

excite marvel. Our next illustration affords us a glimpse of the British camp at Thana, in the Swat Valley, the country lying between Peshawur (18 miles from the eastern end of the Khyber Pass) and Chitral, the occupation of which by our troops a few years ago, is alleged by some to be the cause of the present uprising among the natives, through whose territory we have been forced to take a "right of way."

The Indian war has largely monopolized the attention of the British public, but even without that counter attraction the actual fighting in the present Nile campaign has not been such as to attract British public attention in a high degree; for the enemy's utter deficiency of tac-

Herbert Kitchener, the Sirdar, has led into the Soudan, and with which the reconquest of Nubia and of the Nile from Wady Halfa to Berber has been gradually but surely effected, seems to be as efficient and as completely equipped as any similarly mixed force employed in the British Indian dominions.

In our next illustration is presented the scene of the Sirdar's reception on his arrival at Berber with general acclamations in the Anglo-Egyptian camp.

Our illustration on Page 164 must not be taken as a desire on our part to "force the season," for it is true to nature and depicts a typical mid-day in November, at the head of Lake La Barge, on the way to the Klondyke. In the country



THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN THE SOUDAN. ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF THE SIRDAR'S FORCE AS IT APPROACHED BERBER.

tics, and the inferior quality of his forces, a mere rabble of wild Desert tribesmen rushing to combat in the frenzy of Arab warfare, has allowed each engagement to be decided chiefly by the steady valour of the Soudanese regiments.

The Khedive is now served, thanks to British counsel and help, by a very efficient, though not too large, native army of Fellaheen or Egyptian peasants and of "black" or dusky Soudanese, well drilled and trained, partly under the command of English officers, thoroughly disciplined and obedient, and perhaps not less courageous than the soldiery of most European States. With the aid of a small contingent of troops of our own army, the force which General Sir

from which the scene is taken, in winter at high noon there is little more than twilight. It is much more like night than day, especially when the moon is full. Everything is then frozen solid. Eighty degrees of frost are frequently experienced, and the only mode of travelling is as shown.

The arrival and subsequent christening of the little Marlborough were events of considerable social importance not only in England but in New York, in which city the Duke won and wedded his wife, the daughter of Mr. William Vanderbilt. The scene at the christening of the latest addition to the ancient house of Marlborough is well depicted in our next illustration.