

liar, isn't he? If you don't get things under way to-morrow, I will tell the Amban that you are a liar, and then you will lose your office. You saw how he bowed his head to my passport [because it was from the Emperor], and you know that he will do what I tell him."

The Beg went away frightened, and that very afternoon the merchants suddenly found that they had leisure to attend to our wants. A large number of camels were brought for our inspection, from among which we selected two that were suitable. We would not bargain for the animals. We only said to the owners: "You and the other camel-merchants decide what they are really worth, and we will pay it; but any man who tells us a lie hereafter will get into trouble." When the camel-trust met to talk the matter over, affairs took an unexpected turn. An old man called Yusup Beg got up, so we were told, and made a long speech.

"Are n't you ashamed of yourselves?" was the substance of what he said. "You, Tokhta, have a hundred animals; you, Hashim, fifty; and you, Dursun, two hundred. Can you not sell one apiece for the good name of our city? Shame on you! We are disgraced! If I had been here, you should not have acted so. The stranger has come from afar. He shall see that we are not all dogs and pigs. I have thirty camels. He shall choose the five that he wishes, and name his own price."

Yusup Beg was as good as his word. He let us choose three splendid animals, and seemed perfectly satisfied when we paid a price which was decided upon by the United Camel-owners, and which every one said was fair. We paid the tax which properly should be paid by the seller, but