

of a patron, and leaving only the single tuft by which he hopes one day to be lifted into Paradise.

Algiers is noted for its mosques. The Great Mosque, which is close to the square where we sat to view the passers-by, has a front decorated with splendidly-carved arches, supported on marble pillars. At the entrance is a marble fountain, at which worshippers wash their feet before going in to prayers. We remove our hats on entering a church, but the Moham-medan takes off his shoes.

Let us make a little tour in Algeria, and see as much of the country as we can from the window of an East Algerian railway train. We leave the station at six in the morning, and for the first hour or two run through the well-cultivated fields and green vineyards of the Tell, passing by the way numerous little villages which seem to have been bodily transported from France. Soon we find ourselves on the borders of the Atlas region inhabited by the Kabyles, who were driven into the hills by the Arab invasion of the seventh century. They are a handsome and intelligent people; their women are tall and graceful, and they do not veil their faces like the Arabs.

Our route soon brings us to the High Plateaus. We pass through the famous gorges of Palestro, cross the dry cracked beds of several rivers by means of iron bridges, and find ourselves speeding over the flat Algerian table-land, its thin covering of grass now burnt up by the hot summer sun, but still affording pasture to large flocks of sheep. Now we see on the left of the line the glistening limestone peak of Lella Khadija, and soon after pause at a refreshingly green village shaded by orange and fig trees. On we go again, now and then passing an Arab encampment of broad-striped tents, with horses, camels, sheep, and goats feeding close at hand. As we hurry by, we see the tattered Arab shepherds shading their eyes with their hands to watch the receding train. On and on, hour after hour, we traverse the prairie-like lands; and just as the moon rises we run into the little town of Setif, where we spend the night.

At seven in the morning we are again on board the train,