

OUR LITTLE CARTHAGINIAN COUSIN OF LONG AGO



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CLARA VOSTROVSKY WINLOW



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OUR LITTLE CARTHAGINIAN COUSIN
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Hanno

The Little Cousins of Long Ago Series

OUR LITTLE
CARTHAGINIAN
COUSIN
OF LONG AGO

Being the Story of Hanno,
a Boy of Carthage

BY
CLARA VOSTROVSKY WINLOW

Author of "Our Little Bohemian Cousin,"
"Our Little Bulgarian Cousin," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN GOSS



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No. 1.

Preface

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

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

Thus it is that almost the only accounts we have of this people have come to us through

the "anger and envy and meanness" of their bitterest enemies. Notwithstanding this, one of their men has been accepted as a great world hero.

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

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

One of these is the greed for gain which led to the placing of selfish interests above the wel-

fare of the state. The other is the striking lack of respect for the rights of subject nations.

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

The Author.

Alameda, Calif.,

June 10, 1915.

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Pronunciation of Proper Names

- Æsculapius (es-kū-lā'pi-us)
Akhhot (Äkh'-ōt)
Aphrodite (af-rō-dī'tē)
Ashtoreth (ash'-tō-reth)
Astarte (as-tär'tē)
Atlas (at'-las)
Baal-Hammon (bā'al hä'mön)
Balearic (bal-ē-ar'-ik)
Britannia (bri-tan'i-ä)
Byrsa (bēr'sä)
Cabiri (ka-bī-rī)
Cæsar (sē'zär)
Carthage (kär'thāj)
Carthaginian (kär-thā-jin'-i-an)
Cassiterides (kas-i-ter'-i-dēz)
Cato (kā'-tō)
Cerne (sēr'nē)
Dido (dī'dō)
Ebro (ā'brō)
Esmoun (es'mön)
Ethiopia (ē-thi-ō'pi-ä)
Gadeira (ga-dī-rä)
Gauls (gâlz)

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

- Hamilcar Barca (ha-mil'-kär bär'kä)
Hannibal (han'-i-bäl)
Hannō (han'ō)
Hasdrubal (has'-drö-bäl)
Hel'der
Hercules (hër'-kū-lēz)
Hodo (hō'dō)
Kada (kā'da)
Kirjath (kër'jath)
Libya (lib'-i-ä)
Maco (mā'kō)
Mago (mā'gō)
Mediterranean (med'-i-te-rā'nē-ən)
Melkarth (mel'-kärth)
Mis'hath
Moloch (mō'lok)
Numidia (nū-mid'-i-ä)
Osiris (ō-sī'-ris)
Phœnicia (fe-nish'-ä)
Pygmalion (pig-mā'li-ən)
Quintus Fabius (kwın'tus fā'bi-us)
Saguntum (sa-gun'-tum)
Sardinia (sär-din'-i-ä)
Scipio (sip'-i-ō)
Sicily (sis'-i-li)
Tyre (tīr)
Tyrian (tīr'i-ən)
Utica (ū'ti-kä)

Our Little Carthaginian Cousin of Long Ago

CHAPTER I

AN ADVENTUROUS VOYAGE

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

These, and other exclamations, shouted more than two thousand years ago, came from a group of boys on a pretty little Mediterranean Sea pleasure-boat, whose gay sails of fine embroidered Egyptian linen showed that it belonged to persons of wealth. They were evidently directed to a good-sized, rounded-

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beaked Carthaginian merchant vessel, with three banks of oars. This merchant vessel would have been conspicuous to-day not only because of its construction but also because of the huge, staring eyes painted on the high prow. Not satisfied with these for protection, there were also tiny images of war gods called Cabiri, placed at either end. At the stern of the boat stood a curly-haired youth of about twelve years who was not at all backward in answering the shouts as long as the smaller boats remained within hearing, and who afterward continued for some time to wave his arm so energetically in farewell that there seemed danger of its being hurled as a parting token to those whom he was leaving behind.

It was not until the little boat and all in it looked like a big black speck in the distance that he gave a last quick glance to where Carthage could just be outlined. Then, dropping his arm wearily to his side, he turned with a

faint show of interest to studying the scenes through which they were passing.

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

The pretty villas surrounded by their orange and olive groves, which glimmered and sparkled near Carthage and Utica under the brilliant rays of the African sun, grew more and more infrequent, until the thinly inhabited coast attracted mainly through an occasional aspiring

date-tree and the distant misty spurs and peaks of the Atlas Mountains.

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

“That’d make a good bed,” he thought. “Guess I’ll try it,” and, crawling under, he stretched himself down on it and closed his eyes. His uncle, a tall, broad-shouldered man, with long, compactly waved hair, a face not unlike the Jewish cast, and a beard arranged

in three rows of tight curls, found his resting-place later, and having smilingly directed a sailor to throw a light blanket over him, left him to pass the night there.

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

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

“Yes,” his uncle answered, fastening the three collars which he wore over a loose tunic, and arranging a necklace of artistically worked gold over the collars, “it was a good begin-

ning. This voyage is going to make a man of you."

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

Hanno now found that the ship had been anchored for the remainder of the day and night at one of the fortified posts of the Island

of Sardinia, and he had an opportunity to take a little trip inland to some copper and lead mines in which his uncle had an interest.

There was not time to go into any of these, but as they reached the mines he saw a gang of wretched beings come up ready for their day's work underground. These were slaves and war prisoners who paid this all too heavy a price for the privilege of living. But the sight of such misery was so familiar that it did not occur to the boy to pity them. He did not even shrink when the driver hit a little limping, toothless old man with a leathery skin that hung in folds, a heavy blow between the shoulders, for not keeping abreast with the others. Yet it was to his credit that he did not laugh, as some of his companions would have done. Instead, a puzzled expression crept over his face as the man's sad, hollow eyes happened to meet his own for an instant, but, before he had time to consider anything about it, one of the Cartha-

ginian engineers who directed the work in the mines, came up. He proved to be an old acquaintance, a distant relative of his mother, and Hanno, who had been trained to learn as much as possible wherever he might be, asked many questions about life on the Island and the natives. In answer the engineer took him to a cave which he said had long been abandoned but was typical of the homes of the natives.

“And doesn't anybody use it now?” asked Hanno. When he was told that no one did, he continued eagerly, “Oh, I'd just love to stay here and play —”

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

Then one morning Hanno awoke to find that they had reached The Pillars of Hercules,¹ the

¹ Straits of Gibraltar.

Pillars, he remembered, that once it had been thought Hercules had torn asunder, and which were supposed by many to mark the end of the Western world, beyond which it was fatal to venture. This belief did not seem strange to him as he gazed at the two gigantic cliffs which stand guard over the narrow channel between Europe and Africa where they separate the calm tideless Mediterranean from the stormy, and then still practically unknown, Atlantic. Alert boy that he was, Hanno nevertheless had his periods of dreaming, and as he stood on the deck, now looking at the three summits of the promontory on one side and then at the stern forbidding mountains on the other, he imagined himself on that first boat that had ever passed that gateway. His whole body grew tense as he felt the fear of what might really be beyond, even while his eyes glowed with the pleasure of risking. As he stood thus deep in his dreams some one laid a hand on his shoulder. So real

had his game been to him, Hanno gave a frightened jump aside, only to meet the laughing face of his big uncle.

“You haven’t anything to fear yet,” his uncle remarked. “Why, we haven’t even come to our own settlement of Gadeira ¹ where we are to spend the night. After that, well, even after that, he who has his wits about him need fear nothing. Come, why did I frighten you?”

“Oh,” said Hanno, now ready to laugh at his alarm, “I was only imagining that I was the first to taste of the apple of knowledge, and I thought you were one of the devouring demons who intended punishing me for wanting to know too much!” Both laughed. Then his uncle said: “If all goes well at the Tin Islands (Cassiterides) we may try just that sort of thing. The man who gets to a place

¹ The present Cadiz in Spain.

first is the one that makes the money. Commerce these days is everything, my boy!"

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

As Phœnician, the language of the Carthaginians, was spoken here, Hanno felt perfectly

at home in the small fortified town, and particularly when he accompanied his uncle to the Carthaginian Temples of the great god El, of the god Melkarth, and of the goddess Ashtoreth to pray and make offerings that their voyage might meet with every success.

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

At first the vessel did not venture far from land, but felt its way all along what is now the coast of Spain and France. Despite the excitement in seeing strange sea-creatures, and in never knowing what might next be in store for him, as the days passed there was something

exceedingly lonely in being in the midst of the boundless waste of waters on the one side and the sparsely inhabited wilderness on the other. Sometimes, for lack of anything better to do, Hanno would count the measured beat of the oars or the strange birds on the shore. Time would have passed even more slowly had it not been for the captain's assistant, a very important personage, called the "Look-out Man." He was an exceedingly active fellow, muscular, although small of stature, with a very sallow face, long hooked nose, and small keen eyes that always seemed to Hanno able to penetrate through everything. He wore his hair and beard very much like Himlicat, Hanno's uncle, but bore no other resemblance whatever, in words, deeds or appearance to that kindly but decidedly pompous individual.

Hanno often accompanied the "Look-out Man" in his tour of inspection through the vessel and thus received some very valuable

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

The "Look-out Man" was a famous storyteller, too, and sometimes he and Hanno would get into some corner, and, having given Hanno something to do and keeping his own hands busy, he would spin story after story. Sometimes they would be of the monsters of the deep, but more often of a famous hunter and traveler, who wore the skins of wild beasts, in-

vented navigation, and set up landmarks on distant shores. "Are these still there? Will we see some of them where we are going?" Hanno would eagerly ask. "Perhaps," the "Look-out Man" would answer briefly.

During the first part of the voyage the weather continued fine and clear, but one morning Hanno came on deck to find everything soaked in a thick gray fog. The boat was rocking and tossing so violently that the boy felt sure it must soon be upset. In great anxiety he resolved to seek his uncle, to ascertain why the boat had gone, as he believed, into deeper water during the night. He found Himlicat in close conference with the captain of the boat. Some sort of paper with lines and marks like a chart was spread before them, over which they were so intent that they did not notice the boy's approach. But, scarcely had he spoken, when his uncle looked up angrily and while the captain hastily folded the

paper, exclaimed excitedly: "You are not to come up here without permission!"

Then he paused, and as Hanno's face flushed with the reproof, added more mildly, "Have patience, my boy. You are old enough to understand that to keep our naval supremacy over other lands we have to guard many secrets. When you are older you shall inherit all I know from me, but now — go."

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

CHAPTER II

THE VOYAGE CONTINUED

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

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

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

To the young Carthaginian, reared on the mild waters of the Mediterranean, it seemed like an attack of the gods themselves. He forgot to fear what would happen when the storm actually broke. Sick as he was, there was something that fascinated him in its gathering and made him conscious only that orders were being shouted above the noise of the rapidly rising waves, the howling wind, and the now persistent bursts of thunder. Suddenly some one spoke next to him. "Well, the odds have turned in our favor; the Cabiri have brought us through. We are going to make it all right." Hanno felt grateful to the "Look-out Man" for addressing him, and began to ask

eagerly, "How —" The man interrupted him by pointing to a dark mass toward which the boat was slowly but surely being rowed and which soon proved to be a gently sloping sandy shore.

And they did somehow make it, Carthaginian grit and courage counting in their favor. The boat was guided straight on the sand. Then every one, even Hanno's dignified uncle, leaped out, and evidently prepared for just such emergencies, all waded through the low water and helped drag the boat high up beyond the reach of the waves, its flat bottom making this possible.

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

It was two days before the boat, by strength

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

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

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

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

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

“Do?” repeated his uncle grimly. “Why, remain here forever, or return to die,—anything, except help a Roman spy!” What could this decision mean? Full of perplexity Hanno sought the “Look-out Man.”

“Remain here?” that person repeated after

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

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

After that the atmosphere on board seemed to grow actually cheerful. It was the time of the full moon, and, consequently, of high spring tide. The Romans, accustomed to the tideless Mediterranean, had evidently come unprepared for anything of the kind. As the tide rose, the Carthaginians joked and laughed while they kept their eyes fastened on the other boat, which

was seen tossed about by the waves. Hanno felt himself trembling violently as he saw the danger which threatened themselves despite the advantage that lay in their long cable, as well as the stranger. "Won't both boats be wrecked?" he asked his uncle in a voice that he could scarcely raise above a whisper.

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

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

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

The excitement did not last long. The anchor was raised and the *Kada*, with apparently

no thought of possible survivors of the wreck, went rejoicing on her way. Two days later they were able to make a landing at one of the smaller Tin Islands.

Hanno had felt ill at ease ever since the destruction of the Roman boat, but he entirely forgot it, and the perils through which they had already passed, when his uncle placed his hand kindly on his shoulder, saying, "Come, cheer up. Do you not realize that you are a bringer of civilization to people different from any you have ever seen, a people that but for such as we would remain quite isolated from the rest of the world?"

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

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

Not long after, the natives, dressed in the skins of wild animals, came trooping up in ever increasing numbers, making wild signs of pleasure. After examining the display, some of them disappeared, but presently returned with donkeys laden with ingots of tin — the commodity for which the Carthaginians had come. This they arranged opposite to the other commodities, and, signaling to the boat, retired to a distance.

Hanno accompanied his uncle and the officers of the boat to an inspection of what had been left, carrying, at Himlicat's suggestion, his writing tools with him. These were contained

in a little elongated case which was generally carried in the folds of the robes. With one of the slender kalembs that came with it dipped into ink, Hanno followed his uncle's example of estimating the value of the tin as compared with what they had themselves brought. To the bearded, long-haired barbarians, no doubt watching from a distance, this must have seemed like a magic rite.

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

Accordingly they again retired. The savages understood what this meant. After conferring together they sent two of their number away, who returned shortly, bringing a quantity of hides. This still not being satisfactory a few more skins and a small amount of lead was



“ HE WATCHED EAGERLY TO SEE WHAT THE NATIVES WOULD DO.”

brought. Himlicat, who had been carefully studying the action of the savages through glasses, now decided that must serve. He therefore gave orders that the tin and other things were to be removed to the vessel, and then descending once more he deposited a flat bowl directly in front of his own goods. This was filled with cheap glittering ornaments of many different kinds.

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

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

was for joy at the great generosity of the merchant prince who had come to them.

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

Hanno again thought of the foreign vessel that had followed them, while strange doubts as to their having acted rightly passed over him. He was about to ask his friend some of the questions that had troubled him at the time of the wreckage when his uncle came up with

an announcement that put them completely out of his head for the rest of the trip.

“ We are going to try for the amber fields,” said Himlicat.

The trip to the Tin Islands had been full of perils, but they were insignificant compared to those now encountered as they made their way into the Baltic Sea. . After many hardships they reached the district east of Helder, where they found a certain amount of amber that the tide had washed ashore. They received bad treatment here, however, for while busily engaged in gathering the amber a flight of arrows descended into their midst. Fortunately they were near their boat, and managed to escape, but not until two of the crew had been hit by the poisoned arrows, from which they soon after died. They were in peril for another cause. Although their boat had been overhauled at the Tin Islands, it was again getting so foul with the long voyage that finally it was

decided best to give up for the present any further search for the source of the amber trade, and begin the journey back to Carthage.

On account of the boat's condition travel was very slow. It was also uneventful, except for a brief period when the *Kada* found itself entangled in enormous masses of floating seaweed. The captain had by this time taken a fancy to Hanno. He occasionally allowed him to share his post, and taught him how he guided the vessel almost entirely through his knowledge of the stars.

How good the sight of Gadeira seemed when they sailed into its harbor after an absence of several months! Hanno was again cautioned that there were certain secrets he must not reveal. "When in doubt," his uncle said, "talk of our attack on the amber coast, or of the strange appearance and actions of the natives of the Tin Islands." They were surrounded

by a crowd of people from the moment they entered, all anxious to hear the story of their adventures. There were many offers of hospitality, but before any were accepted, Hanno accompanied his uncle and the other Carthaginians who had made the daring voyage, to the temples of the gods, in order to offer sacrifices and thanks for their safe return.

Everything in Gadeira now seemed exceptionally interesting to Hanno, but particularly perhaps the merchant ships that had lately come in from other trips, for the Carthaginians had established trade with every part of the known world. The rich merchants were as friendly among themselves as they were inimical to all foreigners. One whom they met had just come from an island called Cerne, off the west African coast. There he had had dealings with Ethiopians whom he described as wearing embroidered robes and drinking from ivory cups.

His return cargo consisted mainly of lion, panther, and elephant skins, together with some ivory.

Their stay in Gadeira was only long enough for necessary repairs to the boat, and they were off for the land which Hanno had thought more than once he was never again to see.

CHAPTER III

CARTHAGE

FROM the time that the *Kada* entered the Mediterranean, Hanno, big boy though he was, became quite a nuisance. He got into everybody's way. Now he shouted, now threw his conical cap high into the air, and again risked his life in climbing a mast, and straining his eyes to catch a first glimpse of his home city. When the Island of Sicily was sighted, his excitement became even greater. From there south the deep blue waves, to which the Mediterranean owes some of its great charms, grew smoother and smoother. The atmosphere had that peculiar and sometimes tantalizing clearness which makes distant objects seem near at hand, so that when Utica, the sister city of Carthage, was sighted, Hanno could not under-

stand why it took so long to reach the rocky promontory jutting into the sea on which it is perched.

In the inner recess of this same bay, the finest of all in northern Africa, lay Carthage itself, the most important by far of the Phœnician colonies.

According to tradition, Carthage was founded by Dido, a beautiful Phœnician princess of Tyre, eight hundred years before the birth of Christ. Dido's rich husband had been murdered by her brother Pygmalion, so the story runs, and Dido, fearing that Pygmalion would also cause her own death, contrived to secure some boats and escape. A large number of Tyrians accompanied her. And it was in this beautiful and restful spot, protected both from the occasionally violent sea winds, and to a large extent also from the hot, dry, sand-laden winds of the desert, that they found refuge and established themselves, grew and thrived, de-

veloping especially on commercial lines, until they became the great merchant state of the ancient world.

Even before the harbor, or cothon, as it was called, was reached, numerous boats belonging to Carthage were seen. These were in the neighborhood of the bazaars, for merchandise found its way into the city through numerous channels. There were two main harbors, an outer for merchant ships, and an inner, reserved for men of war. Neither vessel nor foot passenger could enter this latter harbor without permission. It was capable of holding over two hundred ships, many of which, however, were not much larger than fishing smacks of to-day. Near this entrance rose an island on which was the Admiral's palace, a large building made of dressed stone and decorated in the Greek style, though without Greek taste. This was placed so that the Admiral could observe all that passed on the sea. No one, however, out in it, could

see what went on inside this harbor, not even those who were in the outer cothon, which was separated from it by a double wall. There was a certain degree of magnificence in this protected place. Wide quays projected out on every side, even from the island. Above them were storehouses for rigging, and naval workshops. At the end of each of these rose two Ionic marble columns, thus forming two splendid galleries.

As soon as the *Kada* was recognized, the iron chains stretched over the entrance to the first harbor were unfastened, and it glided in and was secured by one of the many mooring cables placed around the sides. There were strange-looking boats to be seen, some of which were unloading their stores. These included ivory, and precious stones from Africa, cattle and fruit from the Balearic Islands, metal work from India, silk from China, spices, rare instruments of music, gold,—in fact all the products

of the known world. The shouts of command, as well as the chatter of idle sailors, for whom there were many quarters, made the scene a very lively one. Hanno, just home from the solitude of the sea, could not help exclaiming again and again, "Oh, how good to be home! Oh, how lively things are here!"

As Hanno and his uncle began to make their way through this noisy crowd, a trumpet sounded from the inner harbor. This was evidently a signal from the Admiral, for, shortly afterwards, two sharp-peaked war vessels made their way proudly through the rows of merchant ships on some unknown mission.

Scarcely had the travelers proceeded into the city, than they were accosted, for the news of their arrival had made its way quickly. First came some young fellows of Hanno's own age, who did not mind sacrificing their dignity in their efforts to reach him first. Just behind them an exceedingly pretty little girl, three or

four years old, was retarding the eager steps of a youth.

This crowd, augmented by several others, made its way with much noise, first through the narrow streets of the commercial quarter, bordered by flat-roofed, tightly-packed houses, many of them six stories in height. It was plain to see in this section that Carthage, or Kirjath-Hadeschath, as her Phœnician citizens called her, did not make a vain boast when she claimed more than a half-million inhabitants. Here and there under a portico, or in the cool of one of the tower-flanked gates, clusters of people might be seen anxious to escape the heat of the day.

Hanno paid no attention to where they were going, so absorbed was he in questioning and answering. Suddenly they were startled by a child's screaming, and saw that little Mishath, who had run ahead and was walking backward in order to face them, had just escaped being

run over by two mules, heavily laden with oil. The half-caste Carthaginian who was driving them, stopped in fright at what had happened, opened his thick lips and passed one hand on his woolly hair and the other against his flat nose in an indescribably comical manner. He seemed to expect instant death, and must have been greatly relieved at having only angry words hurled at him.

This danger passed, they were all suddenly separated and hustled to opposite sides, as the populace made way for a camel who needed the full width of the street, as he solemnly stalked along with his head raised high above the masses.

Everybody was in too good a humor to mind these interruptions and the party gayly made its way up one of the three great streets which led from the commercial quarter to a hill called the Byrsa, or Acropolis. This Byrsa, destined later to play an important part in the siege of

Carthage, was surrounded by a high triple wall and was the best protected part of the city. It was reached by a stair-case of about sixty steps placed against the perpendicular walls in such a way that they could be easily destroyed in case of danger.

On the summit of the hill, commanding a view of the whole city, was the rich and beautiful temple dedicated to the god Esmoun (*Æsculapius*). It faced the rising sun, and was built by the side of a great paved public square. Stone statues, dumb worshipers of the mighty god, were arranged along the avenue leading to this place. Hanno and his uncle, anxious though they were to reach home, would have felt guilty of impiety not to have entered. They did not remain long, however.

A few minutes' walk from there brought them to a splendid residential section, probably the highest and most open in the city. The large houses here, mostly occupied by wealthy mer-

chants, were built with considerable taste, many of them having been designed by Greek architects.

In this neighborhood Hanno could not restrain himself longer, and, despite the heat of the day, rushed with great speed into an elegantly carved portico, in front of a mansion of magnificent proportions, at the door of which an old slave of the family stood waiting to receive him.

CHAPTER IV

HOME

IN the entrance-hall Hanno found his grandmother, who greeted him with much show of emotion. She was surrounded by a group of slaves, some of whom threw themselves at his feet as he came in.

“Your mother is preparing for a banquet to-night at which your father has urged her to be present,” his grandmother explained as soon as he had regained his breath. “She has given orders, however, that you are to come to her at once. Do you think you still know the way?” Hanno nodded brightly, and made his way quickly through luxuriously furnished rooms, darkened with heavy curtains shutting out the dazzling light and excessive heat, to an upper story. Without stopping to knock, he burst

into his mother's room and threw himself into her arms.

His mother, who had been seated before a toilet table of some rich dark wood resembling mahogany with a veneer of carved ivory, arose and returned his embrace with warmth, shaking her head, however, as she glanced sidewise into the silver-backed circular glass mirror that hung over the table, and saw that the thick masses of hair, that an attendant had just been fastening, had become loosened.

“You see what you have done!” she exclaimed laughing. “Never mind. It is no great matter. Lissa will fix it in a moment. Now run and have your bath that we may talk with you before we leave to-night. I won't ask a single question now. I am satisfied to see you looking well, even though you are as black as a Libyan.” Kissing him again she dismissed him.

The attendant now came forward. She was

a young woman attired in a striped robe reaching to her feet, over which was a tunic fastened around her waist with a belt. Heavy rings were in her ears, and glass bracelets on her arms. Her hair hung loose over her shoulders. She pushed a footstool under her mistress's feet, and then picked up the gold pins from where they had fallen on the heavy Assyrian carpet that covered the floor, and placed them on the table which contained various vessels, with perfumes, ointments, and washes for the skin. All of these vessels had been made in Carthage. They were of various sizes. Some were beautifully chased. One was of rock crystal with a funnel and cover of gold. Near them stood a bronze stand covered with rings and bracelets, and next to it a hand mirror of highly polished metal whose handle consisted of a finely carved naked figure standing on a frog. While her mistress closed her eyes, Mishath parted the heavy wavy hair very deftly at the forehead,

and arranged it underneath two narrow encircling bands.

“Now,” she said, when she had finished, “look at yourself, dear mistress. Will any one at the banquet be fairer?” Hanno’s mother, shaking her head languidly at the maid, contemplated her own image in the mirror with apparent pleasure. Then, drawing a deep breath, she leaned back in her chair.

“Ah, how tiresome this dressing is,” she exclaimed. “However, bring my new dresses that I may choose between them. Hold them better,” she continued almost impatiently as Lissa extended them before her.

“I don’t wonder you hesitate,” said Lissa slowly. “In this,” and she nodded to the robe in her right hand, “you will look like a Goddess of the Mist, a bringer of dreams,” and she paused and shook the folds of the wonderfully soft, white and transparent Egyptian muslin, delicately embroidered with lotus blossoms.

“ But in this,” and she turned to the exquisite gown of Persian silk interwoven with linen and dyed in the renowned Tyrian purple, which, however, in this case was of a decided bluish cast. “ In this — you will dispute with our greatest Goddess Tanith some of the glory of our sky. Will you —”

Without allowing Lissa to finish, Kada arose. “ Give me that,” she said, pointing to the silk. “ To-day is a day of rejoicing, and my gayest attire is none too gay. And, here — I want none of these trinkets. Bring me my ebony box, and let me select those proper to wear.”

When these had been brought she looked them over impatiently, finally selecting three necklaces, one of small pearls to be worn just under the chin, another of finely wrought gold, and the third, to hang lowest, of queer beads and amulets, among these later one representing the eye of the Egyptian god Osiris. Several rings and bracelets and a long pair of ear-rings

of spiral gold, set with precious stones of exquisite workmanship, completed the adornments.

In the meantime, both Hanno and his uncle, refreshed by baths and clean linen, had made their way to a hanging balcony, sheltered by broad-leaved plants and overlooking an inner court filled with highly cultivated tropical vegetation. Here they found Hanno's grandmother, Akhot, awaiting them.

Akhot must have been over sixty. Her hair was snow white, but there was nothing else about her fine, though rather stern, face to indicate age. While light refreshments were placed on a three-legged table by a slave, she listened attentively to the story of the voyage. Her eyes flashed in a way that seemed out of harmony with her general appearance as she heard of the fate of the Roman ship that had tried to follow the Carthaginian boat.

“Have they not done us enough harm!” she

exclaimed. "Will they have our trade too? Well, they will find it harder — Astoreth and all the gods be praised — to defeat our merchants, than they found it to defeat our hired soldiers."

As she spoke, a small but very active-appearing man entered. His face, covered partly by a carefully curled beard of reddish color, with a long, somewhat hooked nose, and small piercing eyes, was the personification of energy and shrewdness. His attire was simple, but not without a certain elegance. It consisted of an ornamented and patterned tunic, parted towards the two sides. A lappet, elaborately adorned, fell down in front, from a patterned girdle. He embraced his son and shook Himlicat warmly by the hand.

"I have been to a specially called meeting of the Shopetim,"¹ he said. "So I couldn't come to meet you, or I surely would have done

¹ The rulers of Carthage.

so, great though the heat has been to-day. But look what Hodo, the goldsmith, is sending Hanno." As he spoke he held out a small brass box.

All crowded eagerly around as Hanno, who had taken it, lifted up the lid. Inside, on a little cushion of silk, lay a bracelet of plain, heavy gold, ending in two lion heads, beautifully carved, the beasts apparently snarling at one another.

"Hodo is a genius!" exclaimed the grandmother.

"A lordly way to welcome you home," said Hanno's father, tapping the boy on the back.

"But, come," he continued, turning to Himlicat, "you must get ready, tired though you must be, to go to the banquet with us to-night," and walking up to Himlicat he said something in a low but emphatic tone of which Hanno caught only the words, "Hannibal," "Spain," "Shope-tim." Himlicat yawned. "I hate to do it," he

said. "But, yes"—as Hanno's father was about to say something—"you needn't explain. I understand the importance. I will go." He raised his arm in the way that Carthaginian courtesy demanded, and left the room.

Hanno was drawn down into a chair beside his father and urged to repeat his story.

CHAPTER V

A YOUNG ARTIST

HANNO felt quite a hero that evening when he had finished relating the main incidents of the long voyage which he had made. But he felt much more so after he had told, and enlarged on it, to a circle of boy friends. There was only one among all of these who did not seem to share the great enthusiasm which his story generally excited. This was Hodo, the young goldsmith, who, though barely seventeen, was already producing work that was exciting attention. At first this indifference had rather antagonized Hanno, but it ended, strangely enough, by fascinating him, so that for awhile he almost lived in Hodo's little workshop.

This was in the crowded commercial part of the city, where all was commotion and noise,

and where buildings of many stories cast a welcome shade over the very narrow streets. It was here, in a softened darkness, that perfume bazaars gave out a languishing scent, in which all the spices and odors of all the world seemed combined. There were shops near by with glass vessels, both transparent and translucent, to hold these essences if one wished, shops which displayed small flasks, jugs and vases, three to six inches long, colored blue, yellow, green and purple, in bands of zigzags, or curves, blended in a way that pleased, but did not, like Grecian work, appeal to the mind. There was perhaps too great a striving after the bizarre, seen in vases in the shape of helmets, barrels and even human heads. Many men were employed here, working with blow pipe, lathe or graver near a powerful furnace. The most dexterous were employed on the decoration, certain kinds of which had to be done with exceeding rapidity. In this quarter too, were the market-places, filled

with dates, figs, almonds, plums, garlic, lentils and cucumbers, as well as honey and cheese. There were butchers plying their trade. In their shops might be seen the flesh of dogs for sale, so horrifying to the Greeks and Romans. Here were the tables also of the money-changers who seemed to do an enormous business, in which something wrapped in leather was one of the first bank notes ever used in the world.

There was great simplicity of attire on the part of the busy men seen on the streets. Few wore sandals. The neck, chest, arms and legs of the majority were bare.

Hodo owned his little shop. He was an odd-looking individual, taller and less muscular than the majority of Carthaginians. His face was exceedingly pale, and the small eyes, which seemed meant to be shrewd, had, instead, a far-away look. He had a slow way of talking in broken sentences and phrases, with frequent repetition of unimportant words.

“So you don’t envy me my trip?” Hanno once remarked to him.

“Oh, yes — yes —” Hodo exclaimed quickly. “But, you see, I’d rather have made it — a — a — a — pilgrimage.”

“A pilgrimage?” Hanno repeated interrogatively, trying to understand his strange friend.

“Why — yes — one to Greece — to study — the — the works of art there — and — and — learn from them.”

A neighboring workman looked in, and, seeing Hanno, entered. He was an exceedingly alert, restless-looking fellow, his small, sharp black eyes roving ceaselessly from one end of the shop to the other, as if desirous of ferreting out every secret there.

“Have you been listening to that fellow?” he asked, nodding toward Hodo. “Ha! Ha! Isn’t he great? To hear him one would think that this life were eternal, and we could devote

years to the construction of one little gold ring. Ha! Ha! Oh, I tell you, you ought to see Marcat's new way of cutting gems. He can do twenty in the time it takes your friend here to do one." And the stranger launched forth into an enthusiastic description of the process and its great commercial value. He laughed again as he finished; a harsh, unpleasant laugh, which sounded all the more so because there seemed no occasion for it. "And have you heard," he asked, "of the marvelous drapery that Hiemphal, the magistrate, has had made for himself? Then you should, for it is dyed with the rarest of Tyrian dyes, and adorned with marvelous embroideries. But what do you think he paid for it? I might as well tell you, for you could never guess. Just enough to buy a marble palace!" With another harsh laugh, and with a patronizing thump on Hodo's shoulders, he left the workshop.

Hanno looked inquiringly at Hodo. "Isn't Marcat's scheme a good one?" he asked.

Hodo, who had been engaged in work that showed that the Carthaginians understood the art of soldering gold to gold, and also to other metals, slowly shook his head. "We are going backward, not forward," he said, "when we devote our — our — talents as a — a — a — people to — to — to — mere money-getting. It — it — makes me sad. Let's — not — talk of it," he concluded. And, opening a small box, he began to show his friend some of his own work. Ignorant though Hanno was of such things, he nevertheless was conscious that what he saw had something in it of grace and fineness of execution, something Greeklike, not often met in his commercial and pleasure-loving city. He wondered if the pains taken were worth while, as he looked curiously first at some cameos, and then at a necklace. It was of solid gold in the form of a cord, and

gave an impression that the easy curves were made of something soft and elastic. Towards the ends were cylinders with lion heads to one of which a rein was attached, and to the other a cap with an elaborate hook, consisting of a knot in the center of a blue enamel rosette.

“They are beautiful,” Hanno said without enthusiasm.

Hodo looked up quickly, his sallow face flushing. He hastily opened a little drawer, and took out what was probably his masterpiece. It was a silver dish, such as were used in temples for pouring out libations. “A priestess of — of — the Greek Temple to Aphrodite gave me — me — a commission for this herself — to — to — me — a — a — Carthaginian! That made me proud! Do — do — you like it?”

“The Greeks, you say,” and Hanno gazed with curiosity at the embossed vessel. In the middle of the bottom was a rosette with twenty-two petals, springing from a central disk. This

was surrounded by a ring in which were two wavy lines of intertwined ribbon. Four deers stood on the outer edge of the ring in a walking attitude, while between and behind them was a continuous row of tall, stiff papyrus reeds, terminating in blossoms. Hanno tried his best to appear interested, when Hodo, laughing, took the vessel away. He carefully secured the drawer.

“You are thinking of our promised walk,” he said good naturedly, “and — and — chafing at — at — the delay. You shall not wait longer,” and he opened the outer door. Right here the beautiful little girl, who had been one of those to meet Hanno when he returned to Carthage, almost ran into him. It was Mithath, Hodo’s sister. She was a shy child, her beautiful face eclipsed by her hair, a curly, reddish-brown mass that hung almost to her knees. Hodo greeted her with affection mingled with surprise.

“How is this, Mishath?” he asked with some anxiety, looking at her flushed face, and the broken necklace of cheap but harmoniously arranged glass beads which she clutched in her hand. Mishath looked back with a frightened glance, was about to speak, and then catching Hanno’s eye, choked, and threw herself into Hodo’s arms.

“You must wait here,” Hodo hastily exclaimed to his friend. “I will take my — my — sister home, but I will return immediately.”

It was almost a half hour, however, before he was back. His face had a puzzled, anxious expression. For awhile the two boys walked silently side by side. At last Hodo spoke.

“I can’t understand it. Let me — me — tell it to you. You see, for some time Mishath and one or — or — two other children have had the — the — privilege of playing in the grounds adjoining those of — of the temple of Baal-Hammon. No one has ever disturbed

them there before to-day. It seems that this afternoon the children were hiding from one another, when Mishath strayed through an opening into the temple grounds themselves. From here on we — we — couldn't hardly understand her story. She seems to insist that some one seized her and was carrying her away, when three of her companions, who had also discovered the opening, rushed up shouting. She was hastily put down, and — and all were chased out. I — I feel strangely worried about it, although it — it was probably the act of some servant of the temple — to — frighten the children for intruding."

By this time they had reached the outer walls of the city, and stopped to watch twenty or more men engaged in repairing a breach in the wall. These mighty walls, which aroused the astonishment of the ancient world, both on account of their workmanship as well as their mass, were seventy-seven feet high, thirty-four feet thick,

and extended six to seven leagues in circumference. The towers by which they were flanked here and there were higher and stronger. On the west and south of the city were three walls separated by regular distances. These contained chambers, some for elephants, of which several hundred were kept in Carthage, for the Carthaginians knew the art, few other nations have ever learned, that of thoroughly taming these great creatures. Over these chambers were stables for four thousand horses, as well as lodgings for twenty-four thousand men, some huge magazines, and fodder for both elephants and horses. Square towers, four stories high, arose at regular intervals. In the foundations were cisterns for water.

To Hanno's surprise, Hodo showed interest in watching these men at work. "I am glad to see these men labor faithfully, for we have need to keep up our fortifications well," he remarked. "Who knows when we — we — may again be

in conflict with Rome. And the next time they attack, their object will not — not — not be the Island of Sicily as in the First Punic War, but — but the destruction of Carthage itself.” He looked very grave. The boys had seated themselves on one of the large boulders near the wall, and while Hanno amused himself throwing stones at some birds near by, Hodo continued to talk, with a far-away expression on his strange dreamy face. “I was only a — a — little younger than you are — are now,” he said, “when the Romans won the victory over us on — on — the sea. And why? Because, Hanno, we have only one — one ideal,— the accursed accumulation of — of — gain, the gathering of means to — to live in luxury, in other words, a commercial ideal! Oh, yes, I know I am — am stating it extravagantly, and that there are exceptions. But listen. Who do we have do our fighting for — for us? Hired soldiers! And these whom we — we



“THE BOYS HAD SEATED THEMSELVES ON ONE OF THE LARGE BOULDERS NEAR THE WALL.”

train, have already risen more than once against us, and — and — will rise again, unless our whole policy changes.”

“ But,” broke in Hanno, aroused by the fire of Hodo’s voice, “ did we lose so much then in the First Punic War? ”

“ Lose? ” repeated Hodo excitedly, and then more calmly, “ It was not only that we — we lost Sicily and so — so brought Rome nearer to us. We also lost our — our dominion over the sea, a dominion that we ought to — to have held. Oh, I wish you could have — have heard Hannibal talk of these things. I tell you, young as — as he was, he knew more than some of our generals! I am glad, however, that he is gone, for I am — am afraid that if he weren’t ” — here Hodo laughed pleasantly, and straightened up his slight, somewhat bent frame — “ I’d be changing my — my trade to that of soldier.”

“ Of course you mean the son of Hamilcar

Barca!" said Hanno. "Why, he's my second or third cousin! I was at Tyre the year that he left for Spain. I don't even know how he came to go, though I have often heard people criticise his father for having taken his sons to such a half-civilized country."

"Hamilcar Barca knew what he — he was about," Hodo said, with an unusual decision. "He understood better than, than — any one else that Rome would never forgive us as — as long as we could claim superiority to — to her in any line. Carthage would not have to despair if there were more who loved their country as Hamilcar is teaching his son to — to — love it.

"I shall never forget Hannibal's joy when, — when his father decided that his sons were to go with him. I was in the — the temple when Hamilcar brought Hannibal to the altar on — on which he was about to make sacrifice, and bade him lay his hand on — on the victim. 'We stand in the way of Rome and she designs

our destruction,' he said, 'so swear,' his voice hoarse with passion, 'hatred to Rome as long as there is breath in your body.' Hannibal was only nine years old then, a mere — mere child, but those of us who heard him, and saw him afterward, felt that he had consecrated himself — heart — heart and soul — to avenge his country."

The boys sat deep in thought until they saw that the men were quitting work. Then they arose and also started for home. In the rich section of marble palaces, Hodo turned away, but, before he left, Hanno placed his hand affectionately on his shoulders, saying shyly, "You are not like my other friends, Hodo, and you are teaching me to look at many things differently than I have ever done before."

CHAPTER VI

A DAY IN THE SUBURBS

THE Carthaginians were excellent agriculturists, some of their written books on the subject being considered so greatly superior to anything else known that later, when Rome destroyed the African city, Mago, their author, was honored by having his works translated into Latin, and his name thus preserved to posterity. The extensive grain fields, highly cultivated gardens, orchards and plantations in the vicinity owed their productiveness to an excellent system of irrigation, through an extensive network of canals. To one side of the city, where the ground had originally been somewhat marshy, the course of the water had been directed to the canals and the ground thus reclaimed through drainage. Still further away immense flocks

and herds testified to the material prosperity of the state. Attractive country homes were to be seen on every side. There was one suburb which was reserved almost entirely for the summer homes of rich merchants. This was called the Megara, and enjoyed the importance of having a fortified wall of its own.

It was to the Megara that Hanno resolved to go several weeks after his talk with Hodo. As he made his way over the pavements on the great squares, he tried to estimate how hot the day was likely to be by the warmth that already began to feel uncomfortable beneath his thinly sandaled feet. He did not hurry, but stopped to watch some workmen repairing a part of the drain laid carefully beneath the street slabs, for the rain that fell during the winter was utilized as far as possible by the Carthaginians. And then, instead of going directly to his destination, he remembered a new way he had recently learned of snaring pelicans, and determined to

visit a lake where many of these birds as well as flamingos were to be found. To reach the spot he had to pass enormous cisterns surrounded by colonnades, and supplied by a vast terrace, above which rain water was collected.

The sun was already pouring hot beams down from a cloudless sky, when, having tired of the sport, he turned to pursue his way. He was glad when he had reached an olive grove, the silver gray foliage of the round heads of the trees, all very much alike, casting a welcome shade over the soil which had seemed all the more burning perhaps because of its reddish hue.

From this olive grove there was another short walk in the open, and then a welcome succession of orchards, until the walls of the Megara arose before him.

Feeling hot and tired, and seeing a mossy bed just inside of a thick hedge a short distance from the gate, he stretched himself full length on it.



“PEEPING OUT FROM UNDER THE HEDGE, HE SAW TWO MEN.”

He must have dozed for he was awakened by hearing voices on the other side. At first he did not listen, but after awhile bits of sentences began to claim his attention.

“We must have ten more,” said a soft, masculine voice.

“They are hard to get,” was the muttered response.

“But they must be got,” reiterated the first voice, the soft tones strangely blended with unalterable decision.

Here the parties evidently moved a little further away, for only scattered words reached Hanno. The peculiarity of the voice and the enigmatic words aroused Hanno's curiosity. Peeping out from under the hedge, he saw two men, one of whom appeared to him to be a priest. There was something familiar in his face, and, after much thought, he decided that he had seen him in the temple of the god Moloch. The other looked as if he might be

one of the lower order of temple servants. Hanno was about to crawl out from under his coverings when he saw that the men were returning. Fearful of the consequences of his being discovered, he was forced to remain hidden. "For the present," the priest was saying, "no one must know of our method of procedure. You must amend your clumsiness. Your last bungling might have cost us dear."

"Nay, not so fast," the other retorted with a familiarity that startled Hanno. "It was the slave's fault for not repairing the break as soon as the chit had passed through and so prevented the others from following. Well, he won't forget another time. And I intend having her for the honor of the god yet!"

"Do," came insinuatingly from the soft-voiced priest. "The effect is enhanced by beauty. Adieu. I return to my mission of persuasion. Oh, the foolish people! But haste you and report to the high priest Melikart, that

I am having at least partial success — three already have promised to sacrifice, and some more will yet listen to my teaching — not many. I should believe that I was forgetting my art did I not know that the peaceful times are conspiring against me. Fare-thee-well.” The soft tones made the last words sound like a benediction. Turning, the priest strolled down the hot silent street. Hanno lay very still. Although he did not understand the real import of what he had heard, he realized that it was what no outsider was supposed to know. He wondered vaguely what it all meant, but had come no nearer to solving the mystery when a half-hour later he crawled out and proceeded on his way. He thought of some clever questions to ask the owner of the house to which he was bound, but when he reached his destination he was greeted by so merry a group of children that he forgot all about it, and did not recall it again for many a day.

CHAPTER VII

VARIOUS HAPPENINGS

IT was the time of the year when caravans made their way from Carthage across the Desert of Sahara, and also across vast tracts in many parts almost as bare of vegetation and homes into Asia. Hanno, who had been taking an active part in his father's business for some time, had obtained permission to accompany him on one of these expeditions to the desert's very edge. It was a big affair. Not one man, but numerous merchants were interested, and many weeks had been spent in preparing for it. All went well armed to protect themselves from thievish tribes whom they might meet, and carried provisions and water with them for many months. They were in high spirits, for one of these expeditions was sometimes sufficient to

make the fortunes of all the merchants concerned, since in return for the cheap, gaudy finery, rude pottery, and salt which they carried with them, they would be paid with gold, slaves, ivory, ebony, ostrich feathers, and precious stones.

The camel which Hanno and his father rode excited many favorable comments from the group of half-naked urchins who gathered to see them start. "Gee, what feet!" they would exclaim. Hanno had reason to feel proud of it, for it was one of the rare breed of racing camels, and its clean tone of skin, slender flanks and more alert look differed markably from its dull, ungainly, and exceedingly bored-looking companions.

It was a slow journey, but steady, for the lumbering gait of the ordinary camels, with which, of course, the racing camel had to keep pace, never seemed to tire. Near Carthage there were bits of picturesque scenery, but, as they

proceeded further on, the landscape grew bare except for the heather, wild asparagus, and prickly esparto grass. Now and then a bit of relief was afforded by some sort of light pink blossom. The desert was reached at early dawn, a great, pallid, melancholy tract, with twisted shrubs almost bare of leaves along its edge. A solitary crow flew above their heads, and then as if despairing of the silent wastes turned back. Hanno and his father kept the merchants company until the sands seemed gleams of the rising sun, and then parted to return much more rapidly than they had come.

A band of scowling Numidians met them, but offered no harm. Then a few straggling natives of countries neighboring on Carthage, and under heavy tribute to her, passed them.

At a new, rapidly developing suburb, they made a somewhat protracted stay. Many new buildings were being constructed here, most of them with something over-massive, and, there-

fore, decidedly Carthaginian in their appearance. This was partly due to the foundation of large blocks of stones used without mortar. The upper portion of the houses was often made of cement in much the same way that it is today, earth being enclosed within a frame of boards constructed on either side. All the housetops agreed in being covered by concrete roofs, so made that every drop of rain water falling down on them might be saved by being sent into hidden reservoirs.

Hanno had just turned a corner to go in advance to where they had left the camel, when a four-horsed chariot passed him, the horses gay in their rich tasseled harness. In the front stood the master with his driver. The former had a bow in his left hand, while in his right he supported a parasol, which although considered a sign of effeminacy by many Carthaginians nevertheless indicated high rank. Behind him stood a servant with two dangerous-looking dag-

gers through his girdle. A quiver of arrows hung from the side of the car. Hanno recognized his cousin in the owner of this handsome equipage, the rich, and fashion-loving Maco, who was noted also as an ardent sportsman. He waved his hand vigorously at him. Maco nodded rather coldly, but after he had gone some distance evidently changed his mind and returned.

“We have room for you, you sea-explorer,” he said, coming up to the boy, “if you are not afraid of a real animal hunt.”

Hanno felt too happy to mind the insinuation. “I am not at all afraid.” He called to where his father stood, talking with a very self-important looking architect, who had been giving instructions at one of the buildings.

When his father came up, and was told why he was wanted, he hesitated for a moment, and then, to Hanno’s great joy, gave his assent.

“May the god of the Chase befriend you,”

he shouted after them, as Hanno leaped up beside his cousin, and the driver clicked to the horses, sending them off at a smart canter.

For a while Hanno was too happy to speak. Then the thought that he had no weapon began to alloy his pleasure. What was the use of going if he was not to take a real part in the hunt! At last he spoke of this.

“We must remedy that,” his cousin answered in a teasing tone. “For you are quite sure to do some killing. Sinco,” he said, turning to the statue-like servant behind, “give my cousin one of mine.” When Sinco had done this, not without some show of reluctance, Maco continued, “This may be your very own, young man, if you are the first to stain it with the blood of any animal that we meet.” Then he laughed, as if what he had said were a great joke.

They had been advancing at a very rapid gait toward the mountains which here were cov-

ered with a thick growth of trees and shrubs. The road grew rougher as soon as they began to ascend the slope, and progress was slower. Hanno kept his eyes wide open in the hope of proving to his scornful cousin that his being treated like a baby did not necessarily make him one. To his disappointment, however, as soon as they had come to a thicker underbrush, his cousin jumped out and beckoning to the driver and servant to follow him, bade Hanno remain with the horses. "Your mother would be my enemy for life if I let you get hurt," he said condescendingly, as he cautiously forced his way down the slope, where it would have been impossible for the horses to follow.

Hanno jumped down, unharnessed the horses and gave them their noon meal in the portable mangers which he found in the chariot. Then he made his way to a large date palm, under whose shade he stretched himself.

The quiet was suddenly broken by a faint cry



“ HE TOOK THIS POSITION JUST IN TIME.”

from below which brought him to his feet. At the same instant there was a crashing in the bushes as if an animal of some size were approaching. The underbrush grew too high and thick for Hanno to make out what it might be. Quick as a flash, however, he drew his knife, and poised himself ready to strike a blow. He took this position just in time, for a huge boar, with glittering tusks at least eight inches long, and tiny eyes flashing fiercely, with bristly hair erect, flew out just to his left, and, catching sight of a new enemy, rushed madly at him.

Hanno had done very little fighting on his own account, but he had spent hours in admiring study before paintings representing hunting scenes and had listened with intense interest, to stories of the chase. On the boat, too, one occasional amusement had been shooting the bow or launching stones at objects on shore, and Hanno had always won considerable praise for his dexterity. This practice now rendered him

good service, although, when he saw the blazing eyes of the mad creature, he felt himself grow pale. Fortunately the thought of his cousin's scorn steadied his hand, and just as the boar was about to spring on him, he threw his dagger, aiming it just back of the fore leg. It evidently struck a vital spot, for to Hanno's amazement the animal, with one last frightful roll of its eyes, fell over dead.

Hanno was still rooted to the spot, when some one clapped him on the shoulder. It was his cousin, who had followed the boar back without Hanno having perceived him.

"I know now where to find the companion that I need for my hunting trips," he said. "A splendid blow that. Where did you learn the trick? I'd have been proud to have struck so well myself. But the gods were on your side to-day. Here, you," he called to the two serving-men who had come up, "take this creature and let us prepare a sacrifice at once, as well as our

own repast." A stone was accordingly rolled up, and on this a libation was poured. Then the heart and other organs of the boar, together with a choice piece of the flesh, were placed on it. A fire was kindled around them, and, as they burned, Maco repeated with a religious fervor, curious in a man of his type, a sort of incantation.

While this was being done, one of the servants busied himself roasting a part of the boar, while the other gathered dates and drew eatables from apparently mysterious places, until a fair repast was spread on the ground. With his cousin's praises ringing in his ears it was no wonder that this meal tasted sweeter to Hanno than any he had ever eaten before.

CHAPTER VIII

MISHATH

As the cooler weather came on, the city became more and more lively. There was greater activity, too, on the part of the Shopetim, as the rulers of the city were called. This meant not only the regular meetings of that body, but also frequent banquets at which affairs of state were freely discussed before coming up officially for debate. These banquets, which were exceedingly elaborate, were possible not because the city paid for them, but because the Shopetim were almost without exception men of great wealth, many of them having bought their way to power. There were no inherited titles in Carthage. The rich and able ruled, regardless of birth. Sometimes the abuse of wealth was

carried so far that several offices were held by one man.

Since the First Punic War more or less disquieting news frequently circulated through the city, and it was whispered everywhere that matters between the Romans and the Carthaginians must soon come to another war. This was the more feared because the neighboring tribes, from whom Carthage always exacted a heavy tribute, were becoming more and more restless. Things came to a crisis when a supposed plot was discovered, according to which the Numidians were prepared to enter the city. This plot, which existed only in the imaginations of a group of men who hoped to achieve military promotion, and so greater power through its being believed, was naturally thought part of a Roman plan of invasion.

It was first hinted at about the time of one of the great religious festivals of the season, for which the priests of the many different temples

of the city had long been getting ready. This was particularly true of those of the temple of Moloch, that terrible place in Carthage where children were sacrificed to propitiate the gods. The excitement in the city was greatest, perhaps, when the priests announced that twenty children must be given, and urged the sacrifice on all parents, not only for the welfare of their own souls but also for the safety of the city. The response must have been disappointing, for the announcement was made at three different times; finally the priests threatening dire calamity if greater patriotism were not shown.

Hanno paid but little attention to all this, until two days before the great event when he accidentally met his friend Hodo, at whom he stared in astonishment, so altered did he find him. And no wonder. Hodo had terrible news to tell. His little sister, Mishath, had disappeared and he feared the worst.

“She had been talking,” he told Hanno

brokenly, “ of some one whom she called ‘ a man of God.’ One day she came home with some flowers which this ‘ man of God ’ had given her: another time with a — kite. We thought nothing of it for — for we considered it the action of some one who had been attracted to her — her pretty face. But we should have paid more attention to her chatter, now — now she is gone,” and Hodo, sinking down into a chair in the little workroom which they had reached, sobbed aloud.

Hanno, much moved, and not knowing what other comforts to offer, placed his arm through that of his friend. “ Have you no clew? ” he asked at last.

“ None,” Hodo answered, “ except the repeated phrase ‘ man of God!’ ” Both were silent for several minutes, then Hodo continued slowly: “ Once or twice it has occurred to me that there might be — be some connection between the incident that — that occurred shortly

after you returned from the Tin Islands — you — you remember, in the priest's garden. But no, surely —” and he shook his head.

When later Hanno had proceeded some distance toward home he suddenly stopped, and, after some reflection, turned and made his way back past the little garden to which Hodo had referred. As he stood staring into it a man came out of the gate, brushed past him, and then turning gave him a sharp, suspicious glance. As Hanno met it, he was struck not only by something sinister in it, but also by something strangely familiar in the man's general aspect. He could not place him, but for some reason when he tried to dismiss him from his thoughts, he found that he could not. What connection, if any, could that man have with the child's disappearance, he wondered. He went to bed early but slept restlessly. Suddenly he awoke conscious of some strange dream in which Hodo, Mishath, and the strange man who had looked

so sharply at him before the temple garden were jumbled together. Then the scene changed. The stranger was speaking to another man. Here he awoke fully. Why, they were the two whom he had seen by chance that hot summer day, when he had paid a visit to the suburb of Megara! He rubbed his eyes, but the thought not only persisted but expanded into a belief that they had some connection with his friend's grief. He tried to remember what they had said that day, but could only recall some expressions like "the more beautiful the better the effect on the people, and the more pleasing to the gods." He lay for a long time pondering over this. Had he not heard some one say that Mishath was beautiful? But what had that to do with the effect on the people and the pleasure of the gods? And then he suddenly felt as if choking. It was — The Sacrifice! THE SACRIFICE to Moloch! Mishath was to be one of the victims!

After that, sleep was impossible. As soon as light dawned he slipped quietly out of the house for a long walk in the open air. But even that did not dispel his gloom. Little Mishath, sweet, innocent little Mishath, must die! For even if the way were found to save her, it must not be done, lest the anger of the terrible god Moloch descend on him and his.

When Hanno returned to the city, however, he had resolved that come what would he must tell Hodo his suspicions. "Perhaps he will laugh away my fears," he thought; "the child may already have been found."

Hodo was not in his workroom, and so Hanno made his way to the tall tenement house in which he lived. Hodo, very pale and hollow-eyed, opened the door for him. His widowed mother came in soon after, her eyes red from weeping and lack of sleep.

The boy had no sooner mentioned his suspicions than the mother uttered a cry: "It is as

I thought. There is no hope now," and fell over in a faint.

It took some time to restore her. Hanno was greatly effected, and when the mother sank down on her knees before him, and begged: "Oh, Hodo's friend, you who are so rich and powerful, will you not aid us to recover our darling?" he forgot the fears that had been troubling him all morning and swore by the greatest god, Baal-Hammon, that he would do everything that lay in his power.

But when Hanno reached the street again he felt greatly agitated at what he had done. How would the gods regard his interference? Did not the priests teach that the children who were sacrificed were blest above all others? And whose help could he ask with safety? Neither his father nor mother would sympathize with his efforts. Well, there was his grandmother. She, at least, would not betray his secret nor laugh at it.

And so, after he had breakfasted, he made his way to where she sat in her small balcony, overlooking the garden, superintending the work of two slave girls who knelt on mats at her feet.

Evidently Hanno's face told a story which the bright quick eyes of his grandmother read at a glance.

"I am tired of being out here," she said, the fresh tones of her voice belying her words. "I shall lie down and you must talk to me, Hanno. See, Emca," she continued to the older of the two young women, "that no one disturbs me." Then, nodding to her grandson to follow her, she made her way into a luxurious inner chamber. Here she dropped into a heavy ebony arm-chair, and pointing to a stool at her feet for Hanno to take, asked abruptly, but in a singularly kind voice, "Tell me frankly, what troubles you, Hanno?"

The story was a long one. At its conclusion she asked a few questions, and then sat with her

face resting in her hands. When at last she spoke the tones of her voice had changed; there was something weary in its accents.

“I am glad you came to me, Hanno; if you had gone to some one else it might have cost you your liberty. Be careful not to speak of it. If you restore the child do not let any one know you did it. And, Hanno,” she continued almost fiercely, “do not trouble your mind about your impiety to the gods,—when you grow older you may learn that the sacrifices seem as barbarous to many Carthaginians deserving of your highest respect, as they seem to the Greeks and Romans.” She paused, then added: “Once more, I tell you, Hanno, let your conscience be clear. The gods of the priests are not the gods of the heavens,” and with an embrace and promise of help, she dismissed him.

CHAPTER IX

THE FESTIVAL

THE solemnity of the great church festival was made even greater by the death, that very week, of one of the Shopetim. It augured no good, the people said.

On the day of the funeral the entire city wrapped itself in gloom. The unnatural, dismal silence which pervaded it was now and then disturbed by a piercing outburst of grief. The body of the deceased, carried by slaves on a richly draped litter, had been first enveloped in bands, the mouth and eyes being covered with gold leaf. An amulet, consisting of a little gold case containing a text written on gold plates, had been tied around the neck. The procession wound its way through the principal streets, past beautiful marble palaces, and the

magnificent works of art, many of which Carthage had ruthlessly seized from conquered cities, until it reached the burial-place, where it made its way to a plot set apart for persons high in the state. A handsome sarcophagus, called the eternal house, stood ready to receive the body.

Queer little lamps, made of discs of clay, pinched back in three places to form peaks, had been placed within this tomb to light the soul on its long journey. There were food and drink too, that the soul might not grow faint, and tiny images of warriors, horses, and chariots, as well as figures of the gods, each with a significance of its own.

Then, only two days after this, came a very different scene. The streets now were filled to overflowing, shops being emptied, workmen idle. Not only was all of Carthage gathered to see and take part in the gorgeous pageant prepared, but the people of all the outlying districts, and

many from neighboring countries, had come to witness it, and to feast and make merry, after the required religious rites had been fulfilled. The unmistakable undertone of excitement and impatience grew constantly greater, especially among the multitudes of naked, unwashed children. It was seen, too, in the constant surging of the crowd, even those who had gained advantageous positions seldom remaining quietly in them. It was with difficulty that many arms kept a pathway clear. At last a great shout went up: "They come! they come!" At the same time a loud trumpet blast announced that the procession had started. A deep expectant silence fell on all.

The succession of gods, goddesses, priests and priestesses that now began to file by was headed by the greatest god whom the Carthaginians acknowledged, Baal-Hammon, the Lord of Heaven, the Sun god, figured as a man in the prime of life, with enormous ram's horns.

Next to him came the representation of Ash-toreth or Astarte, the Moon goddess, or, as some claim, the goddess of all Nature, presiding over a never-ending process of creation and destruction. Over her shoulders was draped a square embroidered mantle, purple red in color, so fine, so beautiful, so rare that its purchase price would have ransomed a city. On one of her outstretched hands was perched a dove, while her head-dress represented a moon-disc.

Near her was Esmoun, the god of Medicine, or *Æsculapius*, as the Greeks called him, the supreme manifestation of the Divinity, whose magnificent temple was in the Byrsa itself.

Then came many statues representing lesser gods, among them those of Greece and Egypt as well as a bevy of strange, grotesque dwarf gods. Last came Moloch, the terrible God of Fire and Light, to whom human sacrifices were made, and to whom this day was to be particularly devoted.

Among these representatives of the gods of Carthage walked the proud priests, richly dressed in scarlet stoles, which fell to their bare or sandaled feet, with garlands in their hands and golden crowns on their shaven heads.

The priestesses came after the musicians, with their lyres and castanets. Among them one of extraordinary beauty commanded attention. She was dressed in the costume of the great Egyptian Goddess Isis, a vulture's head surmounting her head-dress, and wings of the sacred bird spread over her dress. She walked with a free majestic calm, which, combined with her fine face, left an impression of courageous strength that accorded well with the bravery shown later by the women of Carthage when they knew that their city was doomed.

Such throngs filled all the temples that it was sometimes difficult to enter or leave, but the greatest crowd of all, and one constantly increas-

ing, was massed at the magnificent shrine of the Fire God.

“ On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams enclosed.
The rafters are with brazen cov’rings crowned,
The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.”

In the outer portion, arrayed against the walls, were more of the beautiful statues which Carthage appropriated for her own whenever possible. Some of these were painted with a rare delicacy. The Greek influence was to be plainly seen. Here and there rose other statues representing different aspects of Moloch. These were surrounded by offerings, including incense boxes, perfume bottles, fruits, flowers, and rather crude tablets, on many of which the donors were represented in an adoring attitude, and in which they did not hesitate to recapitulate what they had already given to this deity. Only one of these tablets was of superior work-

manship. It was very simple, with a border representing the Egyptian and Phœnician symbol of the universe, a snake with its tail in its mouth, and a representation of a raised hand denoting supplication. It ended with the words, "As thou hearest this supplication, oh, Baal Moloch, do thou bless me and mine."

In the center of the temple was a great, paved courtyard, lined with a succession of high columns, forming shaded porticos. At one end rose the pavilion on which sat the enormous and horrible metal statue representing Moloch, before which men looked like dwarfs.

Here the throng of worshipers was the thickest, many of them prostrate on the floor in their devotion, others bartering, strangely enough, with amulet merchants, or the peddlers of sacred statuettes. It was a beautiful place in which to be, with the trees and flowers which breathed forth a strange, almost over-powering perfume. The effect of these heavy odors was

enhanced by the sound of the gently falling waters of fountains and the innumerable cooings of doves.

Very early that same morning there had been two unusual and trembling visitors to that inner courtyard. They were Hodo and Hanno. Their visit was the outcome of several secret meetings in the apartments of Hanno's grandmother, and were brought about entirely through her influence.

In the outer apartment Hodo, carrying something in a square wooden box, had stopped before one of the many regulations affixed to the walls and had read aloud, "Whoever transgresses against the Lord God Moloch shall forfeit his harvest to the Priest."

He gave a deep sigh. "Yea," he said in a low tone to Hanno, "and that and more will — will I gladly forfeit if — if my transgressions prove effective!"

Before the enormous statue the boys were

met by one of the lesser priests who, taking the box from Hodo (evidently according to some agreement), opened it, revealing the beautiful silver plate that Hodo had once proudly shown Hanno as a commission from one of the Greek temples.

“And so,” said the priest, eyeing it curiously, “the Greeks gave you this to do! Well, it is very fine, and I am glad that you are pious enough to donate it on this great day to our temple. The Lord God Moloch will surely reward you.”

Here Hanno, seeing that Hodo could not speak, began to ask questions regarding the celebration. “Everything,” concluded the priest, “is ready.”

“And does the machinery of the statue never go amiss?” asked Hodo, his teeth chattering.

“It is always overhauled the day before it is to be put to any great use. That,” the priest continued, “is absolutely necessary.”

“Hodo here gets queer orders sometimes,” began Hanno, remembering how his grandmother had drilled him. “Some one wants him to make little movable gods to take to Africa. Now, if he could get a glimpse of the machinery” — here Hanno held out a gold piece — “he might form an idea how to go to work.” And he jingled two more pieces.

“Ah,” said the priest, made good-natured by the gift and the sight of the money, “that’s your game, is it? Well, it’s against the rules but — if you’re quick —” He glanced around. No one was in sight, and, lifting a heavy curtain, he disclosed a small door which he opened, the boys following him into an alcove immediately back of the statue.

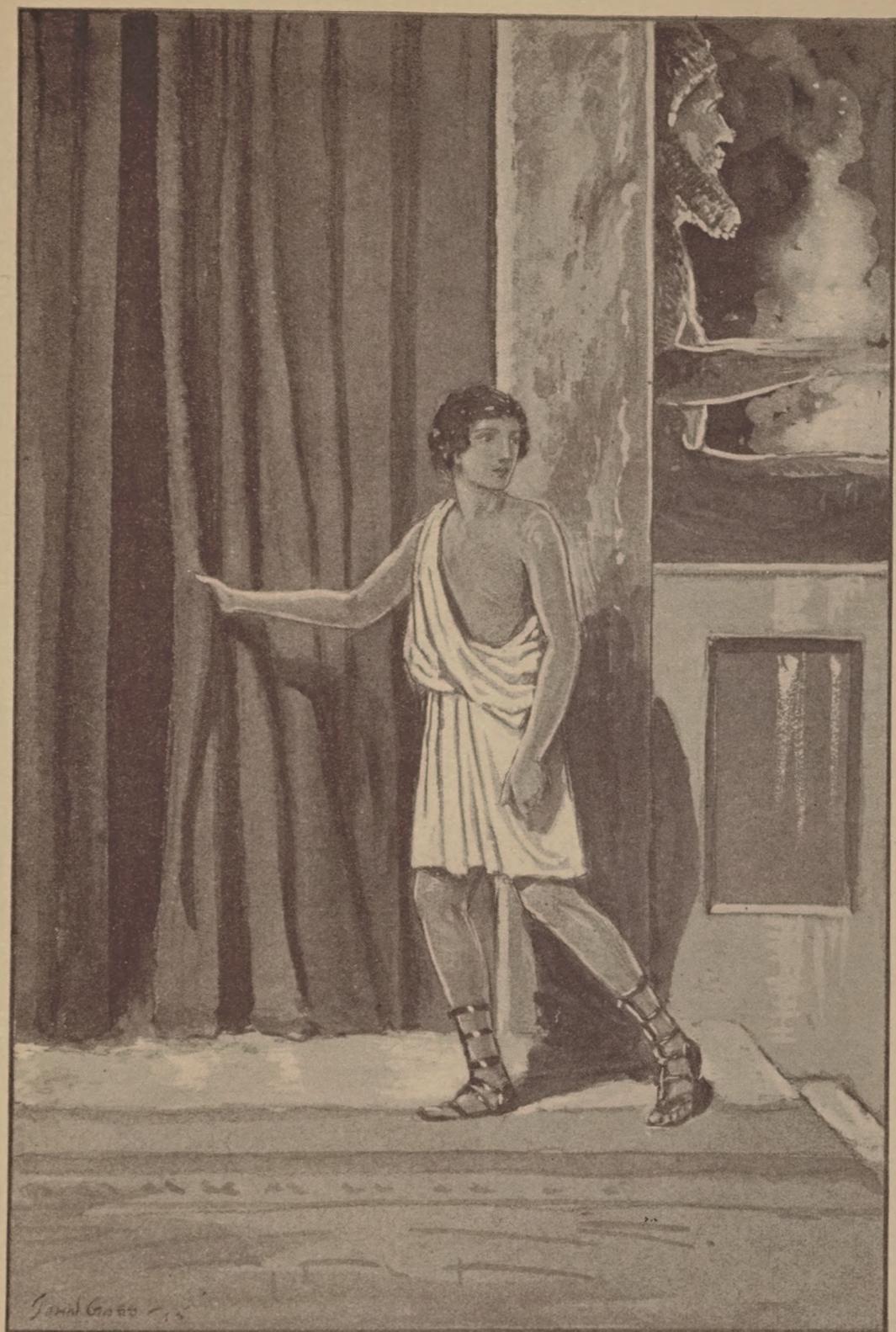
“If I — I — touch this, would it — it move?” and Hodo laid a quivering hand on one part of the works. The priest nodded curtly. “Come,” he said, “you’ve seen enough,” and he led the way back.

The three walked slowly into the outer hall. Here Hodo stopped and fumbling under the folds of his tunic, stutteringly said, "I — I — I — dropped —" and, without waiting to conclude, turned and ran back into the inner shrine.

A few minutes later Hodo, his face white as clay, had rejoined Hanno and the priest, whom his friend had managed to detain near the entrance. Fortunately for him some worshipers now entered, and Hanno, placing his arm through Hodo's, helped him regain the outer air.

Here the young artist seemed to breathe more easily. "It — is — is done," he gasped. "If — if — it works — there will be no — no sacrifice to-day."

And now both were somewhere in the temple. The ceremony began by a rich Sardinian carpet being placed before the statue. Then the High Priest, standing on it, gave a short prayer, beg-



“TURNED AND RAN BACK INTO THE INNER SHRINE.”

ging the god to accept the offerings of his faithful subjects, and to bestow his favor on all in the city, but particularly on those who had made the greatest sacrifices. Then other priests muttered incantations and swung their censers. A deep silence fell as the worshipers prepared themselves for the great feature of the day, which was to consist of one child after another, to the number of twenty, being placed in the god's outstretched arms, from whence, by delicately managed machinery, each was to be dropped into his broad lap, in the hollow beneath which a bright fire burned.

The crash of cymbals, shouts from the priests and the excited ejaculations from the populous came together as three infants, one after the other, disappeared within the fiery furnace.

Hanno stood as if petrified. So Hodo had failed, after all. The machinery — yes, there was no doubt of it — was working. Rousing himself, he started to make his way toward the

pillar against which Hodo was leaning. He had almost reached it when Hodo with a despairing cry rushed forward.

The awful moment had come. Mishath was led forth. She must have been drugged, for she seemed to offer no resistance. She was dressed in white, a single perfect rose in her beautiful hair, which hung in waves almost to her knees. A murmur of admiration could be heard as the High Priest came forward and stood holding her by the hand for a few moments before he lifted her into the enormous arms of the idol.

Unable to take his eyes from Mishath's pale face and apparently unseeing eyes, Hanno was nevertheless aware that Hodo was struggling with several priests in the very front ranks of the prostrated people. "She is gone," he heard him cry; "gone forever!" But she was not yet gone. She lay uneasily on the outstretched arms which made no motion to deposit her be-

low. Around her stood several astonished priests, two of them speaking in low tones to the angry-browed High Priest.

For a moment he stood over the child with outstretched hands, as if about to slay her. Then arriving at some sudden decision, and evidently resolved to turn defeat into victory, stepped forth and addressed the worshipers. "Oh, people of Carthage, rejoice with me. A great sign has been given us by Moloch that our sacrifices have been more than enough, for see, he refuses this child, beautiful and good though she undoubtedly is, and bids her live." As he spoke, he took Mishath up in his arms and cast a glance down to where Hodo was striving to free himself from the temple assistants who held him.

"You," said the High Priest, a look of understanding passing over his face; "do you claim her? Let him go," he added to the attendants, and placing the child in the arms of

Hodo, who had rushed forward, said in a sharp but lower tone, "and go quickly!"

There was no need for the last words. The artist with his burden made his way through the crowds with an energy for which few acquaintances would have given him credit. At the entrance he was joined by Hanno who accompanied him to his home. As they passed out of the crowds into the tenement quarter where Hodo lived, now entirely bare of people, Hanno suddenly had a feeling that some one was at their very heels, and turning, saw the very man who lately had been constantly haunting his dreams — the evil-eyed temple servant. The latter met his startled gaze with a malignant glance, and turning sharply, disappeared down a side street.

Hanno said nothing of this to Hodo, but having seen that the child was not seriously injured, and was recovering in her mother's arms, he returned home. Exceedingly tired with the ex-

citing events of the last three days he threw himself down on the couch and fell into a deep sleep.

When he awoke he found his grandmother standing before him, her kind, strong face greatly troubled. For awhile she could not speak as he gazed inquiringly at her.

“My poor, dear boy,” she said, clasping him to herself, “I am in deep trouble about you.”

Then she told him that word had reached them through a trusted friend, that steps were to be taken to arrest both himself and Hodo for that most serious of all crimes — impiety.

“It is my fault,” she exclaimed; “I should have foreseen the consequences; but come, your parents are waiting below to decide what is to be done.”

Down-stairs Hanno found his father and his mother, his gay cousin, now very serious, and a trusted friend of the family.

It was a long, grave consultation that was

held, the seriousness of any persecution by the priests being admitted by all. Finally, after long debate, the decision arrived at was not an altogether unwelcome one to Hanno. A merchant ship was to sail at dawn next morning for Spain. It was arranged that Hanno with Hodo, his mother and sister, were to board a pleasure-boat belonging to Maco that very night and travel in it as far as Utica, where they could board the larger vessel the next morning. Hanno was hastily provided with a special letter to Hannibal, and then word was sent to Hodo's home of the necessity of making certain quick preparations. Once out of the city, all felt certain that the matter would be dropped, and that Hanno at least, through liberal donations to the church, could soon return to Carthage.

Everything went even better than had been hoped. Hodo, his mother and Mishath, the latter weak but otherwise on the way to recov-

ery, were dropped at the Island of Sardinia where provision was made for their temporary stay, while Hanno sailed on to what was to be the beginning of a new, and long, and very important era in his life.

CHAPTER X

WITH HANNIBAL

HANNO had been doubtful what his reception in Spain would be, but he was immediately reassured by Hannibal's kind greeting. "I have heard all about it," the great leader remarked gravely, after he had inquired regarding relatives and friends. "It was a rash thing to do. No one ought to undertake lightly anything contrary to religion, anything that may give offense to the gods. But I understand," he continued, as he saw Hanno's emotion, laying his hands gently on the boy's shoulder, "and one thing for me redeems whatever mistake there may have been in it — your loyalty and sacrifice for your friend. If you are willing, you will find plenty opportunity here to redeem yourself in the eyes of any who judge your action too severely."

The very next day Hanno's training began. It was very much the same as Hannibal's own had been when, with his two brothers, he had first come to Spain. Every day a master from the Balearic Islands taught the boy how to shoot the bow, how to sling stones, and fling darts.

Time passed quickly and not unhappily. With one thing particularly Hanno was impressed — the universal love and respect for Hannibal, who though not yet at the head of the troops, already displayed those great qualities for which he afterward became famous. Sometimes the soldiers with whom the youth was now thrown, spoke also of Hannibal's father, Hamilcar Barca, and how he had changed the towns of Spain, which had been merely storehouses and manufacturing centers, into well fortified cities, how he had trained the traders into capable soldiers, and how he had won over the natives. "Even the Romans could not withhold their respect," one old sol-

dier had said in his hearing. "Why, Cato the Elder himself remarked that there was no king equal to Hamilcar Barca."

The time came when Hasdrubal, who had been in command since the death of his father-in-law, was killed. No sooner did the news reach camp than a great unanimous shout arose of "Hannibal! Hannibal! OUR COMMANDER! We will follow only Hannibal!" Before night a delegation had been selected to leave at the earliest opportunity for Carthage to lay that request before the rulers there.

It was some time before this delegation returned, for they had to meet serious objections on the part of the rulers to giving so important a place to one as young as Hannibal then was. Hanno had sent a long letter to his parents enlarging on his opportunities, on the favor shown him by the popular leader, and begging his father to exert his influence on Hannibal's behalf. When finally the delegation did return

with the news of success, there was general and unpretended rejoicing. This was not only among those of Carthaginian descent, but also among the heavy-armed troops which Hamilcar Barca had brought from Libya, among the selected light horse from Numidia, as well as among the native troops of Spain. Hanno, who had been made a member of Hannibal's staff, was with him at the time, and noted the pleasure which the great man felt. Hannibal's speech was a short one. He said, "I have only one wish,—that my country be great and prosperous, not humbled as Rome would humble it if she could. I can swear to you that I have consecrated my life to this end. You, who are Carthaginians, will reap a direct benefit, and you who are not, a no less though indirect one, for Carthage will never prove ungrateful to those who now come to her aid."

Hanno could not take his eyes from Hannibal's fine, resolute face, and, when he saw his

emotion, he himself felt something new and strange surge through his blood, something that made him understand and almost envy Marina, an African chief, noted for his daredevil bravery, who flung himself down at the general's feet and kissed the hem of his garments. "Hannibal! Hannibal!" again rang out on all sides joyously.

From that day Hanno took his place among the other hero-worshipers of the camp. He studied every action, every word, every expression of a man who seemed to him little less than a god. To secure a few words of praise from him began to be for Hanno the height of happiness. And he came to long for action, for some way in which to prove his devotion. But although Hannibal added one town after another to the Carthaginian possessions Hanno was given no opportunity for service until he was older.

There was one town on the eastern coast that

the Carthaginians had not taken. It was called Saguntum, and the inhabitants desiring to be free appealed to Rome for help. The Romans were glad perhaps of an excuse to dictate to Carthage. They sent an embassy to Hannibal, sternly commanding him not to attack Saguntum, nor even to cross the Ebro River.

Hannibal received and heard the embassy with dignity mingled with undisguised disdain. Who were they to dare dictate to him? When they had finished he haughtily turned away without vouchsafing a reply.

From that day preparations were made to defy the Romans. A siege was laid to Saguntum. It lasted eight months, the starving inhabitants vainly hoping for the promised help from Rome that did not come. At last, rather than surrender, they burned the treasure, of which they had a great quantity, and themselves with it.

But if this siege was exciting to Hanno, it

was nothing to what he felt when it was definitely announced that they were to invade Italy, to march against Rome itself. To do this it was necessary to cross the high Alps Mountains, an undertaking at the time so stupendous that some one has said that no one but a madman or a great genius would have dared even to conceive it.

Hannibal had long been laying his plans for it. Now that the time had come, he called his troops together and asked them if they would follow him. "Follow him?" They would have followed him through fire itself!

Before the army started, a day was set apart for supplication to the gods for Carthaginian success. Then with ninety thousand foot soldiers, twelve thousand cavalry and thirty-seven elephants, the daring journey was begun.

Hannibal now proved his right to the homage paid him in so full a measure. When danger threatened he was always in the front; when

hardships came he shared them with the meanest soldier. And certainly no leader at that time, nor perhaps in any other, ever cared for the comfort and well-being of his troops in a more fatherly fashion. His quickness of invention too, seemed able to meet every great and unexpected difficulty that presented itself.

As for Hanno, his chances for service were come. When the Carthaginians reached the Rhone River they found a body of unfriendly Gauls gathered to oppose their passage. Hannibal sent the youth, accompanied by a body of troops, to cross the stream higher up, and then to creep into the enemies' camp, and set it on fire. As soon as smoke showed that this had been done, the Carthaginian troops began to ford the river. The Gauls greeted them with jeers and wild shouts of joy, which, however, soon changed to dismay and flight, when they saw the fire that threatened their possessions.

The few who remained to fight were easily routed.

Here the serious question arose of getting the elephants, on the effect of whom Hannibal counted overmuch, perhaps, across the water.

Every possible effort to persuade them to enter it was made, but in vain. Hannibal was not discouraged. He ordered enormous rafts to be built. Then he had these covered with turf, so that they seemed a part of the shore. The elephants were taken from one to another of these, until the furthest rafts were reached. These then were severed from the others. As they began to move most of the frightened beasts jumped immediately into the water, but were thus driven easily to the other side.

When Scipio, who had been sent by the Romans to fight the Carthaginians, learned that Hannibal was crossing the Alps, he could hardly believe it, and when persuaded that it was true, did not dare to follow. Instead, he resolved to

return to Italy in the same way he had come, in order to meet Hannibal when he arrived.

In the meantime the Carthaginian army struggled on over the rough mountain passes. Now and then they had experiences with hostile tribes who hurled huge stones at them from above and managed to inflict great damage. But even a worse effect on the spirits of the soldiers, accustomed to a warm southern climate, came through the bitter cold, their wet clothes often freezing on their backs. This was hard to counteract.

At one point there had been a fresh fall of snow across a narrow icy path, which rendered progress exceedingly difficult. Some of the soldiers stepped into immense holes, while several horses tumbled across rocks that lay hidden, and all of these were hurled down the sides of the precipice. Hannibal ordered a halt.

“Who will volunteer,” he asked, “to investigate what lies before us?”

A score of men and officers came forth at once, but among them Hanno's eager face caught the general's attention. "Go, Hanno," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "prove your lightness of foot, and steadiness of head."

Proud of the favor thus shown him, Hanno carefully advanced. Instead of becoming wider, the path grew narrower, and it was only by clinging to tiny bushes and roots of trees on the sides of rocks, that he was able to proceed. At last he reached the end, a place where a recent landslide had entirely covered the path, leaving an enormous precipice at its foot. With even greater difficulty he made his way back and reported what he had seen. "We shall have to return," he said.

But Hannibal shook his head. What were even such freaks of nature to him? Some of his men were set to work, and, before another hour had passed, there was a loud, resounding report, while rocks and trees were blown high

into the air. With some sort of explosive which he carried with him Hanno was making a new pathway to lower ground.

It required a day of hard work for the soldiers to clear this, and then, although most of the troops were able to descend into the green little valley below to camp there and rest, it took several more days before the path was wide enough for the passing of the elephants.

Thus one difficulty after another was conquered, until at last the foot of the mountains was reached. Here the troops soon forgot their dreadful hardships in the cordial welcome given them by Gallic tribes who fully shared their hatred of Rome.

To Hanno, in later years, the life in Italy always seemed like part of a strange dream. Was it really true, he always asked himself, that when Hannibal was there he was feared by the Romans as no other man had ever been? Was it true that he was victorious in battle after bat-

tle? That in the very dominions of those Romans feared by all the world he went wherever and did apparently whatever he pleased? And how did it come about that he always, almost instinctively, eluded the Romans who always seemed at his very heels?

Sometimes particular battle scenes would flash through his mind. One in particular came often, in which by Hannibal's orders he had accompanied him to a spot where an old man who had served under Hamilcar Barca lay wounded. He would recall how Hannibal had raised him in his arms and had himself washed out his wounds with old wine, and how the man, weakened by loss of blood, had feebly held out his hand to him with an expression of hope and courage wonderful to behold in one so old, saying: "For your sake, oh, Hannibal, I shall make the effort to live and fight once again."

He could see the same service being done by the general's orders in other parts of the field,

even the horses receiving the same careful attention; and he could see Hannibal striving to be everywhere, conscious of the hope that a word from him could bring.

One day, when Hanno was a very old man, a Roman said to him: "Tell me, you veteran of the Punic War, the secret of how your Hannibal kept that wonderful mixture of soldiers that he had with him in Italy so faithful to him despite all the temptations to desert?"

"Every one," Hanno answered firmly, "was willing to die for him, because"—here he paused, and then concluded emphatically—"because every one knew that he was willing to die for the meanest among them."

"What?" said the Roman scornfully turning away. "I can't believe that of any barbarian."

Hanno's eyes flashed. Barbarian indeed! He recalled how, after a victorious battle, Hannibal had sought for a certain Roman

leader in order to give him that decent burial considered so important in the ancient world; in contrast to this he saw again how the Romans, after slaying Hannibal's brother, had flung his head into the Carthaginian camp. If Hannibal was a barbarian what then were the Romans!

And then his anger passed, as he remembered sadly how his countrymen had treated this their greatest man, how through jealousy of the power he exercised, they had refused to send him the help which he needed, the help which would have enabled him, perhaps, to make his wonderful victories lasting. Hodo had been right, Carthage became a loser as soon as she threw all her energies into a desire for gain.

When Hannibal was conquered at last, it was not through lack of loyalty in his followers, nor lack of brilliancy of generalship, for outside of Cæsar there had never been a leader equal to him among the Romans. It was through a

policy started by the Roman, Quintus Fabius — the policy of wearing out his army, or rendering them dissatisfied, by constant waiting. If you ever hear the expression, “Fabian policy,” you will now know what it means. A still more important factor in his defeat came through the fact that Carthage did not support him in his self sacrifice.

While Hanno was still with Hannibal, the life led by the soldiers was tiring enough for him. Sometimes he longed for the comforts of his Carthaginian home; sometimes regretted that he had ever come so far. One day Hannibal summoned him. “I am sending an embassy to Carthage, to again beg our people there not to throw away the advantages already gained. They leave in a couple of nights. If you desire, you may return with them.”

A flush of happiness spread itself over Hanno's face. He looked up at Hannibal to express his gratitude for the consideration, and

then something he could not have explained made him grow pale. The words refused to come.

“Well,” said Hannibal with a genuine kindness of words and tones so characteristic of him, “what is it?”

“Oh, Sire,” stammered Hanno, “I have longed for Carthage; I have wanted to go home; but it has just come to me that there is something I want more, it is — to stay with you!”

There was so much sincerity in the speech that Hannibal was greatly affected. “If the gods will, you shall stay,” he said, “and fight with me by my side to the end.”

But evidently the gods did not will it, for on the very eve of the departure of the embassy, word reached Hanno of his father’s death, and the urgent need of his presence home.

When the moment for parting came, Hannibal kissed Hanno on the cheek. “It must be as the gods will have it,” he said. “They are

strong and we are weak. Besides, ought I not to be glad that so faithful a comrade is to add his unpledged word to those of my ambassadors? You will still fight for me by going back, Hanno, fight for me against that other Hanno who loves himself more than his country,¹ so go with my blessing. We may meet in another battlefield." And with a last parting wave to those who had already gone on, a last kindly glance at Hanno, Hannibal turned abruptly into his tent.

Hanno stood looking back at him, and then with a feeling of irretrievable loss turned his eyes from Italy, which he was never to see again.

¹ A reference to the so-called Hanno the Great, a leader of the aristocratic party in Carthage, and an opponent of Hamilcar Barca and Hannibal.

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