

CHILDREN OF THE DESERT

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Children of the Desert by Marion F. Smithes & W. H. Edgar

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MARION F. SMITHES & W. H. EDGAR

**CHILDREN OF
THE DESERT**

CHILDREN OF THE DESERT.

BY

MARION F. SMITHES.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

BY

W. H. EDGAR.

CURTIS & DAVISON,

11A, CHURCH STREET, KENSINGTON.

1910.

0-1261-57

To my Nephews and Nieces.

DS215
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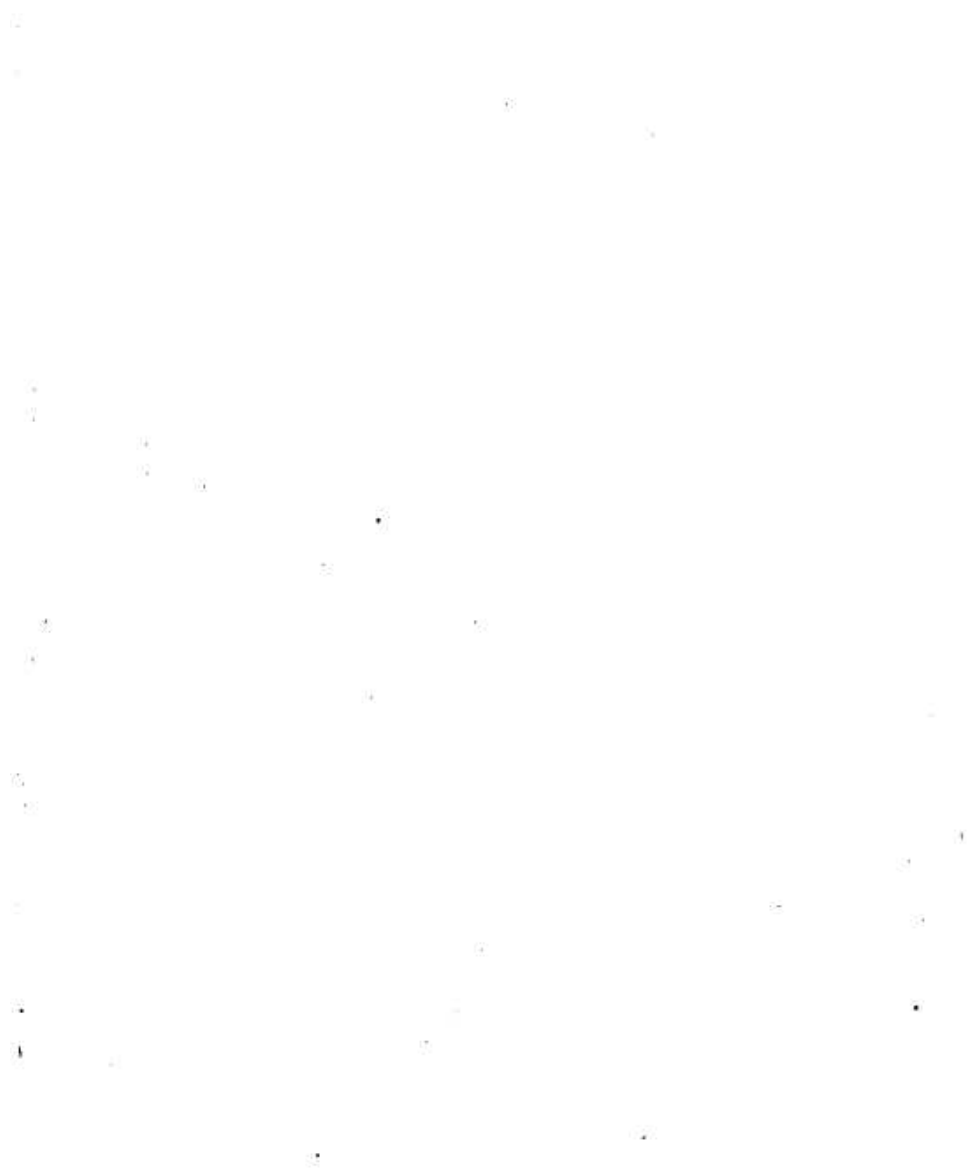
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"Amor."

Children of the Desert.

I.

THE GATE OF THE DESERT.

WILL you come with me to the Gate of the Desert, that Great Sahara, the largest desert in the world.

To get there you must cross the sea, land at Algiers, the white town of the pirates, and travel two days through the mountains of North Africa, —part of the great Atlas range that “holds up the sky.” Sometimes these are covered with snow, and if you are there in January, you may see a wonderful red sunset over the white mountains.

From huddled farms and villages come gleams of bonfires, for even in Africa, the children make snow-men and play round them, and as the train labours on you will see your first camel in its native land. It comes out of the glow of the sunset, padding softly along through the snow and casting a long shadow before it, its head waving patiently from side to side, a large pack fastened on to its hump, and the Arab driver walking behind.

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