

square with a monument in the centre, while the public thoroughfare was thronged with the heterogeneous street traffic. Arabs, Moors, Bedouins and Europeans of every nationality were passing by. Sitting with us were a number of rather good-looking men. They might have been Turks, Arabs or Copts. They were dressed in European garb, though wearing the native fez, but on the street and particularly on the sidewalk in front of our hotel, there was every kind of Oriental dress, with blue, black, white and red fezes, most of the local fry were selling every conceivable thing that a tourist might possibly want. They walk up and down in front of the hotel and no doubt every other hotel in town, and there are quite a number doing the same thing, offering their goods through the fence gratings. We listened to a good-looking black-faced boy, endeavouring to attract a staid old couple into buying something. There the boy stood, waiting beyond the iron railing of the garden, with a collection of view books, stamps and postal cards, offering them to you with, "gentleman very pretty, very cheap, only four shillings". You give him a stony stare for a time, apparently paying no attention, then he flashes several fly brushes, with very pretty beaded handles, and loose shell pendants, for which he wants two shillings each. You offer him five cents, he pleads for one shilling. you stick to your offer, making it over and over again. As time goes by he keeps going down in his figure and in the end you