

TOM FAIRWEATHER AT ADEN.

The next port made by the vessel upon which Tom Fairweather was so active and interested a passenger was Aden. Tom had been told that Aden was called the Gibraltar of the East, so that he was prepared for frowning rocks and natural fortresses when his father's ship steamed into the bay. But he was not prepared for anything quite so black and barren as greeted him. Lieutenant Jollytarre was leaning with him over the ship's side.

"I never saw such black hills," said Tom. "They look as though they had just been thrown up by an earthquake."

"And so they were, only longer ago than you and I could count. You see their forms show all the violence of the convulsion which created them—heaps of burned fragments, cliffs divided by deep fissures, and sharp peaks shooting upward. Perhaps the fires are still raging within their sides."

"I shouldn't like to live here. I should be afraid of an outbreak any day." "That has not happened for a long time. I suppose the earth's fury is gradually dying out. But take it all in all, the other nickname by which Aden is known suits it the best; it is quite often called 'the coal-hole of the East.'"

"And I don't know anything it looks more like," quoth Tom.

"Yes, it is a good name, and for other reasons. A great quantity of coal is stored here, belonging chiefly to steam-ship companies. Aden drives a flourishing trade from the fact that it is a free port. It has almost ruined Mocha by taking away a great deal of the coffee trade from there. It exports also honey, gum, feathers, dyes, pearls, and ivory. Of course it imports but little besides coal, wines, liquors, and some coarse cotton goods."

All this time they were steaming into Aden Bay. When they had come to anchor, Tom's father suggested that he should go on shore at once with Jollytarre. "Tom, you know, was always wild for the first chance to stretch his legs. They were landed by one of the ship's boats at a fine pier, and found themselves in a village skirting one side of the harbor."

"This is not Aden proper," explained the Lieutenant; "that lies beyond, three or four miles across the peninsula. We'll want a carriage to drive there in."

They stopped a moment and looked about them. Immediately they were surrounded by a crowd of persons eager to supply fifty imaginary wants. One Arab urged them to buy ostrich feathers; another wished to rent them horses.

"I can't stand this," said Mr. Jollytarre. "Life is short, and as we only came here for coal, and as we are to leave to-morrow, we must make the most of our time. Good! there's a carriage!" and Jollytarre concluded the bargain forthwith.

The road from the inner harbor across to old Aden is of sand and volcanic cinders. It lay between black scorched hills and over blistering sand. The place reminded Tom of pictures he had seen by Dore, who used to delight in such subjects.

Presently they came to a pass cut through the comb of a ridge. It was closed by a heavy double gateway, and the wall crossed by an arch. A soldier stood guard at the gate.

Our two friends passed parties of Arabs bringing camel loads of their produce to market. Tom stared a good deal. This was the first time he had ever seen a camel outside of a circus, and he was both amused and excited.

"I would give a good deal to get on one of them," said he.

Just then a line of camels coming toward them was stopped by the drivers for a rest. Mr. Jollytarre was not slow in taking a hint. He called out to the coachman to stop also. "I don't doubt those fellows would give you a lift, Tom," he said. And he proceeded, partly by signs and partly by the few words of Arabic he had at his command, to make known Tom's wish.

One of the men nodded pleasantly, and coaxed and pulled his camel down on his

knees, so that Tom could mount. Tom felt himself rise higher and higher. The chief impression made upon him was of one prolonged shake. The camel was so big and it was so long before he staid himself on his legs, that Tom thought he never would stop going up. Finally the great creature took one huge stride and then another. It was by no means a gentle motion. It was a swaying from side to side; it was a pitching forward; it was the shaking continued; and, above all, there was the sensation of being on the top of a very high mountain.

Mr. Jollytarre had resigned himself to the idea that Tom's ride would be a prolonged one, but in fact it very soon came to an end, for Tom found the camel so dirty that he was glad to get away from the disagreeable smell and greasy feeling, and to return to his seat in the carriage.

Having left the pass behind them, the town of Aden came into view. It lay in a circular sandy basin, almost inclosed by black mountains of volcanic cinder.

Through the town ran the dry bed of a torrent which rarely flowed, since it only rained heavily in Aden once or twice a year.

are so admirably constructed that the British government thought it worth while to restore them, so that now they will hold over ten million gallons of water."

Having made a thorough examination of the tanks, Tom and his friend returned to their carriage and drove back to New Aden.

"The Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb are over there," said the Lieutenant. "By-the-way, they used to be called the Gate of Tears, from the number of wrecks that occurred there before navigation was much studied. Tom, take a look around and see what a strongly fortified old place this could be made. From the beginning of days in Aden wars and rumors of wars have been familiar sounds here. Even after the place came into the possession of the East India Company robbery and murder were constantly perpetrated by the natives in the town, until the fortifications on the land side were completed. After that there was tolerable security inside the walls."

"My father told me yesterday that this harbor was known to the Romans," said Tom, contributing his bit of information.

He says that the Turks, too, found it such a good half-way house on the road to the

fishman that he should sail the next morning for Perim."

"What a goose!" said Tom.

"No doubt the Governor thought so too, for he lost no time in turning his visitor's folly to good account. Without leaving his seat at the table, he scratched off a pencilled note to the commander of a ship of the Indian navy then lying in Aden Bay. This was what the note said: 'Get steam up with all speed, and plant the British flag on Perim Island.'"

"Good for him!" cried Tom.

"Yes, I suppose so. At all events, the steamer was off before the Admiral went to bed, and in about eight hours Perim was a British island, as the Frenchman found when he arrived there next morning."

"Poor old fellow! I wonder what they did to him for being caught napping?"

"History doesn't say. But here we are at the pier, and there is the boat."—*Harper's Young People.*

I DON'T WANT TO BE A JOE MILLER.

BY MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

"Take a whiff, Ben. Never'll be a man till you learn to smoke!" and tall Samuel Walker held the last end of his cigar toward a bright, sprightly boy.

"Not I, Sam. I know too much to use tobacco!" and Ben Hardy turned upon his heel.

"How old are you, youngster?" asked Sam, contemptuously. "Perhaps you have tried it already, my boy, and know the sweet experience of beginners. Nevermind," he added persuasively, "you'll get over being sick, and then you'll enjoy it."

"I haven't taken my first lesson in smoking yet, Samuel Walker; neither shall I at present," returned the lad; "yet I know enough about tobacco to let it alone."

"What do you know about tobacco, and where did you learn so much, pray?" asked the young man.

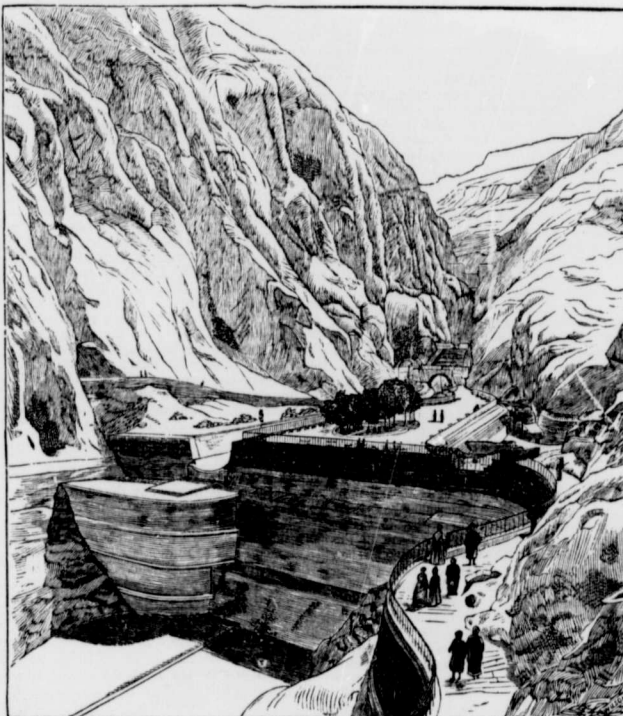
"I lived at Uncle Joe Miller's a year, as you all know," replied the boy. "Uncle Joe smokes day in and day out. His pipe is never out of his mouth, unless he is out of tobacco; and as he lives two miles from town, that sometimes happens."

But I tell you, it don't do for a regular smoker to be out of the nasty stuff, if you want peace and quiet. Didn't we have to stand round when Uncle Joe couldn't fill his pipe? Haven't I seen him whip his oxen till my hair stood on end, just because he couldn't have a good smoke! We all knew what ailed him, for Gran'ther Miller said Joe was a regular toper, only he used tobacco instead of rum, and his nerves were all unstrung when he was out of it. That's the way when people use spirits, but can't get them. They have delirium tremens. I've seen Uncle Joe's hand shake so he could hardly feed himself, when a great snow-storm kept him out of tobacco two or three days. No, you don't catch this child using anything that will make him an Uncle Joe Miller!"

And Ben Hardy was off on the run. Samuel Walker could not but think of the fretful words spoken to his poor old mother, and wondering if tobacco had anything to do with causing them. He could not help acknowledging that the habit was growing upon him. He smoked twice the number of cigars he did six months ago, and as he told Ben, he really enjoyed it now. He was scarcely eighteen. How would it be if he used tobacco until he was forty? Would he become an Uncle Joe Miller, fretful and peevish, if deprived of what was only a pastime now? Would it become a necessity by that time—a tyrant, ruling him body and soul? For Grandfather Miller often said Joe thought more of his pipe than of his Bible.

"I guess Ben walks in the safest path," murmured Sam, "and I shouldn't wonder if I followed," he added, throwing away the two cigars for which he had just paid ten cents.—*Crysal Fountain.*

I HAVE ALWAYS noticed that those who know the most are the best listeners, and the most anxious to know more.



THE RESERVOIRS OF ADEN.

"Only once or twice a year!" repeated Tom, looking at the dry river-bed "then; what do they do for water?"

"They would fare badly enough if they depended upon natural resources," Mr. Jollytarre said. "To begin with, all the water on the peninsula is brackish. But they have a very remarkable system of water-works here, which we must take a look at. In fact, these water tanks are about the only objects of interest in Aden. They are but a short distance off, and we may as well explore them now."

"When were these built?" asked Tom, as they reached the reservoirs on the hill-sides, a picture of which you see before you.

"I suppose in the year after the flood." "Not quite. But they date back to the year 600 A. D. They were constructed to catch the water draining from the mountains surrounding the town, reservoirs being formed on the mountain-sides, and the overflow from the higher ones running into those below. Once filled, the water would hold out for even years without a fresh supply of rain. These tanks

Indies that they thought it worth while to erect fortifications to keep it in their possession."

"Oh yes," said Jollytarre, "but nowadays the English are famous for adding to their real estate on a large scale. There is a good story told of a former Governor here. The island of Perim is a barren spot with a light-house on it just at the entrance to the Red Sea, near the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. It belongs to the British, and this is the way they got it. A French Admiral had been sent to plant the French flag there, and take possession in the name of France. This seemed at the outset plain sailing enough, but, unfortunately, on his way to the Red Sea this gallant Admiral stopped at Aden, where the British Governor showered hospitality upon him, and expressed a great desire to know the cause of the visit. The Admiral, however, kept his own counsel until his visit was drawing to a close. Then, on the last evening of his stay, after an uncommonly good dinner at the Governor's, when, I suppose, his tongue had been loosened with wine, he confided to the Eng-

lishman that he should sail the next morning for Perim."

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