

arm, its forked tongue licking the bare flesh of the charmer every few seconds. The sounds from the viol recommenced, and the old man changed his clucking to a dirge-like chant, accompanied in unison by the viol, at the same time bringing the *Cerastes* slowly towards his face till it was within a few inches of his lips, gazing with a fixed stare into its glassy eyes.

If these venomous reptiles are capable of "showing off," this one did; about eight inches of the body stiffened into an erect position, with the deadly head horizontally turned towards the old man's mouth, which it kissed with its forked tongue. I was transfixed by the horrid sight, or by some mysterious power transmitted by these occult men, my feelings being also experienced by the other persons present.

Slowly the old man moved his arm to an outstretched position at right angles