



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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"I have only a few shekels. You know that."

"I have enough to take us away, and you will make a place for yourself wherever we go. There aren't many like you, Jared."

He muttered to himself, "At least it would be living. I would not be a lost man among other lost men. Not ashes heaped away with other ashes."

"Then we will go?"

He shook his head.

"I must meet Eben. You know the promise to ^{Amos} Johanen. Eben has done more than his share already, and so has Elias."

Pride stung Tamar at this rejection. ^{Her tone, when she spoke again, was cold.} "When will you come back?" she asked coldly.

"How can I say? Simon is still holding out. The towers will soon fall, as I have told you, but then the Eagles will be going to Masada."

"And through Netophah," she said. "But you have no thought of Netophah and me. I am not as important to you as Eben and Elias and the women of Amos."

Jared could not bring himself to say that she had always been able to take care of herself, but this was true and Tamar knew it.

"You think I have friends who will help me," she said. "Well, my father left me friends, and I would have been a fool

3 x 3

He has already forgotten me, Tamar thought, but in that instant ^{she} he returned and caught her in his arms and kissed her eyes and throat and mouth.

"You will come back from Jamnia?" ~~she whispered.~~

"Aren't we going to live in Cyprus? Or Babylon?" He looked at her with bright black eyes and kissed her again and ran back to the courtyard.

Tamar did not know whether to be happy or fearful, hopeful or angry, whether to laugh or ^{to} cry. She barred the kitchen door and then her own doors ~~and~~ ^{and the gate and} and for want of anything better to do, began tidying up the disorder Jared had left behind.

o-o-o -o

End
after
asterisks

That hasty look through the north gate had let Jared glimpse the patrol, if it was the patrol, as it dropped down into the trough of the last great billow of sand rolling in from the direction of Jerusalem. Obal had not been in sight, but he was undoubtedly following.

Jared ran through the courtyard, hoping he had time to do what he needed to do.

He pushed through the big south gate and the watchdogs growled but did not burst into a clamor. His scent, without the camel, was familiar. Outside, he buried his sword close to the gate because the servant he meant to represent would

was going briskly, and the spear fell short on the dark sand. Jared did not waste one of his javelins in a return cast. It might be needed later, and with saddle girths and bridles cut, the four members of the patrol together could not make any trouble.

The legionnaires ran after him but the sand engulfed their boots and they gave up and shouted in rage. It would be bad enough, probably, if only Obal had slipped through their fingers, but was the man on the camel Obal? He looked big enough for two Obals. Could he be the very Jew they had ridden so hard to capture?

They ~~both~~ raced around the wall to the courtyard where they had left their mounts in safe keeping.

o-o-o

Tamar had her rooms fairly well in order when someone knocked at the kitchen door. She stood still, and the knock came again, louder, bolder. She opened her own inner door.

"What is it?" ~~she called.~~ She tried to put into her voice the long-suffering patience which the knock of a servant ~~at such an hour would call up,~~ *at an inconvenient time might* just as she had tried to delay her answer for the space of time a mistress would feel she could put off answering a servant. "What is it?" she repeated.

91 "The Corporal Valerius!"

"But you left only a little while ago! Why are you

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 "There is no one here," Tamar said, her green eyes ~~were~~
 wide. ~~with surprise.~~

"The prisoner who came here after escaping from the Compound! Jared! Where is he?"

"Oh, he is gone!" she said, making it clear that she had no responsibility for any escaped prisoners.

"Gone?"

Tamar leaned toward him with ~~gentle concern and the~~ ^{willingness to help,}
~~and the~~ nearness of her flushed and lovely face caused the Corporal to swallow.

"He came demanding food," she ^{said,} explained in her melodious voice, "and I could not refuse, being alone except for a few servants. I tried to think how to send word after you, and then I heard the gate keeper ride off and I was sure he had gone to call you back. ^{I hope you have brought back} But Jared left before you got here." ^{my horse? "}

The Corporal looked away from the disarming face.

"You could have asked your servants to help you hold him," he said.

^{as women}
 "Call on my ~~poor~~ ^{as} servants to do the work of legionnaires?" Tamar asked, laughing softly. "He left exactly when it pleased him. He would have done the same if I and all my servants had come at him."

"Which direction?"

The question, she thought, proved his incompetence. Leaving the Inn by night, a fugitive might take any direction, but what matter? He could change direction unseen by all.

"I have no idea," she said, and now her tone was a little haughty. ~~"As soon as he left, I bolted myself in. How did you happen to miss him?"~~ She resolved to strengthen her position. "Would have me tell the Primus Pilus Cotta, the next time he comes here, that you and your men maintained no look-out?"

"You know the Primus Pilus?"

Tamar had never heard of Cotta until Jared mentioned him, but she had filed the name for use when it could help, and now seemed to be the time. She was willing to take the risk. If Cotta ever heard she had claimed acquaintance and came to ask, she could manage him.

^{him} "Tell the Primus Pilus Cotta," ^{she said,} "if you report to him, ~~she said,~~ ^{whenever} that he will be welcome again at the Inn in Netophah any time he chooses to come."

The Corporal Valerius looked dismayed.

"Of course we maintained a lookout. But we saw nothing. Was ^{this} Jared mounted when he left? A horse? A camel? ^{or} ~~was he~~ on foot?"

"How could I know? I remained here, as I have told you. But he was armed when he went through that door." She

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pointed to the kitchen exit.

Valerius shifted uncertainly. He ought to hurry this search elsewhere, perhaps question the ^{gate-keeper. And} servants, although ~~was the gate keeper. he had talked with last night,~~ the ~~Obal~~ had said all the servants were asleep in the kitchen

loft. The Corporal jerked. All? Then who had been the ^{gate keeper, as the silent blanketed fellow who had let them} blanketed fellow at the main gate? ^{in tonight?}

He was almost sure that ^{it was not} he knew and was ready to groan in despair when they both heard a shout. Whether it came from the courtyard or the north gate, the Corporal Valerius could not have said. He was entirely bewildered and disheartened. Did the shout mean Jared's escape or capture? Death at the hands of his two absent men, or the death of one of the two men--or both--at Jared's hands?

He looked over a shoulder, looked ahead. Which exit would bring him soonest to the shout? And what did he risk by going? Uncertainty hobbled him. What if he did locate it? Would he find Jared a prisoner? Would he and the single man with him find themselves ^{facing} in the dark against the Jew who had proved formidable, even in daylight, against ^{so} many foes?

"Mars and Mithras aid me!" the Corporal said, calling on one of the old gods, and one of the newest, ~~to prove that he played no favorites.~~ ^{and} He rushed out of the kitchen door, followed by the man he had brought along to help.

348 a
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Misgiving
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CHAPTER EIGHT

The hunt for the Compound runaways had been instant, wide and vigorous. The Compound Commander had hurried reserve guards in pursuit and the Primus Pilus Cotta had hurried from bed two centuries of the formidable Tenth Legion. Patrols had raced to more than the Inn at Netophah; they had raced in all directions. Nevertheless, after almost forty hours, the hunt still lacked a fourth of its quarry and, as Cotta walked with the Compound Commander to report the unsatisfactory result, he hid some worry. The Commander walked in trembling fright; the breakout was his fault alone. Cotta knew, however, that even a favored Primus Pilus might not escape penalties if he failed with men of the Tenth.

Titus would certainly punish someone, if only because he must shortly admit to the paunchy agent of his father, the Emperor, his inability to deliver the prize gladiators he had pledged. The self-satisfied young General always raged at any

public setback.

He was standing to receive his two subordinates when they strode past sentries into the sleeping tent which he was using also for official business. He usually stood to indicate disapproval, and neither his informal dress nor the unexpected presence--it was only mid-morning--of the Princess Berenice lessened the Commander's fright or Cotta's worry.

The delicate Herodian princess, on a couch piled high with cushions, was enveloped in a prismatic mist of silken wraps. Even adding a broad necklace, the total was so nearly nothing that the two visitors had difficulty keeping their attention on the General.

The necklace was a blazing, boldly worked circlet of jeweled gold charms, representing Berenice's preferences among the deities of Egypt's pantheon. Included were Thoth, measuring Time; evil Set; Rannu, the lovely, lively goddess of harvest; Nekhbet who, although female, was always represented as a vulture; Khem, god of generation; cunning Iris; Bubastis, her cat-headed daughter; and Maat the virgin, whose boast Berenice could not match, that no man had lifted her garment.

Cotta had seen the necklace before but, as always, it caught his attention and so did Berenice. He had always tried to conceal his interest in her from Titus but he had

never needed to conceal it from Berenice. She invited it. He was frequently in the company of his general and often the Princess was present, to play with the Primus Pilus a game of secret glances, all carefully guarded from Titus's eye. "Wouldn't you like?" her glance said or, "Don't give up hope," and his glance answered, "Why should I not hope? You are worth waiting for." It all summed up to a kind of torment to which Berenice subjected others than Cotta. Her fancy strayed whenever a likely man appeared and Cotta was forceful, aggressive and undeniably likely.

Titus did not seem to note the glances.

"Your report!" he said to the ^{miserable} Compound Commander.

"Two hundred and four prisoners escaped," the Commander said (miserably). "Thirty-two were killed, one hundred twenty were recaptured, forty three of these wounded. Fifty-two are still missing."

"Seventy-five dead and wounded!" Titus ^{spoke} said in ironic congratulation. "At that rate, I shall soon have no gladiators at all to send back to Rome. And of course the missing fifty-two include the two I want most?"

"Jared and Eben are still being hunted."

"I told you to bring the names of all guards at fault in the break-out."

The Compound Commander presented a tablet, glad that

for the moment he need make no demand on his uncertain voice.

Virginia
begin here.

"Have you examined this?" Titus asked Cotta.

They have been
"Three names were on by error," Cotta said. "You will find them scratched."

Titus's expression added that error to the sins of the Compound Commander and motioned the Princess Berenice to take the tablet. A space below the names was blank.

"Write," Titus said.

Berenice motioned in turn and a serving woman, who had been standing against the farthest wall of the tent fetched a light table, ^{of remnants of food, and fetched it to the couch.} to the couch. The table held a stylus and the remnants of breakfast for two. Berenice picked up the stylus and gave her general a fleeting smile.

who had hurriedly cleared

"The legionnaires named above," Titus dictated, "will be given ten lashes apiece. Those over the rank of recruit will be reduced one grade. All will be kept at their present Compound duties, but for ten days their wine ration will be cut off. An equivalent of vinegar for Posca will be added. The legionnaire, Maro, who brings this, will be given twenty lashes. He may not be considered for promotion for one year."

guards

he said, and she began to write

"The word, "legionnaire" told the Compound Commander that he had been shorn of his hard-won rank, but he did not wince, and when he heard "twenty lashes" his trembling stopped.

He had got off lightly. Titus had crucified centurions

accused of the escape of prisoners. Thankfully, Legionnaire

Maro received the tablet and backed about
out of the tent.

accused of the escape of prisoners. He saluted, received the tablet, and backed out of the tent, rejoicing in his luck.

Titus eyed Cotta quizzically.

"When one of my Primi Pili looks with approval on anything in my quarters," he said, "I consider that my good taste has been complimented."

Cotta's lean face continued in disciplined composure. He knew that he, too was lucky. Titus did not jest with a man he proposed to punish.

"Moreover," Titus went on, "the object of your approval is, I am sure, as complimented as I. But approval carried too far ceases to be a compliment."

Cotta could not help flushing. Berenice's clear, bawdy little laugh rose and fell, leaving her smiling openly.

"Well!" Titus drew a long breath. "Now that I have shown how I discipline, and have sent that fool, Maro, to less than he deserves, answer me a question, Cotta."

Cotta braced.

X "Why," Titus asked, looking hard at his Primus Pilus, "have so many--on the trail before the dust settled around the Compound's fallen wall--failed to find Jared and Eben? Why? Those two would be marvels in the Circus Maximus. Moreover, I have promised them. Either one--but certainly Jared--would survive longer as a gladiator than any Jew ever seen in

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...of the escape of prisoners. He stated, however, the

...and looked out of the tent, regarding in his hand

...time even with politeness.

"This case of the trial will look very favorable on

anything in my opinion," he said. "I cannot see any good

...has been contemplated."

Gottlieb then continued to discuss the organization

...the new, that he, too, the judge, time the not just with a

...can be proposed to punish.

"Moreover," he went on, "the object of your proposal

is, I am sure, as well intended as I. The approval carried out

...the reason to be a case of justice.

...both could not be done, but it is a matter of

...many little things that are not, having the same meaning.

"Well," he said, "I am not sure, but I think I can

...have had a great deal of time, but not that long, and so far

...than he reserves, and so it is assumed, Gottlieb."

Gottlieb then

"By," he asked, "looking back at the time that

"I have so much on the trial before the other sitting around

...the proposed, which will be called to trial, and then

...how, I think two would be possible in the (three) minutes, more

...over, I have finished them. Either one--but certainly, I have

...could arrive longer as a gladiator than any I have ever seen in

Use guide. Type the desert to
return right into the story.

omit

the arena."

Cotta had served all of the twenty-year enlistment required of every Roman male citizen, and ^{two} more. For ~~twenty~~ ^{eighteen} ~~four~~ years, he had been a centurion, for ~~sixteen~~ ^{twelve} a Primus Pilus. For six, he had held his present senior post. Twice he had saved the life of a fellow soldier in battle to win the Empire's highest military honor, the Corona Civica. He could, it was true, be reduced to the rank of common soldier, whipped, even executed, but he had proved himself. He dared give Titus's hard look back.

"I was born in Samnium, O Caesar," he said. "I hunted in every forest there, climbed every mountain, marked hide-outs for miles around my father's farm. I have been away, with the Eagles, for ~~twenty~~ ^{two} years. But drop me in Samnium today, give me the head start Jared and Eben had, and three or four hundred Jews would be hard put to run me down. So why should Roman hunters this quickly run down Jared and Eben who were born here?"

"You mean the damned pair will never be caught?"

"Our men need time."

"A life-time?"

"Days. A week. Perhaps a month."

"What has been accomplished so far?"

"~~Once a~~ ^{one} patrol almost ^{caught} came up with Jared. ^{And} I think

Some are now on Eben's trail."

Insert to M's page i page 288 must be changed to conform with the next four lines.

→ R.H. 12 come. The rest of the... 350
I should wish to lose him. He
dared give the general hard look
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some are now on Eben's trail."

It was an embarrassing summing up but Cotta sincerely felt that he had done everything possible. All patrols, he went on to say, had been instructed to look out particularly for Jared and Eben. One had gone north, the direction in which Jared had indicated the wife and daughter of Amos were hiding; and on a chance Cotta had even sent a mounted searcher to Jamnia, the site of Johanen's school and Amos's present home, to try to discover the exact town the women were in.

omit

"I suppose, Sebaste," Titus remarked.

Cotta shook his head. The searcher, returning the night before, had brought word that they were said to be in Jericho. That was more east than north. Jared had tried, of course, to throw them off the scent! Cotta had rushed a courier to Jericho with orders that the commander of the frolicking Egyptian auxiliaries co-operate in the hunt.

Virginia
begin here

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Discovery of a slain Egyptian in the quarter where, rumor said, Amos's wife and daughter had been living, as well as an empty house, told the hunters that they were too late.

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It had not been hard to trace a party of four over the Jericho wall. And, luckily, such a party had been sighted beyond the wall.

"But Jared was not one of them," Cotta said. "A beggar

told the patrol that around dawn he had seen two men and two women. One of the men--bulky and blond--was probably Eben. The other was short. He answers the description of an older man, named Elias, who, we know, was with Jared and Eben in the Compound. At any rate, he was certainly not Jared. The four should be tracked down before they reach Jamnia."

Virginia
End here
"What about Jared?" Titus asked, ~~his plump face grim.~~

Jared, Cotta ended, had been sought in the Community but was not there. [↑] Another patrol ^{Cotta said, had just missed Jared in} had got wind of him at a ^{at} the small inn in Netophah, but he had eluded capture.

"Corporal Valerius of the Compound Guard left the Inn just when he should have stayed," Cotta explained. ^{He admitted that Jared had tricked him.} ^{↑ Cotta}

He did not add details of his conversation with Valerius. It had included a report of such a woman as would interest any man. The Corporal was no more than fair at description but his obvious emotion had offset this inadequacy.

^{the Inn mistress's} "I give you her very words," Valerius had said, [↑] his voice envious. "'Tell the Primus Pilus Cotta, if you report to him, that he will be welcome again at the Inn in Netophah ^{whenever} any time he chooses to come.'"

Again? Cotta had betrayed none of his amusement and admiration at the quick wit of the Inn-woman.

The proffered welcome had been, of course, a guileful ring around Valerius's neck, to keep him in his place. But

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she would pay for linking herself so boldly to rank! Netophah was scarcely ten miles away. He would, himself, ride down and require this Tamar to support her claim of familiar friendship with the Primus Pilus Cotta.

"If Valerius left so soon, how did he learn that Jared came later?" Titus asked.

Virginia begins here

"A friendly Jew called him back. Well, there are no friendly Jews. A gatekeeper at the Inn, looking for a reward, called Valerius back. But Jared tricked them both." *servants*

"How?"

Cotta, almost admiringly, described Jared's masquerade as gatekeeper and his doings with the bridles and saddle-girths.

"Break Valerius, also," Titus said. "I suppose I cannot blame anyone else for his stupidity, but I must say someone should have picked a smarter patrol leader."

Cotta did not need to defend himself in this instance. Valerius was a corporal of the Compound Guard.

"Probably he was good enough for routine guard duty, but the good ones in garrison, every once in a while, prove pure feather-brains in the field," he said.

To the surprise of both men, Berenice spoke.

"I can understand looking for Jared in the Community,"

Berenice put in. "But what turned the pursuit to such a small little inn?"

Trust her, Cotta thought, to look for a reason where a man would not bother!

"It is close to the Community," he ^{said} ~~answered~~ truthfully.

"Has Jared a woman at the Inn?"

Berenice addressed Cotta directly, and in spite of his new knowledge that Titus had been aware (how long?) of their covert glances, he glanced at her in her prismatic mist of silk.

"A woman, I am told, owns the Inn at Netophah," he said.

"Netophah!" Berenice gave a quick, remembering cry.

"Of course! Now it comes to me. I have heard of the inn-woman of Netophah. Isn't her name Tamar?"

Name of Mercury! Name of every god of guile! How had this luscious little piece discovered that? Cotta "Tch-ed!" But, of course, the talk of the legions was that she was worth as much to Titus away from his tent as in it. Through her own and Agrippa's spies, she discovered everything, sooner or later.

"Tamar?" Titus said. "Why should the name of a woman operating an out-of-the-way inn at Netophah be known to you?"

"She is known to many," Berenice said, "although men are more likely to know her than women."

"Do you know her, Cotta?" Titus said.

Cotta welcomed the chance to be frank.

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"If she is that proud, why has she taken up with an empty-handed monk?" the General asked.

"You saw the monk!" Berenice said, and now she smiled, not at the men, but to herself. "His friend, Eben, also."

Merely thinking of the pleasures of the body made Berenice restless. In an ordinary situation, with Titus at hand, she would have known what to do, but now it was not Titus she wanted. It was, if anything, an unattainable fusion of Titus, Jared, Eben, Cotta and many others who came into her memory like caressing fingers.

Titus, watching, knew that her mood was not solely for him. He pushed out his full underlip, and Cotta was sure that a bond with his general had been strengthened. Titus was, after all, like all other men, including his senior Primus Pilus. He, also, had trouble with his women.

"How did we leave things?" Titus asked Cotta. "You had Jared and Eben separated, and Jared had escaped the patrol at Netophah . . ."

"And I was about to say that I hope to pick them up when they come together again."

"How do you know they will come together?"

"The promise to succour Amos's women came from Jared," Cotta said. "Up to now, Eben alone has had them in charge, but Jared will surely rejoin him. He will feel in honor bound to do so."

"Then what are your plans?"

omit

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to help in at least part of the rescue."

"Then what are your plans?"

Cotta hesitated. How much did he dare promise?

Separated or together, Jared and Eben still were in their own country.

He answered slowly: "I have scouts around the Community, in case Jared returns, but the Brothers would all be on his side and he would have endless caves to hide in. The Brothers live in caves. I doubt he will be run to earth there."

"I do not like this Community," Titus said. "When I finish with Simon, I expect to do something about it, as you know. But you say Jared and Eben will try to meet. One man coming up from the south, and two men and two women along the Jericho-Jerusalem highway ought to be an easy catch."

"They will not be on the Jericho-Jerusalem highway! Nor on any highway!" Cotta said. "They will be just inching through the hills, never more than a short run from cover. In order to complete their mission, they must end up in Jamnia but no one knows how they will get there. In their place, if I could take my time, I might go north from Jericho and return south along the seashore. The whole countryside must be watched."

Titus frowned.

"I need more men to set up a screen from north to south,"

Cotta said. "Jared and Eben will have to work through the screen, and enough legionnaires ^{should} ~~wxxl~~ net the pair." He added boldly, "I shall need at least another cohort."

Titus had learned the power of displeased silence, and he employed it now. His stare was very displeased, and Cotta remembered the preparations afoot for the last assault on Jerusalem.

"I might do with two more centuries," he said.

"I shall need all active units for the assault," Titus said. "But wait! Perhaps there is a way to get you one century without cutting into my plans. How about the retired veterans at Emmaus?"

"There are eight hundred in Emmaus who used to follow the Eagles."

"Would not a hundred ~~be~~ likely to volunteer?"

"Probably, if I promise good pay and rations and--a full two weeks' employment, no matter how soon the quarry is run down."

Vespasian had retired the veterans around Emmaus just before leaving to become Emperor. They all had served at least their twenty years. Some had wives from home, some were bachelors, a number had married Judean and Samaritan girls, for the disorders in Palestine had caused practical fathers to consider honorable marriage with a legionnaire preferable to

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 what might happen otherwise. The retired legionnaires were always short of money.

"If we give them three denarii a day for fourteen days, I can find a hundred good men," Cotta said. ^{And} "It isn't as though they were risking a big, crippling fight," ^{Cotta said,} "They will be hunting, chiefly, just three men."

"Yes," Titus said, "they should concentrate on Jared and Eben although, with such a screen, you may pick up some others. As for Amos's women, I do not need to tell you that they should be allowed to go to their home safely."

"I understand," Cotta said. ~~He did not find it needful to point out that Jewish women--and one of these was young--were in constant danger in this war-torn land.~~ The two would be in danger from Roman soldiers, auxiliaries, bandits, every moment until Titus's protecting order could catch up with them. But Cotta agreed fully with the order. Any harm done to the women of Amos would rouse Jews everywhere.

"I will get off to Emmaus myself," he said. ^{"We can have a new cohort, knowing just what to do, on the hunt tomorrow."} "It is less than two hours away." His salute brought a permissive nod and he left, his face alive with satisfaction.

~~o-o-o~~
 Berenice watched his departure with faint annoyance. She had never entertained any real thought of seducing Cotta but her vanity was rubbed by his failure to give her a last

glance. She began to walk around restlessly. She was grace in miniature, her profile perfect, her bones perfectly joined, head, neck, bosom, shoulders all smooth and curved, her waist minute, her hips voluptuous, although slim, her legs tapering. Her annoyance grew when Titus seemed indifferent.

"See to it that I am not interrupted through the rest of the morning," he said. "I have much to do."

"Shall I send for Agrippa?"

"I do not need Agrippa."

After a resentful pause, he said: "I am planning the assault on Simon's towers. It should be the last one; so many of his garrison have deserted."

"I think I shall go away until you have done with Simon," Berenice said. A swift horse, a swaying litter, either of these might be the cure for her restlessness.

Titus looked a protest.

"I am tired of the fighting, blood and smell," she said. "And until they are past I cannot be much with you."

The General shrugged. He liked her near at hand. She was often helpful, and vanity did not require him to refuse her help, as he had refused Agrippa's. But she was a temptation. When she was available, he ended too many nights too tired for the next day's work.

"Where would you go?" he asked.

"I have not thought." She gave her clear little laugh. "If Sebaste was possible for Amos's women, it might be exactly what I need. It has shops."

Titus nodded.

"Afterward, you might go on to Caesarea," he said. "When this Palestine trouble is finished, I must go back to Rome. If I am able to start soon enough, we can meet in Caesarea and sail together from there. But if I am kept here too long, you can come back."

"You will want me back?" she asked, confident of his reply.

"You know what I want. But now, I agree, it may be best for you to go away."

"You are willing to have me stay away long enough to reach Sebaste and shop and then go on to Caesarea?"

"May be not," he admitted and laughed. "Come back when you have finished in Sebaste."

"I cannot get ready and make a start in what is left of today," she said, not too eager to go, now that she had won permission. "I will leave tomorrow morning, or the next."

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35% COTTON FIBRE

and in the



CHAPTER NINE

Jericho, the starry night and a grey dawn lay behind and now, with the sun overtaking them, Amos's wife and daughter trotted breathlessly between Eben and Elias.

"Must we hurry so?" Rhoda asked, although she spoke patiently.

"I am sorry," Eben said but did not slacken his pace.

He could not get out of his mind, and neither, he knew, could Elias, the beggar they had seen at sunrise. He had been burrowed in ~~for the night~~ on the warm side of a rock, but their steps had roused him, and he had raised his shaggy, unkempt head to stare.

Elias had called a soft, reassuring, "Peace!"

"Peace!" the beggar had mumbled back, but he had continued to stare.

"If a patrol ever comes on that one," Elias had said, "he could give a good description of us all."

~~The encounter had taken place before they came in~~
So when they

sight of ^a the by-track leading up into the hills, and Eben, ^{turned} after consulting with Elias, had turned from their westerly course to the north. He had held in that direction until ^{off and held to a false course until} they could no longer see ^{was far} the beggar's rock behind them. Then, ^{turning again,} when he turned westward again, he set a quicker pace because the detour had delayed them, and he worked safely back to the path upon which Jared ^{had} planned to rejoin him.

To the women this appeared to be a meaningless, helter-skelter trace, climbing through scrub and shrub, but Eben ^{was} seemed ^{They} sure of where he was going, and Elias trusted Eben.

"A shepherd is always hunting stray lambs," Elias said.

"And lambs leave only a faint mark on soft earth and almost nothing on ground as hard as this, but if a shepherd cannot read signs he winds up with not a stray lamb but a lost one, and himself lost, also."

They ascended always, keeping north of Jerusalem's towers and always ahead rose the Judean mountains. These began far to the north at the Plain of Esdraelon and continued south, well below Jerusalem, so that whoever purposed to get ^{from Jericho to} as far west as Emmaus had to ascend before descending.

Mainly, Eben ascended alongside the dry bed of a stream which in rainy seasons boiled through ravines until it lost itself in the brawling River Jordan. The path ran low on the northern flank of every rise of ground ^{and so was} hidden

Virginia
omit this

omit

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 to the south, and Eben kept
 from the great highway southward. It ran close to copses,
 gullies, canyons, caves and all other gouges in the earth
^{into which} because a hunted man ^{or woman} could vanish into any one of these
 between two breaths.

So could wild animals. Eben pointed out to the women,
 almost too late, the tail and rump of a vanishing fox. There
 were not so many beasts as there used to be, he said. Prowl-
 ing bandits, scouting legionnaires and homeless Jewish men
 and women made these hills less ^{safe} for animals than formerly.
 But ~~now and then~~ ^{once}, as the party toiled onward and upward, a
 rabbit burst from cover, and once they glimpsed the muzzle
 of a wolf, and once the sun caught the tawny coat of a leo-
 pard on a distant rise.

At last Eben said it was safe to stop and rest, and
 Rhoda dropped down gratefully in the shade of some fir trees.

"From now on," Eben said, "we will rest often."
^{At each stop, he explained,}
 Frequent stops were wise, he explained, with each
 one, he or Elias ^w could find a vantage point and look ahead, and
 behind and to both flanks. They could plan another advance
 if the way was clear or lie low if it was not.

"I ^{'m} am going to go up now and look," he said, and
 Abigail, who had dropped down beside her mother, rose.

"May I go with you? ^{him, mother?} I would like to see where we
 are," she said, and Elias found fir trees for himself, a

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respectful distance from Rhoda's.

Rhoda looked after them. She liked Eben; he was such a young man as ~~she and~~ Amos would have wished to have for a son if the Lord, in his inscrutable wisdom, had not denied them a son. The lack of one had always been a grief to Amos, as it would be, Rhoda knew, to any father. It had ~~made him treasure Abigail the more.~~

End of

"She will give us fine grandsons," he often said ~~to~~ ^{to her} his wife when ~~she~~ ^{Rhoda} mourned because she had born ^{ed} him only a daughter.

Eben and Abigail climbed to the crest ~~above the~~ stream-bed, and looked down. There seemed to be no undue activity on the highway below. ^{There} To the east ^{where a silvery} a dark wavering line slashed through the plain, the Jordan ending its plunge down from distant Galilee. Wherever sunlight struck, the line had color--silver or green where lush growth bordered it, as it wound toward its delta, gray as it became one with the oily Dead Sea.

omit

omit

make this is same paragraph

^{Nature's} Away from the river, like an emerald on the outspread hand of Nature, the soft green city of Jericho stood among

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her lofty battlements, towers and palms. Farther east, the ^{77,} dim purple hills of Moab ^{made an eastern rim for} looked across to the more rugged ^{the bowl in which the pleasure city lay.} Judean mountains on the west. Jericho, its broad fertile plain, and a network of irrigation ditches, thus lay in a bowl whose eastern and western rims were mountains.

"That is why we have to climb so much to get west of Jerusalem!" Abigail ^{said} asked, although she knew this perfectly well.

Eben explained in great detail. He explained everything in detail for explanations allowed him to turn and look at her almost as much as he wished.

Even beneath her full dress, her breast and hips and long legs had curves to attract a young man's eyes, and since the path had grown steep both women had shortened their skirts half way to their knees by means of their girdles. Abigail's gray eyes were clear and bright, her lips moist, and her cheeks pink from exertion. Concentration on Eben's profound geographical and geological explanations

had taken off her veil, and her uncurled hair was a glowing, russet swirl. His fingers tingled to touch it. Her

to "gray eyes" above

put
attached
insert
here 362

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^{Eben's}
 firmed her round chin. She had taken off her veil, and her
 uncovered hair was a glowing, russet swirl. Eben's fingers
 tingled to touch it. His heart beat faster, he was aware
 of an over-all, suffusing warmth. How much prettier she
 was than the girl his parents had found for him, or thought
 they had, up in Bethel!

He finished his explanation but Abigail was silent,
 and the suffusing warmth left him and consternation made
 him cold. ^{he stared? Had he offended her?} Had his thought been plain enough to read?

~~He said awkwardly:~~ "Perhaps we had better go down," ~~he~~
^{said.} And they went, both silent now.

Back with the others, Eben tried to think only about
 the task in hand. He thought of the beggar, and of what
 Elias had said, "He could give a good description of us all."
 He remembered Elias's earlier remark, that the courier they
 had seen might be bringing word of Amos's women.

"Elias," he said, "why would a courier be sent to
 Jericho with information about Rhoda and Abigail?"

"Because," Elias said, "Cotta might be interested
 enough in you and Jared to try to trace you through the women."

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 "But he didn't know where they were living . . ."

"He might have made a point of finding out," Elias said.

And if he had, of course, patrols would be looking for two men and two women! Eben ran his fingers through his sun-burned hair. He had thought earlier that such a party as theirs would be reasonably safe. No women had escaped from the Compound. Well, again he must try to make a wise plan without Jared!

He looked at Rhoda and Abigail who were listening serenely. These were affairs for menfolk to worry about, Rhoda's relaxed pose said. Abigail's eyes were trustful.

"If you two could make yourselves look more like men," Eben said, "maybe that would help." But studying them, especially Abigail, he realized that this would be hard. ^{And} "Perhaps," ^{Eben} he added, "we ought to string out a little."

"Single file, and wide apart," Elias said. "You go first, Eben, to find the trail. Abigail and Rhoda should keep just in sight of one another. I'll take the rear."

Eben smiled at the women reassuringly. ^{Virginia and his}

"You have no need to worry," he said. "We may meet a patrol before we meet Jared. But Elias and I will stand at each other's backs just as Jared and I always did. The two of us could manage whatever came at us." ^{can handle}

omit *omit*

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"There would not be just two of you," Abigail said. She tossed her head which gleamed, Elias noted, torchlike in the sun. "My father is always quoting what someone once said, that Jews are bold, and that does not mean only Jewish men. Our women are bold, too." She looked around for her big knife. She had put it down before she climbed the crest with Eben, and it lay some yards away. She found it and picked it up.

Eben was filled with admiration.

"Let's start," he said, and forgetting that he and Elias had made a plan of march, he seized her hand, leaving the others to follow.

Rhoda looked after them, a little troubled. Although he was a Jew, Eben was also that strange thing in priestly eyes, a Christian. What would Amos say if this friendship grew into something more? She resolved to keep a careful eye on her daughter, and was much relieved when Elias called:

"Come back! You told us we should string out."

Eben halted, laughing in admission of his error, but he still held Abigail's hand.

"Besides," Elias said, "I have a thought." He had had it, as a matter of fact, on noticing Abigail's torch-like hair.

"The women ought to wrap up their heads," he said. "Not just in veils. In something like turbans, to make them

look a little more like men. From a distance, at any rate."

"We will tear up one of the extra tunics, ^{and make turbans}" Rhoda

said briskly. This woman's task, at which she could show competence, was welcome; but then she remembered they were wearing ^{all} the tunics, and ^{meaningfully} glanced at Abigail.

^{Elias understood.} "Eben and I will look around a little," ^{he} Elias said.

politely.

^{o-o-o}

Elias sat down where he and Eben ^{would have a long} had a long view into the distance from a shelter of myrtle trees. The sun was high now, and the clustering branches with their dark, lance-like leaves cast a welcome shade while the sun's heat drew an aromatic fragrance from the dried bluish-black berries still clinging to the branches. Eben sat down, also.

"Since Jericho," Elias said, "we have skirted several villages but you have not gone into any. ^{Will we go into any} I suppose you will not go into a town until Jamnia?"

Eben was puzzled by the unexpected question.

"We may have to go into one or two," he said. "The food Rhoda put into your bag will not last all the way."

"Will anyone go into Emmaus?"

"Jared may wish to, or have me."

"All the way in?"

"Far enough to look over the situation there. It

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would be safe enough. Emmaus is a Benjaminite town, and I know many in it, and so does Jared, ["]from his travels."

"If you are known in Emmaus, you could be known to enemies as well as friends," Elias said.

"I suppose so," Eben admitted.

"But I," ~~Elias cried triumphantly,~~ "have never been there and so no enemy could recognize me. I should be the one to go."

Elias's tone was one of triumph.
Eben looked at his companion closely. Elias must have a special reason for wishing to go into Emmaus. Of course! The Anointed had gone into Emmaus after rising from the grave. What follower would not wish to go there?

"It may be all right for you to go," ^{he} Eben said slowly, "but let us wait for Jared." *Jared will know*

He was not willing to concede more; ^{decide} Jared must share ^{his} in the decision. But it would be a great thing for Elias to go into the town where the Anointed had revealed himself and had broken bread with two disciples, the day after the crucifixion.

Elias saw that Eben had discovered his secret. He smiled ruefully.

"All right," he said. ^{"we"} "You and I will talk it over with Jared."

"Emmaus may not be entirely safe, even for Jared or

me," Eben said, ~~to prepare Elias for Jared's likely refusal.~~

"~~Lately,~~ ^{lately} legion veterans have been settled there, a whole colony of them. To go into Emmaus now is almost like going into Rome."

"I got into Rome when I pleased, and out of it, too," Elias said.

"Eight hundred veterans are now in Emmaus."

"I could go in and out if there were eight thousand. I got all the way from Rome to Judea."

In Judea you got caught, Eben thought, but he did not point this out.

Elias said no more and Eben knew why. Elias's desire to walk where the Anointed had walked, perhaps to stand in the very room where the Anointed had broken bread, was great but not so great as his duty ^{to complete} ~~not to bring harm~~ to his mission, ~~or~~ ^{to} his new friends.

The little man turned to Eben with a loving smile.

"You and I have never broken bread together as the Master told us to," he said.

"In Judea," Eben said, ^{do it seldom now,} ~~"we do not do so as often as we once did.~~ It is a great danger to meet together in this time of trouble. The Romans are a danger and many of the priesthood are against us."

"Let us break bread now," Elias said.

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and
He dropped to his knees, and so did Eben, knowing that before he partook of the Lord's Supper he must ask forgiveness for his sins.

When they rose Elias took a loaf from the bag Rhoda had packed. He wrenched off a morsel and gave half to Eben.

"This is his body, given for us," he said, and they ate.

He took a small skin of wine from the bag.

"This is his blood of the new covenant," he said.

"Which was shed for us," Eben said. And each in turn drank of the dark wine which tasted of the oak-bark and smoke used in tanning the skin.

They were proud to be speaking words which had come down to them from an earlier generation, words which went back to the wonderful days when Jesus, the Anointed, had walked and talked among men.

Eben looked around the place where they were sitting and Elias nodded reassuringly.

"Yes, he is with us," he said.

"I know," Eben said. "He promised that wherever even two were gathered in his name . . . "

"There he would be," Elias said, and by his voice made it plain that he did not doubt the promise.

Nor did Eben. He took it into his heart and asked the Anointed silently for courage.

The scent of the sun-warmed myrtle berries grew like incense in their nostrils and they sat reverently still.

at last Eben spoke.

"The first time I ate the Lord's Supper," Eben said, ^{at} ~~at~~ last, "I was with my grandfather. He took me from Bethel to Jerusalem, and we broke bread ^{to} in the house of Mary, the mother of the Mark you knew in Rome. Her house was a meeting place."

"Where is she now?" Elias asked.

"No one knows." There is a report that the Simonites robbed and killed her, but ^{others say} there is another report that she escaped from Jerusalem and set out for Rome."

"The mother of Mark would be made a deaconess if she reached Rome," Elias said.

"The mother of Mark in Rome!" Eben said. "How our people have scattered! To Damascus. Alexandria. Antioch. Ephesus. Corinth. Athens. . . "

"And wherever Christians go, the church goes," Elias said. "Do you realize, Eben, that we are the church? You and I and all of us, men and women, who follow the Anointed. Each of us has his special work, and now mine is to deliver the Writing, unless--" he looked at his companion --"you are to deliver it for me."

"I will if I am called on," Eben said, ~~stoutly, strong~~ in the courage born of the Anointed's promise, which Elias had recalled.

They sat a little longer in the shade of the myrtles, warmed by the bond that held them and all Christians together.

at last Elias got to his feet and Eben followed, and they went back to where Rhode and Abigail were waiting.

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omit

CHAPTER TEN

Jared had abandoned the ^{horse} camel when he left the desert for the hills. This was at dawn but he made no sunrise prayer. All night he had kept to the east of Jerusalem; it made him travel farther but it was safer, since the Romans were massed most heavily west of the Holy City in preparation for the assault on Simon's towers.

He did not, of course, expect to find the eastern road wholly free from Romans. Patrols would be everywhere. But the country was familiar to him. He knew all its look-outs, hideouts, short-cuts and defense points. ^{And on his} ~~On the~~ ^{begin} ~~he had discovered~~ ^{here} earliest ^{first} trips he had made for the Community ^{Heth had told him} that, when there were not Romans to thwart, there were bandits who considered the robe, loin cloth, sandals and weapons of one man worth killing for, when necessary. If any Roman could catch him, Jared thought, he deserved to be caught.

He moved like a fox, a wolf, but not like a leopard. Leopards came at you, screaming, if you so much as seemed to cross their path. Foxes were seen in the underbrush only as

365 A

a breeze is seen. Wolves, also, were crafty and they showed humor, too. Once, moving craftily himself, Jared glimpsed a grey head poking out between low bushes, tongue lolling as if in laughter, a wolf playing hide-and-seek and vanishing before the quickest sling could launch a stone.

Some of Jared's anger, loneliness and confusion had drained off in escaping from the Inn, and through the night he had tried to keep his mind on his errand, ^{but he} ~~he~~ could not shake off a feeling of worry, ~~and guilt~~. Had Eben and Elias managed to get out of Jericho safely with Amos's women? ^{and Netophah's} Had he, by going to the Community, put them in too much danger? It had not seemed too much, yet he had, in fact, asked Eben to fulfill a promise which he, himself, had made. The Scrolls, he had felt, were simply more important, and he had not dreamed that he would be barred from taking charge of them.

"All I can do now, is get to Emmaus," he told himself, and pushed ahead along the rocky trail.

In late morning he came to a lookout and crawled up. Jerusalem, ^{was} ~~was~~ now south and a little east, ^{was} smoking and, no doubt, stinking still. ^{He looked down on the Jericho high-travellers, and he glimpsed} That was stippled with the usual traffic and the horses of ^{at least one patrol}. Only the polished gear of legionnaires could reflect the sun so brightly. Elsewhere,

omit

omit

Virginia
Begin
here

also, he caught those bright reflections.

Well, he had known that Cotta would not be fooled forever by the false hint of a northern trail! And, of course, the hunt indicated here might not be for himself and Eben. Other runaways might have been traced to Jericho. Yet he found himself urgently anxious to meet Eben, and it must be near the appointed time. Around noon, they had agreed, and that sun glittering on Roman armor was certainly approaching the zenith.

He turned west, and moving from cover to cover, came on a faint path bending west over the mountains. It was the path he was seeking. Eben, Elias and the women ought to be somewhere ahead. Shortly he knew for sure that they were and breathed deep in thankfulness. ~~On one of the few patches of earth to be found in this world of rocks, he had discovered the imprint of a broadish sandal and of a smaller, narrower one. Amos's wife, whose feet had widened with the years, and Abigail, the daughter!~~ ^{other prints, of heavy boots, told him something else.} Shortly, ~~he knew something else.~~ The women and the men with them were being followed!

Jared began to track the trackers. He dipped into the underbrush, returning to the ~~trail only~~ ^{path only} at intervals and ~~only long enough~~ to make sure of his direction. He worked his way through ravines, among bushes, behind rocks, along canyons and, after a time he sighted a Roman soldier sitting

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From under this, 155
a little bird
suddenly fluttered.

at the trail's edge, ^{with} his back against a limestone ledge, big hobnailed boots outstretched. The pursuit's rear guard, resting tired feet, ~~as Jared had often wished to rest his own!~~

Jared closed on him. A boulder sheltered his first, quiet advance; for the next he used a dead-and-down pine whose branches were still thick with dry needles; then he got closer, behind a low dense bush. ^{he needed} Now, ^{he could see} needing only one long leap; ^{no, only one, and it} he saw the feet again. ^{now} One foot, rather! It was not ^{the} slack, tipped-on-heel foot of a man at rest. It held the ground squarely. A foot ready!

Jared grimaced. ^{The agitated little bird had done it!} He might have known! ~~Trust a~~ ^{would!} ~~legionnaire to come alert at any sign of danger!~~ ^{even so tripling a sign.} So small a sign as a partridge moving unreasonably, would have been enough.

Jared picked up a rock, ~~as big as his big fist;~~ this victory must be won without bloodshed or sound. If any of his quarry's comrades came back and found plain evidence of murder, they might pursue and keep him from joining Eben.

Rock in hand, he shifted clear of the bush and dived for the exposed foot. The astonished enemy, attacked where he least expected, swung a sword at Jared's back, missed and was upended, with a crash and hoarse grunt. Jared

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brought his rock down, and the helmetted head drooped insensibly.

A finger on the Roman's neck felt no throb. The man was dead. To make death seem accidental and innocent, Jared picked up a ^{prized at} stock, and, prying high on the limestone ledge, ^{and} worked loose an outcropping. It cascaded satisfactorily over his victim and thereafter Jared had only to clear away the traces of his own presence. Killed by falling stone while resting, said all the remaining evidence.

^{antenna}
o-o-o

The sun was blazing so brightly that no present eye, save that of the dead Roman, could look at it. ^{That} His eye stared with a wide boldness which made nothing of sun, or, even, death. Jared pushed on, ^{hoping that,} He was sure he was close to Eben, but if he did not catch up, he hoped Eben would cautiously make camp until they could get into Emmaus and find friends. They would need friends to get past the retired legionnaires of Emperor Vespasian's colony.

On a chance, Jared made the agreed-on partridge call, sharp, short, brittle, a mother bird's warning to her young. It was a safe sound. It would not mean anything if a Roman overheard, except possibly that there might be meat for an evening meal.

^{call}
The ery came back.

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"That ^{is} Eben, all right!" Jared ~~said to himself and~~
~~laughed with relief.~~ ⁱⁿ "Only a Roman could do a worse imita-
~~tion."~~ He repeated his own ^{call and,} ~~warning to show Eben how it ought~~
~~to be done.~~

Laughing, too, in relief and pleasure, Eben came up
 out of underbrush not far ahead. They grasped each other's
 shoulders, ~~in a glad embrace.~~

"Where are the others?" Jared asked.

"Up ahead. I had been leading but I came back, look-
 ing for you. And your mission? Was it successful?"

Jared's glowing face darkened. He did not speak.
~~Eben tried to fill the silence.~~

"The women cannot walk as fast as we ought to go,"

^{he} Eben said, ~~embarrassed.~~ "So I told them to push along while
 I came back to see what was moving behind us."

~~"A Roman patrol is somewhere near,"~~ Jared said, ~~He~~

"You missed something," Jared said. "There is a patrol
~~about. It probably swung into hiding when it heard you." He~~
~~told of killing the single legionnaire. "He was not out here~~
~~alone."~~

"Come on!" Eben raced off, ^{sick with dread,} ~~glad to hide his chagrin~~
~~at having missed enemy signs. Dread pushed him, too. If a~~
^{patrol} ~~the pursuit had slipped past,~~ ^{stet} it might even now be preparing
^{stet} ~~to close in on Elias, Rhoda and Abigail,~~ ^{stet}

A shout lifted in front of them.

They heard Abigail scream.

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They were running hard but, ^{like a runner in a} even so, Jared took time to plan. ^{relay race, Jared passed a javelin to Eben. It was one of the two he had taken from the Romans at the Inn.} "Javelins first!" he said, ~~and thrust at Eben one of the two he had taken from the Romans at the Inn.~~ "Then swords. Follow me!"

He led Eben in a loop through ^{a mask of trees and} the underbrush as Abigail screamed again and ^{they thought they heard} Elias shouted, ^{and Jared and Eben came} Back on the trail, ^{in sight of} they saw three Romans ^{who were blocking the narrow mouth of a cañon} posted cautiously before a narrowmouthed

cave. Legionnaires, Jared thought grimly, never wasted their own blood! They were calling to the cave's occupants to come out and give themselves up. Only if they had to, would they risk an attack which might force them to squeeze, one by one, through the dangerously cramped entrance.

Hearing brush crackle, the Romans turned. All hurled their spears but their startled aim was bad. One spear fell short at Jared's feet; the second flew over Eben's head; and the third, partly because Eben dodged, only grazed his arm. The dodge also caused Eben's javelin to miss, and he exclaimed in disgust. ^{but} Jared's javelin thrust deep into a leather breastplate and one man fell.

The remaining ^{pair} two yelled in ~~defiant~~ fury, drew swords and got up their shields.

Eben settled into place on Jared's left, ^{The Romans} making sure to give both of them ample room. They might need to move fast

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 yelled again, this time warning each other,
 since, lacking shields, they dared not offer stationary targets.

"They recognize us," Jared said.

That was good, Eben thought; and recognition of the two who had earned such fame at Jerusalem did seem to confuse the Romans for a second. One made a feint at Jared. The other's heavy boot ~~tried to stamp~~ ^{tried to stamp} other stepped out suddenly, hoping to plant a boot on Eben's sandalled foot. Eben ~~glided back and cut at the boot,~~ ^{is sword swung and} His ~~point scraped a shin-guard, and the boot retreated,~~ ^{draw back,} and Eben saw an opening and crouched low, legs stretched like ^{open} scissors, and drove at the Roman's belly.

Amazement spread over his enemy's face, before it drained white and he crumpled.

Jared had had to give way before a shower of blows but finally his opponent over-reached and went off balance. Jared seized the chance. He hammered the Roman's shield and the man backed off, and an inch of unprotected neck showed between helmet and collar of breastplate. Jared thrust at the mark. The Roman spun, staggered, and dropped under a crimson splatter and was dead. There was no need to administer a finishing blow to either of the others. Their first wounds had been mortal.

o-o-o

"Eben!" Abigail came flying from the cave. "Oh, Eben! Elias . . ."

Virginia: I don't have the
new page number but it
follows what you have.

Eben stiffened. ~~The cry could mean only that Elias~~
~~was wounded, or worse.~~ He and Jared hurried inside, ^{rushed into the cave.} Elias
lay on ~~blood-stained sand on the~~ ^{rocky} cave floor, and even in the
half-light his slack figure said that he was dead. Rhoda
was kneeling alongside, weeping.

"He died for us! He died for us!" She kept on sobbing
even after Abigail helped her up, so that Eben might examine
the body. ^{gaping wound.}

~~A gaping body wound had bled heavily into the sand.~~

"It was a spear," Eben said, ^{he shook his head slowly.} looking up at Jared. He
could not quite accept that any spear had been able to reach
the resourceful little man.

"A Roman spear!" Abigail said. "Elias had sent us
into the back of the cave. He ^{hoped} ~~said~~ our headcloths might have
^{made} the Romans believe they faced three men, and that they
would be cautious and hold off, perhaps, until you came up.
But he kept close to the entrance to stand guard, and a Roman
thrust in at him." ^{found him.}

The small, staunch messenger was stretched out as though
in weariness after his long, long journey. Rhoda had closed
his eyes. They will never now look on Emmaus, Eben thought
~~with a rush of pain.~~ He loosened his friend's girdle and took
out a folded ~~piece of~~ parchment.

"He told me where to find this," he said to Jared. "It

shows where his Writing is hidden. I promised I would deliver ^{it} the Writing if anything happened to him." His voice broke. He put the parchment into his own girdle. "I should not have left him alone."

"A man can plan only what seems right when he plans," Jared said and then, in a muted, self-accusing voice, contradicted himself. "I should not have let him take my place ^{on} the mission to Jericho." *(Jared's voice was muted, low.)*

Eben could not speak. *put the map into his own girdle.*

"But if his Writing is delivered," Jared ^{said,} went on, "that will be what he wanted most in the world."

"I will deliver it," Eben said.

Abigail had led her mother into the rear of the cave, but the men could still hear her sobbing. Jared went to her, and welcoming him provided Rhoda with a diversion which checked her tears. Her husband and Jared, both scholars, had become devoted friends on one of Jared's journeys to find parchment.

^{Amos} "Johanen sent word that you would come," she said.

"We thank you, Abigail and I, and Amos will thank you."

"Thank Eben and Elias," Jared said, ~~in the muted voice.~~

"They were the ones who have brought you this far." *safe out of Jericho.*

Elias's name started Rhoda's tears again. Abigail motioned Jared to leave. She will soon be all right, I will ^{all}

~~take care of her, the signal said;~~ and Jared returned to Eben and they went outside. The sun had disappeared behind dark clouds.

"They look like rain, but it is early for rain," ^{Jared} Eben said.

~~"Rain would drive most of the patrols to cover."~~

^{Rain} "It would be hard on the women, though," ^{"Eben said."} It would make walking difficult, and they are already tired."

They spoke in matter-of-fact voices, as though concerned over nothing except the change in weather, but Eben's heart had not been more sad since he found his father and mother slain by Romans. He could see that Jared, too, was shaken. ~~Neither of them dared be other than matter-of-fact.~~

"Rain or no rain," Jared said, ^{we must get away before} "if we stay here, we are looking for trouble. ~~More legionnaires may show up any~~ time. We have to make sure they find nothing."

He and Eben carried the bodies of the Romans ^{deep} into a gully, covered them with ^{stones and} brush and ^{with brush.} swept the trails ~~forward~~ and back, clean of all signs.

"We must find a better burial place for Elias," Jared said. "Another cave. He is too likely to be found in ^{this} the one. ~~he is in now, and he deserves better than a gully and brush.~~"

The region was full of caves, and they found one they liked because it had a high, deep shelf. When they returned

for Elias's body, the women were sitting beside it. A clean cloth had been laid over the face.

"There was no water for a washing," Rhoda said, "and no spices for wrapping. But we tore ^{off} up another ^{piece of} tunic and that ~~gave us a covering for~~ ^{to cover} his face."

Her tears were gone; doing something helpful had calmed her. ~~Abigail~~ ^{fit for} smiled tremulously.

"We have found a cave almost as fine as a rich man's sepulchre," Eben said. He stooped for Elias's dagger and put it into his own girdle beside the map. He ^{slung Elias's} took up the bag of food ~~Elias had put down and slung it over a shoulder.~~ Then he ^{took} grasped Elias's bony shoulders, and Jared took the feet, and they carried the body gently away and laid it on the shelf in the burial cave and pushed it far back, out of sight. Eben felt ~~in the darkness there~~ to make sure that Rhoda's clean cloth remained in place.

Jared ^{is} watched, his dark face ^{was} set in self-reproach and sorrow.

"The next world," Eben said, ~~to comfort him,~~ "is what was important to Elias. The Anointed, ~~you know,~~ rose from the dead. And when he returns--any time now, it is promised--a trump ^{will} shall sound and all the dead ^{will} shall rise, and Elias is sure to be among the first, ["] ~~he was so good and pure."~~

"There should be a prayer. We should kneel and pray,"

^{Said}
 Jared muttered, but he could not. May your prayers fall back from heaven like heavy stones.

"~~We have a prayer that the Anointed, himself, gave to his followers,~~" Eben said. ^{PRAYER,} ~~and, kneeling, he~~ ^{US ON}

He knelt and prayed as his grandfather had taught him. Some of what he would say was not going to be exactly suitable, but he would say it all anyway. It could not harm.

Our Father which art in heaven. Hallowed by thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven.

So far it was good for any man, dead or alive.

Give us this day our daily bread.

~~But what need did~~
 That was less good, because what would Elias do now ^{have}
^{for} with bread?

Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

That was better. Elias had surely forgiven everyone in debt to him, but if he owed any debts, he would, of course, like to have them forgiven.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

^{did not now need}
 Well, Elias might still need deliverance from evil, ^{but} and it was all right, too, to ask that he be kept from temptation, although temptations seemed unlikely in the new life he had just begun.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,
forever. Amen."

Making the final declaration of faith, for Elias as well as himself, made Eben feel better. He rose from his knees, his face serene.

Jared had not knelt. He had not even bent his head. ^{yet} ~~But~~
~~Jared~~ ^{he} prayed every day at sunrise and sunset! Eben could not understand it, nor the look of despair and bafflement in Jared's black eyes.

Eben touched him, but ^{he} ~~he~~ did not speak, and for once it was Eben who planned.

"We must clean up the other cave and get started," he said. "Those clouds look more and more like rain."

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