



Some of the party at the Temple of Dendera

put a full stop to our sight-seeing. Our eight-mile ride back to Beleana was full of diverse interests. Owners of "antika" that had been invisible on our morning journey rose with mushroomlike rapidity as we returned. From time to time C. was completely surrounded, while he exchanged piastres for some trinket of delicate and curious workmanship. A white goose, not, I am glad to say, an antiquity, was his first purchase. It must have been an immense bird, or else C.'s donkey was extremely small, for as it lay across the saddle its yellow feet almost touched the road on one side while its limp white neck and wobbly head dangled at the same length on the other.

The limestone cliffs were wonderful in colour as they absorbed all the prismatic sunset shades. We reached the Beleana river-front in time to see the *Dodo* some distance up stream doing her best to keep her appointment. We felt quite homesick when, sidling in her characteristic fashion, she reached the shore, and we saw Suffragi stand in the light of his pantry, feather brush in hand, ready to dust us off before we came on board.

Our dinner, I remember, was a great success. Abderachman's skill in making lentil soup was unsurpassed. The chicken that followed we tried not to identify, for the speckled hen and little white cock had become