

How far off from the world we are in these crowded bazars! No railroad is here; and if we want to cross the desert to the stupendous ruins of Palmyra, with its vast columns, palaces and temples now occupied only by birds of prey and jackals, we must fit out a caravan of camels and apply to the governor of the city for a small army of Turkish troops to protect us from the depredations of the fierce Bedouins. We may also require protection as we visit the huge burial-ground of the Moslems with its forest of upright slabs, two of them covering wives of Mohammed himself. The Prophet's daughter, Fatima, is also buried here.

Several things will strike the visitor to this most fascinating city. Firstly, the bitter cold nights that will follow a blazing day of 104 degrees in the shade; secondly, the fact that most of the inhabitants live on fruit all through the summer. One is jostled here and there by the water-sellers with goat-skins on their backs filled with the precious fluid.

The cries of the myriad street pedlers are both quaint and musical. "O, giver of substance!" cries the bread-seller. "Cool thy thirst with sherbet cooled with the snow of Lebanon," wails another. There are other sellers of sweetmeats and raisin water, dates and pomegranates, and figs and pistachios.

There are even peripatetic restaur-

ants, whose turbaned owners murmur softly "Refresh thy hearts, O my children!" A month might very well be spent in Damascus, for one never tires of the wonderful bazars—the horse market, the saddle market, the street of the coppersmiths, and the gold workers; the bazar of the pipes, of the cloths and silks and embroideries, and a dozen others.

There are Druses, too, of high rank, in snow-white silks and high jeweled turbans, armed to the teeth with great lance and pistols, sword and daggers, not forgetting a long modern rifle slung from the shoulder.

It is from Damascus that an enormous caravan starts for the pilgrimage to Mecca, and if the traveler has the good fortune to be in the capital of Syria at this time, he will have an oriental treat, such as is accorded but few.

One has but little space in which to speak of the vast and historic Mosque of the Ommiads, with its 600 golden lamps before one shrine, its golden vines over the interior arches, and prayer niches facing Mecca inlaid with precious stones. There is no city in the world which can compare with Damascus for interest. It is the entire East in miniature—the "City of the Caliphs" and of all the romance of "The Arabian Nights."

