

open the window as far as the flannel will permit, so as to keep it tight and let it act in the proper way.

After ten days of extreme anxiety there came the crisis we were waiting for, and how thankful I was I need hardly say when our patient sank into a quiet sleep such as he had not known since the commencement of his illness, pulse and temperature alike falling, whilst the rapid breathing became more soft and steady, and something of healthful moisture appeared on the dry, harsh skin. To prolong this health-giving sleep as far as possible was now our chief concern; but Hugh was always so light a sleeper that I was afraid of making the least sound, and how to keep up a good fire was a difficulty. I tried one or two plans of building it silently up, but the one that answered best was that of tying up coal (large and small together) in brown paper parcels of about three pounds weight each, and putting them quietly into the heart of the fire when it began to burn hollow. Of course the coal was tied up in this way before it was brought into the room at all.

Steady, though gradual, recovery now set in; and though I should have been frightened by the rapid rise of temperature each evening at this stage of the fever, had it not been for my typical chart, I knew that it was to be looked for, and was not discomposed and did not fear a relapse, as I should otherwise have done.

One very trying stage had still to be gone through a little later on, when poor Hugh became ravenously hungry, and seemed nauseated with the milk and beef-tea that had been his diet for so many weeks, and begged piteously for something more satisfying. Prepared as I was for it, I found it very trying. The doctor would have been much weaker than he was if I had not begged him not to make any change too soon. He was so cheerful and easy-going that I trembled to hear him give way to Hugh's pleading.

I shall never forget how Hugh begged one day for "something to eat," and how, when I could not let him have it, he pulled the sheet over his face, and I knew that he was crying quietly to himself. I think it was the hardest moment of all those trying weeks, and I cried a little myself; but I did not give way.

Whatever else nurses are, they *must* be firm when

they know they are in the right. Even as it was, a very little rice pudding a few days later caused a slight return of pain and a sudden rise of temperature. Hugh was astonished and convinced by this lesson, and waited more patiently after it, till by slow degrees we were able to give him first one thing, then another, until he began to look almost like himself, and to look forward with pleasure to getting about again.

I was struck with a certain weakness of mind—a sort of childishness and vacuity that came over him at times—but I learned that it was a very common sequitur of typhoid fever, and passed quite away with returning strength. He liked to hear boys' stories read to him, stories he had not looked at for years; and he entered into them with the same zest that one of our little half-brothers would have done; but that phase passed away in due course, and Hugh was his own bright affectionate self again, full of quiet fun, and always ready to tease poor old nurse till she used to tell him he was "every bit as bad as he used to be before he knew better, that he was!"

What a proud, happy day it was for me when Hugh first came downstairs and was comfortably ensconced upon the drawing-room sofa, beside a glowing piled-up fire!

"It's almost worth being ill to know the pleasure of getting well again," he said, looking about him with bright, eager eyes. "I'd no idea how pretty things were here. Molly, I've been no end of a plague to you—you're the right kind of sister for a fellow to have—that you are, and no mistake!"

That was his way of thanking me, I knew. It is only in books, I think, that brothers make grand, set speeches to their sisters. Hugh's eyes said a good deal more than his lips. I bent to kiss him, and I won't deny I felt rather "choky."

"Thanks, dear old Moll," he said. "I'm sure I don't know how you did it. They say it wants a lot of care, and skill, and everything to nurse typhoid. I can't think how you learned it all."

"Ah," I answered sagely, half laughing lest my voice should tremble and betray me, "there's no knowing what one can do when one is put to it, and there is nobody else to do it for you. Necessity is the best training, after all."

THE CITY OF THE SHEREEFS.



IT is only during the last few years that the city of Wazan has come to be known at all to Christians, as, being a city essentially and wholly Mahomedan—and, moreover, a sacred city—it has always been considered an almost impossible place to get at in safety. However, within the last twelve years the mistake has been discovered; and it has now, at various times, been visited by some two

dozen Europeans. Situated in the mountains of Morocco, four or five days' march from Tangier, its position has held it aloof from the foot of travellers, while its being off the main road to Fez has still further added to its seclusion.

Before I begin to tell of what we did and saw in the sacred city, it may be as well very briefly to sketch out its history and importance to the Mahomedan world of Africa; for as Mecca is to Arabia and the East, so is Wazan to the immense hordes who are

followers of the Prophet in Africa, not only in the Empire of Morocco, but in the deserts of the Sahara and the Soudan.

The city itself is of no great antiquity; in fact, probably two centuries ago it consisted of only a large village, though it was then, as now, the residence of the Great Shereef, the most direct descendant of the Prophet, to whom it owes its importance. However, the present head of the house does not reside there, but prefers semi-civilised Tangier, leaving his property and his prestige in the hands of two of his sons, Moulai Mohammed and Moulai Alarbi.

One cannot exaggerate the power and influence of the Great Shereef, which exceeds almost that of his imperial master and rival—the Sultan. I say rival, for the jealousy of generations has at last found vent, and the head of Western Islam has thrown himself into the scale with France.

It is not, though, my purpose to discuss Moorish politics, but to tell shortly of our journey to, and stay at, Wazan, during the early months of last year [1887]. There were four of us in our party—Mr. and Mrs. T., J. G., and myself—who, with our fifteen mules and four riding-horses, our tents and servants, formed no little cavalcade.

We did not journey direct to Wazan, but struck away from Tangier toward Tetuan, shooting there for some two or three weeks before the thought entered our heads of continuing our journey into the interior. One day, however, we packed our baggage, loaded the mules, and started off. We did not travel fast, partly because we had ample time on our hands, and partly because the roads—mere tracks—were stony and bad; in fact, some six to seven hours a day was about the average. The road was a pleasant one, and every night we pitched our little camp in some orchard or on the banks of some fast-flowing stream; but wherever it was, our first work was to raise a bonfire, such as delighteth the heart of man, especially travellers, for the nights know how to be cold even in a country like Morocco, and it was not seldom that on rising in the mornings we found there had been a sharp frost overnight. When possible, we pitched our camp near a village—often a mere collection of Bedouin tents, with their yelping dogs and naked children—so that we could buy chickens, eggs, and milk, and now and again a lamb, for we carried the rest of our provisions with us.

On the third day of our march we reached Alcazar, and very charming it looked as we saw it first from the high ground some miles to the north of the town, with its minarets and graceful palms; but its beauty faded fast on our approach, and we found it one of the dirtiest and most foul of Eastern cities.

There is nothing of interest to see in Alcazar, though, in spite of its dirt, the *sôk*, or market, is picturesque, where, under extemporised arbours of rough matting, the dusky Moor sits and sells oranges, while here, there, and everywhere, rush the watersellers with their jingling bells, crying, "Al ma, al ma!" ("Water, water!") and great droves of camels wander to and fro with their patient, slouching gait. Such is the scene

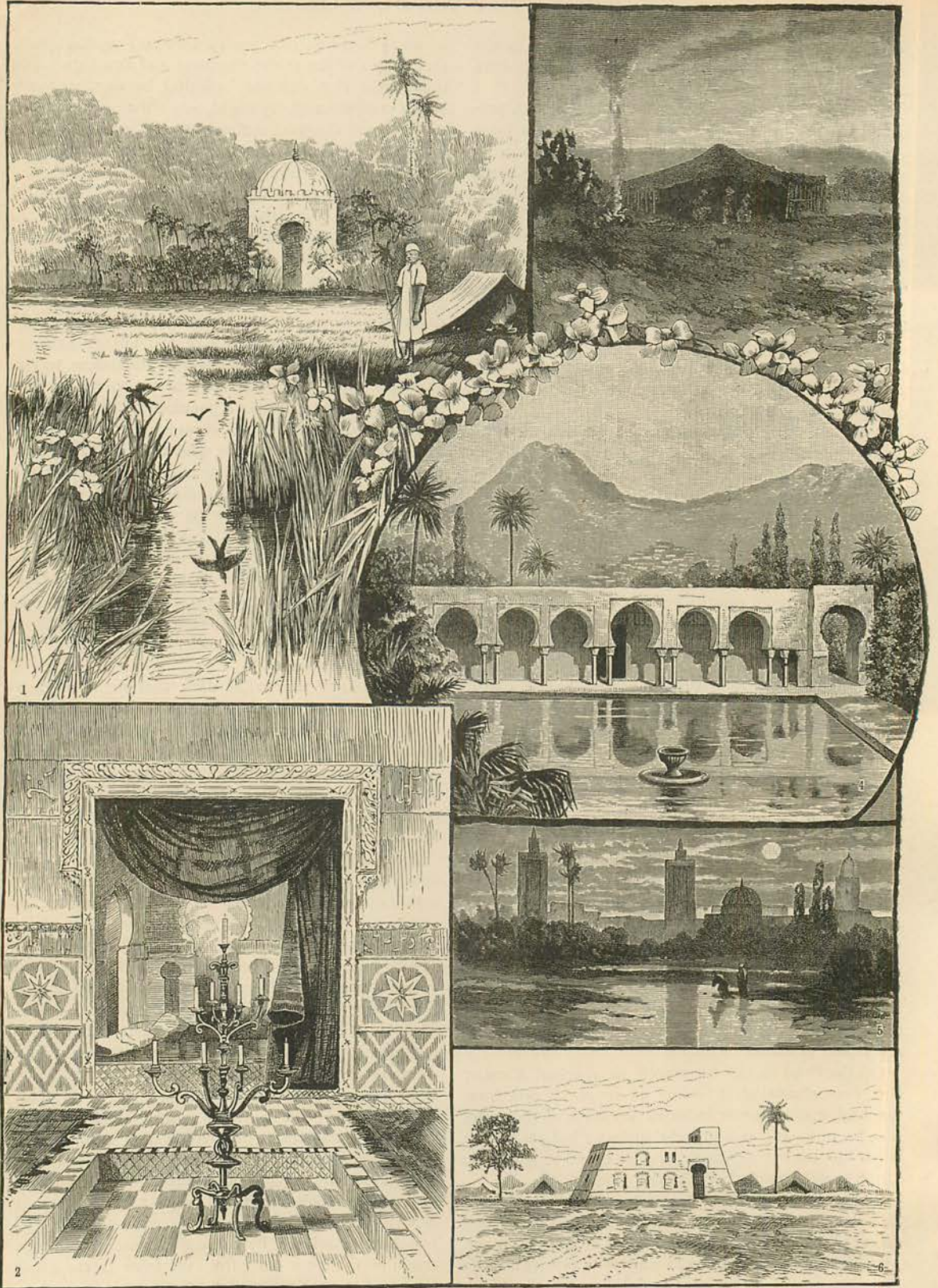
in every Moorish city, varied now and again by the shrill pipes of the snake-charmers and acrobats. But though the city was not beautiful by day, we were amply compensated by night, when the soft southern moon turned the hard outlines of the houses and the palms to a delicate indistinctness, and threw her pale reflection on the water-pools.

A day here was enough for us; so on the second morning after our arrival we set off once more *en route* for Wazan, travelling by an unknown road, which took us, on the second day of our march, through a most lovely mountain gorge, thick with groves of wild olives, while the great steep rocks were covered with maidenhair fern. At one spot in the gorge we passed a well, where the village maidens were collected to draw water—and, doubtless, to talk scandal. Our soldier—for one never travels in Morocco without one, not as a guard so much as an outward and visible sign of Government protection—was in a constant state of alarm, and told us ghastly tales of robberies and murders that had taken place at this very spot. A veritable old ruffian was this soldier of ours, though I do not fancy he would have been of much use in case of attack, as I fully believe that nothing on earth—or out of it—would have induced that old flintlock gun of his to have gone off. However, his stories did not alarm us much, though our Italian cook shuddered at every group of peasants or shepherds he saw, crying out, "Regardez, regardez, messieurs, les voleurs!"

It was some time after dark that night when we arrived at Wazan, and at the gate we had to wait nearly half an hour, as the sentries at first refused to open it, till we told them we bore letters to the Shereef. At last, with a creaking sound, the old gate was drawn back, and we entered the steep narrow streets of the town, and proceeded to the palace of the Shereef, Moulai Mohammed.

A Moorish town at night is as if dead—not a single figure to be seen, save perchance a wedding group, with its pipes and tomtoms and strange fantastic lanterns; nor was this town an exception to the rule; and till we reached the small gate of the palace we saw no one. After repeated knockings, the gate was opened by some soldiers, who asked what we wanted. Explaining that we bore a letter from the Great Shereef to his son, we were immediately treated with the utmost courtesy, and bidden to dismount, which we were only too glad to do, as we had been some eight hours in the saddle.

Descending half a dozen narrow tortuous steps, we found ourselves in a small walled garden, full of orange-trees and gorgeous flowers, one side of which was formed by the façade of the Shereef's palace—a one-storeyed building faced with a row of graceful Moorish columns and horseshoe arches, the aisle of which was dimly lit by coloured lanterns, while some dozen of the same hung from the trees in the garden. We were at once escorted to the palace; on entering it we found ourselves in a long room, leading out from the centre of which, and opposite the door, were other rooms. The floor of the whole was of tiles, laid in



(1) A Tomb by the Road. (2) In the Palace at Wazan. (3) Bedouin Arab Encampment. (4) The Shereef's Bath (Wazan in the Distance). (5) Alcazar by Night. (6) Kaid's House and Bedouin Village, on the Road.

THE CITY OF THE SHEREEFS.

various geometric and fanciful designs, over which were spread richly-coloured rugs and carpets from Rabat—the carpet manufactory of Morocco—and Persia. Over these carpets were laid mattresses and pillows, covered in Eastern materials. In the centre of the floor of the large room was a square sunken cavity, about a foot deep, evidently once the basin of a departed fountain, though from it now a tall brass candelabra raised its nine branches into the air. Beyond this cavity was a raised divan, divided from the large room by a heavy curtain—a little room in itself—carpeted, and full of huge soft pillows. Altogether, we found the palace much more comfortable than we had been led to expect from report.

After a hurried wash and tidying up, tea-things were brought in by black slaves: great brass trays bearing tea-pots, sugar-canisters, small Crown Derby cups, and great bunches of herbs—a necessary ingredient to the green tea of the Moors.

A minute or two later the door was thrown open, and his Highness Moulai Mohammed entered, attended by his secretary and one or two officials. He is a man of medium height, with a dark complexion, but exceedingly handsome, though his thick lips bear unmistakable signs of black origin—no disgrace in these lands. His every movement was studied, so as to appear majestic; and in this he was most successful. He wore a long white jelab of some soft material, and a fine haik—a garment of the toga species—of white muslin and silk stripes. He received us most pleasantly, and took tea with us, remaining nearly an hour, and discussing European politics with a surprising knowledge of foreign affairs. On leaving, he begged us to ask for anything we might require during our stay; in fact, all the time we were there we found him a most pleasant and attentive host.

The following morning we explored the town, accompanied by a guard of his Highness's soldiers. We found nothing very interesting except the mosque, which here, as in all parts of Morocco, no Christian is allowed to enter. However, we were able through the open doors to catch a glimpse now and again of long dimly-lit aisles, sunny courts with gurgling fountains, and prostrate Moors. The minaret of this great mosque is richly decorated with tile-work. The streets are narrow and dirty, and crowded with pilgrims—the most objectionable class of Eastern peoples—who crowd to Wazan to obtain charms and relics, from the sale of which, it is said, the princely house makes a good income. The streets are roofed with trellis-work, matting, and vines, as a protection against the

heat of the sun. The shops contain the usual class of wares displayed in the East, Manchester and French cottons preponderating, while their own soft woollen and silk materials come next. In the streets every class of Moor could be seen, from the old merchant in his silk haik and yellow slippers to the ragged hillmen in torn jelaba.

We received numerous visits from the Shereef that day, which occasioned much tea-drinking.

Early next morning we were mounted and off to a great hunt which his Highness had prepared for us, a mixture of hunting and coursing, as we chased hares with greyhounds. It was an interesting sight, as we rode by the side of the Shereef through the streets, with his numerous retinue of soldiers, guards, and slaves, to watch the people crowd round, and struggle to kiss the hem of his bernous or his yellow boots. He certainly appeared to his best then, calmly talking to us in the midst of an ovation that would almost turn the head of a civilised monarch. Once or twice a particularly excited devotee would kiss our boots; probably never having before cast eyes upon a Christian, he would think us to be Mahommedan potentates; but I confess I did not come up to the mark in dignity. We had not too much blacking in our stores, and there was none to waste on Moors.

This ride round the country gave us an ample opportunity of admiring the magnificent situation of Wazan, perched as it is half-way up the steep side of a double-peaked mountain, and surrounded on all sides by groves of olives and oranges, which grow right up to the town walls.

From our palace the view was very lovely; we looked right over a great valley to range after range of blue mountains on the other side, from the centre of which rose the snow peaks of Beni Hassan.

The next morning we visited the "Shereef's Garden," some little way from the town. One lovely spot we discovered there, where was a clear pool of water—a bath—with a covered terrace and arcade at one end, beyond which were two or three rooms. In the centre of the pool, which was of some depth, was a marble and tiled fountain, while on every side grew, close to the water's edge, evergreen shrubs, that threw their deep reflections on to the glassy surface of the water. To add to the beauty of the scene, scores of gold-fish basked in the warm sunlight.

The next day we bade adieu to our kind host, and turned our heads back to Alcazar, *en route* for Fez, the northern capital.

