

the portrait of the Seid's fourteen-year-old daughter, a small, dark-complexioned princess, with Jewish features and melancholy eyes, and a girl friend as well.

Another great favour was granted me in this house, namely, to visit the outer court of the harem, in the midst of which stands the usual basin provided with a stone slab where the fair ones wash their clothes. This court is secluded, and a notion of the architecture of the four walls enclosing it can be obtained from the two adjoining photographs. "Fair daughter of the East, what are the walls of the harem like, where thou, unique among a thousand, wanderest through the halls of Oda?" Here there were only twelve, who after much hesitation were coaxed out of their hiding-places, the holiest of holies in a Persian house, which no male individual may enter except the master, least of all a *ferengi*. They came out into the court with dragging steps, closely veiled, and with bent heads. But they could be heard tittering beneath the veils. They wore dark blue dresses, and stood motionless against the walls like a troop of nuns. Probably only four of them were legitimate wives, and the others attendants. Five of them carried babies. I was much amused at this strange situation, kept at a respectful distance and, as became a gentleman, did not exhibit any overt sign of curiosity.

I devoted March 5 to a thorough rest in my tent—it seemed as though Sunday lay over the country after a long and hard-working day. I awoke at seven o'clock when the temperature was 47.5° , and I was awakened by the rippling murmur of the canal and the morning song of birds in the palm crowns. Mirza brought in my breakfast: pillau of rice and chicken, two eggs, cucumbers, a bowl of sour milk, tea, fresh bread and candied dates. Some of our new friends came on a visit and sat talking to me an hour, and were thoroughly examined about the roads which converge to the oasis. At one o'clock it was 65.1° . I enjoyed the tepid air and the rising breeze, and lay reading Sykes's book, *Ten Thousand Miles in Persia*. Then I took some photographs in the garden, and developed them in the closet, the entrance of which