

weird kind of incantation through his nose. Again the chanting was resumed. It became louder and louder and quicker and quicker, with sharp, staccato utterances, dwelling on one note, almost like the yelp of a dog: 'lah! 'lah! 'lah! and swelling



DERVISHES.

into a full, deep howl, like a pack of hounds in full cry. The dervishes loosed their long, black hair, and bending back and forwards from the middle, threw their heads so violently that their hair swept the ground and *swished* through the air. Presently one began whirling slowly in the centre of the ring, and the gyra-

tions got faster and faster, though not reaching the delirious excitement of the whirling dervishes; the cymbals clashed, the drums throbbed faster and faster, and the howling became a quick, rapid, inarticulate yelp. At last they seemed exhausted, and the tiresome and monotonous exhibition came to a close. The dervishes, who are a sort of Moslem monks, ranged from lads about fifteen to quite old men. One was a very black Nubian with a prognathous muzzle. Sitting in rush chairs, or standing in the outer circle, were fair-faced girls and English and American tourists, a striking contrast of the civilization of the Occident, and the immemorial fanaticism of the Orient.



MOHAMMEDAN POSTURES OF PRAYER.

Many of the mosques exhibit a "faded splendour wan," and some are in absolute shabbiness of decay, the stucco falling from the roofs and the marble floors cracked and broken. Of these