

the morrow was tendered to us, though our friend the Bey seemed, in true English fashion, to stand upon his official dignity and keep the little Turk at arm's length. In a half-hour or so, after conversation in Arabic and Turkish, in which we were anything but intelligent listeners, we made our salaams and took our leave. I must not stop to tell how we were lodged for the night, the doctor and his good lady having a room with a bedstead in it, and we three, the missionary, M. and myself in another room with rugs and quilts spread upon the floor. We were not by any means, however, the only occupants of the room, and it needed the liberal sprinkling of a quantity of Keating's insect powder to ensure us the hope of a night's rest. We did sleep though, and sleep well, till the entrance of the owner of the house in the early morning awoke us to the light of what was to prove a most eventful day.

In order to assure us liberty and protection to photograph, as we were most anxious to do, the great religious procession, the Bey concluded to come down a little in condescension to local officialdom, and pay a formal visit, with his English friends, to the District Governor, the *Kaima Kam*. Up a narrow and rickety stairway we were accordingly ushered into that magnate's reception room, a very bare and dingy apartment, furnished with a shabby couch, and at one end an old arm chair. In a few moments the Governor made his appearance. He was a tall, spare, elderly man, with a not unpleasing, though inscrutable countenance, and was clad in a long coat of black cloth, reaching nearly to his heels and trimmed with fur. After the usual salutations and courtesies, he conversed very affably with the Bey and the doctor, and willingly accorded permission for us to photograph the procession, provided he was presented with copies of the pictures. Coffee having been served, we took our leave, the Governor, with great respect, descending the stairs with us and inviting us to go and see his garden, where we found a group of Turkish officials gambling at some native game under the trees.

We next paid a visit to Rhiza Effendi, with whom we were invited to dine, and here, in compliment to the lady of our party, the wife of our host came into the room. Closely veiled, and paying no more attention to us than if we were not there, she came in and seated herself, with her back toward us, close to the lady with whom she exchanged a few words. We, of course, equally ignored her presence, as it would have been the greatest possible insult to her and to her husband to address her or evince the smallest token of interest in her existence.

Thence we passed on to take up our position with our cameras on the flat roof of a house on the outskirts of the village over-