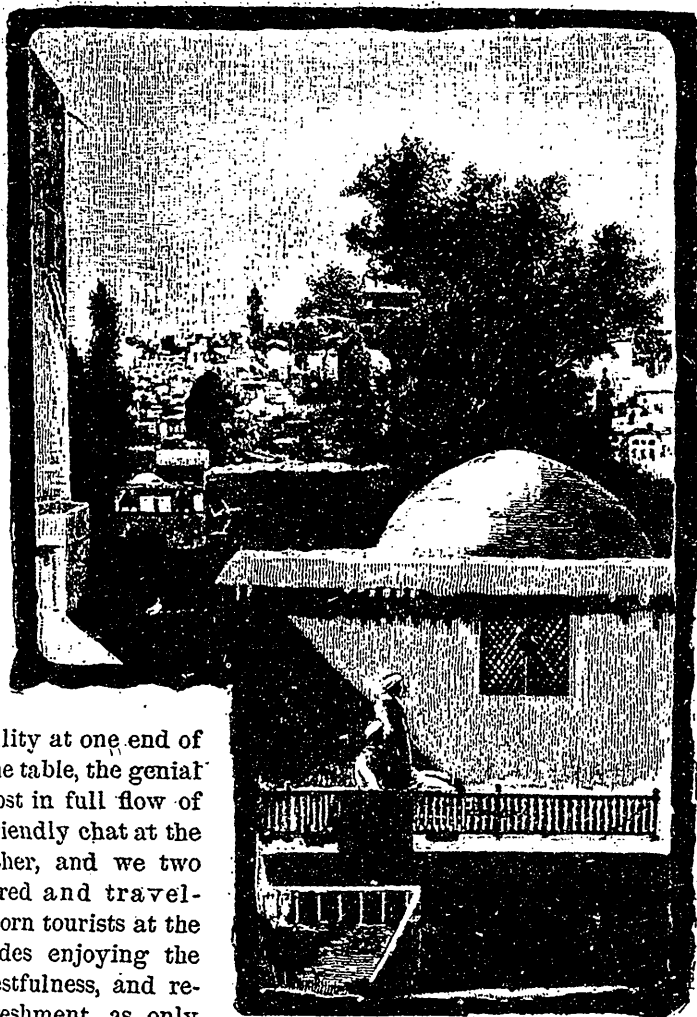


silver, its spotless damask, its fragrant and cheering infusion, its dainty slices of bread and butter, and crystal dish of preserves! What an oasis in the desert of Orientalism, this exquisite bit of Western home-life, the fair hostess dispensing charming hospi-



ROOF OF AN EASTERN HOUSE.

talities at one end of the table, the genial host in full flow of friendly chat at the other, and we two tired and travel-worn tourists at the sides enjoying the restfulness, and refreshment, as only tired travellers far from home could

ever do. True, Yuseef the smiling, silent Armenian servant-of-all-work, gliding about in his flowery *kumbaz* and bright red *tarboosh* was thoroughly Oriental, but he was at least evenly balanced by Skye, the Scotch pointer-dog, whose gentlemanly