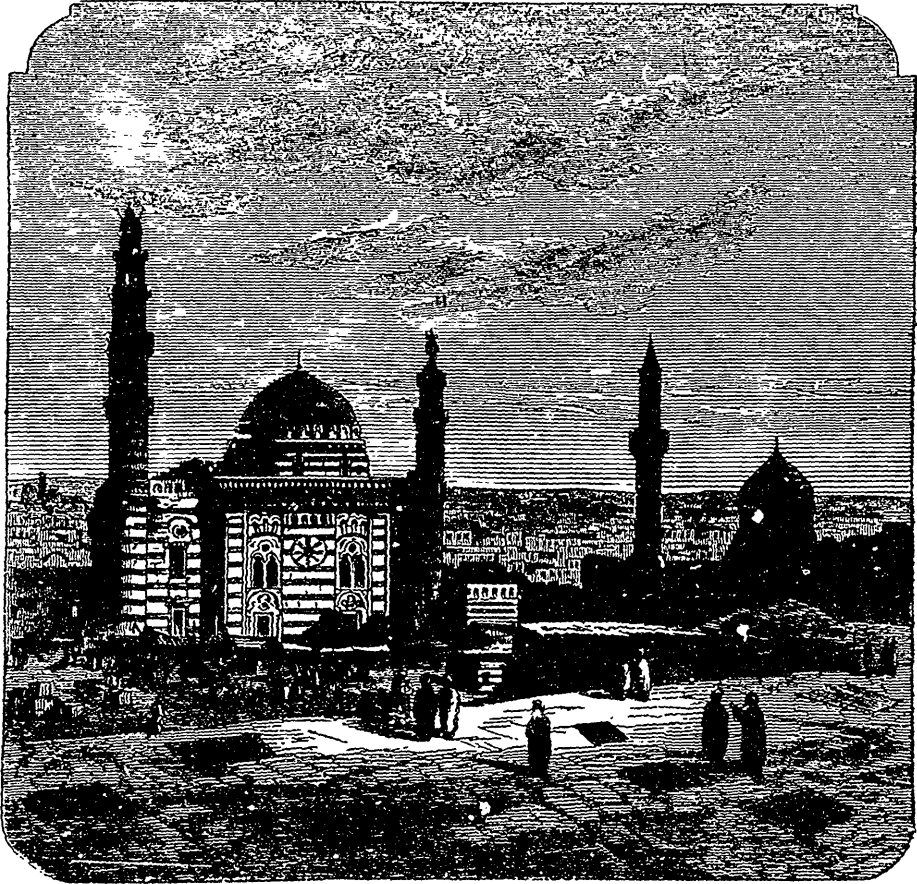


Cairo. We only got a glimpse of the Khedive as he was leaving the building.

After the Khedive had left, the howling dervishes, to be mentioned hereafter, held one of their fantastic religious dances and made the lofty dome ring with their hideous howling. I wore my scarlet fez and yellow slippers, and climbed on the ledge of



MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI IN THE CITADEL.

the high pulpit, where I had a good view of the strange spectacle, the like of which I never expect to see again.

The contrast between the glaring lights and vociferous devotions of the dervishes, and the calm beauty of the glorious moonlight without, was very striking. The mighty mosque seemed transfigured into lucent pearl; and the great city, with its hundreds of domes and minarets, all illuminated in honour of the