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mothers do-sacrificed her own comforts and bestowed them on her children. The veil she has on her head is probably the one that concealed her dark expressive eyes before she forsook Mohammedanism, the national religion. Her skirt is literally a patchwork and the cloth, which hangs from her shoulders and partially covers her form is threadbare. She has nothing on her feet. The babe is dressed in swaddling clothes and as its eyes have not yet become accustomed to the reflection of the glaring rays of this almost tropical sunlight, it has a hat with which they are protected. The younger boy soon picks up the coin and a playhouse quarrel ensues. The mother tries to procure it by offering a coin, which is large, but only one fifth as great. She tries other methods but with that same tenacity with which his father Ishmael clung to life "under one of the shrubs: in the wilderness clings to his coin. The disturbance is quelled when the mother is informed concerning the observer, and the attention of all is placed upon the door. They intend to conceal their deed. While that is perhaps sufficient for this time they are desirous of more help. But shall we give them more money and justify them in their wrong? and let them pass quietly away? You cannot wonder at their dishonesty and will extend charity towards them. We are somewhat responsible for this bad deed. Money tries stronger minds than the Arab's does and we will go below, throw our English and German aside and have a short talk with these Arabs and try to teach them that stealing is a very wicked practice. We may possibly get them to co