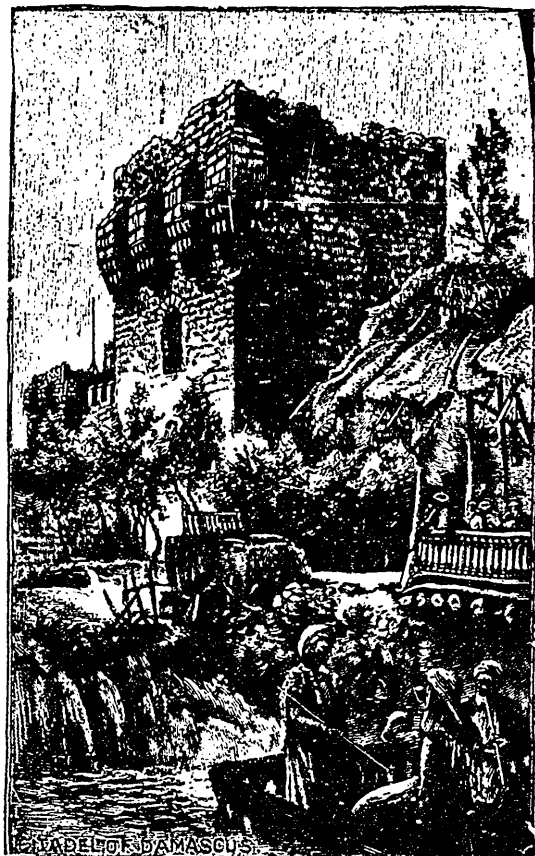


native stringed instruments and delicious coffee and orange sherbet, cooled with snow from Mount Hermon. Of this process

the Damascenes are very fond, and it no doubt conduces greatly to their health.

In the heart of the city rises the huge, grim structure, nearly nine hundred feet long and seven hundred wide, known as the citadel, a group of twelve machicolated towers with connecting walls surrounded by a deep moat twenty feet wide. It is at least eight hundred years old. Once a stronghold of the Janisaries, it had splendid council chambers and fine apartments, but now contains little more than a collection of old weapons including many ar-



THE CITADEL, CAFE IN THE FOREGROUND.

rows, and a garrison of sombre, grotesque-looking soldiers.

The Turkish troops are not very soldierly looking. We saw one day some hundreds, not of cavalry, but of *mulery*, for they

idolrous temple occupying the site before "the good King Abraham" came to reside in Damascus.

The restoration of this historic building revives recollections of past glories and thoughts of future hopes. With these inspiring thoughts every effort is being made to rebuild and restore the great edifice, and *The London Times* says the way in which the work is being carried on by the people of Damascus reminds one of the building of great cathedrals in the Middle Ages. The ladies of the Governor's harem have been allowed to engage in the sacred work of clearing away the debris, and even the heretical Shias have been permitted to lend a hand in the great work.