

gether in patterns very tastefully. They were all of European manufacture, some had come from India, but most from Russia.

While walking through the bazaar I saw a man with a sharper, keener look than the ordinary Turki possesses, and suspecting that he might come from India I addressed him in Hindustani. To my delight he understood, and informed me he was an Arab Hajji from Mecca, who had travelled through India, Afghanistan, Persia, Egypt, Turkey, and Bokhara. On my asking him where he expected to go next he said, "Wherever Fate may lead me."

Some Turkis seeing us standing talking very politely asked us to come and sit in their shop and drink tea. Then we had a long talk together which was especially gratifying to me, as for months I had not been able to carry on a connected conversation with anyone. What however struck me more than his quaint description of the various countries he had travelled through was his manner of addressing the orderly crowd which had collected round, and the evident influence he had over them. I soon realised that I was sitting beside no one