

which we smelled before we saw it. It proved to be a perfect rarity shop of everything aromatic. There was no attempt at arrangement; it was a mere medley of sandal-wood boxes and rosaries, incense in every form, liquid perfumes and scented powders, balsams and spicy gums.

The keen-eyed, sharp-faced old man who presided, hardly deigned to look at us; he evidently did not care to deal with "dogs of Christians." When we stated our wishes he rather unwillingly produced a shabby box filled with greasy cloths, from



which he drew a bottle half full of yellow oil, and as he poured this carefully into a tiny phial the rich fragrance filled the room, with almost oppressive sweetness. No other perfume is so volatile; it evaporates almost in the act of pouring, as we had already discovered to our cost. We understood the haste with which the old man corked and wrapped his bottle, whose contents, if he could sell them in America, would enable him to retire from business. To visit all the bazaars of Damascus would furnish interesting occupation for a month, and we had not quite three days for the