

are surprised to find the article in question in your lap, and you are forced to hand out the five cents. With such patience you might buy cheaply in Cairo, but without it you may get stung. We bought a cane, a beautiful one made out of hippopotamus leather—the first price of which was \$7.00, for \$1.00. We also bought a riding stock made out of some other big animal and which we could not break in bending, for twenty-five cents, the first price of which was \$2.50. We also bought a book of views, the original price of which was six shillings, for one and six pence ($37\frac{1}{2}$ c.)

In bartering for a view book, a peddler finally terminated the discussion by saying, "Alright mister, you can take it." Caution caused me to look inside the envelope and there was an inferior book. Finally we received the right one, paid for it, and christened the peddler the Royal King Liar and Chief of the Street.

The cemetery of the Mamelukes, which we visited, looks more like an ordinary town than a cemetery. In fact, we drove through a large portion of it before anyone realized where we were and then they would not have known if our guides had not informed us of our gruesome surroundings. We drove through streets of houses, at the corners of which were the names of the streets, and here and there in wide open spaces we saw a number of tomb stones—two for every grave, top and bottom, and for a while we thought these various yards were the cemetery in a sort of an instalment