

latter closely resembling the English Victoria plum in flavour.

We passed through the Serai and main square, bought "Buklava," a Turkish sweetmeat, which is very good here, managing to bargain for it in bad Turkish, and having a little fun out of it; then drove around seeing the fine houses of the wealthy Syrians, many of which we were told were most beautifully furnished; certainly, they were well built.

The sanitary arrangements of the town were very bad indeed, as all towns under Turkish rule are; and partly on that account, and partly on account of the mosquitoes—they swarmed and abounded everywhere—we decided to leave for the Lebanon the next day.

For the German Hotel, I must speak a few words. It was large, beautifully clean, and well-furnished for winter, but lacked free ventilation, and the thick rugs and curtains were quite out of keeping with the damp heat that one experiences all the long summer in Syrian coast towns. The proprietress and her nephew were most kind and obliging, giving all the help and advice possible. We left our deck chairs and superfluous baggage with them, and made arrangements for our journey to Brumana, 15 miles up the Lebanon.

Leaving Beyrout at 3.15 p.m., we drove up the hill, through The Serai, passing a huge Turkish café, which on our return, five weeks later, was brilliantly lighted and crowded with natives, turban, fez, galibeah, handsome cloaks, making a picture one never sees out of the East; and on one went through the outskirts of the town, where we saw the Austrian and American Consuls' houses standing on high ground, in fine gardens, and finally got a good view of the sea and coast scenery, with a mouthful of dust to remind us we were away from watered roads and amidst a people we knew not.

Our driver, a sharp, nice-looking Arab boy, was taking us along at a pace that soon left all traces of the town far behind us. Past pine forests and gardens, we gradually began to ascend the hills, and all along we were struck by the wonderful cultivation of the mulberry, whole hillsides being beautifully terraced and planted with these trees, and realised the great importance of the silk industry in Syria.

After about five miles drive, which we had enjoyed thoroughly, we stopped to rest the horses at a curious little Syrian café, built on a charming site. Four pine poles, supporting a pine branch roof, spread right across the hill road, afforded shelter alike for man and beast, and here we rested and admired the lovely hill scenery which we were now revelling in, and had a cool tamarind drink, having ascertained that the water was good.

Proceeding on our journey, passing still through pine forest, and getting lovely views of hill, ravine, and sea, we at last came in sight of Beit Marie, a large village, beautifully situated on a hill. The houses, strong, well-built, stone buildings, small mostly, but comfortable, and now occupied (the greater number) by families from Egypt. Quite an up-to-date club caught our attention, called

"The English Club," and some large, handsome houses, standing in fine grounds and positions, we were told were the property of rich Syrians, who came up for their summer holidays.

A long, steep ascent, which our driver delighted in, led us into another valley, the hills of which, beyond, were topped with some fine residences, one belonging to the Austrian Consul, a finer site still being occupied by Bonfils' Hotel. Hearing this hotel was crowded, we drove to the Hôtel Lebanon, kept by Madame Saal Muller, and got most comfortably quartered for 7 francs per day each.

The building was large and commodious, the rooms leading off from both sides of a large, airy corridor. After the intense heat of Beyrout, it was so restful.

I cannot speak too highly of the courtesy and kindness of Madame Saal Muller and her daughters, the excellent and abundant food, the willing service of all, especially a little maid, Adel, who seemed to be up and about waiting on everyone, smiling and cheerful; I longed to run away with her. What a treasure to have in a house; there seemed nothing she could not do and do well.

A great number of the visitors here were from Egypt, natives, and we found them delightful, and so pleased to have someone English to talk to, many of them speaking our language besides four or five others, well.

A terrace along the front of the house gave us a grand view of the sea, Beyrout, and the little villages along the coast, besides the valleys and rocky hills intervening, and two fine, old monasteries perched right away on two rocky eminences overlooking the sea. From the garden, with its fine trees and comfortable seats, one got a magnificent view of a grand sweep of mountain, with Allah, a fine village, and dozens of little villages nestling among them, which, lighted up at night, was most picturesque, the lights flashing from hill-top to valley giving a most weird and wonderful effect.

Walking through the old part of the village of Brumana, we were surprised at the number of English-speaking Syrians, and learned that many go to America, make some money, and return here and start a little store.

At the extreme end of the village stood the French Convent, with its fine church, hospital, and pension. A young Greek lady, in delicate health, was staying there as a summer boarder, and she told us of the kindness and care of the Sisters, the dainty cookery, and all the comforts they surrounded her with, one of the greatest of which was her daily bath; we envied her that more than all else, a bath being a costly luxury in all these parts, we having to pay dearly for ours.

We got to know some of the Sisters, especially a clever, capable woman, who seemed to be the dispenser, and in her sanctum we found dainty French confectionery, little, tempting bottles of choice liqueurs, and Huntley and Palmer's delicious wafers of all kinds.

The whole place was kept going entirely by

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