troubles were thickening around him fast enough. One day when the pages were together, "I tell you," said Hugh, "I'd hate to head this crusade! The knights are fussing about this and that, and if you hear the common soldiers talk, they will say in one breath that King Richard ought to lead them right away to Jerusalem and in the next that it's a shame to make them move till they get rested. Rested! Why, we've been here weeks now! They say King Richard has a hot temper, but I think he's been mighty patient with it all!"

But at last the army was got together, and leaving a force to guard Jaffa, they set out for Jerusalem, though they little guessed the many hardships in store for them. It was now November, and a season of heavy storms was beginning. As

our two pages trudged day after day along the muddy roads, they were often glad to climb up on the baggage wagons to shield themselves from the driving rain that drenched them to the skin. When the camp was made at night, tents were blown over and everything soaked, or the tired soldiers tormented into wakefulness by the enemy. For the Saracens, moving as before behind the hills, had a way of sending a small force galloping toward the crusaders' camp at night and yelling at the tops of their lungs; then, when the crusaders, rousing up, would spring to arms, off they would gallop again. And no matter how often this happened, King Richard's army never dared not to get up and arm, as in the darkness they could never be sure how many were attacking them. And this was just what Saladin wanted, for in this way most of his soldiers could sleep peacefully in their tents while King Richard's were kept worried and fagged and quite worn out when daylight came.

Soon, too, their food began to fail. The provision ships, which had followed them down the coast, could not land because of the storms; Saladin had caused the country through which they passed to be laid waste, and the rains



"King Richard, who played and sang for
Malek Adel."

spoiled the food they carried with them. Hugh and Raymond, though for the first time in their lives they suffered real hunger, were proving good soldiers and said nothing as they munched their mouldy bread and drank the muddy water from the scanty streams they passed; for most of the wells had been poisoned. No wonder that many of the crusaders fell sick and died, and many more could scarcely bear the weight of their armor, which every day the rains rusted more and more. And the poor horses suffered as much as the men, for in the desolate fields it was almost impossible to find fodder for them; many fell exhausted by the way, and the famished crusaders did not disdain their flesh for food. Thus, hungry and thirsty and footsore, the army toiled painfully on till at last they camped at a place called Ramlah.

Every day, as Hugh had waited upon his master, he had found him more silent and troubled, even his lute seeming scarcely to comfort him. Indeed, as the tents were pitched at Ramlah, though hardly more than fifteen miles from Jerusalem, King Richard knew in his heart that never had the holy city seemed farther away.

That evening, after Hugh had carried his scanty supper to him, the king bade him bring a map he had lately caused to be made of Jerusalem and the country round about. Hugh placed the roll of parchment on a table and by it a lighted candle, and left King Richard poring over it, as he continued to do half the night. When at last he laid it aside, a deep sigh broke from the Lion Heart as with a sad shake of his head he threw himself down for a few hours' rest.

The next morning, when Hugh went in to wait upon him, "Lad," he said, "you need not help pack the tent things today. We are going no further now."

Hugh gasped, but as King Richard turned around with an air of dismissal, he went outside and sat disconsolately on a rock, wondering what the king meant; and thinking miserably, too, of the good breakfast they would be having in his far-away home castle and how empty his own stomach was, how damp and uncomfortable his clothes were, and how tired he was most of the time now. Soon he pricked up his ears, as a herald rode through the camp calling out that the army would not go on to Jerusalem then, but after resting two days at Ramlah would march to the city of

Ascalon to wait for reinforcements.

When the herald ceased, at first there was a blank silence, and then from the foot-soldiers rose a great murmur of discontent. As Hugh got up and walked among them he heard them talk. "What!" said one, "Retreat now, after all we have suffered? For shame!" "Yes," cried another, "leave the Holy Sepulchre now, and have to endure hunger and cold and misery marching to Ascalon instead of Jerusalem? And who knows when reinforcements will come?" "No," went on another, "I don't believe there will be any!"

By the next day the discontent grew worse, and many began to desert. In the afternoon Raymond came over to where Hugh sat huddled from the rain under a flap of the royal tent. "What do you think?" he said. "A lot of the French are going off with the Duke of Burgundy! Some have already started. But Count William is loyal to King Richard and says he doesn't see how he could lead the army further now, it's so worn out. And on the way here I heard some other knights say that spies the king sent ahead brought back word that Saladin had made the walls of Jerusalem so strong it will be mighty hard to take."

"Yes," replied Hugh, "I know King Richard has a new map of the city. He was looking at it nearly all night, and I guess that decided him to give up the march now. But I don't believe anybody feels worse about it than he does. He looks dreadfully sad and worried."

It was in truth a terrible wrench for the Lion Heart to give up, if only for a time, the object for which he had sacrificed and toiled and suffered so much. But he was too great a general not to realize that the odds were against him; he had done his best, but now he must have help. Deserted by King Philip, his army torn by quarreling and worn by hunger, thirst and sickness, he could not hope to conquer the strong city of their dreams. He would not give up altogether, though, so had planned to march to Ascalon and there wait for the reinforcements he had sent for long before and which he still hoped would come. Besides, Ascalon was one of the last of the important places on the coast which the crusaders had not taken, and holding it, they could land ships with men or food almost anywhere needed.

The march thither was full of all the hardships they had endured before, only worse; for now came snow and hail,

too, and Hugh and Raymond had to wrap their little woollen capes closely about them to try to warm their numb fingers. All were thankful when at last, early in January, Ascalon came in sight, though they saw that, as at Jaffa, Saladin had caused the city walls to be broken down and many of its houses destroyed; but enough were found still unharmed to shelter the king and chief knights, and as usual the two pages made themselves useful helping arrange things for their noble masters.

CHAPTER IX

The Old Man of the Mountain

King Richard had hoped to find some of his food ships at Ascalon, but though a number were on the way there, several had gone to the bottom in the hard storms and the rest were unable to land. Every day Hugh and Raymond went down to the wharf, hungrily watching for these ships, but it was over a week before they could sail into the harbor. "Good!" cried Hugh, who first spied them, "There they come! I hope they have plenty on board! I feel as if I could eat a whole sheep and several loaves of bread all by myself!"

"So do I!" answered Raymond, as they ran to see the vessels unload.

When everybody had enough to eat again and had rested a little from their hard march, they were much better humored, and King Richard set himself to work to coax them to make up their many quarrels and be friends; for he

knew that unless all the crusaders were united they could never hope to capture Jerusalem. He even sent messengers to ask the Duke of Burgundy to come back with all the French troops he had taken away, and this the jealous duke at last consented to do.

The next thing King Richard undertook was to rebuild the broken walls of the city, and as these were very large he knew it would take a long time unless everybody helped; so he commanded all, from the noblest knight to the commonest foot-soldier, to go to work, setting the example himself by seizing a trowel and mixing up mortar and starting to lay stones as hard as ever he could. Count William went to work near the king, and soon nearly everybody was busy, Hugh and Raymond hurrying about helping mix and carry mortar, and often laying some of the smaller stones themselves.

The army had been working thus for several days when Hugh said to Raymond, "Seems to me everyone who is able is working on these walls except those Austrian soldiers and their Duke Leopold. I'd like to know what's the matter with them and if they think they're any better than King Richard

and the rest of us!"

"Look!" said Raymond. "There comes Duke Leopold now! I wish King Richard would do something to him!"

And Raymond was not disappointed; for just then the Lion Heart, working at a gap in the wall near by, glanced up and saw the duke as he strolled idly along. "Halt!" cried the king instantly, as his eyes flashed. The other, staring, paused sulkily. "Now, sir," said King Richard, "get a trowel and go to work like the rest of the army!"

But Leopold only tossed his head and replied haughtily, "I am the son of neither a carpenter nor a stone mason that I should work like a common laborer!" With this he tried to pass on, but Richard was too quick for him. Without another word he pounced upon him, and seizing the proud duke's burly shoulders, thrust him out through the gap in the wall, helping him along with a sound kick. Everybody near looked on open-mouthed as the king, calmly picking up his trowel, went on with his work as though nothing had happened.

Hugh and Raymond, peeping through the gap, could hardly keep from laughing as Leopold, amazed at finding

himself thrown out of the city, and afraid to touch the Lion Heart, at last gathered himself together and stalked off in a towering rage. “Of course King Richard has been trying to keep things peaceful,” whispered Hugh, “but I guess that stupid Duke Leopold was just too much for him! You know how he detests him!”

“Yes,” said Raymond, “and I don't blame him! I suppose Leopold will go home now, but I don’t think he or his Austrians will be much loss.”

Evidently Richard thought the same way, for he gave orders for the duke and all his followers who were lodged in the city to camp outside the walls they would not help build, for he said they had no right to any protection from them. And as soon as they could get ready to leave, they set off for Austria as fast as they could go, Leopold still raging and biding his time to pay King Richard back.

Day by day the broken walls rose higher and higher; though Richard looked in vain for the reinforcements he longed for. Saladin, too, camped as usual behind the hills, was waiting for fresh troops, and there was a truce between the two armies. As was their custom when not really

fighting, the king and sultan behaved to each other with the greatest friendliness; and as the weather grew better toward spring, the armies would often have parades and tournaments, in which the knights and nobles of both sides took part. As the two pages were watching a tournament one day, "Doesn't it seem funny," said Raymond, "how friendly everybody is between fights?"

"Yes," replied Hugh, "and the sultan and King Richard give each other lots of presents, all kinds of things. I'm glad when I see Saladin's black slaves coming to the door, for they always bring something pleasant, and that's more than can be said for the Christian messengers who have been coming lately."

"What do you mean?" asked Raymond.

"Well," said Hugh, "a messenger came from England a while ago, and another one yesterday; they bring big parchment letters all covered with wax seals, and when King Richard reads them he looks worried to death. I'm sure he has been getting bad news from home."

And this was quite true. Richard had been getting the worst kind of news from home. Letters from his mother and

friends urged him to return and save his kingdom, which his own brother John was trying to get away from him. They told him also that King Philip, in spite of his solemn promises to do nothing against Richard while he was away, had broken his word and invaded Normandy. All these evil tidings were hard for the Lion Heart to bear after all his misfortunes and suffering in the Holy Land. He was really in a very trying position. Though he had never lost a battle, everything had gone against him. He could not bear to go away and leave Jerusalem unconquered; neither could he afford to lose his kingdom. Then, too, if he returned to England, he knew he must leave some leader strong enough to hold what the crusaders had already won; and Richard could not but admit that the man who could do this best was Conrad of Montferrat. You remember this was the Conrad who was disputing with Guy of Lusignan about being king of Jerusalem. The quarrel had been going on for months, and everybody took sides one way or another. Indeed, if any crusader had nothing else to start a quarrel, he could always succeed by beginning to argue about Guy and Conrad. For though the walls of Jerusalem were still

unshaken, all still hoped that they would soon take the city; and if they did, of course it would be very important to be its king.

Richard thought it over, and at last, though much against his will, decided to allow Conrad to be called king of Jerusalem; for he could not be crowned without Richard's consent. He despised Conrad's treachery in offering to join Saladin, but felt sure that if he won in the quarrel with Guy, he would come back to the crusaders, whom he could hold together better than anyone else. Richard decided also to make up for Guy's disappointment by giving him the island of Cyprus, which he had taken away from King Isaac on his way to Acre. He then made his plans to return to his kingdom and overcome his enemies in England and France so that he might start another crusade; for he could not give up hope of some day conquering Jerusalem.

Having made up his mind, Richard sent his nephew, Count Henry of Champagne, sailing up the coast to the city of Tyre, of which Conrad had made himself master, to tell him he was to be crowned king of Jerusalem. It was very ridiculous that he had to be crowned in Tyre because the

city of which he was called king was still held by the Sultan Saladin; but nobody seemed to see it that way.

When the camp knew Richard's decision, there was a great deal of discussion. They were still talking about it when, scarcely two weeks later, there came sailing into port the same royal galley that had taken Count Henry to Tyre, and a messenger quickly landed and hurried to the quarters of the king. Having delivered his message first to Richard, he came into the courtyard, and soon all there knew the word he brought, for it was no secret. Conrad, before he could be crowned, had been killed by order of The Old Man of the Mountain. Before long the whole camp had heard it, and if tongues had wagged before, now they were buzzing twice as busily.

Hugh was burning with curiosity and longed for a chance to ask the messenger more; so he was glad when presently food was made ready and he was sent to bid the man into the house and serve him while he ate. The moment he had finished, "Sir," he said, "will you please tell me who is 'The Old Man of the Mountain?'"

"Gracious!" exclaimed the messenger, "have you just

come to this country that you have never heard of him?"

"No," said Hugh, "I've been here a good while, and I've heard his name and asked the soldiers about him once or twice, but they seemed almost afraid to talk of him, so I never found out much."

"Well," replied the messenger, "nobody knows so very much about him, I guess because nobody wants to go very near to find out. All the crusaders call him 'The Old Man of the Mountain' but the Saracens, who know more than we do of the heathenish people over here, say his real name is Senan, and that he is chief of a tribe called Ismaelians, who live up on Mount Lebanon. They say he has a splendid castle up there, with wonderful gardens and fountains, and that he has gold and jewels and clothes and things to eat fit for a king. And no wonder, for he has had enough people robbed and killed to get most anything he wants."

"Mercy!" cried Hugh, "can't anybody stop him?"

"No," said the messenger, "that's not so easy. He's no ordinary bandit, and he doesn't do the work himself, either; he's too high and mighty for that. They say he takes boys from the tribe and trains them in his castle till they grow up,

and he gives them a queer kind of drug that makes them do anything he tells them to. So if he orders them to kill anybody, they will surely do it, if it takes them years to get a chance. Everybody in this country knows a man's life isn't worth a fig if the Old Man of the Mountain wants him put out of the way. So you see it isn't so easy to get rid of The Old Man. It's not like fighting an open battle; he does everything so secretly, and has so many people to obey him, that nobody who makes an enemy of him knows what minute he may have a dagger thrust into him as Conrad did."

Hugh shivered. "Did he rob Conrad?" he asked.

"No," said the messenger, "he doesn't always kill for robbery. People in Tyre think there was some quarrel between them. And what do you suppose The Old Man did? Six months ago he sent to Tyre two of the young men he had trained, and they were ordered to kill Conrad. They disguised themselves as monks, pretended they were good Christians, and made friends with some of the best people in the city, all the while watching for a chance to get at Conrad."

"Did nobody suspect them?" asked Hugh.

"Not a soul," replied the messenger. "They went to church and behaved so piously that everybody thought they were all right."

"How did they get Conrad at last?" again asked Hugh.

"Well," said the messenger, "it was the night after Count Henry came, and Conrad and his friends were tremendously pleased that he was to be king of Jerusalem. The Bishop of Beauvaise gave a fine dinner for him, and as he was riding back to his house, suddenly the two false monks sprang at him, stabbing him with their daggers so he fell dying from his horse."

Hugh shuddered again, and said, "Did they catch the young men?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure," replied the other, "the people around soon caught them, and made short work of them without much trouble. The Old Man of the Mountain tells all his followers that if they lose their lives in obeying his wicked orders, they will go straight to Paradise and have the grandest kind of a time. And the miserable wretches believe everything he says, so when they have carried out his

commands, they don't seem to mind it at all if they get killed themselves."

Here the messenger got up and stretched himself. "Well," he said, "I suppose King Richard will have to pick out another king for Jerusalem. Meantime I must go aboard the galley, for we are to sail back to Tyre whenever he gives the order."

That night, when Hugh went to bed, he dreamed of disguised monks and Old Men of the Mountains till he was thankful to wake up and find himself still alive and the sun shining.

CHAPTER X

The Hill of Hebron

It was now May, and in the gardens of Ascalon the peach and apricot trees were laden with young fruit, while the roadsides shone with scarlet anemones and golden poppies. The crusading army, rested and no longer hungry, took cheer; but all the beauty around him could not comfort the troubled spirit of King Richard. The news from home was still as bad as ever, but he had been obliged to put off his return there for another year. Even before the death of Conrad the crusaders had been unwilling for him to leave them, and he felt he could not do so now. For though he had chosen Count Henry of Champagne to be called king of Jerusalem, he knew that if left to head the crusade, the count, with all his bravery and loyalty, lacked power to settle the hard questions that were always coming up.

And one of the hardest of these was worrying Richard right then. The army was demanding to be led once more to Jerusalem; and while of course the taking of the city and rescue of the Holy Sepulchre was the great thing for which he had come, he knew far better than the rest how impossible it was to hope to do it then. The reinforcements he had waited for had not come, though Saladin's army had all the while grown bigger and stronger. Richard foresaw that while the crusaders, full of fresh hope and courage, might start again for the holy city, as they drew near they would find the same hardships they had found before, and they would have neither the strength nor numbers to attempt a long siege of its strong walls. When a leader so bold and of such heroic bravery as the Lion Heart hesitated to undertake the thing he most cared to do, the rest of the crusaders should have known he had the best of reasons. But they would listen to nothing, and at last declared that if Richard would not lead them they would go by themselves.

At this the king yielded, though against his own judgment; perhaps he thought the only way was to let them find out for themselves how it would turn out. At any rate,

having decided to go, he made preparations with all his usual energy. Hugh was sent flying here and there on many errands, provisions were got together, knights rode out to gather in the straggling foot-soldiers, and when all was ready, one bright Sunday morning they set off.

As our two pages marched along together they could not help but feel full of hope and cheer. For the first week or more the country was green and flowery, they had plenty to eat, fresh streams to drink from, and, best of all, the crusaders, happy in being once more on the road to Jerusalem, seemed to have laid aside their quarrels for the time and showed each other the greatest kindness. "There!" said Hugh one morning, "that's the third knight today I've seen get off his horse so a sick foot-soldier can ride it!"

"Yes," said Raymond, "and haven't you noticed how the rich share their money with the poorer ones in the army so they can buy things they need? Everybody seems to be trying to be as good as they can!"

But this pleasant state of affairs did not last long. As they went farther and farther from the seashore, so the ships could no longer supply them, food again became scarce, for

it took a great deal for so many men. As they drew nearer Jerusalem, again they found the whole country laid waste, not even providing enough for the horses, while the streams failed and no one dared to drink from the poisoned wells. And the hungrier and thirstier they became, the harder it was to bear the heat of the Palestine sun. Hotter and hotter it blazed, till, as before, many fell sick and died, while still more began to straggle off and desert.

At last, after the greatest hardships and suffering, the worn-out army managed to reach Hebron, this time only seven miles from the holy city. That sounds very near, but to Richard with his famished and footsore men it seemed a long way yet; and seeing the utter hopelessness of it all, he determined to camp there a few days, until he and the chief knights could decide whether to go on, for he wanted them to see for themselves how matters were.

Hugh, as he attended his master on the march, had seen each day how more and more troubled he grew, and as they camped there at Hebron his heart fairly ached for him. When he carried in his supper, which Richard scarcely touched, he found him sitting with his head bowed on his

hands, and as he raised his fearless blue eyes that had been so full of high hopes and dreams, the lad could not but be struck with the disappointment and misery in them. Indeed, one can only guess what the lion-hearted king must have suffered, knowing at last that he must give up the dream he had cherished for years, for which he had worked and planned and fought, had sacrificed his fortune and almost his kingdom. Bitter, bitter must have been his thoughts of Philip, who had deserted him, of the quarrels and misfortunes that had divided and diminished his army, and the thousand and one things that, in spite of all his boldness and courage and military skill, now forced him to leave Jerusalem still unconquered, the Holy Sepulchre still in the hands of the infidels. For he knew that the knights whom he had asked to help him decide whether to go on must at last agree with him that it was quite hopeless.

The next day a group of soldiers were talking and Hugh heard one of them say, "I saw one of the spies the king sent ahead to get news of the city, - you know he sent out spies the other time, too, - this one came back this morning, and he says the walls of Jerusalem are stronger than ever. It seems

last winter, while we were waiting for reinforcements, everybody from the sultan down worked on the walls, just as King Richard and the rest of us did at Ascalon. Saladin even brought stones for them on the back of his fine horse; and as the walls were tremendously strong to begin with, now nobody could take the place, except maybe by a long siege, and we are in no shape for that!"

"I should think not!" said another standing by. "We would starve to death ourselves long before we could starve out those heathens by a siege!"

"They say Saladin has an enormous army," put in a third, "and if we tried to besiege the city with our few men, he could swing around behind us, and then where would we be?"

For even the common soldiers now could begin to see some of the things Richard had foreseen at the beginning of the march. And when the knights he had called together talked over everything, they agreed, as he knew they must, that it would be death for the army to try to take the city. Like many crusaders before and after them, they had at last learned the bitter truth that to conquer Jerusalem was a task

to baffle the boldest, and a thousand times harder than it had seemed to their eager hearts as they had set off from their far-away homes. And hardest of all it was to give up their dream of rescuing Christ's tomb when they had marched almost in sight of it!

Indeed, only a few miles from Hebron there was a hill from which Jerusalem could be plainly seen. The afternoon of the day it was decided to turn back, Richard ordered Favelle to be brought to his tent door, and Hugh held the bridle while he mounted; and then, attended by Count William and a few other knights and squires, he rode off in the direction of this hill.

"Do you suppose they are going to look at Jerusalem?" asked Raymond, who had run over to talk to Hugh.

"Yes," said Hugh, "I think King Richard wants to see it even if he has to give up taking it. Oh, isn't it just a shame the way things have turned out! I had no idea when we started that a crusade was such a hard thing!"

"Neither had I," replied Raymond, "and I do wish we could go on, - but," he added with a sigh, "it would seem mighty nice to have enough to eat again, and all the fresh

water we want to drink! I'm sick of these muddy, brackish brooks around here!" for he was very thirsty.

"So am I," agreed Hugh, "and sick of eating dead horses!" for he was very hungry.

"I wish we could go over to that hill and see the city," said Raymond.

"We could walk the few miles easily enough," replied Hugh, "but we wouldn't have time today before they got back, and they might want us for something. But likely we can find a chance tomorrow."

A few hours later, when Richard and his party returned, Hugh ran to take Favelle, and the king walked into his tent with such a far-away look in his eyes that he seemed not to hear as the knights took leave of him. The next morning both the pages asked permission, which was readily granted, to go to the hill, though Hugh was puzzled at King Richard's answer when he inquired if one could really see the city from there. "So they say, lad," replied the king absently, with such a strange expression in his face the page dared not ask more. But when he and Raymond set off together, "Raymond," he said, "didn't they go to look at the city yesterday?"

"Yes," answered Raymond, "but what do you think Count William told some knights who came to the tent last evening while I was fixing his bed? He said that as they rode toward the hill the king hardly spoke a word, but seemed thinking things over all to himself. Then at last, when they reached the highest point, from which he says you can see the city quite distinctly, one of the squires, who had been there before, led Favelle to the best place to look at it, and they all reined their horses to one side so as not to interfere with the king's view. And then, while they waited for him to take the first look, King Richard - he had been riding with his head bowed - made as if he would raise his eyes, then suddenly he dropped his head again and lifted his shield before his face. You know they all wore their armor and had their swords and shields along."

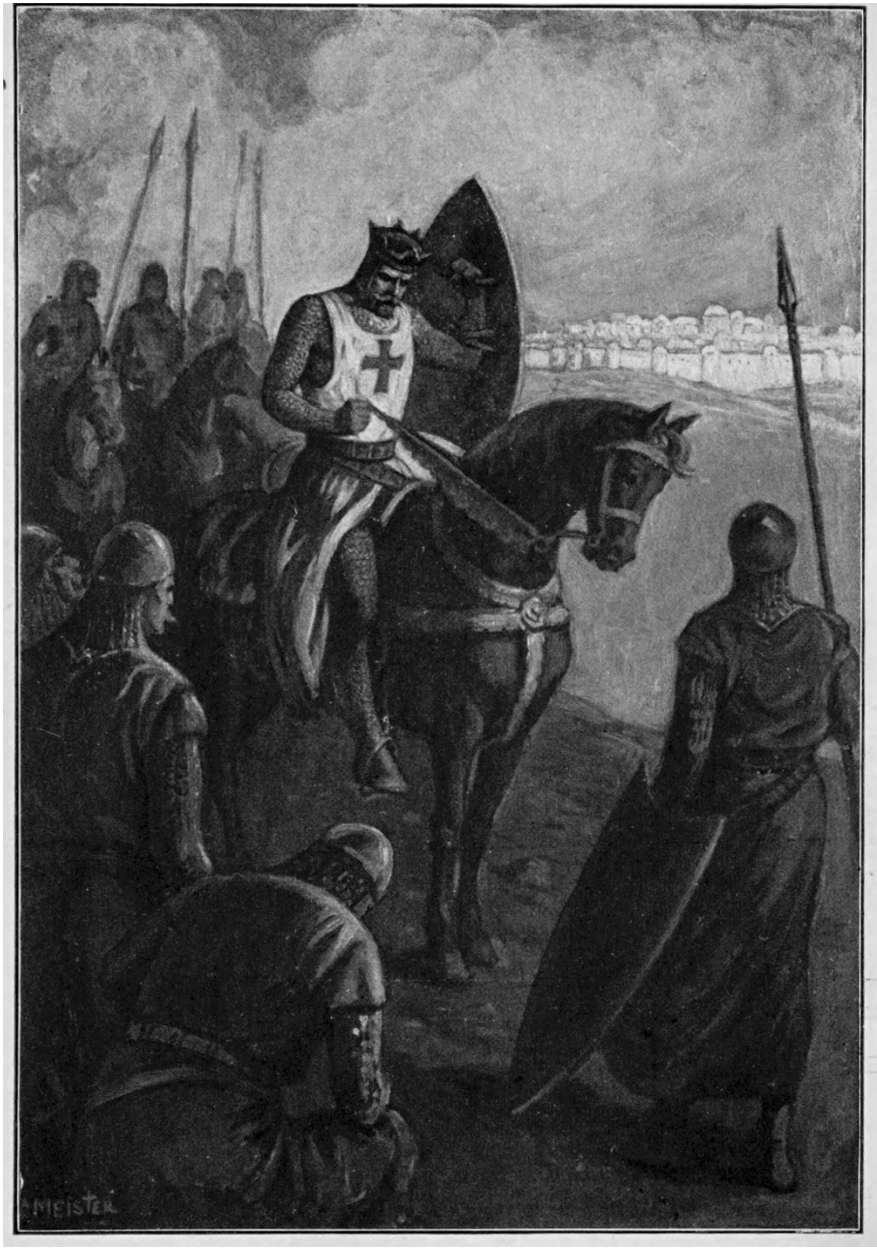
"What?" exclaimed Hugh, "didn't he look at all?"

"No," replied Raymond, "that's the strange part of it. It seemed as if, when it came right to the point, much as he wanted to see Jerusalem, he couldn't quite stand it. Count William, who was nearest to him, said he heard him say in a low tone, as if talking to himself, something about how,

since God had held him unworthy to conquer the city and rescue the Holy Sepulchre, he felt himself unworthy to look at it. Anyway, still holding the shield before his eyes as if he was afraid he might look in spite of himself, he turned his horse around and quietly waited till the others had seen what they wanted, and then rode back without another word."

Hugh was silent a few moments, and then he said slowly, "Well, that was just like him. You know, besides being a tremendous fighter, he's a poet, too, and I've heard that poets feel things like that more than other people. He must be frightfully disappointed, especially as he hasn't been beaten in a single battle here. It's just that everything else has gone against him!"

As the boys talked they were all the while going along as fast as they could, and before long had reached and climbed the hill to its highest point. But as they stood with eager eyes gazing on the distant city of Jerusalem, the chatter on their lips died away. The towers and domes shone in the sunlight, and the great walls girdling the city about showed how strong a fortress it was. In all the long months, almost a year,



"'Lifted his shield before his face.'"

since they had landed at Acre, every night the herald had cried through the camp, "God save the Holy Sepulchre!" and now, somewhere within those frowning walls on which they looked, was the tomb for the sake of which they had toiled and suffered so much; and boys though they were, the two pages could not help but feel their hearts swell as there swept over them the great pang of disappointment which all the crusaders shared.

CHAPTER XI

The Battles at Jaffa

It was July 1192, a year from the coming of the crusaders, and Richard was again camped at Acre, this time on his way home. He had skillfully and safely led the retreating army from Hebron back to Ascalon, though pursued and many times attacked by great forces of Saracens. From Ascalon they had made their way to Jaffa, where the sick and wounded, who were many, had been left in care of the garrison and the Christian inhabitants of the place; then at last they had come to Acre, whence the greater part of the army had already sailed northward for Beirut. For though Richard had not conquered Jerusalem, he had taken and held all but one of the important cities along the coast; this last, Beirut, he meant to attack on his way home, for to leave

these cities in possession of the Christians would be the greatest help in case of another crusade.

The king had arranged for the two queens and their ladies, who had been staying at Acre, to return on the same ship in which they had come; and having made all his plans, he was in his tent, only waiting for morning to sail off in his royal galley, the Trenchmer, whose crimson sails and hull gleamed in the moonlight as it rode at anchor in the Bay of Acre. The two pages had not yet parted, as Count William was going on one of the ships that were to sail with the Trenchmer, so the boys expected to be together again at Beirut.

As Richard sat now within his tent, playing softly on his lute, while Hugh was busy gathering up the last of his baggage, suddenly they heard the sound of horses galloping on the hard sand of the shore. Nearer and nearer they came, till the riders drew rein in front of the royal tent and sprang to the ground as Hugh ran to let them in.

They were two messengers, breathless and spent from the haste of their long ride. Kneeling at his feet and saluting the king, "Sire," burst out one of them, "thank God you are still

here! We feared we might be too late! We come straight from Jaffa to implore help, for the city is sore beset! Saladin's army, a mighty host, surrounds it, and though the garrison you left and the townspeople have defended themselves so bravely that they have drawn praise even from the enemy, they have been driven to the citadel as a last refuge. The sultan has given them five days of grace, and if no succor comes, every man, woman and child must first pay a heavy tribute of gold, and then surrender themselves and all the sick and wounded there to the mercy of the infidels."

"Living Lord!" broke in King Richard before the messenger could say more, "God willing, I will do what I can!" He thought a moment, then, "Hugh!" he called. "Quick, lad!" and he dispatched the page instantly to the tents of Count William and seven other chosen knights still in the camp, and sent a squire to go swiftly to the palaces in Acre where lived the Masters of the Knights of the Temple and of St. John. These were all to come at once to the royal tent, where they soon arrived and by midnight had made their plans. Richard, with the eight knights and their men, were to sail down the coast to Jaffa, as this was the quickest

way to get there. The Knights of the Temple and of St. John were to gather together, besides their own companies, as many as possible of the Christians who lived in Palestine, and march as fast as they could to help the king.

Neither Hugh nor Raymond slept much the rest of the night; their heads were too full of excitement. As it had been expected the galleys would leave early in the morning anyway, with but little more preparation they were ready, and by noon off they sailed, Count William and his men on the Trenchmer with King Richard, and the other knights and their followers filling a few more ships. They were at best only a little handful to face the great army of Saladin, but the Lion Heart was dauntless and his brave followers took fresh courage from him.

As the crimson sails of the galley puffed and filled, the two pages leaned over the rail, watching the coast with its palms and olives and the square flat-roofed houses of the towns and villages they passed as they sped along. The summer sun beat scorchingly on the sandy shore, and "My!" said Raymond, "aren't you glad we are going back to Jaffa by water instead of marching along that blistering road, looking

out for scorpions and spiders and thorns all the while?"

"Yes, indeed!" replied Hugh. "This is really fine, and we're going pretty fast. If the wind holds out, it won't take us long to get there." But scarcely were the words out of his mouth when suddenly the wind failed; the bright sails flapped and hung motionless, and soon the galley lay becalmed, and of course the other ships were in the same plight. For nearly three days they could make no headway. Everyone was in despair, and King Richard paced up and down the deck of the Trenchmer like a caged lion.

But at last, late on the third day, "Puff! Puff!" the wind sprang up again. Again the sails swelled and fluttered as they hurried southward. Two more days the ships skimmed over the waves; and then, "This is the fifth day!" whispered Hugh to Raymond as they hung over the water. "If we don't get to Jaffa tonight it will be too late!" But they did! At midnight the captain of the galley told the king they were entering the harbor of Jaffa; but Richard bade him cast anchor till morning, as before landing he must find out whether the garrison in the citadel still held out or had been forced to surrender that evening.

At the first streak of dawn everyone on the ships was straining his eyes toward land, and what they saw was enough to daunt the bravest, but not the bold hearts of the crusaders. The shore was covered with tents from which poured an innumerable host of Saracens, brandishing their weapons, beating their brazen drums, and, as usual, yelling at the tops of their voices.

As King Richard looked toward the citadel, which joined the Jaffa walls inside, trying to think quickly of some way of getting the news he wanted, suddenly, "Look! Look!" cried Hugh, pointing breathlessly to its battlements. A man was seen standing there, and in another moment making his way to the top of the city wall, he leaped down. A hillock of sand beneath it saved him from hurt, and springing to his feet, amid a shower of arrows from the Saracens he plunged into the sea, swimming with all his might and main toward the Trenchmer; for the red sails of the royal galley had been seen far off by the watchers in the citadel, and they knew the king would want to know whether they had yet surrendered.

Richard was the first to receive the bold swimmer as wet and panting he clambered up the side of the ship, and the

moment he heard the garrison still held out, though it was the very morning fixed for its surrender, turning to the captain who awaited his orders, "Steer straight for shore!" he commanded. As the red keel flew toward the land, again came a volley of arrows from the enemy, but the instant the galley reached shallower water, and before the anchor could be cast, hanging his shield around his neck and leaping into the sea, the Lion Heart rushed to shore, waving his great battle-ax before him, and followed at once by Count William and the other knights.

All the Christians fought with the greatest bravery, but Richard was like a very demon. Always reckless of danger, and now more reckless than ever, perhaps because of his disappointment in the crusade, he hewed to right and left, cleaving for himself a broad path of killed and wounded. At first the Saracens tried to fight back, but in an amazingly short while they were seized with a panic. The terror of his name and the terrific blows he was dealing struck fear to their hearts, till wildly shrieking, "The Malek Ric! The Malek Ric!" all that great host of them took to their heels and fled in every direction. Some rushed into the city,

pursued by Richard, who, joined by the garrison there, drove them from street to street till few were left alive; when he went outside again with his little handful of men to face those of the flying Saracens whom Saladin had managed to rally together, the moment they saw him, once more terror seized them. All, even the sultan himself, fled again, leaving their entire camp in the hands of the crusaders.

The two pages, who had watched the fight from the deck of the Trenchmer, too absorbed to say a word, now hurried excitedly to land, shouting with delight at the fiery dash and fury with which the king and his little band had won the day; and they soon were busy helping in their masters' tents as they were pitched for camping. For all was not yet over at Jaffa. Saladin, though beaten that morning, had not given up hope of taking the city; and Richard, guessing this, decided not to leave at once, but to wait and see. Besides, he was expecting the little troop which was marching down the coast; this arrived in a couple of days, and though all were much disappointed to have come too late for the fight on the shore, they need not have worried, for there was plenty more in store for them.

Meantime the sultan, who was still planning to attack Jaffa again, had heard that Count Henry of Champagne had got together some more soldiers from around Tyre and was coming to help Richard; so, leaving a small force to watch Jaffa, he hurried off to try to prevent the count from getting there. Then, as king and sultan managed to keep pretty good track of each other's moves in this game of war, Richard at once sent off as many men as he could possibly spare to help Count Henry. When Saladin found that out, he changed his mind about fighting the count, and began to rush his big army back as fast as he could to try to crush Richard's little army while it was the very smallest. - There! Can you keep all that straight in your head? - And it was all very quickly done; for as the sultan was hurrying back to Jaffa, evening had fallen on only the third day after the battle on the shore.

Richard was in his tent, which he had recklessly caused to be pitched in the camp outside the city walls, instead of within them as everybody thought he ought to. He was tired, and presently he called Hugh to bring him water and comb his hair, which always seemed to soothe him, and before long he was sleeping soundly, and a little later Hugh himself

lay in his narrow bed in a small part curtained from the main tent.

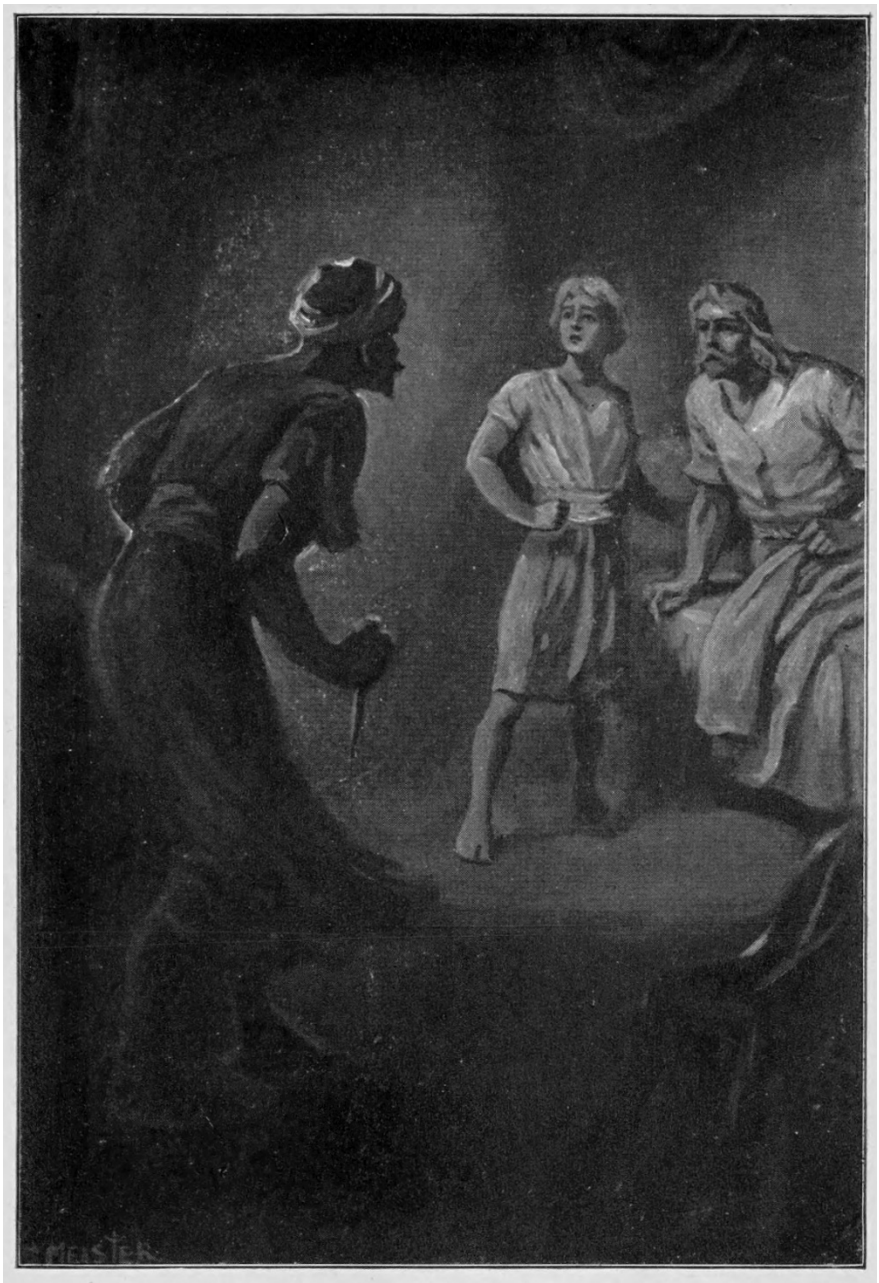
The little new moon rose and set; and the page, though a light sleeper, did not waken till in the dusk just before dawn, when suddenly with a startled feeling his eyes flew open. Bewildered and but half awake, he lay still for a moment, when he caught the murmur of whispered voices outside the tent; for, as it was very hot, this was but loosely fastened. At the same instant, as he was trying to listen to these, his eyes, grown used to the darkness, could make out the stooping figure of a man within the tent who seemed to be crawling on his hands and knees toward that part where the king slept.

Hugh, now wide awake and alert, lost not another moment. Jumping from his bed, he sprang clear over the man, and in one stride was at his master's side, shouting, "Wake up! Wake up, Sire!"

Richard sat up, dazed at first, and then a streak of dawn lighting the darkness, the man quickly straightened up, and evidently determined to risk all, rushed at him and tried to plunge a dagger into his heart. But the instant he came near,

the king, with a steely gleam in his eyes, reached out one hand, and seizing him by the throat, held him like a vise till the knights and squires close by, who had been roused by Hugh's shouts, came hurrying in, when with a contemptuous shake lie flung him to them to be dealt with later as he deserved. Then turning to Hugh, "Lad," said the king, taking Hugh's hand between his own, "you have saved my life, it seems. Had not you wakened me, yonder coward would have stabbed me while I slept. I shall not forget what you have done, my boy."

Hugh flushed with pleasure as the others crowded about to hear what had happened. Then getting together a band of soldiers, the knights hurried out to scour the surrounding hills for the man's companions, though they did not find them. They were part of the force left by Saladin to watch Jaffa, and had decided to try to capture or kill King Richard while asleep in his tent. But when they came there, their boldness left them, and they had disputed so long as to who should creep in that the dawn had almost overtaken them; and those outside the tent, when they heard Hugh's shout, had leaped on their horses and ridden off like the wind. It



“Richard sat up, dazed at first.”

is but fair to say, though, that what they had planned was no doubt entirely their own idea and that Saladin himself knew nothing at all about it; for he would have been far too chivalrous to attempt the life of his royal foe in so cowardly a way.

But since, luckily, Richard had escaped harm, it was just as well that the crusaders were roused early, for they had a hard day's work ahead of them. As the summer sun rose higher, it was not long before they began to see in the distance the vanguard of Saladin's army, which you know was hurrying down to try to crush the English king. When Richard saw the great host of turbaned Saracens coming closer, he quickly gathered together his own little force, standing with their backs to the sea, and told them no man must flinch for a single instant; for while, if defeated, the Saracens could easily retreat to the hills, for the crusaders the coming battle meant victory or death, since, if beaten, they would be driven into the sea. Hugh and Raymond, who had crowded near, felt their hearts leap as they listened to his words; they were wild to be in the fight, but were obliged as usual to obey orders and keep to one side when it began.

And it began soon enough. As the Saracens came galloping down, the crusader knights sprang on their horses, Richard on Favelle ahead of all, and rushed to meet them; and from that moment the wild battle was on. When it had lasted about an hour, the two pages, who were anxious to see it and could not well do so from the low shore where they stood, decided to try to get inside the city and climb up on its wall so they could look down on the sandy plain where the fight was going on. This they managed to do, and watched eagerly as the battle surged to and fro. It was a thrilling scene; but towering above the struggling mass of men, the Lion Heart, always in the thickest of the fight, charging furiously to right and left, often entirely surrounded by the enemy but always gallantly cleaving his way through, rescuing those of his knights who were unhorsed, smiting down the boldest of the infidels, and performing unheard of deeds of bravery, it was his figure that held the boys' eyes above all others.

"He seems everywhere at once!" cried Hugh. "And his battle-ax flashes like a streak of lightning!"

Just then, "Oh!" exclaimed Raymond, "Look! An arrow

has hit Favelle!"

Sure enough, pierced by a Saracen dart, the brave war-horse was dying; but as he sank to the ground, Richard, quickly freeing himself from the stirrups, sprang to his feet and struck out with his battle-ax, felling all who came near him.

"There, see!" cried Hugh despairingly. "The Saracens are closing around him! I don't see how even he can hold out!"

But he did, keeping a circle cleared around him.

"I wonder why some of our knights don't get him another horse?" said Raymond.

"He's so far in the enemy's lines I suppose they don't see him," replied Hugh, "and besides they are so busy fighting themselves, - but " - here both boys stared in amazement, - "will you look at that!"

They could make out a Nubian slave waving above his head a white flag of truce and swiftly forcing his way among the struggling men toward King Richard. He was followed by two others leading a pair of the finest Arabian horses, saddled and bridled, their silky coats shining as they stepped prancingly along. Pausing in front of Richard and bowing

low, they seemed to be presenting them to him; for, quickly choosing, he sprang on the back of one, and in another moment was again in the thick of the fight, while the slaves led the other horse through the crusader lines and gave him in charge of a squire to keep ready in case the king needed another.

The pages drew a long breath. "Do – do you suppose Saladin sent those?" said Raymond, bewildered.

"It looks like it!" replied Hugh, "Let's go find out!" And they both hurried down and ran to where the beautiful Arab charger was arching his neck and pawing the ground. And sure enough, as the boys had guessed, the horses had been sent, in the true spirit of chivalry, from Richard's Saracen foes. It seems the sultan and his brother, Malek Adel, were not in the battle themselves, as was the English king, but watching and directing it from a little hillock near by. When Favelle fell to the ground someone pointed out Richard to Saladin. "What!" cried the sultan, "the English king fighting on foot like a common soldier? That is not right!" and turning to his attendants, he at once ordered two of his choicest horses to be taken instantly to Richard with the

compliments of himself and Malek Adel. And the Lion Heart, most chivalrous of kings, had accepted them in the same spirit in which they were sent.

Meantime the battle was going on furiously; arrows flying, lances and spears, battle-axes, swords and scimitars all dealing deadly blows; yet still the brave little band of crusaders stood their ground, and of the heaps of slain that strewed the sands by far the greater number were Saracens.

Toward noon there was a lull in the fighting, both sides feeling the need of rest and food; so the two armies drew apart for awhile, facing each other with a narrow space between. Presently a murmur of surprise ran along the lines and our two pages, crowding up as near as they could, saw King Richard riding slowly along in front of the Saracens; he was waiving his battle-ax and daring any champion among them to come out and fight him. On he rode, down the whole long line of turbaned enemies, but not one of them stirred from the ranks. There were many brave warriors among them, but all drew back at the thought of fighting single-handed with "The Malek Ric."

Hugh's eyes glowed with pride in his master as the latter,

with a contemptuous shrug, rode slowly back to the middle of the space dividing the armies. And then both pages stared again, for what do you suppose he did? Deliberately getting off his horse, he sat down and called for something to eat! When the word was passed along, some of Richard's squires hurried to the army books, and one of them was coming bearing a tray, when Hugh, seeing him, sprang out and demanded it. "It's my right to carry food to the king and wait on him while he eats!" he exclaimed.

"What, boy?" said the squire in surprise, "But you're not old enough to be a soldier, and those infidels yonder may let their arrows fly any minute. Though they are afraid to fight him singly, 'The Malek Ric' is a pretty tempting mark as he sits boldly there on the ground!"

"Well," said Hugh, drawing himself up very straight, "I guess I am no coward, if I am only a page! It's your right to cut his meat for him, but I'm going to take it to him!" And seizing the tray, he hurried off as fast as he could toward his royal master, a couple of squires following to do the carving.

As panting and breathless Hugh set the tray down in front of King Richard, the latter smiled his approval. "You

are a brave lad," he said, "and will make a good knight when you win your spurs." Hugh looked his delight as he stood by the King's side ready to give him any service. And he soon saw something to do. "Shall I pull some of the arrows from your armor, Sire?" he ventured to ask. "I think they will be in your way while you eat."

"Why, yes," said Richard, carelessly looking down at his hauberk bristling with arrows whose tips had stuck in the steel rings they could not pierce through, "I am as full of Saracen darts as a hedgehog of spines. But be quick about it! We have not much time to lose!"

Hugh tugged and pulled and got out the arrows that were most in the way; and then the moment the king had finished eating, off he flew with the tray, and quickly returning with an ewer and basin, poured water over his master's hands, drying them as usual on a napkin he had brought. When this was done, "Now scamper off, lad!" said Richard as, rising to his feet, he sprang on his horse.

The Saracens, who while "The Malek Ric" had been eating, had looked on in silent astonishment, now took this as a signal to renew the battle; and through all the long hot

afternoon it raged unceasingly. Again and again the forces of Saladin swept down upon them in furious charges, but nothing could daunt the courage of the crusaders who fought with their backs to the sea. At last, toward evening, baffled and discouraged, the fierce shouts of the Saracens died away, their brazen drums sounded a retreat, and they fled to the hills, leaving hundreds of their bravest warriors dead upon the field.

The final battle of Jaffa was over and the crusaders were the victors. It had been won by sheer bravery, a small band fighting against enormous odds. Of Richard's part in it, those who knew him best declared that for deeds of heroic daring and boldness no one had ever equaled him. The battle of Assur had been a fierce and courageous struggle, but the battle of Jaffa was longer and harder fought and the victory more amazing; and it was Richard's bravery and heroism that all day long kept up the courage of the rest. Indeed, it is no wonder that the name of the Lion Heart struck such terror to the Saracens that for years and years - perhaps they do so yet, for all I know - they made of him a bogie to frighten their children into obedience. If their little

ones were naughty, “Come,” they would say, “you had better mind quickly, or The Malek Ric will catch you!”

CHAPTER XII

The Return Home

The sultan was so mortified over his defeat at Jaffa that he shut himself up in his tent for three days and would see no one. When he recovered enough to talk to people again, Richard proposed a truce. He had tried to make a truce before, for he hated to go back to his kingdom unless he could leave the Christians in the Holy Land at peace, at least until he could start another crusade and come back again.

But Saladin had been unwilling to agree to Richard's terms. Now, however, subdued by the battle of Jaffa, he finally made the truce. For three years, three months, three weeks and three days (and three hours, three minutes and three seconds? Very likely, though history writers have forgotten to mention it) the Saracens were to let the cities alone which the crusaders had taken and where the garrisons were to stay, and pilgrims were to visit Jerusalem

and the Holy Sepulchre without being molested. There were many other terms to the truce, but never mind them here.

When at last all was arranged, Richard was once more ready to start for home, which he was anxious to reach as soon as possible, for the news from there was all the while worse and worse. He gave up his plan of attacking Beirut on the way, and also changed his mind about sailing on the Trenchmer with the little fleet of ships, for his enemies could then keep track of his movements and perhaps lay traps for him.

He decided instead to go back by land and in disguise, so he could reach home quietly and then make his plans as seemed best. Of course Hugh went with him? No; to the great sorrow of the boy and the regret of Richard himself, he could not take him. Why not? Well, that was because, as he was going disguised and did not wish more than one page attending him, he thought it better to take a boy who could speak German, as he would have to pass through Austria and Germany and did not know their language himself. Now one of the knights who had not yet sailed away happened to have such a page, so it was he who went with

the king; the latter, however, when he parted from Hugh, praised him warmly for the faithful service he had given, and especially for that night in the tent when the lad's watchfulness had saved his life. Then he gave him a wonderful jewel for his cap and a beautiful clasp for his cloak, and told him that when he returned to England he hoped, if possible, to take him again into his service.

Alas, Richard little guessed how long it would be before he reached his kingdom again! I have not time here to tell you of his thrilling adventures on the way home; of how, while passing through Austria, he was made prisoner by the spiteful Duke Leopold, who for two whole years kept him captive in a castle dungeon; nor of his romantic release through the singing of a song. But by and by you will read all this elsewhere, and when you have begun the story, I am sure you will find it so fascinating you will not stop till you have finished.

As for our two pages, after a safe voyage to the city of Marseilles, on the southern coast of France, they were obliged to part, though with many heartaches, for they cared greatly for each other. Raymond returned with Count

William, and Hugh went with a company of English knights through King Richard's French possessions and thence to England; and both lads took up the life they had left more than a year before. When they were old enough, Raymond received knighthood at the hands of his master; while to Hugh's great joy, it was his good fortune to kneel before King Richard, who, striking his shoulder lightly with his sword, pronounced the words, "In the name of God and St. Michael and St. George I dub thee knight!" Hugh's own sword, a fine Damascus blade with beautiful jeweled hilt and scabbard inlaid with gold and silver, was a gift from the king, as were also his handsome spurs. But the new-made knight was destined never again to follow his master to the Holy Land, as he had hoped. In the seven years since his return to England Richard had found such difficult affairs of his own to attend to that he had been unable to start another crusade as he had wished, and his death in France a year later forever put an end to his dreams.

What good did the crusades do? Well, that is a rather hard question to answer. You know I told you there were seven in all, the one of our story being the third; yet, though



“He gave him a wonderful jewel for his cap.”

none after the first succeeded in conquering Jerusalem, they did much for the world in other ways. The people of Europe and of Asia came to know each other better, and each learned many, many things from the other. And while it may seem strange to us that for hundreds of years so many men should flock so far, fight so bitterly and suffer so much for the sake of an empty tomb, even though the tomb of our Saviour, nevertheless, to them it was an ideal full of holiness and reverence. And no one can fight for a high ideal and be willing to lay down his life for it without being the better because of it. It is perhaps true that many took the cross more from a wish to win fame as soldiers than to save the Sepulchre; indeed, it is said by some that Richard himself did so. But we must remember that at the time of the crusades people cared much more for fighting for its own sake than we do today; and after all, it was but natural that the brave knights, and common soldiers, too, should want to gain glory, and no one has a right to say that they ever forgot the sacred cause for which they had come.

Hugh and Raymond, I am sure, never forgot their year in Palestine though they served there only as pages. And if

they met in after-life, as I dare say they did, they must have talked it over many times; and I am sure, too, that the memory of much they had seen there must have been an inspiration to them as long as they lived. For with all their quarrels and failures, the men of the third crusade and their lion-hearted leader left a lasting record of gallant and heroic deeds.

THE END.

Our Little Indian Cousin

(Our Little Native American Cousin)

Mary Hazelton Blanchard Wade

Illustrated by L.J. Bridgman



Yellow Thunder

Preface

Once upon a time, as you doubtless know, there were no white people in the Western world. In those days our Indian cousins were free to wander wherever they wished, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Some of them had their homes on the great plains, where herds of wild buffaloes supplied them with food and clothing. Others dwelt by the shores of lakes and rivers. Whenever they wished a change, they moved their camps from one spot to another. They had little to fear except the attacks of unfriendly tribes of their own race.

When the white men, with their greater skill and knowledge, came to America, many troubles began for our red cousins. These troubles were such as they had never known before. They were driven away from the homes that

were so dear to them. Great numbers were killed. Strong drink, given to them by the white strangers, was the ruin of thousands. Still others died from sickness and want.

The people whom we have called Indians ever since Columbus gave them that name now think with sadness of the old free and happy days before the white traders gave them beads and blankets in exchange for large tracts of land.

There were then no roads, no cities, no stores or factories in all this vast continent, and yet our red cousins were freer and happier than they can ever hope to be again.

Malden, Mass., May, 1904.

Yellow Thunder,
Our Little Indian Cousin

They call him Yellow Thunder. Do not be afraid of your little cousin because he bears such a terrible name. It is not his fault, I assure you. His grandmother had a dream the night he was born. She believed the Great Spirit, as the Indians call our Heavenly Father, sent this to her. In the dream she saw the heavens in a great storm. Lightning flashed and she constantly heard the roar of thunder. When she awoke in the morning she said, "My first grandson must be called 'Yellow Thunder.'" And Yellow Thunder became his name.

But his loving mamma does not generally call him this. When he is a good boy and she is pleased with him, she says, "My bird." If he is naughty, for once in a great while this happens, she calls him "bad boy."

For some reason I don't understand myself, she rarely speaks his real name. Perhaps it is sacred to her, since she believes it was directed by the Great Spirit.

Yellow Thunder lives in the forests of your own land, North America. His skin is a dull, smoky red, his eyes are black and very bright, his hair is black and coarse. His body is straight and well formed. He can run through the woods as quickly and softly as a deer. He lives in a bark house made by his mother. His father is strong and well, yet he did not help in building it. He thinks such work is not for men. It is fit only for women.

When I tell you how it is made, you will not think it is very hard work. Yellow Thunder's patient mamma chose the place for her home, and then gathered some long poles in the forest. She set these poles in a circle in the ground, bent them over at the top, and tied them. She left a small hole at the top. The framework of the house was now complete. What should she have for a covering? She went out once more into the woods and got some long sheets of white birch bark. At the end of each sheet she fastened a rim of cedar wood. The sheets of bark were hung on the framework, with

the rim at the bottom of each one, and the house was finished. The rim would be useful in keeping the bark from being lifted by the winds. But, if there should be a severe storm, the Indian woman would lay stones on the rims to keep the bark down more firmly still.

This is Yellow Thunder's simple home, summer and winter. You would probably freeze there in the cold days of December, but the Indian boy was brought up to endure a great deal of cold.

Let us look inside. We must first lift the deerskin which hangs in the doorway. Does the family sit on the cold, bare ground, do you think? Oh, no; Yellow Thunder has helped his mamma make good thick rugs out of the bullrushes and flags which they gather every autumn. These rugs are very pretty, for they are woven and dyed with the bright colours the Indian women know how to make. There are many of these mats, because they are used for many purposes. Yellow Thunder sleeps on one of them at night. In the day-time he sits on a mat whenever he is in the house. But he is such a strong lad, he is out-of-doors nearly all the time, both in sunshine and in storm.

In the middle of the house you will notice there is a bare spot covered with clean sand. This is the place where the fire is made. It is carefully swept when there is no fire. If you look directly over the fireplace, you can see the sky. On rainy days, unless the mother is cooking, she keeps the hole covered with a piece of deerskin, that the inside of the house may be dry.

But how does she prepare the food for breakfast, for that is the principal meal of the day to the Indian? A strong hook is fastened in the framework of the house, above the fireplace. The Indian mother hangs a pot on the hook, puts in the meat or fish, and it boils quickly over the burning twigs which her little boy has gathered.

Let us look around the wigwam. Of course, you have long ago heard that name for the Indian's house. What beautiful baskets of rushes those are! I wonder how the red men discovered the way of making such beautiful colours. Besides many other things, the jewelry and clothing of the whole family are kept in these baskets. Look up at the sides of the hut and notice the bows and arrows. And, yes! there is a real tomahawk, with its sharp edge sticking in that

corner. Ears of corn braided together are hanging from the framework.

But the prettiest thing we see is the baby's cradle, fastened to a peg. Two bright black eyes are looking out of it, and that is all we can see of Yellow Thunder's baby sister, "Woman of the Mountain." It took the loving mother a long time to make that cradle. She was very happy while doing it, for she loves her baby tenderly.

It is hardly right to call it a cradle. Baby-frame is a better name. It was made in three pieces, out of the wood of the maple-tree - a straight board about two feet long for the bottom, a carved foot-board, and a bow which is fastened to the sides and arches over the baby's head. These are all bound together with the sinews of a deer. It is lined with moss, and then Woman of the Mountain is fastened in her queer little bed with straps, which her mamma has made beautiful with bead work. Moss is placed between her feet, her hands are bound at her side, her feet are bound down also, and a beaded coverlet is placed over her tiny body. She looks like a little mummy.

If it is stormy she is hung up on a peg in the hut to swing,

but if it is a pleasant day, she swings on the branch of a tree and watches the leaves flutter and the birds sing. She is a happy little baby, although you would hardly think it possible. She got used to her imprisonment almost as soon as she was born. She doubtless thinks it is all right.

When mamma goes out into the forest to gather wood, or into the corn field to work, Woman of the Mountain goes too. The baby-frame is fastened on her mother's back by a pretty beaded strap bound over the woman's forehead.

When the Indian baby was only two days old, she was fastened into her cradle and carried all day on mamma's back while she was weeding the garden. To be sure, the woman stopped two or three times to feed her baby, but the little thing was not once taken out of her frame.

Perhaps you would like to hear a lullaby the Indian mamma often sings to her little one as she swings in her frame. I fear you could not understand the Indian words, so I will give them as Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith wrote them in English:

Swinging, swinging, lul-la-by,
Sleep, little daughter, sleep,



“She swings on the branch of a tree.”

'Tis your mother watching by,
Swinging, swinging, she will keep,
Little daughter, lul-la-by.

'Tis your mother loves you, dearest,
Sleep, sleep, daughter, sleep,
Swinging, swinging, ever nearest,
Baby, baby, do not weep;
little daughter, lul-la-by.

"Swinging, swinging, lul-la-by,
Sleep, sleep, little one,
And thy mother will be nigh -
Swing, swing, not alone -
Little daughter, lul-la-by."

You can understand from this how dearly the Indian mother loves her baby, - just as dearly, I do not doubt, as your own mamma has always loved and cared for you.

But what is Yellow Thunder's stern-looking father doing all the time? He has no store to keep, no mill to grind, no

factory to work in. There are only three things which deserve his attention. At least that is what he thinks. He hunts or fishes, goes to war, and holds councils with the men of his tribe. Everything else he believes is woman's work, and from the Indian's standpoint, woman is much beneath a man.

After all, the men's work is really the hardest. Sometimes it is easy for them to find plenty of food. Then Yellow Thunder's father comes home rejoicing with the big load he carries. Perhaps he has a red deer hanging over his shoulder; perhaps it is a bear which he has chased many miles before he could get near enough to kill it; or it may be some raccoons for a delicious stew.

But, again, it may be stormy weather. The rivers are frozen over and snow covers the ground. Then, perhaps, the hunter has little success with his bow and arrow, and searches long and far before he can find anything to satisfy his children's hunger. He feels sad, but not for a moment does he think of complaining or giving up. It is his duty to obtain food for his family. It does not matter how cold he gets or how wet he may be. He keeps travelling onward. He will not give up. If he does not at last get enough for all, he

will insist on his wife and children satisfying their hunger first. He would scorn to show that he himself is tired, or hungry, or suffering in any way.

We can understand now why the Indian baby is pinned down in its cradle and not allowed to move freely. It is its first lesson in endurance. It must learn to be uncomfortable and not to show that it is so. It must learn to bear pain, and neither cry nor pucker its mouth. It must learn to appear calm, no matter how it feels.

The hunt is pleasant sometimes, you see, but at others it is work of the hardest kind.

The second duty of the red boy's father is war. He must protect his home from human and wild beast enemies. But I'm really afraid that it is a pleasure for him to fight. If Indians had not been at war so much among themselves, it would have been far harder for the white people to conquer them. I suppose you children have all heard the story of the bundle of sticks, but I will repeat it.

A certain man was about to die. He gathered his sons around him to give them good advice. He showed them some sticks fastened tightly together. Then he asked each

one to try to break the bundle. No one could do it. When he saw that they failed, he separated the sticks, and showed them how easy it was to break each one by itself.

"Take a lesson from this," said the man. "If you are united and work together, you will succeed in anything you undertake, for no one can break your strength. If, however, you quarrel among yourselves and try to work each for himself, you will be like the separate twigs - easily broken."

It has been like this with the Indians. They have fought against each other tribe with tribe. They are very brave and have great courage. But they have not understood that they should work together. So the white man came and was able to conquer them.

Besides hunting and going to war, Yellow Thunder's papa is often busy in the council. All matters of business are settled here. New chiefs are chosen at the council; wrong-doers are punished according to what it decides, and treaties with other tribes or the white men are talked over and agreed upon. Sometimes a council will last many days. It is always opened with a prayer to the Great Spirit, thanking him for his good gifts to the people. Each evening, after the

business of the council is over, games are played by old and young. It is a time for feasting and pleasure. No business with other people is really settled by a council without gifts of wampum to bind the bargain. Of course you have heard about wampum. Perhaps you have been told it is the Indian's money. There are two kinds of wampum. One is purple and the other white. The white wampum is shaped into beads out of the inside of large conch shells, while the purple is made from the inside of the mussel shell. These beads are strung on deer's sinews and woven into belts. A belt of white wampum is a seal of friendship between two tribes. It is the same as a sacred promise which must not be broken. It is the most precious of all things an Indian owns.

Yellow Thunder's papa is very fond of tobacco. He always carries a beaded pouch filled with it. He believes that the Great Spirit gave tobacco to the Indian. When he smokes it, it opens a way through which he may draw near God, and be taught by him. His pipe and tobacco will be buried with him when he dies, as he thinks they will be needed on his journey toward heaven. He smokes at the council. He smokes around the camp-fire when he is away hunting. He

smokes in the evening time as he sits with his friends and tells stories of the chase or listens to legends of his people.

I hardly know what this Indian father would do without his pipe, as it seems to give him so much comfort and pleasure.

See! here he comes now. Yellow Thunder is at the door of the lodge, watching him as he walks quickly down the forest path. He is truly called a "brave." He looks as though he would fear no danger. How straight is his body, and how strong are his muscles!

He wears leggings of deerskin, finely worked with beads. They are fastened just above his knees. A short kilt is gathered around his waist. It is also made of deerskin, but is worked around the edge with porcupine quills stained in several colours. It is bitterly cold to-day, so he wears a blanket over his shoulders. His head is shaved bare, excepting the scalp-lock at the back. It must be this which makes him look so fierce.

I want you to notice his feet. They step softly and yet firmly. You could not walk as he does. Perhaps you have pointed shoes with high heels. The Indian would look with

scorn upon these. What! Cramp the toes with such uncomfortable things! Impossible! He covers his feet in the most sensible manner with the soft moccasins made by his wife. They fit his feet exactly. He can run like a deer, or creep along the ground like a wildcat in these coverings, and no one will hear him coming. Each moccasin is made of a single piece of deerskin, seamed at the heel and in front. The bottom is smooth and without a seam, while the upper part is worked with beads.

Yellow Thunder's good mamma uses a curious needle and thread. The needle is made from the bone of a deer's ankle, and her thread is of the sinews of the same animal. What would the Indian have done without the deer in the old days before the white man came to this country? I can't imagine, can you?

This animal furnished much of his food and clothing; ornaments were made of his hoofs; needles and many other things came from his bones. Even the brains of the creature were used in tanning skins of animals. They were mixed with moss, made into cakes, and dried in the sun. This mixture will keep a great length of time. Whenever it is needed, a

piece of this brain-cake is boiled in water, and the skin is soaked in it after the hair is scraped off. Then it is wrung out and stretched until it is dry. But even then the skin is not ready for use. It will tear very easily. It must be thoroughly smoked on both sides. This work all belongs to Yellow Thunder's mamma. His father has nothing to do with it.

Suppose we follow the red man into his home. Ugh! What a smoke there is inside! We can hardly see across the wigwam. We shall need to lie down on the mat as the Indian does. Our eyes will be blinded unless we do this. The wife has a good meal waiting for her husband, but she will not eat till he has finished. That is Indian good manners.

His wooden bowl and plate, together with a boiled corn-cake, are placed on the mat in front of the man. Venison stew is served him out of the big pot, and a dish of sassafras tea is also set before him. There is no milk to put into this queer drink, but if he wishes to sweeten it, he can add some delicious maple syrup. This is certainly not a bad meal for any one.

The red man eats and drinks, while scarcely a word is said to his waiting family. When he has finished his meal, he will

light his pipe for a quiet smoke, after which his wife and child satisfy their hunger.

Yellow Thunder's mamma knows how to prepare many a good dish. She can make several different kinds of corn bread. She prepares soups of deer and bear meat. She boils the hominy, on which our little red cousin pours the maple syrup. She makes teas of wild spices and herbs which grow near the hut. But these drinks are not likely to keep Yellow Thunder awake at night. Neither is there danger of his starving, so long as his father can hunt and his mother can gather her crops. His food is suited to make him strong and healthy, and he does not miss the dainties of which you are so fond.

The stern-looking father never thinks of interfering in the management of the home. That is his wife's right. She gives him his sleeping-place and the corner in which he shall put his belongings. She decides on what shall be cooked, and what shall be stored away. She is the ruler in the home.

But, on the other hand, he does not expect her to scold. She should always be obliging and happy in entertaining his friends. She should be ready to furnish him a good meal

whenever he comes home.

As yet, he does not take much notice of his only son. He does not correct the boy's faults. He seldom takes him on his hunts. He has left all care of the boy to his wife up to this time.

But Yellow Thunder is now twelve years old. He will soon be a man. In a year or two, at most, his father will begin to make a companion of his son in hunting and fishing. He will teach him the ways of a brave Indian warrior. Then there will be no more woman's work for Yellow Thunder.

When the time comes for this great change in his life, he will go out into the forest to fast. No one will insist on his doing this. He will himself desire it. It is the same as a baptism to a young Indian. His father will go with him to the lonely spot where he decides to stay. He will give his son wise words of counsel. He will urge him to be brave and keep his fast as long as possible. He will be able to show by this how much courage and spirit he possesses, and how great a man he desires to be. Then he will leave his son alone and go back to the village.

A day passes by, and Yellow Thunder grows faint. Two

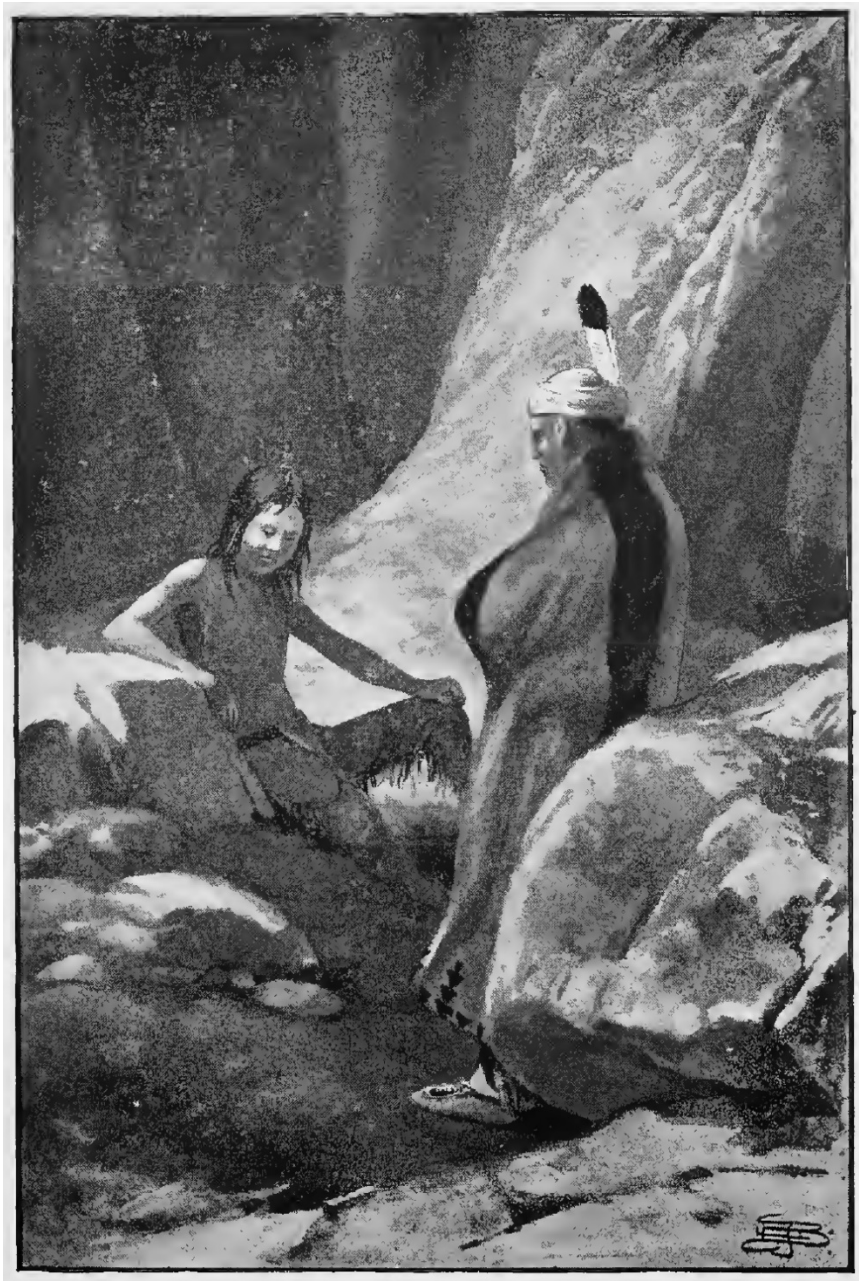
days now are gone, and the boy's thirst is intense. At the end of three days his father comes back and finds his son lying weak and dizzy beneath the trees. He gives him a little water, but no food, for Yellow Thunder says he can fast still longer.

The father goes away again, leaving the son to watch for the visions which will surely come. It will be decided now what the red boy's future will be. The longer he can fast, the greater man he will become among his people. No one can be a chief unless he has fasted many days at the beginning of his manhood.

We cannot tell what Yellow Thunder will be, but we know that his visions will always be remembered. He believes that his guardian spirits will appear in some form or another to him, and he will get instruction about his future life. He will endure his fast bravely as long as possible.

It sometimes happens that Indian boys die at this time of fasting, but we feel sure that Yellow Thunder will live and be a joy to his parents to the end of their lives.

But how is the Indian mother preparing him for this great test? She teaches him, first of all, to obey. In no other way would it be possible for him to become a great man. He



“He will give his son wise words of counsel.”

must heed everything that his father and mother tell him. He must always be ready to do their bidding. It is the greatest token of rudeness to appear curious, therefore he must ask no questions. He must love the truth. A lie is almost unknown among the Indians; they scorn it as the mark of a cowardly and mean nature. He must be brotherly to all creatures, and ready to give to others always.

Yellow Thunder has never seen a pauper or beggar in his life. Whenever any one comes to his home, his mother hastens at once to prepare food for the visitor. It is almost a law to her to do so. If relatives should come for a visit, they will be made welcome and allowed to stay as long as they desire. If they should remain for the rest of their lives, they would never be asked to leave. "Be hospitable to all," is a maxim planted in the heart of every Indian child.

Yellow Thunder is taught that everything should be shared in common. The Indian does not say, "My land." It is always "Ours." The people of a tribe are truly brothers to each other.

The red boy's mamma does not need to teach him that theft is wrong. It is almost unknown among his people. The

idea of doing such an unbrotherly thing does not enter their heads. No wonder there are neither poorhouses nor prisons among these people. We call them savages, but there are many things we could copy with profit from them. Don't you think so, children?

"Live and learn," is an old saying, and I think we would do well to remember it when we read the lives of our cousins in many lands.

Yellow Thunder does not go to church or Sunday school. I doubt if Sunday is any different to him from any other day. But his mamma has taught him that there is one loving Heavenly Father for all. If Yellow Thunder is good and brave, he will go to the "happy hunting-grounds" when he dies. At least, this is what he is taught to believe. There will be enough food and an abundance of animals to kill. Everything that the Indian loves best to do in this life, he thinks can be found in his heaven. But there is no place there for the white man. George Washington was the only white man who ever lived whom they thought fit to enter their paradise. The exception was made in his case because he was brave and good, and treated the Indians fairly and

justly. Yellow Thunder's mother often tells him of a prophecy which was made long ago by the wise men of her tribe. They said that a great monster, with white eyes, would come out of the East and consume the land. Did the prophecy come true, you ask? Yes, my dears, it was the white race. When Yellow Thunder thinks of the great forests which his people once owned, and of the numbers of animals roaming there, when he remembers the wars which have been fought and lost with the "great monster," his heart grows bitter.

Don't blame him, children, but feel sorry for your little Indian cousin. His people have certainly had a hard time. They have been very cruel in warfare with us, but they felt they were treated unjustly, and we were taking their homes away from them.

Yellow Thunder believes in the Great Father, as I have told you. His mother has also taught him that there are many spirits, both good and bad. God made the good spirits to help him in his care of this great world. The Indian believes that the wind is a spirit of great power. The thunder is another spirit, whom he calls Heno. Heno makes the

clouds and the rain. It is he who forms the thunderbolt and sends it to destroy the wicked.

The Great Spirit is very kind to give men such a helper, and when the harvest time comes, Yellow Thunder gives him thanks and prays to him that he will continue to send Heno into the world.

There is an old legend among the Indians that Heno once dwelt in a cave behind Niagara Falls. The mighty rushing noise of the water was pleasing to him.

Yellow Thunder pictures the Spirit of the Winds to himself. This spirit has the face of an old man who is always in the midst of discord, for the four winds are never at peace with each other.

Then there are the spirits of Corn, of Beans, and of Squash. Each one of these is looked upon as a friend of the red race, for these vegetables are prized by them above all others.

It is believed that these spirits have the forms of beautiful women, and that they dwell happily together and are very fond of each other.

There are many other good spirits. The red boy feels their

presence in the forests and out upon the waters. They are ever around him to protect him when he is good. But, if he should be bad? Ah! There are many evil spirits, too, who are only too ready to work mischief and harm among men, if they have the chance.

Yellow Thunder believes that animals have souls, only they are not as wise as men. Sometimes, when they have done great wrongs, men have been changed into animals. Our cousin thinks the wolf was once a little boy like himself, but the poor little fellow was neglected by his parents, and was transformed into an animal. The raccoon was once a shell on the seashore. What curious ideas these are! Where do you suppose they came from before they lived in the minds of the red race?

While we are speaking of these things, I will stop and tell you of something that happened at Yellow Thunder's house the other day. His father, Black Cloud, came home from the hunt bringing a big black bear. It was so heavy that two other men had to help in carrying it. They had discovered the creature in a hollow tree and had easily killed it. But now comes the amusing part of the story. As soon as the bear was

laid down in front of the hut, Yellow Thunder and his mamma went up to it and began to kiss and stroke the dead animal's head. Black Cloud did the same, and then they all begged the bear's pardon for having killed it. Black Cloud said, "I would not have done so, had we not needed food, so I know you will forgive me."

Then the head of the bear was cut off and laid on one of the best mats. It was decorated with all the jewelry owned by the family. There were silver armlets and bracelets, as well as belts and necklaces of wampum. Tobacco was placed in front of its head, while each one in turn lighted a pipe and blew the smoke into the bear's nostrils. This was to turn away its anger from those who had killed it. Black Cloud then made a speech to the bear.

I suppose these people believed that the spirit of some human being had come to live in the animal's body, and they looked upon it as a friend whom they were forced to kill.

After all this ceremony, the fat of the bear was boiled down to oil, the meat was cut up and dried for future use, while the head was put into the pot to cook for dinner. I do

not doubt that when the bear stew was served, Yellow Thunder did not give a single thought to the idea of eating a friend. He had done his duty in asking its forgiveness, and that was enough.

What kind of a school does Yellow Thunder attend? It is a very large one. It covers the forests, the rivers, and the lakes. And who is his teacher? The very same one who gives so many lessons to Anahei in the hot land of Borneo, so far away. Dame Nature is her name. She is usually loving and kind, but sometimes she shows her anger in the storms and winds which rage about our little cousins.

The lessons which Yellow Thunder learns are very different from those given Anahei, for they live in vastly different climates. Anahei, you remember, is near the equator, while Yellow Thunder lives in the temperate lands. He learns from the ice and the snow, he sees different animals, plants, and trees.

He is quicker, stronger, and brighter than Anahei, for the cold winters make him so. His eyes are very sharp, his ears will hear sounds that yours would not notice, his feet can travel many miles without his having a thought of being

tired.

He has no compass, and yet he can journey in the forest in any direction he may choose without losing his way. How does he do it? He has learned to notice that the tops of the pine-trees generally lean toward the rising sun. He has discovered that moss grows toward the roots of the trees on their north side, while the largest branches of trees are usually found on the south side of their trunks.

In fact, Yellow Thunder has learned so many of Nature's secrets that, if he should reveal them all, they would fill many books.

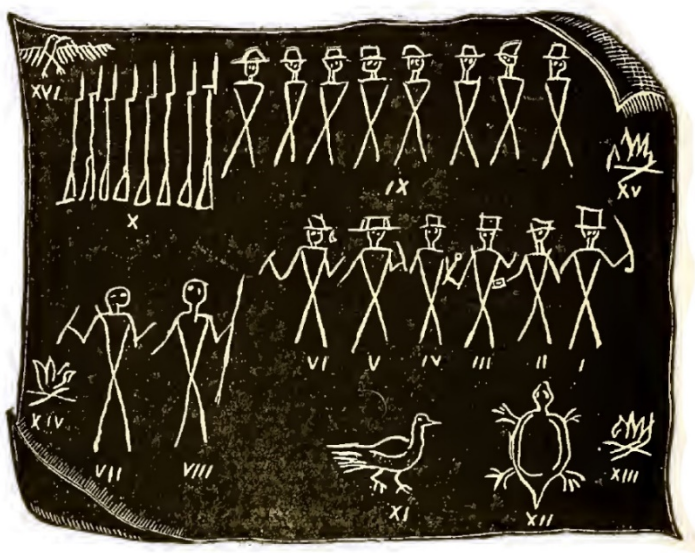
This cousin of yours knows nothing about writing as you understand it. He puts all his stories into pictures. He could send you a letter with two or three pictures, telling a long, long story, but I don't believe you could understand one quarter of it. His little Indian friends would be able to read it all at a glance.

Their eyes are well trained, although they know nothing about your alphabet or vertical penmanship.

Black Cloud often finds a bark picture hanging to some tree while he is hunting. It is better than any guide-post such

as we make, because it will tell him so much. He will know from it that other red men have journeyed this way, and what kind of experience they had. Perhaps it will warn him of danger, or explain to him the best direction to go if he wishes to find more game.

You may like to see such a picture. I will copy one which Mr. Henry Rowe Schoolcraft saw while he was living among the Indians. He was exploring the country with a party of white men and two Indian guides. They lost their way during the day and camped out all night in a deep forest. Before they went away on the next morning, the Indian guides hung this picture on a tree:



They thought it might be of use to others passing there.

Figure I is the officer who commanded the party. You may know this because he carries a sword. II has a book in his hand. This shows he is the secretary. III carries a hammer, because he is a geologist. IV and V are attendants. VI is the man who interprets to the party the words of the Indian guides. The group of eight figures marked IX consists of soldiers. Their muskets stand in the corner, and are marked X. VII and VIII are the two Indian guides. You will notice that they are drawn with no hats, which shows at once that they are not white men. XIII, XIV, and XV represent fires, showing that each separate group - officers, soldiers, and Indian guides - had a separate one. Figures XI and XII are the pictures of a prairie-hen and a tortoise, which were the only game they had been able to kill that day. The pole to which the piece of bark was fastened leaned in the direction which the party was going to travel. There were three notches in the pole to show the distance they had already journeyed.

Yellow Thunder learns to read these bark pictures, and also to make them himself. He enjoys this work very much,

and can tell a long story quickly. If I were you, I would write him a letter and ask him to answer it in his own way.

This cousin of yours has many things to keep him busy. I have already told you of the mats and baskets which he helps his mother in making. He goes with her to get the bark which she will use in mending the wigwam and making many useful things.

He makes barrels out of red elm bark in which to store groundnuts, corn, and beans. He cuts ladles out of wood, which the family will use in eating their soup and hominy. On the end of each ladle Yellow Thunder carves the figure of some animal. Perhaps it is a beaver or a squirrel. He does it very neatly. Whatever the Indian boy does, he does well.

Yellow Thunder makes sieve-baskets out of splint. His mother can sift the corn-meal through one of these as nicely as your mamma can do it with her wire sieve.

He makes salt-bottles out of corn-husks, wooden bowls and pitchers, and many other things for the simple housekeeping. All this work is done during the cold winter months, while his mother is making moccasins and kilts for his father and himself.

When spring opens, she must till the ground for her corn, and Yellow Thunder can now be of great help. She will miss him greatly when he begins to hunt with his father. She will then have all this work to do alone.

I wish you could see the Indian woman's garden. It is kept so carefully, I don't believe you would be able to find a weed. Yellow Thunder's mother did a queer thing the first night after it was planted. She stole out of the wigwam alone into the darkness. She went behind a bush, and took off all her clothing. Taking her skirt in her hand, she ran swiftly around the field of corn, dragging the garment after her. She believed this would keep away all insects which might destroy the crop, and that now it would be sure to yield well. For what a sad thing it would be if winter should come with no bread to eat through the long months!

Yellow Thunder is very fond of his mother's corn bread. The corn is first hulled by boiling in ashes and water. The tough skin will now slip off easily. After being washed and dried, it is pounded in a mortar into flour. Then it is sifted and made into cakes about an inch thick. These cakes are dropped into boiling water, and are quickly made ready for

our red cousin to eat. Since he was a baby, he has lived almost entirely on corn bread, together with the game and fish which his father brings home.

Yellow Thunder eats something on his corn cakes which you like as much as he does himself. It is maple syrup. The sugar which his mother makes from it is the only kind he has ever tasted in his life. It is his work to tap the trees in the spring, and bring home the jars of sap, which his mother will boil down to syrup and sugar.

When her husband goes out on a long hunt, he must take food with him, as it may be a long time before he gets any game. He cannot carry the boiled corn cakes, as they would soon crumble and grow sour. His good wife roasts some corn until it is quite dry. She pounds it into powder and mixes it with maple sugar. It is packed away in Black Cloud's bearskin pocket. He need not worry about hunger now, even if he is away from home many days. He has everything he needs to keep hunger away.

Yellow Thunder is very proud of the beautiful canoe he has just finished. He had to search a long time before he was able to find a tree which suited him. He wanted to make his

canoe of birch bark because it is much lighter than the bark of the elm- tree, of which his father's boat is made.

He needed a strip at least twelve feet long, because the canoe must be made of one piece. Two of his boy friends went with him and they at last obtained a strip which was just right. They helped him bend it into shape, until the side pieces came together in two pointed ends. How do you suppose they fastened the edges together? They made thread out of the bark itself, and with this Yellow Thunder sewed the pieces together.

He next got strips of white ash for the rim of his canoe, because the wood of that tree is very elastic. The boat must be made stronger still with ribs of the ash, and the work is done.

The canoe is a little beauty. It is so light that the red boy can lift it out of the water and carry it with the greatest ease from place to place. I wish you could see him as he shoots down the river in his boat. He moves so rapidly, he will be out of sight in a few minutes.

The Indians of the northwestern part of our country used to make their canoes of cedar logs. The cedar trees

there grow so large that canoes eighty feet long, and large enough to hold one hundred men, were made of a single piece. One was exhibited at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. It was twelve feet wide.

Yellow Thunder has taken his bow and arrows with him to-day, as he may come upon a flock of wild ducks. He would like to surprise his mother with some birds for supper.

He can shoot well. He will not fail to secure some game. He has practised archery ever since he was a tiny little fellow. He would feel himself disgraced forever if he should disappoint his father when they go out to hunt.

I can't tell you how many bows and arrows he has already made in his lifetime. He has now grown so large and strong that he uses a bow three and a half feet long. It has such a difficult spring that I fear you could not bend it far, but Yellow Thunder can set his arrow to the head with ease. But it takes skill and great strength to do it.

Perhaps you wonder why the arrow is feathered at the end. This will make it go straight ahead in the direction in which it is sent. Sometimes Yellow Thunder uses arrowheads cut out of flint. They are dangerous things, and



“He shoots down the river.”

will kill deer and even men. Indians have often been known to place poison on the arrow-heads they used in warfare. The agonies of the men who were shot by them were terrible indeed.

Black Cloud has not been to war since Yellow Thunder was born. There are so few of the red race now, and the numbers of the white men are so great, that there is not much chance of warfare.

However, many stories are told in Black Cloud's lodge of the good old days when the war-whoop was commonly heard and the tomahawk and scalping-knife were in constant use. Yellow Thunder often passes by the grave of a great Indian chief, and thinks about that hero's bravery in battle. This grave is reverently marked and carefully fenced in. The boy wishes he had a chance to leave such a memory.

At the head of the grave there is a stick with the figure of a wolf carved upon it. It is the symbol, or "totem" of the chief's tribe. Below the wolf there are many strokes of red paint, which Yellow Thunder likes to count, for each stroke tells of a scalp taken in warfare.

Not many miles up the river above Yellow Thunder's

home, beavers are hunted. Black Cloud likes to catch them, because their flesh is good to eat, and the skin is covered with fine fur. Last winter he allowed his son to go with himself and a party of men to hunt for this clever little creature.

Yellow Thunder believes that the beavers were once people and able to speak like himself. But they were too wise, so the Great Spirit took away this power and changed them into these animals.

I wonder if you have ever seen a beaver's house. He usually makes it of the young wood of birch or pine trees, and builds it a short way out in the river, so that it is surrounded by water. He shows a great deal of skill in making his home. It has a roof shaped like a dome. It reaches three or four feet above the surface of the water.

There are generally only two young beavers in the family. The first year they live with their parents. The second year they have a room built next to the main house for their special use. By this time they are old enough to help their father and mother get food. They eat great quantities of roots and wood, but they like the wood of the birch and

poplar trees best of all.

When the young beavers are two years old, they leave their old home, and choose a new place in which to build houses for themselves. Once in a great while, hunters find beavers that the Indians call "old bachelors." This is because they live alone, build no houses, but make their homes in holes they find, or dig out for themselves.

The beaver always makes holes in the banks of the river near his house. The entrance to such a hole is below the surface of the water, so that if the beaver is attacked in his house, he can flee for safety to his hiding-place in the bank.

Now let us return to Yellow Thunder and his beaver hunt. It was a bitter cold day and the river was frozen over in some places, but that would be so much the better if the hunters hoped to secure their game. They journeyed by the riverside for several miles. There was a heavy fall of snow, but they moved along quickly with the help of their snowshoes, till one of the men whispered: "I see it. Stop!"

Sure enough! A few feet away from them and from the bank rose the roof of a dam above the ice. One of the men tried the ice and found it was thick enough to bear them.

Yellow Thunder was told to remain where he was on the bank, while the rest of the party took heavy tools in their hands and went over to the beavers' house. They quickly destroyed it. But the beavers? What had become of them? They did not stay in their house to have it broken down over their heads. They were too wise. When the first alarm was given, they hurried through the water, under the icy covering of the river, to a hiding-place in the bank. They had made it long ago to be ready in case of danger.

Would the Indians succeed in finding them? Remember that nothing could be seen to show where the beavers had gone. The hunters crept along the ice on the edges of the river, and kept striking it with their mallets. If they should hear a hollow sound as they struck the ice, they would know they had discovered the beavers' hiding-place.

Ah! sure enough! It is Yellow Thunder himself who says: "Quick, father, come here; I have found it. I know this is a hole because of the noise the water makes underneath. Beavers are breathing there, or it would not move so quickly."

Black Cloud hurries to the spot and the ice is cracked in

an instant. Yes, his son is right. A family of beavers is inside the hole. They must be taken quickly, or they will escape. There is but one way to do it. The hunter must reach his hands into the hole and pull the animals out. Their teeth are very sharp, and they will do their best to bite him, but Black Cloud does not think of that. He is quickly at work and pulls out one after another.

There are four beavers in all - two old ones and their young about two years of age. They are soon killed and ready to be skinned. How beautiful and glossy the fur is! It is at its very best in midwinter.

This has been a fine day's sport, and Black Cloud has received only one bad bite in his wrist. It must cause him a good deal of pain, yet he does not show that he feels any. He binds up his wrist, and nothing is said about it.

When they reach home Yellow Thunder's mamma will take the tails of the beavers and put them in the pot to boil. The Indians think they are a great delicacy. They will make a feast, to which Black Cloud has gone to invite his friends.

His wife is standing in the door of the wigwam, waiting for the return of her husband and son. She has dressed

herself with great care to-day, and has a really beautiful costume. Just imagine your mamma in a dress like hers. She wears long leggings of red cloth reaching from above her knees down over her moccasins. They are worked with beads around the edges.

A long time ago the Indian women made their clothing of deerskins and embroidered them with porcupine quills, but nowadays they buy cloth and beads of the white traders in exchange for furs.

Over the woman's leggings a long blue skirt reaches from her waist nearly to the ground. This, also, is embroidered with beads in a flower pattern. And last, but not least, she wears a bright calico overdress which reaches from her throat to a short distance below her waist, is also beaded, and is gathered in at the belt.

I must not forget to mention her glass necklace, large silver earrings, and the shoulder ornaments of woven grass and beadwork.

She is a graceful woman, and it is pleasant to look at her with the sunset light upon her black hair and eyes.

When her little boy was six years old he was very sick. His



"His wife is standing in the door of the wigwam."

cheeks burned with fever. He could not lift his head from the mat on which he lay. His dear mamma scarcely left his side through the long hours of the day. She tried to soothe him with low, sweet songs, but it was in vain. The fever grew stronger and fiercer. Black Cloud came home at night.

Looking at his little son, he said, "The medicine-man must come. He will cure him."

The medicine-man was at once sent for. He is a very important person among the Indians. He is considered very wise. He is thought to have wonderful dreams and to get instruction from the Great Spirit. The red people think he can cure sickness, unless it is the will of the Great Spirit for the patient to die.

The medicine-man always carries a bag of charms to help him in making his cures. I do not doubt you would laugh at the collection in the bag, if you had a chance to peep in, but no good Indian has a thought of doing such a thing. It is believed to be holy, and nothing inside should be looked upon except as the medicine-man draws it out to work his cures.

There are medicines, the carved figures of different

animals, the bones of others, and I don't know how many other queer things.

Poor little Yellow Thunder looked up with delight as the great man entered the hut. He believed that he would soon be well and ready to work and play once more.

The medicine-man ordered first that a dog be sacrificed. Next, that the family prepare a great feast for themselves. These things would help to satisfy the Great Spirit and turn away his anger. But this was not all. He took out a rattle from his bag. It was made of the dried hoofs of deer fastened to a stick. He began to sing, beating time with his rattle, and striking himself violent blows. The singing grew louder and louder. The rattle made a fearful din.

How did our poor sick cousin stand it? I'm sure I can't tell. The little fellow lay with closed eyes and hardly moved. This queer doctor at length stopped his song and got ready to go away. He told Yellow Thunder's papa that his son would be sure to get well. And you know already from my story that our red cousin did get over his sickness, and grew to be a big, strong boy. Whether the treatment he got was any help, or whether Mother Nature did all the work, I leave

you to decide for yourselves. I have my own opinion in the matter.

Yellow Thunder is very fond of music. I wonder what he would think of a church organ or grand piano. His own instruments are very simple. He made them himself. He has a tambourine on which he often plays in the evening while other children dance. He cut a section of wood from a hollow tree and stretched a skin over it, and his instrument was made.

He also has a flute. It was a little more work for the red boy to make this. He carved two pieces of cedar in the shape of half cylinders, and fastened them together with fish glue. He next hunted about in the woods for a snake. After he had found one and killed it, he took off the skin and stretched it over the wood. Eight holes were then made in the instrument, as well as a mouthpiece like that of a flageolet.

When Yellow Thunder blows upon this flute, it makes soft and sweet music. It lay by his side when he was sick with the fever, and as soon as he was strong enough to sit up, he amused himself by playing some simple tunes his mamma

had taught him.

Our little friend is very fond of dancing. His people have so many dances that I shall have to tell you about some of them.

They believe the Great Spirit gave them the gift of dancing. They have a Dance for the Dead, a Medicine Dance, the War-dance, the Dance of Honour, and I don't know how many others. In some of them only men take part, and they have special costumes, while in others there are none but women. It seems as though there were always something happening among the Indians to give them a good reason to dance.

The War-dance is only performed in the evening and always on some important occasion.

Fifteen or twenty men are usually chosen, one of whom must be the leader. All appear in costume and wear knee rattles of deer's hoofs. When the time draws near, the people gather in the council-house and wait quietly for the dancers to arrive. A keeper-of-the-faith rises and makes a short speech on the meaning of the dance. Hark! The war-whoop sounds outside! It is heard again, and still again. The

band is drawing near. Ah! here they come at last.

To our eyes they look hideous in their war- paint and feathers, but to the crowd of eager Indians who are waiting, they appear very fair, indeed.

They march in and form a circle. The war-whoop is sounded again by the leader, and answered by the rest of the dancers. At a given sign, the singers commence the war-song, the drums beat, and the dancers begin to move. They come down on their heels again and again with the greatest force, keeping time to the beating of the drums. The knee rattles make noise enough of themselves. The din is fearful.

The dancers change their positions continually. At the same moment you will see some of them with their arms raised as though to attack, others in the act of drawing the bow, others again appear to be throwing the tomahawk, or striking with the war-club. Every position possible in battle is taken.

Each one is full of the excitement of the moment. The wild music and dancing last for about two minutes. For the next two minutes the dancers walk around in a circle to the slow beating of the drums. Then there is another war-

whoop, which is followed by another dance and song.

The dance is often stopped by a tap upon the ground by one of the audience. He wishes to make a short speech. It, maybe, is a funny one to make everybody laugh. Or perhaps the speaker wishes to inspire the people to nobler lives or to greater love for their race. He can say anything he chooses, on condition that at the end of the speech he makes a present to one of the dancers. This speech gives the dancers a chance to rest, and at the same time keeps the people interested.

The evening is full of entertainment, and passes only too quickly. I'm afraid, however, if you were present you would be more frightened than amused by such wild music and motions.

Another strange dance which is performed among Yellow Thunder's people is called the Dance for the Dead. Only women take part in it. It is generally given every spring and fall, in honour of those of the tribe who have died. The Indians believe that at these times their dead friends come back, and join in the dance.

The music is sad, and the movements of the dancers are

slow and mournful. This strange dance is kept up from dusk till the early morning. It is believed that the dead friends who have been present must then go back to the happy hunting-grounds.

I haven't said very much as yet about our red cousin's playmates and sports. They have many good times together. They have a great number of games and many matches of strength and quickness.

Yellow Thunder loves his ball game as much as you boys love baseball. He and his friends often prepare for a game by a special diet and training for days beforehand. Crowds gather from neighbouring tribes and villages to see the sport. Those who take part wear no clothing except a waist-cloth. The ball is small and is made of deerskin.

A large open field is chosen, and two gates are made on opposite sides of it. Each gate is made by setting two poles three rods apart. Six or eight boys play on a side and own one of the gates. The game is won by the side which first carries the ball through its own gate a certain number of times. The white men learned this game from the Indians, and it is a great favourite with them in some parts of the

country, especially in Canada. It is now called "lacrosse," but its name in the language of the Iroquois Indians was O-ta-da-jish-qua-age.

Black Cloud has as much interest as Yellow Thunder in the game, and often takes part in it with his friends. You can hardly believe how excited these red men get when they are preparing for a set game of ball.

The javelin game is another of the boy's favourites. It is quite simple, and yet one needs to be very skillful. Rings about eight inches across, and javelins five or six feet long are needed in playing it. While a ring is set rolling upon the ground by one person, a player on the other side throws the javelin and tries to hit it. If he succeed, the ring is set up as a target, and each one on the opposite side must throw a javelin and try to hit it. If he fail, he loses his javelin. Victory belongs to the side which wins the most javelins.

The favourite game in winter is that of snow snakes. The snakes are made of hickory. They are from five to seven feet long. The head of the snake is round and pointed with lead. It is about an inch wide and slightly turned up. The snake is made so that it tapers toward the tail, which is only about

half an inch wide.

Yellow Thunder has practised so much that he can throw his snake with great skill. It skims along the snow crust like an arrow. He has won many a game this winter and his father is very proud of him, because it takes a great deal of strength and training to be a good player.

There are many other games played by the Indian men and boys, but I shall have to tell you about them some other time.

I hear one of my little friends say: "I wonder if my red cousin has any holidays. He certainly cannot understand the glorious Fourth, and I don't believe he ever heard of Christmas. How does he get along?"

Why, my dear children, I can't stop to tell you of all the feasts and festivals to which the boy is invited. On every possible occasion a feast is given by some one in the village. For instance, if the men are very successful in one of their hunts, and come home laden down with a good supply of deer, raccoon, or bear, some one of them prepares a feast.

How you would laugh to see them gathering at a party. Each one carries his own wooden bowl and plate, for that is

the custom. I mean that each man does this, for the women are not expected to sit down. They only stand around and laugh at the bright sayings they hear. They must not even join in the conversation. They seem to think that they are having a good time, however, and when the feast is over go back to their own wigwams, repeating to each other the good things they have heard. The men remain to smoke and tell more stories.

Sometimes a feast is prepared on purpose for the young people. At such a time some one who is much older than themselves makes a speech. He encourages his young friends to be nobler, braver, and better than ever before. It seems as though Yellow Thunder could never forget the good words he has heard at these feasts. Whenever he feels like showing pain or being ill-tempered, he recollects them, and they help to keep him calm.

Each season of the year has its special festival. The longest of all is the new year jubilee, which lasts seven days. It takes place in the middle of the winter, about the first of February. Several days before the beginning of the celebration, our little cousin gathers with his people in the

council-hall. They must confess their sins to each other before the new year opens. Yellow Thunder thinks over everything which he has done, or not done as he ought, during the past year. He does not wish to forget anything.

When the great day arrives, two keepers-of-the-faith come to his home early in the morning. It is their duty to go to every other wigwam, too. They are dressed up in such a way that Yellow Thunder cannot tell who they are. They wear bear or buffalo skins wrapped around their bodies, and fastened about their heads with wreaths of corn husks. They also wear wreaths of corn husks around their arms and ankles. Their faces are painted in all sorts of queer ways. They carry corn pounders in their hands.

As they enter the hut, they bow to the family, and one of them strikes the ground with his corn pounder. When every one is silent, he makes a speech, urging them to clean their house, put everything in order, and prepare for the festivities of the next few days. If any one in the family should be taken sick and die, he urges them not to mourn till the ceremonies which the Great Spirit has commanded are over. You can see from this that the Indian's religion is carried into

everything he does.

After a song of thanksgiving, the keepers-of-the-faith leave Yellow Thunder's home and pass on to the next one. In the afternoon they come back again, and urge the family to give thanks to the Great Spirit for the return of the season.

The little boy is most excited on this first day of the festival by the strangling of the White Dog. It must be spotless, if possible. White is the emblem of purity and faith. A white deer or squirrel, or any other animal that is pure white, is thought to be sacred to the Great Spirit.

The dog, which has been carefully kept for this purpose, is killed with the greatest care. Otherwise it would not be a fitting sacrifice. Not a drop of blood must be shed. Not a bone must be broken. When it is quite dead, it is trimmed with ribbons and feathers, and spotted in different places with dabs of red paint. Then it is hung up by its neck on a pole. It must stay there till the fifth day. At that time it will be taken down to be burned.

On the second day, Yellow Thunder is dressed up in his very best, and goes out with his father and mother to make

calls on his neighbours. The keepers-of-the-faith come to his house three times during the day. They are now dressed up as warriors with all their war-paint and feathers. One of them stirs up the ashes in the fireplace and sprinkles them about. As he does this, he makes a speech, thanking the Great Spirit that the family, as well as himself, have been allowed to live another year to take part in the festival. There is another song of thanksgiving and they go away.

On the third and fourth days small dancing parties go from home to home. One party will perform the war-dance, another the feather-dance, still another the fish-dance, and so on. This year Yellow Thunder's father let him join a party of boys to give the war-dance. They had great fun dressing up as warriors and decking themselves with paint and feathers. They went from home to home till they had danced in every hut in the village. They were tired enough to sleep soundly when night came.

I must tell you of some more sport they had during the festival. Some of the boys dressed in rags and paint, put on false faces and formed a "thieving party," as it was called. They went about collecting things for a feast. An old woman

carrying a large basket went with them. If the family they visited made them presents, they handed them to the old woman and gave a dance in return for the kindness. But if no presents were given, they took anything they could seize without being seen. If they were discovered, they gave them up, but if not, it was considered fair for them to carry the things away for their feast.

Yellow Thunder had great fun hiding the stolen articles in his clothing. He was not once caught.

Every night was given up to dancing and other entertainments. Our Indian cousin got time for a game of snow snakes nearly every day.

On the morning of the fifth day the White Dog was burned. A procession was formed, the men marching in Indian file. Listen! A great sound is heard. It is something like the war-whoop. It is the signal to start. The dead dog is carried to the altar on a bark litter in front of the procession. The sacrifice is laid upon the altar. The fire is kindled. As the flames rise, a prayer is made to the Great Spirit for all his good gifts to the Indians. The trees and the bushes, the sun and the winds, the moon and the stars - none are



“They . . . danced in every hut in the village.”

forgotten that have helped to make the world better to live in.

As the sacrifice burns upon the altar, Yellow Thunder listens to the long prayer with reverence. He believes that the dog's soul is now rising to the Great Spirit. It will be a proof to Him of the faith of His people, for the day itself is the day of faith and trust.

During the rest of the festival there is more dancing and more feasting, while favourite games are played by old and young.

"Oh, what a good time it is," thinks Yellow Thunder; "how happy we all should be that the new year has come." And what a tired boy sleeps on Yellow Thunder's mat when the seven days of this glorious time are over. The Fourth of July celebration is slight indeed compared with it.

Yellow Thunder begins already to look forward to the first festival of the springtime. It is called by the Indians "Thanks to the Maple." I don't dare to give it to you in their own language. You would only scowl and say, "Oh, dear! what's the use? I can't pronounce those long words, and I will not try."

Just as soon as the first warm days arrive, the red boy's eyes begin to watch the maple-trees. He wishes to be the first one to discover that the sap has started and is beginning to flow. Then hurrah for a holiday for old and young! Thanks must be given to the tree that gives so much sweetness to boys and girls. The Great Spirit must be thanked, also, for he gave the maple to the poor Indian.

There must be more feasting and story-telling, more games and dancing. Tobacco must be burned as an offering to the Great Spirit, and prayers must be said. The great feather dance will be the best thing of all. It is very graceful and beautiful, and the band of dancers will wear costumes which belong only to this dance.

You certainly cannot wonder that Yellow Thunder enjoys this festival. I don't doubt you would like to be there, also, as well as at the green corn feast, and many others.

At these times your red cousin's heart is full of gladness and gratitude for the great gifts the Great Spirit has given him.

It is evening time. Let us creep up softly behind him as he listens to a legend one of the story-tellers of the tribe is

repeating. It is the tale of the Lone Lightning.

Once upon a time there was a poor little boy who had no father or mother. He lived with an uncle who did not love him. This cruel man made the child do many hard things and did not give him enough to eat. Of course the child did not grow properly. He was very thin and pitiful to look upon. After awhile the cruel uncle grew ashamed of the appearance of the boy. Every one could see that he was ill-treated.

He said to himself, "I will give the child so much to eat that he will die. I hate him!" Then he went to his wife and said, "Give the boy bear's meat, and choose the fat of it for him."

They kept cramming the child. When they were stuffing the food down his throat one day, he almost choked. Poor little fellow! There was no one who cared for him or wished him to live. He knew it only too well.

The first chance he obtained, he ran away. He did not know where to go, but wandered around in the forest. Night came. Wild beasts would now begin to roam about. They would get him and eat him. The little boy was afraid when

he thought of all this. He climbed up in a tree as far as he dared, and went to sleep in a fork of the branches. He had a wonderful dream. It was an omen given to him by the spirits.

It seemed as though some one appeared to him from out of the sky. He spoke to the orphan, and said, "Poor child, I know all about your hard life and your cruel uncle. Come with me."

The boy awoke instantly. There was his guide. He began to follow him. Higher and higher he rose up in the air till they were both in the upper sky. Then his guide placed twelve arrows in his hands and told him that there were many bad manitos (spirits) in the northern sky. He must go forth and try to shoot them.

He did as he was told. He travelled toward the north and shot one arrow after another, vainly trying to kill the manitos. He now had only one arrow left. As each one had sped forth from his bow, there had been a long streak of lightning in the sky. Then all had grown clear again.

The boy held the last arrow in his hand for a long time and tried again to discover the manitos. But these beings are

very cunning if they choose, and they can change their forms at any moment. They were afraid of the boy's arrows, for they had magic powers and had been given him by a good spirit. If the child aimed them straight, the bad manitos would be killed.

At length the boy gained courage and shot his last arrow. He thought it was aimed at the very heart of the chief of the spirits. But before it reached him, he had changed himself into a rock. The head of the arrow pierced this rock and fastened itself within it.

The manito was enraged. He cried out, "Your arrows are gone now. You shall be punished for daring to strike at me." As he said these words, he changed the boy into the Lone Lightning, which is still seen in the northern sky to this day.

THE END.