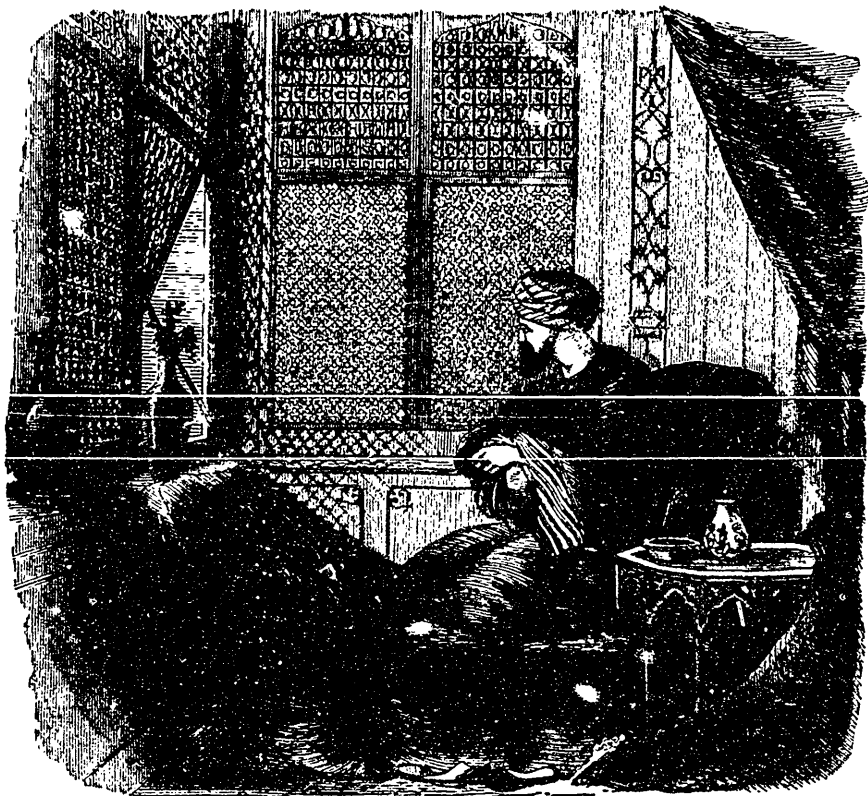


Bargaining in the bazaars was perpetual vexation. I could not endure to haggle and chaffer after the Eastern wont. I asked the price of a child's embroidered jacket. "Ten francs," said the vendor. "I will give you five," I offered. "Take it," he said, and then I was disgusted to find I had paid twice its value.

A seller of ancient armour, or, perhaps, of Brummagem imitations, demanded such a preposterous price for his old swords



A LATTICED CHAMBER.

and weapons, that I asked if the bright and beautiful boy he was caressing was thrown into the bargain. "There is not money enough in all Damascus," was his reply, "to buy this boy," which touch of nature made me think a good deal better of the conscienceless extortionist. They have uniformly a "first-price" and a "last-price," but one has to go through a lot of chaffer to arrive at the latter. Often a score of bystanders will take part in the discussion and seem to work themselves into a violent passion over a trifling few piastres. In the midst of a