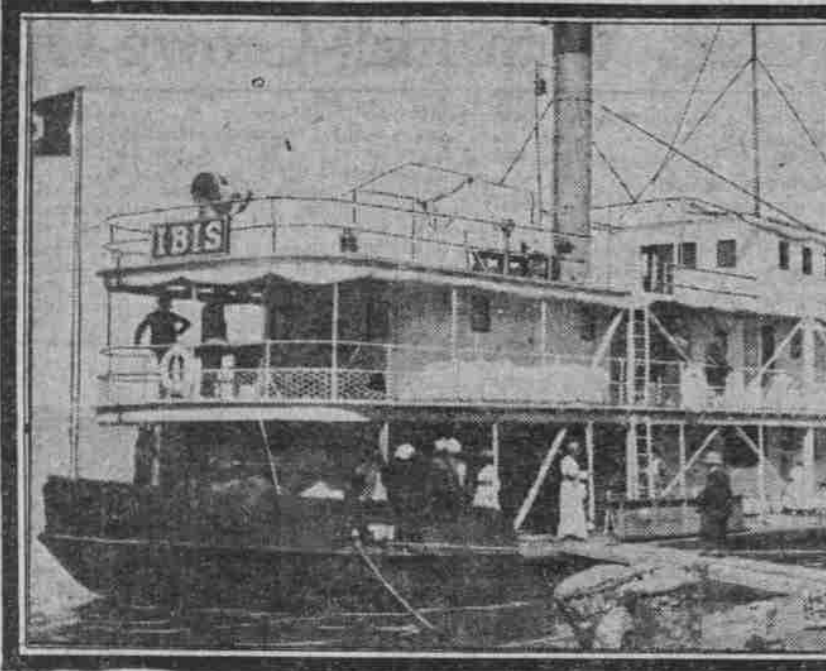
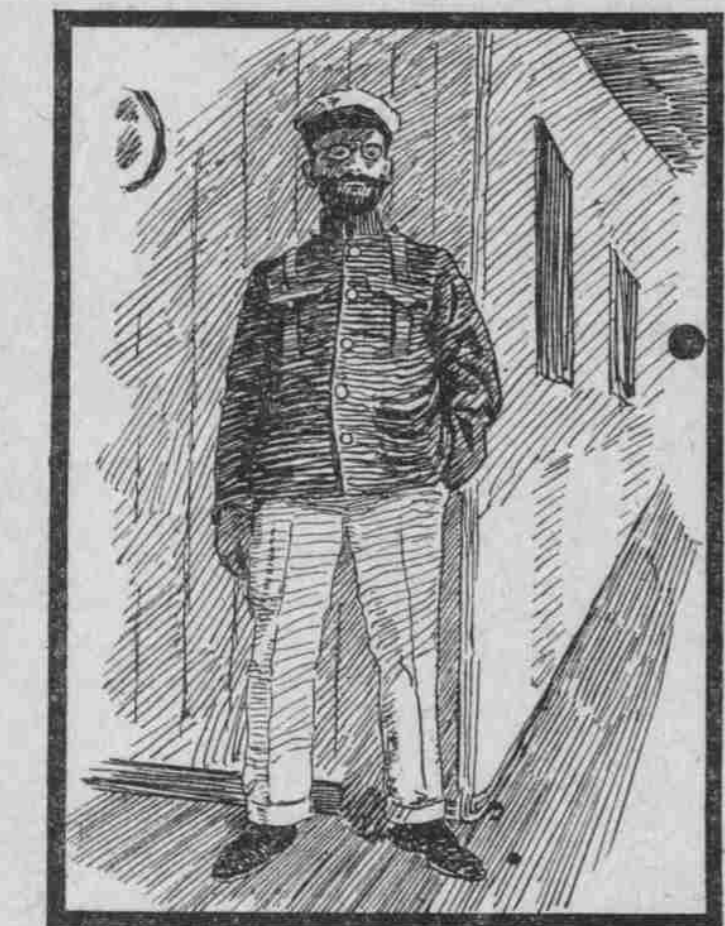


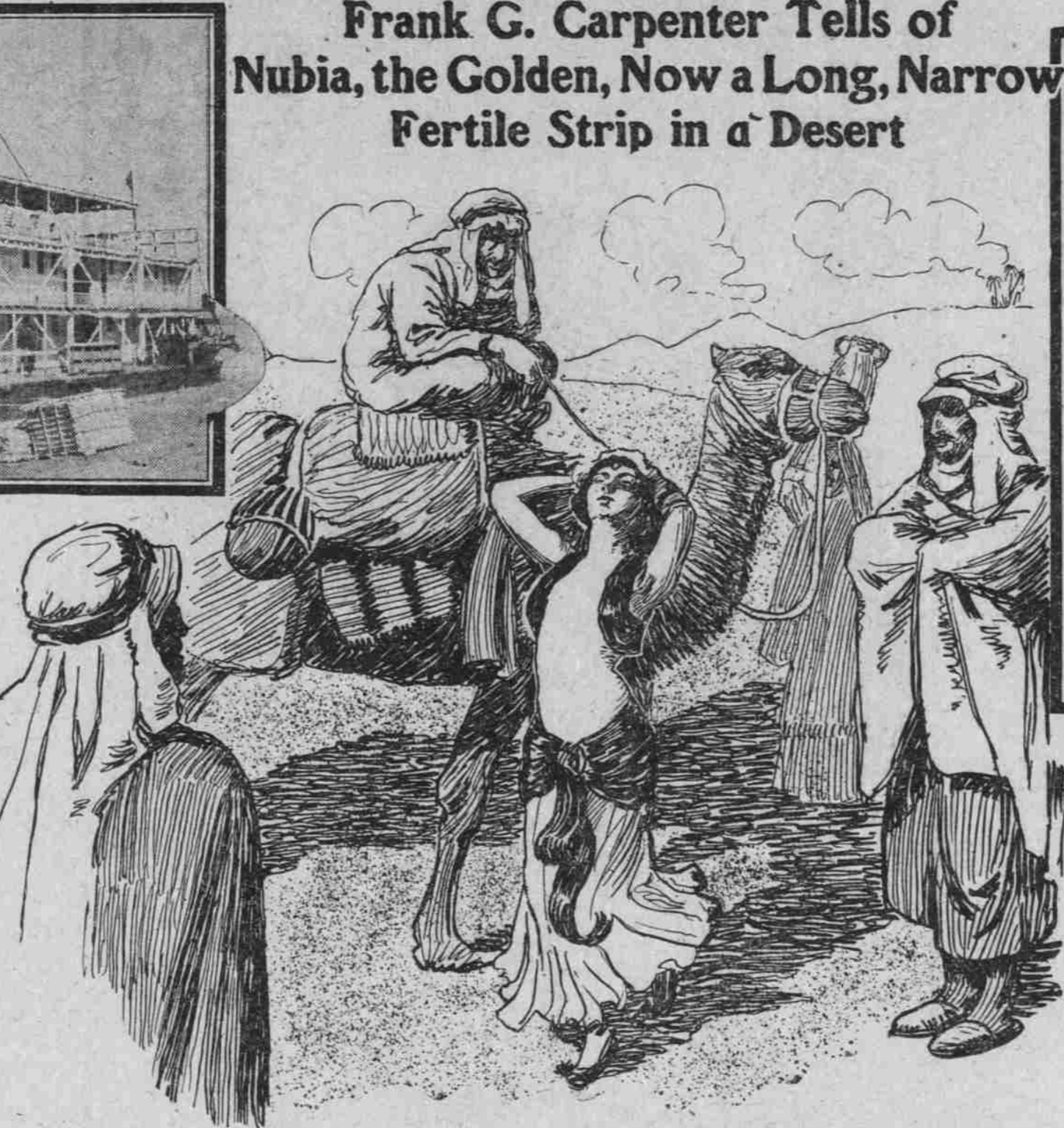
FRANK G. CARPENTER TELLS OF NUBIA, THE GOLDEN, NOW A LONG, NARROW FERTILE STRIP IN A DESERT



OUR SHIP IS A STERN-WHEELER



OUR PILOT, A DARK-FACED, SHORT-BEARDED NUBIAN IN TURBAN AND GOWN



OUR PILOT, A DARK-FACED, SHORT-BEARDED NUBIAN IN TURBAN AND GOWN

THE CAPTAIN IS A GERMAN WHO SPEAKS FRENCH, ENGLISH, AND ARABIC

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

FOR the past two days I have been steaming up the Nile, above Egypt, through one of the oldest lands of the globe. I have been traveling through the country which belonged to Noah's grandson, Cush, and which, in later days, was known to the Greeks and Romans as Ethiopia. The Egyptians called it Nubia, from their word nub, which means gold, and it is known that a large part of the gold of ancient times came from it. There are miners working it today. It has been recently parceled out by the government to three English syndicates, with capitals ranging from a quarter of a million dollars to one million and a half dollars, and one of these companies, known as the Sudan Goldfields Limited, has already sunk three shafts in the ancient workings of Om Nabardi and is now building a railroad to connect them with the government line which crosses the desert from Wady Halfa to Abu Hamid.

Ancient Nubia.

Ancient Nubia had a considerable population, and it was noted for its riches and power. It was something of a country at about the time the pyramids were built and in the most prosperous days of old Egypt it had large towns and magnificent temples dedicated to the worship of the Egyptian gods. On my way here I passed Abu Simbel, a great temple on the banks of the Nile, which was cut out of the rocks by Rameses II, the Pharaoh who oppressed the Egyptians and would not let them go; and a little further down the river lies the Temple of the Lions, where that same old king himself was worshipped as a god.

Nubia was tributary to the Pharaohs until 1100 B. C. It then became independent, and later still its armies overran Egypt and conquered it. As other nations came into the lower part of the Nile valley they sent armies against the Nubians, only to be driven back, and at the time the Romans entered Egypt the country was ruled by a succession of queens named Candace, one of whom made war upon Rome. Shortly after Christ, the people adopted Christianity, and later, when the Mohammedans took possession of Egypt and the Upper Nile valley, they were converted to Mohammedanism. They are still followers of the prophet, and they formed some of the boldest soldiers of the Mahdi in his recent war against the forces of Egypt and England.

A land with such a history ought to be a rich one. The Nubia of today is about as barren as any country on earth. With the exception of a narrow strip along the Nile, it is altogether desert. It begins in the sands of Libya and goes for several hundred miles eastward to the Red Sea, and it is only in a few places that the soil has enough moisture to furnish a scanty pasturage for camels and sheep. The bits of desert population are made up of Bisharin Bedouins, who live in tents of matting and move about with their flocks from place to place. Each tribe has a certain number of wells, and these wells are the principal part of its visible wealth. During the past few years the English officials of the Sudan have located these wells, and they have now information as to their depth and the quality and flow of the water. The government has also sunk some wells and has found water about 100 feet.

The Nubia of today is a part of the Upper Nile Valley. If you will imagine a cultivated strip, about a quarter of a mile wide, winding its way like a snake from north to south as far as from New York City to Detroit, and embracing both sides of a river as large as the Mississippi, you may have some idea of this country. You must not think that the cultivated strip has any regularity of width. In some places the desert comes close to the river and in others the stream is walled with black, rocky hills, which rise, almost straight up, a thousand feet above it. Farther on may be yellow sand, spotted with black rocks which

who are on their way to the Blue Nile to hunt big game. Among the latter are a German Baron and his wife and several British army officers from India, who are spending their leave in this way. Most of our party appears in evening clothes at dinner, although we are far away in the wilds of Nubia with nothing but desert on each side. Our meals are served in courses, with a half dozen changes of plates, knives and forks, and we have napkins.

How One Suffers in the Desert of Nubia.

Indeed, it may interest you to know just how one suffers out here in the Desert of Nubia. I will give you the bill of fare for one day, at 7 this morning, while I was yet in bed, my black boy appeared and handed me a cup of hot tea, with two sweet crackers on each side of the saucer. At 8 o'clock the bell rang for breakfast in the dining-room. The meal was as follows: Fried fish, fresh from the Nile; bacon and eggs, cooked by a comper, with tea or coffee to order. At 1 o'clock came luncheon, consisting of rice, giblets, chicken, mutton chops and fruit with bread and butter and cheese. Coffee, of course. At 5 o'clock we had dinner, and the menu was as follows: First, an excellent soup, then boiled fish just out of the Nile, followed by a comper, with potatoes, roast lamb and mint sauce, with potatoes and string beans. Then there was a course of tomato salad, and after that a pudding of rice and fruit with bread and butter. My trip from Shellah to Khartoum and back by rail and steamer, not very much longer than from New York to Chicago, will be \$15, or about 6 cents per mile, and that includes a good dinner per day. We have some second and third class passengers, but they live not on the steamer, but on a low barge, which we tow along by our side. This barge has a deck of rough boards covered by a roof. The people upon it carry their own bedding and lay it down on the boards. They must supply their own food, and as the servants of the first-class passenger have the desert breezes blowing over them all night long, it is colder here than in Egypt, although we are nearer the equator. I have a woolen blanket on my bed, and on top of that a heavy traveling rug, and still am none too warm. In the early morning I wear an overcoat when on deck, although at noon it is so hot that I take off my coat and sit in my bays.

The Plague of the Flies.

Swarming the Nubian Nile are almost free from flies, such as are found by the millions in Egypt, but Nubia has a little fly of its own which is almost unbearable. This is known as the Nimetta, a small midge, which appears in countless myriads during the winter season. Its bite causes a slight fever, and the natives sometimes wear bunches of smoldering grass tied about their heads to keep it away.

As to the flies of Egypt, they are probably the descendants of those which the Lord sent to afflict Pharaoh when he would not let the children of Israel go. They look not unlike the common fly of our country, but are more bold and hungry. Their feet stick to one as though they were glued, and they will not move until brushed off. Their favorite feeding place seems to be on one's eyes, and the Egyptian peasants have become so used to them that they let them feed at will. This is especially so of the children, a common sight being a child with its eyes so fringed with flies that it seems to have double eyelashes. The flies cover the

meat in the markets, they roost on the buffaloes, camels and donkeys, and they attack the tourist to such an extent that the selling of fly brushes has become an Egyptian industry. The brushes are tasseled affairs with long strings similar to the hairs of a horse's tail.

Every one knows that flies carry disease, and many of the troubles of the Egyptians of today are due to them. This is especially so of ophthalmia. There are blind people everywhere, and one-eyed men and women are common. Distances of the eye are so universal that one of the charitable features of Lower Egypt is a company of traveling eye doctors. These men are supported by a rich Englishman, who has given a fund for the purpose. The doctors go from village to village, carrying their tents with them. As they enter a town the word goes out that the poor will be treated without charge, and crowds come to their tents to have their eyes examined and cured. They remain in one town for a month or

so, and during this time the poor are attended to without money and without price. I am told the institution does great good.

The port of Shellah, where I took the steamer for Wady Halfa, is just opposite the Island of Philae, and during my stay there I roved over and took photographs of the ruined temples as they have been more or less affected by the backing up of the water from the Assouan dam. Now that the dam is to be built 15 feet higher, the most of the temples will be drowned when the reservoir is full, and the probability is that they will soon pass away. When the dam was first proposed a great outcry came from the savants and archaeologists of the world on account of the injury that it would do to Philae, but the material results have been so valuable to Egypt that the dam is to be raised regardless of the preservation of these ancient ruins. Something like \$100,000 was spent in fortifying the old structures during the building of the dam, and it is

Bandit Moors' Ideal

Raisouli Who Combines Traits That Tribesmen Worship.

THERE are many strange stories in the "Arabian Nights," but I doubt if any one of them is half so strange as the stories of the prince of the Moorish Moors, who is the subject of the "Moorish Ideal" in the Times. He is of royal blood, handsome, young (he is not yet 40, I think), splendidly resourceful, and courageous, a fervent and orthodox Mohammedan, and possessing an impressive and magnetic personality irresistible to the Moorish mind. In him are combined two things the Moor loves—religion and romance. They do not forget that if his turn came he is entitled by birth to sit under the parasol and rule Morocco.

He has been a long game with my lord the Sultan—or, let me say, rather, with those who govern him—for in his heart the Sultan has a great admiration for his irrepressible kinsman. It began many years ago when Raisouli was Kall of A'Brizez, opposite the Akbar Hamra. The mahala, the Sultan's army, camped before it, and did great wrongs on his people. They outraged the women, looted the houses, stole the cattle, killed the sheep and stole all other things they could lay hands on, finally atrociously murdering an uncle of Raisouli's not far from his dwelling. In vain did the Sultan petition the government against his army—those who advised the Sultan probably saw to it that no voice ever reached him from A'Brizez; Raisouli cried out into void—and no answer ever came.

This was humiliation incredible to the haughty Moorish Prince. He had a right to be heard—was he not royal himself? And his people were dear to him—their sufferings drove him mad. Perhaps the bitterness of death was already over in this man's mind when then the Sultan's army had endured the length became intolerable, and he went out in rebellion against his lord, was outlawed, and took to the heather with a price on his head; and instantly was a hero in the eyes of the Moors, and almost a saint. Was he not fighting for the people, for justice against oppressions and the tax-gatherer with his exorbitant demands, for wronged women and men; and against a lord who dealt in forbidden arts, who bought cargoes that went by magic, who spoke from great trumpets, who made images of his household by the assistance of Satan, and who wrung great sums from the country to waste them on Narin, who taught him evil, on dancing women, and strange music that no man could understand made by devils in a great box? Raisouli was orthodox; he, at least, would have no dealings with Satan the Stoned.

Raisouli had the air and port of some ancient Roman Prince, and he has also the keen wit, the intellect of the ancient Roman, together with his taciturnity and reticence. Had fortune placed him on the throne, he would have ruled to the entire satisfaction of his nation, and been a dignified, impressive and just sovereign. He is, in fact, the

probable that twice this amount would suffice to take up the temples which are now there and carry them to the mainland, or even transport them to Cairo, where all the world might see.

Nubia in 1907.

The Island of Philae is situated on the edge of lower Nubia, in the center of the Nile, just above the first cataract, and it is reached by ferryboat from Shellah or from Assouan and the dam. The island is about 150 feet long and 500 feet wide; it is almost covered with temples built by the Ptolemies and others two or three centuries before Christ. The chief deity of Philae was the goddess, Isis; but Osiris, Hathor and the gods of the cataracts were also worshipped there. Under the Roman Emperors the temples were enlarged, but when Egypt was converted to Christianity the hermits and other fanatics made their way into Nubia and took possession of the temples, turning some of the temples into Chris-

tean churches and their mutilations of the splendid carvings put in the honor of the gods of old Egypt can be plainly seen. The ruins today are well worth a visit. Some of the structures have a forest of columns about them, and the Kiosk, cases and the stone blocks of the greatest of the Theban temples. The quarries today are much the same as they were when the Egyptians left them two or three thousand years ago. One can see the marks of their wedges on the rocks and the workings of the old stoncutters are plain. In one place there is an obelisk half finished lying on its side, just as the masons of the Pharaohs left it. When the stones were gotten out for the Assouan dam the Italian workmen used many of the blocks which the ancient Egyptian mechanics had begun to cut, and indeed that great granite structure was made in partnership by two sets of mechanics who were born thousands of years apart.

In the Assouan Quarries.

During my stay there I visited the Assouan quarries, the great stone yards from which the obelisks were taken and from which came the mighty statues of Ramses and the stone blocks of the greatest of the Theban temples. The quarries today are much the same as they were when the Egyptians left them two or three thousand years ago. One can see the marks of their wedges on the rocks and the workings of the old stoncutters are plain. In one place there is an obelisk half finished lying on its side, just as the masons of the Pharaohs left it. When the stones were gotten out for the Assouan dam the Italian workmen used many of the blocks which the ancient Egyptian mechanics had begun to cut, and indeed that great granite structure was made in partnership by two sets of mechanics who were born thousands of years apart.

Wady Halfa, September 23.

gulle, and took the Sultan's ambassador prisoner. "Only God knows the truth"—Raisouli knows no fear.—Westminster Gazette.

This Telescope World's Greatest.

One by one this country is equipping itself with a group of the greatest observatories in the world. On the summit of Mount Wilson, a peak in Southern California, is a solar observatory which will outclass any other designed for that purpose.

It is under the patronage of the Carnegie Institute at Washington. The intention is to cost \$200,000 upon its equipment. Mount Wilson was selected as the site because the atmosphere there was clear and tranquil for a greater number of days than at any other place tested.

One of the most important subjects of research will be the apparent decrease in heat radiation from the sun in the last few years. Another problem will be undertaken by Professor E. E. Barnard, who is not satisfied with the theory of the nebular origin, and who will try to determine how much faith can be put in the nebular hypothesis.

The popular notion is that the astronomer points his telescope directly at the sun and fires his vision point blank across the chasm of millions of miles. Instead the errant sun rays are la-rood by a coelestia, a great circular mirror driven by clockwork in such a manner that it throws its light into another mirror above, and this in turn sends the long, concentrated beam far into the interior of the telescope house.

The two mirrors move in automatic adjustment to each other, so that the solar beams may be shot into the building, no matter in what portion of the sky the sun may be situated. At the further end of the building the reflected sunbeam strikes a concave mirror, which catches the light, and flashing it back toward the opening whence it first entered, focuses it into a perfect image of the sun.

The greatest reflecting telescope in the world is to be the climax of the equipment of this observatory. A huge lens, five feet in diameter, eight inches thick and weighing a full ton, is being perfected at the Mount Wilson laboratory in Pasadena. To such exact nicety must its surface be ground and polished that it will require five years to complete it ready for mounting.

The glass in the rough costs \$1 a pound. With great patience and the highest mechanical skill it is being fitted for its momentous work.

When completed it will be transported by an auto truck up the narrow trail to the observatory, and there will be mounted under a rotating dome 35 feet in diameter. With this monster eye it will be possible to penetrate farther into the depths of space than by any instrument ever before designed by man.

Hops.

Charlotte Observer. De dogs kin runt. Far about two mont. But den dey'll grunt no more. De coon kin roam. Till we fetch him home. En skin him at de door. O shamon ripe. I'll light my pipe. We'll bear draps on dey chin. We'll have our pay. En'll see our day. When we gits de cotton in!