

that there is room for tens of thousands of people along the valley of Grand River, and as the elevation in the vicinity of Grand Junction is about the same as Salt Lake, fruits, flowers and vegetables of every kind can be raised by means of irrigation, and as water is plentiful there can be no limit to the extent of land cultivable. I saw immense peaches for sale, raised in Grand Junction, and the potatoe crops will shut out the Utah tuber in the future.

As I have reached this point on the home stretch the reader will ask "Well, who is going to build this gap to complete the link. As near as I can find out it looks as though both the Midland and the Rio Grande are going to unite on a junction road—certainly the Rio Grande Western which was once the tail of the Rio Grande dog, is now the dog that wags the tail on the Colorado end. This is the way it looks to me but I am not on the inside of facts and figures.

It matters but little who builds the road as long as it is done. There can be no mistake that it will be a popular road, and everybody will want to ride over it, and if they are as pleased with it as I am they will be made happy. C. R. SAVAGE.

#### LEBANON TO NAZARETH.

The trip was accomplished chiefly on foot, yet an occasional ride upon a brass-lunged donkey was not disdained on the worst of roads or the hottest of stretches. Lebanon is a short mountain range running north and south in what anciently bore the name of Phœnicia. Those cedars which formerly graced these pleasant mountains, where the murmur of cool fountains is heard all over, have nearly disappeared; however, between Baal-bek and Tyre there stand less than a dozen very old Lebanon cedars, which it is claimed, are remnants of the forest from which the axe-men of Hiram drew wood for the Temple built by Solomon. Only here and there is a small grove of cedar saplings found, planted for lumber fifty or less years ago by some French Levantine. What nature brought forth unassisted was cut down by the Turks for the tar, rosin and kindling pitch. These trees furnish, without ever replanting, as much as a pinyon.

As Lebanon is near the sea, it receives a heavy nightly dewfall. Grapes and figs grow and flourish. In the best vignobles of Burgundy, and in the choicest vineyards of the Roman and Neapolitan Campagna, or even among the hills of Sicily, nothing is found to surpass the fecundity of the Mount Lebanon vines. A single vine, twenty years old, is cut so as to cover a circle of about five feet diameter. On some of these the crop is so great that one almost imagines the vine groaning under its own weight, as it is found necessary, as the young grapes swell, increase and mature, to set up stilts and supports, many of them under one vine, to hinder it from breaking under its sweet and succulent burden. Sometimes the clusters are so

very thick, heavy and long (ten to fourteen inches each), and so close together on the vine—especially if the latter is trimmed close—that, like the cluster which the Israelitish spies carried between two men from out of the vineyards of Canaan, it would take two men today to carry a Lebanon vine, growing as it does all in a bunch or cluster.

Lebanon is noted for the great number of ancient sects and religions to which its inhabitants profess to belong. For instance, to show the uselessness of giving their modern Arabic names to American readers, guess who are the Ziduchies?—the Sadducees. Therefore I will not quote names. The Sadducees, who also live at Antioch, whence I wrote a little about them, hold that the Hebrew original says: "The blood is the soul of man;" whereas others hold that "The blood is the life of man." Consequently, a dead man has no spirit, and resurrection is impossible; but by some mystical process, explained with difficulty, the blood of man (his soul) is supposed to wend its way into a dog, cat, horse, etc., and thus become immortal by a continuous process of metempsychosis or transmigration of the blood or soul, from one animal to another. So every cat, lizard or camel a Sadducee meets may chance to be a brother, cousin or great-grandfather in disguise; and as a second consequence cruelty to animals is tantamount to an infringement of the commandment: "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother," etc.

Pharisees are found among the Moslems, who, besides holding to all of Mohammed's injunctions, observe the "law" or five-fifths (*id est*, Pentateuch) as laid down by Moses, keeping the Mohammedan Sabbath (Friday) and the Jewish (Saturday). These carefully attend to ablutions or washings and prayers on the squares, highways or markets, wear long flowing robes and make a great show of charity on holidays or at funerals for instance, changing 10 cents into 40 or more "mites" of copper, and with the greatest Oriental pomp and mock piety he puts this vert-de-gris stained half-farthing into the palm of the beggar's hand closing the poor man's fingers upon it, so that no one, not even the beggar, should see how insignificant the coin is, and to receive more honor of passers by, he blesses the beggar aloud, saying: "May Allah save thy soul alive; comfort thy heart; take this gift; go to thine house and feed thy little ones!" And the beggar accustomed to the hypocrisy and trained to the business, knowing that if he does not extol his miserly benefactor, he will never again receive a copper, shouts blessings aloud upon our long robed, silk girdled Pharisee with gold and silver embroidered sandals. "Thy soul live forever, and may light ever be unto thine eyes, thou generous and savant Effendi!" (from the Greek Authentis—that is scribe or scholar), "may the Lord return it unto thee many fold and more." The beggar keeps up a stream of compliments while the donor shouts;

"Peace to thy tongue! and silence to thy words! Who asketh thee for compliments, thou dog? Go thy way and be happy, harass not my bowels with thine empty words!" But secretly it is well understood that if the beggar does not continue to vociferate his eulogium, he may welter in the sunshine and dust many a day before his pseudo-benefactor gives another mite. On Lebanon are the Druses, a species of heathens partly converted to Islam. There are many other sects, too, some worshipping fire—Parsees; some the sun, others the moon, some only the stars, others serving both sun and moon. Another sect worship about a great stone in the mountains, which came from heaven (a meteor). The Gad-fly comes in as a protecting deity—perhaps the Fly-God of Phœnicia, and even Dagon, the Philistine god, has a few votaries. Some brutish creed remains among a few—remnants perhaps of the rites of Moloch. They know no written scripture or book, and their only idols are representations of the generative organs. The majority, however, in Mount Lebanon, are Maronites, acknowledged by the Pope as true Christians. Their priests or fathers are densely ignorant, yet occasionally pull a tooth, cure a headache by massage, or disenchant a bewitched "calcholic" and relieve a heathen or Christian of disease (generally fever) by singing, dancing and playing the drum or stringed instruments in his presence.

On this trip I stopped four days at Rosh-Pinah, one of the eleven Jewish agricultural colonies settled under the auspices of Baron Carl M. de Rothschild, of Paris. It is the smallest and least important of them all, yet to me it seemed more pleasant than a cool fountain in the desert. Under the patronage of the Baron it was settled six years ago, as a trial, by 40 Jewish families, chiefly from Bulgaria, numbering nearly 300 persons. Each colonist receives wheat, schooling, drugs, bi-weekly medical attendance, and 10 francs a month—a very neat sum in this country—for tobacco, coffee, clothes and table relishes. The conditions upon which a person is a colonist are: He or she must work personally at gardening, farming or indoor dairy employment, a few hours every day. The rest of the day can be devoted to anything he or she likes. The Sabbath must be kept strictly; not even a cigarette or pipe should be lighted from sunset on Friday to sunset on Saturday, or else the offender breaks the law by "kindling a fire [a match] on the Sabbath." I attended some of the services at the synagogue. A marriage was celebrated, and on the Sabbath the feast was made. Much wine flowed during the day. At sunset tobacco pipes were lighted and more wine distributed. Bulgarian musicians struck up national and Russian melodies. Counter-dances, with a few waltzes, schottisches and polkas interspersed were indulged in. The men were in one room and the women in another, dancing separately.