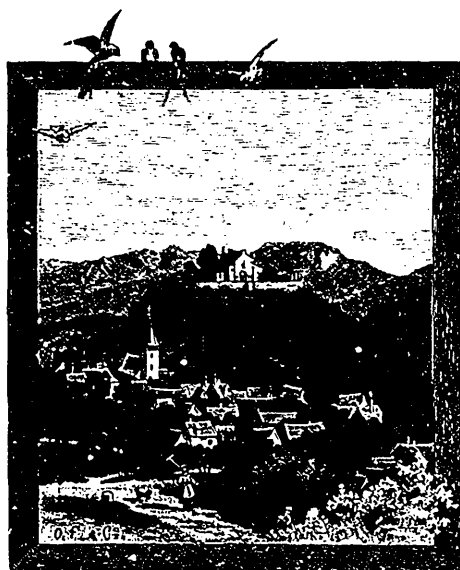


warmed and furnished room, with a bed to sleep on, he thought he was in an enchanted palace.

Another snow-storm endangered his life between Magomelli and Craiova, where the train awaited to take him to his capital—draped with flags, decorated with garlands, to welcome back the hero and conquerer—and to his wife, whose hair had turned white with the anguish through which she had passed, and whose joy resembled grief, so weary was her heart.

Could one but go amongst them, the Tziganes or gypsies would be a most interesting study. They are still, and ever will be, pariahs, beggars and thieves, musicians and poets, cowards and complainers, wanderers and heathen, but, oh, so picturesque! Their camp, no matter where it is pitched in the wide plain, is always in charming disorder, and of a marvellous color, especially in the evening, when the huge red sun of Roumania sets upon the violet horizon beneath the mighty green dome of heaven. The women of the camp wear garments of every imaginable hue, from tender green to brick red and orange yellow. Their nut-brown children run about half naked, their little shirts just covering their shoulders and a bit of their backs. There sit the men, with tangled hair and soft, velvety eyes, grouped about the fire, their naked feet against the copper kettles they are tinkering; or we see them gathered about the timber yards or buildings where they are employed, running about the scaffoldings with the suppleness of Indians, in attitudes and positions that are always charming. Their language is as sonorous as beaten brass, and their songs are the most beautiful; but it is only with reluctance that they will let any one hear them.

One of the most interesting sights of Bucharest is the great Fair, to which all flock to buy, amongst other



KIS-DISZNOD (MICHELSBERG).

things, everything that is needed to celebrate the Fete of the Dead. This week is one long delight to children. In spite of the broiling sun, in spite of the smothering dust, thousands of carriages succeed each other in the long street. Tramway cars and carriages overflow with people, every window is packed with gaily-decked heads, some very pretty faces amongst them, and, once at the Fair, one wanders round in a labyrinth of little stalls, where terra-cotta pots, wooden pictures, and glass necklaces are sold. One sees waggon-loads of handsome peasant women and children driving off laden with purchases, and in the midst of the noise and confusion, the shouts, the brilliant colors, the bears and the giants, and the ever-thickening clouds of dust, you suddenly see the *calonchar*, or old Roman dance, begin.

The Roumanians express everything by dancing; men dance together, and women together. The soldiers in the barracks always manage to get a