

ment to put at our backs, beautiful Persian rugs having already been spread where we sat. Our place was on the sheik's left, next to his nephew. The tent was full of people, and just in front of it the sheik's mare was tethered. Many Bedouins came and went, sitting, smoking and staring at us for a little while, and then departing to make room for more; and when an important man came into the little square, Ali Diab rose up in honor of the comer, and all rose with him.

"Lemonade was brought in a bowl, and then poured into glasses, and little cups of coffee without sugar (Bedouin fashion) were handed about, first to us and then to the rest sitting in the square. From where we sat we could see not only all the people in the tent and without, but beyond them the valley which was spread out before us. Ali Diab was silent, and we enjoyed sitting still and looking about us.

"Presently a great bowl was brought in, containing a whole sheep, stuffed with rice and pistachio nuts, excellently cooked, and laid upon Arab loaves of bread made in the form of pancakes. A few spoons were stuck into it for our use, and we were invited to be the first to put our hands in the dish. With some anxiety we did so, but found it very good—a savory mess. We forebore to eat more than two mouthfuls, however, wishing to acquire a reputation for good breeding, and when we had eaten, Ali Diab motioned to the Bedouins to draw near.

"He then stood up and withdrew a little from the place where he had been sitting, as if to remove restraint from the feast; and (except just in front of us, where a lane or opening was left, lest, as we supposed, any one should turn his back to us), men sat all round the bowl, eating heartily and fast, and then withdrawing so as to leave room for others. They sat edgeways close to each other, the face of each towards the back of his neighbor, and each held his right arm stretched towards the dish. The most important ate first, and were followed by the others according to their degrees, and in a very short time the great mass of food had disappeared.

"That night the whole Adwan camp was alive with fires, but before they were ablaze, we saw by the fading evening light a long string of camels with their little ones returning from the pasture grounds. They were not the hardworked beasts of burden with the hair worn off their sides and daubed with a composition smelling like tar, which are so plentiful on the way between Jaffa and Jerusalem, and on the caravan route from Jerusalem to Damascus. These were the beautiful camels of the Bedouins, kept for breeding, for milk and for meat."

On Camel-Back

The camel, like the elephant, is one of the old-fashioned sort of animals that still walk along upon the (now nearly exploded) plan of the ancient beasts that lived before the flood: she moves forward both her near legs at the same time, and then awkwardly swings round her off shoulder and haunch, so as to repeat the manœuvre on that side. Her pace therefore, is an odd, disjointed and disjoining sort of movement that is rather disagreeable at first, but you soon grow reconciled to it; the height to which you are raised is a great advantage to you in passing over the burning sands of the desert, for the air



Head of Camel

at such a distance from the ground is much cooler and more lively than that which circulates beneath.—Kinglake.