

## IN THE DESERT WITH THE BEDOUIN.<sup>1</sup>

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



HASSAN-ABU-MEGABEL.

NATURE is generally credited with the making of «gentlemen» other than those born into that enviable position in life; but among the various nationalities with whom I have had personal intercourse, I have met no fitter claimants

to the title than the hardy sons of Ishmael, whose hospitality, generosity, and instinctive kindness have often smoothed the difficulties, and sometimes hardships, incidental to my life in the desert of Suez while the guest of the Samana, the Hanaardi, and the Nephaarta Arabs.

In attempting to give some description of Arab life I have no intention of entering upon any critical account of the habits of the people. This is a subject already exhausted by many eminent writers, and leaves little new for me to say.

I purpose to view the Bedouin in their more picturesque aspect as presented to an artist wandering among them in search of material. Nor have I any thrilling adventures to narrate, my reminiscences being mainly pastoral, patriarchal, and pictorial.

### TOLL-GATHERER RATHER THAN BANDIT.

RATHER erroneously, I think, the Bedouin are associated in the public mind with tales of robbery and bloodshed; and though an accidental encounter with a party of wandering Arabs is not always conducive to the comfort or material advantage of the unprotected traveler, the Bedouin are far from being the savage bandits usually supposed.

Shepherds and nomads for generations, their energies are mainly confined to the rearing of flocks of sheep and goats and the breeding of camels and horses. Rob-

bery is more or less incidental, and not a practice, and is embarked upon very largely as a variety in the monotony of their lives. Nevertheless, as the only governing power of the otherwise uninhabited wastes that they frequent, they have some justification for exacting an unwilling tribute from those traversing their country. I remember on one occasion finding a sheik's son arrayed in a lady's silk dressing-gown; and on my asking him where he got it, he rather ambiguously replied: «You see, Allah has given those dirty Egyptians all that fat land, where they can sit down and see their food grow before them. *Our* inheritance is the desert»; adding meaningly, «We take toll of the desert.»

### FIRST MEETING WITH THE BEDOUIN.

MY first meeting with the Bedouin was accidental, though fortunately unattended with inconvenience to myself. It happened in this wise.

While staying in Fakous, in the province of Sharkieh, Egypt, as the guest of the sheik Mohamed Abdoon, an Arab sheik, Hassan-Abu-Megabel<sup>2</sup> by name, chanced that way, and, accepting Mohamed's proffered hospitality, was seated next me at the *sanniyeh*, or tray, on which our meal was served. I was greatly struck with the unbending dignity and noble appearance of the old man, and, as I began to break the meat in orientally orthodox manner, was little prepared for the burst of excitement with which he exclaimed: «Ha! here is an Englishman who understands us; he eats with his hands.»

This little incident immediately dispelled reserve, and led to a sympathetic exchange of compliments; and an interesting conversation followed, culminating in a pressing invitation from the sheik to visit his tribe in the Gizereh of Samana—an invitation I eagerly accepted.

Some few days later there arrived at Fakous a richly caparisoned horse, several pack-animals, and an escort of mounted Arabs to conduct me and my belongings to their encampment.

Remembering the unenviable reputation possessed by the Bedouin, it was not without

<sup>1</sup> The author and illustrator of this article furnished the pictures for Slatin Pasha's well-known work, «Fire and Sword in the Soudan.» He spends much of his time in Egypt, and is regarded as one of the most accurate delineators of desert life.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup> Hassan, son of the big one.



some foreboding that I bade farewell to civilization, and cut myself adrift from all communication with the outside world. The early morning ride, however, soon dissipated any feeling save one of growing exhilaration and unbounded enjoyment of the scenery, which increased as we gradually left behind us the fertile fields and date-groves of Fakous and entered the desert. It was one of those lovely mornings peculiar to the Egyptian spring. The sun, hardly risen, was trying to pierce the delicate film which obscured the sky overhead, though low on the horizon was a streak of blue which shone with a promise of brilliance and heat later on. The desert looked soft and kind in the tender light, and the distant palms rose mistily into the genial air like the plumes of some gray bird; while against them the blue smoke of a Bedouin fire, slowly ascending, completed the scheme of silver-gray in which our little party furnished the only spot of color.

A few hours later the blinding glare of the sun beating fiercely upon sand and rock formed a strange contrast to the gentleness of dawn, and gave me my first experience of the trying nature of desert life, where shade temperature is unknown and thirst is a constant companion.

#### THE BEDOUIN AT HOME.

ON reaching camp my reception was most gratifying—a perfect blending of respectful solicitude and hospitable welcome. After kissing my hand, the sheik assisted me to dismount, bidding me welcome, and saying

that my visit brought a blessing on his house. Conducting me to my tent, he added, «This house is yours, and all it contains; do what you will with it and with us your servants»—a truly biblical greeting, and one which immediately suggested the days of Abraham: an illusion heightened when water was brought, and hands, face, and feet were washed before I was left to rest on the cushions in the tent, and the sheik retired to prepare the evening meal.

Under the Mohammedan code three days' hospitality is a right wayfarers may demand, though in the case of accepted friends the royal bounty of the host heaps favor after favor upon the guest, without stint or limitation.

Probably the first distinct impression I received from the Bedouin was the close resemblance of their life to that of Old Testament times. Their loose, flowing robes added to their naturally tall and imposing appearance, and their strong, majestic faces, slightly Jewish in type, together with their gracious Old-World courtesies, irresistibly suggested the patriarchs of old. Their lives, thoughts, sayings, and occupations remain unchanged through all these centuries, and the incidents and conversations of my daily intercourse with them were always Abrahamic in character.

Though nomads, the Arabs are rovers from necessity rather than from choice, and where fodder and water are found in sufficient abundance they form permanent camps, surrounding their tents with a compound of



A BEDOUIN TENT.





A NEPHAARTA HORSE.

durra stalks, and frequently building stone or mud lodges for their guests.

When on the march they are content with very small tents, easily packed and carried, but in their permanent camps their homes are of regal proportions. The one I occupied covered some two thousand square feet, and was about eleven feet high in the center, sloping to five feet or so at the sides. The tent-cloth was, as usual, made of goat-hair, and party-colored in broad stripes of black, green, maroon, blue, and white, while from the seams depended tassels from which other cloths are hung to divide the tent into separate apartments when occupied by a family.

The furniture is simple. Rugs are spread over the sand, and reclining cushions scattered about them. In the corner is a *zeer*, or large water-pot, and by it a *cubiyeh*, or drinking-cup, of brass or copper. Round the side of the tent is a row of painted boxes, in which are packed the household goods and chattels when moving, while a few quaintly wrought lamps, and, half buried in the sand, a large earthen bowl used as a fireplace, complete the list.

Very domestic in their habits, everything about them has personal associations. The tent-cloths are spun, dyed, and woven by their women and children, as also are their saddle-cloths and trappings; and these are so highly prized by them that money cannot buy the simplest product of their wives' industry, though they may give them freely in token of friendship. Generally married to one wife, the Bedoui<sup>1</sup> regards her and her children with a devotion not general among Orientals, and I believe that the Arab word *watan* is the only real equivalent in any language for the English word «home.»

#### NO «BAKSHISH.»

I HAD not much time for quiet observation, as one by one all the head men of the tribe called to pay their respects to the «stranger within their gates.» Taking off his shoes at the entrance, each one advanced with many salaams, and kissing my hand, uttered the single word, «*Mahubbah!*» («Welcome!») They then seated themselves in a long row

<sup>1</sup> Singular of Bedouin.





GLOOM AND GLEAM IN THE DESERT.

at the other side of the tent, discussing me in undertones. No one spoke to me unaddressed, and even the sheik himself, whose guest I was, would not sit on the carpet beside me uninvited. Literally, while the guest of the Bedouin your tent is sacred, and all the tribe are your willing servants; and though I have repeatedly paid comparatively long visits to them, I have never yet succeeded in pressing a gift upon my host.

I remember asking the sheik Saoudi el Tahoui, chief of the Hanaardi Arabs, if he knew any of the Pyramid Arabs at Gizeh. He replied, spitting upon the ground, «They are not Bedouin; they take bakshish»—thereby expressing his contempt for mercenary service. On another occasion, while living with the Nephaarta, the sheik Mansour Abu Nasrullah had attached to me a young Arab whose special duty it was to attend to my various wants while painting. At the end of the month I tried to induce him to accept a sovereign as bakshish. Looking very much alarmed, he exclaimed, «Oh, my master, I cannot; it is not allowed; the sheik would kill me if he knew I had accepted a gift»; and all my arguments failed to persuade him to take the «tip.»

#### FOOD, TALK, AND FIRE.

DESERT life induces habits of abstemiousness. Rising with the sun, a dish of *cumis*,

or mare's milk, and a small cup of black coffee are the only refreshments generally partaken of. The day is spent following one's pursuits, and with the exception of an occasional cup of coffee and some very light «snack,» one has no meal of any kind till after sundown. One quickly becomes accustomed to long fasting and abstinence from any form of drink, and the simple dinner at night is more keenly enjoyed in consequence. Though plain, the food is excellently cooked, and usually consists of a huge tray of rice over which is poured a dish of *semna*, or liquid butter; round the tray are pigeons stuffed with nuts and spices; and the pyramid of rice is surmounted by a lamb or kid, frequently cooked whole. Boiled beans, and perhaps a few fresh herbs, appear occasionally, which, with the usual flat loaves and a large dish of *riz-bil-laban*, or boiled rice-pudding, complete the meal. Salt is seldom seen,—a distinct privation,—except on the first day of your visit, and drinking-water is often scarce. After dinner a huge fire of corn-cobs, or sticks and camel dung, is lighted in the tent, about which we gather—and enjoy the after-dinner cup of coffee and a smoke, and, should we be in the mood, talk.

The Arabs have one excellent point of etiquette: Talk for talk's sake is not expected. Ever ready for a yarn, they eagerly respond should you wish to converse, but the



luxury of silence is not denied if one's mood be thoughtful.

The idea of a fire in one's tent may strike some of my readers as a superfluity; but the nights are often intensely cold, and after bathing in the sun all day, with the thermometer at ninety-five to one hundred degrees in the shade, the sudden fall of temperature to little above freezing-point is very trying; and in spite of fire, blankets, and a thick ulster, I have frequently been obliged to go outside and run about in order to restore circulation to my half-frozen extremities.

#### NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

NIGHT in the desert is very solemn. Surrounded by these sandy wastes melting in the gloom, the silence of nature is almost painful, and the occasional howl of a jackal or neigh of a horse only serves to accentuate the succeeding stillness, while the wonderfully rare atmosphere makes the stars appear of such unusual size and nearness that one feels oppressed with a sense of lonely littleness. I am often asked how I occupy my time in the desert; my reply is, «Painting.» Everything is paintable, and the desert is always beautiful. Infinitely varied in

texture and local color, prolific of wild flowers and insect life, its interest is unending, while its trackless expanse undulating to the horizon seems like an ocean suddenly petrified into absolute rest, and impresses the mind with a sense of vastness and repose which nothing, in my opinion, can equal. Again, as the effects of varying weather pass over the silent land, how perplexing are the quick transitions from gray to gold as passing sunbeams play hide-and-seek among its billows, or when the white heat of day gives place to the violets and yellows of sunset!

Added to the intrinsic beauty of the desert itself are the innumerable «subjects» always ready to hand—now a goatherd watching his flock, or a party of Arabs exercising their horses; about the tents domestic duties in full swing: a negro slave roasting coffee over a fire of cobs; black-robed women flitting from tent to tent; or a group of gaily dressed children, the girls playing «knucklebones» in the sand, the boys, as usual, indulging in the mischief readiest to hand. Everywhere a picture! An artist's paradise indeed, the only drawbacks of which are one's utter inability to accomplish a tithe of the subjects surrounding one, and the discomforts and hardships of its life.



BEDOUIN GOATHERDS.



## THE PICTURESQUE CAMEL.

I THINK my Arab friends never quite understood the object of my work, and I am afraid I must often have tried their patience severely as, perhaps for days together, I would keep a man trotting backward and forward on a camel, while, with sketch-book in hand, I studied the action of this most peculiarly constructed but preëminently picturesque necessity of the desert. Nature

sudden gusts of wind which fill one's palette with dust and make one's canvas assume the appearance of sandpaper, or to the voracious onslaughts of sand-flies, are none the easier to bear for the occasional accompaniment of hunger and thirst. When working near camp, however, conditions are more favorable, as, surrounded by a group of Bedouin, all eager to render one some service,—an occasional cup of coffee, a dish of cumis, and in certain localities a cucumber or a basket of mul-



A DESERT MODEL.

seems to have specially designed the camel as an artistic accessory to desert scenes; certainly no other form of animal life is so absolutely appropriate; and I have always a feeling of real affection for them, out of gratitude for their ungainly though pictorial proportions and quaint poses which have so often solved a difficulty in a composition.

Man, however, upsets the artistic intention by making them beasts of burden—an interference with prime causes deeply resented by the long-suffering animals; for who has not noticed the look of lofty scorn with which the camel regards all things human?—an attitude of disdain once aptly summarized by a German friend of mine in the remark, «I do not like the camel; he is too aristocratic.»

## PAINTING IN THE DESERT.

PAINTING in the desert is very arduous. The heat is often terrible, hands, face, and picture alike blistering under the powerful sun; and the daily mishaps, due perhaps to

berries,—life is made pleasant, and one is predisposed to appreciate the unconscious humor of Bedouin criticisms. I overheard a man one day remark: «Why does the pasha sit all day in the sun? If I were he I would paint in the tent in comfort, and when I returned to England would say, (See, this is the desert); but this one must have everything exact!» And another wondered why *his* tent was not in the picture: it was nearer than Mahmoud's, and I could see it quite well if I turned round! It was only when I made studies of their horses that they showed any real appreciation of my work. These they love, and could well understand my making pictures of their beauties; and I took no little credit to myself when by any chance they recognized the horse depicted.

After painting all day in the sweltering sun (for I never used an umbrella), wearied with the heat and glare, and tired mentally and physically, how I used to enjoy my evening lounge in the tent! Nor were the scenes there any less picturesque than those of the



day, when, supper being finished, my dusky friends would respond to my invitation, and *tfadd'l* round the fire. What a group they made as, only partly seen through the smoke, their swarthy features and voluminous draperies glowed in the flickering light, in bold relief against the gloom of the tent beyond—a picture of gold and rubies in an ebony frame! Weird and mysterious in the smoky air, it might sometimes have been a dream as, sitting in silence waiting for me to speak, the stillness of the scene was broken only by an occasional grunt from one of the men, or by the stirring of the embers.

#### A DEMONSTRATION.

SITTING there one night, conversation turned on other countries and peoples, and I had been relating some of my experiences among the Moors, when a man called Abd-el-Messieh,<sup>1</sup> whom I had known in Egypt, suddenly exclaimed, «The pasha has been to Iceland!»

«*Ya, salaam!*»<sup>2</sup> they all exclaimed; «yesterday at the north pole, to-day in the desert! Tell us all about Iceland, *effendim!*»

As they were not to be denied, I described as best I could the volcanoes and wonderful lava flows, glaciers and huge rivers, waterfalls and geysers, peculiar to that country of geological surprises, all of which they seemed fully to understand.

Finally I told them that the sun shone night and day in summer, and never shone at all in winter. Immediately, with hand to mouth, and cries of «Impossible!» they protested that I was playing upon their credulity; for did not the sun rise every day, and set each night? Their own eyes saw it. *Ya, salaam!*

Without immediately replying, I called for a lamp and a gouleh, and turning the gouleh upside down to represent the globe, with an ember from the fire I marked upon it the relative positions of Iceland and Egypt.

«See,» I said, «is not the earth round just like this water-pot?»

«Yes, yes; we believe it is so.»

«Very well, then,»—and holding the lamp in one hand, and turning the water-pot in the other, I continued:

«You see that both Iceland and Egypt have half night and half day; but in summer the sun is high» (raising the lamp), «and Egypt still gets half day and half night, while Iceland gets all sun.»

<sup>1</sup> Slave of the Messiah.

<sup>2</sup> «Oh, blessing!»—a common form of expression in the East to denote surprise or incredulity.

«Salaamat!»

«But in winter the sun is low» (lowering the lamp and still turning the water-pot), «and Egypt has night and day, while Iceland has no sun at all.»

The success of this object-lesson was complete, for, jumping up excitedly, they exclaimed: «Oh, wonderful! We have read this in books, but never believed it. *You* have made it clear to our intelligence; we know it *must* be so.»

This incident struck me as a forcible proof of their ready perception and appreciation of any information, and I was somewhat surprised to learn that they had any knowledge of the existence, even, of a country so remote from their own as Iceland. Intelligent to a degree, the Bedouin have little of what we call education. Poems and tribal songs, tales of adventure and legendary lore, are handed down by word of mouth, book-learning being virtually unknown; indeed, few of them can even write their names.

#### BEDOUIN AND EGYPTIANS.

LACKING education themselves, their respect for superior knowledge is great, and they eagerly listen to and absorb such information as may be gleaned in their casual intercourse with the peoples met during their wanderings. However, great as is their respect for knowledge, they hold horsemanship in still greater esteem, and I attribute much of my success in dealing with the Arabs to the fact that I could ride the half-wild desert stallions, in which my previous experience of rough-riding in Morocco stood me in good stead. Indeed, their contempt for their neighbors the Egyptians is completely expressed in their common reference to them as «those dirty Egyptians who cannot ride a horse.» I may here remark that in their habits and persons the Bedouin are a very clean people—a claim the most ardent admirer of the Egyptian can hardly maintain in their case; and I have known of Arabs who, obliged to cross the delta, have carried out with them sufficient desert sand with which to cover the ground before they would deign to pitch their tents or sit upon the «dirty soil of Masr.» Differing from the Egyptians in many essential points, their love for dumb animals is in marked contrast to the cruelty practised upon them by nearly all classes in Egypt; but perhaps in no way is the contrast more clearly shown than by the respect in which the Bedouin hold their womankind. Moslems of the strictest type, they seem to practise all that is good



in Mohammedanism, and avail themselves but little of its license.

While my own days were mainly spent in catching effects or studying incidents of their life, the Bedoui spends his time in the enjoyment of equestrian exercise, or in ministering to the wants of his beasts.

#### HORSES.

THE Hanaardi and Nephaarta Arabs are famous horse-breeders, and take great pride in their stud. These horses are, I think, the best «Arabs» I have seen; and far from being the gazelle-like creatures usually depicted, they are strongly built, large-boned animals of from fifteen to fifteen and a half hands high. I have seen one of sixteen and a half hands, but this is unusual. Their immense neck and shoulders make them appear perhaps a little light behind; but they have plenty of staying power, and their length of hock is an earnest of the speed they undoubtedly possess. Parties from these tribes are constantly roaming the deserts of Syria and Mesopotamia in search of good brood-mares; and I have heard of as much as a thousand guineas being paid for one, and a good brood-mare is never parted with or ridden.

I remember seeing a bunch of Nephaarta horses brought in for the inspection of an emissary of the Khedive who wished to purchase a pair for his Highness. There were some twenty or twenty-five of the most beautiful colts possible, with the exception of one rather weedy-looking beast. As soon as Sheik Mansour saw it he shouted: «Take it away, and give it to the first man you meet. I will not own *that* as a Nephaarta horse!» The Khedive's agent eventually selected two, for which I saw him pay five hundred pounds Egyptian.

Entire Arab horses are always rather difficult to ride at first, though after a few days, when horse and rider have become reconciled, they are docile enough, and easily trained. Each man has virtually to break his horse to his own hand, and should another mount an apparently quiet beast, he would have to do the work all over again. It seems to be a tacit understanding between horse and rider that their joint career begins with a struggle for the mastery. To a visitor like myself, whose mounts must constantly be changing, the prospect is sufficiently alarming. One's early days in an Arab camp are frequently days of pain and tribulation, as one slowly recovers from a bout with a half-savage stallion.

Though they eventually become quiet and obedient to their masters' hand, great care must be observed, when riding in company, not to allow one's horse to approach within kicking-distance of another, or disastrous results follow. The horses are always ready for a fight, and deceitfully appear to be on their best behavior immediately before an outbreak. I was riding one day with a small party of Samana Arabs, when two men carelessly approached too close. I called out to them to sheer off a little, but before they could respond a general mêlée was in progress, and almost instantly my horse had its teeth in the neck of one of theirs, while the other was killed by a kick which burst its stomach. Fortunately we all escaped with a few bruises, though the riders do not always get off so easily. When riding at full gallop, however, the attention of the horses is concentrated upon the race, and the men may ride as close together as they like, but care must be taken to wheel apart as the pace slackens.

Nothing can exceed the intoxication of a race in the desert. Choosing a stretch of level sand, you give your horse the signal to go, and he is off with a spring that almost unseats you; and I have seen an instance where the sudden strain burst the girths, and left man and saddle in the dust, while the horse was a hundred yards away before the discomfited rider realized what had happened. The speed that these horses attain is very great, and their reach forward is prodigious, as I found on one occasion when my horse's hind hoof cut the heel clean off my boot! After a gallop, instead of breaking into a canter and then into a trot before stopping, they simply put their fore feet together and stop dead, their impetus frequently causing them to slide several yards. I understand that it is on this account that Arab horses are shod on the fore feet only.

Such riding is exciting and, until one is accustomed to it, alarming. I must confess to a feeling of abject cowardice as I have seen my steed brought up, requiring three or four men to hold it, and have realized that I must «get up» and stick there. Fortune, however, has always favored me: I have not so far been unseated, thereby acquiring a reputation for horsemanship to which I feel I have no real claim.

The Arabs themselves are beautiful horsemen, and keenly enjoy fancy riding, and delight in showing off their skill. One of their tricks is to mark out a course by water-jars placed alternately on each side some little distance apart. Urging his horse into a furi-



ous gallop, the rider, hanging from the saddle, will then with incredible rapidity pick up a gouleh, and swinging it over to the opposite side, exchange it for another, repeating this some dozen times without cracking a pot!

Another trick, rather disconcerting at first, is to charge straight at you, stopping abruptly with the horse's nose almost touching your own, while etiquette forbids any attempt on your part to get out of the way!

I have only once seen a Bedoui come to grief, and it happened to poor old Hassan-Abu-Megabel, formerly a great rider and warrior, but now an old man of eighty, who, in giving an exhibition of skill, slipped and fell heavily. «Save the throne of the prophet!» was the cry, as Hassan's turban rolled merrily over the sand. «Bother the prophet! Save your sheik!» was his indignant answer. Picking the old man up, they found him unhurt, though he seemed to feel the disgrace very keenly, and has never been the same man since.

#### ALMOST WAR. JEREED PLAY.

By far the most exciting of their equestrian sports, however, is their *jereed*, or short javelin, «play.» I put play in quotation-marks to express the sarcasm of it, for I never saw anything more nearly approaching war in my life. Two friendly tribes meet in a suitable bit of desert, several hundred mounted

men representing each tribe, and are drawn up facing each other. Twirling his jereed, the champion of one side rides into the open, and in a loud voice and with much eloquence recounts his deeds of valor, and with many sarcasms challenges one of the other side to fight. On the appearance of an opposing champion in the arena, the first turns to flee, chased by the second, and endeavors to reach his own side before being caught by his pursuer. Should he succeed in escaping, both turn again, and the positions of fugitive and pursuer are reversed; but it always ends in a fierce fight for supremacy in the middle, in which one or the other is generally unseated, often with the accompaniment of a few broken ribs or a fractured arm or leg. Champions being eventually placed *hors de combat*, the remaining bodies charge at each other and engage, and in the excitement of the moment, when several hundred men and their horses are involved in the scrimmage, the death of several men and horses frequently results before the «sport» concludes with light refreshments and a possible funeral or two.

As I remarked before, this is the nearest approach to war possible, and is almost as exciting for the onlooker as for those engaged. No bad blood is engendered, however, whatever the casualties may be, this being an honorable exhibition of skill, where no malice is borne, and any fatality—«kismet!»

R. Talbot Kelly.

## THE DEATH-DREAM OF ARMENIA.

A CRY from pagan dungeons deep  
To Albion old and brave;  
A wail that startles from her sleep  
The mistress of the wave.

We feel the thrill through England's soul  
Of noblest passion's birth;  
We hear her drum-alarum roll  
The circle of the earth.

When mothers kiss with pallid lips  
The wounds of murdered sons,  
We see the sailors on her ships  
Leap to their shotted guns.

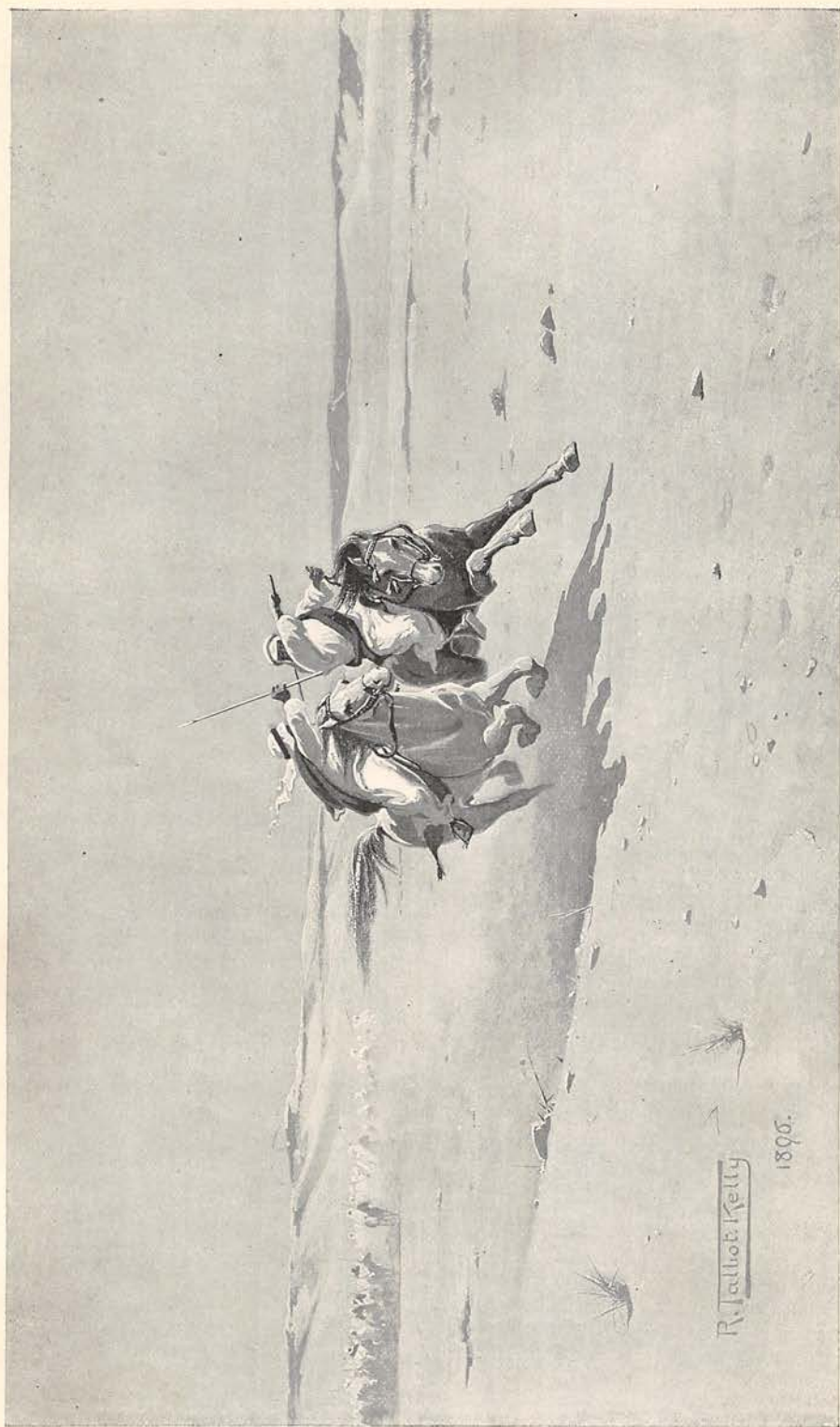
We hear her martial trumpets blow  
The challenge of the free;  
Her lean steel war-wolves howling go  
Through gateways of the sea.

The talons of her eagles tear  
The vulture from his feast;  
The lion mangles in his lair  
The tiger of the East.

Ah, what a cheer from Asia breaks  
And roars along the dawn,  
As rescue's battle-thunder shakes  
The walls of Babylon!

Will H. Thompson.





JERED PLAY.  
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