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A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED ARREST IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

CASIMIR, lifting his hat from his glistering head, said, with a bow of apology, that I could not paint—in Constantinople, of course; that «one udder Engleesh wait one, two, four week, and t'en go 'way wit'out permit. One Russian have his machine take' away.

«No, Effendi,» he added; «I ver' sorry, but it eempossible to make t'e picture.»

«How about an American?» I asked.

«Ah! you not Engleesh? You Americain? T'at is anudder t'ing. I make pardon—» with another sweep of his hat. «I t'ink you Engleesh.» Then, behind his hand, in a whisper: «Engleesh all time make trouble.»

The lowered voice and furtive glance for possible Britishers in disguise revealed like a flash-light all the devious ways and manifold crookednesses of the tourist-dragoman of the East: your servant to-day, serving you servilely and vilely; serving somebody else to-morrow, still servile and vile.

The clerk of the hotel agreed with Casimir as to my painting—in the streets. So did the banker who cashed my first draft.

The banker, however, was more lucid. In the present condition of the Armenian question, he said, an order had been issued from the palace forbidding any one to reproduce

a likeness of anything living or dead, from a camel to a mosque, with special terms of imprisonment for those bold enough even to outline such persons as bore a gun; five years for drawing a fort; the bowstring or a double-shotted bag and the Bosphorus for a man-of-war or a torpedo-boat.

I had heard threats like these before, not only here, but in other parts of the world. I had been warned in Cuba, watched night and day in Bulgaria, and locked up in Spain; and yet, somehow, I had always kept successfully at work, buoyed by the hope that a quiet manner, a firm persistence, and inherent honesty would carry me through.

Therefore I opened my umbrella and paint-box the following morning in front of the Sultana Validè Mosque.

Casimir protested with hands aloft and with streaming face, a red silk handkerchief damming the flow near the chin-line. He begged me to go at once to the chief of police with him for a permit, insisting that if I were caught we should both be put under lock and key, and disporting himself generally after the manner of his guild, one moment with vehemence, the next with dove-like gentleness. However, under all his boasts and predictions I detected a genuine fear of

the guardians of the peace, and a fixed determination, so far as he was concerned, to keep out of their clutches. This, together with his desire at all hazards to earn my five francs a day, made Casimir a very nervous and for the time being a very uncomfortable personage.

I selected the open plaza fronting the Sultana Validè because it was a blossoming field of enormous umbrellas, green, brown, and white, beneath which were sold stuffs and fruits of every hue in the rainbow, and because I thought that my own modest and diminutive sunshade might be so lost in the general scheme as to be undistinguishable.

The population of that part of Stamboul thought otherwise. Before I had half blocked in one corner of the mosque and indicated my high lights and shadows, a surging throng of Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Gentiles—perhaps Hottentots, for some were as black as coal—had wedged themselves in a solid mass about my easel.

Casimir shrugged his shoulders, throwing his eyes skyward, his mouth open like that of a choking chicken. He had consented, under protest, to carry my sketching outfit across the Galata Bridge, handling it as tenderly as if it had been a bomb; and now that it was about to explode he wished it distinctly understood by the bystanders that the affair was none of his doing. I endured this for a while, catching now and then a whispered word dropped in the ear of an eager looker-on, and then called out:

«Here, Casimir! Don't stand there para-

lyzed. Clear the crowd in front, so that I can see the steps of the mosque, and then go over to the fountain opposite and fill this water-bottle.»

He obeyed mechanically. There was an opening of the crowd for a moment as he passed, a tight closing up again, and the curious mob was thicker than ever.

When he returned he brought with him two full hands. One was his own, holding the bottle; the other was that of a gendarme holding Casimir.

The crowd in front melted away, and the pair stood before me.

He was a small policeman, topped with a fez, girded with a belt, armed with a sword, and incrustated with buttons. He wore also a sinister smile, like that of a terrier with his teeth in a rat. I concentrated in my face all the honesty of my race, reached out my hand for the water-bottle, and waved the officer aside. He really was in my way.

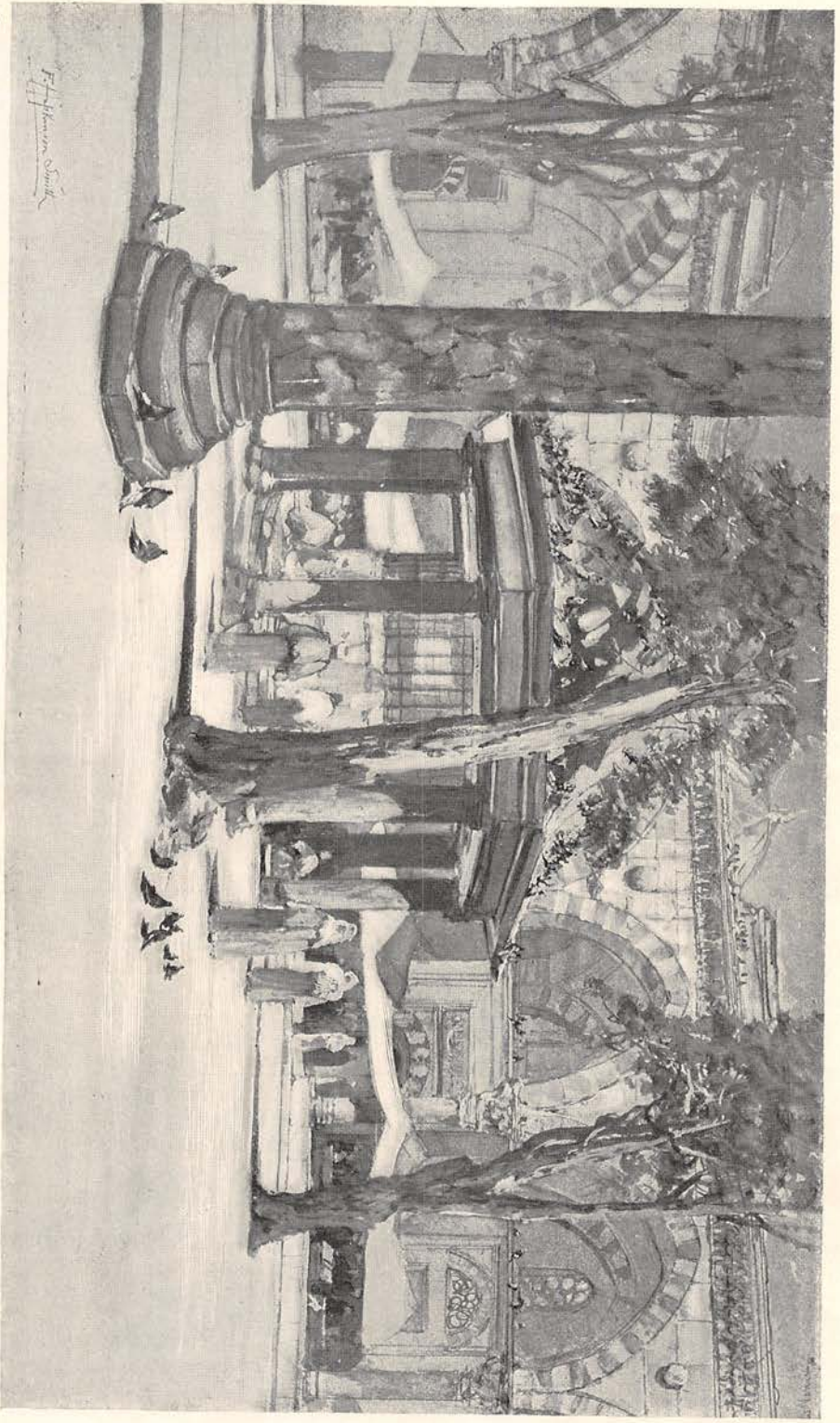
The gesture had its effect; a shade of doubt passed across his countenance. Could I be some foreign potentate in disguise? Casimir caught the look, and poured out instantly a history of my life at home and abroad, my distinguished position as court painter to the universe, my enormous wealth, my unlimited influence, etc. The master-stroke of dragoman policy of course would have been to pacify the officer and satisfy me.

There was a hurried conference, and the two disappeared. This time Casimir held the officer by the arm, in a wheedling, confiding way.



DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

AYUB MOSQUE.



DRAWN BY F. JOHNSON SMITH.

THE PIGEON MOSQUE.



DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

OLD CLOTHES' BAZAAR.

The crowd crystallized again, closer now than ever. I began on the umbrellas, and had dotted in a few of the figures, with dabs of vermilion for the omnipresent fez, when an Arab who was craning his head over my canvas was unceremoniously brushed aside, and three preservers of the peace stood before me—the red-fezzed rat-catcher and two others. Casimir's face was permeated with an expression of supreme contentment. I saw at a glance that, whatever had happened, his own innocence had been established. I saw, too, that he had cut away from under my feet every plank in my moral platform. An honest expression of face, dense ignorance of the customs of the country, and righteous indignation would no longer do.

The speaker wore fewer buttons than the terrier and had a pleasanter smile. «Effendi,» he said, «your dragoman informs me that you have already applied to the Minister of Police for a permit, and that it will be ready to-morrow»—this in Turkish, Casimir interpreting—«I am sorry to interrupt your work to-day, but my duty requires it. Bring your permit to my station in the morning, and I will give my men orders to protect you while you paint, and to keep the people from disturbing you.»

It was beautiful to see Casimir as he translated this fairy-tale, and to watch how with one side of his face he tried to express his deep interest in my behalf, and with the other his entire approval of the course the chief had taken.

The decision of the officer finished operations for the day in Stamboul and its vicinity, and cut off further discussion. The situation compelled absolute silence. Casimir's lie about his application for a permit and the chief's courtesy left me no other course. I bowed respectfully, thanked the officer for his offer, as kind as it was unexpected, lighted a cigarette, crossed the street, and ordered a cup of coffee. Casimir struck my colors—my white umbrella—and got my baggage-train in motion. I went out with my side-arms—my brushes and my private papers and my unfinished sketch—intact. The rout was complete.

«It was t'e only way, Effendi,» said Casimir, laying my umbrella at my feet. «But for Casimir it was great trouble for you. T'e chief was furious. We go to-morrow. I ask for permit. T'e dragoman of t'e minister is my long-time friend. He do any'ting for me. The permit come in one minute. Not to-day; it is too late.» His recent diplomatic success had evidently emboldened him.

«But there is still half a day left, Casimir. What time does the boat leave the Galata Bridge for Scutari?»

«Every hour. Does t'e Effendi wish to see t'e howling dervish?»

«No; the Effendi wishes to see the fountain at the mosque nearest the landing.»

«To wash himse'f?»—with a puzzled look.

«No; to paint.»

«But t'e police? What will Casimir do?»

«What you ought to do is to get me a per-

mit at once. What you will do is to concoct another yarn. Pick up that easel; I am not going to waste the afternoon, police or no police.»

So we went to Scutari. There certainly could be no crime in painting so beautiful a thing as the fountain of Scutari. If these fairy-like creations of the East were objects of worship I could easily turn Mohammedan.

This time Casimir laid aside the skin of the possum and wriggled into the scales of the serpent. Opposite the fountain was a low awning shading a dozen or more little square stools occupied by as many natives drinking coffee and smoking chibouks. On one of these stools Casimir, gliding noiselessly, placed my paint-box. The umbrella was not needed, as the awning hid the sun.

This master-stroke, costing the price of a cup of coffee,—half a piaster, or two cents,—deceived the crowd outside, as well as the police; and the sketch was finished in peace,

I felt that the situation was beyond any former experience. I must either present myself at the office of the Minister of Police and plead for a permit, or close my outfit and give up work.

At the end of a flight of wooden steps crowded with soldiers, a long, wide hall, and a dingy room, I found the chief dragoman of the Minister of Police—not a dragoman after the order of Casimir, but a dragoman who spoke seven languages and had the manners of a diplomat.

In Constantinople there are of course dragomans and dragomans. Each embassy has one as an interpreter. Many of them are of high rank, the German dragoman being a count. These men, as translators, are intrusted, of course, with secrets of great moment. Every consulate has a dragoman, who translates the jargon of the East—Arabic, Turkish, modern Greek, Bulgarian *patois*, and



DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

OPEN-AIR CAFÉ, SCUTARI.

while Casimir drank his coffee and grew black in the face from exhausting his lungs on a chibouk. (Casimir is a Greek, not a Turk, and cigarettes, not chibouks, are his weakness.)

But my relief was not of long standing. In upper Stamboul, the next day, I was politely but firmly commanded to «move on»; and only the intervention of a grave and dignified old priest—a vision in soft, flowing silk robes, turquoise-blue, pale green, and lemon-yellow—prevented my being marched off to the nearest station for investigation.

the like—into intelligent English, French, or German; and so has every high native official with much or little to do with the various nationalities that make up the Ottoman empire and its neighbors. There are, too, the modern guides called dragomans, who interpret in many tongues, and who lie in all.

When appealed to, this high-caste dragoman of the minister said evasively that he believed he remembered Casimir—he was not sure. It was necessary, however, for

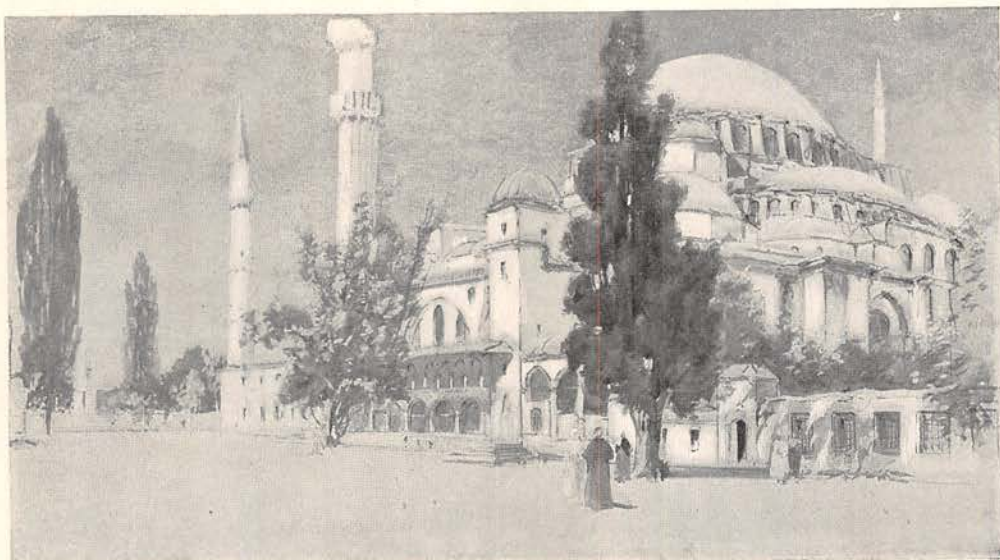
me, before approaching his Excellency, to be armed with a passport and a letter from my consul vouching for my standing and integrity. Something might then be done, although the prospect was not cheering; still, with a wave of his hand and a profound bow, he would do his utmost.

I instantly produced my passport,—I always wore it in my inside pocket, over my heart,—and at once called his attention to the cabalistic signature of the official who had viséd it on the day of my arrival—three wiggles and a dot, a sign manual bearing a strong resemblance to an angworm writhing in great agony.

The next day—there is not the slightest hurry in the East—I handed in my second document, emblazoned on the seal with the arms of my country, and certifying to my peaceful and non-revolutionary character, my blameless life, and the harmless nature of my calling.

as a theater-drop, and guarded by an officer in full uniform. My passport open, my character endorsed, my shoes dusted and the dusting paid for, I was ready for his august presence. The curtain was drawn aside, and I stepped in.

Seated at a common folding-desk littered with papers, surrounded by secretaries and officers, sat a man perhaps fifty years of age, with calm, resolute, clear-cut face and an eye that could have drawn the secrets from a sphinx. He was neatly dressed in dark clothes, with plain black necktie. The only spots of color about him were a speck of red in his buttonhole and the vermilion fez that crowned his well-modeled head. In his hand he held the consul's letter and my passport and visiting-card. For an instant he bored me full of holes, and then with a satisfied glance motioned me to a seat. Casimir, who had preceded me, was bent double in profound obeisance, his head almost on the floor. I re-



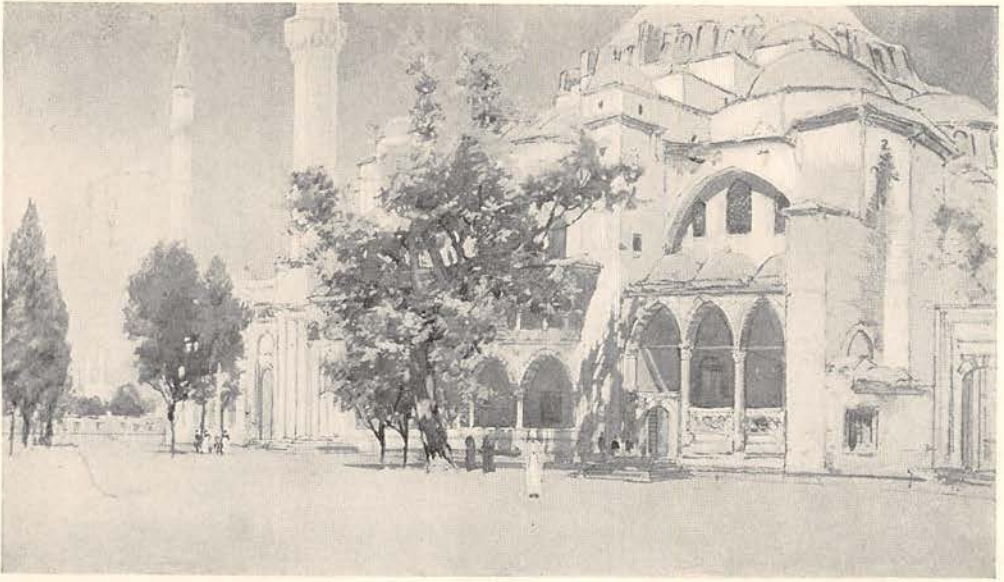
DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

AFTERNOON, MOSQUE OF SULTAN SULEIMAN.

The minister was in; I was asked to take a seat outside.

The outside was the same hall, bare of everything but officers, soldiers, and hangers-on. At one end stood two men with worn-out stubs of feather dusters, who pounced upon every pair of shoes that entered the sacred precinct, giving each two quick polishing strokes—one piaster for Casimir's and mine. At the other end hung a great red curtain, covering the door of the minister's office, patched and bound with leather, as stiff

turned his Excellency's glance as fearlessly as I could, and sat down to look him over. At this instant a clerk entered with some papers and advanced rapidly toward his desk. The interruption evidently was inopportune, for the same eye that had comprehended my entirety shot an angry look at the intruder, who stopped, wavered, and then, shriveling up like a burned leaf, glided back out of the room. Not a word was spoken by either. The power of the eye had been enough. It was only a flash glance that I



DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

WEST FAÇADE, MOSQUE OF SULTAN SULEIMAN.

got, but it revealed to me one of the hidden springs of this man's dominating will. Here, then, was the throttle-valve of the Ottoman empire. When the Sultan moved the lever this man set the wheels in motion.

He listened patiently, scanned the papers keenly as I talked on, the sinuous, genuflecting Casimir putting it into proper shape, and then handed me a cigarette. I lighted it, and rambled on, explaining how, four years before, when my sketching outfit and baggage had been overhauled by two officers at the station, doubtless by his orders (he bowed slightly, but gave no other sign as to the truth of my surmise), I had personally called the attention of these officers to a sketch made above the navy-yard, with all the men-of-war and torpedo-boats left out, as I considered that I had no right to transfer them to my canvas; and how both had then been satisfied, and left me with apologies for the examination. He raised his head at this, and covered me with one sweep of his eye, from my dusted shoes to my bared head. Then he played with his cigarette for a moment and said slowly and thoughtfully:

«Come to-morrow at one o'clock.»

I spent the remainder of that day sketching about the old walls of Seraglio Point, making snap-shots with my sketch-book, dodging the police along the water-front of Stamboul, idling about the cafés and in and out of the narrow streets packed so full of people that I could with difficulty push myself through. I could easily believe the statement

that there are more people to the square foot in Stamboul than anywhere else on the globe.

At noon the following day I again had my shoes dusted, and again cooled their heels for an hour outside the swinging mat. One o'clock was *my* hour, not that of his Excellency.

When I was at last admitted the minister came forward and extended his hand. Casimir braced up and got his head high enough to see over the desk.

«I cannot grant your consul's request to give you a permit,» he said in a calm voice. «In the present disturbed condition of affairs it would establish a precedent which would afterward cause us trouble.»

Casimir's face, when he translated this, looked as if it had been squeezed in a door. The threatened collapse of all his rosy plans seemed to take the stiffness out of his neck.

«I have decided, therefore, to detail an officer who will personally conduct you wherever you wish to go. I shall rely upon your good judgment to paint only such things as your experience teaches you are proper.»

Casimir's back now humped up like a camel's, and his face beamed as he interpreted. He did not, of course, put the minister's speech in these words—he mangled it with a dialect of his own; but I knew what the soft, musical cadence of the minister's voice meant. Then his Excellency went on:

«The officer selected is one of my personal staff. He will be at your hotel in the morning to receive your orders. *Au revoir.*»



DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

EARLY MORNING, MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

When I crossed the Galata Bridge the following morning I was attended by two men: one the ever-suppliant Casimir, carrying my outfit as triumphantly as if it contained the freedom of the city, and the other a thick-set, broad-shouldered man with a firm, determined face and quick, restless eyes, whom the gendarmes saluted with marked respect as we passed. This was Mahmoud, attached to the minister's personal staff, and now detailed for special duty in my service. He was responsible for my conduct, the character of my work, and my life, with full power to strike down any one who molested me, and with equal power to hurry me to the nearest lock-up if I departed a hair-line from the subjects which, by the graciousness of his chief, I was permitted to paint. The sketches on these pages would never have been possible except for his ceaseless care and constant watchfulness of me. A Mohammedan crowd is not always considerate of an infidel dog, especially when he is painting sacred mosques and tombs. Moreover, stones are convenient missiles when such *giaours* are about.

BUT there were days when Mahmoud was not with me—days at Therapia, a little nestling village strung around a curve in the shore line of the Bosphorus, with abrupt green hills rising about it; with beautiful gardens, delightful groves, and flower-bordered walks; its banks lapped by water of marvelous clear-

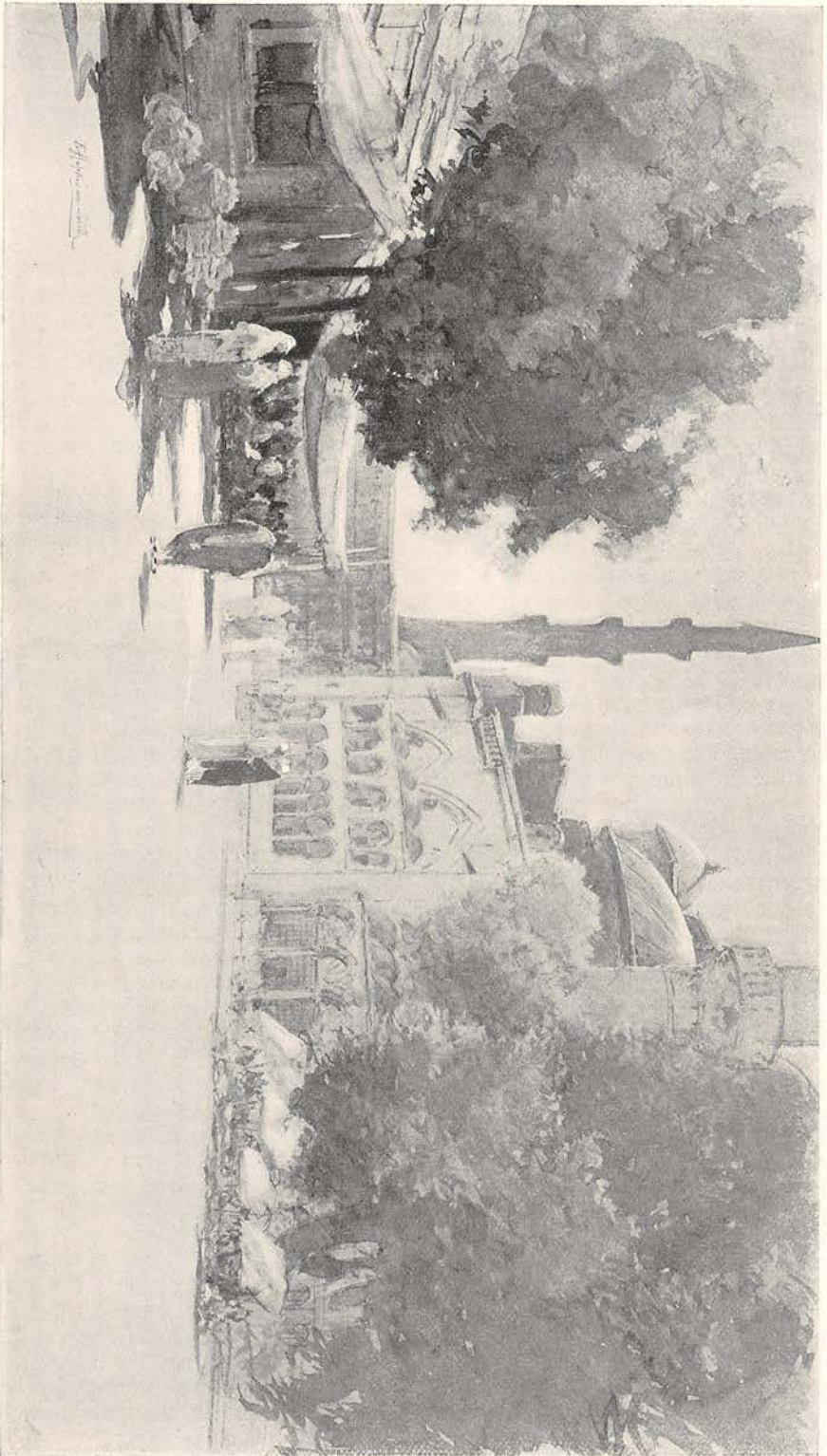
ness and purity, fresh with every tide from the Black Sea.

This Newport of the East was founded some centuries ago by the Greeks because of its invigorating climate,—Therapia signifying health,—and to-day is still the refuge in the summer heats not only of many of the pashas and other high Turkish dignitaries whose palaces line the water-front or crown the hills near by, but of scores of European wayfarers and strangers who want more air and less dog than can be found in Pera.

Here, too, are the houses of the several foreign embassies, English, German, French, and the others, their yachts and despatch-boats lying at anchor almost in front of their gardens, the brasses glistening in the sun.

And the charm of it all! The boats' crews of Jack Tars in their white suits rowing back and forth, answering calls from the shore; the blue water—as blue as indigo—dotted with caiques skimming about; the dog-carts and landaus crowding the shore road, with footmen in gorgeous Albanian costumes of white and gold, and with sash and simitar—all make a scene of surprising brilliancy and beauty, unequaled by any other similar spot in Europe. Diplomacy is never so picturesque as at Therapia.

There is, too, a superb hotel,—the Summer Palace, aptly called,—with shaded rooms, big overarching pines, tennis-courts, ball-rooms, and bath-houses, besides all the delights of yacht and caïque life.



DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

EXTERIOR COURT, MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

This Summer Palace, with its spacious drawing-rooms and broad terraces, is thronged nightly not only with members of the Diplomatic Corps, with their secretaries and attachés,—daily in touch with questions of vital importance, yet nearly unmindful of the seductions of gliding slippers and waving fans,—but also with officers of the imperial army and navy, members of the Sultan's cabinet, and other high officials immediately connected with his Majesty's government. The perfect repose of manner and the easy, unassumed dignity of these Turks, especially of the younger men, are to be expected, for Orientals are never hurried or nervous; but their graciousness and gentleness, and, more than all, their unconscious simplicity,—a simplicity that comes only to men trained to good manners from their infancy, just as they are trained to swim, to ride, and to shoot,—were, I confess, revelations to me.

At these gatherings in the Summer Palace there were, of course, no Turkish women; but there were plenty of others—Greeks, Armenians, and Europeans—crowding the rooms all day and filling the cotillions at night. If his Majesty passed sleepless nights at the palace ten miles away, worrying over the latest demands of the Powers, there was no sign of it at Therapia. The merry hours went on. The caiques were nightly filled with bebies of young and old, singing in the moonlight. There were tennis matches, afternoon teas, excursions by land and water, and all that goes to the making of the life of pretty women and gallant men having no stronger ties than those born of mutual enjoyment, and apparently weighted with no duties more arduous than the killing of time.

And there were other days without Mahmoud at Stenia, a few miles from Therapia, to which place I once took ship—the daintiest little ship, all cushions and rugs, manned by two boatmen in white balloon trousers, with yards and yards of stuff to each leg, and Greek jackets embroidered with gold. And from Stenia to the «Sweet Waters of Asia,» an Arabian Nights sort of place, with an exquisite Moorish fountain of marble, and great trees shading flocks and bunches of houris in white yashmaks and embroidered feredjès of mauve, yellow, and pink, out for an airing from their harems; all on mats and rugs spread on the grass, attended by black eunuchs—as black as terrapins' paws, and as wrinkled and leathery. They chattered and laughed and munched bonbons and partook of rose-leaf jelly, sitting with their tiny feet tucked under them, Turkish fashion, their

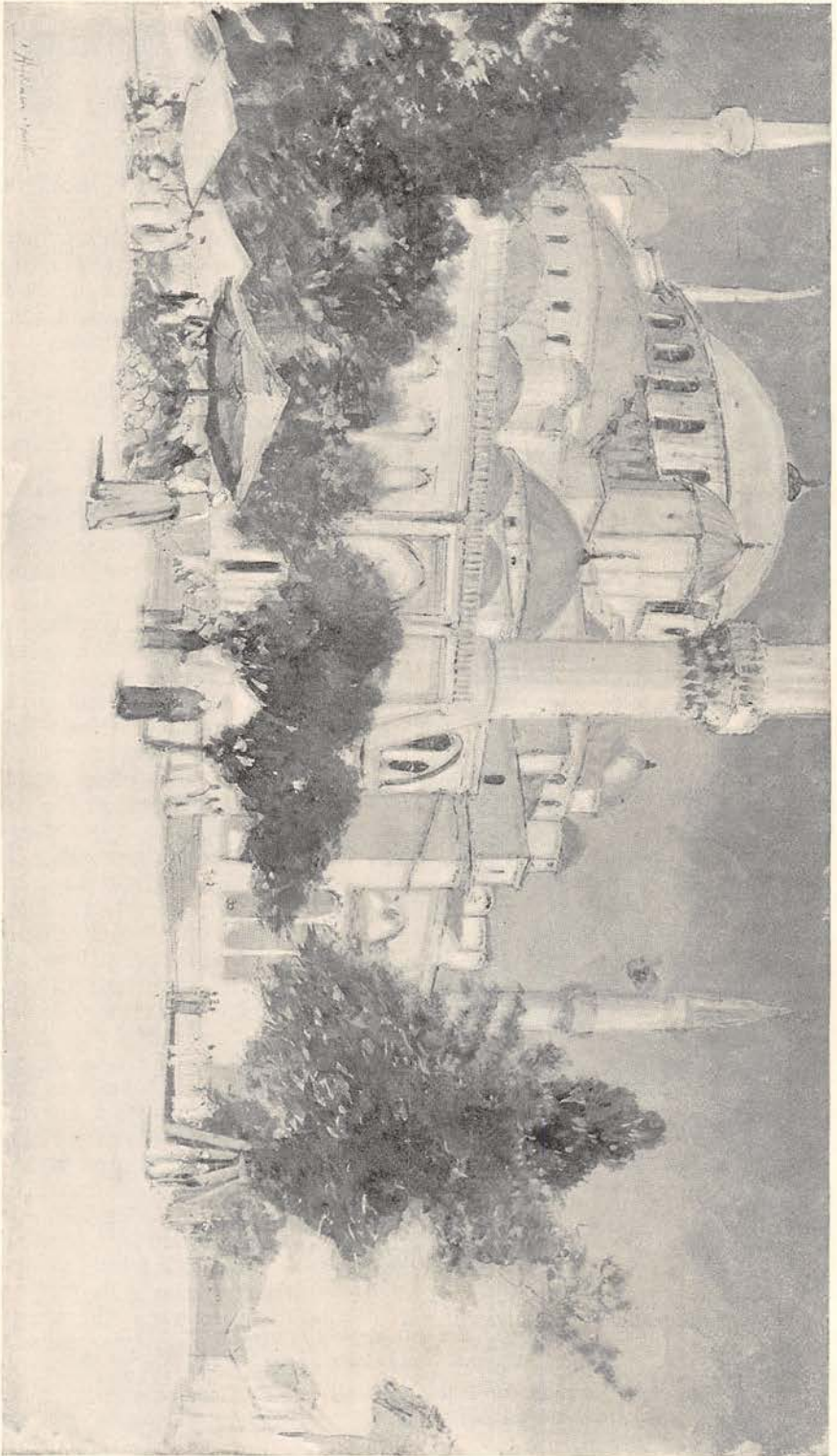
cigarettes perfuming the still air, until their caiques gathered them in again, and they all floated away like so many colored swans. You must not wander too near. Even a faithful Turk turns his head away when he passes a woman: a Christian dog might lose his for forgetting the courtesy.

Neither was Mahmoud with me when I went to the Greek Fair, within a mile of the Sweet Waters, the beautiful fountain, and the more beautiful houris whose eyes shone large and luminous through their thin veils. This day the air was delicious, the sky like a delf plate, with puffs of white clouds in high relief. For hours I watched the merry-go-rounds, and the jugglers on their mats, until I grew hungry enough for even a Greek café—and it is a brave and reckless appetite that dares an Oriental kitchen.

This café was under a tree, with a few pine boards for a table, the galley being within handing distance, with a charcoal fire blazing. The abominations of stew and fry and toastings were intolerable; but I succeeded in getting a box of sardines and half a pint of native wine, a loaf of bread and some raw tomatos and salt, with a bit of onion, which I gathered up and spread out on the pine boards. When the combination of chef, head waiter, and proprietor, all covered by one fez, presented his bill, it amounted to a sum that would have supported an Oriental and his family for a month.

There are occasions when your individual pantomime is more effective than the closest translation of your spoken words. Mine to mine host ended in an abrupt turning on my heel, with hands tightly clenched. When the crowd began to take sides with the Greek and matters assumed an ugly look, I threw upon the ground a silver coin equal to one fourth of the charge. This turned the tide. The bystanders considered the sum too appallingly large even for a Greek fair!

Here, too, I had my fortune told by a Tzigane from the desert—a gypsy in baggy trousers of calico and little bare feet, with silver bangles around her ankles, and with a blue silk handkerchief wound loosely about her head. She had rings of turquoise in her ears and rings of silver on her fingers, and, for aught I know, might have had tinkling bells on her stubby little dust-encrusted toes. She held my hand and passed her own over it softly, and looked at me with her large, deep eyes, and told of the fair-haired man and the letter that would come, and the dark-eyed woman who loved me, picking out from a bag, as she talked, now a nut, now a peb-



DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

ble or a bit of broken glass, and spreading them on her lap. Her incantation began with only one piaster as a talisman,—mine, of course,—but it required two francs in addition before the fair man of whom she had warned me was outwitted and the dark eyes were made happy. Casimir interpreted all this with an expression of contempt and

Therapia, where I spent the nights, he was waiting every morning for me in Stamboul at the Galata Bridge, the gang-plank that unloads Europe into Asia, and *vice versa*, every hour of the day and night. When I landed in this district I was his prisoner. One day he led me to the Plaza of the Hippodrome,—the Atmeidan,—with its twin needles of stone; another day to the west façade of the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed; again to the Court of the Pigeon Mosque, and to the Mosque Bajazet, the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, and the others.

Casimir was of course within hand touch of Mahmoud when the morning boat from Therapia was made fast. It was his craning head which appeared first over the red sea of fezzes climbing the wide landing-plank, one hand on my luggage, the other shading his eyes. Then I perceived Mahmoud, grave, dignified, attentive. We made our way through the throng, took a tram in Stamboul, and slowly mounted the hill to St. Sophia. By this time the police had come to know the posse of three. The priests, too, who at first were dubious about the honesty of my intentions, and who demurred at the sacrilege of my painting their mosques, now saluted me in passing. The people of the streets, though, were still as curious as ever, crowding about my easel with eyes staring in wonder. But if they pressed too close, a word in an undertone from Mahmoud melted the crowd away or awed it into respectful silence.

When the muezzin called from the minaret, and the faithful laid down their work and moved into the mosque to pray, Mahmoud went too. After the first day he discarded his uniform, all but his fez, for a suit of light gray, exchanging his short sword for a stout stick. This stick Casimir held as his badge of office while Mahmoud prayed.

I followed him once into the Mosque of Ahmed, and watched him as he knelt, barefoot, his face to the stone wall, his lips moving in prayer, his eyes on Mecca, his forehead touching the mats. This bloodthirsty savage! This barbaric Turk whom we would teach morals and manners! I can imagine how hoarse a muezzin's throat would

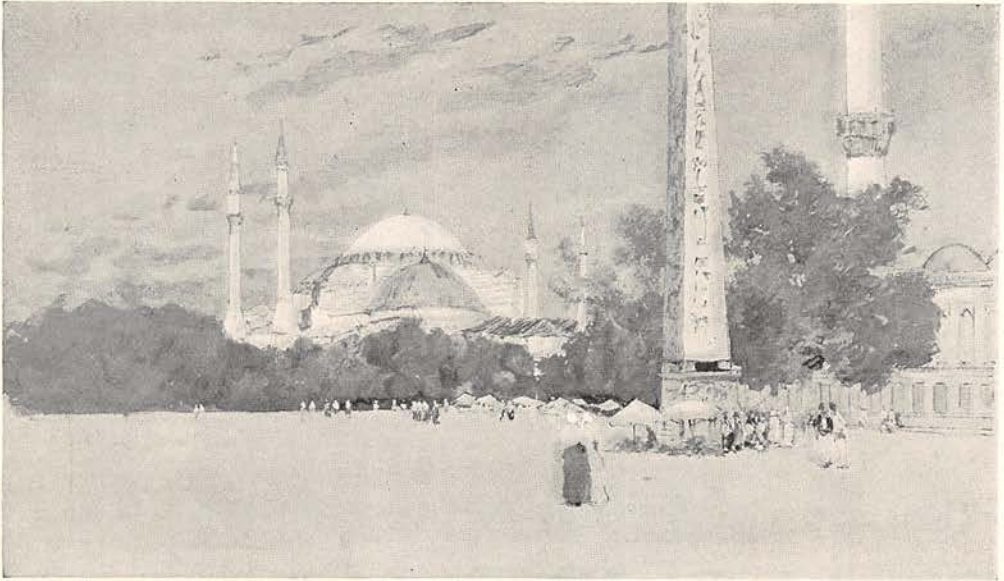


DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

WEST FRONT, MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

disgust on his face wholly out of proportion to the occasion, and entirely unjust, I thought, to the dust-soiled priestess who thus read my future. But then the francs did not go Casimir's way.

Although Mahmoud did not follow me to



DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

PLAZA OF THE HIPPODROME.

become calling the Broadway squad to prayers, if his duty compelled him to continue calling until our police should fall upon their knees in the nearest church.

Now and then Mahmoud would buy a loaf of bread and feed the dogs—not his dogs, not anybody's dogs, only the dogs of the streets. It is a mistake to call these dogs scavengers; but for the kindness of the people they would starve. If some highly civilized Caucasian should lose his temper when one of these hungry, homeless curs looked up into his face, and use his boot or his cane in reply, it would have been Mahmoud's duty promptly to convey the highly civilized person to the nearest station, from which the chief would have instantly sent him to jail for a year. When a child stumbles and falls in the street the nearest man springs forward to save it. When a father enters a son's presence, though he be as ragged as Lazarus and as dirty as a scavenger, the son remains standing until he has permission to be seated. And yet in my own land we build ten-story buildings side by side—one to prevent cruelty to animals, another to children, and a third to provide against the neglect of the aged.

Mahmoud's watchfulness of me was not over until I packed my luggage for Venice and he was called upon to give an account of his stewardship to his chief, the Minister of Police.

I can see him now, standing that last day in the doorway of the station, waving his hand. His final courtesy was to return me my passport unopened by the guard at the station. The air with which he placed this much-be-inked document in my hands conveyed to me even more clearly than his translated words how fully he had appreciated my docility while a prisoner in his hands, how sorry he was to have me leave, and how entirely unnecessary and useless such vouchers were between men who knew each other so well. Strange to say, the chief inspector at the frontier thought so too, returning it with a bow and a look instantly intelligible to me, knowing Mahmoud as I did.

And besides that of Mahmoud there was one other face, or rather part of a face,—his back was toward me,—of which I caught sight as I whirled out of the station. It was Casimir's. He was biting one of the coins I had just given him to see if it was good.

F. Hopkinson Smith.