

there was nothing more, not a chair, nor table, nor bed, nor glass window, only wooden shutters. The abundance of leisure time was accounted for, so much time is saved in the one small item of dusting.

Crossing the passage to find my sleeping room, I caught sight of "Mr. Cook," and went out to inspect his quarters, which were somewhat cramped. The tiny closet, or shed, was scarcely large enough to hold his portly form, and the two huge wooden chests, which carried such a varied store of good things; to say nothing of his cooking-range, which, however, took little room. Four small holes were scooped out in the ground and filled with charcoal; over these a light iron frame supported various saucepans, etc.—nothing could be simpler. Seated in front of this, with all his materials within easy reach without rising, "Mr. Cook" gave his mind to his business with that concentration which distinguishes genius.

To-night, however, I had misgivings. The roof leaked, the rain beat in at the open front of the shed, and the remaining half of the village, regardless

of the rain, were grouped in the yard, watching and criticising the performance. I felt there were excuses to be made if there were failures to-night; but none were needed. The dinner was more elaborate than usual and had more than its ordinary picnic flavour in such an unexpected situation.

Our tent furniture had been brought into the house, including six iron bedsteads. Going into my room, I found that in this older part of the house the roof leaked, but was assured they would mend it at once. I wondered how, for the roof consisted of poles laid across the top of the walls, small branches and twigs laid transversely across the poles, and the whole covered with



WATER-SELLER, DAMASCUS.