

with great jars over their shoulders, full of the sweet mixture, supposed to be cooled with ice from Lebanon; and they rattle their brass cups between fingers and thumb, as they cry continuously, "Oh, cheer thine heart; oh, cheer thine heart!" Here are the bread sellers, crying out, "O Allah, that sustainest us, send trade." Here are sellers of nuts, fruits, liquorice water, sweetmeats, indeed, of everything that can be hawked around the street, and their peculiar cries sound above everything else. And such a crowd, such variety of feature and expression, such brilliancy of colour in dress. White turbans, kumbazes of softest texture and colour, kumbazes of vivid stripe and shade, loose outer robes of blue or lemon yellow, mingling and commingling in ever varying combinations. But it is the men who are thus brilliantly and gracefully dressed. Look at those bolster-like objects, all in white—shapeless, moving bundles—those are the women, and those other striped bundles, and black bundles are also women. They are without grace of form or motion, and utterly without dignity; these they possess, no doubt, but they are so securely tied up in these waddling bundles of Oriental propriety that you cannot even guess at their existence.

Here is a group of wild Bedouins from the plains come on their camels to make purchases, and the huge beasts pace gravely under the dark arches and through the crowded street making room for themselves and their great panniers. Yonder is a wild-looking horseman, a sheikh, evidently. Look at the gay trappings of his spirited little mare, his fine striped flowing abba, his gay *kefiyeh*, his huge morocco boots. There, in tall brown conical cap, a dervish stalks solemnly along, utterly unmindful of what is passing. "*Darach, darach!*" (Your back, your back!) you hear behind you, and you step aside quickly to let a carriage pass you, driving some tourist around to the sights of the city, and looking wonderfully incongruous in this Arabian-Nights-looking street.

The most interesting sight in Damascus is the bazaars. Imagine long avenues roofed over, lined on both sides with open shops, or rather stalls, for your eastern shop is very like a square packing-case, with a flat board in front as a counter, behind which the proprietor sits in solemn patience for the customers Allah may send him. These stalls are filled, shelf upon shelf, pile upon pile, with the wares to the vending of which they are devoted. In Damascus each trade or manufacture has a kazaar of its own. There is the saddler's bazaar filled with the gay trappings, and cumbersome saddles which the Arabs delight in. There is the silk bazaar, with piles and piles of gorgeous silks, brilliant in