THREE VASSAR GIRLS IN THE HOLY LAND

THREE VASSAR GIRLS SERIES.

BY ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY.

THREE VASSAR GIRLS ABROAD.
THREE VASSAR GIRLS IN ENGLAND.
THREE VASSAR GIRLS IN SOUTH AMERICA.
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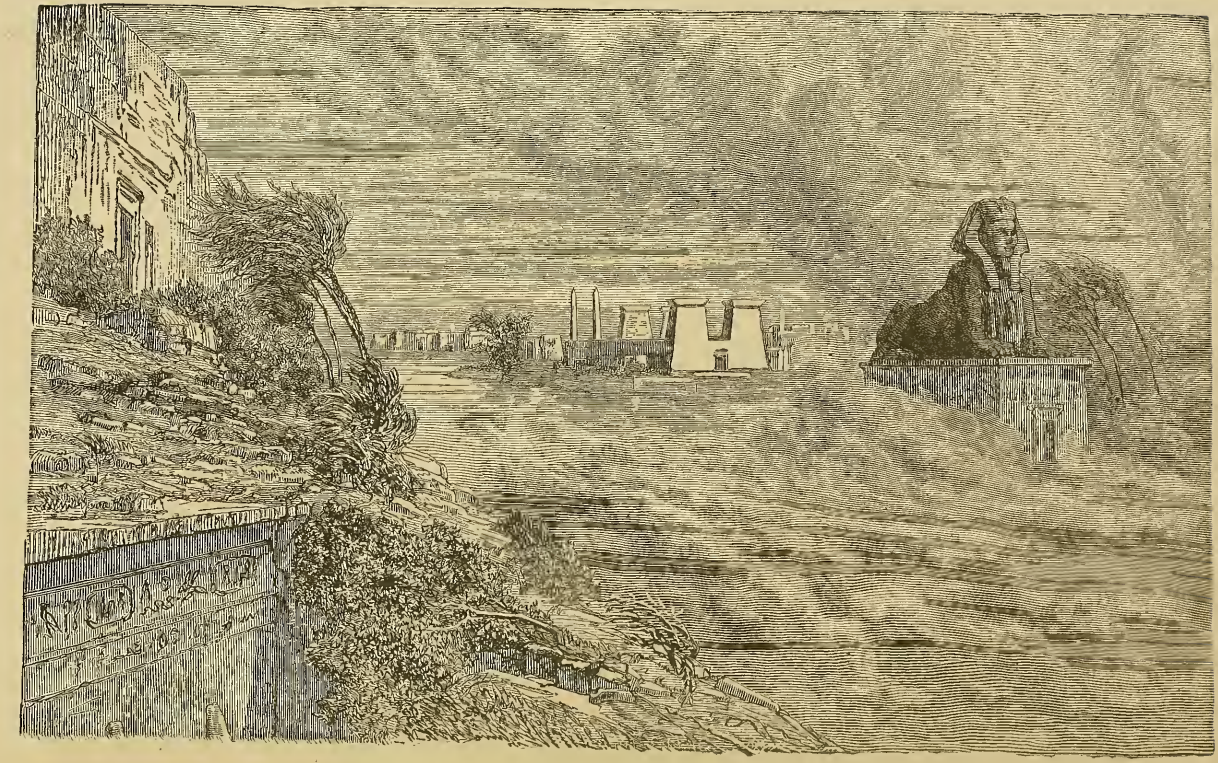
THREE VASSAR GIRLS IN THE HOLY LAND.

ESTES AND LAURIAT, Publishers,
BOSTON, MASS.



A VISION OF EGYPT.

THREE VASSAR GIRLS

IN

THE HOLY LAND

BY

ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY

AUTHOR OF

"A NEGLECTED CORNER OF EUROPE," "THREE VASSAR GIRLS ABROAD,"
"THREE VASSAR GIRLS IN ENGLAND," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

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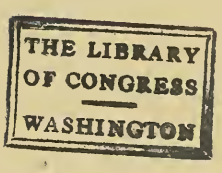


University Press:
John Wilson and Son, Cambridge, U.S.A.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THREE VASSAR GIRLS IN THE HOLY LAND.

CHAPTER I.

A PECULIAR GIRL.

"SAY what you may, Violet, you cannot deny that there is something very funny about her."

"I am afraid I am lacking in a sense of humor, for I see nothing amusing in Bird; and she herself takes life with great seriousness."

"Now, Violet, you know perfectly what I mean by funny. Bird Orchard is fascinating, but she is queer. She is different from any one else we know. You must confess that she is a peculiar girl."

"If you mean that she is peculiarly nice — yes."

Emma Constant tapped her foot impatiently. "I like frankness and open-heartedness. I never had anything to conceal in my life," she said, "and I am not fond of mysterious secrets and incomprehensible enigmas. When there is so much concealed, you may be sure that there is reason for concealment, — that all is not as it should be."

"Emma, this is not like you, to suspect evil in any one so sweet and lovely as my dear Bird. She may have some sorrow in her family history, but I am positive that there is no disgrace there."

"I am not so sure," Emma replied sententiously. "I have watched that girl for a long time, and I am convinced that there is something wrong about her. As long as she kept herself to herself it was none of my business; but since I have seen the ascendency which she has gained over you, I feel that you ought to know more about the girl whom you are making your most intimate friend. You have been class-mates here at Vassar for the entire course, and what do you know of her? For that matter what does any one know of her?"

"I know that she is a high-minded, noble-hearted girl, who has always attracted me, and until this year has persistently eluded me. She holds the head of the class easily in modern languages, and Professor Ritter says she is the most sympathetic musician in the college. He said last week that she had an innate musical feeling, which must have been inherited from a long line of musicians or lovers of music; and Bird flushed with pride, and confessed that her father had been her teacher, though he was only an amateur, and that her brother was a fine violinist and they were in the habit of playing Mozart's chamber-music together when they were children. 'It was my father's only delight and only extravagance,' she said 'He always subscribed to the Philharmonic, and preferred having a box at the Opera to belonging to any of the clubs which New York gentlemen seem to feel so necessary to their enjoyment.' Now, a man with such refined tastes as that can scarcely be a criminal."

"I did not say that he was necessarily a criminal," Emma replied. "But what you have said proves nothing, except that he is fond of music, and, although wealthy, is not fond of the society of other gentlemen. This mania for solitude is then a family characteristic. It may point to insanity instead of crime."

"Emma Constant, how can you talk so? Bird is the sanest, the most common-sensible girl in the class. Look at the way in which she managed the finances of the Literary Society. She accepted the

A DAUGHTER OF EGYPT.

chairmanship of the Executive Committee when we were in debt four hundred dollars; and it was her head for business that put the society on its feet. It was the same thing with the publication of the Miscellany. After she became manager of the advertising department the money simply rolled in, and we had to call a meeting of the stockholders to decide what to do with the surplus. When I asked her how she ever learned the secret of making money she said, very simply, 'I inherited it, I suppose. Our people always had the reputation of possessing the Midas touch, but it was only fidelity to good business principles.'"

A thoughtful look came into Emma's face. "She is less guarded with you in speaking of her relatives than with the rest of us. What besides this has she ever said of her father?"

"Very little. They came to America from England when Bird was a little girl; but her father was not pleased with America, and has gone back with his wife, leaving Bird in charge of her brother who graduates this season at Harvard and will then enter a bank in New York."

"This would seem to point to English extraction, and yet Bird does not look at all English. I would have thought her Spanish, — and yet not exactly Spanish either, though she has those marvellous Andalusian eyes, jetty black hair and a 'mat' complexion. Perhaps she is more like the Portuguese. There is something South-of-Europe about her, you may be sure. Do you remember how wonderfully she made up in the tableaux as a maid of Athens? I should not wonder if she came of Greek ancestry. If she were just a shade darker one might imagine her an Arab. Do you remember when the tableaux were arranged the manager at first decided that she must be a Cleopatra. How magnificently she would have looked with the Nile, an Egyptian temple, and some palm-trees in the background! But she seemed really insulted, and asked if we imagined that she was an octoroon that we assigned her such a part."

"Why not believe that she is simply English? The name is English enough."

"The name is one of the things that troubles me," Emma replied, "it sounds so made up, so unlikely to be a real name. Bird Orchard! It is like a *nom-de-plume* or the assumed name of an opera singer. There is no *vraisemblance* about it."

"Do you mean to insinuate that Bird has entered the college under an assumed name?"

"It seems a harsh thing to say, but there are several circumstances which have forced that suspicion upon me. I know that I am likely to lose your affection by this plain speaking; but I must put you on your guard, even if you misunderstand my motive. I hate deceit and subterfuges, and Bird is full of them. Watch her for a time in the light of what I have said, and if I am wrong I will beg your pardon and hers."

Violet was inwardly raging, but with remarkable self-control she had maintained a calm exterior. She spoke now with icy distinctness. "You need never beg Bird's pardon, for I shall be careful not to wound her sensitive feelings by allowing her to imagine your suspicions. Nothing that you have said, or could say, could make me lose my faith in her. I am sorry that you have so little discrimination. I should think that one glance at Bird's face would put to flight any doubts that you may have formed in regard to her. I am very proud that she has selected me from all the other girls as her friend; and if you at all value my friendship, I desire you never to say anything against her to me again."

Emma Constant coolly elevated her eyebrows, and picking up her Greek lexicon left the room. Violet, much excited, strode up and down the apartment muttering to herself, "The very idea! An assumed name! How perfectly absurd! Why, one might as well say that because Emma's own name, Constant, fits her to a T, that it must be assumed. Orchard is an odd name to us, but I have no doubt that

OLD STREET IN JERUSALEM.

it is common enough in England." Then she paused suddenly in her wild walk as she remembered having been with Bird a long time ago when the lady principal had objected to her handing in a pet name for the college catalogue. "Give me your other true name if you please," she had said, in her severe manner.

Bird had looked up quite startled. "My true name?" she repeated in a dazed way.

"Yes, my dear, Pussie and Dollie and Birdie are not dignified enough to have A. B. written after them. Catharine and Dorothy are much more suitable names for a college catalogue. I must ask you to give me your baptismal name."

A deep red spot glowed on Bird's cheek as she replied, "I have never been christened. I did not know that the rite was a requisite for admission to college, and I can give you no other name than 'Bird.'"

The lady principal looked troubled. "I did not mean to grieve you, my dear; and if you have not a more dignified name, we will be glad to accept the one you offer."

Bird did not reply; her eyelids fell, and she seemed painfully embarrassed. The entire scene came back to Violet now with vivid distinctness, but she thrust it from her. She would not see in it anything derogatory to her dear friend. As soon as she was sufficiently composed, she walked down the long corridor to Bird's room for her usual afternoon call. It was one of the few single rooms, the students' sleeping apartments in the college being usually grouped in suites of three or four around a study parlor, the girls thus forming little coteries or families. But Bird, on entering the college, had asked the privilege of rooming alone, and had been given a bedroom intended for a teacher. Here she had lived a solitary life until Violet Remington had sought her out and won her friendship. They had been very intimate this last year, and Emma Constant, who was Violet's room-mate, watched the growing friendship with disfavor.

She was too high-minded to be jealous. She told herself that she would gladly have shared Violet's love with another if sure that this other friend merited Violet's esteem. But she distrusted Bird, and was positive that the event would prove her suspicions well founded.

Violet was to go abroad the coming summer with her parents, and Emma had accepted their invitation to travel with them with delight; but this morning, when Violet had proposed that Bird should also join the party, Emma had remonstrated, and the discussion already reported had taken place. Emma had said even more, for she had reminded Violet that they had made their first plans for this tour on a Sunday afternoon after one of Dr. Harper's lectures on the Psalms, and that they had both agreed that the most interesting spot for them in all foreign lands was Palestine, and that some day they would endeavor to make the pilgrimage together.

Jerusalem should be their headquarters, — a most interesting centre. They would pass an entire season here, verifying as nearly as possible all sacred localities; and they would make little excursions from Jerusalem, following David's life as a bandit from Engedi to Adullum and away to Askelon and Gaza, Samson's country.

Perhaps they might make a caravan trip as far southward as Mount Hor where Aaron was buried. Their interest had been aroused in this direction not only by their Biblical studies in college, but also by Violet's brother, who was at this time travelling in the East with a party engaged in archæological study and exploration.

Emma had a fine, clear mind; she was one of the leaders of the circles of tens who met for voluntary Bible study. It was her ambition to take a special course in Hebrew and Old Testament literature such as is provided at Yale, and to fit herself thoroughly for Bible-class teaching of a high order. Violet was by nature an artist, and thought of such a tour as a wonderful sketching-field. Bird had a talent for literature, and would find a thousand themes

for her graceful pen, — at least so Violet thought. But Emma reminded her that Bird had declined to join the circles for Bible study, and was sure that she would refuse to join the expedition, or if she went with them would prove a most uncongenial companion.

Violet resented Emma's suggestions. It seemed to her that as she was herself the organizer of the trip, that Emma had no right to dictate; but in spite of herself the conversation left a disagreeable

THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT HOR.

sensation of which she could not rid herself. Still, she was fully determined to prove that Emma was in the wrong, and she entered Bird's room determined to invite her to be one of the party.

Bird looked up in something like alarm, and hastily thrust a letter which she had been reading into her pocket.

"Bird Orchard! A love-letter which you conceal! I am shocked!"

Bird strove to smile, but she had been weeping, and her voice trembled as she replied, "It is a love-letter, dear, but it is from my mother, — the person I love best in all the world."

Violet was on her knees beside her in a moment. "No bad news I hope, dear."

"No, only that she is weary and lonely without me, as I am without her; and I have decided to go to her soon after I graduate. That means giving up my brother, whom I love too, and our life which we had planned to lead together here in America, — and you Violet, and you!" Here Bird burst into tears again, and Violet folded her in her arms and held her tightly for a moment.

"Why will not your mother come to America and live with you and your brother?" Violet asked after a time.

"Father and Mother do not like America. They have suffered too much here; they will never come back. My brother on the contrary is delighted with it. He thinks it the only place where a young man can achieve a career. He likes its free institutions, and he is proud to call himself an American. You know he chose to be educated at Harvard in preference to any German university; and it was he who insisted that I should come to Vassar, in order that I might gain the best American education, and imbibe American tastes and ideas. And I have adopted them little by little, almost unconsciously. I have come to feel myself transplanted and my affections taking root in this new soil. You have been the chief factor in all this, Violet. It is my love for you which has made me love everything identified with you, except perhaps your religion. Father foresaw this when he left us. 'Grow up with the country,' he said; 'it is the place for young people. If I were thirty years younger I would start as you are doing, but your mother and I are too old.' And so they went away and left us. The experiment has proved successful in my brother's case. He has made warm friends at Harvard. The father of one of them has offered him a position and an interest in a prominent banking-house in New York. Edward wishes me to live with him. He has urged me to select a pleasant apartment, and has written of the pleasure we will take in fitting it

up together, of the musicales we will give, and the friends we shall entertain. I had planned to have you with me for my first winter, but I have decided that Edward can do without me, that my duty is plainly with my mother, and I shall go to her."

"I think you have decided rightly," Violet said, "and I do not see anything very dreadful in it beyond our separation, which need not be a final one. The great pond is so easily crossed nowadays we can visit back and forth very easily."

Bird shook her head sadly. "I shall not return while my parents live," she said.

"Then I shall go to you," Violet announced cheerfully. "Listen Bird. We are going abroad next autumn; Father, Mother, Emma, and I. We will take you over with us, and we can easily arrange for me to visit awhile with you."

Bird did not reply at once. She looked at Violet with a strange troubled expression.

"Would n't you like to have me come to you?" Violet asked at last.

"Above all things," Bird replied, "but I fear you would not enjoy being with us. Mother is an invalid and — You do not know, and I cannot tell you."

Bird's face sank upon her arm, and Violet spoke earnestly. "My poor darling, tell me all about it. It can make no difference in my love to you, whatever it is."

But Bird gathered herself up proudly. "I have nothing to tell," she said, "only it will not be convenient for us to have you visit with us this summer. Don't be offended with me; it is such a trial for me to say it."

"Oh, never mind!" Violet answered cheerfully. "We will make the voyage together."

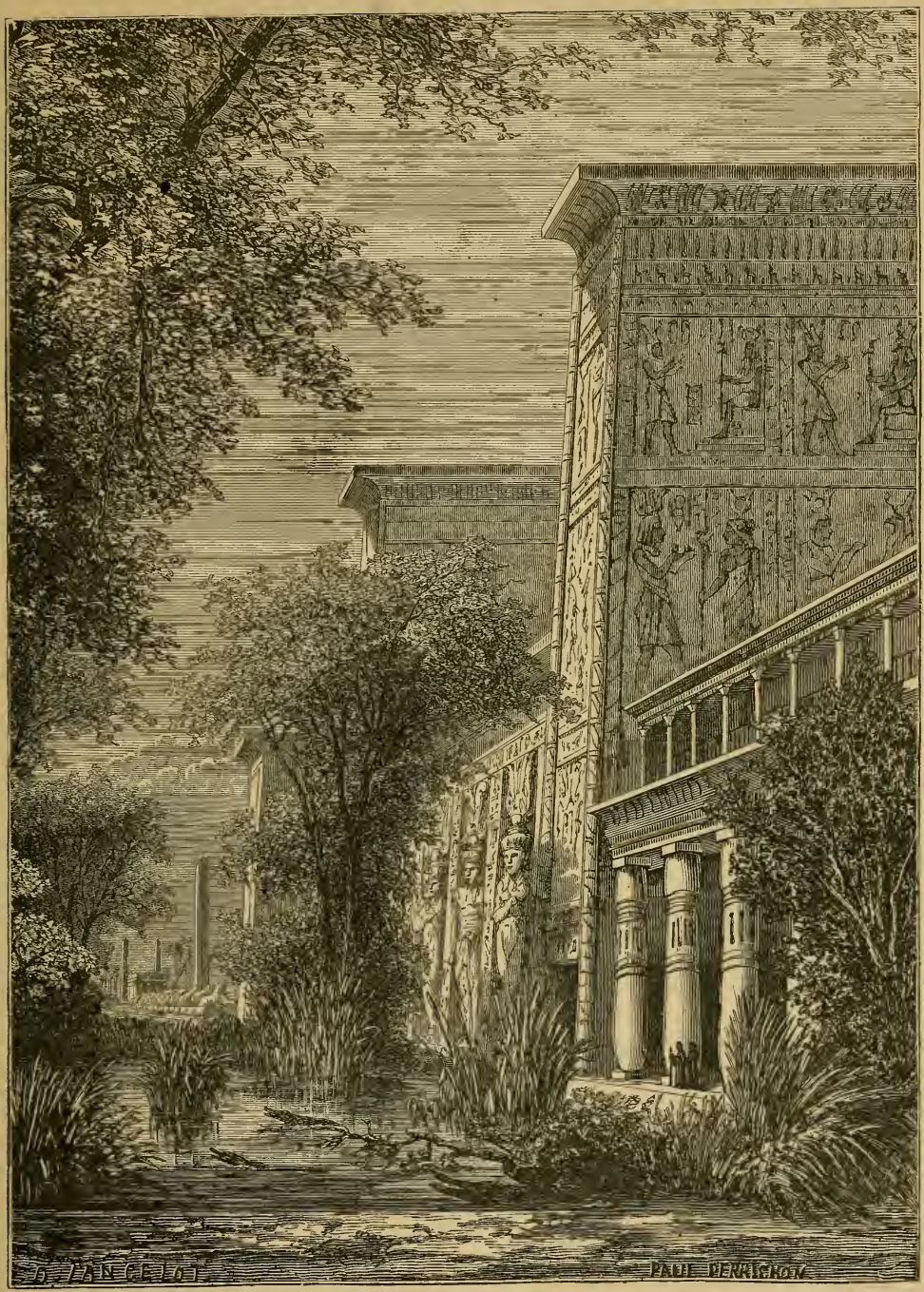
"Perhaps so. It is not always easy to make the plans of so large a party agree. What is your itinerary?"

"We will cross directly to Gibraltar and make the circuit of the Mediterranean, ending up by spending the winter or a part of it in Egypt, where Frank is to meet us, and will take us for a tour in the Holy Land."

Bird's face, which had softened, suddenly grew hard. "That decides it," she said. "I can't go with you."

"Because we are to meet Brother Frank? I call that very unkind when you know how much he admires you."

"I cannot go with you because I am not in the least interested in what you call the Holy Land, and because I ought to go at once to my mother." She spoke decidedly and promptly, but there was a faint flush on her usually pale cheeks, and Violet's mental comment was, "You can't deceive me. It is because you don't want to meet Frank." And then, more puzzled than ever, she asked herself, "But why should she wish to avoid him when all the girls like him. Now, I verily believe that Emma Constant is going simply and solely because he is to join us in Egpyt." Instantly she retracted the unkind thought, but added with a sigh: "Emma is right; Bird is a most peculiar girl."



AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE.

CHAPTER II.

EGYPT, CAIRO, AND THE NILE.

IN spite of Bird's intention to sail earlier, she was delayed in New York by her brother until the sailing of the Remingtons. He was greatly opposed to her going, and placed one obstacle after another in her way, the final one being that as he was in a sense her guardian he would not consent to her crossing the ocean except in suitable company. As her parents returned a written confirmation of this dictum, Bird was driven to accept the escort of her friends for the voyage.

She expected that her father would meet her at Brindisi; but when the steamer arrived at that port she received a telegram stating that he had been called to Russia by important business, and suggesting that, if her friends were willing, she might spend the winter with them in Egypt, or at least remain with them until he could make other arrangements for her. She would find a letter and money awaiting her at Alexandria."

The tears came into Bird's eyes as she read this telegram. "I am thrown upon your hands in a most humiliating manner."

But Violet kissed away her tears, and showed herself so genuinely delighted by this turn of affairs, and the entire party, Emma Constant included, displayed so much delicacy and consideration of her feelings that Bird accepted the situation with philosophy, and even with pleasure.

"Fate has continued our companionship, through no act of mine," she said to Violet, "and I am surely not responsible for the result."

"The result can only be happiness for us all," Violet replied, "and I shall hold you responsible for every minute of it."

It was early winter by the calendar when they reached Alexandria. The weather on the Mediterranean had been chill and gray, but a balmy wind blew from the Soudan, and the old city flashed with sunshine and color.

A young man stood upon the pier, among the crowd of noisy gesticulating Orientals, calmly but obstinately holding his place; and he sprang upon the steamer almost before the gang-plank was lowered. "That is Frank," Violet exclaimed when they could only see his figure outlined against the white wall of a warehouse; "I would know him as far as I could see him."

He had come from Cairo to meet them, and had stood there for hours awaiting the arrival of the steamer. Violet threw herself into his arms, but he gently disengaged himself and hurried first to his mother. Bird thought that he had not seen her, but he turned so quickly toward her after his mother had released him, that she knew he must have recognized her as he passed. "This is indeed a delightful surprise," he exclaimed, as he took her hand. "Violet, why did you not write that Miss Orchard was with you?"

The words were only the commonplaces of politeness, but there was an earnestness in his manner which meant more.

"We brought her quite against her will," Violet replied; "and her coming was as much of a surprise to Bird and to us as it is to you."

And Bird added truthfully, "Violet is quite right; I did not intend coming, and I really ought not to have done so."

One day was enough for the sights of Alexandria. Mr. Remington was chiefly interested in the traces of Napoleon's campaign, and in the great break-water built by English enterprise. The travellers drove about the city, visiting the ruins of ancient Alexandria; and they

agreed that the finest relic was Pompey's Pillar, a column of beautiful red granite, ninety-eight feet in height.

Eliot Warburton has well said: "The ancient city has bequeathed nothing but its ruins to modern Alexandria. All that is now visible is a piebald town, one half European, with its regular houses, tall and white and stiff, the other half Oriental, with mud-colored buildings and terraced roofs. The suburbs are encrusted with the wretched

ALEXANDRIA.

hovels of the Arab poor and immense mounds and tracts of rubbish occupy the wide space between the city and its walls. Yet here luxury and literature, the epicurean and the Christian, philosophy and commerce once dwelt together. Here stood the great library of antiquity. Here the Hebrew Scriptures expanded into Greek under the hands of the Septuagint. Here Cleopatra, *vainqueur des vainqueurs du monde*, revelled with her conquerors. Here St. Mark preached. Here Amer conquered, and here Abercrombie fell."

After spending the night in Alexandria, they set out for Cairo by rail. There was something incongruous in the English cars, the guards in European clothes; but as they neared Cairo, and saw its

domes and minarets, and, best of all, the Pyramids rising before them, they felt that at last they were in Egypt.

"I am fascinated with Cairo," the young man said, "with its beautiful mosques, it kaleidoscopic bazars, its museum of Egyptian archæology, its wonderful environs, and, above all, its life. Sometimes I wish that I were an artist, that I might paint the different types, — the Bedouins, the Turks, the negroes from the Upper Nile, the Copts, the Jews, and the Europeans of every nationality. It is a meeting-place of the races, and it makes me think of the description of the day of Pentecost; for here are 'Parthians and Medes and dwellers in Mesopotamia, Cretes and Arabians, Jews and proselytes,' and all the rest. It is an ever varying panorama of which I am never weary."

He took them to Shepherd's Hotel, near the beautiful Ezbekiyeh Gardens, in which they walked that evening after dinner.

"One can forgive the Khedive many abuses," said Mr. Remington, "since he has created this beautiful spot and thrown it open freely to the public."

Electric lights threw the shadows of the palms in beautiful patterns in the broad walks. "What does it make you think of?" Violet asked as they walked upon the magical carpet.

"'And they strewed palm branches in the way,'" her brother replied, quickly catching her meaning.

Bird changed the subject at once, remarking on the beauty of the lotus flowers in a fountain-basin near by and the feathery papyrus and the strange and brilliant flowers. They gave the next day to the bazars, — little shops which lined both sides of the Shoobrah and other streets. The houses on either side were tall, with projecting upper stories, and bay-windows latticed with turned rods brought the two walls of the narrow street still nearer together, while the space between was roofed over with matting, giving a grateful shade and coolness for the pedestrian. The Turkish merchants sat cross-legged on their counters among their wares, of which they seemed a part. They generally

TURKISH MERCHANT.

wore white turbans, vests of striped silk, and an outer robe of a soft, faded tone which would have delighted an artist, — citron, crushed strawberry, olive, dull blue, chocolate, maroon, peach, or old gold. One venerable carpet merchant with a long gray beard formed a picture worthy

of Fortuny, with his background of beautiful rugs. There were velvety Persian carpets in the wonderfully harmonious colors which only the Persian knows how to mingle; old Samarcand rugs and Damascus saddle-bags; shaggy gay-patterned blankets of fine goat's-hair from Turcoman tents; Kis Kelim portières and red Bokhara rugs of geometrical design, or scrawled over with barbaric figures remotely resembling uncouth birds and beasts; hangings from Bagdad, with quotations from the Koran embroidered in the decorative Arabic characters; silky Daghestan divan rugs, which caught the light with an iridescent sheen; and Tunisian prayer rugs, in pattern a Moorish arch, whose point the owner always turns toward Mecca at the hour of prayer.

There was the soap and cosmetic bazar, situated near the Bath, where the air was heavy with orange flower and lotus, ottar of rose in gilded flasks from Constantinople, jasmine of Aleppo, sandal-wood, and musk, and where thin curling scrolls of incense rose from delicately wrought brass censers, diffusing frankincense, aloes, cassia, and all the perfumes of Araby. More pungent were the odors which assailed one from the tobacco and snuff bazar, where a great cliff of Latakia tobacco was flanked by graceful nargiles, whose bubbling rose-water and coiled serpentine tubes with amber mouth-pieces invited the smoker. The brass and copper bazar, with its display of trays of every size, engraved, hammered, damascened, wrought in various fashions, in repoussée and filagree, etched and inlaid, shining like the emblazoned shields of knights at the armorers' tent in some tourney of Saladin, formed a warlike background to the social, slender coffee-pots, the incense burners, and household implements. A real armorer's booth was near at hand with a great array of yataghans and scimitars, ancient and modern, with arabesque designs and bloodthirsty mottoes damascened upon their blades, bits of mail that may have been handed down from the Crusaders, or may have been cleverly imitated in Birmingham and sent out to Egypt to deceive

Cockney collectors, together with the long Moorish firearms and all the picturesque arsenal of a Bedouin marauder.

The girls found it interesting to stand in a niche and watch the great polyglot river of humanity that surged by, and to note the bazars that most attracted them. Here would pass an Egyptian lady on a donkey led by a servant. She is closely veiled, but displays one bare braceleted arm. She sits astride; and though she may wear jewelled slippers, her feet are stockingless. The girls watch her as she pauses at the bazar of silks, and the merchant unfolds light floating gauzes shot with silver and gold or sprigged with pink flowers, sumptuous embroideries of richest colors or heavy with gold, rose-colored silks, and filmiest linens and tissues.

An Egyptian gentleman drives by in an English open carriage, preceded by a *sais* or running footman. He pauses before the niche devoted to old manuscripts. There are some mounted Janissaries clattering down from the Citadel; they will stop no doubt at the old armorer's. No; they make straight for the bazar of sweetmeats,—a most mouth-watering corner,—where they select from the various candied fruits some "lumps of delight" as the Smyrna fig-paste is called, and the fierce soldiers ride away munching it with the satisfaction of schoolgirls. Here come some wild-looking dervishes, with matted hair and idiotic faces. They are religious fanatics; perhaps they will join the Egyptian gentleman who is bargaining for a beautiful copy of the Koran. Not they; the horde stops at the fruit bazar, where they stuff themselves with melon, burying their ugly faces in the luscious crescents with swinish rapacity, for it is not Ramazan, the morn of fasting, and let us feast while we may. Here are some Bedouins from the desert in robes and turbans. One is a sheik, as rich and venerable as Job after the Lord rewarded him for all his trials. What can he want in the great metropolis? Violet guesses a pipe. He would look so patriarchal, calmly smoking one of those nargiles. But the sheik finds his way at once to the slipper bazar, and purchases, not a capa-

cious pair of yellow morocco slippers for his own feet, but two tiny pointed things of violet velvet, embroidered with real seed-pearls, for which he pays the round sum of twenty-five dollars. Truly, the act speaks a whole volume of romance concerning some Fatima or Zuleika awaiting his return. An English family pass next, led by a Syrian dragoman in baggy trousers and braided jacket. He leads them to the Khan Khaleel, a quarter of the goldsmiths'; and here the merchants patiently open their treasure caskets, and the chattering girls try on bangles and necklaces of sequins and barbaric tusks and cat's-eyes, as the uncanny Egyptian stones of translucent Egyptian quartz are called, whose peculiar opalescence is caused by filaments of asbestos, with which they are shot. Violet is fascinated by the goldsmith's bazar, and would waste her substance in riotous anklets; but Frank restrains her, and begs her to defer purchasing until she has seen the jewels of the ancient Egyptian princesses preserved at the Boulak Museum. "Then," he says, with a great air of superiority, "you will not care for any of these cheap trinkets." But Violet is doubtful, and Mrs. Remington cannot be dissuaded from purchasing a nest of the pretty octagonal tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl which are to be found at the bazar of furniture. And Violet urges, "They will be so jolly for afternoon teas."

Frank disapproves of these purchases, and hurries them from the too fascinating bazars to the great museum.

As they enter, it seems as if the curtain of the centuries had been pushed aside and they were present at some reception given at Thebes by Rameses the Great and his loved wife Nefer tari, for here just within the Great Vestibule are gathered portrait statues of royal personages of many different dynasties. These statues are painted and dressed, wear jewels, and some of them are startlingly life-like. The two which struck the girls as most remarkable were the statues of the Prince Ra-hotep and his sister the Princess Nefert. Miss Amelia B. Edwards says of them: "Of all known Egyptian

statues these are the most wonderful. They are probably the oldest portrait statues in the world, — that is to say, these people who sit before us side by side, colored to the life, fresh and glowing as the day when they gave the artist his last sitting, lived at a time when the great pyramids of Gizeh were not yet built, and at a date which is variously calculated as from sixty-three hundred to four thousand years before the present day. The princess wears her hair precisely as it is still worn in Nubia, and her necklace of Cabochen drops is of a pattern much favored by the modern Ghawazi. The eyeballs, which are set in an eyelid of bronze, are made of opaque white quartz with an iris of rock-crystal enclosing a pupil of some kind of brilliant metal. This treatment gives to the eyes a look of intelligence that is almost appalling. There is a play of light within the orb, and apparently a living moisture upon the surface, which has never been approached by the most skilfully made glass eyes of modern manufacture."

They found the collection of jewels of which Frank had spoken a most curious and interesting one. Queen Aah-hotep has left a most complete set of necklaces, rings, and other ornaments, while all the little articles of feminine luxury, toilet accessories, lamps, perfume-bottles, and mirrors interested the girls intensely. Frank hurried them by these however, to show them one particular mummy, — that of Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Oppression.

"I do not think I am very clear in my understanding of Egyptian history," Violet said as they strolled through the halls of the Museum. "I wish, Frank, you would tell me just which king was the Pharaoh we read of in connection with Moses."

"There were two kings who successively ruled Egypt during the life of Moses," Frank replied. "We read in Exodus II. 23 of the one whose daughter adopted Moses, and who oppressed the children of Israel, that 'the King of Egypt died,' and in the next chapter another Pharaoh is spoken of, — the one under whose reign the great plagues were visited upon Egypt, and from whom the chil-

dren of Israel finally escaped. The first is generally spoken of as the Pharaoh of the Oppression, and is undoubtedly the great conqueror and builder Rameses II., the Sesostris of classical writers. The second was his ignoble son Menephtha the Pharaoh of the Exodus."

"Please explain to us in what the greatness of Rameses consisted." It was Bird who spoke, and Frank, always quick to respond to her requests, replied at some length.

"Rameses came to the throne when only a boy of seven, about 1322 B.C. He began his career as victorious general in the fifth year of his reign, when he defeated the Khita, and many of their princes and nobles were drowned in the River Orontes. This war lasted until his ninth year when he took Salem, the ancient site of Jerusalem, and other Syrian cities; and in his twenty-first year a treaty of peace was made between the two nations, and Rameses married a Khitan princess. A tablet commemorating his victories has been found as far north as the Passes of the Lycus near Beyrout. After this he led his army southward and subdued Ethiopia, establishing Egyptian viceroys. He then established a navy which performed exploits upon the Mediterranean. Having tired of conquest, he directed his attention to architecture, and built many of the most remarkable monuments which exist to this day at Thebes, Abydos, Tanis. At Gerf Hossayn, Wady Sabooah, Derr, and Aboo Simbel he founded and embellished magnificent temples. He built entire cities, constructed canals and artesian wells, equipped a navy, employed thousands of architects, sculptors, and painters, and an incalculable number of slaves and captives as builders. It was his delight to leave his own colossal portrait statues in his favorite temples, and to cover their walls with the histories of his exploits; so that, as Henry Brugsch Bey writes in his fascinating History of Egypt, 'the number of his monuments is so great and almost countless, that the historian finds himself in difficulty where to begin.' The Ramesseum or, as it is sometimes called, the Memnonium at

Thebes is possibly the most magnificent of these remains. It is a succession of pillared courts. A colossal statue of the king lies in the first, and it has been calculated that the stupendous figure, when entire, must have weighed over a thousand tons."

"Was the Ramesseum the tomb of the great king?" Bird asked.

"Rameses seems to have intended that it should be, and for a long time savants believed that among its underground chambers the mausoleum would be found; but these researches were in vain, and the mummy was finally discovered, in 1881, carefully concealed in a subterranean tomb in the heart of the mountain Biban El Mulouk not far from Thebes."

"How did they ever find the hiding-place?" Violet asked.

"The story of the discovery has been told by Mr. Wilson in the Century Magazine. These are the main points, as I remember them. Four Arab guides lived in some tombs beyond Luxor, and these men had been in the habit of selling to travellers antiquities consisting of funeral offerings and even scarabees bearing the cartouch or seal of Rameses, which was immediately recognized by Professor Maspero, the director-general of the Boulak Museum. Detectives were put on the track of the Arabs. They were imprisoned, and I fear tortured, and at last one of them confessed that they had discovered a tomb away in the desert hills. Herr Emil Brugsch Bey, curator of the Museum, immediately accompanied the man to the spot. A well or shaft was pointed out, which had been filled in with loose stones piled as carelessly as possible. The curator at once set a gang of Arabs at work to clear out the well, and this done, fearlessly had himself lowered to the bottom. It was an intrepid act; for although he was armed to the teeth, he had only one man among that company of natives whom he could trust, — his faithful assistant, whom he had brought from Cairo. The Arabs knew that he was about to deprive them of their source of revenue, and could easily have tumbled him

into the well, with his assistant, and piled in the stones again upon their mangled bodies. But they did nothing of the kind, and Herr Brugsch found himself safely at the bottom of the well fronting a long subterranean passage, which led far into the heart of the mountain. A torch was lowered to him, and he soon found that the passage was lined with metal, alabaster, and porcelain vases, draperies and ornaments, and presently mummy-cases. Plunging on he at length reached the tomb itself, — a chamber thirteen feet by twenty-three, and six feet in height. Here were thirty-nine mummy-cases, some of them of great size, painted and gilded; and the curator knew that he was in the burial chamber of a dynasty of kings and queens. He hurried back to the open air, almost overcome with excitement at the glorious prize. I have copied into my note-book his relation of the circumstances. He says, 'It was almost sunset then. Already the odor which arose from the tomb had cajoled a troop of slinking jackals to the neighborhood, and the howl of the hyenas was heard not far distant. A long line of vultures sat upon the highest pinnacles of the cliffs near by, ready for their hateful work.'

"There was but little sleep in Luxor that night. Early the next morning three hundred Arabs were employed. The coffins were hoisted to the surface, were securely sewed up in sail-cloth and matting, and then were carried across the plain of Thebes to the steamers awaiting them at Luxor. A careful examination proved that the mummies found were those of the most illustrious monarchs of the most glorious period of Egyptian history. Queen Hatasu, King Thothmes, and King Rameses II. himself were among those indentified with absolute certainty. Look at the face of Rameses and compare it with these photographs of his statues at Aboo Simbel, at Memphis, at Thebes, and the likeness is sufficiently apparent, — the same high bearing of unconquerable resolve and overweening pride, even in the shrivelled features of death. Now notice for a moment the coffin. Its shape displays the flowing lines of the Egyptian

Renaissance. It is carved to represent the king himself; his crossed arms rest upon his breast, the right hand holds the whip with which he chastised his enemies, his left the sceptre with which he governed his people. The body itself was wrapped in rose-colored and yellow linen finer than the filmiest gauze, with lotus flowers scattered between its folds. And here are the cartouches of Rameses painted upon the mummy-case."

The girls passed on, examining and commenting upon the other mummies. Emma, who was fond of quotations, repeated the following lines to a mummy as they left the room: —

"And thou hast walked about, how strange the story!
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

"Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Hath hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication."

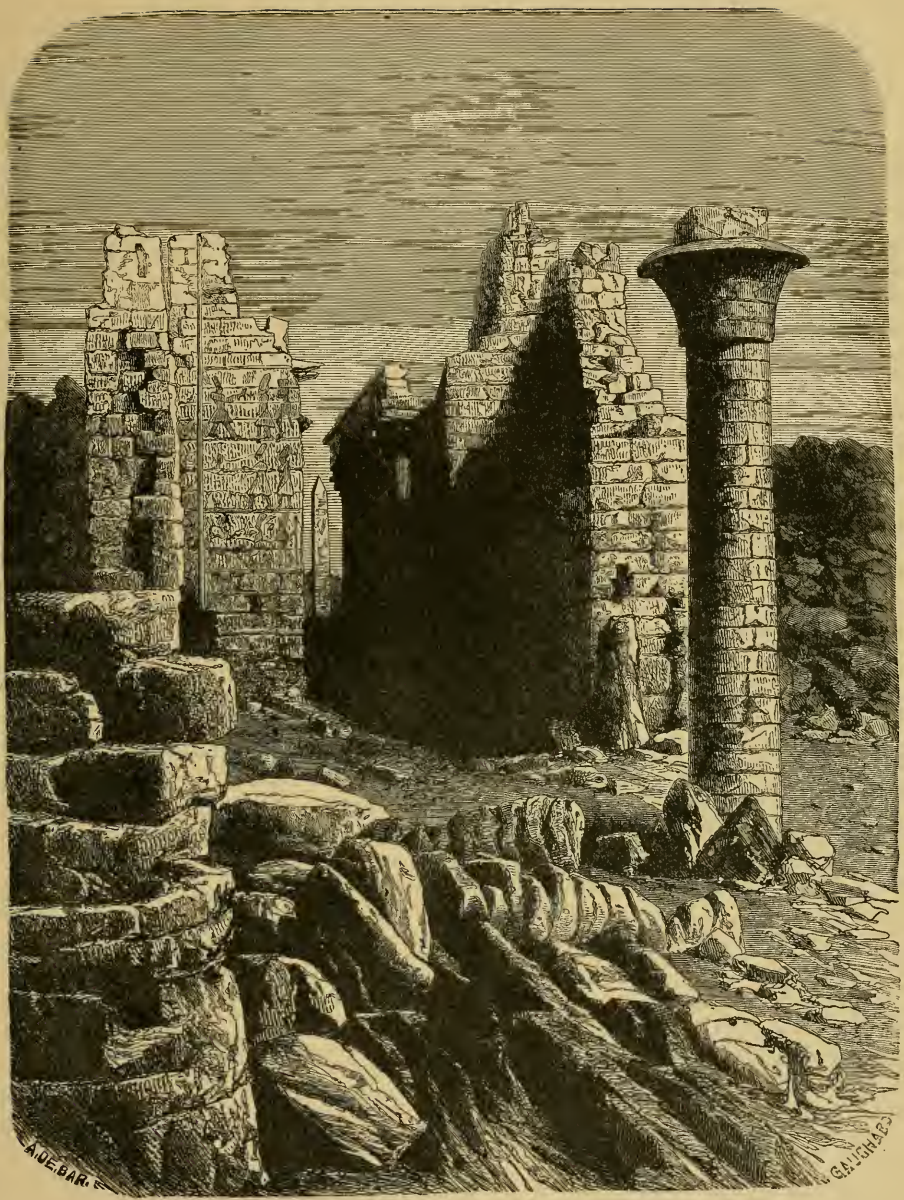
This visit to the Museum had the very effect which Frank had hoped for. Modern Cairo lost a little of its glamour. The bazars were no longer so fascinating as they had been. History laid its hand upon them with a potent spell, and they were all eager for the trip up the Nile, with its loitering beside ancient cities, magnificent temples, and lonely tombs.

It was at Boulak that they selected their *dahabeeyah* or Nile boat, for it is here that they are moored for the trip up the Nile. There are sometimes over two hundred of these house-boats to be seen waiting here to be engaged by travellers for this interesting journey. The girls looked at several of the boats, and found one that seemed very pleasant and home-like. The captain, Ali Hassan, knew no English;

but the steward, a young Sicilian, Giulio Santoro, by name, spoke a little of half a dozen languages, and as he sententiously remarked, "Ze boat need not to praise; he spik for herself." The boat had been named "The Lotus," by some former English occupants, and they had left little traces of their presence in the way of muslin curtains, tastefully looped with old rose ribbons. There were hanging book-shelves too, still containing a few volumes of Tauchnitz, Eber's "Narda," — best of all, — which Violet after reading determined to interlay with photographs of the scenes mentioned; and there were steamer-chairs with tempting cushions on the upper deck, and flower-pots of blossoming plants, and a hammock with a canopy of mosquito-netting such as Brazilian travellers use when voyaging up the Amazon. All this decided them, and the boat was speedily engaged; and one day when the wind blew southward the great lateen sail was spread and they drifted up the mysterious river. For sixty days they sailed in company, but as this is only a record of their journeyings in Bible lands we can give no record here of their delightful voyage. We cannot describe their excursions on donkey-back to visit tombs in the interior, and a memorable one to the two Colossi of Thebes, the vocal Memnon who saluted the dawn with a strange hollow note of greeting, — a device of the priests or the action of the sun's rays.

They loitered long at Karnak and Luxor. They picnicked in wonderful columned halls; they filled the cabin with the pretty Assiont ware, and bought scarabs and other antiquities, many of them doubtless forgeries, from pretty Arab children. They copied inscriptions, and Emma even studied hieroglyphics. Violet sketched, and Bird sat and let all the wonderful panorama pass by her, intent on each object, each detail; and though she was apparently inert as compared with the other girls, she was storing up impressions which were to bear fruit in the future.

Philæ, they all agreed, was the most beautiful spot on the Nile. It was hard to tear themselves away from it. At the Second



KARNAK, HYPOSTYLE HALL.

Cataract, a little above Aboo Simbel, they turned and floated down the river, more mysterious than ever, it seemed to them, from the tantalizing glimpses which they had had.

"I must make the voyage again," Bird said, "after I have prepared myself to profit by it by severe study."

"I appreciate your feeling," said Emma, "and every one that I have known who has been abroad has told me that if they could only have known beforehand on just what points to inform themselves, their tours would have been of far greater value to them."

They had nearly completed their return voyage. The great pyramids, in the vicinity of Cairo, were in sight before they quite realized that it was nearly over.

Violet lamented sincerely. "I wish it might last forever," she said, "and we go on and on without any dreadful break in our enjoyment."

"But we are going on and on," Frank said, "with the only difference that our journeying will now be by caravan, if we make the Sinai excursion; I fail to see anything very dolorous in the change."

"You forget," Emma said, "that Bird leaves us at Cairo."

"Is this true?" the young man asked anxiously.

"Yes," Bird replied; "I expect my father to meet me at Cairo and to take me off your hands. I have been left until called for, like a package, for a long time."

"I am glad that we are to meet your father," said Mrs. Remington. "Perhaps he will consent to make the Palestine tour with us."

There was a strange look in Bird's face, and a quick hot flush which Mrs. Remington noticed but could not understand. "Yes, I am glad we are to see her father," the troubled mother said to herself; "Frank seems much interested in the girl. It is time for us to inquire into her antecedents."

But at Cairo there was only a letter from Bird's father, stating that he was on his way, and would meet her at Port Said in a fort-

night. No one was really disappointed. It was pleasant to be together a little longer, and they had by no means exhausted Cairo before going up the Nile.

One perfect day in March, Frank proposed that they should make an excursion to Heliopolis. As Bird was an excellent horsewoman, he provided a saddle horse for her and one for himself, while the rest of the party were driven in an open carriage. They set out on the Abbaseyeh road, by way of Kubbeh, Matariyeh, and the Virgin's Tree. The air was delicious, and after a frolicsome canter they walked their horses quietly side by side, talking on the many subjects which the view along their way suggested.

"Why do we make this visit to Heliopolis?" Bird asked. "Is there anything of special interest in the place?"

"Not a great deal now," Frank admitted; "but once, under its Egyptian name of On, it was a great and luxurious city, and the seat of one of the most celebrated universities of the world. You remember that Joseph married a daughter of a priest of On, and Moses was doubtless educated here. I confess that all Egypt as well as Heliopolis interests me most when it touches Bible history. It is wonderful and delightful to see how modern discoveries in this old land verify the sacred record. I made a most interesting caravan trip across the peninsula of Sinai, following the different tracks which have been held by scholars as the course taken by the children of Israel in their Exodus, and I have persuaded Father, so that now he is in favor of our all making the trip together. It is an expensive one, but not dangerous or uncomfortable; and I assure you that camping in the desert is a very pleasant experience, especially when one has so good a dragoman as my Mohammed."

"You must tell me about the excursion some time," Bird replied, "but I do not think I would care to make it. I am not interested in discovering the ashes of the different camp-fires which the Hebrews built in their very tiresome journey. I cannot see, either,

COLONNADE, PHILÆ.

why you are so fond of these ancient Jews, since you despise modern ones. Is it simply because their history is preserved in the Bible?"

"I think not," Frank replied thoughtfully. I admire the great personality of Moses. I think he was one of the grandest men that ever lived, — just the one to confront the great Rameses. And the story of Joseph touches me, too. It is an exquisite romance and poem. People read and study the Bible in such a stupid way, until they become blind to all its beauties. I wish some novelist would write the stories of Joseph and of Moses, developing the human interest which lies hidden in the ancient sacred story, and make us believe that they were living, breathing men, talented, ambitious, passionate, but consumed, each of them, by overmastering aims of such nobility as to make their lives sublime. If we could only realize that they actually lived, right here, and were as intensely human as Cleopatra, for instance, it would be a great gain."

"It would be a fascinating thing to do," Bird replied. "Your enthusiasm is contagious. I have half a mind to try my hand at such a romance."

"Do," Frank besought. "I believe you would succeed."

But Bird shook her head provokingly. "I don't care for those old Hebrews," she said, "just as you do not care for modern ones."

"But I don't see why you take that for granted," Frank replied; "I think the Jews of all ages a most interesting people. I have several learned friends who are Jews."

"Indeed?" Bird asked quickly.

"Yes; they live in Jerusalem, and have been very kind to me. I mean to have my parents meet them if I can get them to overcome their prejudices."

They had been riding along a beautiful avenue shaded with sycamore-trees, and bordered with lemon hedges. Luxuriant gardens and pleasant country-houses were scattered on either hand. Feathery palms gently waved their plume-like branches. The shining foliage of

orange and lemon trees was interspersed with the large ornamental leaves of the castor-oil plant, notched as though for decorative design, and the fine gray foliage of the olive.

"What villa is that?" asked Mr. Remington from the carriage.

"It is the palace of the Koobah," Frank replied, "built by Ismail Pasha for his son the Khedive. And this beautiful plain has been enriched by two great battles, — one in 1517, when Sultan Selim made Egypt a Turkish province; and later, in 1800, when the French defeated the Turks."

They stopped to see the Virgin's Tree, — an ancient sycamore, which grows near the village of Matariyeh, in whose shade the Holy Family are supposed to have rested during the Flight into Egypt. A fence had been built about it by its owner, to protect it from the ravages of relic-hunters, and beside the fence sat a young Coptic woman holding a beautiful babe upon her shoulder.

"She seems to be posing for us," Bird said. "I wonder if she fancies that she will gain our sympathies by enacting this pretty tableau."

"It is possible," Frank replied, "but all the same she is a mother and poor, and we will not refuse her."

The woman smiled back her thanks, and ran after them with branches from the sacred tree. Bird drew rein and took them from her; but it was evidently only to please the poor woman, for as soon as they were out of her sight she threw them away.

They drank of the Virgin's Fountain, which is said to have been brackish until, "Our Lady having bathed in it, the waters acquired their softness and excellence;" but they looked in vain for any plants of the Balm of Gilead which Cleopatra caused to be transplanted here from Jericho.

Only one obelisk remains at Heliopolis of the many that once adorned the university city. The girls had studied the one in Central Park, New York, and had been much interested in the articles written

about it at the time that it was brought across the ocean. They wandered about the town, which is surrounded by ancient brick walls, which it is thought were formerly those of the university, bounding the great court in front of the Temple of the Sun, while the old city extended far beyond the limits of the present one.

One feature of their ride was the first near view which they had obtained of the desert, as their road skirted it for a portion of the way, and they could look away across the tawny rolling waste for miles.

"Does it not appeal to you? Does it not call you?" Frank asked. "I feel as if I had a drop of Bedouin blood in my veins; and the caravans of the desert exert the same magnetism upon me that the sea and shipping does upon young boys."

They returned in the late afternoon by way of the Citadel, pausing there to obtain the beautiful view of Cairo by sunset. They stood together on the parapet of the south-west end of the Mosque of Mohammed Ali. The city lay beneath them; all its evil sights and smells, its squalor and noise, had vanished in the distance. What they saw was a transfigured Cairo, pure and beautiful, bathed in rosy light, its minarets touched with gold, and its domes burning in the sunset fire. Far away in the distance the Mediterranean blended with the sky, and the old, old pyramids of Memphis seemed the rose-colored silken tents of some travelling caliph. The Nile crept down from the Soudan, a silver thread; and in the east the Red Sea verified its name, for its waters seemed turned to blood.

"Over there is Sinai," said Frank. "Will you not write and ask your father to allow you to make the pilgrimage with us? We had such a happy time together on the Nile. Though perhaps it is presumption for me to fancy that you enjoyed it as I did. It is cruel of you to go away just as we are becoming such good friends. Say that you will not desert us. I am certain that you will never regret it."

Bird did not seem to understand him, for her eyes were fixed on

the desert horizon; and when she spoke, her reply seemed to bear no relation to his question."

"And those friends of yours in Jerusalem, what were their names?"

"Baumgarten; and they were a most interesting family. The old grandfather looked like a rabbi in his black skull-cap and white beard, with his deep-set black eyes. He was a very noble and learned man. He read to me from the Talmud, and I deeply admired and respected him; but I loved most his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Shear Baumgarten, the dear house-mother. I was ill in Jerusalem. I had a fever, and she took me in and nursed me. I think she saved my life. Her husband was away in Europe, acting as an agent for a Jerusalem Hebrew Colonization Society, and I did not meet him; but I feel sure that I would like him too. I loved dear Mrs. Baumgarten; she was so motherly and kind I used to pity her because she had no children of her own. She had two once, she told me, but lost them."

Bird's hand trembled as she shaded her face. "But she was happy, this friend of yours, was she not?" she asked.

"She did not seem unhappy, and yet she would sit often with a far-away longing in her face, which made me sure that she was thinking of her lost children. I never knew a woman of such intense motherliness. She treated me as though I were her son."

"And I have no doubt that you were a great comfort to her. I thank you for it."

"I don't see why you should thank me, since she is a stranger to you; and we have quite wandered from the matter in hand. Will you go with us to Sinai? I ought to have been seeking for arguments to convince you that this is the proper thing for you to do under the circumstances, instead of gossiping about the Baumgartens."

"I am convinced," Bird replied. "I will telegraph my father, asking his permission to make the pilgrimage."

There was a glad triumphant look in her eyes as she added to her own heart: "I need no stronger argument; he loves my mother, and he is not ashamed to say so."

A JEW OF PALESTINE.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERY DISCLOSED.

HIS was Bird's secret: she was a Jewess. How much of pride and indignity was comprised in the word! All of the glory and the wrongs of her race, all its nobility and its humiliation.

Her grandfather, Bariah Baumgarten, was a learned man, who looked earnestly for the hope of Israel. Bird could remember his venerable appearance and his earnest prayers, which ended invariably with the words "Next year in Jerusalem," signifying his hope in the immediate restoration of the Jews to their ancient country.

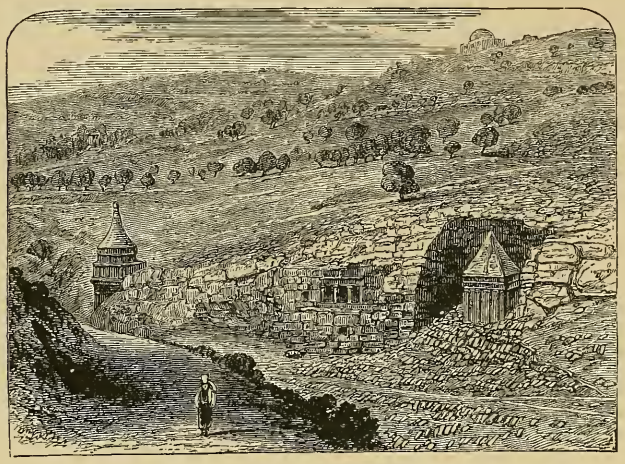
There was a long blessing which he repeated before his meals, in which he besought, "Build Jerusalem, the holy city, speedily in our days, and lead us quickly thereto, and cause us to rejoice in its rebuilding, and to be satisfied with its goodness."

He had named his son after the son of the prophet Isaiah — Shear-jashub — "the remnant shall return;" while his own name signified "a fugitive," and had belonged once to a descendant of David who was a captive in Babylon. A captive and fugitive he always regarded himself. He was aged when his son removed to America, and the change nearly broke his heart. "We should be journeying to the East," he would say, "and not turning our backs upon the sacred city."

But he was too old to go alone where he would, and his son brought him to New York, where he was never happy. "I want to

be buried in the Valley of Jehoshaphat," he said; "I shall never sleep peacefully unless my head is pillowed on Jerusalem earth."

"We will have some sent for, Father," his daughter-in-law would say cheeringly; "enough to fill a coffin pillow, and you shall have your heart's desire."



VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT. — TOMBS OF ZECHARIAH AND JEHOSHAPHAT.

But this was not what he wished, and he fretted the entire family with his own unrest.

His son, Bird's father, was a very different type of Hebrew. Sordid, worldly, materialistic, his soul had shrivelled until his aims and desires were concentrated upon money-getting. He had lost all the hope and aspiration which ennobled his father's character, and he had become one of those objectionable Jews, acquaintance with whom tends to strengthen all our prejudices against the race. It was true, however, that unjust conditions had helped to make him what he was, and that in a different environment Shear Baumgarten would have developed into a more lovable character. He smarted under the sense of intolerable injuries; and he hated the so-called Christians, who displayed so little of the spirit of Christ. He had fought his way, and had made himself rich; but as he reached the afternoon of life, he became weary with the struggle.

"If he live a tousand year, a Jew, he neffer haf one chance," he said, in the broken English which forty years in England could not correct; "better you butt your head to a stone wall as make some com-

petion wiz a Christian. I am so tired of zis fighting, fighting. If I could find some country for my children where their race would make to them no difference, I would pay any money. But in every nation it is ze same. I hear ze fine ladies on ze hotel piazza at Long Branch say of my wife, 'She is such a nice lady. What a pity she is a Jewess!' Now, why do they say zat? Is it a sin? Is it a disease? They say of my boy at school, 'Yes, bright leetle fellow — head of his class, good morals; but you better not let your son associate too much wiz him. You know zese early friendships you cannot so easy shake off by and by — and he is a Jew. And my leetle girl at ze dancing-school, — ze prettiest child zere, ze most stylish, dressed in a pink silk zat becomes to her very much, wiz chewels, — real diamonds eardrops zat cost tousand dollars. All ze leetle poys make their bow very polite; at first her card is full of partners; she haf three bouquets; enough candy to make her sick. By and by ze mothers come to see zoze dance. They ask, 'Who is zat beauteeful leetle girl?'

"'Baumgarten? What Baumgarten is zoze?'

"'Baumgarten and Levy. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Ready Made Men's Clothes. Big business, first-rate, honorable men; very rich.'

"'But Jews?'

"'Oh, yes, — Jew.'

"After zat my leetle girl sit alone on ze bench, — what you call a wall-flower. No flowers, no beaux, no candy. Ze ugly leetle girls zey laugh and whisper. Ze bad leetle poys, zey sing when zey go home some impudent song about —

"'Old Solomon Levi,
Old Sheeny Levi.'

My leetle girl she cry, and will no more go to dancing-school. And me myself, when I go to a hotel ze clerk hand me a brospectus, — 'No Jews.' I am blackball at ze Club. No Jews. I tries to contam-

inate myself wiz Tammany. Oh, yes! I can vote zoze ticket, I can pay zat bills, but I cannot be nominated for ze Assembly. I ask ze reason of my friend. He hand me one leetle pocket looking-glass and say, 'My friend, you see ze reason zare. Zat was no Irish nose.' I tell you I haf no chance."

Shear Baumgarten's son, Bird's brother, was of a still different type. He spoke English perfectly, and though his features were of a decided Hebrew cast and he inherited much of the Hebrew character, he shared in none of its religious or race sympathies. Further removed from his grandfather's ideas than even his father, he had the baseness to be ashamed of his ancestry; and when his schoolmates taunted him with it he felt only mortification, with no rousing smart of indignation. "If I could only get away from our past," he said to himself day by day. "I am as bright as other boys, and would have as good an opportunity to succeed as they, but I can never do it with this brand upon me."

Shortly after their removal to America the father and son had a serious conference on the subject.

"You are right, Elipheleh," said the father. "As a Jew you can neffer attain some social consideration among Gentiles, efen in America. If you feel as you do, zare is but one course for you to pursue. We can zoze Legislature petition, and change your name to some good Yankee name, and so you can begin one new life in zis new country wiz so good a chance as anybody."

Elipheleh could not conceal his delight. "And no one need ever know that we are Jews!" he exclaimed.

"No one need know you to be a Jew. For your mother and me, it is different. We haf live our life already; it is too late zat we change."

Elipheleh's face clouded. "But I am known as your son, and if we remain together the plan is not practicable."

"I haf thought justly of zat," replied the elder man. "You are as yet but a poy; no one knows you already but your poy friends; and if

you leave them now, in four, five years you will all haf changed so as it is impossible to know each ozer. Listen: zis is ze plan I make to ourselves. Your mother and I will go back to Europe. I haf one scheme which will make me some business zere. We shall make all our friends to understand zat you go wiz us; but not so. Instead of zat I will put you under your new name at some boarding-school. You are now eighteen, but smart at business for your age. I will put some money in ze bank to your credit. After one year at boarding-school, you can enter yourself at Harvard, and make for yourself an American education. When you shall decide what business or profession you will make, zen I will make a new provision to you. I will not stand in your way. You shall haf just so good a chance as zough your father he were not a Jew."

If Shear Baumgarten had thought that his son would be deterred from pursuing this plan by any sense of filial love and gratitude, he was mistaken. The young man was thoroughly selfish, and he grasped the opportunity with avidity.

When the scheme was announced in family conclave, Mrs. Baumgarten's motherly heart at first revolted; but when its advantages were impressed upon her, she disguised the pain which it gave, and entered upon on all the arrangements with a smiling face. She even went further, and with rare self-abnegation said: "A plan which is so good for Elipheleh must be equally desirable for Zipporah. Our daughter should haf just so good opportunities as our son."

Elipheleh, who loved his sister as far as his selfish soul was capable of the feeling, begged her to share his new life with him.

"Go to some American school while I am in college," he pleaded; "and then when we graduate we will live together and be so happy. You will be my housekeeper and companion, and we will each attract to our home the friends we have made at college and school; we will carry on our music together, and live for each other."

He did not think for an instant that the mother's claim upon her

daughter was stronger than his own. But Zipporah thought of it, and said, —

"I will do whatever mother wishes;" and the mother self-sacrificingly chose the life which she thought best for her child.

The Baumgartens petitioned for a change of family name for their children which should be equivalent to a translation, as *Baumgarten* is the German equivalent for *orchard.* Zipporah, too, signifies a bird, and influenced the choice of a Christian name for the daughter. Elipheleh decided on the English name Edward. His mother lamented the loss of the old name, which was once borne by David's harper, and signified "whom God makes distinguished." "I wish we could find an English name with ze same meaning," she said. "I fear you may lose ze blessing in losing ze name."

"Never mind, Mother," the young man replied confidently; "you will see that I shall make myself distinguished."

He was very enthusiastic. It was as if a terrible incubus had been lifted from him, and he felt now that there was hope that any efforts he might make would be crowned with success.

The elder Baumgartens hastened their departure. The hearts of mother and daughter nearly failed them at the last; and it was only after Mrs. Baumgarten's promise that she would surely send for Bird if she needed her, and when Bird was assured by her brother that she could give up the plan whenever she wished, that the girl finally consented to the separation.

The plan was never fully explained to the old grandfather. If it had been, he would have cursed his recreant race and have turned his face to the wall and died. Shear Baumgarten's business scheme for which he intended to relinquish America was one in which the old man could sympathize; for his son had become the agent of a society for assisting Jewish emigration to the Holy Land, and especially to Jerusalem. And when the patriarch heard of this, he felt that the day of deliverance for Jacob was at hand. Shear's aims

were purely mercenary. He had no great love for Jerusalem, and did not intend to spend much of his time there. He would travel in Europe wherever the business of the society called him, and he foresaw many shekels finding their way into his tenacious grasp; but it would be well for the agent to have a home in Jerusalem. The old father should be gratified: he would be a fetching figure-head under his own vine and fig-tree. Besides, real estate would be likely to rise in the Jewish quarter of Jerusalem; it was a good time to invest. It might be a good plan to open a small but thoroughly first-class hotel. Such accommodation was rare and high priced in Jerusalem, and Mrs. Baumgarten could carry on the establishment in his absence. This plan was carried out; and it was in this way that she came to meet Frank Remington, and to minister to him in his illness.

Mr. Baumgarten, representing himself as Bird's guardian, left her at a boarding-school in Boston, while Edward Orchard was entered at Andover. Bird remained at the school during the summer vacation, and in the autumn her brother took her to Vassar and began his life at Harvard immediately after.

Bird's life in these two years had been solitary, and her longing for her mother was so intense that when vacation came, learning that her mother could meet her in Austria, she insisted on spending the summer with her parents. But after the first joy of meeting, she was surprised to find that her American education was already producing its natural effect, and that her tastes were diverging from those of her parents. She no longer cared for the things in which they were most interested, or enjoyed the society in which they mingled. It was a relief to find that she could rejoin them so easily, but she was glad when autumn came to return to college. She took up her studies with a new zest, and found herself enjoying the companionship of her class. It was true that she did not openly respond to Violet's advances toward intimacy, but she secretly gave

her friend love for love, and longed to be frank with her. She declined Violet's invitations to visit her during the following vacations, and spent them at her boarding-school home in Boston.

Edward, who accepted all the invitations of his schoolmates, reproached her for this conduct, holding, with right, that she threw away opportunities for making valuable friendships. But Bird resented the suggestion of making her friends social stepping-stones, and withdrew more and more within herself until the vacation before the last year of her college life, when Violet's importunities were not to be resisted, and Bird visited her friend.

It was a visit of mingled sweet and bitter experiences. The Remingtons were very kind. They were cultured, delightful people. Mr. Remington had held offices of public trust with honor. He was a man of broad views, and noble nature. Mrs. Remington was refined, educated, and amiable. Bird felt herself drawn to them both, and sweetly sheltered in the atmosphere of their charming home. But one day it was suggested that they should spend a week at Saratoga; and Mr. Remington having suggested a hotel, his wife remarked, —

"Don't go there, Francis; it is sure to be unpleasant. You know that hotel is patronized almost exclusively by Jews."

Bird felt her face flame, but she said nothing. Thenceforward the perfect happiness which had so far characterized her visit was gone.

Violet was very proud of her brother Frank. He had just completed his studies in the Union Theological Seminary and was about to go abroad for a year with an archæological expedition to explore the ruins of Babylon. He was at home for a few weeks, only long enough for him to become interested in Bird without affording any opportunity for an understanding. Bird admired this enthusiastic scholar, so unselfishly devoted to his mother and sister, so courteous and respectful to herself; but she was thankful when he

went away, for she told herself that if they had remained longer in each other's society they might have come to care for each other, and that would never do.

Emma Constant, who had visited the family at the same time, was apparently uninterested in the young man's personality, though she liked to talk with him about the subjects for which he cared,—Assyria, Egypt, and their ancient monuments.

Bird, on the contrary, did not care a fig for cuneiform inscriptions, while she was immensely interested in the young explorer. But she ran away when he sought her for a game of tennis, and thwarted all of Violet's well-intentioned plans to throw them together, realizing only too bitterly how great would have been her friend's disappointment if she had known that Bird was a Jewess. She sometimes imagined a meeting between Mrs. Remington and her father. How haughtily the lady would have surveyed Shear Baumgarten through her lifted lorgnette, saying to herself, if not aloud, "So this very objectionable person is the father of Violet's friend!"

And Frank? Very likely he too shared his parents' prejudices and would despise her when he knew that she was a Jewess. So Bird had resolutely put even his friendship from her, and had determined never to see him again. But fate had thrown them together, quite against her will, for the delightful intimacy of the long Nile journey; and now that Frank had shown that he considered it no disgrace to be a Hebrew, that he had even acknowledged that he loved her mother almost as he did his own, surely there was no reason why she should fight against their friendship.

Why should she not make the Sinai trip? She knew that to her parents it did not matter. Her mother would gladly wait a few weeks to give her pleasure. It had been decided that she was to remain in the company of the Remingtons until her father either came for her or summoned her to join him. If she refused to travel with them it

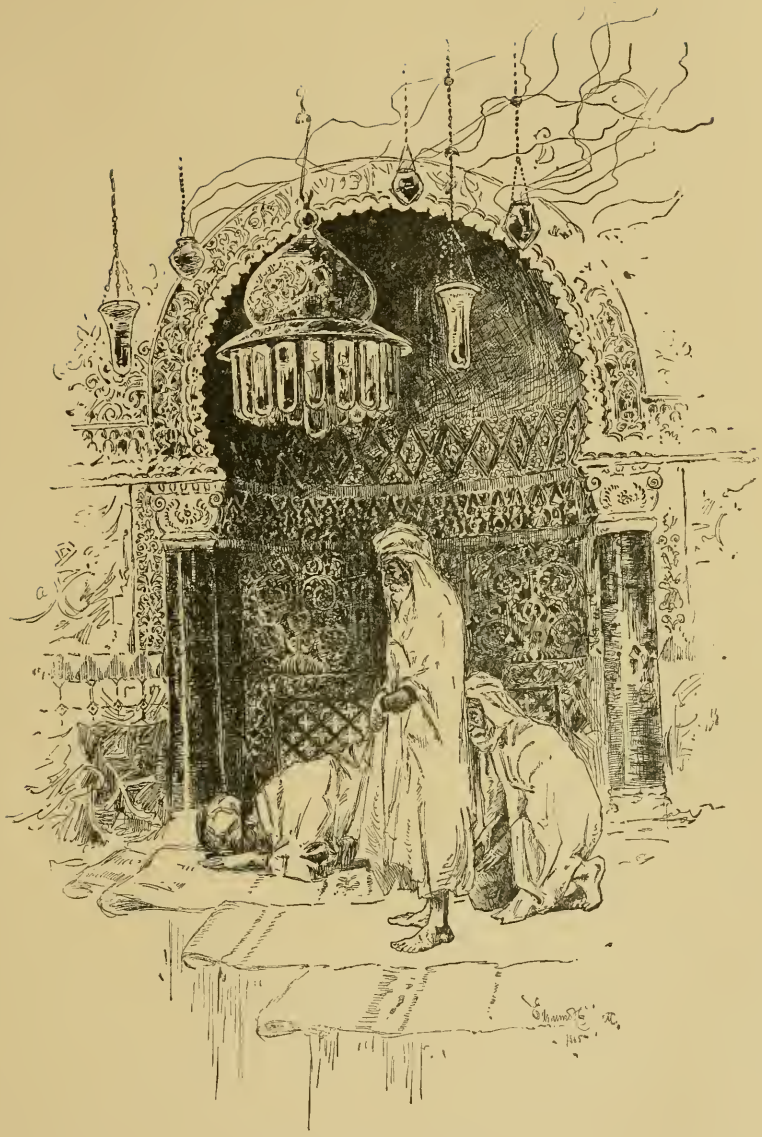
would only force them to wait with her in Cairo. There was really no excuse for her not to adapt herself to their plans.

She was sure that if she told Frank he would not think the worse of her for her parentage. Then why not tell them all, and have this weight of secrecy and deceit removed?

This was the test that told Bird that all was not quite right even now. If Frank would not be shocked by the revelation of her ancestry, she knew too well that the others would; and could he as readily forgive the long course of deception, the feigned name, and double life? That was the mistake, that was the wrong, and she bitterly repented ever having entered upon it.

Her better nature came to the surface, and she determined that she would not take this tempting trip, but would tear herself away at once from her pleasant surroundings and go at once to her mother. She would leave a letter for Violet to read after she had gone, explaining all, and from henceforth lead an honest and open life which might be known and read of all. She could not bring herself to confess the truth before she left, and she knew that her friends would object to her leaving; and to strengthen her own resolution she sent the following cablegram to her father: "Telegraph me that I must come home at once." "There!" she thought, "that settles everything. I can explain when I see him, and the Remingtons cannot urge me to remain when I have my father's peremptory order to come to him."

Having written her cablegram, Bird intrusted it to their dragoman, Mohammed, to be sent. Mohammed was a character in his way. He could read and write in several languages, and had been a professional letter writer. He had accompanied Frank Remington on all his eastern wanderings. He understood four languages, was invaluable in many ways, and was deeply devoted to him. A more faithful creature could not have been found. As Frank said, he took care of him as though he were a baby, anticipating his wants and obeying imaginary orders. He was profoundly puzzled by Bird's telegram. What



INTERIOR OF A MOSQUE.

could it mean? The young lady was evidently enjoying the society of her friends, she could not wish to be summoned away from them. He kept it an entire day, striving to understand the case. Suddenly an inspiration came to him. The change of one little word would make all clear. Evidently Bird had intended to write, "Telegraph me *if* I must come home at once." Having settled the matter to his own satisfaction Mohammed sent the telegram with this change, said nothing of what he had done, and went about with the serene and benevolent expression of countenance of a man who has accomplished his duty under trying circumstances.

There was still much to interest them in Cairo; and as the next day was Friday, Frank took them to the Mosque of El Akbar to see the dancing dervishes. Their ceremony took place in a round hall, surrounded by a sort of rotunda which was filled with visitors. No one was allowed to sit. The musicians in an upper gallery began a weird, wailing performance on flutes and little drums, and the dervishes entered. Their sheik seated himself upon a prayer rug and the others bowed most obsequiously to him. Presently the dervishes, throwing off their long wraps, stepped forward and began their dance, which consisted simply of whirling round and round rapidly, and still more rapidly, until their white skirts, although weighted down, stood out in a circle.

Their eyes were closed, and they were evidently striving to make themselves dizzy, for when so, the soul, as they believe, oblivious to outward things is withdrawn into the spirit world.

The same afternoon they saw the howling dervishes at their convent in Old Cairo. They were wild-looking men, with matted hair and extinguisher shaped hats. They threw off these hats before their service, and standing in a great circle, went through a frightful sort of gymnastic exercise, rocking backward and forward and repeating the name of Allah in concert. At first this bowing was slow and solemn, but as the trumpets sounded more loudly and in

quicker time, the heads bobbed faster and farther, backward and forward, and "Allah! Allah!" was shrieked more loudly and fiercely. Sometimes it seemed as if their necks must be dislocated, so far did they throw their heads backward. As they became more and more frenzied, they shrieked, they groaned and bounded, and one fell fainting at Violet's feet, grasping her dress in his clinched hands.

Violet uttered a faint scream. "Help!" and a young Englishman in a semi-military uniform knelt at her side and attempted to open the stiffened fingers.

"Oh, never mind my gown!" Violet exclaimed. "He is dying!"

"Not at all," replied the young man; and using his white helmet as a fan, he succeeded in a few minutes in bringing the dervish to consciousness. He looked about him in a dazed, bewildered way as the Englishman raising him to a sitting posture remarked:

"There, my good fellow, you 've carried your mónkey-shines a little too far, you know. Here, take a sniff at the young lady's smelling-salts. No, no, they are not good to eat!" But he was too late; the fanatic had burned his tongue with the sal-volatile, and he now made such horrible contortions that Violet, thoroughly frightened, hurried away, without waiting for the return of her vinaigrette.

Violet's artistic sense revelled in the mosques of Cairo. Her favorite was that of the Sultan Hassan at the foot of the Citadel. It is partly built with the casing stones of the great pyramid, one of its minarets is the highest in Cairo, and the mosque itself is considered by many the finest specimen of Arabian architecture in Egypt. There is a legend that at its completion the architect's hands were cut off that he might never design a more beautiful building. Such were the rewards with which the sultans encouraged the arts.

The Rameleh Place back of the mosque is the starting place for the Mecca pilgrimage and the rendezvous for religious riots.

The day after their visit to the dervishes, the party drove out to Gizeh to see the pyramids. It was an experience never to be forgotten. These three great pyramids, with whose distant aspect they were so familiar, lie about ten miles west of Cairo. The largest is the great pyramid of Cheops, the oldest and largest building in the world. It was old when the Parthenon was built, when Solomon dedicated the Temple, when Moses spread the Tabernacle, and even when Abraham, a wandering sheik, visited Egypt.

It covers thirteen acres and towers to a height of four hundred and sixty feet.

Details in figures are soon forgotten, and rarely help the imagination to comprehend grandeur. The computation that this pyramid contains over six million tons in solid masonry does not make its enormous bulk loom before us, though the statement that three hundred thousand workmen were employed for ten years in its construction does give a little idea of the immensity of the undertaking.

"There is only one word which is big enough for it," Bird said, "and that is tremendous. It is simply tre-*men*dous."

The young people were all good climbers, and they performed the difficult task of mounting to the top. Two Arabs pulled in front and another lifted or pushed in the rear. Enthusiasm carried them to the top and back, but they were lame for days after.

The guides spoke a mixture of many languages.

"Pretty lady, good walkee. Allez doucement! I liky you. Patienza, signore; we half way now, — dem halben weg, Fraülein. I good guide, get lady top first; lady give good baksheesh. Voila, mademoiselle, nous voila! Bullee for you! Reposez vous un instant; two step more, and ecco la cima!"

Emma reached the summit first, but refused indignantly the offer of a chisel with which to engrave her name. "Who knows," asked Frank, "but it might be as interesting to posterity as the

cartouches of the first families of Egypt which we have to decipher," and he proceeded to chisel a primitive representation of a small fowl perched upon a tree, which he asserted was Bird's cartouche.

"Where's the man who always runs down and up again in ten minutes for as many cents?" Bird asked; and a lithe young fellow who lay panting on the edge rose eagerly.

"No, you shall not do it," Violet said. "Here is a franc, but do not attempt it. It is frightfully dangerous and must be a terrible sight to witness."

"I wish that all these horrid, chattering Arabs would go away," Emma exclaimed impatiently. "One ought to feel impressed by the situation. Here we are, lifted up as on a great altar, between heaven and earth, with all Egypt spread out at our feet. We ought to feel the sublimity of the thing; but it is impossible to do so with Murad entreating you to buy his antiquities, Ibrahim pointing out all the minarets of Cairo, and Suleiman expanding on the excellence of his donkeys."

The top of the pyramid was not a mere point, but a platform some thirty feet square, with a big block affording convenient seats, and there was room for the entire party to rest very comfortably.

"I wonder why the pyramids were built," Violet mused. "They seem so out of all proportion as mere tombs."

"I fancy, however, that they have no other reason for being," Frank replied. "I have explored the long passage which leads to the two chambers in the heart of the pyramid. One of them contains an empty sarcophagus."

"Can we see it?" Bird asked eagerly.

"I would not advise you to make the attempt. It is a much more difficult task than the climb we have just accomplished. The passages are so low that one must stoop — almost crawl — to get through them. Moreover, they are dark, slippery, and stifling, and the result does not repay the exertion."

"Is there not some theory that the pyramids show that the ancient Egyptians were versed in geometry and astronomy?" Emma asked.

"That is evident from the construction of the great pyramid," Frank replied. "Its sides face exactly the four points of the compass, north, south, east, and west. Then each side of the base measures three hundred and sixty-five and one-fourth cubits, which is exactly the number of days in the year, with the six additional hours. It is even said that the builder must have been familiar with the problem of squaring a circle, for its height is to the circumference of its base as the radius of a circle is to its circumference. There have been theorists who have made it responsible for their own ideas in a way which seems to me very absurd, making it a sort of petrified Bible, full of divine wisdom and prophecy. These theories would doubtless greatly astonish its designer if they could be explained to him."

The descent of the pyramid was even more difficult than its ascent. As Bird described it afterward, each step was only like jumping down from a dinner table; but when this was repeated over a hundred times the fun of the performance was lost in its monotony.

All were very weary and glad to rest at the inn, not far from the foot, where they had arranged to dine.

After dinner they strolled out to visit the Sphinx, who keeps guard near by. He is a colossal creature, with a man's head and lion's paws. Many other sphinxes are to be found in Egypt, but this is the grandest. The ruins of a temple were discovered at a little distance from it, and sacrifices were offered on an altar, fifty feet long, between its paws.

As they went in to dinner they turned to observe the shadow of the pyramid as the sun goes down, so well described by Miss Edwards.

"That mighty shadow, sharp and distinct, stretched across the stony platform of the desert, and over full three-quarters of a mile of the green plain below. It divided the sunlight where it fell, just as its

great original divided the sunlight in the upper air, and it darkened the space it covered like an eclipse."

It was moonlight now, and the stars were shining, lustrous, and seemingly near. It was as if they had recognized the pains taken by the young tourists to mount and pay them a friendly visit, and had dropped down a little as a return of the courtesy.

They stood on the altar space in the embrace of the lion-headed Horus, who had assumed this disguise, according to the old myth, to vanquish Typhon, the Spirit of Evil, and understood the secret of the Sphinx. To conquer evil one must be lion-like and brave, and even a hero cannot do this without superhuman aid.

They drove back to Cairo in the soft night, the moonlight throwing its phantasmagoria over the mightiest of tombs and the enigmatical Sphinx looking after them with stony, sleepless eyes.

"It is a fitting end to it all," thought Bird. "The telegram that calls me from this pleasant companionship is probably waiting for me at the hotel."

A subtle mental magnetism suggested the idea of the telegram to the others, and Frank said cheerfully: "You ought to have heard from your father today, Miss Orchard; and if his answer is propitious you know we will start on Monday."

"It must be exactly as Father telegraphs," Bird replied; "and you must promise not to make it any harder for me if he refuses his permission."

"We promise," Violet replied; "and you, dear, must not think of any other excuse if he leaves it to your choice, or we shall doubt whether you care for us."

And Bird, anticipating the peremptory order, "Come home immediately," promised, "The telegram shall decide."

Mohammed stood in front of the hotel awaiting their return, and he waved aloft a bit of colored paper. "Telegram come this morning just after you start," he said. "I read him; it all right," and Mohammed smiled benevolently.

PYRAMIDS AND SPHINX.

"But you had no right to open the telegram," Frank protested.

"I want to see whether better I get horse and take it out to pyramid after you. But no, it not worth to spend the money. There no hurry; telegram can wait. It all right."

"Then Bird can go with us!" Violet exclaimed. "Oh, how delightful!"

Mohammed grinned from ear to ear. "Young lady go all right;" and he added to himself, "Mohammed very wise man, Mohammed very kind man. Mohammed change that one little word, make everybody happy."

Meantime Bird, who had no suspicion of the way in which her telegram had been altered, read with stupefaction: "No haste. Remain with your friends until they arrive at Jerusalem."

A wild idea of pretending that the telegram summoned her to leave immediately flashed through Bird's mind. But no: Mohammed had read and announced its contents, and they were already rejoicing that she was to remain. She had fought against her fate in vain; a kind of reckless feeling that she had no longer any responsibility in the matter came over her. Let happen what might, it was not her fault; it was Kismet, or fate.

CHAPTER IV.

A CARAVAN JOURNEY.

MOHAMMED had a not agreeable surprise also for Frank. While they had been away, two Englishmen had besought him to act as their dragoman as far as Sinai, where they expected to be met by Bedouin guides who would escort them on to Palestine by the way of Petra. As it would be very little more trouble to purvey for a party of eight than for six, Mohammed had agreed to do this; and the gentlemen would join them at Suez. The entire party were indignant.

"You have no right to do this," Frank exclaimed. "I have engaged your services, and you cannot serve any one else without first quitting me."

Mohammed protested his devotion; nothing could make him leave so good a master. The trifling duties which he would perform for the Englishmen would not prevent his doing his entire duty by his present master. Moreover, the Englishmen were willing to pay exactly as if they alone had engaged the cook and all the servants necessary to their equipment, which would greatly reduce the expense of the trip, as Mohammed intended that all of this profit should accrue to Frank. They were brave men also, possessing an entire arsenal of arms; one

of them was an officer of the Royal Engineers. They would serve as a military escort, and the party be much safer for their presence. Mr. Remington and Frank felt the force of these arguments, and their anger cooled.

Mrs. Remington was still indignant. "We do not know these gentlemen, and I cannot consent to admit them into the intimacy of our family without a suitable introduction. Call on them, Frank, and see whether they are desirable additions to the party, and what credentials they can offer."

"Impossible. They have gone on to Suez, where they expect to meet us."

"I think it very cool and impertinent in them to imagine that we could receive them in this way. It is not our fault if they are disappointed. We will simply inform them when we see them that Mohammed had no right to make the arrangement, and that it is quite impossible."

"But reflect, my dear," suggested Mr. Remington, "that if these gentlemen should prove unexceptionable they might be a pleasant addition to the party."

Mrs. Remington was inexorable. Their names — Dr. Marcher and Captain Blakeslee, as reported by Mohammed — were utterly unknown to her, and as chaperone of three attractive girls she could never consent to so irregular a proceeding. Mr. Remington might make what apologies or explanations he thought best when they met the gentlemen in Suez.

The next afternoon, as they took a little farewell stroll in the beautiful Ezbekiyeh Gardens, Violet confided to Bird the fact that one of the gentlemen who wished to make the caravan trip with them was the young English officer whom they had met at the service of the howling dervishes.

"How do you know this?" Bird asked.

"He returned my vinaigrette to Mohammed with this note, —

"'Miss Remington will be glad to know that the dervish who fell at her feet in a fit has entirely recovered. Captain Blakeslee has the honor to return her vinaigrette, and to congratulate himself on the prospect of so novel and delightful a journey in Miss Remington's company.'"

"Your mother would be furious if she knew this."

"She does know it. Of course I showed it to her. I never have any secrets from my mother. What are mothers for, I should like to know, if not to advise us in such matters? She was not furious, but simply gravely displeased with the young man's effrontery. 'This proves that I was right,' she said; 'these people evidently have no idea of the safeguards with which Americans surround their daughters.' It was a presuming thing to do, and I am glad the young man has been taught a lesson."

They left Cairo by rail in the morning for Suez, passing rapidly through the Land of Goshen, a little south of the Wady Tumilât, the region supposed to have been assigned to Joseph's brethren on their settlement in Egypt. It is still one of the most beautiful districts of Egypt, and is watered by the Sweet Water Canal running from the Nile to Suez. At the eastern end of this canal was the region called Succoth (a place of tents), the rendezvous of the children of Israel, for their great desert journey. It was called Thuku-t on the Egyptian inscriptions.

In Oriental cities the plain outside the gate used as the camping-place for caravans is called the Soc, — a word evidently of the same derivation. This was very vividly impressed upon my mind when I saw the Mecca pilgrims encamped in the Soc outside the city of Tangier in Morocco.

The principal city of Succoth was Pithom, whose site has been lately discovered, near Ismalia. This was the treasure city mentioned in the first chapter of Exodus, which the children of Israel built for Pharaoh. Miss Edwards thus describes its discovery: — "It was in February, 1883, that M. Naville discovered the foundations of a forti-

fied city or store fort. In one corner were found the ruins of a temple built by Rameses II. The rest of the area consisted of a labyrinth of subterranean cellars or store chambers, constructed of sun-dried bricks. In the ruins of the temple were found legends engraved upon statues giving both the name of the city, — Pa Tum (Pithom), and the name of the district, — Thuku-t (Succoth). Even the bricks bear eloquent testimony to the toil of the suffering colonists, and confirm in its minutest details the record of the oppression, some being duly kneeded with straw; others, when the straw was no longer forthcoming, being mixed with the leafage of a reed common to the marsh lands of the delta; and the remainder, when even this substitute ran short, being literally 'bricks without straw,' moulded of mere clay crudely dried in the sun."

Frank was all enthusiasm. He was sure that Pithom was the usual camping-place for caravans going east, as Birket el Haji, near Cairo, is the rendezvous for the great annual caravan for Mecca.

"You don't pretend that you can identify the entire itinerary of the children of Israel?" asked Mr. Remington, a little incredulous.

But Frank asserted confidently that this could very nearly be done. "There are three theories," he explained, "about the route of the Exodus. The first is derived from the Arab tradition, which locates the crossing of the Red Sea several miles south of Suez, where the sea is twelve miles broad. Another is one invented by Dr. Brugsch, who plausibly identifies the Hebrew camping-stations with disputed localities in the north of Egypt, and supposes that the children of Israel crossed, not the Red Sea at all, but the Sirbonian Lake, which was frequently swept dry by winds. This theory twists the Bible account beyond probability, while the Arab tradition makes the miracle unnecessarily stupendous. The route accepted by the majority of Bible scholars is, that the crossing took place at the head of the gulf, a little north of Suez, which is here less than a mile wide, and abounds in sandbanks which become islands at low water."

Dr. Philip Schaff advocates this theory as follows: "In ordinary times, many a caravan crossed the ford at the head of the gulf at low ebb, before the Suez Canal was built; and Napoleon, deceived by the tidal wave, attempted to cross it on returning from Ayun Musa in 1799, and nearly met the fate of Pharaoh.

"The question (as regards the miracles) is whether God suspended the laws of Nature, or whether he used them as agencies both for the salvation of his people and for the overthrow of his enemies. The express mention of the 'strong east wind,' which Jehovah caused to blow 'all the night,' decidedly favors the latter view. The tide at Suez, which I watched from the top of the Suez Hotel, is very strong and rapid, especially under the action of the north-east wind. This wind often prevails, and acts powerfully on the ebb tide, driving out the waters from the small arm of the sea which runs up by Suez, while the more northern part would still remain covered with water, so that the waters on both sides served as walls of defence or entrenchments to the passing army of Israel. In no other part of the gulf would the east wind have the effect of driving out the water. Dr. Robinson calls the miracle a 'miraculous adaptation of the laws of Nature to produce a desired result.' The same view is adopted by other modern scholars. It does not diminish the miracle, but only adapts it to the locality and the natural agency which is expressly mentioned by the Bible narrative."

On reaching Suez the tourists found that their would-be companions had made a little trip up the canal, and had left word that they would meet the Remingtons the next day, which was the date set for the departure of the caravan.

Mrs. Remington wished to start immediately, leaving a curt letter of explanation for the Englishmen; but Mohammed protested that if they were not to be allowed to travel in their company he was bound to see that they were provided with another dragoman

and all the necessary retinue, and that it was absolutely necessary for him to see them personally in order to arrange matters. Frank too, wished to drive out to Bir Suweis, about two miles from Suez, where are ruins supposed to be those of Migdol, the tower or fort near which the children of Israel made their last encampment before crossing the Red Sea. Mr. Remington and the ladies, with the exception of Bird, who announced that she had some writing to do, spent the day in exploring Suez, and in watching the great ships just in from their long voyages from India and China, from Ceylon and Australia and the Malay Peninsula, from Madagascar and the eastern coast of Africa and the far away islands of the Pacific, — all of these lands being brought closer to Europe by the Suez Canal; and their strange shipping moored beside iron steamships from the Clyde, and English men-of-war. Violet counted the flags of thirteen different nationalities, — an inspiring and suggestive sight. Mohammed showed them the small steamer in which they were to cross the next day, and then took them to inspect their caravan, which was to start that night, and make the trip by land around the head of the gulf. "I do not see," Violet remarked, "why the children of Israel did not go that way instead of necessitating a miracle to open the way for them."

"I have read," Emma replied, "that at the time of the Exodus a great wall with strongly garrisoned watch-towers at intervals extended from Pelusium on the Mediterranean to the Gulf of Suez, taking very nearly the route of the Suez Canal. When Pharaoh pursued them, they were shut in on every side, — the wall and the sea on the west, the mountains on the east and south, and the Egyptian army following them from the north."

Mrs. Remington's first view of the caravan gave her grave apprehensions. There were sixteen camels laden with the tent equipage, provisions, — including water-barrels and chickens in coops, — a small stove and cooking utensils, with a great variety of baggage.

And there were as many wild-looking Bedouins, who were to serve them in different capacities.

"I really tremble at confiding ourselves to the care of those men," she said to her husband.

"Frank says that Mohammed's fidelity has been proved," Mr. Remington replied reassuringly.

"But he and we are completely in their power, if they should decide to carry us off and hold us for ransom. I wish we had two or three English soldiers as escort."

"But that would add immensely to the expense and inconvenience of the trip."

Mrs. Remington flushed slightly and hesitated. "If we only knew something about the two gentlemen who wished to join our caravan."

Mr. Remington seized eagerly at the first sign of relenting on his wife's part. "I inquired at Cairo, my dear," he replied, "and Captain Blakeslee is well known. He was in the relief expedition which General Woolsey sent out to Khartoum after Gordon. He is very highly spoken of. The other gentleman is a tourist, recently arrived in Egypt, a physician. Think how convenient, my dear, if any of us should fall sick to have a physician in the party."

"I should never trust my case however desperate with any one but Dr. Trotter," said Mrs. Remington, emphatically.

"But as Dr. Trotter is in Spuyten Dyvil and there is no telephonic connection between the Desert of Arabia and his office, if one of the young ladies in our party was taken suddenly ill or was bitten by a serpent, it might be well to have medical advice at hand."

Mrs. Remington wavered. "We will wait one day longer," she said to her husband. "Tell Mohammed to hold back the caravan until we have met the Englishmen. Perhaps we can arrange for them to accompany us without actually associating with them.

ARABS OF THE DESERT.

We might manage to let them have a separate dining-tent. At any rate, it is probably wisest to see them and talk the matter over."

The donkey boys of Suez besieged them in very much the same fashion as those of Cairo. Each boy has a different name for his donkey which he thinks will appeal to travellers of different nationalities. In talking with a Frenchman he will assert that M. de Lesseps named

this beast Bernhart; to an Englishman he will swear that it was called Annie Laurie, by the Prince of Wales, on account of its sweetness of temper, while an American will learn that this donkey was christened Yankee Doodle by General Grant because it beats all the world.

On their return to the hotel Violet found Bird absorbed in her writing. Sheets of closely written MS. lay on the floor, and her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright. After dinner she again shut herself up in her room and continued her task, much to the disgust of Frank, who longed to explain his explorations to her. Emma was quite as much interested in the inscriptions which he had copied, and had really made some progress in reading hieroglyphics; but strange to say, Frank preferred Bird's appreciation to hers.

The next morning as they were seated at breakfast a note was handed Mr. Remington.

It was from Captain Blakeslee. "My uncle desires me to say," he wrote, "that as we wish to make some explorations in this vicinity we will not be able to join you until the day after to-morrow; and he trusts that this delay will not seriously inconvenience you, as he is anticipating much pleasure from your society and that of the ladies."

Mrs. Remington paled with indignation. "This decides the matter," she exclaimed; "we set out at once."

"The man certainly has a good deal of presumption," Mr. Remington replied; and Mohammed was ordered to put another dragoman in communication with the two strangers, and to give orders for the immediate departure of their own caravan.

Accordingly, in a few hours they crossed the gulf in a little steamer and were met on the Arabian side by their caravan. After a ride of about two hours they reached their first camping-place, Ayûn Musa or the Wells of Moses, — a small oasis in the desert. Here they found a number of springs of water, a little collection of Arab huts with their gardens and palms, which reminded them of Elim "where were twelve

fountains of water and three score and ten palm-trees." The gentlemen took a bath in the Red Sea; and the girls visited the Arab huts, bought some fruit of the half-naked children, and rested at Moses' Well. "Does not this call to mind that beautiful hymn about Elim?" Emma asked.

"I do not think I remember it," Bird replied, and Emma repeated one verse,—

"Calm me my God, and keep me calm;
May thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring."

The sun had been scorching, and the shade of the palms under which their tents were spread was very refreshing. That evening the cook served them quite an elaborate dinner, with fish and meats fresh from the Suez markets; and after dinner the party chatted until the stars came out. The Bedouin servants, around their camp-fire, seemed to be enjoying story-telling, whether of pilgrimages to Mecca or tales of the Arabian Nights there was a division of opinion.

Mrs. Remington proposed, as the trip would last three weeks, to render their evenings less monotonous that each member of the party should be responsible for the entertainment of the party for two evenings.

"Good!" said Violet. "And as Bird has been engaged in authorship for several days past, I propose that she begin by reading us her story to-morrow night."

After some urging Bird was induced to consent; and the next evening as they sat around their camp-fire, the ladies ensconced in steamer-chairs and the gentlemen stretched upon blankets, Bird, looking very pretty as she fingered nervously the leaves of her manuscript, explained the scope of her story.

She had tried to throw the stories of Joseph and of Moses into the form of a little romance with this result: —

THE SECRETS OF THE OBELISKS.

"Aback in the darlingest days of the earth,
Oh, dear old days that are lost to sight."

THERE was surprise and gossip at the court of Rameses the Great when it was known that the Princess Meris had adopted a foundling. Had she not a brother Menephtah of the same age as her little favorite Mesu on whom she might have lavished any overflow of affection?

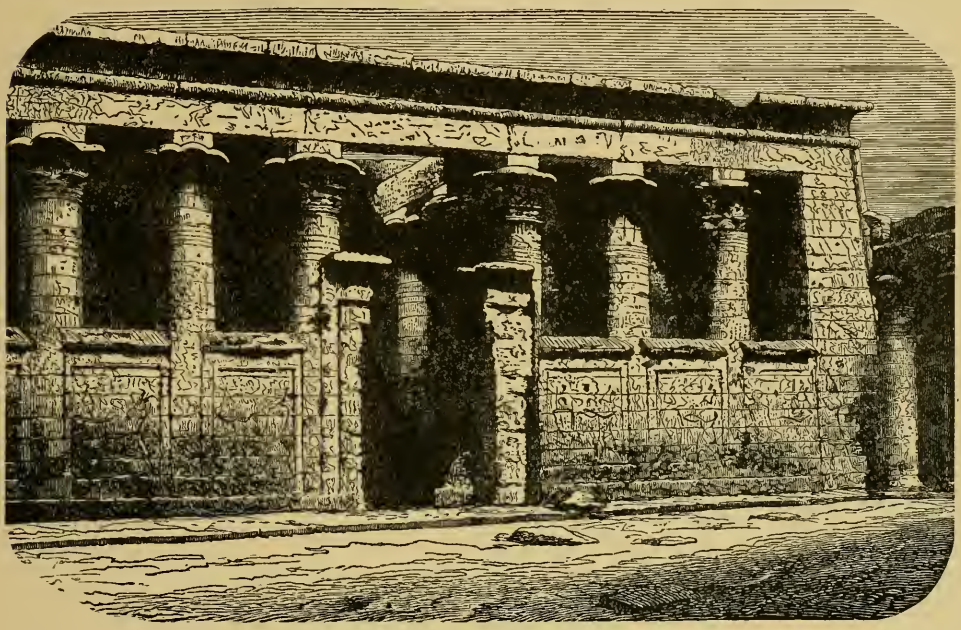
Menepthah as the years went by brooded over this slight, as he chose to consider it. The two boys were at swords' points as soon as they could toddle; for Menepthah was perpetually serving Mesu some cowardly trick, and Mesu was quick with his fists, and had no great respect for the blood royal.

The antagonism deepened as the boys grew older and entered college together in the ancient university city of On. The course of study for the king's sons was somewhat optional; but Mesu chose voluntarily the severest departments, devoting himself to the studies of the theological school, and to the course in magic, which corresponded to our physics and natural sciences. Besides these branches he applied himself deeply to jurisprudence, mathematical astronomy, and literature. Strange to say he excelled in all. He understood as by instinct the science of government; and the aged professor of jurisprudence regretted that there was only a very slight chance that Mesu might some day govern Egypt as the adopted son of the Princess Meris. The Enchanter from Ur of the Chaldees lamented that Mesu took so little interest in his chemical experiments, for as a wizard he might have confounded the world; but the professor of theology was glad at heart, for he looked forward to the time when Mesu would wear the leopard's skin as high priest of the Temple of the Sun after their present superior should be gathered to his fathers. For the present, the boy's preference seemed to be literature. He wrote poems on grand themes and in difficult metres, theses on any subject, — masterpieces of eloquence which other students delivered, for his was the eloquence of thought and not of speech or of presence. He had an inquiring, philosophical mind which busied itself with first causes; and he was now at work upon a Book of Origins, which he intended as a history of the human race, and which he had not yet showed his instructor.

Menephtah reviled him for a self-torturing fool, and in contrast proved himself during his entire college course an inveterate shirk. Son of a fierce

fighter and conqueror, he was an arrant coward, and declined studying military tactics lest the fact should procure him an appointment in the army.

The other studies selected by Mesu were as little to his taste; but, since he must make a pretence of studying something, he entered his name as a special student in a department lately founded and endowed by his father, — that of architecture and decorative art. Rameses had a passion for architecture. At this time he was directing additions to the great temple of Karnak, and had



MEDINET, COURT OF RAMESES.

finished for the Princess Meris the jewel-box pavilion of Medinet Habou. Accomplished architects and artists lectured and taught at the University, and Menephtah became a dilettante artist and critic. The creation of beautiful objects proving on trial too laborious, he decided to collect them only; and his rooms soon became a veritable museum. Statues and paintings, furniture of the choicest woods, instruments of music, gorgeous birds, stuffs and jewels, but above all pottery, were to be found here in profusion. A china closet volcano seemed suddenly to have become active and to have spurted plates, jars, cups, and vases over the walls and shelves. Jugs, bowls, and urns appeared in the general upheaval to have caught on every projection. Porcelain figurines,

colored blue with oxide of copper, bushels of glass beads, full of wavy lines and braided colors like those of Venetian workmanship loaded plaques and trays or were stored in tiny cabinets.

Mesu viewed this collection with intense scorn. "Can man be created to fritter away his life with such toys?" he asked contemptuously; and he added, "Rightly art thou called Menephtah, — devoted to Nepthys, the lady of the house, who bears upon her head as her emblems a house surmounted by a dish. A house could furnish ample room for thy ambition, and the decoration of a bowl is an all too difficult problem for thy weak intellect."

Menephtah could think of no sarcasm with which to express his rage, and so resorted to epithets, calling Mesu Jew and slave, as the most insulting terms which he could devise. It was a random shot, but Mesu turned pale and his lifted arm stiffened. What if Menephtah possessed the clew to his unknown origin? He brooded over the suspicion in secret, and recalled the tenderness of his Hebrew nurse, and the sisterly affection of her daughter Miriam. Once, too, when she brought the rather unlovable little boy, Aaron, to play with him, the servants had commented upon the resemblance between them. It came to him as a revelation that this was his family, — the despised race his kinsmen. He grew more moody and eccentric, and lost favor with his professors as he had with his fellow-students. He became argumentative and even quarrelsome, striving, apparently, to trip up his preceptors and mortify them before their classes. He studied in a freakish way, — now probing a subject more deeply than his instructors, and astonishing them by his erudition, now appearing in the class-room utterly unprepared, and giving as his only excuse his opinion that the subject was unworthy of consideration. He was at variance with himself and the existing order of things. He began even to cavil at religion.

To him, as to all educated in the mysteries of the Egyptian religion, Ra, the sun-god, was only a symbol for the Ineffable.

"The Egyptian devotee never attributed to Ra or to Anubis the actual possession of a human body with either the beak of a hawk or the snout of a jackal," says an able Egyptologist. The entire pantheon of symbolic grotesques "was regarded simply as a metaphor to convey to the mind's eye the attributes of a being who was himself inconceivable and indescribable."

This was true as regarded the educated classes; but the masses were falling into gross idolatry, and this troubled Mesu. He wrestled mightily in argument with his theological professors, begging that the central fact of the One God might be distinctly announced and explained to the multitude. But that curse of priestcraft — the possession of secrets considered too sacred for human nature's

MEDINET, TEMPLE-PALACE OF RAMESES.

daily food — could not be broken; and the older priests replied with the argument that such knowledge would be dangerous for the ignorant, and that they would immediately lapse from all religious rites into infidelity, — an argument which Luther doubtless resisted, and which many timorous leaders of our own day have fastened as a padlock over their own liberal ideas. But Mesu was fearless. Better infidelity to a religious system than infidelity to God; and in his inmost heart he determined that when he stood before the altar as an initiated priest, the whole truth should be bravely proclaimed.

His other studies were carrying him into as deep waters. He had a hot argument with his professor of political economy on the subject of slavery. These Hebrews who were working in the murderous mines, who were hewing stone and burning brick under the lash of the task-master, to build the palaces and temples of Rameses, — why should they be made to serve against their will? Why should they not receive a fair reward for their labor? One after another of the university faculty shook their heads and groaned in spirit over Mesu. "He is becoming restless and insubordinate," said the High-Priest-President. "He is blossoming into an agitator, an abolitionist, a political conspirator," said the professor of jurisprudence. "He is paying too little attention to his astronomy, to his literature, to his magic," said the professors in these several departments. "He is paying decidedly too much attention to his theology," said the occupant of the theological chair. "If he goes on he will revolutionize the religion of Egypt; he is a young man of very dangerous heterodox ideas."

"What shall we do with him, gentlemen?" asked the high priest, drumming uneasily on the arm of his presidential chair.

"Discipline — expulsion," was suggestively whispered from various quarters.

"He is the favorite of the Princess Meris," replied the high priest. "We have always been lenient to members of the royal family. Certainly if any one deserves discontinuance it is that dolt Menephtah, and yet his name is still allowed to disgrace our catalogue."

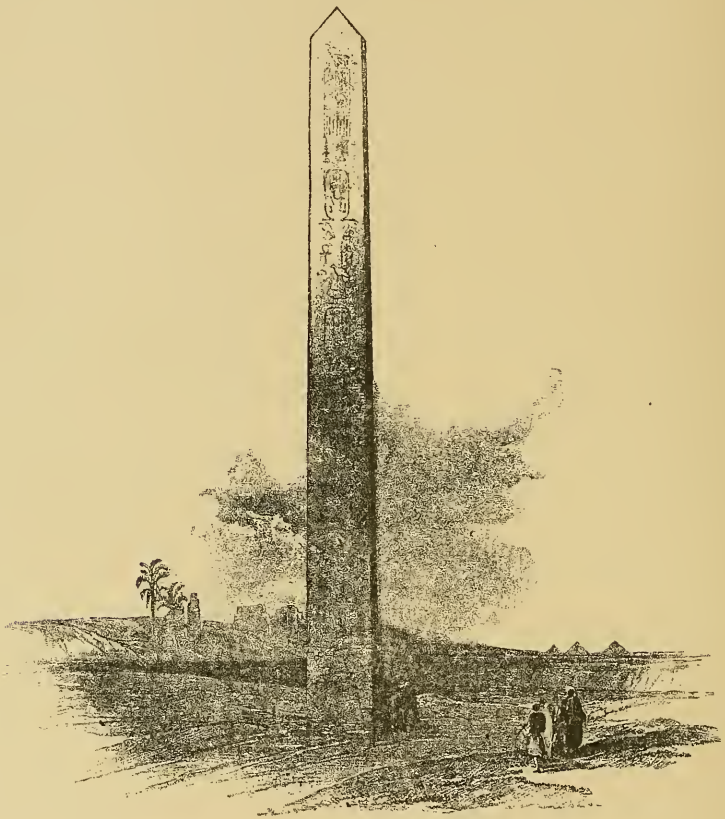
The reverend dons fell to thinking severely, and some under the protracted mental strain fell asleep, to be awakened sharply by the entrance of a royal courier with a message from Rameses.

"He desires that panegyrics to himself be inscribed on either side of those to Thothmes III., on the two great obelisks before our college."

"But that is a very difficult as well as dangerous undertaking," spoke up the art professor, who was also master architect. "No one will do it voluntarily, be the reward ever so great; dizzy scaffoldings must be erected, and the graver mount by ladders or be hoisted by ropes to the summit. One downward glance, and he would fall a lump of senseless flesh upon the pave-

ment. Let the King send some condemned criminals for this office. We shall need at least four, for we must count on killing three before the task is completed."

The courier bowed deeply. "The prison is empty; my royal master suggested that the work might be done by students of the University."



OBELISK OF ON.

A groan of consternation broke from the lips of the high priest. "And which of our beloved boys shall we dedicate to certain death?"

"Mesu," replied the professor of theology, with alacrity; "and if we are so fortunate thus to be rid of him, Menephtah, the scandal of the college, can complete the work."

"And may Typhon grant," replied the art professor, "that the work complete him."

While the faculty of the University were in session, Mesu, unconscious that his life hung in the balance, walked before the college. The two obelisks of Thothmes III. stood before the pylons of the temple. He had seen them every day, and had felt a sort of kinship for them, standing so silent and solitary, pointing upward with significant finger before the unthinking, unheeding rabble of boys who played about their bases. The students in his early novitiate had nicknamed him "The Obelisk," because he too was solitary and silent. A hesitation in speaking had excluded him from the school of oratory, and as they ridiculed his stuttering he became more and more taciturn, — a thinker and not a babbler. One of the obelisks in especial he came to regard as his double self. It was closely written over with hieroglyphs. A long line ran down the centre of each face, — the inscription of its founder, Thothmes III., a panegyric to that sovereign, and to the sun-god, adored particularly in this city. The hawk was dedicated to the sun because it seemed to soar nearest the fiery orb, and on the obelisk Thothmes was called the, —

"Golden hawk
Who has struck the kings of
All lands approaching him,
After the commandment
Of his father Ra.
Victory over the entire world
And valiance of sword are at
His hands
For the extension of the limits
Of Egypt,
The son of the Sun,
Thothmes the life-giver."

Other obelisks stood amid the sphinxes and temples of On, but none had interested Mesu as had this one.

To-day he noticed that its shadow pointed straight to an older and taller obelisk of Osirtasen I. Mechanically he paced the long line of shadow, and found its point resting against this other obelisk, exactly opposite a small crevice between the monolith and its base. He slipped his fingers within the crevice and drew from it a time-yellowed bit of parchment closely covered with hieroglyphic writing. Placing it in his bosom, he carried it to his cell and studied it far into the night. It was only a diary and package of letters, written apparently by the wife of Zaphnathpaneah; but it interested him deeply

enough to drive all moody and revengeful thoughts from his breast for that night at least, for the decision of the faculty regarding the fate of the two boys was not announced until the next morning."

Bird paused suddenly. "The camp-fire has gone out," she said. "I think you have had enough for one evening, and I will say, 'To be continued in my next.'"

"You are most provoking," Violet said; "you have not only broken off the history of Mesu, or Moses, at a most exciting point, but you have introduced a mysterious packet of letters whose contents we are eager to know, and our curiosity has a double edge."

"Which will you have first?" Bird asked, "the fate of Mesu or the story which he has just discovered?"

"Mesu can wait," Emma replied, in a matter of fact way. "We all know that he must have survived the obelisk ordeal, so that our interest is not of the breathless kind that hangs upon a fate in uncertainty but only a lively interest in *how* you will manage it. Whereas these letters, I strongly suspect will treat of one of the most entertaining historical romances to be found, not only in the story of Joseph in the Old Testament, but in any literature."

"Following then the example of the Thousand and One Nights," said Bird, on the next evening, "I will interrupt my main narrative to give you another and an older legend. As Mesu found it, it was written in the form of a diary with appendices in the way of scraps of correspondence; but its links will be better understood if I take a little liberty with the material and present it in the following connected form."

CHAPTER V.

WHY THE OLDEST OBELISK STANDS.

IT WAS noon at On, some five centuries before the time of Mesu. Not a breath of wind flapped the banners falling inertly from the masts in front of the huge pylons of the temple of the sun-god Ra. The obelisks of Thothmes III. had not been reared, but the sky-piercing monolith of Osirtasen I. pointed straight upward to its divinity, with no shadow path leading east or west from its foot, though certain crouching figures blotted against its eastern base waited panting and fainting for a rim of shade to mark the first hour of the afternoon.

The obelisk occupied an elliptical plaza bordered by a stone coping on which certain astrological emblems were sculptured. From its foot to the rim ran brazen rays forming a vast dial, on which the creeping shadow marked the hour. The obelisk itself was capped by a bronze flame which seemed to quiver upward, a perpetual burnt offering. This apparatus had been constructed by the priestesses of the seminary of Neith, the goddess of the heavens, the Urania of the Egyptian mythology. The wives and daughters of the priests of the sun-god were members of this seminary, and devoted themselves to the study of astronomy, calculating problems and recording the equinoxes and other curious data from the mystical figures on the coping over which the shadow pointer passed. Some of these computations, chronicled upon rolls of papyrus have perished with the lost arts; a few were garnered by the Magi, and carried by the Saracens into Spain, serving as tables by which the Arabian astronomers read the stars from the Giralda in Seville, — the first astronomical observatory in Europe. The observa-

tions of the priestesses of Neith were chiefly solar, for their study was a part of their religious cult; and like the obelisk, everything at On pointed toward the sun. The pyramids of Memphis were near, and to these they sometimes made excursions. The chief passage in the great pyramid of Gizeh was constructed at such an angle that the Pole Star could be studied from its inmost heart. The pyramids were devoted also to the sun, but to the sun of the underworld, absent during the night, and lighting as they supposed the unknown regions of the dead. The obelisks, on the other hand, were dedicated to the glad day from its rising to its setting, — "the sun at the two horizons." The

THE SPHINX AND PYRAMIDS OF MEMPHIS.

pyramids are on the left of the river, — the sun-set side, universally assigned to the necropolis and the dead. The obelisks stand upon the right side, before the palaces in the cities of the living. They were "representations of a pencil or ray of light, such as would often be seen darting vertically downward through the crevices of gathering clouds."

On at this time — the reign of Apophis, the last of the Hykshos dynasty, — was the second capital city of the world, "famous for its temples, palaces, fortifications, and its ecclesiastical schools. It stood upon a lofty plateau of rocks and sand, surrounded by deep canals and broad lakes, bordered by papyrus meadows and sycamore groves," a city of fashion as well as erudition,

of luxury and wantonness as well as religious fanaticism. But the two worlds kept apart; and while the court sported in the palace pavilions, Potiphe Ra — the high priest of the temple college — ruled his students with a severe *régime*, and the gentle priestesses of Neith were as pure as the lotus lilies in the temple tanks. Purest and gentlest among the train of star worshippers, was the daughter of the high priest. Just as the sun reached the meridian, the brazen gates of the seminary parted and a slender girl crossed the burning plain which stretched between them and the obelisk. She was dressed in the fine white linen of the priestly class; her robe was knotted at the bosom and confined by a golden belt whose clasp represented the winged orb of the sacred sun. Her bare brown arms were bound with blood-red cornelian and coral armlets, and her perfumed hair hung in many finely braided tresses from beneath the Egyptian head-kerchief of silk and silver tissue. She held a measuring-reed, and advanced toward the obelisk to measure the almost imperceptible shadow rim at its foot. The figures leaning against the base of the obelisk rose respectfully and made way for her as she came. They were only slaves of the captain of the King's body-guard, waiting while their master paid his offerings at the temple of Ra; but they were not unimpressible or without some innate appreciation of beauty and goodness, for the youngest among them murmured as the novice approached, "It is as though the staff were a stalk and she herself the lily." She took her measurements with downcast eyes and was returning silently to the seminary when the youth who had spoken toppled and fell upon the sand.

"Ra be merciful!" exclaimed one of the elder slaves; "it is the sunstroke. Gracious lady, we crave of you a little water for the lad. He is from a northern clime, and the arrows of Ra are too strong for his weak head." The girl turned and cast a startled glance at the handsome youth, lying in a strange death-like trance at her feet, and then sped away like a frightened fawn, returning in a few moments with water in a crystal cup from the temple tank. They had drawn his head within the narrow margin of the shadow, and the girl noticed that it was not closely shaven like the Egyptians', but covered with rings of softly curling black hair. His complexion was lighter than her own, and his eyes — But as soon as she saw them languidly open, she fled away again more swiftly than before; and this time the seminary gates did not reopen.

For days afterward at noon the young slave exposed himself to a second attack of sunstroke by haunting the vicinity of the obelisk. But other maidens came from the gates to measure the umbra, and he spoke to none of them. He came not only at noon but at sunrise and sunset as well, for at these times also the nymphs of Neith made their observations. One afternoon as he

lay in the shadow-path, Asnath, the daughter of the high priest, came again. He saw her bending over the stone circumference and transferring the hieroglyphics which the shadow diameter touched to a wax tablet, and he rose quickly and approached until his shadow also fell across her hands. She started, and he drew from his tunic the crystal goblet in which she had brought him water, saying simply, "I have brought back the cup, O maiden whose name I know not, filled to the brim with the thanks of the slave boy Yusouf."

"My name is Asnath, devoted to Neith," replied the girl. "The cup is my own, and I give it to thee. It is a divining-cup; and by divination thou mayest gain gold and purchase thy freedom. I will show thee how to use it, thou hast but to fill it with water, and then pour into it molten lead, and from the shapes the metal takes thou mayest foretell love and treasure, glory or doom. There are certain charms too, which repeated over it will change any drink it may contain into a deadly poison, or a philter for gaining the love of the obdurate."

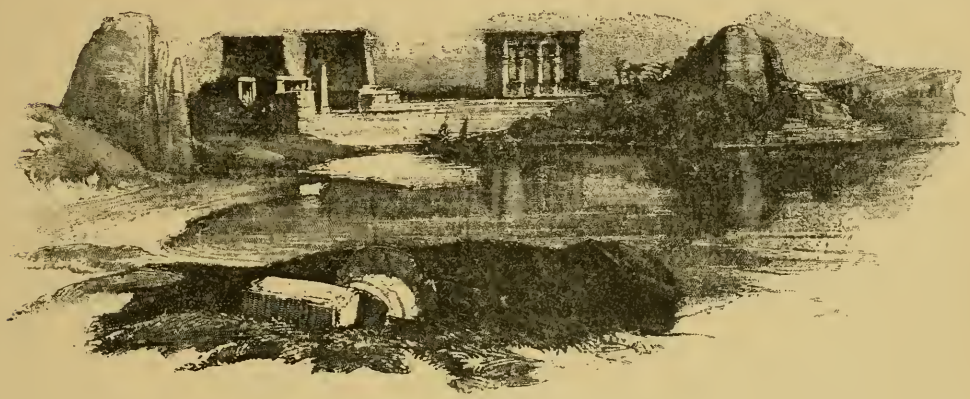
The youth smiled. "Why didst thou breathe over it before thou gavest me to drink?" he asked archly; but seeing her offended look he added quickly, "Nay, it was no charm; for Asnath is against her will beloved by all. I accept thy gift; and when Yusouf is a freeman he will stand before thee again, with somewhat to say which he cannot now speak. Even now I am somewhat of a diviner, for my God hath given me power to interpret dreams and visions of the night."

"Then perchance thou canst tell me the meaning of a dream which came to me of late," exclaimed the girl, eagerly. The short Egyptian twilight was fading across the red desert sands, and the stars hung like fire fruit over the obelisk, but Asnath had forgotten time and place. "I fell asleep beside the tank," she said, "and before I slept I remember watching the stars reflected in the still water. My dream came on so naturally that I could not tell when my waking moments ended. The reflection of one of the stars, as I was watching it, flashed and quivered, red, green, blue, and gold, floating and sinking and quivering again to the surface of the water, till I comprehended that what I saw was not a reflection but a real star which had fallen into the sacred lake; and I put out my hand and took it. It shone with a steady lustre like that of some great jewel, and I placed it in the bosom of my robe, and laid my hand over it to keep it safely; while I held it there the vision passed, and I slept long and dreamlessly. When I awakened my hand was empty, but I was filled with warmth and buoyancy. I felt as if I too might float away into the soft heavens, and glow and sparkle with the other stars upon the bosom of Neith;

MOSLEM AT PRAYER.

and I understood that the star had sunk within my breast, and I am conscious that it is still there, I feel so light, so light!"

The youth bent nearer. "Listen, Asnath; I too have dreamed a dream. I was hunting with my long bow and a sheaf of arrows in the desert, and I followed a wonderful white bird, shooting arrow after arrow but never hitting it, for it removed a few paces onward at every shot; and I was consumed with desire to shoot the bird, for I longed to give it as a present to thee. At the last I



ISLAND OF PHILÆ, LOOKING OVER THE NILE.

had but one arrow left, and I saw in my dream that the bird mounted straight upward; and I knew that this was my last opportunity. But as I fitted my arrow to the string I saw to my confusion that it was headless. Then befell a thing strange and wonderful: I thrust my hand into my bosom and plucked forth my heart, and with it I headed my arrow and shot it forth into the heavens. And the arrow changed into a shooting-star which sped through the sky till it stood over this obelisk, when it fell, and I saw it no more, nor the strange bird which I had followed. But when I awakened, lo! there was a void and an emptiness in my bosom, and I comprehended that I had lost my heart."

"I will keep it for thee," Asnath murmured softly; but at that moment the great gong within the seminary clashed harshly. It was the signal for the closing of the gates for the night. She darted away, and the kiss framed by the boy's lips fell upon the air.

Yusouf staggered homeward, grasping tightly the precious divining-cup. As he crossed the threshold of his master's house the slaves gathered about the rem-

nants of the evening meal looked up, and one exclaimed, "Lo, the dreamer cometh!"

Years passed, and little Asnath grew into a woman with a wistful face, which told of a heart that yearned and pined and was faithful. She had met the radiant youth but once after their dreams had led to the exchange of their hearts. They had agreed upon a crevice where the obelisk met its base as their letter-box, and here leaves of papyrus were slipped-carrying messages from one to the other.

One day, however, at a public festival, when Asnath walked in procession with the other daughters of Neith, she caught a glimpse of her hero. He stood beside the litter of his master's wife, — an imperious woman of the Cleopatra type, with something of the passion and ferocity of the Sphinx in her unintellectual but beautiful face, and in her lithe, leopard-like form. The procession had reached the temple, and the Nubians bearing the litter knelt, that their lady might alight. She waved her hand to Yusouf, who bore the ostrich fan which shielded her from the sun; and she passed into the temple court leaning languidly upon his shoulder one rounded bangled arm. It was in this attitude that Asnath had last seen her lover. Months and years passed by, and he came not, and there was no word from him in the crevice beneath the obelisk. Each day Asnath looked within it, and found only her own last letter entreating him in his graphic picture language to follow his star and fly to her. The observations of ten years had been chronicled by the astronomer priestesses, and still there were no tidings. Mechanically each day Asnath recorded the coming and going of the sun-god, with thoughts that wandered and shaped themselves into something like that hymn of Dr. Watts which is also a love song: —

"In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet Morning Star
And he my rising sun."

At length a dumb despair quenched the star in Asnath's breast. She could see only the flushed face of that clinging, bold woman, who had carried Yusouf away from her, and all his pretty allegory of heart and star seemed to her but a lying mockery. Her life stretched before her parched and withered, and meantime Nature around her had never appeared so beautiful. The rich, black Nile land showed the moist, sooty paste of its furrows like velvet bars across the glittering green of the satin meadows. Ra showered down his blessing of fruitfulness on the steaming, teeming land. The slaves of the temple were obliged to build new granaries to contain the unprecedented harvest. Potiphe Ra, the

high priest, shook his head gravely: "There will be a drouth next year; two such years of plenty have never been known to come together." But the next year was if possible still more remarkable. The laborers could not be induced to gather all, and the cattle trampled the rich grain left standing in the meadows. "We shall suffer for this wastefulness," said Potiphe Ra, pointing to a group of half-naked boys who were playing football with a loaf of wheaten bread. "The gods are generous, but they punish those who know not how to appreciate their gifts."

"There ought to be public provision for hoarding the surplus of these years against time of need," said Asnath.

"There is such provision," replied her father. "The Grand Vizier has imposed a tax upon all but our own class, and is laying up grain in a vast number of store-houses. I know not why he has exempted the priests, for he is a barbarian and an infidel, — from Babylon, doubtless, or the islands across the seas. But he is a man of great worldly wisdom, and the reins of government are in his hands; for Apophis cares not for the fatigue of ruling, and has given his signet ring to his Viceroy, so that whatever of law may please him is sealed with the cartouche of Pharaoh."

"Apophis must have great confidence in the integrity as well as the wisdom of his Grand Vizier," murmured Asnath. "Osiris grant that it be not misplaced." As she spoke the high priest was called suddenly away. A royal courier had arrived from Memphis, saying that Apophis himself was on the way desiring to confer with Potiphe Ra on a matter of importance.

From the roof of the seminary Asnath watched the royal cortége sweep up the avenue of sphinxes to the Temple of the Sun. Her father, in his most magnificent pontificial robes, stood between the temple pylons to receive his sovereign, and together they passed within the sacred arcades. The royal bodyguard was escorted to a separate banqueting hall, and Asnath noticed that their captain, Yusouf's master was served by a strange slave. "Yusouf is in Memphis," she said to herself, "with the handsome mistress of the house." Then it suddenly occurred to her that this fellow-slave might have brought a message to her from Yusouf, for he lay in the shadow of the obelisk with the rein of his master's horse across his arm. But the plaza was filled with grooms and horses and she could not go out and question him. Yusouf would have told him of the crevice post-box, she thought, and by and by she would look within it. In the cool of the evening the King and his retinue returned to Memphis and Potiphe Ra crossed the plaza and entered the seminary gates. Asnath thought she had never before seen his step so elastic, his presence so majestic, or heard his voice ring so jubilantly. He drew his daughter's arm within his own and led her to

the quiet inner court. The stars had begun to appear, and Potiphe Ra pointed to one that was mirrored in the sacred tank.

"A star has fallen and lies at your feet, my daughter," he said; "you have only to put forth your hand to possess it."

Asnath started, — it was so like her dream. Did her father know? By some strange chance was Yusouf to be hers at last? But Potiphe Ra did not notice the girl's agitation, and proceeded to tell her that King Apophis had greatly honored their house by proposing for her hand in behalf of his Grand Vizier, Zaphnathpaneah.

The girl's heart died within her. "But he has never seen me, my father; and how is it possible that he should know of my existence?"

"It is indeed possible that he does not know of it, and that this is a plan of Pharaoh's to ally this too powerful foreigner more closely to the interests of Egypt. But, no; I mind me that he expressly said that his favorite had requested this honor of him. He is said to be a mighty magician, and it is possible that he has seen thee in some enchanted mirror, or through a spell of dreams, or by the ministration of Afrites."

Asnath shuddered. "And wilt thou sell me to this hoary enchanter, O my father?"

"Not against thy will, my daughter," and with a gentle touch upon her forehead he passed from the court.

Asnath clasped her head with her hands. The warm night oppressed her, and she had need to think. She passed without the gates. The great obelisk pointed its silent finger upward, white and spectral in the moonlight. She thought again of the crevice. Yusouf had had an opportunity to communicate with her to-day. If he had written her a letter or even sent for hers, she would decline this great alliance. She reached the obelisk. A spider had hung his dusty curtain across the letter-box, but in spite of this she refused to believe herself forsaken, and cleared it away with eager fingers. Yes, there was a letter within. Trembling, she unrolled the strip of papyrus, — it was the one she had written years ago. Mechanically she rolled and replaced it. It did not occur to her even then to destroy it, for her love put up the same passionate cry on this night of her despair as at the beginning of her long vigil of doubt and desertion. But she returned to the seminary, crushed of heart and spirit broken, with no hope or courage with which to combat her father's wishes.

A few days later and a train, still more imposing, came to bear her as a bride to the second palace in Egypt. "Isis grant," murmured Asnath, "that my husband be not enchanter enough to read my heart."

Confused and weary she awaited the coming of her lord in a frescoed and pillared pavilion overlooking the Nile. Plumy foliage plants stood in decorated jars; a little Nubian, jetty black, in a tunic of turquoise blue gently waved a fan of ostrich feathers, luxurious divans were piled with silken cushions. In a niche stood a tiny altar supporting a crystal goblet holding a strange star-shaped white flower. But Asnath only looked at it with dazed, uncomprehending eyes. The incense half-stifled her with its dense smoke, the harpers harping in the galleries stunned her with their sweet jargoning, and she crossed her arms between her forehead and the gilded lattice and looked out upon the night. At the door below the dancing girls leapt in their spangled gauze draperies and showered the populace with the coins with which the steward filled their tambourines. They glided, they bounded, they swam; poised on one foot with out-stretched, slowly waving arms; they almost flew; they whirled like mad dervishes; they kissed the coins with which they pelted the applauding spectators. The novices of Neith had once danced a solemn, stately dance in the great temple of Karnak. It was called the Dance of the Spheres. Each novice had held aloft a tulip-shaped torch, and the formal figures which they traced were supposed to resemble the mystic procession of the stars across the blue fields of Neith, slowly circling around that unknown centre, Ra's sun, — the Unnameable. It had been an uplifting, a soul-expanding experience; but this dance of the bridal was a performance which she had never before seen, and could never have imagined. She closed her eyes to shut out a sudden glare of torch-light, and pressed her fingers to her ears to deaden the shouts which greeted the coming of the bridegroom.

"He is aged and wise; Isis grant that he be also kind of heart," she prayed; and turning, she knelt facing the door, waiting with bowed head his approach. There was a quick glad step in the corridor without. "That is not the magician, the venerable Grand Vizier," thought Asnath, but she did not move.

"Asnath!"

It was Yusouf's voice, and she sprang to her feet. Yusouf and the enchanter viceroy were one and the same.

Holy Writ completes the romance for us, but it does not state that after the birth of the boy whom Yusouf named Oblivion, because all the heart-ache and weariness, all the wrong and bitterness of his past were forgotten in his present joy, Asnath told her husband of the forgotten letter in the crevice of the obelisk.

"There let it remain," replied Yusouf, "dedicating its great casket to

faithful waiting; and so long as the obelisk stands, let it be a symbol that true hearts, though they wait long, shall not wait in vain."

"I will add my diary and the few letters we have exchanged," said Asnath, "that this meaning of the obelisk may be the more plainly understood by him who chances to find them in later days. It is meet it should guard them for me, for the obelisk was my only confidant."

Other obelisks built by later dynasties have crumbled and fallen, or have been removed by conquerors, nearly all the greater capitals of Europe possessing each its trophy; but the obelisk of Osirtasen I., the oldest in Egypt, still stands erect upon its original site, for it has a mission to perform, a truth to demonstrate.

Bird's audience was not over critical, and she received quite as much applause as her rendition of the story of Joseph merited. Another weary day's march and they encamped at Ain Hawarah, — the Fountain of Destruction, — a spring of bitter water supposed to be the Marah of the Exodus. They read the Bible account after their dinner: "So Moses brought Israel from the Red Sea, and they went out into the wilderness of Shur; and they went three days in the wilderness and found no water. And when they came to Marah they could not drink of the waters of Marah for they were bitter."

Seated beside the bitter fountain Bird continued her story of Moses.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF MOSES. — THE DESERT AND MOUNT SINAI.

ESU had finished reading this story, and he said to himself: "This is not a mere romance; it belongs in a certain way to history. I will verify it by comparison with the records in the royal library, and will incorporate it in my Book of Origins, weeding it of course of its silly love passages," for Mesu had a sovereign contempt for love, which he regarded as the height of human frailty. He took down his own manuscript, and laid his treasure-trove within one of the rolls of the Book of Origins. Later he transcribed it with his own hand to the roll, and there it remains to this day, exhaling its fragrance like a pressed flower through the musty leaves.

"And Zaphnathpaneah was a Hebrew," he said to himself, adding meditatively: "There is no longer any ignominy in the term. He was a great and good man, but did he not make a mistake? It was through his unintentional instrumentality that the Hebrews became the slaves of the Egyptians. Would that it might be my calling to rescue them! His obelisk helped him to his destiny, perhaps mine will show me my duty."

Sleep overcame him, with his head resting upon both manuscripts. When he woke the gong was sounding which summoned all the community to the grand hall. Menephtah and he were the last to enter, and were called to the open space before the chair of the high priest, where after a few preliminary remarks the fate assigned them was announced.

The two students received the news with very different mien.

"It is well," said Mesu. "Hebrew slaves toiled at the cutting of these obelisks in the far quarries of Syene; Hebrew slaves guided the overburdened craft that floated them down the treacherous Nile; Hebrew slaves performed the dangerous duty of elevating them to a perpendicular position. If I am of

HEAD-DRESS OF EGYPTIAN GIRL.

the blood of the Hebrews, as Menephtah has said, it is but of a piece with this strange kind of justice that I should finish the work of sculpturing between earth and heaven the panegyrics of the tyrant who has commanded this last murder."

This rank treason was allowed to pass unpunished. A more awful punishment than they could inflict, so his superiors thought, awaited Mesu at the foot of

the obelisk. Menephtah, in the opinion of the faculty, showed a more becoming behavior. He simply fainted in the extreme of mortal terror. On his recovery he sent a courier post haste to Rameses.

"My father will not allow the priests to assert authority of life and death over his royal house," he cried. "He will not suffer my sister's slave to wreak his revenge upon me."

"How is that?" asked his fellow-students. "Mesu cannot injure you without first killing himself."

"That would be nothing to Mesu," replied Menephtah; "do you suppose he would regard his own life of the slightest consequence if he knew that his death would involve the destruction of his enemy?"

Menephtah's estimate of Mesu's character was not far wrong; but at present the cowardly prince was as nothing to Mesu, who had quite forgotten their quarrel in this the first conscious crisis of his life. An answer came to Menephtah's appeal to his father, but it gave him scant comfort. He wrote:

"I will not revoke the decrees of the University, nor assign to its students a duty which I am unwilling that my own son should perform. It is an ordeal fit for a king. I have followed thy career, and have marked thy character too refined and delicate. I have filled in my breathing places between battles with architecture and art, and I honor the skilled artist. I could wish that the king who succeeds me should perfect the works which I have instituted, and carry to a glorious height the renaissance of Egyptian art. But other qualities are also necessary for a ruler. He who sits upon the throne of the Pharaohs must have a clear head; and if thy brain is steady enough not to reel at the height of the obelisk, I can be sure that it will not turn giddy on any pinnacle of this world's greatness. If thou canst behold Ra with undazzled eye so near to his majestic glory, thou provest thyself a son of Ra not to be dazzled by splendor! If thy hand fail not, then shall men believe thee as fit to hold the sceptre as the chisel. If thou livest after the graving of these obelisks, then shalt thou in preference of thy thirteen older brothers reign after me.

"I, Rameses, have said it."

If this letter of the King may be thought to show a remarkable subordination of paternal instinct to cool philosophy, we can only say that Rameses was well aware if his experiment proved a failure and the young prince was killed that there would be still no lack of heirs-apparent to the throne of Egypt, and the one hundred and nineteenth part of any father's love and solicitude can scarcely be suspected of being overwhelming.

Meantime the two obelisks were caged by light scaffolding. The workmen who erected them understood that the King's son might peril his life here, and

if he fell through any fault of theirs, their life must answer for his; and so the skeleton mechanism grew firm as a ladder of twisted steel. The inscription to be graven, composed by the court poet, Pentaur, was placed in Mesu's hand, with a chisel carefully tempered and sharpened, the gift of the Hebrew smiths working at Karnak. It was with this chisel that the tables of stone were hewn out, upon which the law was traced on Sinai, and it was long and carefully preserved by after ages, there being a tradition that with it Jael smote Sisera.

Slowly Mesu was hoisted to his place, his swinging chair affixed to pulleys which allowed of his being lowered one degree as each group of hieroglyphs was completed. Slowly and distinctly the characters grew; and those straining eyes below could read with the help of crystal globes each detail of the characters which, mutilated and corroded as they are, are still legible upon each of the obelisks, — a panegyric to the sun and to Rameses, —

"Whose royalty is expanded
Like that of the sun,

"Giving all life, stability, and happiness
Like the sun forever.

"A noble youth of kindness,
Like the sun
Blazing from the horizon,

"Who throws down southern peoples
As far as the Indian Ocean,
And the northern peoples
As far as the prop of the sky."

Trifling compliment and adulation this to the grand words upon the "tables of stones written with the finger of God" which Mesu was afterward to receive. Among the crowd who watched him swaying perilously at his task were many Hebrew slaves, and Mesu hoped that they might understand that he was lifted up for them; but they did not comprehend. Again and again the swinging chair descended to the ground in safety, and the last line of the second obelisk was reached. Menephtah was in an agony of hope and fear. What if Mesu accomplished the whole task safely; what if the presumptuous wretch failed to die, and gave him no share whatever in the work? Would not his father's assurance of the succession pass then to Mesu? He scanned the letter again: Rameses had made no mention of the name of his foster-grandchild; if Menephtah survived the task (presumably no matter who did it) he was the acknowledged heir-apparent. The word of a Pharaoh could not be broken.

Menephtah threw himself on the sand and hid his face in his arms; he could not watch the cutting of the last hieroglyphs. A sudden cheering rent the air. He leaped to his feet, — the characters were sculptured; the ordeal was over. He could have thrown himself upon Mesu's neck, but the youth was gone.

The years passed on. Mesu was almost forgotten. The Princess Meris alone of all the court mourned for him. What if he had killed an Egyptian soldier in a quarrel? Her influence might have saved him if he had come to her instead of becoming a fugitive and an outcast. Her woman's heart was grieved by his want of confidence; it seemed to her to imply a lack of gratitude. It was quite true; Mesu was not grateful. He had abandoned his patrons and schooled himself to forget their kindnesses. It was not hard to do so after the experience of the obelisk. He had cancelled his debt to Rameses; henceforth he was only a Hebrew of the Hebrews with one grand aim, one object in life.

Rameses died and was mummied, and Menephtah, his weakest, most vacillating and characterless son reigned in his stead. He carried out his father's wishes in regard to the renaissance of Egyptian art, as the grand Hypostyle Hall, the climax of the temple of Karnak, the ruins of his palace at Thebes, and his tomb in the Valley of the Kings fully testify; but it was at the expense of the tears and blood of uncounted Hebrew slaves.

At last the deliverer came. We cannot tell whether Menephtah recognized in the hoary magician who tormented him, his fellow-student of early days. Mesu has himself chronicled the long struggle, the royal word broken again and again. "My slaves are as much my property," said the haughty king, "as my temples and my obelisks. As soon shall the reverend obelisks before the university of On remove from their place as this people depart from serving me."

The two impossibilities have been effected, "When after the terrible last tenth plague the mixed multitude were driven forth from Egypt, the light of the pillar of fire threw the shadow of the obelisks across the path of the fugitives."

The monoliths of Thothmes III., moved first to Alexandria by Augustus Cæsar, have since parted company, and voyaged widely from their university site, and from each other. One stands in London, where a descendant of the Hebrew slaves, who quarried and first reared it, has ruled for years, almost as a king; the other has come to our own land, and stands a monument to the life and work of Mesu, the uplifting of a race.[1]

[1] The Author published these romances of the obelisk some years ago in, "Good Company," a magazine which has since gone out of existence. She believes that they are now out of print, and that few of her young readers have ever seen them.

Bird ceased; there were traces of stronger emotion on her face than could be accounted for by the excitement natural to a young author in reading her own productions. None knew the secret bond of sympathy which attracted her to Mesu, but all felt touched by the magnetism of an intense feeling whose springs they could not fathom.

Mrs. Remington, to introduce a calming influence, asked that each should repeat verses from some hymn relating to the Exodus; and Frank gave as his favorite, "When Israel of the Lord beloved."

Bird listened with shaded eyes as his clear voice expressed his steadfast faith in the noble words of the hymn, —

"When Israel of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

"By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

"Thus present still, though now unseen
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.

"And oh! when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light."

The next day they had a long and rather tiresome journey before encamping at night in the beautiful Wady Tayabeh. If the ladies had not become somewhat accustomed to the gait of the camels they could not have endured it. As it was, the four different jerks which the camel gives its rider when rising from its knees were sufficiently

dislocating, and the long swinging stride made Mrs. Remington a little dizzy. Finding that she was afraid of her beast because he had viciously snapped at her bonnet and had bitten off an aigrette, Frank had her change with him.

"You must not increase Mother's nervousness by telling her this story," he said to Violet, "but camels are really very revengeful and bad tempered. Palgrave relates that a camel who had been ill-treated by a boy seized him by the head and threw him on the ground with the upper part of his head torn off. Then, having satisfied himself that he had killed his persecutor, he trudged along as though nothing had happened."

That evening Violet pointed out a cloudy pillar behind them, which Mohammed said was smoke from the camp-fire of the two Englishmen who were encamped in a neighboring wady.

Early the next morning, before resuming their march they walked through a picturesque valley walled in with cliffs whose coloring rivalled that of the cañon of the Yellowstone to the Gulf and enjoyed a bath in the salt water, for they were near the sea-shore.

As they returned they met Captain Blakeslee who, led by a young Bedouin, was evidently on the same errand, for a Turkish bath-towel was draped over his helmet in the fashion of an Egyptian scarf as an additional protection from the sun. In his surprise at recognizing the party he forgot his novel head-gear, and his endeavor to look dignified and unconscious was extremely amusing. As Violet passed him last in the little procession, she could not restrain a smile. Instantly his hand came up with a stiff military salute and then fumbled in his pocket.

"Beg pardon," he exclaimed, "but your vinaigrette — I thought I had it with me. No, of course not." Then as a stray gust of wind flapped the towel fringe in his face and he realized his absurd appearance and turned abruptly on his heel, Violet bit her refractory lips

in punishment for their thoughtless smile. She turned and looked kindly after Captain Blakeslee, but he was striding wrathfully over the sand, spitefully switching the towel which he had snatched from his helmet.

Their next interesting halt was in the Wady Mokatteb, with its Sinaitic inscriptions on the rock of strange figures and characters which have been a puzzle to learned men ever since their discovery.

As usual, Emma made a great many copies; but she was obliged to acknowledge herself baffled in her attempts to extract any meaning from them. Egyptian hieroglyphics had interested her greatly, and she announced her intention of making a serious study of them.

The significance of Egyptian picture-writing has been well explained by Mr. Gliddon in the following example:—

"In Egyptian hieroglyphics there are in some instances as many as twenty-five different characters used to represent one letter. The writer could, by the selection of his letters convey a meaning of admiration and praise, or disgust and hatred. I will endeavor to make this apparent by an example. Suppose we wished to adopt the same system in our language, and write the word 'America' in hieroglyphics.

"*A.* We might select out of many more or less appropriate symbols for the letter *a*, as an asp, apple, altar, etc., the asp, symbolic of sovereignty.

"*M.* For *m* we have a mace, moon, mummy, mouse, etc. I select the mace, indicative of military dominion.

"*E.* An ear, egg, eagle, elk. The eagle is undoubtedly the most appropriate, being the 'national arms of the Union,' and means 'courage.'

"*R.* A rabbit, ram, ring, rope. I take the ram, emblematic of 'frontal power,' intellect, and sacred to Amun.

"*I.* An insect, infant, ivy. An infant will typify 'the juvenile age,' and still undeveloped strength of this great country.

"*C.* A cake, cat, cone, crescent. I choose the cake, the consecrated bread, typical of a 'civilized region.'

"*A.* Any of the above words beginning with *a* would answer, but I take the sacred 'Ian', the symbol of eternal life, which in the Egyptian alphabet is an *A*.

To designate that by this combination of symbols we mean a country, I add the Coptic sign Kah, meaning country.

We thus obtain phonetically, —

The journey from this point on began to grow wearisome. The commissary department was no longer unexceptional, and they wearied of canned edibles. Even the oranges, which had been their most refreshing dessert, were baked and juiceless. The long strain of camel riding began to tell upon Mrs. Remington, and a light sand-storm completed their discomfiture. The thick veils which they were obliged to wear gave them all headache, and before they reached their evening camping-place on the seventh day of their pilgrimage, Mrs. Remington fainted from sheer exhaustion, and fell from her camel. She might have been seriously injured if Mohammed had not noticed her swaying and caught her in his arms.

Here was trouble. A litter was extemporized with tent poles and blankets, and after Mrs. Remington had revived she was placed in it and carried on to the Wady Feiran, at the foot of Mt. Serbal, where they intended to camp among the ruins of an ancient convent. But the most desirable site had been already selected and occupied by another party, and Mohammed halted his company on the hillside among some ancient tombs. It was a doleful spot, with still more doleful suggestions. The caravan below them not only had the shelter of the old convent walls, but a delightful little grove of tamarisks and date-palms, with a fresh fountain and brook. Their own situation was exposed to sun and wind. Mrs. Remington had lapsed from one

fainting fit into another. Mr. Remington was frantic with anxiety, Violet in tears, and Frank seriously perplexed. In this complicated state of affairs Bird sought counsel of Mohammed, who was scolding his men.

"We must have help. Does no one live among those ruins?" Bird asked.

"Only a few beasts of Arabs," Mohammed replied.

"Are those travellers encamped in the ruins of the convent the ones who wished to journey with us?"

Mohammed nodded.

"And one of them is a doctor?"

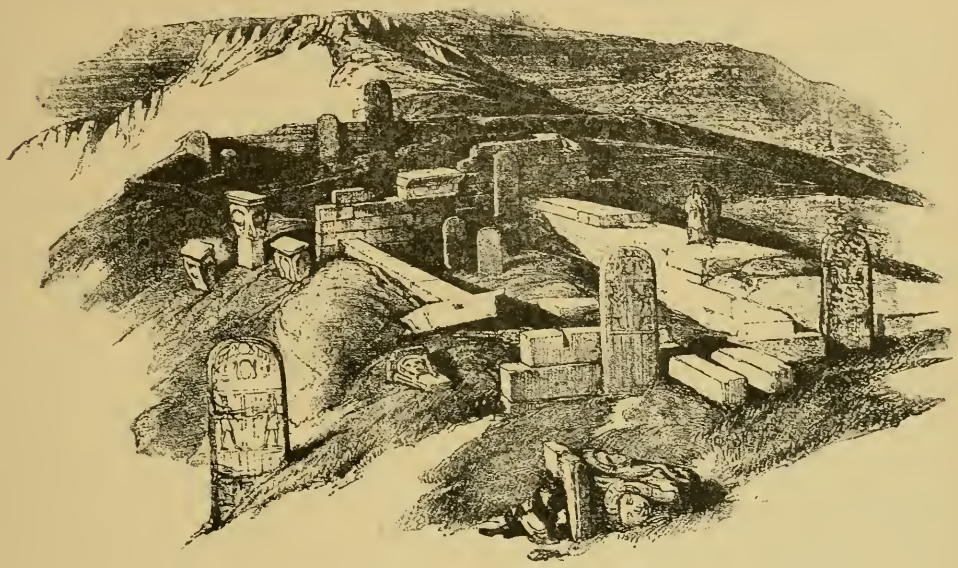
Again the respectful inclination of the head.

"Then come with me. I am going to ask him to see Mrs. Remington."

Mohammed made no demur. Indeed this course had already suggested itself to him, but he somewhat dreaded his master's disapproval; and as he had many matters to oversee, he called to a Bedouin boy of the tribe of the Aulad Said, who had been hanging about the camp with his donkey trying to sell some jars of sour goat's milk, and bade him show the lady the shortest way to the encampment of the Englishmen.

The sun had set hours before, but the stars were shining clearly. It was a wonderful night, and for some time Bird was so absorbed in tracing the constellations that she paid no attention to the way in which her little guide was leading her. She came back from her star-gazing with a start, to realize that they must have made one or two turns in the ravine, for neither encampments were in sight. She called to her elfin guide to stop, but he only gesticulated wildly, and skipped on over the rocks. She stood still, and he came back and chattered in his strange gibberish, pointing to slender threads of smoke which rose beyond a thicket. Bird comprehended that he was leading her to the village of his tribe, whether because he had mistaken Mohammed's orders or from sinister motives Bird could not

determine. Of one thing she was quite certain, — she had no desire to adventure herself alone, and without the knowledge of her friends, among a tribe of Bedouins who might retain her indefinitely for ransom. She turned and walked resolutely back, the boy dogging her steps and protesting violently. Seeing that he made no impres-



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN RUINS IN THE DESERT.

sion upon her, he finally turned and ran away in the direction of his own encampment. Bird regretted that she had not paid more attention at the outset to the way in which she had come. The sides of the ravine were seamed with goat-paths. It was impossible to tell by which she had descended. She hurried on, growing more and more bewildered. She became convinced that she must have taken the wrong one, for she could see no trace of either the camp of her friends or of the Englishmen. She climbed the side of the cliff, hoping to gain a more extended view, and seeing some ruins which she thought might be those of the convent, she hurried toward them. On nearer

approach they appeared to be tombs. She wandered among them for a long time, their dark shadows and fallen masses of stone startling her, from their resemblance to uncouth, crouching figures. At length, wearied and disheartened by her fruitless efforts, convinced that she must wait until morning light to find her way out of the labyrinth, she sat down in an angle and waited. Brave girl as she was, her lonely, defenceless condition struck her with grave apprehension. She dared not fall asleep, and she watched the declining moon with a dread of the utter darkness which would settle upon her when it disappeared.

She wondered whether her friends had discovered her absence and were anxious about her. Suddenly she fancied that she heard voices and footsteps. Were they her friends or the Arabs. While she hesitated whether to cry aloud, suddenly an animal slunk from a yawning door and trotted leisurely toward her. Was it a wolf, a hyena, or a jackal? She stood for a moment transfixed with fright, and then turned and ran. One glance over her shoulder showed to her horror that the creature was bounding after her. She uttered a shriek, redoubled her speed, stumbled, and fell. In an instant she heard the quick panting of the animal above her. She did not faint, but nerving herself for what she imagined was to be a death-struggle, sprang to a sitting posture and found herself face to face with a handsome Irish setter. It capered about her in a friendly and joyful manner, dashed off, and then returned with quick, short barks.

"I can understand your language better than Arabic, you beauty," Bird said, patting his head affectionately. "You doubtless belong to Captain Blakeslee, and you want to lead me to your master — forward, march!"

The dog led the way, and after a few turns through the ruins Bird saw three figures striding rapidly down the valley in the direction of the encampment of the Aulad Said. One was dressed like an Arab, but the other two were Americans or Englishmen; and Bird called aloud and ran after them, the dog barking with all his might. The

men stopped, and in a moment Bird recognized Frank, who darted back toward her exclaiming: "Bird is it really you? I am so thankful! I have been nearly crazy."

He held her hand tightly and kept it in his own after the others joined them.

"This is Captain Blakeslee," he exclaimed. "Mohammed told me that you had gone for the doctor, and when you did not return we went across to their camp and were consumed with anxiety when we found that you had not been there. Mohammed suspected some treachery on the part of the Arab boy who guided you, and Captain Blakeslee was good enough to offer to go with us to the camp of the Aulad Said."

"I am glad that you found me before charging them with my capture," Bird replied.

"Yes," assented the young Englishman; "it might have caused a rather nasty misunderstanding, and the beggars seem to be well enough disposed."

Frank expressed his acknowledgments of the Captain's kindness and they left him, following Mohammed, who strode along in advance of them, selecting the right pathway from the net-work of goat tracks with the unerring instinct of his race.

"Did the doctor go to your mother?" Bird asked.

"Yes; he set out for our camp when the Captain joined me in my search for you."

"Do you think she will see him?"

"Yes; for strange as it is, this English physician turns out to be old Dr. Trotter who has cared for our family ever since we were babies. How it ever happened that we did not ascertain this before, I cannot tell; but everything will doubtless be explained in good time. And Bird, my darling, I am so glad and thankful that I have found you that I care for nothing else."

Bird trembled. "You must not speak so," she said.

"Why not? I have loved you for a long time — have you not guessed it? — but how much I did not know until I thought that I had lost you. Tell me, Bird, that you care for me too."

"I cannot," Bird replied, in deep trouble. "I cannot."

"You do not love me? It is not your fault, I suppose, but God help me! I thought you did."

There was such pain in his voice that Bird was inexpressibly moved. "I do care for you, Frank," she said impulsively; "but sometimes there are other questions which demand consideration, — other people who are concerned."

"My people all love you," Frank persisted.

Bird was on the point of saying, "They would not if they knew everything," but she held back the words.

"You must mean your people," Frank continued. "Well, we won't call it an engagement until I have made them approve of me. I think I can win them over if you will help me," he added cheerfully.

"No, you cannot," Bird replied gloomily. "I wish I had not told you that I care for you, for it can never come to anything. We must fight against it; and I daresay we will both be able to forget all about it."

"No, we cannot forget now," Frank replied confidently. "The words have been said, and I have a feeling that all will be right. If you wish, I will say no more about it until I have your parents' permission to do so."

"That at least you must promise," Bird replied; "and remember I have promised you nothing. Indeed I do not see how this can end happily, and I want you in looking back to be able to respect me and to realize that I did not encourage you with false hopes."

"I shall remember that you were a most discouraging little pessimist and that I took no stock at all in your gloomy views, and we shall see which will be right."

"And now if you will kindly remove your hand from my waist,

and never, never by word or look refer to this evening's conversation while I am with you, I shall be greatly obliged."

"I promise; but it will be hard work, I assure you."

They had reached the camp, and Violet who was waiting anxiously nearly smothered Bird with kisses. "You poor dear, what a frightful experience you have had!" she murmured.

"Yes, frightful," Frank replied mischievously; "the half cannot be told. How is mother?"

"She was lying with closed eyes when Dr. Trotter arrived, but on hearing his voice she exclaimed: "Now I shall get well. How good of you to come all the way from Spuyten Dyvil to attend me."

The Doctor smiled, but it was not until he had given Mrs. Remington's illness the care which it demanded, that he said to Mr. Remington: "I feel positive that you cannot have received the letter I wrote you in Cairo. I knew something must have gone wrong when your dragoman told me that you hesitated about allowing my nephew and myself to join your party."

"Your letter! What letter? Are you the Englishman? But Mohammed said it was a Dr. *Marcher*," were some of the exclamations which greeted this remark.

"My letter announcing that I had just arrived in Cairo and had picked up my wife's English nephew for a little jaunt across the desert must have miscarried," replied Dr. Trotter; "as to my name—"

"Oh, that is very plain!" Frank exclaimed. "Mohammed forgot the exact word but kept its meaning. Well, this is a joke!"

Apologies were made on both sides, and on the next day Captain Blakeslee called with the Doctor and was duly presented.

Mrs. Remington's malady was pronounced to be simply exhaustion. A more favorable spot was selected for the camp in a pleasant grove near the ruined convent, and it was decided that she should remain quiet for a few days under Dr. Trotter's care while the rest

WELLS IN THE DESERT.

of the party continued their march to Sinai. The physician was positive that she would be sufficiently rested to make the return journey to Suez with them.

Violet insisted on remaining with her mother; and Captain Blakeslee protested against going on to Sinai in advance of the Doctor. He much preferred remaining with him and studying the habits of the Aulad Said at the other end of the wady, who he felt sure were descendants of the ancient Amalekites, to waiting for the Doctor at the Convent of St. Catharine. They had set out prepared for the long journey to Palestine by way of Petra, and a delay of a few days was of no consequence. Their own cook could cater for Mrs. and Miss Remington, and only one of the servants attached to the Remington caravan need remain. All this hospitality and kindness on the part of Doctor Trotter seemed like heaping coals of fire on the head of Mrs. Remington, and she could only show her regret for her former misunderstanding by marked courtesy both to him and to his nephew, — a courtesy which the young man appreciated highly, devoting himself most assiduously to the comfort and entertainment of the ladies during the five days which they spent together, and entirely forgetting his resolution to study the manners and customs of the Aulad Said and to write an essay on the Amalekites for an ethnological journal, until Violet reminded him of it.

In the mean time the rest of the party continued on their journey.

Their last encampment before reaching Sinai was made at the foot of the Nugb Hawa, or Pass of the Wind, among the wild, desolate mountains of the Sinaitic range.

The next morning Bird, who was used to climbing, and whose alpenstock was marked with many ascensions rarely attempted by ladies, set out on foot with Frank for the summit of the pass. The sublime and lonely scenery reminded them both of the Pass of St. Gotthard, while the realization of its more complete isolation gave them a sense of awe such as they had never before experienced. This feeling reached its climax when the view of Mount Sinai itself burst upon them in all its terrible majesty. At its foot stood the fortress-like convent of St. Catharine, below which spread the vast Wady Er

Rahah, or Valley of Rest. Mount Sinai itself has two peaks,— Jebel Musa, the traditional spot of the giving of the law, and Ras Sufsafeh, which modern authorities consider the true Mount of God.

Dr. Philip Schaff says, —

"I fully satisfied my mind that Ras Sufsafeh is the platform from which the Law was proclaimed. Here all the conditions required by the Scripture narrative are combined; for Er Rahah is a smooth and gigantic camping-ground protected by surrounding mountains, and contains two millions of square yards, so that the whole people of Israel could find ample room and plainly see and hear the Man of God on the rocky pulpit above. Dean Stanley relates that 'from the highest point of Ras Sufsafeh to its lower peak, a distance of about sixty feet, the page of a book distinctly but not loudly read, was perfectly audible; and every remark of the various groups of travellers rose clearly to those immediately above them.'"

Both Bird and Frank were profoundly impressed by the scene. They talked very seriously while they rested.

"I believe it," Bird said, — "I believe it all most profoundly. The sublimity of the place is so perfectly fitted to the sublimity of the event."

"Have you ever reflected," Frank asked, "that Moses' life and death seems to have been intimately connected with mountains? They must have had the greater influence upon him from his early associations with a flat country. He owed much, as you have showed us, to his education at the university of On; but he had a nobler university education of forty years in the desert and among the mountains of the Sinai range, which fitted him for his great life work. It was here that he brought the people at the beginning of their pilgrimage, and on those soaring heights that he was uplifted to that long, intimate communion with God. They encamped here for a year. Then came the desert march again, the descent to earthly cares, heavy responsibilities, and petty annoyances, until at length he was privileged to ascend another mountain height, — Mount Nebo, — to view the good land

to which he had brought his people, and to pass from this stepping-stone up to his Father's house."

"I am not fond of hymns or religious poetry," Bird replied, "but there is one poem on the death of Moses that I learned by heart long ago, attracted by its beauty, but I never realized its truth until now;" and the young girl repeated gravely, —

"On Nebo's lonely mountain
Beyond the Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There is a lonely grave.
And no man dug the sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angel of God upturned the sod,
And laid the good man there.

"And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state, while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave."

"That is grand," Frank replied. "I mean to make a special study of mountains while in Palestine. It will be even more sacred to visit those connected with the life of Christ."

Bird did not reply, but her very silence was unsympathetic, and Frank persisted. "You did not care greatly for the history of Moses, I remember, until we made this trip; and I believe that following in the footsteps of Jesus will have a still more powerful effect upon you. We will love him all the more from studying his life together."

"I do not like to pain you, Frank," Bird replied, "but I ought to tell you that I am not a Christian, that I do not look upon the character of Jesus as you do."

"I know it," he replied; "but I look forward to the pilgrimages which we shall make together in Palestine to bring us both into a

truer knowledge of his life and mission. I am sure that we shall understand him and each other better after talking about him by the way."

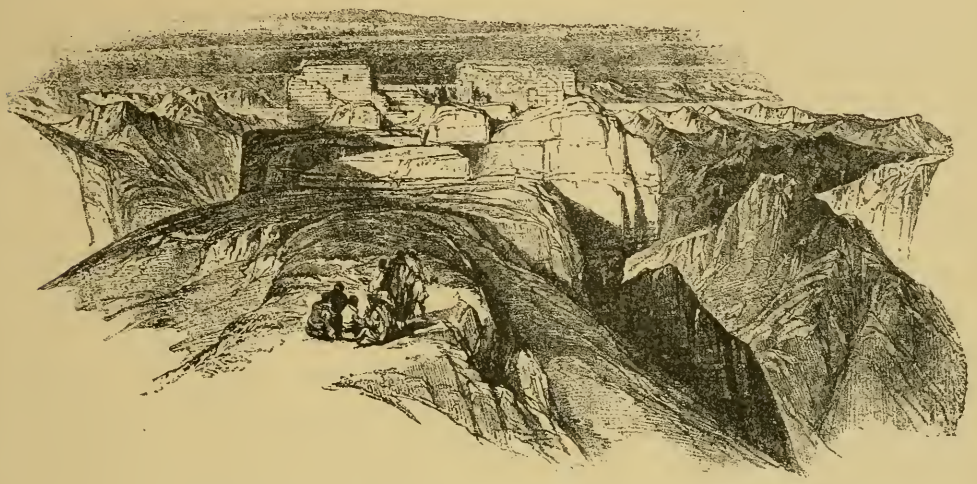
Nothing more was said on the subject at this time. Night overtook them before they reached the foot of the pass where they were to encamp, and where the caravan was awaiting them, having gone round the mountain over which they had climbed. The next morning they visited the convent of St. Catharine, which is dedicated to the favorite saint of the Greek Church. After her martyrdom, the legend relates that angels bore her body through the air and buried it on the top of the Jebel Catharine. Many travellers find in this mountain a resemblance to a beheaded corpse.

Formerly the convent was more of a fortress than at present, and guests were drawn up in a basket to a window at the top of the wall; but at present the monastery is under the protection of a tribe of Arabs, and it has nothing to fear from the incursions of wandering tribes. It possesses farms, orchards, and gardens, and is itself a labyrinth of many incongruous buildings built around courts. Besides the hospice, with its reception hall and rooms for travellers, there is a library, a Byzantine Church, various chapels, some catacombs, with a horrible array of skeletons of dead monks, the refectory and dormitories of the monks, and a little mosque for their Arab dependents and guardians. There is a legend that Mahomet himself founded this mosque; and the monks show a letter in which he bids his adherents protect the convent.

Emma and Bird were shown more of the convent than is usually permitted to American ladies. A party of noble Russian ladies were encamped before the monastery walls. They had arrived the day before, and were under the care of an abbess of high repute. A Russian princess courteously visited the American camp, explained that they were to be shown the convent the next day, and invited the girls to accompany them. The convent chapel is one of the oldest

and richest of churches, and is decorated in the Byzantine style with inlay of precious woods and stones, while it is loaded with the votive offerings of emperors and princes.

The travellers were shown a magnificent sarcophagus, the gift of the Czar of Russia, which is said to contain the relics of St. Catharine, removed from the top of the mountain by the monks.



CHRISTIAN AND MAHOMETAN CHAPELS ON MOUNT SINAI.

The chief fame of the library is founded on the fact that here was discovered the Codex Sinaiticus, — the most complete and ancient copy of the Bible, written on parchment in Greek, and dating from the middle of the fourth century.

The learned scholar Dr. Tischendorf found this treasure, of whose existence the monks were ignorant, and secured it for the Czar of Russia. It is now in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg.

The monks call the transaction a theft, though Dr. Tischendorf has letters from the Archbishop proving that it was a gift to the Czar, and that its value to the monks was fully returned by many princely presents.

Another day was devoted to a climb to the summit of Mount

Sinai, where they found two chapels, one Mahometan and the other Christian. The Arab legend relates that when Mahomet rode on the sacred camel to Ararat and back in one night, he rested in passing on Sinai; and his namesake, their dragoman, pointed out to them the mark of the sacred camel's foot. There was a grand view from the summit, stretching away to the Gulf of Akabah. They rested on their descent at the little chapel of Elijah, supposed to be erected in front of the cave which Elijah occupied when he fled from Ahab and Jezebel.

It was all a most interesting region, and they felt fully repaid for the hardships of their pilgrimage and sorry that Mrs. Remington and Violet were obliged to omit the last stage of the journey.

Mr. Remington bought hampers of fresh fruits and vegetables of the monks for their return march, — figs and dates and almonds from the gardens which the monks cultivate in the ravines, and which their Arab protectors rob most ruthlessly, — and they turned their faces once more toward the Wady Feiran.

Emma need not have commiserated Violet. She had found her halt in the beautiful valley a very delightful one. Captain Blakeslee had with him a copy of Eber's "Homo Sum." Violet read it aloud to her mother, and one morning she took a long walk to the ruined city of Pharan, described in the book, which was situated just at the foot of Mount Serbal. The Egyptian mines of Serabit el Khadem were not far from them, and Captain Blakeslee gave a most interesting account of his explorations among them. He was a scholarly man, and he was making the tour in the interest of science and not as an idle holiday jaunt. He found in Violet an appreciative listener, and he unfolded all his plans and theories to her. It was this fertile valley of Feiran, he believed, that the Amalekites inhabited, and which they attempted to defend from the approaching horde of Israelites by the battle of Rephidim, described in the seventeenth chapter of Exodus. One day they paid a visit to the encampment of the Aulad Said, rested in one of their strange black tents, and were refreshed with goat's milk.

Captain Blakeslee bought some trinkets of the women, among others a silver bangle from which depended four uncut stones, — a turquoise, a ruby, a cat's-eye, an emerald, and a tiny corroded coin engraved, so the woman said, with the intertwined triangles which formed the design on the seal of Solomon, with which he commanded the genii. All of these objects the old crone said were amulets of power. The coin could be made to command the genii to bring him wealth, if one only knew the magic spell to mutter; the cat's-eye was proof against the assassin and the dangers of the night; the emerald would protect the traveller on the sea; the ruby would keep him in good health as long as it was worn; and the turquoise while it retained its deep color would assure him of the fidelity of the one he loved most.

As they walked back the Captain slipped the bangle on Violet's wrist. "I am sure," he said, "that I wish you all the good fortune which it is supposed to insure."

"We will divide them," Violet said; "the stones are only fastened to the bangle with silver wires which we can easily untwist. It is not fair that I should have all the amulets and you none. Which would you like best?"

"I think I would prefer Solomon's signet," he replied. "Perhaps I can discover the right incantation to use with it, and the genii will bring me knowledge and wealth."

"Then as you are to travel among fierce and stealthy bandits you must take the cat's-eye, which will be awake all night and keep you safe from the murderous dagger. As I am to travel by sea I will keep the emerald, and the ruby I will fasten to mother's watch-chain. We will see whether it will keep her in good health. The turquoise you must take, for I have no lover of whose fidelity I care to know."

"Nor is there any lady whose coquetries would at all disturb my peace of mind. So keep the turquoise to make the division equal; but if it loses color do not believe that it is a sign that my friendship is fickle, for I hope to meet you at Jerusalem a month from this

time, and that we can then find some means of continuing our acquaintanceship."

The dangers to which Violet referred were of a very real character, for Captain Blakeslee and Dr. Trotter were about to visit Petra, — that wonderful, uninhabited city of classical architecture, — which has been the puzzle of the ages; and Petra is in the possession of an unfriendly and treacherous tribe of Bedouins, very loath to allow travellers to spend more than a few hours in examining its ruins, lest they might carry away with them buried treasure. Captain Blakeslee wished to remain on the spot for several days, making plans and taking photographs, and the undertaking was likely to be a perilous one. He had promised to find Violet at Jerusalem and to give her an account of his explorations. He had passed through many interesting experiences and related them in an entertaining way. Both Mrs. Remington and Violet enjoyed hearing him. Mrs. Remington received the little ruby graciously, and promised to wear it.

The day before the return of their friends from Mount Sinai, a swarm of flies entered the valley and caused them all great annoyance.

"They are not quite so bad as the plague which was brought upon the Egyptians," Mrs. Remington said; "I fancy that such a plague will never be visited even upon Egypt in modern times."

"I have heard of one," Captain Blakeslee replied. "A friend and comrade of mine was on the battle-field of Tel-el-Kebir on the day after the battle there in 1882, and he told me a hideous story of a plague of flies which settled down over the field that parallels the account in Exodus. The Egyptian troops had neglected to bury the dead, our troops did not attend to the matter, and the dead Egyptians lay where they had fallen. My friend afterward wrote an account of his experience which was published in the 'St. James Gazette.' I copied in it my note-book as a most graphic account of a horrible phenomenon and will read it to you if you wish."

"Long before I got to the trenches I noticed a dark line distinctly visible on the otherwise bright, sandy landscape; and as I got nearer, the fort seemed to be covered with a black pall. I could not account for this phenomenon at first, and at the instant it was suggestive of something supernatural. On nearer approach however, at about one hundred and fifty yards' distance from the dark mass, I heard distinctly a loud, humming noise. As I approached nearer the sound increased in volume until it became a loud roar. It was not until I was close to the black line that I could make out the cause. Then I could see the topmost flies as they hovered and dived above the lower strata. I could trace this black line of flies for a half mile or so on either side of me, and it rose like a thick curtain for some ten yards off the ground. Here is a calculation for some mathematician. A wall of flies one mile long, ten yards high, and forty yards wide, and the flies so thickly massed that they might be said to be riding one on top of the other, and brushing each other side by side. This black wall represented the line of dead Egyptians; and certainly if they were unburied they did not want for a pall. How I was to get through this cordon of flies was a doubtful problem. Time was pressing, and a party of Arabs were hanging behind and enjoying some nice ball practice, with my pony and me for targets. To go around the flank of this fly wall was out of the question, so I put spurs to my pony and urged him through. The brute refused several times, literally frightened by the hum and noise. At last I managed to get him 'head on,' and never shall I forget my passage through those forty yards of flies. They presented such a firm front as we passed through that I could feel a heavy pressure, — heavy enough to compel me instinctively to grip the saddle closer with my knees. I had to close mouth and eyes, and trust to chance to get straight through; and it was no easy matter to endure the horrible stench that emanated from the mass. My pony was so terrified that I could not pull him up until we had got some hundred yards beyond the black mass and out into the clear desert air again."

On the arrival of the Sinai contingent the Remington party set out on their return trip to Suez. Mrs. Remington parted from Dr. Trotter and Captain Blakeslee with real regret.

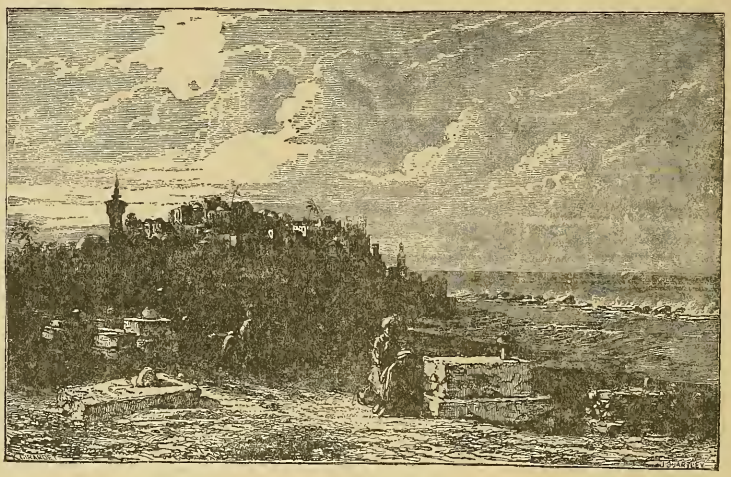
"I shall always remember," she said to Bird, "that it was through you that I found my old physician."

Mrs. Remington had gained so much by her rest at Wady Feiran that she was enabled to make the return journey without great fatigue,

the caravan halting over a Sabbath at Ain Amara, or the Bitter Wells.

From Suez they steamed up the canal to Port Said, where they took passage for Jaffa.

"How unreal all the dear old caravan life seems," Violet said, as they sat upon the deck watching Egypt fade away behind them. "It is as if we had closed one book and were about to open another. I wonder what the story will be; something very different, I am sure."



JAFFA, FROM THE NORTH.

CHAPTER VII.

JERUSALEM.

VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT. — THE MURISTAN, CALVARY. — THE JEW'S WAILING PLACE.

BIRD had received a letter from her father at Port Said, telling her that he would meet her at Jaffa, and directing her to some friends, — a Jewish family, at whose house she was to await his arrival, in case he was not at the wharf to receive her.

As the hours grew less in number that they were to spend together, Bird grew silent. None of the others knew that a great struggle was going on in the girl's mind between duty and inclination, or rather an intense effort to reconcile the two. If she could only make it seem right to accept this love for which she hungered and thirsted! Perhaps on acquaintance Mr. and Mrs. Remington might become reconciled to her father and mother. What would be the effect upon them at their first meeting with her father? That would decide everything, she thought; and she waited with feverish anxiety for the ordeal.

Jaffa was in sight, — first the blue hills, then the white houses and yellow plain. There was much confusion in the landing, which was effected in small boats rowed by natives. Mohammed was to be their dragoman in Syria as he had been heretofore, and he drove his bargain with the natives, sorted the baggage, and had them all at a neat little inn in the German quarter before some of the other passengers had left the ship.

Bird's father was not on the wharf, but she hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry that the crisis was postponed. She asked to be

taken immediately to the house which he had designated; but as the Remingtons had decided not to proceed on their journey to Jerusalem until after luncheon, and to spend the intervening time in viewing the city, they persuaded her to allow them to send a message to her friends saying that she would join them in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Remington decided to rest at the inn while Mohammed guided the young people about the city.

"Jaffa very old town," he explained. "Noah he build ark here; Jonah he set out from Jaffa on his little excursion. That whale not so comfortable for cabin passenger as Austrian Lloyd steamer, but it take him into Euxine Sea and land him nearer Nineveh than that ship, which only go to Tarsus. Some people say not likely story; all Christian lies. But I b'lieve 'em. My father see the whale."

"What!" exclaimed Frank, "the very whale that swallowed Jonah?"

"My father see him," Mohammed persisted gravely. "He dead long time, but his bones lie down by the rocks where they chain Andromeda. That story in your Bible too? All true same as Jonah. Same whale come back to swallow Andromeda; but Perseus, nice young man, kill him. His bones stay on the rocks till my father's day."

"Do you mean to say that the monster who attempted to devour Andromeda and Jonah's whale was one and the same creature."

"One same creature; my father see his bones. Come down on rocks, I show you marks of chains."

But Frank declined to view this convincing proof, and they repaired instead to the perhaps equally legendary house of Simon the tanner and drank of the well of which Charles Dudley Warner says that the water is so brackish that he is convinced Simon was accustomed to tan his leather in it.

The authenticated historical events connected with Jaffa are many and interesting. It has always been the principal port of Palestine.

JAFFA.

It was here that Hiram, King of Tyre, landed the cedars which he sent down from Lebanon "in flotes," and for which Solomon had contracted for the building of the Temple.

It was the depot of the supplies which Genoa and Venice sent to the crusades, and was captured by Saladin, by Richard Cœur de Lion, and later by Napoleon, who made it the scene of one of his most cruel massacres.

On their return to the inn Mr. and Mrs. Remington reported that a stranger had called to inquire for Bird.

"Was he my father?" Bird asked anxiously.

"Oh, no indeed!" Mrs. Remington replied. "He was a very common person, an unmistakable Jew, of the most objectionable type. He gave his name as Baumgarten, said that he had met you at your father's house, though you might possibly not recognize him."

Bird turned very pale, and supported herself by leaning upon the back of a chair. She knew that this was her father, that he had felt himself coolly received, and that for her sake he had not announced his relationship to her. She was on the point of proclaiming the truth, but the words seemed to choke her. She was silent for a moment, and Mrs. Remington continued: "This person said that your father would be in Jaffa to-morrow, but that if you desired you might continue your journey to Jerusalem with us this afternoon."

"No, no!" Bird exclaimed; "I must stay and go on with my father."

"I don't wonder you feel so," Frank replied; "but for that matter, we can all wait."

"No, you must not alter your plans for my sake. Mohammed has engaged a carriage for you, and the baggage has already been sent forward to Ramleh, where he has ordered rooms for the night. You must go on, — please do; I desire it."

Frank saw that she wished it very intensely, and thought, "Per-

haps she wishes to make this journey alone with her father in order to prepare him for the request which I am to make." And he said aloud, in a cheerful tone: "After all, what difference does a separation of a day or two make? We shall all meet on Saturday in Jerusalem. Under the circumstances I think that Bird is right."

After luncheon they took her to the house that had been indicated. Mr. Baumgarten was not there; but the people of the house evidently expected Bird, and received her cordially.

"Remember we stop at the Mediterranean Hotel near the Joppa Gate," Violet called to her at parting. "Come to us on your arrival, or send us word where we can call on you."

Bird tried to smile. They drove away, but Frank lingered a moment to press her hand, and to whisper, "Try to make him like me; and good-by, my own darling."

"Good-by," she replied. There was something so sad in her face that he asked, "Is anything the matter?"

"They are waiting for you," she said. "Good-by," and waving her hand to her friends in the carriage, she entered the house.

Frank was vaguely troubled, but in the incidents of the drive he threw off his apprehensions. It was pleasant to explain familiar localities to the others, for he had been over the road twice before. The orange groves for which Joppa is famous faded away in the distances, the afternoon grew cooler as they traversed the plain of Sharon. They passed an omnibus of motley pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem for the celebration of Easter; and some Turkish officers eyed them curiously as they cantered by on their beautiful horses. Ramleh is not identified with any town mentioned in Scripture. Its chief object of interest is a stately old tower, which rises from among the ruins of an ancient Khan. They climbed the tower, and were rewarded by a wide-stretching view over the land of the Philistines. The next morning they proceeded on their journey, passing through Lydda, and Kurit el Enab, supposed by some to be the ancient

Kirjeath Jearim. This region has been notorious for ages for its bandits, from the impenitent thief down to a quite recent highwayman

THE TOWER OF RAMLEH.

named Abu Ghaush. Then came Emmaus, and toward noon of the second day "they drew nigh unto Jerusalem." The first view of the city from the Joppa road is not imposing. One must know it well, go

about its walls and study its towers and gates in the light of history, before its impressiveness is fully felt.

It is well fortified by nature, for the city is bounded on the east by the Valley of Kedron or Jehoshaphat, and on the south and west by the Valley of Hinnom. Had another valley stretching along the northern wall of the city connected them, and had they then been filled with water, Jerusalem would have been an impregnable castle surrounded by a deep and wide moat.

As it is, the two valleys form a strong defence to the city. No army would care to attempt to take it by assault, from Hinnom or Kedron. From this direction the walls rise grandly from the summit of the hill. Its domes and minarets, its towers and roofs, dominate the landscape from within this strong enclosure in conscious security, as though they sang rejoicingly, "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together."

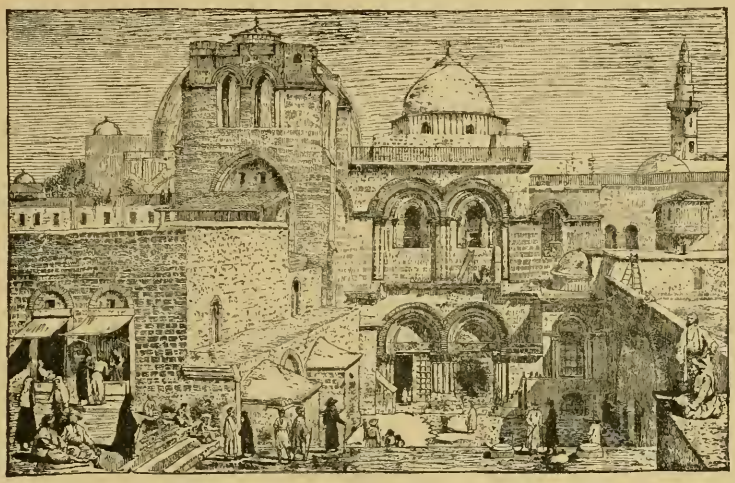
Of this wall, two and a half miles in circumference, Mr. Wilson says in his admirable book: —

"The materials of which it is constructed represent every age of the city, from the time when 'Solomon in all his glory' contracted for the Temple building, to the day when Baldwin and Richard Cœur de Lion constructed the splendid Muristan. These quarried fragments of the ages, some bevelled, some of porphyry from Arabia, some of the granite of Sinai, are placed with as little idea of unity and conformity as are the postage stamps in a young collector's album. Here and there a broad arch, closed up, is seen, with quantities of indentations and projections, with prominent angles, square towers, loop-holes, and threatening battlements. As in Christ's day, so now, a broad pathway protected by a breast-work runs around the top of the wall and serves as the fashionable and indeed only promenade of the curious old city. From the eastern wall, near the Golden Gate, close to the top, a fragment of a round porphyry column projects several feet. The makers of Moslem legends have fixed this for the accommodation of their prophet Mohammed, who is to sit astride it, and judge the world when the people assemble in the Valley of Jehoshaphat at the last day."

THE PLAIN OF SHARON.

All of this our friends came to understand later. The road from Jaffa leads the traveller to the north of the city, and they saw it first from its least impressive side.

The north is the only easy approach to Jerusalem, and it is from the north that its enemies have always assailed it. From this point Godfrey de Bouillon stormed the city, and on the height northwest of

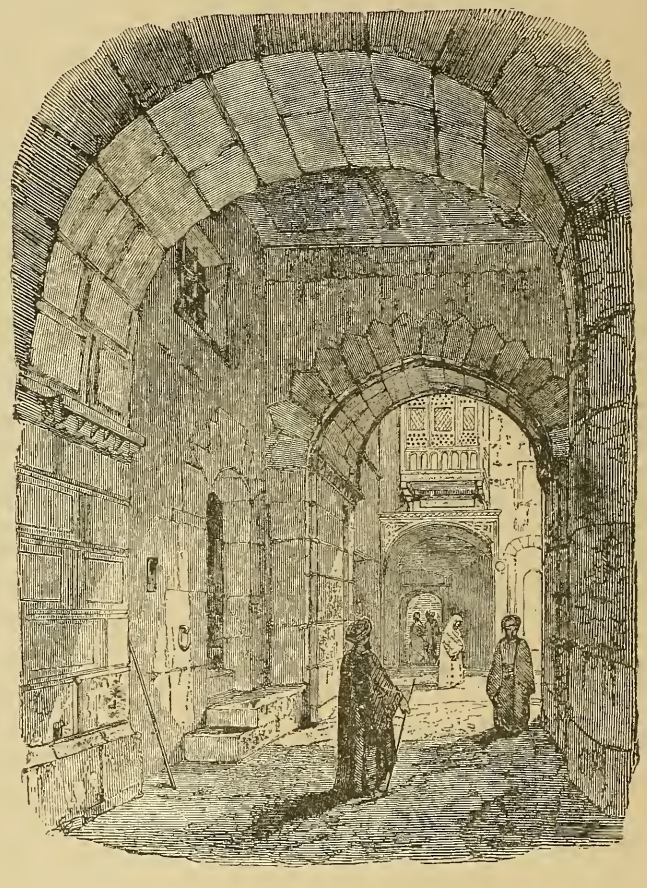


ENTRANCE TO CHURCH OF HOLY SEPULCHRE.

the Joppa Gate the army of Titus was encamped. The Russian hospice now occupies this spot. The American travellers passed by it, entered the Joppa Gate, and took possession of their comfortable rooms at the Mediterranean Hotel. After a bath, luncheon, and a nap, Violet and Emma announced themselves ready for a walk. Before issuing into the labyrinth of streets Frank led them to the roof of the hotel, and with map in hand explained the "lay of the land." The map used was similar to the one on the lining of the cover to this volume.

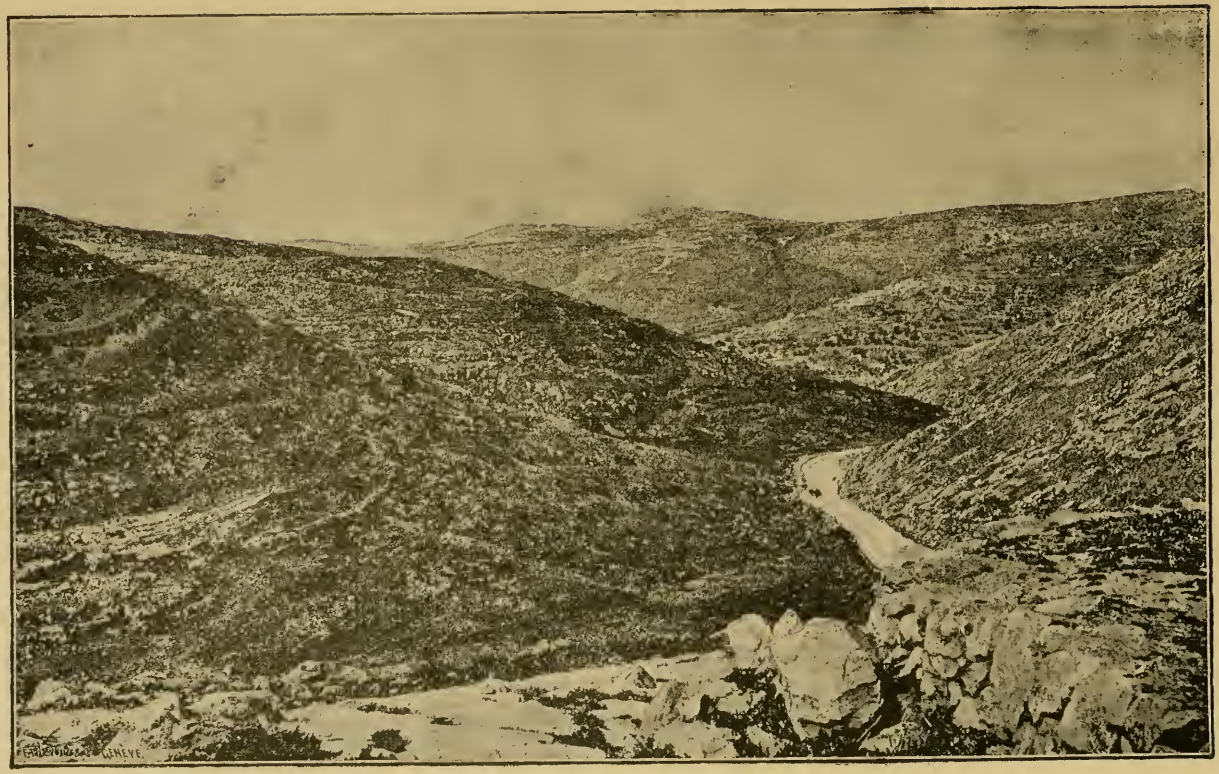
The portion of the city surrounded by the wall will be seen on reference to this map to be in the shape of an irregular quadrangle. The

southeast portion, or Mount Moriah, is crowned by the beautiful mosque of Omar. The Mahometan quarter extends from this locality through the centre of the city to the Church of the Holy



ST. STEPHEN'S GATE, JERUSALEM.

Sepulchre, dividing the Armenian and Jewish quarters on the south from the Christian quarter, which runs along the north, in which their hotel was situated. Having thus made them familiar with the topography of the city, Frank led his company through the Via Dolo-



ROUTE FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

rosa and out of St. Stephen's Gate into the Valley of Kedron or Jehoshaphat.

The latter name signifies "Jehovah judgeth;" and Jews, Catholics, and Mahometans alike believe that the Last Judgment will take place here.

As they walked down the valley they passed between the Mount of Olives and Mount Moriah, — the two most interesting spots in Jerusalem; the first the site of the ancient Temple, and the latter the most sacred spot of the land, —

> "Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
> Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
> For our advantage to the bitter cross."

Violet looked away longingly to a spot on the Mount of Olives that Frank told her was the Garden of Gethsemane.

"It is the place above all others near Jerusalem which I long to visit," she said.

"There will be no time for such a walk this afternoon," Frank said; "I am only going to take you a little way down the valley to see the tombs."

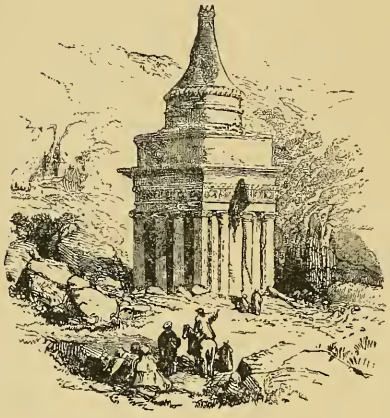
After passing the Golden Gate, which has been walled up by the Moslems on account of a tradition that the Christians will one day enter it in triumph, they found themselves threading a city of the dead. Rock-cut sepulchres faced them on either hand, some of them simple niches, others pretentious architecturally. Frank pointed out the four which are most important, which are popularly called the tombs of Zechariah, Saint James, Absalom, and Jehoshaphat. A prominent authority, Dr. Edward Robinson, writes, —

"It is unnecessary to waste words to show that they never had anything to do with the persons whose names they bear; and the intermingling of the Greek orders, and a spice of the massive Egyptian taste, which are visible in these monuments, serve also to show that they belong to a late period of the Greek and Roman art. The chief seat of this style was perhaps at Petra. If they

existed prior to the destruction of Jerusalem they are probably to be referred to the times of the Herods, who were of Idumæan descent, and maintained an intercourse between Petra and Jerusalem. In that age, too, other foreigners of rank repaired to Jerusalem and erected for themselves mansions and sepulchres."

Absalom's tomb is the most showy. It is fifty feet high and twenty-two feet square at the base. Near this monument we find many flat white tablets, marking the graves of Jews who have come from foreign lands to die and be buried at Jerusalem.

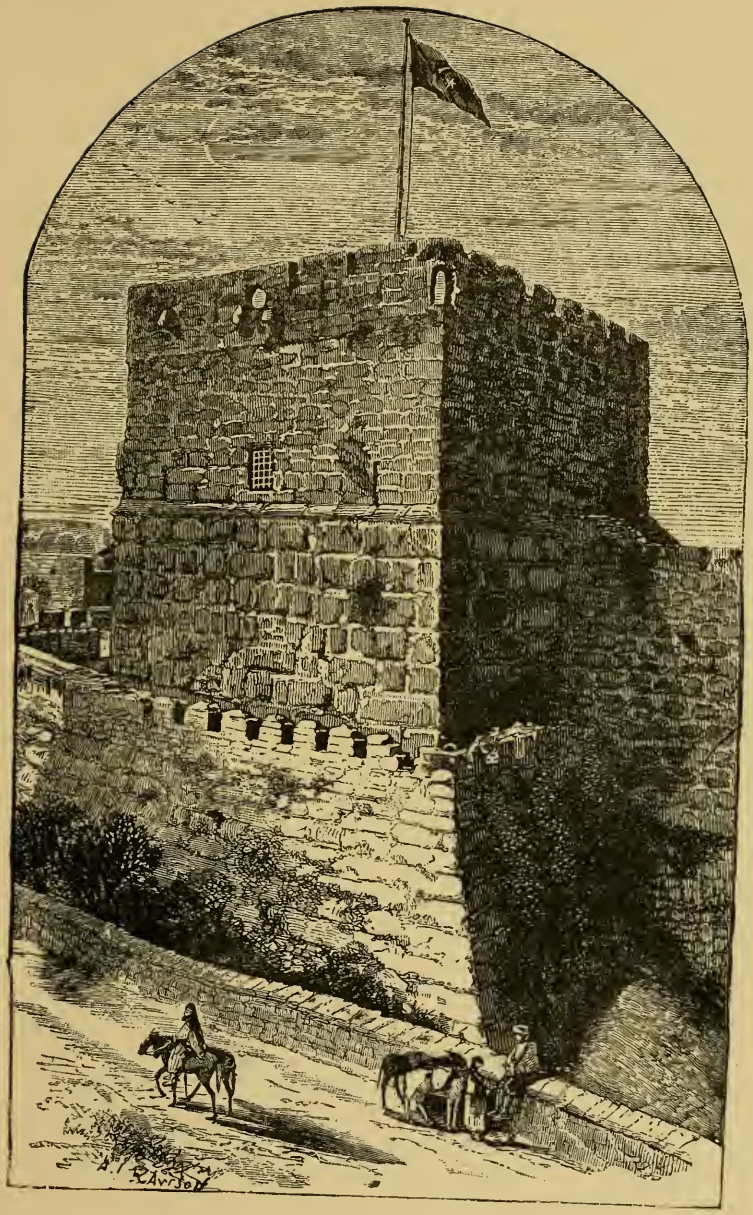
Frank looked carefully over such of these stones as seemed recent. "I have thought," he said, "that on my next coming I might find the grave of an old friend of mine, Bariah Baumgarten,— a most remarkable man. If he is not at rest here we shall see him next Friday over yonder at the Jews' Wailing Place, weeping the vanished glories of the Temple. He told me a curious custom, which I believe is still kept up, in connection with the tomb of Absalom. The rabbis enjoin that 'if any one in Jerusalem has a disobedient child he shall take him out to the Valley of Jehoshaphat to Absalom's monument, and force him, by words or stripes, to hurl stones at it and to curse Absalom, meanwhile telling him the life and fate of that rebellious son.'"



TOMB OF ABSALOM.

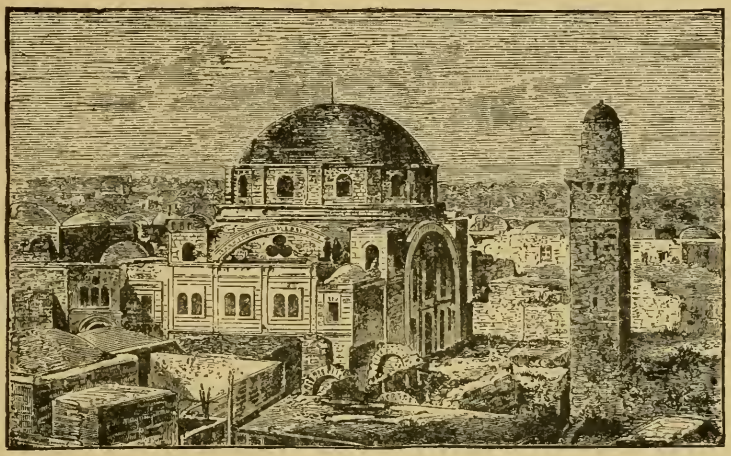
They looked about for any such ceremonial stone-throwing and cursing; but though the boys of the valley seemed to be indulging in both exercises, it was evidently conducted without parental direction, and was of an entirely spontaneous and unedifying character.

Emma suggested that she had heard that these tombs resembled the monuments of Petra; and this remark brought Captain Blakeslee to mind.



"DAVID" TOWER, JERUSALEM.

They found the tomb of Saint James of an entirely different character from that of Absalom. It is hewn out of the solid rock about fifteen feet above the ground. It has an ornamented cornice supported by two handsome Doric columns. The legend states that Saint James retired to this cavern after the crucifixion, and vowed not to



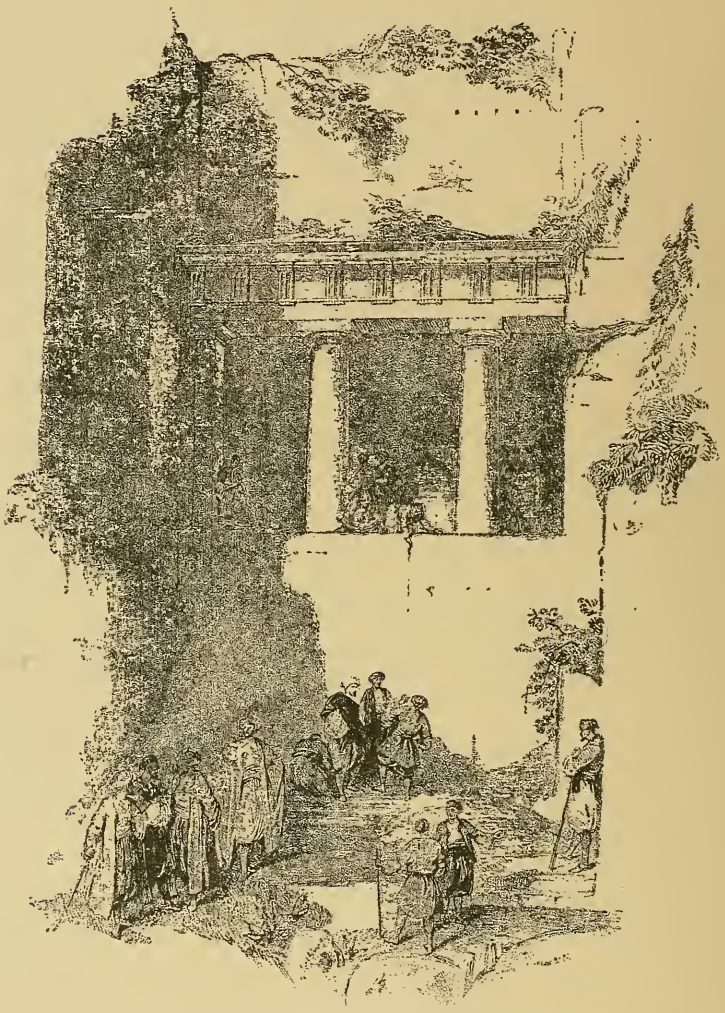
SYNAGOGUE, JERUSALEM.

leave it, or to eat or drink until the resurrection; and that on the third day his Lord appeared to him saying, "Arise and eat, for I have risen from the dead."

The tomb of Zechariah resembles somewhat that of Absalom. It is a square block of apparently solid rock, the cliff having been cut away around it. The sides are decorated with Ionic columns, and round the cornice is an ornament of acanthus-leaves.

A little lower down, and east of the valley, they came upon the village of Siloam. Its inhabitants bear the bad name of bandits; but they have made the vicinity very beautiful by using the water of the Pool of Siloam to irrigate their gardens of market vegetables, their grain-fields, vineyards, and orchards.

Emma picked a lily for her herbarium beside "Siloam's shady rill,"



TOMB OF SAINT JAMES.

and they entered Jerusalem from the south, passing up the Tyropean Valley, and having walked entirely around Mount Moriah. The dome of the mosque rose very grandly, and they agreed to apply for permission to visit it on the next day.

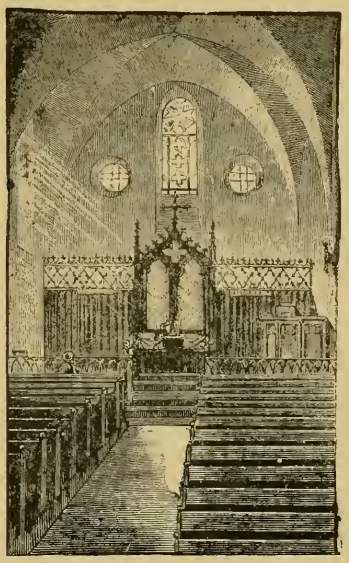
Accordingly, after dinner Frank sought out the American consular

VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT, SHOWING TOMB OF ABSALOM, GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

agent, only to ascertain that the affair could not be managed in so short a time.

"So much the better," he thought, "we shall be able to include Bird in the party;" and the visit was set for the week after, the Muristan being substituted for the following day.

To many this relic of the Knights Templars is the most romantic in Jerusalem. The Prussian Government, which was presented with a part of the site on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor, has been making excavations here, and has discovered the apse of the church, with Gothic windows and cloisters. The ruins of the Muristan or Hospice of the Knights of St. John stand near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The site is over five hundred feet square. In 1048 a church had been built here by Italian merchants, and a hospital attached to it, with a few monks in attendance. They were greatly enriched by Godfrey of Bouillon, and in the twelfth century were changed into an order of monks, some of whom were military, some preachers, and others Serving Brothers who cared for the sick and pilgrims, hundreds of whom were received in the great Muristan. The Order became very rich and powerful. Their history in Palestine, Cyprus, Rhodes, and Malta is a romance, illustrated by many beautiful architectural remains.



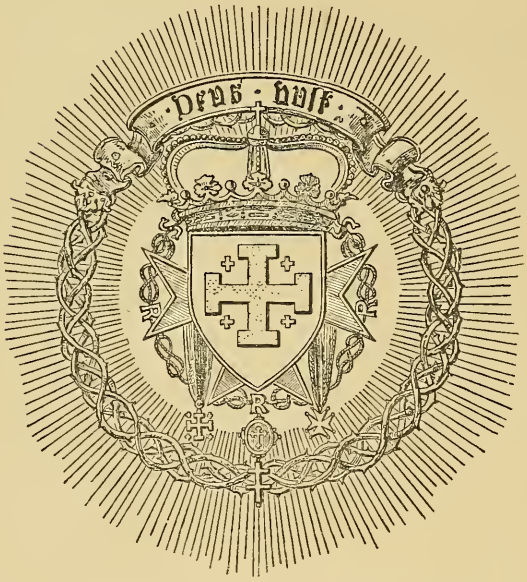
INTERIOR, CHURCH OF ST. JAMES, JERUSALEM.

Emma was in her element here, — for were there not inscriptions to be copied? — and Violet obtained permission to come again and sketch. Emma made a careful drawing of the armorial ensigns of Jerusalem assigned to Godfrey of Bouillon and his successors. *Deus vult*, "God wills," was the battle-cry of the Crusaders.

The shield is surrounded by the insignia of the three principal military orders of the Crusaders. Behind the escutcheon is the eight-pointed cross of the Knights Templars. On the left is suspended the badge of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre, and on the right that of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John the Baptist.

The crown and wreath of thorns are in commemoration of the words of Godfrey when he declined the coronet offered him, saying that "he would never wear a crown of gold in that city wherein the Saviour of the world had worn a crown of thorns."

That evening they all confidently expected that Bird would call upon them, or at least send them word as to her own whereabouts, and they were each according to their several temperaments grieved, vexed, or anxious that nothing was heard from her. Mrs. Remington agreed to remain at home through the next forenoon to receive her, while the others spent the morning in a visit to the Grotto of Jeremiah, near the Damascus Gate, which Dr. Robinson and many other eminent archæologists regard as the true site of Calvary. Mr. Remington had been much interested in the discussion, and before visiting the spot he went over the views of different authorities with the young people.



ARMORIAL ENSIGNS OF JERUSALEM.

Mr. Fisher Howe, an able student and Oriental traveller, published a book on this subject in 1871. It was necessary for him to state

STREET OF THE CHEVALIERS DE RHODES, AT RHODES.

what the evangelists have to say, and what other allusions found in the New Testament demand in reference to the site. He makes six points: —

1. That the place of the crucifixion was *outside* the walls of Jerusalem. Hebrews xiii. 12; Matthew xxvii. 31, 32; John xix. 16, 17, — with parallel passages from other gospels.

QUARRY UNDER JERUSALEM.

2. That this place was *nigh* to the city. John xix. 20.

3. That it was popularly known under the general designation of *Kranion.* He notes the meaning of *Golgotha* and of *Calvary*, and then quotes Matthew xxvii. 33; Luke xxiii. 33; and John xix. 20.

4. That it was obviously nigh to one of the leading thoroughfares to and from Jerusalem. Matthew xxvii. 39; Mark xv. 29.

5. That this spot was very conspicuous, — that is, it could be seen by those at a distance. Matthew xxvii. 55; Luke xxiii. 35; John xix. 20.

6. That it was nigh to, not only sepulchres, but also gardens. John xix. 38–42.

It is impossible to meet these requirements by the traditional site, now occupied by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and the so-called Grotto of Jeremiah is the only locality which perfectly meets them all. The young people took up this view with enthusiasm, on examination of the ground. The place had evidently been unchanged for ages. The cave has been proved to have been excavated by the engineers of King Hezekiah, centuries before Christ was born. The skull appearance must have existed just so time out of mind, and had probably been popularly called the skull for generations.

Says Dr. Merrill, for some time the American Consul at Jerusalem: —

"I choose to touch this point with a single illustration. We are all acquainted with these curious freaks of nature, that after long ages become landmarks just because of their singularity. Who will ever forget the 'Profile' in the White Mountains? The portrait of the 'White Horse' across the Saco River in front of the fine Intervale House in North Conway, affords another example.

"For unreckoned years these two landmarks have been there in the rocks, and they will stay there until dooms-day, for all we know. Because they are so odd popular imagination takes them up, and makes use of them forever. So Mr. Howe used to consider this shape of a Kranion there in an elevated conspicuousness beside the Damascus Gate, one of his strongest arguments for the spot. From the southern road over the Mount of Olives just where it takes a sharp bend in crossing the ridge the skull shape is even more distinct."

So convinced were they all that they had visited the true site of Calvary, that Emma acknowledged she had no desire to visit the so-called Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with its collection of legendary holy places; but Violet felt that there would be an interest in standing in a place which had been held sacred for ages, and was consecrated by the faith and strong emotion of many loving and trusting souls. They were to remain in Jerusalem until Easter, in order to witness the ceremonies at this church, to which many pilgrims were flocking from different parts of Europe, and especially from Russia.

As they returned to the hotel, Frank strode on a little in advance of the others. His impatience was plainly visible. He feared that something had happened to Bird. Was she ill? They had left her with strangers at Jaffa. Was it possible that they were impostors, and that they had no real authority from her father to receive her. He had firmly determined in his own mind that if no word was received from her that day he would ride back to Jaffa and investigate the mystery.

Mrs. Remington met them with such a grave face that they all felt instantly that something was wrong.

"What has happened?" Violet asked anxiously. "Is Bird ill?"

"No," replied Mrs. Remington, "but she has sent us a very strange letter. I cannot understand it at all."

JAFFA.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, — You have been so good to me that it is very hard to write good-by, but it is easier to write the words than it would be to say them. I think it would break my heart to part from you in person, and it is perhaps all for the best that we fancied we were soon to meet again, when I waved you a farewell the other day.

My father and mother met me a few hours later, but they were on their way *from* Jerusalem, not toward it; and I have been an undutiful daughter for a long time, and must now try to make up for several years of absence and neglect. I wish you could have met my mother. She joins me in most loving gratitude for all your kindness to me; my father also begs me to assure you of his deepest appreciation. As for myself — words fail me. You know that I love you.

BIRD.

After this, the name Violet was written twice and then blotted as though by kisses or tears.

"And was there no message or letter for me?" Frank cried, in a tone that told his story as plainly as words could have done.

Mr. Remington looked at him keenly; his mother pressed his hand; and Violet, with ready tact, began a discussion with Emma.

It was Friday, and in the afternoon they had agreed to visit the Wailing Place of the Jews, the western boundary of Mount Moriah, close to the Jewish quarter. To reach it they walked through this quarter, — the most wretched and filthy part of the city. Women and

children looked at them curiously, but the men had left their business for the ceremony of the day.

The Jews' Wailing Place is a spot to which, especially on Fridays, Jews of both sexes and every nationality congregate to lament the

THE JEWS' WAILING PLACE.

destruction of the Temple. A portion of the wall of the ancient Temple, supposed to be near to the Holy of Holies, stands here. Some of the stones are bevelled, many are fully twenty-five feet in length. It is the finest and best preserved portion of the wall. The Jews

obtained the privilege of touching and kissing these stones by the payment of a heavy ransom. They stand in their long gaberdines and fur caps, holding their prayer-books, reading or reciting psalms and litanies. The seventy-ninth psalm is their favorite.

One old rabbi recited a most impressive litany: —

"For the palace that lies waste;
For the temple that is destroyed;
For the walls that are torn down;
For our glory that is vanished;
For the great stones that are burned to dust;"

The others responding, —

"Here sit we now lonely and weep."

Some wept, some rocked to and fro, some knelt and pressed their foreheads against the wall; others kissed the stones passionately, or seemed to listen at the crevices for some word from the Holy Place.

The eminent architect, Mr. Ferguson, who has studied the spot, believes that a line running through the altar and the Holy of Holies would cut the middle of the Wailing Place; but the Oracle is silent now, and no word of consolation comes to the weeping Hebrews.

Many Jews here are of the same type to which tradition has assigned our Lord, with fair skin and light hair. The Jews of Europe, with —

"Hooky nose and beard half shorn,
And eyes as black as the fruit of a thorn,"

have the Assyrian features, and are probably descendants of the Babylonian captives. Charles Dudley Warner describes another type of Jew, that of the tribe of Benjamin, who "wears a dark, corkscrew, stringy curl hanging down each side of his face."

Violet noticed one man of peculiarly venerable aspect. His long flowing beard gave him the appearance of a prophet. She pointed him out to Frank, who recognized him with a start, exclaiming, "I knew he would be here. It is Bariah Baumgarten."

Frank waited until the old man had finished his lamentations, when he went up to him and was most warmly received. The old man embraced him and wept again, this time for joy.

"I would ask you to come to our house," he said, "but my daughter she is away. She has gone to Jaffa wiz her husband to meet a daughter who is from America come out to us, — one whom I had mourned as dead, but she is come back to us. Zey will be here in a few days, and you will visit us as in ze old days, is it not so?"

Frank introduced his family, and promised to bring them to call upon the Baumgartens. He explained to his parents as they walked back to the hotel the debt of gratitude which he owed to this old man, who had been his teacher, and to his daughter, who had nursed him in so motherly a way.

"I long to see her and to thank her," said Mrs. Remington. "I wonder whether there is anything that I can do for her to show my gratitude."

If Mrs. Remington had only known, there was something which she could do, — something for which Mrs. Baumgarten longed with all the intensity of a mother's love, and which deeply concerned the happiness of both their children. But Mrs. Remington did not know; and when Frank answered, "I think that she would be most pleased by your friendship," his mother replied, "It may not be quite practicable for me to give her that — You tell me that she is a Jewess."

CHAPTER VIII.

JERUSALEM (*continued*).

A Glimpse at Bird. — The Garden of Gethsemane. — The Mosque of Omar. — Jerusalem Jews.

AND all this time, if they had but known it, Bird was very near them. It was true, as she had written from Jaffa, that when she met her father he was on his way from Jerusalem; but he had simply come down with Mrs. Baumgarten to meet his daughter and conduct her home. Bird had purposely allowed her friends to imagine that she had left the country; for she knew that if they had any idea that she was in the same city they would not rest until they had found her, and then there would be the same old struggle over again between duty and inclination. It was hard enough as it was, but it was easier than it would have been to resist Violet's pleadings and Frank's love.

She was not altogether unhappy in her decision. There was one deliriously happy moment when she threw herself into her mother's arms, when it seemed to her that just to be with her mother once more was worth every sacrifice, — indeed, that nothing was a sacrifice if she possessed her love and companionship. Her mother's face beamed back her own happiness, and told how she had yearned for her absent child.

"So dose eggsberiment was not one success? Eh, Zipporah?" said Mr. Baumgarten.

It was good to be called by her Hebrew name again, and she responded gladly, "I am ashamed of myself that I could ever have tried it. Of course it was not a success. I am not such an undutiful daughter as to be happy with every tie sundered between us."

"And you don't want notting to do wiz no more Christians, and are going to be one good Jewess girl, and ain't ashamed no more of your old father?"

"I never was ashamed of you," she protested.

"Then what you mean when you write zat you don't want your mother and me to see zese people or to let zem know zat you are our daughter?"

"Because they—that is, Mr. and Mrs. Remington—scorn Jews, and are prejudiced against them. I am not going to have them look at you and mother in a supercilious way, and think that we were all trying to deceive them about me. I never want to see them again. I want to quietly drop out of their lives; but I was not quite brave enough to frankly confess everything. Indeed, I am more ashamed of the deceit than of the fact which I wished to conceal. I could bear to have them know that I am a Jewess, but not that I had wormed myself into their intimacy by false pretences. I never saw any use of changing my name. I wish I had never done it; and from this time forward I want to be Zipporah Baumgarten again."

"I don't know whether we can do zat already," Mr. Baumgarten mused. "We got your name changed by ze Legislature. Now it is Bird Orchard by law, I don't know can we change it back again effery time so easy."

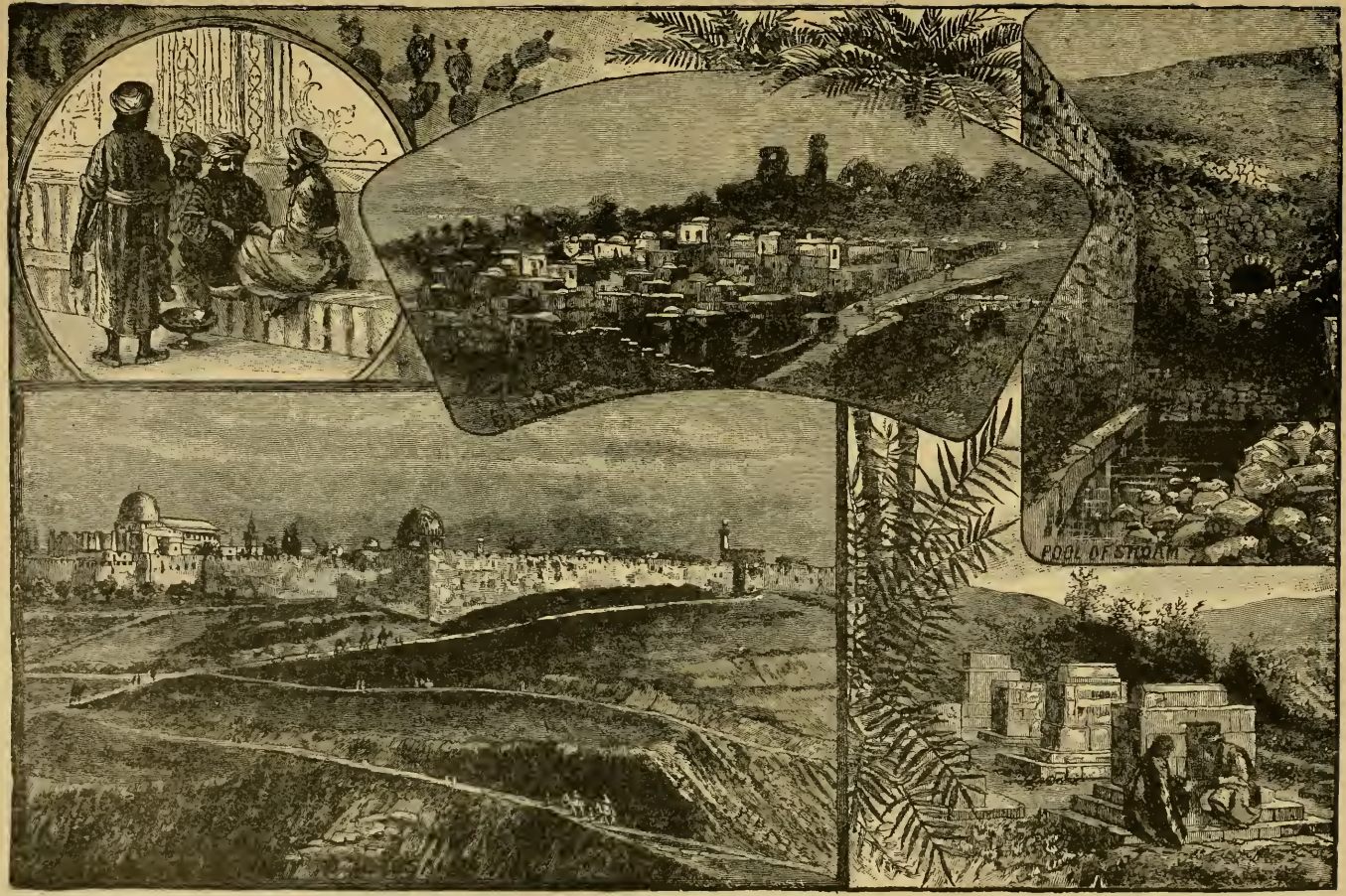
"Well, never mind what you call me. I am your daughter, and a Jewess, and let every one know it. I am proud of the fact."

"Effery one but ze Remingtons. You still don't want zem to know?"

"There is no need of their ever hearing from me or seeing me again."

"You must write them some eggsblanation. Zey eggspect to see you in Jerusalem. Zey will hunt that city over with ze bolice till they find you."

Bird had not thought of this contingency, but it seemed very likely;



VIEWS NEAR JERUSALEM.

and to cover her tracks more completely she wrote to Mrs. Remington, leaving her to infer that she and her father had left the country. She wrote to Frank, too, a little word of farewell, in which she did not pretend that she did not care for him, but in which she made it very plain that they could never meet again.

A certain relief came to her after this, like the physical one which comes with amputation to the sufferer who has undergone tortures with a wounded hand. She had known of such a case during her visit at Violet's country home. A young workman at the mill had his hand caught and crushed in the machinery. He had begged from the first to have it taken off, but his physician had imperilled his life and caused him to suffer nameless agony in his efforts to save it. There was positive delight in the man's face when the operation was concluded. It all came back to Bird as she opened a little Testament of Frank's which they had used that last day in Jaffa as a guide-book in visiting the house of Simon the Tanner. By mistake it had been slipped into her little handbag, and she determined to keep it, and to read it occasionally, too, for his sake. She opened it now in her quiet room and read without selection: "If thy hand offend thee [margin, or "cause thee to offend"], cut it off: it is better for thee to enter into life maimed—" She read no further, but she knew the alternative. She felt herself cruelly maimed, but she knew that she had entered into life; and that was better than to cherish a moral wound which could only go on inflicting upon her anguish which could only end in spiritual death.

They did not return to Jerusalem immediately, but lingered a few days longer in Jaffa. At length, however, Mr. Baumgarten became impatient, and they returned. The house and all its surroundings and their way of living were very different from anything to which Bird had been accustomed hitherto. She tried hard, however, to adapt herself to circumstances, and to aid her mother. No matter how uncongenial our circumstances may be, there are generally persons to be found near us worse off than ourselves whom we may aid. Mrs. Baumgarten had

busied herself in relieving the necessities of the poor of her own nation, and Bird threw herself into her mother's charities. She did not go out a great deal, for she feared a chance meeting with her friends; but she was expert with her needle, and she occupied herself in making garments for the destitute. One afternoon, while sewing together, Mrs. Baumgarten spoke of Frank Remington, and she told the story of her acquaintance with him. "I was much drawn to ze young man," she said; "I do not think zat he despised our people, for he was very fond of your grandfather, who was his teacher, and very grateful to me for ze leetle kindnesses which I was able to show him. When I heard zat he was one of your party I hoped zat he might care for you and you for him, for I hafe neffer seen a young man of our own nation whom I liked as much."

"Mother," Bird asked, bending forward eagerly, "would you have liked to have had me marry Frank Remington?"

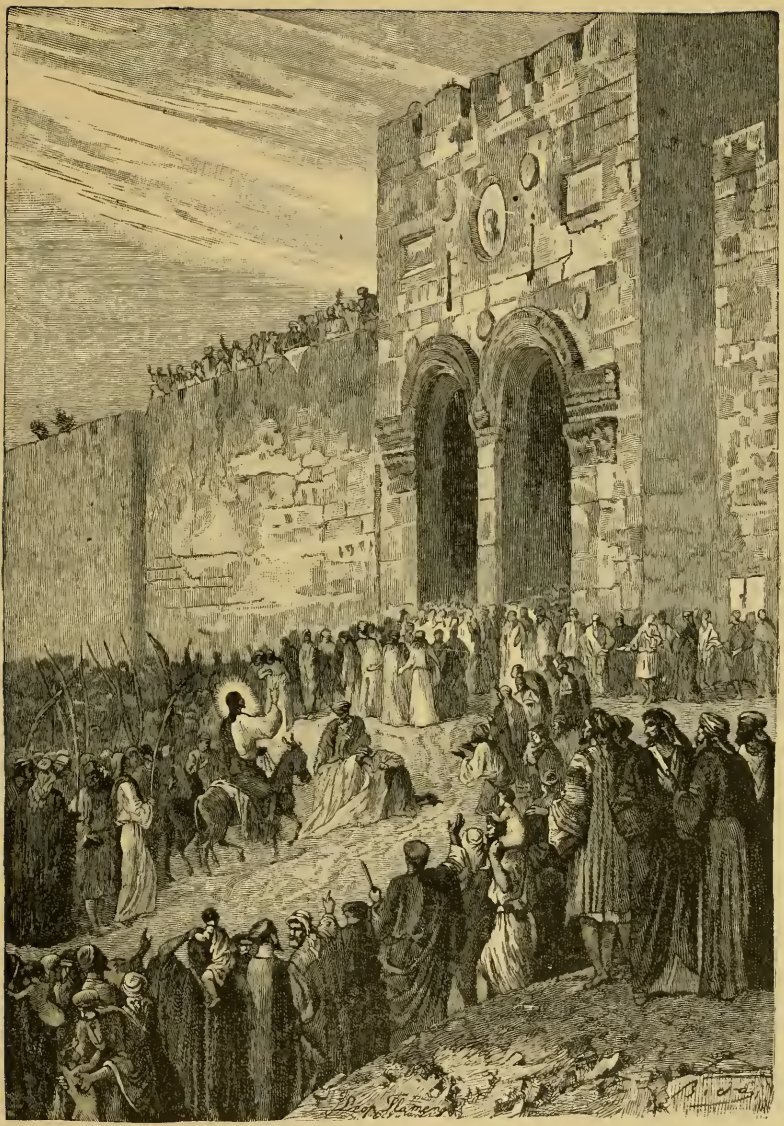
"Very much," Mrs. Baumgarten replied. Then, seeing the expression on her daughter's face, she added quickly: "But don't look so distressed, we cannot hafe all as we want; and if you do not lofe him it ought not to be."

On the next Sabbath Mr. and Mrs. Remington and Emma attended service at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; but Violet and Frank set out together for a long walk to Gethsemane and Bethany.

"Gethsemane is more sacred to me than any church in Jerusalem," Frank had said to Violet; "it is the spot where I feel nearest to Christ." And he had not objected when she offered to accompany him.

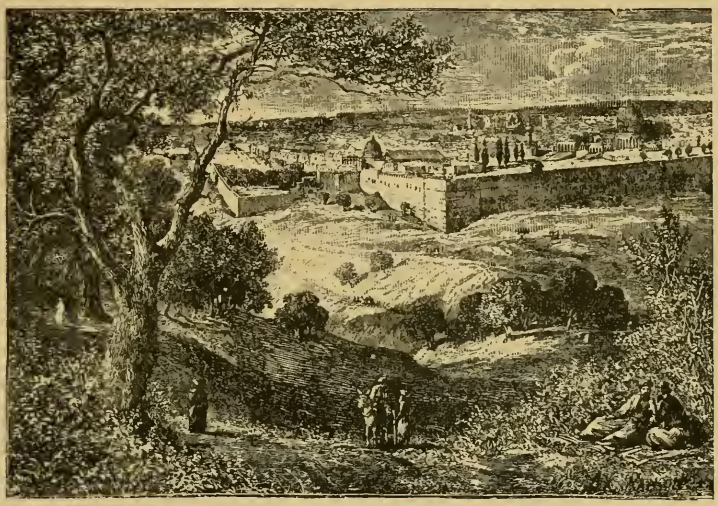
They were very dear to each other, this brother and sister, and Violet knew by a woman's quick instinct that her brother was suffering.

It was a beautiful spring morning. The olive-trees were silvery in the morning sunshine, which flashed here and there on great crimson



BIDA'S INTERPRETATION OF CHRIST'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

pools of poppies. The brook of Kedron was dry, but fringing its ravine were the tiny white flowers of the Star of Bethlehem, and the air was sweet with aromatic shrubs. They climbed the footpath for a short distance almost silently. Violet was wondering whether it was on such a beautiful day as this, as it certainly was the same season of the year, that Christ rode over the hill from Bethany, making his

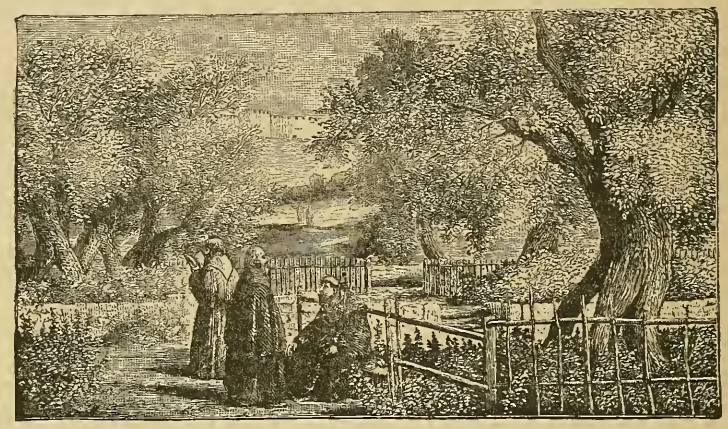


JERUSALEM, FROM THE BETHANY ROAD.

triumphal entry into the city. There were clusters of palm-trees below, as there might have been eighteen hundred years ago; and Violet could imagine the multitude stripping off the branches and waving them, as they surged up the Bethany road to meet their king. Then as they descended with him, and the view of the Temple burst upon their gaze, they cried: "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." And "he, when he beheld the city, wept over it."

They would go on to Bethany a little later, but now they turned aside from the main road to the Garden of Gethsemane. No spot connected with the life of the Saviour is better authenticated than this.

Jerome describes it, Christians at the time of the Crusades believed in the locality, and it is not likely that a place so full of tragic and tender memories should have been lost sight of by the Early Church. It is situated quite low on the slope of the Mount of Olives and is surrounded by a high stone wall. A Franciscan monk admitted them,



GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

and then considerately left them to themselves. Frank threw himself upon a seat, and took a book from his pocket. "Is that a guide-book?" Violet asked.

"It is *the* guide-book," he replied. "Wander about by yourself, please, that 's a good sister; I feel as if I had lost my way, and I want to study it up."

Violet strolled away from him, longing to sympathize, and yet fearing to intrude.

It was a formal little garden, planted with ancient olive-trees whose gnarled branches cast weird shadows on the path. The wall which encircled the garden was adorned with shrines, affording to devout Catholics their fourteen stations for prayer and meditation.

An arbor on one side was overrun with passion-vine, and there were beds of flowers bordered with sweet-lavender. There were

CHAPEL OF THE ASCENSION, SUMMIT OF MOUNT OF OLIVES.

trimly cut hedges, a well, and a little marble temple over Canova's bas-relief of The Agony in the Garden.

Violet plucked a passion flower, and repeated to herself softly the old Latin hymn: —

"Tu, Tu, mi Jesu, totum me
Amplexus es in cruce!
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam,
Innumeros dolores,
Sudores et angores,
Ac mortem! et hæc propter me,
Ac pro me peccatore!"

She had hardly finished when she heard a sob, and turning, saw that Frank was bending forward with his face buried in his hands. She was kneeling at his side in a moment.

"My dear boy, you need not tell me anything; I know all about it."

Frank straightened himself. "It seems sacrilege to think of one's private troubles in a place made sacred by the agony of our Saviour," he said.

"But he bore our sorrows and carried our griefs," Violet replied gently. "He surely wishes you to take your trouble to him."

"I know," Frank replied, "but not here; my own griefs are not worthy of thought here. Come, let us walk on, and I will tell you all about it."

There was a little pause in the conversation as they left the garden; but at length Violet continued it, quite as she might have done if Frank had spoken in the mean time. "I think it was very cruel in Bird not to write you. She must have known that you loved her."

"She did write," Frank replied; and he laid this letter in Violet's hand: —

DEAR FRANK, — It cannot be. There are reasons which I cannot explain. I told you at Wady Feiran that it could not end happily. Since then it has all grown terribly plain to me. I ought never to have made the Sinai trip with you, and then it would not

have been so hard for us both. Forgive me. I was blinded by my own affection for you. Sometimes it is a blessed thing to be blind, but now I see all the cruel truth. It can never be. Forgive me, for it is hard for me too.

BIRD.

"I do not understand it the least bit in the world," Violet said, handing Frank the letter.

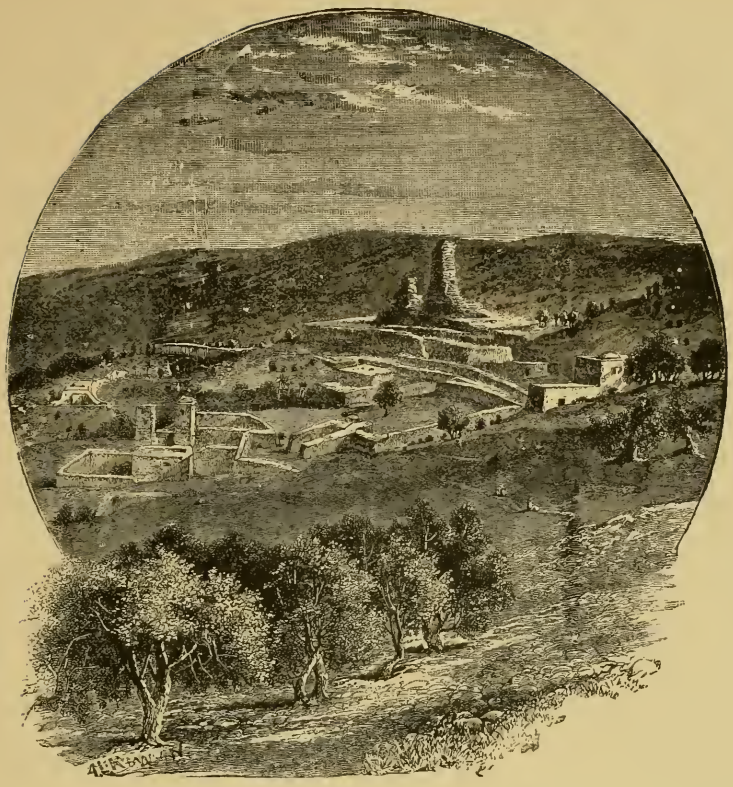
"Nor do I," he replied; "but I can see that Bird regards this decision as final. She gives no possibility of hope, and I must accept her dictum; but it is very hard. I came out here to try to gain strength to bear it. I shall never forget, little sister, that you stood by me in one of the darkest hours of my life."

Frank drew a long breath, and straightened himself. There was a look of quiet resolution in his face which told that he had not sought this sacred place in vain. There was an unspoken prayer in his heart: "Holy Father, show her the source of all comfort; and whatever may be thy will concerning us, guide her, help her, bless her forevermore."

They turned toward the Church of the Ascension, which is situated on the summit of the Mount of Olives, and is supposed to mark the spot from which Jesus ascended to heaven. No matter that many of the so-called sacred places cannot be proven; they are, as has been well said, all holy ground to us, "because here in Bethlehem Christ was born; because here he walked and talked and taught and ministered; because upon Olivet he often sat with his disciples, and here somewhere, it matters not where, he suffered death, and conquered death."

Violet and Frank walked on to Bethany, about two miles from Jerusalem. They found it a village of some forty hovels, situated in a delightful valley, adorned with fig, olive, and almond trees, south of the Mount of Olives. On their way they passed several tombs, a short distance from the road, any one of which might have been the resting-place of Lazarus. They stepped aside to explore them, and found them only empty chambers choked with clumps of maiden-hair

BETHANY.



NEAR BETHANY.

fern. The modern name of Bethany is El Lazarieh, — the home of Lazarus.

The houses were built in terraces, the people were uninteresting, but it was the place which had seemed most like home to Jesus after he left his father's home among the Galilean hills.

They returned to the city by the central of the three paths which cross the Mount, and which they fancied might have been the one up which David climbed when fleeing from Absalom; but before descending the Mount of Olives, they paused upon its summit to look away to Moab hills beyond the Dead Sea, and the Jordan valley in the foreground.

"What are those high hills?" Violet asked.

"The Perean Mountains."

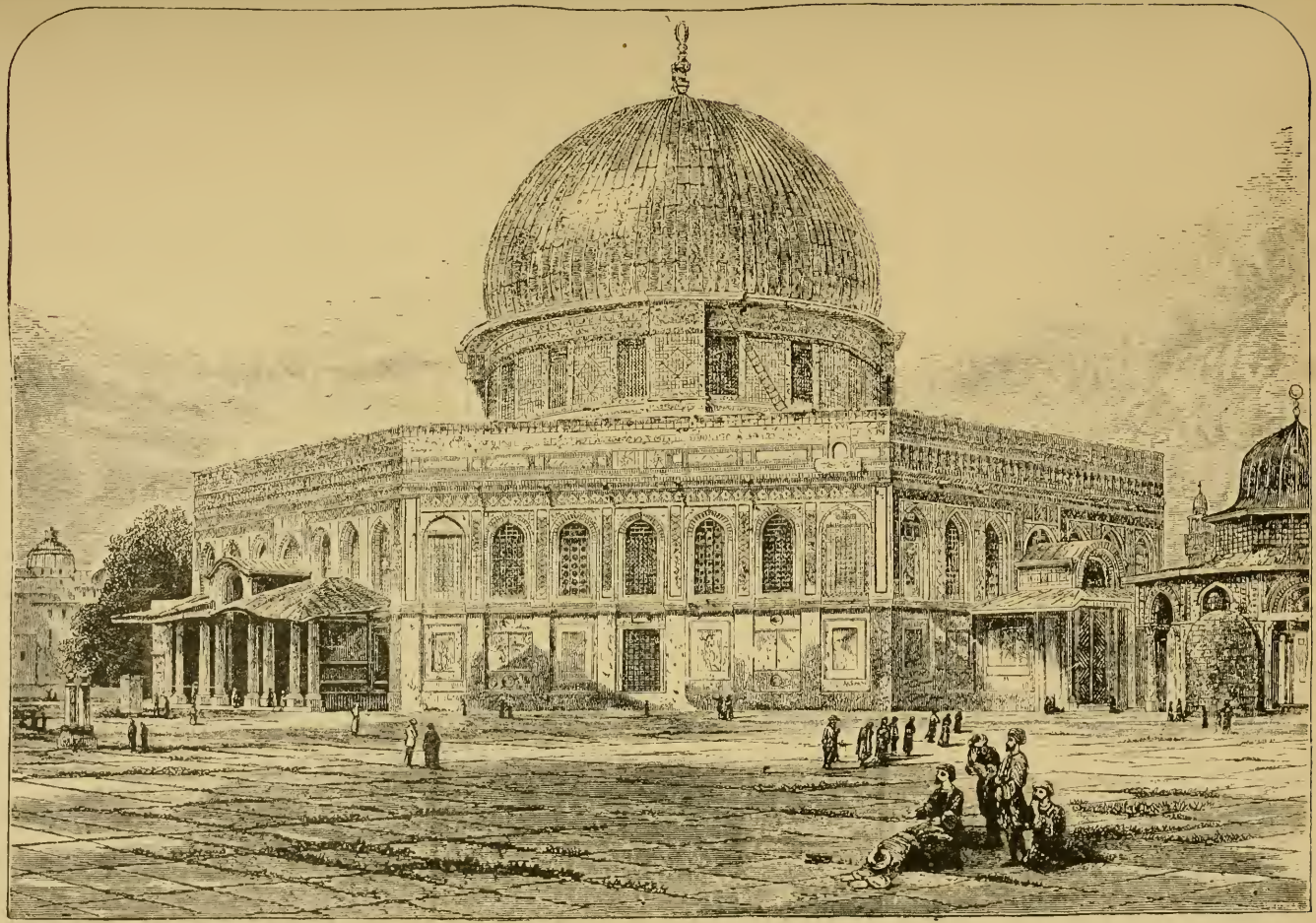
"What! so near?" and then she blushed and corrected herself. "How stupid in me! I was thinking of Petra."

The next day permission was received to visit the Dome of the Rock, or, as it is incorrectly called, the Mosque of Omar. The Sultan Omar did build a small mosque within the Temple enclosure, but traditions have become so confused that it is now impossible to locate its site.

Lieutenant Lynch thus describes Mount Moriah and its buildings:

"A dome graceful as that of St. Peter's, though of course on a far smaller scale, rising from an elaborately finished circular edifice, this edifice raised on a square marble platform rising on the highest ridge of a green slope, which descends from it north, south, and east, to the walls surrounding the whole enclosure, — platform and enclosure diversified by lesser domes and fountains, by cypresses and olives and palms, — the whole as secluded and quiet as the interior of some college or cathedral garden, only enlivened by the white figures of veiled women stealing like ghosts up and down the green slope, or by the turbaned heads bowed low in the various niches for prayer, this is 'the noble sanctuary,' the second most sacred spot in the Mahometan world, — that is, the next after Mecca; the second most beautiful mosque, — that is, the next after Cordova."

Abd-el-Malek, Caliph of Damascus, at a later period erected the mosque El Aksah on Mount Moriah. This building, during the Crusades, was occupied by the knights who took the name of Templars from residing on the site of the Jewish Temple. Still later the splendid Dome of the Rock was built near by, which, though a sacred building, is not, strictly speaking, a mosque. It is built over a mass of limestone, said by Mohammed to be one of the rocks of Paradise, and to hang suspended in the air. It is, indeed, perfectly evident that the mass rests upon a wall; but the Mohammedans say that this wall is entirely unnecessary, and is only placed beneath it that people with weak brains need not be driven insane by so terrible a spectacle.



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

From this rock Mohammed is supposed to have mounted to Paradise; and the shrine built over it is a magnificent building, octagonal in shape. Each side is sixty-seven feet in length. Its Byzantine dome was originally covered with gold, but is now decorated with enamelled tiles in stripes of green, white, and blue, with quotations from the Koran in interlaced lettering.

The interior is most impressive. Columns of green and yellow porphyry with golden capitals support the black and white arches, and the windows flash with jewelled glass. The walls are adorned with exquisite mosaics, and the iron work of the traceried screens is very beautiful.

There were other interesting buildings on the broad platform which occupies the site of the ancient temple courts, — a rectangle of about fifteen hundred feet north and south, by nine hundred east and west. Columns of the finest marble had been built into many of them among blocks of ordinary limestone. Frank was of the opinion that these had originally formed a part of the Temple.

Mohammed brought Violet a fragment of beautiful serpentine which he had picked up from a pile of rubbish, and which might have been one of the stones which David gathered for Solomon's use in building the Temple.[1]

There was a carver in the Jewish quarter who was very clever, he said, and would make her a beautiful paper-weight in any shape which she might suggest. Violet visited the carver, and he agreed to make from the fragment a miniature representation of the Dome of the Rock.

The bazaars of Jerusalem are not so varied as those of Cairo. Their chief commodities are carved work from Bethlehem, — rosaries of olive-wood and of berries, — inlaid work in shell and mother-of-pearl, and Turkish rugs.

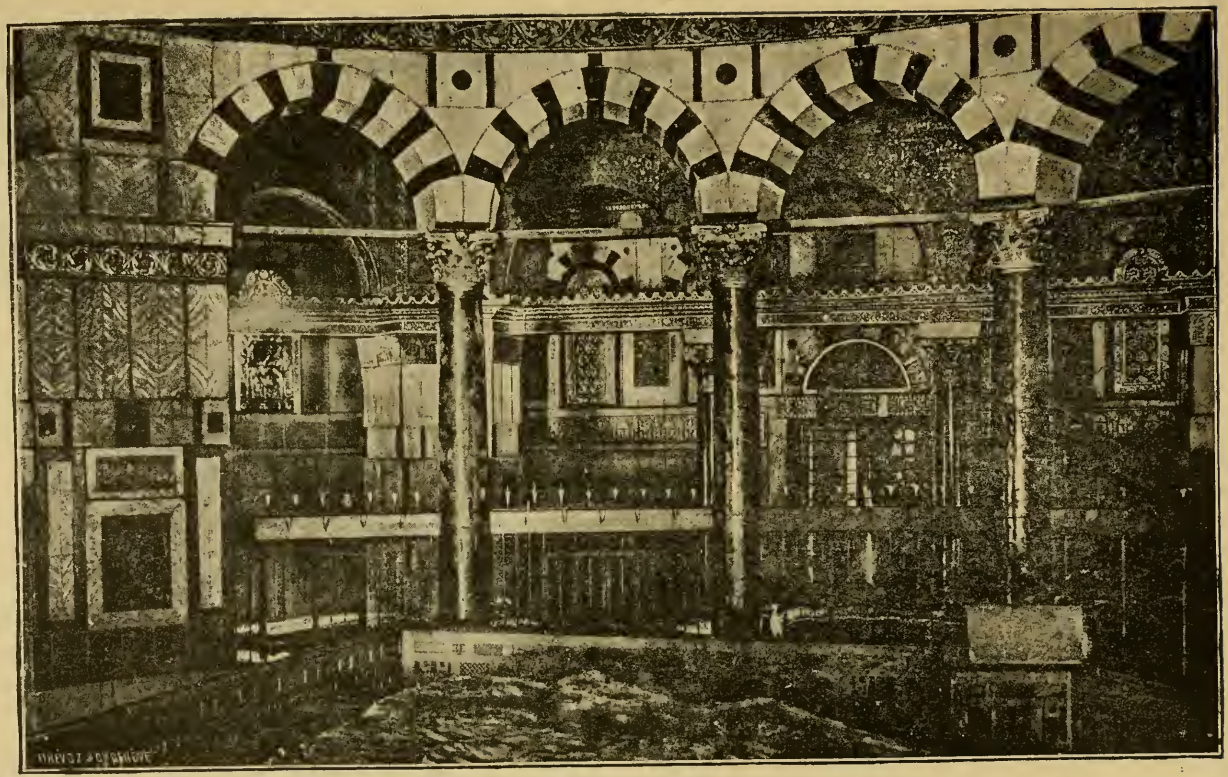
[1] Now I have prepared with all my might for the house of my God . . . onyx stones, and stones to be set, glistering stones, and of divers colors, and all manner of precious stones, and marble stones in abundance. — 1 *Chronicles* xxix. 2.

Emma found some phylacteries, or leather cases containing rolls on which portions of the Scriptures were written in Hebrew, with straps sewed to the cases by which they could be fastened about the forehead; and she bought several, believing them to be very ancient, and was much chagrined when Frank informed her that they were probably mere modern imitations, manufactured to deceive tourists.

"My old friend, Bariah Baumgarten, can tell you whether they are genuine," he added; and that afternoon they picked their way through the gutters, which pass by the name of streets in the Jewish quarter, to the home of the Baumgartens.

A servant led them through a courtyard to a pleasant room furnished almost in an American manner. Some one flitted out of the room as they entered, and Violet's keen eyes discovered traces of recent female occupation, — a work table heaped with cotton cloth where some one had been cutting out garments. A gold thimble lay beside the work. While waiting for some one to receive them Emma idly picked it up and examined it. Something peculiar in its appearance seemed to startle her, but she laid it down without speaking, and at that moment Mrs. Baumgarten entered. She greeted Frank warmly, and was presented by him to the others. There was something in her face which drew Violet to her at once. The attraction seemed to be mutual, for Mrs. Baumgarten impressed a warm kiss on the girl's cheek; but she met Mrs. Remington in a more guarded manner. There was something of mutual inquiry, not to say distrust, in the manner in which the two women regarded each other. Mrs. Remington talked most, uttering agreeable little commonplaces while she darted furtive glances of investigation at the proud, silent woman who regarded her all the time with an embarrassing scrutiny, as though she were reading her through and through.

Bariah Baumgarten, the sage, entered with his son Shear, who proved to be the same man whom the senior Remingtons had seen at Jaffa. They were prepared for this by the identity of the name, and Mr. Remington immediately asked for Bird.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

"Her father met her at Jaffa. Did she not write you?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Remington; "and she said she was about to make a journey away from Jerusalem with him, but she very carelessly neglected to give us any address to which we could write. As you know Mr. Orchard, perhaps you can aid us in this particular."

Mrs. Baumgarten seemed disturbed; the color came to her cheek, and she turned from Mrs. Remington to look apprehensively at her husband. He, on the contrary, was perfectly at his ease; he wore a sly, almost quizzical expression. "Ze young lady's father," he asked, "he is not personally known to you?"

"I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance," Mr. Remington replied.

"He is sometimes in Jerusalem," continued Mr. Baumgarten; "when he comes again I might arrange a meeting here in my house."

Mrs. Baumgarten interrupted her husband. "Pardon me, Mr. Remington; if ze young lady gave you no address, does not ze idea suggest itself zat she may hafe omit zis not by chance, but by purpose?"

"No," replied Mr. Remington, decidedly. "You are quite wrong in that conclusion; we were all on the best terms with Miss Orchard. Were we not, Frank? Were we not, my dear?"

To Mr. Remington's astonishment neither his wife nor Frank on being appealed to responded with that alacrity which he had anticipated. Frank felt that Mrs. Baumgarten had divined the truth, — Bird did not wish her whereabouts known; and he did not reply. Mrs. Remington, woman-like, answered evasively. "We will not discuss Miss Orchard's motives here; but if Mr. Baumgarten can arrange for us to meet her father, I am sure we shall be most grateful."

Mr. Baumgarten half closed his eyes, and brought the palms of his hands together, as though in deep meditation. "It is not impossible," he said. "I zink I can zafely bromise you as much. How long you remain in Jerusalem?"

"Until after Easter."

"Fery good, fery good."

"And you think Mr. Orchard will be here by that time?"

Mr. Baumgarten nodded gravely.

"And will Miss Orchard be with him?"

Mrs. Baumgarten could no longer restrain her impatience. "Shear," she said, "will it not be better you let zis young lady manage her own affair?"

But Mr. Remington now turned the current of conversation in a direction which pleased her better by remarking: "Miss Orchard once said that her father was a friend of Baron Hirsch. Can you tell me anything of that nobleman's plans for Jewish colonization in Palestine."

"Can I tell mine own beezness?" Mr. Baumgarten asked facetiously; and with his odd accent, which gave an amusing aspect to the plainest details, he related the Baron's plans, and the many frustrating circumstances with which as the Baron's agent he was constantly met.

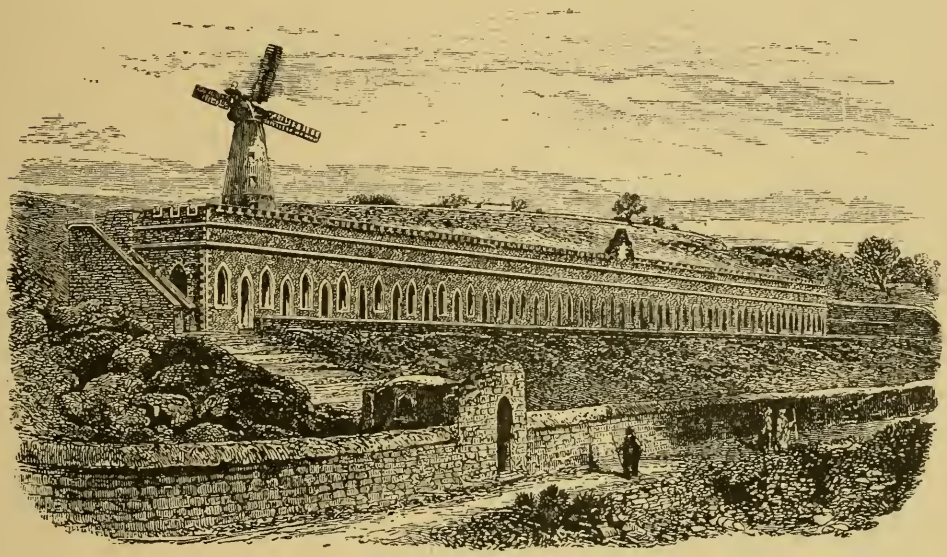
That very season a band of over a thousand Jewish refugees expelled from Odessa, in southern Russia, by order of the Government, had been aided by the Baron Hirsch fund, and had started to join the Hebrew Colony in Palestine. At Constantinople the sultan forbade them to enter, giving as a reason that there were Jews enough in Palestine. From Smyrna the emigrants made a second attempt to enter Palestine, but were again unsuccessful. From this point they journeyed to Marseilles, and the greater part sailed for the Argentine Republic, while some two hundred sought their fortunes in America, aided by the United Hebrew Charities of New York.

"It is ze old story," said Bariah Baumgarten. "Where haf ze children of Abraham a home? Nevertheless, ze bromise standeth sure, — ze remnant shall return."

"Is it not perhaps best," Frank asked, "that too many of the poorer class of Hebrews should not settle in Palestine at once? Have you not as many Hebrew poor now in Jerusalem as you can well care for?"

"You are right," Shear Baumgarten replied; "but are you familiar wiz ze noble charities established here for their brethren, by wealthy Hebrews of effery land?"

The Remingtons were glad to be informed on this point; and with Mr. Baumgarten for a guide they visited the hospital built by Mr. Touro of New Orleans and other American Jews, the almshouses



JEWISH ALMSHOUSES, ERECTED BY SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

erected by Sir Moses Montefiore, across the Valley of Hinnom. He showed them also the Leper Asylum, under the charge of the Moravian Church, which has always been noted for its care of unfortunates suffering from this terrible disease.

"Many of ze poorest of our nation who haf lived longest here suffer in zis way, and ze new comers seem to haf effery ozer ill. I am now bending of my energy," said Mr. Baumgarten, "not so much to bring more Jews here as to make more comfortabler zoze who haf come. It is one big job; but when I goes into beezness, I

don't find no fault zat zoze beezness is big. I hafe some rich partners, and you will see Baumgarten and Company don't come to no bankruptcy."

"Surely," said Frank, as they walked homeward, "what we have seen to-day would seem to disprove the assertion that the Jews are a grasping, miserly race. Such open-handed, princely liberality I have never seen surpassed among Christians."

"Yes," replied Mr. Remington, "but it is liberality to their own. When did you ever see an instance of a Jew showing generosity to a Gentile? They are separatists, and they wish to remain separate."

As they walked homeward, Mrs. Remington asked of Frank: "What did you study with the elder Mr. Baumgarten?"

"He taught me to read Hebrew," Frank replied, "and would read and translate the Talmud for me."

"Just what writings are embraced in the Talmud?" Emma asked.

"The Mishna and Gemara," Frank replied. "There are two editions of the Talmud, — that of Jerusalem, and the Babylonian Talmud, which is four times larger. The Mishna is the oral law, which the Jews declare was given to Moses at Sinai, but was not then written out, but was handed down from father to son until the second century of our era, when it was compiled by Jehudi Hanassi, and gave rise to almost endless commentaries, by the learned rabbis, which were also gathered together under the title of Gemara."

"I should think it would be very dull reading," Mrs. Remington remarked.

"In the main you are right; but, as has been well said, 'beautiful and sublime passages, brilliant diamonds in heaps of cinders, sparkle on their pages.' But, after all, the best of Jewish literature is contained in the Old Testament. I do not think we half realize what we owe to the Hebrews for preserving to us that wonderful collection, — writings which have been the source not only of our religion, but also the inspiration of what is best in our own writings."

Frank was undoubtedly right. Mr Charles Dudley Warner gives the Hebrews only a merited tribute when he says, —

TURKISH WOMAN OF JERUSALEM.

"The Jews would fail of the consideration they enjoy but for one thing, and that is, after all, the chief and enduring product of any nationality, — we mean, of course, its literature.

"It is that which invests ancient Jerusalem with its charm and dignity, — not what the Jews did, but the songs of their poets, the warnings and lamentations

of their prophets, the touching tales of their story-tellers. And most of this unequalled literature is the product of seasons of turbulence. David composed his Psalms — the most marvellous interpreters of every human aspiration, exaltation, want, and passion — with his sword in his hand; and the prophets always appear to ride upon a whirlwind. The power of Jerusalem over the world is as truly a literary one as that of Athens is one of Art."

The visit to the Baumgartens gave rise to much thought and discussion among the ladies of the Remington party.

"Why," asked Mrs. Remington, "should that strange Mrs. Baumgarten imagine that Bird desired to cut off all communication with us? I think it very presuming in her to have any opinion in the matter, unless she knows Bird."

"Perhaps she does know her," Violet suggested. "Mr. Baumgarten knows her father, and they are both friends of Baron Hirsch."

"And I must say," replied Mrs. Remington, "that Mr. Orchard makes a very strange selection in his choice of friends. Why should he be on such intimate terms with Jews, unless — "

Mrs. Remington paused; but the conclusion of her sentence was so very evident that every one finished it mentally for himself and for herself, —

"Unless he is a Jew."

"He is a Jew," thought Violet, "and that explains everything, — all the strange ways and remarks which used to trouble me so in dear Bird. She is a Jewess, and she has left us because she feels that we should dislike her if we knew it. Oh, how I wish that I could find her and tell her how mistaken she is, and that we all sympathize with her, and love her the more for the trials which she must have had to endure on this account." Then Violet thought of her mother, and looked at her. Would this have been true of her? And the feeling that it would not, choked back the announcement of her conviction as it sprang to her lips.

A similar train of thought had passed through Emma's mind: "Bird is a Jewess. Well, that ends any possibility of a marriage

between her and Frank. It is rather a pity; for I believe they love each other, and that the knowledge of her ancestry would make no difference to him; but his parents would never consent to such a marriage if they knew the facts. They do not know them; and if Bird reappears, as she is very likely to, she may keep up the deception, and the marriage take place after all, — unless I choose to tell — what I know. But do I really know anything? I only suspect that she is a Jewess; it remains for me to find out whether my suspicions are true. I know something which the others do not know: Bird has been in Jerusalem lately, — is very likely here now. That was her thimble which I recognized on the work-table. Now, how shall I go to work to collect my proofs?"

Even Mrs. Remington, somewhat dense and unreflecting as she was, had led herself by a series of chance guesses to the same conclusion. "Her father is a Jew. Dear me! I hope not," was her first thought. "I shall never believe it unless it is completely proved. If it is so, I don't blame her for concealing the fact, as it would ruin all her prospects in society. I am sure I shall never lisp my suspicions to any one. How fortunate that I did not finish my sentence; but Violet would never credit such a thing, and Emma is too obtuse to guess it. I am very sorry for the poor child, for I was growing very fond of her, and fancied that she might make a more agreeable daughter-in-law than Emma. It was very nice and considerate in her to run away before Frank became deeply interested in her. Poor child, after all it is not her fault that her father is a Jew, any more than if he had been a forger or a lunatic, or very illiterate, or otherwise unpresentable. Children cannot be held to be strictly responsible for their parents; and as long as he kept himself in the background she need not have been so morbidly sensitive. I wonder what kind of a Jew he is? A man of great learning like Frank's venerable friend, the senior Baumgarten, would not be so very objectionable, or a Jew of great wealth, like the Rothschilds, or of social position, like Disraeli; but

fancy just a common, ordinary, mercenary creature like Mr. Shear Baumgarten! But such origin for Bird is of course impossible; she has a great deal of distinction. Dear me, dear me, it is all very vexatious! But, then, very likely it is not true. I don't really know anything; and even though I am positive that I have guessed the truth, it is only a guess after all, and I need not admit it as a fact even to myself, — far less to any one else. I shall never believe it of her without the most incontestable proofs, and no one is likely to set them in array before me, — indeed, I should like to see them do it! No, if Bird is found, and if dear Frank *should* happen to become interested in her, I will be just a little blind, provided no one else knows. I really think I could forgive it."

But Bird was not found. The days crept on, and brought no trace of her to Frank, who had not even as much light in regard to the cause of her disappearance as had come to Mrs. Remington, Emma, and Violet. He said to himself that he had relinquished all hope, — that there was nothing left for him but to endure his disappointment as manfully as he could; yet there were moments when it seemed to him that she must be mistaken. It could not be as impossible as she thought. If he could only see Mr. Orchard it might all be right.

One day a Turkish lady passed him, whose melancholy but beautiful eyes, and whose face, so far as he could see it through her veil, reminded him startlingly of Bird. He went to the Baumgartens' again, attracted by some magnetism which he did not himself understand, and asked when Mr. Orchard would be in Jerusalem. Mr. Baumgarten was not encouraging; Mr. Orchard's plans did not seem to be at all known to him. He could not tell when he would be in the city or give any address to which letters could be sent; but he talked long with the young man about his own plans and prospects in life. Frank told him that he was so fond of Syria that he might remain in the country after his parents' return. "I want to take a course in the

HEAD-DRESS OF A TURKISH WOMAN OF JERUSALEM.

School of Biblical Archæology and Philology, established in connection with the Protestant College at Beirut," he explained.

"What is zat?" asked Mr. Baumgarten.

"The college itself is for the young men of Syria. It has three departments, — preparatory, collegiate, and medical."

"Oh, yes, I know a good many doctors who graduate zere; I know Salim Daud, who had charge of ze Jewish Dispensary at Tiberias, and I know Ishander Dablak, ze Physician of ze London Jews' Society at Hebron. It is a good college. But what are you going to do zere?"

He seemed strangely interested for a mere acquaintance, and Frank confided his plans.

"I should like to remain and make Syria my home, if I can find some work, either philanthropic or educational, where I can be of service. The college provides facilities, in this department of which I was speaking, where American students can learn the Oriental languages, and for the 'exploration of the geography, archæology, natural history, ethnology, and religions of the East.' I want to perfect myself in these lines, and in Biblical scholarship; and I should like nothing better than to become some day a professor in that college."

Mr. Baumgarten looked at him quizzically. "I wonder, now, whether you make anysing bractical," he said. "Great many young men, they dream and they dream, zoze great sings they going to do some day, and bime by they don't do nossings already. I don't like no loafers. When you make yourself one brofessor wiz one good salary, then young man you come see me again, ain't it?"

Frank could not see just why he should come to Mr. Baumgarten again at all, but he thanked him for his good will, and turned away rather sadly, having been told that Mrs. Baumgarten was not at home. Mr. Baumgarten called him back.

"If you want to write Mr. Orchard," he said, "you might leave me zose letter. I try find zose address."

It was a forlorn hope, but Frank clutched at it, and hurrying home poured out his soul in a passionate appeal both to Bird and her father; returning, he left both letters in Mr. Baumgarten's care.

"Young man," said Mr. Baumgarten, as Frank was leaving, "I tell you one secret maybe you don't know already: zat man Orchard was a Jew." Mr. Baumgarten thought that Frank would be startled, and he was. He had never thought of this; and it meant so many things. In the first place, why could not Bird have confided in him. The deceit on her part pained him. Then his parents' prejudice, and probable disapproval, came crowding to the front; then the comprehension that this was why she had fled from him, and a realization that it was all a slight matter compared with his own great love for her. He stood silent, his face betraying nothing of his thought, only that strong emotions of some kind were surging within.

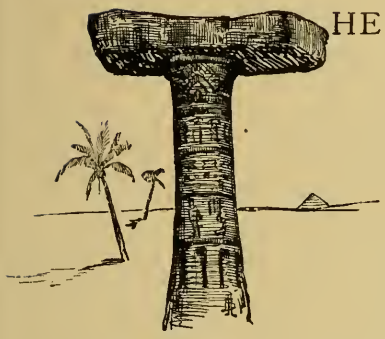
"See here, young man," said Mr. Baumgarten. "You don't say nossings. If what I tell you make some difference wiz what you write Mr. Orchard, better you take ze letters back."

"It makes no difference," Frank replied, — "no difference whatever."

Mr. Baumgarten could scarcely wait for Frank to retire before reading the letter. "Well now, zat was one nice young man," he said to himself. "It is one pity Zipporah she don't like him. But then he was not bractical. Such weddings only makes trouble. Zipporah she decide right when she give up zose Christian ways. It was not bractical."

CHAPTER IX.

BETHLEHEM.—EASTER CEREMONIES IN JERUSALEM.



THE more Shear Baumgarten reflected, the more discontented he became. He was troubled for his daughter's future, and vexed because everything seemed just now to go contrary to his expectations and wishes. It was certainly pleasant that Zipporah, as he had begun again to call Bird, loved her father and mother so much that she could not bear this unnatural separation, and had given up all her prospects for a new life in America for their sakes. Still, flattering as this was, he asked himself if, from a worldly-wise point of view, it was not a mistake. What had he to offer her here?

He was obliged to confess to himself that Jerusalem had not given him what he had expected. Hitherto he had been ambitious of money-making; Jerusalem only afforded a scope for spending money, with no hope of return. He had grown to like the ease and comforts of modern civilization. None of these were to be had in Jerusalem. The streets were filthy and offensive. He must travel everywhere on horseback, and he much preferred a carriage. A house in the Jewish quarter, even with every alleviation that money could procure, was not nearly so comfortable as a much cheaper house in New York. He missed the electric lights, the elevators, the telephone, steam-heat,

the pleasures of the table, the daily newspapers, the musical privileges, rapid transit, and the thousand and one conveniences and amenities of American life. He had become accustomed to these, and he was growing older now; he had reached that age when a man feels that he has earned ease, and may give it to himself. But a new capacity of delight had awakened in Shear Baumgarten's soul, — the enjoyment which comes from giving comfort to others. He saw so many about him suffering cruelly whom he was able to bless, and he enjoyed the comfort which he gave far more keenly than if he appropriated it to himself. The delight was all the more vivid that it was a novel experience.

All of his old shrewd financiering and business ability was now turned into vast schemes for gathering and dispensing the contributions of wealthy and benevolent Hebrews, to aid their distressed brethren in Palestine. Much to the astonishment of every one who knew him, and to his own surprise none the less, Shear Baumgarten had blossomed into a philanthropist, — not an impractical, unsuccessful theorist, whose sentimental schemes would end in smoke. Shear was "bractical" even in his charities; and he was backed by men as shrewd and more wealthy than himself. There was indeed no fear that Baumgarten & Co. would become bankrupts.

This was all very well for himself. Jerusalem was a place with work in it for him, and a fondly anticipated grave for his father; and wherever they were his faithful wife would choose to be. But for the younger generation? His son had solved the problem for himself, and as he thought for Zipporah; but now that she had come back, it still remained to be puzzled out. What must be the life of this brilliant, beautiful girl, whom he loved with his entire soul, and for whom no sacrifice on his part seemed great enough?

Why could she not return the affection of this young man to whom her father, her mother, and her grandfather were so strongly drawn? The answer was evident. In some way the prejudice of the

Remingtons had wounded her feelings, — she had admitted as much; and she had begged that they might never know her ancestry. She would be much displeased if she knew that he had betrayed it; and yet, would she not be glad to know that Frank's affection had stood the test? Most certainly, if she cared for him. Why would not girls be open-hearted, and let one know the true state of their feelings, — it would be so much simpler for every one concerned.

While Shear Baumgarten meditated, his daughter tripped into the room and leaning on the back of his seat, asked, "What are you thinking about, little father?"

"I am zinking zat I haf one letter for you from zat Remington fellow."

Bird caught it eagerly, and her father ambled away to allow her to read it alone.

Bird was over-wrought. She had heard Frank's voice, and it was very hard not to run in and greet him in the old pleasant fashion. She opened his letter with trembling fingers, and read his passionate appeal through streaming tears.

"I cannot bear it! Oh, I cannot bear it!" she cried, and buried her face in the cushions of the divan.

"What for you bear it anyhow?" asked a kindly voice above her, and looking up she saw her father regarding her through his spectacles like a compassionate owl. She straightened herself instantly and dashed the tears from her eyes; but she had betrayed herself, and the words could not be recalled.

"Zipporah," said her father, gravely, "I don't want no nonsense. Zat young man luffs you, and you luff him. Now, why is n't zat all right?"

"It is the old story, Father. They would despise me if they knew I were a Jewess; and I will not deceive them."

"What for you deceive them, then? Tell them ze truth, and see what they do. Zat young man will not despise you. He don't despise us already."

"I know that Frank would say that it made no difference, that he would not care a particle, — but the others! I know how Mrs. Remington would look; and if I saw her look scornfully at you or at the mention of your name, I should want to kill her."

"Ho!" said Mr. Baumgarten, slowly, "so it is ze old lady. Well, I would n't take bride in what she says. She is n't so very schmart, anyway."

"She is Frank's mother."

Shear Baumgarten's fingers clinched, and he strode away and looked out at the court. "I 'll fix zat old lady," he said to himself; and aloud as he turned to his daughter again: "Zipporah, it takes more as luff to make peoples happy together. What you going to do 'bout religion?"

"I am no Jewess in faith, Father. I really believe that Christ may have been our Messiah, — only the Christianity of to-day is very different from the religion which he taught."

"I don't know," said Shear; "I don't know about his being ze Messiah. I don't believe God would let his people make such a mistake as zat; but he was a great prophet, like Hillel, and he was a Jew. I don't find no fault wiz him, but only wiz Christians. Haf you told zis young man what you zink?"

"We have only talked of our differences; he does not know how nearly alike we believe. I have quarrelled with him, and provoked him, and made contradictory statements, just to see what he would say; and he has always been most kind and considerate. 'Let us respect each other's opinions and be content to differ,' was what he would always say."

"Then I guess zat will be all right," Shear Baumgarten replied cheerfully; "I guess you are pretty near one good Christian girl already. Well, I eggspect zat when I let you leave us — Zat is all right. 'Ze old order changes.' I cannot believe like my fader; you cannot believe as me. Ze good God he know our hearts. He

know his children effery time. But better you write and tell him ze truth, ain't it?"

"No, no!" Bird replied vehemently; "it can never be. You do not know Mrs. Remington's pride. Let me drop out of their lives. I cannot humiliate myself to them. And Frank, too, though he would forgive me for what I cannot help, would not forgive my deceit."

"Then better you get out of zat deceit right off pretty quick. It was all my mistake, Zipporah. I will go tell ze young man all about it."

"No, no!" Bird protested; and her father, seeing that he only pained her, let the matter drop. He was not without hope that time would mend matters, and he went away to his little office to puzzle over the matter, and to contrive some plan which would aid in the solution of the problem.

Circumstances aided him, as we shall see. There still remained a week before Easter; and as the Remingtons had explored the principal places of interest in Jerusalem, they decided to prepare themselves for their long journey to Damascus by a series of shorter excursions in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

Mohammed had procured the tents and horses, and all the equipage necessary for the longer tour, and it was agreed that it would be a good plan to test it before they found themselves beyond the possibility of making changes or supplying deficiences.

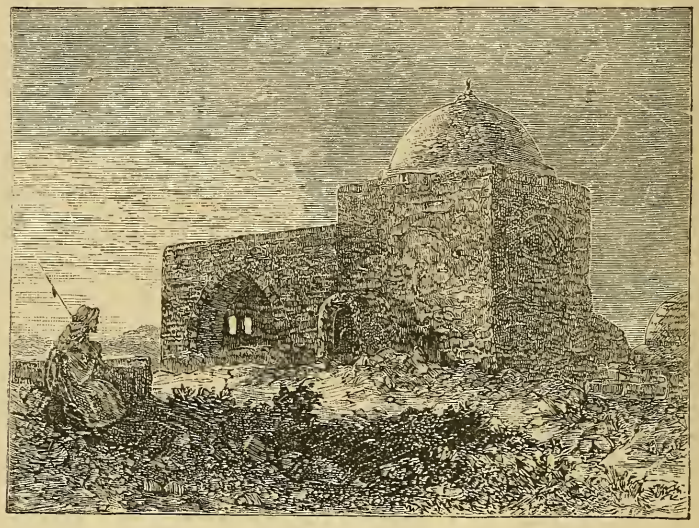
The first excursion decided upon was a two days' trip to Bethlehem and Hebron.

There were many delays in getting the train together for the first time, and it was nightfall when they reached Rachel's Tomb, near Bethlehem.

They found the spot marked by a square white building with a dome shaped roof.

Dr. Prime says of the site: —

"Here the tents of Israel were pitched in the centuries long gone, and here the dying Rachel gave birth to the beloved Benjamin. Close by her couch, on the one side, was the hill on which her children would build the great city, — Jerusalem. Close by her, on the other side, was the hill on which the village would be built, from which would come the Saviour of Israel. The mother of a mighty race lay down in that ground and slept peacefully, serenely, century



RACHEL'S SEPULCHRE.

after century, nor have men ever disturbed her repose. We gathered flowers close by the tomb, — the delicate anemone, and starry flowers that might have sprung from the blue eyes of the beloved of the old man Jacob."

The Bible account is brief but graphic: —

And they journeyed from Bethel; and there was but a little way to come to Ephrath. . . . And Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave, that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day. — Genesis xxxv. 16–20.

Here the tents had arrived before them, and they had agreed to make their camp, not entering the town until the morning. Their

cook proved to be an excellent one. His name was Khowaja, and Violet ascertained that he was a native of northern Syria, and was endeavoring to work his way back in order to attend the college at Beirut. Although a nominal Christian he was very superstitious. Learning that Mrs. Remington was not strong, and that the ride from Jerusalem on the hard trotting animal which Mohammed had provided for her wearied her excessively, he was most assiduous preparing for her some mulled Lebanon wine, which proved an excellent restorative. He suggested respectfully to Violet that her mother would be perfectly restored to sound health if she would only try the "pillow remedy." "What is that?" Violet asked, and Khowaja explained that if any one threatened with disease wished to escape, he or she must go to a cemetery in the evening and say, "Good-evening, ye who never say 'good-evening.' Lend me a pillow; your guest has come to visit me." The invalid must then carry home a stone from the burying-ground and use it as a pillow. In the morning the stone must be taken back and this formula repeated, "Good-morning, ye who never say 'good-morning.' Take your pillow; your guest has left."

"If your lady mother will do this," said Khowaja, "all evil disease will be warded off."

"Mother wears a little amulet now that was given her in the desert. I think that will do in the way of charms, though perhaps its efficacy may be affected by the fact that we do not believe in it."

"But the young lady wears an amulet also," said Khowaja, pointing to her bangle. "Is it to keep off the evil eye?"

"No, indeed! As I told you, I have no faith in such things. I only wear it because a friend gave it to me."

"Then it is to keep the evil eye from your friend, who will be safe while you wear it, is it not?"

Violet shook her head, persisting that it was from no belief in magic whatever that she wore the amulet. As she protested she glanced at the bangle, and was surprised to see that she had lost the

turquoise. In spite of herself she could not repress the thought, "I wonder whether in the omens of magic this means that something has happened to Captain Blakeslee?" Then she scolded herself for her superstition, and put the matter from her mind. She thought enough of the incident, however, to record it in her journal with the date, April 10th.

That evening they paid a brief visit to the tomb of Rachel. Kubbet Rahil, the 'Dome of Rachel," as Mohammed called it, is a small white building with an arched entrance and a domed roof. It is revered alike by Jew, Mahometan, and Christian, and has been restored by all three at different periods; Sir Moses Montefiore has been the last to put it in order. As they were entering, Khowaja handed Mrs. Remington a stone from a pile of débris and asked her to repeat a few Arabic words after him. Violet comprehended that he was trying his charm, and when Mrs. Remington demurred, she said coaxingly, — "If it will please the good-hearted fellow, please do it, Mamma. It can do no harm." Mrs. Remington complied, and Khowaja grinned from ear to ear.

The country near Bethlehem, and the town itself, is so well described by Dean Stanley that we cannot do better here than to refer to his description: —

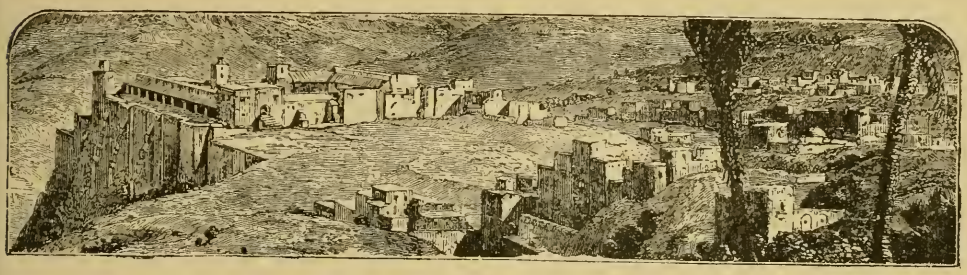
"The region south of Jerusalem is the 'hill country of Judæa,' and displays many rounded hills with ruins of walled towns and fortresses on their summits, and vineyards on their slopes with watch-towers in their midst. This was the region in which the patriarchs lived. In these mountain fastnesses the Hebrews dwelt safely during the time of the Judges, and later it was to the caverns of these hills that David fled with his band of outlaws."

Bethlehem is spoken of by Stanley as a good example of these "fenced cities of Judah."

"Its position on the narrow ridge of the long, gray hill, which would leave no room for crowded travellers to find shelter; the corn-fields below, the scene of Ruth's adventure, and from which it derives its name, — "the house of bread;"

the well close by the gate, for whose water David longed; the wild hills eastward, where the flocks of David, and of the 'shepherds abiding with their flocks by night' may have wandered, — all of these features are such as it shares with every village of Judah."

The great pile of the convents and Church of the Nativity was at once recognizable. The church is shared by three sects, — the Armenians, the Greeks, and the Roman Catholics, — whose three convents are built so as to communicate with it. The main part of the church



CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AT BETHLEHEM.

is bare and uninteresting; but beneath the church is a subterranean chapel, dimly lighted with silver lamps, containing two niches nearly opposite each other. In one of these Christ is said to have been born. A silver star marks the spot, and over it hang sixteen silver lamps, — six belonging to the Greeks and five to each of the other sects. In the other niche the sacred manger is supposed to have been discovered. Quarrels sometimes take place between the adherents of the different faiths, and Turkish guards are stationed here to keep the peace.

"How much of all this tradition do you imagine is true?" Violet asked.

"We cannot say," Frank replied, "we only know that so early as the second century this cave was supposed to have been the stable where Christ was born. The convent was founded by Saint Jerome, who came to reside here as a hermit, and remained here for more than thirty years, gathering other hermits about the spot in which he so devoutly believed, and founding conventual life in the Holy Land."

The monks showed the cell in which the saint fasted and prayed and studied; and the visitors passed out of the convent into the narrow streets of the little town.

"It seems quite as if we had been celebrating Christmas," Violet said; but all sentiment was speedily driven away by an onslaught of pedlers who endeavored to sell them little articles inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and carved crucifixes and rosaries. The women of Bethlehem wore peculiar and picturesque gowns of dark blue cotton cloth, embroidered with red. Violet bought one of them at the little bazaar, and then they descended the hill and lunched beside David's well, — the one from which he so longed to drink, but would not because the water was brought at the peril of his friends' lives.

Later in the afternoon the little caravan broke camp, and they started for Hebron, farther in the south country.

As they were leaving, Khowaja drew Violet aside, mysteriously, and asked, "What have you done with the pillow?"

"Nothing," Violet replied. "What do you mean?"

"Only that I placed the stone from the Kubbet Rahil under the pillow of Madame; and this morning when I went to return it, behold it had dissolved."

"Perhaps Mother did not like sleeping with a stone for a pillow, like Jacob, and threw it away. I will ask her."

But there was no time to do so just then, for Mohammed was assisting Mrs. Remington to mount.

None of the travellers were quite pleased with their horses. Violet's had a bad habit of shying, Frank's was hard in the mouth, Mr. Remington's was a sorry nag ready to drop with exhaustion, and Emma's stumbled alarmingly. But Mrs. Remington was the only one who found hers absolutely unendurable, and a halt was called when only a few miles from the town. It was decided that they must return to Jerusalem and procure better animals. They had not proceeded far in this direction when they met Shear Baumgarten pacing sedately

A WOMAN OF BETHLEHEM.

along on a handsome palfrey, followed by a servant leading a train of five laden pack horses. Frank explained their plight, and Shear immediately offered to exchange horses. It seemed a most fortunate coincidence that all of Shear's were fine specimens, — much better than are usually put to the service which they were performing. Violet's saddle was removed to a finely built Arabian horse, delicate and graceful; Frank was given a heavy bay, sound and fleet; Mr. Remington was transferred to a gentle, easy-paced white horse; Emma received a plucky little pony; and Mr. Baumgarten insisted that Mrs. Remington should use his own gentle gray mare. He tightened the girth himself, and assisted the lady to mount with great gallantry.

"But what are we to pay for all this?" Mr. Remington asked; for he had his theory about not entering upon business transactions, especially with Jews, without making a definite bargain in advance.

Mr. Baumgarten explained that he was on his way to Hebron, to carry provisions to some suffering Jewish families in the south of Palestine, and that as they had the same destination, the exchange of beasts need only be made until they reached that point, and should be without money and without price. His servant transferred the packs to the animals which the Remingtons had lately ridden, and they proceeded on their journey in company.

Mr. Baumgarten quietly took his position by Mrs. Remington's side. He proved an excellent guide; for all this country was well known to him, and he talked about it very entertainingly.

They were constantly reminded of David, for this was David's land, — his home as a boy, and over to the west was Adullam, and to the east was Engedi. The fastnesses in rocks which gave him a shelter during the persecution of Saul lie between and beyond. They passed several caves which might have hidden his band of outlaws.

"If Bird were only with us," said Mrs. Remington, "she would write us up a romance founded on the life of David as interesting as

her Moses and Joseph legends. Why don't you girls try your hand at it; I am sure the material is just as suggestive."

"The exile period of David's life was certainly more romantic than any other," Emma replied, "and I have been looking it up in anticipation of this trip. I cannot write romances as Bird does, but I love to compile,—to bring together what has been written, and make one author serve as a commentator to another. I believe I would make a good editor. You know David really wrote his own autobiography in the Psalms, and with the record which we have in the historical books we can trace with great probability the occasions and places where they were written. I have been aided in my researches by a little book entitled 'The Life of David as Reflected in his Psalms,' written by Alexander Maclaren. While in Jerusalem I made a few notes relating to the region through which we are to journey to-day, which I will read you at our luncheon if you like."

Mr. Baumgarten was pleased to find that Bird was kindly remembered and her absence regretted. He pointed out all the spots associated with David's exploits, and related some interesting Talmudic legends. He spoke too of Rachel's tomb, which they had lately seen, and said that the Rabbi Pethacin related that a stone removed from it would miraculously find its way back again.

Violet started at the mention of the miracle. She would have liked to have gone back and hunted for the pillow-stone. A moment later Mrs. Remington explained the mystery by remarking, "I think one of those returning stones must have found its way by mistake into my tent, for I found one under my pillow. I assisted it on its journey, for I threw it in the morning at one of those savage-looking dogs that was skulking about the camp."

Mohammed had chosen a cave in the side of an overhanging cliff for their noon-day rest. A little stream trickled from a spring which welled at its side. If the cave had only extended more deeply into the hill it might have served to represent Adullam.

"Mr. Maclaren observes," said Emma, "that the general characteristics of the Psalms attributed to David's exile are the same. The scenery and life of the wilds are reflected in their imagery. He describes his enemies as wild beasts, and himself as a poor hunted crea-

ENTRANCE TO CAVE OF ADULLAM.

ture amongst pits and snares. 'Their confidence in God, too, has in it a ring of joyousness that went with him through all the desperate adventures and hair-breadth escapes of the Sauline persecution. We see him in the first flush of his manhood, — somewhere about five-and-twenty years old, — fronting perils of which he is fully conscious, with calm strength and an enthusiasm of trust that lifts his spirit above them all.'

"David fled to Adullam, whence he could look down over the vast sweep of the rich Philistine country. Gath lay at his feet; close by was the valley where he had killed Goliath. There he gathers his band of four hundred desperate men, whom poverty and misery, and probably the King's growing tyranny, drove to flight. They were wild, rough soldiers, according to the picturesque description, 'whose faces were like the faces of lions, and were as swift as the roes upon the mountains.'"

Frank turned to 1 Samuel xxii. 1, 2, and read the account of the gathering of the outlaws at Adullam, and Violet asked what psalm was written in this Ali Baba's cave.

"The thirty-fourth," Emma replied. "It is full of exhortation and counsel to the desperate men under his guidance. If they followed its admonitions they must have been even gentler outlaws than Robin Hood."

Mr. Baumgarten immediately recited the psalm, and Mr. Remington remarked. "These are indeed remarkable sentiments for a band of political refugees. 'Depart from evil and do good; seek peace and pursue it.' As you say, the references to wild beasts come in with vivid appropriateness, when one realizes that their cave had probably been the lair of some of the gaunt lions whom they could see slinking about among the rocks, waiting for a chance to fall upon one of the intruders who had dislodged them from their den. Listen: 'The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.'"

"We don't haf no lions now," said Mr. Baumgarten, "but I haf shot wolves in zeze mountains; I could tell you some stories, but I won't make no interruptions. Zat was one grand psalm. What you zink of zat verse, 'Ze Angel of ze Lord encampeth round about them zat fear him, and delivereth them'? Zere was no fear to David for reinforcements wiz one reserve guard like zat."

"To notice a minor touch," said Frank. "David would not have used that term 'encampeth' if he himself had not been in camp. It is a true picture of the bivouac, 'round the glimmering watch-fires beneath the lucid stars.'"

"In like manner," said Emma, "I have traced the psalms attributed to Engedi, — the cliffs of the wild goats, where David spared Saul's life when he had him in his power. Can we not take in Engedi on our return from Hebron?"

"I think not," replied Frank; "it lies in the midst of almost inaccessible mountains. It would necessitate very rough travelling. What does your author say about it which interests you so much in the locality?"

"Only that, fleeing from Saul, David left Adullam, and after various adventures made his way to the inhospitable wilderness which stretches from the hills of Judah to the Dead Sea, and skulked there in 'lurking-places' among the crags. He made his headquarters, as we would say, in a little plain which slopes to the Dead Sea, and is fortified by a natural amphitheatre of savage cliffs. The plain is covered with luxurious vegetation; the vine, the fig-trees, canes, and maiden-hair ferns festoon the rocks, down which a slender waterfall dashes. This is the fountain and plain of Engedi, and the ibex still haunt the plain and the crags as they did when they first gave the spot its name."

All of their journey that day was through this interesting outlaw region, and at night they camped near the ancient city of Hebron.

Mr. Baumgarten took from his saddle-bags some English newspapers of a later date than they had yet seen, and they interested themselves in reading the news from the outside world. Mrs. Remington quickly pounced upon a personal which pleased her greatly. Captain Blakeslee was reported as making explorations in Petra, which were expected to be of great interest; and a certain noble lord was said to be on his way to Beirut where he hoped to meet Captain Blakeslee on his return from Petra, and to persuade him to take command of an

expedition to Baalbec. Other explorations of the young Captain were spoken of with great praise, and a brilliant career predicted for him.

Mrs. Remington was delighted. "We shall meet Captain Blakeslee without doubt at Beirut," she said, "for though he has not yet reached Jerusalem he will probably proceed to Beirut by steamer from Jaffa; and as we loiter along by land he may even reach that point before us."

Mr. Baumgarten noticed her enthusiasm, and led her to talk of the young explorer. Mrs. Remington praised him in unmeasured terms, and assured Mr. Baumgarten that if he could ever confer a favor on Captain Blakeslee or on Dr. Trotter, it would be received as done to herself. Violet was silent, but her eyes were eloquent.

The next morning they walked through the town and saw the exterior of the great mosque which covers the cave of Machpelah. They were not permitted to enter the mosque, but Violet made a rapid sketch of it, the others shielding her while they bargained with some fruit sellers for dried apricots and dates. Hebron is one of the oldest cities in Palestine. The Hittites lived here when Abraham camped in the plain of Mamre; and when Sarah died, Abraham "stood up and spoke to the children of Heth and said, 'I am a stranger and sojourner with you; give me a possession of a burial-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight.'" Here the patriarch himself was buried after his wanderings; and his grandson Jacob, dying in Egypt, far from the family tomb, charged his sons, and said, — "I am to be gathered unto my people: bury me with my fathers . . . in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah . . . which Abraham bought . . . for a possession of a burying-place. There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah. . . . And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people." In obedience to this command hither came the funeral train from Egypt, bearing the mummy of Jacob,

which the princely Yusouf had brought with "all the elders of the land of Egypt," for "there went up with him both chariots and horsemen; and it was a very great company." It was one of the most famous of funerals, and when the inhabitants of the land saw it they said, "This is a grievous mourning to the Egyptians."

A grander procession was granted to Joseph himself, for Moses caused the coffin of the great vice-regent to be carried, through all that forty years wandering through the desert, to the Promised Land; for Joseph had said, "God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones with you." Violet thought it strange that Joseph had not been buried with his ancestors; but Frank explained that the children of Israel entered Palestine farther north, and promised that they should see Joseph's tomb at Shechem.

Mr. Baumgarten told them that Benjamin of Tudela who visited the cave of Machpelah in 1163 wrote, —

"The Gentiles or Christians have erected six sepulchres in this place, which they pretend to be those of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah. The pilgrims are told that they are the sepulchres of the fathers, and money is extorted from them. But if any Jew comes who gives an additional fee to the keeper of the cave, an iron door is opened, — which dates from the times of their forefathers, who rest in peace, — and with a burning candle in his hands, the visitor descends into a first cave which is empty, traverses a second which is in the same state, and at last reaches a third which contains six sepulchres, — those of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of Sarah, Rebekah, and Leah, — one opposite the other. And you there see tubs (or arks) filled with bones of Israelites; for to this day it is a custom of the House of Israel to bring thither the bones of their forefathers and to leave them there."

After inspecting the town the party were shown an ancient oak-tree in the vicinity, which Mohammed solemnly assured them was there in Abraham's time. As they turned northward again Mohammed pointed away to the south: "That is Mt. Hor," he said. "And Mt. Hor is almost in sight of Petra." Violet thought, "Captain Blakes-

lee and I may be looking at the same object. It is time for him to be on his way; for he expected to reach Jerusalem before Easter, and he may be nearer us than we think. How pleasant it would be if they should overtake us to-day." But Violet looked in vain for any caravan approaching from the south, and the next day they turned their faces northward.

Mr. Baumgarten had been very kind to them during their stay in Hebron, giving them a little banquet in a house which he hired for

ABRAHAM'S OAK, NEAR HEBRON.

the purpose, and filling their luncheon hampers with many good things for the return journey. More than this, he insisted on their keeping his horses for their trip through northern Palestine. Mr. Remington offered to purchase them, but Mr. Baumgarten would only accept a manifestly inadequate sum and the miserable beasts which he had taken in exchange. Mr. Remington could not understand such business dealings, but he was most favorably impressed by Mr. Baumgarten's kindness. Mrs. Remington too had much to say in his favor.

"If only all Jews were like Mr. Baumgarten," she said, as they

rode away, "I would not object to them at all. I even liked his funny broken English. I am sure he was a great deal easier to understand than that Polish count, Polo-whiskey."

"Perhaps," suggested Frank, "the reason that you like Mr. Baumgarten better than other Hebrews is that you know him better. Don't you remember, you thought him a disagreeable man of the mercantile type when you first met him in Jaffa."

"He is a very interesting man," Mrs. Remington insisted; "and how learned he is in all that abstruse literature."

"He comes of a learned family," Frank replied. "His father is a great scholar; but I fancy that he shines rather more as a financier."

"He is good company," said Mr. Remington; "as your mother says, if all of his people were like him there would be no prejudice against them."

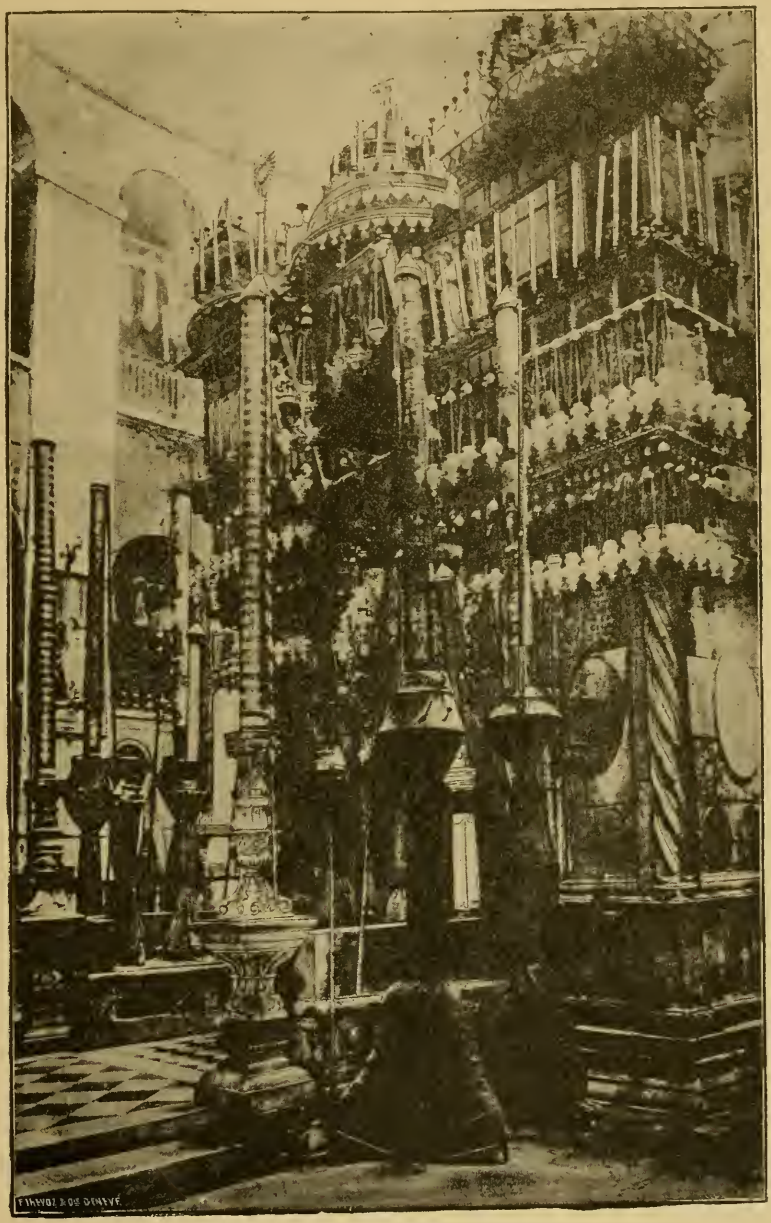
They had a long and rather fatiguing ride, returning to Jerusalem by the way of Solomon's Pools, which supply water to Jerusalem. They are three great tanks or reservoirs, and archæologists think that Solomon probably had a country-seat and gardens here. A picturesque old Saracen castle stood near the upper pool, but they did not linger long, for a stormy evening was shutting down upon them from the north; and a Syrian storm struck them when they were an hour's distance from the city. They were thoroughly soaked when they reached their hotel; but fresh clothing, hot foot-baths, and a good dinner restored them all to comfort and good humor. Even Mrs. Remington was none the worse for the trip the next day, and Khowaja's suggestion of a stone pillow from the graveyard seemed quite uncalled for.

They had all visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Violet had walked through it several times. It was true that she did not believe the chapel, which is the chief object of adoration, really covered the rock-hewn sepulchre in which Christ was laid; still she could not witness the real emotion shown by pilgrims who devoutly believed in it without a feeling of sympathy and respect.

The church is a vast aggregation of buildings, and covers some thirteen supposed sites of sacred places. In a little crypt at one end the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, believed that she discovered the true cross. Both the Latin and the Greek church share in the edifice, but they celebrate Easter on different days. It was the Greek Easter which the Remingtons saw, with its false miracle of the Sacred Fire. Instead of describing their experience, we will quote the account which Dean Stanley gives of the descent of the Sacred Fire at Easter.

"The interior of the chapel [of the Sepulchre] is solemnly beautiful in the soft light of forty-three gold and silver lamps hung from chains, and shining through red, yellow, and green glass, — the colors marking the sects to which the lamps belong; thirteen each for Franciscans, Greeks, and Armenians, and four for the Copts.

"The chapel rises from a dense mass of pilgrims, who sit or stand wedged round it; whilst round them, and beneath another equally dense mass, which goes round the walls of the church itself, a lane is formed by two lines, or rather two circles, of Turkish soldiers stationed to keep order. About noon this circular lane is suddenly broken through by a tangled group, rushing violently round till they are caught by one of the Turkish soldiers. It seems to be the belief of the Arab Greeks that unless they run round the sepulchre a certain number of times, the Fire will not come. Possibly also, there is some strange reminiscence of the funeral games and races round the tomb of an ancient chief. Accordingly, the night before, and from this time forward for two hours, a succession of gambols takes place, which an Englishman can only compare to a mixture of prisoner's base, foot-ball, and leap frog, round and round the tomb of the Holy Sepulchre. First, one sees twenty, thirty or fifty men starting in a run, catching hold of each other, lifting one of themselves on their shoulders, rushing on with him till he leaps off, and some one else succeeds; some of them dressed in sheepskins, some almost naked; one usually preceding the rest as fugleman, clapping his hands to which they respond in like manner, adding also wild howls of which the chief burden is, 'This is the tomb of Jesus Christ. God save the Sultan, Jesus Christ has redeemed us.' What begins in the lesser groups soon grows in magnitude and extent, till at last the whole of the circle between the troops is continuously occupied by a race, a whirl, a torrent of these wild figures wheeling round the sepulchre. Gradually the frenzy subsides, or



TOMB OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

is checked; the course is cleared, and out of the Greek church on the east of the Rotunda a long procession with embroidered banners, supplying in their ritual the want of images, begins to defile round the sepulchre. Thrice the procession paces round; at the third time, the two lines of Turkish soldiers join and fall in behind. One great movement sways the multitude from side to side. The crisis of the day is now approaching. The presence of the Turks is believed to prevent the descent of the Fire, and at this point they are driven, or consent to be driven, out of the church. In a moment the confusion as of a battle and a victory pervades the church. In one small but compact band, the Bishop, who represents the Patriarch, is hurried to the Chapel of the Sepulchre and the door is closed behind him. At last the moment comes. A bright flame as of burning wood appears within the hole (opening into the chapel), — kindled by the Bishop within, but as every pilgrim believes, the light of the descent of God himself upon the Holy Tomb. Any distinct feature or incident is lost in the universal whirl of excitement which envelopes the church, as slowly, gradually the Fire spreads from hand to hand, from taper to taper, through the vast multitude, till at last the whole edifice from gallery to gallery, and through the area below, is one wide blaze of thousands of burning candles. It is now that a mounted horseman, stationed at the gates of the church, gallops off with a lighted taper, to communicate the sacred fire to the lamps of the Greek Church in the convent at Bethlehem. It is now that the great rush, to escape from the rolling smoke and the suffocating heat, and to carry the lighted tapers into the streets and houses of Jerusalem, through the one entrance to the church, leads at times to the violent pressure which in 1834 cost the lives of hundreds. For a short time the pilgrims run to and fro, rubbing their faces and breasts against the fire, to attest its supposed harmlessness. But the wild enthusiasm terminates from the moment that the fire is communicated. Such is the Greek Easter."

CHAPTER X.

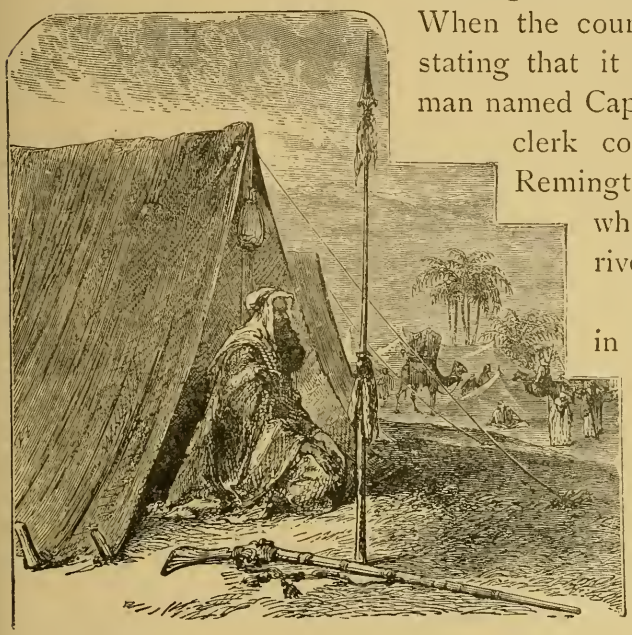
THE JOURNEY NORTHWARD.

AND now the time had come when they must leave Jerusalem. Mrs. Remington was piqued because Dr. Trotter and Captain Blakeslee had not arrived. She chose to consider herself slighted, and was certain that they could have hastened their journey if they had so desired. "They are simply more interested in old ruins and in the vestiges of the Amalekites, the Hivites, and the Jebusites than they are in our society," she affirmed, "and I do not propose to let them think that they are of enough consequence to our happiness for us to alter our plans on their account."

Frank was sure that their delay was not intentional. "Dr. Trotter was very anxious to see the Easter ceremonies," he explained. "I trust that nothing has happened."

His chance remark filled Violet with vague anxiety. What could have happened? Sickness, accident far from friends; in either case Dr. Trotter's skill was all that could be desired. There might have been trouble with their equipage or servants; there were a thousand and one hindrances incident to travel of this kind which might have detained them, — a strayed baggage camel, a deserter among the servants, impassable fords, instruments lost for which it was necessary to return, delays in obtaining permission to visit desirable places, etc. She tried to comfort her heart with such explanations; but she knew that Captain Blakeslee was as anxious to reach Jerusalem before Easter as she was to have him do so, and she was convinced that the delay was on account of no trifling incident.

The Remingtons had only been gone two days when a dusty Arab courier arrived in Jerusalem. He had ridden far and fast, and was the bearer of important letters, to the American consul and to Mr. Remington at the Mediterranean Hotel. When the courier delivered the letter, stating that it was from an Englishman named Captain Blakeslee, the hotel clerk could only say that the Remingtons had left for Beirut, where they expected to arrive in two weeks.



ARAB CAMPS.

"Had they any friends in Jerusalem who might know of their present whereabouts?"

"Yes, an old rabbi named Bariah Baumgarten who had been a friend and teacher of the young Mr. Remington and came often to see him."

The courier repaired at once to the home of the Baumgartens.

"If there is any one here who can send this letter to Mr. Remington," he said, "pray let him do so. The affair requires haste; friends of theirs, Dr. Trotter and Captain Blakeslee, are in trouble."

Bird heard the courier say this to her mother, and came forward at once, explaining that she was acquainted with both the gentlemen named.

"Then read the letter," said the courier, "and tell me what answer I shall take back."

Bird had already told her mother of Captain Blakeslee's attach-

ment to Violet, and the warm-hearted woman felt the deepest interest in the situation. The missive which they now read ran as follows:

DEAR MR. REMINGTON, — My uncle and I have been taken prisoners by a tribe of Bedouins, who demand a thousand pounds in ransom for us. They say that if the money is not sent them in two weeks' time they will cut off a finger and a toe from each of us for every day until it arrives. We have every reason to believe that they will carry out their threat, and that if they find that their torture is unavailing, that they will finally kill us. If you can possibly raise the money, I know you will do so. My uncle will of course see that you are reimbursed as soon as he is at liberty. I do not think it will be of any use to bring soldiers and attempt to rescue us by force, as the bandits would simply kill us and fly into the desert. Frank had better come personally with simply a small guard, and the courier will conduct him to a spot where negotiations will be made. I enclose a note for Miss Violet. Do not be too much alarmed about us. All the rascals want is money; if that is forthcoming I do not think we will be injured.

Yours, ALBERT BLAKESLEE.

"What a pity that your father is away in Hebron," said Mrs. Baumgarten. "I do not see zat we can do anysing eggscept to notify ze American consul here and forward zis letter to Beirut."

"But mother!" exclaimed Bird, "they would begin the torture before the Remingtons could respond to a letter sent in that way, and I do not believe that the consular agent can do anything. Some one must overtake Mr. Remington. They are loitering along, and a swift and trusty messenger would surely find them."

The courier declined to undertake this task. He had been sent only to Jerusalem; but he would wait a few days until Mr. Remington could be found.

"Then I will follow them myself," said Bird, with sudden decision. "I will go with Daniel and Miriam."

"But I thought you did not wish to see them again."

"I did not; but I must leave no stone unturned to save Captain Blakeslee's life. When I have found the Remingtons, I shall tell

Violet why I ran away from them. They will never want to see me again; but I shall feel better to have them know all the truth."

"Why go yourself when Daniel can take a letter?"

"Daniel is so stupid he may not be able to find them, while I feel as if I could tell the difference between the hoof-prints of their horses and those of any other travellers."

MAIDEN OF PALESTINE.

Mrs. Baumgarten did not object, for she hoped the journey would have a different result from the one which her daughter anticipated. Daniel was a muleteer who went to Nazareth every month with a train of pack mules, and it so happened that he was to set out on one of these trips the next morning. Miriam was Mrs. Baumgarten's maid-servant, who had followed her around the world, and would have done or suffered anything for her mistress. Miriam hurriedly cooked provisions, while Mrs. Baumgarten saw the muleteer and made arrangements for saddle mules. Early the next morning they joined Daniel at the Damascus gate, and Mrs. Baumgarten gave her daughter her blessing and sent her on her way.

Bird was three days behind the Remingtons, and she was not quite sure of their itinerary. She guessed however that they would be sure to visit Nazareth and Capernaum, and that the detours and delays which they would make upon the way, would be such that she would be able to overtake them at one of these places.

Meantime the Remingtons journeyed serenely along, quite unaware

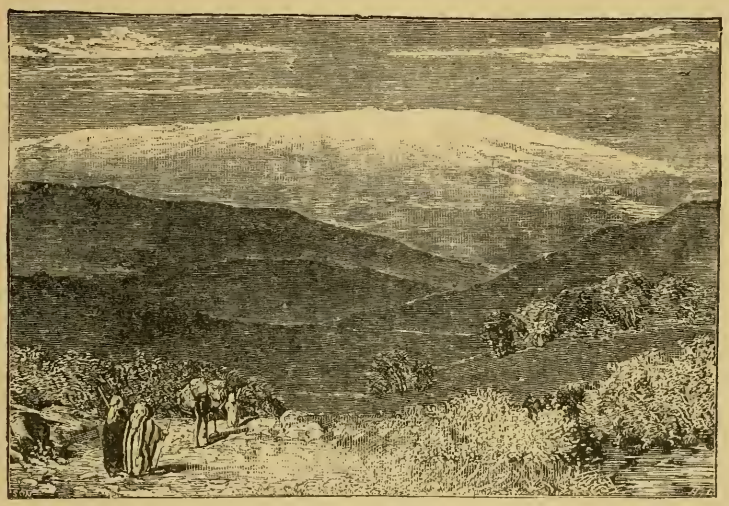
JACOB'S WELL.

of the desperate plight in which their friends lay away in the Arabian desert, except for the nameless uneasiness which Violet was unable to shake off or explain.

They made a long day's journey, and stopped for their first night in the plain of Shechem, camping beside Jacob's Well, where Christ talked with the woman of Samaria.

It was a beautiful spot, full of sacred associations; and as they descended from the hills the first view reminded them of Stanley's description of the most beautiful of the plains of the Ephraimite Mountains, — one mass of corn, unbroken by boundary or hedge, from the midst of which start up olive-trees. Over the hills which close the northern end of this plain, far away in the distance, is caught the

first glimpse of the snowy range of Hermon. Its western side is bounded by the abutments of two mountain-ranges, running from west to east. These ranges are Gerizim and Ebal; and up the opening between them lies the modern town of Nablous. A valley, green with grass, gray with olives, gardens sloping down on each side, fresh springs rushing down in all directions; at the end a white town



MOUNT HERMON.

imbosomed in all this verdure, lodged between the two high mountains, — this is the aspect of Nablous, the most beautiful, perhaps it might be said the only very beautiful spot in central Palestine.

Here Abraham halted on his way from Chaldea, and built the first altar which the Holy Land had known. He bought the parcel of the field where he had spread his tent, of the children of Hamor, for an hundred pieces of money. When the Israelites took possession of the Promised Land the blessings and the cursings were proclaimed from Gerizim and Ebal. In their humble synagogue at the foot of the mountain, the Samaritans still worship, — the oldest and the smallest sect in the world. And up the side of the mountain is to be traced

the pathway by which they ascend to the sacred spots where they yearly celebrate the Paschal Service.

At the mouth of the Valley of Shechem two slight breaks are visible in the midst of the vast plain of corn, — one a white Mussulman chapel; the other a few fragments of stone. The first of these covers the alleged tomb of Joseph; the second is Jacob's Well.

The next morning the party visited Nablous, while Frank climbed to a white church on Mt. Gerizim. The spot was so charming that they did not leave that afternoon, as they had planned, but spent another night beside Jacob's Well.

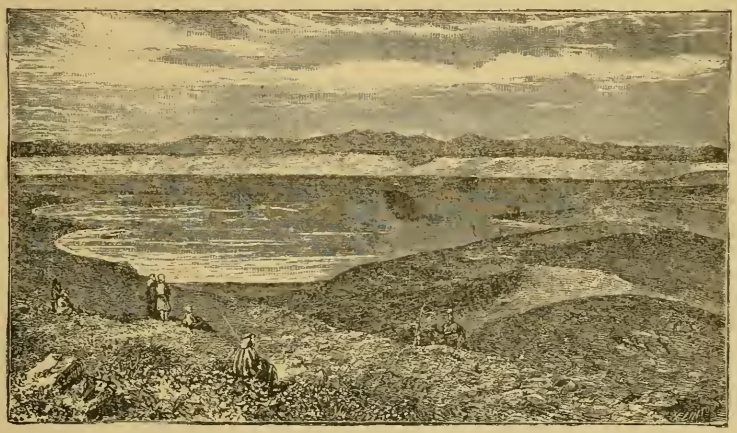
The next morning another party of tourists joined them, — a Mr. Barker and his two daughters whom they had met in Cairo. Such chance meetings in a strange country make slight acquaintances seem like old friends, and they welcomed the new-comers cordially. A few hours sufficed for the Barkers to survey the vicinity, and they rode on in company in the forenoon of the same day that Bird left Jerusalem.

They rode easily, and at night when Bird was stopping at an inn at Nablous they were camping at Shunem, not very far away. Here the Remingtons and the Barkers parted company, the latter turning towards the right, to Tiberias, while the Remingtons diverged to the left. If they had gone straight on they would have reached Nazareth at noon, and Bird would have overtaken them at nightfall; but the weather was so perfect, and they were enjoying their excursion so greatly, that when Mohammed proposed a detour taking in Haifa and Acre on the sea-coast, and returning to Nazareth by way of Cana, the plan was eagerly adopted. It would only lengthen the itinerary by two days, and all felt that a view of the Mediterranean would be refreshing, while the vicinity of Acre and Haifa was one of the most fascinating fields in Palestine for the antiquarian and the historian.

Bird rose very early and rode steadily on, her hope inspired by the information that she had obtained at Nablous in reference to the travellers. They had left there only the day before. She was on their

track, and would surely overtake them at Nazareth. She halted at Shunem for her midday meal, and bought some dates of a woman who had sold fruit to Frank Remington. She described the party so that Bird easily recognized the different individuals. "Yes, they had left Shunem that morning."

"Probably for Nazareth?" The woman did not know; and Bird made her first divergence from their real route, hastening faster and



SEA OF GALILEE.

faster, farther and farther away from her friends. She reached Nazareth late at night, utterly worn out with her rapid riding. As she approached the town, she scanned the vicinity eagerly for any signs of a camp, and experienced a cold sinking of the heart when she saw only some Bedouins seated by their camp-fire in the suburbs, their striped tents arranged in a circle.

Perhaps she would find them at the inn; but here again she was disappointed. She had no appetite for supper, and though cruelly weary, could not sleep. Daniel made inquiries throughout the town; the Remingtons were not there, and apparently had not been there. She was off the trail. What could she do? every hour was precious. How could she guess in which direction they had gone?

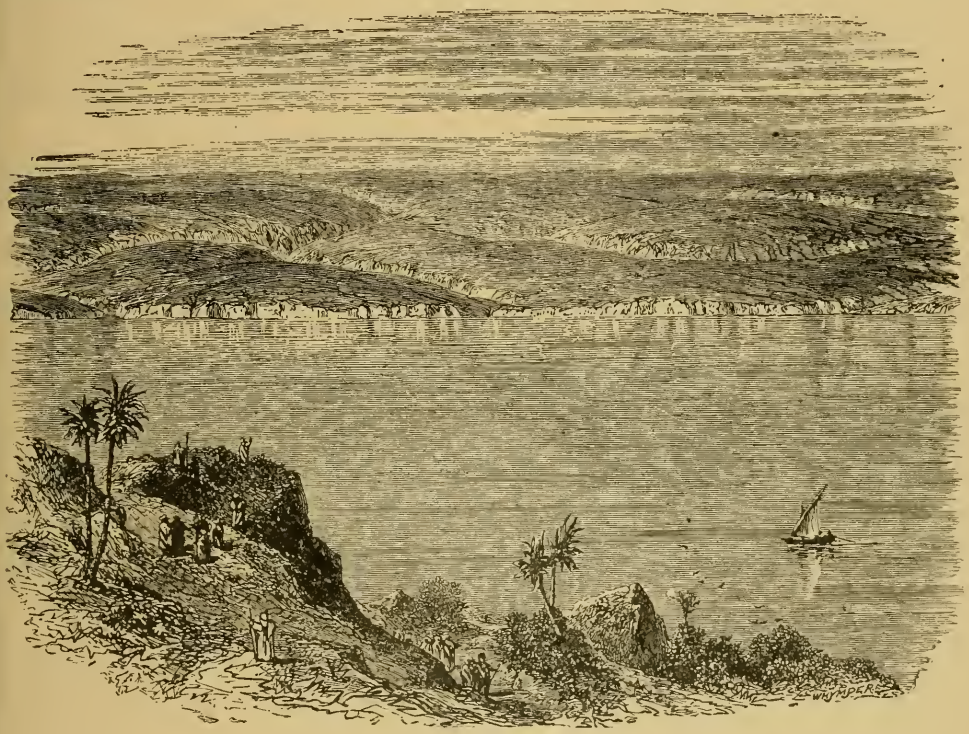
Daniel, who felt a sincere pity for her distress, agreed to postpone his return to Jerusalem and to put himself at her disposal for a few days. Bird had no desire to visit the Chapel of the Annunciation, the Mount of Precipitation, and other equally doubtful sacred spots. Even if she had been convinced of their authenticity, another consuming desire possessed her now, and she would have had no time for pilgrimages of faith or curiosity. She tried to think what locality in the neighborhood would have the strongest attraction for her friends. Daniel said that tourists generally went from Nazareth to Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, and asked her if she had one of the little red guide-books which marked out the desirable routes.

Bird knew what guide-book Frank would use, and she had brought his Testament with her. She opened it again and sought eagerly for names of localities in the vicinity. The Sea of Galilee occurred most frequently. Yes, she would go to Tiberias. The region bordering the Sea of Galilee is thickly sown with places which Christ visited, — Nazareth, Cana, Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida, the plain of Gennesaret, the Mount of Beatitudes; Frank would not fail to visit these. She read the little Testament with avidity at every pause in her journey, seeking for every trace of the wandering of the blessed feet; and though she read, preoccupied, with this one purpose in view, the beauty of the life of the Wanderer smote her consciousness as never before. Again and again she said to herself: "No wonder that Frank loves and worships him; if I had been brought up differently, I too would worship him."

She could not find that Christ had ever visited the city of Tiberias. In his day it was a new and elegant resort of the Roman nobility, — a summer watering-place like our Newport, built by the younger Herod and his brother Philip, in imitation possibly of the splendid Roman villas along the shores of the Lucrine Lake. The hot springs doubtless decided the site, and the new pleasure city was named for the emperor. Christ's mission was not to the rich and pampered, and he would naturally avoid this haunt of fashion and luxury.

The city is still picturesque from a distance, with its white walls

its ten round towers on the west, five on the north, and eight on the south; but it was indescribably filthy within. Even the warm baths, which she visited simply in her quest, were rendered disgusting by the presence of lepers, and others afflicted with almost equally loathsome diseases.

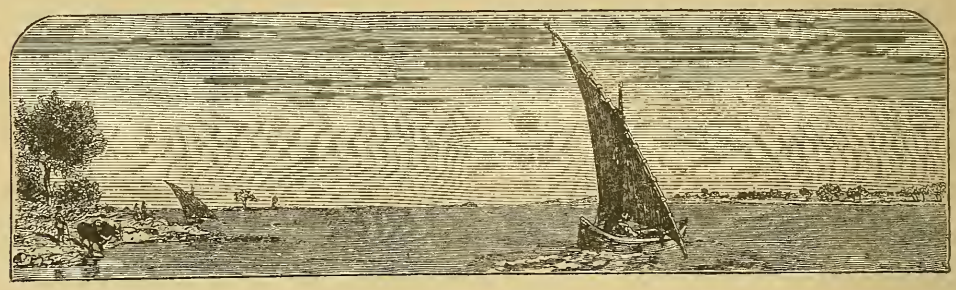


HILLS OVERLOOKING THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Bird felt sure that her friends would wish to sail upon the lake. On inquiry she ascertained that there were only two sailing-boats in Tiberias, and one had been engaged the day before to take a party around the lake. Bird immediately engaged the second boat, and determined to sail in the opposite direction, hoping to meet the first one. The description of the tourists was vague enough to fit the Remingtons. There were several ladies in the party, one old gentleman and a Turkish dragoman.

The Sea of Galilee is only twelve miles long and six wide. It is pear-shaped, with the large end to the north. It was Sabbath, and the water was very quiet. As the boat glided peacefully over the dimpling surface, Bird could hardly realize that it was frequently convulsed by violent storms, such as the one of which she read, when the Saviour walked upon the waves and bade them, "Peace, be still . . . and suddenly there was a great calm."

Such a calm brooded over the lake now. Snowy Hermon rose in the north, cloud-like and faint on the distant horizon. The water-walls of Tiberias formed new groupings behind her as the boat tacked and veered to catch the whisper of wind, — a mere breath, — which carried it lazily toward Gamala on the eastern shore. The ruins of this



THE LAKE OF GENNESARETH.

ancient city possessed a keen interest for Bird for it had been the scene of one of the most cruel tragedies which had ever befallen her unfortunate people.

Dr. William M. Thompson gives this thrilling account of the capture of that strongest of Hebrew fortresses :—

"It was the last that was sacked by Vespasian and Titus before the siege of Jerusalem, and it has remained to this day just as they left it. Josephus informs us that the people of Gamala refused to surrender to the Romans. 'They relied upon the difficulty of the place, for it was situated upon a rough ridge of a high mountain, insomuch that it is like a camel in figure.'

"In the year sixty-nine of our era the invincible legions of Rome closed around it, never to leave while a living man remained in Gamala. The Fifteenth Legion fortified their camp on the ridge to the east; the Fifth did the

same farther round toward the north; and the Tenth was engaged in filling up the ditches on the south-eastern part, along the narrow neck which connected the citadel with the mountain on the south. When the way was thus levelled up to a part of the wall, the battering-rams were made to play upon it in three places with such fury that it soon fell. Through the gap rushed the iron-clad legions with 'mighty sound of trumpets and noise of armor and shout of soldiers.' But despair and frenzy nerved the hearts and arms of the Jews. The Romans, hard pressed, rushed into the houses that hung, one over another, along the steep declivity, in such numbers that the foundations gave way, — those above falling upon those below, house upon house, in horrible confusion, burying and crushing to death whole ranks in a moment. Josephus was then a prisoner in the Roman camp, and witnessed the awful scene. The Romans retreated to their camps, and the Gamalites celebrated their victory with the most extravagant rejoicings. Brief was their triumph. Vespasian encouraged his army in a set speech. Titus came back from Syria with reinforcements; the soldiers rushed in again, led on by Titus himself. Everything went down before the tenfold fury of the onset, — the outer city first, and then the wonderful citadel itself was taken. Five thousand of those miserable people, seeing escape impossible, destroyed themselves. Husbands threw their wives over the walls; parents seized their children and leaped madly from the ramparts and were crushed into hideous masses in those yawning gulfs below. So fell Gamala on the twenty-third of October, A. D. 69, after a siege of twenty-nine days. Of the entire population that thronged that city and citadel only two women escaped. The next act in the drama of Israel's destruction opens on the hills around Jerusalem, where the long bloody tragedy winds up with the total overthrow of that city and the holy temple, amidst agonies and carnage never seen before, and never to be repeated while the world stands."

Bird looked with great interest up toward the ruins of this historic city of the cliffs, whose overturned columns remain to this day as the Roman legions left them. Many of these columns are very large and beautiful, cut from Egyptian granite, with Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian capitals. It must have been a work of expensive engineering to hoist them to the top of this cliff. Bird did not land at Gamala, for there was no other boat anchored by the shore at the foot of the cliffs. The helmsman changed the course and made for Magdala on the other side of the lake, as the next point likely to interest tourists. He assured Daniel that there were immense treas-

ures buried in the ruins of Gamala, but they were guarded by jinn, or spirits, who would twist the necks of any adventurous searchers.

Magdala is pointed out by tradition as the home of Mary Magdalene. Great misapprehension exists in the minds of many persons in regard to this Mary. She is frequently confounded with gentle Mary of Bethany, the sister of Lazarus and friend of Jesus; and it is taken for granted that she was the unnamed woman who was a sinner, who anointed Christ's feet, and wiped them with her hair. Mary Magdalene should be confused with neither of these. She was a wealthy woman of Magdala, afflicted by evil spirits (possibly insane or epiliptic), and cured by our Lord; but it is nowhere stated that she was a woman of evil character. On the contrary, she is mentioned as the companion of Joanna the wife of Herod's steward and other honorable women, "who ministered to the Lord of their substance." She was a friend also of Mary the mother of Jesus, and the aspersion which rests upon the character of Mary Magdalene is without foundation. The two women who were sinners were not named in the sacred record. Possibly this omission was intentional.

FOUNTAIN OF MARY, NAZARETH.

"He would not have the sullied name,
Once fondly spoken in a home,
A mark for strangers' righteous blame;
Branded through every age to come.

"And thus we only speak of them
As those on whom his mercies meet, —
She whom the Lord 'would not condemn,'
And she who bathed with tears his feet."

As Bird read the sacred guide she felt herself more and more im-

pressed with the character of Jesus; but a lucid commentary of his life and teachings had been afforded her in Frank. She saw now where the young man had gained his peculiar unworldliness. It was a reflex of the spirit of his Master, and her heart found its way through the reflection to the divine original. "I can never say 'my Frank,'" she thought, "but I can say, 'my Christ, my Messiah.'"

They were nearing the head of the lake. There at length was the other boat, moored a little distance from the shore, and the tents pitched on the beach.

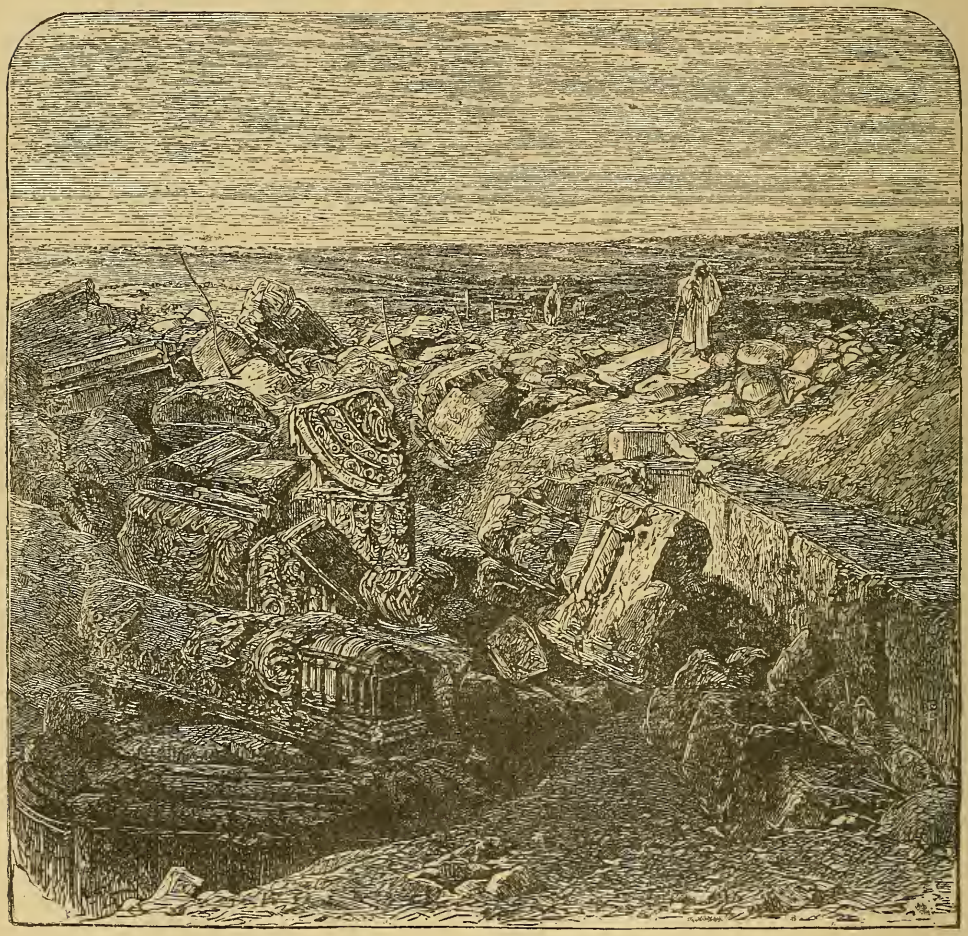
At last she had found them, and she nerved herself for the task before her. She was thankful that she had found them in time to rescue Captain Blakeslee; but after she had given that message she must tell them just who she was, and bid them good-by. She was as eager now to throw off the long deceit as she had been to preserve it. She had come to look at it in its true light, and to feel ashamed before her own soul of having ever allowed herself to countenance it. She could hardly wait for the boat's keel to grate upon the sand to spring to the shore and hurry to the camp.

What was her disappointment on recognizing the Barkers, whom she had met at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo. They were delighted to see her, but she could not keep the tears from welling to her eyes. "I thought that I should find my friends the Remingtons here," she said, in explanation of her evident disappointment.

"We have been travelling in their company," Mr. Barker replied, "but they left us at Shunem to strike across to the Mediterranean. They are going up the coast to Beirut by way of Haifa, Acre, and Tyre. We expect to meet them again, for we start for Tyre to-morrow. Will you not go with us?"

Bird hesitated. She had not thought of prolonging her journey so far, but the need was great; and if she met them at Tyre, there was still ample time for Mr. Remington and Frank to return by steamer to Jaffa, and thence to Jerusalem and the desert, before the torture began. She could return home in the same way; and she could send

a message back by Daniel, explaining the change in her plans. She was a resolute girl, and her mind was quickly made up. Daniel was easily persuaded, by the prospect of additional gain, to take her as far



THE RUINS OF TELL HUM.

as Tyre; and he returned to Tiberias in the boat, promising to be on hand by ten o'clock the next morning with the beasts. After dinner Bird walked with the Barkers over the ruins of Tell Hum, the ancient Capernaum, near which they were encamped, — only a mass of fallen

stone and débris, overrun by nettles and blossoming oleanders. Mr. Barker pointed out the remains of a synagogue, which Colonel Wilson asserts is the finest in Upper Galilee. The exterior was decorated with pilasters, and there were twenty-eight columns within with Corinthian capitals. This is believed to be the synagogue built by the Roman centurion, mentioned in Luke vii. 4, 5. ("And when they came to Jesus, they besought him instantly, saying, That he was worthy for whom he should do this: For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue.")

"It was in this building," says Colonel Wilson, "that our Lord gave the well-known discourse in John vi.; and it was not without a certain strange feeling that on turning over a block (in the ruins) we found the pot of manna engraved on its face, and remembered the words, 'I am that bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead.'" Mr. Barker pointed out Kherazeh, the ancient Chorazin, in the distance. As they came back to the camp in the twilight they noticed stray Arabs skulking about watching them.

"I don't like the looks of those fellows," said Mr. Barker. "There is a set of bandits over to the east of the lake, and these men may be sent to ascertain whether we are worth capturing. Come girls, let us show them a little pistol practice."

The Misses Barker and their father accordingly set up a mark at some distance, and began firing at it. Two of the Arabs approached, and noticed the young ladies' accuracy of aim with evident surprise. They slipped away chattering, as the dragoman told them, compliments on the marksmanship of these surprising females.

The stars came out one by one, and were reflected in the lake. The eerie feeling of insecurity passed away, and was replaced in Bird's mind by a feeling of calm trust. She felt that they were all, even the poor captive in Petra, in the hands of One mighty to save. The eldest Miss Barker read aloud in a soothing voice a poem by McCheyne, and stray lines from it came to her during the intervals of sleep that night.

"How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.
Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where pine and heather grow.
But thou hast loveliness above
What Nature can bestow.
Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm, reposing sea;
But ah, far more! the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.
Those days are past. Bethsaida where?
Chorazin, where art thou?
His tent the wild Arab pitches there;
The wild reeds shade thy brow.
Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell!
Was the Saviour's city here?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
With none to shed a tear?
O Saviour gone to God's right hand,
Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill."

Early the next morning Daniel appeared with the beasts, and a little later the entire party set out in a north-westerly direction for Tyre.

All this time the Remingtons had been following the River Kishon across the plain of Esdraelon to the sea. Many of the scenes through which they passed reminded them of the great battle between the forces of Sisera and Barak, which took place here, and is so graphically described in Judges iv. and v.

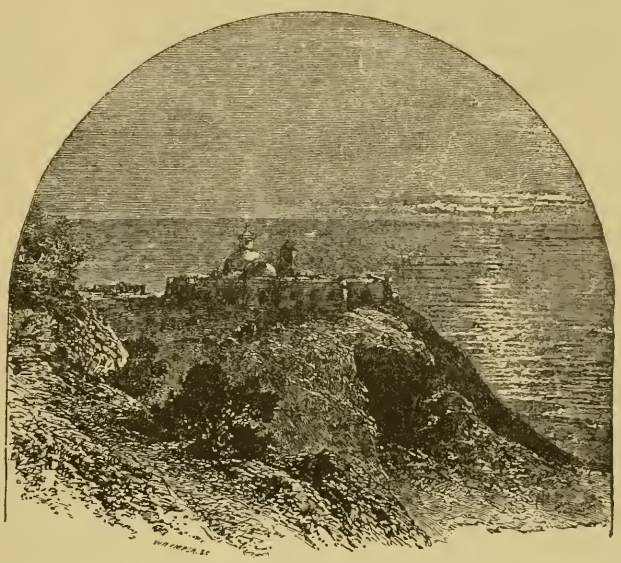
Just what part Deborah took in the conflict beyond prophesying Barak's victory, and composing the celebrated pæan which follows it, we do not know; but her name and that of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, are inseparably connected with it.

Sisera and his host and his nine hundred chariots fled precipitately down the valley of the Kishon. That there must have been a terrific storm at the time is proved by the fact that the bed of the Kishon where the battle took place would have been nearly dry under ordi-

nary circumstances; and from Deborah's song, "They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

The army of Sisera retreated toward "Harosheth of the Gentiles." This place Dr. Thompson locates at Tell Harothieh, — a village at the lower end of the narrow pass, through which the Kishon issues into the plain of Acre.

"The victorious Barak was behind them; on their left the hills of Samaria in the hand of their enemies; on their right was the swollen river and the marshes of Eth Thorah: they had no alternative but to make for the narrow pass which led from Esdraelon to Harosheth. A castle there would command the pass up the vale, and such a castle there probably was at that time; the tell is still covered with remains of walls.

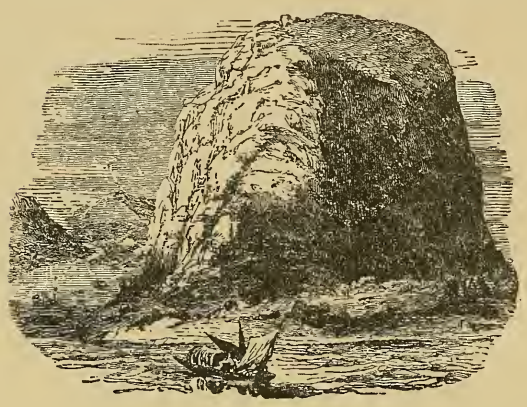


MONASTERY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

The hills of Samaria bend round to the base of Carmel, while those of Galilee do the same on the opposite side. The vale becomes more and more narrow, until within the pass it is only a few rods wide. There horses, chariots and men became mixed in horrible confusion, jostling and treading down one another; and the river, swifter and deeper than above runs zigzag, from side to side until, just before it reaches Tell Harothieh, it dashes against the perpendicular base of Carmel. There is no longer any possibility of avoiding it, and rank upon rank the flying host plunge madly in, those behind crushing those before. 'The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon.'"

All the country, as one approaches Carmel, is identified with Elijah. The altar which he built when the great test was made between the

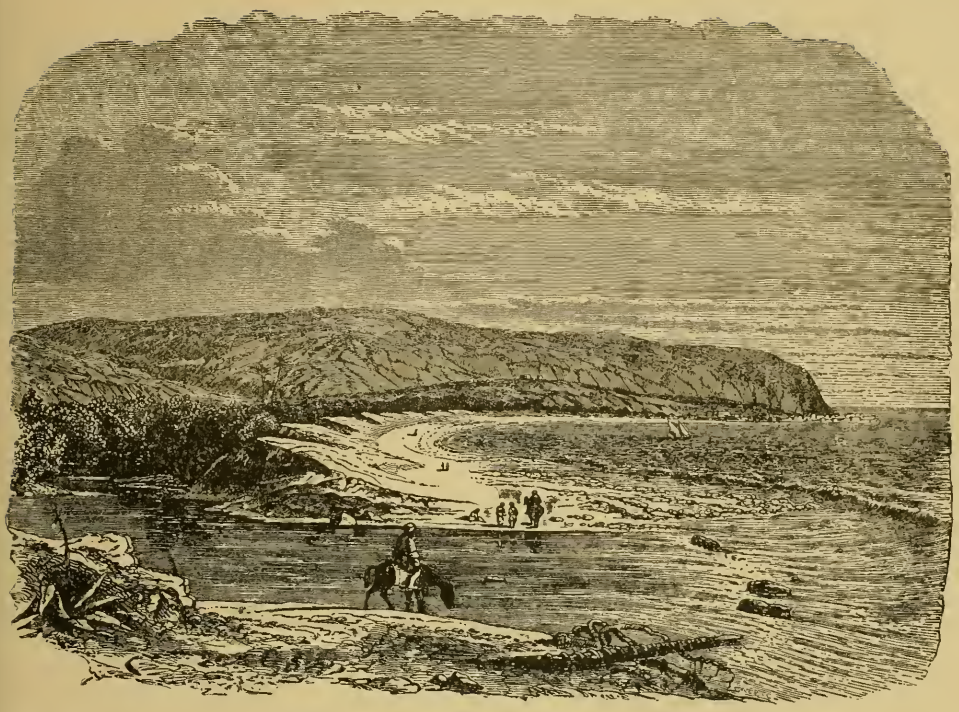
power of Jehovah and that of Baal is located at a place called El Muhrakah, on the south-eastern end of Mount Carmel. It is reverenced by Jews, Christians, Moslems, Druses, and Bedouins alike, as the site of the great miracle of Elijah. Our pilgrims did not climb the mountain to visit the spot, but went directly to the hotel in the town of Haifa.



PROMONTORY OF CARMEL.

They found Haifa a sleepy, Oriental city, whose white walls extend to the water's edge. At its back rises a hill dominated by a castle. Palm-trees waved above the domes and minarets, and boats with picturesque lateen sails glided by. A colony of Germans, similar to the one at Jaffa has settled here. The hotel in which the Remington's lodged was in this quarter, and it seemed very pleasant after their long experience of Oriental living to find themselves in a neatly kept German home.

The next day the younger members of the party climbed to the convent of Mar Elyas, — an ancient house of Carmelite monks, named in honor of Elijah. There were hermits here dwelling in caves as early as the Crusades, and in 1340 the Carmelites built a fine monastery here. In 1799 a convent on the same site was used by the French as a hospital, but was destroyed in 1821 by the Turks. The present convent was built by the efforts of Padre Giovanni Battista, of Frascati, who travelled for fifteen years soliciting funds for its erection. They were told, and could well believe, that it is the handsomest convent in Palestine. It is of stone, and the rooms are spacious and dignified. The party lunched in the hospice, and were well served by the brethren, and were afterwards shown the convent library, the refectory, and



MOUTH OF THE RIVER KISHON.

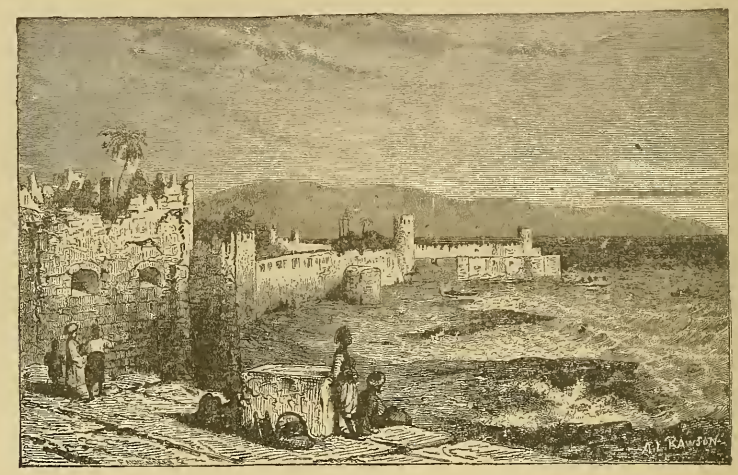
the chapel, beneath which, they assured their guests, was the veritable cave of Elijah.

From the cupola that crowns the dome, they obtained a magnificent view. At their feet lay Haifa, and across the bay the city of Acre. In the distance, Lebanon's snowy top blended with the clouds. To the south, Frank pointed out a hill behind which Nazareth lay hidden. He did not know that Bird was there seeking for him, but his heart cried out for her. He had anticipated so much enjoyment from this journey in explaining and showing places familiar to him to her, and now the zest was gone.

They sent the camp equipage and horses around the bay by land to Acre, while they sailed across the bay in one of the picturesque sailboats.

Acre is situated on a peninsula, and is a strongly fortified city. It was the last fortress evacuated by the crusaders when they left the Holy Land. It has been successively destroyed and rebuilt by Christians and Moslems since that time. In 1799 Napoleon Bonaparte took Acre, and on the plain of Esdraelon, near by Kleber, with about two thousand men defeated a Turkish army of twenty-five thousand.

Ibrahim Pasha endeavored to convert Acre into an island by cutting a fosse across the narrow neck which connects it with the main-



ACRE.

land; but Commodore Napier bombarded the town in 1840, and again reduced the fortifications to ruin.

The Remingtons walked about the walls, and examined the four hundred cannon which sweep land and water. One of these is said to bear the inscription, "Ultima ratio regum," — the last argument of kings.

Away to the north lay the ancient cities of Tire and Sidon, which they would visit later; but all the party felt that they preferred now to turn their faces eastward, for further journeying on the sea-board would take them too far from Galilee.

The villages to the east of Acre had each its legend of the Cru-

sades. Here was the ruined castle of Akil Aga, where the banner of Richard the Lion-Hearted waved during the siege of Acre. Farther on Mohammed pointed out the castle Shefa Omar, where Saladin made his headquarters. They made their noonday rest at the ruined

CANA.

village of Cana, deserted now of all inhabitants except the little wild creatures of the desert. Mohammed warned them that it was not safe for the young ladies to explore the village alone, for leopards couched in sunny windows of the ruins, and wild boar rooted among the foundation-stones.

The water from the fountain of Cana was very poor. "I do not wonder that Christ changed it to wine," Mr. Remington said, making a wry face as he set down his glass.

"Don't you think," Violet asked after a moment, "that it would be a beautiful thought to be married here? It would seem as if Christ had really sat at one's wedding supper and blessed one's wedded life."

"The sentiment, my dear, is admirable," said Mrs. Remington; "but when you are married I trust it will be in a more civilized region, — somewhere where the conveniences for obtaining a real supper will be a little more apparent."

Violet rambled away to the fountain with Frank. "Some way Mother never quite understands me," she said. "It would be more to me all my life to know that my wedding had taken place where Christ once blessed a marriage, even if I drank only the brackish water of this fountain, than to have had the most magnificent ceremonies in the greatest of cathedrals and the most sumptuous banquet in the grandest of palaces."

FOUNTAIN AT CANA.

"I understand you, Violet," Frank replied; "but after all, the place does not matter, — only the spirit."

"It matters to me," Violet replied with enthusiasm; "and I am going to bottle some of this water to be served at my wedding, — if I ever have one; and to me it will be the best wine of the feast."

Frank picked up some broken fragments of water jars near the fountain, suggesting that they would make pleasant souvenirs to give as wedding presents to friends.

"And I will write something appropriate on each one," Violet replied. "What shall it be besides the reference, John ii. 1–11.?"

"There is nothing better than the prize poem which Milton wrote on this miracle when he was a boy — "

"I know: 'The conscious water saw its Lord, and blushed.' It is exquisite."

Mohammed was calling them, and they hurried back to their horses. They were to spend the night at Seffurieh, near Nazareth; and it seemed indeed an irony of fate that on the same morning that Bird turned away from the Sea of Galilee, the Remingtons reached its shores.

CHAPTER XI.

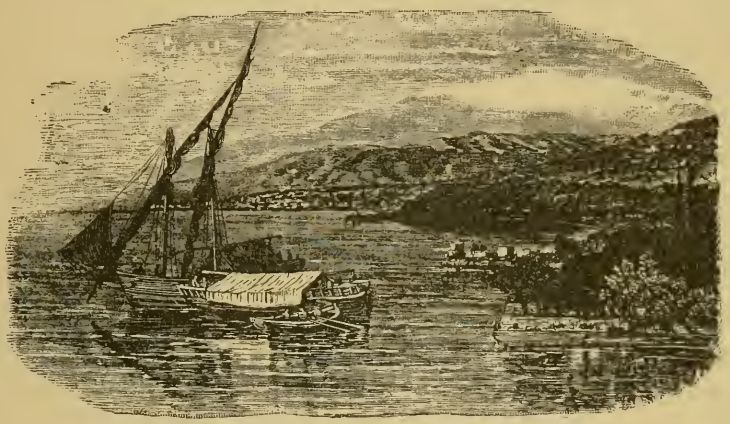
BEIRUT. — DAMASCUS.

BIRD'S journey to Tyre was quickly made. The Barkers were not interested in looking up obscure sites of ancient places. Indeed, it would be difficult to guess why they, and so many like them, made this journey. After it was over, Bird could only remember one object of historic interest which they paused to visit, — Hiram's tomb, near the city of Tyre.

It looked old enough to be authentic; and Bird could well believe that this was the resting-place of King Solomon's great friend, who gave him all his desire "concerning timber of cedar and concerning timber of fir" from Mount Lebanon. (1 Kings, v.)

Bird at any other time would have felt a scholar's interest in Tyre, the ancient capital of Phœnicia. As it was, she could not forget that Queen Dido fled from this country with some of the noble and wealthy families of Sidon, and founded the city of Carthage, in Libya, about 813 B. C. If Virgil's romance of the Æneid is chiefly fabulous, it has at least this foundation-stone of truth. Tyre was one of the greatest commercial cities of ancient times. Ezekiel gives us a striking picture of her mercantile character in the twenty-seventh chapter of his prophecy, in which the word merchant and merchandise are repeated seventeen times. Tyre was especially noted for her purple dye, and Sidon claims the honor of having invented glass. Whether this be true or not, the Sidonians early stained glass by means of metallic oxides, and imitated precious stones. Their mining operations were famous, as was their brass-founding and ship-building.

Bird was doomed to disappointment at Tyre, for no trace could be found of the Remingtons. The Barkers were positive that Frank had told them that Beirut was their ultimate destination. The Barkers dismissed their dragoman at Tyre, who returned with the horses and camp equipage to Jerusalem, while they took passage by steamer for Beirut, and urged Bird to accompany them. It was a forlorn hope, but Bird knew that Frank would sooner or later lead his family to Beirut, for he had spoken so often and so enthusiastically of the college



MOUNT LEBANON, FROM BEIRUT.

and the missions located there. They were a lode-star, whose attractive influence he could not possibly resist. If she waited in Beirut long enough, Frank would certainly come. The only question was, whether he would be in time to help his friends. The trip would only take a few hours, and she felt that she must try this last resource. She accordingly dismissed Daniel with a letter for her mother, explaining the situation, and taking Miriam with her, embarked with the Barkers for Beirut.

The city, as seen by one approaching it from the sea, is very beautiful. Its white, flat, or tiled-roofed houses step upward in terraces intermingled with gardens and shrubbery, and the range of

Lebanon throws its mighty arm around the amphitheatre. The picture at sunset, with the flush crimsoning the snowy peaks, or in the evening when the gaslights glitter like fire-flies amidst the foliage, rivals the famous views of the cities of Lisbon and Naples.

High walls shut the gardens from the view of the passers in the streets, but oleanders and lantanas, roses, and other gorgeous flowers, trail from the tops of the walls; and in some instances blossoming cactus hedges take the place of the walls themselves. The houses of the wealthier class are very handsome, with tessellated marble pavements, fountains, high ceilings, and beautiful carvings. The bazaars are fascinating, the public garden a dream of beauty, but the chief interest in Beirut to the American is the Syrian Protestant College, — a wonderfully complete and successful institution. It was opened in 1866, and is managed by a board of trustees consisting of five prominent and philanthropic New Yorkers. Under the able presidency of Dr. Daniel Bliss, assisted by a large faculty of professors and instructors, the college has thriven in a phenomenal manner. Among its buildings are: —

I. A large main building, containing the library, the geological and antiquarian collections, the hall for literary societies, recitation and study rooms, and dormitories.

II. The Medical Building, containing large lecture rooms, chemical laboratory and museums.

III. An Observatory.

IV. Marquand House, the President's residence.

V. The Ada Dodge Memorial Hall for the use of the Preparatory Department.

VI. The Chapel.

All of these buildings are finely equipped. The Library contains 4,500 books in different European languages, and 800 in Arabic and Turkish, including the valuable library bequeathed by the late Nofel Effendi, of Tripoli. The museums illustrating the department of

archæology are very valuable. These museums had been a favorite resort of Frank's during his former visit. Bird had heard him speak of the ancient pottery collected here, of the glassware, bronzes, and sarcophagi, and knew that he was especially interested in the immense collection of coins. The geological, botanical, zoölogical, and surgical museums are also most amply provided with interesting and instructive specimens; but more entertaining even than the rich equipment of the college were the students who had flocked to its doors from widely distant cities. They are chiefly Turks, and the course of study included instruction in Arabic as well as French and English. They are bright-looking young men, with fascinating Oriental names, — Iskander Constantine, Salim, Rashid, Khalil, Ibrahim, Hazquiral Ayyub, Hasan, Muhammed, Suleiman, Abdallah, Fadhlu, and the like, many of them recalling heroes of the Arabian Nights, or of the Tales of the Alhambra.

The medical department of the college has been a great favorite, and has graduated a class every year since 1871. These young men have gone to fill positions of usefulness and honor throughout the land, and have filled them well. The Presbyterian Mission in Syria has given the healing of the body with one hand, and the healing of the soul with the other.

Bird went directly to the college, feeling that she must find the Remingtons here. Calculating the possibilities in the most favorable light, there was just time for Frank to get to the Bedouin camp, if he took the steamer for Jaffa now lying in the harbor.

Bird was overwrought with the long tension; the supreme moment had arrived. Her limbs trembled so that she could scarcely drag herself up the front steps of Marquand House. If only the first person whom she met might be Frank or Violet! She prayed earnestly in her heart, "O God, let me not be too late!"

She was shown into a quiet room full of books, and the President lifted his venerable white head from his writing to attend to her. She

told her hope of hearing news of the Remingtons. "I am glad that you are not to be disappointed," Dr. Bliss replied. "Fortunately, I can give you authentic information, for I received a few days ago a letter from Frank Remington, written at Acre, detailing his itinerary from that place to this."

Bird read the letter, and understood at a glance how she had played at hide-and-seek with her friends. And now they were probably riding leisurely northward toward Damascus, for it still lacked a week of the time at which Frank wrote the President that they might be expected at Beirut.

Bird turned faint. Everything was dark and swam about her. When she came to herself, Mrs. Bliss was bathing her forehead. The poor girl looked about her in a startled way, and when consciousness completely returned, cried out, "Then after all, I am too late — too late!"

"What is it, my dear?" Mrs. Bliss asked kindly; and Bird told the entire story.

"How unfortunate," Dr. Bliss exclaimed, "that we did not know of this two days ago, when Sir Neville Fitzgerald called, hoping to find some news of Captain Blakeslee. He had come out from England expecting to meet the Captain in Beirut and to organize with him a party to explore the ruins of Baalbec and Palmyra. Not finding any trace of his friend, he was at loss what to do, until I advised him to secure the services of Frank Remington, who is one of the most able young explorers that I know of. It is possible that Sir Neville would have been quite as willing, and even better able, to assist in this juncture than Mr. Remington; but he left yesterday for Damascus."

"Everything happens just wrong," moaned Bird. "I am indeed most unfortunate."

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Bliss, cheerfully. "If you take the diligence for Damascus to-morrow morning, you will overtake Sir Ne-

ville in time to enable him to rescue his friends from death, if not from mutilation."

Bird shuddered at the word. "Is it not something to have saved their lives?" Dr. Bliss asked.

"Yes, yes," Bird replied feverishly; "and then I shall find the Remingtons in Damascus, too. Yes, I must go on at once."

"The stage does not start until early to-morrow morning," replied Mrs. Bliss. "Come away, my dear, and rest."

She led Bird to a quiet chamber, simply furnished. The wearied girl thanked her, bathed her face, and lay down on the white bed. As she did so, her eye was caught by a strip of violet silk on the opposite wall, on which were printed these soothing lines.

"Sleep sweet
Within this quiet room,
O thou, whoe'er thou art;
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy quiet heart,
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill:
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
His love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself and all the world;
Put out each feverish light.
The stars are watching overhead.
Sleep sweet,
Good-night! Good-night!"

As we already know, the Remingtons continued their caravan trip northward from the Sea of Galilee, passing Huleh and circling the range of Hermon, until they came to Damascus. During this part of their journey they saw much that was interesting which we must pass over, but a memorable conversation which took place between Frank and his mother must be recorded.

They were riding apart from the others, through stretches of crimson Huleh lilies, — the lily of the field, of which Jesus spoke. The day was very lovely and calm, and Mrs. Remington looked up sud-

denly, and asked, "What could be more beautiful? Are you not perfectly happy?"

"No, Mother, I am not happy," Frank replied; "and it would all be so much more beautiful if Bird were here."

Mrs. Remington started. She had only half guessed Frank's secret; but he could keep it no longer, and he poured all his trouble out, even to Mr. Baumgarten's statement that Bird was of Jewish extraction.

"I do not believe it," Mrs. Remington replied emphatically. "What proofs has he to offer for such an astonishing assertion. It is not at all a likely story."

"The more I think of it," said Frank, "the more probable it seems. I shall not be surprised if it proves to be the case."

"Well," said Mrs. Remington, in her trivial, fatuous way, "there is one comfort, — no one would ever suspect it, and not a soul need know it. Bird has kept her secret very cleverly."

"Mother!" Frank exclaimed in a tone of real anguish, "how can you look at the matter in that way? What possible disgrace is there in the fact that Bird is a Hebrew? I consider it, on the contrary, an honor that she can trace her ancestry back for ages to a race which gave us Christ and the Christian religion, and which alone held the true knowledge of God, and was noted for its refinement and learning when our own ancestors were besotted savages."

Mrs. Remington shrank visibly before this outburst. "Yes, I know," she murmured feebly; "you love her, Frank, — I 've seen it all along, — and I don't wonder, for she is very bewitching; and if this is not generally known, I don't think it need make any difference. You naturally see nothing objectionable in anything or anybody at all related to her; but I fear society would hardly look at her Hebrew connections in that way."

"Society!" Frank exclaimed with infinite scorn, "what do we care for the opinion of society when a grand issue like this comes

up, and we know that we are in the right, and that society is all wrong!"

"If you feel that way," Mrs. Remington replied, "I don't see why you should be at all troubled by Mr. Baumgarten's information."

Frank was silent. If his mother could not see that it was Bird's attempted concealment of the truth which pained him, it was useless for him to explain it to her. Sometimes mother and son, in their mental and moral attitude, stand miles away from each other, and are as really alien from one another as if they spoke different languages.

Mrs. Remington prattled on. "There is such a difference in Jews. Now, if Bird's people are the Baumgartens, I am sure that neither your father nor I would object; but I fear they are very disagreeable persons indeed, or she would not have been ashamed of them."

"I don't care how objectionable they are," Frank cried impetuously. "That would make no difference to me, as it ought not to her. The thing that pains me is that she is ashamed of her parents, — that she has used deceit. The girl that I thought she was, — the girl whom I really loved, — could not have done that."

"You are too silly for anything!" Mrs. Remington exclaimed pettishly. "I am sure it was very natural under the circumstances; and indeed, her er — er — her reticence may have been quite as much out of consideration for our feelings as on her own account. If you love her so much, I should think you would want to protect her from unfriendly criticism by helping her to keep the facts from coming out. Indeed, if you possessed the delicacy that I gave you credit for, you would pretend that you suspected nothing. You will find such a course quite as much to your own advantage as to hers; for though I am fond of Bird personally, and would like to see you both happy, I give you fair warning that if this comes to be generally known through either of you, I will never consent to your marriage, — never!"

"Are you in earnest?" Frank asked.

"Perfectly."

"Then, God forgive me, I am ashamed of my own mother, — the very fault for which I blame poor Bird."

They rode on in silence. The revelation which had come to each of the other's character was mutually painful. If it was a bitter thing to Frank to find that his mother's ideals were lower than his own, it was mortifying to Mrs. Remington to feel that her own code of morals was lower than her son's, and that she had lost his respect. Love was still there, and tender, dutiful regard, and a pity such as one feels for a deformed child; but the reverent admiration, which is a mother's proudest tribute from her boy, she had lost, and she knew it.

"I have come down from my pedestal," she said to herself, bitterly; "he will never look up to me again."

After this, Frank confided Mr. Baumgarten's information to his father, and to Violet.

"Singular man, that Baumgarten," said Mr. Remington. "He knows so much about Bird's relatives that I suspect he knows more. I wish you had told me this when we were in Jerusalem, and I believe I could have found out from him just who and where this mysterious Orchard is. I cannot conceive why Bird should have concealed the facts from us if it is only such a thoroughly immaterial matter as Jewish ancestry. Surely, she could see that we are persons of sense enough not to be influenced against her on that account. Your mother is the only one in our family who has any prejudice of that kind; and she is too fond of Bird to let it make any difference. I very much fear, my boy, that there may be worse concealed than you imagine."

Frank looked at his father, distressed by new and vague apprehensions. It is one of the penalties of concealment that when we learn that it has been practised, the imagination always conjures worse possibilities than the real facts.

But while his father and his mother only added to his trouble, Violet was as usual a real comfort.

"I shall never believe any wrong of Bird," she insisted. "It will all be explained, I know. In some way you will find that it is all right."

"I don't see how it can be," Frank replied despondently. "If it were as bad as Father seems to fear, I could still forgive her anything but deceit; but unfortunately deceit is the one thing that we are sure of."

"No," Violet replied stoutly, "we are not at all sure of it. Perhaps she is not a Jewess at all, or if she is one, perhaps she has only just been informed of the fact herself. Whatever the trouble is, I think it very honorable of her to break off the engagement instead of continuing it when there was something which she could not tell you. If she loved you, and I know she did, it must have been very hard for her to do that. And since there is no engagement, and she has gone away from you forever, I ask you what obligation there is for her to tell you her family secrets? If she had seen fit to accept you, it would have been different, and you might have had some right to know her affairs."

Frank looked more cheerful. He had never thought of the matter in just this light. "What a darling you are, Violet; you have taken a great load of trouble from my heart, angel sister that you are."

"Moreover," Violet continued, "I am not only sure that Bird is good and true, but I am quite as firmly convinced that everything will end satisfactorily, — only you must believe in her, and stand by her through evil and through good report; 'for richer or for poorer, for better or worse,' you know, Frank."

Frank smiled, he hardly knew why; the situation had not greatly changed, but there is such help in sympathy that he felt far more hopeful. Violet meantime, after the manner of sisters, locked her own anxieties in her heart and comforted her brother all the more cheerily that she was herself sorely in need of comfort.

Emma has not been mentioned for many pages, but she was not an altogether uninterested spectator of the little drama. She was pleased that Bird had dropped out of their company. Her old preju-

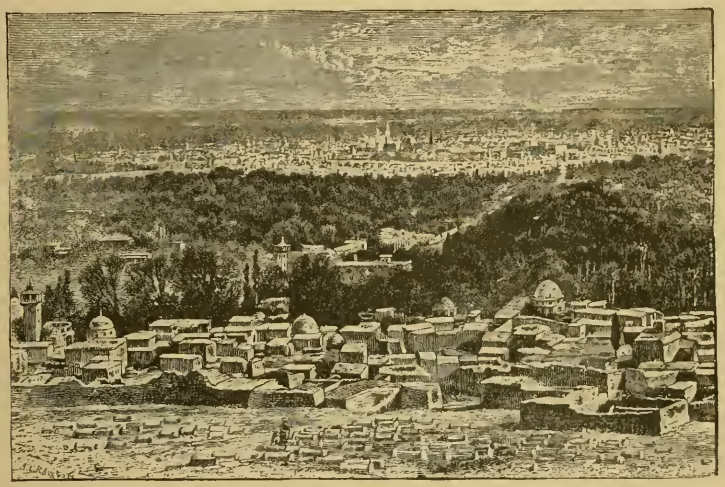
A FORD OF THE JORDAN.

dice held; and though she bided her time and said nothing of her suspicions, she was only waiting to strengthen them by proofs, to explode them like a dynamite bomb upon her friends.

The conversations just indicated took place after they had left the source of the Jordan and the Castle of Banias, and were approaching

the city of Damascus. The famous first view, renowned the world over for its surpassing beauty, effectually turned the current of their thoughts. Dr. Green thus describes the scene which they beheld from a hill called the Katuin: —

"The prospect is wonderfully fascinating, its charm being that of an oasis in the mountain desert. An expanse of the most vivid green contrasts with the grey and yellow tints of the Anti-Libanus slopes, and girdles the city like a belt. On the outskirts of this bright enclosure rise multitudes of tall poplar-



DAMASCUS.

trees, their dark and stately forms being a chief feature in the landscape. As the city is approached, these are succeeded by rich groves and orchards of walnut, figs, pomegranate, citron, and apricot, while from the branches of the tallest trees hang the clustered branches of the vine. The herbage of the fields is inconceivably rich; flowers of every hue are springing into blossom, and innumerable artificial water-courses from the Barada (the ancient Arbana) intersect the fertile scene, carrying life everywhere in their flow."

This beautiful garden enclosed the city, whose white walls, domes, and minarets rose within its embrace like clustered pearls set in a border of emeralds. This is the view which Mahomet beheld, and refused to enter Damascus, saying as he turned away: "It is permitted

to men to enter but one Paradise; should I avail myself of this one it might abate my longing for the heavenly."

As they were wearied from their long caravan journey our travellers went directly to Dimitri's Hotel, the most comfortable quarters which they had found since leaving Jerusalem. Cool baths and an appetizing dinner refreshed them greatly, and prepared them to enjoy a stroll through the historic city. First, they sauntered down the "street called Straight," and wondered why it had been so inappropriately named, for it meanders through the city like a brook which has not quite made up its mind as to its destination. This street led them to the picturesque Bab (or Gate) esh-Sherky. They passed bazaars filled with the silks of "Damask" pattern, so named from the city, and Damascus blades, none of which, however, possessed the wonderful pliability which allowed the old scimitars to be bent hilt to point or tied in knots. Some of the swords, however, bore mottoes and fanciful devices *damascened*, or inlaid in gold or silver.

They were shown the Christian quarter, where occurred the terrible massacre of 1860; and Mohammed pointed out some ruins which had not been restored, and remained eloquent monuments of that inundation of fire and blood.

The next day they looked up the places connected with the history of Saint Paul. As they approached the city, Mohammed had showed them the spot assigned by tradition to his conversion, where "as he came near Damascus, suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven, and he fell to the earth" (Acts, ix. 3.), blinded by that terrible glare.

They found their way very easily to the window in the wall, — now built up, — from which the apostle is said to have been let down in a basket (Acts ix. 25). They looked into the great mosque which occupies the site of an ancient heathen temple, "perhaps," says one writer, "the very House of Rimmon, in which Naaman was wont to bow down beside his royal master Benhadad." (2 Kings, v. 18.) One of the min-

arets of this mosque the Moslems have named after Jesus, acknowledging him as a prophet.

Frank took them to the missions of the Irish Presbyterian Church; but while admiring the noble work done here, he assured them that Beirut was, par excellence, the city of missions and the goal of his heart's desire.

Their host obtained permission for them to inspect the interior of a very beautiful house owned by a wealthy Jewish family. The house from the street had a very plain and even shabby appearance; but as soon as they were admitted to the central court they felt themselves transported to fairyland. "It is a chapter out of the Arabian Nights!" Violet exclaimed, and Emma looked about her with the keen curiosity and pleasure of an archæologist. Both girls especially admired some wonderful old enamelled tiles of blending peacock blues and greens. They were of genuine Saracenic workmanship, and resembled the faience of the Alhambra.

The carved lattices, bubbling fountains, rich embroideries, and the exquisite flowers, all received a share of their admiration, and Mrs. Remington received new ideas regarding the taste of refined and cultivated Hebrews. Though all acknowledged the charm of Damascus the Remingtons did not linger long in the city. A hot wave surged in from the desert, whitening the leaves of the apricots with dust. The snowy heights in the distance tantalized their sight. Mrs. Remington, who had stood the long ride from Jerusalem remarkably well, was poorly again, and insisted, with the pettishness of an invalid, on going directly to the sea-shore, and that she must travel on wheels. She was very sure that she had injured her spine by so much riding; she never wished to mount a saddle again. The truth was, that Mrs. Remington was dissatisfied with herself, and chose to veil her discontent under the guise of invalidism. She was not entirely selfish, however, for she insisted that the rest should not give up their plan of visiting Baalbec on her account.

"I will go in the diligence," she said. "Those very pleasant French people who sit at the table next to ours are going that way to-morrow morning. I am sure they will let me call upon them if I need to do so. You can make the Baalbec detour, and join me later at the hotel in Beirut."

Emma had been pondering over her suspicions in regard to Bird, and had almost made up her mind to divulge them to Mrs. Remington when this change of plan was agreed upon; and she suddenly realized that if there was to be a disclosure it must be made immediately. Emma was not ordinarily a mischief-maker, but now some malign influence seemed to possess her, which achieved its utmost when Frank made some pleasant allusion to Bird, and Mrs. Remington replied with intention, "Bird is a most charming girl. I always said so, and I want you to distinctly understand that she is a great favorite of mine, and that I regret her absence from our party. I am so sorry that we did not meet Mr. Orchard in Jaffa. I had looked forward to making his acquaintance. Bird is such a distinguished girl that I am sure she must come from an aristocratic family."

Frank rose and left the room abruptly, and an instantaneous conviction flashed through Emma's mind: "Frank knows that Bird is a Hebrew." So far she was right; but she erroneously carried her conclusions still further, and took it for granted that Frank, knowing his mother's foibles, had not admitted her to his confidence.

Emma had dreaded telling her famous discovery, for fear that Frank would meet it with explanations which would remove all of Mrs. Remington's objections; but here was a golden opportunity. Emma would write a note and give it to Mrs. Remington to read after she would be quite out of the reach of her son's influence; and she felt sure that such a surprise would have a great effect. Mrs. Remington was a little woman mentally; but though incapable of grand ideals, she was perfectly capable of intense pique and perverseness. Emma wrote her note with the utmost circumspection, excusing her intrusion

on the ground of duty. She felt that Mrs. Remington had been basely deceived, and that she ought to know the entire truth. She begged her not to trouble Frank with the knowledge, which would doubtless be a most cruel surprise for him, but only investigate the matter for herself. Mrs. Baumgarten, when charged with the truth, would doubtless confess. Emma had had a thought of making this an anonymous letter. She hesitated for some minutes before signing her name to this mean and underhand communication; but she knew that an anonymous letter might be treated with contemptuous disregard, or very easily traced to its source, and she felt very willing to stand by all that she had said. She accordingly hastily signed her name and thrust the evil-intentioned missive into Mrs. Remington's hand as she took her seat in the diligence. The little lady opened her eyes in wide surprise at this singular conduct on Emma's part, but promised not to read the note until she arrived at Beirut.

In her journey that day she passed the diligence which was bringing Bird to Damascus, and Bird, the better to enjoy the magnificent mountain scenery, had taken a conspicuous seat on the outside. They might easily have recognized each other had not Mrs. Remington indulged in a little nap just at the time that the two vehicles met.

Bird went directly to Dimitri's Hotel, and was rejoiced to find that her friends were still there, though the proprietor informed her that they were preparing for an early start on the following day. "What name shall I send up?" asked the proprietor; and Bird without an instant's hesitation wrote "ZIPPORAH BAUMGARTEN" on the blank card which he handed her.

Then she stepped into the vacant, marble-paved parlor, where the cool plash of the fountain had no power to calm her excited feelings. She paced back and forward, becoming every instant more flushed and nervous. It was only three minutes, but it seemed an eternity, before Frank appeared. He had evidently expected to meet a stranger, for he started when he recognized her. His first overmas-

tering impulse was to spring to her side and give her a lover's greeting; but Bird gently but firmly held him aloof.

"What does all this mean, Bird?" he asked anxiously.

"It means," she replied, hurriedly, almost incoherently, "that I am Bariah Baumgarten's granddaughter, and Shear Baumgarten's daughter, and that I have come all this way to tell you of it, because I cannot bear the thought of having deceived you, and because you must understand now how impossible it is for us to think of marriage; and it will be easier for you to give me up, knowing just why. I could not write it; I felt that I must see you and tell it, and hear you say that you forgive me, and bid you good-by."

Bird had intended to be very brave and calm, but the tears came to her eyes and her voice broke. And Frank, who had also meant to be dispassionate and even stern, felt all the barriers of his displeasure give way before the flood of his returning love. He held her closely, saying only, "My poor dear Bird, what unnecessary suffering you have taken upon yourself."

Bird gave way only for a moment, then rising, she crowded back her tears with a wilful toss of her imperious little head: "You have heard my confession very kindly, more leniently than I expected, and for this I thank you."

"I only wonder, dear, that you should have ever thought that there was any need of concealment. You have a learned grandfather, an estimable father, and a most lovely mother. Why did you not tell us this before, dear Bird?"

"Because I could not bear to have you scorn them and me."

"But you surely did not imagine that I could think the less of any one of you for this relationship, when you knew how I loved you, and how I honored them?"

"No, you could not despise us for being related or for being Jews, but you would and you do scorn us for the long deception we have practised."

"How did it come about, Bird dear? I do not understand it at all."

Bird told all the miserable story, and Frank listened with the utmost consideration. "It was all a mistake, my darling," he said at last, when she had finished. "Concealment of the truth is always a mistake, but in this instance it is not an irrevocable one. I love you all the more for not being able to live away from your father and mother, for not being able to live a lie, or even the least shadow of one. I love you all the more and am proud of you. Why do you say you have come to bid me good-by? There must never be any good-bys between us now forever."

"But I am proud too," Bird replied, — "very proud of my dear mother and father, and you must be proud of them, too."

"I am," Frank replied promptly.

"And all of your family," Bird urged. "No one must be the least bit ashamed of my relatives; I could never bear it."

"My parents love you," Frank replied evasively, "and Violet is longing to give you a sister's welcome."

"Violet! Oh, Frank!" Bird exclaimed. "In seeing you I have forgotten half, and the most important half, of my errand. But for this I might never have come at all. Dr. Trotter and Captain Blakeslee are in danger of their lives." She could hardly tell the story fast enough; but Frank comprehended it quickly, and made a rapid calculation. "If the Arabs carry out their threat, there is only the barest chance of my arriving in time to prevent the death of my friends; but I must attempt it. I will not wait for to-morrow morning's diligence, but will start at once, and ride all night, — though that will be foolish, for the next boat for Jaffa does not sail until the arrival of the diligence."

"Sir Neville Fitzgerald is in Damascus," Bird suggested. "He is a friend of Captain Blakeslee's; perhaps he will accompany you."

"I will see him immediately; and in the mean time come up to

Violet's room. Break as much of this news to her as you think best, only do not tell her of the threat of torture and death."

"Need we tell her any part of the bad news at present?" Bird asked. "Why will it not do to say simply that Captain Blakeslee wishes you to join him at Petra. The evil tidings, when they come, will travel swiftly enough."

"As you please; but she will ask a perfect catechism of questions, and is bright enough to guess everything."

But Violet for once was not quick to discern the truth. Her delight at seeing Bird gave her no room for gloomy forebodings; and she was so curious to ascertain whether all was satisfactorily settled between her friend and Frank that she put her own affairs quite out of consideration. She did say that it must be a matter of great consequence which could demand that Frank should take so long a journey, and she charged her brother to remember her most cordially to the Captain. "Is all right between you and Bird?" she managed to ask Frank, as he hurriedly packed a few necessaries.

"Yes," he replied. "All is right between us, thank God! Bird will tell you about it; and I depend upon you, little sister, to bring Mother into accord. But here is Father, and I want to talk money matters; run away to Bird, that is a good girl, and be sure you keep her with you until I return."

Frank spent part of the evening with Sir Neville, and that gentleman decided to leave with him early in the morning and to put forth every effort in his power for the rescue of their friends. Frank was naturally preoccupied during the evening, but Violet filled all gaps in conversation. Her delight that Bird had come to them overflowed to the rest, and made the group a very cheerful one.

Bird herself had never expected such a welcome, or fancied that her pilgrimage could have so happy a termination. To do her justice, she had undertaken it with no hope of a reconciliation. She had expected coldness, and even scorn, and had found in its place a for-

giveness so complete, that it was not recognizable as forgiveness, but only as joyous, welcoming love.

Mr. Remington received the intelligence in a way that was most gratifying to Bird. "You had a perfect right to change your name," he said. "It is done very frequently in our country to fulfil the conditions of wills, and in adoption to prevent certain family names from becoming extinct. The only mistake in the matter was concealing the fact. You are still legally Bird Orchard, but that should not prevent your acknowledging your family, or imply any rupture between you. The change was not so far-reaching in its consequences in your case as in that of your brother, who founds a new family, and whose grandchildren will probably have forgotten or have never heard that the Orchards could not be traced in one unbroken line to some companion of William, the Conqueror."

Violet had interviewed Emma privately, and besought her not to say anything sarcastic, and Emma restrained herself until Mr. Remington made the remarks just reported, when she could not refrain from saying that the next time Bird decided upon changing her name she hoped that cards would be sent out announcing the fact. Violet laughed merrily, and assured Emma that she would not be forgotten. Emma was angry that she had not divulged her suspicions to all the family, and forestalled Bird's confession. She had laid such a clever mine, but she had waited a little too long before applying the match. How stupid she had been!

While they talked so happily together, both Violet and Bird felt that the real opposition was to be anticipated from Mrs. Remington. Neither had dared to refer to the attitude she might take. For the time she was tactily ignored in their conversation, though the thoughts of each was busy with her. Bird kept saying to herself, "It all depends upon how Mrs. Remington will regard my father;" while Violet thought, "I do hope Bird will not mind anything Mother may say or do, for she is sure not to be pleased by this new development." Once

again the subtle magnetism which sets a current of thought darting from one brain to another without the vehicle of speech suggested Mrs. Remington to Emma also, and she could hardly refrain from maliciously referring to her. In spite of the background of cloud the evening closed pleasantly, and early the next morning Frank and Sir Neville set out for Beirut. Frank was the bearer of a letter to Bird's mother, in which she announced her intention of spending a few days with Violet. She longed to say more, but she restrained her desire. "I must wait," she said to herself, "until I have seen Mrs. Remington; it all depends upon her."

Later in the day the caravan was formed again, and Mohammed led them out on the road to Baalbec. Little is known of the early history of this ancient and beautiful city. It is thought to derive its name from Baalbeit, the house of Baal, and was doubtless the seat of a great temple to that god; but the beautiful temple whose ruins are still the wonder and admiration of the traveller, was of Roman origin. The city was fortified by Augustus, and a century and a half later Antoninus Pius built the far-famed temple.

David Roberts, R. A., whose sketches are reproduced in the illustration of this volume, writes in his journal: —

"It must be difficult to convey, even with the pencil, any idea of the magnificence of this ruin, the beauty of its form, the exquisite richness of its ornament, or the vast magnitude of its dimensions. The whole is contained within an irregular oblong enclosure, which has once been obviously used as a place of defence, a comparatively small portion of it being occupied by the Temple. The portico originally contained eight pillars in front, and fourteen on each side, each pillar being six feet three inches in diameter, and reaching, base and capital included, a height of seventy feet. The grand doorway is of immense size, formed of vast stones, and sculptured with the richest decoration. From the marks of fastenings, the entrance was probably with a curtain or veil, as in the Jewish Temple, and in some of the Spanish churches at this day. The enclosure is divided into three great courts, in the innermost of which the principal building stands."

This temple has had an extremely varied history. In the reign of Constantine it was consecrated as a Christian church; the Saracens captured it and it became a fortress; earthquakes have shattered it, but enough remains, after seventeen hundred years, to give an idea of its early magnificence.

The columns of the western portico show of what enormous size were the marble blocks which composed the portico, most being of two parts only. No cement was used, but the faces were so smoothly polished that a knife blade can scarcely be inserted between them.

The doorway has been described as "perhaps the most elaborate work, as well as the most exquisite in its detail, of anything of its kind in the world. One scroll alone of acanthus leaves, with groups of children and panthers intertwined, might form a work of itself. We are lost in wonder at the size of the stones and at the nature of the machinery by which such masses were raised. An eagle with expanded wings hovers in the centre of the lintel, bearing festoons of fruits and flowers."

It was a long and hard day's ride from Damascus, and the party only pitched their tents just in sight of the magnificent ruins which we have described, reserving a nearer acquaintance with them until the next day.

While they are inspecting the immense columns and stones, we will follow Mrs. Remington to Beirut.

She had hardly ensconced herself in her pleasant room at the hotel when she indulged her curiosity by reading Emma's letter. Great was her indignation; but contrary to Emma's expectation, it was all turned against the writer of the letter. She had known the facts for some time, and they had not troubled her so much as the fear that they might become known. And now this had come to pass, not through any agency of Frank's or Bird's, but through Emma's meddling. Mrs. Remington was no longer opposed to Frank's acknowl-

edging Bird's parentage. Indeed, it would be better to announce it at once, before Emma could generally report it. All her displeasure was diverted from her son to this new mischief-maker who had rendered concealment no longer possible.

As if this was not vexation enough for the little lady, a new and real trouble presently fell upon her; for on calling upon Mrs. Bliss, on the next day, she learned of Captain Blakeslee's peril. Mrs. Remington was really much attached to the young man, and had built many air-castles in which he was always the fairy prince and Violet the happy princess. She knew that his death would be a heavy blow for Violet, — perhaps more than her affectionate, clinging nature could bear. Mrs. Remington suffered acutely. All of her annoyance in regard to Frank's affairs took a secondary place. To complete her despair she met Frank on her way to the hotel. One glance told each that the other knew the evil tidings, and Frank had more to give; for he had arrived too late to take the Jaffa steamer, which had sailed a few hours before. They strolled aimlessly toward the wharves together. "There is a boat just in," Mrs. Remington exclaimed; "perhaps it is going south."

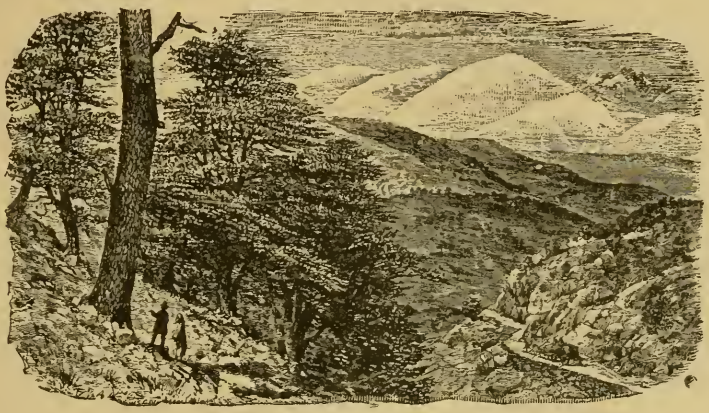
"No," Frank replied; "it is the steamer that was expected from Jaffa."

They stepped into an archway and waited while the tide of passengers poured up the streets. Suddenly Frank sprang forward and seized a young man by the shoulder. It was Captain Blakeslee, alive, and in full possession of his entire complement of legs and arms, fingers and toes. Dr. Trotter walked beside him, also a complete man, physically. The meeting was a very joyful one, and while Frank pulled off his friend's gloves to be sure that not so much as a little finger had been left with the Arabs of Petra, Captain Blakeslee explained his rescue.

"We owe it all to a gentleman, — at the time a perfect stranger, but now a very good friend of ours, — who happened to be in Hebron

and to hear of our trouble. He ventured into the camp, paid the heavy ransom demanded, and lugged us away triumphantly. We have brought him to Beirut with us, for he says he is to meet his daughter here. It is entirely owing to him that we are alive at this present moment. Allow me, Mrs. Remington, to present my good friend, Mr. Baumgarten."

It would have done Bird's heart good if she could but have seen the enthusiasm with which Mrs. Remington greeted her father; and



CEDARS OF LEBANON.

she was satisfied a little later, for Mrs. Remington's gratitude was not a momentary impulse. "And how did it happen," Mrs. Remington asked, "that you were moved to pay this heavy ransom for perfect strangers?"

"Oh, zat was one leetle thing," Shear Baumgarten replied modestly. "I zink how I like to haf my own fingers cut off, and I zink I much rather haf my fingers as ze best investment I can make wiz zat leetle two three thousand dollar."

"It is the best investment you ever made, my friend," said Dr. Trotter, smiting Mr. Baumgarten upon the shoulder; and he spoke more truly than he knew.

"And now, where is mine daughter?" Mr. Baumgarten asked. "My wife she write me zat Bird set out to tell you ze bad news. I haf made myself much anxieties for fear she get herself into some trouble already."

"Bird is safe," Frank replied; "with my father and sister. Let us go to meet them; it will be a most pleasant surprise."

They all met in the beautiful cedar grove on Mount Lebanon, — the last that remains of the forests that once covered its slopes.

No more beautiful spot could have been chosen for the double betrothal than the aisles of this noble natural cathedral. The giant trees, of unknown age, waved their patriarchal arms as in blessing as the young lovers wandered in their odorous shade, and the older people rested and chatted together. Even "bractical" Mr. Baumgarten was satisfied; for Sir Neville had been moved to create a "travelling professorship" in connection with the college at Beirut, whereby American and English students of archæology might be conducted through the most interesting fields for exploration in the Orient. Dr. Bliss had suggested the advisability of appointing two associate professors to this chair, and Captain Blakeslee and Frank Remington had been chosen, and the beloved land would henceforward be their home.

THE END.

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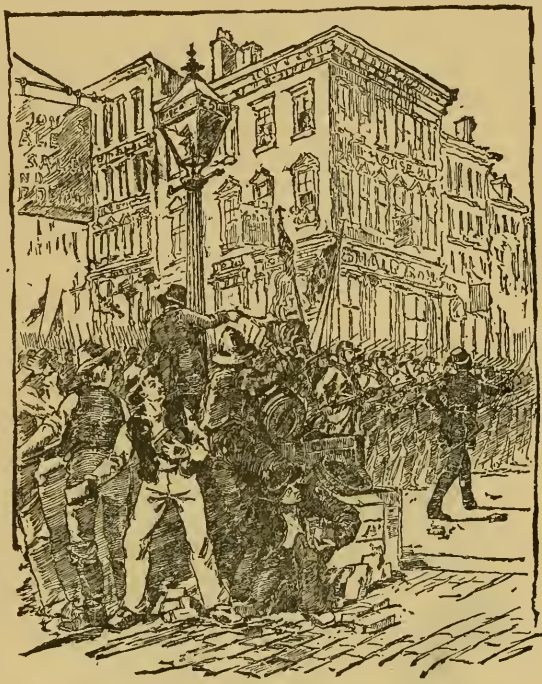

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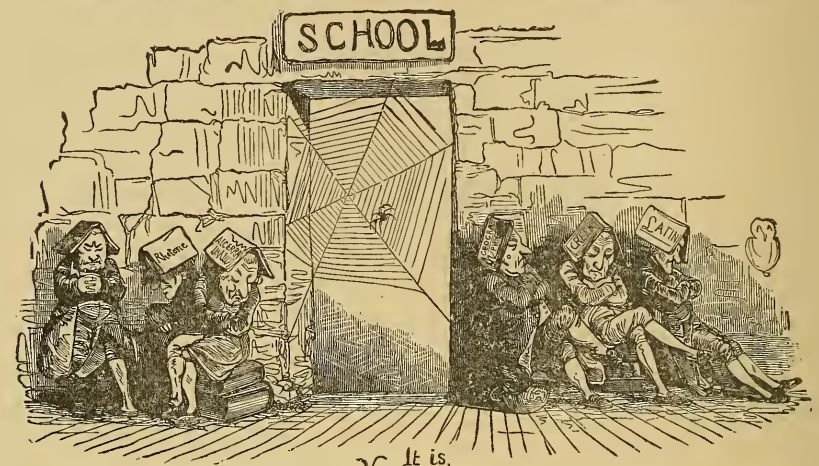

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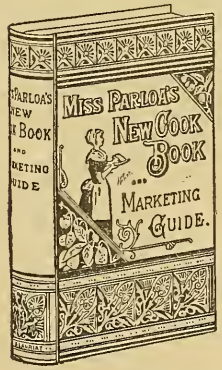

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