

the Holy City from the Joppa road is not imposing. "One must go about its walls and study its towers and gates in the light of history," says a traveler, "before its impressiveness is fully felt." Among the many interesting things to be seen in Jerusalem is the mosque of Omar and the Jew wailing place. The mosque of Omar is a wonderful building—the pride of the Mohammedan, its chief interest to the Christian lies in the fact that it stands upon the very site of Solomon's temple.

Outside of the inclosure of the mosque El-Aksa is the wailing place of the Jews. The stones are in a fine state of preservation, but are displaced here and there; and worn by the hand of time and by the lips and hands of those who worship here. "Hither the Jews constantly resort," observes a traveler, "but especially on Fridays, when large groups of them may be seen passing through their different acts of devotion. They seem to all have a portion of the Hebrew Bible in their hands. Sometimes they read in concert, sometimes responsively. Some repeatedly approach the stones, and placing their mouths to the crevices, repeat, in mournful tones, some of the lamentations of Jeremiah. It is the saddest sight in all Palestine to behold the descendants of those who once ruled the land, crouching along the street and crawling beneath the shadows of their oppressors. History does not suggest a lesson more solemn than a Jew mourning over the stones of Jerusalem."

\* \* \* \* \*

Well may the poor Jews repeat the words of the Psalmist (lxxix, 1, 4, 5), "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. We are become a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, Lord? wilt thou be angry forever? shall thy jealousy burn like fire?"

"Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,  
Whose shrines are desolate; whose land a dream;  
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken spell;  
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the goddess dwell!"

About a half mile north of the Damascus gate is the tomb of the kings. You enter it through a doorway cut in the rock. It consists of several chambers, the walls of which are rough and unsculptured. These rocks bear no inscription, and it is now generally believed that the bones of no kings ever rested here, but that this tomb was prepared for the remains of Queen Helena, who was converted to Judaism about 48 A. D. According to Josephus, she was buried here.

But the most interesting spots outside of Jerusalem are the Mount of Olives, Garden of Gethsemane and Mount Calvary. They are the most sacred spots of the land—

"Over whose acres walked those blessed feet  
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed  
For our advantage to the bitter cross."

In the valley of the Kidron is the Garden of Gethsemane, which marks the identical spot that was "the scene of the crucifixion of His soul." It was in this valley and to this mount that Jesus ofttime resorted with His disciples to meditate and pray.

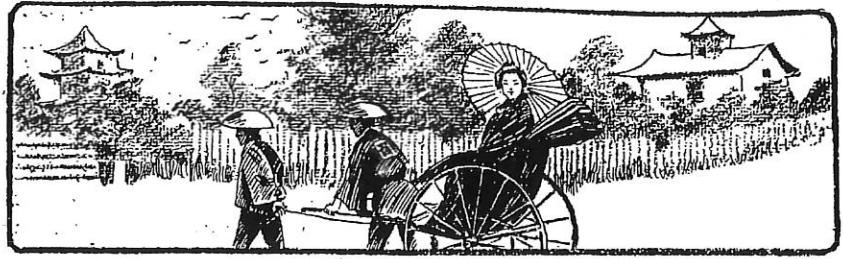
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Speaking of Gethsemane, the Rev. B. Carradine says: "What a wonderful word it has become; the silence, the sorrow, the darkness, the agony of the divine sufferer, and the awful tragedy of the night, seem to have crept into the word, and weighted it so peculiarly and powerfully that the soul is solemnized at the bare mention of the word."

"Gethsemane, can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thy agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?"

The garden is owned by Roman Catholics, and the monks in attendance show the cave of the Savior's agony, the rocky place where the

Continued on page 12



## THE OLD JINRIKISHA

By Onoto Watanna

Illustrations by Charles A. Cox

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Continued from the July number

This charming serial by Miss Watanna is the latest production of that versatile young writer. "The Old Jinrikisha" tells of the comedies and tragedies it has been a silent witness to during its earthly career. The February number contained the opening chapter, or rather the prologue; the story really began in the March issue, which relates the adventure of an American girl who hires the "Old Jinrikisha" for a long ride. With the independence characteristic of her countrywomen, she decides to go alone to a tea garden in Okubo, the western suburb of the city. Here she is accosted by an Englishman, who, knowing the unprincipled customs of the jinrikisha runners, offers to accompany her home. She, however, mistaking his intentions, will not allow him to do so. When they reach a dense forest the jinrikisha man attempts to rob her, but she is rescued by the Englishman, who has followed the "Old Jinrikisha" and its fair occupant. A few months after the adventure, Beryl Evans and the Honorable Frank Arthur Montrose are affianced sweethearts. Elmore Montrose has come to Japan to join her brother and to meet Ernest Crowder, to whom she has been betrothed for three years. Beryl and Elmore become very intimate and make frequent excursions into the country. Upon one of these occasions they discover Crowder making love to a Japanese girl, and Beryl happens to get a good view of the jinrikisha man. The Japanese girl asserts that Crowder is her husband, but the man denies it. Elmore dies of a broken heart, and driven to desperation by Crowder's contemptuous disdain, his Japanese wife commits suicide after the manner of her race. Beryl's brother, Philip, has taken a fancy to Crowder's little daughter, and knowing the isolated life led by half-castes offers to take the child to America. The relatives consent, and soon after Beryl's marriage to Montrose they sail for America. Fifteen years later, Komatsu, the young owner of the "Old Jinrikisha," determines to ascertain if there are any living descendants of Lady Natsu and finds that her granddaughter Natsu married twice: first, to a merchant named Nosse, by whom she had one child also named Natsu, and later an Englishman named Crowder, whose daughter Koto had been adopted by English people. Komatsu gives a banquet to which he invites Natsu and her relatives. He is captivated by her beauty and soon afterward they are betrothed. Her sister Koto, who is studying in England, decides to visit her half-sister, and on the same steamer with her comes Jack Carruthers. Koto takes up her abode with her sister, where she meets Natsu and falls in love with Natsu. Koto advises Komatsu to make love to Natsu in Western fashion, as Jack has been doing; she asks the latter if he loves Natsu.

"NO—ah—really, of course not, you know."

"You don't then," she was half musing to herself now.

It was a long time since she and Jack had had a really confidential chat together. She had purposely left him alone with Natsu as much as possible, and perhaps Jack had for the delicious time being, while his mind was full of the delight of studying and teaching Natsu, forgotten that he had once thought himself very much in love with Koto herself. She, however, he had always thought, had never given him a fair trial. He had never been sure of her; never knew whether she liked him or was just amusing herself with him.

I don't know what his thoughts were in regard to the two sisters just then. One thing was certain and that was that Koto needed to use only a very little witchery to call him back to her side. And so she laughed and talked to him all that afternoon, and under those bright alluring eyes he forgot almost the very existence of the other girl. Such is the nature of some men.

When Natsu came home she found them sitting together in the twilight. Koto had seen her coming up the path and had purposely gone very near to Jack. He was looking at her, with the blind intoxicated glance of the man in love. But Koto's little play was altogether wasted on Natsu. That young lady refused to and indeed could not see that there was anything out of the ordinary in the spectacle they presented. In fact it pleased her. She smiled in artless enjoyment. "Hah, Mister Jag," her little sibilant voice

broke in on them, "tha's lig' you loogin' ad me also."

They turned to her, the young man with a rather forced polite smile, saying "Aw—yes, of course so. Indeed?" and Koto with a feigned start, and as though she was surprised at her entrance into the room.

Jack had been three weeks teaching Natsu the meaning of the Western love. That night, when Koto had made him realize that he himself had but learned it, he told Natsu the lessons were over. "In fact, Miss Natsu—you—aw—are a finished graduate."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ah! an—an I unerstan' altogether?" asked Natsu, not sure whether she ought to be joyful or sad.

"Yes—er—of course," he answered lightly, pulling at his little moustache, and looking very nonchalant, for he was congratulating himself that he had pulled up in time.

"An—an—who I luf?" demanded Natsu.

Jack fidgeted.

"Why—ah—that, of course, is for you to say."

"Me? Well me, I thing!"—she went nearer to him very confidently—"had I bedder to luf with you. Whad you thing?"

"Oh, no—not me. You see—er—my affections are—ah—already engaged, don't you know?"

"Your—whad is that?"

"Affections—love."

"Hah—your luf is—"

"Well, ah—to be brief—I love some one else already."

"An—an nod me?" She threw him one dreadful glance of reproach, and then turned her back on him, her head drooping.

She felt bewildered, forsaken, forlorn. Her heart had been warmed with a rich understanding of love, and now it was all taken from her. And then the memory of the previous night was so vivid with her, had been with her all day, so that she had thought of nothing else. She remembered every word he had said then. They had gotten out of the boat at a tiny island and were watching the dying sunset fade in the west. She had been irritable and nervous all the day, and her heart was hungry for a little sympathy—love. She had told him how she felt.

"Mebbe I lig' be luf," she had said timidly. "Whad you thing?"

\* \* \* \* \*

For answer Jack had put his arm quickly about her, and kissed her lips with such passion that the girl thrilled from head to foot.

"You shall be then," he had whispered.

Now she was shivering, while he with his hands in his pockets was talking carelessly, jocularly of anything, everything. Natsu did not know what he was saying; she only heard his voice, and it sounded cruel and hurt her brutally.

She was very weary that night she told Koto, when they were in bed together, and her sister kissed her with added tenderness, and whispered that "she understood all about it."

And all through that night Natsu lay awake.

Her thoughts were not altogether of Jack. They were confused—and she was thinking more of this love itself, rather than the man. She felt as if she had found something she had been long seeking; but that alas! that something pained and hurt her. Thereafter, never would she know rest without that love in her life, that strange Western love, made up of sweet words, tender glances and touches that thrill, and that which is unknown to the Japanese, kisses and caresses.

The first real trouble of her life had come to her, and she was like a little child lost in the dark and crying vainly for the light, the illusive, delicious, deceitful light.

When Komatsu Taro came the next day Koto gave him warning: Her quick woman's wit and understanding took in the situation and state of the girl's mind at once, for she had lived with Natsu long enough to know of the manner in which she had been brought up, with an inexorable law always to suppress the feelings and emotions. Love, as she had now learned it, had come as a revelation to her, and she was of that nature to find vent now for all the suppressed longings of her heart.

"Now don't tell her in words yet that you love her," Koto said, "only—only—just let her feel it—understand it." She looked at him critically. "Are you Westernized enough for that?"

"Alas! yes," said Komatsu Taro, enigmatically.

She was sitting all alone in the little room, looking out of the window and the sun poured all its wealth on her. Her chin rested between her two little hands, and she was dreaming—of love perhaps. When she lifted her eyes to Taro, they made him sick with jealous pain, for he understood the thoughts were not for him.

\* \* \*

"Of whom do you think, ane-san?" he asked her, sitting down beside her, closer than a Japanese usually would.

"Of no one," she answered softly in Japanese.

"And do you never think of me, ane-san?" he asked somewhat sadly. "You are never absent from my thoughts."

"Yes," she told him, "she thought of him very often."

He drifted quietly into the subject that absorbed her.

"And you like this—this love?" she asked him, bewildered surprise in her eyes.

"Yes; why not I?"

"Oh, you are Japanese."

"And you—are you not—also Japanese?"

"But I have learned the ways of the west-ocean people."

"And I—have I not lived among them?" He went still nearer to her. "Ane-san," he said very gently, "this love is not foreign to Japan, little one. It is all about us always. We know it, feel it, and are happy in it. It is the secret of the general happiness here in Japan. These Westerners teach us nothing new, only that they would have us cease suppressing our feelings. That we regard the etiquette of our class in talking not of this love previous to marriage is lamentable in some ways, lamentable where one learns the lesson unconsciously, perhaps, from a stranger—a foreign barbarian. You are tired, ane-san. The little heart is tired. Rest against me."

His words were so tender, so serious and manly. Even I, who had learned to love the girl, not only for her ancestor's sake but for herself, could have shaken her for her lack of understanding. She did not respond to him, but answered instead thus:

"Yes, augustness. I am weary, but—but"—she rose, looking somewhat frightened at the ardor of his glance, for never before had Komatsu Taro laid bare his heart so plainly—"but I will go to my sister, and find rest perhaps with her."

Komatsu Taro grew cold and frigid under these words. He bowed low in strict Japanese form as she passed out of the room.

She went to her sister and showed her her little hands.

"He too hol' them," she said.

"That was nice. Didn't you like him to do that?"

"I—I dunno," said Natsu. "I also lig' thad ombre Jag' Cuthers hol' me my hands thad sof'."

"Oh, he does that to every girl—any girl that'll let him."

"Hah! An' Komatsu Taro also do thad at aeny girl thad led him?"

"No—you know he doesn't. Why don't you love him, Natsu? He's awfully nice. I've changed

caresses don't always prove love. They generally accompany it—but they aren't love. You've got it all mixed up. I'm sure I don't know how to explain it to you, either. Don't know that I understand it altogether myself." She pinched her sister's cheek. "Just give His Excellency Komatsu Taro a chance to 'amberace' you, and then you'll see!"

She left Natsu all alone, to think not of the Honorable Jack Carruthers, but of Taro and the possibility of him making love to her in the western way. The idea thrilled Natsu in spite of the impossibility of it.

"What—Komatsu Taro!—the polite, the circum-spect, the cold!"

But her vagrant thoughts would stray to him, and every little tender act she had ever known in connection with him she recalled to mind, from the time they had first met and had smiled in each other's eyes. She had thought him then an extraordinarily bold lover because he had told her

of her beauty. After the betrothal, however, he had been so careful in deportment toward her, and in obeying the etiquette and rules of the high class. Ah! she was glad that perhaps after all he did love her. True, he had never told her so. But did her clever sister not say—that that was not proof. Natsu had always thought he desired her for bride on account of her ancestors and maybe because of her beauty. Love from him also had not entered into her calculations. She had not thought of it even in those days. She had entered into the betrothal herself mostly because his wealth and high standing dazzled her, and because her relatives were so delighted at it. She went to sleep that night with a smile on her lips.

\* \* \*

But next day Komatsu Taro sent back the betrothal presents she had made him, and the shock was such that she almost staggered as she carried them to her sister. You see, it meant that he offered to release her. Natsu thought it also meant that he had ceased to care for her. Her world was slipping from under her feet.

"Look," she said faintly; "thad was mistake—he does *nod* luf with me." And just then, one of the servants put her head into the room and announced that Komatsu Taro was below; that he wished the presents back; he had regretted, in fact, he had come himself for them. Koto pushed Natsu out of the room.

"Go down to him, Natsu—quick! He needs you."

"Ah! I think maybe you *don't* love me?" she said pitifully, when she was before him. Komatsu Taro smiled. Maybe he understood. He held his arms out a moment, and then drew her into them, just as Jack Carruthers had done, and he too held her close and kissed her.

Natsu quivered. She was clinging unconsciously to him, letting his kisses reach her lips. Her little heart was charged with wonderment, mysterious delight, for were not the caresses of Komatsu Taro even more to her than those of anyone in all the world. It was that she had wanted, this Western manifestation of love, once felt and understood ever after a need, a crying necessity.

"Will you love me, little Natsu-san?" said Komatsu Taro, "or has the heart already gone to—" He released her a moment.

The girl was breathless, radiant. She put herself back into his arms. "No! no! no!" she said,

Continued on page 12



"WHEN SHE LIFTED HER EYES TO TARO THEY MADE HIM SICK WITH JEALOUS PAIN"

my mind altogether about your not marrying him. I'd love to have him for a brother-in-law. I declare I'm almost in love with him myself."

"You!" It made Natsu laugh at the idea. "Well, I thing thad Komatsu Taro nod goin' ter luf with you."

"Of course not. He is madly in love with you. Any one can see it."

"Me?—he luf me! Well, I can *nod* see thad. Why he nod hol' me my han's always so sof'?—why he nod hol' me—jus' me altogether, and kees me—lig'—lig' thad Ombre Jag Cuthers? He telling me thad *thad* is thad luf."

"P'raps he will."

"He! Komatsu Taro!"

"Yes; would you like him to?"

Natsu hung her head shyly. She was confused. She could not imagine Komatsu holding her close and kissing her. She sighed.

"Alas, he nod understan' to amberace."

It was Koto's turn to laugh.

"You know, Natsu, embraces, and kisses, and

Part 7

# CONKEY'S HOME JOURNAL

August, 1900

78  
12

## THE OLD JINRIKISHA

Continued from page 8

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"I did not understand. I—ah, Taro-sama, it is you I love—forever."

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Komatsu Taro and Natsu were married in the month of August. The fields were burning with a vivid glory of natane and azalea blossoms, and the sun touched their wild crimson and yellow till they seemed to throb with life in their magnificent splendor.

Jack Carruthers was invited and attended the wedding, for Natsu had told Komatsu Taro in great confidence that she thought "there was much love between him and her honorable sister."

I was very happy that day, for more than one reason.

One morning, about a week before the wedding took place, and as Taro, Natsu, Koto and Jack sat at the door, chatting merrily together, for they were all great friends now, I saw a cyclist come riding leisurely toward the house. He alighted at the garden gate, pushed his cap back on his head, and consulted the number of the house.

"It must be some one from the hotel," said Koto, as she went half way down the garden walk.

"Does—Miss Koto Crowder live here?"

I had heard that voice assuredly before, and now was puzzling my old head to know where and when I had seen him. He was good to look at, with his fine wiry figure and keen clever bronzed face.

"I am Miss Crowder," quoth Koto with grave dignity.

His sharp eyes were taking the girl in and as she spoke they suddenly softened and melted into a smile of winning tenderness.

Have you ever noticed how those clever clean-shaven faces with stern critical eyes, can become positively changed and made to look almost boyish when they laugh or smile. So it was with this man. His smile was good to see, and I had known but one man who had smiled thus.

"Please open the gate," he said briskly; "I would like to kiss you!"

"Sir!" began Koto indignantly, blushing beautifully all the same.

"Nonsense!"—he was still smiling—"I am your—er—papa—Phil Evans. Didn't you expect me? and don't you know me?"

"Oh, oh!" said Koto, and opened the gate with excited hands.

But when he took the two little outstretched hands he satisfied himself by kissing them only, for you see he was not facing the little girl he had last seen, but a beautiful, tall young woman.

To be continued

## THE HOLY LAND

Continued from page 7

disciples slept, and the spot where Judas met the Master with the kiss of betrayal. "Perhaps," observes a traveler, "the most interesting and prettiest souvenir to be obtained in all Palestine is the little bouquet of flowers plucked in the sacred garden. Hard, indeed, must be the heart that does not melt with emotion, as it rests on this spot."

It was here "that Christ rode over the hill from Bethany," says E. W. Champney, "making his triumphal entry into the city. There were clus-

## "The Old Jinrikisha"

church of the Sepulchre, your guide will point out many interesting spots, connected with the crucifixion. Here is the place where Christ received the crown of thorns. A few paces farther is the spot where Pilate brought forth our Lord and presented Him to the people, saying, "Behold the Man!" As you pass down the slope you come to the place where the Savior, fainting under the cross, leaned against the wall of a house and where He met the Virgin, and said, "Salve Mater!"

A few yards farther to the left is the *House of St. Veronica*, from which place that noble woman came forth and gave Jesus a handkerchief to wipe his bleeding brow, as he fell a second time under the cross. And so on to the church of the Sepulchre.

Considerable doubt is expressed by many historians as to the exact location of Mount Calvary. The Rev. Carradine says that all who come and stand upon this mount, that is, by the Damascus road, and "nigh the city," and "outside the gate," feel, as they stand with uncovered heads, that here is the place where the Son of God was nailed to the cross, and in the midst of the darkening heavens and shuddering earth bowed His blessed head and died; and that just beneath us yonder in the neighboring garden He arose again and appeared to Mary Magdalene, saying, "Go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto My Father, and your Father, and to my God and your God."

"O Calvary! Dark Calvary!  
Where Jesus shed his blood for me—  
O Calvary, Bless'd Calvary,  
'Twas there my Savior died for me."

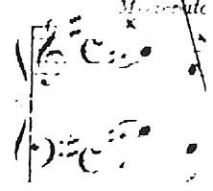
## THE PETRIFIED FOREST

Continued from page 9

government should appoint such a guardian as Hanna, before some of the finest of the specimens are despoiled, that generations to come may enjoy the unique and marvelous spectacle, which ought to extort the interest of mankind for thousands of years to come.

What caused the transformation of wood into precious stone? By volcanic action—of which the plateau for hundreds of miles presents evidence—or geyser-action the forest was submerged in hot, silicious liquid, and then the mineral matter held in solution in the liquid penetrated and was substituted for the vegetable matter, and the special characters of the submerging liquids account for the remarkable difference of this from other fossil wood. Extinct geysers composed of white geysers yet remain, and particles of them still adhere to many of the petrifications.

Undoubtedly the forest, when growing (probably of pine), occupied the level of an altitude of at least the height of the bottom of the gravel deposit of the present buttes—possibly much higher. Floating in what was then a vast sea, they rested here, for the buttes for several feet from the top are composed of the sand and pebbles that were the ancient lake or sea bottom. This deposit settled on the forest, for the trees are always horizontally disposed, and are always above the clay, and below the sand or gravel. Before the deposition of the sand or gravel by geyser-action they were interpenetrated by hot liquid, whose mineral constituents infiltrated the wood, and were substituted for the vegetable matter. Subsequent geological changes denuded the earth in which the trees were buried, a process still



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