

impressive than amid the growing twilight of the preceding evening. We followed up the deep valley of the Barada and at length reached the verdant plain of Zebedany, an oasis of beauty seven miles long, and from one to three wide, amid the wilderness of barren and desolate mountains by which it is surrounded. It was studded with fruit trees and sweet-briar rose-bushes. We pressed on to the village of Surghaya near which our camp was pitched. Near here is a ruined khan, a low, flat-roofed building, with stables on one side and travellers' rooms on the other, with rude fireplaces in the corners. The traveller must bring his own rugs, food, bedding and everything. He finds only shelter in these khans. Our clean and comfortable tents were far preferable.

Before dinner we climbed a high hill commanding a broad view, and found some old rock-tombs and exceedingly interesting wine-presses hewn out of the solid rock. Some very ancient levers and rollers for crushing out the wine were still in place. Their use we could not understand till one of the natives in sign language explained the mechanism. The whole mountain side was dotted with sheep and goats, lambs and kids, skipping about in a very lively manner. After dinner we made a tour of the rather squalid Arab village. We were courteously invited to visit the sheikh's house. The sheikh's wife, less reserved than most of her sex in the East, brought cushions for us to sit upon, and showed with much pride what seemed to be a bridal trousseau embroidered in spangles and beads, which she brought from a splendid coffer richly inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Quite an animated conversation took place in signs. It is marvellous how expressive they can be.

We next visited the paltry little bazaar, where the merchant treated us to candy and offered us a puff of his hubble-bubble pipe. He inquired if we came from New York or Brazil, which seemed to be the only places in America that he knew.

On a spur of a neighbouring mountain is the reputed tomb of Seth, the son of Adam, one hundred feet long and ten wide. There were evidently giants on the earth in those days. The Moslems themselves, while exceedingly credulous, write such stories as make credulity ridiculous. Of this the following, as told us by Dr. Jessop, is an example:

"A certain Sheikh Mohammed was the guardian of the tomb of a noted saint. Pilgrims thronged to it from every side, and Mohammed grew rich from their costly offerings. At length his servant Ali, dissatisfied with his meagre share of the revenue, ran away to the east of the Jordan, taking his master's donkey. The donkey died on the road, and Ali, having