

Oriental Express train. This magnificent dining and sleeping car goes once a week from London through England, France and Italy to Brindisi, a distance of sixteen hundred miles. At Brindisi we took the steamer that runs between London and India and landed at Port Said, April 11th, just fourteen days from the time we left New York. Leaving Port Said where the great steamers pass from the Mediterranean into the Suez Canal and out into the Red Sea, we proceeded to Cairo. Here we remained eight days, visiting in the meantime Heliopolis where Joseph married, and Memphis where Moses lived, and the Pyramids built fifty centuries ago. We then went to Alexandria, the city built by Alexander the Great, and for a long time the home of Cleopatra, the beautiful Queen of Egypt. Here we took the Mediterranean steamer again and made our way to Joppa, landing there on Sunday morning, April 22d. Joppa is on a stormy and rock-bound coast, and unless the weather is good it is impossible to reach the shore here at all. There is no harbor, and ships anchor far out at sea. If the waves are high the passengers are carried to some port further north. Between the place where the ships anchor and the beach, there stretches a long line of rock rising just to the surface of the water. Through this ridge of rock there is a narrow opening wide enough for small boats to pass. But when the wind is strong the danger is that the small boat will miss the narrow passage and be thrown and broken into fragments upon the rocks. More people have found a watery grave here than at any other place in the world. The morning we came in sight of this famous sea town, however, the sea was perfectly smooth and quiet. No sooner was the great iron anchor cast out to hold us to our place, than seemingly a hundred row-boats started from the shore to meet us. They came at the top of their speed, as if a large reward was to be secured by the one that reached us first. The noise and confusion and jabbering beggar description. It did not seem possible that we could ever get our glass plates through that wild scene of Arab confusion without breaking everyone of them. But we finally succeeded in getting every box, together with ourselves down into one of the little vessels, when two strong Arabs rowed us to the shore. At the Custom House