

Gilgal, hearing a curious whirring call, presently repeated again and again, and growing louder and nearer. We soon learned it was from a crowd of the neighbouring Arabs who wished to

dance for us, and I shall never forget the strange scene that followed. Into the circle formed by our tents there came about a dozen or fifteen Arabs, arranged in a line and keeping time with their feet to a strange, weird sing-song. Before them, skipping, jumping, gesticulating wildly, was a leader brandishing a sword, and evidently giving the time and direction to the strange drama. With sword flourishing, and body twisting in extraordinary gestures, he sang and shouted and his followers kept up their rhythmic tramp, as we gathered in circle around them, holding up candles to see the curious sight. What faces—dark, treacherous, cunning, utterly ruthless and malicious—the flickering lights showed us. What wild eyes gleaming, and white teeth in wolfish jaws, and subtle snake-like lithesomeness in the writhing bodies. A little of it was quite enough; and giving the leader some *backsheesh*, we soon sent them off, to quarrel and fight among themselves through half the night over the division of the spoils.

The next morning we travelled first to the site of ancient Jericho, the famous city of Palm Trees, whose strong walls fell by the power of Omnipotence, without a single stroke from the host who so strangely encompassed it. It is now a heap utterly desolate, with little to indicate its site but a few traces of ancient



PLAINS OF JERICHO