

"Four Napoleons." "Too dear, Abou Atika, I'll give you one Napoleon for them." The little old man's eyes fairly glare, his face swells and reddens, till it almost threatens apoplexy, he tries to speak, but in his rage and amazement he can scarcely articulate, and the doctor drops the articles and passes on. In five minutes or less the doctor has the articles at his own price. It is so with everything purchased, the old man asking an exorbitant price, getting furious when offered less, and finally accepting with a grunt, a sum very much less than half or quarter of what he at



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first demanded. Poor old Abou Antika, many a traveller has he fleeced, and many an article now gracing the cabinets of western *virtuosi* or guarded carefully and proudly in some western museum, once lay on the dusty floors of that old den of his in Damascus.

One of our last excursions was a carriage drive to the Salihiyeh, the suburban hill from which the finest view of the city is obtained. It was a glorious afternoon, and we were not the only party driving to get the lovely view. As our landau toiled up