



The same gateway, seen from a greater distance

give them colour, sits apart and eyes with seeming distrust the frills and fashions of another world.

On the afternoon of our arrival, longing for a sight of the Nile, we walked towards the Pont des Anglais. The view seemed wonderful in the light of the setting sun. Feluccas with folded sails were drifting with the current, but against the wind, to rest for the night beside the shore. Gradually the light faded, the palm trees in the distance lost their contour, the misty pyramids sank back into the night, and all was still but for the faint motion of the slanting masts.

Next morning we submitted ourselves to the mercy of Allah and the reckless driving of the H's' chauffeur, who whirled and swirled us in magic curves to the entrance of the "Muski". Here we adopted a safer mode of travel by hiring a Victoria to drive

slowly through the narrow crowded streets and deposit us at intervals before the doorways of inviting shops.

Shopping and bazaaring are not interchangeable terms; a gulf as wide apart as is an Arabian Night's entertainment from a Sunday school picnic separates the two. We sat on soft divans while black "slaves" unrolled carpets and embroideries of great age and richness. In shadowy corners the glint of silver and the glow of brass and copper bowls gave a setting to our purchases that no mere shopping would afford.

It was open sesame to C. in this weird world, and as we sipped our coffee and nibbled "Turkish delight" the depths of the bazaar were searched and its treasures disclosed. After we left Cohen's shop, which is the Mecca of all European visitors, we wandered on foot through the narrow roadway