

**THE DANCING
FAKIR, AND OTHER
STORIES**

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The Dancing Fakir, and Other Stories by John Eyton

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JOHN EYTON

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FAKIR, AND OTHER
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THE DAUGHTER OF PERHOO DIYAL

[See p. 11]

THE DANCING FAKIR
AND OTHER STORIES

BY
JOHN EYTON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
L. RAVEN HILL

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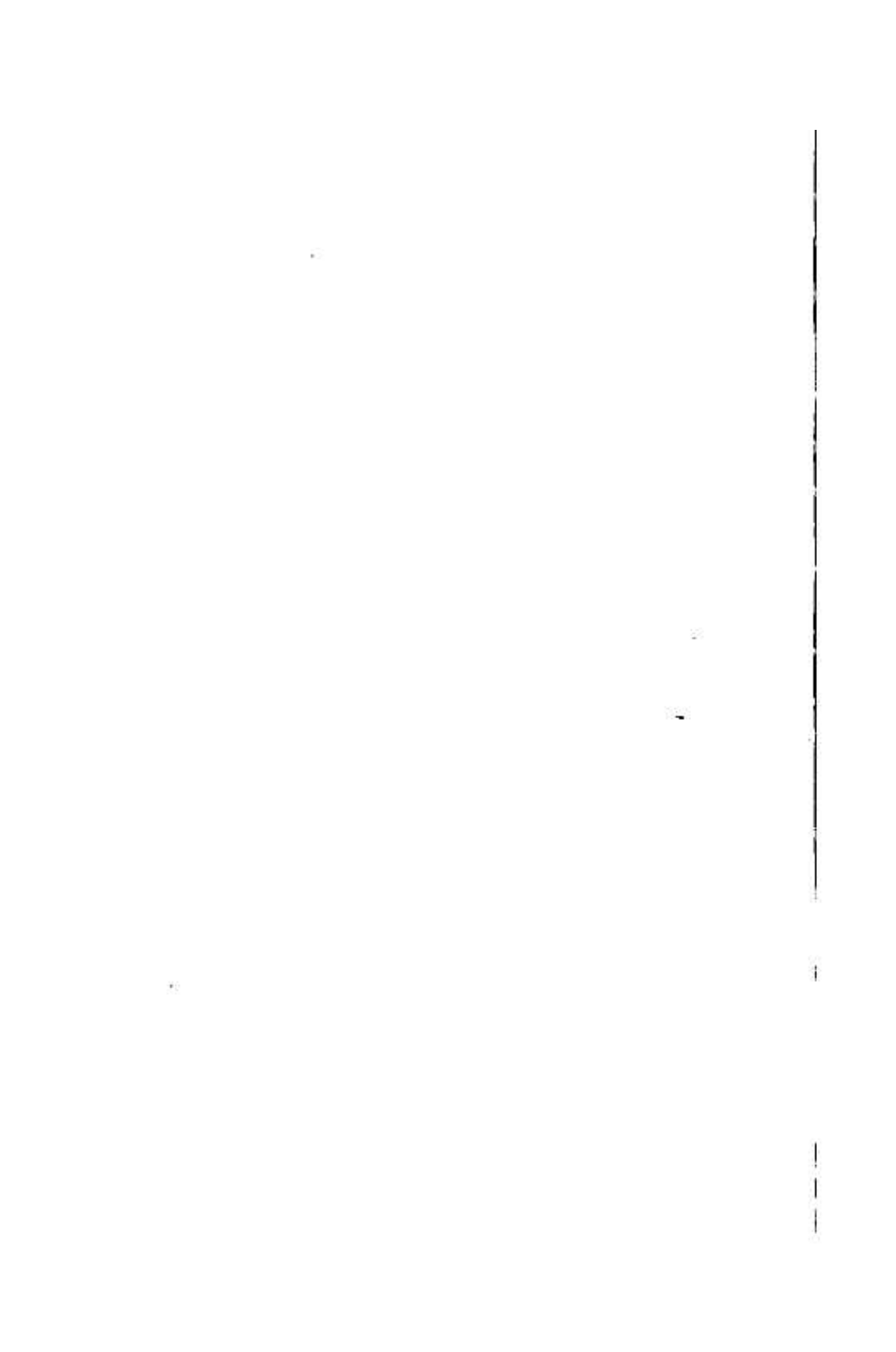
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WHO HELPS ME
SEE THESE THINGS
Tadley, Hants 1923



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HISTORY FROM A HILL

I'll take you in a tonga up the Tochi Pass at morning,

By Edak Fort and Saidgi, where the rocks are tinged with rose ;
Where Nature's barren bosom bears no green for her adorning,
Save where, beside the water, like a gem, the young wheat grows.

Steep hills, red rocks, grim boulders, for the feet that do not falter ;
Clear crags and slender crevices, for eyes that see afar ;
A fight for life 'twixt man and man, that ages cannot alter—
This prospect I would show you from on high by Miranshah.

Those shepherd men, blue-shirted, with dark ringlets and keen
faces ;
The shaggy sheep they follow ; and the leader's tinkling bell ;
Their food ; their nightly fires ; their weary sleep in stony places—
These change not since a wandering tribe broke off from Israel.

Ride up the road to Datta Khel ; climb where the stunted holly
Grows scattered on the hill-top. Here, three hundred years ago,
Swart Moghuls watched as we do, with a pang of melancholy,
The far-off snowy ribbon of the lonely Sufed Koh.

Then back to Mârâ Indus ; see, below, the fishers tying
Old craft, with slender rigging, in the quiet of the creeks,
Where women, scarlet-skirted, stood and watched their menfolk
plying
To and fro across the water at the passing of the Greeks.

Come Eastwards to the mountains, where the pilgrim folk are
toiling—
A bitter uphill journey—to do homage at a tomb.
How long ago their fathers saw that little white path coiling
Round forests, coloured crimson with the rhododendrons' bloom.