

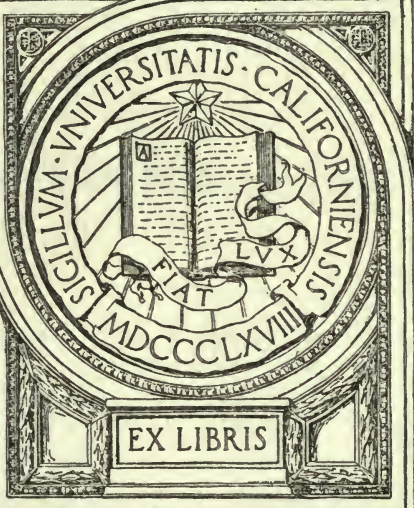
A MOTOR FLIGHT
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ALGERIA and TUNISIA
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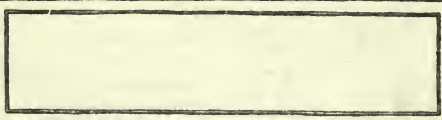
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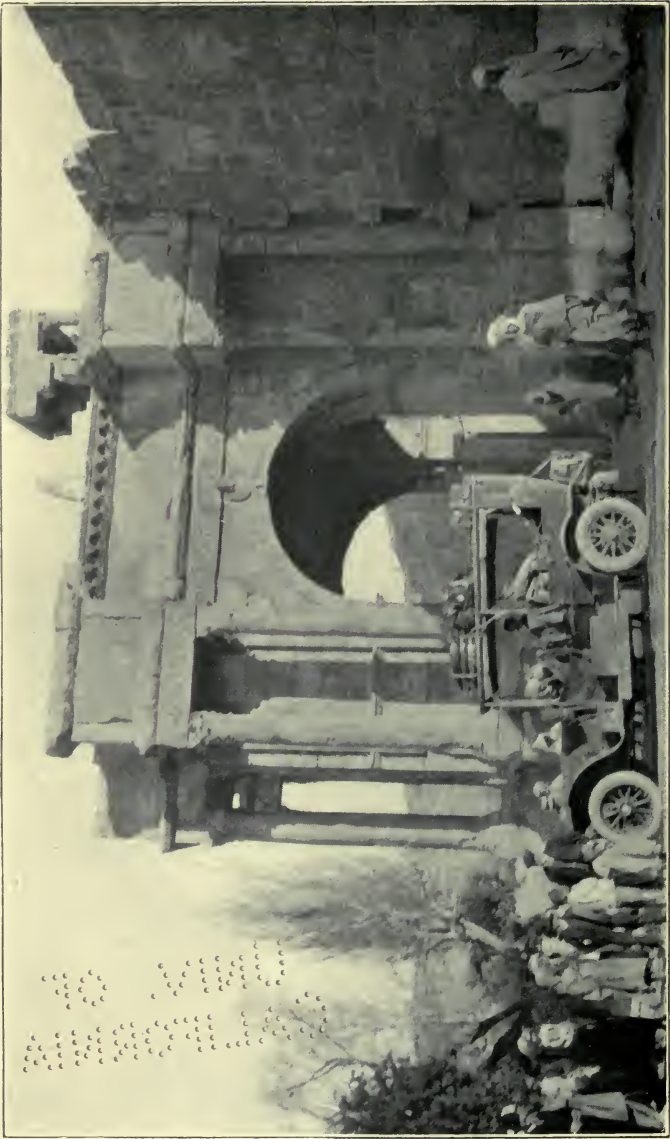


**A MOTOR FLIGHT THROUGH
ALGERIA AND TUNISIA**



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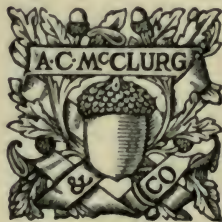
THE ARCH OF CARACALLA AT TEBESSA

A MOTOR FLIGHT THROUGH ALGERIA AND TUNISIA

BY
EMMA BURBANK AYER

*PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR*

SECOND EDITION



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TO MY HUSBAND

Edward E. Ayer

**THE ENTHUSIASTIC TRAVELLER
AND COLLECTOR**

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A Motor Flight Through Algeria and Tunisia

CHAPTER I

EN ROUTE TO ALGIERS

ONCE, not so very long ago, two persons—a man and his wife—decided to take a motor trip through Algeria and Tunisia, in Northern Africa. Their decision was determined, in a way, by the influence which a report—made by some friends who had motored there the year before—had upon them. These friends were loud in their praises of the roads, the excellence of the hotels in the large cities, the variety and charm of the scenery, the fascination of the people, and the Oriental life, as seen by them in the cities and on the road. However, these friends had gone little, if any, into the by-ways, so had no information to give as to the smaller towns and hamlets.

The Commander of the proposed expedition was a motorist of some years' experience; and having investigated most of the known routes of France, Italy, and Sicily, he burned to strike off with his car into less well-known countries. He could contribute for the trip, as his share, the above-mentioned experiences, a fine sense of the cardinal points,—north, south, east, and west,—so that he could find his way, with his motor car, over an almost trackless wilderness—or wherever it could be made to run,—provided the sun were not obscured by clouds. Moreover, he had some very good maps of Algeria and Tunisia, procured at Paris; a fine six-cylinder car, the pride of his heart; and lastly, but most

A MOTOR FLIGHT

essential, he had an excellent chauffeur, born to his work,—not made from a coachman with a month's lessons in a garage, but a chauffeur who felt every throb of his engine and loved his car as one loves a fine horse.

The Commander believed, not unreasonably, that thus prepared he would be able to cope with the probable difficulties of this, to him, unknown country, about which he had been able to get but very little information, excepting that which his friends who had made the trip had given him.

The Other-one could add, as her share, perfect health, boundless enthusiasm, a modest knowledge of French, and two kodaks, a number 3A, and a panoram.

Thus fortified, our travellers stood, on a bright morning in late February, upon the quay at Marseilles and watched their car being loaded on to the *Charles Roux*, which was to take them across the blue Mediterranean to Algiers.

It was with a thrill of apprehension that the Commander saw his much-prized car swung up high in the air by the steam derrick. There it hung, helpless, between sky and water, this motor which on land had seemed so big and forceful, with power, in unskilled hands, to work such awful destruction. However, they do the lading and unlading of cars at Marseilles with great facility, from having much practice. It was only when the Commander beheld his automobile carefully and skilfully swung to a snug place on the lower deck of the *Charles Roux*, then swathed in heavy canvas and well secured with strong ropes, that his fear subsided and he breathed a heavy sigh of relief.

Soon after, they steamed swiftly and smoothly out of the busy harbor of Marseilles, with its network of masts, its multitude of stout smokestacks of the great liners,—away from the smoky city where the Byzantine domes of the new cathedral showed at the left, and, farther on to the right, Notre Dame de la Garde, the pilgrimage church, dominated all with its high belfry and its golden statue of the Madonna. Then past the rocky islands of Pomègue, Ratonneau at the right, and the cream-white Château d'If, made famous by Dumas

EN ROUTE TO ALGIERS

in his "Comte de Monte Cristo." At the left the great, barren, chalky rocks of the chain of St. Cyr, of brilliant whiteness, thrust themselves down to the coast of Cape Croisette. The vessel slid past the little lonely Isle of Planier with its great lighthouse; the coast line soon faded out of sight, and they were off on the foam-flecked waves of the blue sea to that — to our couple — unknown land.

The air was crisp, and a fresh wind was blowing, so the Other-one ensconced herself, well wrapped up, in a long chair on deck, and, with the few books on Algiers and Tunis which she had been able to procure, prepared to cram herself with as much information about those countries as possible before arriving at her destined port. For she well knew, from previous experience, how difficult it is to read up about the country through which one is travelling, if one goes in a motor car. What with the long courses by day and the consequent fatigue and sleepiness after the arrival at night, one is forced to retire early.

Exasperated by not being able to find more than one or two books on Algeria and Tunis,—in English,—before they started on their trip, the Other-one had exclaimed to the Commander, "What's the pleasure in motoring through a country about which you do not know one thing? And you have n't time, or you are too tired to read it up at night, when you are travelling!"

"Well, as for me," answered he, "if I can't read up, and do not know much about the country through which I am automobiling, I am content to be going on good roads with a beautiful panorama of hills, mountains, and sea, unfolding before me; with the sight of the curious people on the road; the fresh, pure air blowing in my face, and the throbbing of a fine engine under me."

The Other-one shrugged her shoulders and said no more; but she knew the Commander always kept his ears open, as well as his eyes, and that he had a way of extracting information, when travelling, from the people he met and from the observation of all that passed before him, so that its value

A MOTOR FLIGHT

was much more, æsthetically as well as practically, than any amount of read-up knowledge.

Now, as she opened her book and turned the pages to read the history of Algiers, she heard a familiar voice near her asking, "And the roads in Algeria, are they as good as I have been told they are?"

She looked up to see the Commander leaning on the rail and looking eagerly into the face of a tall, sunburnt man with a bristling white mustache, and a motoring coat and cap, who stood near him.

"Roads! My dear sir, they are the best in the world, superior even to the national roads in France!" and the stranger carefully knocked off the ashes from the end of the big cigar he was smoking. "I have motored some months all through both Algeria and Tunisia, and know about what I state. As an example of what the French have done, they have connected the sea-coast towns of Bougie and Djidjelli by a road cut right out of the cliffs, forming, perhaps, the most wonderful *corniche* in the world. And it should be noted that the total number of inhabitants of these two towns is less than forty thousand. There are thousands of miles of roads in Algeria and Tunis, marked every ten miles with a stone and at every cross road with a guide post, right out into the desert. All these roads are magnificently built, straight and smooth as a billiard table. Not only are the main cities connected by broad highways, wonderfully graded and drained, with tunnels when necessary, and covered ways through the mountains, that would do credit to the best railway system in America, but even the remote mountains are networks of skilfully surveyed bridle paths connecting the main roads for mules, donkeys, or camels. I rode over hundreds of miles of these roads. Probably nine-tenths of them were better laid than Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, or the Avenue de l'Opéra in Paris."

"How are the roads constructed?" asked the Commander, straightening up in his interest.

"A road," answered the stranger, "is filled to a depth of

EN ROUTE TO ALGIERS

fifteen centimetres with crushed rock and sand wetted through, and thoroughly rolled. Then a layer of the same, one centimetre deep, is added and rolled. Then it is covered with a coating of sand. No tar or other chemical combination ever enters into the construction of Algerian roads."

"What do they cost a mile?" answered the practical Commander.

"They cost, for national roads, about twenty-five to forty thousand francs a kilometre: a kilometre, you know, is five-eighths of a mile. For the maintenance of the roads each native is taxed three days' work every year, or, if he prefers, he may pay the equivalent in money." The Motorist yawned slightly, threw his cigar away, and walked off down the deck, the Commander following closely. These words floated back to the Other-one.

"We Americans should take a lesson from Algeria. The roads of America are a disgrace to the nation. In fact the majority of them are not roads; they are merely strips of land between two fences, passable only in dry weather."

The Other-one turned to her books, which she had laid aside in her interest in the stranger's talk, and began again to pore over them. This is, briefly, what she gleaned from them concerning the country she was about to visit.

The Kabyles, the earliest historical inhabitants, now inhabit the mountains of Algeria. North Africa was conquered successively by the Romans, the Vandals, the Byzantine Greeks, and lastly by the Arabs. These people invaded North Africa at the beginning of the eighth century and established Islamism all over it. Ferdinand the Catholic, after driving the Moors from Spain,—who established themselves in North Africa and carried on a piratical warfare,—sent an expedition and took some of the cities on the coast. The Moors called in the aid of two brothers,—Turkish corsairs,—who vanquished the Spaniards and claimed the city of Algiers for themselves. The Algerines carried on a fiercer piratical warfare than ever, so that all the nations of Europe began to send expeditions, with varying success, against them. In

A MOTOR FLIGHT

1815 the Algerine Power was checked in its lawless career by the United States, who compelled the Dey to make a treaty with the Americans. In 1816 a British and Dutch squadron put an end to Christian slavery by bombarding and destroying the forts, the fleet, and part of the city of Algiers and brought the Dey to terms. Eleven years later, an insult offered to the French Consul caused the French Government to take possession of the town, the fleet, and the treasury; and now a state of tranquillity and peace has been reached under French rule.

“I should hope so, surely!” exclaimed the Other-one, audibly yawning. “This history is dry bones enough.”

“I beg pardon, did you speak?” asked a lady in the deck chair next to the Other-one. She was plump and rosy and unmistakably English, as her dress and voice plainly indicated.

“It was nothing,” answered the Other-one. “I was simply reflecting to myself on the dulness of historical facts, especially when one does not know the country about which the facts are given.”

“You are going to Algiers?” questioned the lady.

“I could not be going anywhere else, very well, on this boat. My husband and I expect to take a motor trip through Algeria, and I know nothing about that country, but am trying to read up a little about it.”

“You will find it most interesting, that is, the city of Algiers, where I have passed some seven winters; but I am not much acquainted with the country outside. However, I fancy I can give you some advice in regard to what you should see in the city. You will be staying there some weeks?”

“Probably not more than three or four days, at the most; we expect to do the entire country in a few weeks,” replied our Motorist.

“Oh, you Americans!” exclaimed the English lady. “It’s most extraordinary how you do run about in your motor cars. It must be very tiresome!”

EN ROUTE TO ALGIERS

“ Well, that depends on the point of view. But please tell me where we ought to go first, and what we ought to do in Algiers,—the most important things, I mean, or those most interesting.”

The lady reflected a few moments before replying. “ Well, I fancy some of the most interesting places for you to visit would be the Arab cemeteries on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, where you would see many women. They make the visits to the cemetery a sort of picnic, unveiling there—for no man is allowed there on Friday. The day after to-morrow will be Friday. You should make it a point to go to the cemeteries then. There is one near the civil prison, up near the Kasba, the ancient palace of the deys, you know. It is a more common cemetery, for the poorer women, but the one at Belcourt, near the Jardin d’Essai, or Botanical Gardens, is the more aristocratic and is where many of the wealthy Arabs are buried. You might visit the two in one day, combining the first with a visit to the Kasba, you know, but you would have to go early if you wished to see the crowd of women. I fancy in these places you would get a better idea of the Arab women and what their lives are. By the way, you cannot take your husband, you know.”

The Other-one thought of how many times she had been shut out of chapels and monasteries during their travels before, while the Commander was allowed to enter; and of his provoking joy thereat. Now, the tables would be turned. She might go into the Arab cemeteries on Friday, but he could not. It would be her chance to rejoice.

“ Let me think a moment!” said the English woman. “ There is so much to see, though some of your travelled countrymen declare there is nothing of any interest in the city. I have never exhausted all the places in my seven winters’ sojourn. There are the Kasba, the Mosques of el Djama-el-Djedid and the Djama-el-Kebir, the Mosque tomb of Sidi-Abd-er-Rahman—”

“ Please stop!” cried the Other-one, “ and let me write down the names of them; I shall never remember them other-

A MOTOR FLIGHT

wise. And please spell them!" Then with pencil and paper she followed.

"There is also the Mosque of the Pêcherie down by the sea, on the Place du Gouvernement. It has a beautifully illuminated Koran. Then you must see the Old Town, with its crooked streets, descending to the New Town, and its Oriental life. It is of course very unclean, but most interesting. Then there are in the New Town, the beautiful Moorish house of the Admiralty; the palaces of the French Commander and of the Archbishop; the Peñon, or island where the lighthouse is; the cathedral; the exquisite summer palace of the French Commander at Mustapha Supérieur; the fine museum also at Mustapha; the Jardin d'Essai,—you must not forget to go there, where you will see the most wonderful tropical plants. In the city, too, you must see the Oriental life in the squares, the Place du Gouvernement, and the Place de la République. You must go through the fashionable streets of the Rue Bab Azoun where all the pretty French shops are, and the Rue Bab-el-Oued with interesting native shops. These streets run in opposite directions from the Place du Gouvernement. Then if you go up to the Jardin Marengo, you will see such lovely palm-trees, and get most charming views of the sea."

The English woman had spoken eagerly and rapidly. She now paused for breath.

"Thank you! Thank you so much!" said the Other-one, seizing the opportunity to break in, "but I think that will be enough now. I doubt if I shall find time to see them all, but I certainly will try to get to some of them during the short time I shall have in Algiers. Thank you again!"

"Don't mention it!" said the English lady. The Other-one rose to join the Commander, whom she saw approaching, apparently bursting with information which he was longing to impart to her, judging from his speaking face. On his travels the Commander could imbibe information with joy, but he was especially happy in giving it out to others.

Late that afternoon, as our motorists stood looking off over

EN ROUTE TO ALGIERS

the deep blue of the sea, a bank of luminous gray clouds on the horizon held the setting sun in its embrace, but a long, glittering line on the water's edge pointed, like a silver arrow, to the south, where lay the destined port of our voyagers.

"I hope it is a good omen," said one, "and that we shall find there joy and peace and the good roads that make an automobilist's heaven!"

CHAPTER II

THE ARRIVAL — SIGHT-SEEING IN ALGIERS — THE MOSQUES

ABOUT noon of the next day the green hills and misty outlines of the mountains of "the promised land" rose out of the water and showed against a pale blue sky flecked with soft clouds. The steamer moved slowly into the harbor, past great liners with their big smoke stacks and streaming multi-colored flags, past freighting vessels whose course was "run from lands of snow to lands of sun," past coal barges with black imps clinging to them, past smaller craft of various kinds. The sparkling blue-green water seemed alive with boats, their reflections broken into shimmering bits. It was a thrilling sight to see the hazy purple mountains at the left with peaks beyond tipped with snow that glistened like silver, above a long point of land curving from the distance to rise in a series of green hills, dotted with white houses on one side while, on the other, a white village was apparently slipping off a point of land into the sea. Near by was a green hill crowned with a white church having a great Byzantine dome. From this a fringe of emerald hills extended around to join those which dropped to the sea on the left; between these the city of Algiers rose in terraces of white marble houses to the fringe of hills above, a white minaret of a domed mosque, down by the quay on one side, a garden of tall palm-trees giving the Oriental touch, on the other. Under all the white city, a long series of high arches seemed to hold it up from sliding down into the sea.

The Other-one turned to the Commander, who stood with her gazing at the soul-stirring picture, and broke into exclamations of delight. He soon left her to her enthusiasms, while he went to hunt up Adrian and see what arrangements

THE ARRIVAL

were to be made to get the car unloaded as soon as possible. The Other-one was longing to express to some one her pleasure in the scene and she turned and saw standing near her the kind English woman, who beamed as she exclaimed in her soft, throaty tones, "Most beautiful, is it not!" The Other-one was conscious of her own high-pitched American voice when she replied, "It is glorious!"

The English lady asked, "Have you ever heard the Arab saying, 'Algiers is like a diamond set in an emerald frame' ? Very poetical, is it not? Do you notice that church with the dome, high on the green hill above the white village on the shore—which is St. Eugène on Pointe Pescade,—and Cape Caxine running out into the sea? Well, that hill, or series of hills above, is Bouzaréa, and the church is the Notre Dame d'Afrique. It is especially attended by the sailors of Algiers for the worship of the Virgin, and it was consecrated by the late Cardinal Lavignerie. Do you know of his work in Africa?"

"I know nothing about Africa," sighed the Other-one.

The English woman continued unheeding. "There is a very touching ceremony that takes place there at half-after three every Sunday, don't you know. It is performed by the officiating priest on a high point of land which overlooks the sea. It is the blessing of the sea for the souls of sailors who have perished in storms."

The steamer now was slipping in between the jetties that ran out on each side to form the harbor.

"What are those great misty mountains rising to the sky, so gloriously grand in outline and color? Are they the Atlas?"

"Yes! And you are most fortunate to have it clear enough to see them. Those snow-capped points rise from the Djurdjura or mountains of Great Kabylia, which is where that most independent tribe of the Kabyles live, don't you know?"

"Oh, yes! I did read a little about them last evening—a most interesting and curious tribe."

The Other-one looked with a thrill at the soft blue moun-

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tains, silver-topped and mottled with cloud shadows. "Oh! I wonder what adventures we are to have on these grand heights!" she said to herself.

The *Charles Roux* now came near the pontoon where she was to discharge her cargo of human beings and merchandise. The big cables were made fast to it, and guides and porters began to rush up. Algiers now showed in a white mass of buildings rising to the sky line. The green hills above them, seen from the sea before, had disappeared. The English woman turned to bargain with a porter in scarlet fez, a long white coat bound at the waist with a scarlet sash, and bare brown feet thrust into heelless yellow slippers. The bargain concluded, he loaded himself with her luggage and disappeared from view under his burden of bags, umbrellas, shawl strap, tea basket, and what not.

"You have been so kind," murmured the Other-one to her fellow-traveller, "and have given me so much information about Algiers. Thank you a thousand times!"

"Don't mention it," returned the English woman. "I fancy you will enjoy Algiers more from knowing a little about it beforehand; but really it's very extraordinary how you Americans do trot about!" and she hurried off, the porter trailing laboriously behind with his mountain of luggage.

The Other-one now set about using her kodak, which, in the excitement of getting into port, she had almost forgotten. She had only snapped up a view or two when she heard a familiar whistle. Rushing to the rail and looking down on the pier, she saw the Commander looking somewhat disturbed.

"Hurry up!" he exclaimed. "You are the last one to land. We can't get our car for an hour or so. Let us go to the hotel and see what rooms they have reserved for us."

She hastened to obey and descended into a most unsavory crowd, with no claims to Oriental picturesqueness except that some of the porters had red fezes and gay sashes. Most of the crowd of passengers had melted away and the shore hands and gamins remaining looked as though they had

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selected their soiled garments from a rag-bag. There were bundles, boxes, great bales of goods, and on the quays one could see big mountains of barrels and enormous piles of merchandise covered with canvas and resembling huge elephants, waiting to be shipped.

As the Commander and the Lady picked their way along, followed by various sodden men and boys who greatly desired to help with the baggage or to sell them postal cards, the Other-one thought, "Oh, I am not going to like it here! It's not at all Oriental."

"Too bad!" exclaimed the Commander. "We can't get into that perfect hotel about which the W—s told us,—the one at Mustapha. It's full to the roof. Possibly, in two days, the manager thought, he might give us rooms. He has had rooms reserved for us at a hotel down in the city—and I wrote so long ago!"

They came out now to where there were two or three battered carriages hitched to weary-looking horses, and the travellers selected the least unpromising of the vehicles there. The horses crawled slowly up the *rampe* built upon the great arches which had been so conspicuous from the sea and came up to the wide Boulevard de la République, which is bordered on one side by great, ugly, staring business buildings, and on the other, by a low balustrade of iron, overlooking the harbor and sea. By this lounged, or leaned over the rail, a crowd seemingly composed of all nationalities and of varied dress. The dull grays, blacks, and browns of the Europeans were leavened with the picturesque costumes of the Arabs and Moors, the Jews and soldiers. It was coming up into another world from the quays.

"Let us get out," said the Other-one, "and see what they are all gazing at and look at some of the Oriental dress."

The driver was only too glad to rein up his aged beasts. The view was certainly entrancing, with the sparkling blue sea, the busy harbor, the white lighthouse, the inner harbor with all its small craft at anchor. A great liner was pre-

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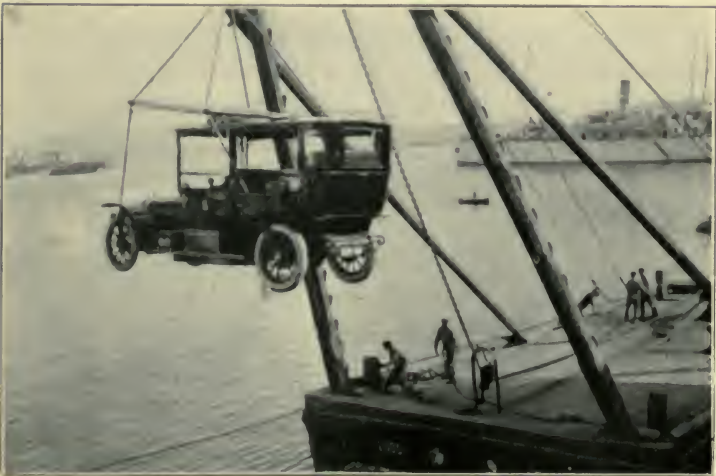
paring to depart, and others were taking on coal from barges anchored near, on which black imps seemed to be performing strange rites. Some small vessels with red lateen sails were flying in and out, and tugs bustled about with important tootings. Down on the quays they were loading flat boats with barrels and boxes, and great freight-wagons hitched to patient-looking horses were discharging their loads or taking on others. All was fascinating, animated, busy, and vivacious.

As the Other-one scanned the crowd of idlers, she saw two groups near her that gave her a thrill, so truly Oriental were they in dress. At one side, two tall, grave, splendid-looking men were standing, looking off to the brilliant sea. They had dark, fateful-looking eyes, skin the color of pale bronze, faces full of passion and character. They seemed to hold within their ken all the secrets of the past and of the future. Their strikingly beautiful costumes filled the Other-one's soul with delight. They had on *gandouras*, a kind of long gown, of white woollen material striped with silk. Wide sashes of bright color bound the waist. A long stripe of woollen gauze covered the red felt fez, hanging down at the sides to the shoulders and bound round the head by a rope of camel's hair. This head-covering is called a *häik*. One wore a white burnous of wool, and yet over this a top burnous of soft blue and of fine woollen cloth. The other had the dress similar to the first but his fine wool burnous was of a pale gray. Both wore short white hose and brilliant yellow slippers.

The other group, though not so well clad as the patriarchal-looking one, was also soul-satisfying and picturesque; it consisted of two women and a man. His *häik* was also bound around the red fez with a camel's-hair rope, but much frayed. Over his gown of thin cotton he wore his burnous, which was coffee-colored from dirt. His long, brown, thin legs showed below; his feet were thrust into heelless, shabby, red slippers. He was talking in guttural tones and shaking his fist at the older of the two women, who were arrayed



A STREET IN ALGIERS



UNLOADING THE CAR AT ALGIERS



MINARET OF THE MOSQUE DE LA
PECHERIE, ALGIERS



PONTOONS AND QUAY AT ALGIERS

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alike in voluminous white *haïks*. Huge baggy trousers enveloped their limbs to their ankles. They were veiled to the eyes, and held their mantles well drawn over their heads; with all, they looked like huge awkward birds about to flap their wings and fly off. "They are certainly Oriental, but not picturesque," thought the Other-one. The ugly-looking Arab appeared to be in such ill-humor and gesticulated so violently, she concluded he must be scolding the older and plainer of the two—probably his wives. The younger and prettier, judging by her brilliant black eyes and her white unwrinkled forehead seen across the veil, paid very little attention to them, but occupied herself in jerking, at intervals, a small boy in a dirty skull-cap and single long garment of soiled white cotton, who leaped around and pulled at her baggy trousers, a veritable imp.

The Other-one turned to call the Commander's attention to these fascinating groups, but she saw him at a little distance talking eagerly to a short, thick-set man with a bright and alert face. So she waited, glad to have the time to watch the interesting people who passed her, or who made some of the groups of loungers looking down on the busy port like the first group. There were other grave and dignified Arabs in burnouses of creamy tints, or of rich soft coloring, others in ragged and more or less dirty ones; but no matter how ragged or how unclean these Orientals were, they were always satisfyingly picturesque, contrasted with the Europeans, who were so sodden and decayed-looking when their clothes were worn and soiled, and their dress was so grievously ugly when new. It was a constantly shifting panorama of figures, more or less Oriental, through which the street cars on the Boulevard clanged with a modern and persistent monotony. Languid, weary, or alert and enthusiastic tourists and the French residents, with an important air of bustling proprietorship, moved by with the passing throng or lingered with the loungers.

The Commander climbed into the ark, the driver urged on his sorry horses, and soon they came to the Place du

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Gouvernement, the heart of the French town, a noisy, bustling, animated square. It is dominated by the Mosque of the Pêcherie, with its large central dome, high square minaret, and clock. The mosque is as lustrously white as marble. The Arabs have a mania for whitewash, and cover all their mosques and houses with it. It must be said, their towns look at a distance as if built of marble. Here in the square is the modern, indifferent, bronze equestrian statue of the Duc d'Orléans. Three sides of the square are surrounded by buildings and arcades. Here are the principal hotels of the town. The street cars arrive and depart from here and add their rumbling and the jingling of their bells to the cries of the venders of sweetmeats, Kabyle rugs and jewellery, stuffed alligators, and everything else salable under the sun. Also the general tumult is pierced by the yells of the small Arab bootblacks who haunt the place, and the shrill cries of newspaper-selling gamins; the donkeys add to the pandemonium their braying, with the guttural howls of their riders or drivers. All is confusion, animation, movement, tumult.

The *cafés* on the south and west sides overflow under the arcades into the street itself, with white marble or painted small tables. At them sit all sorts and kinds of humanity, from the grave and patriarchal chiefs, or sheiks, and the Arabs of the better class, with their snow-white *haïks* and colored or creamy burnouses, sipping dreamily their Turkish coffee and smoking cigarettes. There is the thin and wiry Frenchman with his pointed beard, imbibing his absinthe. The gorgeous officers in blue coats, scarlet breeches, and much braid, with their fierce mustaches turned sharply up, quaff beer and ogle the passing female, if she is young and pretty. A row of trees runs around two sides of the square, and casts a grateful shade on the sidewalks when in foliage, while the west side has a row of tall, graceful palms, under which are stands and booths of gay flowers. The driver reined in his steeds at a hotel on this side, and the Commander and the Lady alighted. Red-fezzed porters ran

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out for their baggage, while the Commander settled with the driver, who demanded a fee out of proportion to the short distance he had come. "Moral," said the Other-one to her lord, "always make a bargain with your driver before starting."

At luncheon at noon, as the Commander unfolded his napkin preparatory to attacking the appetizing *hors d'œuvre*, of pink shrimp, scarlet tomatoes, crimson radishes, and pale brown strips of anchovies, which a melancholy waiter in a stained dress-suit had placed before them, he said: "Did you notice the man who was talking to me, when we stopped to look down on the harbor? Well, he is an Englishman who has been here on business for some time. He is very intelligent, and knows and likes this country very well. He gave me some valuable information in regard to motoring and also about other matters. He tells me that the natural divisions of Algeria are the Tell, the High Plateaux, and the Sahara Desert. The Tell is the narrow, cultivated strip of land between the seashore and the mountains. It is hundreds of miles in length and thirty to a hundred miles in width. There are three great plains enclosed in the ridges of the Atlas Mountains,—the Plain of the Chélif River, the Plain called the Mitidja, and the Plain of the Sahel. The Tell is well watered by important rivers. The rich agricultural land is intersected by small mountains and valleys thickly wooded. He says we will find the grandest scenery and most interesting people (with fine roads for motoring) in the mountain district of the (here the Commander drew out his notebook which he always carried and with some difficulty pronounced the name) Djurdjura Mountains, inhabited by the Kabyles between Dellys, Ménerville, and Bougie.

"The High Plateaux run east and west between the Tell and the Sahara. They are uncultivated plains between mountain ranges, about three thousand feet above sea level. Here grow large quantities of *alfa* or *esparto* grass, which is exported for the manufacture of paper. The dwarf palm

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grows here also, from which is made a sort of vegetable hair which they export for the filling of mattresses.

“The soil of the Sahara Desert is in some parts a mixture of sand and clay. Toward Morocco are rocky districts and mountains. The rivers coming from these are utilized to produce oases by forming dams and canals for irrigation. In other places the desert is a mass of sand, forming dunes. There are depressions in the Sahara producing immense sheets of not very deep water, salter than the sea, and sometimes below sea level. He says we shall be able to go down some one hundred and fifty miles on the Desert, from Biskra, though the road is certainly bad. From Tunis, however, we may go down some two hundred and fifty miles on a very good road.

“He says also that wheat is the principal cereal grown by the colony, but the system of agriculture carried on is generally poor. They do not clear the land from weeds, little manure is used, and the ploughing, mostly done with crooked sticks, is too superficial.”

“How do you remember all this?” cried the Other-one, yawning a little.

“The most successful and important branch of agriculture, it seems,” continued the Commander, “is vine growing. Vines seem to thrive everywhere in Algeria, even on the worst land and the most burning soil. Algeria can produce an infinite variety of wines, suited to every constitution, and to every caprice of taste.

“This gentleman says that the native population may be separated into two classes: the Arabs, including the Moors, and Berbers, including Kabyles. The Arabs of the plains live in tents or huts and are divided into tribes, changing from place to place as circumstances may require. The Moors constitute the bulk of the Arab population in the towns. They are a very mixed race sprung from the various nations who have occupied the country.

“This man declares he can hardly tell the Arabs from the Moors. Their number was much swelled by the Moors who

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were driven away from Spain. The Moors, it seems, are farther advanced in civilization than the Arabs or the Kabyles. Many of them are wealthy and fond of luxury and pleasure, but their moral character stands very low.

“The Jews are in great numbers in Algeria; and their condition has been greatly improved since the decree of French citizenship conferred upon them by the French Government in 1871.

“The Kabyles, or Berbers, have undergone no change since the French occupation. Such as they were a thousand years ago they are to-day, compact and unaltered in all the peculiarities of their race and individuality.

“The Spanish are numerous in Algeria, especially in the province of Oran. They are subject to military service in the French army, and granted the benefit of French citizenship.

“He says that the negroes are as much Mohammedans in Algeria as they are Christians in the United States. Religion means to them a drum and some money to buy rum. Almost unconsciously, for sixty years, Sambo in Algiers is held by authority to be as good as any other man. The Europeans, the Arabs, the Jews, and the negroes all enjoy equal rights. The Arabs often intermarry with negresses.”

“I should think,” murmured the Other-one, yawning again, “all the negroes in the United States would emigrate to Algeria. I have heard it said the ladies in Algiers call the black man *Boule-de-Neige*, or *Snow-Ball*.”

When they had finished their luncheon the Commander looked at his watch. “By George!” he exclaimed. “They must be getting the automobile off by this time!”

So our Motorists at once hurried off across the brilliant square, down the long *rampe* to the quay, and just in time to see the car swinging high in the air again, while the flat-boat carrying the derrick moved slowly to the pontoon onto which the car was lowered, but less skilfully than at Marseilles. The Commander was even more disturbed than before. At last, however, the car was landed and rested

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once more on its stout rubber tires. The Other-one fancied it breathed a sigh of relief; for a motor always seemed to her a living creature, excitable and passionate, with moods like some women—deliciously lovable when in a gentle one, but most detestable and to be dreaded when contrary and vixenish.

The chauffeur busied himself with getting the car in order and soon they were rolling up the long *rampe* Magenta, and came to the Boulevard Carnot. The motley loungers were still there hanging over the balustrade and watching the harbor's busy life; the background of dull European colors throwing into relief the creams, the grays, and the reds of the Orientals.

"I think," said the Other-one, looking at the high arcades and great business blocks, "that this town, so far, seems disappointingly French and has but little Oriental flavor except for the Arab life that flows in and out of the crowds; although the Mosque de la Pêcherie over there, on the Place du Gouvernement,—with its white dome and minaret,—looks as if it had slipped down from the old Arab town above. It seems like purest marble, though I know it is nothing but whitewash."

"What shall we do now?" asked the Commander. "Take a ride through the town and suburbs and see the country around, from an automobile?"

"I vote for seeing some of the mosques this afternoon, if we can find a good guide," answered the Other-one. "You know, to-morrow is the Moslem Sabbath, and Christians cannot get in then; we ought to see them as soon as possible, for I know you will want to be off in the motor to pastures new, in a day or so."

So at their hotel they found a guide named Mohamed, a smiling, brown-skinned little fellow, with the whitest of teeth and a most important air. The Other-one was much taken with his costume, which was that of the regulation guide, or dragoman: a finely braided jacket opened over a gayly striped vest, long baggy trousers, and the scarlet fez,

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with a great blue tassel swinging at the back of his head. He demanded ten francs, but finally, as "a great favor," consented to go for six, as it was rather late, and no other tourists were in view. He spoke no English, and so addressed himself always to the Other-one, who, with strict attention, could manage to extract sufficient from his French to keep them informed a little as to what he showed them.

"Madame must first see the Mosque of the Pêcherie. It is called the Djama-el-Djedid, or the new mosque. Madame knows that Djama is the Arabic for mosque?"

They left the car at the hotel and walked across the Place du Gouvernement, the guide pushing through the crowd and skilfully rescuing his small party from the importunate venders, growling at them in guttural tones and cuffing the annoying little bootblack, who tried to shine the Other-one's shoes. Then turning to her, he would address her in the softest and most flutelike tones, so that she marvelled at his range of voice. They arrived soon at the dazzlingly white mosque and entered the portal, where a dried-up, much-wrinkled old Arab, arrayed in a huge white turban, met them, mumbled something to Mohamed, then shuffled off.

"He has gone to bring Madame the slippers, and Monsieur also. One cannot enter this holy place in the dusty shoes of the street."

While waiting, the Other-one opened her book and read: "This mosque was built in 1660 by the Turks."

"Why called the new mosque?" she queried.

"A Christian slave was the architect, a Genoese or Greek. He built it in the form of a cross, and the Moslems were so indignant that the Pacha had him impaled."

The old guardian now came back, bringing some huge yellow slippers, which he proceeded—kneeling down—to put on the shoes of the party, who, thus fortified, shuffled into the mosque past rows of worn and battered slippers which the worshippers within had left behind them. The interior was disappointingly bare and simple, and white-

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washed everywhere. There were no wonderful rugs such as the Other-one had read were to be found in all mosques. Here was only plain matting on the floor everywhere, even around the columns up three or four feet, and a like height on the walls. A few lamps hung from the ceiling. The *mimbar*, or pulpit for the chaplain—called the *imam*—who chants sentences from the Koran, is of marble, but of no especial beauty.

“My book says there is a wonderful Koran kept here, which was sent by the Sultan of Constantinople to a Pacha of Algiers, and it is a marvel of ornamentation and work,” said the Other-one, but it cannot be seen except on special occasions.

As they turned soon to walk down to the entrance, not seeing much to detain them, they noted the worshippers scattered here and there at their prayers, kneeling, rising, prostrating themselves flat on the floor, their eyes fixed, their lips moving, always with the face toward the point of the compass where Mecca lies. None of them paid any attention to our party—no more than if they were shadows. At one side, on a sort of platform, a man sat rocking back and forth and repeating some phrases over and over in a high, sing-song voice.

“What is he saying?” asked the Other-one.

“He is repeating sentences from the Koran.”

As they shuffled out again, the Other-one lost one of her huge yellow slippers, which had been her torment ever since she had entered the mosque. The old Moslem accompanying them stooped quickly, and with a guttural exclamation seized her foot and thrust the slipper rudely on again, eyeing her with such a fierce look that she felt a shiver run down her backbone. She was glad to reach the entrance door, drop off the dreadful slippers, and go out into the bright sunshine and the tumult of the square.

“Now, Madame must go to the Djama-el-Kebir, the Great Mosque,” said Mohamed, and he aimed a blow at a dirty gamin who, blacking-brush in hand, stooped to seize one of



THE DJAMA-EL-KEBIR, OR THE
GREAT MOSQUE, ALGIERS



MOHAMMEDANS PERFORMING THEIR ABLUTIONS AT
MARBLE FOUNTAIN IN THE COURTYARD OF
THE GREAT MOSQUE, ALGIERS



TOMB OF SIDI-BOU-KOUBRIN IN THE
ARAB CEMETERY OF BELCOURT
AT ALGIERS



THE SUMMER PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR OF ALGIERS

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the Commander's stout shoes. The Rue de la Marine runs up from the Mosque of the Pêcheurie to the Grand Mosque. A few shops intervene and it is a narrow and rather gloomy street. They arrived at the Djama-el-Kebir after a short walk, and were impressed with the beauty of the façade, which presents a gallery of fourteen arcades with fine horse-shoe arches, dentated and supported on magnificent white marble pillars, two feet in diameter. The Great Mosque seems to dominate all the narrow street. Along under the arched gallery, were squatting various groups of Moslems in ragged burnouses and shabby turbans, and of a more or less poverty-stricken appearance. Some were talking vociferously and gesticulating wildly. Others, with their heads sunk on their breasts, were buried in thought or dreaming, perhaps, the true believer's dream of a paradise of *houris*, to which he thinks he is going.

The guide hastened them into the entrance, whence they passed into a court surrounded by a double row of arcades supported by pillars, in Alhambra fashion. Here, at one side, is a fine black marble fountain, around which several Arabs were gathered, their robes tucked up high around their brown legs. They were evidently enjoying a most satisfactory cleansing before entering for their prayers in the Mosque; for it is of the faith of the Moslems, taught in the Koran, that a believer must be clean from the dust of the street before he enters into the holy place, so every mosque has, or must have, a fountain near it or within its precincts. The men washed in the courtyard of the Djama-el-Kebir, paid no attention to our party, but went on splashing and sputtering, nor troubled themselves, apparently, when the Other-one snapped them up with her ever-present kodak.

The guide led their party across the court to a door where they were again invested with leviathan slippers, which the Commander considered "great nonsense!" They passed into a large rectangular hall, divided into naves by many columns united by horseshoe arches. These columns were also wrapped to a height of five or six feet with matting.

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There was also matting on the floor; few rugs, if any. Great lamps and crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling, and there was a tall clock in one corner, for a Moslem must always have a huge clock in his mosque, though it matters little whether it keeps time or not. In this mosque were many more worshippers than in the other, who, with their bur-nouses laid aside, were bowing, kneeling, rising, lifting the arms above the head, and mumbling their invocations to Allah. Others seated on the floor, rocked back and forth, reciting from the Koran. A humming and buzzing, as if from many bees, filled the place. One or two black-browed fellows scowled at the party. The others seemed so wrapped up in their devotions as to be absolutely oblivious to anything outside.

“It is certainly very impressive,” said the Other-one, “and a lesson to us Christians, for we are often occupied in church with anything but our devotions; but I wonder why we see no women in these mosques!”

They had now floundered across the hall and stopped in front of a niche in the wall. “That is the Mihrab,” said the guide, “and shows the direction in which Mecca lies.”

Mohamed now began in a parrot-like way to deliver the following account of the Mosque which he had evidently committed to memory, while the old man who had accompanied them pulled at the string of black beads he held and patiently waited.

“This Mosque is the oldest one in Algiers. It was founded in the eleventh century, long before the Turkish domination. It covers an area of two thousand square metres. On the mimbar—which you see here—near, is an inscription in Cufic which says that Tachfin, Sultan of Tlemcen, built the minaret. It is ninety feet high. It was badly damaged by the Christians during the bombardment. The arcades on the Rue de la Marine were built under the French domination, and the white marble columns came from the Mosque of Es-Saïda, built in the eighteenth century.” Mohamed finished with a flourish of his hand. “Madame can see that I

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know much. Madame will do well to secure me for guide all over Algiers. No other guide in the city can give Madame so much knowledge, and so cheap, Madame, so cheap. Other guides, they will—”

“Why do we not see any women in the mosques?” said the Other-one.

“The ladies? They can come, but they do not wish it.”

As they came out into the arched gallery and into the street, the Other-one asked, “How many more mosques are there to see?”

“Once, Madame, before the French came, there were a hundred mosques and *koubbas*, or tombs of holy men. Now there are only four or five. There is now the Mosque Tomb of Sidi-Abd-er-Rahman to see, the most beautiful of all; but there Madame cannot go to-day, for strangers can enter only on Mondays and Tuesdays. On Monday next, I shall be most happy to show Madame that most beautiful mosque. It is near the Kasba, so we may visit that also. Now Madame can go to see some fine old Moorish palaces, that of the Archbishop, and that of the French Governor. Madame will have the greatest pleasure to see them under Mohamed’s guidance.”

But it was decided to leave all sight-seeing now and go up to the hotel at Mustapha Supérieur to see about their rooms.

Soon they were rolling along the Boulevard de la République with the enraptured guide to point the way. Being on pay, and riding in an automobile, meant the height of bliss to him. The azure sea, spreading out from the harbor to the horizon line, seemed to have gained a more glorious hue with the late sun. They turned up from the harbor to the Place de la République, past the graceful palms of the Public Garden.

“That street,” said the guide, pointing to the left, “is the Bab-Azoun; with the Bab-el-Oued,—which begins at the other end of this, at the Place du Gouvernement, and leads up to the old town, which Madame must surely see

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with Mohamed,—it is the finest street in Algiers. The Bab-Azoun has all the beautiful French shops, and the Babel-Oued has the native shops, where Madame may buy, with Mohamed to show her the best of everything, beautiful vases in hammered copper and brass, lovely slippers, the most wonderful jewellery of gold or silver wire, made right there,—in brooches, chains, rings, and bracelets. Oh, Madame shall see!”

“How strange,” exclaimed the Other-one when they reached the Rue d’Isly along which the tram runs to Mustapha Supérieur, “to see all these modern tram cars, with the burnoused men and the veiled women, who seem to belong to Bible times, riding in them and sitting side by side with European men in their ugly modern trousers, starched white shirts, and villainous derby or soft hats; the women in dresses of ungraceful make, and big hats smothered in plumes or artificial flowers. It is certainly ‘the unchanging East’ with the much changing West.”

The Rue d’Isly is a real French street, which looks as if it might have wandered out of Paris, with its shops for the sale of every kind of merchandise, and the funny French signs,—*Au gros dindon*, *Au chat noir*, *A la poule blanche*, and so forth. Were it not for the burnoused Arabs, the grotesque women in their balloon-like trousers, the braying donkeys, and the water-carriers with their great brass jars and jingling drinking-cups strapped to their backs—one might believe himself really in Paris on a side street.

“I like that style of architecture here,” said the Commander; “it suits the country better than the ugly modern French style. When they conquer a country and begin to erect new buildings, they can’t do better than to copy the style of architecture of the first occupants. White Moorish buildings in our country, with its changeable climate, are much out of place; here they are admirable.”

“Nor do I object to the whitewash and white paint in this tropical country,” added the Other-one. “The buildings look as if fashioned out of purest marble. But imagine

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these white structures in some of our smoky cities at home. They would remain white twenty-four hours, no more."

The road now left the region of shops, and they began to roll up a street that curved round walled gardens, with white villas buried in green foliage. They could look down over them and get enchanting views of the sea, off to the distant Cape Matifou and the far pearly caps of the Kabylia Mountains. The ships in the harbor were mere flecks in the shimmering blue. The Commander's eyes brightened, and he drew in long breaths of the fresh, crisp air.

"How glorious to be riding like this in a fine automobile, with this delightful scenery and this invigorating air!" he exclaimed.

The guide continued to call the names of buildings and places, as the car rolled on. They passed a quaint English-looking church—the Scotch church. Near it is a most picturesque little villa in Moorish style, with an artistic gateway, near which Adrian stopped the car, knowing full well it was picturesque enough to be snapped up by the kodak. They had never to tell this chauffeur when to stop for the views. His temperament was attuned to feel the beauty of things they might pass; and he understood the desires of his people without such material things as words.

They continued to mount now between high gray walls over which burst a mass of feathery green vines. Through open gates they caught views of enchanting gardens. Masses of purple-red Bougainvillea clung to the white villas; tall palms stretched their feathery fronds heavenward; pepper-trees waved their lace-like foliage, and the golden tassels of the mimosa showed against the dark green of the pines and tall cypress-trees. Every place seemed a paradise. Now the sea was lost to view, shut away by groves of orange-trees. Then they rounded a corner and again they could look down across a low stone wall, over green foliage punctuated with white domes and towers, and the red-tiled roofs of a village below, to the sea, now a steely blue, for some white clouds had trailed across the sun and cast their reflections

A MOTOR FLIGHT

on the water. To the left were the rolling green hills, and red-roofed modern Algiers sliding down to the harbor, and on the sea an outward-bound steamer was leaving a long trail of smoke behind it.

The Commander and the Other-one had alighted from the car and stood looking off over the soul-thrilling view. At length the lady said softly: "How glorious to be up here, far above the workaday world down there, with all this wealth of color in the green of olive-trees, of pines, cypresses, and ilex, the blue sea down below, and the blue sky above, with its softly floating clouds! The smoky trail of the departing liner but accentuates the feeling of peace and of restfulness one has here. They are 'toiling and moiling' down by the harbor, but here we may dream."

They soon went on and passed a great entrance-way to a big white Moorish palace, surrounded, too, with palm-trees and gardens and velvety greensward stretching away on all sides. Soldiers in crimson and blue uniforms made pictures of themselves against the white façade.

"That is the summer palace of the Governor," said Mohamed. "Madame may go in. I shall have much pleasure in taking her, as the Governor is not here."

"And cannot Monsieur go also? However, he does not wish to go in this afternoon. Some other day he will see it."

"Then there is the Museum of Antiquities just opposite here. Madame will have time to visit it before it closes."

When the Other-one told the Commander this, he pricked up his ears at the words "Museum of Antiquities," for these are his soul's delight. He seemed to hesitate for a moment, then said firmly:

"No! to-morrow will be better! We'll stay by the car the rest of this afternoon, except that we must stop a moment at the hotel to ask about rooms."

In a few moments they came to a gate opening into a lovely garden. Two ladies were seated in an open pavilion which overlooked the road. They wore light dresses and seemed peacefully happy.

THE ARRIVAL

“How summery they look,” thought the Other-one. “Surely we have left winter behind us!”

The chauffeur brought the car round under the high-arched gate, and they rolled by tall trees, and by beds of tropical plants, then stopped at the side entrance of a long, white, Moorish-looking building, with many little balconies and a square tower or two. A wide, tiled veranda extended along the front. Here various groups were sitting taking their afternoon tea, in a most comfortable way. Some of the ladies looked askance, and with apparent indignation, at our dusty party and at the motor, the gurgling of which seemed to disturb their peace; so that the Other-one felt humble and apologetic.

At one end, near where the car stopped, two or three Arabs in burnouses and brilliantly clean *haïks* had spread a web of gay rugs. Little tables were scattered around, on which were all sorts of fascinating Oriental trinkets,—bracelets of silver with blue and green enamel, necklaces and brooches of silver, too, with pieces of coral cunningly set in; quaint boxes of metal and enamel set with pale turquoises and emeralds, and a thousand and one other things made to catch the eye of the souvenir-hunting tourist. The venders advanced to our party, as they alighted from the car, and addressed themselves, especially, to the Other-one.

“Buy something here, lady; very beautiful things, very cheap!” they cried in chorus, their bronzed faces lighting up with the prospect of selling some of their wares, for the tea-drinking crowd seemed oblivious of their display. Only one or two tall English-looking girls were poking over, with a wearied air, some of the charms and bracelets. The Other-one felt at once a burning desire to invest in some of the fascinating things spread out so temptingly, but the Commander cast the eye of a veteran collector upon them.

“Mostly trash,” he said, “and modern—stay! Some of these rugs are pretty good, and here is a necklace or two of interesting work.”

One old Arab had caught the word “modern.” “Fine

A MOTOR FLIGHT

Kabyle jewellery, all old, not new," he said. "All very old!" and seeing he had a connoisseur with whom to deal, he hastened to pull out, from a hidden place, some quaint and unique bracelets, some plaques with chains and fibulæ with which to attach them, one or two anklets and two necklaces, all of silver, of fine and careful workmanship, with etched designs, and with pieces of coral set in them, and some blue and green enamel around the coral. The Commander's face lighted up as he examined these treasures, though he made an effort to conceal from the astute Arab his delight in them.

"Not bad," he said carelessly. "From what place do these come?"

"From the Kabyles, all—fine, splendid, very cheap!"

"The Kabyles?" he asked. "I do not know much about them. Where do they live?"

"Oh! I can tell you where they live, though I know little about them," volunteered the Other-one. "They are the people who are up there in the mountains to the East, the snow-capped mountains we saw when coming into the harbor. At least, some of the tribes live there, and they are the people who gave the French so much trouble to conquer."

"Well! it is certain they do fine work in jewellery; and those rugs?" he turned to the old Arab.

"All Kabyle; fine, splendid, very cheap!" And the Arab hastened to pull off a rug from the balustrade. Just then the polite manager of this paradise among hotels came up. He was "most unhappy to think he could give the Commander no rooms at once. Possibly to-morrow, but surely the day after there would be a vacancy."

The Other-one turned away, disappointed, and went to climb into the car. She resolved, however, that when they should come to dwell in the hotel she would invest in some of those trinkets, even though they were only "modern trash."

The Commander lingered behind, but after a time he came with a package in his hands, which he carefully

THE ARRIVAL

deposited under the seat in the car. "Some necklaces, a plaque or two, and a pair of bracelets," he said rather apologetically.

"Why did you buy those barbaric things?" exclaimed the Other-one. "You know I can't wear them!"

"For the museum," the Commander answered briefly; and added, as they rolled down the road, "I must learn more about those Kabyles. They must be a skilful and interesting people to weave such rugs and to do such intricate work in silver. I must make a collection of their jewellery for the museum. Ask the guide where we are to go now."

Mohamed showed his white teeth in a broad smile, delighted that his stay in the automobile was to be prolonged.

"I know," he said eagerly. "Madame may go from here to the Column Voirol, then to El Biar, from there to Bouzaréa, see Notre Dame d'Afrique, so fine, then down to St. Eugène, and back to Algiers by the sea. It is most beautiful, and the road is very good.

So they came up by El Biar to the hill of Bouzaréa which is the culminating point above Algiers, and is 1150 feet above the sea. Unfortunately one cannot go up to the very highest point, as there is a fort, and one is not allowed to go within the enclosure without permission.

"Madame must go up to the European cemetery for the splendid view; it is but a short distance from here," said Mohamed. They alighted and walked up the hill, passing several white-domed small buildings, one notably larger than the other, encircled with hedges of the pale green, distorted-looking prickly pear, which seemed to surround the tomb to protect it from unholy intrusion.

"It is the koubba of Sidi Nouman, a holy man," said Mohamed.

"I have read that a holy man, or saint, is called by the Moslems a marabout, and his tomb a koubba," added the Other-one, "and we shall see many of them on the hill-sides and on the plains of Algeria and Tunisia."

A MOTOR FLIGHT

They now reached the cemetery and stopped with a great thrill. A glorious scene lay before them: far below lay the sea, with opal tints in the deep blue, with ships coming and going, mere specks, on its surface; to the north, abrupt ravines descending to far Pointe Pescade, and off in the mist, Sidi Ferruch, where the French landed when they came as conquering heroes to fair Algiers; then the heights of the Sahel, which is the name for the waves of green hills running from the sea on the north to the plain of the Mitidja on the south. The Sahel is highest and widest near Algiers, and narrows toward the west. The Sahel is crowded with villages and spread with fertile fields. Up here, all could be seen with shades of green, from the trees deepening under the late afternoon sun to the pale tints of early grain-fields. Away off in the west, a mound showed against the western sky.

“It is the tomb of the Christian,” said Mohamed, “and Madame will go with me — a long ride — to see it.”

“It looks like a load of hay!” exclaimed the Commander. “We must go to see it on our trip west.”

“And that beautifully symmetrical mountain that rises into the sky, and is of such an ethereal blue — what is it?”

“That is Mount Chenoua, Madame.”

As they looked south and east, they could see the hill of Mustapha Supérieur, its green foliage spotted with its white villas, and the line of hills descending to far Cape Matifou. Back of them, the stern outline of the Atlas Mountains, and farther on to the west the great fissure of the Gorge of the Chiffa.

“Madame will go with Mohamed to see that wonderful gorge?”

“I’m not so sure,” thought the Other-one, and she turned away to look off to those silver points in the now reddening sky,—the Djurdjura Mountains in Kabylia. Again a thrill ran over her. Again she exclaimed to herself, “What adventures are to come to us in those far, white-tipped mountains?”

THE ARRIVAL

After going down again to the car, there was more hill-climbing, then over a smooth road they came to the heights crowned with the sailors' church,—Notre Dame d'Afrique, with its huge central dome and two Roman Byzantine wings. Here they were entranced with another glorious view of sea and mountains, done in tones of rose and gold by the declining sun.

They went for a moment or two into the darkening church, but found nothing of special merit. There is some showy stucco-work on the walls, and a solid-silver statue of the Archangel Michael. On the altar, the Virgin is presented in a black marble statue. Round the apse is this charitable motto in French: "Notre Dame d'Afrique, pray for us and for the Mussulmans."

The guide took his patrons to the point overhanging the sea, where the ceremony of blessing the souls of the sailors lost at sea takes place. Then, returning to the car, they went down the steep road, letting the engine do the work of holding the car back, and—so it seemed to them—they slid on velvet runners down into St. Eugène on the sea, the rays of the setting sun tinting its white houses and villas rose-color.

The Jews, Maltese, Spaniards, and some French live here, the last-named having the pretty villas and gardens. The car now rolled on a smooth level road above the sea, past the Fort des Anglais. The Hôpital du Dey loomed up, as they went through the Faubourg Bab-el-Oued. The sea was dashing in long lines of foam and throwing up spray against the masses of rock under the bastions of the lighthouse. The color had deepened, but the waves caught the red from the descending sun, here and there, and the foam crests were pink-tinted. The car rolled up by the Place du Gouvernement, with its surging crowd and clanging tram-cars, and the chauffeur brought it to rest beneath the palm-trees and in front of the hotel.

Mohamed bade his people an impressive good-bye and showed all his dazzling white teeth as the Commander put a generous fee into his open palm.

A MOTOR FLIGHT

“Madame will see Mohamed early in the morning,” he said, bowing low with his hand on his heart, “and Madame will have much satisfaction in going with him to see the cemetery, the Old Town, and the Kasba, with the Archbishop’s Palace and—”

“Stop, stop!” cried the Other-one; “that is more than we can do in one day.”

“Oh, Madame! All the foreign ladies—except the French ladies, who are indolent and do not care to see much—see more than that when they take me for guide. As to the other guides in Algiers, they do not know much, nor can they go around quick enough to please American and English ladies. It is only Mohamed who can satisfy them.”

When the Other-one had checked the guide’s egotistical ramblings, she went up with the Commander in the most deliberate of elevators and found their room almost on the top floor, “the last one left,” the manager said, and which “they were very fortunate to get, for Algiers was so full.” The one front window overlooked the Place du Gouvernement; and as they gazed from it down upon the palm and ilex trees, with electric lights already aglow, a perfect bedlam of sound came up, shrieks and howls, shrill cries and the babble of voices, the rumbling of cars, the shrilling of whistles, with the hoarse growl of some outgoing liner, the beating of drums, the braying of donkeys, and all the other sounds which a city—especially an Oriental one—gives forth at night.

“We won’t sleep a wink to-night!” exclaimed the Other-one, with a weary yawn. “Oh! Why could they not have taken us into that paradise of hotels at Mustapha Supérieur!”

CHAPTER III

ARAB CEMETERIES — THE KASBA — THE JARDIN D'ESSAI — THE GOVERNOR'S SUMMER PALACE AND THE MUSEUM

THE next morning, at a reasonably early hour, the car, with the patient Adrian, rolled under the palm-trees by the hotel and stopped not far from the flower-kiosk, which was gay with jars of carnations, primroses, great bunches of violets, and pink and white azaleas in pots.

The Commander and the Other-one soon appeared, the latter armed with kodak and a Cook's guide-book. Mohamed appeared at once, also, and he smiled brilliantly as he saw them.

The Commander climbed to his seat of preference by the chauffeur. There he could watch the road roll up before him, note any unusual obstacles, and scare off, with the stout whip he always carried, any unheeding or too confident dog. Many a poor creature's life had been saved thereby, and many a heartache of devoted owners.

"Where first?" asked the Commander, as Adrian cranked the car.

"First, as it is Friday, to the Arab cemeteries," answered the Other-one, "but you know, as it is women's day, you cannot go there."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed the Commander, laughing. "What am I to do meanwhile?"

"Oh! you can go for a ride, then come back for me when you please; though, as I want to go to two cemeteries, you had better not be gone too long." And the Other-one would have chuckled had she been a man.

"Madame will go first to the Arab cemetery upon the Kasba, which we will visit after; and then Madame will wish to see the cemetery at Belcourt, where the rich Arab ladies go."

A MOTOR FLIGHT

The car came down by the villas in their gardens, fairer than ever in the brilliant morning sunshine. The sea was of a sparkling azure, and the air sweet and fresh with the fragrance of flowers and the odor of the sea. Everything contributed to put the party in the best of spirits. Guided by the skilled touch of Adrian, the car seemed in sympathy with all, and glided like a thing of life down the curving road of the hill, shaded by the graceful pepper-trees and live-oaks with their dark rich green.

So they soon came to the Place du Gouvernement, more than ever animated in the morning light,—a veritable kaleidoscope of color and changing figures. From there they rolled into the Rue de la Lyre, with its arcades and native shops, fascinating with gay rugs and cunningly wrought vessels in brass and copper. The guide pointed out the Cathedral of St. Philippe at the corner of the Rue du Divan opening into the Place Malakoff. The cathedral was once a mosque, and has been built over, and it ranks now as one of the most important buildings in Algiers. A broad flight of steps leads up to a fine horseshoe-arched entrance, and the towers on the sides of it look like two minarets, so that the church has not entirely lost its mosque-like characteristics. Next to this is the beautiful Moorish winter palace of the Governor, with two graceful palms before the entrance-way. It was once the palace of Dar-Hassan Pacha. Just opposite is the Archbishop's palace, an even more beautiful type of Moorish architecture. Both palaces are as white as if built of purest marble, so that the Place Malakoff has a decidedly Oriental look, with Arab men—their burnouses pulled up over their *haïks*—sauntering slowly and dreamily across the square, and Arab women in their grotesque trousers, and long white mantles held across their veiled faces, scuttling hastily away, some in one direction, some in another, as if afraid of being seen.

“Stop!” cried the Other-one. “I must have a snapshot at those clumsy big birds.”

It was a work of difficulty, however, and the birds would wobble off when she had her camera pointed at them. How-

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ever, by a skilful turn and a pretence of not seeing them, being engaged in looking hard at the cathedral, the Other-one finally succeeded in getting the backs of one group, opposite a most fascinating shop filled with Oriental brass and copper articles. The women were apparently gossiping over some purchases they had made, judging by their guttural talk and gesticulations, and being so absorbed they were oblivious of the kodak. Then there was another snap at two women coming toward the Other-one. The foremost looked like a servant, for she bore a big basket and was unveiled, and seemed not to care whether one saw her face or not, which was so ugly and so black, that the Other-one thought it quite a sin not to cover it with a veil.

“What a blessing these veils must be to old and ugly women!” said the Commander to the Other-one as she climbed into the car, which now, by the guide’s direction, turned up a narrow street into the broader Rue Marengo, where was a seething mass of humanity which boiled around and almost under the wheels. Several half-naked gamins made jumps to cling on the back of the slowly moving motor, but a snap at them with the Commander’s whip drove them off, yelping and howling.

“This whip is certainly good for something besides dogs!” exclaimed the Commander, laughing.

It was a relief to get up into a quieter quarter where they passed a long white building with a big, central, white dome flanked by four others. There was a Moorish arched entrance, and a long wall with a double row of small columned arches on it, near the top, and a gateway at one side. The building was very aggressive in whitewash.

“This is the oldest mosque in Algeria,” said Mohamed, “and in it is the tomb of the Sidi-Abd-er-Rahman, a most holy man. Also here are the tombs of some of the former Deys and Pachas of Algiers. The great arched door leads to the school depending upon the mosque—the Médersa-et-Tsalibia. Madame can go to the mosque and to the tomb, which is most beautiful, only on Mondays and Tuesdays, from

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eight o'clock until noon and from two until three. If it pleases Madame, Mohamed will take her there next Monday."

They went now by the *rampe* Valée along which were the old Turkish ramparts. Here is an enchanting view, down over the yucca and palm trees of the Marengo garden, to the sea. The car stopped, at a signal from Mohammed, not far from the big civil prison on the right, and near an avenue of straggling eucalyptus-trees. Then he assisted the Other-one to alight.

"How long a time do you want to enjoy your cemetery? Will an hour be enough?" asked the Commander.

"I think it will do; but you know we have the Kasba to see, then I must go to the other cemetery as soon as possible afterwards."

"What a morbid taste you have for burying grounds!" and with this parting shot, the Commander signalled to Adrian and the car passed rapidly away down the hill and disappeared.

The Other-one had descended into a rather unsavory crowd not far from the civil prison on the right; men with bur-nouses and *haïks*, in all states of filth and rags, their bare brown legs looking like withered branches of trees; their shrivelled feet bare or thrust into ancient slippers. Little bright-eyed, dirty children rushed up to her, holding out their grimy hands for "*un sou, un sou!*" Some of the gamins plunged down the hill after the car, while others crowded, vociferous, around her; but Mohamed rescued her, dealing vigorous blows here and there. Many of the men sat squatting on the ground, staring vacantly before them; others had risen with vague looks of curiosity. Filthy and sodden as the crowd was, it was picturesque; an effect which would have been wanting in every way in a like crowd of poverty-stricken Europeans with their ugly dress.

Mohamed led his lady skilfully out of the rabble and down the avenue, then under some ancient plane-trees with their pallid, spotted trunks. Here and there, under the trees squatted or leaned on staves, appallingly filthy beggars, in



THE ARAB CEMETERY, NEAR THE
KASBA, ALGIERS



WOMEN ON FRIDAY, IN THE ARAB CEMETERY, NEAR THE
KASBA, ALGIERS



GRAVES IN THE UPPER TERRACE OF
THE ARAB CEMETERY AT
BELCOURT



VOTIVE OFFERINGS FOUND IN RUINS OF ROMAN
TEMPLES, MUSEUM OF ALGIERS

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ancient burnouses, patched with old rags and frayed to the last degree of wearableness; their beards were unkempt and grizzled, and their brown and distorted limbs exposed and covered with bruises and sores. The Other-one shivered with disgust and pity as some of them held out shaking hands and whined their petitions: "*Meskin, meskin*" (poor, poor) "for the love of Allah, *un sou, un sou.*" She thought that she had never seen in any country such wretched and miserable beggars. Her heart ached for them, and she began to pull from her bag all the change she had, until Mohamed restrained her.

"There are many more, Madame will see, and poorer!"

"Alas! if poorer than these what must they be! Is this to what Mohammedanism brings its believers?" she said to herself.

Women, in their white garments, looking like ghosts out of their tombs for the day, were coming and going down the avenue. Many were carrying bunches of evergreen and wispy bunches of flowers. Little bright-eyed children ran before, or clung to their mothers' trousers, the little girls arrayed, generally, in long garments of pink or blue silk, satin, or calico, with fanciful handkerchiefs wound over their hair. They looked like little gay-plumaged birds. An ancient Arab, squatted under a plane-tree, did a thriving business in branches of evergreen. Another one had trays of unwholesome looking sweetmeats, by which some of the mothers paused to regale their little pink and blue birds, while others dragged their clamoring children away from the tempting trays with harsh exclamations. More of the crowd of women appeared to be going away than were coming.

"I fear Madame is a little late," said Mohamed, as he turned to greet some of the women, who, seeing him with the foreign lady who held a kodak, pulled the folds of their mantles still closer over their faces.

The guide led the way across a bridge over a ravine, to where the avenue ended at the entrance to the cemetery; there was no gate proper, but a sign posted on a board in Arabic

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and French announced the cemetery as "reserved for women on Fridays."

It was a strange scene which met the Other-one's eyes; she looked down an unkempt hillside where rank grass grew, and eucalyptus-trees with their untidy trunks and sprawling branches, and where tall, melancholy cedars cast spots of shade on hundreds of strange-looking graves with marble or wooden uprights, rounded or turban-shaped, at the top. They were white or discolored by the weather, and some of them leaned at all angles. Some were inclosed in a low box running across the sides from the uprights, others were on square or oblong platforms of blue and white tiles. On these platforms, or in the grass near some of the tombs, were small groups of shrouded ladies. Some had thrown back their white *haïks* and dropped their veils, and one caught glimpses of gay embroidered vests and tunics beneath. Most of these women were chattering and laughing while placing evergreens on the tomb, or eating from packages of food spread on the grass before them. Gayly dressed little girls and small boys in red skull caps and long, full-seated trousers, pranked, shrieking and laughing, over the graves. It was everywhere a scene of gay festivity. Nothing was gloomy in the warm sunshine but the ancient, melancholy cedars. Here and there were kiosks, through whose lattice-work white tombstones showed, having gilded Arabic inscriptions. In these were seated some ladies, who seemed haughty, as being more exclusive, and also more pensive, as became their higher station. The Other-one tried to discover some weeping mourners, but, except a few who seemed old and ugly, from the glimpses one caught through the open mantle, all appeared hilarious. The few looked sadly into vacancy.

"I do not think I should be very unhappy if I lost a husband of whom I owned only a portion, and must weep any tears I had to shed with two or three other wives. I certainly would come and make merry, too, over his tomb," laughed the Lady to herself.

She was surprised, as she turned around, to find Moham-

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ed standing near her. She thought he had remained near the entrance way.

“ Why! ” she exclaimed, “ I thought you could not come in here to-day. ”

“ Oh, I am a guide; they do not mind me, and I must bring my ladies here. ”

“ Well! ” said the Other-one, “ I do not quite understand. It certainly is one of the mysteries of Mohammedan customs that one man may come here on Friday, and others not. But tell me—are all these women Arabs? ”

“ No, Madame, they are Kabyles—almost all Kabyles. They come down from the mountains and live sometimes in the towns, though they do not like them. They bury their dead mostly here. ”

The Other-one did not quite believe this, for she had found that one cannot accept in good faith all the information a guide gives.

A narrow path led down one side of the cemetery and the Other-one slowly followed it, the guide behind her, seemingly in an apologetic mood. She watched the phantom-like groups, the mysterious, half-veiled women, and thought, “ What must their lives be if this graveyard is the spot where their wildest revelries are held! Poor creatures, ‘ victims of a false and sensual cult ’ ! ”

“ How many wives can a man have here? ” she asked, turning abruptly to Mohamed, who seemed somewhat staggered by the question. Recovering himself, he answered, “ He may have four if he can support them, and if rich he may have more. If poor, he can take but one, but when she gets old or cannot work any more, he may divorce her and take a young woman, who can better do the things to be done in the tent or house. Madame can see that is well for him. ”

“ And what of the one who is turned into the street! It is shocking! ” cried the Other-one.

Mohamed looked surprised, but answered humbly, “ Yes, Madame! ”

She was about to burst into a vehement tirade against

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Mohammedanism, but reflecting that her French vocabulary was far from rich, and that the poor, simple guide was not responsible for the defects in his religion, she restrained herself, though with difficulty.

As they walked on down the path, the view opened up before and across the green hillside, spotted with its white tombstones; and the hill across the ravine rose in emerald freshness with the Byzantine dome of Notre Dame d'Afrique outlined against the soft blue of the sky. To the right was the dominating azure of the sea. It was a lovely, peaceful view. The babble of the women and the children fell softly on the ear and emphasized the quiet. After pausing a while to let the serenity of the scene soften her irritated feelings, the Other-one bethought herself of the Commander, who by this time would be impatiently awaiting her; so she turned and walked up the path, to find the car waiting.

"Now for another cemetery, I suppose," said the Commander, in greeting.

"Madame, we go now to the Kasba, for it is near, and we have not to return. Madame can see how valuable Mohamed is, and how he plans for Madame's best interests. Here is the permission, which I have taken at the Etat Major, Rue de la Marine."

"Do you know anything about the Kasba?" asked the Other-one of the Commander, as they left the car and walked on to the entrance.

"It was the ancient citadel."

"Yes, it was 'the old palace of the governors or deys of Algiers, and was once defended by two hundred guns. In the old days of Algerian predominance it was a magnificent palace with all the luxury of that period,' my books says. 'It was used for general government offices and for courts of justice. There was a separate building for the dey's household and harem. Once there were beautiful gardens here, and a great wall surrounded it. Now it is used as barracks for a regiment of artillery. They say the outer walls are two yards in thickness. It was here that a scene happened that

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caused the fall of Algiers. Do you know that story about the last Dey? Well, in April, 1829, the Consul of France at that time went to pay his respects to the Dey, according to the custom then, after the fast of Ramadan, which, you know, is the Mussulman's Lent. The Dey was, that day, in a very bad humor, and received the compliments of the French Consul with very ill grace. In the midst of a controversy about some money affairs, the Consul replied very sharply to Hussein Dey, whereupon the latter struck him across the face with his fan. The Consul, much insulted, exclaimed, "This offence is not to me but to my master!" Hussein Dey answered in Oriental heat and pride, "I care no more for your master than I do for you." So the French fleet came and stormed and took Algiers.' What a blessing to the country!"

Our travellers now had reached the entrance to the first court, where Mohamed delivered them over to a native soldier. First they saw the great square palace of the dey; then went into the court, where was a pretty marble fountain. They passed by an ancient mosque having a second court with double arcades, supported by beautiful old twisted columns. The soldier pointed out a pavilion jutting out over the court, and told, in passable French, that it was the place where the French consul was struck with the fan. From here they went up to the throne-room and admired the beautiful painted Moorish ceiling. "Here was once," the soldier said, "a chain across the entrance, where the heads of decapitated Christian captives were exposed for twenty-four hours; then the chain was lowered, and the Turkish soldiers had the heads with which to amuse themselves."

"Let us go away from here," exclaimed the Other-one, shivering. "There are such terrible memories connected with it; such frightful things must have happened here."

They turned away and went, under the soldier's guidance, to look down from the battlements over the terraces of the houses of old Algiers, around and below them. Once a fortification ran down from the Kasba on both sides, forming, with the sea, a triangle which enclosed the ancient city.

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Then the soldier delivered his people over to Mohamed again.

“Madame is content?” he asked, showing his white teeth.

“We were too hurried. The view was beautiful. I was content with that and the minaret, but not with the thought of the dreadful things that have happened here.”

“No, Madame!”

They were soon on their way to Belcourt. The guide pointed to a gate in a high white wall, and Adrian stopped the car before it.

“Here, Madame, is the cemetery where the rich ladies come on Fridays, but I cannot go in with Madame, but must wait outside.”

“Do you know it is past lunch time?” exclaimed the Commander. “Do you not prefer going with me to partake of a fresh lobster, or a broiled sea fish, followed by a succulent green salad, to visiting cemeteries?”

The Lady paid no attention to his flippancy, but gathered up her book and camera and descended from the car, which at once rolled away. Two or three antique omnibuses—to which were hitched lanky white horses—waited before the gate. One, crowded with white bales of women, closely veiled, was preparing to depart, while the other omnibuses waited for their clients who were inside the cemetery. The Other-one passed under the archway of the gate and went up the flight of stone steps at the right, leading to a pathway which was lined with beggars, more ragged, more mildewed and rusty, more stained and bespattered, if possible, than those she had passed in the cemetery near the Kasba. Some, blind of eyes and crooked of backs, with distorted limbs, seemed in the last stages of misery and wretchedness. They whined out their cries of “*Meskin, meskin,*” like the others, but the Other-one had exhausted all her sobs, and moreover she was becoming a little hardened; so she passed on up the path, which opened into a large but yet more circumscribed place than the other cemetery, walled in everywhere and with hills rising up at the back to Mustapha Supérieur. All was as rank in grass,

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as unkempt, as the other. There were more trees, eucalyptus, cypress, some graceful palms, and plane-trees to fleck with shadows the gravestones, some of which were of marble carved finely and cut into the shape of turbans and rounds. Many of them leaned at all angles, at the ends of their platforms of blue and white tiles, or their oblong boxes of wood. At the left was a mosque with a beautiful minaret, decorated with the fanciful brick diaper-work of Moorish designs. In the grass or on the platforms sat here, also, groups of women as hilarious as the others; but these groups were of more thrilling interest, for they were all unveiled and had thrown off their enshrouding mantles, except a few who were preparing to depart.

The Other-one hastily hid her camera, as some of the ladies looked up, apparently startled when they saw her, and they reached quickly over as if to don their veils and mantles; but as she turned away, they seemed to think better of it and resumed their former attitudes. A lanky boy with sharp eyes, wearing long baggy trousers and a blue jacket gayly embroidered in red, rushed up to the Other-one and cried out in French, as he pointed to the kodak showing under her jacket, "It is forbidden here, it is forbidden to photograph." Thereupon he attached himself to her, making her life a burden while she stayed there. He would retire for a moment or so, then pounce upon her from behind a tree, or a high tombstone, grimacing wildly at her, when she, thinking herself unobserved, had brought out her kodak and pointed it at an especially interesting group. When he had withdrawn, as she thought, she seated herself on a blue-and-white-tiled grave and prepared to watch for any especial beauties resembling the *houris* described in Oriental tales.

When the women saw their boyish guardian making his sallies upon the enemy, they lost their watchfulness and went on enjoying themselves without the smothering veil. More gay butterflies of children pranced and gambolled around over the graves. One pretty little creature in her frolics came near the Other-one. She was dressed like a character at a fancy

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dress fall, in a long pink satin gown, embroidered in silver, with white satin slippers on her feet, and a spangled red gauze scarf wound around her graceful little head. She had beautiful great dark eyes, skin of a rich creamy tint, and soft rose in her rounded cheeks. She frisked like a young fawn and seemed the very impersonation of youth and happiness. Other little children capered around with her, but she surpassed them all in her childish grace and beauty and her gay pranks. In trying to escape the clutch of an ugly little cross-eyed boy, she fell headlong over a box-like grave and into the rank grass on the other side. A sulky-looking young woman, in a heavily embroidered tunic, wearing necklaces, bracelets, and brooches of emeralds and pearls, got up from the blue-tiled platform where she was sitting and eating sweetmeats, seized the little beauty, and shook her until her poor little teeth rattled, muttering harshly to her the while. The Other-one turned now to examine some of the women near her. Now they were, so to speak, in *deshabille* before her. Again she wished to discover if there might be any resembling the fascinating *houris* promised to the faithful in the Moham-medan heaven. She was disappointed to find in the gayly dressed and jewel-bedecked females, with their henna-stained nails, heavy faces, muddy complexions, and dull eyes, no trace of beauty. Perhaps there were three or four, in the twenty or thirty around her, who could be called passable-looking. One had dark, dreamy eyes, and her face was young and fresh, but her mouth was wide and coarse, and she showed discolored teeth when she smiled. Another had a beautiful creamy complexion and a small mouth, with red, full lips, but her nose was flat. As to the older women, they were all ugly in different degrees; but what was more pitiful than their ugliness was the dull, unintelligent look on their faces; even the prettiest ones were heavy.

“Go away now!” cried the lady to the nagging boy, who—reinforced by three or four others smaller than himself, and all clad in trousers bagging behind to their heels—made a sudden jump at her and tried to snatch away her kodak.



ARCHED ENTRANCE WAY OF A TOMB
AT BELCOURT, ALGIERS



TOMB AND FOUNTAIN IN THE ARAB CEMETERY
AT BELCOURT

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“No! I do not go away,” shrieked the boy. “You are sitting on my father’s grave.”

“Very well! I will not sit upon it; I will go away at once,” and she started up; but her tormentor prepared to dog her footsteps, when there hove in sight an ancient man with long grizzled beard and a huge turban. He bore down upon the boys, who, when they saw him, disappeared as if by magic. The old man stopped to cuff some small children who were throwing stones at a grave. He was evidently the guardian of the place, and so old and withered that the women paid him no more attention than they would have paid to a buzzing insect.

“So there were fathers here, and sons, and surely some mothers, sisters, and daughters — by the plain tombstones” — (the men’s were cut in turban shape, some one had told the Other-one). Hitherto she had thought of those buried here as only sensual men who in their lives could have as many wives as they desired and could divorce any of them at pleasure, and who had believed in only a sensual heaven. Instead of feeling any sadness here, the Other-one had had a sense of indignation and, too, she rejoiced that the women were making merry. Now she thought, “Perhaps there are some who mourn for fathers, for sons, or brothers here!”

As she looked more closely at one or two graves near her, she observed a cross-piece on the box-like enclosure, at one end, with a round hole full of water.

“I wonder what those holes are for. They have put no flowers in any of them.” A slender woman near her had a rather intelligent face, so the Other-one ventured to ask her in French. The woman at once replied in that language. “Those are for the birds, Madame; if they come to drink of the water at the grave, it counts much for the dead.”

“Thank you!” said the Other-one, and seated herself to read a little from the book she carried, prepared also to take a snapshot when the chance came.

“The mosque in the cemetery at Belcourt contains the tomb of a very celebrated saint, Abd-er-Rahman-bou Kobrin,

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who lived in the Djurdjura Mountains, at the close of the eighteenth century, and founded a very powerful religious order,—the Rahmania,—second only to that of the renowned Sidi-Okba.”

The Other-one turned to look at the minaret where the tomb was enclosed. Near it was a fanciful kiosk, having horseshoe arches and slender columns. Low walls ran from this, with a fountain in the centre, with lovely twisted columns upholding a small dome; below was the basin of the fountain against the wall. Through the trunks of the tall cedar-trees inside the wall, one could see a long Moorish-arched colonnade with white pillars; back of this a green hill rose, throwing the white colonnade into relief, making a charming effect. Above the low, open walls, the white-turbaned tops of graves could be seen; and there were white figures passing along by the graves and sitting down by them. Curious to see what else there might be in the enclosure, the lady arose and went up some steps at the side, leading to the place. At one side was the koubba of the saint, with a band of Moorish stucco-work all around the entrance door. Some women were going and coming from this with their *haïks* well drawn around them. The colonnade ran from the koubba around three sides and was ornamented simply with bands of arabesque work above and between the arches. The ground just before this was full of tombs with blue and white tiles or marble platforms; these had no headstones, but there was an oblong cavity in the centre of each flat tomb with grass growing in it. On nearly every one there were branches of evergreen and bunches of withered flowers.

Groups of women sat under the arched colonnade, while a few others wandered among the tombs, and most of them were shrouded in their *haïks*, though they left their faces exposed. This place, lifted above the other unkempt ground, was in better order, and seemed to be the aristocratic part, set aside from the common herd. The Other-one thought the ladies here had a more elegant and well-to-do look, though she could discover no beauty among them. Their faces were

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pale and rather refined, and they had a languid air. As she picked her way over the flat graves, a wretched creature detached itself from a group from whom she was evidently begging. She hobbled with difficulty over to the Other-one and held out for alms one palsied, shaking hand, while with the other she clutched to her wrinkled breast a mantle — one mass of patched rags — which scarcely covered her swollen limbs, and her bare, distorted feet showed below. Her head, around which a discolored, filthy rag was bound, shook as if with ague. A more wretched object it was not possible to imagine. The Other-one dropped her last franc into the trembling hand and fled across the graves, only to encounter at the other side, another miserable creature, swollen out of all semblance to a human being. She was blind and lame, and a small, dark-eyed, heedless girl, whose gay red gown contrasted vividly with the miserable rags of the decrepit woman, led her in jerks around the graves where the other women were.

It was more than the Other-one could bear, and, with nothing to bestow on the pitiful object, she turned and almost ran over the low graves to the door of the tomb, and entered into a long, low room, very stuffy and dim, so that she could but just see the long high tomb of the saint covered with draperies, and a great turban cut in the end. Some women were kneeling there, with their prayer beads in their hands, and seemed most devout. As there was nothing of special interest and the air was heavy, the Other-one turned away and walked out and down the path to the gate, but paused to look back a moment over the place with its elegant minaret, the graceful kiosk and arched colonnade, all white, the dark green, tall cedars, the plane-trees, the gay groups — the sunshine and shade flecking all; but it seemed no longer a peaceful place to her, for her heart was pierced with the thoughts of the wretched creatures she had seen.

She found the car at the gate, the Commander having a satisfied air, as if he had lunched well. "I have good news for you," he said. "We can get some rooms in the hotel at Mustapha Supérieur to-night."

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“Delightful!” answered the Other-one absently.

“Now to what cemeteries do you wish to go,” asked the Commander, as Adrian started the car. “Jewish, Protestant, Catholic, or what?”

“I find no pleasure in cemeteries, as you seem to imagine, but I am in pursuit of knowledge of Mohammedan customs,” returned the Lady loftily. “I have no desire to see the cemeteries of other faiths. Now I want to go to some place where it is peaceful and quiet, and where there is nothing to make the heart ache,” she said wearily, turning to Mohamed, who, half comprehending, said:

“Madame can go now to the Jardin d’Essai, for it is near; then Madame may have time for a visit to the Museum before it closes.”

So they went down the streets and soon passed in through the entrance gate to the Jardin d’Essai, or Botanical Garden.

The Jardin d’Essai is not really a garden, nor could one say it was a park, for it is not very big. Here grow all varieties of palms, some of wonderful height and luxuriance. The Other-one’s desire to know something about everything, was excited by seeing many trees about which she knew nothing. Then said Mohamed: “I will go, Madame, to find a man who works here. He knows everything, and will tell Madame much.”

He soon returned with a short, thin man in spectacles, with dusty shoes and hands, and introduced him as Monsieur Verdeau. Getting out of the car, the Commander and the lady followed the guidance of this man, and were rejoiced to find they could understand his very passable English, which, he said, he had learned while working on some gardens in England.

He took them first down a beautiful shady avenue of palm-trees which he said were alternately African and Japanese palms. In the middle of one avenue was a lovely cascade, and this avenue ran on down to the sea. M. Verdeau said that this garden was a sort of home for trees and shrubs of a more or less tropical character. Here they were trained to endure

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another climate. Nowhere could be found, grouped together, such a complete and valuable collection of the old and the new continents. Here were the celebrated Yuccas from Carolina, Brazil, and Texas, also the *Strelitzia* and the *Strelitzia Regina*, remarkable species of the Cape Banana trees; then the Ravenela from Madagascar, which is called in its country the traveller's fountain, having a provision of water at its roots for the thirsty traveller. The palm-trees, he said, were cultivated on a large scale and shipped wholesale to almost every part of Europe, and their sale brought the Compagnie Générale Algérienne a revenue of four thousand pounds a year. Tangerine orange-trees were also exported in large quantities.

The party wandered on, the Commander rejoicing in the information imparted; and they came to a most magnificent avenue of India rubber-trees, called here "pagoda fig-trees," because they resemble, in their full growth, the pagodas of Pegu and Benares. One has a height of fifty-six feet and a girth of twenty-three feet.

When they reached the alley of bamboos, the Other-one thought she had never seen anything so graceful as these bamboos with soft green, lace-like branches bending over the pathway. Though they had been but a short time in the garden, Monsieur Verdeau seemed to think his duty ended, and he bade them adieu, as there was something particular demanding his attention.

"I am famished," cried the Other-one. "I don't believe I can go to another place until I have a sandwich or a cup of tea!"

Upon being interrogated Mohamed smiled delightedly and mysteriously, then led them down the long avenue of trees and across the road to an oasis of palms, where they were surprised to find little tables spread under the delightful shade. Here the Commander and the lady, with sighs of satisfaction, sat down at one of the tables and regaled themselves with cups of fragrant tea and thin slices of bread and butter à l'Anglais, which a deft waiter in white coat, long

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baggy trousers, and scarlet sash and fez, brought them. The sea stretched away, beautifully opalescent in the soft afternoon sun, and they saw the white city afar, and the harbor with the boats, which cast long reflections in the calm water.

Mohamed reclined, serenely happy, in the grass at some distance from them, smoking innumerable cigarettes.

“What is there more to see to-day?” asked the Commander, when they had finished their tea.

“Oh, there is much. We must rush off now to the Museum, if we wish to see it before it closes. You know you adore museums. Then there is the Governor’s summer palace, since we are to pass it on the way, I believe, to the Museum. Tomorrow we have the winter palace to see, the cathedral, the Archbishop’s palace, the Old Town, the—”

“Stop! Stop!” cried the Commander. “You have laid out enough sight-seeing for a week!”

“But we ought to see everything in the town.”

They were soon on the road up the hills, past the Moorish villas embowered in their trees; and they came to a stop in front of a flight of steps leading up to a garden where there were many trees with benches under them, from which one could get enchanting glimpses of the sea. Here sat some French and Arab nurses with their charges. There were, in various parts of the grounds, antique jars of curious shape, pieces of statuary, evidently all excavated and more or less mutilated, and a rude prehistoric dolmen amongst the shrubbery on a by-path. The Museum is a one-story building in Moorish style, surrounding a court. On the walls of the vestibule are hung views of the old-time Algiers, with the Kasba at the point of the triangular walls running to the sea. The Commander was vividly interested as they passed from the court into room after room. In the first are mosaics of pavements and walls found in Roman ruins; in others, heads, torsos, full length statues, sarcophagi, pottery, bronzes, lamps, vases, and wine jars, all coming from excavations in the different places where the Romans once colonized,—from Cherchel, from Tingad and Lambessa and even from Carthage.

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“ I had no idea before that the Romans had left such traces in Africa. We must surely go to some of the ancient cities which have been excavated,” said the Commander.

In other rooms objects of Berber art are shown,—rugs, stuffs, pottery of quaint and effective shape and design, also some specimens of Hispano-Mauresque work, and some Arabic work in beautiful old tiles, and stucco like that at the Alhambra. In one of these rooms, the Other-one stopped, horrified to see in a case the cast of a figure doubled up as if in mortal agony.

“ This must be the cast taken from the mould found of Geronimo, the Arab Christian martyr,” she called to the Commander, who was looking with great interest at some Turkish arms. “ Come here while I tell you what I read about him! He was an Arab child captured by the Spaniards and brought up in the Catholic faith. He fell into the hands of his own people and was made a Mohammedan; but when he grew older, his heart returned to the Christian belief. He became a soldier, went to Oran, was captured by the pirates and brought to Algiers. The Mohammedans were enraged at his being a renegade, and the Governor commanded him to be thrown alive into a block of molten concrete, so that the mass in the block took exactly the mould of his body. This block was built into the walls of a fort. The last thing Geronimo said was, ‘ I am a Christian, and a Christian I will die.’ This happened in the Fall of 1569. For a long time this was supposed to be a legend, until, when the Turkish fort was destroyed, the skeleton was found imbedded in the cement. This cast was taken by pouring plaster in the hole. The original block is in the Cathedral in one of the chapels. But is not this a gruesome thing? It makes me heartsick. Let us get out into the fresh air and look at the beautiful, peaceful sea! ”

They came out and walked to the other side of the building, where, against the wall, were several curious carved stones. Among others, two or three upright, in shape like our grave-stones. They interested the Commander very

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much. "I do not remember to have seen anything like them anywhere," he said. These stones are about four feet high and divided into three compartments. The lower has a relief, rudely cut, of an animal like an ox; in the middle compartment are the busts of a man and a woman, apparently portraits. The upper compartment has what is probably intended for a deity.

"What can they be!" exclaimed the Other-one. "Let me run in and find the director and ask him."

She soon returned accompanied by a tall man wearing spectacles, who informed them: "These come from Timgad and Lambessa, once flourishing Roman towns, and which now have many Roman remains. They were votive offerings placed in the temples there, and to whatever god the temple might be erected. The busts in relief are those of the donor and his wife, the god above, and the animal sacrificed to him, below."

When the two came out Mohamed appeared to put in a plea that they should go at once, as it was getting late, to see the most beautiful of summer palaces — that of the Governor, quite near.

"Let us go at once," said the Other-one.

The beautiful Moorish building stands in the midst of a luxuriant park, with tropical plants and gay beds of flowers. Tall banana-trees with ragged amber and green leaves grow before the entrance door, and high date-palms, and dark cedars contrast their foliage near. There are colonnades above and below, and the elegant slender columns uphold the fancifully decorated Moorish arches.

Our tourists went up the walk. Two or three *Spahis* in red and blue embroidered costumes, with the baggy trousers and snow-white *haïks*, stood like gorgeously plumaged birds before the short flight of broad marble steps leading up to a tiled terrace, where were a fountain and great jars of tropical plants on pedestals. These men seemed to be doing nothing but making pictures of themselves. They looked superciliously at the newcomers, while Mohamed turned hastily back,

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and went to the small lodge near the entrance gate. He soon returned with a plump little French woman, who led them into the house and through some rooms with lovely arabesque stucco on the walls, and into a court, tiled and glassed over, a gallery with slender columns running around the second story. The rooms had no rugs and but little furniture, their decoration giving them their charm. She led them to the great banquet hall, and out onto the corridor running around, where they looked down into a court. "This is all covered over when the Governor gives his annual ball, and all is most beautiful and most magnificent with the lights everywhere and the ladies in wonderful gowns, and the officers in their uniforms, all gold braid and decorations. Then outside, it is as I think paradise must be, with all the red, blue, and yellow lights. All the arches too, here, have electric lights around them, and the palace is as if it were made of fire. Oh, if Madame could but see it!" and she clasped her hands and raised here eyes heavenwards, ecstatically.

"Who comes to these balls?" asked the Other-one.

"Many French people with the officers, Madame, and some foreigners, but the most beautiful to see are the great chiefs of Algeria, Aghas, and Bach-Aghas (governors), who are all summoned to this ball. They wear magnificent clothes and wonderful jewellery and French decorations, and make the ball more splendid and magnificent. I have a corner where I can see everything, and no one knows I am there. When all is over, the beautiful music ended, the lights out, and the wonderful people gone, the darkness comes, I feel as if I had had a dream and gone to paradise, which I must think cannot be more beautiful."

Then the Motorists, weary with sight-seeing, went, with the happy Mohamed to point the way out, to Birkadem, up hills, past divine gardens where crocuses and masses of purple and white iris were in blossom, and the almond-trees were like pink snow. They caught glimpses of the sea over the lush green of the trees. It had light like the shimmer of opals, in the late afternoon sun. They saw the beautiful

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curve of the Bay of Mustapha, with the filmy purple mountains beyond, the snow of the peaks tinged with the crimson of the dropping sun; those peaks that gave the Other-one that thrill when she first saw them. There is a pretty Moorish fountain in the square of the town of Birkadem, and a fort — the military prison — crowning a hill above the town.

They turned back after a glorious ride, and when it was growing late they went by the ravine of the Femme Sauvage, a picturesque route with great rocks and trees, gloomy now with the waning light; they turned up by the Colonne Voirol, and so came down to their paradise and descended from the car, a weary, but contented party.

They found the pretty Margu rite,— Adrian's wife, who had come to serve,—had arranged all the household goods they had brought from home, in a charming room, high up over the garden and overlooking it and the terrace. Wide windows opened to the glorious view tinged with the last rays of the setting sun, and a cool breeze brought in the fragrance of the flowers and the odor of the sea. All the noise of the toiling city was subdued to a faint murmur. The hoarse whistle of an outgoing or an incoming steamer; the distant toot of a motor car; the light laughter and talk of some young girls wandering in the garden below, were all the sounds that came to their ears, and served but to emphasize the quiet of the place. So they slept well that night, away from the clang, the tumult of the Place du Gouvernement.

CHAPTER IV

THE PENON — ADMIRALTY — A VISIT TO THE OLD TOWN — A GLIMPSE OF THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, AND THE WINTER PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR

THE next morning, while the Commander was buried in his maps, the Other-one sat sipping her coffee at a little table before the wide-opened windows. She regaled her eyes with the enchanting view over the cypress and palm-trees of the garden, across the silver blue of the bay, to where faint snow-peaks showed themselves in the rosy mauve of the morning fog. After a prolonged study, the Commander looked up.

“My plan is to get out of here day after to-morrow; go to Cherchel by Tipaza; see the strange ruin of the Tomb of the Christian; come back by Blida and the wonderful Gorge of the Chiffa—about which I have been reading. We can do this easily in two days. It is only about a hundred and seventeen kilometres to Cherchel from here. We can rest a day, if you wish, after our return, then go to Bou-Saâda, which is the interesting country of the—How do you call them?—Ouled Nails. It is the place from which the dancing girls come. I have looked all up on the maps. We shall find the roads good everywhere, so let us get off, if possible, the day after to-morrow!”

So they picked up their wraps and went down to the terrace of the hotel, to await their car. Happy groups were sunning themselves there; some stretched out on the comfortable wicker chairs; but the new arrivals, judging by their joyous satisfaction in the spring-like aspect of everything, and the warm sun gilding all, could not rest, but were wandering in the garden or hanging over the little tables of the Arabs, spread like webs to catch the unwary flies. The Oriental jewellery, the gay knick-knacks in metal and silver, the

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rugs of many colors, looked more entrancing than ever in the morning sun.

They found Mohamed an embodied smile, and handsome as a prince, in a crimson jacket embroidered in black, with full trousers of the same color, and patent leather slippers with the whitest of hose.

They climbed into the car and bowled down the hills by the boulevards to the sea, and found what seemed the same crowd as yesterday, lounging over the balustrades and looking always down on the busy harbor. The car turned the Rue de l'Amirauté, overlooking the inner harbor, which is between the building of the Direction of the Port and the mole on which stands the lighthouse of the Peñon. This harbor is dotted with the many fishing-boats and pleasure craft which are anchored there. Our party alighted near the stone steps leading down to the quay. The exquisite Moorish house, the residence of the Rear-Admiral commanding the marine, is on the right of the wall some distance on. They passed by this Admiralty, as it is called, then went on toward the Peñon. There are some old Moorish buildings around here and some bits of Moorish work spared, as yet, by the French. In one wall they saw a typical Moorish fountain with the flat surface decorated with carved marble reliefs and just a spout for water. Now they turned to the right and went on down through a gate, then on by where the French torpedo boats were anchored, and walked along until they came to an arch in a corner, which the guide said was the "Tiger or Leopard Gateway," opening into the Bureau of the Marine. It is seventeenth century work, carved of white marble with red, green, and blue leopards on it, and an Arab inscription. It is celebrated for the fact that while Mohammedan law does not permit the representation of living beings, they have invented a legend that a Persian slave did the work, and his captors found it so beautiful that they allowed it to remain. The Other-one thought it curious, and rather ugly than beautiful, although one writer calls it "surpassingly lovely."

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Now they went back to look at the beautiful white lighthouse rising on the part left of the old Spanish fort.

“They say,” observed the Other-one, “that this is precisely the same as it was in the time of that blood-thirsty old pirate, Khair-ed-Din. I’ve been reading up a little about this Peñon. When the Moors were driven out of Spain, the Algerines were frightened into erecting big batteries all along the coast. It was then the Spaniards seized the small island in front of Algiers and built this Peñon on it in 1510; but in 1529 Khair-ed-Din determined to take it at whatever cost. The little band of a hundred and fifty men resisted most gallantly, but alas! when the Peñon was at last taken there were only thirty-five warriors, and they, with the iron Commander, Martin de Vegas, were all put to death. The blood-thirsty old Khair-ed-Din pulled the Spanish castle down and joined the fortress to the coast by a jetty. He employed twenty thousand Christian slaves to build it. On the only tower left of the fortress the present lighthouse was erected. Now civilization has transformed the nest of smugglers into the most hospitable of cities.”

“And the tower is one hundred and twenty feet above sea level and has a fixed light that can be seen for fifteen miles,” added the Commander. “Let us walk over toward the lighthouse and view it as near as we can go to it.”

So they went to where the railed walk leads up to the entrance door with a Spanish coat-of-arms over it. Then they walked up the long *rampe* of the *Amirauté* on Khair-ed-Din’s jetty, and passed along the sea wall until they came opposite the great white tower, and they leaned over to see the blue sea roll up and break into foam against the rocks on which the bastion was built. The view was ravishing.

“Madame,” said Mohamed, now drawing near, “there is much to see in the town. Here is nothing but the sea and the Peñon, and Madame has but little time.”

So they let him go in search of the car, and soon were riding up the Rue de la Marine, passing the Great Mosque

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with its beautiful arcades and the decrepit beggars squatting under them. They came into the busy Rue Bal-el-Oued, then went on by the Rue Divan past the cathedral, and came into the Rue Randon in the native quarter, and here were all kinds of native specialties. Mohamed besought his people to descend,—“they would find such wonderful, such beautiful things in the shops here: Arabic, Moorish, Kabyle,—so cheap, almost given away!” But the Commander was deaf to his entreaties and ordered Adrian to move on, which he did with difficulty, the street was so crowded with all sorts of humanity. It was fascinating for the Other-one, this view of a really Oriental street. The shops were mere holes-in-the-wall. In one, men were hammering a design in copper and brass vessels of graceful shape; at another a blear-eyed old man was embroidering blue velvet slippers in a design in gold, while many in other brilliant colors hung around. Near, in just a square, box-like shop with a platform jutting out—as in most of the others—for the would-be purchasers to recline, bargain and sip the coffee, always offered—were many gay red and yellow slippers, and workmen finishing some up. The Other-one wished to stop and look at the earrings, bracelets, and brooches of gold and silver wire which a dark-skinned old Jew was trying to show to them, but the Commander said, “Wait until we reach the Kabyle country for your jewellery. All this is modern trash.”

At a little distance farther on, they alighted near a street ascending by rude stone steps and dark from the overhanging houses almost meeting above, with only a strip of sky between. The projecting upper stories of the houses are held, or seem to be held, by rows of poles placed close together and said to be of cedarwood. The narrow streets wind and twist. It is said one must climb five hundred steps to come out at the top. The wall spaces of the houses are all white-washed and mostly blank, save for a high window here and there screened by projecting lattice-work. The other windows are mere holes, and the doors, generally in the darkest

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corner, are below the level of the street. They are the only things in the architecture here that show any beauty, and are sometimes very fine, decorated with bands of lovely arabesque work. Our party, conducted by the all-knowing Mohamed, walked slowly up the crooked streets, pausing often to take breath and to note anything curious about them. Here were no carts, nor any animal but the patient donkeys who scrambled up or down the toilsome way, sometimes laden with full panniers, or with a humped-up man or woman, shrouded in burnous or mantle, on their backs. The streets are too narrow and steep to admit any vehicles. People were going up and down the steps and were of fascinating interest. Here a Moorish woman, clad in her huge balloon trousers, closely shrouded in her mantle, looking in the gloom like a ghost, skulked by; now a grimy beggar, a mass of rags and sores; now a group of grave patriarchal-looking men, with their fine cloth burnouses and their snow-white turbans, seeming like prophets come to preach cleanliness and order. Then, walking stealthily along, casting suspicious looks around, an old Jew, his grizzled hair straggling out from under his turban; dirty little boys in nondescript garments or nearly naked, and pretty little girls — but unclean and unkempt — weaving in and out of the groups, here and there.

Often the party passed a *café Maure*, or Arab coffee house, where white-turbaned and red-fezzed men were sipping coffee and the air was blue with cigarette smoke. The Commander paused to look into one. There were mats on the floor; a blue-tiled place, built up against the wall and pierced with holes, held the burning charcoal where they made the coffee. Small pots and many cups hung near. There were gaudy prints on the walls, some curious Arabic inscriptions, which the guide said were sentences from the Koran; and there hung also the pipes for smoking hasheesh. It was horribly hot in there, and many were taking their tiny cups of coffee outside, squatting on mats with little tables before them, or stretched on the bare ground.

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“ I have been told,” said the Commander, “ that these *cafés* are an institution of all the Arab towns. We shall see them everywhere, always crowded; some, they say, are very gorgeous, where the rich Arabs go, but the poorer ones, like this one, are decorated with gaudy chromos. Each *café* has its special clients. One has all the water carriers; you saw some of them in the streets below, with brass jars of water, offering cups of it to the passersby or rattling the cups to attract attention? Then the Moors go to another; the fishermen patronize another; and the sailors have their favorite *café*. Some of the poor Arabs spend their day here, after work is finished. They have no other home. They bring an onion or two, a loaf of Arabian bread, and a jug of water; then for half a sou they get a cup of coffee. At night they wrap up in their burnouses, or sacks (you have seen some of the poor workmen wrapped in a common coarse sack simply sewed up at one end), the poorest kind of a wrap but as near a burnous as they can afford. These poor fellows spread themselves out on a mat, or on the ground, for the night.”

“ I see you are picking up information rapidly,” said the Other-one, “ but I should like to taste the coffee.” Mohamed here came up with two tiny cups of the coffee, divining her wish. She swallowed a little of it.

“ It’s awfully sweet and so muddy with coffee grounds that they get into my throat. I’ve been told, however, that people learn to like Turkish coffee,—as I suppose this is,—and won’t take any other after dinner, if they can get this.”

While they stopped, Mohamed had hastily swallowed two or three cups of coffee and smoked a cigarette secretly, and after handing over the twenty-five sous for all, the party went on up the narrow street, climbing the slippery stone-paved steps. Coming down were two corpulent women, masses of jelly-like flesh, each wearing a funny little conical cap on one side of her head, and a gay silk handkerchief tied around; but their chins were swathed in muslin, which gave them the appearance of having the toothache.



THE "LEOPARD DOOR," ALGIERS



VIEW OF THE ADMIRALTY AND PENON, ALGIERS



MINARET OF THE MOSQUE
OF SIDI-ABD-ER-RAHMAN,
ALGIERS



ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF SIDI-ABD-ER-RAHMAN,
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“What are those women?” the Other-one demanded of Mohamed, who was delighted to be asked any question he could answer.

“They are Jewesses, Madame, but not now in their finest dress, Madame. On *fête* days, the Jewesses wear most beautiful clothes of silks and velvets, if they are rich, all embroidered in gold, with silk and gold sashes and much splendid jewellery. Madame should see them.”

“Who are those beautiful-looking men, with the scarlet trousers, embroidered coats, and long boots, over there in the *café* at the corner?”

“They are the spahis, Madame, the native cavalry.”

“And the men in green turbans, just turning the corner yonder?”

“They, Madame, have been on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and some are descended from the Prophet.”

So there was a constant change in the figures, and new combinations came into view, as in a kaleidoscope, as they wended up the narrow streets. At the darkest corners, however, the fitting women, all in white, were most uncanny-looking; as sometimes one opened a door in the wall and slipped through, the watchful Other-one caught a glimpse of a courtyard and gay-colored tiles and twisted columns, and realized there might be something of beauty behind those closely shut doors; for it was like a glimpse into paradise, compared with the slime and gloom of the narrow streets.

“How I should like to get behind those prison-like doors and see the fountains, flowers, and trees, the wonderful courtyards, the marble pillars, and the old tiles which, one writer says, are in the houses of the rich Moors here; and which I am sure is true, from the mere glimpse I had just now. I suppose as motorists and birds of passage, we have no time to secure any influence to get us into any wealthy Arab home,” said the Other-one to the Commander, as he walked on. “But at any rate we shall see some Moorish palaces, those of the Governor and the Archbishop.”

“Come on,” called back the Commander, as he paused,

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panting, on some steps above her. "We must get to those palaces to-day."

Mohamed now led them round a corner into a narrower and darker street than any through which they had yet passed. The Other-one paused in amazement to see some of the doors open, giving view to a small vestibule with stairs running up at the back. At these doors sat some most surprising-looking women or girls—surprising in comparison with the veiled phantoms before seen. At the door—near which the Other-one stopped so suddenly that the Commander had almost fallen over her, coming up somewhat briskly after his rest—sat a painted and powdered creature most wonderful to view. Long, heavy, painted eyebrows extended from her temples over the eyes and met over the nose. Her cheeks were painted vermilion. Around her head a gaudy blue-and-red silk handkerchief was bound, with gold bangles hanging from it over her forehead. She wore a pink satin long tunic, embroidered in silver tinsel. Her bare ankles were decorated with silver anklets, and her feet thrust into red velvet slippers worked in gold braid. Her hands were spread out before her, and the nails henna-tinted. She was decked out to the queen's taste in rings, bracelets, necklaces, and brooches. The gaudy creature leered at them with her heavy eyes, and the Other-one felt a sensation of disgust too deep to express. The same scene was repeated at other open doors on the street, varying only in the decoration of the painted animal, some having more eyebrows, and more vermilion on their cheeks.

"What is this street, and what are these women?" asked the Other-one, turning to Mohamed, who had remained discreetly behind, while the Commander had pushed on, with a face expressive of even more disgust than his Lady's.

"This, Madame, is the street of the bad women."

"Oh! but why did you bring us here?"

"But Madame wished to see everything."

The Other-one plunged on, and near the end of the street she observed some sullen-looking men, Italian or Spanish,

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presumably, from their unpicturesque clothes, skulking up the street.

“These are sailors, Madame.”

“I hope you are satisfied with your sight-seeing,” called back the Commander. “Let us get out of this! Ask him if we have to go back down these slippery steps and these filthy streets, and inhale again all the detestable odors?”

Mohamed answered that he had told the chauffeur to come by the Kasba, so they would meet him there and need not descend.

“Your guide has a little sense after all, in spite of his clothes,” said the Commander.

They continued to go up and passed into a more narrow and lane-like street, where the houses came so near in the second story that the dwellers might really shake hands across the street. The party were in a gloomy half-twilight, and there all was silent, except that sometimes they went by a house whence, where a high window opened to the street, a sound of nasal chanting and beating of drums broke the silence.

“There, Madame, they have a marriage and are making music and beating the *derbouka*, which is an earthen jar, Madame, with sheepskin drawn over the mouth.”

More strange figures flitted up the lane, and it seemed to our couple that they were moving in a kind of Inferno. The narrow street soon opened into a wider one, and as the houses were farther apart, it was lighter. Here were more little box-like shops. Much cooking was going on here. Over charcoal fires all sorts of queer-looking scraps and bits of fish were sizzling in hot oil, and an unappetizing odor filled the air. Here were the sugar merchants with great cones of more or less white sugar suspended from strings. Here were grocers with all sorts of uncanny things in boxes and baskets, and dried lentils, maize, and dried chestnuts, in earthen pans. Here and there in the street, a barber plied his vocation, and in full view, scraped unfezzed heads until they looked like mottled cocoa-nuts. Here the *cafés* abounded and were always

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full of patrons. The guide brought them to two streets cornering on the Rue Kléber — the Rue d’Affreville and the Rue du Galmier. Here at the corner is a small mosque, which, Mohamed informed them, “is that of Mohammed-ed-Chérif, and one of the oldest in Algiers, Madame.”

“It is here,” said the Other-one, consulting her guide-book, “that this marabout, or saint, ‘was buried in 1541, the year Charles V made his expedition against Algiers,’ and ‘it is this saint to whom women come to pray when they wish to be mothers.’ That *café* opposite, on the corner, is ‘where the painter Fromentin used to come very frequently, and it was then much more picturesque than now.’”

Mohamed now asked if they would go to see the other mosque not far off, where were most beautiful tiles on the minaret, the Djama Sidi-Abdullah.

“Is it the mosque where the book says that the great Arab teacher Malek used to pray so many hundred years ago?” asked the Other-one.

“Madame, I cannot tell this, but I know everything about the rest.”

“You are not like him, Mohamed, for to a list of forty questions asked him, one day, he answered, ‘I do not know’; and the man who wrote about his life thought that only a man who cared more for the glory of Allah than his own, would have confessed to so much ignorance.”

“Madame, it is true.”

In reply to the Other-one’s question as to whether they should see the last mosque, the Commander declared he was tired and did not feel like more sight-seeing until he had had his luncheon!

When they entered the pretty Moorish-looking dining-room, with its colored plaques of Arab men and women, life size, in their characteristic dress,—one of a native woman, bearing from the well a great jar on her head, another an Arab with white *haïk* and flowing burnous on a white Arabian horse,—they found it almost deserted.

“Do you know,” said the Other-one, as they began upon a

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delicious omelette *aux pointes d'asperges*, served by a deft waiter, "I have a plan too? It is to take a ride this afternoon out into the country; then rest to-morrow, which is Sunday, and go to church if we wish, to the pretty Moorish-looking English church, with its chalk-white domes, not far from here; then write our letters and read up as much as we can for our trips to Cherchel and Bou Saâda. Monday we can finish up our sight-seeing here and go to the interesting Mosque of Sidi-Abd-er-Rahman, also the Moorish palaces."

Which was accepted with a little demur by the Commander.

It was rather late that afternoon when they started on their ride into the country-side; for the Commander, when coming from luncheon, had been tangled in the web of jewellery and rugs spread by the three wily Arabs on the tiled terrace of the hotel. They had discerned him as one who would have the best and the most antique, and who knew counterfeit from real. So they spread before him old Kabyle blankets, with soft colors dulled by age, in faded reds, melting browns, yellows with a bloom on them, blues that seemed to have taken their tints from the sea under overhanging rocks, and greens from the distant mountain-sides seen through a haze. Some were in intricate designs, some with stripes of creamy white. Then they brought out the precious Kabyle jewellery, not shown to ordinary tourists,—necklaces, rings, anklets, bracelets, great plaques all in silver cunningly fashioned, with fine tracings, lovely enamels in blues and greens and set with turquoise and pieces of rough coral,—for *this* connoisseur, nothing in glaring colors or coarsely wrought jewellery. So he hovered lovingly over them, endeavoring to conceal his joy, that he might drive sharp bargains—which he loved almost as much as the antique curios themselves—with the crafty Arab merchants.

The Other-one modestly contented herself with some of the tourist-beloved "modern trash"—hat pins with filigree balls, nickel boxes with Moorish designs, a necklace of small plaques with enamel in colors, and a few other trifles. When they at last went up to their room, the Commander bore a

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large package, and the hall porter followed him bearing three or four rugs. As the Commander pulled out his purchases and regarded them with great satisfaction, the Other-one gasped,—while Marguérite hastened to arrange them on tables and on the walls.

“Are you going to set up shop here, and what are we to do with all these?”

“They are for the Museum,” replied the Commander. “I am going to have a great collection of Kabyle work for it, of the best, and to-day I found wonderful things, and bargains too, I can tell you.”

On Sunday, our couple passed the day as had been planned; and Monday, bright and early, saw them in their car, sliding down the Mustapha hill, under the guidance of Mohamed, whose teeth had never seemed so white, nor whose smile so gay. Alas! this smile was doomed soon to be quenched in sadness. He was to lose his profitable patron and the delightful motor-rides; for that morning before starting, the Commander had said to the Other-one:

“You must tell Mohamed, to-night, that we will need him no more.”

“What!” cried the Lady. “My handsome bronze Mohamed, with his bright smile and picturesque clothes!”

“Yes!” answered the Commander tersely. “The fact is, I must have an intelligent man who speaks English. There are a thousand things I am continually wanting to ask a guide, and Mohamed is only an animated parrot. He knows nothing really.”

It was decided that they should go first to the Mosque and Koumba of Sidi-Abd-er-Rahman, as it was open to strangers only two hours in the morning. They went up the Rue Randon, then up the hilly Rue Marengo and had glimpses of the sea over the roofs. The car was stopped at one side of the great white-domed Medressa or college. Beggars were crouched down on the sidewalk in front of the great entrance to the school and along the white wall. Mohamed took them to a gateway farther on in the wall, at one side. From this

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gateway a narrow path descends by rude stone steps to the blue sea below. Half-way down is a white-domed tomb. Some women were going down and others coming up, all swathed in their white garments; they looked as if they had but just left their tombs for a walk and a look at the living world. The guide conducted his party down and through an arched gateway, into a little burying-ground, with tombs scattered here and there, with round or turban-shaped head pieces. Some of the platforms are all of green tile, others of blue and white. At one side of the entrance is a tomb with a projecting tiled roof and small barred windows, with a pattern in colors around them. A great cypress-tree, back of it, casts melancholy shadows across the little building. Back of it one can see the minaret, an elegant square construction of three or four tiers of slender colonnades running around it, and bands of brilliant old faience in rich coloring between. All, with the old cypress, makes a most effective picture. Some white-robed women were moving softly around the tombs, dropping a branch of evergreen here and there on them. The stillness, the beauty of the view looking down over the low walls to the sea, the graceful minaret, with the dark green of the cypress, all against the azure sky, and the white, softly-moving women, made it seem a charmed and peaceful place, after the clamor and bustle of the dirty and importunate beggars they had left outside. At the far end of the grounds, near an ancient cypress-tree, a door opened into the Koubba, or tomb of Sidi-Abd-er-Rahman, who died in 1471, and was as celebrated for the holiness of his life as for his scientific knowledge. He left several theological treatises also. He is in great repute among the people of Algiers, especially as he is in a way their patron.

At the entrance Mohamed delivered his people over to an ancient crone, who brought them frayed and shabby slippers to put on over their profane shoes before entering the sacred place. It was a small room they came into, with a few small windows, and, coming out of the brilliant sunshine, they could at first discern but little. When they became

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accustomed to the half light, they saw in one corner the tomb, looking like a wide, huge bed, surrounded by a high, elaborately carved and painted railing with panels of Meshri-biyeh work. Over the tomb were thrown rich shawls and draperies of silk, banners in tatters, and great strings of prayer beads. A great crystal chandelier hung above it, and there were other smaller ones hung around the room, and ostrich eggs, curious Arabian lamps, and many other things, probably all votive offerings. Standing in the corner was an old clock, which all mosques have, and which are never known to keep time, seldom even to go. There are beautiful old glazed tiles on the walls, and the rugs on the floor are more or less fine.

Three or four women were kneeling around the wooden enclosure; some kissed passionately the wooden panels, others reached through the open-work and tried to touch the draperies or shawls, which must, they believed, once have been worn by the saint. One old woman replenished the oil in the little lamps kept burning near the tomb. The ancient crone kept an eye on our party for a few moments, but seeing that they were perfectly quiet and respectful, went and knelt by the railing; but soon she came to them and made signs that they should go out, which they were only too glad to do, for the place was stuffy, and the air heavy with unaccustomed odors and strange scents. Out in the peaceful burying-place they found a venerable man in a huge turban, and well wrapped in his white wool burnous. He was regarding, benevolently, the pranks of two dirty little boys in long gowns and soiled white skull caps, who were playing some sort of game with small stones on the ground; then they turned and, without the smallest attention to the strangers, began to play leap-frog, tumbling over one another, shouting and screaming and disturbing the calm of the place.

“A strange place to have games in!” exclaimed the Commander, “but boys are boys the world over.”

Our party climbed the steps to the entrance gate, running the gantlet of several unkempt Arabs who clamored for sous,

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and regained their car. They ran along the *Rampe Valée*, and stopped for a glimpse of the Marengo garden.

Then they went down again, by the Rue Randon and the Rue de la Lyre, pausing at the corner of the Rue Divan to go into the cathedral for a few moments, for a glimpse of its columns from an old mosque, and the inscription in gilded letters on black marble, from the Koran, over the high altar.

“How strange!” exclaimed the Other-one. “Sentences from the Koran here! And do you notice that the altar faces toward the west?”

Entering the chapel at the right, they saw the white marble tomb of Geronimo, the Arab Christian martyr.

It was but a step or two over to the Governor's winter palace, a Moorish house of the eighteenth century. It has beautiful arched Moorish windows. There are two graceful date-palm-trees in front, and banana-trees, with their great, ragged, translucent leaves. Enclosed in a railing, there are two little sentry boxes near the door. An amiable-looking *concièrge* seemed glad to see them, the prospect of a fee making him alert and anxious to please. He took them at once into the courts which are glassed over and have twisted marble columns upholding the Moorish arches of the galleries. There are lovely tiles on the walls here, and some fine stucco-work. The guardian seemed to consider the great crystal chandelier in the big ball room the chief beauty of the place.

The Archbishop's palace is directly opposite the Governor's, so our couple had but to follow Mohamed across the street and he delivered them into the hands of a motherly old French woman at the entrance. She took them up a flight of stairs to show them what she might, “as Monseigneur was at present in the palace and they could see only certain rooms.” The respectable old dame moved deliberately and dignifiedly through the apartments, here and there throwing out a bit of information, but with apparent reluctance as if she might compromise His Reverence, the Archbishop. This palace also is on the plan of most of the old Moorish houses, with a court opening from the vestibule, with the slender, graceful mar-

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ble columns supporting the gallery above; also having columns and horseshoe arches, all running around the court. There are the lovely, iridescent tiles around the walls, and stucco in lace-like patterns, recalling the Alhambra, but coarser in work and design. In the entrance court were a great palm in a jar, and some religious pictures under the colonnade, and busts of cardinals and archbishops, all looking much out of place here.

In spite of all the delicacy of the arabesque work, the light and airy colonnades, the open courts in marble flagging, all the place had a bare, though pure, look, after the overloaded furnishings of the modern European houses.

The Other-one tried to imagine what this might have been in the times when the Deys had sway. This lovely setting of white columns and marble-flagged courts in which must have been heard the plashing of fountains' silver rain into the basins, all open to the blue sky above; harem beauties tripping over priceless rugs with their tiny slippered feet, and gleaming with jewels; clothed in spangled gauze dresses and filmy scarfs bound above their melting dark eyes.

“Madame finds the palace beautiful?”

The Other-one roused herself from her dream of fair women, half expecting to see one of the beauties in diaphanous robes, from the soft dulcet tones that fell on her ear. But there was only a short, fat, precise old woman, in severe cap and plain gown of gray, who seemed anxious for her tourists to depart, fearing “Monseigneur might come down at any moment.”

When they reached their hotel, the Other-one turned, with regret, to give her picturesque guide his dismissal. His brilliant smile faded away when she told him they would need him no more, at the same time placing a fat fee in his ever-ready palm.

“We go off, to-morrow, for a trip into the country.”

“But Madame must take me,” he said eagerly. “I know everything, all the roads, all the towns, I speak the language of all the tribes—Madame will see. There is no guide like

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me. Madame will be indeed desolate without me. Everybody who travels here desires to have me."

"In that case you will have no trouble to secure a patron at once. I am sorry," she said firmly, "but we cannot take you." So she turned away leaving Mohamed disconsolate indeed.

CHAPTER V

THE TRIP TO CHERCHEL AND TOMBEAU DE LA CHRÉTIENNE

WHEN the Other-one descended the next morning at an early hour, all ready to begin the trip to Cherchel, she found the car in shining readiness. Adrian was hovering around it, giving some last touches, while a sallow little man in spectacles was putting in the valises and filling up the big bag, back of the front seat, with the shawls and traveling coats. Jammed down over his head was a much worn, soft, black felt hat, from under which he peeped at her humbly.

“Who is that man?” she asked *sotto voce* of the Commander, who was giving rapid directions as to the disposal of the baggage.

“It’s the guide,” said he, shortly.

“What! That insignificant, ordinary little creature, in those European clothes! He looks as if he had been buried some centuries and has not had time to brush off the mould since excavated. Is he to replace my picturesque Mohamed?”

“I know he is not much to look at,” answered the Commander, stiffly, “but he is an excellent guide, and knows all the roads, the hotel manager says. He will tell you about everything we see. Moreover, he speaks good English, which is the essential. He is a Jew, and his name is Moses.” So saying the Commander turned quickly away, donned his warm coat—for the morning was cool—with the guide’s aid, mounted to his throne, unfolding his map for a last glance at the road, and placed his dog whip where he could reach it.

The Other-one was soon in her seat, and the guide got into his, very humbly, in front of her; then they rolled away down the avenue, leaving the hotel in its pretty garden, and

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a few early people, who watched them off rather enviously. The Arabs would have been "desolated" to see their munificent patron escaping from their toils; but they had not yet come to spin their seductive webs. It was a fine, fresh morning, and the sun was a little shorn of its beams by some light clouds floating in the sky. The sea was of a blue tourmaline tint with reflections of burnished silver, where the sun caught the edge of the waves. A fog shut out the snow peaks from view. The air was invigorating, and seemed as though it had come from the sea with its flavor, over snow-capped mountains that cooled it; then across deserts to warm it, and then over verdant, flowery plains to catch the aroma of the flowers. Down the car went, smoothly, over the perfect roads, by orange groves with white villas peeping through, by the domed English church, to the Boulevard above the harbor, with its early loungers there; by the Public Garden, with its great clusters of palm-trees; by the Place du Gouvernement, not quite so effervescing in that early hour, still with much movement, light, and color. The Mosque of the Fishery looked as if it had been re-whitewashed in the night past, and early Arabs lounged by its walls. So our Motorists slipped away from the fascinating life, past the Peñon with its gruesome memories, less pitiful in the morning sunlight, the waves breaking in a fringe of foam against its rocks. Just beyond the guide pointed out the Arabian house with its lovely Moorish entrance and its graceful palm swaying in the light breeze — then they went past the Fort des Anglais.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Commander, "is this not glorious!" and he drew deep breaths of the fresh, sweet air.

They soon came to, and passed, St. Eugène, with its white villas surrounded by gardens, and its common, ugly, French main street. Beyond is the Valley of the Consuls, which the guide said "was so named for having been the quarter where the foreign consuls lived in the time of the Deys." Below were the Jewish and European cemeteries, and back on green Bouzaréa the towering Byzantine dome of Notre Dame d'Afrique could be seen. They bowled on by the sea, which

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was flinging its white foam on the rocks below. About three kilometres on they passed the old Turkish fort, built on a great rock jutting into the sea, and the white lighthouse of Cape Caxine. The road now was bordered with white villas and gardens on one side; on the other, great rocks projected into the sea. Then came a long stretch of vineyards, no green vine leaves showing as yet, but the land was beautifully clean and rich-looking and free from weeds. Fifteen kilometres more and they reached Guyotville, a pretty town with a sandy beach stretching from it to the sea.

Here, the guide said, were many market gardens, the sandy soil lending itself well to this kind of culture.

On they sped, the road always smooth, the gardens a delight to the eye. To the Other-one's regret, they began to drop away from the sea and run on with great, rolling, green mountains at their left. There were small domains along the way, where many fig-trees were growing, their knotted, sprawling branches showing faint green leaves. They ran now by wide cultivated fields, spreading miles on all sides, enormous vineyards, in the most careful state of cultivation.

"These are the domains of La Trappe," said Moses; "about two kilometres from Staouéli (the little village we pass through next, and where in 1830 the Moslem army was encamped, and a battle was fought which completely routed the Turks) was the monastery of La Trappe. The French Government gave the Trappists twenty-five hundred acres of land, and they came here in 1843, under the care of their Superior, Father Francis Regis. The first stone of the abbey was laid on a bed of shells and balls found on the battlefield.

"It is a large, rectangular building, fifty yards square, with a garden in the centre. There are inscriptions on the walls. One says, 'If it is hard to live at La Trappe, how sweet it is to die there!' On the grounds there are large farms, granaries, wine cellars, and cattle stalls. There are extensive orchards and vineyards. But the monks are no longer there. They were expelled by the Government in

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1904. The wine is now made by the Spaniards, who have occupied the monastery ever since the monks left."

The car was now passing large fields of a lovely pale green of early wheat or barley, the long blades waving in graceful lines in the morning breeze.

"How wonderful this cultivation is!" remarked the Commander; "these great grain fields, these enormous vineyards, all wrested from the wild lands by the tremendous toil of the colonists. What faith they must have in their methods; what a capacity for labor! These roads, these great cultivated domains, make me think much better of the French!"

The car now went through the little village of Staouéli. Sidi Ferruch is about two kilometres off, down by the sea. Moses now began in his sing-song voice, pointing down to the plains near the sea about four kilometres away:

"That is Sidi Ferruch where the French disembarked in 1830, and after a brilliant engagement, entered Algiers."

Now came a long, uncultivated plain, but brilliant with wild flowers, making a mosaic of lovely color. Farther on, they saw clumps of the dwarf palm, the *Chamærops humilis*. Some natives were tearing off the leaves, stuffing them into great panniers borne by patient donkeys, standing near; and the car passed many other donkeys, with high heaped palm leaves. The Commander's curiosity was excited as to what use was made of these palm leaves.

"A vegetable horsehair is made of them, which is exported in large quantities, and is used to stuff cushions and cheap mattresses," said the all-knowing Moses.

A vehicle now hove in sight, the like of which they had never seen. The Other-one, ever on the alert, peered out.

"I must have a photograph of that."

Adrian pulled up the car; the strange object came near in a cloud of dust and slowed almost to a standstill as it approached the motor, with which the driver was as much impressed, evidently, as our party with his stage. There were three horses abreast and two behind them attached to this nondescript coach, a double-decker. A long hood

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extended over the "upper deck" and seemed to be packed solidly with baggage and Arabs, who peered anxiously out from the flaps. A chaise-like cover was over the seat of the driver who was a bronzed, hard-looking Frenchman, with a turban wound around his head.

The part under the "deck" seemed to be the place for first-class passengers, as those who looked out had a cleaner and more well-to-do air than their fellow-travellers above; but it seemed stuffy, and the whole vehicle creaked and rocked as the driver cracked his whip sharply and moved on with his cloud of dust. The car ran on; sometimes there were glimpses of the sea, then there came into view the most symmetrically beautiful mountain the Other-one thought she had ever seen. It was a soft pearly blue.

"What is it?" she asked. "It is so lovely! It seems made of the mist of the sea!"

"My lady, that is called Chenoua!"

They swept in, always now by the sea, to Zeralda, going through the main street with its shops and two or three *cafés Maures*, where Arabs squatted on the ground or lolled on benches, drinking the ever-present coffee and smoking cigarettes.

"What lazy creatures Arabs are," exclaimed the Other-one. "We see them always, crouched down by the roadside or lounging at the *cafés*. I have not as yet seen an Arab at work. Nor have I yet seen a woman at a *café*. The poor wives always stay at home, or go to cemeteries, all bundled up in *haïks* and veils,—to get their pleasure, it seems."

The car rolled on. Down by the sea were the sand dunes and a forest of green feathery pines. They passed a road to the left, white and smooth, and saw, far to the left, a wide cut in the Atlas Mountains.

"That road," said the guide, "leads to Blida and the Gorge of the Chiffa, so celebrated for its fine scenery and the monkeys."

"We will certainly return that way," declared the Commander, "and cultivate an acquaintance with those monkeys."

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Still on, and the symmetrical mountain always grew less ethereal as they neared it. The way led now up a hill, and the sea became broadly visible. They crossed, on an iron bridge, one of those curious African rivers—all rocks, pebbles, and sand, but not the tiniest trickle of water—the Oued Mazafran. The guide began to show signs of nervousness when they had gone some distance on a road he had motioned Adrian to take.

“I am afraid,” he said humbly, at length, “we are on the wrong road. We must turn back!” Which they did, taking a narrow road to the left.

After some more turns and returns by the bewildered guide, during which the Commander’s patience was nearly exhausted, they came down into Castiglione, a pretty little town, almost wholly French in its characteristics. Here are an abundance of good water and fine agricultural lands. A beautiful avenue of mulberry-trees leads to the water, though now they were not in full leaf. All the sand dunes down by the sea were covered with the *lentisque* bushes, with their soft, dark, shiny green leaves, and their prickly thorns. What gave the Other-one a vivid pleasure was to get a glorious view of the mountain Chenoua, which she had elected to call her own. Now it had lost its far-off ethereal look, and from here seemed an almost friendly mountain.

They had luncheon in a tiny room of the primitive and not over-clean hotel, which looked into a dusty little garden. A slatternly girl, directed by Monsieur the proprietor, brought them, after some waiting, a greasy omelette and some tough chops garnished with fried potatoes, and finished them off with withered oranges and dusty figs and dates. But the bottle of native red wine was excellent and, like all the wines of Algeria, pure and of good flavor.

After some dispute between the guide and Monsieur the proprietor as to the correct road to the Tomb of the Christian,—which it was thought best to visit now and not wait to do so on the return trip,—the party were off. Everywhere they passed great vineyards that lay above the blue sea.

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“ I must believe,” exclaimed the Other-one, “ that the wine is always good when the vineyards open to glorious views. The grapes must ripen more richly, exposed to their benign influence! ”

“ This is the Sahel, the region of hills that lie between the sea on the north and the plain of the Mitidja on the south. It is all very fertile land,” said the guide.

The soil was a warm brown in color, under the vines. It would have taken a rich palette to give all the effects of color — warm browns, peacock blues, soft greens, and the blue-gray of the distance.

Near the farmhouse, called Beau Séjour, after some words with a man in a blouse who was smoking his pipe, under a lace-like pepper-tree, the guide directed Adrian to turn up a country road to the left. It was a very bad one, soft and full of humps. The Commander, who had lost some of his confidence in Moses' knowledge of roads, objected strongly.

“ I don't believe we are on the right road,” he said sharply. “ No carriage, much less automobile, can go up such a road as this! There must be some other.”

“ I know of no other,” said the guide humbly.

Adrian put the car into second speed and they bumped over rocks and hillocks to the noise of its grinding. At length they succeeded in reaching the barren hill clothed in wild grass and *lentisque* bushes, where the great mysterious ruin — to account for which there have been so many theories — stood, most impressive in its lonely grandeur, a landmark for the surrounding country for ages. It was much more enormous than the Commander and the Lady had thought, viewing it from afar. And this is what they saw: a great heap of blocks of stone rising in a cone-like shape two hundred and fifty feet, in form like a huge drum nearly one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. It has sixty pilasters, or attached columns, of the Ionic order, all around at intervals. At the north, east, and west, are four false doors, the moulding on which is like a cross. This is probably why the Arabs call it the Tomb of the Christian

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—in Arabic, *Kbour Roumia*. If not as beautiful as it must have been in its pristine glory, it is still very picturesque, with the wild grasses and bushes growing around the rocks that lie in disorder at its base, and the graceful vines that thrust themselves—covered with pale-blue, white, and yellow blossoms—out from the interstices of the stones above. The hill upon which this tomb stands, is six or eight hundred feet high, and the azure sea shows afar on one side; on the other, the great verdant plain of the Mitidja, that plain whose soil is so rich that of all Algeria it is most colonized; and there are wonderful farms which show the transformation the French have made in this country.

“This ruin is wonderful, stupendous! I am glad we came in spite of the bad road leading up to it!” said the Commander, as he gazed at the great mound of stones rising to such proportions above him.

“I had not thought much about seeing this; what we should have missed had we not come! I know nothing about it; what can you tell us, Moses, concerning it?”

“It is the *Tombeau de la Chrétienne*, sir, that is all. No one knows much about it. If you wish to go inside, I will get the guardian, who lives in that little cabin up there.” From which hut two figures detached themselves and came—one slowly and feebly, the other on the dead run—toward them.

“Come over here, away from those persons; let us sit down on a rock hidden by those bushes, and while you look at the great ruin, I will tell you, as well as I can, what I read about this tomb, last evening, in a book on the Ancient Cities of North Africa, by René Cagnat, and also in another French work.”

They went off a little distance and sat down on a broken column, and feasted their eyes alternately on the grand view and the great picturesque mound of stones.

“How strange it seems,” meditated the Commander, “to see how much in ruins this tomb is, covered with wild vines and bushes growing up to conceal the base; and to have this quiet and loneliness here, when once it was a place of such

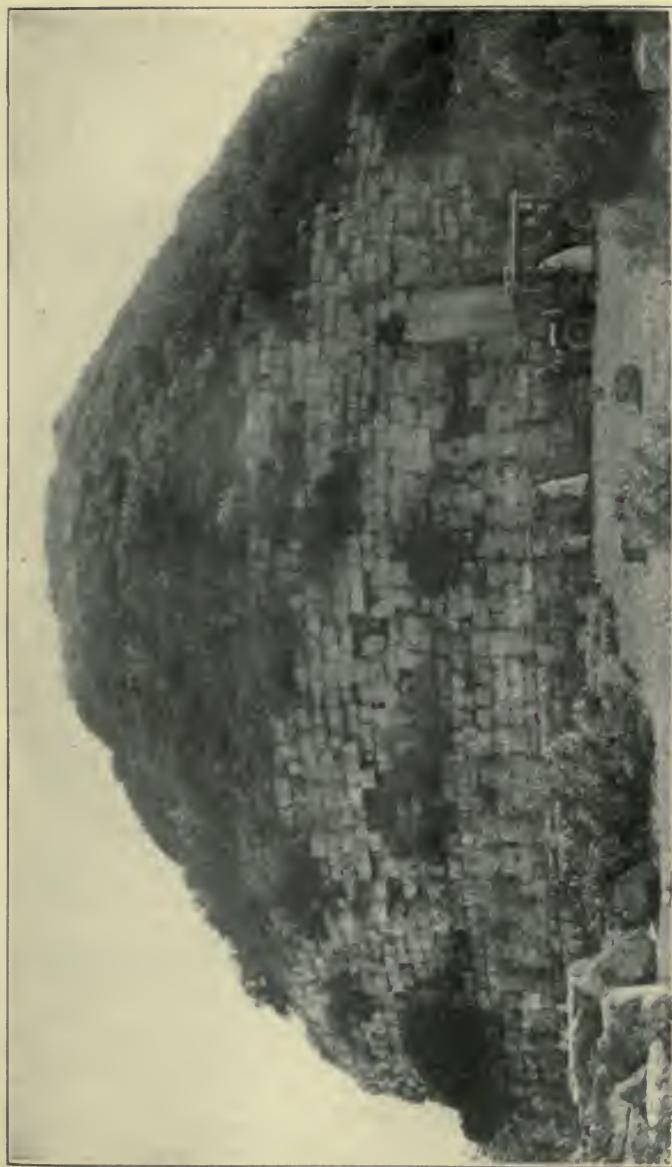
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tremendous activity, when it was being built; and do you know, I have a theory about the building of it?"

"Well," began the Other-one, "you must know there have been many suppositions to account for this great mass. It was once believed to be the tomb of that great beauty whom the King of the Visigoths seduced, the daughter of Count Julian, who in order to avenge himself for this, gave up Spain to the Mussulmans. Others said it was built to guard a great treasure. Some of the legends about the treasure are interesting. One is, that a peasant who guarded his cattle near this tomb, having noticed that one of his cows disappeared every evening, but was found every morning in the midst of the herd, resolved to watch her. He saw her enter a hole in this tomb, which closed up at once after her. The next evening, better advised, he caught the tail of the cow as she was about to enter, and he was dragged in with her. He came out the next morning by the same means, but carrying such treasure of gold, that he became one of the richest lords of the country. It is unnecessary to add that he often made an excursion here. Another legend has it that an Arab of the Mitidja, that vast plain down there, fell into the hands of the Christians, and became the slave of an old Spanish savant, well up in knowledge of sorcery. This old savant gave the Arab his liberty on condition that he would return to his country, visit this tomb, turn toward the east, and burn a magic paper which the sorcerer gave him. The Arab did as asked, and saw a strange sight: no sooner had the paper burned up than this tomb opened, and a great crowd of gold pieces came out of the opening, and flew off in the direction of Spain, where it is certain they went to join the sorcerer.

"These are nonsensical tales," said the Commander. "Tell me what you have read that gives the real facts about this tomb—not legends, please."

"For my part I like to read the old legends; they make a ruin doubly interesting. Well, the antiquarians have decided that it is a royal tomb; and it is almost certain that it was that of a Nubian Prince, Juba II, the King of Maureta-



AT THE TOMBEAU DE LA CHRETIENNE



FOUNTAIN IN SQUARE AT CHERCHEL, MADE
UP OF ROMAN REMAINS

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nia, and his family. His history is so interesting in connection with this tomb. It won't take but a minute or so to tell it you, and we shall find his capital, Cherchel, so much more interesting when we arrive there. Juba was brought up at the court of Octavius, who in due time gave him the kingdom of Mauretania, and he married Selene, daughter of Cleopatra. In consequence of his education it happened that the country received more of a wise man and an artist than an administrator. He wrote a little on all subjects, and he had also wonderful taste for works of art and magnificent constructions, and he built some famous temples. This tomb, in its pristine grandeur, was indeed a fit shrine for so great a man. I wonder if his wife could have been as beautiful and fascinating as her mother, Cleopatra! How these ruins set one's imagination to work!"

"Well," said the Commander, "that is all very interesting. But we must now go on if we wish to see a little of Cherchel, stopping first at the ruins of Tipaza, if you like, and to reach Hammam R'hira for the night."

When they came to the car, the guide was talking to a slim young Kabyle girl, with the brightest of handkerchiefs bound around her head. Her blue cotton dress was caught up on the shoulder with great silver fibulæ, and she wore clanking anklets and bracelets, of silver too, set with coral. An ancient crone wrapped in a coarse mantle stood nearby.

"This is the daughter of the guardian. He is away. She will show us the tomb. She speaks nothing but Kabyle," said the guide.

Here the Commander caught sight of the jewellery, and specially riveted his gaze on a bracelet on the girl's right arm. It was of most cunningly fashioned silver, with bits of coral and turquoise, set in small plaques, richly etched.

"It is a beauty!" he exclaimed. "Kabyle, of course! Ask her what she will take for it and the fibulæ."

The guide drew her to one side, as if, by chance, her language could be understood. After some talk and rapid gestures by both, he came back and told them this:

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“ She says they belong to her mother, and she can't sell them unless her mother is willing.”

“ Tell her to ask her, quick — we are in a hurry ! ”

The girl ran eagerly off, and soon returned with the jewels in her hands, and offered them for a price far beyond their value. Undoubtedly Moses was to share in the transaction. The Commander shook his head and offered a price much lower. This was flatly refused. Nothing would be accepted but the first price. The Commander became impatient and time was flying.

“ Give it to her, Moses ; I must have the things ! ”

As he had no change, he produced a bill, but no one could change it, so he turned away disappointedly.

“ Let us see the interior of the tomb, then, and get off. ”

The girl seemed ready to cry, while the old crone gesticulated wildly, and Moses shrank into himself more than ever. The party now followed the girl, who led them to the farther door to the east, where they crawled in by a narrow opening. Giving some lighted candles to each one, the girl passed on through a narrow corridor, they following, and came to a vaulted chamber which had nothing in it. On the walls were sculptured, rudely, a lion and a lioness. Under this was another corridor leading to a flight of steps, up which they entered a long gallery running around the wall. Following it they came to two vaulted chambers, which the guide said were exactly in the centre of the mound. The first seemed to have been a vestibule ; the second had three niches which must have been intended for cinerary urns. The guide said nothing had been found there, and that the long corridor had once been closed by great blocks of stone, which had been broken in pieces by searchers after treasure in the ancient times.

Leaving the great monument looming above them, with its uncertain history and its legends, they went by the sea, and passed more great vineyards stretching away to their left. They came to a long low wall beyond which they could see the ground for a long distance strewn with ruins.

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“ It is Tipaza,” said Moses; “ but Monsieur will not care to stop. There is nothing to see that he will care for, if he is in a hurry.”

“ But I am told,” said the Other-one, “ that it is most interesting here, and there is the church of St. Salsa somewhere. I love her story.”

However, it was decided that either on the return or at some future time, a special visit should be paid to the ruins of Tipaza, and the Other-one hoped it would be with a more intelligent guide than Moses. So they went on, rounding Mount Chenoua, leaving the sea, and turning north. They soon passed some picturesque ruins of a Roman aqueduct with two stories of arches, between two high hills.

“ This carried the water to Cherchel in Roman times,” said the guide.

Before long they went by the white domes of some Koubbas at the left. The guide said they were the tombs of a powerful Arab family, the Berkani.

Then they came into the streets of Cherchel and regained the sea. “ What a glorious situation,” said the Other-one, “ with this line of green hills at the back, and the sea bathing the shores. Juba II did well to embellish this as his capital, and make it a beautiful city of white temples, arches, palaces, and columns, if we can believe what is written, though as it looks to-day, with scarcely one stone left upon another, it is difficult to credit the statements. The guide-book says: ‘ There are the remains of luxurious Roman baths, covered by modern buildings, and the old mosque, which is now a hospital, is ornamented with columns found here. There were also found very fine statues which are now in the museum.’ ”

“ Which we must see at once,” said the Commander.

They alighted near the Esplanade, the public square overlooking the sea, with some fine old lime-trees around it, and broken columns and architectural bits, here and there. In the centre is a curious fountain, with the two basins resting in a capital of a column, and three fine colossal heads, of two goddesses and one god, at the base, and which must have

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adorned some temple or palace. Our couple crossed and entered the small building opposite the square, going at once into the court. Here is a collection of headless, armless, and more or less mutilated statues, some of beauty and fine work; there are columns,—some of the breccia of Mount Chenoua, some of black diorite,—beautiful, ornate capitals; bases, fragments of rich cornices and amphoræ leaning against the walls. In one room which they entered, off the court, were some admirable bronzes, much corroded, signed with the artist's name, and the vessels in which they had been found. A placard stated that they had been taken out of the sea. There was an Egyptian divinity in black basalt of excellent work, considering the hardness of the material. It had a hieroglyphic inscription.

Then the Commander called attention to some lead pipes of the times of the Romans. "You can see," he said, "how they made their pipe in those times: they rolled up a sheet of lead, folded it over the edges, and ran molten lead along the joint."

There were one or two lengths that had the maker's name on them.

"We could reconstruct the entire city from these fragments," said the Commander. "It must have been a wonder, judging from all these remains!"

Going out, the two found Moses out by the door. He had been languidly indifferent to their wanderings. He now asked weariedly if they wished to go and see the mosque, which, he said, "had eighty-nine beautiful green granite columns that had been taken from an ancient temple," but as the afternoon was waning, the Commander said they must go on.

Returning on the same road they soon passed by the Roman aqueduct again with its ruined arches, even more picturesque in the afternoon's long shadows. Then a great farm came in view, with many low buildings and wide vineyards stretching away; then the ruins of the aqueduct that took the waters to Cherchel centuries ago, more picturesque even than the

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other, with a triple row of arches, and vines and vagrant weeds flaunting in the breeze, from the crevices where they had found soil. Not far from here the car passed another of those nondescript stages, loaded to the brim, and heads — sticking out in all directions — of Arabs, so happy to ride. The driver under the *capote*, however, had three men beside him who did not appear so calm and contented. They were English, judging from their well-cut clothes, and looked, all three, scowling and cross, and they cast envious glances at the contented occupants of the motor-car, but it rolled swiftly by them, enveloping the coach in a cloud of dust in addition to what it had already raised itself.

As the car went smoothly on, there were always curious, or interesting, or annoying, groups on the road or by the side of it. The motor now came to a large flock of black-faced sheep, their Arab shepherds urging them on, by howling and brandishing clubs. A cloud of dust spread on all sides, and from the shrieks of the Arabs as the car drew nearer, they appeared to believe that it was about to roll over and crush their flock. The bleating of the lambs and the baaing of the sheep, mixed with the yelping barks of the shepherd dogs, and the howls of the Arabs, made a pandemonium.

“Slowly! Slowly! Adrian!” cried the Commander. Adrian put his car to second speed and they just crawled through the frightened flock without injuring a single one. The shepherds, however, showed no gratitude, but hurled after the car what sounded like terrible invectives.

A long, beautiful avenue of lime-trees led to Zurich where they turned east to Marengo, which is an important town at the west end of the great fertile Mitidja Plain.

“There is a great market here, sir, every Wednesday, very interesting to see, where hundreds of natives come with their herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep and goats,” said the guide.

Beyond Marengo they took a road turning sharply to the south. In the later afternoon the view was lovely,—the long level barley and wheat fields, with their green intensified by the low rays of the sun sinking gradually in the West. Afar

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the fields ran to the mountains, rose, purple, and deep blue. Then some hills came near, closed them in, and shut off the sun, so they were in twilight for some time. When they came into the open again, they saw a misty round object afar, looming up into the rose-blue sky.

“See,” cried the Commander, “there is the Tomb of the Christian!”

Then they began to wind upwards around hill after hill, some cultivated to their tops, some covered with forests of the Aleppo pine. The party were all silent, impressed with the still loveliness of the sky and the evanescent color of the mountains; then a great black mountain rose afar and seemed sternly to refuse to clothe itself in the sunset’s lovely colors.

“What is the stern mountain called?” asked the Other-one.

“That is Mount Zaccar; and Miliana, where we go tomorrow, lies on its slope.”

The car entered some groves of trees, and then came into a garden where date-palms, aloe-trees, tangerine orange-trees, and pines, all blended their odors and made the evening air sweet indeed. They stopped before the light and airy hotel of the Baths. Out bustled the porter and some waiters, and our wayfarers were received with open arms, for motor cars came not often. Our party had an excellent dinner in a great bare dining-room. There were few travellers, and the Other-one thought it really too elaborate for a mere handful of guests. They spent the night in a big and airy room, and slept, in the stillness that settled around the hotel, the dreamless sleep of conscientious and most weary motorists.

CHAPTER VI

HAMMAM R'HIRA AND MILIANA TO ALGIERS — BY THE GORGE OF THE CHIFFA AND BLIDA

THE next morning, the Other-one was awakened by delicious bird notes just outside her window, one long, soft whistle answered by another, not far off, with a musical trill and a finish with a warble. So far, she had seen or heard few birds, so these gave special delight, but they were so shy she could not find out what they were though she peered out into the trees.

Going down to her bath that morning, early, the Other-one found in the basement of the hotel a place very well fitted up. There are two large swimming-baths, each thirty feet long by fifteen wide. One has a temperature of ninety-five degrees, and the other a hundred and ten. There is an early hour for the men, and later the baths are given over to the women for the morning.

The Other-one related to the Commander sometime afterwards her experience of how she had been told by the fat bath-woman to remain in the first bath, for fifteen minutes, and to ring the bell when that time ended; therefore she had seated herself comfortably in one of the painted iron chairs in the deliciously agreeable water, reflecting upon the luxuriant times the ancient Romans must have had, lolling around on couches and conversing with their friends, or playing games in the water, in their great baths the ruins of which today show such former magnificence. At the time specified she rang for the bath-woman, who said she must go into the next basin and remain but five minutes. The Lady did as bidden; climbing the short steps between the two baths, she confidently plunged one foot in the water, to follow it with the other, when she found the water so scalding hot that she

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scrambled out, screaming so loudly that a very stout woman, lolling luxuriously in a big arm chair in the water, was scared nearly into hysterics, being one who was taking the baths for her nerves, she said.

“ And think ! ” added the Other-one, “ there was no cold plunge after all this hot water ! They let me dress and go up at once into the cool air. I fully expected to have pneumonia after it, and have not dared tell you before about my bathing experience. ”

Accompanied by the agreeable manager, the couple went for a short walk in the grounds. He had much to say, as was natural, about the beneficial effects of the waters, and his account was certainly true, from all the other reports.

“ The water, ” said he, “ is of a saline, sulphurous, and lime composition ; most beneficial in chronic rheumatism, gout, some forms of paralysis, nervous and cutaneous diseases. For drinking water, there is a chalybeate spring of great importance, not far from the hotel and brought to it in pipes. It is most agreeable to drink, as it has a little carbonic acid in it, and is very beneficial for dyspepsia, chronic affections of the liver, and malaria.

“ It is certainly a beautiful and peaceful place here ; one could never weary of the views of those grand mountain peaks, ” said the Other-one. “ Let us stay here forever, and let the work-a-day world go on, far from us ! We would only die of old age here, for no disease could get its clutch upon us, with such water to scald in, and the chalybeate spring to drink. ”

The manager smiled politely and went on, pointing to the great pine forest just beyond, above these grounds.

“ That forest consists of about eighteen hundred acres, and there is much sport there for those who like it. Partridges, hares, and rabbits abound there, and some wild boars and jackals are found. ”

“ I hope there are no lions or panthers, which we have read are in African forests, there. ”

“ No lions, but panthers and hyenas are shot there. ”

HAMMAM R'HIRA AND MILIANA

“Decidedly, we will not come here to live!” exclaimed the Other-one. “I prefer to die with some comfortable disease, to being clawed by a hyena or chewed up by a panther.”

The manager did not feel called upon to smile at this remark, but went on again: “Fifteen thousand natives come here annually to bathe, with a caravan of camels and mules and donkeys, but the place where they go is some distance from the hotel,” added the manager hastily. “They call these the ‘baths of King Solomon.’ They believe he has, in the mountains, many camels loaded with coal, to be burned for keeping up the high temperature of the water, and they invoke him, upon burning benzoin before the baths. In a place entirely separate from the bathing-place they have sometimes very curious rites, such as the sacrifice of animals of all kinds, ablutions, and processions, with chanting. If you could be here at the time, on some Monday, which is the special day, usually, for these rites, it would interest you both very much.”

This was an ancient and favorite bathing-place of the Romans. You see many remains of their time, of statues, columns, and bits of other marbles around the grounds. It was called here *Aquae Calidae*, and was most flourishing in the time of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, A. D. 32.

Thanking the agreeable manager for all his information the travellers were soon off again.

It was a gloriously fresh morning. The car flew down the long hill from Hammam R'hira like a bird. At the road to the right they turned sharply off, and then the way wound up again by curves. Great mountains thrust their soft blue peaks into the sky; Mount Zaccar looked majestic in the morning sunlight. Here and there they passed flocks of sheep feeding on the hillsides, guarded by small Arab boys or girls, who called shrilly after the car as they hugged their ragged garments closer around them in the fresh morning air. Some of the hills were green with the soft, shining-leaved *lentisque* bushes, others were golden with the genesta, others still had masses of dwarf palm growing on them. The travellers climbed

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a height and saw for an instant the vivid blue of the sea. Against the pale sky, off at the right, the misty outlines of the Great Atlas rose. Then a small domain of cultivated land, with fruit trees and vines was passed, and they came to some scattered ruins near a modern town called Margueritte.

The great Zaccar mount rose to the sky before them, and on its steep flanks they saw Miliana with its red-roofed buildings, the great frames over the mines, and the gardens around, white and pink with the blossoms of fruit trees.

Southwest were the outlines of the Ouarsenis Mountains, and the great Chélif plain stretching from the soft greens of the grain fields below them to the misty blue of the distance. Here Moses felt called upon to deliver a little information, which he did with some reluctance.

“This is a wonderful country for fruit,” he said. “There are peach, apple, pear, plum, apricot, and fig trees all through this region. When the fruit is ripe one can have all he can eat for a sou.”

“I can well believe it, with all this wealth of blossoms we see,” said the Commander.

Under the vines in many of the vineyards they now passed, the ground was reddish-purple, with a mass of plants with small flowers of that hue. The guide could not tell the name of the flowers, but he knew “the French made a sort of tisane of them.”

“If I were a guide, and letting myself out for a good price every day, I would learn, in good English, the name of every bird, and every tree, bush and flower of the country I had to take tourists through,” said the Commander. “I should not be contented to deal out to my patrons just scraps of unreliable information I had learned out of some guide-book, on any subject but that about which the traveller desires to learn.”

“Yes, sir!” said Moses, humbly.

As the tourists came nearer, great red heaps showed themselves on the flanks of the mountains, and black holes with timber constructions over them. There was a narrow rail-



MOVING NOMADS, ON THE DESERT



AUTOMOBILE BEFORE TOMBEAU DE LA CHRETIENNE,
CHERHEL



THE CAR BEFORE THE OLD IVY-
COVERED MINARET USED AS
A CLOCK TOWER, MILIANA



ONE OF THE NONDESCRIPT STAGES OF ALGERIA
AND TUNISIA

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road running up the steep incline, and many tiny dump-cars at the side of the road. The Commander became much interested, and, turning to Moses, tried to extract at least a little from him about the mines.

The guide had some knowledge.

“ Those mines, sir, are of hematite, and they get out about a hundred thousand tons a year.”

They now came to Miliana and entered by the Zaccar gate, one of the two piercing the old walls around the town, which were first constructed by the Romans around an ancient city, and rebuilt by the Berbers and the Turks. The car rolled down a street with crystal clear water running at the sides and shaded by great lime-trees. They came to the public square or the Place de l'Eglise, where is a great clock constructed in an ancient Moorish minaret, that looks like a tower of living green, so draped in ivy is it. Near by, they found the Hotel du Commerce, where a pleasant landlord took them into a room decorated with gay placards, and seated them at a table with a clean white cloth. At other tables were some French officers, in their light blue uniforms and much braid, who were hilarious over their wine. They all stopped a moment to stare at the Other-one, but finding nothing in her looks or dress to especially hold their attention, they again fell to drinking while waiting for their luncheon.

The Other-one read that “ Miliana was occupied by the French troops in 1840, but the garrison left there was besieged by Abd-el-Kadir and suffered such privations that, out of twelve thousand men, only one hundred were effective when General Changarnier relieved the garrison.

“ Sidi Ahmed Ben Yussuf, a poor but virtuous saint, who was still more remarkable for his epigrammatic and sarcastic poetry than for the example of his life, said that the Miliana women of his day ‘ usurped the place of men, and commanded when it was their duty to obey ’—an illustration of the women’s rights question, mooted in this out-of-the-way region some four hundred years ago.”

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“ There is a beautiful terrace here in the town where the view is wonderful, overlooking all the valley of the Chélif. I should like to go there,” said the lady; “ and you will be interested to know that one hundred and twenty thousand gallons of water in an hour come from our great, stern mountain, Zaccar. It is pure and clear and comes with great force, so it is utilized in many ways,— to light the town by electricity, to work the corn mills, and the other factories.”

“ Well,” said the Commander, getting up from the table, when the lunch was ended, “ I am glad to know all this. But are you aware that we are one hundred and twenty-six kilometres from Algiers? What is your opinion about starting off at once? ”

“ Let us just go and get the view from the terrace. It is glorious! ”

So they went through the street and looked down over the terrace, and saw a view of which mere words can give no adequate idea. They leaned over the parapet under the old lime-trees, and looked over the snowy and pink flush of the blossoming fruit trees, across the emerald valley of the Chélif, with white villages dotted here and there on this green ocean, to the far distant peaks of the Ouarsenis,— at the southwest some high ones silvered with snow; others blue, lower, and as misty as a dream. Before them the great Atlas range was blue and green, with a bloom on it like that on a plum. Our couple stood silent, and as they turned away the Other-one said reverently, “ And the glory thereof is the Lord’s! ”

Down the hills again and rounding a sharp curve, the car came suddenly upon an old Arab, bundled in his burnous and huddled up on a donkey, ambling placidly along. If the evil one had appeared with horns and hoofs, the ancient man could not have been more frightened. He gave a loud yell and fell off the donkey, in a heap on the ground. The animal galloped off down the hill. The Commander has a kind heart. He stopped the car and sent Adrian flying down the hill after the donkey, while he himself hastened to pick up the old Arab, and straighten him out, by the time the chauffeur had se-

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cured and brought back the donkey. They settled the frightened old man on its back, while the guide held the donkey, and appeared to consider it a very foolish thing to waste time on an old Arab. They bade the old man stay where he was until Adrian had moved the car on some distance,—very slowly. They they were off again, with a sigh of relief, still going down, meeting flocks of sheep, with their shepherds singing a monotonous chant.

“I declare!” cried the Commander, after we had been stopped three or four times by the flocks, which always ran wildly right into the car; “I don’t believe we can reach the gorge before dark, and it will be too late to see anything.”

After nine kilometres, at length they rolled through Affreville’s animated street of *cafés* and shops—the former abounding—and its French-looking, two-storied houses with small balconies overlooking the street. Out again to green fields. All along the road there were men sitting by heaps of stone, breaking them for road mending, though the road seemed very good. They crossed the Chélif River over a bridge. It was a mere thread of water in a stony bed; but the guide said, “When the snows melt, the river becomes a rushing torrent, and it is the longest river in Algeria.”

They passed a cemetery with great, melancholy cypresses. The Other-one gave a sigh for the poor, homesick colonists buried there, those who died in this wild country far from their beloved France. The roadside was now blue with iris, where water seeped up in hollows; then came a long field higher, where many pale, pink flowers, on long stalks and with lily-like leaves, waved in the wind.

“That is the asphodel,” said the guide quickly, proud to know the name of the flower. “The French make from it a false kind of absinth, which is very harmful to drink.” A strong and pungent odor was borne on the breeze from these flowers.

“The asphodel! Oh, yes!” said the Other-one, “I have read that among the Greeks the asphodel was the peculiar plant of the dead, and its pale flowers covered the meadows

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of Hades. It grew in waste places, and was sometimes planted near tombs in Greece, for the Greeks imagined the manes of their friends fed on its roots. It is botanically called *Asphodelus racemosus*."

Now they came to where the hills rolled off, in green waves, to the Atlas range. Bowling down a hill, they ran into a group of Arabs, some walking and some humped up on donkeys. Loud shrieks rent the air, and the donkeys trotted off panic-stricken, bouncing their riders, who were more frightened than they, even, and whose burnouses flew wildly in the air. Again the motorists had to stop and move slowly through the excited Arabs.

Soon they came to a mountain stream, trickling down into a long cement basin. It was a lovely, tranquil spot, the plashing of the water in the long basin, and the breeze in the pines, being the only noises one could hear. Suddenly an Arab dropped down noiselessly from somewhere. He took no notice of the car, contrary to the usual vivid curiosity, but went to the fountain and placidly washed his face and hands as unconsciously and unconcernedly as though there were not such things as motor cars. With a twinkle in his eye, the Commander gave the horn a quick pressure, and as the shrill notes suddenly rent the silence, the Arab gave a leap into the air, and started on a lope, down the hill, at last stirred from his placidity.

The car, having had its drink, appeared refreshed and grateful, the Other-one thought, for she could never rid herself of the idea that it was a sentient being, and had pangs of hunger and thirst. They passed through a small town, and, for the first time, they saw great nests of sticks and straws built on, and near, the chimneys of small houses. On one nest they saw mother stork sitting patiently, while father stork eyed his mate with grave contemplation.

"They bring great good luck when they come to a house," said the guide. "No one here will have the nest destroyed or the storks driven away, no matter how inconvenient it may be to have the great nests on the roofs."

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In this town were many Arabs in the street wearing such a grave, patriarchal air, with their long burnouses, that it seemed as though one had harked back to Bible times.

Again they went on their way rejoicing and soon saw, afar, across fields of barley, the white houses of Médéa on its plateau, three thousand feet above the sea. They rolled through a quaint gateway and down the boulevard bordered by trees. Adrian pulled the car up at a little place where a sign, out of all proportion to the shop, indicated that here one might purchase *essence*—as the French call gasoline. While the chauffeur was filling the tank from the *bidons*, lugged out languidly by a dirty Arab boy, natives began to pack around the car and stare curiously at the Other-one, who felt as if she were some strange animal in a travelling menagerie.

The car left the town by another gate and rolled down a fine broad road. At the left rose the rugged chain of the Atlas. Near the foot of this incline, a tire burst, and while Adrian patiently replaced it, the Other-one called to the Commander to come for a walk down the road. They went slowly down the incline, in a stillness that could be felt. They came to a halt on the edge of a rocky cliff, which dropped down sheer, some hundred feet, to a narrow green valley, where the poor buildings of a meagre farm could be seen, with some small vineyards, bordering on a mere thread of a stream.

“An African farm! How can they ever get out?” exclaimed the Other-one. “I see nothing but steep, rocky cliffs rising from the farm land. And such tiny fields—how do they live down there! On rocks and grass, I believe!”

It was late when the party came to the rent made through the Atlas Mountains by the Oued Chiffa and entered into the gloom of the great overhanging rocks, the road cut along their flanks. The Atlas peaks towered in grandeur above all.

“It is too late, my lady,” said the guide ruefully, “to see the monkeys, yet it is well always to look.”

So he bestirred himself more than he had ever done on the

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trip, so far, and peered from under his old felt hat, right and left, at the dark foliage clothing the rocks. They crossed the foaming river, dashing over the rocks below, and went along by lace-like cascades that fell from above down the rocks into the river. They came soon to the Ruisseau des Singes, a foamy stream, tumbling over some rocks, in seeming haste to cast itself into the Oued Chiffa.

“Here one always sees the monkeys at the right time,” said the guide gloomily, “but now, no!”

Monkeys were evidently his trump cards!

The Other-one felt a relief. Now she might yield herself to the feelings caused by the sight of the grand and gloomy gorge, the deep silence broken only by the river rushing over the rocks below, the plashing of the cascades, and the wind rustling the branches of the trees.

Suddenly, Adrian, whose head had been turning right and left, in sympathy with the guide's desire, pulled up the car and called, “Look! Look!” pointing to some trees at the side of the road, where the rocks fell away. Now it was lighter, and upon looking up into the branches overhanging the road, they really saw three or four little gray creatures leaping from limb to limb of the tree; but in a moment they vanished.

“There, my lady,” said Moses, contentedly, “you see I have told you the truth.”

“But they all assured me, at the hotel, that in this gorge I would see hundreds of monkeys.”

“But, my lady, it is so late — the animals will not come out when the night begins to fall. In the daytime it is different; you may see hundreds, even thousands, if you will come with me again.”

As they came out of the gorge, after seven miles of road through it, the air seemed full of golden light, and each peak in the east was glowing in rosy purple, and gold, too.

At the right, they took the road for Blida rolling over the now darkening plain, crossed two bridges, and entered under a long arch of sycamore-trees into Blida. It was so late,

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now, they got very little impression of the town. They trusted to Moses to tell them all he would about it. In answer to the Commander's query he said, "There are here the finest groves of orange and lemon trees in all Algeria and it is the home of the tangerine. Millions of oranges are exported annually to Paris. Also, there are great gardens of flowers, and these are exported too, for making perfumes. There are the cavalry barracks and stud here, which take up about a quarter of the town, and have stabling for three hundred stallions. Many beautiful horses of the best existing races are to be found there."

"You have done well, Moses, and made me decide to come here some time when we can see everything. If it had not been for all our delays we could have seen all."

When they went out of Blida, all the tints of rose and gold had faded from the sky. At a late hour they descended into the comfortable warmth of their hotel, and found that the pretty Margu rite had guarded well their household gods.

CHAPTER VII

A DAY IN ALGIERS — THEN OFF TO BOU SAADA

THE Commander would have rejoiced if he could have risen with the lark and speeded off on the road to Bou Saâda the next day. Indeed, he had, with some hesitation, proposed this plan the night before, upon the return from Cherchel: but the Other-one at once vetoed it:

“ We must rest, you know, after such an exciting ride as the one to Cherchel. Also I have a little shopping to do for some necessary things.”

As the Commander spread his *Cartes Tarides* on the table, preparatory to studying out the route they were to take to Bou Saâda, and the towns they were to pass through, he said:

“ I’ve been talking, downstairs, to a Mr. Wilson, who has travelled much in this country and has interested himself in the native tribes, trying to find out in what respect they differ from our Indians. He tells me that the Ouled Naïls belong to the big tribe of the Zoreba, and occupy a very large district from Bou Saâda to the Ziban, or that region that extends east and west from Biskra. All the dancing girls that are seen in the big towns and on the road are from the Ouled Nail tribe. They go out early from their tribe, exercise their calling, amass a quantity of jewels and some money, then frequently go back to their homes and marry, settling down to a life of virtue. It often happens that these girls, when off practising their profession, are assassinated for their jewels. They are very dark in color, tattoo themselves like savages, affect the gayest of colors in their dress, and wear quantities of jewels. They mix their hair with wool and plaster it with grease, forming great braids, which they loop down over their faces, framing them, as it were, in ebony. We shall see many of them in Bou Saâda, their own country.”

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"For my part," said the Other-one, "I have not been able to find very much about the country of Bou Saâda. It is an oasis with a river running through it, which has very picturesque banks. The name means, 'the place of happiness.' By the way, did you tell the guide to come early to-morrow morning?"

"No!" replied the Commander. "The fact is, I have decided not to take a guide. These men do not know much, anyway, only in spots; they have no sense of direction, and are generally, whether picturesquely clothed or otherwise, a nuisance. With my intuitive feeling in regard to the cardinal points, with good maps, and the common sense which you will surely allow I have; with your little knowledge of French, and Adrian's proficiency, we may venture to go anywhere in this country without a guide, excepting in the towns where we are in a hurry to see as much as possible in a limited time."

"But what if we should get cast away by some accident to the motor and find ourselves among some of those savage tribes of whom we have read, and who speak only their own tongue?" objected the Other-one.

"Nonsense!" answered the Commander. "We should be as safe there as in our own country! The French have soldiers stationed everywhere, and there is no tribe so remote but that it is under surveillance: and there must be some, in any tribe, who speak French from necessity. Besides, we carry plenty of tires, and there is that big tank for a reserve of gasoline; it carries twenty-five gallons."

The Other-one looked unconvinced, but made no reply, and the Commander said, "It is two hundred and fifty kilometres from here to Bou Saâda. We must reach that place by evening, or camp on the desert."

So on the day decided upon they were off at an early hour in the morning, leaving the pretty Marguerite pensively watching. She shared her mistress's misgivings.

The sun's rays were soft, this morning, and the sky mottled with fleecy clouds. The sea was of a steely blue. Down the car

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rolled by walls over which the purple-red masses of the Bougainvillea vine climbed in rich luxuriance. Some of the white villas were almost smothered in it.

“The magenta, paper-looking bracts of that vine almost set my teeth on edge with their color, yet the vine is so tropical against the dark branches of the cypress trees, and the glistening white of those villas,” said the Other-one.

They soon got down to the noisy Rue du Lyon, where, even at that early hour, the cars were jangling along, and Arab men and women sat contentedly in the open car,—the *belle jardinière*, as they call this car in Algiers. Great truck wagons got in the way of the automobile and it was obliged to halt several times. Much cracking of whips and hoarse shouting, by the French and Maltese drivers, got the poor, jaded-looking horses to one side, so that the car could pass. Then a tram car came in its way and caused another stop. Along here it is ugly, with dirty shops and vile little *cafés*. At Maison Carrée the car turned south. This is an outlying town, twelve kilometres from Algiers and much visited by strangers, to see the large early market on Fridays. It takes its name from a Turkish fort, now used as a native penitentiary and depot for prisoners waiting to be deported. Beyond, the car came on to the great plain of the Mitidja, watered by the Oued Harrach and its tributary, the Oued Djemaa. They passed enormous vineyards, stretching to the foothills of the Atlas, no green leaves showing as yet; but there was no lack of color, for the barley and wheat fields were of a pale rich green, silvery waves sweeping across them when the puffs of wind came, now and then. There were flocks of sheep and goats, and sometimes meagre cows, feeding by the wayside, guarded by ancient, grizzled shepherds well wrapped in their ragged burnouses and *haïks* from the morning freshness. Sometimes small girls cared for the flocks and gave a bright bit of color to the landscape, with their gay red gowns and the vivid handkerchiefs bound round their heads. They stared with open mouths at the passing car, or gave a jump and screamed with delight. The Other-one half

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expected to see Rebecca drawing water at one of the many wells they passed, and Jacob, wrapped in his mantle, leaning on a staff and watching her. How lovely was the view of the plain, stretching its mosaic of green tones to the far misty blues of the mountain.

As they drew nearer, the foothills began to show streaks of green on their flanks. In the sky, the small, fleecy clouds had floated together and had a windy look. The car passed huge wagons, heaped with wine barrels. On the collars of the horses were high, pointed frameworks, decorated with small bells which tinkled musically as the horses walked. Now the car came to a long avenue of sycamore-trees, not much in leaf yet; but in the full foliage time what grateful shade they must afford to the weary men and beasts going under them! Where the plains were uncultivated, wild flowers of every hue spread a gay rug; there was the green of the wild mignonette, the deep purple and pale mauves of the wild verbena, the glowing orange of the coreopsis, the lemon yellow of the chamomile, with scarlet poppies thrusting themselves, here and there, into the scheme of color.

At thirty kilometres from Algiers, our party passed through the little town of Arba near the Oued Djemaa, which here waters the orange groves and turns the mills. The little houses here were white, and there were *cafés* as always, where the Arabs sat huddled together outside and stared into vacancy as they took their early cups of coffee. The scent of the orange groves filled the morning air, and beyond the town were groves of olive trees with their gray-green foliage.

Along here the road was not so good as it had been, and in places it was rough. Now the car began the ascent of the foothills that roll up in waves to the Lesser Atlas Mountains. Here the air seemed even more fresh and pure than ever, but now and then came great puffs of wind that smote the party in their faces, and raised, around and before, great clouds of dust. They passed fascinating groups; sometimes a cluster of women huddled together by the roadside, the bright blues and reds of their costumes effective against the emerald hills,

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though the car passed so rapidly that sometimes they were a blur of color. Around and before were the blue-greens of the cultivated hills; behind was the vast plain stretching off to the blue of the distance. Still up, and rounding a curve they came to a hillside covered with wild olive-trees, on the other side a forest of the dark, glossy green live-oak (*Quercus ilex*). Again, the road curved abruptly and the car ran into great gorges, and along the edge of deep ravines, which opened below. The Commander had by his side his own special horn, and in such places, and rounding curves, he loved to send forth its rich sonorous tones and hear the answering echoes. Now they came round a sharp curve, and the deep sound of the horn rolled out. Just beyond the curve, the car came upon a small shepherd boy, in a coarse brown shirt and much bundled up as to head. His small flock of black goats and kids were standing on some rocks by the roadside. The little Arab gave a startled yell and leaped with his flock down the precipice beyond. The Other-one screamed in alarm. Adrian slowed the car and they looked back to see the little shepherd standing safe on a projecting rock, while the goats and kids clung like flies to the steep sides.

The car began to climb, now, a road that apparently could end only in the sky. The chauffeur was not using all the power, however, but soon the radiator began to steam.

At intervals along the road there were pipes, from which flowed pellucid mountain streams into cement basins. "How much we see that the French have done everywhere!" remarked the Commander, as they drew up by one of the troughs of water, and the chauffeur descended with his rubber bag to fill up the radiator.

"How good it is to see these watering places for the poor plodding donkeys, the weary horses, the tired flocks, toiling up these steep mountain roads, not to say anything of the animal, man. You may be sure the Arabs would never have done this work."

Leaning against the rock, at one side, with his ragged, yellow-white burnous—which he wore like a royal mantle—

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was a native. He looked at the car and inmates with the air of a potentate who has nothing to fear, and sees nothing that he has not viewed before.

“ He has the air of a prince, in spite of his bare brown legs and feet,” said the Other-one. “ What richness of color in his bronze skin, and what depths in his dark eyes! He must be descended from a Berber king; but all these natives look like royal princes, compared to the common Jews, the ugly Italians, and the skinny French colonists we see.”

The car had reached the summit of the road, apparently, at last. Great mountain peaks thrust themselves up, near and afar; bold spurs ran out from the nearer mountains, deep chasms opened below. All was wilder and grander than anything yet seen. Patches of vivid green showed here and there on the flanks of the mountains, interspersed with masses of *lentisque* bushes, all which but served to accentuate the wildness.

As they went on, they saw little hamlets on the spurs, seemingly on the point of slipping down into the chasms below; afar were other little clusters of houses nearly hidden under some beetling crag. The grandeur, the wildness, the silence, the remoteness from human life, awed the travellers. The wind now began to buffet them more fiercely. On they went, passing great slopes of shale, and tortured, twisted rock that ran up the mountain sides. The road, always hard and good, began to ascend again to heights where only bunch grass grew in the clefts of rocks or on the level spots where a handful of soil might be. The stiff spears rustled in the gusts of wind. Then the car bowled down again to hollows where the wild oleander,—the laurel of the ancient Romans—and the iris flourished. Now and then they passed small huts made of straw, branches, and wild grasses.

“ Those must be for the natives who cultivate the slopes of the mountains, or pasture their flocks on the inclines here,” said the Commander.

The motor now began to show signs of being in trouble. The chauffeur leaped out to investigate. No sound but the

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wind sobbing, the rustle of the bushes shaken by it, and the call of a vulture in the sky. When the engine started again, its gurgling was welcome and seemed human, so oppressive had the silence been. They arrived at Sakomody, a meagre little hamlet, forty-nine kilometres from Algiers. Hills rose everywhere, thrusting out long spurs, with deep gashes of ravines between. On the hills to the left were openings into zinc mines. Some kilometres farther on, or about fifty-eight, they at last reached the summit of the mountains. The view was magnificent.

“ We seem to be a thousand miles away from any human being! ” cried the Other-one.

The car went on again. Absorbed in the grand views, the Commander had forgotten his horn. Rounding a sharp curve, they almost ran down an Arab leading three white horses, lean to meagreness. Surprised into some life, the poor creatures leaped into the air, tugging wildly at the rope the man held. The startled mountaineer, with his burnous blown over his head, pulled in vain to stop his frightened animals, which were about to gallop off down the road, when the kind Commander leaped from the car and ran, with Adrian at his heels, to help the frightened man. Off again, after the startled creatures had been calmed. At sixty-eight kilometres they reached Tablat, a tiny town with fortified walls, and a tower at one corner with loop holes.

“ What terrible times the poor colonists must have had here, to protect themselves from the assaults of the fierce mountain tribes, ” said the Commander thoughtfully, as the car rolled through the town. “ These walls show for defence and lookout. Now everything seems quiet, but who knows how long it will last, or what may happen in the future? ”

They passed a group of natives; some were squatted on the ground and they seemed to have only a languid interest in the car. One or two fine old men were on beautiful white Arabian horses, with the queer, high-backed, chair-like saddle. Others were paddling along on discouraged-looking donkeys, which had the appearance of moth-eaten furs.

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Out of the town and downward, to cross a bridge over the Oued el-Had, a mere yellow thread in its wide stony bed, swelled, when the mountain snows melt, to a rushing torrent. Again the car sped away, and passed a symphony in color on a steep hillside, of yellow-brown soil, and men in dirty yellow burnouses, ploughing with dirty yellow oxen.

“What primitive methods!” exclaimed the Commander. “A crooked stick, with a longer stick for a handle, just as they have ploughed since the world began! This thing can only scratch the earth, but perhaps it is good enough for this soil. What would these men think of our steam ploughs!”

Another river was now crossed, the Oued Samma, quite a wide stream. The great mountains loomed always into the sky. Now came a group of brown women, with gay red and yellow kerchiefs bound around their heads.

“What color we see here!” cried the Other-one, enthusiastically. “If I were an artist, I could never rest until I had it on canvas; alas! my photographs can give only the black and white! Look there is the peacock blue of the sea, the emerald green of the grain fields, the silver white of the snow peaks afar, the purple and evanescent blue of the mountains, deep green of the pine forests, the vivid yellows and reds of the soil, the creamy white and soft browns of the native dress. What a palette it would need! What a fascinating land!—and as yet we have not seen the best.”

Up again they mounted to a plateau above the muddy river flowing sullenly along in its rocky bed. Groups of natives stalked along the road. They looked fiercely at the car. Adrian slowed up as they came to a horse with two persons on its back, and all looked intently at the pair, a pretty young woman clinging tightly to the back of a handsome young fellow, his burnous flying in the air with the leaps of the animal, which was a little frightened at the strange vehicle. The woman had a yellow kerchief wound over her head above her soft black eyes. Her skin was a mellow bronze. A wide silver necklace hung down over her dark blue gown, and bracelets covered her rounded arms. Big fibulæ caught the

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dress at the shoulders, and the brown shapely legs hanging down had wide anklets on them.

“They must be bride and groom, newly wedded. They seem so happy and are so attractive,” cried the Other-one.

The Commander's eye caught the gleam of the silver jewellery. Both he and the Other-one jumped from the car, she with her camera, he with some silver pieces in his hand. As she pointed the kodak at the fascinating pair, the young native gave a wild shout, and urging up the horse, he broke into a fast gallop, looking back with a laugh, as with flying draperies all disappeared over the hill. Our discomfited couple climbed into the car, the Commander sighing.

“Oh, I wish I could have secured that necklace! It's a beauty! I shall never find another like it!”

“Troubles do not come singly,” however, and the car soon rolled up to another group. Trailing along in the dust were two women, one young and very pretty, the other old and ugly. The Commander saw the glister of a necklace on the young woman, and almost before Adrian could turn off the power, he leaped from the car, stopped the natives with an imperative gesture, and examined the necklace closely. The young woman did not seem to mind this tribute to her jewellery, but tossed her head coquettishly.

“It's a beauty!” called back the Commander. “Of fine chains of coral, and etched plaques of silver. I must have it!”

He drew from his pocket five of the large, silver, five-franc pieces, and pointing to the necklace, held the money up. The girl smiled, nodded her head, and was about to pull off the necklace, when suddenly, as if sprung from the earth, a grim-visaged man, brown as a chestnut, appeared. He seized the young woman brutally by the arm, muttered some hoarse phrase to her, and stalked on, dragging her after him, while the ugly one trailed wearily behind. Again the disconsolate Commander got into the car, murmuring: “Too bad! too bad! It is one of the choicest necklaces I have ever seen!”

A hundred and twenty-five kilometres from Algiers, they



AVENUE OF EUCALYPTUS,
ON THE ROAD TO BOU-SAADA



THE MARKET-PLACE AT BOU-SAADA



AN ARAB SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK, ON THE ROAD



A FIELD OF ASPHODEL

OFF TO BOU-SAADA

reached Aumale and looked hungrily for the hotel, which, they had been told, was the "least undesirable." They found it, with a little garden surrounded by a fence and containing a few sickly lemon-trees and the inevitable palm; small tables were spread here, but everything was so dusty that the party preferred to go into the small *salle-à-manger*, which was hung with gaudy posters. Here a poor, over-worked waiter was trying to serve ten or twelve clamorous soldiers and civilians at once. After waiting half an hour, during which the Commander chafed with impatience, they were served with an omelete *aux fines herbes*, half cooked, some salad with a suspicion of oil, and the usual withered oranges and dusty dried dates.

"To think!" exclaimed the Other-one. "With their six and a half million gallons of olive oil a year, they can spare us only a few drops for our salad!"

The Two went out, and when Adrian had rescued the car from the pack of Arabs surrounding it and opened a passage through to it, they were off into a dreary and rather barren country, the edge of the desert; the road, however, was generally hard and excellent. The trees became fewer and fewer, and the sand more and more. After some time they saw across the gray and yellow plain the green oasis of Bou Saâda, against a pale, windy sky. The car rolled smoothly over the sandy road, and it was late when they arrived at the walled town of Bou Saâda passed under the gate, and plunged at once into a howling mob of Ouled Naïls—men, not the dancing girls. Adrian pushed carefully through it and by a square, with trees, dark against the little light that remained. The Hotel du Saâda was to shelter them for the night. Weary enough they all were, with the long day of travel, constantly on the *qui vive* to see all the fascinating things, and with the buffeting of the wind and the meagre lunch at noon. Yet they would not have exchanged the charm and interest of the day, for a ride in the finest Pullman car, through a settled country, and a lunch at the most luxurious of hotels.

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Clamorous boys now surrounded the car and endeavored to drag off the baggage, to carry it into the hotel which was separated from the street by an iron fence. A tall, black-browed native, clad in a dirty white jacket and white, baggy trousers, constituted himself guardian of the strangers, and cuffed and knocked around the dirty gamins until they fled howling in derision. He led the couple into the hotel, leaving two dirty dependents of it to bring in the valises, rugs, and trunks. The Other-one's heart sank within her as she followed the black-browed boy into a dirty hall across a small, ill-smelling court, and into a narrow corridor lighted only with a dingy hanging lamp that gave out a strong odor of kerosene; then into a small room, where, fortunately, she could not see, though she felt, the dirty state. The boy hastily lighted a tallow candle, and by its feeble flicker she noted the two iron beds, a rickety chair or two, and a stand with a wash basin, water jug, and two very small and thin towels. The Commander soon after came in briskly, and looked at the Other-one, who had sunk despondent into one of the chairs. "Aren't you going to get ready for dinner?" he asked, laughing. "You look rather doleful. Do put on your best 'bib and tucker.' Think! What a glorious day we have had! Such roads, such grand scenery, such air and color, and those fascinating people!"

"Ye—yes! but it is so dirty here. It's no use to go to the table,—I know I can't eat their filthy food!"

"Nonsense! brace up and take the bitter with the sweet! I thought you were such a good traveller, and always accepted whatever came. Hasn't that been your boast?"

"Yes, but you well know I can endure any hardship in travelling but dirt, and there are three kinds,—clean dirt, nasty dirt, and filthy dirt. I can support the former, but the last two sear my soul!"

"Well! to which class does this belong?" asked the Commander.

"Did you see the courtyard and hall we went through?" was all the answer the Lady vouchsafed.

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By the light of the tallow dip, they made what toilet they could, washing the sand from their faces and brushing it from their clothes, and then, somewhat refreshed, they traversed the long hall and courtyard to the dining-room, indicated by a frowzy French woman, who had the air of being the proprietress. A room, small for the company in it, hung, as usual, with gay French posters; on a shelf some dusty, red, artificial flowers in cheap vases, with a grimy mirror. There were four or five tables, at the smallest of which, laid for two, the Commander and his wife sat down. At the two tables nearest were some French parties who had evidently come down to Bou Saâda for a "lark," and made much talk and chatter in high-pitched voices. At the other tables sat some soldiers, drinking wine and staring at the French women, who were gotten up with much false hair, rouge, and highly colored gowns. All banged on the tables at intervals for the poor Arab boy, who was the sole waiter and, in a white coat and decent red fez, seemed the cleanest thing in the hotel. He flew around, breathing heavily, but managed to get the more clamorous ones served, leaving our quiet couple until the last. They ate, with some appetite, after all, the greasy soup, the tough mutton, the salad floating in oil, and a nondescript pudding, consoling themselves for whatever was lacking, with the wine, which was excellent.

In spite of all drawbacks, some yells of the untiring boys, and the howls of dogs until midnight, our motorists soon fell asleep on their iron beds, and slept profoundly, as do those who pass the entire day in the open air.

When the Other-one looked out the next morning, the sun was shining brilliantly. She felt refreshed and invigorated. By daylight everything seemed more hopeful as regarded the dirt. She was ready to sally forth and see the sights in the hour and a half that the Commander allowed, "for we must get back to Algiers to-night. There is no stopping-place on the way!"

The lanky, black-browed youth who had taken care of them when they arrived, upon being asked to hunt them up a guide

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for the town, languidly offered his services. As he spoke French that the Other-one could understand with strict attention, and as he seemed intelligent enough, they set forth under his guidance. He wore his red fez rakishly on one side of his head and had a scarlet wool sash around his white coat. He sauntered languidly along, carrying the camera with an air of fatigue. In other countries he would have posed as a dude. He could, however, strike out with good fists, as they had noted the night before; so the Other-one felt that in any difficulty she might rely upon his strength.

“Madame will see the river first. Everybody goes there. It is beautiful!”

They left the village at one side, and plunged down a path leading to the small stream flowing along in its sandy and pebbly bed. The banks rose high on each side, fringed at the top with palm, fig, live-oak, and pepper trees, while the steep incline was a mass of bushes and tropical foliage. It was in effect beautiful, looking down the stream, with the dark green of the palms, the soft pale color of the early leaves of the fig, mixed with the pink and white blossoms of the fruit trees, and through them the mud-plastered houses showing here and there.

There were interesting objects to see down by the stream. A fine, bronzed soldier in blue coat, red sash and trousers, led his white Arabian horse to water in the little stream. Farther on, a gray old man, wrapped in his cream-white burnous, squatting down on some rocks, regarded the tourists curiously and somewhat savagely, from under his grizzled, overhanging eyebrows. It was deliciously quiet here, with only the gurgling water and the breeze rustling the trees, but suddenly the tranquillity was invaded. Some gamins had scented the party afar and they now appeared on the banks above, howling for sous and about to descend, but deterred by the gutturals and ferocious scowls of the guide, who dropped at once the character of the languid dude and assumed that of the fierce and watchful warrior.

They now climbed a rocky path and came out on the road

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leading to the town. Passing a low hut, they saw, sitting on the flat roof, the picturesque figure of a girl; a gay red and yellow bandage around her head, wide braids of hair framing her face, and many trinkets of jewellery disposed on her person. She watched the party with languid interest, but when the kodak was pointed at her, she giggled loudly and turned her back. The guide expostulated with her, and finally when a coin was handed up to her, she sat still for a moment.

“That is an Ouled Nail dancing-girl,” said the guide. “There are many dancing-girls here, and I shall take Madame to one of their houses.”

“Can we buy some of their jewellery?” asked the Commander eagerly.

The guide was quite sure much could be bought if one paid well for it.

“They say,” said the Other-one, “that these Ouled Nails have many flocks, and that the women weave tissues from the wool, very skilfully. I can think of them only as dancing-girls, however. Look! there comes one—a curious figure.”

There appeared, coming toward them down the narrow street between the whitewashed, mud-plastered houses on either side, a woman, walking very slowly, with a haughty air, as one of much consequence. She was very dark, and her face was tattooed and daubed with red and yellow; great false loops of hair fell around her weird face. She wore a red dress and over it a sort of white mantle drawn up over her head, and the usual quantity of bracelets, anklets, necklaces, and fibulæ. Moreover she had great hoops of silver, as big as the rim of a coffee cup, in her ears. The Other-one snapped her up quickly. The women stopped still and held out her hand.

“Madame must give her money for her picture,” said the guide, “but Madame will see many dancing-girls and still more beautiful than this one who is now old!”

“We ought to find some jewellery in these houses,” observed the Commander. “I must find some treasures here for the museum.”

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The guide hurried them down a still narrower street, past men and women in gay colors, squatting down by the open doors of their houses, through which one could only look in to a black hole. When they saw our party they all fled into the houses and slammed the doors. The guide stopped at a long, low, whitewashed house and led them into a courtyard with many doors opening out of it into rooms, and a balcony around the low second-story, this also having many doors opening into it. A staircase ran up to the balcony near the door by which they entered, and on the lower steps, lolled a luxuriant beauty—as Ouled Nail beauties go—painted, bedecked with jewellery, and wearing a pink and white striped gauze gown, from under which her brown feet, and her ankles, with broad silver bands on them, showed. She ogled the guide, but he passed on unheeding. Some dirty men lounged near, and one fine specimen, with the blackest of whiskers and a beautifully embroidered coat, over which was thrown a pale blue burnous, stared so savagely at the party that the Other-one felt a cold chill run down her back. In a corner of the room the guide opened a door, without the ceremony of knocking and ushered them into a small room with a huge bed at the farther end, with curtains and coverlet of gay Oriental embroidery, in gold thread and silks. Showy rugs decorated the floor, and cheap ornaments hung on the wall, together with a lot of photographs, some stuck in a big frame. The greatest ornament in the room, to the guide's eyes, apparently,—and he had now assumed his languid, dudish air,—was a not too young Ouled Nail, in a green, gold-spangled dress, her broad waist bound with a wide golden belt, and a spangled gauze and silk kerchief around her head, from which gold bangles tinkled over her forehead. A glittering necklace of gold coins hung around her neck, and the braids around her face and the silver hoops in her ears were of enormous size. An old, wrinkled crone stood by her,—an ex-dancing girl, probably, who evidently could not give up her habit of painting and wearing jewellery. She leered at the guide, shaking her head with pleasure at seeing him, until



A "RETIRED" OULED-NAIL
DANCING-GIRL



A DANCING-GIRL — OULED-NAIL — AT
BOU-SAADA

Small clusters of characters, possibly bleed-through or artifacts, located at the bottom of the page.

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the bangles, on her head and withered neck clinked. There seemed to be no dismay that the party had been so unceremoniously ushered into the room. The younger dancing-girl advanced to the Other-one, caught hold of her hand and tried to raise it to her lips; but the lady pulled it sharply away. Then the Ouled Naïl, with a complacent smile, seized the Commander's hand and imprinted on it a loud kiss.

"How can you allow that?" cried the Other-one, in disgust.

"I want to keep the peace," returned the Commander. "I see the chance of securing some very fine things here. I must surely buy some. Tell the guide to have her bring out all the rest of the jewellery she has—though she has enough on her now to stock a small shop."

After parleying with the guide a few moments, the old hag produced from a box under the bed, treasures of cunningly wrought amulets of gold and silver, necklaces of turquoise and coral with golden links, necklaces of gold coins, bracelets of gold and silver of fine workmanship, and, with a great show of pride, a wide golden band like a crown, for the head, with much fine etching on it. The beauty stood complacently by and eyed her gems with the air of a royal princess. The Commander fell upon the collection with avidity, pushing aside the crown, which he said was "not typical," and putting by some bracelets, anklets, and a fine necklace or two of silver. Then ensued much bargaining, by means of the guide, who evidently helped to keep prices up to secure his commission. At last the Commander remained with three or four of the desired articles in his possession. Then the Other-one, who had stood wearily by, stepped forward and asked for the privilege of a "snapshot at the dancing-girl with all her jewellery hung on her." This was granted with a condescending air, and a demand for a good price for the favor. Then the lovely one decorated herself with her golden crown, some big golden earrings, many bracelets and other jewellery, and posed against the whitewashed walls of her house, adjusting her hands, with their henna-stained nails,

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before her. Some of the men sauntered up while the picture was being taken, and the other beauty looked disdainfully from the staircase. However, the Other-one caught her too, and some of the loungers, while pretending to take a small dog near. Whereupon a dirty boy snatched up the dog and demanded "some sous."

Then the party left and went down the narrow street, with its rough stone pavement and the flat-roofed, irregular houses of plastered cobblestone, with a few holes for windows, and poles sticking out here and there,—the usual style of the houses of native villages. They came to the entrance of a rude mosque, and climbed some rickety stairs from the small court to the roof, where they looked down on the oasis of green palms stretching away in feathery grace to the wide desert of gray sand. Then they came down to follow another long, narrow street, with its picturesque groups by the doors, with donkeys having great panniers or bestrode by sturdy Ouled Naïls, pushing the party against the walls. Climbing up at one side, beyond some houses, they came out on a level space, bare of dwellings, where was a curious mosque-tomb with a queer, elongated sort of dome and four small ones of the same style at the four corners,—all as chalky as whitewash could make them. Some natives lounged against the wall in the shade, for it was hot, and the white Koubba, against the intense blue sky and the palm-trees back, made one feel that this was the land of heat.

"Let us now go down through the town, have a look at some of the native jewellery," said the Commander.

They went along the street to the big square, which is shaded by plane-trees and where is a great stone fountain, Roman in its design and looking out of place in this square. Here was a fascinating market, in full swing. The place was a mass of white burnouses,—natives squatting on the ground with piles of dried fish, fruit, vegetables, and what not, spread before them; natives around them shouting, gesticulating, bargaining, and donkeys standing around, with panniers empty or full. Once in a while there came out through the

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crowd, two or three splendid-looking, dark, full-bearded men, walking along with stately steps, their fine blue or light-gray burnouses flung gracefully over their shoulders.

“Who are those men?” asked the Other-one of the guide.

“They are the kaids who come in from the villages near.”

The tumult, the animation, the kaleidoscopic changes were fascinating, and the lady would have lingered to watch this phase of Oriental life; but when the Commander found that the jewellery of Ouled Naïl workmanship, at one or two places in the square, was coarse and badly made, and that the guide could tell them of no other dealers where it could be bought, he suggested that it would be well to begin the return journey.

The walls of Bou Saâda, and its oases of green palms, were soon left far behind, and there was nothing but the gray sand,—broken here with the gray-green scrub grass,—stretching away to the horizon. Flocks of sheep, here and there, feeding on the grass, scrambled off and away in a panic when they saw the strange vehicle. Farther on, a new and unaccustomed sight greeted the eyes of the Motorists, a long line of camels coming.

“What funny creatures, and how disdainful of everything they seem, as they sway along on their great pads of feet! Could anything be more supercilious than they are? They think, it appears, that no one but themselves has any rights in the Desert,” said the Other-one.

Ragged natives, dark-brown in tint, with fiery black eyes, ran by the side of the camels, or rose and fell, upon their backs like billows. A great shout of dismay arose when these men perceived the motor, and only after much howling and banging with heavy sticks on their flanks, did the contemptuous camels consent, with derisive bubblings, to get off the road and let the car go by.

Our party moved on now more quickly, and came up to a couple walking before them. The Commander, ever on the alert, caught the gleam of silver on the woman, and he was out on the road before Adrian had time to stop the car fully. The woman had on an unusual necklace of seven large

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plaques, with rich pieces of coral in the centre of each plaque. The Commander held up two silver five franc pieces, at the same time pointing to the necklace. The native, who owned the woman, necklace and all, comprehended and shook his head sullenly. The Commander, in a panic, drew out two more silver pieces. After some words between them, by which it seemed the woman was urging the man to accept the money, she pulled off the coveted treasure, took the silver and put it in the man's hand; then they walked on, while the Commander, rejoicing, leaped into the car, with the necklace clasped tightly in his hand.

So the day went on. They saw sometimes the tents of brown-and-white striped camel's-hair cloth, of the nomads, pitched on the desert sand, with small flocks near, feeding on the scrub grass; and little green patches of grain—where there was some moisture—protected from them by heaped-up branches of the camel thorn bush (*Acacia horrida*) making an impassable hedge. These nomads eagerly seize every moist place in the desert where they may cultivate a little grain.

After the desert grays and yellows came the emerald green of the cultivated plains and the far blue of the mountains, as our travellers went on. Not many kilometres from a town, whose minarets they could see afar, they noted before them a cloud of dust on the road, and they came up to a nondescript vehicle,—half stage-coach, half lumber wagon. It was absolutely packed with natives. They seemed like dirty white moths, sticking on to every part. Wrapped to the eyes in his burnous, the driver pulled at his bony steeds as if in fear they might run away, when he saw the motor; but the poor animals, seemingly glad of a halt, stopped and settled back on their haunches, with a weary air of relief. A group of natives trudging on ahead stood still and cast back looks of alarm.

“I can tell you what this means,” said the Commander. “They must all be going to a fair in the village ahead, and so a large number of them hire this wagon, pack it as full as they can, while the rest walk on until such time as they are all

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weary, or it is decided it is their turn; then they change places with those riding, and so get to the fair very comfortably and with little cost, undoubtedly. See! ahead, in those clouds of dust, are sheep, goats, men on donkeys; so there is surely a fair to-morrow, as it is too late to-day."

In fact, Adrian had now to put his car into second speed and move on with great caution as they came nearer the town, and the crowds of men and animals began to thicken. Clouds of dust arose; the odors were far from agreeable, and it was hot.

As the chauffeur pulled up a moment to let the rider of a particularly obstreperous donkey get out of the way, a tall, fine fellow, with a clean white *haïk* bound over his fez, a snow white long gown with sinewy brown legs showing below it, and a decent creamy burnous thrown over him, looked eagerly, and curiously at the motor.

"Why not take him in and give him a ride to town!" exclaimed the good Commander. "It will be the event of his life and he looks so clean."

So saying, he beckoned to the native to seat himself on the step of the car. The sign was understood and the man scrambled eagerly to the place indicated, with a smile of delight and childlike confidence.

Adrian now having a clear road for some little distance, put the car to fourth speed, leaving quickly behind the nondescript vehicle, the trudging natives, the donkeys, and the flocks of sheep. As the pace quickened, the guest clung to the side with grim determination, though his eyes stuck out and his smile faded away. Again they came to crowds, and again slowed down. The sheep and goats were scarcely discernible in the clouds of dust they raised; and men in every degree of cleanliness and dirt, even beggars in sodden rags, were all hastening on as fast as they could to the town ahead.

"Where do they all come from?" cried the Other-one. "I've seen no place where they could abide except in those wretched nomad tents we passed on the desert below!"

They had now reached the town, and they rolled into it

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under a gateway. If the Other-one believed she had seen many people before, the number was as nothing compared to the multitude she now saw surging through the square. There was a veritable pandemonium, too, of guttural voices, ba-a-ing of sheep, braying of donkeys, and lowing of oxen and cows. The car crawled at a snail's pace through the streets, and past the plaza, where were the most animated groups. The native, who had ridden on the car, had now regained confidence, but seemed happy to step off alive, near a group of his friends, evidently, and who regarded him with great amazement; he returned their gaze with looks of proud satisfaction and the air one has who has just escaped from the jaws of death. He then turned, seized the hand of the Commander and imprinted a loud smack upon it, bowed low, and muttered unintelligible gutturals. Not contented with this, he passed to the other side and caught the hand of Adrian, to his immense disgust, and also, in spite of his resistance, kissed that. Then he turned to the back seat, and prepared to do likewise to the Other-one, but she buried her hands in the robe, crying out: "Please, please! that will do." While Adrian dexterously jerked the car aside and the poor native fell sprawling back. Then on they went, leaving the hero of a wonderful adventure surrounded by admiring friends. Off on the road, outside the town, again and again Adrian extricated the car from groups of men, from flocks of sheep and goats, oxen that pranced and kicked, and donkeys that got, perversely, almost under the wheels of the car.

"When shall we reach Algiers," cried the tired Commander, "at this snail's pace!"

"Never mind if we don't go home till morning," said the Other-one; "to see people in burnouses, flocks of sheep and goats, and donkeys galore, on the road, is a fascinatingly new experience!"

Adrian threw back a glance, as much as to say, "If you were steering the car, Madame, you would find it far from fascinating!"

As they motored on, stately mountains came into view at

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their left, and in the far distance some peaks with caps of snow. The summits of the range gleamed in the lessening light, but the bases were a deep indigo blue; for the sky had been gradually getting overcast, and now storm-clouds dropped low and draped the peaks. The color and changing tints were superb. Sometimes the sun would burst through a cloud for an instant and paint the plain a vivid gold, and the hills near had shaded from violet to deep purple, with splashes of green showing through. So the car went on past these kaleidoscopic changes of color,—purple, mauve, deep indigo, dull green,—under the clouds where some rain fell; vivid greens, yellows, and russet greens on the plain; and again as they descended the hills, the blue, steely gray of the ocean, the rich reds of the ploughed soil, and the now dark grays of the olive orchards. In the deep chasms there was the gloom of nightfall. The motor hummed on down the perfect road, while the travellers feasted their eyes on the riot of color. Then all at once everything turned to dark blue, then gray, and then disappeared in a mist of rain.

The party sat silent, well wrapped in their waterproofs, with the curtains still up, though dashes of rain came in, and they went on in the fresh sweet air, in darkness, save where the broad flashes from the car lamps lay on the road ahead. At last, Algiers came in sight, a myriad of twinkling lights in the harbor and on the boulevards, looking as if the stars had dropped from the sky to the town.

They climbed to Mustapha past the gardens, whence came scents of the flowers washed by rain, and so to their haven of a hotel, where luxury had never before seemed so luxurious, nor cleanliness so clean.

“And what do you think of our trip to Bou Saâda?” asked the Commander that evening, as he swallowed the last spoonful of a delicious soup, served for their supper, in their little parlor.

“It’s been glorious!” answered the Other-one. “A riot of color, splendid scenery, wonderful roads, and a fascinating people. I’ve forgotten all about the dirty hotel.”

CHAPTER VIII

A TRIP TO TLEMCEN BY MASCARA, AND RETURN; WITH A VIEW OF
THE RUINS OF TIPAZA ON THE WAY

IT was a day or two after the journey to Bou Saâda that the Commander came up, quite late, after luncheon. His eyes were sparkling, and he seemed full of suppressed enthusiasm. He found the Other-one engaged in some last preparations for their trip to eastern Algeria and Tunisia—which they had planned to begin the next day.

He exclaimed, “Our plans are all to be changed! we do not start for Tunis to-morrow, but directly west, for Tlemcen.”

The Other-one gasped with amazement, “What do you mean? and why are you imitating the example of the weather-cock?”

“The wind which has turned me in another direction this time is this: I have been talking, for an hour, with a most interesting and intelligent man, an American, a Mr. B—. He has just made an automobile trip, with his wife and daughters, to Laghouat and the country of the Mzabs, and he is full of enthusiasm about all. He says we must on no account miss going there, and we ought to get off very soon, as later it will be pretty hot down on the desert. The roads are passable; and on the route we can stop at caravansaries—which will be a new experience for us—while at Laghouat, and Ghardaia, where we would pass a night at each place, the hotels are enduring. It is something over six hundred kilometres to Ghardaia, the end of the journey, and as it is difficult, if not impossible to get gasoline down in the country through which we go, Mr. B— says, we must ship it down by stage, at least a week before we start for Mzab. So this is why we go to Tlemcen to-morrow, instead of going there as we planned on our return from Tunis.”

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“Who are the Mzabs? and where is the Mzab?” asked the Other-one, recovering somewhat from her amazement.

“The Mzab is the country of the Mzabs, or Mozabites, the most original country in the world. Its inhabitants are the Berbers belonging to a religious sect considered heretic by the orthodox Mussulmans, and when persecuted by them, the Mzabs fled off to the desert and there, by force of incredible labor, dug thousands of wells, and made oases there, which are wonderful to see. There is more about these people which I will tell you later. So, to-morrow, we shall start at an early hour for Tlemcen. Take what you like there, but for Mzab we must reduce our baggage to the absolutely necessary things.”

It was a glorious morning, with a fresh breeze, when the car swung down the hill of Mustapha Supérieur, by its white villas and verdant gardens, to the sea which had all the tints of blue, when the breeze rippled it, that one sees on a peacock's breast. It was the plan of the Commander, this time, to run along the coast as far as Tenés, two hundred and eleven kilometres from Algiers, and then drop away from it down by Orléansville, to Tlemcen. The car ran through the village of St. Eugène, with its French and Italian villas, and up and down by the blue sea before it, and its abrupt cliffs descending to the water; then on to pass Cap Caxine with its big light-house. Beyond, on the way, were scattered villas, and vineyards ran up the hills at the left and sometimes down to the border of the sea, with vegetable gardens, green and flourishing between, and more of these came to view when the travellers had passed through the tunnel of the Great Rock. This time they went again through Staoéli and near Sidi Ferruch with wide vineyards stretching away as far as the eye could reach. Sidi Ferruch is on almost an island between its two bays. The travellers recalled that it was here the French landed with the army which conquered Algiers. A fort crowns the heights of the bay at the west.

“My Guide Joanne gives the inscription which is on the entrance gate to that fort,” said the Other-one: ‘Here on the

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fourteenth of June, 1830, by order of the king, Charles X, the French Army, under the command of General Bourmont, came to hoist their flag, giving liberty to the sea, and giving Algiers to France.' And a very good thing it was for Algiers too — to be delivered from the domination of those dreadful Turks."

"And a very good thing it was also for France!" added the Commander. "Look at this wonderfully fertile country, with its enormous vineyards, its hundreds of plantations of olives and oranges, the great oases of date-trees; and all so near France. The country is developing wonderfully and will pay financially in the end, most assuredly."

Still on the car went, and they saw the great mass of the *Tombeau de la Chrétienne*, looming up against the sky, seeing which reminded the Other-one that she had found out the origin of the name of this extraordinary monument which they had visited a few days before, when she told the Commander only the legends. "One day," said she now to him, "a Christian woman, fleeing from a crowd of cruel pagan men and women, fled up to this tomb built by some holy man and took refuge there, but her tormentors came upon her as she was kneeling in prayer, and would have maltreated her, but there came a swarm of thousands of flies, mosquitoes, and wasps, and stung the invaders into flight. Ever afterwards the Christian woman lived the life of a hermit in this stronghold, and finally died here. So from that this monument was called the *Tombeau de la Chrétienne*."

"That tale might have a semblance of truth, if we did not know that the archæologists have decided it to be the tomb of the Mauretanian kings — of Juba, possibly," said the Commander dryly.

They now passed Castiglione by-the-sea, with its great avenue of mulberry-trees leading down to it, and wide vineyards back. Now the limit of the hills of the Sahel had been reached. The beautiful mountain of Chenoua was growing more distinct above the gloriously blue Bay of Tipaza.

"You remember we are to stop at Tipaza, and see the

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ruins there, if no more than those of the church of St. Salsa, whose story I love best of all the stories of youthful saints. We must find a guide here, for the ground is so strewn with ruins, it will be hard to find the church."

"We shall be a little late at Cherchel, which is seventy kilometres from here, but we must certainly stop here, and we can pick up a guide at the village," the Commander returned. Upon inquiry at the small unambitious town on the bay, however, no guide could be found, so they went on some distance beyond, to where the land falls away from the sea, and where the low wall runs along by the road, and the grass beyond is strewn with ruins as far as the eye can reach, and heaps of masonry and broken columns show through the trees above the bay. As the Two were about to climb the wall, a wrinkled old Arab—who had come up to the car when it stopped—seeing them, asked in passable French, if they wished a guide to show them around.

"Certainly we want one," answered the Other-one. "Do you know where the church of St. Salsa is?" The Arab replied that he had worked with some archæologists here and that he knew all the ruins, "but," he added, "you are some distance from the church of St. Salsa. It is on the hill the other side of the bay, to the east."

"That wretched Moses!" exclaimed the Other-one. "Then he knew nothing about the ruins. He said they were just here!" When the car had rounded the bay, the old man had the chauffeur stop near a field where some lentils were growing, and he took the Two up the hill beyond it where all through the grass wild flowers were growing in profusion. There were many stone sarcophagi scattered, open, with the covers lying near, some all broken up. In the cliffs falling down to the sea on one side, were tombs cut in the rock. Farther up the travellers climbed with the guide a high cliff overlooking all the bay and the great symmetrical mountain of Chenoua, a soft misty violet now rising above it. The bay was of the most indescribable blue, changing near the shore to a turquoise color, and farther on, near the line of shore under

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the mountain, it had the rich lustre of tourmaline, and it beat on the curving shore line, fringing it with an edge of pearl.

Upon this cliff the guide pointed out the ruins of the basilica of St. Salsa, which was first a small chapel to contain her remains, and later was built into a big basilica. Here are three aisles, preceded by a porch; some of the pillars are standing upright, and there are courses of stone on the sides still remaining. Inside, the old man showed them an inscription which indicated that the body of the saint had been placed under the altar.

“What a lovely, peaceful place! There is no sound here but the splash of the waves beating on the shore below!” said the Other-one, sitting down on a fragment of a pillar. “What a glorious view! And see how the sweet alyssum grows in such profusion all around here, and perfumes the air! It must have been St. Salsa’s flower! This is a most fitting place to tell you her story now. Salsa was a young Pagan girl, living at the end of the fourth century, and converted to Christianity at the age of fourteen. There was a temple built outside of the city on a rocky cliff just above the sea (it may have been just here), and in this temple was a great dragon of brass, an idol which the Pagans worshipped. One day Salsa went to the temple with her parents, who were Pagan. She was horrified at the impious orgies, and later, she introduced herself, with great courage, into the temple where the demon was, and threw first its head, and then its whole body, rolling down the cliff into the sea. The people, hearing the noise, ran to the place, and seeing it was Salsa who had committed the sacrilege, fell upon her and killed her at once, sending her body down the cliff also into the sea, which received it gently, and pushed it along on soft seaweed until it rested where her sepulchre was to be. The remains were afterwards taken by Christians, and a chapel was built over them, which later grew into this basilica. It is a pathetic story, is it not, of the ardent young Christian? Now Tipaza was one of the cities where they practiced the Christian religion early, with

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the utmost fervor. Here it was in 484 that those Christians, who would not embrace certain heresies, had their hands cut off and tongues cut out, and as they continued to speak afterwards, this miracle had great effect in the Christian world."

The Two walked silently down the hill, through the scattered sarcophagi of the Christian cemetery to the car, the Other-one first stopping to pick a bunch of sweet alyssum in memory of poor Saint Salsa.

The old Arab also gathered, from the clefts in the rocks, a bunch of the spiey absinth, from which the liquor is made, and this he thought much more valuable.

The travellers came to the ancient Cæsarea—now Cherchel—a little late, and to be consistent they took their luncheon at the Hotel Juba.

On the road again, and off above the blue sea, to come in the sunset's glow to the primitive town of Tenés, entering it by a long avenue of shade trees. It lies on a high plateau above the sea, and has a flavor of the ancient times when it was a Phœnician town, and later the Roman Cartennais, where Augustus established a colony of veterans.

The travellers drew up at a hotel as primitive as the town, where a prim French landlady made them as comfortable as she could, and gave them clean little rooms off a small courtyard, where chickens ran riot, and friendly roosters crowed the tired Motorists asleep and awakened them early in the morning.

The sky was heavy with rain clouds, and the sea had lost its beautiful color and was thrashing angrily on the shore, when the travellers turned away from old Tenés. They ran on down to Orléansville through the mountain region called the Dahra, between the sea and the Chélif Valley. In the town they crossed the Chélif, the longest river of Algeria, and which gives its name to the valley, stretching away with green fields of young barley, and sewn with wild flowers in the waste places.

Orléansville is a flourishing, if uninteresting modern town, and is built on the site of an ancient Roman city. When the

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town was founded, in 1843, the ruins of a big basilica were discovered where the market place was being laid out. From an inscription in the mosaic pavement found there, it appears that this church was constructed under Constantine, and is one of the most ancient in Africa.

Our travellers pushed on from this city in a heavy rain and arrived, for the night, at Mascara situated on a mountain of the chain of Beni-Chougran, called by the natives *Chouareb-el-Rih* (the lips of the wind), for the fogs of the winter and the winds of spring do not arrive here until they have crossed the range. This town is associated with the memory of Abd-el-Kader the great Moslem chief of the Faithful. It was here he established his seat of government in 1832, and was finally driven away by Marshal Bugeaud in 1841. Before they left in the morning, the travellers went down to see the Mosque of Ain-Beida, outside the walls, and now used as a grain store.

“I have always rather admired Abd-el-Kader,” said the Commander, as they stood looking at the picturesque mosque with its white dome and minaret, shaded by tall pepper-trees. “You know something of his story? Abd-el-Kader was a descendant of the Prophet. When the Turkish dominion was put an end to by the capture of Algiers, all the Arab tribes fell at once into anarchy. The French could not prevent the rising insurrection. Then it was that Abd-el-Kader was proclaimed Sultan, and he began at once to preach the holy war against the infidel. There was a series of battles; but after some victories he lost point after point, the French making conquests on every side. Finally,—though showing the greatest bravery,—surrounded on every side by enemies, he was forced to give himself up. It was in this mosque, as you know, that he preached the holy war.”

The Motorists regained their car and were soon on the way to Tlemcen under a blue sky free from all clouds. At noon they came to Sidi-bel-Abbas, situated in one of the most fertile regions of Algeria, and the best colonized. They grow much wheat around here, and there are many vineyards and olive

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groves in the environs. It was early in the afternoon when the travellers arrived at the point about six kilometres from Tlemcen where they could see the gorge of the Saf-Saf River where it falls down in a series of cascades—some a hundred feet—over thirteen hundred feet. These cascades are called El Ourit, signifying, in Arabic, the Abyss. From the sky line the snowy mass of water comes tumbling down by stages, with a great wall of green bushes, ferns, and vines encircling it, of the richest luxuriance; the water falling at last in a spray like powdered diamonds where the sun's rays strike it.

A small and insistent Arab boy urged the Two, as they stood looking up to the beautiful sight after descending from the car, to climb up to the cascade. Nothing loth, they followed him up a steep and very damp path that wound about under the trees and through the dank fronds of the ferns. It was a sylvan place and one could well imagine wood nymphs and dryads sporting in the green shade. Led up and up by the insistent Arab, the Two climbed on and they came above one cascade to see still above them, another foamy mass of water plunging down; but alas! to dispel all illusions, there was a common railroad bridge spanning the beautiful gorge, and which the Arab boy seemed to consider the point most to be admired. "Alas!" sighed the Other-one, "we can't get away from railroads and telegraph poles, even here where one would think it far enough from the haunts of men to be the haunts of nymphs and dryads alone."

They descended the dizzy path, to continue the journey to Tlemcen. They had for some time, before arriving at El Ourit, seen the mountains at the foot of whose jutting red cliffs Tlemcen lies. Now the walls of the city and its minarets, surrounded with groves of olives and oaks, began to be visible, and soon they were rolling under the gate of Bou-Médine into the streets of the ancient town. The car came to a stop near a small, plain-looking hotel, and the travellers stepped at once into a court glassed over, with balconies running around it on the second story, on to which the bedrooms opened. A steep staircase on one side ran up to them. This

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hotel was not in any special need of guests, judging by the nonchalant demeanor of the *patron*, who came sauntering out of his small office opposite the entrance, and, with the air of conferring a great favor, finally allowed a very slatternly young maid to show the newcomers a room opening off the balcony above. This proved a surprise, with its rather home-like air, to which the high wide bed and red curtains contributed. The slatternly maid, assisted by a very dull Arab boy, after some time succeeded in building a fire in the chimney place, for the travellers found the air quite crisp, Tlemcen lying some twenty-five hundred feet up.

As it was a little late to do any sight-seeing, the Other-one seated herself by the fireplace and began to impart to the Commander such bits of knowledge as she had been able to pick up about Tlemcen.

“It is a strange old town and has had a very interesting history” she said, looking thoughtfully into the fire. “It is one of the most original cities of North Africa, and the Moorish architecture is seen here at the best. It is the only city where are found edifices of the Arab-Berbers, and it is said they will bear comparison with those of Spain. Most of these buildings date from the end of the thirteenth century, and some from the fourteenth. The city is situated in a mass of green, of carob-trees, terebinth-trees, and hundred-year-old olive-trees. Tlemcen became the Moorish capital of Western Algeria. It was one of the most civilized towns of the world about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is now a very prosperous town, and has a large trade with Europe. What we have to see are two or three beautiful mosques, one especially outside the walls, and the museum is in one.”

When the Two went down to dinner that evening, in the long narrow dining-room, they had no reason to complain of the quality of the dishes placed before them. They were served, however, by a large, brawny Arab, who, though arrayed in a white jacket and a new fez, had on a pair of extremely baggy trousers, originally white, but now a deep coffee-color with long usage. These — to the amusement of the



THE ARAB WOMEN AT BOU-MEDINE
HAVING THEIR " PICTURES
TAKEN " WITH THE COMMANDER



LITTLE GIRLS OF TLEMEN, IN GALA ATTIRE ON THEIR
FETE DAY



ANCIENT CHRISTIAN CEMETERY AT TIPAZA



RUINS OF THE BASILICA OF ST. SALSA AT TIPAZA

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Other-one, who was generally the one to be much concerned when cleanliness was in question—so got on the Commander's nerves that he exclaimed to the Lady, "Tell that Arab, that, if he will put on a clean pair of trousers to-morrow, I will give him three francs!"

The Two descended to the court the next morning to find their guide—a patriarchal old Arab in the whitest of *haïks*—awaiting them. He took charge of them in a solemnly paternal way. He first went with them down the quaint streets to the esplanade, which is shaded by tall trees, to show them the Mechouar, a citadel which was the official residence of the Sultans of Tlemcen, including the Governors of the Almohades, and the Kings of the Abd-el-Ouadites. It was once of the greatest splendor and luxury. It had a beautiful gallery, all paved with marble and onyx. Here was a wonderful tree erected by one of the Sultans, and on it there were singing birds of all the species in existence. These were all made of gold and silver. There was a clock in the palace which excited the wonder of everybody who saw it. This was built two hundred years before that of Strasburg. Now there remains not much of the old palace that has not been made over into barracks for the soldiers. The old walls and high monumental gate the travellers found very imposing. As they came out of the great courtyard, the Other-one was astonished and charmed to see a group of little girls who were jumping around and playing out in the streets and on the sidewalks, looking like tropical butterflies which had just fluttered down there. They were arrayed in the most marvellous of costumes and they looked as if they were prepared to take part in some grand fairy spectacle. Some were dressed in robes of striped gauze of gold color; some had red, pink, or blue satin dresses, all embroidered in gold; while others had light yellow satin gowns, with filmy lace overskirts. All were more or less decked out in necklaces of pearls; armllets, earrings, and anklets of silver or gold; and some of these appeared to have much value, so that the Commander, who cast an appreciative eye at them, estimated that some of the gay

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little creatures had on jewellery to the value of three or four hundred dollars, surely too much to expose to chance of loss in their gambols. Also, the little heads were adorned with gay little caps, some of them pointed and embroidered in silver and gold, with floating veils.

“What are they!” she cried to the old Arab, “or is this the special costume of the little girls of Tlemcen?”

“No, my lady! It is not their general dress, but to-day is a *fête* day for the little girls, and all Moorish, Arabic, or Jewish girls wear the best they have.”

Then he took the travellers down to the Rue d’Alger, where, on the corner of the square, is the Grand Mosque or the Djama el Kebir. It is quite a spacious building and it has a beautiful minaret, square, with fanciful brick work, and decorated on the four sides with panels of terra cotta work. They went in through a corridor and shuffled into the mosque with the yellow slippers with which, as usual in mosques, they were shod. The beautiful court is built of onyx and there is a fountain in the centre. Some devotees were praying in the mosque with the same impassibility to outward impression that the travellers had observed in the devout in other mosques. The Two stopped to examine the elaborate arabesque work in the archway of the imposing mihrab, then they shuffled out again, from the twilight of the interior to the bright sunshine. They crossed the Place d’Alger to see the small but beautiful Mosque of Aboul Hassan, which has now been converted into a museum of the antiquities found in Tlemcen. Upon entering here the Other-one rejoiced exceedingly that she was not to be invested in huge slippers and to have to execute difficult feats of gymnastics to keep them on. Here are columns and capitals of Arab workmanship, beautiful old glazed tiles, rich in iridescent hues, Arabic inscriptions and texts from the Koran in lovely stucco-work. The interior itself is very highly decorated, and rows of horse-shoe arcades divide it into three halls. The roofs of these are in carved cedar, with paintings, and are upheld by six columns of Algerian onyx. The gem of the whole place how-

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ever, which the guardian there hastened to show them, is the mihrab, probably the loveliest specimen of Arabic work in the world. Oriental writers have declared it to be worth a journey to Tlemcen to view. The mosque was built in 1298 in honor of a learned lawyer, the Abou Hassen Ibn Yaklef el Tenessi, as the guardian glibly told the travellers.

“What a name! would this lawyer have been as eminent with a simpler one?” asked the Other-one. The guardian, a Frenchman, looked puzzled.

As they came out of the mosque, the lady turned to look up to the minaret with its brickwork and little pillars, when she discovered a father stork standing on the edge of a big nest in the top of this, and looking down gravely into the interior of the nest, probably at some small storks. The Place d’Alger was filled with a crowd composed of Biblical-looking natives, gravely walking up and down, and there were venders of oranges and dates, and water-carriers, bearing along great jars of water, with drinking cups. Occasionally some veiled woman drifted across the square, but the gay little tropical birds of girls were flying in and out the crowd in their play, showing like brilliant threads against the fabric of creamy burnouses.

The guide went now to the car where Adrian was waiting, and the party rode outside the walls of the city to the Mosque of Sidi-el-Haloui, the confectioner Saint. The guide related to the Two, as they rode along, the history of this saint. He was once a Cadi in Spain, having been born at Seville. He went on a pilgrimage to Sidi Okba, and came back to Tlemcen where he settled as a baker of sweetmeats. The kind he made are called *Halouat* in Arabic, and the name El Haloui was given to him on that account. He used to preach to the children, and a great swarm would crowd round his stall, so the whole town got to know and worship him.

This mosque was something like the Grand Mosque, and they found it decorated with the beautiful arabesque work, and the arches upheld by magnificent onyx columns of which the capitals are quite remarkable. As they went out, they

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noticed especially the beautiful portal with mosaics and arabesques, and with its overhanging roof in decorated flutings.

The trip to the village of Bou-Médine or El Eubbad led through groves of hoary olives, in one of which they saw tombs built like pavilions, but many very old and in a dilapidated state. The old man told them this grove was the *Bois Sacré*, or Sacred Wood. It was a sort of unkempt-looking place and some of the trees were half decayed and falling down. The guide said that in this place no one was ever allowed to cut down any tree. Here at the farther end is the tomb of a much revered saint, where many women come; and here the sick who can walk come to cure themselves by bringing a hen and picking it clean of feathers. The Other-one could not find out the reason for this singular custom, for the old Arab either could not or would not tell her; nor did she dare ask if the hen was picked alive. They saw farther on, near an ancient dilapidated tomb, an old woman, wrapped in a discolored mantle, and stripping a chicken, which certainly was not alive, and from which the white feathers were blown around by the breeze like snowflakes. As the travellers rode on, passing the old Arab cemetery, where are some ancient koubbas, the grave and intelligent old guide told them something of the saint whose mosque they were about to visit.

Sidi Bou-Médine (*bou* means *lord* in Arabic) was born at Seville, in Spain, in the year 520 of the Hegira (A. D. 1126). He went over into Fez where he studied theology; he then travelled all over Spain, visited Tlemcen and El Eubbad, where he expressed a strong wish to be buried when he should die. He afterwards gave lectures in Bagdad, Bougie, Seville, and Cordova; then he came to settle down and lecture at the court of the Sultan Yakoub el Mansour. When he died he had a magnificent tomb and mausoleum built for him by the Black Sultan Abou el Hassen Ali, which was afterwards enriched and embellished by successive sultans. The wretched village of El Eubbad lies on a hill, and a rough, rocky lane leads up to it. Adrian drove the car up as far as it was possible to go, then the party got out to walk up the uneven and

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rutty road by some half ruined houses. Some of the natives, rather poverty-stricken creatures, came out to view the strangers, and, to the delight of the Other-one, more little butterflies of girls fluttered out, but they were grave and less playful than those she had seen at Tlemcen. Their dresses were not so fine in quality, perhaps, but equally gay in color, and some of them were decorated even more profusely with necklaces and bracelets and the gay little caps with the gold and silver embroidery, and two or three had spangled gauze veils depending from them, which made them seem more like butterflies than ever, as the veils floated in the breeze when the little creatures moved around.

The guide took his people up to where was a wooden gate which has arabesques painted in colors, and it opens on a gallery paved with small glazed tile, which sparkled when the sun touched them. On the right is the mosque with its beautiful minaret decorated richly in tiles. Farther on was a building which the guide said was the Medersa, a college which was for higher class students and which was founded by a sultan in 747 of the Hegira (A. D. 1349). At the left of the gallery is the koubba of the venerated saint. They had here to walk up some steps with the old guide, who delivered them to a grave-looking young Arab standing at the entrance to a beautiful court surrounded with arcades having marble columns to support them. They stopped a few moments to look at the exquisite onyx fountain, the margin of which is deeply worn by a chain, the devotees using it to pull up water from a well connected with the fountain and which the grave Arab said was the most salubrious water in the world. From this court a door goes into the koubba.

Inside the entrance to the koubba stood a tall and splendid-looking Moslem, with a long silky black beard, and a huge white turban, and he was clad in the snowiest of raiment. His air and manner of admitting them seemed as if they were being allowed, as the greatest privilege in the whole world, to approach near the tomb of the most holy of saints. The beauty of the decorations outside here, the solemn stillness

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around, and more effectually, the reverential manner of this grand-looking Mohammedan, were sufficient to repress any flippancy on the part of sight-seers. Moreover, in the sombre light of the koubba, seeing the great catafalque in carved wood, covered with the richest gold and silver brocade embroidered in inscriptions, the Other-one felt a sensation of awe and a sadness—as if she were standing by the tomb of a great and good man whom she had known and revered—such as she had not before experienced in her journeyings and sight-seeing in this strange country, and she noted too, that the Commander shared her feelings.

When they became a little more accustomed to the obscurity of the koubba they saw that from the dome above were suspended all sorts of flags, ostrich eggs, candles, lanterns, and rich brocades; on the walls—of fine arabesque work—were hung mirrors and crude paintings of the holy cities. The Commander, always a careful observer, pointed out to her that the handles, hinges, grates, and window bars of the koubba were made of bronze, or wrought iron, and were of most beautiful workmanship.

“Those show,” said he, “Spanish-Arabic work.”

The grand-looking guardian of the tomb pointed out, in cartouches, here and there in the arabesque work on the walls, the constant repetition of a phrase in Arabic “*El mulk Lillah*” (The kingdom is God’s).

From here the two went down to the mosque, which they found much more beautiful in work and decoration than the koubba. There they entered under a monumental portico, which had an inscription showing that the Sultan Aboul-Hassen-Ali, the conqueror of Tlemcen, built it in 1339. They crossed the court, paved with fine tiles, and, accompanied by another fine-looking Moslem, who watched them closely always, they entered the mosque by massive cedar-wood doors adorned with most admirable bronze work, “of a pattern so beautiful and intricate that only Ghiberti’s work in Florence can be named beside them.” The prayer chamber is divided into four naves, decorated with very fine work much like the

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exquisite arabesques in the mihrab in the museum in Tlemcen. The dome has the wonderful honey-comb work which the guardian pointed out as the most important of this kind of work, in Tlemcen. The mihrab, he said, had been given by the great Abd-el-Kader to replace a marble one, broken; the *mimbar* is wonderfully beautiful. As they went back, they noted only two or three devotees, one, a holy man with long white beard, fingering his string of beads, who looked out at them from under his heavy white eyebrows with an expression of dislike, and as if he would annihilate the infidels if he could. They went on to see if it were possible to get into the Medersa, but though the guide sent some boys for the guardian's key, he could not succeed in getting it opened. As they came down the steps, a Jewish-looking man was standing below holding the hand of a wonderful little creature, a more gorgeous little butterfly than any the Other-one had yet seen; for her jewellery was marvellous to behold. She wore a beautiful pearl necklace of much value around her neck. The man who held her tightly by the hand was evidently very proud of the attention she attracted, and allowed the delighted Other-one to take her picture.

The Other-one was delighted, also, upon regaining the car, for two Arab women, wrapped to the eyes in white mantles, were curiously looking at it, and with very little demur they consented to stand with the good Commander and be "snapped up," which was very extraordinary indeed.

The next day the travellers were to visit Mansoura, but the guide wished them to wait until the afternoon, as the light would be much better on the ruins.

While at luncheon that day the Other-one told the Commander something of what she had picked up about the wonderful city of Mansoura. It appears it was built by the Sultan Abou Yakoub in the thirteenth century when he besieged Tlemcen. The Sultan was seven years doing this, and meantime, being a man of great energy, he devoted his time to building Mansoura. He made a great city of it, with baths and mosques and all the advantages of Eastern civili-

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zation. The fortifications enclosed a rectangular space of three hundred acres. The walls, or ramparts, were five feet thick and thirty-nine feet high, with towers at intervals of one hundred and twenty-five feet, and were built of concrete. However, when Tlemcen yielded to the troops of the Sultan, the new city was abandoned. When the Ouadites took possession of Tlemcen they allowed Mansoura to fall into ruins.

So the travellers went with their patriarchal old guide that afternoon to see the ruins of this wonderful city built by that indefatigable Sultan Yakoub. They rolled out of Tlemcen under the gate of Fez toward Morocco. Outside this gate is a great reservoir built by a king of the Ouadites for a favorite wife to sail boats upon. When they had gone about a kilometre they came to a great, beautiful horseshoe arch known as the Bab-el-Khamis, which was a gate in the famous walls the extent and size of which the travellers much wondered at. Two kilometres farther out they could better see the extent of these walls. On a hill at the right of the wall they saw the great minaret which has remained unmoved to the present day. They got out at the foot of this hill and walked up a steep road to the ruined wall around the tower which stands a hundred and twenty-five feet high and was built of hewn stone. It is thought to be the finest monument in all Algeria. They went into it under a most beautiful Moorish arch and then went through and looked up on that side to the wonderful minaret, of which the front side is nearly perfect, but the French engineers have considerably repaired and strengthened the others. The minaret is divided into three stories panelled with glazed tiles, and carved onyx pillars. Looking up at the imposing monument, the Other-one related the legend of the building of the mosque which she had been told by an English lady at the hotel the night before. It seems that when the Sultan Yakoub was considering the building of the mosque, a sort of competition was held on the plan, and a Jew and an Arab were the winners. At first the sultan was much troubled that he should have to deal with a Jew architect for the entire mosque.



ENTRANCE TO A TOMB, TLEMCCEN,
AT THE MOSQUE OF BOU-MEDINE



MIHRAB IN MOSQUE OF SIDI-BEL-
HASSAN, TLEMCCEN



THE MINARET OF ABOU YAKOUB'S
MOSQUE AT MANSOURA



BY THE WALLS OF MANSOURA

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Then a happy idea struck him. He commissioned the Arab to build the interior of the mosque while the Jew should concern himself with the exterior. So a great struggle took place between the two with all the art and ingenuity of the two races brought into the construction of the building. From this there resulted one of the grandest Arab mosques ever built. Of course the sultan was highly delighted. Time went on, but the architects were not paid, as sometimes happens in modern times. When there was some endeavor to bring this to pass, the sultan at last rewarded the Moslem architect with many purses of gold, but he condemned the dog of a Jew for daring to defile the holy edifice by having anything to do with it — to be imprisoned in one of the galleries of this very minaret, and he was told to escape if he could. So he tried, making himself a pair of wings out of reeds and silks and cords, and just when the sun was sinking behind the mountains, he launched himself into the air and fell to the bottom, smashing his skull and dying at once, “like most of the flying machine experimenters since his day, and probably before,” said the Commander dryly.

The mosque itself is in ruins; nothing but portions of the wall are left. It is said to have been a magnificent type of mosque of the fourteenth century. In the excavations, the old guide told the Two that some of the magnificent columns of onyx in the museum at Tlemcen, as well as in the museum at Algiers, had been found. The travellers rode back to Tlemcen that evening by the sunset's glow, which stained the old ruined gray walls of Sultan Yakoub's city to a rich color.

The next morning they went away from old Tlemcen — buried in its groves of big trees and hoary olives — with regret. The Commander had directed the chauffeur to turn sharp to the left when they were well out of the gate of Bou-Médine. “We are going,” he said, presently, “up to Oran for the night. It is a new route, and I want to see Oran.”

“It will be uninteresting enough if a commercial town and monotonously modern after charming old Tlemcen!” exclaimed the Other-one.

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That night they were very comfortable in a clean and quiet luxurious modern hotel, and the Other-one considered that, after all, Oran, if modern, was a rather interesting city. They walked down to the Promenade de Létang, in the late afternoon. Here it is all planted with palm-trees, pines, fig-trees, and plane-trees, and there are lovely gardens. From the balustrade, looking down on the harbor, one gets a superb view, not only of the busy harbor itself, and roadstead, but across the lower part of the town to the west, where rises the Santa Cruz — a steep spur of Mount Mourdjadjo — where is an old Spanish fort, its reddish gray color scarcely leaving it to be distinguished from the rocks on which it was built; also, there is a chapel to the Virgin here. The Djebel Kahar, or the Mountain of the Lions, at the east, with its conical top, looks something like Vesuvius, and the more so now, as the setting sun was tinging its rugged cliffs to a fiery red.

“This town, though it is not much of an Oriental city,” said the Commander, as they leaned over the balustrade and looked off to the sea, “ought to be interesting from its history. When the Spaniards stormed the town, in the fifteenth century, they put to death most of the Moslem population and took off to Spain the rest as captives. They found much money and booty here, and they then established a penal colony. The Moors drove out the Spaniards; the city fell into the hands of the Turks; and lastly, the French took it, and have kept it ever since. It is said that it used to be, in the old Spanish penal times, the most jolly and rollicking place imaginable.”

“The view from here is certainly beautiful enough, and it is delightful to stop in a well kept modern hotel, no matter how much one may disapprove of the ugliness of the modern French town,” admitted the Other-one.

The next evening the Motorists arrived in Algiers, very well content with their trip to Tlemcen, and more eager than before, to begin their journey down to the desert and the country of the Mzabs.

CHAPTER IX

TO LAGHOUAT AND THE COUNTRY OF THE MOZABITES: WITH A VISIT TO THE CEDAR FORESTS AT TENIET-EL-HAD ON THE RETURN

A MORNING or two after the return from Tlemcen the Motorists were off early, with little baggage and much gasoline, and full of eager anticipations of seeing the highly interesting country of the Mzabs. They took the road through busy Hussein Dey, the fascinating native life ever flowing along with them: Arabs in creamy or dirt-colored burnouses, and Bedouins striding along with the free gait of the countryman, or riding wee donkeys, or driving flocks of sheep and goats, the air filled with the cries of the animals and the dust they raised. Sometimes Bedouin women tramped along in classic draperies of blue caught with great silver fibulæ, with silver anklets that clanked on their brown limbs as they walked, a kerchief of yellow bound over their locks,—they were always a joy to the eye. The Motorists went past great rolling vineyards stretching to the horizon line, marvellous in extent; not so beautiful now as they would be later in the season, when all their brown knotted branches would be covered with soft green leaves. Nearer to Boufarik the vineyards grew even more wonderful. In all their wide extent there was not a weed to be seen, but all was in the most beautiful order; and this had been done as if by magic, for no laborers were to be seen in any of these vineyards now.

The car ran through this town, which was overflowing with Arabs even at this early hour. Evidently it was market day, for preparations were going on in the great market enclosure.

Then the Motorists went on to the great gash in the Atlas Mountains, to plunge into the shadows of the Gorge of the Chiffa, between the mountains rising on each side in wooded

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greenness. Near the Ruisseau des Singes the Other-one craned her neck to see, if by chance, any monkeys were out for breakfast or a bath in the foaming Chiffa. Though no little gray creatures showed themselves in the trees, a huge fellow scampered across the road and plunged down the declivity on the other side of it. Soon the road began to mount by loops the steep mountain-side, and again the Motorists were thrilled by the grand views of great peaks rising from green valleys; and near Médéa, ninety kilometres from Algiers and in the centre of a famous wine district, vineyards were planted wherever vines could grow, even on steep mountain-sides, where they seemingly must slip down, with all the earth in which they grew, to join the other vineyards in the valleys.

At Médéa, three thousand feet up, they stopped for luncheon at a small hotel where a cheerful landlady saw to it that their meal was the best the house could offer, set out on a very clean cloth in a very clean, poster-bedecked dining-room.

The road from here went up, then down, to rise again over the ridge which separates the valley of the Isser River from that of the Chélif; through Berrouaghia, a dusty town, of little interest to the Motorists, and where the Arab predominated, and where the French colonist seemed not so consequential, but more preoccupied and anxious. The next town, Boghari, through which they passed, is also a dusty-looking town. It is an important commercial centre, however, and the pastoral tribes of a great region around come here to sell their produce or to exchange it.

“The road there to the right, that leads up over the mountains,” said the Commander, “goes to Teniet-el-Had, where are the forests of great Lebanon cedars. I hope we shall be able to go there when we return.”

The way from here went up the valley of the Chélif, now a rich green with the luxuriant barley and wheat fields, but in a dry season it is an absolutely sterile country.

“Do you notice how curious the hills are on both sides of us?” said the Other-one; “they look as if flattened out by hand and then cut into fantastic patterns.”

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After a while the road ran down on a great desolate plain, stretching to the horizon line, monotonous and melancholy, with very little vegetation. The sun was hot, and the way became wearisome, when, not far from them, the motorists saw the gleam of a lake and feathery palms waving. The sight was refreshing, and Adrian put the car to a better speed over the rather rough road. Alas! the palms and lake faded away. It was nothing but a mirage.

Beyond, they came into the region of the *alfa*, or *esparto* grass, as the Spaniards call it. The gray-green bunches, writhing in the winds, stretched away as far as the eye could reach.

“I have been reading Fromentin’s ‘Summer on the Sahara.’ I picked the book up at the hotel yesterday. It is delightful. He went over this very route and describes the *alfa* grass, which he detested,—and really it is a very uncomfortable-looking grass. However, according to him, it is a very useful plant to the natives here. They make mats of it, pots for milk and water, big plaques for food, and even the horses will eat it; which seems strange,—it looks so wiry and like waving snakes.”

And they went on for miles in the *alfa*. At Bou-Cedraia they were preparing great rolls of it for shipment, and camels and donkeys were being loaded with the rolls or standing patiently around, awaiting their turns. Emphasizing the desolation, further on were some pistachio-trees which the natives call *betoum*. When the travellers saw them, with their straggly branches cropping out here and there, the Other-one had something from Fromentin to tell the Commander.

“He writes,” she said, “that they are a providential tree in this region, though now they look barren enough; but in the heat of summer, on the desert and in places where they grow, a large tree with wide spreading branches will give the most delightful shade, like a huge parasol. Some are five or six feet in diameter. They have little berries in clusters, which are slightly acid, and which in the absence of anything else, quench the thirst.”

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Toward sunset, the travellers came to the caravansary of Guelt-es-Stel where they were to pass the night. It is situated between low hills, barren of all vegetation but a few thuyas, — a kind of cypress common in North Africa. It is a sad and dreary region, but, after all, fascinating in a way, from its very desolation.

The caravansary is a long, low building, windowless and doorless, except the great entrance way, with bastions on the corners, having slits in them for reconnoitring, or through which to point guns at an attacking enemy. It is the style of fortified caravansaries, or *bordj*, as the natives call them, which are seen everywhere on the desert and remote places in North Africa, and which served in troublous times with the tribes, as a place of shelter for the colonists and as a halting place for those on the road; which purpose they still serve for travellers and their animals, in those places where the railways do not run and there are no hotels.

Two or three Arabs lounged out from the caravansary, with a robust young Frenchman, who in answer to the Commander's inquiry, said this was the caravansary hotel, and there were accommodations for travellers. The car rolled under the great gate into a wide, much littered-up courtyard with stables at the farther end and the living-rooms near the entrance. A rosy, dark-haired, and plump young woman hurried out of a side door with two or three natives trailing after her. She greeted the newcomers as if they were the most welcome guests in the land, and they found, much to their surprise and gratification, a very comfortable and clean lodging for the night. They had a very good supper in a little dining-room, which, in its chromo or two, and gay posters, showed a pathetic attempt, the Other-one thought, of the pretty young *patronne* to get a little of what she considered beauty into her surroundings, also into the little garden at one side, with its two or three straggling rosebushes and a few other rather forlorn-looking plants.

The Two slept that night in one of the bastions which had been fitted up into a clean little bedroom, with two small beds



BEDOUIN WOMAN AND CHILD



LEAVING THE CARAVANSARY OF GUELT-ES-STEL

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covered with gay rugs, and little red curtains hung over the slits in the walls. Before she went to bed that night, the Other-one wandered out into the courtyard under the brilliant stars of the African night, to chat with the rosy *patronne*; she had told her, with a sigh, of the fate that had befallen the occupants of the caravansary when there was trouble with the native tribes some years before. The *bordj* had been attacked and every one here had been killed by the natives. So the Lady felt a trifle nervous when she went to retire in her bastion, and in the night, above the weird sighing of the wind through the open slits, she fancied she heard stealthy footsteps and suppressed guttural voices. "But it is only a trick the wind has," she thought. Then she fell sound asleep to awaken in the morning with a tropical sun streaming in through the openings in the bastion, and the noise of arriving and departing freight wagons in the courtyard.

When the travellers went into this, prepared for departure, they found the Arab and French freighters cooking their cans of coffee over small charcoal fires, and tearing up the round loaves of black Arabian bread into chunks, preparatory to breakfasting. The pretty, rosy *patronne* and her robust young husband bade the departing travellers an almost affectionate farewell, and they rolled away, very well content with their first night in a caravansary.

"Everything was as clean as wax," observed the Other-one. "The rosy, healthy-looking young woman is of French parentage and was born in Algiers, where she has always lived until she married and came here, a few years ago. She seems happy and contented enough in this barren, monotonous place, but she undoubtedly loves her husband very much, —and love," added the sentimental Other-one, "makes even the barren desert a paradise."

The road ran down by some vast salt lakes, now nearly dried up and glistening with their crust of salt. Now the long desert rolled on, its sandy expanse unrelieved by any vegetation as far as the eye could reach, the dunes of sand

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changed incessantly by the winds. Beyond, almost lost in the blue of the horizon and running to the east and west, was the line of the Djebel Sahari.

“There is one place we must not fail to see,” said the Lady, who had been looking in her “Cook’s Guide,” while they were moving on as best they could over the rather difficult road; “and that is the *Rocher de Sel*, or Salt Mountain. We might pass the road that leads to it without special notice. The mountain lies about two kilometres from the main road. It is about a mile and a half in circumference, through which rivulets trickle which are impregnated with salt, and the sides of the rock are strewn with iron pyrites, gypsum, and stones of various colors. Owing to the action of the atmosphere and the dissolving of the salt by the underground water, large portions of the mountain fall in from time to time, leaving fantastic hollows and crevices, in many of which thousands of pigeons find a home. Fromentin says of the *Rocher de Sel*, ‘It is a heap of strange things in all the possible tints of gray, from deep lilac gray to the pale and most faded-out tint—heaped up, superimposed, and forming a mountain with two heads. All around, this mountain seems to have had convulsions, it is so upraised, cleft, and split up in every way. It is not beautiful; it is formidable.’”

The travellers came, after a time, to the great, gray, fantastic mass at the opening of the passage that the Oued Mélah has cut in the Djebel Sahari, the *avant garde* of the Ouled Naïl range. The Commander directed the chauffeur to run over in the country road as near as they could approach the mountain. They stopped not far from a small cabin where some soiled-looking men lounged, and a woman bearing a baby came slowly out to the car. In response to the Lady’s inquiry she said she could go with them, and that it was an easy climb to go up and look into the pits where the salt, free from dirt, showed white as snow. So the Two followed her up a zig-zag path on the great, gray, multicolored mass, where they looked down into deep wells,

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the sides sparkling with the white salt crystals, and the depths far below, a white mass, like liquid plaster. As they stood on the edge of one well where they looked down from a dizzy height, the woman began to tell them a gruesome story to the effect that about three years before, a French officer had come here with his wife and one of his aides. They had climbed to this very pit and, standing on the edge, "as Madame and Monsieur are," they lost their balance and fell in.

"Horrible!" exclaimed the Other-one. "Were they never recovered?"

"No, Madame, never! It was impossible!"

"Come away!" cried the lady, clutching the Commander by the arm; "come at once from this terrible place!"

And they hurried down and off to the car, the woman running hastily behind them after she had stopped to snatch up two or three lumps of the crude salt lying in a hollow by the road, which she thrust into the car, sprinkling the others with the white crystals. The Other-one sat silent for some time as the car went on. Then she said, thoughtfully, "If the officer and his wife were young and handsome and loved one another very much, it was not so bad to be preserved together in the salt, forever,—always young and beautiful, never to become gray, wrinkled, rheumatic, and—"

"Absurd!" laughed the Commander. "Even a salt mountain makes you sentimental!"

The wind began to rise, now, and the road to run up low hills. They saw afar the pines and oaks on the northern flanks of the Ouled Naïl Mountains, but the southern were completely barren, and there were no trees to be seen on the plain. Near noon the motorists ran into Djelfa, a rude little town like a man with unkempt beard and hair. Their eyes were blinded by the dust arising in clouds, both from the wind sweeping through the long street and the many freight wagons moving through it. Here at one edge of the town, was a big Arab fair in full ebullition, hundreds of white-burnoused natives struggling with hundreds of sheep, goats,

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and oxen. And the clamors of all rent the air. The car pulled up at a poor-looking restaurant on the street, and the travelers entered it reluctantly, seeing small promise from the surroundings of much refreshment. They passed through three or four rooms which seemed to be in grades; the first occupied by sodden, unwashed teamsters, the second by sheiks and other grave-looking Arabs, and the other rooms by fine looking French officers and one or two tourists. A wild, hard-worked waiter was endeavoring to wait on everybody at once, the officers always having the preference; so our Motorists got what comfort they could out of some half-raw eggs and some scraps of tough mutton, finishing off with a handful of dusty dates and some of those husky, throat-scraping crackers or biscuits that are supplied as a delicious dessert in hotels in country places.

On they rolled again, shaking the dust of Djelfa from off their car.

“If we had known we were to take this trip, before going to Bou Saâda,” said the Commander, “we could have gone there from here,—one hundred and twenty kilometres only,—though if it rained, we would have found the road difficult near Bou Saâda, as there are some rivers to cross where there are no bridges.”

“The mountains all around make me feel as if this were not the true desert. I have imagined the desert nothing but mounds and wastes of sand.”

“We are certainly well on the edge of it,” returned the Commander, “and it is by no means all a flat and sandy plain. There are mountains as well as sand-dunes.”

It was late in the afternoon when the palm oasis and the white buildings of Laghouat showed up against the vivid blue sky, and the road went down over a long flat of sand, across a wooden bridge laid on stringers so that vehicles could not sink in the sand of the bed of the Oued Mzab, which is joined here by the Oued Metlili. The way ran into town by the round hill of the Chapeau de Gendarme, and then on through an Arab cemetery—through one of these most



THE JOLLY ARAB AT THE
CARAVANSARY OF TELREMPPT



THE MOSQUE AT LAGHOUAT



THE SOEURS BLANCHES AND THEIR PUPILS IN A COURT-
YARD OF THE SCHOOL, GHARDAIA



MARKET DAY IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE AT GHARDAIA

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of the Arab towns are approached — and the Motorists came to Laghouat, built on two low hills with military buildings crowning each, an outpost of civilization on the edge of the desert. As the car drew up to the high walls, the travellers saw through a long straight street to a great white mosque with a minaret rising high from it. All around, inside and out, are magnificent palm-gardens, and gardens flourish in the greatest luxuriance here, all seeming the more green and grateful to the visitors in contrast to the barren wastes of sand over which they had been travelling all the hot day.

The plan of the Commander was to remain in Laghouat for rest, and for viewing the town a day, and moreover he had a letter of introduction to the *Bach-agma*, or Governor, of the Lakdaars, a big and influential tribe inhabiting this region.

“No matter what you do or where you go, be sure to accept the Bach-agma’s invitation to luncheon,” said the gentleman who had enthused the Commander to make this trip to the Mozabite country. “If you present a letter of introduction to him, he will certainly invite you there, and it will be an experience such as you have never had before in your life; but you may be ill after an Arab meal, for you must partake of every dish. No matter what it is, it is etiquette not to refuse anything. Your wife can see the harem, also, and some of the women are very good looking, my wife, who saw them, says. It will be much appreciated if you take presents for them, especially chocolate bon-bons.”

The travellers descended at the rather attractive-looking hotel in Laghouat, where a gigantic landlady was standing on the piazza with her small, wiry Italian husband. She looked like a huge freighter with a small tug-boat puffing around it. She did not evince any particular joy at seeing the travellers, but finally condescended to toil up the steep stairs to show them a room which did not lack for some comforts, but could have been a little better swept and garnished. The Commander gave his orders to have his letter forwarded to the Bach-agma.

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“Of course,” said the Other-one, “he’ll rush right down here to invite us to luncheon to-morrow.”

What was the disappointment of the Two when word came back that the Bach-agma had gone to Algiers and would not return for some days.

“Just our luck!” exclaimed the Other-one; “and I was so anxious to see a real Arab house and harem, and think of all those chocolate bon-bons!”

“Never mind!” returned the Commander. “I dare say if we were to go to the luncheon we should be laid up with indigestion for a week; as to the bon-bons, give them to the Bedouin women as quickly as possible!”

The next day the travellers wandered around Laghouat leisurely, accompanied by a young and ambitious native to show them the way. There was not much to view in the town, of especial interest to the eager sight-seer, but there was the flavor of a strange and unusual life of a town far away from the great highways of the world. The European town is built in French style, with a square around which are the military and civil buildings, low buildings with arcades. The Two climbed up by the great square mosque to the hill where is the military hospital, and looked off on the native town at one side, with its flat-roofed houses and narrow streets, and off on the other to the picturesque mass of feathery palms of the oasis, of thirty thousand date trees, with pomegranate, fig, peach, and apricot trees, and vines; and beyond all were the gray, rolling, barren wastes.

The Commander asked about the blankets said to be woven here, and the ambitious boy gladly took them off to the *Sœurs Blanches*, who were established here and veritable angels, teaching the girls and women how to sew and weave, and caring for the sick. In a clean and snow-white building, two gentle Sisters clad in the white garments of their order, received the strangers and took them into the school where several girls, from the jet-black Soudanese to the pale olive-colored Arab, were weaving rugs and from behind the looms looking shyly at the newcomers. There were

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tiny creatures, too, who were picking away at and carding bunches of wool. The Commander rather disapproved of the aniline dyes used for the rugs, but invested in two or three of them to help out the sweet and patient sisters in their work.

The next morning the travellers took up their line of march again, for Ghardaia,— the principal city of the Mozabites, two hundred kilometres away,— under the torrid rays of the sun into an even more barren country than the one they had passed through the day before. The road was across a wide desert running to the horizon-line with scanty, burned-up herbage, and occasional terebinth-trees, and farther on,— greatly to the astonishment of the Commander,— they came to a level place and at one side a smaller road smoothly swept of all stones, and a sign up: “ For automobiles! ”

“ Well! ” exclaimed the Commander. “ If this is not the most surprising thing I have encountered in my life! A private automobile road way down on the desert! It must take labor to keep it free from sand.”

The car ran on this very good road for some distance, then dropped off again to a sandy and uneven one. Then farther on, where it was practicable, was another stretch of “ private automobile road,” and so on, at intervals, greatly rejoicing the chauffeur as well as the Commander.

The sun was beating down hotly when the travellers came, at noon, down to one of the depressions of the desert, or *daya*, where were growing many large terebinth-trees. Here, on a low hill is a large caravansary or *bordj*, that of Tel-rempt, where one is certain to find refreshment for man and beast, if not for automobiles; though our travellers needed not the last, for they had found much provision of gasoline at Djelfa which the stage had deposited there for them, ordered sent before by the always provident Commander. The long plain walls of the *bordj* looked lonely enough, and no one stood outside the big entrance door to greet the travellers. However, as the door stood wide open, Adrian drove the car in at once and stopped it in the largest and most

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homelike of courtyards, with rooms and stables around it. A colony of ducks, geese, and chickens, were quacking, clucking, and picking up crumbs in the bright sunlight streaming into the court. At a far corner, two calves thrust their innocent-looking heads out of some pens and lowed, and there was the air, all around, of a farmyard in New England. Two or three Arabs lounged on the ground in the shade of the walls near the kitchen, out of which hurried a short, plump, and jolly Arab, followed by a tall patriarchal one. Both welcomed the travellers with beaming smiles and bestirred themselves.—the plump man to the kitchen, there to concoct an excellent luncheon, and the other to a small dining-room at one side, to lay a white cloth and prepare otherwise for the travellers. The jolly cook proved to be the brother of the *patron* of the caravansary, and to have been once the chef of a French army officer who was an epicure. The Arab greatly enjoyed the delight and praises of the Commander for the luncheon, but protested if he had known they were coming, that the luncheon would have been a marvel in quality and variety. “Now,” and he gave a real French shrug, “it was just passable.”

The Other-one happened to mention her desire to eat *cous-cous*, of which she had never tasted, though the national dish of the country in which she was travelling. To learn this made the Arab cook indeed a wretchedly unhappy man, for there was nothing in the world like it, and especially would the eating of it give force and keep one young. But an idea struck him. Monsieur would stop on the return trip; then, if he, the cook, could know the day and hour, there would be such a luncheon, and such *cous-cous*—but French words failed him and he broke into guttural Arabic.

The Motorists departed from the cheerful caravansary and the jolly cook of Telrempt with regret. These encounters with some of the kindly and simple people of the country were among the true delights of the motor trip.

Beyond, they came into a more desolate, a more dreary, and a more barren country than any in which they had ever

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travelled. Yesterday's trip even, as they looked back to it, seemed a garden of delight in comparison to this savage, insistently ill-favored land, with—as the road wound on—great scarred, distorted, calcined rocks, under a torrid sun, and heaped and piled in monstrous masses on each side or scattered everywhere on the barren land, where no trace of even the poorest desert shrub showed. Still there was a fascination in all the savage dreariness around, and it was pathetic to see to what terrible desolation nature could condemn the country she loved not.

Then came a *chebka*—a network of ravines cut out by the rains—of mortal sadness, and the road was strangled in a narrow way, and there was only the view of the yellow rocks rising above. Oppressed with the gloomy sadness of the route, the Other-one roused herself to ask the Commander if he could tell her more about the Mozabites and their country.

“ I have already told you,” he said in response, “ something about them,—which information the gentlemen I met in Algiers gave me,—that they are considered heretics by the orthodox Mohammedans. This religious sect dominated Western Africa in the tenth century, and lived in the region around Tiaret, not far from Oran. They were driven away from there and went to Ouargla, which is far down on the desert below Biskra. From here they were also chased away. Then they came way out here in the heart of this barren and sterile region, and they have created, by force of hard labor and the most ingenious industry, actual oases. They have dug thousands of wells, for there is no surface water here, nor any other, only in case of rare rainfalls, when the water is retained and distributed by *barrages*. It seems the Mozabites are great traders, and emigrate temporarily, but soon return to their native land. There is a proverb which declares that it takes five Arabs to get the best of an Algerian Jew, and five Jews to master a Mozabite. There are about thirty or forty thousand of them in this country, he says, and a mortal hatred exists between them and the other Mus-

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sulmans, but generally they have been on good terms with the French, and the Mozabites pay them an annual tribute." Here the Commander looked at his note-book. "There are several towns and oases—Ghardaia, which is the capital, Beni-Isguen, El Ateuf, Metlili, Berrian, and Guerrara."

The road now came down to the Oued Soudane and then ran through a rocky valley, with scarred cliffs on either side. At the end of this there arose to the astonished view of the travellers, a great forest of the greenest palms they had ever seen (contrasting with the barren region they had traversed) and which they thought, for a moment, to be a mirage; but it proved to be the oasis of the first village of the Mzabs, Berrian, and they soon saw the town itself, rising in a sort of pyramid on a hill and crowned with a curious, very ugly minaret, square and inclining, and tapering toward the top.

Before reaching the village they heard the grinding and saw one of the curious Mozabite wells. A large framework, with several crossbars, was raised above it; a long rope over a pulley running from this, and two mules hitched to it at one end; at the other, a great bucket of cow-skin which, when the mules walked up to the well, dropped into the water far below, and when they walked away to the end of the path, the bag, by an ingenious contrivance, emptied itself into a ditch running away toward the garden or oasis to be watered. When the car came under the walls of Berrian, Adrian stopped it at a small caravansary outside them, to fill up with water, for the engine had heated up running over the long, rocky, sandy road that afternoon. The travellers ran away from the green oasis of Berrian and plunged anew into an even more wild and rocky region than before, and still more great calcined rocks, and more desolate and dreary wastes.

It was after dark when they came to the top of a hill where a great fort loomed up, and down below they could see the lights of Ghardaia gleaming, especially one bright light which flashed to and fro as if someone were swinging it wildly as a signal. They ran down the long hill across the sand of the Mzab River, and went up a not too brilliantly

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lighted street, stopping before a white hotel, with double balconies to which vines clung. On the lower one some soldiers were having a very good time, indeed, playing cards and drinking wine at little tables. A cheerful landlord stood to greet the motorists, with the support of several curious Mozabites. It was he who had swung the lantern to let the travellers know they were expected, as the Commander had telegraphed, and he delivered them into the hands of a very friendly and sociable young woman, who took them up to rooms which were surprisingly clean. The floors were covered with bright Mozabite rugs, and the only door opened into the balcony whence one could see brilliant stars scintillating in the dark blue sky. When they had washed the sand from their eyes, the sociable young woman took them into a nice, home-like little room where, talking volubly all the time, she served them (between times attending to some haughty and exclusive officers in a private room) with a very good supper indeed.

In the morning the travellers rose with the pleasant consciousness that some novel experiences were in store for them. Asking for a guide around the town, a tall lank Arab presented himself and took charge of them in the most business-like way. They came out of the shady balconies of the hotel into a very hot sun and dazzlingly white streets and houses. There stretched away, however, before the hotel—fenced from the road—a very green garden, to the hill on which the fort showed, the reveille from which they had heard in the early morning with the grinding music of the wells. One of the wells watered the green garden. The guide, who was another Mohamed to add to their list,—and who was not a Mozabite, but an Arab, he hastened to tell them,—said it was market day, and they would go first to the square where the market was held, and where they must get permission of the sheik to visit the mosque, which is at the top of the hill rising above the river Mzab. Like all the other Mozabite towns, Ghardaia is in the shape of a pyramid. The houses are built one upon another in

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stages; the terraces are upheld by arcades which open out. It is like a bee-hive. It comprises three distinct quarters, isolated, one from another, by walls. The culminating point has the mosque with the curious square, tapering minaret, characteristic of Mozabite towns.

They went up a narrow white street filled with a mass of human beings and donkeys, through which the lean guide pushed his way, paying little heed — as others, walking or riding mules, did also — to venders of green vegetables squatting by the side of the street, and nearly trampling over them. This street opened into a great square surrounded by arcades. Of all the sights and crowds that the travellers had yet seen, this they now saw was the most astonishing for numbers. The large white square was filled with a tumultuous, seething jumble of natives, camels, sheep, and goats, all ebullient and bubbling with excitement; the air was full of guttural speech, cries, bleating of sheep, snarling of camels — all lighted with the hot rays of a brilliant sun, with the most intensely blue sky above. Even the arcades were full of buyers and sellers. Camels were coming in laden with overflowing panniers, from Biskra, the guide said. Others were lying down, waiting and being laden to depart, and it seemed as if the people in front of them must be crushed by the great clumsy animals, as they padded in or out. The crowd paid not the slightest attention to the newcomers, but went on with their buying, trading, and selling. It was a marvel that the venders — squatting on the ground with mats before them piled high with carrots, lentils, dried peppers, wheat, barley, and a hundred other commodities — were not overturned in the seething crowd, and their commodities scattered far and wide. The travellers struggled through the swarms of men and animals to where a curious great stone platform, about six feet high, and ten or twelve feet square, — occupied a space at one side of the market-place; and this, Mohamed said, was the prayer stone, the like of which the Mozabites had everywhere in the towns. Indeed, three men were there now, and others were going up a short lad-

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der leading to it. The three men were going through all the genuflections of a Moslem prayer, undisturbed by, and apparently oblivious of, the crowd around them.

From here the Commander saw a heap of old blankets through an opening in the arcade, so he hastened to examine them, while the Other-one went with the guide to where a short stout man—the sheik—sat under a cool arcade enveloped in a creamy burnous and wearing a white *haïk* on his head. He was hesitating about giving the permission, evidently not being in favor of allowing Christians to enter the mosque; but finally the guide secured the permit, and they struggled over to where the Commander was pricing the blankets by his usual methods of holding up silver pieces. They all pushed through the crowds again, and climbed the shady, narrow lanes under the arcades, past windowless walls and mere dens of shops, coming out, after a steep climb, to the space whereon the mosque was built, a rude structure with its ugly minaret. A pasty young man, after scanning the permit, let them into a small court where were crude ill-shapen columns of rubble stone, plastered over and white-washed, upholding the rude arcades around. Here hung water-bottles of different shapes, which the guide said belonged to the devotees who used them for pouring water over their hands and feet before their prayers.

“Here, of course, there is no fountain, as in mosques generally,” observed the Commander. “Water is a precious thing here.”

The presiding genius in the court was an ancient and much wrinkled Mozabite in a big discolored turban, squatting down in a corner, who concerned himself not at all with the newcomers, but went placidly on shaving the head of a small boy down between his knees—the face of the boy showing that he, at least, was having a bad quarter of an hour. The pasty man took them into dark corridors,—for this mosque was entirely unlike any they had before seen—and they wound in and out in a bewildering way, then went down into a cellar-like place, where was a great cauldron in one dark

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corner. Here, the Mozabite said, the water was warmed in winter. Also here were some oblong basins of stone over which water was poured on the hands and feet before prayers, and a little alcove or two, with dingy curtains, where a modest Mozabite could retire to sprinkle his entire body, if he so wished. This was a very purgatory of a dark place, grimy with centuries of dirt, and the Other-one was glad to get up and out of it. Then they climbed up the square, ugly minaret, and came out on a platform where the view restored her equilibrium. They looked down over the terraces and arcades to the white houses of the Arab and European town; over the wonderful oasis of sixty thousand palm-trees and the gardens, in their green luxuriance, beyond the walls; but beyond lay the terrible rocks, ravines, and barren desert places from which the industrious, indefatigable Mozabites had wrested their country and dug wells and planted palms, and made gardens to blossom like the rose.

The pasty Mozabite had left to their lean guide the task of taking the travellers up the rude stone steps to the top of the minaret, a hard climb. In response to some questions of the Other-one, regarding the rites of the Mozabites and the difference between them and the orthodox Moslems, the guide told them it was nothing but a matter of different positions in prayer, and he endeavored to illustrate by going through what he said were "different positions."

"Don't rely too much on what he tells you," said the Commander, dryly. "You have had experiences with guides before, and enough to know what their information, which they give out on every subject, is worth."

When the travellers had again reached *terra firma*, the Arab asked them if they would not like to see the gardens of the *Pères Blancs* who have established themselves here at Ghardaia, and teach the native boys and men, and care for the sick. Down in the lower quarters is the long white establishment of the Fathers. A pale, earnest-looking young monk, Father David, met them under the white arcade of the building and showed them over the garden, one of the most flour-



MOZABITE WELL AT GHARDAIA



“ STUCK ” IN THE SAND, ON THE ROAD FROM GHARDAIA



THE MOZABITE PRAYER STONE IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE
AT GHARDAIA



AISSA BEN SLIMAN, THE KAID OF BENI-ISGUEN,
AND HIS "COUNCIL"

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ishing and delightful in the town, and nourished from a big well. The mules pulling the bucket of cowskin looked fat and lazy.

Father David, they found, was a scholar and much interested in the Mozabites. "Though I don't believe," said the Commander aside to the Other-one, "that he, or the other Fathers, have ever converted one, with all their efforts. But the example the White Fathers set in cleanliness, in unselfish labor for their fellow-man, ought to have some good effect, certainly."

Father David showed them into his little library off the court, where were a few shelves crowded with severe-looking volumes, in Arabic as well as in French. He told them that the Mozabites were essentially a desert tribe and were converted to this faith by an Abadite sheik. The security which they would enjoy from the persecutions of the other Moslems drove them to this region of the Oued-Mzab—from which they are called Mzabs, or Mozabites.

One of their villages was thus founded, Father David said: A sheik went out, accompanied by his disciples, and selecting a hill, built at the summit a mosque, which was at the same time a store-house, a place to keep their arms, and a fortress. Then houses were built around the mosque, the whole protected by high walls. As the populace increased, a second ring of houses was built around the fort. Ghardaia is a perfect example of this.

Thanking Father David for his information, the Two left the pale student-monk and went away to the house of another devoted band toiling for the good of humanity in this strange and dreary country, the White Sisters, who care also for the sick, and teach the girls and women to weave cloth and gay blankets. The Mother Supérieure, a sweet-faced gracious Sister, received the travellers, and showed the establishment—the pharmacy, where were bottles of medicine, and the long room where the little black and brown girls were carding wool or weaving. They looked so picturesque, the Other-one persuaded them to go out in the courtyard and be

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“snapped up,” near a picturesque old Mozabite well, with the sweet Sisters.

The gentle Abbess, seeing the interest the lady had in the girls, said that if the lady wished, she herself and another Sister would go with her to see one or two Mozabite houses. The Mzabs disliked strangers and would not allow them in their houses, generally, but from these places of which they spoke, the *Sœurs Blanches* had taught the women at their school, and so the Sisters were always welcome. “Of course Monsieur could not go”; so the guide remained to conduct the Other-one back, and the Commander was left to find his way to the hotel alone—which, considering his sense of direction, was an easy task. The gentle Abbess and another sweet-faced Sister went, like white angels, with the Other-one down the narrow, dirty streets, through lanes reeking with filth, by the shut away houses, the guide following at a respectful distance.

As they walked, the Sisters told gruesome tales of the neglect of Mozabite women by their husbands—how, when unable to work, or for other reasons, the men cast their wives heartlessly into the streets and left them to care for themselves, as best they could; how terrible the sanitary conditions were, so much so that some of her little band had suffered horribly from the effects when they had gone into the homes to aid the sick; and so on, until the Other-one, heart-sick, begged them to desist.

The Sisters stopped at a door in a blank wall and tapped softly; then entered into a little den of a place with shelves crowded with a dusty motley array of everything, from slippers, cloth, and spangled veils, to dried red peppers and pottery jugs, white metal anklets, necklaces, and bracelets.

“This is a shop for the ladies exclusively,” said the Sister Supérieure. A heavy, sad-eyed woman, dressed like the Bedouin women and bearing a pale baby, came out from behind a little high bench, whereupon were some gay striped clothes which another woman, old and ugly and evidently a shopper, was pulling over and examining. The mistress of

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the place saluted with evident joy the Sisters; and then followed a rapid conversation in a tongue which sounded very unmusical to the ear of the Other-one.

“This woman has a very sad life,” said the Abbess. “Her husband is extremely brutal to her, though at present she is the only wife. She has had three or four children, but they have all died, and this one seems to be fading away, too, and she is miserably unhappy about the child. But what can be done in this terribly unsanitary place, from which one can not take her, nor her baby! She is going to show us the other room where they live. She will offer you some dates; do not refuse them—it would hurt her feelings.”

The woman took them into another dark little den, lighted only by a high window. This was dirtier, more cluttered up than the other, if possible, and filled with a most bizarre collection of things. Where they could have been picked up was a problem; though it might be, the Other-one thought, that the Mozabite husband had wandered afar, as these Mozabites are said to wander, and he must have brought all the old cast-away things he found in junk shops or by-places. There were two straw mats, very dirty, which served for sleeping upon on the floor, and it was difficult to step anywhere in the room without treading on something, so many things were strewn around. The woman, without dropping the pale mite, which moaned now and then, hunted and at length found some dusty dates in a broken basket and offered them to her guests. Of these the Sisters partook, with an air of trying to find them very good; and the Other-one accepted some and tried also but could not swallow one, for various reasons.

The Sisters went away from here and down to another door in a long windowless wall. One of their girls lived here, they said, whom they had taught many things. She had recently married an old man, who had had several wives, a poor man who could keep only one at a time! It was a tiny menage, the loom occupying half the small court. A young, bright-eyed creature came to greet the Sisters with

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a beaming face. She brought out some straw mats to spread for them to sit upon, but for the Other-one, as one not accustomed to squatting down on the floor, she dragged out a gayly covered chest,—her trousseau chest, probably; then she jabbered to the Sisters, and showed with pride the strip of fine cloth she was weaving on the loom. The method of fabricating this she had learned of the *Sœurs Blanches*—and more than that, evidently, for her little home was very clean. The tiny bedroom into which she showed them, filled up mostly with a bed, was spotless also.

“How much these good Sisters have brought into the lives of these poor girls!” thought the Other-one. “Their sacrifices and work have not been in vain.” But she took leave of the simple young creature with a sigh. She then thanked the Sisters and said good-bye. They seemed reluctant to have her leave them. She had brought a breath of the outside world,—of which they knew so little,—into their monotonous lives.

Late in the afternoon the Motorists started with the guide—overjoyed to take his first motor ride—to the sacred city of Beni-Isguen, about three kilometres from Ghardaia. Going out of the gate of the latter city, they noticed close at hand, another city rising in a pyramid above the river Mزاب. The guide told them it was Melika, once the sacred city, but that they could not visit it in an automobile, for there were no roads which could be used for that. As they approached Beni-Isguen, they saw a high wall running up the hill upon which the city was built, like the others they had seen, in a pyramid, and the wall seemed as if it were holding the buildings from falling down the hill. This town was equally white and also surmounted with an ancient square tower. Arrived at the gate, some boys and a man or two came out to the car, but evinced no special curiosity. A tall, fine-looking man with a jet-black beard, brushing aside the guide Mohamed as a person of no importance whatever, addressed them in excellent French, telling them it was not allowed to enter the gates in a motor car; that he himself would take

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them into the village for a short time, but the rules of the town were strict—no stranger could live there, nor could one even pass the night there.

“As if we wished to do such a thing!” exclaimed the Other-one laughing. “What in the world would ever induce us to live here?”

They walked through narrow streets—but far cleaner than those of Ghardaia—to the big market square, where the black-whiskered man said they must go to find the kaid, whose permission they must have in order to visit the mosque. Here was a surprising crowd, for it seemed to have been market day here also, but this crowd, instead of crowding, pushing, clamoring, were all tranquilly seated around the square and near the big pump in the centre, evidently reposing after the wear and tear of the day; and they produced the most curious effect, all these hundreds of men—in white burnouses, *haïks*, and turbans,—squatting down, with their grave upturned dark faces under their white head-coverings. All looked toward the strangers, and the Other-one felt as if she and the Commander were players on a stage and about to begin their act, and the populace were ready to clap or hiss, as they play should or should not please them.

“I declare—I forgot!” said the Commander. “It is here at Beni-Isguen we are to be sure to see the sheik, who is a character. His name is Aissa-ben-Sliman.”

Their conductor caught the name. “Oh yes! That is the kaid. He is over there. He will give you the permission.”

They walked carefully among the crouching Mozabites over to the arcade, where, seated under a canopy, was a reverend old man who might have been Abraham or some other Biblical patriarch. His snow-white beard descended from his equally white *haïk*, upon his breast, and he was wrapped in a creamy burnous of finest wool. He had a benevolent face, and there was a merry twinkle in his eye, so that the Other-one felt he could appreciate a joke and also make one himself. Three or four men were seated near him; one, a grave old man, white-bearded also, was poring

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over a roll inscribed with Arabic characters. He paid no attention whatever to the strangers. The others were sharp, crafty-looking men, who scowled at them, but Aissa-ben-Sliman himself looked kindly at the travellers, though he hesitated when the conductor consulted him as to permission to enter the mosque. He finally gave it, with a gracious air, and sent his major-domo — a slim youth who was hovering near, wrapped in a dark striped burnous — for the key, which the sheik handed them with a benevolent smile.

“He is an old beauty!” exclaimed the Other-one. “Why did you not think of him before! He might have invited us to lunch! But at any rate I must have his photograph!”

This request also made him deliberate, but finally, he gave his permission graciously, and the gratified Other-one pointed her camera at him with the eyes of all the Mozabites in the market place fixed on her. Suddenly Aissa-ben-Sliman called a halt.

“What is the matter!” cried the disappointed Lady.

“He wishes his picture with his French decorations,” said their conductor. Again the major-domo fled away, and returned with them — and decorated, with his hands disposed stiffly before him, the kaid was “snapped up” by the happy Lady, who felt certain he would be “no end of fun,” could they have had time to cultivate his acquaintance, and who left him with regret that this was denied her.

With the Commander and their conductor, she climbed the narrow steep streets to the high terrace, where was an ancient tower. It was not the mosque after all, though why the man did not take them there, the Other-one could not understand. However, they walked, with some difficulty, up the dark, uneven stone steps of this, and came out upon a square platform. Below them the village of Beni-Isguen could be seen, with its white walls holding it in; beyond, plantations of many feathery palms and green gardens. On the other side was the pyramid village of Melika, and beyond that, on a rock overhanging the river, Bou-Noura, a poor village but with flourishing gardens and palms. Directly under the

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tower lay a curious cemetery with a big white prayer-stone; not far off from it. The mounds of the cemetery were covered with rude pottery jars and jugs of various sizes, disposed in a line on top of each grave. The guide told them, in answer to their question, that these were the graves of very poor people, and the jugs were placed there to indicate the name of the dead buried below, as they could not afford inscriptions.

“How curious!” exclaimed the Other-one. “How can they possibly know from those?”

“They are placed in a certain order and according to the size, so the relatives easily tell the name from that.”

The travellers soon went down, and away from this curious town, and the next morning they were rolling away from the country of the Mzabs, leaving white Ghardaia lying in its green oasis and gardens, with a very hot sun pouring its rays down upon the Mozabites, Arabs, Jews, and Europeans inhabiting it.

The Motorists went into the Gehenna of barren wastes and scarred and calcined rocks. The sand had blown in on the road, and Adrian, in trying to run through a side track that seemed practicable, went down into the sand, and there the car stopped still! It certainly looked dubious, for a time, the heavy tires sinking lower and lower, with all the power of the engine put on to pull it out.

At this moment, there came in sight over a mound of sand, two men riding great camels, who urged on the huge swaying creatures to where they saw the car, when they were loudly hailed by the Commander. The nomads quickly comprehended from the situation what the need was, and came to the rescue. What with their efforts and the Commander's, in pushing at the wheels, and those of the skilful chauffeur at the engine, the car was soon extricated from its difficulty, and the Motorists proceeded on their way, leaving the two nomads happy possessors of several franc pieces.

It was afternoon when the travellers came to the most welcome sight of the caravansary of Telrempt. There were

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some of the inmates watching for them at the great gate, and they were received with demonstrations of joy, the beaming cook almost embracing the Commander. In a short time the luncheon was ready, and such a luncheon, of which the crowning effort was the big dish of *cous-cous*, served in a large deep plate with a pitcher of rich tomato sauce to pour over it! The hungry Motorists praised and ate until they could eat no more, while the fat cook and his tall brother stood by with pleased smiles, but were "desolated" to think so much was left uneaten after all.

Cous-cous, the Other-one had learned, is the national dish for Arabs and natives,—the Kabyle in his mountain fastnesses, or the nomad on the plains. Its preparation is rather elaborate and is one of the special accomplishments of native women. Wheat grains are pounded on a stone, or in a mortar, then rolled by hand, keeping the granulated morsels separate, and these are picked out as they grow large enough. Then, dried in the sun, they will keep a long time. This *cous-cous*, a sort of semolina like small pills, is placed in a perforated pottery dish and cooked from the steam arising from another vessel below it, which contains water, meat, vegetables and aromatic plants, which are served with it. Often it is cooked without meat, but with an extra allowance of red pepper and tomatoes. The natives drink milk with this, rarely fresh, but generally curdled. That night saw the travellers sojourning at Laghouat, the next day enduring a luncheon at Djelfa—and arriving at night at Guelt-es-Stel and where they were gladly welcomed by the robust young Frenchman and his rosy wife as if they were valued friends returned from a long and dangerous journey. On from here the car ran smoothly to Boghari, where the Commander decided to turn off to make a visit to the cedar forests at Teniet-el-Had. They went up to Bogari, which was once a Roman military post. The road now ran along the flanks of hills. Mountains, rising with their slopes black with forests, dominate the Valley of the Chélif. To the northwest the Ouarsenis Mountains rise in all their grandeur. It was

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late when the motorists entered the poorly lighted town of Teniet-el-Had situated in the most important and most frequented pass, or *col*, of the Ouarsenis. There was little of the town visible in the obscurity, and the hotel where the car stopped looked most unpromising. When the weary travelers went into the small vestibule, there was no one at all to greet them, but they heard shouts and singing issuing from a side room, from which a wild-eyed and desperately hurried waiter plunged, when the Commander called aloud in his impatience. A stout landlady, breathing heavily, made her appearance in a few moments, but declared that she had not a room in the house, not even for the President of France if he should come that night.

“But we can't sleep in the street, surely!” exclaimed the Other-one.

The stout *patrone* reflected, then she relented, and would find them rooms outside. They had an indifferent dinner, served by the wild-eyed waiter, who left the hungry travelers though he was about to place a dish on the table—whenever there were shouts for him in the room where the officers were making merry.

In the morning the town presented a more cheerful aspect, and there was an odor of pines in the rather crisp air, for the town lies up over three thousand feet, and the springs are cold. The long street, shaded with pines and plane-trees, was full of Arabs, and a market, as usual, was in progress. The Commander was much disgruntled when the waiter at the hotel assured him it was impossible to go up to the cedars in an automobile. The road was very bad, he said. So there was nothing to do but accept the rickety wagonette which that astute individual secured for him, with a pair of lean horses hitched to it, but the Other-one was contented with the serious and cleanly Arab, who wore a burnous of snowy whiteness, and who was to drive and act as their guide. The horses crawled slowly up the hill, over the rough, rocky road, mountains rising all around.

“There are no cedar-trees, as yet, that I see—only cork-

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trees and live-oaks," said the Other-one. "I hope we are not going to be disappointed. They ought to show up soon, as it is only fourteen kilometres to the *Ronde Pointe* where they say the Lebanon cedars are the biggest."

"After we get around these hills," returned the Commander, "we shall run into the forest; but what a snail's pace! We shall never get anywhere with these tired-out horses. However, we won't have any cause to complain of the cedar-trees; they will not be of the largest size, probably, but it is rather astonishing that cedars of Lebanon flourish here. They are a slow-growing tree, and some specimens have reached two hundred and ten years. The wood seems never to decay, and so valuable for carpentry and cabinet work. The trees grow straight up, and when at a certain height spread out horizontally like a great umbrella." As the car came around the flank of the mountain the cedars began to appear, but they were young trees. Beyond, on a rocky crag overhanging the valley, there came into view, some three kilometres from the town, a great tree with a wide-spreading top, which the guide said was called the *Parapluie*, and veritably it was a great green umbrella, looking as if some Japanese had spread it and left it there. From here the travellers had a magnificent view down over the valley, to the Zaccar with white Miliiana showing on its flanks.

The road was now more level, and the lean horses began to trot on a little, the trees increased in number and size, and after a while the travellers entered into a great shady forest, that made them think of the solemn interiors of grand cathedrals.

"Can it be we are in Africa?" exclaimed the Other-one, "with this green shade and these great trees! We seem to be in another clime. With me, Africa has always stood for limitless deserts, camels, and oases of palm-trees. Cedars of Lebanon do not belong to it!"

The Arab, who had been gravely silent most of the way, only answering their questions in the briefest way, now became a little more communicative as he saw the delight of



CEDARS OF LEBANON AT TENIET-EL-HAD,
AND THE ARAB DRIVER

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the travellers in the forest. In very good French, he told them that they would come to many finer specimens of cedars, also that the Government was beginning to take care of this forest; that it was being cleared of dying and dead trees, and many young ones were being set out and were flourishing. Also, he said, the people were forbidden to pasture their flocks in the forest, which he, however, thought "very tyrannical and very foolish, for what harm could a few sheep or goats, even cows, do to a great forest?"

"I've heard the Arabs don't care for trees," said the Other-one, to the Commander, "and that some here purposely let their animals into plantations of young fruit-trees to destroy them."

When the travellers had gone some fourteen kilometres on a road over which the Commander said they might certainly have driven in their car, even if it was a little uneven and stony, they came to the *Ronde Pointe des Cèdres*.

Here is a little chalet where one may picnic if he likes. Here the grave Arab showed them some of the most wonderful trees they had yet seen, forest giants with great green crowns. On a path not far off they climbed a little to see the "Sultane," a hundred and ten feet high and eight feet through; and the "Messad," even more imposing. Then they retraced their way through the green forest, feeling that their trip, even if fatiguing from the slow motion and the rough road, was well worth all the effort, and they arrived late at Teniet-el-Had, weary but contented.

The next morning they were off again over hills, down across the valley of the Chéelif, through Affreville, with its fertile lands around it, and Affroun, and across the wide luxuriant Mitidja, with its great vineyards. The lights were twinkling in Blida when they ran through its fragrant orange groves and gardens, then to busy Hussein Dey and so down to the sea. At last they rolled up to their luxurious hotel at Mustapha, where they descended, satisfied that their trip to the Mozabite country was one of the most interesting they had ever taken.

CHAPTER X

A DAY OF LEISURE; THEN OFF BY TIZI-OUZU TO FORT NATIONAL
AND FORT MICHELET; TO BOUGIE BY AZAGA

THE next day after the trip to the Mozabite country, the Commander sat scanning his maps, preparing to conquer other unknown countries.

“At last,” he said to the Other-one “we are to go to Fort National,—which is in the heart of the Kabyle country, a hundred and thirty-four kilometres from here,—by Ménerville and Tizi-Ouzu —”

“What a name!” interrupted the Lady, “it sounds like a sneeze!”

“Then I would like very much to take from Fort National,” continued the Commander, “the long route over the Col de Tirouda to Bougie. The scenery is magnificent and I am told the road is excellent, but that we cannot do this season of the year. The pass is full of snow now, and will not be open probably for a month, so we will go directly to Fort National, run over to Fort Michelet and return that night—only forty-seven kilometres, to see the scenery, then go on East the next day to Constantine, where we will plan our trip to the Sahara—and we must be off early tomorrow morning!”

“Very well!” returned the Other-one, “I shall be ready; in the meantime we will take the day here leisurely, and do up some of the things we have neglected, such as visiting certain bric-a-brac shops where there are treasures of jewellery, rugs, blankets, and those things which are dear to your soul!”

So the Two went down in the afternoon to the town and spent the time in blissfully hanging over certain of the above mentioned treasures. It was quite late when they at last

A DAY OF LEISURE

tore themselves away, and the Other-one proposed they should go into a hotel on the Place du Gouvernement for their dinner; so they went into a pretentious one, and seated themselves at a small table in the rather gaudy dining-room. The consequential head waiter came slowly up with an indifferent air to take their order—for our couple were rather plain-looking people and would “probably not be lavish with *pour-boires*,” he decided. But suddenly he became alert, as a party of four—one, an officer in a blue coat with much gold braid and a mustache turned fiercely up—came in and seated themselves at the next table. The head waiter hastily called an under-waiter, giving him the Commander’s order; then he turned deferentially to the newcomers, with an air of welcome. The Commander unfolded his napkin and was about to make a remark to his companion, when these words caught his ear, spoken by the oldest of the party, a man of distinguished appearance to which a heavy gray mustache contributed not a little.

“The Kabyles are a most wonderful and interesting people.”

“You have seen them?” asked a third member of the company, a slight, bronzed man with spectacles.

“Yes; during my residence in Algeria, I have been brought more or less in contact with them and have taken every opportunity to learn all possible about them. I have always had a taste for studying the manners and customs of the primitive peoples of whatever country I lived in for the time being.”

“I expect to travel for some time in the mountains of Kabylia,” said the man in spectacles, “and I wish you would tell me a little about the Kabyle tribes.”

The Commander murmured, *sotto voce*, to the Other-one, “We also want to know a little about them.”

The man with the gray mustache poured out, deliberately, a glass of wine from the carafe, which looked as if it contained molten rubies, swallowed the wine slowly, then began; while the Commander and the Lady listened intently, eager

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to pick up every crumb of information about the people of the country in which they had elected to motor.

“ The Kabyles, or Berbers (Barbarians, as the Romans called them), are the result of a fusion between the aborigines and the people who succeeded them in the domination of Algeria; also with the Vandals. When the great Arab invasion came, the Kabyles retired to their mountain fastnesses, and though nominally embracing Islamism, continued to maintain their independence. It seems, however, in Roman times they must have more or less submitted to that people as in their most remote valleys and fastnesses there are traces of the presence of that great nation.

“ The Kabyles are spread out over three provinces of Algeria. Those of the Atlas Mountains, and in the neighborhood of Blida (as the Beni Moussa, the Mouzaia) who are subjected to the French and used in the olden time, in consequence of their vicinity to Algiers, to consent occasionally to pay tribute to the Turks. Two of the most important branches of the Kabyle race inhabit the province of Algiers; to the West they occupy all the space between the Chélif and the sea; to the East, what is called ‘ La Grande Kabylie ’ which forms a triangle, the summit of which is at Setif, and the base on the seashore from Dellys to Collo. The first of these has been the scene of fierce struggles between them and the French.

“ The Kabyles are in no way aggressive and never fight, save when their territory is invaded; they in no way interfere with the aggrandizement of French influence around them.

“ All I have said applies to the Kabyles properly so-called. In the south of the province of Constantine, and on the confines of the desert, is a tribe of these very people, who are nomads and shepherds. There is again another Kabyle tribe, the Biskris, living, as the name implies, at Biskra and other parts of the desert. These Biskris may occasionally be met in the larger towns, where they act as porters, water-carriers and fortune tellers, which is one of the characteris-

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tic trades of the race. Many of the Kabyle women fortune-tellers are met in the streets of Algiers, where they excite the curiosity of all foreigners; but their home is the sandy desert and their heart is thoroughly Kabyle.

“ These people are laborious, good agriculturists, and very clever in manufactures, especially of linen and woollen materials. They live a sedentary life, have flourishing villages and roofed and whitewashed houses. When they have no work at home, they go down to the towns to earn money; their thirst for gold is equal to that of the Arabs.”

The speaker paused to apply himself to a tempting dish just brought, and the French officer began to talk:

“ It is certain that we French do not feel very kindly toward the Kabyles. They were the most difficult of the people whom we had to conquer, and in the insurrection of 1871, they treated our people who were living in Kabylia in the most treacherous and inhuman manner. But one cannot but admire their savage independence, intrenched as they are in their mountain fastnesses. They are superior to the Arabs of to-day.”

“ It is true,” asserted the man with the gray mustache, “ that they give complete freedom to their wives, who are, in this instance, happier than their Arab sisters. The Kabyle women do not hide their faces; they are allowed to attend to their duties outside of their houses without veils, but apart from this particular liberty, they are considered by their husbands as much beasts of burden as the Arab women. The Kabyles are very jealous of their wives, however, and, it is said, with good reason. The costume of the women is almost uniform for all the wearers. It consists of two *foutas* of dark blue cotton material, striped with red and yellow, fastened on the shoulders with two large brooches and strapped around the loins with a leather belt. A black silk, or cotton, foulard is used as a head-dress; this foulard is sometimes red and yellow, but more generally black and red. A great quantity of jewellery is worn, consisting of bangles, bracelets, anklets, necklaces, brooches, and hoop ear-rings. The women

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go barefooted, and are tattooed, chiefly with a cross between the eyes and chin.

“The men’s costume consists of a gown, or *gandoura*, of white or striped material, a leather belt, and one or two bur-nouses like the Arabs. The turban is also the same as worn by the Arabs,—white muslin with a few yards of camel’s hair twisted around.”

“Very interesting,” said the traveller. “I must make a visit as soon as possible to these Kabyles.”

“Yes, indeed!” exclaimed the French officer. “There is a Kabyle proverb which says, ‘Who has not seen Kabylia has not seen Algeria.’ You may find it difficult. They are a very independent people and detest strangers. However, take a good Kabyle guide with you when you attempt to enter their towns, and you may find it less difficult.”

The conversation turned to other topics, and the Com-mander and the Other-one soon rose to go, well pleased with the information they had thus acquired about the interesting people whose country they were about to invade.

On the next morning when the Motorists departed for Fort National, the sun’s beams were softened by a light fog, and long, flaky clouds drifted across the sky. The sea had streaks of blue near the horizon. The car was well stocked with everything of which the provident Commander could think. There were four extra tires, two reservoirs of *essence*, and enough wraps to content an Eskimo. “For we may get very cold weather in the mountains,” said the Commander.

He directed Adrian to follow the road to busy Maison Carrée, then they turned sharply to the right, up a hill. In the far distance the Atlas peaks were white with snow and their clefts deeply blue. A faint veil of mist softened their outlines.

Long fields of artichokes stretched away on each side of the road. They came to a long avenue of lime or sycamore-trees, their brown last year’s balls swinging in the light breeze. Just beyond, they passed one of the queer stage coaches, packed, as usual, to overflowing, with Arabs who regarded

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the car with looks of consternation. The car flashed by them, leaving them glaring through a cloud of dust, and passed on through a village of pink and white houses; the square at the end of the long straight street was planted with stiff palm-trees. Beyond there were groves of eucalyptus with their straggly branches

“They tell me,” said the Commander, “that wherever there is a malarial place they plant eucalyptus-trees. They certainly flourish well, judging by these luxuriant specimens.”

The air, always fresh and sweet, had a faint spicy odor from them. Long fields of vines were passed, then came uncultivated lands where the leaves of the bushes and plants sparkled like jewels with the morning dew. For a long distance now, the road had great piles of stones on each side, and natives, superintended by a dusty Frenchman with a long, turned-up mustache, were breaking them to mend the roads.

Now came a wide field where masses of pale, pinky blooms of the asphodel east upon the morning breeze their pungent odor. Upon a hill to the left, the genesta (*Genesta ferox*), or furze, made the gray rocks gay with its golden blossoms; then other fields where yellow dandelions starred the short grass. They caused one of the party to think of the wayside meadows in New England springs, and warmed her heart. Then the car entered a grove of great cork-trees (*Quercus suber*); their trunks, stripped of their bark half-way up, had a melancholy air, and seemed, too, ashamed as if they were half dressed.

The Commander here turned to the Lady. “It is said the cork-trees are the most valuable forest trees in this country. It seems they strip the tree of its bark every eight or ten years after it has had fifteen years of growth. The first strip of bark they take off is thin and hard and is used principally to make lamp black. After the second and third cuttings, the cork is of the best quality. With each harvest a tree usually gives a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds of cork.”

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Out of the cork forest they came to a little town with a long straight street of low houses, lined with plane-trees on both sides. From there they flashed by barley and wheat fields of softest green. Always on the road were the trudging natives, flocks of sheep and goats with their accompanying shepherds and dust, patient donkeys with great panniers full to overflowing, under which the little beasts could hardly be seen, and sometimes they were bestridden by sturdy, lazy-looking Arabs, their brown feet almost trailing in the dust. Now came a queer cart, drawn by a tiny moth-eaten-looking donkey. Three white dogs lay at ease in it, while a white-turbaned, old man pummelled the poor donkey with a club. A field stretched beyond, white with daisies, as if covered with snow. The road now ascended steeper hills. There were sudden brief glimpses of the sea between the openings in them. It had a sapphire blue tint and the palest of pink clouds floated just above the horizon. On a sharp point jutting out, the white koubba of a holy man gave a note of rest. Beyond, where a hill sloped down, men were ploughing with the crooked stick of ancient times.

At fifty-four kilometres the car came into the town of Ménerville, on the flanks of the Col des Beni-Aïcha,—the neck of a mountain,—the only route going from the Mitidja to Kabylia. It is not an interesting town, but has fine groves of eucalyptus-trees, and is noted for the big native market held here. It was market day when our travellers arrived, and they had the chance to see all in full swing. Just outside of the town there was a great place enclosed by wooden palings, and within and without was a jumbled mass of beings, natives of all kinds, Kabyles, Arabs, nomads, a surging multitude of burnouses, *haïks*, and turbans. There were small tents within and without; all kinds of curious carts, wagons, vans, and a stage coach or two. There were flocks of sheep and goats, herds of cattle, donkeys here and there, with a cloud of dust over all, and the war of voices, the bleating of sheep, braying of donkeys, and all the other indescribable sounds of an Arab fair.

OFF TO FORT NATIONAL

Beyond Ménerville, the road turned to the left. "That road to the right," said the Commander, "leads to Constantine by the Gorge of the Isser, passing through Palestro, where, I have read, was a frightful tragedy; nearly all the French colonists of the place, with the Swiss and Italian workmen, were massacred by the Kabyles in the insurrection of 1871. The gorge is said to be magnificent for scenery."

They were now passing great plantations, African farms, where the boundaries and the fields were separated by thick hedges of the Barbary fig (*Opuntia ficus India*) or the prickly pear, with its great fleshy pear-shaped leaves, bristling with sharp little thorns. The natives use it for marking the limits of their fields and to protect what grows within from their animals, which can never penetrate this hedge. Also the pear-shaped leaves are cooked and eaten, as well as the small, reddish fruit. It seems to be easily propagated. Our party noticed some natives sticking small cuttings of the leaves in shallow holes on the boundaries of fields. It seems wonderful that it can grow from the morsels of leaves they were planting.

The car rolled on by the Moulin du Roulage, a primitive *cabaret* for the refreshment of man and beast, from which they followed the road to the left. They saw afar the mountains in serrated ranks, then they dropped back, leaving the wide valley, where the Isser River flowed between. Before they came to the river, the Other-one was enchanted with the wide garden she saw in front of a white farmhouse. It made her think of home, with its masses of scarlet geraniums, big bed of fragrant heliotrope, its clump of calla lilies growing in the basin of a little fountain.

Beyond the river, the hills closed up to the road. Then they passed a place, where great heaps of the shredded fibre of the dwarf-palm were being prepared by natives for shipping. Not far from here an odor of rancid oil filled the air, where was an olive oil mill. Outside lay great heaps of the crushed olive debris. Now the road went on up hills, where was cultivation on their flanks, the pale rich green contrasting, here and there, with a hill ablaze with the gold of the genesta.

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Beyond were deep ravines, across which engineering had built railroad bridges. Then came a steep hillside where a Kabyle farmer was turning up the rich brown soil with his ancient plough. The road dipped down again and showed a crescent of rich blue sea.

Presently the car passed over the Sebaou River — not a long one, and now a dry one but it has great volume of water at times, owing to the abundant rains that fall in the region where it flows. At length Tizi-Ouzu was reached, after the climbing capacity of the car had been tested by steep inclines. The somewhat weary and hungry party descended at the Hotel Lagarde, with its dusty garden, where a lemon-tree or two, a date-palm, and some languid-looking bushes in flower were protected from the invading Arab gamin by an iron fence. Here the travellers had been told they would find much cleanliness and comfort. The Other-one had now become resigned to whatever fate had to offer in the matter of dirt, nevertheless she could but regard the little untidy dining-room, blazing with the usual gaudy French posters, with dismay. She was surprised and comforted, however, when the shuffling *garçon* brought in a really delicious luncheon.

There being nothing to detain the party in the dusty, uninteresting town after their hunger was appeased, they pushed their way through the crowd of natives, as usual packed around the car, and soon Tizi-Ouzu was but a memory. They wound around and up hills the color of deep green jade, and as they doubled a curve again, they saw mountains rising afar. The road ran on not far from Kabyle villages, built on spurs of the mountains, or, wherever a level space opened, there were seen these red-roofed, chimneyless and windowless houses looking like sproutings of red-capped mushrooms. Near the houses were small fields of young grain, a soft green; patches of fruit trees, now with pale pink and white bloom; and many gnarled fig-trees thrust out their twisted branches; a few pepper-trees and the stumps of ash-trees showed green and gray. All the little mountain farms were surrounded and protected by prickly-pear hedges.

OFF TO FORT NATIONAL

Suddenly they saw at a curve in the road the great peaks of the Djurdjuras, their snow caps glistening in the sunlight, they realized they were entering Great Kabylia. Afar, great spurs of the mountains stretched out; tremendous chasms rent them, as if opening to swallow the tiny villages on the edges. Below them the party could see the road, a white serpentine way, ever hard and most excellent; so it seemed here a very heaven for motorists. The Other one noted the pale, mauve Roman hyacinth growing in clefts of the rock by the roads. Their faint sweet odor was in the air, the fine, racy, mountain air which gave one new life. They passed or met many flashing-eyed, fierce Kabyles striding along with a proud, free gait.

Again, the road mounted up and the car seemed to be as high as the eagles fly. Far off they saw the red roofs of Tizi-Ouzu losing themselves in the distance. A narrow green valley spread to where the great mountains rose to their halo of snow. High up, over all, a great bird winged his way in the deep blue of the sky. Down and round a curve and a group of Kabyle children, wrapped in multicolored rags, jumped from the wayside suddenly, gesticulating, and shrieking "*Un sou! un sou!*"

"Little wretches!" cried the Commander. "Even up here in these mountain solitudes they have learned to beg." Still on, and the great chain of the Djurdjuras, cut out in great gashes, gleamed like quicksilver with their snow-crowns. Beyond and beyond are folds of the mountains, some black with timbered forests. The souls of the travellers were oppressed with all the grandeur of the view. No words passed between them now, for they felt how imperfectly words could express their sensations.

At length, on a high point, a white spot — Fort National — showed against the blue sky. Nearer, they saw the wall with its seventeen bastions.

"The citadel certainly looks grim enough as we get nearer," said the Commander, "and must be strong enough for defence, in case of trouble with these independent, undis-

A MOTOR FLIGHT

ciplined Kabyles, but a few guns planted around on those hills would soon blow it to pieces. The soldiers here,— who are all Zouaves, I am told,— have, if they have nothing else, one of the grandest views in the world. Here it is 3,153 feet above the sea.”

The road now ran on a sort of terrace, and on it they came to the “ unique little village,” enclosed in its walls about twelve feet high and flanked with seventeen bastions. There are two entrances, the one called the Djurdjura Gate, and the other the Gate of Algiers, by which the Motorists entered and went along the only street which was bordered with ragged-looking sycamore-trees, with their white-spotted trunks. There was a crowd of natives surging through the town, and contrary to the custom in the towns through which the travellers had heretofore passed, these Kabyles, dignified and solemn, evinced little interest in the motor. Adrian stopped his car before the plain-looking Hotel des Touristes. Out of this hurried at once, a plump young French woman, followed more slowly by a thin man in carpet slippers. In reply to the demand for rooms the young woman was desolated to an extreme.

“ Alas! Bashir, the so well known courier, had engaged all their rooms for a very rich American monsieur and his family.”

“ Ask her to crowd up the rich monsieur and give us a room or so. She can't expect us to sleep in the street, and this seems the only hotel in view,” exclaimed the Commander impatiently.

“ Impossible!” returned the woman. “ Bashir will not be disappointed. If so, he comes no more. He must have all the rooms. There is another hotel but so poor, so small, not like this elegant *auberge!* ”

The Other-one saw here in her eyes the desire to secure these people, who must be also important, judging from their fine large car, and Adrian, such a *beau garçon*. The man in carpet slippers drew near, and there ensued a rapid dialogue, beyond the powers of the Other-one to understand, punc-

FORT NATIONAL

tuated with many shrugs and gestures. Then the woman turned to them and said, with the air of a diplomat who has settled a most delicate and difficult matter:

“Monsieur and Madame can go at once to Fort Michelet and see the view, most magnificent. When they return, in two hours, they will find rooms so large and comfortable, such as they have not yet had in Algeria.”

Then she turned off, dragging the man with her and leaving our travellers no choice but to take her advice, which they proceeded to do, going out the gate opposite that by which they had entered, and following a road pointed out to them, which led off to the right. This road ran for a time on the south flank of a spur of the mountain, then on the west flank. All along there was a superb view of the great chain of the Djurdjuras, the tops silvery white, the clefts deep blue in the late afternoon sun. They saw more Kabyle villages crowded on the lesser chain, on the edge of precipices and apparently ready to slide off into the abyss. All around them was green with cultivation. They seemed like the eyries of eagles, and the apparently flourishing life, judging by the numberless villages, made a strong contrast with these great, desolate, snow-capped peaks rising to heaven.

“I wonder why we see so many ash-trees which seem to have been pruned so much, and which grow along the edge of their farms,” said the Commander. “Probably for shade in the summer.”

“No! My book says that the sprouts of the ash-tree are used by the Kabyles to feed their flocks when the heat of the summer dries up everything else that is green. They carefully cut off the leaves and twigs for that purpose.”

The car sped on, the scenery seeming more and more grand; the great peaks rising to pierce the blue sky, like giant sentinels posted along the way.

Arriving at Fort Michelet they found it an insignificant settlement of small houses of the military and those who serve them. From here the travellers could see better the culminating peak of the Djurdjuras, Llella Khadija, named for the

A MOTOR FLIGHT

wife of the prophet. It is a great pyramid, silvered with snow nine months of the year. There is a shrine near the top, they were told, and a pilgrimage to it is considered by a Mohammedan as scarcely less meritorious than one to Mecca."

They now turned back toward Fort National, where they were received with open arms by the astute French woman, who led them into the hotel, then up a dirty staircase, and ushered them, with flourishes, into the rooms "so large, so comfortable." They proved to be but one, with two iron beds, however, covered with red blankets, which possibly gave the "fine air" mentioned. The rickety washstand, with small supply of water and towels, as well as the absence of any method of heating, gave small promise of comfort, especially as the mountain air was quite sharp.

However, the Other-one lighted the antiquated kerosene lamp and warmed her chilled fingers, then went to look from the window on the Kabyles, wrapped in creamy burnouses and strutting with stately gait up and down the street, turning it, for the stranger, who was never weary of watching them, into a unique and fascinating place.

The pretty Marguérite came up after dinner that night, full of the praises of Bashir, "the courier for the rich Monsieur American," whose two cars arrived late with great noise and bustle.

"Bashir is a so great courier, Madame! He knows all. He says Monsieur must surely go to one of the Kabyle villages. There is one about three and a half kilometres, on the road to Fort Michelet, but one must go on donkeys or mules there and Monsieur should take a guide. These Kabyles love not to have strangers go to their houses."

So it was decided that this particular village, which is called by the unpronounceable name of Taourirt Amokrane, should be visited, and an old Kabyle guide was sent for. The next morning he appeared leading a pair of bony mules, just as the travellers came out of the hotel. The Two decided not to mount the animals for the present.

A KABYLE VILLAGE

The view became more and more glorious; the great gorges and chasms, blue in the morning light; the great peaks, dominated by Llella Khadija with her snowy head, rose grandly to the skies. On the ridges, crests, and flanks, more and more Kabyle villages came into view, and their patches of cultivation, with their fig and ash trees gave green touches to the soft blue and deep purples of the mountains. The travellers often met groups of Kabyles coming up, fine, splendid fellows, some of them, but always with dirty or ragged burnouses wrapped well around them, for the morning air was cold.

Then the travellers saw a large village afar, on a distant crest, and the Kabyle pointed it out as a village of the Benni Yenni.

“ Oh, I know about them,” said the Other-one; “ the guide at the hotel spoke of this tribe. We ought to visit one of their villages but it takes a day to go and come, on mules. He said these are very interesting people to see, very industrious, and they make jewellery, arms, and knives, and weave cloths. Their jewellery is very curious and is ornamented with filigree work and enamel.”

A village showed on a sharp crest at a little distance below, and their path soon curved and dipped down to it. The wide path ended in a narrow zig-zag one, very stony and rough, leading down into the village with the tiled-roof houses set in the most irregular fashion. A crowd of dirty Kabyle boys fell upon them as they descended the path, and accompanied them everywhere, like annoying, buzzing flies. They found some old men on the square on to which the path opened. These were bundled up in burnouses and scowled fiercely at the strangers. But alas! all the women outside the houses they passed disappeared as by magic. The door of each house, as they came to it, was slammed, and they heard the sound of wooden bolts drawn. In vain the guide pounded on each door and shouted some phrases in Kabyle, but no door opened.

Farther on they came to a very rough path dropping down

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by some houses. The guide pointed down there saying, in his very imperfect French, "There you will see the pottery."

The potteries consisted of one small house, windowless like all the rest of the huts, and before which an ancient crone was moulding a dark clay jar by hand, turning and turning, smoothing and smoothing it. She also would have run if the guide had not forcibly detained her, and made her continue her work. Then she was induced to take the Two into a small den where were some great jars ranged along the wall, in which the guide said were grain, lentils, and dried figs. There were several holes opening near them in the wall; these were, he told them, where the animals — which are kept in a yard off the one room of each Kabyle hut — could be fed.

"Quite convenient," said the Commander, "the dwellers here need not turn out early to dress and feed their stock." In this place the old crone had two or three coarse jugs, of no particular shape, and which, as she was watching, apparently for a chance to escape, she was not anxious to sell, even if the Two had been anxious to buy.

Going on farther, across a square, they came to a rude building, with some logs laid across the side, for seats, the guide said. This was the *djemaa*, or council house, which every Kabyle village has, where the people assemble for deliberation and decisions about those matters which concern the tribe. On the crest of the hill was a rude mosque, which seemed to have no attraction but the grand view from the minaret. The guide now turned up another narrow rocky muddy lane, where the door of one small hut was open. A pretty young woman stood outside, holding a lively brown baby across her hips. She was a picture, with her blue cotton dress caught at the shoulders with great silver pins, big silver hoops in her ears, and a red cloth twisted around her head. The lively baby had only a dirty cloth wrapped around his loins. The guide began a quick conversation with her, but she shook her head. Hereupon a wrinkled crone, withered out of all resemblance to a woman, hobbled out of her hut, and with her he seemed to have more success. She nodded her

A KABYLE VILLAGE

head, which was bound in folds of dirty cloth, then beckoned the party to enter the house.

“ Apparently she is the only hospitable one in the village,” exclaimed the Other-one. “ I suppose she is proud of her house, and wants strangers to see it, for a present of money.”

The Commander was critically examining the jewellery of the young woman, as near her as she would allow him to come.

“ It’s not worth any bargaining,” he said. “ It is thin and badly made.”

The ancient one appeared to get impatient and shook her withered old head vigorously.

“ We shall go in,” said the old Kabyle guide, “ but Monsieur must give her something.”

“ Certainly,” said the Commander. “ When did I ever go anywhere in this country, or even venture to look at a person or a thing without giving something? ”

They were obliged to stoop to get in through the rude wooden door, and entered into a dark and gruesome room. There being no windows, the place had the gloom of twilight, especially as some men and boys now appeared and crowded around the door, so shutting out what little light might have come in at that opening. When our travellers became accustomed to the obscurity, they saw they were in a low room, divided into compartments by a low parapet wall, and having a hard earthen floor. Ranged along the wall were some huge, high pottery jars, evidently containing dried fruit, grain, lentils, and other articles of food. There were also some low benches of stone with mats on them. At one end of the room was a hole where were a few embers, and two or three black pottery jars near it showed that it was the family cooking-place. There are never chimneys to these Kabyle houses, so a little hole in the roof was the only place for the smoke to escape. Seeing the Other-one looking curiously at the hole, a little boy from the family group who stood staring at the invaders ran up to her, and pointing to it, exclaimed, “ *Cous-cous!* ” She at once understood that here this universal dish was cooked.

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In this small room the smoke and the odors from the filthy people and from the cattle just outside, were intolerable. The Commander gave one disgusted glance into the interior and then turned hastily away. Not even a glimpse of the jewellery, the chains, bracelets, and anklets on the two or three women in the cabin could attract him sufficiently to martyrize himself.

The Other-one now remained for a *mauvais* ten minutes, and discovered the bedroom of the family from some filthy rags in the straw at one corner of the room. The old crone stood well to the fore, showing her toothless gums in an ingratiating smile, and holding out her hand at intervals. It is said a Kabyle man takes but one wife, and when she is old and incapacitated for labor she has the care of her grandchildren. This one had a crowd of children around her, and must have been a grandmother for several centuries. Soon the crowd at the door began to invade the room; the odors became stifling, and the Lady, unable to endure it any longer and hearing an imperative command from her lord, hastily thrust some coins in the outstretched palm of the antedeluvian woman and, with the aid of the guide, pushed herself through the crowd into the open, where she found the Commander awaiting her with some impatience.

The decrepit crone came out, bearing a pottery dish with some curdled milk in it, which she offered to the Lady, then tried to seize her hand, evidently to press her own withered lips upon it in her joy at the present of silver pieces; but the Other-one escaped, calling to the guide:

“ Tell her I cannot drink milk. It poisons me, but if she will let me have a picture of her beautiful self to show my American friends, I shall be so happy! ”

So the old woman posed herself against the walls of her cabin, and here the reader can see a picture of her.

Never had mountain air seemed so fresh, so pure, so full of invigorating balm as when they had gotten away from the Kabyle village and begun to climb the hills on the mules' backs. The hill dropped away on one side of the little settle-



KABYLE WOMAN CARRYING
WATER JAR



AN OLD KABYLE WOMAN CONSENTS
TO HAVE HER "PICTURE TAKEN"



A KABYLE VILLAGE; IN THE DJURDJURA MOUNTAINS



A KABYLE AND HIS PRIMITIVE PLOUGH

A DAY OF LEISURE

ment to profound depths and across the valley the mountains arose in all their glory.

Against the sky line there appeared a curious sight. A long row of Mohammedans with their backs to the road, their faces toward Mecca, were saying their prayers, all rising, bowing, kneeling at the same time, as if pulled by an invisible cord. Their outline against the sky was comical in the extreme.

All the way was full of interest. Kabyle farmers were at work on the hillsides with their primitive ploughs. The men were all in their dirty white burnouses, but wherever there were women or little girls there were splashes of vivid color in their dresses, of vivid yellow or red and in the gay kerchiefs on their heads. Village after village opened up on the distant spurs or on the hills rising from the terraces where the road wound. Now a tiny brown girl, swathed in a blue gown, ran up to the car, which stopped for a moment, to offer a necklace of green beads. The child smiled with joy as the lady threw out to her a franc piece in exchange for the necklace. There was always something to keep the party on the *qui vive*, something to satisfy their sense of color. Now a Kabyle woman climbed the hill from the little river over which they rolled. She was a picture in her blue draperies, a scarlet kerchief bound round her head, a brown water jar of a graceful shape held upon her head by her shapely arms. She walked erect and stately, with a grace all the Kabyle women seem to have naturally. Some one writes of these women: "They have the beauty of a highbred animal, or the sculptured bronze ideal replica of a race. They are types of a species and are delightful to look upon, alike in face and figure."

The car bowled down to the valley of the Sebaou, now a mere thread of a river, which they crossed. All the valley was a golden green with the young barley and wheat of the Kabyle farmer. Queer, wise-looking storks stood here and there on their long legs, motionless, or searching for their breakfast, looking like guardians of the valley.

At thirty-six kilometres from the Fort, they passed through

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the small town of Azaga on the borders of the beautiful forest of Bou-Hini. They had seen the forests on the mountain, sombre spots, like the shadow a cloud casts when it swallows up the sun. The road ran through these forests of fine trees of the cork-oak. Here are found, also, grand specimens of the chestnut-oak with leaves like those of the chestnut-tree, and the light bark of the trunks. There is not a single specimen of it found in European forests.

Somewhat to the Other-one's disappointment, no wild animals ever showed themselves on the journey, though here are wild boars in plenty.

Over the Col de Tagma and at Col de Tigdint the culminating point, the great mountains showed themselves once more, and there was a glimpse of the far blue sea. Farther on another Kabyle village dropped down the high hill at the side of the road. Here was a sight that thrilled the Commander and made him leap from the car almost before Adrian could stop it. There was a Kabyle woman looking like a picture in a gay red dress, and a yellow cloth bound over her head, above her dark eyes. She was standing ankle-deep in a brook which gurgled down the roadside. She was doing her washing, stamping with her feet on some rags on the stones over which the water splashed. Her brown feet were covered with foam, probably from the soap root she had used and flakes of it floated down the stream. While she could not be considered in any sense a beauty, she was an adorable creature to the Commander; for, hanging down over her blue draperies,—which were caught at the shoulder with enormous plaques of silver,—she wore a glorious necklace the like of which he had not before beheld: chains of silver studded with enamelled medallions and with longer pendants set with a green stone and pieces of coral in bands of etched silver,—a veritable gem, the work of an artist.

Tremblingly the Commander drew out five silver five-franc pieces, and showed them to her, pointing to the necklace. She at once understood. She raised three fingers. He added those to the ones he already held. The woman took them and

AWAY TO BOUGIE

slowly drew off the necklace. He seized it and fairly galloped for the car and climbed into it. The Kabyle woman gave a terrific howl and leaped out of the water, scattering the foam flakes all around. She rushed up to the car as Adrian was about to turn the crank, and reaching up for her treasure, reluctantly handed up the five-franc pieces. The expression of despair on the Commander's face was heart-rending. He threw the necklace at her, and Adrian was about to move on, when the woman reached up to grab the silver and proffered, at the same time, the necklace. She was torn with conflicting desires. She wanted the money, and she wished to keep her necklace.

The Commander clasped the coveted jewellery; an expression of perfect joy overspread his face and the wheels of the car began to turn. Again the woman rent the air with her shrieks and leaped for the necklace, throwing the silver into the car.

"She's an idiot!" cried the irate Commander. "Go on, Adrian."

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed the Other-one. "Do let me get a picture of a woman of so much indecision of character."

The woman then returned to her washing, with her necklace, and calmed down, while some little Kabyles, attracted by the cries, ran up, and the lady "snapped" them all.

Down and up, then down again, and they came to the fertile valley of the Soumman and passed through a region of great vineyards. Before El Kseur they passed *Tombeau de la Neige* and its sad monument to the French soldiers lost in a fearful snow storm. After a smooth run of some kilometres, they saw before them the symmetrical Djebel Gouraya rising out of the blue sea, at the foot of which, and running up in terraces, is Bougie with its houses of white and pale yellow, and its green palms. They came to the long straight street leading into the town, which has a row of great bushy palms with short but huge scaly trunks, that look like inverted flower pots. They passed by the harbor and the ancient, ruined, picturesque, Saracenic gate of the old mediæval wall, rounded

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the hill which projects into the sea and has the old Turkish fort on it, and came to a stop before a modest hotel where the manager received them with open arms. The Other-one clasped her hands with content when they were ushered into a simple little room of satisfying cleanness. She at once discovered that the windows had a balcony looking across the sea to the mountains.

The Commander's somewhat weary air kindled into enthusiasm as he looked out from this balcony across the deep blue Bay of Bougie, full of the dropping sun's reflections, to where the precipitous, rugged Babor Mountains rose. The sky had light and floating clouds, which cast deep shadows on the mountain flanks, and on these were tints of softest purples, grays, and shimmering, evanescent greens. The clefts were all blue-black. These all rose to the dazzling snow at the top, with silvered peaks beyond and beyond. The late afternoon sun, dropping down, had begun to tinge them with rose and gold into a great glory, and the water caught all the colors and reflected them back with a softened radiance.

When they had silently gazed for a while, the Commander slipped away. Later, he returned full of plans and information.

"I have interviewed the manager," he said. "He is a German, but speaks good English and seems to be intelligent and well informed. He is most enthusiastic over this town and glories in its situation and the magnificent views, though these are pretty much all it has, I think from what he says, for the ordinary tourist, at least. There are no special things to visit here, except possibly some of the ancient forts. He considers it an ideal place, however, for people who leave home to avoid the cold weather. Built on the slope of Mount Gouraya, it is well protected from north and east winds, but it has a moist climate and it is owing to this that the vegetation flourishes so well. Though warm in summer, the climate is extremely agreeable in winter and spring. You see how mild it is now here. There are excursions up the mountain with the fort at the top, twenty-two hundred feet above the

AWAY TO BOUGIE

sea. There are many Roman remains for the archæologist to study. There is a glorious ride to Cape Carbon, a mass of red rock jutting into the sea. One great rock forms a natural arch and the sea flows through it. It is a natural protection for fishermen in distress. Then there are, of course, Kabyle villages to visit, if one has a taste for that sort of thing, after once seen. This is the Kabylia of the Babors, as distinct from Kabylia of the Djurdjuras. A great excursion is to— (pronounce it if you can). Here it is, written in my notebook—Djidjelli. A magnificent road has been built to that place, on the cliffs overhanging the sea, and travellers say that it rivals the Corniche Road. There are caves to visit on the way, with stalactites white as snow. So I have planned for a day's excursion to this unpronounceable place to-morrow, and we must get off early in the morning."

"Now do sit down," said the Lady, "and I will tell you as briefly as I can, the little I have gleaned about this fascinating town. It was an important place in the time of the Carthaginians, and naturally came into the hands of the Romans when Carthage fell. The Berbers occupied the city in the eleventh century, and raised it to a great pitch of splendor and wealth. I suppose it always was a place greatly to be desired on account of its situation. Khair-ed-Din, of course, tried his hand at occupying it, but was unsuccessful. The Turks came in, in the sixteenth century, and there was war and piracy for three hundred years. When Algiers was occupied by the French, the Mzaia Kabyles held Bougie and the French General Trézel drove them out.

"Do you know," said the Lady as she followed the Commander out for their promenade in the town, "that this town gave the word *bougie*—French for *candle*? They were first made and exported from here."

The pair walked up the Rue Trézel, the main street. There are many little shops on both sides of the way, some of them rather fanciful, others dark and grimy. There were many Kabyles, Arabs, a sprinkling of French, with Italian and Maltese sailors. The whole town had the air of those

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ancient towns which seem bewildered when they are restored and have put on modern ways. The street goes up to a wide square which overlooks the town, the ancient ruined gate, the harbor, and the stern mountains across the gulf. There is a balustrade at the end, where the rocky cliff drops precipitously down to the lower town. The square seems to be the main promenade, and some natives were lounging there in their picturesque dress, giving it the real look of the East. The Commander and his companion went to lean over the parapet wall and look across to the blue bay, dark now, but yet full of crimson reflections, with the rugged battlemented mountains of Babor and Tababor rising into the evening sky.

“I know,” said the Other-one, “that all this region is called little Kabylia or the Kabylia of the Babors. The people belong to the Berber race but do not have all the characteristics of the other Kabyles of the Djurdjuras. The population is not so dense here on account of the thick forests which cover the flanks of the hills and mountains. Also the people are much poorer and less industrious.”

CHAPTER XI

A TRIP TO DJIDJELLI

AT the sunset hour the Other-one had thought the mountains and the bay, resplendent with the tints of the sinking sun, could never be so beautiful at any other time. However, in the early morning, when the tourists left Bougie nestling in its green setting under Mount Gouraya with the white fort on its crest; with the picturesque ruins of the old Turkish fort on the overhanging rock above the harbor, and the old Saracenic Gate, with its festoons of vines and its swaying grasses,—it seemed nothing could exceed the loveliness of this morning view. The great serrated range, its base swathed in a filmy veil of fog; glistening peaks piercing the pale sky beyond; the green-blue bay with lights on it like burnished silver—made an incomparable picture, never to be forgotten.

The road, always smooth and hard, led past enormous vineyards stretching to the mountain bases, and then approached the sea. Farther on, looking back, the voyagers saw a long line of beach fringed with the foam of the waves. The sea here had pearly tints. Out of the distant mist a fishing-boat spread its lateen sail to catch the morning breeze. Now the road ran through a tunnel under a great, piled-up mass of rocks. The sea hurled itself against them, bathing their bases in foam and casting up a fine spray. More vineyards as the road fell away from the sea, and flock after flock of sheep and goats were guarded by their Kabyle shepherds, picturesque in creamy burnouses. Groups trudged along the road, with sometimes a woman or two, with trailing children. Up then, to the great rocky Cape of Aokas to be greeted, when past it, by another glorious view. Back of them they could see Bougie disappearing in the misty west. Now the hills folded them-

A MOTOR FLIGHT

selves back and a green plain rolled to the sea. Then the car flashed through a primitive town, leaving the few loungers outside the little cabins, staring open-mouthed. Down in moist places, clumps of iris raised their pale blue blossoms, and masses of oleander gave promise of abundant bloom in their season. The hills beyond were golden with the blossoming broom. A forest now succeeded, shutting them away from far-reaching vistas. Beyond it a road turned off to the left, which led up again to the sea; now more piled up rocks, and the travellers looked down from precipitous heights to the blue-green water.

“It is a wonderful route!” exclaimed the Commander; “magnificent scenery and a hard, perfect road.”

There were more tunnels through which to pass. Always the rocks below were edged with foam, though the sea was calm. In some masses of rock, the color was an ochre yellow, in others, gray. These are called the *Grandes Falaises*; through these the tunnel opened to a broader road and a balustrade of iron guarded it from the precipitous descent to the sea. Here the Commander and the Lady stepped out of the car to lean over the balustrade, and try to catch the last glimpse of Bougie. The fog had now lifted and the sky had lost its flaky clouds, and was a deep blue. Down dropped a sea-gull from the dizzy height of the rocks above the road. He dipped his wings in the azure sea, and flew across the water, a creature of the foam and rocks. The road now descended to contrasting slopes, green with early grain, then climbed again to where cultivation ceased, wild grasses waved in the breeze, and *lentisque* bushes thrust their thorny masses out from rocks. Again to the sea, which had long stretches of calm water and many little bays, indigo blue, indenting the coast.

At fifty-four kilometres they came to Mansourah, a tiny town of colonists. It must have been the site of a flourishing Roman town, for near the road and up the hill, can be seen interesting Roman ruins; broken columns, segments of frieze, fragments of capitals and conglomerate masses of brick work

A TRIP TO DJIDJELLI

and small stones. Under a great mass of rock farther on, a door opened in this wall at the right. Near it stood an Arab in burnous and scarlet fez.

“Where can that door lead?” asked the Commander.

The man replied that it was a beautiful grotto which had been discovered in blasting the rock for the road, and it could be seen under his guidance for a franc a person. It is called, he told them further, “Rhar-Adim,” or “The Marvellous Grotto.”

The Motorists plunged down some stone steps dripping with moisture; then the Arab ignited some magnesium wire, and a wonderful scene opened before their astonished eyes. It seemed as if they had been introduced into a hall of the gnomes or fairies, decorated for a great *fête*. Wonderful stalactites white as snow glistened in the flaming lights as if covered with diamond dust; they resembled bunches of fruit, clusters of flowers, and other more fantastic objects. Stalagmites rose from the floor of the cave, some like organ pipes, others like weird statues. Indeed the imaginative could fit them to any object.

“It is one of the most beautiful caves I ever saw,” the Commander exclaimed in admiration. “The unique beauty is its freshness; none of the stalactites have been blackened by the smoke of torches, as in many other caves. The only one approaching it we have seen in our travels is the one at Luray, in Virginia. The Mammoth Cave, you know, is wonderful in extent, but has no stalactites or stalagmites like these. And what ages to form these! Water, with lime in solution, percolating drop by drop, through crevices and cracks into the cave, or the rain water seeping through the lime rock of the roof.”

They climbed up the slippery steps and resumed their seats in the motor with a dazed feeling.

At seventy-six kilometres they passed Cape Cavallo with its little red island anchored in front, the road hanging suspended on the great rock overhanging the sea. Down again they rolled to pass into a forest of the sturdy African pine,—

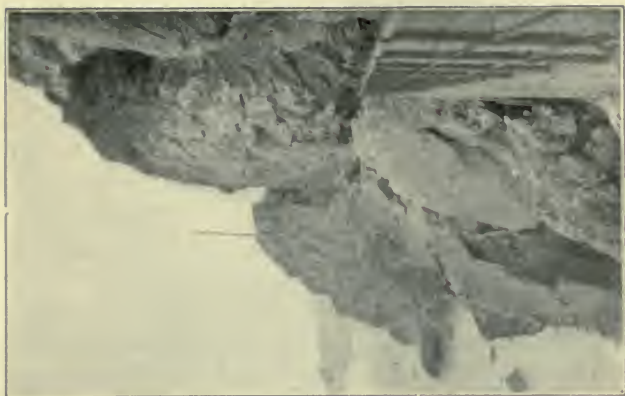
A MOTOR FLIGHT

the *Abies* or *Pinsape*,—and the air had their balsamic odor added to the freshness of the sea breeze.

It was all too soon, such had been the glories of the route, when they swung into Djidjelli, happy and hungry. It is a small town with the usual long street of little white and pink houses with balconies overlooking it. It is built on the shore of the bay a little east of the old town, which was destroyed by a tremendous earthquake shock in 1856. Once there was an important Roman colony here. In 1664 some French troops were stationed here in order to keep the pirates and the Kabyles in check. A large force of Turkish troops arrived from Algiers, and dissensions arising between the French and Maltese commanders, the troops became demoralized and the French troops suffered a terrible defeat.

At the little hotel the Lady had literally to be pulled by main force through the Kabyles and Arabs who at once packed around it. At the door, a plump and pleasant-faced young French landlady received them with open arms, and led them, as select guests, to a small room off the main dining-room, which was full of a loud-talking, gesticulating, smoking crowd.

The landlady was burning to talk, and hovered near, while a bright-looking Arab boy, in white coat and red fez, laid the table deftly for two, and seemed to have much pride in his skill. The landlady was solicitous that all should be as Monsieur and Madame desired, but after the very good omelette had been served, she could wait no longer; and, full of her subject, began to relate that a few days ago a most dreadful event had taken place. A miserable Arab had killed a Frenchman living in the town. The Arabs and Kabyles were wicked, vicious wretches. No one was safe from their hands. It had been decided to make a notable example of this one. He was having a trial to-day. That was why the town was so full of people, Kabyle and Arab chiefs too, as well as others. Who knew what might happen! Some terrible quarrels and, perhaps, bloodshed, alas! However, it was a most excellent thing for the hotel. It was full to-day, and all were so



THE "PILED UP ROCKS" ON
ROAD TO DJIDJELLI



ON THE ROAD TO DJIDJELLI



A KABYLE WOMAN FASHIONING
POTTERY JARS, AT
TAOURIRT-AMOKRANE



BARGAINING FOR JEWELLERY NEAR A KABYLE VILLAGE

A TRIP TO DJIDJELLI

happy over the most delicious, most unexcelled *déjeuner*." Then she bustled away to impart this to some other newcomers.

"I don't wonder the natives sometimes resent the brutal treatment they get from some of the ignorant colonists and the bragging soldiers," said the Commander.

When the repast "so delicious" was over and a fee given the bright-eyed Arab boy which made his eyes still brighter, the Commander (as there was nothing of special interest in the town and the crowds were too dense anyway for a walk) gave the order to march. They pushed themselves with difficulty out to their motor and were about to start, when the landlady, with an important air, came bustling out to ask "if Monsieur would be so very obliging as to allow a young lawyer, very *comme il faut*, to ride back in the automobile to Bougie. Imperative duty called him, and otherwise he could not get back until so, so late."

The kind-hearted Commander was ready to oblige, even to giving up his cherished front seat to the slender Frenchman with pointed beard (and shoes as well) and thin waxed mustache turned sharply up. The little man beamed with contentment as he climbed quickly to the honorable front seat, bowing politely to Monsieur and Madame. When they came to Cape Cavallo, with its little red island before it, the sea was sparkling as if millions of diamonds were spread upon it, for every facet of the waves reflected the rays of the sun, which had just come out from the embrace of a dark cloud. As they were passing the forest the stranger turned to the Commander and the Lady.

"It is only two weeks ago that a large panther was shot and brought down from the mountain near here."

"Then there are real panthers here!" said the Other-one. "To think! In passing through that forest, one might have leaped on the car and dragged us off, and we would have had a sure enough adventure! But tell me, please, Monsieur, about the adventure at Djidjelli, and if the Arab had some excuse for what he did."

A MOTOR FLIGHT

The lawyer looked mystified. "I do not know to what Madame refers," he said politely.

"Why, of course, to the killing of the Frenchman by an Arab. You came for the trial, surely?"

"Nothing of this sort has happened this season to my knowledge, Madame."

"But the crowds there?"

"It is market day, Madame, and hundreds of natives come to it."

"But the landlady of the hotel told me all about the murder! Why should she tell me such a falsehood!"

The Frenchman smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

The car rolled on and they passed a grotto which the sea had broken open in a time of great tempest. Here, huge stalactites of an ochre color hung down. "It is called the 'Tomb of the Lion,'" said the lawyer.

The light was changing, for the clouds which had been gathering for some time were reaching great gray plumes across the sky; and down the coast towards Bougie there was a line of a thicker fringe of foam, from the breakers beating on the shore. The mountains became ethereal and dream-like, and the small bays and inlets were dark sapphire blue. In the west, the sky had a lemon yellow tint, and Cape Carbon stood up black against it. It began to rain before the great rock of Cape Aokas loomed up, and everything seemed to dissolve in mist.

Before they reached Bougie, the night was falling, but the rain had ceased, and Mount Gouraya came out of the mist with the twinkling lights of the town; and it looked like a great black animal at rest upon the water, the gleam from the lighthouse on the point being its enormous eye. The water of the bay held the tints of the western sky long, as if reluctant to give them up, but the night had come when the car rolled past the old Saracenic Gate and stopped before the cheerfully lighted hotel. Almost before they stopped, the lawyer leaped to the ground, and bowing his thanks with his hand on his heart, disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER XII

OFF TO CONSTANTINE BY SÉTIF, AND THE GORGE OF CHABET-EL-AKRA

GOING from Bougie, the road is the same as that to Djidjelli for fifty-six kilometres. At Souk-et-Tnin, it turns off to the right. The next morning, at a fairly early hour, our Motorists took this road, giving a regretful glance toward the route for Djidjelli. It wound through a wooded valley surrounded by magnificent mountains. There were, all along, small farms. As they rolled by, small native children ran out from the wayside, threw bunches of wild violets into the car and shouted for sous.

The road ascended from the valley, and great serrated rocks thrust themselves suddenly forward. Here was the entrance to the Chabet-el-Akra, or the Gorge of Death, the gloomy defile between mountains five thousand to six thousand feet high. The car entered the narrow opening, where the rocks seemed to rise to the sky until only a strip of it could be seen. Just at this entrance is an inscription: *Travaux Exécutés 1863-70*. The road kept to the left, but farther on crossed by a bridge over the foamy river which boils and plunges on the gray rocks, as it forces its way along. As the car penetrated more and more into the gloomy pass, our Motorists became silent, oppressed by the solemn grandeur of the surroundings. They reached a huge, shelving rock. The road wound under it, wet with the water dripping down. Suddenly Adrian slowed his car; around the rock came a train of camels with great panniers hung to them filled to the brim. They passed the motor disdainfully swaying their awkward heads from side to side. After them came a troop of dark-skinned men, with fierce eyes, their white *haïks* bound to their heads with ropes of camel's hair. Trailing after them was a

A MOTOR FLIGHT

withered old woman, a ragged cloth pulled around her. As the Commander saw her, he gave an exclamation and slid from the car. "What is it?" called the Other-one. "Surely she has no bracelet or rare necklace."

"No, but she is wearing a fine old silver plaque hanging down on her skinny chest. I will buy it if I can."

"Poor old wretch! Please, do leave her her one piece of jewellery!"

Then under the dripping rock in the gloomy gorge ensued a short and silent bargaining. The old woman succumbed to the sight of the two silver pieces, drew off the solitary plaque, secreted the money, and hurried off after the snarling camels.

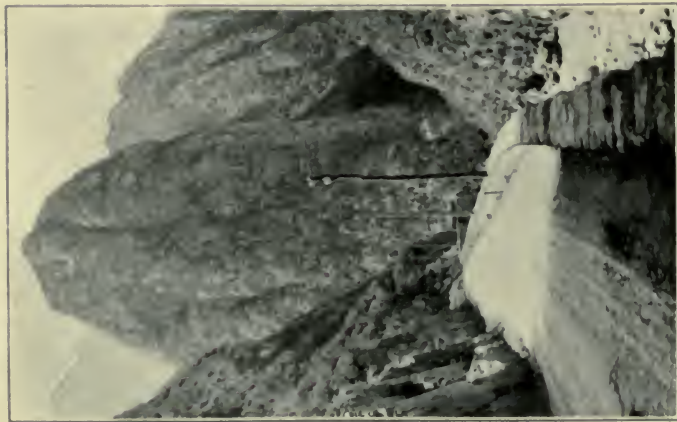
"Look on the right for monkeys!" cried the Other-one, after consulting her book. "This says they are seen here; also eagles and wild pigeons fly up and down."

However, no monkeys were seen amongst the thick foliage of the mountains, just across the river, though a pigeon or two dipped down from the crevices in the rocks, like flecks of mist. Now the mountains came so close together that it seemed the road must be crushed between them; then they opened out, and a great mountain rose in front as if to bar the road. It was shaped like a sugar loaf. Indeed the French call it *Pain de Sucre*. Farther on there is another inscription, recalling the first soldiers who passed through the Chabet-el-Akra. It was a relief to come out of the gloom into the sunlight, as the space widened and the rocks at the entrance of the gorge soon disappeared. The road passed a little hamlet and the sign, Takitount, recalled it as the name of an excellent bottled water which the travellers had had at some of the hotels.

Now came another train of camels with full bags of striped camel's hair hanging from their sides, their wild-looking riders swaying with the long strides of the discontented-looking animals. Adrian with some difficulty extricated his car from the entangling mass, and the Kabyle drivers added to the confusion, with their shouts and poundings of the bewildered animals. A cold wind sprung up, and the sky became leaden in tone. Drops of rain pattered on the roof of the car.



IN THE GORGE OF CHABET-EL-AKRA



THE PAIN DE SUCRE IN THE GORGE
OF THE CHABET-EL-AKRA



STORKS' NESTS; ON THE ROAD TO
CONSTANTINE



A KABYLE HUT, LITTLE KABYLIA

OFF TO CONSTANTINE

Around, all was gray desolation. The car rolled down the curving road to the small settlement of Fermantou. Just beyond, over a river of the same name, two roads fork, and both lead to Sétif. The one at the right is longer but the descents are not so steep. At the other, which crosses the ridge of Belair, relying on his good chauffeur and car, the Commander took the steeper road and found it not so bad as painted, and five kilometres beyond they sighted the walls of Sétif, where they were to lunch. Here is a big garrison. When they passed the great, bare buildings, some native soldiers were manœuvring in an extensive parade ground at the right. Passing in under the Bougie Gate, the travellers found in the streets a crowd of Arabs and Kabyles, an undulating mass of *haïks* and burnouses. Trees are planted along the streets, and there are many little shops and small balconied houses. As they stopped at the hotel, a crowd of ragged gamins settled around like a cloud of flies, and tried to pull off the baggage until some well-directed blows from the Commander's whip sent them flying off. As the Other-one arose to gather up her small belongings, she heard a sonorous bell-like voice uttering some Arabic phrases, high above the tumult of the street. It fell on her ears like restful music. Looking up, she saw the car was not far from a mosque, and it was the muezzin she heard, calling from the minaret the faithful to noon prayer.

The town has not much interest for tourists. The mosque is very plain, though old. The town is built on the site of the Roman town of Sitifis. Some Roman remains have been gathered into a small museum on the Orléans Promenade. The country around is very fertile and the vast plains to the east produce cattle and cereals in abundance.

At once, after the rather meagre repast, our travellers set out for Constantine, a distance of one hundred and thirty-eight kilometres, by the way of Saint Arnaud and Kroubs.

CHAPTER XIII

ON THE ROAD, AND CONSTANTINE

THE road, for some kilometres, lay on a high and barren plateau, with the mountains far to the right. As the car rolled on over the rather uninteresting way, suddenly there came floating down from the sky a succession of delicious liquid trills, which continued for a time, but fainter and fainter, high up in the heavens. Then, before the sound had ceased, another rain of liquid music dropped down to earth.

“Oh, listen!” cried the Other-one. “How exquisite! It is the larks that are singing like the angels in heaven, the sky lark!”

As they went on, one bird after another, sometimes a chorus of them, rising from the plains to the sky, sang as if their little hearts were bursting with love and happiness.

To the plains succeeded long meadows where were many storks; some were flying off, their long legs folded under them; others were grubbing in the short grass for their breakfasts, and some wise-looking old fellows stood meditating on one leg; when they heard the car they spread their great wings and were off. At one small village there was a little church near the street, with a belfry terminated by an iron cross. It was a strange sight to see a huge nest on the top of this cross, and on the nest a mother stork, while father stork stood on the edge of the nest contemplating her with calm satisfaction.

The car came to a small stream, and two curlews flew up with their peculiar melancholy cry. A crowd of small birds also flew up like swirling leaves, after them. The sky was now becoming covered with lead-colored clouds, and a cold wind began to blow. The hills at the left turned black under the shadows. The Arabs and Kabyles trudging along the

ON THE ROAD

road bound their burnouses tighter around them. Our party now came in view of the Rummel, the river which rolls under the rocks on which Constantine lies. Late in the afternoon they entered the bright, fascinating, and celebrated fortress city, and rolled directly through into the Place Nemours into which opens the animated Rue National, filled with a surging, motley crowd,—Moors, Arabs, Kabyles, Jews male and female, and all that fascinating native throng found in Algerian cities, mixed with the unpicturesque colonists, the Europeans, and the tourists. This Place is the centre of Constantine life. On the Rue National are most of the hotels; and the car drew up before one which the Commander had selected as the least undesirable. The room into which they were ushered had some pretensions to comfort and even luxury, and looked out upon the Place de la Brèche, or Nemours. The Other one went at once to hang over the small balcony inclosing the windows and to look at the tumultuous life that was flowing through the square. The rays of the lowering sun lighted it up with a warm color. The most conspicuous element there were the innumerable red-capped gamins who infested the place with blacking-boxes strung to their shoulders, and who ran shrieking after each person that was shod, whether in shoes or slippers, falling upon him with the rapacity of hungry animals. On the corner opposite was a fascinating *café*, where burnoused Arabs sat drinking their tiny cups of coffee, and smoking or gazing dreamily off into vacancy. Many, presumably sheiks, had rich robes decorated with embroidery in gold and colors, and made delightful pictures. There wound through the throng, some Jews and Jewesses: the former recognizable by their hook noses, their blue stockings, and blue turbans; the latter, generally mountains of flesh, wearing queer little conical caps of black satin or velvet, perched on one side of their raven locks. Some of the young Jewesses were beautiful and slender, with creamy skins and dark velvety eyes.

Our travellers were regaled that evening with a more delicious dinner than they had expected, in a too brilliantly

A MOTOR FLIGHT

lighted dining-room, and they sat contentedly discussing it while they listened to the talk of two men at the table near them. The elder was telling the much younger man with him, something about the famous city in which they were.

“It is surely a fascinating town,” the young man had said, “which I have always wanted to see, though I know little about it. As you have been here so many times, and as you are always delving into the history of countries and places, you must know much of interest about Constantine. Anything you can tell me will be listened to gratefully.”

The elder man had paused for some time before replying, holding his glass of good red wine up against the light, where it gleamed as if holding molten rubies. Most of the tables around were full of tourists and business men of the town, who were talking and laughing hilariously, but the voice of the man at the next table came clear and distinct, though low, through the babel of voices around.

“I am happy to hear that, and Constantine has for me, too, a greater charm than any other Oriental city I have seen in Algeria, except, perhaps, Cherchel; and that has not such a wonderful and fascinating site as has this city. It is the traditions of a life that once flowed on in these antique towns that give such a vivid interest to them. No matter how modern their buildings and the manner of life, the flavor of the past tinctures them. Juba II and his lovely wife still live in Cherchel, for me; and the shades of Massenissa and of Sophonisba still hover around this rock-girded city. Constantine is the ancient Cirta, built on this isolated rock, which rises perpendicularly nearly a thousand feet from the bed of the River Rummel, which bounds it on the north and east. It is connected with the mainland on the west side, only by an isthmus, as you perhaps know. The deep ravine through which the Rummel flows is spanned on the northeast by four natural arches of rock, one of which serves as a foundation for the bridge of El Kantara. To the northwest the precipices are the highest. To the northeast and southeast, the heights of Mansoura and Sidi Mecid command the city. The Rummel



CITY OF CONSTANTINE, SHOWING BRIDGE OF EL KANTARA

ON THE ROAD

flows below this great rocky mass, cutting its bed deeper and deeper every year. Nature seems to have shaped the rock with a view to defence and picturesque effect. It seems now an impregnable fortress, and I doubt whether even now, with the modern methods of warfare, it could be easily taken. It is true it has been besieged and conquered eighty times, but its garrison has always been starved out; it has not been battered down or blown up. As to the early history of Constantine, you may not recall your college work in ancient history. I will refresh your memory a little and this city will seem more interesting still by its light. Ancient Numidia in the height of the Carthaginian power was divided into two provinces. There were two great Berber tribes, the Massaesyli, to the east, whose boundaries were the frontier of Carthage to the Ampsaga River, dividing the provinces. The tribe to the west, the Massylians, were ruled over by the remarkable Berber king, Massenissa. His rival was Syphax, who married the beautiful Sophonisba — with whom Massenissa was in love — the daughter of the Carthaginian Hasdrubal. Naturally Syphax espoused the cause of the Carthaginians, while Massenissa, hating him, allied himself to the Romans. He was a true Berber, a most interesting character, a most intrepid horseman, enduring long rides in the desert without food or drink. He would never confess himself conquered. Syphax was in every way better prepared, and was almost always victorious in any encounter, but Massenissa always returned to the charge, though defeated. By his persistence he at last conquered Syphax, entered this city — the ancient Cirta — and took possession of everything, including Sophonisba, with whom, when she came at his entrance in the gates to throw herself at his feet, weeping, begging him not to let her fall into the hands of the Romans, and beautiful in her grief, he was more than ever in love. The Romans demanded her of him. He, not daring to refuse, sent her a dose of poison, which she swallowed, saying that her death would have been more honorable had she not married Massenissa on the day of her funeral. He was rewarded for his obedience, made king, and

A MOTOR FLIGHT

allowed to wear a toga embroidered in palms. For fifty years he remained a vigorous man and harassed the Carthaginians. The name of Cirta was changed to Constantine in the fourth century, out of compliment to the Roman Emperor of that name. Having been destroyed in an insurrection, it was rebuilt chiefly through the exertions of Constantine. Later, it fell into the hands of the various Arabian dynasties, and became a centre of religious and literary life.

“ The Turks lost and conquered it several times. Only one of the beys did anything to preserve his name, Salah Bey, who reigned wisely for twenty years. You will see his mosque (for he built most of the Mohammedan buildings here) on the Place Négrier. It is the finest in the city.

“ Now, under the wise administration of the French, Constantine has entered into a career of prosperity and peace. Its site is conducive to this. A vast grain-growing country surrounds it, so that hundreds of Kabyles come up with their flocks, each summer, to help in the harvest. To get the finest view of this enticing city, cross the bridge and go up on the plateau of Mansoura. There you will have an unsurpassed view, and you will want to sit there and dream about Massenissa and Sophonisba.”

The Commander and the Lady followed eagerly the words of the strangers, and when they left the Two rose also to go, considering that they had been most fortunate to learn all this about the curious city in which they were, and the morrow's sight-seeing would have a more vivid interest for them.

At a reasonably early hour the next morning, the Commander and the Lady issued forth from the hotel, under the delighted charge of a bright-looking guide whom the hotel had recommended as being under its direction and therefore “ most reliable.” The youth proudly announced himself to be a “ real Kabyle,” and his dark skin and flashing black eyes testified to this. He was also progressive, for he had discarded the burnous and was arrayed in a European costume and a frayed tie and collar, put on with the unskilled hand of one unused to such a custom, but evidently he was most

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proud of his costume. It was a brilliant sunny morning and rather warm, although Constantine can be chilly enough sometimes. The streets, as the night before, were full of a crowd of tourists and natives, with many kaid of surrounding villages in their most picturesque costumes, and fat Jewesses wandering heavily along, their funny little conical caps coquettishly poised on one side of their heads.

The guide took his patrons down the Rue National to the Place Négrier, which is planted around with great trees. Here on one side is the ancient mosque of Salah Bey, which our party entered by a large, arched door, and went up some black and white marble steps to a court all paved with marble and having a gallery running around it. Across this came a venerable man in a huge turban and led them to the interior. An exclamation escaped all to find it so beautiful. Most of the mosques they had hitherto entered had been painfully plain and ugly. Columns of white marble divide this mosque into naves. Overhead there is a timbered ceiling of alternate red and green planks, painted in devices. This might be considered by some rather ugly; but the *mimbar*, or pulpit, is exquisitely ornamented in Italian work with colored marbles and agates, and over this the guide waxed very eloquent. The devout Moslems kneeling around, going through their devotions, paid little attention to the travellers.

The guide now hurried them off to see the "wonderful palace of the Bey el Hadj Ahmed, the most beautiful ever built." From the Place Négrier they went down the Rue Caraman to the Place du Palais. Here they found the palace, a huge pile of masonry, far from elegant, and pierced with modern doors and windows. At the entrance door the guardian, an intelligent-looking Arab in zouave costume, took charge of them, but haughtily forbade the guide to enter.

The Commander and the Lady were astonished to find, with such an unpromising exterior, so much beauty within.

"I have read," said the Other-one, "that El Hadj Ahmed, the last bey and the one who built this, was a dreadful old wretch. He demolished all the houses that stood in the way

A MOTOR FLIGHT

of building this palace, without the least scruple, and despoiled all the principal mansions of Constantine of their choicest works; old, encaustic tiles, marble columns, and carved woodwork; so that this place, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been the work of generations, rose as if by enchantment, in the short space of six years."

There are three buildings of two stories, containing many small rooms opening into beautiful courts, surrounded by galleries whose horseshoe arches are supported by exquisite marble columns. In the court are orange-trees and palms and beds of flowers around the central fountain. From the galleries one looks down upon a lovely mosaic of color. Here are porphyry and fine old tiles and sculptured balustrades. The marble pillars throughout are of different styles, showing the different sources from which they came. Some are slender and elegant, others heavy and massive, with every variety of form,—round, square, octagonal, and twisted. Between the Bey's pavilions are two lovely gardens, that entranced the Other-one so much that she fain would have lingered; but the guardian hurried them from place to place and would give no time to see anything more slowly. The effect of the perspective of light and color was wonderful. In one court he stopped to point out, on a side wall, a curious and very ugly fresco. It looked like the work of a child who had stolen an artist's palette and daubed at his own sweet will. There are grotesque views of cities, forts, and ships.

"How comical! What does it represent?" asked the Other-one.

"Sieges of the holy cities, Madame."

"The Bey El Hadj Ahmed had a Christian slave, a Frenchman, and as the bey wished some fine paintings in his harem, he ordered his slave to paint them on the walls for him. The man said he knew not how to paint, but the bey declared all Frenchmen were artists, so the slave was forced to obey. He painted this and was terribly frightened for fear his master would not like it, but the bey thought it very fine, and the Frenchman was most happy."

ON THE ROAD

“The bey certainly was a frightful person,” said the Other-one, as they were going out. “If any one of his subjects offended him he would nail his hands and feet to a tree and leave him to die. He would have the mouths sewed up and the hands cut off, of those who spoke their opinion of him; and he threw his wives, when he was tired of them, down the sheer rock on one side of this city, to be dashed to pieces.”

“He was a terrible old brute, certainly!” returned the Commander, as he placed a fee in the guardian’s hand; “but he knew how to build a wonderful palace.”

“What is done with this palace now?” asked the Other-one.

“It now serves, Madame, for different military purposes and offices.”

When the door closed on them, the Motorists felt as if they had been in the times of the Arabian Nights.

“Would my people like to go up to the kasba? There is a wonderful view and there are the barracks for three thousand soldiers and a fine big military hospital. Also there can be seen great Roman cisterns and a place where the Romans stored their coin. It is not so far nor so very steep,” asked the guide anxiously.

“No, I think not,” answered the Commander; “this afternoon we must go down to the Rummel. I know,” he said to the Other-one, “that this kasba has always been the stronghold of the possessors of Constantine and that it is on the highest point of the town, so of course interesting. But even if we can get up there with a car, we can’t do that and the trip down under the rocks to-day.”

“Will Monsieur go to the museum?” asked the guide.

“Certainly,” answered the Other-one. “Monsieur never misses going to a museum.”

They found the small museum on the Esplanade Valée, with its English-looking garden and statue of the Marshal Valée; it contained among other antiques of the Roman times, a beautiful bronze statue of a winged Victory.

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Then the Motorists, a little weary, betook themselves to the car with their jubilant Kabyle, rode through the fascinating town, and went across the bridge and around to one side, where they saw the city perched on its precipitous, scarred rocks, a wonderful sight.

“Down that rock,” said the guide, “the Bey El Hadj Ahmed used to throw his wives when he was displeased with them. Once, one caught on the bushes, half way down, and when, with great difficulty, they had taken her off, and she hoped to live, the bey ordered her to be thrown down again.”

That afternoon found our enthusiastic pair on the *Chemin des Tourists*, a narrow road cut in the face of the rock, leading down into the ravine. Afterwards on thinking it over, the Other-one felt as though she had been the victim of a sort of nightmare. They went down staircases, in some places, and across slender bridges that seemed to be hung by a frail support to the rock; if these should give way, which seemed more than probable, one would fall down, down to the Rummel boiling far below. Great rocks hung over the path which was cut into their side, seeming about to fall and crush one. The gloom grew deeper as they went down. At one point they could see, far above, the white and blue houses of the native quarter, which seemed about to tumble down from their heights. There were two great arches of rock, the remains of ancient bridges, and a bas-relief of some elephants and of a woman on one of the arches. Wild pigeons, some storks, even an eagle flew out from the crevices in the rocks, adding to the uncanny effect of the place. At one point odors came up which certainly were not from “Araby the Blest.”

“Often they throw the refuse down here,” said the guide, “and sometimes in summer it is not well to come.”

When, after much exertion, they reached the bed of the river, the Other-one felt that they were never to get out of this chasm. The great rocks seemed about to come together and smother them, and she fancied the discordant shrieks of the birds were from the spirits of the murdered wives of the bey. Indeed, she also fancied she could see his wicked face

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grinning upon them from one of the jutting rocks. When at length, after even greater exertion, the party had climbed up and out, the Lady experienced a feeling of profound relief, and thought air had never seemed sweeter or sky more blue.

“It was certainly a good bit of engineering to build that path,” said the Commander, as they paused to rest on a green slope; and he wiped his brow and breathed heavily after the upward climb.

Their Kabyle would fain have taken them to see the Great Mosque, to the synagogue of the Jews, to the cathedral.

“No!” said the Commander. “This is enough for today.” So the guide contented himself with the fat fee given him.

“A good sensible man, intelligent enough not to pretend to know too much. These Kabyles seem to be able to learn anything but cleanliness!” said the Commander, as the man reluctantly left them and went down the street.

CHAPTER XIV

TO TÉBESSA BY AIN BEIDA

ON the road the next morning, going south, our Motorists looked back and saw Constantine afar on its isolated rock, a veritable queen for situation and interest. The way lay along a barren, high plateau. They crossed the Oued Ben-Merzog and soon thereafter the Oued Kleb, threads of streams in their pebbly beds; then they passed Sila, thirty-five kilometres from Constantine. This town is the departing place for those learned and enthusiastic archæologists who seek on the rocky plateau, at the southwest, the most ancient megalithic monuments resembling the dolmens of Europe.

At Ain Beida, one hundred twenty-one kilometres, they lunched, meagrely, at the primitive hotel, on tough mutton and some wisps of green salad. As usual, they found the red wine very good. Beyond this town, they entered wide and sandy plains where the camel's thorn bushes and scrub grass were the only vegetation in sight, besides the *esparto* grass. What gave the greatest interest to the scene were the nomad tents, in groups or singly, on the plains far from the road. They were of a kind of which our travellers had seen but few before. They were of red and white, and red and black, striped camel's-hair, and they gave most picturesque spots of color on the gray and green plains.

"Let us get out and visit some of these nomads," said the Other-one. So the tourists alighted and walked a distance over the sand and bunch grass, and came to a little settlement of tents stretched low on the ground and surrounded by a hedge of the dried camel's-thorn. Some scrawny sheep and goats were feeding on the scrub near by. The nomads came out from under their tents and advanced to meet the strangers. Some

TO TEBESSA

men and boys were wrapped in rags of burnouses and the two or three women had blue cloth draperies caught on the shoulder with the ever present silver fibula. One young and rather good-looking woman had her head bound with a scarlet kerchief and held a bronze infant who was almost nude, against her firm breast. The Commander advanced and began to look critically at the necklace and bracelets the woman wore, of very simple design, when a most hideous and wrinkled old crone rushed out from one of the tents and gave vent to a succession of howls that would have put Strauss on his mettle if he had tried to render the sounds in one of his descriptive symphonies. The men then came up and began to look fiercely at the lone lorn travellers.

“What is the matter with the old lady!” exclaimed the Commander. “I am not going to take any jewellery by force. Besides, this isn’t worth taking. Come! Let us leave these inhospitable nomads.” Saying which, he put a piece of silver in the woman’s hand, and he and the Lady moved rapidly off, followed by some of the men and boys.

The Other-one climbed breathlessly into the car, while the men watched them fiercely.

“We came near having an adventure!” she exclaimed, “the nearest yet! But I don’t believe anything out of the ordinary is going to happen to us.” She added with a sigh, “My letters home have to be so tame.”

After eighty-eight kilometres, the party reached the ancient Theveste, or Tébessa, and rolled into the strange little town by the Constantine Gate. Adrian stopped the car in front of an uninviting-looking hotel with the euphonious name of Athanasio. The Other-one felt at once, when they were shown up to the forlorn little room by the Greek landlord, that she must brace herself for discomfort and dirt, and show a brave front to the Commander. They set forth immediately with a meagre and hungry-looking Greek, to show the town. It was a very important place even in the third century B. C. The Third Augustan Legion had its permanent settlement here. It stood at the junction of nine

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roads, and was the Roman rampart against the Berbers. It became a Roman colony under Trajan, and was the richest city in Africa next to Carthage, to which it was united by a road by the Numidians, and was rebuilt in 535 by the exertions of Solomon, who was a general of Justinian, and the city continued to exist under the shelter of its Byzantine walls. The French took possession of it in 1851.

They now approached the city walls, and the Greek pointed out the fine arch through which the street entered. "It was the triumphal arch of Caracalla," he said. They walked through it and were amazed to see its beauty and its good preservation. "This triumphal arch dates from the time of Septimus Severus," announced the guide in a monotonous voice. "It is what is called in architecture, *quadrifrons*, having four faces of equal dimensions, each face an arch. It is built entirely of stone. The central ceiling, as you see, is elaborately decorated."

He asked them to note particularly two medallions which ornamented the key of the arch to the west, on one of which they could just make out a divinity, "probably," the guide said, "the protector of Theveste." On the other, he said, the figure was Minerva. On three sides, he pointed out the dedication to Septimus Severus, to Caracalla, and to Julia Donna, his mother. "With the exception of the one at Rome and the great arch at Tripoli, this is the only four-sided arch known," said the Greek. "This is the gate to Solomon's Citadel, as it is called."

They looked down to the east and saw those great Byzantine walls, restored by Solomon, and were filled with wonder at their size, preservation, and extent.

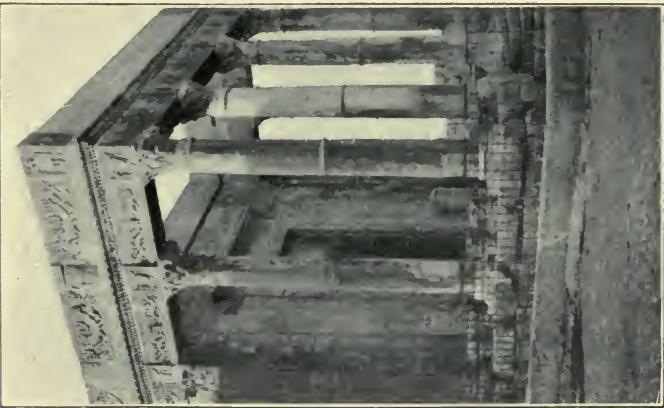
They followed the guide to the beautiful Temple of Minerva, with its six Corinthian columns in front. The sides have four pilasters, and above them are panels with sculptured heads of oxen ornamented with wreaths, also eagles holding in their claws two serpents. It is now used as a museum for the fragments of antiquities found here, which are not of great beauty or importance.



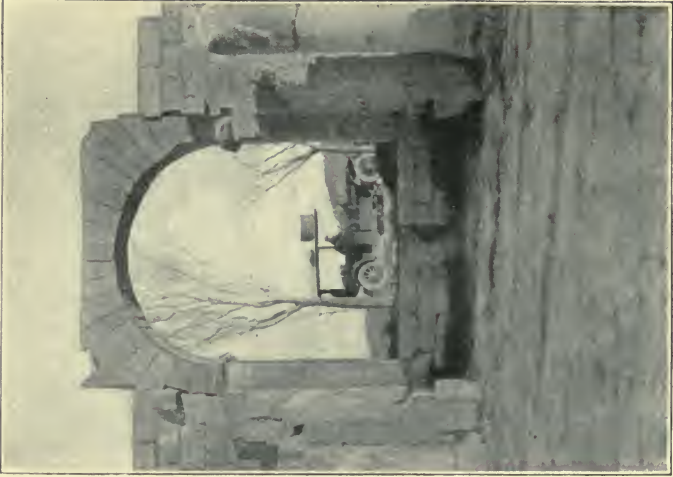
A BEDOUIN TENT



RUINS OF THE GREAT BASILICA AT TEBESSA



PORTICO OF THE TEMPLE OF
MINERVA AT TEBESSA



THE ENTRANCE GATE OF THE GREAT
BASILICA AT TEBESSA

TO TEBESSA

“Now,” said the guide, “we must see the best of all, the great basilica; it is a third of a mile outside the gates.”

On the way, the Greek informed them that this basilica and the ruins of the monastery are called the most interesting Christian monuments of North Africa. They date from the fourth century but were modified later. They have been cleaned of debris and now one can get a good idea of their ancient grandeur.

They descended from the car at a short distance from a monumental gate under which they went into a long paved avenue. If the travellers were astonished at the extent of the walls, they marvelled more at the mass of ruins which spread out in all directions and which testified to the ancient grandeur and beauty of the basilica and its monastery.

“Once there was a wall all around this,” said the guide, “and there were a cathedral, the Bishop’s residence, cells for the clergy, a forum, and very large stables. Between these and the basilica there was a covered way for the clergy to use in bad weather. I have been with the service of the Beaux Arts, and I learned much about all, when they excavated and cleaned this.”

“We are indeed fortunate to have secured so learned a guide.” said the Commander. When told this, the Greek bowed low and his melancholy countenance assumed something of a look of gratification, and he hastened to give them more from his store of knowledge.

“The gentleman and lady do not know, possibly, that an ancient basilica was a court of justice, and as the Christians found it suited to their manner of worship, they adopted the style for their early churches.”

There is a flight of steps going into the basilica, up which the party went, into a large court, which is surrounded by arcades, each side supported by four columns with pedestals between them, probably for statues. The centre is open to the sky, and there is a great elevated central basin or fountain. At the right a passage conducts to the baptistery, with a circular basin. Beyond the court they entered into what

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the guide said was probably the main building, with a nave, with apsidal end, and two aisles which had a gallery, the whole being arcaded. The walls had been built of a fine white limestone. The columns are of gray granite, white marble, and blue eipolin. Many of them are broken, but the bases are still in the same place. The Commander paced off the extent of the basilica and found it was one hundred and forty-two feet in length and sixty-eight feet in width.

The Greek said there had been three periods of work in the basilica, that of the Pagan Emperors, which was the most perfect, with Corinthian capitals and polished marble columns; that of the Christian period, exemplified in the fluted columns; lastly, a time of absolute decadence, with rough productions in stone. The apse had a beautiful tessellated pavement of fine design, still in good preservation from having been covered with a layer of earth to protect it. The guide said that splendid mosaics had been found, also sculptured capitals and cornices, tablets and mosaics from the walls, and many tombs and inscriptions. Behind the basilica there was a row of cells probably intended for the monks and other religious persons. The whole, the guide said, had been surrounded by a strong wall, flanked at intervals by towers, and it was like a vast fortified convent.

The party now descended the steps of the basilica and walked down to the vast quadrilateral court with terraces to the south and west, which, probably, the guide said, had served for promenades. The south end has the remains of a portico with columns. It is divided into four square basins separated by balustrades. The guide then took them to the south end of the ruins, at the left of the great entrance gate. Here is a long sort of canal, below which are about eighty depressions, or troughs. He informed them that these were considered to have been the stables.

“The whole must have been on a tremendous scale!” exclaimed the Commander. “See the immense blocks of stone which were so carefully adjusted without mortar. Do the archæologists know much of the history of this basilica?”

TO TEBESSA

“No,” replied the Greek. “The gentlemen here who had charge of the excavations said nothing could be discovered concerning the history, and the purposes for which the earlier buildings were used must always be a matter of uncertainty.”

Returning to the Athanasio the travellers endured with what patience they could, the poor food, the hard beds, and other not-to-be-mentioned discomforts of the Greek hotel. They were only too happy to have seen the ruins of a previous, wonderful civilization, and to have experienced sensations new to them.

CHAPTER XV

THE RUINS OF TIMGAD

EARLY the next morning, the motorists departed under a cold gray sky which turned the distant mountains an indigo blue, and Tébessa with its gardens and groves of olive-trees, was soon left behind.

“They tell me this plateau on which Tébessa is situated is a grain country,” said the Commander, “and entirely dependent on the abundant rains for its harvest; it certainly looks as if we were to get some of the rain to-day.”

The car went across the plateau retracing the fairly good road of yesterday. There seemed, this morning, to be more tents of the nomads scattered over the plains and lighting up the sombre grays and dull green with their gay stripes of red and white. The party stopped at Ain Beida for luncheon and then pushed on for Khenchella, fifty-four kilometres from Tébessa. Here their road lay over the foothills of the Khenchella Mountains, black with great cedar forests. At thirty-seven miles from Batna the signboard pointed the way to the right for Timgad and they soon saw in the distance a vast array of ruins like a second Pompeii, on an elevation. The Batna Mountains arose in the west, a magnificent panorama, darkly blue under the leaden sky. The car stopped presently at a plain little house, a sort of way-side inn.

To her surprise, the Lady found the room shown her by a weary Arab waiter to be not only clean, but very homelike and cheerful. She at once set out with the Commander, and as they walked slowly up the road leading to the ancient town, she asked him to observe the Aurès Mountains far in the southeast.

“I have read,” she said, “that it is the most important

THE RUINS OF TIMGAD

range in Northern Africa, raising a valuable barrier between the Tell and the invaders from the Sahara. The people of the Aurès are called the Chawia, and are a branch of the great Berber race that has occupied Africa from Egypt to the Atlantic from prehistoric times. They say the women are very beautiful."

They had arrived now at the little museum on the outskirts of the ancient town. Here all sorts of sculptured fragments were fastened on the wall or placed against it, with broken columns, capitals, and the usual debris of an excavated, ancient city scattered around. Near was a rather elegant fountain, an antique, with a marble cupid on the upright. Beyond the museum one could see a great forest of columns and in the distance, green hills rising to misty purple mountains. As our people stopped to look at some of the mutilated heads and torsos on the wall, a small dark man with spectacles came out of the museum and welcomed them smilingly. He introduced himself as the director in charge of the excavations here, and seeing they were strangers, wished to be of service to them.

"If you would kindly give us some one to show us the ruins intelligently, and who has some knowledge of the history, we shall be most grateful," said the Other-one.

The polite Frenchman regretted sincerely that for that afternoon he was occupied with some work that could not be left, otherwise he would have been most charmed to go the rounds with them himself; but he added that his sub-director, an intelligent Italian, could go with them and would do all in his power to help them to an understanding of these wonderful ruins, the most wonderful in the world, in fact, surpassing even Pompeii.

This town of ruins, now Timgad, was once the ancient Thamugadi, a superb city in its time, the centre of civilization in the heart of a barbarous country. Being prosperous, it had many rich men who adorned it with temples, statues, monuments, forum, and baths. After the couple had looked at some of the fragments of ancient marbles, notably

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one or two of Venus holding a shell before her testifying to her fabled origin, and one or two similar statues, unlike any they could remember ever having seen before, they turned to walk up to the ruins, accompanied by a short, bronzed Italian, whose French, if fluent, left something to be desired as to pronunciation. As our travellers came up to the mass of the ruins of the ancient town, they were more than ever amazed at their extent. There were not only forests of columns, but arches, paved streets, temples, and great capitals, as well, all richly carved, which lay on the ground or the pavement.

On the right were ruins of baths and houses much like those of Pompeii; farther on, an edifice which must have been luxuriously fitted up and bearing an inscription which gave the information that this was a library. Going on, up the street called by the Romans *Cardo Maximus*, and which separated the city into two unequal parts, they came to the street cutting the *Cardo* at right angles, the *Decumanus Maximus*. From here they went up twelve steps into the forum, which is preceded by a monumental gate, and surrounded by porticos. The guide told them that in ancient times there had been many statues, both equestrian and standing, in the open space, and he pointed out the names of various emperors, governors of provinces, and other important personages who belonged to the ancient *Thamugadi*, on the pedestals which remained. On some of the tiles in the pavement of the forum he showed tracing for games. On one he read this, etched by an idle hand, a short and much-to-the-point creed for the enjoyment of life: "To hunt, to bathe, to play, to laugh,—this is life."

The front of the forum was occupied by shops. On the east was a basilica, where the court of justice was held. Near by was a market, according to inscriptions on some pedestals, built by the generosity of a certain *Marcus Plotius Faustus* and his wife, *Cornelia Valentina Tucciana*, whose names, that they might not be forgotten, had been inscribed wherever it was possible to engrave them. At the end of the mar-



SOME COLUMNS AT TIMGAD



FLOWER BOXES IN A ROMAN HOUSE AT TIMGAD

THE RUINS OF TIMGAD

ket the party came to the ruins of some small baths with the hall for repose, and basins for hot and cold water.

“ These were private baths,” the Italian informed them. “ It was here they found the Venus holding the shell in front of her, which you saw at the museum. It must have been elaborately decorated, judging from the mosaics discovered and other statues of nymphs.” Coming out from the market they went up the paved street of the Decumanus. There are deeply worn ruts in the pavement here. “ These show,” said the Commander, “ that there must have been much more traffic on this street than the others.”

The columns, the pillars, and their bases, cast long shadows across the paved street in the late afternoon sun, as they had done for centuries, and the chain of the Aurès grew mistily rose and mauve, before the party came to the beautiful Arch of Trajan. This is of a warm yellow sandstone with fluted marble columns. Through the openings of the three arches the pale gold and rose of the western sky, with the soft green hills, could be seen. Both sides of the arch are similar, and the capitals, bases, and columns are of white marble. It has a majestic air with its fine proportions. It seemed to our travellers the key note of the whole city. Passing under it they turned to look back, and saw that a white marble statue stood in one of the niches. This, though mutilated, gave them a better idea of what the arch must have been in all its glory with statues in all its niches.

“ This city,” said the Italian in response to the Other-one’s questions as to the history of the town, “ was built in the reign of Trajan in the year 100. It was situated at the intersection of six Roman roads. It must have been a superb city considering the size, extent, and beauty of its ruined baths, temples, statues, forums, and monuments. It became Christian in the sixth century. In the seventh century it was sacked and burned by the Berbers. It is very strange that this city was not known in modern times until recently, so fully did it pass out of memory. Even the French knew nothing about

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it. In 1888 the French Government began to excavate these most interesting ruins, the finest in Africa."

"Is it all completed?" asked the Commander, who had been extremely impressed by all he had seen.

"No, almost two-thirds of the city are as yet [1910] uncovered. The excavations are going on slowly, however."

"Have any fine or important statues been discovered, or works of art?" asked the Other-one.

"No, only the very beautiful mosaics in the baths. Some we may see farther on. This town was more of a business town of stone and marble, and the colonists of North Africa did not revel in fine statues and bronzes, as did the people of Pompeii. If there had been many of these, they would have been burned for lime and also destroyed in the many sieges and battles."

Next they went to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus on the highest point of the town. Two very tall columns of this have been replaced, but most of the temple has been destroyed. From these and from the walls, in some places six feet thick, with stones three and four feet in length, they got some idea of the great extent of the temple, and there is a debris of beautiful marbles all around.

"Now, as it is getting late," said the Italian, "I must show the signor and the signora the most important of what remains; though there is much, very much, more of great interest. We will return by another street to see the theatre." Passing a house not far from the Forum, that must have belonged to a wealthy citizen, their guide asked them to note the atrium, with columns, and a central fountain with semi-circular flower boxes near it, of exquisite design. As they came to the theatre, an Arab ran up and said something to the Italian, at the same time handing him a key. He turned to them and said:

"The director is anxious that you should see the latest discovery in the excavation, to which we will go at once after looking at the theatre, which you see is built against the hill, thus saving much work in masonry and giving great solidity.



THE THEATRE; RUINS OF TIMGAD



A STREET OF ANCIENT TIMGAD AND A MODERN CHARIOT



ARCH OF TRAJAN: RUINS OF TIMGAD



ENTRANCE TO THE FORUM AT TIMGAD

THE RUINS OF TIMGAD

Of the façade there is only this debris with columns, some of which, you see, have been set up, to give one a little idea of what the theatre was; also, here are some of the stone steps against the wall. About four thousand people could be seated here."

Walking by a side path up the hill, the guide showed them the wonderful view over the ruins, and their extent. "It looks, as some one said of Pompeii, as if a giant had taken a great knife and sliced off all the tops of the houses and other buildings," said the Other-one; "but how the flush of the sinking sun is tinging the columns pink, and the beautiful arch too! The city seems as though it might once more burst into vivid life."

To the south the Italian indicated some ruins which he said were those of a famous Byzantine fort built under Justinian, the walls of which, in some places, are in good preservation. "In the insurrection of 1871 the people of Tébessa and neighboring villages defended themselves there from the Arabs of Mokasani. Two miles to the southwest, in that spur of the Aurès Mountains, is a magnificent ravine called the Gorge of the Seven Sleepers. In the hills on either side are hundreds of circular tombs, the date of which is unknown.

"The baptistery we are going to see," said he, as they walked outside the city, over the heap of debris, where some natives were digging and carrying off dirt in baskets, "belonged to a vast early church with three naves and many chapels. The baptistery is a recent discovery, and has been covered over with a roof to protect it from injury and the weather."

The guide unlocked the door of the small building and showed them a large, six-sided basin for baptism, with two steps leading down to it. It was growing late, and the light from some small windows did not aid much, but they were able to see something of the fine mosaics in a geometric pattern, in soft, beautiful colors, well preserved. Round the basin is a floor of mosaics in a conventional pattern of leaves.

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“ This, probably, had a roof supported by columns,” said the guide, “ and belonged to the church whose scanty ruins you see all around here.

“ It grieves me that I cannot have time to show the signor and the signora more of the wonderful ruins of the city, but now I must say *addio*. There is an important duty that calls for my attention. If you wish to wander around by yourselves, you will find many things to please you.” Saying which, he bowed and walked away, the Commander and the lady calling after him to express their gratitude.

“ I ought to have given him something, I suppose,” said the former.

“ Oh, no! He seems like a scholar, and would feel insulted if we offered him a fee.”

The Commander looked doubtful, and they retraced their steps back to the high part of the ruined town and climbed to the highest part of the theatre.

“ Come, let us sit down here on one of these seats and try to imagine the city, once again pulsating with the ancient tumultuous life,” said the Other-one. “ How silent it all is, and has been for centuries, with the wind blowing through its ruined streets, and the sun, day after day, gilding the broken columns and the great arch! What a sensation of melancholy it gives one to think that once these streets were full of human life and resounding with human voices! ”

The sun dropped lower and lower, then disappeared, tinging the west with crimson. The distant mountains of Batna swam, too, in a crimson mist. The city also was flushed with the divine color on its hundreds of columns and on its great dominating arch. Then the color went out, and the night began to settle over all. The pair went slowly down to the little hotel, with a sensation of having visited a city of the dead. The last they saw was the great peak of the Chélia, the highest point of the Aurès, black against the dark blue sky.

CHAPTER XVI

TIMGAD TO BATNA BY LAMBESSA — BATNA TO BISKRA

THE Other-one was awakened the next morning from a deep slumber, by loud outcries, the babble of many tongues, the lowing of oxen, the bleating of sheep, intermingled with the discordant braying of donkeys. She rushed at once to the little window, half expecting to find the ancient city awakened from its long sleep, its ruins restored, and the streets thrilling with life. A strange sight met her eyes: across the way, where all had been barren and desolate the night before, a city of white tents had sprung up with mushroom quickness. A fence of wooden palings separated it from the road. Inside and out were Arabs, Kabyles, goats, sheep, cows, and oxen. At the gate two or three natives, swathed to the head in burnouses, were shouting, howling, gesticulating, and admitting to the enclosure other howling and shouting Arabs,—drivers of various flocks of sheep and goats. Herds of cattle, also, were mixing in, prodded by frantic natives, who were pushing, struggling, and jostling, while a cloud of dust hung over all.

“Come quickly!” the Other-one called to the sleepy Commander. “Here is a native fair, the like of which you have never seen!” The morning sun was lighting all. The only serene things to be seen were the far, soft blue hills and mountains, and the stately columns of the ancient city; and these but emphasized the tumult, the clangor, and the uproar of the native fair.

When our people went down to the car, Adrian, who was standing near it, said, “It is so funny to see the Arabs going into the fair. They fight so at the gate. They do not like to give up any money, even for the entrance fee. They are

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like cats; they scratch and squabble with the gatekeeper, each one of them."

Soon the car was speeding in the direction of Lambessa. On the road they were constantly hindered by trudging natives, flocks of sheep and goats, and the usual accompaniments of these Arab fairs. Always the wide plains spread away to the serene mountains, giving a sense of freedom and peace to our travellers. At twenty-six kilometres, they saw a body of cavalry exercising their horses in a vast field, and the car came soon to a great, square, castle-like building, the barracks and prison of the soldiers; and then the ruins of the ancient city were seen below, spread over the plains, but only a few standing columns.

"There seems to be no one here to show us around," exclaimed the Commander.

"All the better," replied the Other-one, "we shall have the fun of studying it all out and reading of it by ourselves. I am rather surfeited with guides. They won't any of them, give one a moment to think, but keep pouring information into one, until one has only a hazy idea of everything."

"That is rather droll from you, who are trying to learn everything about everything you see!" returned the Commander laughingly.

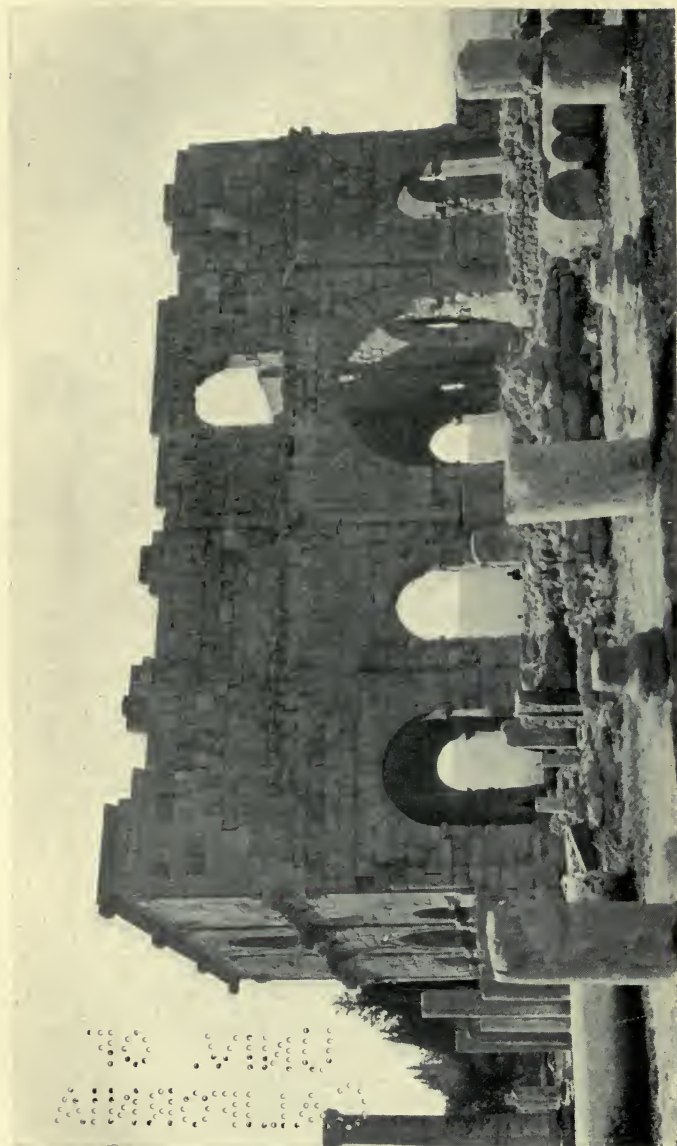
"Well! with my book I can take or leave what I want. Here is all about Lambessa"; and, as they walked down over the dewy grass, she imparted the following to her companion.

"This town was built by the Romans in A. D. 125, for the headquarters of a legion, charged with the defence of North Africa. Recent excavations show the form and size of the Roman camp. A large population soon occupied the city, which spread over some miles and Lambæsa (the ancient name) became rich and prosperous. The town was surrounded by ramparts and entered by four gates, two of which can still be seen."

Our people now came up to a large building, at the crossing of the streets, that divided the city at right angles.



THE ARAB FAIR AT TIMGAD



THE PRAETORIUM AT LAMBESSA

TIMGAD TO BATNA

“ This is certainly a grand as well as an elegant building. This must be the Prætorium, which is spoken of here as the principal ruin. Look at the massive columns in front; the interior seems just like a vast hall. It reads ‘ that this might have served for reunions for the officers of the camp.’ ”

The pair walked in among the debris, trying to identify, as well as they could, the different ruins. They came to what must have been the Forum with some columns standing, having probably been replaced, and also what they decided to have been the temple, dedicated to Jupiter, Minerva, and Juno, with columns also. The ruins were a vast conglomeration, and it was not easy to make out exactly what they were without a learned archæologist at one’s elbow. The town seemed to have no special plan. Our travellers returned to gaze at the great and imposing Prætorium. The Commander, pacing it off, found it to be ninety-two feet by seventy-two and he decided it to be forty-six feet high. They walked down one paved street with many columns lying around, and at one side some curious barrel-shaped stones attracted their attention. There were one or two triangular in shape, and there were some rudely sculptured inscriptions on the end. They looked like queer gravestones. “ I am certain, however,” said the Commander, “ that they were used as votive offerings, and were placed in the temples of the gods. We have never seen anything before like them.”

As they walked up to the car the Other-one opened her book, saying “ This is an interesting bit: ‘ About three kilometres to the north of here, there is a mausoleum, a square surmounted by a pyramid. It held the remains of a prefect of the third legion, Flavius Maximus by name. It was standing still in 1849, but threatened to tumble down. A Colonel Carbuca had the idea to restore it. He confided the task to one of his *aides-de-camp*, who, assisted by eight men, tore the monument down to the foundations, and numbered the stones in order to replace them immediately. About four feet under the soil they found a sheath of lead in which were a terra cotta lamp and a vase of glass

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holding some ashes. It was all that remained of poor Flavius Maximus. These were returned to the same place. Then an entire battalion filed before the restored tomb and with a musketry fire saluted him whom the soldiers had a right to regard as an ancestor — he, like themselves, had given his life to the service of his country.

The Two went to find the car, which for a wonder, had not even one native near it. They stopped a few moments at the little museum the garden of which held most of the objects found among the ruins,—mutilated statues, broken columns, funeral monuments, and the other interesting things that would fill an archæologist's heart with joy. Inside, there were some beautiful mosaics from the baths. They had seen afar, on a hill, a fine arch; the little old guardian at the museum told them it was the arch of Septimus Severus. Then they were off for Batna, meeting stragglers on the road for the fair at Timgad, some driving tired sheep and goats, others riding weary-looking donkeys. How far had they come, and when would they arrive?

The car rolled through Batna, a rather pretty town, with wide streets, bordered with trees, but interesting only as point of departure for some glorious trips.

The Other-one was in a talkative mood and she exclaimed to the Commander, as they bowled on over the good road:

“Now we are really off for Biskra! It is the one town I have heard more about than any other in Africa. They say the Arabs call it the Queen of the Desert. It is extolled for its climate, its beauty, its Oriental life, and there is the wonderful garden described so deliciously by the author of ‘The Garden of Allah.’ I long more for Biskra than any other city we have planned to see. Now look at the Aurès! those lovely mountains of rose and gold at sunset, with a thousand changing tints by day; we are to live with them for days to come! The highest peaks of Tunisia or Algeria rise from them.”

The car went on through a country of cultivated fields; then came sandy wastes—a foretaste of the Desert. By

TIMGAD TO BATNA

noon, they saw on one side, great, scarred, rocky peaks, and masses of grim and rugged rocks piled up, red and ochreous, shutting off the sky. As they came nearer, they perceived a great gash in them beyond which the sky was visible.

“It is El Kantara, the gateway to the Desert!” cried the Other-one, and she felt the thrill that one experiences upon approaching a place, or seeing anything, about which one has read and imagined much.

While they sat in the Oriental-looking little dining-room of the inn at the entrance of the gorge, eating the omnipresent omelette—always good, wherever the Frenchman dwells,—the Other-one, according to her usual custom, began to tell all she had learned about the Gorge of El Kantara.

The Great Gorge, through which our Motorists were to go, the Arabs call the Fom-es-Sahara, or, the Mouth of the Sahara. This gateway to the mysterious Desert, is no more than a hundred and twenty yards wide, between two great walls of rock four hundred feet high, and it is only three hundred and fifty-two yards long. The contrast between the rocky plateaux and the oases is most striking. Reclus says: “The Orient shows itself suddenly through a golden gateway. It is a firm belief among the Arabs, which is partly justified by the reality, that the rocks of El Kantara arrest, on their summits, all the clouds of the Tell: the rain comes there to vanish. On one side is the region of winter; on the other, the hot, pulsating summer. Above is the Tell; below, the Sahara. On one side, the mountain is black and the color of the rain; on the other, rose and the color of serene weather!”

There was a Roman fortress here once, and there are fragments of it scattered everywhere around. It was called then, *Calceus Herculis*, for the Romans pretended to believe that the gorge had been opened by a blow from the foot of Hercules.”

Fortified, mentally and physically, the Motorists betook themselves to their car and were soon rolling over the road

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through the gorge. On one side, the river of El Kantara boiled over the rocks, then plunged under the Roman bridge with its ruined arch. As the car went on through the gorge, the great, yellow, scarred rocks rose in pinnacles to the sky and seemed about to close together and crush the motor and all in it.

The Other-one looked back for a moment where, under the leaden sky, the pink flush of the fruit trees and the green of the pepper-trees seemed to have grown duller. Suddenly she felt a warm, suave air bathe her face, and before her she had a view of hundreds of waving palms against a pale, soft sky. They had indeed left behind the cold wind and the gray sky. Before them was the great oasis of ninety thousand palms. Beyond, and beyond, stretched away the yellow and gray and the dull green of the great Desert, barren and mysterious.

The car passed down through some native villages, on the banks of the River Kantara; Khrekar on the left bank, and Kbour-el-Abbas on the right, with flourishing gardens, and square towers here and there, where the watchers guard the fruit when ripe. The houses of sun-dried brick were windowless, with long poles sticking out from the tops. Mats were spread before some of the open doors, and natives stretched out on them regarded the car with languid interest. When the motor had passed beyond the villages, the road grew even more rough, and sand dunes rose, rolling off to the mountains of Djebel Selloum. Then a wide plain stretched away with the green patches of wheat and barley planted by the nomads, whose low tents were seen here and there. Now they passed a caravan of laden camels, some having families of babies, and pots and jars, mixed together in the big panniers. Looking back, the travellers saw the mountains fold on fold, and the Other-one thought they seemed like long rows of Arabs, kneeling, wrapped in their burnouses, and praying with their faces turned to the north; or, nuns on bended knees, devoutly imploring mercy for their sins or those of others.

TIMGAD TO BATNA

Though the air was warm and soft, there were gray clouds that floated across the sun at times, casting long blue shadows on the plain and making the ravines of the mountains deeper in color. Some kilometres from Biskra, the travellers crossed over the Col de Sfa, and looked down across the desert, which, it seemed to them, was beginning to cast its spell over them, though they were only on its border. The rolling hills of sand, the little green patches of grain, the rugged masses of rock cropping out, the silence, the mystery of it all, began to enfold them. The wonderful oasis of Biskra, with a hundred and fifty thousand palms, showed against the white clouds and the blue sky. The car approached the town and entered the main street with its low houses, its shops full of articles beloved by tourists; then ran past the square, which has some rather melancholy-looking palms and feathery pepper-trees, and went around the circle containing Falguière's statue of the soldier-priest, Cardinal Lavigerie, grasping the crozier in his hand like a sword, and looking off to the Desert as if to call all his believers to carry on the work he had begun in Africa. The car stopped before the white, Moorish-looking, arcaded hotel where venders were squatting on the tiled floor of the veranda, their wares making a fascinating mass of color. Some had gay Oriental embroideries, scarfs, jackets, and robes in brilliant reds, yellows, and blues. Others sat before small tables with piles of pipes with amber mouth-pieces and decorated with bright-colored tassels. A white-headed, huge-turbaned old fellow, with subtle eyes, had a heap of carved-wood canes before him, and a low table, piled with nickel and silver boxes, decorated with coral and turquoise; and around these, chains, bracelets, necklaces, and rings were strewn or disposed so as to catch the eye of the tourist and beguile him to empty his pocketbook.

All these enticing Oriental things, with the brilliant blue sky overhead; the white buildings, with a dome or two showing beyond; the golden sunshine; the palms raising their feathery fronds along the road; the warm air; the natives in their white burnouses crowding around the car; the indolent

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tourists lounging on the balconies above; the general air of languor; the feeling that nothing need be done to-day — that the morrow would suffice — all this gave our Motorists the impression that at last they were in the land of *dolce far niente*, and that all the winds and cold really had been left behind the rocks of El Kantara.

The genial landlord came out to give them a cordial greeting. He led them through a long hall and corridors hung with gay Indian draperies and filled with palms in great jars, and bamboo easy-chairs, in which people in light summer apparel sat absorbing tea at fanciful little tables. From their gay and cheerful chamber the travellers stepped out on a wide balcony and were at once enveloped in sunshine and heat. From here they could look down on the streets where the fascinating Oriental life was flowing along. They saw white minarets and domes. One great dome, the Other-one took for that of a great mosque, but it is only that of the Casino where the winter dwellers in this sun-washed land find entertainment to beguile the hours when they hang heavily.

“What shall we do now? Go out to view the town?” asked the Commander.

His companion made answer, “No! let us just sit the rest of the afternoon away, and do nothing but feel, in this hot sunshine and languid air, that we are in a summer land!”

CHAPTER XVII

A DAY IN BISKRA — THE LANDON GARDEN — A VISIT TO
SIDI-OKBA.

THE question is," said the Commander the next morning, as they came down prepared to sally forth, "shall we bore ourselves with a guide, or follow our own sweet will in viewing this town?"

"With what there is to see, I do not think we need a guide. There is the market, then the garden of Count Landon, the negro village, and the general saunter through all Biskra. They say that here, however, one ought to take one guide to keep off the others," answered the Other-one, as she skilfully piloted the Commander past the fascinating piles of Oriental fabrics and the table where necklaces and bracelets called to him. He had a somewhat bewildered and undecided air as they came out into the brilliant sunshine and walked away from the hotel. They repelled four or five pressing guides who rushed after them, offering to show them all Biskra for "very sheep price," five francs, with *pour-boire* at discretion. Well rid of these, our couple felt a sense of freedom, and wandered on down the street, past the statue of the warlike Cardinal.

"He was a wonderful man, with the courage of his convictions," said the Commander. "He was the French prelate who did so much for Africa and the Arabs. He was a warrior priest. He instigated the crusade against the slave trade. During an epidemic, he did much humane work among the Arabs. Once, he went in full archbishop's robes, up into the mountain strongholds of the unruly Kabyles, and explained that Islamism had been forced upon them by their ancestors, and he called upon them to return to their ancient faith. He instituted the order of the White Fathers, who

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wear the white Arab burnous as their habit. He died saddened by his unfruitful efforts to obtain encouragement for extending the work of the Church and the French rule in Africa. He was buried under the altar of the church built on the hill at Carthage. We shall see it when we go there, also the monastery of the White Fathers."

"It gives me a heartache now, to look at the statue: he does not seem, however, like a man who could ever have failed."

Then they walked down the street to the end of the Avenue MacMahon, by the little shops, and down by the public garden with its dusty palms and weary-looking plants. People were coming and going on the sunny streets, the Arabs seeking the shady side when they could. There were negroes, black as jet and ugly as sin, their color rendered more intense in contrast with the single long, white garment they wore; bronzed Arabs, in their white burnouses, loitering along and making the air blue around them with cigarette smoke; tourists (men and women) Americans, English, French, and Germans,—all nationalities,—carrying their own stamp. The German men were distinguished by rotundity of figure and alpaca dusters more or less wrinkled; the German women, by their dress devoid of style and ill fitting, but practical to the last degree. The English were hurrying in and out of the little shops, hunting for bargains, the Americans seemed weary and bored; while the French, male and female, had the air of not understanding anything they saw, and of not caring whether they did or not.

Our couple turned down a street leading to the market, leaving the shops, which for once seemed to have no attraction for the Commander. He glanced, in passing, once or twice at the windows, and muttered, "Trash! nothing but modern trash!" Now they heard the sound of drums, a beating of tom-toms, and a whining, nasal sort of chanting. Looking down the street, they saw some strange figures coming toward them. There was a big, black-as-ebony negro, with bulging yellow eyes and blubber lips. He was dressed in skins, dec-

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orated with bits of mirror, long chains of animals' teeth, shells, and what not. He was shouting, leaping, rolling around on his heels, a most grotesque sight. An equally black negro, clad in a scarlet coat (open over his coal-black breast) and white breeches, carried the tom-tom, upon which he beat continuously. Some women, arrayed in red and yellow dresses, their heads bound in scarfs of the same colors, were singing the nasal chants our couple had heard. Some small natives trailed after them, and two or three Arabs. The black man in the red coat, seeing our pair regarding him, came up to them holding out his hand. A friendly bronzed European stopped near the Commander and, turning to him, said, "Rather interesting, though very primitive music! These blacks you see in Biskra, perhaps you do not know, were once sold for slaves. They came down from the Sudan. They are the happiest people in all Algeria, with their tom-toms and their tambourines. They are seen at every Arab *fête*, and they will do anything to gain a little money for drink. We see these dancers and tom-tom beaters also frequently in the streets; they add greatly to the picturesque effect of the town. You are going to the market? Then I will walk along with you."

So talking, they reached the market, leaving the dancing, grinning blacks behind, but the discordant music of the singing and the beating of the tom-tom pursued them. They passed a Moorish *café* with rugs spread out before the door. On these, Arabs lounged, some gazing off into vacancy, others playing dominoes, all drinking little cups of coffee. The market is held in a wide space around a sort of pavilion in the centre, with a peaked roof supported by pillars. The noise here was incessant, but the beating of the tom-tom pulsed through the babble of voices, the nasal calls, and the strident braying of donkeys. Here were all sorts of people,—men and boys,—venders seated on the ground with their goods spread before them, buyers standing or squatting down to examine their purchases, bargaining, gesticulating, shouting. There were piles of everything one could think of spread out

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before the sellers, oranges and lemons with their golden color, heaps of vegetables, dried corn in little piles on cloths, great clumps of dusty dates, and trays of the pale brown, flat loaves of Arab bread. There were on one side stalls of all sorts of fanciful things gay in color—baskets, barbaric harnesses, saddle-bags embroidered and adorned with gay tassels, knives in sheaths of red leather, long strings of beads; and a man was dangling stuffed lizards and giving vent to rough outcries, probably as to their merits and uses. The whole place was sibilant, quivering in color and heat, a most fascinating place to the travellers from the cold North, the color especially delighting their eyes, and the different types of humanity, from the jet-black negro to the pale, cream-tinted Arab dude, exciting their curiosity.

“Who are the very dark-skinned men with dark bur-nouses and turbans, and veils over their faces?” asked the Commander.

“They are the Touaregs,” answered the stranger. “They live far down on the Desert below Touggourt, and command all the caravan routes. They are a fierce race, and have given the French much trouble. Those men in long shapeless coats, which are called *gandouras*, with fringe and camel’s-hair tassels hanging from the belt, and with their *haïks* loosely bound so as to cover the lower part of their faces, are Mozabites. There is a colony of them spread over the Desert. They, too, are a warlike people, and were the last to submit to the French. They come from a hundred and sixty miles beyond Laghouat.”

“We have been to their country,” said the Commander.

“Ah! then you know they are an industrious people, and travel everywhere. They are often shopkeepers in large towns, as well as butchers, coal-dealers, and bankers. The others are a mixture of Arabs and Kabyles, who are called Biskrans. They come from the oases all along the Desert. You cannot tell them very well from the Arabs, though they are darker, owing to an intermixture with the



IN THE GORGE OF EL KANTARA,
OLD ROMAN BRIDGE, RESTORED



THE OASIS OF EL KANTARA, AND RIVER



IN THE GARDEN OF BENEVENT: THE
PARAPET-WALL OVERLOOKING
THE DESERT, BISKRA



ENTRANCE INTO THE GARDEN OF COUNT LANDON, BISKRA

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negroes. The women are most picturesque in their dress, as you see. There are two coming down the street."

The Commander and the Lady turned to look. They saw two women in gay red dresses, great loops of braided hair and wool framing their brown faces, scarlet and yellow foulards bound around their heads. Their black arms were bare and covered with bracelets; necklaces hung down over their breasts and clinked as they walked. One had a white burnous caught over her chest, and she carried a little chipmunk of a baby wrapped in a white wool burnous. The Commander made a step forward as he caught sight of the jewellery, but the two women turned away so swiftly, when they saw him looking at them, that he had no chance to bargain for their jewellery.

"The Biskrans," continued the stranger, "are the porters and water-carriers. Telling fortunes is one of their special trades."

After lingering some time to watch the fascinating, kaleidoscopic changes in the busy market, where were mixed all the shades of white, cream, coffee-color, the dirt of the burnouses, the browns of the *gandouras*, the pinks, grays, and reds of the dress of the splendid-looking kaid whom the stranger pointed out, our couple reluctantly turned away after thanking the gentleman who had volunteered to help them to understand what they saw. Asking the way to the celebrated garden, they walked on down the white road passing groups that made them feel they were really in an Oriental land bordering upon the Desert. Laden camels came swaying down the road with great bags, full or empty, attached to their saddles; donkeys trundled along; now came a flock of black goats tossing their heads in derision of their Arab drivers; dark-skinned men strode along with a proud bearing, though their *gandouras*, or burnouses, were in rags and their bare feet and legs white with dust; then the women like gay-plumaged birds, with their bits of bronzed babies slung to their backs, and ragged, half bare, brown children, loping

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after them. Over all, the brilliant blue sky, the golden sunshine, the waving palms along the road.

The travellers walked down the Avenue Lallemand and turned off to the left, as directed, to the *village nègre*. Here were narrow lanes, dusty and pebbly; the doors of the mud houses stood open, while black men lounged in the shade of them; naked, jetty-black babies rolled in the dust, and little girls, in red and yellow cotton gowns, ran out to call for sours. Our people hastened to get out of the squalid and malodorous village. On the white road again, they looked ahead and saw a long white wall with loop-holes in it, and a fringe of palm-trees. Little rills of water ran down one side of the road; some distance on the other was the dried bed of the Biskra River; and beyond, the plain palpitating with heat, spread to the rose-tinted and ethereal Aurès Mountains. A train of camels coming down the road with their native drivers, gave to all the Oriental flavor, and the travellers felt that at last they were in the Africa of their imaginings.

At length, they came to a great white gate opening on to the street, and entered the entrancing gardens which the French nobleman has planted with every variety of tropical and European trees, and who, with great kindness, allows the public who are well behaved to wander therein at will. To come in out of the hot sunshine and saunter up and down through long alleys in deep shade under the great palms was bliss to the Commander and the Lady. The only sound they heard was the rippling of the water flowing along near the paths and the contented twitter of birds hidden in the foliage. When they had gone up and down the alleys, some in deep shadow, others flecked with sunlight, which dropped down through the openings in the tufts of foliage and dappled the paths; and when they had looked at the white buildings, especially at the little smoking-pavilion, smothered in masses of Bougainvillea blossoms, they came out into the blazing sunshine again and went down to the parapet wall that extends along the garden, above the road. There are seats at inter-

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vals in this wall, and the couple sat down there for a while to look off to the desert, shimmering in the sun, toward the exquisite mountains with their pearly tints. "Here," said the Other-one, "I can only think of poor Domini in the Garden of Allah. She haunts this beautiful garden, and I can see it with her eyes; she seems a real and living presence here. There is a shade of melancholy over all the place where she loved and suffered." It was with reluctance the Two left this enchanted place and went back to the hotel.

That afternoon, under the guidance of a bony Arab with bulging eyes, our Motorists rolled off over a rough road to Sidi-Okba, leaving the palms of old Biskra to the right and crossing the almost dry bed of the River Biskra. Beyond this they had a foretaste of the real Desert in the sandy plain with scrub grass growing in patches, stretching far to the Aurès which had spots of dark green at the base of their spurs. The oasis of Sidi-Okba, at first a blue line on the horizon, resolved itself into masses of feathery palms, of which it is said there are sixty thousand. The guide, who put himself in evidence at every possible chance, began to tell them in a high sing-song tone, "Many pilgrims come here to see the mosque and tomb of the great Arab conqueror. It is the oldest Mohammedan building in Africa. Sidi-ben-Nafir went forth with some African tribesmen and conquered all Africa from Egypt to Tangiers, in 682. He did in so short a time what others had taken a long time to do. When he had conquered all these countries, he spurred his horse into the Atlantic and said that only such a barrier could prevent him from forcing every nation beyond it who knew not God, to worship Him or die."

"Ask the guide if we shall be likely to meet Sidi-Okba at the mosque?" said the Commander.

"Oh, no! Monsieur, he is dead. He died in 682," responded the bony Arab solemnly.

The car now passed through the little village with its low one-storied houses of sun-dried bricks. Men were lounging at the open doors, women grinding their corn on flat stones,

A MOTOR FLIGHT

and little half-naked children were rolling in the dust. The coming of the car produced a commotion, and all ran pell-mell after it, the children howling for sous. The guide, Achmed, leaped from the car and cuffed some of them right and left with harsh exclamations, then ran back to the car with the well-pleased air of an untrained puppy who has barked off some intruders.

“Monsieur will notice that Achmed is one of the best guides of Biskra. He allows no one to annoy his patrons. Monsieur will do well to take him for guide everywhere.”

At the entrance to the mosque the party alighted. The guide leaped forward to lead his patrons through the entrance to the mosque. An intelligent-looking man waiting there—in the whitest of *haïks* and burnouses, contrasting greatly with the dirt around the court—came forward and took the party from Achmed’s charge, who seemed loath to lose them out of his sight; but the guardian frowned at him and motioned him back as he made a plunge forward after them. The man led them across the court of the mosque, which is very roughly made and is supported on rude short columns. The shrine is at the northwest corner, in a sort of chantry screened off from the mosque. It is a tomb of the usual marabout kind, and is hung with tattered silk; some ostrich eggs, and a tawdry gilt mirror frame, are among its decorations. The guardian then took them down through the mosque to see a wonderful door. There were many worshippers kneeling on the matting spread here and there, bowing, rising, and mumbling their prayers. They were of a poorer and more wretched-looking type than our people had yet seen in the mosques.

“There are thousands of pilgrims who come here yearly,” said the guardian. “It is a sacred place. The *mihrab* points exactly toward Mecca, for the exact site was revealed in a dream to Sidi-Okba. Here is a pillar on which is written in Cufic characters, the oldest in the world, ‘This is the tomb of Okba, son of Nafe. May God have mercy upon him.’”

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On the east side of the mosque the man showed them a curious wooden door, of fine carving, with color. Then he took them up some rude steps to see the view from the minaret over the oasis with its palms, and the rude houses nestling under their shade. "This minaret," said the guardian, "will tremble if the holy Sidi-Okba is invoked in a certain form of words, which only our most holy men know."

At the entrance door the bony guide took the travellers again in charge, leaping at them like a hungry animal. "Now we will go to the market; Monsieur may find something he will buy." They left the car at the door of the mosque and walked down the crooked, dirty streets, with a string of small and very unclean children swarming around them, in spite of Achmed's howls and leapings around to scare them off. One rather pretty little girl draped with a filthy blue cloth, carried dangling at the end of a string a wretched little pigeon which after ineffectual struggles to escape had apparently abandoned itself to its fate and hung limp with closed eyes.

"The little wretch!" cried the Other-one, "tell her to give me the poor pigeon!"

Achmed seized it without ceremony and handed it to the Lady. Thereupon, the girl broke into a series of unearthly howls.

"Do stop her!" exclaimed the Commander, "she will call the entire village down upon us! Give her this silver and let us get away from here."

"She doesn't deserve a sou, but a sound shaking!" said the Lady, as she smoothed the plumage of the wretched bird, and then sheltered it in her sleeve until she should reach a place where she might let it fly away in safety. The child stopped her shrieks, and a look of joy spread over her face, as she clutched at the silver which Achmed gave her grudgingly, and undoubtedly would have put in his own pocket had not the Commander kept a stern eye upon him.

"These people are cruel to animals from childhood up. See the wretched donkeys, the moth-eaten-looking, emaciated

A MOTOR FLIGHT

camels, the meagre cattle and sheep!" said the Commander. "The goat seems to be the only beast that holds up a brave front and supports his miseries with fortitude, and here he has not even the luxury of tin cans for a steady diet."

They now reached the open square of the market-place, limited in space and with some wretched little shops at one side of it. Everything seemed in a state of decay. The crowd of gesticulating, howling natives were clad in bur-nouses, coffee-colored from dirt and usage. Even the donkeys here had a more discouraged air than any the travellers had before seen. The piles of vegetables, corn, and withered dates seemed to have been excavated from some tomb. The guide with much plunging around, beguiled the Commander into one of the box-like dens of shops; but the battered and grimy articles placed before him—the dried lizards, the coarse jewellery of white metal, the pieces of coral and shells on dirty strings—found no purchaser in him, to the evident sorrow of Achmed. He then reluctantly led them back to the car, passing a corner of the market where a solitary palm-tree spread its feathery green fronds, the only thing of loveliness to be seen anywhere. Near it a most supercilious camel lay down, his awkward legs doubled up. It was a comfort to see one poor animal at ease and without the ever-present, overladen panniers. A woman, stolid and wretched looking, stood near to watch the camel; she turned, though languidly, to look at the strangers, shielding her heavy eyes from the brilliant sunshine with her hand.

It was a relief to get away from this poor village. The car soon left the palm oasis, which became gray and then faded into a soft blue line on the horizon. It was late in the afternoon, and the Aurès Mountains had the coloring of opals, and the most exquisite blue, hazy shadows in the clefts and gorges; but the oases at the foot of the spurs were darker than before. As the car drew near the town, Achmed bestirred himself and suggested what the travellers might do in the way of sight-seeing under his enlightened guidance: "My gentleman and lady will like much to see the Ouled Nail

A DAY IN BISKRA

the road is not very good; have everything ready at the hour."

"Very good, my gentlemen! Everything will be ready at the time"; then Chérif bowed himself out, leaving the impression that he was the most honest, the best informed, the most brief in statement, and the cleanest of the guides they had, as yet, encountered, if not very beautiful.

The Other-one was about to break into speech against this rather arbitrary and suddenly decided plan, but the Commander skilfully, as one having much experience, inveigled her down to luncheon before she had time to give him a piece of her mind. She, with equal skill, steered him past the venders on the veranda, when they left that afternoon to take a trip to the villages of Old Biskra, over a rough and stony road. These are quaint hamlets surrounded by plantations of fine date-palms, enclosed in high mud walls, the tops of which are stuck full of dried palm branches, making a guard for the gardens within. There are narrow white lanes on which the palm-trees cast delightful shade, and rills of clear water running by the side of the road. So the ride through the quaint villages,—the natives of which are so different from those of Sidi-Okba,—was most restful.

At the sunset, coming back, they stopped at Landon Garden — Bénévent — to go and sit on the parapet wall and watch the opal tints deepen on the Aurès Mountains and the oases at the foot of their spurs grow blacker. Then the mountains lost their rich color and turned deep blue; on the Desert stretching toward them little camp fires glowed, and they saw also the faint little lights of the little villages.

A crescent moon hung high in the dark sky, and a liquidly brilliant star showed near it. Then our pair went home content with the rest and peace of the day.

CHAPTER XVIII

DOWN TO TOUGGOURT AND RETURN

A CROWD of natives in their burnouses surrounded the car as it waited before the long veranda of the hotel, the next morning at the early hour ordered by the Commander. There were a kaid or two in pale mauve and soft green overburnouses, to add dignity to the departure. A few early tourists yawned on the balcony above, wondering, evidently, how any one could be so crazy, in this *dolce far niente* spot, as to rise and be off so early. Chérif and Adrian were attending to the last preparations, under the watchful care of the alert and happy Commander. The car looked unusual, as it carried on the top of the canopy, two huge rolls of matting and a stout shovel. There was a full complement of tires on top, while the reservoirs were full of *essence*; but the toilette necessities and apparel were reduced to the minimum in one small satchel, though there was ample provision of shawls and rugs on the seats for the cool night air one might find on the Desert; and there was a plethoric basket of lunch, which a hard-breathing Arab brought at the last moment.

The Commander had said, sententiously, "We can live without everything, on this trip, but absolute necessities!" So the pretty Marguérite was to be left behind, and the Other-one had reduced her baggage to the extent of one extra blouse, and the most indispensable of the toilette articles. She wondered, however, when she saw the overladen lunch-basket, if they could not have done with less to eat, and have carried more clean linen.

When Chérif had arranged all the packages with bustling importance, and had aided the Other-one to climb to her place, while the pretty Marguérite with a tear-stained face, handed up the precious kodaks, he leaped joyously to his

TO TOUGGOURT

post, and the Commander, snugly ensconced in his royal seat, gave the order to move on. Then they were off, scattering the natives right and left from before the car.

The road led in the direction of the villages of Old Biskra, leaving the garden of Bénévent to the left, its palms green against the pink morning sky, its white parapet wall seeming to shut away its magic beauty from the workaday world.

“When I am on the sun-baked Desert,” thought the lady, “how I shall long for those palm-shaded alleys and the musical gurgle of the rills that flow down by the sun-flecked avenues!”

Near the terminus of the jingling little tram, Chérif pointed out the ruins of an ancient Turkish fort, from whence, it being on a hill, was a fine view over the oasis and the Desert, he said. They had passed, on the left, the Hospital Lavigerie which is managed by the White Sisters for the care of the natives. The road continued on through the villages of Old Biskra with their palm-lined alleys, then crossed the Oued Djedi. The Aurès Mountains showed up across the plain, beautifully soft, with tints of blue, mauve, and pink, looking as if seen through folds of gauze. The oases below their spurs were dark like deep shadows. The sky arched overhead, with not a cloud floating across it. Chérif regarded it with the eye of a veteran traveller.

“We shall have a fine day, my lady, but I fear very hot.”

“So much the better!” returned the Lady. “I want to be baked, once, on a desert. Whatever the Desert has for me, whether suffering or joy, I long to experience it; for I do not consider I saw the real Desert going to the country of Mزاب.”

The road, full of ruts, wound now across the plain, with dust bunches of scrub-grass and low masses of dull green terebinth bushes, dotting the gray sand. At a distance the car passed some low tents of the Bedouins, then their camels feeding near on the scrub, their natural food on the Desert.

“I wonder what we are to feel on this Desert,” said the Other-one to the Commander, as the car halted for a moment. “My imagination has been much affected by what I have read.

A MOTOR FLIGHT

Some travellers say that it is full of mystery, of subtle tints of color; that it gives one the feeling inspired by the thought of eternity. Others say it is a great, desolate, sandy plain, with no limits,—gray and monotonous, dreary and sad beyond belief. But I suppose it appears to the person who sees it for the first time, whatever his own temperament colors it.”

When they had gone some distance, ridges of rock began to crop up in the sketchy road, and deep ruts caused the car to creak and groan like a creature in pain. Far across the plain were more tents, several huddled together, the camels feeding near looking like queer, strange turkeys. “Those tents,” said Chérif, the all-knowing, “belong to the tribe, Arab Cheraga. Before the French came, it was the ruling tribe around here.”

Now the road ran down by low, rocky hills; still nothing grew but the scrub-grass and the plain was below the level of the sea. At the left, they saw a long glistening white surface, like a lake of salt crystals.

“Is it water, really, or a mirage?” asked the Other-one.

“It is a *chott*, part of the great Chott Melrir. Monsieur and Madame do not know, perhaps, that there are many in the Desert between Biskra and Touggourt. They are depressions in it, filled with water salter than the sea and below its level, generally. These often dry up and leave this shiny look; sometimes they are soft and move, then they are dangerous to cross. Once, long ago, a caravan was lost in one.”

The Other-one looked at the glistening *chott* with a shiver. It was one more of the mysteries of the Desert! The Aurès chain had been visible since the party had begun their day’s journey,—above the eastern horizon, like a chain of opals strung along it, deepening in color as the sun rose higher, seeming a link to the world of life and vivid color, as contrasted with this wide plain of gray and yellow sand, dotted with the dusty green of the scrub-grass and the terebinth bushes. Now the mountains grew dimmer as the car went on, became only a line of color, then faded into the mist of distance and the Other-one felt more alone on the boundless

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waste. The car droned on over the road, which grew from bad to worse, one of the cylinders working irregularly, trying the patience of Adrian to the utmost. The sun blazed down, and the heat was oppressive, but the air had a delicious quality in it that the Other-one could not analyze, something that lifted her spirits and invigorated her, though it was full of heat rays. Everything on the wide plain showed up for more than its size. Now in the distance a train of camels was visible, seeming larger than any seen before; they came slowly on, with full panniers swaying up and down as they walked, some of the animals being almost covered from sight with huge bundles. Some wild-looking men were lurching around on their backs, while others ran before, visibly much excited when they saw the car, which Adrian had stopped to investigate some trouble. The camels padded by, swaying off as much as possible to one side, but they all turned their heads and looked with haughty scorn at the motor.

“They are really ‘ships of the Desert,’” said the Other-one, “but why always so haughty and scornful? They have to bear burdens and labor! Have they come down from some high estate in the ancient times when they were royal beasts? Tell us something about them, Chérif.”

Chérif was only too pleased to tell all he knew of camels. “These are not really camels, Madame, they are what you call in English, dromedaries;—the camel has two humps; but they are all called camels, by foreigners. It is not so strong an animal as is thought, and it can’t endure much cold; but it is of much use on the Desert, as it can go four or five days without water, and feeds on the scrub-grass found everywhere on it, and can carry three or four hundred pounds. There is the camel called the *mehari*. He is the race-horse of the plain. He can go a hundred kilometres a day, and can do longer without food and water. The French Government has troops mounted on the *mehari* for the policing of the Great Desert.”

“How old do the camels live to be?” asked the Commander, drawing near in his interest.

A MOTOR FLIGHT

“ They live about twenty years, but are put to work when they are but four years old.”

When Adrian had finished his investigations and the Other-one turned to climb into the car, she noted, running in and out of the wiry grass, some small lizards nearly the color of the sand, the only live, wild things she had so far seen — not a bird had taken wing across the sky that day. She thought, “ I am sure the Desert is full of life, but perhaps one ought to dwell here to see and detect animal life which must needs be the color of the sand and scrub.” Farther on a cloud of locusts flew up from some terebinth bushes. Chérif turned to say, “ Those are very good to eat, Madame.”

“ To eat! ” exclaimed the Lady, horrified.

“ Yes, Madame, they are caught in nets, boiled in salted water, and dried, and are most delicious! I have some for my luncheon, will Madame taste one? ”

The Lady shuddered. “ No! many thanks. Now I know what John ate in the wilderness,” she said to the Commander.

“ Why not buy a sack of them to take home and introduce them next winter at your dinner-parties, as an Oriental delicacy, to take the place of the omnipresent salted almonds? ” asked he.

Now the Desert stretched away, away — would they ever reach any spot of rest, where were the green oases, with cool springs?

“ How long does it take to go from Biskra to Touggourt on camels? ” asked the Other-one of the guide.

“ It takes six days, Madame, if the camels are strong.”

“ And we can go in two in this car! Is it not going to rob the Desert for us of all its mystery, its wonder, its fascination? ” She turned to the Commander. “ An automobile makes the world so small, so trivial! ”

“ It makes it greater and grander; we cover large spaces; it opens new wonders and mysteries for us which we could never have seen without it,” said he.

Now the scrub was growing sparser, and the sand yellower and invading everywhere; dunes of it rose near, and there



A NOMAD MOTHER AND HER BABIES ON THE DESERT:
ROAD TO TOUGGOURT



A NOMAD FAMILY, IN THE DESERT:
ON THE ROAD TO TOUGGOURT



THE KAID OF A VILLAGE NEAR MRAIER POSES FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH

TO TOUGGOURT

were drifts of it spreading out like waves of the sea. The car began to move slower and slower, as the wheels sank in the yellow sand. "Now," cried Chérif, with sparkling eyes, "we must spread down the matting before the wheels!"

"Not with this car, I think," said Adrian stoutly, "her power will pull her through almost any sand."

The guide looked dubious. The sand grew deeper, and the car groaned and the wheels slipped. Adrian cut out the muffler, put the motor at its mettle, and in few moments the worst was over and the sand drifted away into the rocky soil again.

Now an object became visible in the distance, which resolved itself into several as the car drew near. It was a well in the Desert, with a long sort of trough in front of it and a picturesque and interesting group around it, consisting of a tall and angular old Bedouin and his probable family, who had all come apparently from some distant tent to get their day's supply of water. There were four or five women, more or less ugly, and three or four children, with nondescript garments wrapped around them; the little boys with skullcaps drawn tightly over their ears. The women had red and blue cloths bound around them, and much jewellery of bracelets, necklaces, and armlets. They had the usual great loops of wool and hair framing their dark faces, and all the color in their dress seemed accentuated in the gray and dun-colored Desert, giving the only brightness besides that of the blue of the sky. The Commander bestirred himself at once to glance with discerning eye at the bedecked females, to see if there were possible treasures for which to bargain. The Other-one pointed her kodak at the group, all of whom had seemed in no wise alarmed. Now they all set up a cry, and the children fled behind their mothers, who had covered their own faces with their draperies.

"Give them some silver and persuade them to keep still, Chérif!" said the Lady. The coin had a magical effect; they all stood like statues, but some with their hands to their mouths, as if they feared they might scream in spite of them-

A MOTOR FLIGHT

selves. As the guide was about to hand the silver, manlike, to the prettiest of the women, the gaunt man stepped suddenly to the front and seized it, dropping it down in the folds of his ragged, dirty burnous, a proceeding which the women accepted without protest.

“Come!” called the Commander, “there’s nothing here worth a bargaining. When are we going to get any luncheon, Chérif?”

The guide pointed ahead to a low dark line on the horizon.

“My gentlemen, there is the oasis where we shall eat.”

They now came to a pool of crystal water, with a palm-tree or two growing near it. “Oh! do get out, Chérif, and get me a drink of that delicious water, I am dying of thirst!” cried the Other-one.

“You cannot drink it, my lady, it is the salt water of the Desert,” Chérif replied.

The car lurched on through ruts. Ahead were mounds of sand that glistened with bits of mica, as if diamond dust had been sprinkled over them. It was now past noon; the sun poured down its heat; they were weary with the motion of the car over the ever rougher road; hungry and parched with thirst. The Desert seemed a never-ending plain, where was no rest for man or beast.

“What if we were on camels!” exclaimed the Commander.

“My imagination cannot compass it,” said the Lady.

Now the oasis grew more distinct, and the palms reached their cool, feathery fronds up into the pale sky. At length the car pulled up before a long low building of plastered walls and a red tile roof. “It is the station for the stage,” said Chérif. On one side were great groves of palms, and there was the sound of trickling water. There were black and white sheep feeding on green grass the other side of the low fence of dried palm branches at the left, and a sense of coolness and rest filled the weary party of travellers with content. Chérif made haste to descend, and pulling out the plethoric basket, carried it at once under the shade of the palms, drawing from it, with an air of a kindly magician, and

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placing on a white table-cloth spread on the grass under some palms, bountiful supplies of slices of pink ham, a plump capon, many boiled eggs, heads of succulent salad, round crusty rolls, with a jar of fresh butter, and heaps of juicy oranges and sugary dates and figs.

“Come, my gentlemen and lady! it is all ready”; and he beamed upon them as he pulled the cork of a bottle of the fine red wine of Algiers, supplementing it with another bottle of St. Galmier water. Then he retired to a distance to munch his loaf of Arabian bread and his delicious locusts with a look of the most supreme content.

The pair ate their luncheon with a dreamy satisfaction in the unusual experience. The sheep, at first, seemed to resent the intrusion of unknown people into their Eden, but settled back to their feeding, giving a pastoral touch to the scene that was most pleasing. When all was done and Chérif had gathered up the remains of the feast for to-morrow’s journey, the Lady went out a moment, to look off on the Desert from the oasis, before they should again set sail on this great ocean of sand. As she looked down from the low house, she exclaimed to see hundreds of camels all huddled together, their heads down, their backs free from panniers and bundles. She had never dreamed there could be so many camels in the world. “It is a watering-place for the camels,” said Chérif, coming up. “The caravans across the Desert always stop here to water.”

Refreshed, and with their enthusiasm renewed, our travelers climbed into the car, which was all ready. Never did the Commander have to complain of his faithful chauffeur. His lamp was always trimmed and ready for the lighting.

Not much farther on they came to another stretch of sand, where the poor car halted and trembled, and Chérif was ready to spring out and unroll the matting. The sand dunes rose like great petrified ocean waves. Again they cleared all and came upon the rocky, ruddy road. It almost seemed that Chérif was sad when he met the chauffeur’s triumphant gaze, but the Commander rejoiced exceedingly. Now another *chott*

A MOTOR FLIGHT

spread its glistening surface before them and the road wound through it, to the Other-one's terror; so the afternoon wore on. The silence, but for the whining and creaking of the motor, would have been almost intolerable. Natives came and passed, riding on feeble little donkeys, or lurching on camels that seemed as tall as trees. Now the car slowly passed a group that called for the Other-one's camera: a dark-skinned old nomad, with tufts of gray whiskers, glowered at them from his swathing of dirty white burnous. Two pretty young women hovered near him, and not far off a camel browsed on the scrub, having on his back a great open basket, in which were two tiny brown children, who looked at the car with great scared eyes. The man seemed savage enough when the kodak was pointed at them, but the silver coin waved before him reduced him to quiet.

Late in the afternoon, a long dark line showed against the horizon, and later, many palm-trees became visible.

"Is it a mirage?" asked the weary Lady.

"No! we shall see none to-day; to-morrow perhaps," said Chérif.

"We must! To cross the Desert and have no mirage would not be to see the Desert about which we have read!"

"That is the oasis of Mraïer, where there are one hundred and twenty-five thousand date-palms watered by many artesian wells. There is a caravansary where we stop for the night, and Madame can be very comfortable," answered the guide. Madame looked doubtful.

"Tell us all you can now, before we arrive, about the date-palm and its culture," said the Commander.

"I cannot tell my gentlemen so very much. It is better he waits until we get to Mraïer; a monsieur will be there for the night, I have learned, who can tell everything my gentlemen wished to know about date-palms. He is one of the managers of the great Company of the Oued Rir, and he now visits the plantations around."

The palms were black against the sky, which was stained like a pomegranate with the afterglow of the sunset, when

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the car came up before the great gate set in the high plastered walls around the caravansary of Mraïer. Several natives, wrapped in their burnouses were seated leaning against the walls. They arose quickly and followed the car as it rolled into the courtyard, around which ran the low building with windows and doors opening into the various rooms, on two sides, the other taken up with the stables for the stage and horses.

It was a sore and weary pair that alighted from the car, and the Lady cast looks of apprehension around the primitive and bare looking place. The stolid Belgian landlord came quietly to welcome them, and showed them to their room. It was like a cell of a monk, bare and whitewashed, with a brick floor and two iron beds, a wash-stand and chair for furniture, but there was a big jug of water, and the towels were plenty though coarse. "Thank heaven! it's clean enough," exclaimed the Other-one, "and that is all I ask."

It was not long before they were called to dinner, and they crossed the small courtyard to the little dining-room in the corner, where was a table spread with a coarse white cloth and laid for six. At it, already seated, were a thin, dark, intelligent-looking man and a plump little woman of the *bourgeoisie* type, presumably his wife. She regarded the Lady curiously, taking in at a glance her simple, dark travelling dress, and then looked down complacently over her own light-blue embroidered gown, just new, probably from Algiers, and the heavy gold watch chain draped across the waist. The man, with the surface politeness of the French, arose and bowed deeply to the newcomers. Then a sad-faced woman brought in a thick soup and afterwards some rather tough boiled mutton with potatoes and some small leaves of lettuce, served with much oil for dressing. The Frenchman with a pleased surprise regarded the salad, rather a scarce thing here, undoubtedly, and at once, with what is often a French disregard for the essentials of politeness, helped himself to, at least, three-quarters of it.

"Why did n't he take it all? Pity to leave so little alone!"

A MOTOR FLIGHT

exclaimed the Commander. "But never mind, he has bowed most politely to us, and what more can one expect from such a Frenchman? Now begin to ply him with questions about the date culture. He must be the manager of whom Chérif spoke, and looks very intelligent."

So the Lady, prompted by the Commander, drew forth from him in instalments, and translated as well as she was able, the following:

It was some years ago, that a company of French gentlemen, much interested in the development of the country, conceived the idea of installing a series of artesian wells to increase, by improved irrigation, the production of some of the oases already in cultivation, and form new plantations for systematic cultivation. On the oases the water is distributed in little canals, often only a few inches in depth and width, which wind through the gardens and around the roots of the palms, so as to have that condition under which alone, the Arab proverb says, can the date flourish — "its feet in the water and its head in the fires of heaven." The artesian wells sunk by the French engineers naturally require little attention when once the flow of water is established; but with the Arab wells it is quite another affair; with a mouth at least a yard square, and the sides shored up in a primitive fashion, they become frequently choked with sand and debris; then the Arab owning such a well sends for divers. "These are the Rouaras, whose villages Monsieur will pass to-morrow." They form a class apart, almost a religious sect, and they have prayers and special charms before descending into a well. This company of French gentlemen is called the Company of the Oued Rir. The region is the country of the finest and best dates consumed in Europe. They are called *deglā*. There are six hundred and fifty thousand date-palms and many artesian wells in this date country of Oued Rir, which is a basin where the valleys of the two Saharan rivers, the Oued Igarghur and the Oued Mya, meet at a very low level; and to this circumstance is due the quantity of water for artesian wells which assures abundant irrigation.

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Also he told them that this date-palm (*Phoenix dactylifera*) can be cultivated only in or near the Sahara Desert. It will not ripen north of the thirty-third parallel of latitude. Without it no one could live here. The Arabs adore this tree. It grows in the desert soil and contents itself with water so saline that it would destroy ordinary vegetation, and casts a grateful shade in summer, when all else is burnt up. It gives a fruit of value to the world, and which can be exchanged for other things of which the Arab may have need. The male tree bears no fruit. It has merely a bunch of flowers inclosed in a spathe until maturity. The bunches of flowers of the female cannot develop into fruit until fecundated by the male. To assure this the Arabs ascend the tree in the month of April and insert in the spathe of the female flower, a portion of the pollen of the male flower. The fruit begins to swell and forms long clusters weighing from twenty to forty pounds, each tree producing about two hundred pounds in a season. To multiply the date-palm, the Arabs do not sow seed, as they then could not be sure of the sex of the trees, but they plant the suckers from the base of the female tree (whence the name *Phoenix*). These become productive in about eight years, but do not come to full fruition under twenty or twenty-five. The trees will live two hundred years, but are not worth preserving after a century. The wood, though inferior in quality, is valuable here because there is no other kind. The roots are used for fencing and roofing, and the leaves are made into mats, baskets, sacks, and cord. The trees flower in March and April; the fruit ripens about October.

It seemed there was nothing more to learn concerning the date-palm, and our party were about to arise and bid the intelligent manager good-night, when a rattling and a jingling invaded the quiet room. The learned Frenchman had ceased talking in his low, even voice, and was taking long draughts of the red wine, a bottle or two of which was on the table. Hoarse voices called out, and our party rushed to the door to see what had happened. It was the nonde-

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script stage which had arrived; from this, dusty and weary travellers were alighting, while Arabs hastened to unhitch the tired horses.

That night, the Other-one awoke from her first sound sleep in her little cell of a room, to silence unlike anything she had ever experienced. It seemed as if the Great Desert, stretching away to its illimitable bounds, breathed upon all things within it, hushing them to silence. "It is like that of infinite space," she thought.

At three o'clock she was again awakened by the crashing and jingling and creaking of the stage, and the hoarse calls of the driver, as all rolled out of the courtyard and away. "Oh, pity the poor wretches that have to be bounced and bumped over that road this morning! Give me, forever, an automobile," mumbled the sleepy Commander.

The next morning they were served with some strong hot coffee, but without milk, to the Other-one's regret, at an hour which seemed late compared with that at which the rattling stage had departed, and they were soon on the road, with a clear pale sky above them and the sand rolling away in billows, gray and yellow, before them. The oasis of Mraïer became a dark line on the horizon, then faded from view. When an hour or more had passed, the outline of another oasis was visible but with sparse palm-trees. A village soon showed itself, with long low walls and houses of sun-dried brick, much like the fashion of the pueblos of New Mexico. A few of the natives, the boys half clad, ran out to view the strange object, while the Other-one snapped the town with her kodak.

"This is a village of the Rouaras—El Amri"—said Chérif. "After luncheon we shall stop at one village that my lady may see how they live. They are the people who work much on the date plantations, and they mix so much with negroes that they are nearly black themselves. They are a hard-working people and can weave cloth and fine rugs."

The road grew steadily worse. Now some great hills of sand rose on both sides, which Chérif said were called El Biban or the gates to Touggourt. Beyond, the sand spread

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out everywhere, and the tufts of grass were sparse. It had been an hour and the silence, but for the creaking car, was oppressive to the Other-one. No one in the party seemed to wish to speak but Chérif, who gave out such bits of information as he felt needful for his "gentlemans" and lady. It seemed to her that they had been travelling for days, and that days must go on before they could compass this unfathomable Desert. Nothing had been in sight for a long time, when they perceived, moving in the distance, a small company of men on horseback and on camels, led by a gallant figure on a beautiful Arabian horse. "It is the Commandant of the Department," said Chérif, "who is going on a tour of inspection with his men." The officer wore a soft felt hat bound round with a white *haïk*, which fell upon his shoulders in snowy folds. A pair of keen blue eyes looked out from his strong bronzed face. He sat easily and erect in the saddle, bowing with most courtly grace as the party came up to the car. The camels the men rode seemed of a most superior and well-cared-for kind, as different from the poor, moth-eaten-looking beasts the travellers had before encountered on the desert, as a well groomed horse is from a sorry, neglected donkey. It was all a vision of delight, and, as they passed from sight, the Desert seemed brighter for the encounter.

Now another pull through deep sand, conquered by the strong and powerful car, to the growing wonder of Chérif. "But to-morrow you will see, the matting, it must be used."

But the car now began to grow sulky, and the engine heated up to such an extent that the chauffeur said they must fill up the radiator with water. Fortunately, Chérif knew of a small well not far off, so he ran with the bucket to bring consolation to the thirsty motor. As the Lady waited, having stepped out of the car, she saw for the first time, a bird winging his way across the sky, low down; and then, close by, she saw also, pushing hardily up through the sand, some round thick stems covered with small lavender and white flowers—succulent looking stems that guarded juices within to withstand the

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desert heat and bring their offspring to maturity. They were the only flowering things she had seen and they seemed to nod at her with stanch and friendly eyes.

“What are they?” she asked Chérif, but he, though wise in lore of travels on the Desert, knew neither flower nor bird, in French or English.

They were off again, moving slowly, bouncing over the rocky ridges, crawling through the sand. They came up with, and passed, a spruce wagonette, in which were the French manager with his buxom wife squeezed in by his side, her hat gay with red roses and a long plume. They were bouncing over the rough road, but seemed content. “They must have left early this morning. I hope he is going where he can have plenty of salad!” exclaimed the Commander.

Now the long walls of a village came in sight, with a few palms showing above them. A crowd of boys and girls all nearly as black as the ace of spades, with great water jars on their backs, rushed out from the gates and came running toward the car. Some women, gay in red and yellow, lingered behind.

“It is a village of the Rouaras, also,” said Chérif. “Will my lady and gentlemen descend to look at it?”

“We might go through for a few moments, but we have to reach Touggourt early, you know, to see anything of it.”

So Chérif led his people up through the gates and into the town through the narrow lanes. But it was a deserted town, and the low, mud-plastered houses all looked new. The only inhabitants were, seemingly, the few children and women who had rushed out to the car and still remained by it.

“This is a strange place!” exclaimed the Commander. “Is everybody dead?”

Chérif himself was puzzled. He questioned a small boy who trailed after the party. “He says that this is a new village which has been built lately by the Commandant of the *Bureau des Affaires Indigènes*, and the people of a village near, where the fever broke out, are to move here. A few women and children are here now for a guard.”

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It was a little after noon, when the car stopped under the grateful shade of some palm-trees in one of the greatest and most luxuriant oases the travellers had yet seen. The road stretched on white but flecked with shade from the fine trees bordering it on either side.

Chérif came to the front and spread the lunch for his people under some splendid palms, while, as if sprung from the earth, there appeared, but keeping at a respectful distance, some men and small boys clad in long white garments, and some with white burnouses. They had gentle black faces, "They are some of the people who work in the date plantations," Chérif said.

When the lunch was ended, the Other-one offered the remains of the feast to these people, who came respectfully near, eagerly took it and ate, with much apparent satisfaction, the white rolls and picked at the chicken bones. One jet-black, gaunt fellow, who seemed much pleased and interested in everything, came to offer a boiled egg which had fallen to the ground, to the Commander, and to gaze at the Lady's kodak with so much curiosity that she was moved to ask his name.

"It is Abd-el-Kader and he lives near by in a *gourbi*."

"Then he is named after the great Abd-el-Kader, who gave the French so much trouble and who preached the holy war. I hope his namesake has not his fierce characteristics!" said the Other-one.

But this poor native seemed the most simple and gentle of beings, so much so that the Lady felt her sympathy quite go out to him. "Let us give him a little ride!" she exclaimed. When Abd-el-Kader was made by Chérif to understand his good fortune, he smiled with delight, though he seemed to have some misgivings when once seated on the side of the car. This moved slowly off, leaving the other natives a prey to the most melancholy apprehensions, evidently. When the Commander thought that he had taken Abd-el-Kader far enough, he stopped to let him leap down, which he did with evident relief, but, to show his lively gratitude for his ride, would

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have pressed kisses on the hands of the Commander and the Lady, had not previous osculatory experiences taught them to ward off tactfully such manifestations. "Poor son of the Desert!" exclaimed the Other-one. "It is the event of his life, this ride in a motor car. He will relate it to his children and grandchildren as something marvellous."

As the road went on, they came at last to Chérif's greatest bugbear, a place where the heavy wheels of the car sunk down in the soft sand. "Now," he cried joyfully, "we must unroll the matting"; and he leaped out to climb up and pull it from the roof of the canopy. Adrian put on all the power; the car seemed to stop.

"Will Monsieur and Madame please get out, it will lighten the car," he said.

So the two descended ankle deep in the sand and struggled through it as best they could. Another pull, and, behold! the car moved slowly, very slowly, and then came up triumphantly on the harder road.

"It's magnificent!" declared Chérif wonderingly.

On the car went now, all rejoicing, as the guide said the worst was over. Then appeared a cloud on the horizon, which grew denser as they approached, and it proved to be a multitude of camels, unburdened, seemingly an army of the Desert coming on, perhaps to wreck this audacious car which dared to invade their sacred precincts. However, they came on and padded by on their great feet, all swaying off far to the right as they came nearer. Trailing after the drivers of this great herd of camels, came several women in dark blue dresses caught up on their breasts with huge silver pins. Their heads were bound in red and yellow cloths. They stopped to stare stupidly at the unusual appearance of the car and made a picturesque sight as they ranged themselves in a row. The Other-one at once jumped out and pointed the kodak at them, but they stared on, apparently unalarmed, like half-tamed, wild animals.

The scrub now became more abundant, and some stout little plants with racemes of blue and lavender flowers pushed

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hardily up through the sand. It was not later than four o'clock, when the outline of the great oasis of one hundred and seventy thousand palms appeared, a great mass, above the horizon.

"There is Touggourt!" exclaimed Chérif.

"Are we really so near! It has not seemed long to-day," said the Commander.

The road improved now, and the car moved on more rapidly, while the palm-trees, the white domes and minarets of Touggourt rose as if by magic out of the Desert, and soon our travellers were rolling down by walls stuck full of palm branches, by low white buildings, and crowds of Arabs, all white too, except their legs and faces; and Adrian stopped, at a gesture from Chérif, before a long, white, arched building with a sign of the "Hôtel de l'Oasis" upon it.

At once a crowd of natives packed solidly around the motor. There was a hoarse cry, and a stout, red-faced man in shirt sleeves pushed and struggled his way through them, and cried out:

"Welcome! Monsieur, welcome to Touggourt! but alas! alas! I am covered with remorse! I have been obliged to give up all my fine rooms to some German and English who telegraphed before Monsieur; alas! but all is now arranged; Madame and Monsieur will have so fine rooms, so clean, so desirable, in the annex, with such dinners here, all, at the hotel."

"In the annex!" exclaimed the Commander wrathfully, when he was told this. "I suppose that will prove to be some Arab hut. Let us go to another hotel, at once, Chérif."

"But, my gentlemen, this is all the hotel there is here, we can go to no other."

"Very well, then, we will stop at this one," returned "the gentlemen," resigning himself to the inevitable, with that quickness characteristic of him.

So they went in the direction pointed out by Chérif, accompanied by all the natives, so that the car seemed to move by no power of its own, but to be propelled by them to the

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stopping place. The annex proved to be a smaller edition of the hotel, whitewashed and arcaded. Many of the natives wished to assist in removing the baggage from the car, but Chérif pushed them all aside in favor of a black boy with a scarlet fez, who ran out and seized everything with a beaming face, then led the way up a flight of stairs to a sort of hut built on the flat roof of the long veranda. Here the travelers found a clean little room, with the usual iron beds. Some gay rugs and three or four vases of dusty artificial flowers gave this a rather festive look, while from the open door and the one casement window, they could see white domes and minarets, green palm-trees, vivid blue sky, and the sunshine flooding all with a radiance unknown in the cold northern clime from which the Motorists had come.

After they had removed the sand and dust from their clothes and faces, the Commander proposed that they should go out, as it was not yet late, and see as much of the town as possible.

They found the city situated upon a low hill, which they had not realized upon approaching it. The place was billowing with white, cream, and coffee-colored burnouses everywhere, which, with the long white building, in fanciful Moorish style, of the *Bureau des Affaires Indigènes*, the massive square towers of the kasba,—all showing against a background of hundreds of palm-trees with their green fronds—made a most fascinating picture. Chérif told his people there was to be a fair the next day, to which crowds came, some from the wild tribes also, down on the Desert. He took them to the market-place, which is a great square some distance from the Hôtel de l'Oasis. Here were seething masses of natives making preparation for the great event of the morrow. The men of the wild tribes were arriving on camels, also laden with merchandise—the Touaregs, the Rouaras, and others of the primitive Berbers, with their characteristic dress; sheep and goats were being driven in, with accompanying braying donkeys, bestrode by natives. Many of the families were making preparations for the night, spreading

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down rugs, or building little charcoal fires to cook the evening meal. Some were already supping, squatting down in the sand around a smoking pot of, presumably, *cous-cous*, in which the men, women, and children dipped pieces of the Arab bread or their fingers, indiscriminately. Others were arranging piles of their merchandise—dried corn, beans, vegetables, piles of dates, heaps of oranges, henna for the Arab woman's toilette, and the thousand and one other things sold in an Oriental fair. The place was full of movement, bustle, excitement, and there was the babble of voices, the noise of the animals. The odor of the cooking arose and a filmy haze of smoke hung over all. The people, intent on what they were doing, paid little attention to the strangers in their midst, even the small children did not run to cry for sours, as is the habit in less unspoiled places. Here, under a palm-tree, sat a turbaned old man, who was a story-teller, Chérif said. A little group was gathered around him, listening with evident delight, to what he related in a high sing-song tone, rocking himself back and forth. In many places, men had spread their rugs for prayer and were going through their devotions as unconcerned with the tumult and crowd around them as they would have been in their mosques or alone in some wilderness.

“What a strong religion it must be to absorb its believers so, here in the midst of noise and confusion,” said the Other-one, “and it is a religion certainly suited to their indolent, sensual natures and half-smothered ferocious instincts.”

Chérif now asked if they would not wish to see something of the native town, so they left the fascinating kaleidoscopic movements of the crowd in the great square and went up the street, by the long, white, arcaded buildings and, turning in under one of the arcades, came to a long partly covered gallery under which was a gloom somewhat like twilight. It was probably so built to protect those who walked there from the intense rays of the sun in the great heat of summer. The houses were mostly built, like all those in the Oued Rir, of sun-dried-mud bricks, though those of the richer natives were

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of rubble, plastered over. There were numerous partition walls under the galleries, and many bays where long seats were attached. On these lounged natives, smoking, and many small children played around them. There were shops, mere holes in the walls, but many of these had the shutters up; their owners probably off with the crowds in the square of the fair. Women, some wrapped in white mantles, others with their faces bare, and clinking jewellery, scuttled by, as if trying to escape all notice. There was no brightness of color anywhere except in the gowns of the children. The weary travellers trailed along after the guide, and finally came to the Grand Mosque, which has no elegance of style. Even the minaret is but a roughly built tower.

“Will my lady and gentlemen climb to the top? There are very few steps and the view is superb,” said Chérif. After some demur from the Commander, they followed an ancient guardian up the narrow flight of stairs and were rewarded by a glorious view over the green oasis of one hundred and seventy thousand palms, to the great Desert, spreading its masses of sand away to the south. The sun was now dropping low in the west, all the white buildings were flushed with pink, and the reflections in the rills of water showed distinctly.

“Oh! let us hasten and walk down below the village to the sand of the real Desert, beyond those palms. We can see a sunset on the Desert; it will be glorious.”

“Are you not satisfied with all we have done to-day? As for me, I am so weary I can scarcely walk to the hotel. All the rolling and bumping of the car on the awful road; the constant looking from side to side to view everything we passed—has reduced me to the most apathetic state. Nothing seems to me now so desirable, after my dinner, as my bed. The most beautiful sunset in the world would have no charms for me now!”

“Very well!” answered the Other-one. “This is where my perfect health comes to my aid; I will go down with Chérif, if you have no objection.”

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The Commander took his weary way to the seclusion of the annex, while the Lady walked rapidly away with Chérif, down across the square and away from the larger square where the preparations for to-morrow's fair were going on. They passed the fine Moorish building of the *Bureau des Affaires Indigènes*, with its row of graceful pepper-trees in front; past the fountain, near which were some small natives sprawling in the sand, greedily eating their supper. As the Lady drew near, she glanced to see what this might consist of and discovered that all they each had was a great handful of the dried locusts, which they were eating with the greatest gusto, while a great heap of legs and wings lay on the ground before each boy. The road straggled away down to where the sand-dunes arose, and, after some walking, one could see, stretching to the horizon line, an ocean of yellow sand. The houses and the palm-trees were left behind; only a stray tree or two could be seen here and there, as if they had wandered away from the great plantations and were lost in the billows of sand. The noise from the village came faintly on the air. The low tents of the nomads cropped up here and there, like strange plants growing in the sand; a straight line of smoke arose from them in the motionless hot air. Camels and donkeys were feeding near them, while long trains of other camels were swaying in from the distance. There were groups of the nomads seated on the sand, gathered around their evening meal. The Lady walked on silently over the sand with Chérif. She had said to him: "Take me down where it is still, that I may see the sun set where it is tranquil and there is nothing to disturb me."

So on they went for some time, then rounded a mound of sand which shut away all behind them, and she saw the sand before her surging away to the sky line. The sun was now hastening down the west, and soon, a great ball of fire, it reached the horizon line, where it seemed to pause, as if reluctant to bid the earth good-night, then dropped slowly, slowly, and was gone, leaving the sky stained a pale rose. Everything seemed to have come to an end for a few mo-

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ments. Then, suddenly, the sky flamed up from its rose tints to a deep and vivid pomegranate color, which mounted up and up to melt into a soft green, then to orange, paling to amber, and at last fading away into the blue of the zenith. Long waves of rose crept around to the north and south and stained the sky in the east. A cluster of palms stood up, black, against the vivid color, and some pools of water, to the left of them, looked like lakes of melted rubies, and gave back reflections of the trees. The Other-one drew in her breath sharply. The glory of it all, the color, the sight of undulating stretches of that mysterious, illimitable Desert, with its strange life, its unconquered wastes, all gave a sensation that one has but few times in life, a sense of the mystery that underlies everything in nature, and there are no words that can describe this feeling.

Chérif was the most sympathetic of guides. He stood still as if carved from stone, until, at a sign from his lady, he turned and went up again with her, across the square with the fountain to the hotel. The color had not yet entirely faded out of the sky, and it was light enough to see the groups in front of it. Approaching near, the Other-one was surprised to see the Commander in animated conversation with a tall, bronzed man of pleasing appearance. The Commander's face was bright; his cheerful laugh rang out on the evening air, and there was an alertness in his manner, a briskness, that was as far from the fatigue he had shown before as one could well imagine. Could this brilliant and animated man be the one that the Lady had left but half an hour ago, pale and drooping with weariness? She cast at him a look of reproach, that he should have left her to see that glorious Desert scene alone! He had the grace to look somewhat foolish when he saw her, but hastened to say:

“I am glad you have come. I wish to present you to this gentleman from London, Mr. Stevens. He is a great traveller, though not by automobile—and I have greatly enjoyed this conversation with him.”

The Lady acknowledged the polite bow of the Englishman,

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meet the motor. As he drew near, they saw it was Abd-el-Kader, a smile of joy irradiating his face. When the party had alighted and Chérif was undoing the luncheon, the native drew near the Lady, and putting his hand in the breast of his white, half-long garment, pulled out half a dozen fresh eggs and a bottle of milk and hesitatingly offered them to her.

“The dear savage!” she exclaimed. “He is the gentlest and most grateful of creatures! We gave him food and a ride yesterday, and he has been in wait to return the kindness to-day. Now we shall have milk for our coffee to-morrow morning at Mraïer, thanks to Abd-el-Kader.”

When the repast was at an end and the remains were gathered up and given to the natives, they sat down with manifestations of delight and fell at once upon the feast,—all but Abd-el-Kader, who stood apart and eyed mournfully Adrian’s preparations for departure.

“Do give the poor soul another ride; he is heartbroken to have us go!” begged the Lady.

“No!” said the Commander. “We are in haste; the car has been taxed to the utmost to-day, and I do not want to add his weight, even for a short ride; besides, it would make him more discontented.”

The last they saw of Abd-el-Kader, he was gazing after them sadly; then the green oasis grew dimmer and dimmer, and at last it disappeared in the distance, and again a wide expanse of sand spread before them.

It was some time before sundown that afternoon when the car rolled under the gate in the walls of the caravansary at Mraïer. There was visible excitement everywhere. A crowd of Arabs hovered around the entrance, and in the courtyard also, many natives were standing around or squatting on the ground, so that Adrian was obliged to move the car carefully to the place where it was to stand for the night. The travellers were somewhat surprised to see, seated at a table on the opposite side, the gallant figure of the Commandant whom they had encountered on the desert the day before. Near him was seated a man, evidently a kaid, from his fine

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dress and distinguished bearing. There were writing materials on the table and another native in a blue embroidered Arab suit and voluminous *haïk* flowing over his shoulders stood respectfully near, evidently acting in the capacity of an interpreter. Some of the Arabs standing near were arrayed in fine burnouses and snowy *haïks* and were evidently also important persons. Many more common-looking natives, their burnouses of dirty coffee-colored rags wrapped closely around them, were crouched around on the ground.

After the Lady had refreshed herself with a short rest in her cool little cell of a bedroom, she took her kodak and went out into the courtyard. The Commander had already gone out to hover anxiously over his beloved automobile and to ask a hundred questions of Adrian, in order to be assured that no injury had happened to it in its rough work over the poor road. The Other-one looked for a chance to snap up the fascinating coterie of natives there. Having slyly, and with some difficulty, accomplished this, unseen, she wandered out through the open gate, hoping, though it was getting late, for further opportunities. She walked on for some distance, but found nothing but a stretch of sand, some palm-trees and the distant native villages, too far away to give good results, even with an old man in the foreground driving a diminutive donkey with pigskins full of water hanging on either side of it. Disappointed, she turned to retrace her steps, when she saw, coming toward her, a most splendid-looking kaid, one she had especially noticed in the courtyard for his fine pale blue burnous, his snowy *haïk* and hose, his beautiful patent-leather pumps, and his soft, silky, black beard. As he drew near, he fixed his fine eyes upon her and smiled in the most engaging manner. The Other-one felt her heart throb with fear. There was no one around but the old Arab, who seemed to be both blind and deaf. What could this magnificent kaid want of her? She had no beauty to grace his harem, and her hair was gray. A cry rose to her lips and she turned, with trembling limbs, to run for the caravansary gate, when she

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heard a shout, and behold, the omnipresent Chérif was galloping toward her. Never was a being more welcome!

“Let us go at once back to the inn!” she exclaimed.

“Oh! my lady, here is the kaid of one of the tribes near [and here Chérif gave an unwritable name]. He saw my lady taking photographs, and he wishes her to take his, and also his camel which is off there. The kaid will be so, so happy.”

Never was fear changed so quickly to joy. Hastily the Other-one prepared her kodak, charmed to have so picturesque a subject. The kaid then posed like a statue, his burrous falling in graceful folds around him and his hands placed stiffly in front of him, in imitation of what he must have seen in some provincial French photograph. When the Lady had taken him the kaid clapped his hands. Two natives appeared quickly from behind a clump of palms, and drove up the great *mehari*, or camel, beautifully caparisoned. After the beast had been made to lie down, which he did with much bubbling and spiteful protestation, the kaid mounted to his seat, making a majestic-looking figure, and the Lady, with the utmost joy, pointed the camera at him. Then there was a polite exchange of compliments and thanks; her card given and the kaid's name written down by Chérif.

(And here it may be related, in parenthesis, that when the Lady went to Paris some months later, she caused to be made an enlarged photograph of the kaid and his camel, and sent it to the landlord at Mraïer, requesting him to hunt up the kaid and present it with her compliments. Some time afterward, when she had almost forgotten the circumstance, there came a letter from the landlord, saying that the kaid had that day come to the caravansary and had been presented with the photograph, with which he was delighted; so much so, that he wished to send the gracious lady a case of the far-famed Sahara dates, provided she would forward her address “plainly written.” It is needless to add that this was done, and the dates which came merited well their fame.)

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While the Other-one was preparing for dinner as well as she was able in their little cell, before a diminutive mirror, she related to the Commander her adventure.

The Commander laughed heartily. "You are altogether too romantic to travel well!" he exclaimed. "You are always letting your imagination run away with you and making mountains out of molehills. If you would not read so many novels, and would come to view things in a plain, common-sense manner, you would be much happier."

"I get a lot of fun out of my imaginings, at any rate."

"I can't see where the fun comes in—being frightened half to death on your travels whenever something a little out of the ordinary occurs," said the Commander, dryly.

"You are not a woman," returned the Other-one, "and you do not understand!"

When they went into the little dining-room that evening, they found the Commandant of the Department seated at the head of the table with two gentlemen and a lady near him, who had arrived by the stage from Biskra. Here was the genial Mr. Stevens, also, who had gotten in, he informed them, just a few minutes before. He greeted them like an old friend, saying, "And a beastly ride it was over a most extraordinarily bad road, and I had to rise at an uncommonly early hour; then being thrown about all day in that coach, you know, was very annoying." The good-hearted Commander hastened to say, "You must certainly go back in our automobile with us to Biskra. You will find it an improvement on the stage, and you may sleep until seven in the morning." The Englishman protested; such an extraordinarily kind offer, he could not accept, but finally he succumbed to the insistence of the Commander.

The two men fell into a mutually interesting conversation, while the Other-one turned her attention to the handsome bronzed soldier at the head of the table. The people seated near him were evidently newcomers in Algeria, and were intelligently questioning him as to the state of affairs in this country. The officer was answering them with apparent

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pleasure. The sad and weary look had gone out of his face and his eyes sparkled with animation. This is, in substance, what he told them, in answer to the various questions put to him.

“ It is true that the road from Biskra to Touggourt is very bad. It is no made road in fact, just a camel trail used by the stage; elsewhere, all through Algeria you will find excellent military roads. In this country, as in Tunisia, our army has paved the way to civilization by making roads across the plains and over the mountains. We plant trees, dig wells, and are soon followed by telegraph lines and post-offices, then by schools. From 1834 to 1870, Algeria was entirely under military rule. After a time a civil governor was appointed to administer the affairs of the colony, though only in settled districts. The Sahara, here, is yet under military rule. Algeria is divided into three departments or provinces; Algiers, Oran, and Constantine, administered by a Prefect, but always under the authority of the Governor-General, who is also assisted by a Council of Government, composed of the principal civil and military authorities. Algeria sends three senators and six deputies to the National Assembly. The mediation between the native chiefs and the Government authorities is carried on by what was once called the *Bureaux Arabes*; now, the *Service des Affaires Indigènes*. It is composed of officers who have been long trained in Algeria, and who come between the Commandants and the native chiefs. It judges, collects taxes, collects revenue, and watches all the politics of the districts; trains the Arab, advises the Commandant, and crushes the first sign of an outbreak. When our army marches, a *Bureau Arabe* goes with it. We should be proud of this splendidly organized system and of the wise policy of France toward her colonies, which has been the most successful policy, even more than that of any other nation toward their colonies.

“ Our country has realized the value of coöperation instead of coercion, therefore the kaids and sheiks, who have always exacted obedience from their tribes and are the recog-

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nized heads of them,—the sub-religious heads,—were made the mediators between the Commandants and the tribes and became practically prefects, councillors, and judges. These kaid of Algeria, and Tunisia also, to whom our country gave so much complimentary power, contributed in cash, in 1890, the sum of sixteen million francs which they had collected from their tribes, and which may originally have been paid to the kaid; here a quintal of wheat, there a half-dozen sheep, or a few hundred kilos of dates. These kaid and sheiks are paid less, as a matter of course, than our countrymen would be, if used as emissaries of the civil control. They even have much greater authority, backed by our country, with their own people. It is probable they put something in their own pockets in the transaction; but what will you?" said the officer with a most expressive shrug. "These are sometimes quite wonderful men, speaking and writing French perfectly; often having many decorations, even the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

"Our military force in Algeria constitutes the Nineteenth *Corps d'armée* of France; in time of war it can be divided in two and serve in Europe. It consists of four regiments of zouaves or *chasseurs d'Afrique*, three regiments of *Tirailleurs Indigènes* (sharpshooters), six battalions of *chasseurs à pied*; three battalions of the light infantry of Africa; and one foreign legion; in all fifty-three battalions of infantry, three regiments of *spahis* (native cavalry), and sixteen batteries. These forces, in all, amount to about sixty thousand men. Frenchmen born in the country are obliged to serve only one year instead of the longer period at home. Of this force the strictly local and native forces are the *Tirailleurs Indigènes* and the *spahis*.

"There are also our native men on the Desert, excellent scouts, called *Goums*. Each kaid of a tribe is obliged to furnish a certain number of able-bodied men when our Government needs them, so they furnish these *Goums* who are fighters of the open country. They are versed in many things in warfare of which the soldier of the garrison knows noth-

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ing. They are a sort of savage soldiery, but they are very useful to us. Our regular soldiers have to get acclimated, when fighting in a new country, but the Goum of the South Sahara can go to work at once effectively. These natives are volunteers and serve without salary, only getting munitions of war and food from the Government. They furnish even their own horses and guns. The Goum would rather fight than do anything else. To furnish these is a duty, therefore, which the kaid's owe to our Government for the protection it affords each individual tribe."

The officer paused for a while and a sad look came into his eyes. Then he resumed:

"Now there is a demand that the civil government should be extended. But I feel that the service of our army should never be overlooked. Its results are shown in the great works carried out everywhere by it. After the conquest it pacified the country and gave the best administration it could under the circumstances. Even now, civil government is practical only in those districts entirely pacified or where there is a large European element.

"What has our grand country not done for the natives of Algeria! She has freed them from the bondage of their cruel taskmasters, the Turks: she has given them regular labor in vineyards, date plantations, orange groves, railways, shipyards, and a thousand other things in commercial lines. She has given them police, sanitation, and a certain civilization, as far as their religion will allow them to accept it. She has given them courts of law where all their grievances can be remedied without bribes to corrupt sheiks. She has caused their property to be secured to them by the efforts of our *Service des Affaires Indigènes*, and, with all else, the disputes between rival tribes are settled. All this has cost France hundreds of millions of francs. Let us drink to our wonderful country—*la belle France!*" and the officer raised his glass of wine high in the air, then quaffed it to the bottom. The others followed suit.

The Other-one had listened with the greatest interest, and

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now felt like saying "Hurrah!" She had been conscious of the other men only by the hum of their low-toned conversation. She was now aware that they were getting very sleepy, for they were yawning heavily, so she arose and bade all good-night. The Frenchman arose also, bowing politely. She followed the Commander out of the room, regretting she must lose any of the gallant soldier's interesting talk.

About three o'clock the next morning, she heard the stage rumbling away, and the Commander murmured sleepily, "Thank heaven! poor Mr. Stevens is not being rattled off in that torture wagon!"

When they came out of the little dining-room the next morning, ready for departure, the Other-one remarked that the coffee was really excellent with the good milk given them by the gentle Abd-el-Kader.

"Well," exclaimed the Commander, as he climbed into the car, "that makes the fifth kind of milk I have had in my life."

"Fifth kind of milk," echoed the Other-one. "What do you mean?"

"Well!" he returned, "I began with mother's milk, then I had cow's milk, and later goat's milk. Once in New Mexico, I drank sheep's milk; but I never had camel's milk until this morning."

"Camel's milk!" cried the lady in disgust. "Was that what Abd-el-Kader gave us? Why did you not tell me? I could not have touched a drop!"

The party now set sail again upon the vast Desert, and soon the outlines of the caravansary were blurred in the distance, and then the palms of Mraïer faded away. The Other-one felt as though they had cast off from a friendly island and now they were afloat on a wide sea. Once, some strange objects appeared moving off in the distance before them. No one could make out what they might be, they were of such curious shape and appearance; and, as the car drew nearer, they looked like grotesque marine monsters. They proved to be a train of camels laden with great drain-pipes hanging on

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each side of them, probably destined for some date plantation. Now they saw the crystals shimmering on the borders of the Chott Merouan, a prolongation of the great one of Melrir.

Mr. Stevens had been reading up on the Desert, and this is, briefly, what he told: "The Chott Melrir occupies a depression in the Sahara lower than the sea, and the water in the gypseous soil is salter than it. The water has no great depth; in spring and summer it is covered with crystals owing to evaporation, so that the eye can scarcely distinguish where the water ends and the crystals begin, as you see there. People generally believe that the Sahara is entirely a great plain of moving sand with flourishing oases here and there, when, in fact, there is more clay and rock than sand. There are two very distinct regions in the Sahara, the Upper and the Lower. The Upper Sahara is a vast depression of sand and clay stretching east to Tunis; the Lower, a rocky plateau extending west almost to Morocco. We pass through great depressions which the sirocco has filled with yellow sand which we see stretching away for miles. The road passes through this, then comes up again to the clay and rock."

At noon, the party stopped at a small oasis, and Chérif brought forth, triumphantly, an unexpectedly good luncheon, for which he must have foraged both in Touggourt and Mraïer; and he much enjoyed the appreciation of his party. Then he retired to a respectful distance to feed upon Arab bread and the dried locusts, of which he seemed to have a plentiful supply.

Early in the day the car passed the creaking stage, whose weary passengers stared enviously at the Motorists, as they sped by. The faint outlines of the Aurès Mountains became visible, a rosy mist on the horizon, then they grew more distinct in beautiful tints of pale mauve, soft rose, and heavenly blue in the clefts, a haze over all like a thin veil, which made their coloring marvellously beautiful. And the car bounded and creaked over the bad road, but Mr. Stevens seemed to consider it a cradle of ease and luxury.

Just before sunset they rolled under the palms of the

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streets of Biskra and came to a stop at the entrance-way of the long white hotel where a crowd of Biskrans sprung, as if by magic, from the ground, to crowd around the motor. The Desert trip was over and the Other-one was sorry—and so was Chérif.

CHAPTER XIX

AWAY FROM BISKRA : A DAY OF DISASTERS IN THE DESERT

THE next day, after the return from the Desert, our Motorists spent in wandering through Biskra and in seeing again those places which had most interested and fascinated them.

In the hot afternoon they went again to saunter through the avenues of the Landon garden, under the delicious shade of the palms, and to refresh themselves with the sound of the running water and the warble of the birds hidden in the foliage of the trees. They sat down on the parapet wall again and looked across the Desert shimmering in the warm sun, to the green oases and to the far Aurès, the opaline tints on their flanks and summits, and the divine, ethereal blue in their clefts.

The Commander unfolded his plan for the next few days. They would go the following day to El Kantara, a matter of something over two hours, for luncheon, and on to Timgad for the night, arriving early enough to see the ruins once more. They would branch off at Khenchella and go by an interesting route and good road to Hammam Meskoutine, where are wonderful petrified springs, then to Bône on the sea; thence by La Calle,—also on the sea, to Tunis.

“It will be a glorious trip,” he said.

There is a flat roof on the long white Moorish hotel at Biskra, where its guests who are wise go up to see the sunset. Of course our travellers went there to watch the glory of the sky after the sun had dropped in the west, a great ball of fire. Then came the afterglow, when the sky changed from amber and gold to the color of the pomegranate, while, up in the zenith this color melted to soft, deep blue; then the splendor faded suddenly away, leaving the sky a deep, dark

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blue, and the brilliant stars came out almost undimmed by the splendor of the moon rising in the east. The evening breeze swayed the palms, and the houses showed white beneath them where the moonlight sifted through. The sounds from the town came up softened; the wail of plaintive music, the rhythmic beat of the *derboukas*, the murmur of voices, punctuated with the braying of donkeys, the snarl of the camels in their *fondouks*, and the barking of the dogs in the *village nègre*. Away to the south beyond the palms, our travellers knew, stretched the boundless Desert, which they had only penetrated far enough to long to go farther into its mysterious, silent spaces.

Off the next morning, from Biskra, whose palms the Other-one saw fading away with regret; yet she was stirred with the thought of scenes to come even more Oriental than those she left behind. Usually very provident with a store of mineral water and biscuits for possible delays on the route, the Commander, this time, had trusted to arriving at El Kantara in good time for luncheon at the clean little hotel there; so he carried not even a bottle of water. "We need nothing on this trip," he said to the Other-one; "with Adrian and this car we may plan to arrive anywhere at a certain hour and we never fail to get there on time."

The car went smoothly across the sandy plains after leaving Biskra: Going up the Col de Sfa a train of camels was passed, moving slowly along; a company of nomads were evidently on the march seeking new places for their tents. The camels were laden with tents and poles; some with great panniers full of all sort of nondescript things; babies and women perched on them, swaying with the motion of the beasts, and looking as if they might tumble off at any moment. Wild-eyed, swarthy men drove the camels along; wretched-looking donkeys, also laden, and gaunt yellow dogs trailed behind. It was a characteristic scene, one which the travellers often saw on the road. All this strange nomad life, always intensely fascinating, was what made the journey through this country so interesting, in spite of the lack many

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times of comfortable and cleanly inns, and having to endure other minor discomforts.

Approaching the strange vehicle, the camels became frightened and began to snarl and back away, shaking the burdens on their backs in an alarming manner and setting the women and babies to screaming. The wild-looking men ran, brandishing their sticks and uttering harsh cries, while the donkeys brayed and the dogs howled. It was pandemonium for a few moments, but Adrian got his car out of the tumult quickly and the nomads were soon left far behind. The motor hummed on across the Desert; hills of rock and sand arose at the left; the great mountains gradually closed around in the distance ahead; and the plain of golden sand stretched away to the right, dotted with patches of pale green—the small barley fields of the nomads, the black spots which were their tents looking like strange vegetable growths.

The road now led up a low hill of rock and sand, and then came down again to the plain; but the car was moving slowly, and when it was down on the level again, it suddenly gave a lurch forward; there was a grinding noise, then the motor stopped, and no effort of Adrian's could move it an inch. He sprang out and began to investigate, taking off the hood and testing the magneto, examining the spark plugs and looking to everything that an experienced chauffeur examines when his car is refractory; so little a cause will prevent it from working and reduce it to helplessness. "I am afraid, sir, that something vital is the matter; she has not done her best this morning. I have felt it ever since we started," said the chauffeur, anxiously. "I think it may be in the gear box; I shall have to take everything to pieces to find the trouble."

"Get to work, then, quick!" ordered the Commander decisively, jumping out in his turn.

So the car was emptied of everything, and the Lady seated herself on a bundle and felt, she said "like Marius before the ruins of Carthage." The chauffeur was soon up to his elbows in grease, while the good-hearted Commander hov-

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ered anxiously around, helping whenever it was possible, getting himself more greasy and soiled, even, than the chauffeur. When the two had worked in anxious silence for what seemed to the lady an interminable time, Adrian cleared the gear box of all the grease, then he looked at the Commander gravely.

“It is a most unusual thing, sir; one of the wheels has slipped from its place in the gear box.”

“What shall we do?” cried the Commander, in despair, “way off here on the Desert! We can get no teams to pull us back to Biskra!”

“I can fix it myself,” said the resourceful chauffeur, “but it is a long job. It will take all day.”

“And we have nothing to eat or drink, and no way to get anything! Nothing in sight but those nomad tents, far off there on the plain.”

Adrian did not stop to listen to what the Commander was saying, but began at once his labor of repairing the damage. Meantime the Other-one had resigned herself to her fate and was trying to extract what interest and amusement she could out of the surroundings. She looked afar across the plain, broken here and there by low sandy hills. She could see the black spots of the nomad tents, the strips of pale green of their little plots of barley, the intense blue of the sky, the golden and gray sand of the hills, the gray, too, of the low-growing furze, the blue-green of the scrub, and there were subtle half-tones that would have fascinated an artist. It was all so still, since the car had stopped; no sound but the low voices, now and then, of the Commander and the patient chauffeur. The sun shone down with a tropical intensity. An hour or two had gone by, when the camels and nomads they had passed in the morning came in sight and straggled slowly by, far at one side. The moving nomads were probably entirely satisfied with their mode of conveyance when they saw the car, still, with all its baggage strewn around it.

It was not long, now, before Bedouins from the distant tents began to come up in small groups, eying, with looks of

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wonder, the broken-down car and the strange beings around it. The dark-skinned men, wrapped in rags of burnouses, jabbered in their harsh gutturals. The women wore equally filthy rags, drawn up over their shoulders, but they had some wisps of blue or red cloth bound over their heads, and wore crude necklaces of silver pieces around their necks and rudely fashioned anklets jingling around their bare brown ankles. Some of them bore little wizened babies, almost nude; while older children, wrapped, too, in rags, hovered around their mothers or made sudden sallies toward the car and fled with shrieks of fear when the Commander blew the horn. Among these little brown nomads was one really chubby child, the only one among them all who had the slightest claim to even good looks. Her little round brown eyes looked out good-naturedly from the swathing of rags around her head. The Other-one had been gazing off on the Desert and sometimes toward the distant filmy mountains at the north, revelling in all the unusual coloring, so soft and ethereal, of the Desert's palette. She now turned her attention to study these strange beings, so far outside her world in everything that was her life. She felt drawn at once to the funny, chubby, little mite; she longed to seize her, wash her, comb her hair, and dress her in decent clothes. The little creature was at once responsive to the evident interest she excited in the lady. She drew shyly near, smiled up in a most engaging way, and, from a little, much discolored sheepskin bag she held in her hand, she drew out a half-dozen boiled lentils and proffered them to the lady, as one in her station of life would have proffered her a bunch of glorious roses. The round eyes of the little nomad lighted up with the joy of a new and agreeable experience, and she drew still nearer, but the Other-one, for obvious reasons, was not disposed to admit the little creature to too close an intimacy, fascinating as was her chubby personality. The Lady rose from her seat, attracting the attention of all the brown, bedraggled women, and they came quickly nearer, but the men were wholly absorbed in gazing at the car. She looked at all the crowd of unsavory women around her. What mis-

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erable, pitiful, meagre, half-fed, ragged creatures they were, —the poorest, by their looks, of all God's creatures! The women and children were now pressing unpleasantly close; she gave a loud cry and gesticulated wildly toward the car, and then they turned and ran toward it and evidently forgot her existence in a few moments.

She slipped hastily away and climbed over a sandy mound covered scantily with scrub, at a little distance off from the road. Once over, she was well hidden from the crowd, and she was much surprised to see, at some rods farther on, three or four tents spread out on the sand. Now was her opportunity to look into these, as she had often wished for a chance. She could not be seen by the people round the motor and there was no one evidently in, or near, the tents. She walked up to the first tent, stretched out on short poles, a ragged brown, black, and white striped camel's-hair cloth, which tent cloth the nomad women themselves weave in the open air, on rude looms. The tent was so low that only a very short person could stand upright in it. The flaps were pushed far back, and she could see the whole interior; some dried bunch grass was strewed around and there was an assortment of most filthy rags at the back, evidently the beds of the family. In front, some pots and pans of pottery discolored by the smoke, a cracked jar of lentils, some dusty dates in a small basket, and a mill, like that of all primitive people, consisting of two round stones, the upper with a hole to hold the stick by which it could be turned on the under stone which is hollowed out; and thus they grind their grain. A flat basket of barley lay near, containing a few cupfuls. There were some other rudely fashioned dishes, one or two being pierced with holes and black with dirt and grease. They were probably for cooking the *cous-cous*, the universal dish of the rich and the poor in this country.

The interior of the tent was so uninviting, that the Other one concluded not to enter, but walked on to survey a smaller tent close by. She had scarcely come near it, when a gaunt yellow and white dog sprang from it, barking fiercely, evi-

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dently, the guardian of the tents around. The Lady turned in great alarm to fly up the hill, but she saw the women and children running down it. They had discovered her whereabouts and were coming to do the honors of their homes, for here was probably where they had their abiding-place for the time. They came up and surrounded her, chattering volubly in their harsh jargon. They had her now, and it seemed they intended to make the most of the opportunity. They drew still closer, picked at her watch, her rings, pulled up the skirt of her dress, and one old wrinkled crone with bleary eyes tried to pull it off. Another knelt to scratch at her shoes, while a weazened younger woman attempted to jerk off her hat, and succeeded in tearing off the veil attached to it. Taking advantage of a scuffle for the possession of the veil, the Lady rushed away from her tormentors and ran over the hill to the car, where she arrived panting, the whole crew clamoring after. "Her ruling passion strong in death," she turned to snap some of them with her kodak.

"Where have you been?" asked the perspiring and greasy Commander, looking up from his work. "You should not go off alone like that; but have you found anything for us to eat, or any water? We are hungry as wolves, and parched with thirst."

"If you could see the tents where I have been, you would not ask that. As to water, the nomads must have it somewhere, but if they should bring it in their dirty pots or pigskins, you would not dare to drink it, you have such a holy horror of microbes."

So the long day wore on. All the plain stretching away was shimmering in heat. The sky was pitiless in its vivid blue. Not a cloud came to veil the hot rays of the sun. The nomads came and went; they seemed to have an unflinching interest in all the proceedings. The Other-one could not see that the poor little half-clad children had had anything to eat but a few cold boiled lentils, of which the little chubby one seemed to have the most. She was the gourmand of the party, which accounted for her chubbiness, probably.

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At length, when the afternoon was waning, Adrian announced that the car was in order. The weary travellers were soon on their way, and the great gash of El Kantara was before them, with the tortured, twisted, ochreous rocks rising high on each side, while the Oued Kantara boiled under the Roman bridge. The sky was now gray, the rocks and the mountains gray too, and the wind was blowing the dust of the road into whirlpools. They seemed to have left the land of sunshine and suave breezes behind them.

Hungry and thirsty, the Motorists descended at the little hotel, where they hoped for a clean and comfortable luncheon, from their experience when going south. The Other-one rushed into the cool little dining-room, which had a festive air, with many little tables set with clean white cloths, delighting her soul with the thoughts of a delicious supper. When she ordered—to be brought at once—a delectable meal, the *patronne*, who was giving some orders to the worried-looking waiter, seemed quite offended. It was quite impossible, she declared; the dinner was now being prepared and would be ready in an hour and a half; Madame must wait until then. The Commander was wroth indeed, but this only complicated matters. However, after some pressure being brought to bear on the *patronne*, and a good fee slipped in the hands of the meek waiter, he produced some scraps of cold ham, a loaf or two of dried bread, some withered oranges, and a handful of dusty dates. With these the hungry party were fain to content themselves, but looked eagerly forward to a hot supper at Batna, a distance of only seventy kilometres.

When the Commander went out, he found the weary Adrian pumping up a tire, which had suddenly gone flat, while they were at supper. "Another delay," grumbled the Commander. "This is most unfortunate. Shall we ever get to Batna? And I fully expected to be in Timgad for the night!"

As they rolled away from the inhospitable inn, a fine drizzling rain began, which puffs of wind drove into the car,

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wetting them all in spite of the sheltering curtains having been lowered,—adding another misery to those already endured. The night had now dropped down, and the motor hummed on, the road showing white under the blaze of the lamps, with the black shadows of trees or rocks thrown across it now and then. The party had been silent for a long time; there was no sound but that of the throbbing engine, when suddenly a loud report startled everybody. “It’s a tire burst,” exclaimed the chauffeur phlegmatically, and got out in the pouring rain, working patiently to replace the tire—an hour’s work. On again for four or five kilometres more, then crack! another tire went.

“It’s the last one we have left,—the one I must put on,” said Adrian wearily. The Commander was too tired to exclaim.

A dire fate was certainly pursuing them. It was over an hour’s slow work. When they were moving on again, the lights in front of the car were burning dimly; the shadows grew blacker across the road; deep ravines seemed to open before; great black gulfs stretched on each side of the way. Then the lamps went out; all was plunged into pitchy darkness, and the rain and wind increased.

“We must stay here all night!” exclaimed the Commander, but Adrian got silently out and worked at the generator by the light of the small oil-lamps, which had only seemed for ornament heretofore, in front of the car. At length, however, he found his efforts useless, and they were forced to proceed very slowly and carefully by the feeble light the small lamps gave intermittently, for the wind blew them out several times.

It was past midnight when the weary party came into Batna and descended at the small hotel on the main street, which had been recommended to them. Tired, famished, parched with thirst, wet through from the falling rain, they waited at the entrance, while a cross porter opened the big door.

“What do you want this time of night?” he growled.

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“ Supper quickly, and rooms,” cried Adrian.

“ At this hour of midnight! It is not possible!” and he was about to slam the door in their faces.

Then the Commander rose in his might. He pushed the door sharply open, pointed upstairs and said sternly, “ Go and tell the manager to come down at once!”

The dazed porter comprehended and fled up the staircase, and after what seemed an age, he came back and said sulkily, “ There are but two beds left in the house. These you can have; but supper, no!”

As the Other-one crawled, with aching bones, into her hard bed, supperless and unutterably weary, she murmured, “ Automobiling, even in sunny Africa, is not all joy!”

CHAPTER XX

TO TUNIS BY BONE AND LA CALLE; WITH A VISIT TO HAMMAM
MESKOUTINE AND TO THE RUINS OF BULLA REGIA AND DOUGGA.

THE next morning, all were refreshed by a night's sleep, and the Commander unfolded his plans for the next few days' campaign to the Other-one, while they were taking their coffee.

"I had thought of going more directly to Tunis from here, by Souk-Ahres; for it is said the road is pretty good and the mountain scenery grand; but now, I have decided to visit the petrified springs of Hammam Meskoutine first, and to go by Bône and La Calle to Tunis," said he.

So they were off after luncheon that day, going to Timgad only for the night, a matter of thirty-seven kilometres only. They wished for a last look at the interesting ruins of the ancient Thamugadi and they went to see them by the light of the setting sun. Great banks of gilded clouds were piled up in the western sky. The Two sat down on the highest part of the ruined theatre. Again they looked over the forests of columns and the great Arch of Trajan, golden in the late afternoon sun and seeming more majestic than ever. At the south-east the highest peak of the Aurès—Chéliea—was a deep blue from the cloud shadows; while a high peak of the Batna Mountains shot up like a misty arrow against a vivid amber sky which showed through a wide rift in the clouds at the west.

The Other-one looked at the Aurès Mountains with a regretful sigh.

"Biskra and the Desert lie far down beyond them," she said.

There was a clear blue sky, except for a few trailing clouds across the mountains, when they left Timgad at the foot of

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the Aurès. The air was crystal clear from dust, and the larks were rising everywhere on the plains with liquid trills. It was a day to be glad that one was alive and bowling over fine roads in a smoothly running car. The Aurès, at the right, were streaked with snow and seemed a stern, imposing range, so much sterner seen on their northern slopes than when viewed from Biskra, afar, with their southern slopes bathed in soft and melting tints. The Other-one would not, at first, believe them to be the same range, but the Commander, with his maps and his unfailing sense of direction, convinced her much against her will. Afar, on the wide plains crossed by the road, the nomad's patches of barley showed, a pale green, here in this northern clime, as compared with the rich tints of their cultivation in the Desert. The picturesque, red-striped tents of the Heracta—the tribe peopling this part—dotted the plain, and their flocks and herds, tended by their shepherds, gave a peaceful and pastoral air to all the scene. Now came a train of camels, turning their high heads contemptuously from side to side.

“Now I know why the camel is so haughty and disdainful!” exclaimed the Other-one. “He owns the Desert; it is all his. He can live on its sandy wastes without water; its scrub gives him delicious food; he can compass all its distances without fatigue and he is the color of its sands; he knows all its secrets, past and to come; away from it, he dies. Why should he not be arrogant and disdainful when he compares himself with other animals, human as well!”

Now a man, swathed to the eyes in his white burnous and *haïk*, a scarlet blanket thrown across the mule he rode, came down the hill toward the car, then turned quickly to the side of the road. A woman trailed after him, with draperies of the most vivid magenta color caught at her shoulders with enormous silver pins; great hoops of silver in her ears, and the usual clanking anklets, and wide braids dropping below her yellow headband—startling in her bril-

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liance of coloring, like a gorgeously plumaged bird. She carried a brown baby on her back, who looked like a bronze idol. "Picturesque though the man is, he is a lazy wretch to allow the woman to trail along with that heavy baby! Why doesn't he get off and walk?" exclaimed the Other-one indignantly.

"Man is a privileged being here," returned the Commander, "but see how lavish he has been in presents of jewellery to her; I wish I could buy those fibulæ."

But the people were quickly gone from view, and the car hummed on. Long ranges of velvety brown hills shut off the view of the Aurès for a while. The road now ran across numerous small streams which come from the mountains and abundantly water this valley. Near noon the car passed through the little, dismal, newly laid-out town they had passed before, where the colonists, few in number, were at work and Arabs lounged, as usual, in the little *café*. Again down to a vast plain, fairly alive with natives, flocks, herds of cattle and camels, while the red tents dotted the green like great poppies. The road then ran up to hills covered with thuyas or junipers and dark *lentisque* bushes. The travellers went rapidly through the wind-swept town of Khenchella, with Arabs everywhere in the streets and many *fondouks* for the camels, whose snarls could be heard from within them.

The Aurès had become misty outlines in the distance when the car rolled into Ain Beida, and the party descended to lunch at the dirty little hotel, whence a frowsy-headed waiter rushed out and welcomed them with great effusion. There was a beautiful garden across from the inn, with graceful pepper-trees and beds of great blue iris upon which the Other-one kept her gaze while eating, not daring to look, after the first glance across the little *café*, into the shed-like kitchen beyond, where a gnome, in a soiled white cap, was cooking over a rusty stove. She feared lest her appetite for the India-rubber steak and the cast-iron chicken would flee.

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“How cold it is here!” she exclaimed, shivering, “after the delicious warmth and sun at Biskra; and this place is insupportable, too, after that green oasis of a hotel there, so clean and comfortable.”

“No wonder you are cold! Do you know how high Ain Beida is?” asked the Commander. “We were a little higher at Timgad, which is 3,546 feet, and have come down here to 3,200 feet. Biskra is only 390 feet about sea level. We are on the high plateaux now.”

Leaving Ain Beida, they crossed a plain with a great mountain lying along the west like an enormous camel resting, its long neck on the earth. The clouds were now mounting from the east and trailing sometimes across the sun, giving glorious effects of light and shade on the green plain. The road was always good, until it came near to a mining town lying off to one side, on the hill; from which a track ran into the dusty, busy town of Montcalm. Here were many tents of nomads on the border of the place; and loaded teams, camels, and donkeys coming in. Around the market-place were long bales of alfa, or esparto grass, ready for shipping; and all was busy activity everywhere. From here to Oued Zenati the road was so bad, so full of ruts and stones, that the Commander's patience was sorely tried. They ran out of the town and turned to the right, up through a beautiful avenue of spring-green ash-trees.

Trees had been so scanty the last few days of their travels over the plains, that it was a pleasant surprise to find so luxuriant a growth here and at Bordj-Sabbath, farther on, where were groves of pines and another long avenue of ash-trees. They saw the old fort, a *bordj*, or fortified caravanary, that gives the town its name. The valley narrowed from here on and the scenery grew wilder. The hills were covered with *lentisque* bushes and the wild olive flourished. Great rocks thrust themselves out in ledges—masses of gray which, with the black of the forests on the mountain flanks, gave the country a melancholy air.

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Patches of squill, with its shiny large leaves, its great, brown bulbs often denuded of soil, grew in open spaces; and the now familiar asphodel raised its pale, pinky blossoms on waste places. Often there would be a blaze of the golden genesta lighting up the rocky spaces as with rays of sunlight. Then the craggy hills opened into a green and luxuriant valley, in smiling contrast to the rugged defiles before. A few kilometres farther on, passing the road to Guelma at the right, the travellers went up an ascent and came out upon a region where they saw jets of steam rising in the air in many places; and many round and conical masses of corrugated rock showed at the right on a plateau. Soon the car rolled up an avenue of ash-trees and came to a square having a beautiful garden with rows of luxuriant pepper-trees and tropical palms, with lemon-trees and orange-trees, their pale yellow and deep golden-fruit, showing amongst the dark green foliage. In one corner an enormous terebinth-tree spread its giant branches and gave shelter to many little coffee tables spread under its shade. Masses of blue English iris were in bloom in the garden, and there were fascinating Roman antiquities scattered around—pillars, capitals, monuments, and several mutilated statues. Around the square were white cottages of one and two stories, and they looked most clean and inviting.

When the travellers had been shown their cheerful and spotless room, with its gay chintz coverings and a veranda looking on the garden, the lady sighed with content: "Another oasis of a hotel! Let us abide here a blissful month and in the charms of Hammam Meskoutine forget forever the hotels of Tébessa and Ain Beida!"

The Commander, unheeding this proposition, suggested, as it was yet early, that they should go out to see the petrified cascades and whatever else there might be of interest.

They set out to view the springs under the guidance of a young Arab who had witnessed their arrival and came at once to offer his services with great joy. The boy led them down through a grove of ancient olive-trees at the back of

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their cottage to a terrace where the air was clouded with rising steam. A most astonishing sight met their eyes. On a plateau, railed off from the ancient grove, they saw many caldron-like holes full of a bubbling, boiling, blue water, the overflow falling in wide cascades which, upon the point of rushing over, seemed to have been staid by some magic power and petrified to a mass of stilled rapids, in every color imaginable. The Commander dipped his hand in the small conduits of stone that ran from the boiling pools toward the bathing-houses, and found them most uncomfortably hot. With the steam, the heat, and the odors, it was a most uncanny spot. The boy appeared anxious that his patrons should go farther on, so following him down a narrow, slippery path at one side, they came to the bottom of the hill, where they could look up the mass, rising over sixty feet, of frozen cascades—the Grand Cascades, as they are called. Here is every tint of rust color in them, from a pallid tone to a deep, dark red. In some places there is a mass of dazzling white like coagulated cream; then there are shades of gray, some warm and some dull blue, with faint streaks of green through them. It is all very beautiful, yet with a weird, unearthly beauty.

“It’s marvellous and stupendous!” exclaimed the Commander. “These effects are produced by the bubbling water being strongly impregnated with lime, which is deposited when the water cools, falling down the rocks. There must be much sulphur in it too, judging from the odor in the air and some of the colors of the petrifications.”

“Now for the practical part from the guide-book,” said the Other-one, “as this Arab can tell us nothing.”

“These waters, by the experiments of the military authorities for the last sixty years, have proved very efficacious in cases of rheumatism, affections of the joints, sprains, neuralgia, partial paralysis, fevers, chronic bronchitis, and even in localized tuberculosis. There are twenty sources from which the springs of Hammam Meskoutine rise. All of these are hot, but vary in temperature according to their position and the overflow of water. The greater the quantity, the higher the temperature. The spring at the foot of the bridge on the Guelma road is full of iron, but not so hot; when cooled, it is used for drinking. . . .



THE PETRIFIED CASCADES AT HAMMAM MESKOUTINE



THE " ARAB MARRIAGE " AT HAMMAM MESKOUTINE
—PETRIFIED CONES

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The temperature of this Grand Cascade is about 205 degrees Fahrenheit, which is a higher temperature than any of the mineral waters in Europe, and only equalled by the Geysers in Iceland, New Zealand, and the Philippine Islands. It seems that these waters were known and employed at a very remote antiquity, but the oldest monuments yet discovered date from the Punic period. Of the Roman occupation there are ample traces."

It was a sylvan spot where they were. A little crystal stream flowed along at the foot of the brilliant cascades with their gamut of color. Old olive-trees with gnarled trunks cast a shade around. The grass on the slopes of the hills nearby was powdered with daisies, and the wild marigolds made spots like sunlight. The air was fresh and suave; the faint odor of sulphur it held, not disagreeable. Some little gray birds flew twittering down to the rocky border of the stream. Suddenly some gurgling, clucking notes were heard, seeming to come from a tree by the stream. The Other-one peered into the branches, trying to locate the birds, but they were too shy, and hid themselves in the foliage. "It sounds like our cuckoo which we hear in deep woods sometimes on hot days." The notes were repeated and grew into a chorus. "Oh, I wish I could find out what they are and what they look like!" exclaimed the Lady.

Meantime the Commander had gone down the slope from the path to test the warmth of the little stream. "It is deliciously hot!" he called out. "Come down here and see your birds."

She hastened down and saw, on the rocks along the bank and popping their black heads out of the water, a number of little frogs, the smallest she had ever seen; so small that she could not believe that they had produced the sonorous gurgling she had just heard, until she saw them hopping joyously from stone to stone and emitting their astonishing sounds.

The Arab boy had been growing restive; he uttered the words "Arab marriage" several times, and pointed up the hill.

"Oh, yes, I know what he means, and as we walk along

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I will tell you the legend which the Arabs firmly believe to be true, and because of which they call these springs, Hammam Meskoutine, or the 'accursed baths,' " said the Lady.

They followed the boy up a path to the left, which led by a large basin or reservoir filled with water running from the boiling springs, and into which they plunged their hands but withdrew them more quickly.

"The legend is this: Once upon a time, near here, there lived a very wealthy sheik named Ali. He had a sister, beautiful as the dawn, whom he loved to distraction. In order that no other man might possess her, he resolved to marry her himself, in spite of the protestations of his father and friends, many of whom he caused to have their heads struck off in front of his tent. Extensive preparations were made for the wedding, and a big feast was prepared. When the celebration of the marriage drew near the end, there came a thick blackness over all the land, and a terrific earthquake made the earth tremble and open. Flames and demons came out of the fissures; loud thunder rolled, and a great tempest raged. At that moment, the whole company turned to stone—the wicked sheik, his bride Ourida, the Cadi who married them and who can be easily identified by his turban, the father and mother who had protested, and all the friends; the camel laden with the bridal gifts, and even the *cous-cous* left over from the feast. Allah, in his anger, had turned all to stone, because they would not obey the laws of his Prophet: so the smoke ever rises from the great fires below, a warning to all evildoers of the punishment that awaits such ones. Now, if you do not believe all this story, why, there is the proof," said the Lady, pointing to some great cones out on the terrace above the cascades where the guide had just led them. Indeed all could be identified in the great cones, fourteen to twenty feet high, many of them: the Cadi, with his turban, the married pair in a close embrace, the bride in her long flowing mantle. There were the father and mother, and the smaller cones were the wedding guests, all decorated with wreaths of flowers and grasses.

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“It does not require much imagination to fancy all alive and the wedding festivities going on. There is the steam arising from the *cous-cous*, and I can even hear the music,” said the Lady, as the plaintive minor tones of an Arab pipe made itself heard, with the beating of tom-toms, from down the road.

“These cones, scattered everywhere here, are certainly very curious,” said the Commander, and then he added,—his active mind always seeking a solution for every problem presented—“these must be formed by the water rising above the rock, depositing a circle of lime, then a second and a third, and so on, until the water has not sufficient force to reach the top, which closes over, and the spring seeks another vent; and so it goes on. See! on some of those where earth and dust have collected, there are shrubs and vines whose seeds have been dropped by the birds, or blown in by the wind.”

“They look like enormous flower-pots,” said the Other-one. “Let us walk on across the terrace beyond and look down where the River Chedaker has cut its way through, in which the water of the springs flows. I read that over the hills, about two kilometres from here, there is a subterranean lake which is worth visiting, for those who have plenty of time (consequently, those who are *not* motorists). It is a hundred and fifty feet long and ninety-nine feet wide. It came to view after a great storm some twenty years ago, when the earth fell in with a terrific rumbling, showing an entrance to a cavern. It is dark as night there even at midday, and the Arabs take one in with torches, and around it in a boat. It must be rather a lugubrious boat-ride, however.”

The clouds had been gathering darkly above Djebel-Debar, making its timbered slopes black under their shadows, and the whole place around seemed more weird as the rain began to descend, scattering some picnic parties who had been finishing the remnants of their noon repast with much apparent gusto. Our friends fled—the young Arab after them, fearful of losing his fee—to their deliciously clean rooms in the white

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cottage, where their travelling household gods were installed for the night. After retiring they heard in the stillness, through their open windows, the clarion notes of the joyous frogs in their warm baths, seemingly undismayed by the falling rain.

When the Motorists left Hammam Meskoutine on the road for Bône the next morning, the rain had ceased, but the clouds were piled in great cottony masses above the dark mountains. The sky seen through great rents was of that rich, translucent blue that no sky but that of Africa ever shows. The plains were clothed with a rich rug of flowers, refreshed by the rain.

At Guelma, nineteen kilometres from the Springs, once the ancient and flourishing town of Calama (one of its claims to interest being that Possidius, the biographer of St. Augustine, was born there), the Commander directed the chauffeur to stop the car near the pretty public garden, and the travellers descended to take a walk through its flowery precincts and to cast a glance at some of the Roman remains there, discovered at Guelma, and also some brought from the neighboring towns of Announa and Khamessa, ancient Roman cities where excavations had been going on. These antique statues—noseless, armless, and legless, mere torsos, some of them were odd to see—a statue of Fortune; a statue of a Roman in a toga; heads of Venus and of Septimus Severus on a lintel supported by two antique columns; a colossal statue of Jupiter in a sort of chapel; a statue of Diana in the midst of the luxuriant flower-beds, which contrasted with the dignified, stern, and severe lines of the antiques and their deep creamy coloring; but more startling was the contrast between them and a modern French Venus on a high pedestal occupying a prominent place in the garden, with the smirking face of the model and with voluptuous and heavy outlines in the most garish white marble. The ancient statues seemed to look reproachfully and sadly at it, as if asking themselves the question, "Is this what modern Art has come to?"

The Commander decided to take the longer road to Bône

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(which, just beyond the town, turns to the left, and is the Phillippeville route) in order that he might pass the Lake Fetzara. They crossed the Seybouse, which "is, of all the Algerian rivers, the one which has the most constant flow, and which, as it approaches the sea, has most the appearance of a real river, its basin very well watered by the abundant rains which fall in that region." The travellers thought it here rather a sullen, muddy-looking stream. The road went up over hills and through olive groves, northwest to Auri-beau, then northeast beyond some great vineyards, and came out on a vast plain stretching away to the Lake Fetzara in the distance, beyond which were misty outlines of mountains. On this plain were countless herds of cattle and flocks of sheep feeding, guarded by shepherds whose huts, of reeds and thatch, were scattered in clusters here and there. The race of cattle in this section is celebrated as the best in Algeria or Tunisia. Small of size but enduring fatigue and easy to fatten, they take their name from the town of Guelma.

The wide and marshy extent of plain was a mosaic of masses of flowers, among which predominated the golden yellow and orange of marigolds, with the wild fennel (*Ferula communis*) lifting its great balls—yellow also. Clouds of the least-white-crane flew back and forth from the distant lake, which showed a gleam like dull silver, in the distance.

"It must be a frightfully unhealthy country, with all this marshy expanse; yet how pastoral and peaceful it all looks!" said the Lady.

The road beyond lay through long groves of eucalyptus trees, some of them enormous in size. There must have once been a village, for there were the tumbled down remains of modern houses and a melancholy-looking bakery which was also going to ruin.

"The inhabitants must have all died of malaria," observed the Commander; for no one was to be seen but three or four of the ubiquitous Arabs lounging in a ruined doorway. The car, after passing the luxuriant groves, neared the lake where the least-white-crane were circling like snow-flurries; there

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were flocks of ducks resting on the water, and a cloud of busy, bronze-blue swallows with salmon-tinted breasts, dipped back and forth from the water-side.

It was yet early in the afternoon (for Bône is only one hundred and eight kilometres from Guelma by the long route) when they drew near to the white city, lying on the pine-clad terraces of the foothills of the mountain Edough, and when they were still nearer, a big white church with spires stood out on the right, on a green hill.

“That must be the basilica erected to the memory of St. Augustine,” said the Other-one, “and that is what makes Bône, the ancient Hippone, and its surroundings, so interesting; for it is all so connected with the history of that wonderful man. But from what I read the town itself is a modern French city with a fine avenue of trees — the Cours-Jérôme Bertagna. It has an uninteresting old Arab town with a plain mosque. The market, however, is a very lively one in the morning. We have only to concern ourselves with the ruins of Hippone, which are just outside of the modern city, and with memories of St. Augustine. You know he was bishop here for forty years, from 390 A. D. Here, too, he wrote those ‘Confessions,’ and ‘The City of God,’ which are so celebrated.”

“Yes, I know, and that he died here in 430 during the siege of the city by the Vandals.”

While they were talking, the motor had entered the suburbs of Bône and, a short distance from the walls, they passed a large gate opening into a garden and small property; over the gate was inscribed “Ruins of Hippone.” They rang at the gate and the custodian hastened to let them in. He led the way through a path bordered with luxuriant bushes of pink roses to the back, where the debris of excavation could be seen. Some feet below, the original level was covered with mosaics, broken columns, and low arches of stone; the remains of elegant public or private baths in Roman houses. Some of the mosaics are very fine, one with Venus and the Nereids; and a personification of the Year, surrounded by musicians

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and theatrical masques, all very well preserved, with colors fresh and vivid. Here, in this place owned by a Mr. Dufour, at one side is a Phœnician wall constructed of huge blocks of stone, ashlar-cut, far below the soil of the Roman house. There were also some more pillars and debris of what was considered to have been an early Christian basilica. Over the walls, beyond this little estate, can be seen, also the debris of excavations; and near a hill crowned with olives, are Roman reservoirs which have been restored and now supply Bône with water.

All was very unsatisfactory, however, regarding any definite knowledge that the travellers could get about the antique city.

A very picturesque view of the new Cathedral could be seen through an opening in the trees at the back of the garden, a white building crowning the green slope of a hill. But the choicest things of the excavations, according to the custodian, were the Punic tombs at the front of the Roman house, or baths. Through the soil cut away could be seen some rows of the tombs, each composed of three slabs of tufa, forming a triangular hole, through which could be seen some discolored skulls protruding in rather a disturbing way.

“ I wish we might see the monument erected to St. Augustine in 1840. Is it far from here? ” the Lady asked the custodian.

“ No, madame. Do not cross the Roman bridge, as you must to go to town, but keep on to a road that turns up the hill; there you will find it, not far from the great basilica.”

So they decided, as there was yet a little time before sunset, to go up to the monument. The custodian, grateful for the Commander's generous fee, bowed them out of the gate, leaving in the Other-one's hand a bunch of the beautiful pink roses. They went up, as directed, and found, under some ancient olive-trees, a small and simple statuette on a pedestal surrounded by an iron fence. The steps of marble leading up to it were cut with many names, those of pious pilgrims, probably, who wished to leave some record of their pilgrimage.

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“ I believe there are an arm and some other bones of the saint interred here,” said the Other-one. “ St. Augustine was first buried in the Basilica of Hippone, but later his remains were taken to Cagliari and kept there for two hundred years; then they were removed to Pavia, where they are now, in the Cathedral, but the right arm of St. Augustine was taken and brought here. This spot was chosen for erecting this monument, they say, because it was believed to have been the site of the monastery where St. Augustine wrote his ‘ Confessions ’ and his ‘ City of God. ’ They always celebrate here a religious service on the anniversary of his death.”

It was certainly an impressive place, with the old olives, the extended view and the reminder of the great Father of the Church. The Two went farther up to the big new basilica above, with its capital and high spires. They stepped inside a moment, but it all looked new and garish in spite of the fine rose-colored granite columns, which the custodian said were brought from Corsica, and the high altar of various African marbles. Outside, they lingered for the glorious view, down over the ruins of ancient Hippone,— away beyond to the blue sea, to white, modern Bône rising in terraces on a low green hill running down to it, and in the background, dark Mount Edough rising into the west against the mass of rose-tinted clouds which hung above the setting sun.

It was late when they rode into the gates of the bright, gay city of Bône, with its throngs of people walking up and down the long main avenue of luxuriant *figus* trees, and the lights twinkling everywhere. It being Sunday evening, the French people were all out in gala attire. Some Arabs in their red fezes and *haïks*, with their burnouses thrown around them, threaded in and out of the throng, with it, but never of it. The dusty and tired voyagers drew up at a hotel on the avenue to which the genial landlord welcomed them as if they were long-lost patrons, and he gave them the best he had; and, as compared with much that went before, it was very good indeed. They did not linger long in Bône in the

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morning; a glance at the rather uninteresting mosque, a quick trip through the busy market thronged with Arabs, and they climbed into their car.

The Commander directed the chauffeur to run down by the harbor, so they had a view of the shipping; then the road ran along from the sea and crossed the Seybouse River by an iron bridge. The sky was somewhat overcast, and the great mountain of Edough looked sombre, with its dark forests. But the wayside was embroidered with the vivid blue of the borage, and the fields of wheat were aflame with scarlet poppies. The road went on by the marshy *Lac des Oiseaux*, and clouds of water-birds were rising from or settling down upon it; the tall reeds on its edges were waving in the breeze. Beyond this the travellers passed a number of native huts of thatch and reeds; flocks and herds were feeding near, guarded by little half-clad shepherds. Some children ran out, clad in vivid red, and looking like great poppies blown from the wheat fields by the wind. Then came Lake Oubeïra, also with colonies of busy water-birds, and extending to wooded hills beyond.

Farther on, the road ran up into a cork-tree forest where, under the shade of the trees the asphodel with its pale pinky blooms flourished, flinging to the breeze its balsamic odor. Beyond the forest the hills were brown with *lentisque* bushes, and the slopes in places were golden with the genesta. Then the Motorists came down through hedges of prickly pears, which guarded little estates where were many fig-trees, their distorted branches now hidden by great green leaves; and there were almond-trees laden with green nuts, and many apricot-trees. The stained yellow houses showed through the foliage, and there were many small vineyards. There came then a dazzling view of the sea, and the rocks beyond the harbor of La Calle were white with the foam of breakers rolling in. The car ran down to the square above the harbor. Here were some discouraged-looking, wind-buffeted palm-trees and a melancholy, yellow cathedral with very high spires. The town seemed to consist of this and some low, yellow houses,

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and the French custom-house, where the Commander was to get his *passavant* for entering Tunis.

As the Motorists looked around, it seemed that they had entered another country. La Calle is essentially an Italian town. Here the Arab element is conspicuously absent; only a few men in burnouses lounge along the streets, but looking so superior, with their intent, brown faces and their picturesque costumes, to the sodden-looking sailors and fishermen who loiter on the corners and by the saloons, or hang over the balustrade above the little harbor. But for these, the town had a deserted air, as if everybody were asleep or had moved away. It seemed strange after the bustling towns and villages, seething with an abundance of life, through which the travellers had motored heretofore. Adrian stopped his car in front of the custom-house and went in to see about getting the *passavant*. He returned at once, saying that the head-officer was about going to his second breakfast and would not do anything until after that.

“How stupid!” exclaimed the Commander. “It is only a little after eleven! We don’t want our lunch at this hour. Go and tell him we are in a hurry.”

“It’s no use, sir! He won’t do a thing until after he eats. He is very cross about it.”

“Let’s take a walk, then, down by the rocks and look at the sea dashing on them; then get our luncheon,” said the Lady. “By that time the famished officer will have gorged himself into good nature.”

So they crossed the square and stopped to lean over the stone coping and looked down into the little harbor. It is shut in between a high hill running down to the water (which cragged mass of rock has an old fort on it) and the mass of pale yellow houses built upon what was probably once a mass of rock, and has a narrow quay running along above the harbor. The short opening between showed the breakers rolling in and dashing against the rocks at the foot of the hill, but the water inside was calm. Below were some fishing boats drawn up; some had piles of brown nets on them, which some

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sailors were pulling out to dry, while other ancient mariners smoked vigorously over some nets they were mending.

“Do you know,” said the Commander, “that once this was one of the most important places for the fishing of coral, which was then very abundant around here? Now I believe there is scarcely a boat engaged in it.”

When it was decided that the time for luncheon had come they walked up to the plain little hotel on one of the streets beyond the square. The Lady gave one look into the dark and dirty dining-room and at the table shown them by the door, with a soiled table-cloth and a superannuated oil and vinegar cruet that must have been a relic of the coral fishery times. She said to the Commander, “If you please, I think I can lunch sumptuously on the biscuits and chocolate which you have been so wise as to provide always, since our day over the Col de Sfa.”

The Commander smiled sarcastically, muttered something about fastidious travellers, but gave the desired permission; so the Lady ate her modest luncheon in the motor car, about which some dirty and ragged little Italians, with a sprinkling of small Arabs, gathered as closely as they dared and watched each mouthful; while an important Arab boy in a long, dirty, white, shirt-like garment and a red fez stuck well back on his head, marched before the car, flecking at the small gamins with the Commander's whip which had been given to him with instructions to ward off attacks on the car, during the time the chauffeur ate his luncheon. When it was considered that time enough had been given the official, Adrian sought him and found him in an amiable frame of mind, so that he condescended to set about making out the papers. He consumed, however, so much time, that the Commander sent Adrian in several times to hurry him up. These invasions produced no effect, and he kept on the even tenor of his way.

But even a custom-house officer will get through some time. At last all was ready, and they went gladly away up the hills, leaving sleepy La Calle by the blue sea fringed with

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the foam of the waves breaking over the jagged rocks. The road wound up by long curves and entered a great forest of cork-trees, with many fine chestnut-oaks. Sometimes, when the road dipped down, there were hollows wet from the mountains springs; here grew colonies of yellow iris and masses of great ferns. At length the boundary line was reached, marked by a stone set up on the right of the road with a round heap of rocks near,— the boundary line between Algeria and Tunisia. Five kilometres farther on, the Tunisian custom-house came in sight — a small square Turkish-looking building, having turrets with slits for observation on the four corners. One or two officials with red fezes were lounging near the door, but became quickly alert as the car approached.

While the chauffeur went in to attend to the papers the Commander unfolded his map, studying it attentively a few moments, then said to the Lady:

“ Instead of going from here down to Tabarca by the shorter route, we will go by Ain-Draham and Souk-el-Arba, near which place are the ruins of Bulla Regia, where they have been lately excavating. We can stop overnight at Béja, and from there it is but a short distance to Dougga (Tébour-souk). There are the most important Roman ruins in Tunisia. We can thus get to Tunis easily that night, and also see two important places without making especial excursions from there afterwards.”

“ From our guide-book,” said the Other-one, “ I find we now are on the borders of Kroumiri, so called from a tribe inhabiting this region. ‘ It is one of the most attractive districts of this country, covered with beautiful forests. It extends from Tabarca, on the coast, about fifty kilometres in a southerly direction. Little was known about the Kroumirs until the French occupation, except that they led an independent life, resisting all attempts at subjection, and plundering with equal impartiality the districts on both sides of them. The subjection of this people was one of the excuses for the French occupation of Tunisia; and now this once inaccessible region is covered with good roads, is perfectly safe

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for travellers, and the women as well as the men are occupied with the cultivation of the soil.' ”

Adrian now came out with a pleased smile, “ It is all over, sir; it has taken only a few minutes.”

“ Good! ” exclaimed the Commander, “ now we are really off.”

He returned the polite salutation of the officer who came out to stare at the motor, and the car was soon moving rapidly up the hill through the forest of great cork-oaks, magnificent chestnut-oaks and *zéens* (*Quercus Mirbeckii*), with some ash-trees, which were now in their full, graceful foliage. Looking back through openings in the forest as the road curved up the pass, they could see, far below, the green smiling valleys, the sheen of Lake Obeïra near La Calle, and the intense blue of the sea. Reaching the Col des Ruines, the forest shut away again, and they went still up, to the culminating point at Ain-Draham, a military post, one thousand feet above sea-level. To the southeast of it they saw a great peak rising into the sky, the Djebel Bir. Just beyond, a glorious, extended view spread out before the travellers' enchanted eyes, for the forest opens wide here; far below, green plains with boundaries of hills rising to folds upon folds of mountains, dark now with the overcast sky and with thick forests. Then the road wound down, to mount again steeply to a deep forest where is a little hotel for the summer, called *Camp de la Santé* or *Les Chênes*, surrounded with some of the largest and finest *zéen* oaks they had seen; with vistas here and there through the woods down upon the green valley and wooded mountains beyond.

Then the car slid down to this green valley, and the travellers saw fields upon fields of barley and wheat stretching afar, like a rich green ocean ruffled by the breeze into silvery waves. Some five kilometres before arriving at Souk-el-Arba, whence they were to turn northeast to Béja for the night, there was a small guide-board, showing three kilometres for Bulla Regia. “ It seems to be nothing but a country road,” said the Commander. “ Luckily it has not rained, or with

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this soil and no foundation, we could not get through it; the car would sink in the mud."

A great craggy mountain, gray and stern, seemed to be guarding the entrance to the ruined city at which the travelers soon arrived. They saw, standing up in the midst of luxuriant vegetation, a conglomeration of ruins — arches and columns scattered far and wide. As the car stopped, an elderly Arab came toward them slowly and, pointing to himself, uttered the word "guide" several times, but the Other-one could not make him understand when she asked what there was to see especially and how long it would take to see it.

"His French is the most sketchy," she exclaimed, "but I suppose he can lead us around, for want of any one else; for there is no one except the nomads around those tents off there. The guide-book says little about this place, except that Bulla Regia existed before the Roman conquest, and was once the residence of Numidian kings, and became very prosperous under the Empire. It was situated on the Roman road from Carthage to Theveste (Tébessa). These ruins are spread over this plain dominated by that stern mountain which is called Djebel Rebia. Those immense piles of ruins we see at the right are thought to be baths; the ruins of cisterns the natives utilize as dwelling houses. There are some fine Roman houses excavated, also a temple to Apollo, but mere vestiges. Many statues have been found here, and are in the Alaoui Museum at Tunis."

"We will identify what we can," said the Commander. "This Arab is able, at least, to show us the Roman houses."

So the Two followed the native, who seemed anxious to have them go on. It was a strange and lonely scene under the gray sky; a wide barley field extended to the east, the ruins cropping up from it and from other small fields, through which scarlet poppies tossed on their slender stems, golden marigolds blazed around the edges of the piles of antique masonry, and the stern gray and black mountain at the west guarded all. The breeze, swaying the barley, seemed to be trying to

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whisper the story of this ancient ruined city, once flourishing, now mere nameless heaps of masonry. A rough path led through the fields, over which the Commander and the Lady stumbled after the native. They came to a rude fountain where water was trickling into a long basin. Here they paused to see a Bedouin woman who had just come up and was standing like a picture against the fountain. She had dull yellow draperies, caught on the shoulder with great silver pins, and a scarlet cloth was wound around her head. She carried a big brown jar, of graceful shape, slung at her back. What most drew the Commander's attention was the wonderful and unusual earrings she wore, silver crescents with several long chains attached to them, with curious engraved ornaments at the end of each chain; she had also a wide plaque of silver hanging from silver chains around her neck, silver bracelets galore, and great anklets. He gave a gasp and stepped forward eagerly. "Ask her if she will sell them!"

The guide was made, at last, to comprehend what was the Commander's desire. He endeavored to make the fascinating Bedouine understand, but apparently without success. The Commander impatiently stepped forward again, drew three five-franc pieces from his pocket and held them up. "Gestures and money are sufficient; she understands *me*," he said, placing the money in her hand and pointing to the earrings.

The woman put her hand up as if to pull them off, but it was merely to arrange them. She took the silver and dropping it in the folds of her drapery, turned placidly to fill her jar from the fountain. The Lady laughed. "She thinks you have made her a present to her charms. She is not going to part with those earrings, and here is the usual man who owns her."

A brown Bedouin, in the dirtiest of burnouses, here popped up from somewhere, scowled at the woman, seized her rudely by the arm nearly overthrowing the jar, and was about to drag her off, money and all, when the guide seemed to have a

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spasm of understanding. He rushed to rescue the money for his patrons. The result was that the disappointed Commander regained his silver, without the earrings, and the Two struggled on after the now impassive Arab. They saw some great arches on a mound of earth, and climbing up, looked down from what seemed to be the upper story of a Roman house into an atrium surrounded by broken columns—the mosaics still in good preservation—and beyond, some small chambers with mosaics intact. It must have been a very fine house, judging by the dimensions and the large arches above. Some distance beyond this were the few ruins of the temple of Apollo, as marked on a small board near, and mere fragments they were. Two more Roman houses had been uncovered, and excavations were actually being carried on at one place, where an Italian foreman was directing some natives who were digging and carrying out baskets of earth. The man informed the inquirers that the Tunisian Society of Archæologists was engaged in the excavations of Bulla Regia, but that the work was going on slowly. The Two had stopped to look at a mosaic that was being uncovered.

“ I should think so,” said the Commander, “ from the little we see. But what a big extent the ruins spread over! It must have been a wealthy city judging from these fine remains of houses, with their mosaic courts and columns, pillars and arches.”

“ What can make a city come to utter destruction like this! ” exclaimed the Other-one.

“ Generally, here in North Africa, the Vandals, the earthquakes, and being used finally by the Arabs as quarries are the causes of the destruction of Roman towns,” answered the Commander. “ These ruins are so buried under the soil that the city must certainly have been destroyed by an earthquake.”

The Arab now was restive; he held in store his climax. He led them down a long path at some distance from the temple. They went first to what appeared to have been the upper story of another Roman house having an atrium, with

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some columns standing, a triclinium or dining-room, and several sleeping-rooms around the peristyle, all with mosaic floors in geometrical designs, but rather coarse in workmanship. From here the outlook was glorious over the wide plain. The guide led them down a staircase, very well preserved; opened a wooden door with a key he carried, and ushered them into a fine atrium with pillars and columns, with the impluvium in the centre and really beautiful mosaics under the corridors around, in the dining-room, and in the small chambers. The only light, however, came from the open court, but the whole appearance indicated that it must have been once, in that far-away time, a home of elegance and luxury. The Arab now became animated, seeing the evident pleasure and interest of his patrons. Pointing above, he repeated the words "There, winter," several times; then embracing the rooms around them with a gesture, he said, "Here, summer."

"Oh, I know what he means!" exclaimed the Other-one. "The rich Roman who owned this mansion lived above in the sunshine in winter, and when the summer heat came, moved below into this cool, dark, subterranean palace. This summer place seems much more elegant, and the mosaics are much finer, than in the winter one, unlike ours; but the summer was much longer than winter, which accounts for it. How I wish we could call back, for just one hour, by the aid of a magician like those in the children's story-books, this Roman family to see what the members were like, how they lived, and what they thought. They must have been refined and cultured, from the elegance of all here. I fancy I can detect it, too, by a certain subtle odor, like that which comes from a rose long ago withered, when one opens the drawer where it has lain."

"How could they have been a happy family?" said the Commander. "Think, with no automobiles, and obliged to take days to go to Tébessa or Carthage in a springless chariot drawn probably by oxen! But come, it is growing late. We have yet fifty-two kilometres to make for our night camp."

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So they went thoughtfully out from the dead city. Passing near some Bedouin tents on a slope they saw columns of thin smoke rising from them. Evidently the *cous-cous* was being prepared for the evening meal. Some children clad in vivid yellow ran down the slope, and three or four really pretty women stood near the tents, regarding the travellers curiously, while two or three gaunt dogs barked furiously, tugging at their ropes in a vain endeavor to get at the travellers.

The Motorists were soon speeding over the luxuriant green plain. They crossed the Medjerda, here a muddy, slow-rolling stream. It is the Bagrada of the ancients, and is the most important river in Tunisia.

It was at Medijez-el-Bab, some kilometres farther on, that the road crossed the river again, by an old Roman bridge of many arches, reconstructed, however, in the eighteenth century with the ancient materials.

“ We shall turn south here to-morrow to go to Dougga; but there is no place to stop, so we run up to Béja to-night, where there is a hotel, said to be at least decent,” said the Commander.

It was dark before they saw Béja from afar, a mass of white houses rising up to a gray old kasba, and shut in by its old, ruined, Byzantine walls, on a green slope above the treeless plains. “ It looks interesting and picturesque,” said the Other-one, opening her book. “ It seems it was an important town before the Roman conquest; was anciently called Vaga and had then an important market. The Byzantine walls have been much rebuilt. It belongs to an important agricultural region which is the most favored in Tunisia. There is a calcareous earth in the country about, and an abundance of water; in consequence, European colonization here has rapidly increased.”

The car entered the gate and rolled up the street of the whole town, followed by a crowd of ragged Arab boys shouting and making springs at the back of the car, only to be driven back, howling, by the Commander's whip. As the

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party descended at the very simple hotel, each boy sprang forward, and those who carried blacking-boxes, made a wild rush to black the shoes of the travellers. Entering the courtyard, the first glance at the untidy surroundings and at the fat landlady who came forward, was not reassuring; she had a figure like a bolster, and was clad in ancient, rusty black; her head was tied up in an old woollen shawl, which must have once belonged to an early inhabitant of Béja. The hungry and weary motorists were agreeably surprised, however, to be ushered into clean bedrooms with tiled floors, and they found the dinner served them in the little dining-room by an exceedingly depressed waiter in a dress-suit as rusty as the landlady's gown, most succulent and savory.

When the Commander looked out in the morning, he saw the streets were wet with the rain which had fallen in the night, and that the clouds were threatening to dissolve again.

"I am afraid this rain is going to prevent our trip to Dougga. There are only paths, I believe, around the ruins, and they will be very muddy and slippery."

When they left Béja a fine rain was falling; but by the time they came in sight of the Roman bridge at Medijez-el-Bab the rain had ceased and the clouds were opening to let a little sunlight through; so the Commander gave the order to turn south for Dougga. The road ran at first along the left bank of the Medjerda, then crossed it and went through a country barren or covered with bushes. The tops of mountains pierced through the clouds at the northwest. At seventy kilometres it traversed a grove of olive-trees to pass through the little village of Testour, whose inhabitants are descendants of the Moors who emigrated from Spain. It is a village of low, whitewashed houses, outside of which lounged many of the "descendants," apparently taking life easy. Farther on, the route lay by great heaps of ruins which showed a once flourishing Roman town. "It is Ain Tounga," read the Other-one, "once Thignica, an important city in ancient times. When constructing this road, they found five hundred votive stiles from a sanctuary of Saturn, and adorned

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with curious bas-reliefs, now in the museum at Tunis. They are probably like those we saw in the museum at Timgad. That curious construction with the square towers was most likely the Byzantine fortress spoken about in the book."

There was no time to descend and wander over the ruins, interesting as they appeared. When the guide-post for Kef came in sight, where the road forked, the Commander ordered the chauffeur to turn to the right, and soon they were going through magnificent groves of olive-trees. The road ran by long curves up the hill upon which was Tébourouk with its white houses and curious citadel or kasba at the end of the village with its picturesque minarets. Here the travellers took luncheon at a simple but clean inn; and while they were waiting for the slow waiter, the Other-one read from her guide-book (Guide Joanne) about Dougga.

"It was a Roman town, of which the name is preserved almost intact — Thugga. . . . It seems in the first half of the second century B. C., the king, Massenissa, carried off to Carthage a bilingual Punic and Libyan inscription (found in 1904 at Dougga and to-day in the museum at Tunis). . . . Most of the Roman monuments of Dougga were built at the end of the second century A. D., or the beginning of the third, when, without doubt the city began to develop rapidly. Its ruins, which count among the most important in Roman Africa, occupy a hill of which the flanks at the north are perpendicular, and lower on the southern side. Very profitable excavations have been made these last few years. The ruins most important to see are those of the Theatre, the Temple of the Capitol and the Punic-Lybic Mausoleum."

When the travellers went out, it looked as if the rain were not far off, and the Commander shook his head doubtfully. "However, here we are and we must go on, rain or not. It is but six kilometres from here."

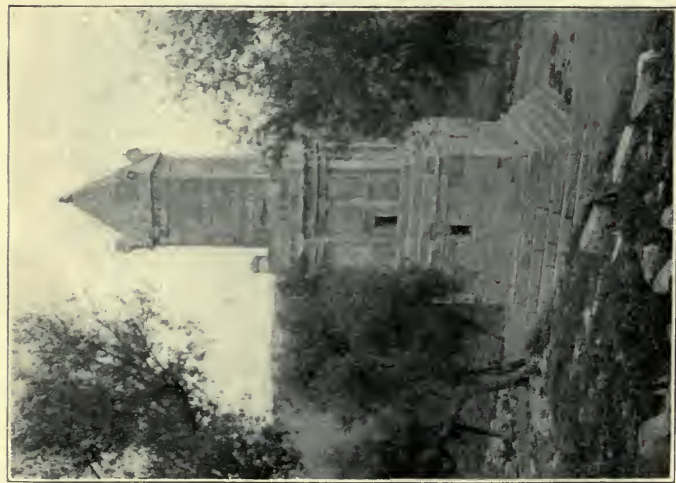
The road proved to be an excellent macadam and wound along the flanks of a mountain. The valley of the River Khalled stretched to the mountains beyond, a soft dull green. flecked with light and shade; the mountains a deep blue-gray but misty. The mountain they were rounding rose in jagged and notched gray rock; before them lay more serrated heights. The way was lonely. There was little if any life; the usual swarms of natives with their gay coloring and their flocks



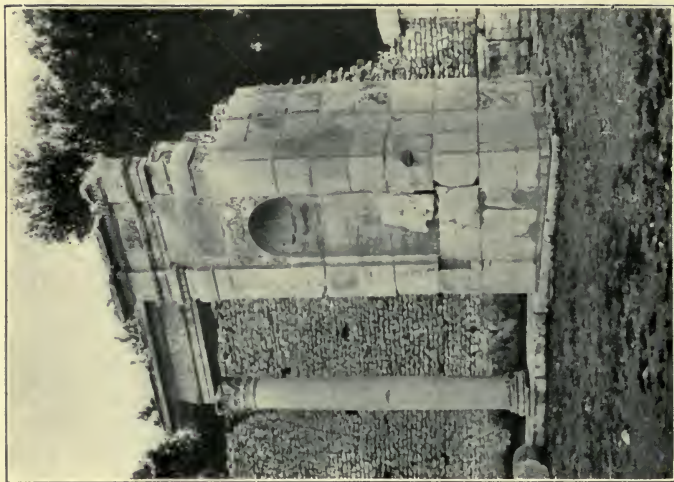
CORINTHIAN COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE
TO JUPITER AT DOUGGA



PORTICO OF JUPITER AND
MINERVA AT DOUGGA



LIBYAN-PUNIC MAUSOLEUM
AT DOUGGA



PART OF THE HEMICYCLE AROUND THE
TEMPLE OF CELESTIS AT DOUGGA

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and herds, and the swaying camels—all were absent; only now and then on a point of rock a little shepherd, his discolored rags fluttering around him, tending a few meagre goats, stared down at the car and only served to accentuate the loneliness. The car was approaching the ancient city, and on a high plateau they saw some columns, gray against the darkened sky.

“It is the Temple of Saturn, the first ruins we see, but we have time to go to only the most important ones.”

The road ended on a terrace which fell away steeply. Running above the hill there were ranks of stone seats and steps, and a row of great columns below, and heaps of stones, capitals, fragments of cornices, and broken columns lying all around.

“It is the theatre,” said the Other-one, “and how grand in spite of its ruin, and what a glorious site! Oh, if we only had an intelligent guide to show us about!”

A few natives were lounging about the ruins, and two or three unkempt boys came toward the car, eyeing all dully, but showing no inclination to offer their services as guides. The sky was now growing blacker, and some drops of rain spattered the stones around.

The rain held off a while, and the Two climbed the stone steps to the top and sat down to look off on the wonderful view far below,—in sombre colors, grays, purples, and dark greens,—and the wonderful ruins before them. “Like that at Timgad, this gives one an idea how these ancient theatres were constructed,” said the Commander. “See, there are twenty-five rows of seats rising up with the stone steps at intervals. There is not a stone missing. Round this upper part it shows there was a portico, and here, of course, the common people crowded. The first seats and the best, of course, were reserved for the important people and graded according to rank. The orchestra seems to have been paved with slabs of marble, and there must have been statues all around.”

“The common people,” said the Other-one, getting up to

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look over from the upper part, "certainly had the best view of the country around, if they could not see or hear all going on upon the stage. But I wish we could call back for an hour one of their representations: The actors in their robes and masks, the chorus, the seats all crowded, animation and noise everywhere! It seems from my book there were statues of emperors and benefactors of the city here, and the pedestals are still to be seen. The front wall of the stage is still well preserved; it has all its elegant ornamentation — its plinth or projecting band at the bottom, the mouldings of the cornice, the rectangular and alternate round niches. It only lacks the altar which must have been once in the centre. The floor of the stage was of mosaic. There are no grooves or holes for the play of the curtain. Probably they used screens (*siparia*), which were folded back at the end of each act. The openings of the traps where appeared the shadows and the phantoms are perfectly visible. The guide-book also tells us that 'before the theatre was a colonnade where the spectators were wont to promenade between the acts. Now one looks down upon the plain of Oued Khalled, the forests of olives, the fields of wheat and barley, and plains for pasturage; then it was covered with villas, farms, and small boroughs. There is an inscription on the cornice to the effect that one Publius Marcius Quadratus "had the honor to construct for his country a theatre, with a basilica, promenades, a portico, stage, curtain, and ornaments of all kinds. On the day of his inauguration, he gave a representation of gymnastic plays, made a distribution, and offered a repast to all the people; and there was place for three thousand to three thousand five hundred people.'" How real it makes all seem here, to read about this! It clothes these skeletons of columns, seats, porticos, and stage with flesh and blood."

"Publius must have been an astute politician," said the Commander, rising from his hard seat. "Let us now go to see the temples."

They left the theatre of Publius and, under the guidance of a small native who was made to understand their wishes,

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they set out down the muddy, sticky road where in some places, the ancient pavement protruded through the pools. They struggled in the rain down by the wretched houses, windowless and rude. Rounding a corner, the Two saw a beautiful ruined temple, with seven fine Corinthian columns, four supporting the pediment; a grand and most impressive temple even in its ruined condition. It was the capitol, dedicated to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. The Two went up the long flight of steps and under the columns, hoping to find some part of the roof preserved under which they might take shelter from the rain. There was no roof left, however. At the back are three niches which must have held statues to the deities.

“Do you see those side walls, how curiously they are built?” asked the Commander, as they sat down under the centre arch, where had been, without doubt, a statue of Jupiter. “There are uprights of stone at intervals of about four feet, filled in between with a mass of broken stone. I do not remember to have seen in any ruin work like this. The restorations probably resemble the ancient work. There are ruins upon ruins all around, showing up here and there through this wretched Arab town. What more are we to see?”

“There is the remarkable Punic-Lybic Monument,” said the Lady, “but it must be some distance from here, down in that olive-grove far below; I doubt if we can go down there to-day. Then there is the Temple of Celestis (Juno of the Romans, and Tamit of the Carthaginians), the ruins of which are fine, we must see that. Also there are big cisterns, arches, and many fragments scattered in the field.” The small Arab seemed to understand the words “Temple of Celestis” and started off rapidly. Following, the travellers came into a grove of great olive-trees, hoary with age and dripping with rain. The path through them was slippery with mud and water. They stumbled along it and came to an open space and saw the columns and steps of the once beautiful temple, with the half-circle of walls on three sides of it and a

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paved court extending in front. "The portico with Corinthian columns must have been a reminder of the crescent moon, the symbol of the goddess. The cella which was built in the Greek-Roman style, occupied the centre, surrounded by fine columns. In all the niches around must have been statues." So much the Other-one learned from a glance at her book.

This ruined temple impressed the travellers as much as any they had yet seen; not so much for what it showed now as for what it must have been once, with its stile, the great paved space before it, or the court, and the hemicycle extending around, with the niches for statues. There is an air of elegance even now in all its ruin. The old trees, not far from the temple, gave all a most picturesque look. Even now, in the falling rain, the Two were loth to leave. There was a melancholy pleasure in trying to restore, in imagination, the temple — beautiful even now in its ruined state — to its pristine glory.

But the Two went away in the falling rain to where they had left the car. They arrived, a sorry spectacle to the eyes of the faithful chauffeur who could not understand "such foolishness."

"I cannot endure to go away and leave that Punic Monument unseen," said the Lady. "Let us go down to it. I know it is not far from here."

The Two could see down the muddy lane that led, at the left of the theatre, to the top of what appeared to be a minaret showing above the olive-trees. When the Other-one uttered the words "Libyan-Punic," the boy pointed to this and started down the road, looking back for them to follow. They walked down the narrow, sloppy street, passing a heap of ruins which were being unearthed, some men being at work even now in the mud.

The lane ended at a grove of olive-trees on a slope down which a narrow path led to the monument, through the wet dank grass amid which many fragments of ruins protruded. The mausoleum was certainly a surprise to the travellers,

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rising above the olive-trees about fifty-eight feet in height, a square base surmounted by a pyramid, all constructed of blocks of light-colored limestone.

“ It is certainly very impressive in its strength and simplicity, as well as very picturesque. It is not, however, as imposing as the Tomb of the Christian we saw near Cherchel. It has been reconstructed, and must be nearly what it was when first built, except that some of the figures are mutilated and parts gone,” said the Commander.

The guide-book says: “ This Libyan-Punic Mausoleum, which appears to date from the second century B. C., had on its eastern side, an inscription in the Punic language, as also in the Libyan. In 1842 an English Consul at Tunis wished to carry off the stone with this inscription for the British Museum, where it now is. He left the work to ignorant Arabs, who demolished, in part, the monument to obtain the stone. The *Service des Antiquités* worked to restore this mausoleum, of which the absent parts had rolled down to the foot of those left standing. The monument is now exactly as it was — except the bilingual stone — before the mutilation of 1842.”

This is the description of the monument:

“ On a sub-base composed of several tiers of stone there is a square base ornamented with Ionic pilasters at the corners and with false windows; on the west side, the window formed an opening through which one could penetrate into the interior of the mausoleum. The second stage is the same as the first; it rests on other tiers and is a square mass decorated on the sides with eight fluted, engaged Ionic columns; at the angles are free columns. Above the entablature, in Phoenician style, which surmounts these columns, is another sub-base of three tiers, cut out at the corners and having horsemen in each. This supports a third stage, ornamented with quadrigas in bas-relief, much mutilated now. This is capped by a pyramid, ornamented at the angles by winged Victories and surmounted by a lion. . . . This royal tomb is interesting in its details of construction and by the attempts at ornamentation by the builder, inspired by Greek art. . . . Monsieur Saladin, who made a thorough study of this tomb, remarks that there are found here Greek and Egyptian elements, and what seems moreover to have been the real Carthaginian art. From the Egyptians they borrowed the form of the cornice and the capital as well as the pyramidal form; from the Greeks they took the details of their highest order and the figures and the reliefs which decorate it.”

Leaving the impressive monument the Two toiled up the muddy lane and arrived again on the terrace where the car waited; were wrung out and brushed anew by the patient

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Adrian and the pretty Margu rite, who could not conceal their astonishment at this new evidence of the folly of their employers in trudging through mud and rain and a filthy village to view some scattered stones and broken columns, when at Tunis they could see, undoubtedly, fine big hotels and great decorated bank-buildings, all new and shining. The car rolled down the loops of the road, leaving the little drenched and muddy native irradiated with joy over the handful of sous the good-hearted Commander had dropped in his grimy little paw.

It was after dark that evening when they saw the lights of Tunis through the mist of rain, and came near to the jingling tram-cars outside of the great walls. A white gate with three portals loomed up. "We cannot enter the gates, but must pass around the walls to the European quarter in which is our hotel," said the Commander.

They went on by the high walls until there was a blaze of light ahead, and the walls disappeared as if by magic. The motor soon stopped in front of a big, gaudy hotel, and porters in livery ran out to take in the baggage. The Lady felt a shock of surprise and disappointment—was this Oriental Tunis? In her muddy garments and drenched hat and veil she entered the brilliantly lighted hall, where ladies in gay evening toilettes and their cavaliers—arrayed also in evening dress—were going into the dining-room.

CHAPTER XXI

THE "WHITE CITY"—THE SOUKS AND MOSQUES; WITH A VISIT TO THE BARDO AND THE BELVEDERE

EVEN automobilists must stop sometimes in their headlong career and gather up the odds and ends that have become loosened in a flight over hills and plains; so our Motorists were obliged to take a day for these with some resting, so as to be able the next day to enter into the fascinations of this famed Oriental City of Tunis. These, they knew, must lie not far off, behind those walls they had passed the night before; though, from the outlook from the front of the great garish hotel where they lodged—on a street of real French shops—there was no evidence that they were in an Oriental city. Even the garden under their windows, with its one palm and gay, flowering bushes, could have been seen anywhere on the Riviera. To be sure there was an Oriental sort of building across the street, with very much exaggerated Moorish arches, and glistening white with much cheap and gaudy decoration in color, the portico hung with rugs and littered with cheap, inlaid furniture. It looked like a spider's web with the head spider, in a red fez but European clothes, out in front looking for unwary tourist flies. This gave the effect of a theatrical scene badly painted and poorly set.

Late in the afternoon the Two sallied forth to have a preliminary glimpse of the French town before they should begin their real sight-seeing in the Oriental part of the city.

"I suppose," said the Other-one, "we must have a guide to-morrow to show us through the maze of streets of the native quarters. How I wish we could have Bashir, who, from all accounts, is the ideal guide. But of course he is off with some 'so rich American or English family.'"

They strolled on out to the Avenue Jules Ferry, passing

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on their way a very flamboyant casino. This avenue is a wide and splendid one, bordered with a double row of the ever-green *figus* trees, an avenue of which even Paris might be proud. It opens into the Place de la Résidence, where are flourishing palm-trees, before it becomes the Avenue de France. On the south side is the plain mansion of the French *Résident Général*, and opposite the rather ugly Cathedral with no especial style of architecture. Fine shops and *cafés* line both sides of the avenues, the latter predominating. It was a gay and animated scene that the Two came into, being the hour when the French population turns out in full force. Moreover, it was Thursday afternoon, when the band plays there, so the avenues were thronged with pedestrians and the *cafés* were doing a rushing business.

The rich, warm sun flickered through the foliage of the trees and made spots of light on the sidewalks where walked beautifully dressed women and men in correct summer costume and fierce mustaches. The Eastern element, winding in and out, set off the gayer colors with white *haïks*, cream, or gray, and the pale tones of burnouses, while the French officers were resplendent in their scarlets and blues and gold braid. Everybody was talking, everybody was laughing, it seemed, and everybody else drinking coffee, beer, or absinth at the *cafés*, whose little tables overflowed out into the street. Seated at a few of them were *Spahis* in their red boleros with black embroidery and blue pantaloons, with their white *haïks* bound with the camel's hair rope; *Tirailleurs* in pale blue with yellow embroidery and white spats; *Chasseurs d'Afrique* in blue jackets, tight red pants, and high boots. Arab dandies in pale delicate greens, mauves, and grays, a carnation or a rosebud stuck behind the ear, lolled indolently at other tables. Grave and Biblical-looking patriarchs in voluminous burnouses and *haïks*, hobnobbed over tiny cups of coffee, but the black coats and light trousers of the Europeans predominated. In the streets there were the coarser threads of the ragged beggars and the Berber porters in rough brown sacks.

Our Two wandered on up the avenue with a feeling of

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leisurely enjoyment, though it was not what they had come to see in Tunis; but at the end where the street-cars jangle in a bunch together, starting here to circulate the Old Town and return, they saw an ancient gate before them—the Porte de France, the Old Sea Gate of the Oriental city, which the Tunisians called *Bab-el-Bahar*, because it opened on to the road going to the sea. It is, in form, a great bay with a stilted arch. It still keeps its old folding-doors, though these now always stand open. "It is our magic gate!" exclaimed the Other-one. "Let us step within, and we shall be in the real, old, Oriental city!"

They pushed through the crowd of Arabs, Moors, Berbers, and Soudanese porters, Jews, and veiled women, going in or pouring out in a ceaseless stream under the great gate to foam up against the horse-cars; this being the only avenue from the old town to the starting-place of the trams. Out of the open space beyond—and also filled with a crowd, with carts and donkeys and even a camel or two, mixed up in an apparently inextricable tangle—two streets, the Rue d'Eglise and the Rue du Kasba, narrow and tortuous, lead up to Orient land. It had come to the point now when the Other-one could see a burnous or a white *haïk* without staring at the man wearing it as something strange or unusual. She had even become used to the sight of veiled ladies in her weeks of motoring through Algeria, but veiled women like those coming down the narrow streets were different from any she had yet seen. They were jet-black negresses, apparently, but as they drew near, she saw that they were white, but with a black veil tied tightly over their faces, only leaving a slit where the eyes came. They wore the usual white *haïk* covering the head and draped around the body. They shuffled hurriedly along, their feet thrust half into heelless slippers, and seeming anxious to avoid any notice. Then there came in sight another unusual figure, a woman who appeared even more anxious to conceal herself than the others. Her *haïk* was of soft, cream-white, striped silk, and fell in scanty folds around her. She had fine slippers of patent leather, but the

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most peculiar thing about her was the wide, long scarf she wore, of black silk but with a rich border, and ends in yellow designs. This scarf was passed over her head and held with both hands out so far in front of her that her face was completely concealed, and she could not possibly see anything beyond the ground in front of her. The Other-one wondered who or what she might be, but though there were many other veiled women, this was the only one who appeared in the throng with this curious scarf-veil; and now the Other-one felt she had really entered the gate of the Orient and she must keep her eyes open for curious sights. As it was late, the Two soon went back after watching for a time the strange and fascinating medley of humanity, leaving until another day the penetrating into the inner mysteries of the Medina, the primitive agglomeration of the Oriental city to which the streets from the Porte de France lead.

When the Commander came up to their room after dinner that evening, he found the Other-one poring over guide-books.

“I have some good news for you,” he said. “You will not need to be tied to your ‘Cook’ and ‘Joanne’ during your sight-seeing to-morrow. I have seen the ideal guide, Bashir. He is waiting here for a rich American family, but as they may not arrive for three or four days, he will be glad to give his time to us until they come. He looks handsome enough in clothes that will satisfy even your æsthetic taste, and withal he seems to be a fine fellow. I could wish he spoke English a little better, but with my excellent English, and your poor French, I have no doubt we shall get along.”

“Delightful!” exclaimed the Lady, ignoring the last. “I hope ‘the rich American family’ may be content to browse in other pastures for a time. But even if we are to have Bashir, there are things about which he may not be able to tell us, so I am going to ask you to seat yourself in that comfortable armchair and let me read you something about Tunis, for I know you have been gossiping with other travellers instead of reading up this city.”



A WOMAN OF TUNIS, OF THE
LOWER CLASS



PORTE DE FRANCE,
LOOKING FROM THE OLD TOWN, TUNIS



THE MINARET OF THE GREAT
MOSQUE AT TUNIS



IN A COURTYARD OF THE PALACE OF DAI-EL-BEY, TUNIS

THE "WHITE CITY"

“Tunis was founded before either Utica or Carthage, and still keeps its ancient name Tounis or Thinis. It was eclipsed by its neighbor, Carthage, but when Rome was overthrown it became the capital of the country. Conquered by Khair-ed-Din in 1533, it was attacked two years later by Charles V, when twenty thousand Christian slaves escaped from the kasba and opened the city gates to him. It then came under the Spanish protectorate, but only for a few years, for the Turks attacked it in 1574, and retained possession until it was conquered by the French in 1881.

“Under the governing beys piracy and slavery were carried on to such an extent that France and other countries decided to interfere, and, in 1855, the fleet of the Bey of Tunis was destroyed by Admiral Blake. Piracy was arrested, and public works were carried out. In 1881 it was decided that France should enter Tunis. Troops crossed the frontier; a French expedition was sent to the Khroumirs, said to be an uncivilized, troublesome, and independent tribe. It was a short and easy task. Tabarca, Bizerte, and other towns were occupied, and the French general advanced on Tunis. The French Government was obliged to send a large army to subdue the various tribes and to occupy the various cities from one end of the Regency to the other. To-day every important point in Tunisia is garrisoned by French troops.

“The French Protectorate in Tunis has been very successful. The bey nominally makes all the laws; but he does this on the advice of a Resident and six French administrators. Even if the bey has but little power his presence on the throne is a guarantee to the Mussulman population that their prejudices are being respected.

“Tunis was formerly surrounded by a wall and ramparts; some of these have been destroyed to make room for fine streets and boulevards. It is divided into two quarters, the old and the new, the French having decided wisely to keep the native quarter intact instead of destroying it to make new boulevards, while the French quarter, its boulevards, theatres, banks, shops, and hotels, grew up outside the walls.

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The native quarter, however, has been lighted, the streets named, and sanitary conditions introduced, so the old town is extremely clean for an Oriental city. It lies in the older and higher part of the city, in which, below the kasba and the Dar-el-Bey (Bey's Palace), are situated the labyrinths of *souks* or bazaars, each street tenanted by persons of the same occupation, such as jewellers, perfumers, saddlers, woollen dealers, silk merchants, shoemakers, embroiderers, etc. Here are a motley crowd of nationalities and races,—Tunisians, Algerians, Moroccans, negroes, Bedouins, Moors, and Jews. Even before the Turkish domination, the Mussulman considered Tunis *La Blanche*, a city without equal, more beautiful and powerful than all other Eastern cities.

“The French and other Europeans inhabit the new quarter. The city and suburbs form four districts known as Medina, the real, native part, where are the *souks* and the Palace of the Bey; the Faubourg of Bab-Souika to the north; the Faubourg of Bab-el-Djazira to the south; and the Marine or European quarter. There are eight gates leading into the native town. The tram-cars go from the Porte de France around the streets which separate the faubourgs, but do not enter Medina.

“The city of Tunis stands on an isthmus dividing two salt lakes; that to the northeast communicates with the sea at Goletta by means of a canal that was constructed in ancient times. This lake is called El Bahira, or the *Little Sea*, by the natives. The other lake is the Sebka-es-Sedjoui. Goletta is no longer the seaport of Tunis, which now connects directly with the sea by a large canal cut through El Bahira, by which large ships can go directly to the city.”

“Well,” said the Commander, “with all this and with Bashir to guide us, we shall be able to go everywhere but into the mosque.

“You know that a Christian cannot enter a mosque in Tunisia, except in Kairouan, ‘the sacred city,’ as it is called; for the French commanded that all mosques in Kairouan should be open to Christians.”

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When the Other-one went down to the entrance-hall the next morning, the Commander presented Bashir to her. She was delighted to find that he was an ideally picturesque guide, in his dark red jacket heavily embroidered in black, full plaited trousers of the same color, a beautiful sash of softest dull tints of blue and pink girdled around his waist, a red fez with a great tassel set far back on his head, and a burnous of the tint of a brown autumn leaf thrown gracefully over his shoulders. He was indeed a joy to the Lady's eyes. More than all else were the bright, dark eyes, the face of a pale bronze color and alive with intelligence, his bearing of calm certainty that he could please his patrons, and a certain quick sympathy with, and an understanding of, the different natures he was to take under his charge.

"We will go first to the *souks*," he said. "It is best there in the morning, and all the foreigners who come here wish to see them at once."

They took one of the open victorias standing at the hotel entrance and rode up the avenue, alighting at the Porte de France. They went in under the old gate, through the pulsating life of the little square beyond, and turned up the narrow Rue de l'Eglise, pushing their way along by little shops of glittering, cheap jewellery,—poor Sicilian shops of common hats and coats, with a more attractive shop or so of copper jars and pots and pans, and a vegetable shop tucked in between. They were crushed to the wall, sometimes, by an old Berber or Nubian porter in a coarse, sack-like garment, his only one, with a burden on his back big enough for three men to lift, and held on by a rope passed around it and his forehead. One jet-black Soudanese had a pile of at least a dozen chairs, which the Lady carefully counted as she crushed herself, while waiting, into one of the cheap jewellery shops where the presiding Jew welcomed her, shouting to her to come and buy of his "beautiful rings, watches, and bracelets, so sheep."

"These porters carry out all the things sold in the *souks*," said Bashir, "and are very strong."

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“ And there is a woman like the one I saw yesterday, with the scarf-veil; what is she, and why do the most of the women wear those disfiguring black veils? ” asked the Other-one.

“ That is the wife of a rich tradesman. These women are rarely seen down here. You notice she has her Soudanese servant with her. The others with the black veils are the poorer Tunisians. ”

They now passed under a black, ominous-looking arch, above which, Bashir told them, was the bey's prison, and half way up they saw doors opening in dark holes. Here the party came out to the rue Zitouna, and Bashir showed them the Grand Mosque of Tunis,—El Zitouna, or Mosque of the Olive-tree, founded in 698. A fine flight of steps leads up to a great door under a long arcade supported by columns. It has a very imposing outside. “ In it, ” Bashir told them, “ are seven open courts, and here many Tunisian youths are being educated. ”

They went directly from here in to the Souk-el-Attarin, or the bazaar of the perfumers, and thus began to thread the tangle of these famed bazaars and wandered through them in a maze of color. There is a sort of twilight over all, as these *souks* are all roofed over, some with wooden roofs, others with stone arches and roofs of cement. In these are openings through which the light sifts down on the fascinating medley of color and Oriental shop-life. The light also comes from where the different *souks* open out into others, and there are big gates to close between each at night or in case of fire. The Souk-el-Attarin is the aristocratic quarter, as Bashir told them, and most of the perfume-sellers here are very rich and said to be descendants of Corsair chiefs. Certainly they seemed to the Lady to have no desire to sell, for they lolled indolently in their little cupboards (unlike the clamorous Jew merchants) with the little shelves behind them full of cut-glass gilded bottles and those fascinating long *flacons* which travelled friends often bring to the stay-at-homes, with a drop of the rose left from the evaporation, giving to the recipient a fascinating dream of far Oriental lands.

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Above the heads of the perfume-sellers, hang long, slender or wide-branched candles decorated in all the colors of the rainbow, looking like strange fruits, which are taken, as Bashir said, to the tombs of the marabouts, or used to decorate wedding feasts; some have the shape of the hand of Fatima which one sees so often painted over Eastern doors. There are counters which shut in the dealers, and little seats outside where one may sit while testing and buying the perfumes. The Moor, or Arab, in his big turban, really looks "like a stuffed bird in a cage," as some one has said; but, indolent as he looks and acts, he is a subtle bird.

At a particularly attractive "cage," the Other-one felt she must indulge in some of the famed odors of "Araby the blest." This one, Bashir informed them, was the most select and she would find its perfumes the best in the world. The grave and patriarchal Moor, arrayed in a pale green bur-nous edged with fine embroidery in pale yellow, his turban of yellow silk bound in artistic folds around his head, brought out many fascinating slender bottles with essences of jessamine, rose, sandal-wood, verbena, bergamot, and the perfume of the Bey, and rubbed on her gloveless hand a little glass pencil from each. The place was as redolent of rich odors as a flower garden in June, and the Lady was so bewildered with the combination of odors that she could not decide which pleased her the most.

"Better take rose," said the Commander, "if you need any, for you have enough odors on your hand now, to last six months."

While the tiny flask of rose was being dripped from a long glass tube, carefully corked and swathed in cotton, Bashir casually remarked that a client of his, some time before, had bought two thousand francs' worth of the finest perfumes here at this most reliable place.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Other-one. "Did she intend opening a perfume shop?"

"Oh, no! she is a very rich American, and she wished to have some of all the odors sold in the East."

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But when the tiny flask was handed out with a small quantity of rose and the sum of twenty francs demanded, the Other-one decided that, perhaps, after all, the "so rich American lady" did not get very much for her two thousand francs. There were not many people here—a few Arab dandies in their light-colored burnouses sauntering along, and some grave old fellows sitting by the shops.

"They do not seem to sell much here," observed the Commander. "I presume it is only the tourists who buy."

"Oh, no," said Bashir, "all the Tunisians, indeed all Arabs and Moors, are fond of perfumes. They not only use it to perfume themselves, but they put it in coffee and in their cigarettes. Jessamine is the scent preferred."

The Lady was reluctant to leave this delightful *souk*, so full of the flower-garden odors. Her nostrils had been so often greeted with others far different in most of the Arab streets she had wandered through, heretofore, but Bashir said they must hurry on as there were many shops or *souks*, to see. Then they passed in the *souk* of the tailors, or Souk-el-Trouk, a large and very animated place and a most attractive one, with larger dens separated by columns from Carthage, picked out in red and green and with larger openings in the wooden roof, letting in more light but not so stable looking as the vaulted stone roofing of the perfumers' *souk*. Here were the stalls for making the beautiful burnouses in all those entrancing colors they had seen. In each of the shops men were working, mostly Jews, squatting on the floor, cutting out and stitching and embroidering on all sorts of gay and soft fabrics. They were making *gandouras* in melting browns with masses of cream embroidery worked on them, or of crimson with pale green embroidery, or blues with pale yellow. There were gay jackets of red, yellow, blue, or pale green, so all the place was like the gay fields of wild flowers the travelers had motored through, or the changes a kaleidoscope takes, the sun slanting down and lighting up the colors to indescribable richness. There were crowds of Arabs and Moors here, with a sprinkling of Europeans and eager or languid tourists.

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A curious thing was to see men going around, pushing themselves in and out of the crowd, with piles of *gandouras*, bur-nouses, and jackets on their heads, shouting the price or trying to auction them off. Here the Commander would fain have lingered, but Bashir gently but firmly led them on.

When the Lady tried to separate from the confused jumble of color, light, animated crowds, and all the other fascinating Oriental effects of the morning, that which had most interested her and her companion, she found that those which most delighted them were: first, the Souk of Chéchias (fezes). Here the Mussulmans' red caps were hung all over the stalls along the sides of the way, looking like great beds of poppies, and the big forms for pressing them like abnormal sugar-loaves. In one place they were seen in process of preparation. It was almost inconceivable that the huge caps of coarse, white knitted wool should turn into the natty, jaunty, red fezes that all Mussulmans wear. Bashir showed them where small boys were carding the shapeless wool caps with the horny, spiny seed-vessels of a kind of thistle (teazel) cultivated for the purpose, until each becomes a big mass of soft wool. Bashir said they were then sent to Zaghouan where is plenty of water, and put to soak for some time, and then dyed and pressed and turned out into the proper-looking fezes. Some of them cost as much as fifty or seventy-five francs, he said, but they last a lifetime.

Next was the Souk-el-Blagdja or *souk* of the *babouches* (slippers), where the Other-one thought there were enough yellow slippers hung up in the various small dens to furnish every native man, woman, and child, in Tunis. Coarsely made, though, and down at the heels, they were ugly enough. This place was not so attractive, though the great sheets of yellow leather hung up with the aforesaid yellow slippers and some of gay blue and red, embroidered in gold, gave an artistic value to it as to color.

Then the Souk-el-Sekadjine, or the saddlers', was most interesting and delightfully satisfactory in color. Here were gorgeous high-backed crimson saddles and mountings in

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brass; all kinds of fascinating leather bags, *porte-monnaies*, card-cases, leather belts, rug-straps, in red, yellow, bronze, green, pale mauve, with gold and silver embroideries, some gay with tassels, and mostly of goatskin; and the Other-one felt life would not be worth living should she leave Tunis without some of these most fascinating articles. The Commander drew her on, however, saying: "Wait, and we will come later for our shopping and make a real business of it. We must not load the car down with too much modern trash, but I hope we may find some fine antiques here." It was strange to see a curious sort of painted sarcophagus in this gay *souk*, right in the middle of the street, so that the busy tide of life flowed around it in two channels or beat against it.

"What is it," asked the Lady, "that it should be right in the road?"

"It is the tomb of a very holy marabout, who wished that after he died he might be buried here, so that people might always have his tomb in sight and make their offerings without trouble, as they always do on Friday," answered Bashir.

There was one place to which he took them that gave a note of sadness to these gay and fanciful *souks*, and recalled the fierce and wicked life led in Tunisia before the French came. It is near the *souk* of the tailors, and is a triangular court with arches running around it supported on ancient columns. It was the old Slave Market. Farther on is another ancient slave place, a sort of *fondouk*, filthy now with heaps of rubbish, but in a way picturesque with its ancient columns and arcades. Here two rows of cells run around; the one above was for the men, the lower one for the women. Bashir showed them one column with an open stone-work capital; through one of the holes of this a chain was passed and attached to the slave stationed for sale there. It was a harrowing, as well as filthy place, and the Two were glad to escape from it.

As the party passed a low arched door looking like the entrance to a mosque, Bashir suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "You must have a cup of coffee in the Café of the Mosque!"

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Then he took them under the ancient door through a long corridor with high stone benches on each side, having niches below — for the slippers, Bashir said, of those who wished to recline there. This opened into a most curious place with a high dome over the centre. At one side was a large pavilion supported by red and green columns looking like barber poles, the floor of which was much above the level of the surrounding room. On this floor several very hilarious Arabs were reclining, small cups of coffee at their sides from which they were imbibing from time to time. Some were engaged in a game of dominos, others in games of cards. They paid very little attention to the intruders except to fling some welcoming words to Bashir, whom everybody seemed to know. The most curious sight in the place was the tombs of three marabouts, high, plain boxes, with turbans on them, on a platform at the side of the *café*.

"This was built as a marabout's tomb," said Bashir, "but they turned it into a *café*."

Around the room were poor pictures of Moslem cities, which are always seen in important mosques and koubbas. At the back of the *café* was the place where the coffee was made on hot ashes heaped upon a sort of tiled platform for the purpose. Round this were hung many tiny cups, with receptacles for coffee and sugar, near. At Bashir's command, a young Arab in a long gown, somewhat soiled, took three tiny, copper, long-handled pots, put in some powdered coffee, with a spoon or two of sugar, and, blowing the hot ashes to a red glow, he set the pots thereon and left them until they bubbled over, then poured the coffee into three tiny cups. The Two found it steaming hot, but muddy and over sweet, though the flavor was undeniably delicious. When they had scalded their mouths with a few swallows, they returned their cups and Bashir led them out, saying that this was the place to get the best coffee in Tunis.

The *souk* of the stuffs was less gay in color — though one might have expected to find it even brighter — for the stuffs were mostly folded up on the little shelves in the dens, and

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the merchants here seemed as indolent as those in the *souk* of perfumes. The Other-one found it fascinating, however, for there were some things she coveted,— the long pieces of gayly colored silks, the exquisite sashes that the dandy Arabs and the guides tie around their waists, and the beautiful spangled gauzes; but the Commander gently urged her on.

When they had wandered long in the fascinating *souks*, the guide took them out by the Rue Sidi-ben-Ahrous, to show them the beautiful minaret of the mosque of that name, octagonal in shape and crowned with a charming pavilion at the top and with a roof of glistening green tiles. Then they went up until they came to the Rue Sidi-ben-Ziad, with another exquisite mosque and minaret, Sidi-ben-Ziad, also octagonal with a pavilion at the top; beyond this they came out to the Dar-el-Bey, or Palace of the Bey, which is a plain-looking building outside. This palace, Bashir said, was the official residence of the bey. Here foreign ministers are received and state banquets held. Bashir conducted his people past the beylical guards at the door, along tiled corridors to a beautiful courtyard with the Moorish arches in black and white stripes of marble, and marble columns upholding the colonnade running around. Here are fine arabesques, lace-like work in panels and under the arches of the barred windows opening from the long room. There are beautiful tiles below these, and the court is all paved with marble. Once there must have been a fountain here. Up narrow flights of stairs again, with tile on all the walls, to see some of the beylical apartments.

The throne-room, or *grand salon*, where the bey receives his ministers and foreign officers, was, from Bashir's point of view, a superb apartment, with its gold-colored brocade hangings, its gilded chairs covered with the same, and a carpet of roses more gay than one ever saw in nature, though in a somewhat faded condition. He carefully lifted the outer cover of the big chair in red velvet and huge framework of gilt wood, and stood back to see the effect. The Other-one looked around the room with its gaudy French hangings, furniture, and carpet, comparing it in her mind with the exquisite *ajouré*

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work and tiles of some of the other rooms she had seen, and — was silent.

Bashir took them to the little windows which open on to the *souks* below and showed them little iron trap doors that can be lifted so one can easily look down on the street.

“ Here the bey can sit, if he wishes, and not be seen, but can see, himself, all below.”

From here they went through long corridors, all tiled also, up some narrow stairs to the roof of the palace, from which they looked down on the white city lying below them and extending on all sides and down to the yellow waters of the lake and the blue gulf beyond. Just in front is the minaret of the Grand Mosque with its beautiful, interlaced brickwork, and the upper story with its graceful arches upheld by slender pillars just under the lantern at the top. They could even see down into its great court with colonnaded arches. Then, at the left, a wonderful octagonal minaret of the Djama Djedid, a complication of Moorish, Arabic, and Italian construction, of beautiful coloring. Other minarets shot up, slender pillars here and there, which, with the round white domes of countless mosques and of marabouts' tombs, gave the city its characteristic Oriental look, enhanced with green of gardens and trees and the glistening of iridescent green roofs on minarets and tombs.

“ No wonder they called it ‘ The White City.’ It looks as if built of pure marble,” said the Lady.

“ They called it also ‘ L'Odorante,’ and the ‘ Burnous of the Prophet.’ The kasba is the hood of the burnous which unfolds toward the Port and La Goletta,” added Bashir.

There is a line of soft green, punctuated with white dots of villas, and rising to a hill to the side of which are white masses of houses: “ That is Carthage and the white village on the hill, Sidi-bou-Saïd.”

The Lady felt a thrill as she looked over to that soft, blue-green line, across the yellow lake, to the place where stood one of the mighty cities of antiquity, the theatre of events tremendous to the ancient world. Bashir went on to say:

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“That big blue mountain off to the right with two peaks is Bou-Korneïn, which means ‘Father with the Two Heads.’ The white city at its foot is Hammam Lif, where there is a fine bathing beach, and where many Tunisians go in summer for sea and mineral baths. The mountain back of Djebel-bou-Korneïn, is the Djebel Ressay, or the ‘Mountain of Lead,’ where are lead mines now in full operation. The jagged mountain in the far distance is the Zaghouan, whence the waters were brought to Carthage by the aqueduct, a part of which is still standing; and to-day it furnishes the water for Tunis.”

He ceased, and all were silent for a time. It was indeed a view to thrill any one, no matter how often seen—the beauty of blue sky with ethereal, summery clouds drifting across it; the soft, melting blue of the ‘Father with Two Heads,’ which had overlooked all those tragic events that swept Carthage off the face of the earth.

Bashir, for a time, left his people to think and dream—that excellent guide being sensitive to the moods of his patrons. Then he went softly down the stairs with them and out to where the carriage waited. They rode up the street to the kasba, which is now almost all rebuilt and converted into barracks for soldiers. They saw the beautiful minaret of its ancient mosque, the oldest in Tunis. It is considered the finest in the city, and dates back to the thirteenth century. The mosque was once inside the kasba but it has been walled off since the soldiers were placed in barracks there. There are some fine new buildings up in this quarter, in Moorish style, but they looked startlingly new and huge to the tourists.

“I do not feel like seeing any more palaces or even museums this afternoon,” said the Other-one. “My Bohemian instincts are to the fore. Let us go wandering over this Oriental city, even into the *souks* again. Besides my soul longs to shop and bargain in some of those curious and fascinating dens.”

“And afterwards,” said the Commander, “what do you say to an automobile ride into the country?”



MINARET OF SIDI-BEN-AHROUS, TUNIS



PLACE BAB-SOUIKA, WITH VIEW OF THE MOSQUE OF
SIDI-MAHREZ, TUNIS

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The desires of both seemed reasonable to Bashir, and he proposed that they should take the carriage round to the Place Bab-Souika to save too much walking, dismiss it there and after seeing that Place, go and visit an interesting mosque,—the much frequented Arab Place Halfaouine, then go to any shops or *souks* where they wished to make purchases.

When they came into the Bab-Souika they found there the most typical and varied Arab life they had yet seen. If it had not been for the fussy and obtrusive trams, with their jingling and rattling, the Two would have believed themselves leagues away from European civilization. On one side of this Place are tiny Arab shops, some having the most fascinating pottery—jars, vases, water-jugs, and what not—scattered around outside and in the little dens and hung everywhere it is possible to hang a handled pot or jar. There are the iron-workers shops, but ugly and uninteresting; then in the middle of the Place are many booths—all in a jumble—some heaped high with rich golden oranges; some with heaps of dried red peppers, so much used in *cous-cous*, and yellow carrots with their feathery green tops, as well as other vegetables less satisfactory as to color; at one end are booths with piles of the flat Arabian loaves. Here seethed and foamed a mass of humanity composed of all the elements of the crowds they had seen,—the Arab dandies, the black-veiled women, the Berber porters with their sacks wrapped round their skinny black figures,—and the usual sprinkling of Arabs, Moors, Sicilians, and Jews. As the party crossed over to look at the pottery shops, the Other-one saw two huge leviathans waddling along not far from them, wearing full trousers of white and a sort of breakfast jacket of satin, coming just below the waist, exaggerating their stoutness; a handkerchief of flimsy, fringed silk was pulled over a high, horned cap worn on one side of the head, above their fat, puffy cheeks.

“What are they?” she cried. “Jewesses?”

“Yes!” answered Bashir, smiling at her look of disgust. “And if you want to see them in all their best clothes you

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must visit Ariana on Saturday afternoon, for they go to promenade on that day, their Sabbath."

"Are they all as ridiculously stout as these specimens?" asked the Commander.

"No! some of the young girls are slender, and some are handsome, but in the married women it is considered their greatest beauty. That they may mind their homes and stay there, they are encouraged to eat all sorts of things to make them fat."

This pottery here is mostly of a pale yellow, sun-baked; some jars have geometrical designs on them; some are decorated with queer sorts of figures like those seen on prehistoric jars in museums; on some there are splashes of green. The shapes of most are very bizarre, especially those which have a sort of perforated shells around them. These are water bottles and are intended to keep the water cool. The Other one longed to invest in some of the quaint jars, but the Commander suggested to her that what might cost her a franc or two here, with freight, boxing, and duties would cost several dollars in the end; besides, being so frail, they would probably land at home, no matter how well packed, a mass of broken pottery, as he reminded her had happened two or three times before.

From the square there is the best view of the peculiar Mosque of Sidi Mahrez which has a large white dome with several smaller ones around it, and is said to have been built by a French architect, a captive of one of the corsairs. Sidi Mahrez was a great saint, and his tomb is in great repute—even the Jews worshipped him here, he having given them many of their privileges.

From this square the party crossed over into the Place Halfaouine, which is a larger square overshadowed by the Great Mosque and minaret. This minaret the Commander thought looked more like a factory chimney than the usual elegant minaret of fanciful designs. Here also are a fountain of Moorish style, and *cafés galore*, the especial one affected by

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rich Arabs being under the shadow of the Great Mosque. There were a few aristocratic Arab loiterers here now clad in their delicate-colored burnouses, having a rose or carnation stuck behind the right ear, and wearing fine patent-leather slippers. Also a sprinkling of the patriarchal element, recalling Abraham, Isaac, and Moses. The best time to come here is at five o'clock or after, when the *cafés* are filled to overflowing; it being the favorite place of the rich Tunisian Arabs and Moors.

"How gay the male bird is here among the Arabs!" said the Commander.

"Yes!" returned the Other-one. "It is the poor drab of a woman who is the bird of dull plumage, at least in the streets."

After this, they went down some streets to the richer Arab quarter, where many of the houses are very old and some of the streets are vaulted over. How cool it was there, in spite of the hot sunshine outside! There were no windows in the lower walls of these houses, but some beautiful doors with Moorish arches and inscriptions around them in a band of color, some of them studded with nails, in fine designs. Bashir said that this decoration of nails came down from the times of Charles V. When some of the wealthy Moors complained that the soldiers invaded the sanctity of their homes, the Emperor ordered them to put nails in their doors, and any soldier caught entering these would be punished severely. In the stories above are grills of richly carved wood or *meshirbiyah* work, most of them painted green, or rather, the iron bars outside.

"I suppose it is difficult to see the inside of any of these houses," said the Commander. "I presume some of them are very beautiful."

"It is very difficult," answered Bashir in a non-committal way.

"But at least," added the Other-one, "we have an idea of them, from the palaces we have seen. There are the courts

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with pillars and fountains, the fine arabesque work and glorious tiles. But of course, there are precious rugs and inlaid furniture in all the rooms of houses lived in."

When they had wandered through all the places that Bashir deemed it best they should see, they went down to the *souks* again and into various shops—some of them up mysterious staircases, and had an hour or so of most delightful shopping and bargaining, at which the Commander was an adept. These were the finer shops of great merchants, for Bashir would not let them go near the cheaper places where touts shouted to them "Come in, come in, see so sheap tings, so beautiful tings!" It is true that the Other-one longed sometimes, when passing some glittering spider's web, with the instincts of a real woman, to go in and get a great many of those fascinating articles for very little money; besides, there were so many friends at home to whom she must take gifts from these strange lands. But Bashir's eye was upon her; his protecting presence surrounded her; she felt she must not disgrace herself in the eyes of that dignified guide, whose patrons were among the wealthy and luxurious. So she humbly followed him, but like Lot's wife, she cast longing looks behind.

There were beautiful things in these shops of the better sort hung with rugs, resplendent with painted and gilded Moorish arches, and strewn with all kinds of fanciful, mother-of-pearl inlaid furniture. There were piles of rainbow silks, spangled veils, wonderful embroideries, cases of glorious old jewellery, iridescent jars, vases, and plaques, and a thousand other things dear to the heart of collectors. When the most polite attendants—generally in European dress, but always with the scarlet fez—saw that the Commander was a connoisseur and skilful in bargaining, they brought out their choicest old rugs, their finest embroideries, their most antique jewellery—nothing of the modern trash for this keen judge. With a quick eye he picked out among the treasures some things without which he felt he could not leave Tunis. It is true there were a rug or two, very old, in which he indulged,

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but his principal treasures were some old Bedouin fibulæ of fine chased silver; some wonderful old earrings, big as hoops, all hung with little bells; a chased silver necklace set with mountain garnets; some bracelets of Moorish work in gold and rough emeralds; and Moorish earrings, a wonder of fine gold filigree and set with many colored stones. All these were, of course, for the beloved museum—except the rugs. The Other-one contented herself with a bag of heavy gold embroidery; a glittering scarf or two; and some pieces of the beautiful striped Tunisian silk for which this city is famous. The Commander added to her store a quaint old necklace of turquoises set in gilded silver. Then ensued such bargaining as made Bashir open his eyes. His patrons usually were not given to this sort of thing.

"There is not much time left before sundown," said the Commander, regretfully, "so our ride will have to be a short one. Where shall we go, Bashir, but out into the real country?"

"We will go to the Belvedere," answered that resourceful man. "The views are beautiful, and the park is fine."

It is through the Avenue de Paris that one generally rides out of Tunis to the Belvedere—the famous modern park on a hillside—through an uninteresting, dusty, French *faubourg*; after two kilometres the entrance to the park is reached. It was a relief to the Two—after their day of kaleidoscopic color-effects and ceaseless din and turmoil of Oriental life in the city—to come into the silence and greenness of the Belvedere. On this day few Tunisians are to be seen; Sunday is the great day for excursions out of the city. Adrian drove the car slowly up the smooth roads that zigzag around the hill. The party were silent, enjoying the sight of the masses of blossoming bushes, the grace of the pepper-trees, the vivid yellow of the genesta and mimosa tassels, the snow of great bushes of marguerites bordering some of the beds. When they had come to a pavilion near the summit of the hill toward the south, they got out and went up to an open space around which benches were ranged. From here the

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view extended in all directions; but now, instead of an ivory and marble-white Tunis which they had seen by morning light, they gazed toward the south, over billowing masses of green, at a pink flushed city, for the sun was dropping down the west. Behind Tunis, Bou-Korneïn and Ressay were rosy purple, and the misty Zaghouan showed his notched outlines against a pale rose sky. Lake Bahira, to the east of the city, had such gleams in its muddy yellow as a dull brass jar has, when it is filled with pink blossoms that droop over and cast reflections on it. The line of shore at the east, where once was ancient Carthage, spread thrillingly soft up to Sidi-bou-Saïd's village, now also tinted with rose; Bashir pointed out the heights of Cape Bon beyond it. At the north the hills of olive-trees were dark, and at the west were now seen the indistinct lines of the arches of the old aqueduct. Who could look upon this glorious view, especially toward old Carthage, and not feel a quickening of his soul!

Bashir then took his people to see the beautiful pavilion which had been taken from an old Arabian house going to ruins at Manouba, and brought, piece by piece, and set up here in a beautiful spot surrounded with bushes of flowering marguerites, whose snowy blooms were not whiter than the panels of the beautiful lace-like arabesque stucco-work on the ceilings and walls of this pavilion, where fanciful fairy columns uphold the stilted arches and white cupolas.

The next day being Friday, and the Mussulman's Sabbath, Bashir was a little late in coming for his people, so they decided it would be better to wait until after lunch for going to the Bardo, as the museum closes at half-past eleven. When at length they started, Bashir took them round the walls by the old double gate of Bab-el-Khadra, which is like a fortress with its square towers and places for sentinels and its battlemented top. Then at the gate of Bab Saadoun,—which has two little impertinent lookout towers at the top, and triple arches through which the trams jingle to circle around the Medina quarter, they turned west for the Bardo under the shadow of one of the high arches of an aqueduct in good

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preservation. This was said to be an ancient Roman one, but reconstructed by the Spaniards during their occupation.

When the French came to Tunis, the Bardo was a vast collection of palaces and different edifices, built by the successive beys. When one died in a palace, it was considered unlucky for his successor to live in it, so it was allowed to fall into decay. This conglomeration of buildings covered a number of acres and was surrounded by a wall with bastions and towers. As most of these constructions were in a ruinous state and threatening to fall, many were demolished, and those retained were restored. At the south a public garden has been laid out; at the side toward the north, are the barracks for the beylical soldiers; a mosque and a ruined Moorish bath are at the bottom of the garden. At the west of these are the Bey's Palace of State and an ancient harem, reconstructed into the museum called Alaoui, the most important museum of antiquities in North Africa.

The car entered the grounds and drew up before the door of the museum. The Two stopped to admire the masses of flowers blooming in the beds, gay in the brilliant sunshine, before they walked into the corridors and halls of the museum and went wandering away into past ages. In the rooms opening off the vaulted vestibules of the ground floor there are many ex-votive offerings, with the compartments and figures in relief of the god Saturn and the animal sacrificed in the compartment at the bottom,—similar to what the party had seen in the museum at Algiers, but of much ruder workmanship and coming from various Punic-Roman sanctuaries (so the placards stated) consecrated to Baal, the Roman Saturn, and to Tamit, the goddess Ceres, many having been brought from Carthage. Here are sarcophagi, Pagan and Christian, generally of rather poor work. What interested the Commander and the Lady very much were some curious squares in red unglazed clay hung on the walls of one of the corridors and unlike anything they had ever seen before. These had rude reliefs of subjects from the Old Testament—Adam and Eve, the Sacrifice of Isaac, Daniel in the Lions'

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Den, and so forth — as well as various animals. These were used to decorate the walls of various Christian basilicas of the fifth and sixth centuries. They were from North Africa, some coming from Carthage, and some from Bulla Regia.

Here was a colossal Apollo with the cithara; a grave Esculapius with his snake; one the triad of Phœnician divinities, Echmoun, the god of Medicine; and Ceres, the Punic goddess Tamit, another of the triad. In the centre of the hall was a beautiful Minerva, headless, but with lovely lines in drapery and pose. “This was probably the choicest treasure in one of those Roman houses we saw at Bullia Regia. What lovely eyes may have looked at the statue! What æsthetic Roman youths paused before it admiring its grace!” said the sentimental Other-one.

Going up the staircase one comes into a great hall which was once the ancient court of the palace. It is surrounded by a portico which has a gallery above it. The mosaic in the centre of the court is one of the most beautiful ever taken from an ancient city in North Africa, and represents Bacchus giving the present of the vine to Attica, king of Ithaca, with charming Cupids carrying baskets of grapes or filling them from the vines. This wonderful and enormous mosaic came from Oudna, a ruined city which is on the road to Zaghouan, the great, misty, jagged mountain seen from the heights of Tunis. In the patio are groups and fragments of marble and statues coming from the Odeon of Carthage, which were thrown into the cisterns of the edifice when they wished to destroy them, and were so broken up that it was necessary to cement them together piece by piece to give the idea of the ancient statues.

Then the Two went into the hall of the *fêtes*, which has a curious, if not beautiful, ceiling in wood carved, gilded, and painted in striking colors. Here are fine mosaics brought from Sousse, Tabarca, and other towns of antiquity. There are cases of Roman lamps in all shapes and styles. In another hall there are mosaics from the amphitheatre of Djem, where our Motorists were planning to go soon. The

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whole place bristled with mosaics of more or less fanciful designs, and more or less fine in finish. The gem of the whole place was the beautiful apartments in the harem at the end of the big court, a flight of fine steps going up to them. The travellers exclaimed when they came into the hall, at the beauty and purity of the decorations. First came a hall in the form of a Greek cross, with the most exquisite panels of arabesque stucco-work, as if lace, in delicate filmy patterns, were hung there, of the most marvellous fineness,—the *nouch hadida* work—a lost art to-day. Some of the gems of the ancient cities are here. The Other-one was enamoured of the beautiful statuette of Demeter or Ceres. It came from Carthage and is in a glass case at the side of the hall. It is of tinted marble, with traces of gilding and exquisitely lovely in pose and figure. There is an interesting mosaic portrait of Virgil, seated between Clio, the Muse of History, and Melpomene, the Muse of Tragedy. Virgil holds a roll of papyrus open on his knees with one of the first verses of the *Æneid*. It is a work of the first century A. D., and came from Sousse, the ancient Hadramentum.

From this they went down into the apartments of one of the wives of the Bey Mohammed, in which is now installed the Arabian department. When he wished to separate from her he had this constructed for her. It is a little gem of an apartment with its tiles and *ajouré* ceiling and halls, and is fitted with all sorts of Arabian, pearl-inlaid furniture, jars, rugs, pottery, tiles, lamps. Though overloaded, it gives one a very good idea of what an Arabian house is like. The pretty little court with the fountain and plants and the sun streaming down, was cheerful and bright to a degree. The long T-shaped room beyond the court is an alcove with a great bed of sculptured, gilded wood; hanging near it a glass in an ornate gold frame; a great inlaid coffer stands near by it, and rugs are spread all over the floor. There is no light but what comes from the wide door opening into the court, and a very little from the characteristic small, high windows filled with rounds of colored glass. In the recess opposite the door are long

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divans with many fanciful cushions and little inlaid mother-of-pearl tables near, having tiny cups and perforated perfume burners on them. In the little room opening off at one side are more cases of necklaces, fibulæ, bracelets, belt-buckles, earrings, and finger rings, coming from Tunis, Moknine (where jewellery in Byzantine style is still made to-day), Gabés, and Algeria. Here the Commander was delighted to find that there was not an anklet, a fibula, or a necklace, as fine as those he himself had picked up during his motoring.

Quitting the Alaoui Museum, the Two followed Bashir to the Palace of the Bey, his official summer palace, and where he holds his criminal court and orders executions. The staircase leading up to it is of white marble with the famous lions in Italian work. The lions look extremely breezy and contented with themselves. Bashir followed his party up these steps but was waved aside by an important official in a red fez, and he reluctantly abandoned them at the door leading to the big white court surrounded by a colonnade. The beylical guard rushed them up a staircase, from one room to another, his mind apparently intent on the fee he expected to receive. The first room entered was a high, long hall covered with the usual gay French carpet, and with a platform at the end on which was another huge gilded armchair. Around the walls hung very indifferent portraits of former beys and of the present one — a very stout person with a coat much decorated in gold braid and many orders. Also there were portraits of some European sovereigns, including Queen Victoria, all looking very stiff and uncomfortable. On the gilt and ormolu tables along the walls were innumerable clocks of every style and size, presents to the beys.

The Hall of the Glasses, *Salon des Glaces*, was more satisfactory than the big halls as to the ceiling, which is of a Moorish design, with gilded circles enclosing pieces of mirror; but the walls are covered with slabs of Italian marble, looking, as one author puts it, "like slices of brawn."

"We ought to have Bashir with us to tell us something

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about these rooms, for this guard has no idea but to get us through here as quickly as possible," said the Other-one; "but I know that here, in 1881, the treaty recognizing the French Protectorate was signed, and that the bey gives big receptions here during the important Mohammedan *fêtes*."

The guard joyously left the Two at the entrance of another white, colonnaded court, and, having secured his fee, consigned them to the care of red-fezed official number two, who showed them one or two more rooms and the big Hall of Justice, part of it railed off and with benches around the outer division. Here is the place where, from the big red chair, the beys used to render their decisions on a man condemned to death, whether he should be executed at once or reprieved, by the sign of the bey's thumbs, up or down. The criminal was taken at once through the low doors which the guardian pointed out at the end of the hall opposite the throne-chair, and despatched without ceremony. Now, he said, all executions took place at La Marsa, which is where the bey's palace is, and where he lives most of the time.

Then the official took them down into the beautiful White Court and bowed them out, but looked as if he thought the one franc fee too little for so important a man as himself.

"How astonishing it is that the modern beys have so degenerated in taste, when they have such beautiful architectural inheritances. They seem to run now to decorations in the worst French or Italian taste, to red velvet chairs, cabbage-rose carpets, and multitudinous gilt clocks," said the Commander, as they walked down past the white marble lion steps and climbed into the car. "Now," he exclaimed, with a sigh of relief and a brightening of his countenance, which had been rather sombre looking the past hour, "we are through with sight-seeing! Where shall we go, Bashir? As far away from the city as possible in the time left!"

"It is only sixteen kilometres to La Goletta, where is the ancient canal cut through from the lake to the sea and the old port of Tunis. The roads are good, though a part

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of the way is on the road to Carthage to which I shall hope to go with you to-morrow, returning by the way of Ariana to see the Jewesses, Saturday, promenading there."

"To La Goletta, by all means!" answered the Commander.

As they approached this village, not far from the Lake of Tunis, they could see a great vessel going slowly through the canal with the yellow waters of the lake this side and beyond.

"The color of the Lake of Tunis is owing to the sediment brought down and deposited there in rainy seasons by the River Medjerda," said the Commander.

There is a pretty island in the lake, with an old building on it, the Chikli.

"Some say," said Bashir, in reply to the Lady's question in regard to it, "that it is an old Turkish fort; others that it is the ruins of a castle built by Charles V."

"I wonder if we shall see any cloud of flamingos 'bursting into rose-pink' as they rise, of which all writers of Tunis speak," said the Other-one, straining her eyes over the lake; but no such enchanting sight greeted them. The afternoon was not the time to see them, Bashir said, but there were the picturesque sails of the fishermen's boats, and at the turn of the road to La Goletta they saw the long line of pale blue-green of Carthage rising to Sidi-bou-Saïd.

They found Goletta a picturesque, Venetian-looking town, with its ancient canal on which floated one or two cargo boats. It is rather "down at the heel" now, like Venice. It is built on the spit of sand between the Lake of Tunis and the sea and across the canal, and was the ancient seaport of Tunis, but has lost its importance now that the new canal has been cut through the lake to that city. The Arabs call the town Foum-el-Oued, or *mouth of the canal*, and Haik-el-Oued, or *throat of the canal*. The French name is La Goulette. Long tongues of land stretch up to Carthage, right and left of the canal. There are two quarters, Old and New Goletta. On the right side of the canal are the town and an old palace and harem of the bey and an ancient arsenal. The left bank has the ancient kasba and an old Spanish-

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Turkish fortress now turned into barracks for French soldiers. In the sixteenth century La Goletta was the scene of important events. It was taken by Charles V and thousands of Christian slaves were liberated. Then the Spaniards fortified it strongly as a base of supplies during their domination. It was strongly reinforced in 1573 by John of Austria, but was reconquered by the Turks the next year, under Sinan Pacha, after a terrible struggle and a memorable siege. It is of much interest to the Roman Catholics from the fact that St. Vincent de Paul was a prisoner here in the seventeenth century.

La Goletta is the port of shipment for the iron ore of Central Tunisia; the fishing fleet numbers a hundred boats, some of which work in the lake and some in the gulf. In the warm weather it is a bathing-place much visited by the Jews of Tunis.

On the return the travellers saw that the large vessel they had seen coming down was nearing Tunis.

"That was a great scheme," observed the Commander, "to put Tunis in direct communication with the sea by means of a canal through the shallow lake. I believe it was the late bey who first thought of it, and he gave a concession for it. Plans and bids were asked for later, and given by a company, and accepted by the French Government. The port was begun in 1892 and completed in 1897. The canal is seven miles long, ninety-three feet wide, and twenty-one feet deep. It is practicable for ships of large tonnage. In the centre the canal was widened enough to permit of vessels passing one another."

When the Other-one parted with Bashir that night, she said: "To-morrow is for Carthage, and I hope we are to have our nice guide to show us everything to see there, and that the American family will be in no hurry to arrive here!"

"They are sure not to come for a day or so yet," replied Bashir, "so I am ready to go anywhere with you. You wish to see all, but some I have care not. They wish to ride to some place, take a cup of tea or coffee, and return at once!"

CHAPTER XXII

TO CARTHAGE AND RETURN BY ARIANA

THE night before the trip to Carthage the Commander came up early after dinner. "Come," he said, "read me something, or tell me, about ancient Carthage. We both know a little about its history, and Hannibal has always been one of your favorite heroes, but I confess—and I am sure you also do—to being rather hazy about most of the events that took place there." He stretched himself comfortably in an armchair near the table where were his beloved maps, and the Other-one began with much content:

"We must be prepared to be greatly disappointed, if we expect to find many ruins of ancient Carthage left. What we shall see will be more Roman remains than Punic. Carthage, as you know, is the most famous historical city in Africa. It is generally said to have been founded about 850 B. C. by a Phœnician colony. The fabled history is that Queen Dido, fleeing from her brother Pygmalion, who had assassinated her husband, came with the Tyrians to this place and founded the city of Cart-hadshat, which the Romans made Carthago afterwards. Dido is said to have purchased from the early inhabitants as much land as a bull's hide would cover, but she cunningly had the hide cut into narrow strips and surrounded the land she wished to have; so this hill, thus encompassed, was called the Byrsa, from the word meaning a *hide*. Around the Byrsa houses and suburbs sprang up later in all directions and all along the sea shore, beyond where Sidi-bou-Said is now. Carthage, being near the mouth of the important river called to-day the Medjerda, in proximity to Sicily and nearly on the arm of the sea which unites the Western Mediterranean with the Eastern, was splendidly sit-

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uated on the shores of the large, well-protected Bay of Tunis, and it became exceedingly prosperous.

“ The riches of Carthage were immense. Her traders travelled all over the Mediterranean, trafficked with the Soudan, visited Great Britain and the Atlantic coast of Africa. The power and prosperity of this city remained undisturbed for more than seven hundred years. Then began the struggle between Rome and Carthage, called the Punic wars, for the possession of Sicily, Spain, and Africa, and they lasted for one hundred years.

“ The First Punic War was a strife between Rome and Carthage for Sicily and went on for twenty years. This ended in the loss of that island to Carthage, and also her prowess on the sea, 242 B. C.

“ In the Second Punic War, this city was deprived of her fleet and her colonial possessions. In this war, the famous Hannibal was concerned, being recalled from Italy where he had been engaged in fighting the Romans, with varying success, for sixteen years. He returned to Africa, 203 B. C., landed at Hadramentum (Sousse), was joined by Massenissa, and took command of 50,000 men and eighty elephants at Zanna where Scipio, the Roman, gave them battle. Notwithstanding his great generalship and prestige, Hannibal was entirely routed and compelled to abandon Carthage to his rival. Peace was concluded and this city became the subject of Rome; thus ended the Second Punic War. Hannibal then devoted himself to the regeneration and resurrection of his country, but the Roman senate demanded again and again his surrender and he finally swallowed poison and died, 183 B. C. Rome and Carthage remained at peace some fifty years, then at the instigation of Cato, the Elder, hostilities were begun once more. Carthage fell again, all her public buildings and fortifications were destroyed. Even after this it remained a city of commercial importance. Cæsar, after having destroyed the party of Pompey in Africa, gave some attention to Carthage, and Augustus also did the same. Thanks to its geographical position, it quickly responded and

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became again a city of luxury and pleasure as well as of study. Christianity was introduced here at the end of the second century. The Roman emperors wishing to exterminate it, bitterly persecuted Africa, especially Carthage. Many noble ladies, like Félicitas and Perpetua, were given up to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre there.

“ In the fourth century St. Augustine became prominent here, first as a teacher, then as a priest.

“ Carthage was taken by the Vandals in 439, and became the capital of Genseric and his successors. Belisarius occupied it in the name of Justinian, emperor of Constantinople. The Byzantines kept it more than sixty years. At the end of the seventh century, it was captured by the Arabs and ruined by them forever; so of all the glory and splendor that once was Carthage's, there is nothing left. It is now but an enormous field of ruins, which has served for a quarry for Tunis and for the Italians. It is said that the cathedral at Pisa was mostly constructed of materials brought from Carthage. In 1270, during the crusade against Tunis, St. Louis camped there and died of the plague. A chapel commemorative of this saint was built on the Byrsa, which then became the hill of St. Louis; in recent times several religious edifices were built here also, at the instigation of Cardinal Lavigerie, who wanted to take possession of Carthage in the name of Christian France. In these last years, some villas and restaurants have been constructed there.

“ Before the French occupation the antiquities and ruins all over Tunisia were abandoned to their fate by the authorities, and no steps were ever taken to put a stop to the vandalism of amateur collectors or of dealers in antiquities; but for several years the newly created Service, or Direction of Antiquities, assisted by the energetic explorer and archæologist, the Rev. Père Delattre, have been busily engaged in search for antiquities at Carthage.”

“ It seems,” said the Lady, laying down her book, “ that they have discovered parts of a wall one hundred and fifty feet long and eighteen feet high. It was made of amphoræ,



BEDOUIN WOMAN, IN THE RUINS OF THE ODEON
OF CARTHAGE



RUINS OF THE AQUEDUCT THAT CARRIED WATER
TO ANCIENT CARTHAGE



PUNIC TOMBS AT CARTHAGE

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or wine jars, in layers. Many Punic and Roman cemeteries, Roman cisterns, Roman roads, Roman houses, and a subterranean chapel have been uncovered, as well as the ruins of a great church, which is called now *Damous-el-Karita*. You will be much interested in the museum of which the books speak. It is called the *Lavigerie Museum* after the Cardinal, and here are collected all the objects found in the Punic and Roman as well as the Christian tombs. It is in the *Grande Seminaire* which was inaugurated in 1881 by Cardinal *Lavigerie*, as a college for the *White Fathers*, whom he intended to be missionaries in North Africa. They wear a white burnous and a red fez. On the *Byrsa* is the Cathedral of *St. Louis*, which the Cardinal built also. He is buried here and a great monument has been erected to him."

It was under a brilliantly blue sky and a golden sun sending its rays down on *La Ville Blanche*, that our Motorists set forth on their pilgrimage to the place where once was the Punic city. The road over which they went was the one they had taken to *La Goletta*. They turned north before coming to that village and beheld, afar, the green height which was once *Byrsa*, crowned now with the white Church of *St. Louis*, with its high spires, and the white buildings of the *College of the White Fathers* showing behind it. The car wound up this hill and came out on the terrace before the gate and walls which enclose the grounds of the college. Here, on the edge of the terrace, is the primitive hotel where *Bashir* said they were to lunch after visiting the ruins; and later they were to go to see the museum. That excellent man had all planned, and although like many guides, he was masterful, he had withal what most guides have not, an instinctive sympathy and understanding of the needs and limitations of his patrons. While he went in to give orders about the luncheon the Two wandered to the edge of the terrace, where the land drops away and a little railing is built as a guard.

It was a beautiful and historic scene upon which they looked, but one which in no way gave them the feeling that

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once a splendid and powerful city had covered the plain below and the hills beyond; nor did it give any hint of the agony, the bloodshed, and all the other horrors of the wars which had once raged there. It was a smiling and green landscape, dotted with white villas here and there and bordered with the glorious turquoise blue of the gulf—as beautiful and pastoral a scene as could be well imagined. No ruins were anywhere visible, but when Bashir joined them he pointed out, far below on the right, two small, almost circular bodies of water, that glistened in the sun like mirrors. These, he said, were once the harbors of Carthage: a commercial harbor, and the military one. The ancient harbors were filled up very early in the seventh century, but some years ago these two lakes had been excavated to represent them on a small scale.

“I was reading about these harbors of ancient Carthage,” said the Commander, “and I believe the southern one must have been the commercial port. It communicated with the sea by a channel. Then there was one seventy yards wide and sixty long, connected with the military harbor, which was circular and surrounded by large quays. Along these quays, there were many places divided off for sheltering the ships. All around there were colonnades of Ionic marble. The palace of the admiral was on an island in the centre of the harbor. These diminutive lakes give us no idea at all of what these harbors were once. They indicate only the shape and position.”

“Alas, alas!” exclaimed the Other-one, “to think there is scarcely a vestige left of that once magnificent city. There is nothing of the ruins even to be seen from here! Is there really anything to visit, in spite of the excavations, except what is in the museum, Bashir?”

“Wait!” returned the guide. “You will find much you will be glad to see. But I have people—not like you—who come here with me, who look about and say it is not worth their while to walk around here. They just glance into the museum, get their luncheon, of which they complain very

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much, then want to go right back to Tunis, and they say there is absolutely nothing to see in Carthage. But you, you two, are different."

The Two were much flattered, and felt themselves equal to any amount of visiting of ruins to come up to Bashir's idea of them and to merit his approval!

They first went to the amphitheatre. This was about a kilometre from the hill of St. Louis, and they got out of the car to walk down a steep path into the elliptical confines of this historic spot, full of fragments of capitals and columns and great blocks of stone; for although almost as big as the Colosseum at Rome, it is in a worse state of preservation; however, the form and size are shown, and the subterranean vaults where the wild beasts were kept. Ancient writers say it was once the most beautiful building in the world. A little chapel has been built at the far end, and a cross raised in memory of the martyrs who perished here during the persecutions of the Christians.

"On the spot where the column stands with the cross," said Bashir, as they walked down the length of the ellipse, "is where St. Perpetua and St. Félicitas were exposed to wild beasts."

"Sit down here, and I will tell you their story as briefly as I can from what I read last night. It makes one's heart ache, for here on the spot it seems more real," said the Other one to the Commander, as they reached the place in the arena. "And please, Bashir, go gather me a bouquet of the flowers and grasses that are waving from the courses of the stone above."

The Commander sat down on a block of stone, and the Lady, walking to and fro, told something of what she had read from Allan Butler's pathetic account:

"Saint Perpetua was a beautiful young mother, leaving an infant, when she suffered martyrdom here. Her father was a pagan, but he adored her, and when she was imprisoned on account of her belief and the ordered persecutions, he was in an agony of rage and grief. He begged her to recant everything, for his sake, for that of the child; but she would not, though she suffered for the babe and for her father. She had

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a vision while in prison, that she was to be a martyr; at this she rejoiced that she was considered worthy to suffer as her Lord had suffered. Her father came again to the prison, threw himself at her feet and wept the bitterest tears, and begged again that she would have pity on him and on her child. She entreated him not to grieve, saying, 'Nothing will happen but what pleases God; for we are not at our own disposal!' She had with her, in prison, a fellow-martyr, Félicitas, who was expecting soon to be delivered of a child, but who was so concerned that this might not be born before the day set for the great shows in this amphitheatre, where many Christians were to suffer death on that occasion. It was a decree that women in this condition were not allowed to be executed until after the child was born, and Félicitas longed for the crown of martyrdom. The child was born, however, a short time before! and when Félicitas cried out in the pain of childbirth, some soldiers near, asked her if she could not bear this pain, what would she do when exposed to the wild beasts? She made this reply, 'It is I that suffer now what I suffer; but then there will be Another with me that will suffer for me, because I shall suffer for Him!'

"When the day arrived, they both, with other Christians, went away from the prison with great joy. When they came to this amphitheatre, the guards wished to put on the Christians, about to suffer, the garments used by the priests and priestesses which were once worn when human sacrifices were offered to the god of War, Baal — Moloch — a relic of Phœnician days; the men in scarlet robes, the women to wear yellow like the priestesses of Ceres. The martyrs refused to do this, saying they had come hither of their own accord, and they had been promised they should not be forced to do anything contrary to their own religion; so this was granted them. Perpetua and Félicitas were exposed to a wild cow, which had been kept fasting purposely to enrage it the more. This beast attacked Perpetua first and tossed her up, wounding her and tearing her clothes. She got up and arranged them as well as she could for decency's sake, then she went to help Félicitas who was hurt very badly by a toss from the cow. The spectators had some compassion on them and cried out that this was enough, so the martyrs were taken out near the gate to be despatched, as were those not killed by the wild beasts. Perpetua was full of divine joy, and seemed not to know that she had been thrown by the wild cow. Certainly it is wonderful to read what those early Christians endured for their faith, and with such rejoicing. All the martyrs then who had escaped the beasts were brought together to be butchered this day. The people around were not satisfied with the blood already spilt, so they called for all to be brought into the middle of this arena, and they were despatched here. Saint Perpetua was unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of a timid and unskilled gladiator, who wounded her several times, so she was a long time dying, but kept her happy face to the last."

"Is it not all terribly pathetic, and does it not seem real, right here on the spot? But here comes Bashir with his

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hands full of golden marigolds and red poppies—they are the blood of the martyrs, preserved in these poppies, and the gold of their faith in the marigolds.”

They went next to see the great cisterns at the village of La Malga. As they descended from the car four or five ragged and half-naked Bedouin children climbed the bank, followed by a wrinkled old woman who came up with difficulty. All held out their hands, whining for sous. They came from the cisterns, which the Bedouins use for houses or places of shelter. These cisterns are very curious; there are twenty-four in a row, but utterly ruined as far as use for water is concerned, and the tops are overgrown with weeds and grasses. They were at least 420 feet long and 85 feet wide, as the Commander estimated. There were once cupolas in the top, and pipes between for distributing the water. It is thought that in Punic times they were built and used for collecting rain water, but when the Romans came they reconstructed them and built the aqueduct to Zaghouan for bringing water to Carthage. The ruins of it can be seen from the hill.

As they went on their way toward Damous-el-Karita, the great basilica excavated not long ago, and which is not visited by all who come to Carthage, as the road is bad, Bashir pointed out a white cross erected on a hill where St. Cyprian—who suffered martyrdom in the amphitheatre—is supposed to have been buried.

They stopped first near the place where was once a theatre constructed by the Romans, but there is little if anything left. Bashir said that many statues had been found here, among others, a colossal statue of Apollo. One can, from here, look down on the terrace where was the odeon, where the Pythian games were held. This also was built by the Romans. The Two found these ruins more interesting, and went down a path near the amphitheatre, where were the rows of seats, a few in place at the lower ranks, several columns, some of colored marble, and many other fragments.

“ It must have been wonderfully beautiful and much dec-

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orated," said the Commander. "Look at the numberless capitals at the foot of the stage, and parts of statues everywhere. There must have been found many good statues as well as statuettes here."

"Yes," returned Bashir, "I believe some were found, but many had been destroyed. They had here, on two successive years, some companies who came down from Paris and gave on this stage plays that illustrated Carthaginian and Roman times. There were crowds of people here to witness them, and once Clara Louise Kellogg, the prima donna, sang here, at the request of a friend who told her that having sung in all the great theatres of the world she must now sing in this Roman one."

The Other-one had seated herself on one of the restored seats, and, according to her custom, went back into the past, trying to call up in her imagination scenes such as might have taken place here in centuries gone by. She was a little startled and recalled to herself, to see a figure in classic draperies come from behind some columns at the back of the stage, advance to the front of it, and looking at the almost empty auditorium, open its lips as if to declaim. "Look, look!" cried the Lady. "There is an actor from the past. It is a woman, now I see; she will recite to us, if we but listen, all about the past, about all that took place here." The figure dropped lightly down by one of the capitals lying there, and advanced toward the Lady, holding out her hand. It was a young Bedouin woman, with bright dark eyes and skin of a dark rich bronze. Her blue draperies were caught up classically on her shoulders, with great fibulæ, and a scarlet cloth was around her head. There were silver hoops in her ears, and, peering from over her shoulder, a little brown baby regarded the party with no look of alarm in his beady eyes, which seemed to snap with joy as the Commander dropped some coppers into the mother's hand.

"What a strange contrast, these pulsating young lives, the radiant sky above, the color in the flowers blooming every

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where, and this dignified, silent place, with the bones of the past protruding everywhere!" said the Lady as they walked away.

They stopped a few moments to look at some Punic tombs, near here, recently excavated. "They found here," said Bashir, "many Punic lamps, figures, coins, tear-bottles, and pottery which they think all belong to the last years of Punic Carthage."

They took the car again and went on until they reached a field of grain in which gay poppies were running riot, and on the edges of the road and grain fields were masses of marigolds which seemed to have borrowed their color from the sun itself. A path led up through the green, waving grain which they followed and ascended a hill overlooking the blue gulf, with Bou-Kornein showing his two misty heads on the right. Here they found the remains of some Roman villas, columns, mosaics, and the open court, with the place for a fountain in the middle.

"There were statues and mosaics here, finer than those in place," said Bashir, "but all have been taken to the museum."

"What a superb view these old Roman inmates of this house had! There is no view I have ever seen more peacefully beautiful!" exclaimed the Other-one.

Near one of the Roman houses a small Christian basilica has been uncovered. It had fine aisles, an oratory, and a baptismal font lined with marble. There are some beautiful mosaic floors here, but nothing at all is known of the church.

"The Abbé Delattre, of the White Fathers, has superintended most of the excavations," said Bashir, as they went along. "This is the story of how the Great Basilica was discovered. One day the Father was on his way to visit a sick friend at Sidi-bou-Saïd. When he arrived in the district of Damous-el-Karita, outside the ramparts, he noticed some fragments of inscriptions lying around. He then engaged some Arab boys to bring in a large number of these

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and found they were Christian inscriptions. He at once raised money and began to excavate and found a large Christian basilica and some fourteen thousand inscriptions."

When our party arrived at the basilica, they found an immense surface covered with ruins in every direction. It seemed impossible to identify anything. However, with what Bashir could tell them, and with some aid from what they had read, they cleared up a little of the puzzle of these ruins, of which one writer says, "One can imagine the cathedral at Cordova or the Grand Mosque at Kairouan making such a ruin after their beaten-down fragments had been toned with African suns and storms of sand for fifteen sleeping centuries."

This basilica was in the middle of a vast Christian cemetery. They found it was divided into three distinct parts—to the left, the semi-circular atrium; in the middle, the basilica itself; and to the right, a second basilica with a baptistery. The basilica was 220 feet long and 140 feet wide. It was divided into nine naves, 200 feet long, separated from each other by columns of green African marble, with capitals and bases of white marble; some of these capitals have been found. The central nave was 43 feet wide. The smaller basilica was said to have been used principally for administering the sacrament of baptism; in the centre is the font, with steps leading down—the interior lined with green marble.

Innumerable persons were buried both inside and out of this great church. Its entire pavement was a mass of epitaphs, and some skeletons were found in the tombs. Two hundred bas-reliefs were taken from here to the museum.

When the Two had studied out the atrium, the naves of the basilica, and the baptismal font, they went to look below the surface on one side, where rows of tombs are exposed from recent excavations, the earth being piled around outside.

"It is strange," exclaimed the Commander, "that in spite of all the excavation and the inscriptions found, there is

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practically little or nothing known of this church. But what does Damous-el-Karita mean, Bashir?"

"It is not known certainly, but one of the Fathers told me it might be a change from the words *domus caritatis*, or *house of charity*. Somewhat north of here, near Dar-bou-Kris, Father Delattre discovered some few remains of another basilica, amid a very large Christian cemetery. They found an inscription there in honor of Saint Perpetua, so they think she and her companions were buried there. Now we go from here to the restored cisterns down near the sea; they are thought to be the most important monuments of Carthage, but they are not as large as those of La Malga. They call these we are to see, from an old Turkish fort down there, Bordj Djedid."

When they reached the cisterns they were taken in charge by the foreman or guardian there. He proved to be an extremely intelligent man, and, in answer to questions put by the intensely interested Commander, gave them much information while he led them through one of the compartments. They descended some steps and walked along a stone or cement platform, looking down into the still black water on each side, lighted only by openings here and there in the roof. It was a gruesome place, and one could imagine how easy it would be to commit suicide here.

"These cisterns are divided into eighteen compartments and stand in a single line. They are 448 feet long and 121 feet wide. They will contain about one million cubic feet of water. Before being restored, they were carefully cleaned of all rubbish and the vaults and walls were covered with cement. They now hold the water necessary for the towns of Carthage, La Goletta, and other near-by towns," said the guardian. "At the time of the Romans there were enormous baths near here. These reservoirs contained the water necessary for use in them, but the opinion is that they really date from Punic times. These are the type of all those found in Northern Africa. Early Carthage had very little natural

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water and they had to dig forty or fifty feet below the surface of the land for it, so they constructed wells and cisterns to hold rain water for public as well as private use. They had to build such enormous ones as these, because a smaller quantity of water would soon dry up or be drawn off.

“The Romans, when they needed a greater supply of water for fountains and baths, found it in the wonderful springs of Zaghouan, which were even more abundant then than now. So they built the great aqueduct at a time when there was a serious drought threatening the country. This great work delivered some six million gallons of water a day by means of underground canals and thousands of overhead arches, some of which you can see to-day. The Vandals destroyed this aqueduct; then the Byzantines restored it; but at last the Spaniards demolished it almost entirely. The cisterns at La Malga were connected with these, and thus they had, at each end of the city, immense reservoirs of water.

“About 1859, the then reigning bey decided to restore the aqueduct to give to Tunis, as well as Carthage and the suburbs, pure water. A big sum was set aside for this and the work was begun under a French engineer, Monsieur Colin. He followed the Roman route, used iron pipes instead of arches, and the old masonry channels whenever practicable. He finished it in three years, using 134,400 feet of pipe, forty bridges, seventy-nine culverts, and a hundred underground channels. The *château d'eau* (reservoir) is at Tunis—you may have seen it—and a branch aqueduct comes here. It cost, in all, many millions of francs.”

As they walked up the white road to the car, brushing the waving grain as they passed along the edge of the fields, the Other-one exclaimed at the brilliant color everywhere.

“Who could call this a dead city! Look at the luxuriant blossoms of the scarlet poppies and the golden glow of the marigolds everywhere, the deep blue of the sky, the peacock blue of the sea, and the rose mauve of the distant mountains! All seem richer and livelier since we came out of those black cisterns. It could never have been so beautiful in Cartha-

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ginian or Roman times, for though they had the sea and mountains, there was then no place for this glorious bloom."

Arriving at the Punic cemetery, called that of Douimes or Dermèche, they found great, deep holes and long galleries dug into the earth, which are thought to date from the sixth or seventh century before the Christian era. The tombs contained in these are very curious, each being constructed of three great slabs of stone without cement or mortar; above each a large slab of stone is inclined upon the other two, so as to form a triangle and it is thought they were so arranged to protect the body from the dust of the earth, or from the wet or damp. Sometimes the excavators found the body had been placed directly on the earth; sometimes shut up in a sort of coffin of cedar wood. When the tombs were opened many skeletons were found but upon any attempt to move them they fell into ashes. Some few remained intact, however, and these may be seen in glass cases in the museum. Father Delattre also found here many other objects—very few weapons of war, for the ancient Carthaginians were not fighting men, but jewellery: necklaces, bracelets, rings, mirrors, statuettes, curious lamps, and other things.

"These tombs are the most interesting things we have yet seen," said the Commander. "They take us back to the times of Phœnician Carthage. By the way, do you remember the tombs like these which we saw at Hippone?"

Bashir, now considering that his patrons, though enthusiastic sight-seers, might require a little refreshment after the long morning, considerably allowed them to go to luncheon at the little hotel on the terrace, where, if the *menu* offered them was not all that could be desired in point of flavor and cleanness, the view from the window near which their little table was placed would have compensated for no matter what other lack.

After this, they went out to the gate in the high wall surrounding the garden of the White Fathers. Here, amid the bloom of rose-bushes, fleurs-de-lis, wallflowers, and many others, with graceful pepper-trees, palms, cypress and acacia

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trees casting soft shadows over them, are crowded a mass of the ruins of ancient Carthage,—statues more or less mutilated, columns, capitals, bits of friezes, piles of the round stones used in ancient catapults, torsos, amphoræ, sarcophagi, and a thousand other antique fragments, while the walls are plastered inside with hundreds of Christian and Roman inscriptions. The lush bloom of the plants takes all the melancholy out of these mutilated fragments, and for the archæologist as well as for the layman, it is a most fascinating place, where one would fain linger before going into the dark rooms of the museum.

The Other-one would not allow herself this indulgence, however, well knowing what infinitely more fascinating things lay beyond in the College Museum, and how little time there was to see all she wished. So they hurried by the graceful, headless statue with its flying draperies so well chiselled, said to be the goddess Céleste; and by the series of eight great arches thought by some archæologists to have belonged to the palace of a Roman proconsul. But at the insistence of the Other-one the Commander went with her up the steps of the chapel on a high mound in the centre of the garden, dedicated to Saint Louis, who camped here at Carthage during the crusade against Tunis, and died here of the plague. An indifferent statue to the saint surmounts the little altar, but the party did no more than glance inside of the bare little place, though they lingered, as they stepped out, for the glorious view from the top of the steps, and this is what they saw:—

At the right, far below, lay the little ponds of the cothon, or double port of ancient Carthage, gleaming like burnished silver in the sun. Down in front, across the sweep of green fields dotted with white villas and the ancient palace of Mustapha-ben-Ismail on the shore, the eye took in the shimmering glory of the blue gulf. At the north, Cape Carthage jutted out, and the ivory white village of Sidi-bou-Saïd clung to its emerald hill. At the left, the soft, rolling heights of the Hill of Juno and the terrace of the odeon. At the

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right, again, the mysterious, and seemingly all-knowing (of the Past), misty, double head of Bou-Koreïn, behind which the Djebel Ressay peered up, and away beyond, blurred in the blue distance, the jagged points of great Zaghouan, which so long ago gave, and still gives, of its abundant crystal waters to Carthage. Still farther to the right, the yellow lake, La Goletta, the long line of the canal, and at the far extremity, white Tunis.

“ And this hill was the Byrsa of Queen Dido—for I like to think this was her city,” said the Other-one. “ Here was the citadel of ancient Carthage and here stood the wonderful Temple of the god Ehmoun; and when the Romans came they built other beautiful temples and paved the hill with marble. In those last dreadful days of the Punic wars the Romans fought their way up here, step by step, from the harbor, through streets with high houses jutting over on each side, the roofs of which were packed with the desperate Carthaginians who at last rushed to the temple in the greatest agony, all but Hasdrubal who went off secretly to Scipio, threw himself at his feet and offered to deliver up all left of Carthage. When Scipio made this known to those in the temple, Hasdrubal’s wife, agonized at his terrible dishonor, declared that she did not blame Scipio, as he acted but by the rights of war; but she screamed the most scorching revilings at her husband, and then threw herself with her children into the flames below. It is not strange that when Scipio saw all this and the burning of the once proud and magnificent city, he wept. Now look around on this peaceful, sunny land and sea view; who could possibly imagine that such a scene could have ever taken place here? ”

At the back of the platform of the chapel, they noticed a number of small Punic marble ossuaries containing charred bones, which Bashir told them had been found in the Punic cemeteries near the queer tombs, and which some of the excavators thought were the ashes of the children burned there, whose relatives had been allowed to gather these ashes up and place them in the cemeteries in the ossuaries.

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“ I have read about the horrible human sacrifices to Moloch. They dropped children and youths into the awful, red-hot arms of the brazen image from which they rolled down into a flaming furnace. It makes me shiver to look at those small, discolored, marble boxes. One cannot forgive the early Carthaginians for that horrible custom,” said the Other-one.

They now went through the flowering garden to the colonnade of the College. Here are, among other things, two wonderful reliefs of a colossal Victory and Abundance, found in Carthage. The strong, beautiful Victory bears a shield and armor aloft with the left hand, while her drapery falls in graceful folds around her. The lovely Abundance, or Charity, has a cornucopia filled to overflowing with fruits, a great bunch of grapes dropping down from it. The Two stopped to admire these and then went into the vestibule of the *Séminaire*, where a Father, in the white robes and red fez of his order, met them, and, seeing they were strangers and full of enthusiasm, took them at once under his charge.

“ You will wish to go first into the Punic room, which is of the greatest interest,” said the *père*, leading the way. “ Here are the objects found in the Punic tombs excavated on the north side of this hill of Saint Louis, those near Damous-el-Karita, and at Douimes. The oldest yet found are about the seventh century B. C., and the latest the second century B. C. They all show an influence really Oriental in origin, derived without doubt from Egypt, but gradually penetrated by Hellenic elements coming principally from Sicily, where the Carthaginians came much into contact with the Greeks. The most remarkable things are the sarcophagi taken out of Punic tombs in the cemetery near Damous-el-Karita, and the most beautiful of these I will show you at once.”

He crossed the room, passing cabinets and long cases full of objects, and stopped near the end of the room with a face alight with enthusiasm, pointing to the upright cover of a sarcophagus, carved on which the lovely face of a young woman looked out at them from the far past, a face neither



RELIEF OF A VICTORY FOUND AT
CARTHAGE
NOW IN THE LAVIGERIE MUSEUM
AT CARTHAGE



ABUNDANCE: RELIEF FOUND AT
CARTHAGE
NOW IN THE LAVIGERIE MUSEUM
AT CARTHAGE



THE CISTERNS AT LA MALGA — NEAR CARTHAGE



SUBTERRANEAN VILLA AT BULLA REGIA: RUINS OF
ROMAN TIMES

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Greek nor yet Egyptian in its outlines, but of an entirely different type; softer, gentler, finer, and of a grave sweetness; the type, perhaps, of those unknown Punic women. She held a dove in her right hand, the emblem of a priestess, and a sacrificial vase in the left. She was clothed in a long, folded tunic; and two great wings, with the small feathers indicated by red marks, and the large plumes by gold lines on a blue ground, were folded down across her knees to her feet. On her head she had a sort of Egyptian head-dress, the front a hawk's head with painted eyes.

“It is divine!” exclaimed the Other-one. “It must show all that was of the loveliest in the women of those Punic times, of whom this priestess was the fairest flower.”

“Here is the priest, her husband,” said the *père*, “for so we think they were, as they were found together—priest and priestess of Tamit.”

It was a noble, manly figure with a most benevolent expression, but not such a type of manly beauty, as the priestess of womanly. He wore a long tunic and shoes, his beard curled and his head bound with a fillet. He bore a sacrificial box in his right hand like the priestess. At the foot of each stood the sarcophagus of each, in which were found only a few bones.

“May I have a photograph of it? It will take but a few moments; I cannot go away without carrying a view of the lovely Priestess of Tamit.”

“It is not allowed,” said the Father, “but for you, perhaps, who have so great interest, one pose.”

So the Other-one set herself hastily to place her kodak, but the result, to her sorrow, was far from satisfactory, partly owing to the sombre light in the room, and partly, perhaps, to the evident dissatisfaction of the *Père Blanc*. After showing this *chef-d'œuvre* he seemed to feel the rest was not of so much importance, so he led them on rather rapidly, pointing out objects in the long cases and in the cabinets on the walls, as they passed.

“The Carthaginian always had interred with him the

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things he loved most, and his sorrowing friends placed with him those things which were thought needful to him after death or in the future world; so here you see jewels, necklaces, bracelets, rings, fibulæ—entirely Egyptian in design and style. Then here are mirrors and curious lamps, the like of which the Arabs use to-day. See those amulets in vitrified paste and Egyptian in style. Here are their razors, shaped just like a hatchet, with different divinities engraved on them, as well as animals. The handle is in the shape of a flamingo. It is curious, but there were found spectacles—for there were two crystal disks flat on one side and concave on the other; and what could they have been used for but spectacles?”

“Well!” exclaimed the Commander, “if the Carthaginians shaved and used spectacles, they may have had telephones and automobiles, at least in embryo.”

The Father smiled when this was repeated to him. “We have not discovered anything like those as yet, but who knows what will be found in further excavations? We are beginning to believe that in Punic and Roman times they had nearly everything in use at the present day. You will see in the Roman room a terra-cotta figure playing an organ, showing the instrument in a well advanced stage, with pipes of different lengths, a sounding board, and reservoirs for air and water on each side. Here are some masques with frightful, grinning faces. It is not known for what purpose they served—perhaps, to place in tombs to frighten those who wished to violate them. Here are others which are pleasant and smiling. It may be these were intended to represent the dead as his double, as was the Egyptian custom.”

Then he showed them curious terra-cotta lamps like a saucer pinched in on two sides, and quaint figurines, some like those of Tanagra. One little Cupid with wings, lying flat in a sort of boat, his arm trailing over the side, attracted the Other-one very much—a fascinating creature with curly hair painted red, and traces of color in his body and the drapery across him. Then there were the cases of shimmer-

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ing glass—vases, jars, tear-bottles—in the colors of the rainbow, beautiful to see. There was an infinity of things that the Two would fain have lingered over, and about which they would have questioned the White Father, but he hurried them relentlessly on. At the farther end of the corridor they came to the Roman and Christian room, in which were fragments of sculpture, a most interesting head of Ceres, one of Augustus, one of Octavia his sister, and one of Hercules; also a statue of Esculapius. A fine terra-cotta relief, besides the one of the organ, was that of a Roman matron having her toilet performed by her slave while she was reading, and another, spinning with a distaff. There were many lamps such as are always found in excavating Roman houses and tombs; some, of the first period, very fine, and the reliefs on them sometimes very spirited. Those of the second period were not so well done, and the subjects from mythology were rather coarse. Then there were all kinds of Roman vessels, from cinerary urns to amphoræ.

The Christian section was full of pathetic significance, with its reliefs from scenes in the Bible and with the Cross, the Lamb, and the Lion, as well as the bas-reliefs from the great basilica, one representing the Angel of the Lord announcing the birth of Christ to the shepherds, and the other the Adoration of the Magi. The Two saw in all these symbols of the struggle of that early Church, which suffered and endured martyrdom for Christ's sake. There were also hundreds of other Christian relics—crosses, rings with sacred words or anagrams on them, and hundreds of epitaphs, the names always followed by the words *Fidelis in Pace*.

The *Père Blanc* had lingered longer over these Christian relics, showing them with reverent care and tenderness, but at last he said:

“I am sorry to leave you now, but my duties call me away. I thank you for the interest you have shown, especially in these relics of our beloved Church.”

The Commander and the Lady in turn acknowledged to him their sincere gratitude, and he scurried rapidly off, his

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white burnous blowing back in his haste. The Two turned also away from this fascinating place and went out into the living fragrance and bloom of the garden, under the blue sky and warm sun, away from the shadowy land of the dead past, where they had been wandering for an hour or so. They stopped a few moments to adjust themselves to this modern world again, then went on to the gate, where they found for sale some genuine antiquities—an overflow from the museum. Here the Commander invested in two or three of the queer Punic lamps, an iridescent tear-bottle of Roman times, some engraved finger rings from Christian tombs, and two or three pair of barbaric earrings. Then the Other-one said they must see the big Cathedral of Saint Louis and the Tomb of the Cardinal.

Artists and antiquarians do not easily forgive Cardinal Lavigerie for having invaded the sacred precincts of the historic hill of the Byrsa and erected there the rather garish and conspicuous white buildings of the Church and the Seminary of the White Fathers, though one cannot but admire the force and strong religious fervor of the Cardinal in his attempts to establish the Christian faith again in Africa, nor will any one deny him the tribute of pity that he did not succeed to the extent that his ardent soul desired. He died at Algiers in November, 1892. His body was brought here and placed in the tomb which he himself had selected. His church, in the Byzantine-Mauresque style, holds his body and monument as sacred possessions. This monument represents him, life size, in a half recumbent position, with two negroes below, one carrying a palm branch and the other in chains. On the side opposite, a negress kneels, holding a child in her arms. Still below these are two of the White Fathers, in the costume of their order, kneeling.

“It is certainly an impressive monument,” said the Commander, “but I like better the position of the figure in bronze that we saw at Biskra; it is full of force and action, representing his ardent nature. Here he appears inactive, which does not seem to suit our idea of him.”

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Then they went to see the splendid reliquary of gilded bronze, which is most sacred and interesting to good Catholics who come to this church. It represents the Sainte Chapelle in Paris and contains some portions of the remains of Saint Louis brought from the Church of Monreale at Palermo.

Our party were not now in touch with modern gilding, decorations, and bronze monuments, having been wandering through the wonderful remains of a civilization spread over three thousand years, so they lingered but a few moments in this very modern church, and were soon seated in their motor and on the way to the little white village of Sidi-bou Saïd.

“ I am rejoiced to have a little time to get back to modern scenes,” said the Other-one, “ before we come to Ariana, where you say, Bashir, that this being Saturday and their Sabbath, the fat Jewesses are promenading, decked out in their best. It would be appalling, indeed, to jump directly there from Punic times, and see those gaudy and mountainous creatures, after wandering in the past ages with that exquisitely refined and lovely Priestess of Tamit! ”

They came to the foot of the hill on which Sidi-bou-Saïd lies, and the car went up the steep, winding road to a place where they descended and walked up the hill, still more steep. It is a quaint, little village, distinctly Arab, with blanched, windowless houses, flat, terraced roofs and fine, arched doorways. Little latticed balconies projected on some houses, it is true, but all had an air of silent mystery. There were few if any *cafés* and scarcely any shops. It appeared like a magic city, only conjured for the time by the guide, to vanish soon after.

“ Why is this town so clean, so silent, so solitary? Is everybody dead or only asleep here? ” asked the Other-one as they toiled, panting, up the steep, roughly paved street, toward the little tower of the lighthouse, showing its marble whiteness against a vividly blue sky.

“ It is quiet now, for the summer people have not yet arrived. It is a place where very rich Arabs have their sum-

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mer homes, and now there are only the caretakers here, though there is one fine *café* open to which they go summer evenings for their coffee and there is a beautiful view of the sea. I shall have pleasure to give you some coffee later."

After visiting the little mosque with its black and white arches, in or near which the Mussulmans claim that the body of St. Louis lies—for they believe firmly that Saint Louis embraced the Mohammedan faith before he died—and the lighthouse tower whose golden rays flash at night far across the gulf to the sea, Bashir took them into the Arab *café*, lovely with tiles and *meshrabyah* woodwork, long divans and little inlaid tables, where as yet only a few rich Arabs were lazily lounging. He had a little table put for them out on the terrace which overhangs the gulf splashing its foam on the rocks far below. An Arab in a red fez and a long white garment bound at his waist with a broad red sash brought them tiny cups of fragrant, sweet, Turkish coffee. Here they let themselves rest a while, silently, after their day of strenuous sight-seeing, looking down upon the blue gulf and off to the rich green foliage at one side, through which the tops of white Arab villas showed and the vineyards of the Archbishop of Tunis. Not far off is his great white villa to which he comes in summer, "to repose himself," Bashir said.

The party descended to the car, which swung down to La Marsa, where they saw the beylical guards, outside the entrance gate, dressed like the French Zouaves and the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. Here are more summer villas, more or less tasteful, and the big white villa of the French *Résident Général*. Passing through groves of olive-trees, the car reached the poor, uninteresting village of Ariana. Here are, however, gardens of roses behind high walls, which are cultivated for the attar of rose so much prized by the Orientals.

The party went to view such lovely Jewesses as might be visible, and truly it was a most wonderful and stirring sight to see them, both young girls and married women, arrayed in the most ungraceful and ugly garments ever worn by the female sex, the former often slender and beautiful, the latter,



THE BEAUTIFUL PRIESTESS OF CARTHAGE:
COVER OF PUNIC SARCOPHAGUS, DATING
FROM FOURTH CENTURY, B. C.
IN LAVIGERIE MUSEUM



TWO JEWESSES IN GALA ATTIRE, SEEN AT ARIANA, NEAR TUNIS

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mountains of flesh. Some were sitting at tables, eating and drinking grossly. Others, really the most conspicuous, were promenading up and down the street before the *café*. Most of the costumes consisted of the immensely full balloon trousers, such as the Algerian women wear, either of satin or fine white cloth. Their fat feet were half thrust into velvet, silk, or satin slippers or clogs of red, blue, or pink, embroidered in gold, far beyond which their stout heels extended, so that they shuffled along like awkward ducks. To complete this costume they wore very short, full jackets of pink, blue, yellow, green, red, or white satin, often heavily embroidered in gold and trimmed with gold lace. These jackets, like breakfast jackets, coming just below the waist line, exaggerated the masses of flesh. Many had gleaming necklaces of gold and jewels, bracelets, rings, earrings, wonderful to behold. On the head most wore coquettish little silk handkerchiefs, spangled or fringed with silk or gold, and the hair hung in a braid below at the back. They used to wear the horned cap, ornamented richly with gold, and a white veil hanging down over it, but now this is only on some of the older women. Also they wore very tight satin trousers embroidered heavily in gold, but these too one sees very little now, though it is possible they may wear them in their own homes.

“Certainly,” said the Other-one, “the Queen of Sheba was never arrayed in all the glory of these Jewesses. I must kodak some of them!”

“They do not like it at all, Madame,” said Bashir, “at least they pretend not to like it, though they like much to have people stare at their clothes; but I will see what can be done.” But, although Bashir did his best, the groups that came along turned their backs shortly and walked off when they saw the Other-one point her camera at them. By pretending to look at other things, however, the Lady was at last successful and bore away one or two exposed films as souvenirs.

Some of the Jews, especially the younger men, looked very

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well, but were very tame birds compared to the gorgeous plumaged ones with whom they were promenading. The older men had black suits, full trousers, and blue stockings, with huge black tassels depending from their fezes. The younger men were hardly to be distinguished from the Arabs in their dress, some having richly embroidered jackets under their light burnouses. They seemed proud of their females and gratified by the attention they excited in strangers.

The party got into the car and fled over the smooth road to Tunis, satisfied and happy with this as with many another day's experience in this interesting country.

CHAPTER XXIII

A TRIP TO MEDENINE AND MATMATA IN THE TROGLODYTE COUNTRY, BY SOUSSE, SFAX, AND DJEM

THE Other-one was awakened at an early hour the next morning by loud noises in the corridor outside her chamber,—much running around, loud talking, and slamming of doors. The waiter on being questioned when he brought up the morning coffee, said that “a so rich” American family had arrived in the harbor in their private yacht at a very early hour that morning and had sent their maids and valets to select and settle their rooms for them at the hotel.

“Which means,” exclaimed the Other-one, “that we are to lose our picturesque and intelligent Bashir, and we shall have to conduct ourselves!”

The Commander looked up from the map of Tunisia which he was intently studying.

“I think we have now been long enough in the country to ‘paddle our own canoe’ anywhere. Now, as soon as you can get ready, we will start on our trip, for the Desert and the Troglodyte country, the most interesting we have as yet seen, and on which trip you must take the least possible baggage.”

So the Motorists were soon on the road, their baggage reduced to the smallest dimensions, bound for the country of the mysterious Troglodytes.

The sky was a dull gray, with rifts opening here and there to let patches of deep blue show through them. The air seemed devoid of life and not the slightest breeze stirred the foliage of the trees. The car soon left Tunis behind and went along the road not far from the sea, now a dull blue with glistening silver light where the sun’s rays shone on it from the rifts in the clouds. There was a glimpse of white Sidi-bou

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Saïd and the dull green hill and plain of Carthage, then vineyards, widespreading, shut the sea away. Suddenly there came a puff of wind which died away with a long sigh; then again and again the puffs came, and sand began to rattle against the back of the car, while the atmosphere ahead and all around was filled with it. The landscape lost its usual brilliant coloring, the greens of the fields of barley were turned to dull silver with the wind sweeping across them, and the olive-trees were silvery too. The most vivid colorings to be seen were the patches of blue borage, and the wild buglos and alkanet growing in dense masses by the roadside or in the fields. The rugged peaks of Zaghouan were blurred. On the plain were the Bedouin tents enfolded by their hedges of camel-thorn bushes, the flocks and herds huddled together to resist better the sweep of the wind, the camels lying down, their long heads resting on the ground. Scarcely any of the nomads were to be seen outside their tents, although in one field two or three men, braving the wind, were ploughing with great unwieldy camels; a curious sight to see, with the ploughs of crooked sticks dating back to Abraham's time. Farther on there was a blaze of genesta in a waste place, but the asphodel looked pallid and forlorn, its long stalks of flowers waving in the wind, and its pungent odor flung far and wide.

Still on, the sand beating against the car. At one side there loomed up, on a mound in a green barley field, a huge round mass of stones and masonry about thirty-six feet high, a ruined Roman mausoleum without the top, much like the one of Cæcilius Metellus at Rome. Nothing is known about it, except that it encloses a vaulted chamber, and the Arabs call it Kasr-Menara, or the *castle of the lighthouse*. Beyond, at the right, were many fragments of Roman ruins and the arches of an ancient bridge over a dry stream, showing that here must have once flourished a great city.

About a hundred kilometres from Tunis the road ran through groves of olives, and great vineyards stretched away to the horizon line. The car passed yards and shops where great rolls of the alfa grass were being prepared for export;

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then entered Enfidaville, a very modern-looking town, with its railroad station, post-office, French villas, and houses with French windows and balconies—consequently very uninteresting to one of the party, at least. But Enfidaville is the centre of administration for the French-African Society, whose property here covers some three hundred thousand acres and was once the subject of a great dispute between the French and the Tunisians, which is considered to be one of the causes leading up to the French Protectorate in Tunisia. This very rich property had been granted by the bey to one of the prime ministers of Tunis as a reward for having obtained the right of succession to the beylic by members of the bey's family. When the minister wished to leave Tunis, not being able to dispose of the property to any of his own countrymen, he sold it to the French Company, the *Société-Franco-Africaine*. The Tunisians then tried to make this sale void by using the Arab right of preëmption. As the result of a law suit this big estate—a small kingdom in itself—remained in the hands of the *Société-Franco-Africaine*. It is rich in olive plantations, and there is much grain. There is a fine mineral spring here, rising in a mountain near, called the Ain-Garcia, the water of which is used all over Tunis and is exported to Europe. It has a very large and profitable business.

There was a lull in the wind as they approached Sousse, near which the car rolled through a long Mussulman cemetery with a white, box-like enclosure for each grave and the upright headpieces, also white. Under the walls of Sousa (*Sousse* in French) the Other-one said:

“ You remember this was the ancient Hadramentum, which served Hannibal as a base for his operations against Scipio; and as he is one of my heroes, this makes Sousa most interesting to me; but were it not for the great white tomb of the marabout and the line of crenellated walls, I should think this the most modern of French towns.”

They were now passing through the European quarter with its shops and balconied houses. Adrian stopped the car before a little, friendly-looking hotel not far from the sea. There

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issued forth from this, on a run, a most jolly-looking Arab wearing a brown *gandoura* embroidered in heavy white wool. His red *chéchia* was pushed back on his head, the long tassel swinging with the hurry of his movements. He welcomed the travellers as if they were old friends and at once announced himself as the guide of the hotel. The pleasant landlady, with two smiling, pretty daughters, met them at the door, also in a most friendly way, and ushered them up into a clean little bedroom hung with dainty chintz, where they might refresh themselves after the long, windy ride. They felt that here was another oasis in the desert of African hotels — an opinion that the delicious luncheon, served in a bright and cheerful dining-room, confirmed.

“Decidedly,” said the Commander, “we must return here for a day or two of rest and to make some excursions out of here. There are some things to see in this town, but we are to leave sight-seeing here until our return.”

They left this haven of rest and peace with regret. The walls of Sousse soon were lost to view as the road ran down over a wide plain and then through vast groves of olive-trees.

“How many plantations of olives we see here! There are old trees which look as if they had been here in the time of the Romans,” said the Commander as they were passing a grove of hoary trees. “It is said that then they used olive oil much more extensively than now, and too, in all the countries subdued by Rome, as this Northern Africa. It had almost the highest rank among vegetable products.”

The road now ran away from the sea and there were fewer and fewer plantations of olives, and at length, the travellers saw before them the Colosseum of Djem, a huge, oblong mass crowning a plateau. This mass grew more and more distinct, and they were astonished as they drew near, in spite of what had been told them, to see this enormous colosseum, away out here on this wide, barren plain, where not a habitation was visible.

“How wonderful,” exclaimed the Commander, “to see this huge building which held sixty thousand people out here

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on this uncultivated plain! There must have been a great city to maintain it, and yet there seems never to have been any visible means of support for the inhabitants of such an important town; nor can there have been any water here."

"What I have found out about it," returned the Other-one, "is that it was named Thysdrus and was of little importance in the time of Cæsar, but it developed later, and in the third century of our era was one of the richest cities of North Africa; this city, as well as Sousse, owed its prosperity to the culture of the olive in the surrounding country. They say this amphitheatre was used as a fortress at the end of the seventh century by Kahenna, the famous Berber queen, in her struggles against the invading Arab hordes."

The car drew up under the shadow of the colosseum and the travellers got out to walk around it and study its details. There is a wretched Arab village at one side, whose inhabitants have used the colosseum as a quarry, building their houses with the stones from it in lieu of sun-dried bricks; but there are some fine door frames and lintels with a column here and there. Some ragged children ran out from the village, and a lank Arab pressed his services on the travellers saying he was the guardian of the building. They were unable to shake him off and he followed them around, proffering, unasked, such feeble information as he had picked up about the colosseum. They entered first the arena, which has been pretty well excavated and cleaned out. There are three series of arcades flanked with half columns Composite or Corinthian. Above there was a crowning wall, with pilasters, but this, with the rows of seats and the steps, have all disappeared. The colosseum runs from east to west, and has the long ellipse of such buildings. The greater axis is 489 feet, and the smaller 407. Its circumference is twelve hundred feet. The arena is 213 feet long and 173 wide. The walls are six feet thick, which leaves galleries sixty feet wide. There were once four stories. On the side toward the village the galleries are in the best preservation. When there were exhibitions of gladiators here, or Christian martyrs were exposed to wild

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beasts, sixty thousand people could be accommodated to look down on them. The Colosseum at Rome held only ten thousand more and this is really much more imposing than that."

"It is interesting here to recall the heroic efforts of La Kahenna, the Berber queen. I think more about her here than about the blood-thirsty, Pagan, Roman colonists," said the Other-one. "When she had defeated Hassan ibn Näaman and driven him to Tripoli, he returned with reinforcements. She entrenched herself strongly here and maintained a long siege. Kahenna's fortress was so well supplied that her soldiers mockingly threw down fresh fish to the besiegers when the latter were suffering for food. The Arabs say she made great subterranean passages to the sea near Sallecta. Three horsemen could ride abreast in them but the passages have never, as yet, been discovered. For years the Arabs called this place Kasr-el-Kahenna, or the *palace of the sorceress*."

Then the Two went to get an outside view of this noble colosseum, so imposing even in its ruined state, and to see the curious and wretched Arab village. The little street on the side where the galleries of the great amphitheatre were in the least ruined condition was lined with small booths, dominated by an ancient mosque, and natives were thronging around the booths engaged in selling or buying the few commodities they possessed. They paid little heed to the strangers, but went on with their trading. At one house, with a fine doorway of carved stone—a fragment taken from the ruins undoubtedly—there was gathered a group of musicians who were making weird and plaintive sounds with their rude instruments. A small girl was beating the *derbouka*, a wrinkled old fellow was blowing on a pipe and another was singing a minor strain of two or three tones. Rude as it was, the plaintive music touched the heart with a dull pain. It seemed a lament for that far past, when, judging by this noble monument of stone towering above the miserable village—there must have been that beauty in art, that peace and happiness for which man, in this modern life, is ever striving but never attains.



THE COLOSSEUM AT DJEM



INTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM AT DJEM



BEFORE THE WALLS OF SFAX

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After the clamors of the small girl with the *derbouka* had been satisfied, the Two went out to the car, followed by a group of curious natives. Near the car stood a number of large camels, unusually peaceful in appearance, their humps and most of their backs covered with a great basket-like mat of dried grass,—the first evidence of any care for these wretched animals which the travellers had seen in this country. Across the plain again, and through more acres of olive-trees, the car drew near Sfax, the scent of its gardens filling the now almost quiet air. The road ran by many of these gardens, their fruit trees visible through openings in the high banks or mud walls which were crowned with the prickly pear which makes an impenetrable fence. These gardens of Sfax yield many roses and other flowers cultivated for the essence which is distilled for perfume. In places near the town, the Commander observed many large, oblong, high, white platforms, plastered over, with a depression in the centre, where there was a large opening. They were Arab cisterns for rain water.

The road now became more animated, with laden donkeys, a camel or two and many natives trudging along in the dust which was rising in clouds from flocks of sheep and goats. Soon the walls and towers of Sfax, one hundred and twenty-nine kilometres from Sousse, became visible. The car ran near the blue sea; the harbor was full of shipping and fishing-boats drawn up beside the long stone quay. The European quarter lies outside the mediæval-looking walls which enclose the old Arab city. The car drew up before a rather pretentious hotel, the landlady of which, reinforced by a waiter or two, greeted the travellers in a most ladylike and amiable manner. The accommodations she offered them, however, were not of the same engaging quality, and they hastened to leave the little, dark, dirty rooms assigned them as soon as they had shaken the sand from their clothes. They went for a walk down by the picturesque shipping at the quays which the Commander wished to see, leaving the old town to be visited in the morning.

“The little I have learned about this town,” said the

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Other-one, as they walked down the street to the harbor, "is this:—Sfax is the ancient Taparura, a city of Phœnician origin. Until the eighth century, Arab historians say, it was a flourishing and important city with monumental buildings, manufactories, rich people, beautiful gardens, and productive fisheries. In recent times it was the only place on the coast which offered any resistance to French occupation. A French squadron of nine ironclads and four gunboats soon silenced the guns of the kasba, and then the town submitted. Since then (1881), trade and commerce have made rapid advancement in Sfax. The modern name comes from the Arabic word which means *cucumber* — *fakous*,—on account of the quantities of this vegetable which grow in this neighborhood."

As they came down to the quay, which was swarming with a picturesque population, they stopped to look at the boats, when a man standing near addressed them in their own tongue, expressing himself well, but with a slight accent.

"You are strangers here? You find this an interesting harbor? I may be able to tell you something about the fisheries here which you may like to know. Here you see fishing and sponge boats of all sorts and this town is certainly an important place for the industry. The configuration of the coast is very flat. The tide covers and uncovers widely for over two kilometres, and this is favorable for the establishment of fisheries fixed by wicker fencing. Besides these, there are certain special fisheries in the region—that of polyps, for instance—which are mostly exported to Greece; and that of sponges, which bring here many Greek and Italian fishermen. The fishing for sponges occupies here alone six hundred Sicilian vessels, fifty Greek boats, and six hundred and fifty native boats, in the season from January first to the first of October. They collect the sponges with the trident, or with a dragging net and by divers.

"Besides the fisheries, there is the great olive industry. In ancient times the olive-tree made the riches of the country, and it has taken on much development in the last century.

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The native population here has proved to have exceptional qualities. P. Bourde says: 'It seems as if the spirit of the antique planters had been perpetuated in this most intelligent and industrious people. Without any teaching from outside, with only their own observations, they have arrived at such a degree of perfection in the olive culture that European agricultural science has nothing to add to their methods.'

"You will find the old city very interesting. Get a young native who speaks French to show you about, which he will do for a very small fee. He is better than the self-important guides from the hotels. There is a fine mosque with a high minaret, but you can't go into it. The streets are narrow and very dirty but you will find them very picturesque, though noisy, and the *souks* are very animated.

"The long brown coat the natives wear mostly, with the heavy, cream-colored embroidery, is called the *gandoura*. The green turbans are worn by descendants of the Prophet, or by those who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca. You will see the native dandies in picturesque clothes, the *gandoura* of pale greens, blues, or dull reds, with beautiful embroidery on them, in contrasting colors."

Thanking this most communicative and agreeable man, the Two walked on down the long quay. The sky was now of a pomegranate color and the slender masts of the fishing-boats were etched against it. Some boats with yellow-brown lateen sails set, were dropping out of the harbor. Late as it was, many fishermen were cleaning their boats or getting their nets in order for the morrow—old, bronzed Sicilians with gold hoops in their ears, swarthy Greeks, and natives in ragged, rough *gandouras*, all jabbering so that the tower of Babel would not have been a circumstance to it. Farther up the quay, a freight boat was unloading some queer-looking, huge bundles and packages. The Two wandered on until the color faded out of the sky and the old sailors ceased from their labors. Then they left the fascinating place to seek their uninteresting room at the pretentious hotel.

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In the morning the sun was shining down with great brilliance and heat, and the sky was a vivid blue. The white houses of the town were dazzling under it. The one-eyed guide at the hotel was so insistent that the travellers could do no more than take him, and he turned out less obnoxious and more intelligent than they had expected.

They went up through the gate of the Diwan in the great crenellated walls, and entered into another life as distinct from the European as can well be imagined—streets filled with a population most picturesque and an animation as vivid as any the travellers had yet seen. There was much frying and cooking going on at that early hour—enough, it seemed to the Other-one, for the provision of the entire city of Sfax. In little dens, fat and pasty-looking natives skilfully manipulated great pans of boiling oil, and dropped therein various tidbits which sizzled and smelled rather good, though mysterious and uninviting as to appearance. The Other-one was minded to try a certain sort of pancake which certainly looked rather appetizing. A skinny boy with a red skull-cap and a dirty white *gandoura*, at an order from the guide took some thin dough out of a great jar and beat it, with an egg, in a small cup until it was light and foamy; then he handed it to the fat cook presiding there, who dropped it into a large pan of boiling oil over a charcoal fire. The dough bubbled and sputtered and then rose to a light and brown puffy pancake, which the cook ladled out onto a dirty plate, and which, after all, the Other-one decided she did not want—to the surprise and pleasure of the guide, who, having handed over the sou for it, could not let it be lost and burned his mouth with it in a hasty attempt to swallow it without being seen.

Then he hurried the two up the narrow street by the Great Mosque, its façade ornamented with a series of small arches. Here are the *souks* under long covered galleries, with the little dens in which are exposed all the varied articles that go to make up the Eastern bazaar, each trade by itself. Some booths were gay with high-backed, embroidered saddles and other leather articles red, blue, and yellow; and here, in

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one or two booths, hung those enormous hats of straw, some nearly three feet across, decorated with leather cut in various designs, and great bunches of tassels around the brim. Down on the Desert the travellers had seen one or two of these. There was an animated crowd surging through these *souks* and the dandies in their *gandouras* of delicate colors embroidered in contrasting tones, with a rose or a carnation stuck behind the ear, walked, or rather, lounged indolently along. The Other-one thought these flowers a luxury of the well-to-do until she noticed that even the dirty black Soudanese in their ragged *gandouras*, and the gamins, too, nearly all, wore the flower behind the ear; and generally it was the carnation. It was certainly most agreeable to come in out of the hot sun under the cool shade of these covered *souks*, but when the guide saw that his patrons did not care for purchasing, he hurried them away and through a gate which, he said, was the Bab Djebli. They came out upon the market-place outside the wall. Just under the agreeable shade of these high walls was a motley assemblage of dealers and workers in metal, blacksmiths, dyers, and others, with all the implements of their labor or calling spread out before them. Here the vender of palm wine—a sweet, rather sickly drink made from the palm sap—drove a thriving trade. Here was the greatest animation. Some natives were gathering together some sheep and goats, evidently for a sale, and there was much guttural gabbling and violent gesture. Beyond another gate was a *fondouk* for camels and two or three of the unwieldy creatures were coming out of the great open entrance. Beyond this one could see the green of many gardens, with white villas showing through the trees.

The guide proposed, with much eagerness, that they should visit a beautiful garden owned by a very rich man—a friend of his, he said, where they would be welcomed with pleasure and where essences from many flowers were distilled.

“No!” said the Commander, “we must go, but if you want the perfume of these flowers, there it is.” They were passing a little den which had on its shelves an array of those

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fascinating little gilt bottles of the Orient and just then an old Arab was handing to the grave, turbaned, presiding genius there, a great basket of rose petals.

“Here, certainly, one can get the real attar of rose,” said the Other-one, and she asked the guide to buy her a small bottle of it. Certainly it was much cheaper than in the *souk* of the perfumer at Tunis. But the Commander fretted with impatience at the slow movements of the grave Oriental as he dropped the precious essence in one of the tiny gilt bottles in a most provokingly slow way from a thick glass dropper.

Soon the crenellated walls of Sfax were left far behind, and the car was rolling down on the veritable Desert, where there were many camels to be seen—great creatures feeding, for a wonder, at their ease. There were caravans on the road, and the car brought fear to moving nomad families. There were many wayside wells where picturesque groups were reposing, or drawing water by means of a scraggy donkey or mule hitched to a long rope going over a high framework of wood; at the other end of the rope was a great bag of cowskin which dropped far below with a splash, as the donkey or mule approached the well, and came up brimming with water as he walked away. At one place was a woman tugging at the rope with her blue draperies flying, while two or three men lounged near. Once or twice the Commander stopped the car and leaped quickly out, as he caught the gleam of a necklace or a bracelet of unusual pattern. Then ensued that method of bargaining in which he was an adept, and as usual, too, it was the man who took the silver pieces the Commander handed out.

Now, afar, the travellers saw the line of the great *chotts* or salt lakes, of which they had previously caught a glimpse on the road to Touggourt. They are below the level of the sea, and extend nearly four hundred kilometres. Once or twice the Motorists really saw a mirage. In the distance across the shimmering heat of the sand, a long line of glistening water appeared, and groves of palms giving promise of delightful shade; then they faded away as the car moved on.



A STREET IN GABES, ON THE ROAD TO MEDENINE



A FAMILY AT MEDENINE



VIEW OF A STREET IN THE TROGLODYTE VILLAGE OF
MATAMEUR, NEAR MEDENINE

A TRIP TO MEDENINE

Sometimes a dazzling blue line showed at the left. This was the sea, and it came oftener into view as they drew near the beautiful oasis of Gabés, where the road wound along by gardens and great palms which threw most grateful shade over the travellers and flecked the ground with beautiful patterns of light and shade. Then the road came out of the green shade and crossed the cool little river of Gabés, flowing over its rocky bed. A herd of great camels were swaying up from its banks; kneeling on the border, nomad women were washing, picturesquely clad in blues and reds. The streets of Gabés, and also its houses, were dazzlingly white, and its primitive inns gave small promise of refreshment. The travellers selected the one, of two or three, that seemed the least unlikely, but regretted their choice when they saw the coarse, fat landlord, who, like an overfed spider, stood at the door to wave them into a dirty dining-room where some officers at a long table were making merry over several bottles of wine.

There was nothing to detain the travellers here, so the car fled away to Médénine. The road paralleled a country track on the right just out of Gabés, which, the Commander said, was the way to the country of the Matmatas, the most interesting of all troglodytes. "I am hoping we may find the road passable for the car when we come back, though it will not be so should it rain — and it does rain here sometimes," he said. Misty mountains now showed up at the left, and the country became rolling. Soon, on a hill at the right, not far from Médénine, a curious village could be seen, like rows of beehives.

"That," said the Commander, always well up in roads and towns from much studying of his *Cartes Tarides*, "is the village of Matameur, a smaller edition of Médénine."

At length, some eighty kilometres from Sfax, there came into sight the curious houses of the native village of Médénine, built in long rows with barrel-shaped roofs and blank, windowless, doorless walls toward the street, all close together like beehives. The rude white minaret of a mosque showed

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at the right, and there were a few palm-trees here and there. The Commander directed the chauffeur to run down to the European quarter to get settled for the night. Here are the most primitive hotel, the barracks for the cavalry and infantry, the *Bureau des Affaires Indigènes*, and nothing more.

The Other-one braced herself to meet the problems of poor food and dirty rooms, but was most agreeably surprised to find a clean and sunny little Italian *padrona*, who met the tired travellers with a smile and led them up to simple but very clean rooms.

As it was yet early, they hastened away to view the town, taking with them as a guide the clean and intelligent-looking native boy, man-of-all-work at the hotel, whose face shone with joy at the prospect of a fee. He led them about half a kilometre from the barracks into one of the most curious villages it had ever been their good fortune to see. Its vaulted houses were made of small stones, plastered over with mud and built in long rows together, some running round a square and others up narrow lanes. Outside, as stated before, they presented a blank wall to the street, but toward the squares there were rude doors for each of the stories which numbered four or five in some houses. Projecting stones outside formed a sort of rude stair by which the owner could climb to the upper stories.

“But where are all the people?” asked the Commander. “It looks like a deserted village!”

By dint of much questioning the Other-one learned from the boy something like this:—That these people (semi-troglydites) belong to the Berber tribe of the Tuasin, and there are something like five thousand people in the *ksar*, or settlement. They have many camels and sheep. They go out at the season for planting grain and cultivate their patches on the Desert. They live in tents and return only after the harvest. They leave their houses in care of about two hundred guardians. When the harvest is over they return, bringing with them their barley, maize, beans, sorghum, and millet, which they store in the upper stories of their houses.

A TRIP TO MEDENINE

In some of the squares the travellers observed little shacks, built of brush, near some of the houses. The boy told them the guardians did their cooking in them. It was certainly a very strange sight—this almost deserted village with its curious, vaulted houses, veritable caves made by the inhabitants. It seemed to the Other-one that the guide was a youthful magician who had evoked from the Berber past a weird village, but had forgotten to people it.

The few natives they met resembled the Arabs, though much darker of complexion, owing, probably, to their semi-nomadic life on the hot Desert; and they wore much the same dress—a dirty or yellow-white burnous and the Moslem's red fez, bound generally with dirty rags. Each man carried a long, queer piece of wood with nails in it, which was used as a key, and he always locked up his house when he went out, the boy told them.

Under a brilliant sun the next morning, they rode up for a last look at the troglodyte village, which the lady half expected to find had vanished in the night. It was, however, more real under the bright morning sun, and the wide market-place was a scene of great animation. It was surrounded by the usual low buildings with arcades which are seen in all Arab villages. There were groups of Arabs and Jews around and under the arcades, and all through the middle of the market-place as well. Great heaps of yellow carrots had many purchasers; piles of dried red peppers were not so popular, but there were many buyers gesticulating near the heaps of barley and other grain. There were stews sizzling over small charcoal fires, and these were much patronized.

The Commander crossed the market-place to the small dens in which were heaped up rolls of native blankets of gay colors, some old from long use on camels and in tents. He quickly picked out three or four, stained and with holes in them but rich in color—dull browns, soft blues and reds of the native dyes—and he drove a bargain with the astute Jewish traders, who praised up each hole as adding much to the value of the

A MOTOR FLIGHT

blankets. He then glanced at the white-metal necklaces, fibulæ, and bracelets that a vender held up to him — “Just modern trash,” he said.

Taking a simple, kindly-looking native who had followed them everywhere and piling him with the rugs, to his evident delight, they went down a narrow lane overhung by the curious beehive houses. Near one corner a camel was standing, with one foot hobbled, and he looked at the intruders with a disdainful air. Farther on, a group of jet-black Soudanese, men, women, and children,—the women with their wool braided up in tight little corkscrews, the children nearly naked and looking as if carved out of coal. They smiled and jabbered at the strangers in the most friendly way. They were some of the caretakers, evidently. Coming down to one of the squares, surrounded by the beehive houses, the Two found it lively enough this morning, and crowds of the natives were sitting on the ground or standing in groups, while flocks of sheep and black goats filled the air with their bleating and cries. The natives paid little attention to the strangers, however, but went on with their trading.

“Where do all these people come from?” exclaimed the Lady. “I thought most of the inhabitants were off in the Desert attending to their grain fields. This is indeed a transformation scene!”

But away from the two market-places the village was as deserted and melancholy as on the night before. In one square was a palm-tree — the only one visible anywhere, which seemed to guard a rude fountain, also the only place for water visible in the village. They came into a street of long, low white-washed houses, windowless, but with wide open doors leading into a large courtyard. Peering in, the Lady saw a number of doors opening into small dens. Each den seemed to be the apartment of a separate family, and each family to have poured into the court where it pursued its domestic labors without regard to any other. There were only women and children in the court, and the women were variously employed in cooking over small charcoal brasiers, washing in

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large pottery pans, examining the children's heads, raising much dust in sweeping out the small dens, and all in the midst of noise, jabbering, scolding, and animation which filled the courtyard and made it a veritable pandemonium. Two or three women and children came running out when they saw the Lady. They were of a different type from those seen in the village before—fairer and taller. The women had on curious skull-caps of bright color and decorated heavily in gold. The native whom the travellers had employed to carry their purchases, now produced the word "Jews," at the same time pointing into the courtyard.

"So this enterprising race are even down here, which seems such a far-away place," said the Commander. "They are the traders in the big market-places, undoubtedly, and the ones with whom I bargained for my rug."

When the Other-one had snapped a Jewess with her curious cap, the Commander said they really must be off. The native delivered up his roll of blankets to Adrian and stood aside looking sadly at the car. To the Commander's utter astonishment he refused the two-franc piece offered him, and it was only with much effort that he could be made to take it.

"Let us take the poor devil along with us for a ride!" said the kind Commander. "We can drop him at Mатаmeur." The native leaped joyfully to the seat on the foot-board when he was made to understand the Commander's wish, and seemed not to have the least fear as Adrian put the car at a good speed, but a look of serene content replaced the sad expression his face had hitherto worn.

On the way, when at the foot of a hill, they met some groups of natives and there stepped out of one a very pretty young woman in blue draperies and scarlet head-covering. Across her hips she carried a brown baby. The Commander stopped short upon seeing her, and exclaimed, for she wore, not only a necklace of an unusual pattern, but very curious and long earrings that dangled upon her shoulders as she cooed and shook her head at the brown baby. With his usual directness the Commander came at once to the point by seiz-

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ing hold of the necklace, pointing to the earrings and holding up several silver pieces.

The pretty creature was about to take off her treasures, when there stepped out of the group, a black-browed, ugly-looking man who entered into a loud discussion with her, though he appeared in no way to be related to her. She shook her dangling earrings rather saucily at him, but finally concluded not to part so easily with her jewels. At last a sufficient number of silver pieces seemed to satisfy even the man, and the Commander walked away with his coveted jewellery. Upon looking back he saw the interfering native trying to snatch away the money from the woman who was resisting him with all her might, while the brown baby was screaming with fright. The Commander made a dash back and raised the whip, which, without thinking, he had brought from the car.

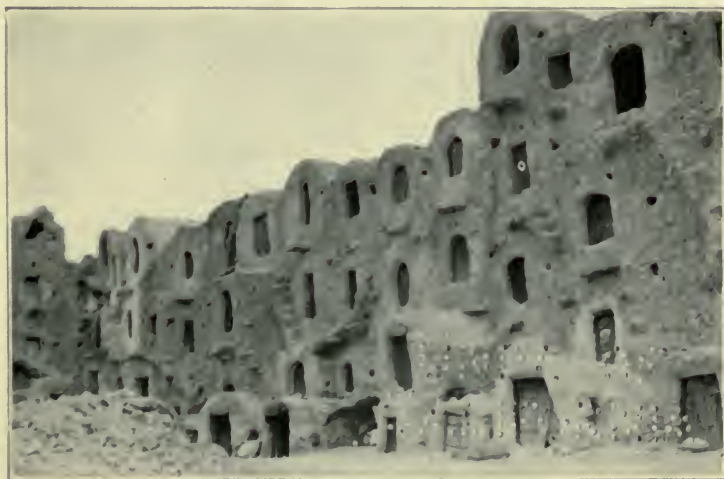
“You scoundrel!” he exclaimed. “Leave that woman alone and get out of here!”

The man, looking very ugly, slunk away, while their friendly native smiled with apparent satisfaction. But this smile turned to melancholy when they reached the car and he saw that the time had come to part forever from his new-found friends.

And so they were off again “to pastures new.” They passed more interesting nomad life and more curious equipments. Once they came up to a huge bunch of brush apparently moving along the road at its own volition. As they passed it, they saw it was a cart piled high with branches and hitched to a moth-eaten camel, who was raising his scornful head in protestation, apparently, at such an indignity, while a merry native clad only in a thin cotton garment with a brown *gandoura*, sat on the camel, kicking the poor beast into subjection. They passed many wells with fascinating groups around them; then a long caravan of camels piled high with merchandise; again a moving nomad family,—three or four camels heaped with pots, kettles, and rugs, women, children, and dogs following.



MARKET DAY AT MEDENINE



HOUSES AT MEDENINE



TROGLODYTE VILLAGE OF MATMATA:
ENTRANCE TO EXCAVATED DWELLING



HOLES OPENING INTO ROOMS FROM THE WELL OF A
SUBTERRANEAN DWELLING OF THE TROGLO-
DYTE VILLAGE OF MATMATA

A TRIP TO MEDENINE

As they again approached Gabés the Commander ordered Adrian to pull up near a group of palm-trees and then looked back with a twinkle in his eye, as he ordered the pretty Marguérite to take out a basket concealed under the baggage. Turning to the Other-one he exclaimed, "Here is our luncheon. I knew you did not enjoy that inn nor find the company of the fat landlord to your taste, when we landed at Gabés yesterday, on our downward trip."

Out of the package came slices of cold meat, boiled eggs, a roll of dark bread, and a bottle of the wine of the country, with some dried figs and Italian cheese, which made a very good meal indeed, eaten under the shadow of the palms with the Desert stretching away in shades of gray and yellow and sage green; and here, too, were peace and cleanliness, which was best of all.

They ran into Gabés to give the motor a meal of gasoline, then out again to go off on the country road toward the misty blue mountains of Matmata and to a more mysterious country of troglodytes than they had yet seen.

"Do you know much about this village or these people we are going to see?" asked the Other-one, as they bumped along over the rutty and sandy road. "I certainly have read nothing about them. I presume the town is much like that of Médénine."

"No," answered the Commander, "I have heard only that the people are the true troglodytes and live in caves or holes in the high crags of the mountains. So the village cannot be like Médénine."

As they went on, the road ascended more and more, and the country became more barren. Great ridges of rock thrust themselves out from the hillside, and all vestiges of green disappeared. Nothing could be wilder or more desolate, unless, indeed, the country of the Mozabites. As they drew nearer to the mountains, however, there came in sight, now and then, a fig-tree or two or three olives or palms. Nearer, the travellers saw these grew on small terraces, edged all around with clay and rocks, forming dykes, so as to hold any rainfall.

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Sometimes there was a small bed of lentils and some maize. At forty-five kilometres from Gabés the road came out on a sort of terrace with an amphitheatre of hills around it, and a valley below full of low mounds. Palm-trees grew here and there, and great clumps of prickly pear stood at the foot of many of the mounds. There was a small rude mosque with a clumsy minaret below the terrace at some distance, and there were a few curious-looking constructions that seemed like entrances to cellars. The only other building in sight was a small rough stone house, the office of the *Bureau des Affaires Indigènes*, or what seemed to be that, and a Frenchman in working clothes looked out from there at the unusual sight of a motor.

“ We must learn where Matmata is, though we have come far enough to find it at this point; but there is no village here, and no high cliffs with caves in them. Ask the man, Adrian, how much farther it is; if too far we must turn back. We have to reach Sfax to-night, without fail.”

The Frenchman informed them that this was Matmata.

“ Matmata!” cried the Other-one. “ But where are the caves? There is nothing here but mounds!”

The Frenchman, who was rather sulky, said: “ If you want to see the houses you must get permission of the Kaid of the village, and he speaks only Arabic.”

“ Well!” cried the Other-one, “ this is a pretty state of affairs! Here we have come over a long rough road to see a wonderful village, and we find nothing but a few mounds and an ugly mosque; besides, our Arabic is rusty!”

The Commander was much vexed. “ There is nothing to do but retrace our steps to Gabés and get on to Sfax for the night. How could I have been so deceived about this?”

“ Let us walk down to the mosque, at any rate, and look around a little,” said the Other-one.

They left the car and strolled down the hill. Passing one of the mounds the Commander was minded to climb up to see what there might be on top. He had hardly reached this when he shouted to the Other-one who had remained below.

A TRIP TO MEDENINE

“Come quickly! Here they are—the real troglodytes!”

The Other-one made haste to climb up and found the Commander looking down into a deep well fifty to seventy feet wide and something like thirty feet deep, excavated into the heart of the hill, with two stories of high arched holes cut into the sides of the wall. At the bottom, sitting down on the ground in front of one of the holes, was a rather pretty woman, with necklaces, bracelets, and anklets on her brown neck, arms, and ankles, and her blue gown caught up with huge fibulæ. She seemed in no way surprised at the people peering down on her, but beckoned them to come down, in a most friendly way.

“How does she expect us to get down!” exclaimed the Other-one. “We can’t climb down—we are not nimble enough,—and if we fall headlong, the result may be as disastrous to her as to us. If she wants us to come to afternoon tea, she must provide a long and safe ladder.”

“There must be a way!” said the Commander eagerly. “Do you see that jewellery? I have an idea! I am going to investigate,” and he plunged down the outside of the mound.

The Other-one descended more slowly and found the Commander standing with a delighted countenance before one of those curiously built up rocky arches they had seen.

“Here it is!” he exclaimed, “follow me.” And they entered a long gallery cut in the earth and came out at the bottom of the well into the open court.

The woman received them in so dignified a way that the Commander decided to wait before trying to bargain for her necklace. She seemed anxious about something, and muttered some words in a queer language. They did not know what she could possibly want, but her face lighted up as a native came into the court and she addressed herself to him. Fortunately he had a few words of French and the Other-one made out to understand that they must go to the Kaid and get permission to visit his house as well as others. The woman now seemed relieved, but she refused, with great dignity, the two-franc pieces the Commander tried to place in her hand;

A MOTOR FLIGHT

so he was glad to think he had not asked her to sell her jewellery.

Arriving at the entrance to the Kaid's house, a venerable native wrapped in a fine white woollen burnous and a snowy turban greeted them in a most courtly way, after the guide had explained what was needed. With a royal air he led the way himself to his dwelling first through a long dark tunnel at one side of which, part way in, a white-faced donkey thrust his head out in a most startling manner from his stable, which was excavated in the earth. The old Kaid shouted for something, probably for lights, but no one came, and the party went on into the court, which was bright with the light from above. Here were men, women, and many children, and the women were unveiled—nor did they make any attempt to veil their faces when they saw the Commander. There were several arched holes in the wall around, some shut up with rude wooden doors. The Kaid stopped at the largest of these, near which an exceedingly pretty young girl was standing, much decorated with silver jewellery.

“She must be his latest acquisition in wives,” exclaimed the Other-one.

The Kaid entered the vaulted hole followed by the pretty girl and our travellers, who were astonished to find themselves in a large room, amazing, certainly; not only in its cleanliness, but in its decorations; for at one end of it, high on the wall, were hung many curious plates of glazed and unglazed pottery with crude decorations in color; also, strange to say, a gaudy poster and a French clock, probably gifts to the Kaid, who had thus adorned his apartment with them. There was also another strange thing in the room near the entrance—a high, rude sort of bed, an unusual piece of furniture in the native huts, and only to be seen in the houses of rich Arabs or Moors. This was like a high platform, with four curious pieces of whitewashed wood supporting it, in lieu of legs. Over it were thrown many gay blankets of native weave.

Ranged round the room were several great jars of unglazed



A WOMAN OF MATMATA



LITTLE CHILDREN IN THE WELL OF A SUBTERRANEAN DWELLING AT MATMATA



A STRAW HAT; WORN ON THE DESERT
IN SUMMER



PLOUGHING WITH CAMELS

A TRIP TO MEDENINE

pottery, probably to hold grain and lentils. A long line hung at one end of the room, over which hung the family wardrobe consisting of burnouses in various colors and some long white garments. On another side of the room was a most curious construction of terra cotta and rusty iron, like a great crude castle. The Two concluded it must be a lamp, for there were some dry shreds of wick adhering to the side of one compartment of it. No light or air came in anywhere that the travelers could see, except from the open door, and they were glad to get out into the fresh air of the court. They looked into another hole, which evidently was the kitchen, for here in the middle of the small room were the remains of a fire under some blackened stones, and there were also blackened pots and pans scattered around.

The Other-one pointed to a perforated dish and said "*cous-cous*." The Kaid smiled, much pleased, and nodded his head several times. There were more holes, but the Kaid did not offer to show them. A group of children, of all ages, and all degrees of nudity, stood near the middle of the court, staring curiously at the strangers. The Other-one was most happy to be allowed to "snap" them. Then the old Kaid, evidently considering that he had done all expected of him, waved them, in a lordly manner, out of his palace.

"Shall I give him a fee?" asked the Commander.

"Not on your life! He would be terribly insulted. It is better to give a good fee to the guide, and the Kaid will probably wring it out of him without injury to his own feelings — but we must not know it."

As the time was growing short and they had to make Sfax for the night, the Commander thought there was no need to visit any more mounds. "They are all on the same plan, and of course the Kaid's house is the finest of all. The rest won't have beds, surely."

The native seemed anxious for them to move on, and he piloted them into another long gallery, whence they came out into another well or courtyard, where various domestic operations were going on;—a man was having his head shaved,

A MOTOR FLIGHT

two or three old women were preparing *cous-cous*, some cooking it over charcoal fires, others rolling the grain on a flat stone. At an open door stood a prettier young woman, if possible, than the one at the Kaid's. She conferred with the guide a moment, then proudly let them into her room, she being evidently a bride. This room was even more surprising than the other—larger, higher, and, if possible, cleaner. Many plaques hung high at the end of the room, and great grain jars were standing round also. The bed was even more gorgeous than the Kaid's, and its curious legs were cut in scallops and gilded as well as whitewashed. The blankets were finer and gayer and, moreover, from a rope above hung a white curtain.

“It is most surprising!” exclaimed the Other-one. “And what an engaging and unembarrassed young creature this girl is! One would think she had visitors from abroad every day, yet I doubt much if people come here. It is such an out-of-the-way place and seems to be so little known.”

From here the native took them to see a school of boys in a cave, or well, a curious sight indeed—many bright-eyed little fellows squatting around on the ground who could be heard repeating verses from the Koran as the travellers entered, but who suddenly stopped as they saw the strangers. The *imam*—a wild-eyed man in an exceedingly dirty bur-nous and having a discolored rag around his green turban,—welcomed them as if they were true Moslems. He rose and made haste to take out of a hole in the wall a tattered Koran, which he showed them with eagerness; but although it was written in fine Arabic characters on parchment, the Com-mander could not discover that it had any special value as far as workmanship was concerned. “But it must have some history, though we cannot find out what it is,” he admitted. “What a place for a school—down in a well! Little light and less air!”

After having bestowed some francs upon the *imam*, a gift he received with much satisfaction, the travellers hastened away up the steep path to the place where the car awaited

A TRIP TO MEDENINE

them. They turned to look back. The village had faded away as if by magic. There were only yellow mounds with dark depressions just visible in the centre.

“ Well, of all the curious villages I ever saw, and of all the friendly people, these certainly have the palm! ” exclaimed the Other-one, as they went away.

“ There are other villages of troglodytes not far away, ” remarked the Commander, “ real cave dwellers in mountain cliffs, but inaccessible to us with an automobile. All these people are descendants of that ancient people, the Berbers, and they are as good agriculturists as architects — for we see by all these terraces prepared with immense labor how much they have gotten out of this barren soil to which the Arab invaders have driven them. ”

As they rolled down from the mountains over the rough road, they saw some small brilliant birds of blue, green, and soft brown plumage, fly across the valley. They were like fragments of the rainbow, drifting through the air, and they lighted up the barren places.

“ I know what they are, ” said the Other-one. “ I saw some the other day — they tell me they are called after those gay French soldiers, the *Chasseurs d’Afrique*. ”

It was late that night when the weary Motorists arrived in Sfax, and as the Other-one went into her dark, untidy little chamber, she sighed, “ I wish the landlady of this hotel would go to visit for a day or so with the troglodyte Matmatas and take some lessons of them in cleanliness! ”

CHAPTER XXIV

BACK TO SOUSSE BY MEHDIA AND MONASTIR; WITH A DAY AT
KAIROUAN AND RETURN TO TUNIS

THE early morning saw the Motorists on the road again and taking a new route back to Sousse in order to pass by, or through Méhdia, the ancient Zella, for which city Hannibal embarked after his flight from Carthage. It is a hundred and six kilometres from Sousse. There is also a road turning off from this for Monastir, which the Commander wished to see. The way lay near the sea and through hundreds of olive orchards of countless trees, stretching away to the horizon line—trees from the tiny sapling to the hoary old ones, growths of centuries. The travellers could not contain their amazement as the car rolled past these never-ending orchards.

They now ran down by the sea, and there were some kilometres of bad road across a flat country made worse by the rain of the night before. The atmosphere, however, was of the most crystal clearness, washed of all dust; and the sky was of that vivid, translucent blue which no country but Africa can show of such depth and richness; the sea, too, was dazzling in its wonderful color.

As the car drew near to the ancient town of Méhdia the travellers could see the crenellated walls and the white houses running out on a long promontory. Entering they went up the street and stopped before a huge, fortress-like structure with square towers that took one back to mediæval times. Everything else around was dazzlingly white, except this gray, old, double-towered gateway, which stood up as if to bar the way into the old town. A curious crowd, composed mostly of natives, at once surrounded the car, and it was with difficulty that Adrian got it away without injuring any of them, for

BACK TO SOUSSE

they stuck like burrs and could scarcely be driven away from the unusual sight.

As it was high noon the Commander proposed lunch before going out to see what little the town had to offer. With much exertion and many inquiries a small inn was found with the inviting name *Hôtel des Palmes*, situated in a small garden where three or four dusty palm-trees kept watch over it. A fat Spanish woman and an overworked maid were endeavoring to pacify the clamors of five or six roistering soldiers in the small and not too clean dining-room. The military, of course, had to be satisfied first; so, to beguile the time, the Other-one related to the rather impatient Commander, what she had picked up about Méhdia.

“ It seems this was once a very important Phœnician town, and also, in Roman times, even more important commercially, but when Cæsar gained his victory over Pompey and Juba at Thapsus—ruins of which are not far from here—this city was deserted. It was rebuilt by El Mahdi, from whom it derived its name. It was fortified in the tenth century, and was for some time the seaport of Kairouan. It is the Africa of the historians of the Middle Ages. The Normans occupied it in the twelfth century; then the Arabs reconquered it in the eighteenth century. The Spaniards took it after a long siege and destroyed the fortifications and everything else they could.

“ It is certainly a strange and curious town, with a flavor of mediævalism in spite of its dazzling whiteness. I suppose it is that hoary old construction, half gateway, half fortress, we saw coming in, which dominates everything else in the town. It was once the chateau-fortress for defence on the land side; now, I believe, it serves for a prison. This town has a remarkable situation, which explains its historic role. It is almost a rocky island, very long and wide, running out into the sea.”

The fat Spanish landlady now labored in, breathing heavily, bearing a platter containing a broiled sea-fish reposing on a bed of stewed red-peppers, which she placed before the

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Commander. He and the Lady fell to, and forgot for a while the history of the ancient town.

The repast ended, they secured the services of a lank youth who was lounging outside the inn—and whose French was serviceable if not elegant—to conduct them down through the old fortress gates and into the Arab town. A rough path led out on the eastern promontory to the sea, where, the youth said, were Roman ruins. They walked along under the walls of the picturesque old Spanish fortress which looked white and sleepy this hot afternoon. There is a marabout's tomb near it and a dilapidated Arab cemetery tumbling down the hill to the sea. Along the shore are rugged masses of old Roman constructions. There was once here a small *cothon*, or harbor, and there are traces of a canal opening from it to the sea. The guide said that some distance down on the shore there was a Punic cemetery.

“Are there any sarcophagi in it?” asked the Commander.

“No,” answered the guide, “nothing but the holes—the sea must have washed everything away.”

“Very well,” returned the Commander to the Other-one, “as you enjoy visiting cemeteries, you may go, while I repose in the shade under the walls of the old fortress.”

So the Other-one, goaded on by her conscience, walked on in the hot sun, following the youth down a rough path, past another ancient, gone-to-seed, Arab cemetery. Near one of the less dilapidated graves an elderly Moslem sat rocking back and forth, repeating in a sing-song tone some phrases which the guide said were from the Koran. The Punic cemetery proved to be composed of oblong cavities cut in the rocks, close together, and by hundreds, on the sea-shore. The Other-one wondered how any bodies could ever have remained in them, as the sea broke over them constantly, and the cavities were full of water. Hot and weary, she toiled back up the rugged path to where the Commander sat, serene and cool, in the shade of the fortress walls, enjoying the glorious view of the shining sea.

The car soon left the ancient Zella, and they were on the

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road again, passing more groves of olives and fields of waving barley lighted up by the vivid glow of masses of crimson poppies. At some kilometres beyond Méhdia, they passed the small Arab village of Bekalta, about five kilometres from which, on the shore, are the ruins of the ancient Thapsus — now Ras Dimas — where Cæsar had battle with the king, Juba, and the generals of Pompey. There is nothing but a bad country road leading to it, so the Motorists decided not to try to see these ruins, but went on, passing the Sebka of Moknine and going past the town of this name. Here are Jewish workers in silver and gold who fashion, even today, jewellery which preserves the old Byzantine style. When the car came near Monastir, they saw its white houses shining in the afternoon sun, the kasba with its towers, dominating all. It was the ancient Ruspina, and owes its present name to a great monastery once built there, which the Arabs turned into a sort of fortress. The Commander directed the chauffeur to take the road to the right, under the walls which run down to the sea shore. From above, a most picturesque view is obtained of their high, crenellated tops, with the kasba, the high, white round tower (the Nador) and the bastions running out nearly to the sea. From here also can be seen, at a little distance from the shore, three small islands, on one of which there are ancient cisterns, cut in the rock, and also many artificial grottos. On another are large buildings for preserving the tunny-fish, many of which are taken near here and provide a large industry for the town.

Returning to the picturesque old gate, the Two descended and went in under its portals to wander a while up and down the quaint Rue Sadi-Carnot, through which an interesting Oriental crowd was flowing, composed of all the fascinating elements one finds in these Tunisian villages. There are some exquisite minarets here — square, with the fanciful Arabic brickwork adorning them, and it is distinctly an Arabic town.

It was late when the travellers arrived at the clean little hotel at Sousse. The jolly Mohamed was on the lookout and greeted them as if they were very dear friends returned from

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a long and dangerous journey. He whispered to the Lady that it was most sad she could not have been present at a very grand Arab wedding which had taken place a few days before, but there was still the wedding reception, when the bride would receive any who wished to come,—“not Monsieur, certainly not!”

But “Madame” was too weary that night for wedding receptions, even an Oriental one, and went to her charming little room in quite the nicest little hotel in all North Africa, rejoicing in its cleanliness and comfort.

Mohamed was ready at the door the next morning when the Two came down to sally forth for an inspection of modern Sousse and what remained of the ancient Hadramentum. Again he whispered to the Lady concerning the wedding reception.

“My wife will be overjoyed to conduct Madame there this afternoon, but Monsieur—it is a great pity—cannot enter where the ladies are.”

As the Other-one had not, as yet, seen an Arab function, she decided she would accept the invitation and the thought that the Commander was debarred from this gave zest to her decision; for she remembered the times when she had been shut out from visits to certain monasteries, and the lively satisfaction he had evinced as he went away with a guide, leaving her behind!

Sousse is interesting for its association with the history of the Carthaginian hero, Hannibal, being the place which he made the base of his supplies during the Second Punic War, but there are few remains of the ancient city.

“What are we to see?” asked the Commander. “What are the most important things?”

The guide answered that they must see the museum, the kasba, and the *souks*.

“To the museum, first, by all means,” said the Commander. “As to the *souks*, we have seen them in other towns, and I imagine they are pretty much the same in all these Tunisian places; but we can take a stroll through them.”

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As they walked on down the street the Other-one said, "Concerning Sousse, I have gathered from my 'Joanne' that it was an important town when Carthage was in full glory; and when that city fell, it was spared by the Romans. During the Empire it attained a high degree of prosperity and was a city of great luxury, with public and private monuments and baths. These were decorated with the most beautiful mosaics, some of which are in this museum, but many have been taken to the Alaoui Museum at Tunis. Nearly everything else has disappeared but a few stones. The French occupied it without resistance in 1881. What will interest you much is that the new part has great facilities for shipping and exporting. Now, as in the time of the Romans, vast quantities of olives are grown, and the country around is rich in fruits, such as apricots, oranges, and almonds. The animal industry is now a great source of wealth and prosperity. There are, if I remember rightly, about sixteen thousand cattle, nineteen thousand camels, twenty thousand goats, one hundred and twenty thousand sheep, and many horses, mules, and donkeys raised in the environs."

The Two had now arrived at the museum, where a serious French guardian took charge of them and showed that he was much in touch with the work of the *Service des Antiquités*. In one long room are arranged around the walls and in cases, fragments of sculpture, some busts in good preservation, wine-jars, tear-bottles, lamps of every known Roman type, iridescent glass, and all the other interesting things that are generally found in excavating an ancient Roman town.

The gems of the little museum, however, are the mosaics on the walls and in the centre of the room on a raised platform. One represents Neptune with his trident, driving his sea-horse. It is very spirited, and the color is fine. There is another showing a gladiator in a chariot, with a dancing-girl in flying draperies going before, touching the tambourine. This mosaic has a beautiful border of leaves and birds, extremely interesting, well drawn, and of good

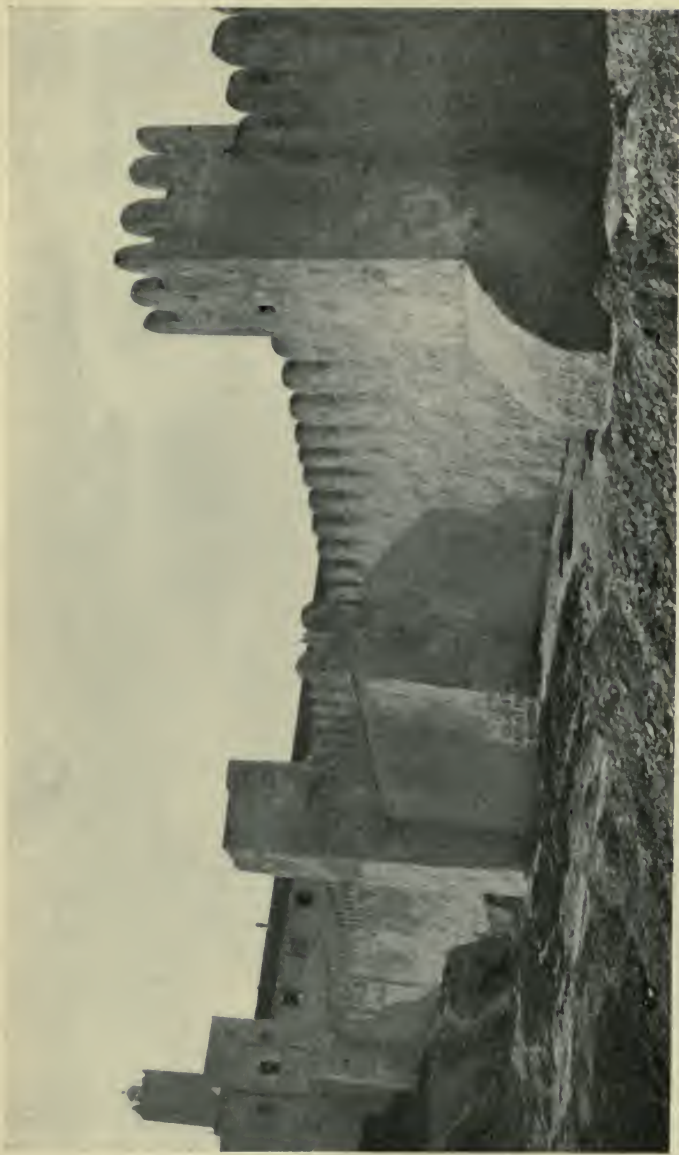
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color. Another shows a lake full of all kinds of fish, and men in small boats spearing them.

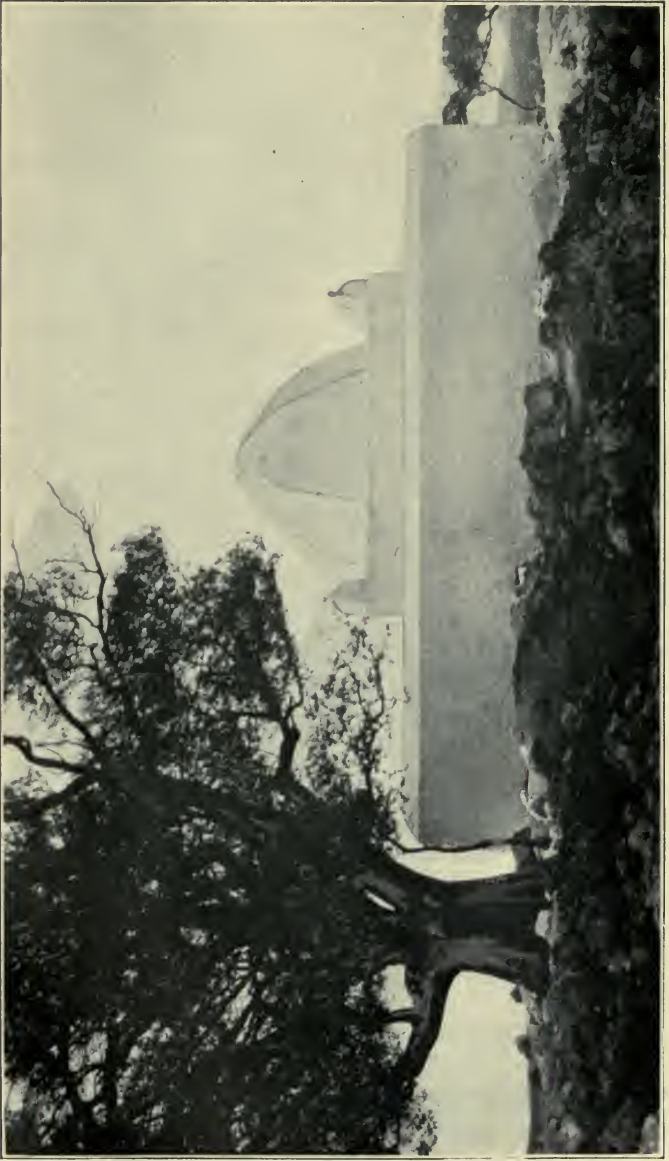
The travellers did not care to linger long in this place, and the guide was only too happy to go off with them to the *souks*. He took them through a large breach that had been made in the walls into the narrow, crooked, and dirty streets of the native town, and they found themselves near the Great Mosque, which dates from the ninth century and has columns reaching up to the ceiling without any arches. Close by is the *souk* of stuffs in which were all those fascinating Oriental cloths, spangled gauzes, embroideries, and silks of soft colorings. The Commander skilfully piloted the Other-one through this tangle which called to her and where she fain would have lingered. There was an animated crowd surging through the *souks*, past which, however, the jolly Mohamed got them at length, though he would have stopped to let them purchase of some of his friends who called softly to him.

When out of the tangles of gay color, they found the car where Adrian had been directed to meet them. Then they rode up to the kasba, which is high on a hill above the Oriental town, and is an angular, grim, but imposingly picturesque, irregular pile of buildings with the great crenellated walls running down the hill from it. The entrance is under the great gate, which is double and has pictures painted on it. The soldier who greeted them took them at once to what he seemed to consider the only part worthy their notice, the *Salle d'Honneur* of the Fourth *Tirailleurs*. Here are some of the antique objects found in the excavations, and an especially curious large mosaic on the wall which evidently represents some favorite horses that have won in chariot races. Each one has his name inscribed in mosaic near him. Other smaller mosaics are interesting. In one a panther, used for fishing, is springing out of a weir, showing one of the sports of the Romans.

This room, high up in the kasba, has a superb view from the windows. One looks down over the marble-white city of Sousse — with its flat roofs fringed with green of palm and



WALLS OF KASBA, SOUSSE



KOUBBA OF A SAINT, ON THE ROAD TO SOUSSE

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pepper trees,—to the dazzling blue of the sea. From this eagle's nest the guide led the party to see the curious gate, the Gate of the Bey. It has the stilted arch below another round double one, and is constructed with the courses of black and white marble so esteemed by Oriental architects. Under the upper one, in a triangle, is the star-and-crescent.

As the party came out of the great gate, the guide said, "Now Monsieur and Madame will wish to see the Christian catacombs not far outside the walls."

But as Monsieur did not wish, the Lady went off with the guide in a dilapidated landau to view the catacombs, leaving Monsieur to return to the hotel. The coachman stopped at a gateway opening into a small garden, where a benevolent-looking old woman in a white cap was grubbing in the beds in which grew a few artichokes and some lettuce. A thin old Frenchman issued from the tiny house and looked as if he might have been one of the inmates of the catacombs for a century or two, and had just returned to life, though he was the only suggestion of the catacombs that the Other-one could see around the place.

He took her to a small shed in one corner of the garden and unlocked a door leading into it. The lady stepped inside, gave a glance into the dark hole down which some rude steps led, and almost repented of her design. Then, gathering up her courage, she stumbled down, the guardian preceding her with a very dirty and ill-smelling lantern. At first, the Lady could see nothing—in spite of the lantern—but black darkness; but soon her vision became accustomed to this, and she could distinguish oblong cavities cut in the rock and earth on each side, several superimposed on the lower ones. Generally there were empty, or had at most only a skull or a few other bones in them. Once in a while the guardian stopped to point out a cavity with a skull, as one having some special interest. Here were the skull and bones of a mother, with the tiny skull of an infant on the bones of the mother's arm.—which made the sympathetic Other-one sigh at the pathos of it. Another cavity had a large skull and extremely long

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bones, those of a man who must have towered above his fellow creatures when alive. In another gallery were fragments of the marble and tiles which had been used to close up the cavities after the body had been placed there. Most of these had been destroyed in opening the cavities, the old man said, but on those left were carved some inscription with the name of the dead. Some of these dated back to the second and third centuries, and a few even to the first. On some of the broken slabs, and on those intact, he pointed out the figure of the Good Shepherd, and a dove, or a fish, etched on them. Also he showed the Lady the remains of the plaster envelopes — some intact — with which the bodies had been covered. In some corners there were big bowls in which the plaster for the dead bodies had been mixed, and hardened lumps of the mixture were adhering to the sides. When they had gone on through two or three galleries, and the Excavated One was continuing the exploration, the Other-one could endure the darkness, the stuffiness, the pathos of it all, no longer, and called to him “Stop! I have had enough!”

“But, Madame, there are many more tombs to see, and long galleries.”

“No, no! I will go no farther! Let us get out into the air and sunshine!”

When they came up out of the gruesome place, never had the sunlight seemed so precious, nor the air so good to breathe.

After luncheon the jolly guide appeared promptly. “Now Madame will come with me to my house and my little wife will have much pleasure in taking Madame to the wedding reception.”

As the Other-one started out with the guide the Commander took up his hat to accompany her.

Mohamed looked aghast. “Alas! Monsieur is not allowed; the gentlemen, they cannot go into the presence of the ladies.”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed the Commander, “I am not going to hurt them!”

But the Other-one came to the rescue, reducing him to subjection; then, taking the pretty Marguérite, she went away

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with the relieved guide. He took them through narrow, silent streets, past whitewashed, blank walls, until they came to a small door, upon which he knocked, afterwards pushing the door open and ushering them into a tiny, almost bare room. The little wife came forward shyly to greet the strangers. She was a pathetic, sallow-looking little creature, a great contrast to her plump, jolly husband. One might have taken her for a New England woman had it not been for her dress—a scarf-like drapery of blue striped gauze, wound around her like a short skirt, wooden clogs into which her little brown feet were thrust, and a gay little handkerchief bound around her hair. The heart of the Other-one went out to her, she seemed so gentle, so sweet, so sad.

“ I do hope the jolly Mohamed has no other wife! ” she thought, as she took the soft little hand in hers. The wife brightened up gratefully and responded to the greetings in very good French, and she said, turning an adoring look at him, that her husband had taught her.

She hastened to do the honors of her tiny rooms. She took them into the little, dark bedroom—of which she seemed very proud—lighted only from the door and a small window high up, opening into the court. A big bed with curtains and gay rugs on it nearly filled the space; there were a few trinkets on the walls of the room, and a tiny divan piled with cushions. The little court had other rooms opening off it, and two or three old women were engaged there, washing, and cooking *cous-cous* in perforated jars over pots on charcoal fires. Mohamed said they were relatives who lived there, a family in each room. A rude staircase led up to the flat roof where the women took the air, poor things! It was all the recreation they usually got.

As the Other-one was taking in these details, a knock was heard at the door, and Mohamed hastened to open it, when there stood the Commander pleasantly smiling, much contented with himself for having followed the party unobserved! The little wife hastily dragged a brown *haïk* off the wall and enveloped herself in it, while the ancient crones in the court

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fled shrieking to their rooms. The Other-one shrieked also and flew to the door exclaiming: "You wicked man! You must not play practical jokes on these simple people. You can't come in here, you well know!" Then she shut the door in his face with a laugh.

When the commotion had subsided, Mohamed proposed that his wife should now conduct the Lady to the bride's house. Smothering herself still more closely in the brown wrap, the little wife stole out of the door, looking around cautiously, the others following closely, while Mohamed remained discreetly behind. The little wife went up and down two or three narrow streets and stopped before a door in a high wall, into which a crowd of women, closely wrapped in brown *haïks*, were pushing. She worked her way through, pulling the Lady after her into a vestibule, whence one could look into a rather good-sized court which had doors opening from it into small rooms around. Seated all around the room, on very low divans, were a number of young women and girls arrayed in short jackets of red, blue, white, and pink satin, some much decorated with gold embroidery and spangles. They wore short skirts of silk or lace and on their feet were satin slippers of various colors. They were adorned with bangles, earrings, necklaces, and bracelets, while each had on a sort of skullcap, also embroidered in gold, many with dangling gold pendants. They were all painted red and powdered white, with their eyebrows stained in black lines to meet over the nose. Their hands were spread conspicuously before them and the nails stained with henna up to the first joint of the finger. The wife pointed out the bride, who wore a white skull-cap heavily embroidered in gold, and many more jewels than the others. She looked about fifteen and was a rather pretty but heavy and sleepy-looking girl. Squatting down in the middle of the court were three or four old women who were the musicians, no man being allowed to perform in the presence of women among the Arabs, unless he is blind! One crone was beating the *derbouka*, two others

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played on pipes, while another howled a monotonous wail which rose into a shriek sometimes.

“ And they think this is music! ” thought the Other-one. “ Well, they may howl for the poor bride. Sometime when she is old and withered, perhaps before, she will be cast into the street to look out for herself. ”

“ All these gay clothes must cost this husband and the others much, ” she exclaimed, turning to the little wife, “ and you say he is poor; and who is that old woman hovering in the background, who seems to be so anxious? Is it the mother-in-law? ”

“ It does cost much, but less when they are rented; and that old woman is the Jewess who rents them all their beautiful clothes and jewellery. ”

“ Oh! I thought the caps and jackets looked much like those I saw on the fat Jewesses at Ariana. ”

The Other-one,—tired of being pushed and pulled around in the small vestibule by the coming and departing women, while nothing was being done, there was no prospect of refreshments, and the music was becoming unbearable, signalled to the little wife that they must go, much to her disappointment, for was it not a glorious and wonderful spectacle?

Outside, near by, they found Mohamed waiting for them. The Lady dropped a present into the hands of the little wife, for whom she felt a sudden tenderness and friendship, and who brightened up in response to this. What is that mysterious thing in the human heart which, in spite of wide differences in station and modes of life, finds something that responds to it in some other human heart suddenly brought near, and which gives a pang to both at parting?

“ She is your only wife, Mohamed! Do be kind to her—she is so gentle and tender. Never take another wife! Cherish her until you both shall die! ” said the Other-one, hoping to ease a little pain in her heart by this appeal. But the jolly Mohamed looked uncomprehending, said “ Cer-

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tainly not," and began to exploit his talents as a guide to accompany them on the morrow to Kairouan, where he had heard them say they were going.

When the Other-one told the Commander, that night, of her rather unsatisfactory visit to the bride, he chuckled.

"I do not think I am ever going to see a real harem," she said plaintively. "If I do happen to see one, it is only a poor cheap one. It is because we are motorists and never stay long enough anywhere to see anything of the real customs of the country. It takes time and influence to get into a rich Arab's house and see his harem. Bashir told me if we would remain long enough in Tunis he could get me a chance to see the harem of a rich official."

"Nonsense!" returned the Commander. "What is the sight of an ugly, painted harem to compare to what we enjoy on the road going along in our automobile!"

The next morning the travellers set out on a pilgrimage to Kairouan, "the Holy City." It was one of those crystal-clear mornings, of which they had had many in North Africa, and the air was of a delicious quality, impregnated with the odor from the sea mixed with that of countless wild flowers, so that it seemed very good to be alive. The road was filled with the usual picturesque group of natives, camels, sheep, and goats. In the grain fields the poppies were a wonder to see, so huge were they, and of such brilliant color. There were great tufts of them in mounds which looked like great crimson cushions.

It is but fifty kilometres from Sousse to Kairouan and the Motorists found the way all too short when they came to a wide, barren plain and saw across it the white domes and minarets of the city, cut like a cameo against the vivid blue sky. As usual on the road, the Other-one had rambled on about the various bits of knowledge she had picked up concerning "the holy city," much of which the Commander had gathered himself, but as it pleased her to go over it, he listened silently and patiently.

She began when they were not far on their journey:—

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“Kairouan is really what might be called a rather modern city; that is, it has had no Roman progenitor. It stands where was once a forest full of terrible wild beasts and huge poisonous serpents, until the warrior-saint, Sidi-Okba, arose, whose mosque-tomb we saw at the little village named for him, near Biskra — and how long ago it seems since we were there! Coming here with all his soldiers, he stuck his lance into the ground, saying: ‘This is your Kairouan,’ or resting-place; so the city got its name. Then he chose fifteen of his most religious warriors and ordered all to engage in prayer. Standing in front he called out in a loud voice, ‘Serpents and savage beasts, we are the companions of the Prophet. Retire, for we intend to dwell here!’ When they heard his voice, all the savage creatures fled with their young, and the forests where they had dwelt vanished forever. It is said by good Mussulmans that this is why the city has been in a desert ever since.

“Mohammed taught that there were three gardens of paradise, four holy cities, and four oratories. The three gardens include Mecca and Jerusalem, while Kairouan is one of the best known oratories or gates of heaven. If a Mohammedan makes seven visits to Kairouan, it is equal to one to Mecca.”

The car approached the crenellated walls of the city, and the travellers went to stop at a little hotel in the European quarter; they made arrangements for luncheon, not hoping for much, for some one had said to them: “No matter to which of the two hotels you go, you will wish you had gone to the other!” The delighted landlord issued forth from this one and made every effort to give them of his best, and as he was a retired cook himself, he really did very well indeed, serving them an excellent luncheon when they came for it later; for as it was yet early, the Commander gave orders to begin sight-seeing at once. A guide appeared as if by magic — an elegant and slim young fellow, looking like a student from a university, and was quite distinguished in a long white silk burnous with fine black lines through it; he wore the most irreproachable patent-leather pumps and

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white stockings, while the blue silk tassel depending from his red *chéchia* was of generous proportions. He proposed riding around in the car to do their sight-seeing, saying they would have no difficulty in getting it through the streets.

So they set out, going up through the picturesque gate, the Bab Djelladin, with the soft green of sycamore-trees showing through it, into the principal street of Kairouan, the Rue Saussier, which runs straight through the town to the Porte de Tunis.

“The walls of the city,” said the guide, “are twenty feet high. They have many towers and bastions, as you must have noticed. They are pierced by four gates. The city has twenty-three mosques, and ninety marabouts’ tombs, or Zaouïas. It is the only city in Tunis where Christians may enter the mosques, but it is necessary to have a permit to do so. This the landlord has provided, and I have it here. But perhaps you will wish to go to some of the houses where they weave the rugs for which Kairouan is famous?”

“No!” answered the Commander, eyeing the guide rather suspiciously, “we will leave that until later.”

“As you please,” returned the elegant guide, looking disappointed.

They passed a small street. Here their guide stopped to point out the Zaouïa of Sidi-Abid-el-Guériane. This has a fine entrance, and the travellers went in for a few moments to see the beautiful Moorish ceiling in the vestibule, and the fine court beyond surrounded by a double gallery. The tomb of the saint has a beautiful ceiling also, in the shape of a square cupola, with wonderful decorations in stucco-work.

Passing on, they came to the sacred well of El Barota, which looks like a marabout’s tomb. It is the only well in Kairouan. It was discovered first, the guide said solemnly, by a greyhound scratching the soil. “It connects directly with the sacred well at Mecca,” he added. “Once a pilgrim at that well in Mecca dropped his drinking cup into it and the cup disappeared. A long time afterwards, when he returned here, he found it in this well.”

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The car rolled slowly down the long, straight street with its picturesque, irregular groups of mosques, minarets, and booths. The street was full of life and movement, and everything was dazzlingly white this hot, sunny day; so it was a relief when the guide had the car stopped and led them under a horseshoe-arched gate, decorated in black and white, and into the cool shade of the covered *souks*, out of the glare of the street. The *souks* are lighted only by the square openings in the roof, so there was a soft gloom. Here a crowd was moving along: slender Arab dandies, with refined pale olive faces, and wearing burnouses of the most delicate coloring, rubbed shoulders with the blackest of Soudanese in ragged sacking; grave and reverend white-turbaned patriarchs seemingly from the times of the Bible, jostled against beggars in the filthiest of rags.

The most interesting *souk* to the travellers was that of the rug-sellers; for Kairouan is celebrated for its carpets and rugs, and the booths all along on both sides were heaped high with them, some most beautiful old ones with soft, silken, lustrous nap, and dull, rich tones. The Commander could not resist them; he paused to bargain through the subtle guide, who could not, probably, get his customary commissions with this veteran bargainer. At one booth the Commander was compelled to pay the price asked for a beautiful old rug for which, contrary to his usual custom, he let his admiration show. Offering two-thirds of the price named, he strolled off carelessly with the guide, but the dealer did not call after him, "Take it, take it, Monsieur!" So he returned later, somewhat crestfallen, and paid the original price asked, to the Other-one's amusement and the guide's evident satisfaction. They were informed that there was no regular manufactory for rugs, but that the weaving was generally done at home by the women and children, the loom usually being set up in a room off the court of the house; and that the designs and manner of weaving had been handed down in families.

Leaving the *souks*, they walked up a narrow street to see the ancient Mosque of Djama Tleta Biban, or the Mosque

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of the Three Portals. The façade of this is very curious. Above the three doors there are three courses of cream-colored stone engraved with Cufic characters. The capitals of the pillars upholding the arches over the doors are Byzantine.

The guide now directed the chauffeur to go outside the walls to see the most beautiful mosque in Kairouan and the interesting Aglabite cisterns. These are two immense reservoirs, open to the sky, were built by the Aglabites, and have been restored; they are now used to hold the overflow of water from Cherchera in time of floods. As these were not especially interesting to the travellers, the guide then took them (now with the air of having something wonderful to show them) to the Mosque of the Barber (Djama Sidi-Sahab). Here lies Abou-Zemaa-el-Beloui. He is said to have been one of the barbers of the prophet; and buried with him are three hairs from the beard of Mohammed, which the barber always carried with him: one under his tongue, one under his arm, and one next his heart. They entered the mosque by a beautiful vestibule lined with fine tiles and the most exquisite arabesque work on the walls like filmy lace suspended there, such is the fineness of the pattern. This gives entrance to a court with arches supported by marble columns, and beyond is still another rich vestibule and another splendid court with beautiful arcades, glazed tiles, and decorations in stucco-work marvellously lovely. The Two stood astonished at the beauty of the interior of this mosque, for most of those they had hitherto seen in Algeria were very simple and plain. They lingered a little to study the exquisitely fanciful designs of the work interweaving phrases from the Koran or inscriptions—in spite of the sour look of the ancient Moslem who had taken them in charge upon entering, and who now, as they approached the sacred tomb, scowled ferociously, calling to a feeble old man, who came hobbling to meet the Two, and carrying some yellow slippers of extraordinary dimensions. They shuffled after the Fierce



THE GRAND MOSQUE AT KAIROUAN



THE MOSQUE OF SIDI-SAHAB, OR THE MOSQUE
OF THE BARBER, KAIROUAN



ON THE DESERT: BARGAINING FOR JEWELLERY

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One into the obscurity of the tomb chamber, nearly full of devotees praying before the revered sepulchre of the Barber. As soon as the Two could see clearly they discovered a huge catafalque covered with draperies, one of black velvet embroidered in silver in Arabic inscriptions, and another of a beautiful heavy brocade. The walls, they saw, were also rich in tiles and exquisite stucco-work.

At the great door, they saw the car and Adrian, who appeared to be in a state of great excitement. Two long, lean, brown men were coming in, one bearing a fat bag in his hand, and the other a big tambourine. As soon as the man with the bag saw the strangers, he dropped to the ground, opened his bag, and took therefrom an ugly snake, which, as soon as placed on the ground, raised itself and spread its hood in a threatening and unpleasant manner.

“They must be the snake-charmers,” said the Other-one.

After the grizzled old man had beaten the tambourine loudly and fiercely, the other man began to knock the snake around and to throw it up in the air, whereat it hissed and extended its hood alarmingly. Then the man pressed it to his face, muttering strange words like incantations. It was time, then, to get a little money; so the tambourine was passed, after which the snake-charmer was about to repeat his buffetings of the ugly reptile, but the Commander considered they had had enough for the money and gave the order to move on.

The next mosque in order, being near and in the suburb of the Zlass, was the Mosque of the Swords, or Amar-Abbada. It is very effective with its six white domes, fluted—a rare thing to find here in domes. The interior is very bare and disappointingly plain after the beautiful work in the Barber’s Mosque. This marabout was a blacksmith and “to impress people with his importance,” he forged the huge swords and pipes now lying around the tomb chamber, which some believed he was strong enough to use. He was reputed even to have had power and strength sufficient to bring the mammoth bronze anchors now in the courtyard, on his shoulders, from

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the Porto Farina. When they returned to the Bab Djelladin, the guide informed them that near this is the Zaouïa of the Aissaouas who have public exercises every Friday, and this being that day, the travellers, if they would remain, could go in the evening and see the wonderful exercises of this sect.

“No, indeed!” said the Other-one to the Commander. “They are horrible—that is, the exercises they go through, you know. Have you heard the legend about a marabout named Aissa (which is Jesus, in our tongue)? He was wandering once in a desert and suffered for want of food, so that he came near dying of starvation; but, such was his faith, that he had miraculous power given him to eat all sorts of things, so he fed upon snakes, scorpions, glass, and the leaves of the prickly pear. And his followers, the Aissaouas, work themselves into such a state of frenzy that they swallow glass and snakes, and run themselves through with swords. Many travellers have the morbid curiosity to go and see them, but as for me,—never!”

When the travellers had finished a really delectable luncheon cooked by the agreeable landlord himself, the elegant guide strolled languidly in and proposed that they should go at once to the Grand Mosque—Djama Kebir—“the finest in the world.” It stands in the northeast part of the city, near the ramparts, and, with its rectangular walls and great square minaret, is very imposing when seen from outside the city; but the guide took them through a maze of narrow streets whence it could not be seen, and sometimes it seemed as if the car must be stuck between the walls. They stopped at the western entrance, which is one of the two principal doors—not so monumental or imposing as the gate of Llella Rejana, but the one most used. The guide knocked sharply and presented his permit to the tall, severe-looking Moslem who threw open the door. He admitted the party reluctantly, and scowled at them as though, if he had dared, he would have driven them away. They entered at once into a most imposing and monumental court paved with white marble and surrounded by a double arcade of columns

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reinforced by pillars. In the middle of the north side rises a great square minaret of three stories, each diminishing in height and breadth of the top. It is not a graceful or beautiful one, but imposing in size. Under the whole is a great reservoir of water which is reached through openings in the marble pavement. The party crossed over to the south side, where high doors give access to the mosque.

If the Two had been amazed at the great court, they were infinitely more astonished at this interior which is called the *maksoura*, or prayer chamber, by Moslems. It was like entering a great forest of closely growing trees and the shade was infinitely agreeable after the glare of the sun in the white paved court. At first they could barely distinguish this forest of columns, but gradually, as their eyes became accustomed to the agreeable gloom, they were able to note some of the details. The guide told them that there are seventeen naves of eight arches each, each arch resting on beautiful columns of marble, onyx, and porphyry, two hundred and ninety-six in all. He then pointed out the various capitals, some Roman, some Byzantine, a few showing Christian influence, many of curious style, and some very beautiful. There are two red porphyry monoliths of especial beauty, which sustain the last arcade of the central transverse. The guide then walked over to show the Two the *mihrab*, or niche, showing the direction of Mecca, flanked with beautiful red porphyry columns, brought from ancient Cæsarea—now Cherchel—in Algeria. The walls have the most exquisite stucco-work and below they are decorated with mosaics of marble and lapis-lazuli. Through it, when lighted up, can be seen the original *mihrab* of Sidi-Okba. Regarding this the legend says that Sidi Okba was much in doubt where to place the *mihrab* in this great mosque he founded. In all other mosques the *imam*, who reads the prayers, turns a little to the right or to the left, to show that the direction may not probably be right; but in this mosque it is exact, for it was revealed to Sidi-Okba in a dream after a long prayer. He was directed by an angel to take his standard and wander

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around, mornings, in the city until he heard the cry "*Allah akba*" (God is great). When he heard this he immediately planted his standard, saying: "Here is the *mihrab!*"

At the right of this is the eighteen-foot-high *mimbar*, or pulpit. All the panels in this are beautifully carved in wood brought from Bagdad, and with extracts from the Koran or inscriptions pertaining to the mosque. The dome is supported by porphyry columns nearly forty feet high and all the light comes from the colored glass in it. There are great crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling, and myriads of small lamps in lustres. What most struck the travellers was the great simplicity of the whole construction, combined with the grandeur of the proportions which gives this, unlike most other mosques, as one writer says, "a cathedral-like aspect." There were lingering devotees here and there, saying their prayers. A low murmur could be heard all through the prayer chamber like the humming of bees.

At last the Two—much to the relief of the fierce Moslem—reluctantly followed the guide out from the cool precincts of the mosque into the glare of the great white court.

"After all," observed the Other-one, as they went out to the car, "I never feel that solemn and religious awe in a mosque, no matter how big or beautiful it is, that I experience in a cathedral. The one stands for a great and unselfish religion—'doing unto others as you would have others do to you'; the other for a voluptuous and selfish cult."

When the Commander handed the eloquent guide his well-earned money, as they were about to roll away, he asked if he might ride with them to Sousse where he had business, and as it was not in the kind Commander to refuse a reasonable request, he gave the desired permission. And well that he did, for not far from Kairouan a tire burst, then another, in that exasperating way tires have of keeping one another company, especially if the motorists are in haste to reach a haven at night. The elegant guide slipped off his silk mantle and "put his shoulder to the wheel" in reality, working with

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a vim but presenting quite another and a very ordinary appearance in a white shirt and very baggy trousers.

The Motorists arrived late at Sousse well pleased with the day's excursion, but the jolly Mohamed, a trace less jolly than yesterday, looked as if he felt their trip to be a blunder and a failure without him.

CHAPTER XXV

BACK TO TUNIS : THEN TO ALGIERS BY THE COL DE TIROURDA
AND FAREWELL !

WHEN the Motorists left Sousse they felt that now their faces were really turned homeward, for they had reached, with the trip to the troglodytes and Kairouan, the farthest eastern points toward which they had laid their plans.

From Sousse their road followed the seacoast northward, but instead of going as they came by Grombalia, the Commander turned off at Bir-bu-Rekba for Hammamet and Nabeul. He always desired, when returning to a point, to change the route if possible and add to his repertory — if one may say so — some new places. This hot afternoon they came to the little town of Hammamet asleep on the sands by the sea. There were old fishing-boats lying high and dry upon the beach, and some Arab boys, very scantily clothed, were sporting around them, but scurried off to the car when they saw it and flung themselves at it in the joy of a new attraction. There were white bungalows of the winter visitors scattered among the trees back of the sands, but what most attracted the Motorists was a picturesque old fort, asleep on the rocks beyond the beach.

They alighted from the car and, followed by all the gamins, went to climb, by rude stone steps, up to the entrance gate, where a sort of Rip-van-Winkle old guardian let them in, after routing the Arab boys with harsh gutturals. They entered an ancient, dilapidated, grass-grown court with some antique and rusty cannon imbedded in it. They mounted an old stone staircase — likewise grass-grown — and from the bastion looked down on the blue sea placidly beating upon the beach. On the other side, a white mosque snuggled most picturesquely against the gray old walls of the fort.

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“ How placid and sleepy it all is now ! ” said the Other-one. “ Once, long ago,—though it does not seem possible now,—it was bristling with guns and alive with fierce corsairs.”

Up from Hammamet, the road of the travellers lay through groves of lemon-trees, for here these trees grow luxuriantly. Near Nabeul there were also many orange-groves and gardens, and the air was heavy with their fragrance. In the town—a white, dusty-looking little place—there are some distilleries for perfumes. The travellers saw many yards with great kilns at one side, and piles of white earth which natives were wetting and working, for here they fabricate a very pretty glazed ware—vases, jars, bottles, and basins which recall Greek and Roman shapes, and have an iridescent lustre like the old Hispanic-Moorish plaques.

As there was nothing to hold the travellers here, after viewing the potteries, they fled away toward Tunis, to which they drew near at night when the sky was growing dark and a silver crescent moon hung high over old Carthage, while the lights of the Oriental city, at the end of the long canal, were twinkling like millions of glow-worms.

A day or two in Tunis, and then away to Algiers and the journey's end. The Commander decided to take the road through the old town of Le Kef, two hundred and two kilometres to the southwest, and to pass the night there if necessary. They went out from fascinating Tunis, running along its ancient walls and gates to where the road turned off to La Manouba, whose white villas they left to the right, and crossed a barren plain with the serrated outlines of old Zaghouan now coming near and then retreating. They went across the picturesque Roman bridge at Medijez-el-Bab to Téboursouk, leaving the road to Dougga—toward which the Other-one cast a longing glance—to their right. Part of the time the road lay over plains that were a mosaic of rich colors with myriads of wild flowers, and there were many fragments of columns, capitals, friezes, and broken arches here and there, showing where there once must have been many flourishing Roman villages.

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When they came up to the town of Le Kef they found it dirty and ill-paved, and certainly there was nothing of interest showing, although it contains a recently excavated basilica dedicated to St. Peter. Sent by the Commander into one of the small inns to reconnoitre, the Other-one returned to the car with a face expressive of deep disgust. "It is impossible!" she said. "The courtyard is a mass of filth and the dining-room dark and dirty!"

"Well, let us try the other one, near by. We really ought to stop here to-night. We are all tired, and it looks like rain!"

The black-browed landlord at the other small inn welcomed her with effusion, but the entrance was through a dirty saloon where sodden and unkempt men were drinking and quarrelling. She came back again.

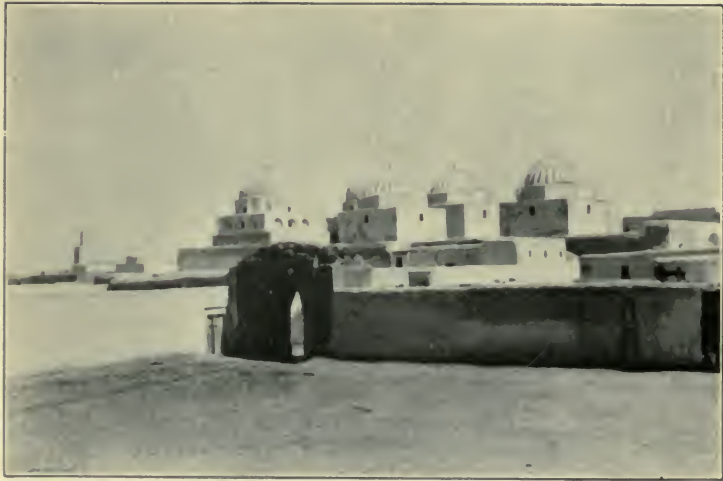
"Worse and worse!" she exclaimed. "Let us sleep in the car to-night; it will be such fun! And there are four crackers and six dates left in the basket. We can sup like royal princes on those with a little exercise of imagination!"

"What nonsense!" cried the Commander. "We will go on to Souk-el-Arba!"

There was a threatening, black cloud hanging in the sky which dissolved in rain before they reached that town whose poorly lighted streets they entered tired, worn, and hungry. At the first hotel the landlord declared that his house was full, but kindly informed them that there was another very comfortable one near by, kept by an Italian. The Other-one climbed the dark, steep staircase of the hotel pointed out, behind a slatternly *padrona* and gave a glance at the rooms shown her. Then she rushed to the balcony that ran around the rooms and called to the Commander below:

"It's worse than impossible! Oh, I wish we had stayed at Le Kef! Do let us sleep in the car with cleanliness and fresh air around us!"

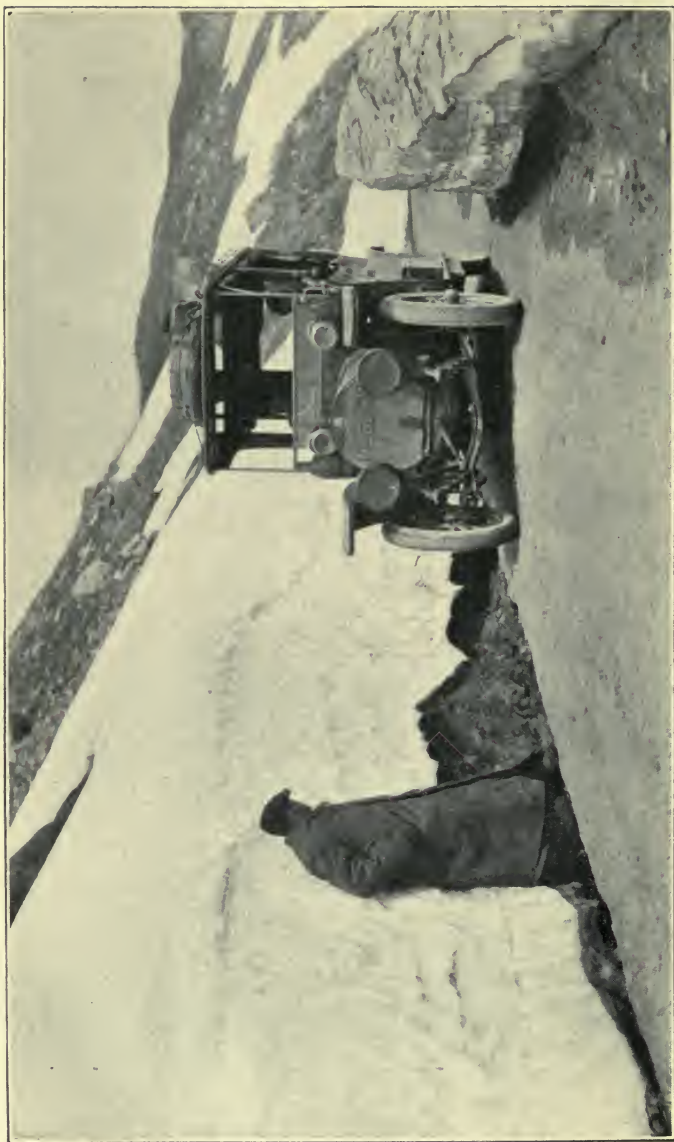
But the Commander was deaf to her entreaties. The greasy dinner was served, strange to say, by a fine, large and clean-looking landlord, a great contrast to his hotel, but at an un-



MOSQUE OF THE SWORDS, AT KAIROUAN



MINARET OF THE GREAT MOSQUE, AT KAIROUAN



OVER THE COL DE TIROURDA, JUST CLEARED FROM SNOW

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usually early hour the next morning, the Motorists slipped away without breakfasting, for various reasons.

The morning was sparkling and fresh, for the heavy rain of the night before had washed the air from dust, and it had a delicious quality that made the Two glad they were alive to breathe it. They went up the hills and turned for a last farewell look over the glorious view spread out—the great misty mountains dark on their flanks with forests and the green plain undulating away. Through the shade and spicy odors of the forests they came to Babouche and the frontier, and bade farewell to Tunisia, in which they had spent so many delightful days. They bowled down to sleepy La Calle with the surf still beating on its rocks, and then to Philippeville, to pass the night in a hotel which by comparison seemed to the Lady the most elegant, clean, and luxurious she had ever slept in. However, it did not give her much regret to leave this rather unattractive modern town, though she remembered that Domini had landed here on her way to the “Garden of Allah.”

“I wish,” said the Other-one, “we might have gone to the Landon Garden in the suburbs laid out by the Count Landon. It is said to be as beautiful as the one he laid out at Biskra; and what delightful memories it would recall!”

“It is impossible,” returned the Commander. “We must make the next boat which leaves Algiers. I have a treat for you, however. We are going up into a beautiful forest at El Milia on the way to Djidjelli, and from there along the wonderful road above the sea to Bougie for the night.”

Never had the wild flowers been more luxuriant on the wayside and in the fields than on that glorious, sunny day. The wild convolvulus made a tangle of its pale mauve blossoms everywhere, and the fields of blue alkanet seemed to have borrowed their intense hue from the sky. They passed wide orange-groves before ascending the hills and then they ran up into the beautiful forest near El Milia, and the green shade was delightful after the hot sun.

Here the Commander proposed halting for luncheon but

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the small wayside restaurant promised badly for the hungry Motorists when they glanced into its dark and poverty-stricken interior. The Other-one saw, however, near a little path which dipped down under some great trees, a small guide-post reading, "To the Café Robinât." On investigating they found a tiny *café* in a sylvan spot and a garden flecked with sunlight and shade. Great masses of rose-bushes in most luxuriant bloom climbed the walls and house, or stood in great clumps around it, filling the air with perfume. It seemed a paradise to the travellers, especially when the tall and stately landlady ordered a little table, spread with the whitest of cloths, to be placed under the shade of a tree, and herself, with the gracious air of a high-born dame, set thereon a vase of the most fragrant crimson roses. She stood near while they feasted, pleased to see them appreciative of the delicious repast. She sighed as she spoke of her old home in Toulouse, in *la belle France*, but added that she was contented in this far-off land, for had she not this garden and these beautiful roses? And she saw that Monsieur and Madame loved the roses as she did herself.

With a charming memory of their experience in the forest of El Milia they sped down to Djidjelli, and off over the glorious road cut in the great rocks overhanging the sea which fringed their bases with foam. At night they came to Bougie, lying on the flank of Mount Gouraya, which was dark against a golden sky. In the morning, when the car rolled out of Bougie, the Commander was visibly excited. He turned to the Other-one two or three times, opened his mouth as if to speak, then thought better of it. At last he could no longer control his desire to tell the Lady something.

"I have a surprise for you," he said. "I was going to keep it until we arrived at the place, but, after all, anticipation is more than half. What do you think? I have found out that we can return to Algiers by the Col de Tirourda which was covered with snow when we left, but it was opened only a day or two ago."

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“Glorious!” exclaimed the Other-one. “They say the scenery is magnificent. It will be a fitting ending for our last day of motoring in North Africa.”

The Commander took the road which led up the hills and through the luxuriant valley of the Oued Soummam to El Kseur. The river, a muddy stream, ran sometimes near and sometimes afar, bordered plantations of fig-trees and fields of barley. The Babor Mountains dropped away and the Djurdjura began to marshal their serrated peaks into sight, some streaked with snow. On almost inaccessible crags and ridges, overhanging gorges and profound ravines, slipping down steep mountain-sides, were the Kabyle villages, gray, like strange fungus growths, when seen afar; but nearer, their red-tiled roofs gave a little color to the gray crags. Now the clouds began to slip together and the plains and hills grew dark under their shadow. There was a mist of rain, but in a short time the clouds opened again showing streaks of blue sky and a great, white-topped peak, the Llella Khadidja, the culminating point of the Djurdjuras. The scenery grew wilder, the Kabyle villages, on their inaccessible crags, more numerous. At Tazmalt the road turned off and began to climb at once and by loops up the mountain. Llella Khadidja appeared and disappeared as great, jagged masses of mountains opened or shut together. The travellers looked down into tremendous ravines; great gorges opened, and the small, green patches of Kabyle cultivation disappeared; rocks were everywhere heaped above them; the car plunged through tunnels and came out upon scenery more wild, desolate, and barren. The grades were steep, the curves abrupt. The car toiled up on first or second speed, and still up to greater desolation. There were no signs of life anywhere. Soon the road was banked with snow, and the track through was scarcely clear. From the opposite side of a deep chasm Llella Khadidja looked across. They were almost on a level with her crest. She seemed to smile at them; then caught at a fleecy cloud floating near and veiled herself like a true

A MOTOR FLIGHT

Moslem. It was the summit at last and the Two felt a sensation of having reached the farthest peak of the world, so utterly desolate did everything seem around them.

Suddenly they heard shouts of human beings and bleatings and cries of animals, startling in the stillness, and there appeared around a curve in the road two ragged Kabyle shepherds brandishing their knotted sticks and driving a flock of black and white goats, which were running wildly from one side of the road to the other and plunging down or climbing up where there appeared to be no foothold at all, as though they wished to break their necks to spite the shepherds. The car had now reached the highest altitude, six thousand feet. It is eight kilometres through the pass, and here begins the descent. Down and down went the car, guided by the careful chauffeur, who held it back by the engine, thus saving the brakes, which heat terribly on such grades. Again they ran through tunnels and skirted the edges of black gorges and wild ravines. Gradually the Kabyle villages came again into sight, and then plantations of olives and of figs, and small plats of maize. Again Llella Khadidja showed her white head, having cast her veil of clouds aside, as if to say good-bye to the voyagers.

It was late noon when the travellers reached Fort Michelet and went into the little hotel for luncheon. As they ran down to Fort National, the serrated range of the Djurdjura loomed black at first, and then the clouds dropped a mist of rain which blotted it all out. They stopped at Tizi-Ouzu for a meal of gasoline for the faithful and hard-worked car, and then pushed on to Algiers in the falling rain, though the enterprising landlord advised them to remain for the night at his "so comfortable and luxurious hotel and thus avoid bad colds."

It was after dark when the travellers came in sight of the twinkling lights of the harbor of Algiers and ran up to Mustapha Supérieur, stopping at the entrance of that prince of hotels, which, however, looked dark and inhospitable. The polite manager came out to say, sorrowfully, that the hotel

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was now closed for the season. But he hastened to add, as he saw their disappointed faces, that a hotel close by kept its arms open the year around for wandering and homeless travellers, so they betook themselves to this and its genial proprietor and his kindly wife had pity on the wet and weary Motorists and made them very comfortable indeed.

When the travellers went the next day to wander around the city for a last look, they found that the winter birds had flown to cooler climes, foolish birds! for the gardens of Mustapha Supérieur were more beautiful and fragrant now than ever; vines tumbled over the walls in greater luxuriance, and rose-bushes were bursting with crimson, pink, and white bloom. Through the gates—now oftener left open—of white villas, they caught sight of delicious green depths; the shade of the graceful pepper-trees and the sycamore and *figus* trees, casting lovely etched patterns on the avenues, was grateful; and when the sea was visible below the green foliage, it was more richly blue than ever.

But when they went down to the harbor they did not miss the winter birds. Hanging over the balustrade and looking down on the busy freight-boats and at the big German vessel (from which a crowd of eager tourists was pouring down the ladder onto the pontoons) was the same motley throng. Loitering along the boulevards and through the Rue Bab Azoun were more Arab dandies than ever, in their delicately colored pink, blue, and gray burnouses. Patriarchal sheiks, in whitest of *haïks*, brushed against black Soudanese porters wearing nothing but *gandouras* of sacking, and toiling under their heavy burdens in the hot sun. The balloon-trousered Arab women, wrapped closely in their white mantles, scurried through the Place du Gouvernement, which was seething, as always, with a tumultuous throng; the gayly uniformed officers of the *Tirailleurs*, the *Spahis*, and the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* looked out from the cool retreat of the *cafés* while sipping their coffee or absinth, ogling any good-looking woman who might pass near the little tables; or spurning the gamins with their blacking-brushes and the tattered beg-

A MOTOR FLIGHT

gars holding out their dirty hands and crying, "Meskin, meskin!"

A day or two later the "Charles Roux" was slipping off her big cables preparatory to departure. Our Motorists stood on the deck leaning against the rail, watching the busy tumult on the quay. It was hot noon, and Algiers, rising to the sky line in white terraces, with the green hills on each side, looked truly, according to the Arab saying, like "a diamond in an emerald frame." The Two, occupied with their own thoughts, were silent for a while; then the Commander sighed regretfully and exclaimed,

"Well, it is all past—those long, delightful rides on perfect roads, over the mountains with glorious scenery of green valleys and snow-capped peaks, across the Desert, by curious villages and always among a strange and picturesque people. I would begin the trip over again, to-morrow, if I could!"

The Other-one echoed the sigh.

"And so would I, were it possible! It has been, indeed, an unusual and a glorious trip. What a country for an artist to visit! Such color in tones and half-tones; such subtle gradations in tints of which he never dreamed before, in the color on the mountains in early morning and in the sunset glow at night, in the sands of the Desert, in the creams, blues, reds, and yellows of the costumes of the Bedouin women and in the azure and turquoise of this ever-changing sea!"

"And for the archæologist," added the Commander, "what interesting ruins of Roman times, of temples, aqueducts, baths, cisterns, arches, and columns! But let him take the trip in a good automobile, and above all with an excellent chauffeur!"

"I am afraid," pursued the Other-one "that a fashionable lady who took the fancy to motor in North Africa would die of disgust at some of the hotels in the by-places. However, she might be happy, perhaps, in showing off her fine clothes at the big caravansaries in Algiers, Biskra, or Tunis. But after all, when I think back, the inconveniences and poor

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inns count for little in the memories of this glorious trip. I have forgotten the annoyances already."

The steamer was sliding swiftly out of the harbor, and white Algiers was sinking down as the green hills rose up around it. The Commander began again:

"And the French administration in Africa—how marvellous it is when you think that for several centuries before they came to Africa this country had been suffering from the worst sort of government; that there were no roads that could be called such, no schools, no justice, and no agriculture to speak of! Now, the splendid roads, reaching all parts of the mountains and deserts; the fair system of railroads; the thousands of acres of vines, the thousands of date-palms and the millions of olive-trees they have planted; the hundreds of artesian wells they have sunk; the paternal interest they take in the people in giving them schools and a fair and just taxation, and in many other ways looking after their interests—all this makes the French occupation and its results the best colonization scheme yet devised."

The Two fell into silence, and the boat steamed swiftly on her way. At last only the outlines of the Atlas Mountains were to be seen in a blue haze, and the snow peaks of the Djurdjura shining in the afternoon sun. Soon even these faded from sight. There was nothing but the azure sea stretching away on every hand; and their Motor Flight through fascinating Algeria and Tunisia became a delightful memory.

THE END

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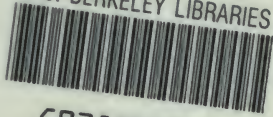
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