

colour and beautiful in design; robes of exquisite softness of texture and tint; shawls fit for the shoulders of an empress, sashes, kefiyehs, caftans. There is the fez bazaar, where stall after stall is devoted to the sale of tarbooshes, and all the variety of caps worn under the turban and *kefiyeh*.

Then there is the boot and shoe bazaar, full of bright red morocco shoes, with queer up-turned toes; and heavy ungainly looking red boots, such as the Bedouin chiefs affect; and great camel-hoof-soled, spike-nailed shoes, such as the mountaineers



DAMASCUS—STREET CALLED STRAIGHT.

wear; and delicate lemon-coloured slippers, soft as a glove, for the wear of ladies. There is the Greek bazaar, full of antiquities, some genuine and priceless, more, however, of very modern manufacture, and very small intrinsic worth. There you can buy a Damascus blade that will bend till point and hilt touch, and find, after you get home, and show it proudly, that some friend up to Damascus dodges affirms it to have been made out of a bucksaw, with the teeth filed away and an elaborate hilt fastened on!

And so, on you go, through labyrinth after labyrinth of interlacing avenues of stalls, bazaar after bazaar filled with the merchandise which Damascus sells to her vast constituency of cus-