

over the Hotel Dieu. "If I could only make them understand me I'd go again before I leave," she said, heartily. "How would you get in?" I asked, mischievously. "Oh, I'd go on an open day. Your driver found out that to-day was a closed day, but some days are open days," said Jessie, knowingly, and I suppose she was right. "You can go in Aberdeen when you get home. There are sick men there too." "I will that," she said, earnestly, and when Jessie said it I knew she meant it. My other neighbor at table was very interesting—a young Turk, who was with some diplomats in Paris on some secret mission, and always wore his fez. We had sundry and manifold talks together, and got quite friendly, and Scotch Jessie and her brother teased me about my impolite admirer, saying they would not be civil to a young man who sat with his hat on. They dared me to ask him why he did it, and I immediately begged for enlightenment. "It is my religion," he said, smiling away my apologies for the question. "Musselmen must not go with the head uncovered. If I wished to express my contempt for you I should raise my hat in your presence." I translated his explanation to Jessie, and she looked hard at him. "Do you believe it?" she said, incredulously. "Yes, indeed I do, and I'm glad you speak English, for my small friend would be enraged if he fancied you doubted him." "Puir daft boddy!" she said, in such serious compassion that I laughed heartily, only glad that she did not realize the very small opinion held of her and me and all females by this quiet effendi. He was such a gentle, grave, polite fellow that I liked him very much, and once in a while forgot he was a Turk; once I was again reminded of it though, when, on the last dinner before I left, Jessie's brother ordered a bottle of choice wine as a sort of farewell "cup," and asked me to pour a glass for my "bashaw" as well. He looked at me smilingly and put back my hand stretched out for his glass. "I may not," he said, gently. "Your religion?" I asked in a like low tone. "Yes, madame guesses," and he laughed and made some remark to his friend, the head diplomat, who was also the head of the table. I saw their names in "Galignani," the great English paper there, but forgot who they were, though their dignified, grave, quiet manners impressed me very much indeed. One of my nice American boys called while I was chatting with the young Musselman, and I caught sight of him peeping from the door of the dining-room, and hurried out to greet him with effusion. "Why didn't you leave word as we asked, when we could find you in?" he enquired. "I've never heard anything more of you,