

gave us a welcome, and immediately commenced sweeping out the floor for our accommodation; this might have been thirty feet by eighteen in width. After a cloud of dust had risen, and by degrees subsided, we took possession; the carts and camels arrived; beds had to be unpacked and set up, and the servants began to reflect upon the advantages of the van which saved them the present trouble. It was already dusk, but the beds were made, and Christo the cook (who was a capital fellow for speed in preparing a dinner) was enveloped in savoury steam, when the usual inmates of the hut quietly invaded us. Cocks and hens marched in, and went to roost upon some sticks within a corner; two or three dogs arrived, evidently with the intention of staying through the night; a donkey at length walked composedly through the entrance door and steered for his accustomed corner. We had caused serious inconvenience to an unknown quantity of animals, all of whom had to be turned out, except the poultry. What a good thing is dinner! The neat tiny table was spread and the candles lighted; the dishes were simple but excellent; we were thoroughly comfortable in this rude dwelling; but—it might have been fancy—I thought something tickled my legs. There was no mistake, something did actually not only tickle, but bite. Something? It was everything and everybody in the shape of fleas! The hut was hopping with countless swarms of these detestable vermin, from which in our impregnable van we had hitherto been free, owing to its great height from the ground. Whether the unusual sweeping of the floor had created a temporary aberration of intellect or stupefaction among these crowds, I cannot