

The Adonis of Egypt 6,400 years ago is again among men. Not as he was when women bowed before him and his every gesture was looked upon almost as if it were that of a god, but swathed in the habiliments of the republican mummy. Centuries before imperial Caesar died and turned to clay this man ruled the dwellers on 250,000 acres with a rod of iron. The women adored him for his beauty. The men feared and respected him for his wisdom.

Near the city of El Kab, which is situated 75 miles north of the present site of Cairo, there lies an ancient cemetery so old that even the men to whom the papyrus scrolls are as familiar as the waters of the Nile are unable to say when it was first devoted to the purpose of housing the mortal tenements of the old Egyptians. The archeologist has long found it a fruitful field for research, and many a mummy that today is gazed on in the museums with rosy-eyed wonder was undisturbed here for thousands of years.

It so happened that a short time ago persons prospecting for new fields in a hill in the cemetery discovered a little pit which apparently had never been made the subject of investigation. Excavation brought to light the fact that it was not only something new, but from the archeologist's standpoint one of the most important finds in a very long time. The pit was the entrance to a solid chamber of rock containing a number of stone coffins or sarcophagi. Besides these there lay upon the floor of the chamber a number of statues. Examination of the various contents showed that one of the sarcophagi contained the mummy of Nenkhefta, and the roll of papyrus and the inscriptions on the sarcophagus both gave the information that these were the mortal remains of "the most beautiful man in Egypt and probably the world."

When the wrappings of the mummy of this ancient Adonis were unfolded, there was nothing to indicate that the remains were those of a man of any beauty whatsoever. The grinning skeleton looked exactly like those of today. The only odd fact was that the shape of the skull, the hands and the feet were, while unmistakably Egyptian, of more classic mold than those of most mummies. The formation of the skull also indicated that its owner had possessed great mental development, thus justifying the pleasant things which were said about him in the perfectly preserved roll of ancient manuscript which recited his history.

Some of the archeologists here were at first inclined to doubt the accuracy of the claims made regarding this find, but investigation showed that there was no cause for doubt whatever. It would have been impossible to perpetrate a fraud of this sort. The papyrus roll, which told the history of Nenkhefta, set forth that his dominion extended over 42 miles of the banks of the Nile. His residence was termed Nishwaha, which is supposed to mean that the village where he lived bore that title.

"Great were his flocks, oh ruler of rulers," says the manuscript. "None was so wise. None was so beloved. The sun smiled on him when he journeyed abroad, and when he looked with displeasure a sorrow as of death came upon him who had caused it. He was to the Nile as the Nile was to him. No man who lives was so beautiful. There is none to take his place."

Perhaps there was a touch of oriental extravagance in this, but among the statues found on the floor of the chamber was one which unquestionably was intended to represent Nenkhefta. This was evidence sufficient that the inscription must not have been without cause. According to the standard of beauty which existed in Egypt in those days, Nenkhefta was certainly an Adonis. While in sculpture the ancient Egyptian was not equal to the genius of today he was a man of much skill, and there is no reason to doubt that the statue is a fairly faithful representation of "the most beautiful man in Egypt."

In the tomb of Nenkhefta were also the mummies of his wife and little son. It would appear from the information contained in the papyrus that this old time Egyptian was content with one wife, something of a rarity in those days. He was evidently an exceptionally able man, and this probably accounts for the presence of the mummies of his wife and son in his tomb. It is believed that if he had had more than one wife there would be some evidence to indicate that this was his favorite wife and the mother of his son. It is held that this must have been his only son from the statement on the papyrus scroll. "There is none to take his place."

Nenkhefta's wife was named Nyleptha. This is the inscription on her sarcophagus. "Nyleptha, the Queen of Nenkhefta, Greatest of Rulers." Nothing is said as to whether or not she was beautiful, as it is plainly evident that the effulgence of Nenkhefta was such that any womanly charm in his family was practically lost sight of.—Washington Post.

Durability of Ivory.
The durability of ivory is proved by the fact that billiard balls which for the sake of curiosity had been made of very well preserved mammoth ivory are as doubtfully many thousand years old were played with for several months without being noticed that the balls were not made of fresh ivory. Mammoth ivory is, as a rule, not as tough as fresh ivory.

A Practical Girl.
Harry Doughton (to country sweet-heart)—Miss Milkyweigh, do you play and sing?—When the Cows Are in the Corn?
Miss Milkyweigh—Lord bless you, no. I get the dogs and chase 'em out.—Detroit Free Press.

At Home.
Mr. Nervers—Who is that banging the piano down in the parlor?
Mrs. Nervers—That's Mr. Fish running his scales.
Mr. Nervers—Well, I wish he'd run 'em out of here.—Up to Date.

The Horrors of Rheumatism.

A woman's account of torture which lasted three years; of her struggles against the dreadful disease, and of the good fortune that crowned her efforts.

Such suffering as rheumatism causes the victims upon whom it fastens itself is almost unendurable. Sufferers from the worst types of this terrible disease will supply the missing link in the following story from real life. Those who write under similar forms of rheumatism will be able to imagine the feelings of the tortured victim.

The only justification for making public such heart-rending details is the fact that the lesson taught will be helpful to others, pointing the way to renewed life and health to every sufferer from rheumatism.

This swelling would begin in the night, at times. I would awake in agony. "Daylight would find my limbs purple in color, swollen to twice their natural size, and so racked with pain I could not bear to touch them."

My right arm and both legs were so drawn as to be almost useless. "My skin became dry and yellow. At times my limbs would pain as though millions of needles were pricking them."

He Held the Winning Hand.
They were having the usual game of cards in the smoking apartment. The traveling men swapped jokes, nattered lies and told bigger ones. The stranger who just sat in to fill out the game contributed nothing but smiles and an occasional general laugh to the social features of the occasion.

Finally one of these challenges elicited from the stranger an admission that the game was about the only game of cards of which he did not possess some knowledge, but he had rather a peculiar hand, and because of the value it would have in other games he would just take a chance.

Spiders and Their Ways.
We find as marked differences in habits, tastes and characters among spiders as among human beings. Some kinds prefer always living in houses or cellars, not seeming to care for any fresh air or out of door exercise.

Dr. Nicoll on American Newspapers.
Dr. Nicoll, who came to this country with Mr. Barrie, read the American newspapers while he was here and anxiously admits that he liked them. He has confessed to the Westminster Budget that in his opinion no American institution is more misunderstood abroad than the press.

A Fortune For Flowers.
Mrs. Mackay spends more on floral decorations when giving a dinner party or reception than any other member of the fashionable world. She has been known to have chariots—drawn by swans—filled with roses, from which her guests could help themselves. Her dinner tables are a wealth of flowers.

THE BLACK PRINCE'S ARMY

The Largest English Fleet Ever Assembled Took the Soldiers to France. Mr. W. O. Stoddard's serial, "With the Black Prince," gives in St. Nicholas an account of the splendid army that accompanied the prince to the battle of Crecy. Mr. Stoddard says: It was the largest English fleet yet assembled, and the army going on board was also the best with which any English king had ever put to sea. It consisted of picked men only. Of these, 4,000 were men-at-arms, 6,000 were Irish, 12,000 were Welsh, but the most carefully trained and disciplined part of the force consisted of 10,000 bowmen. During a whole year had Edward and his son and his generals toiled to select and prepare the men and the weapons with which they were to meet the highly famed chivalry of the continent.

Edward's adventure had a seeming of great rashness, for already it was reported that the French king had mustered 100,000 men. Full many a gallant cavalier in armor of profly mail well have wondered to hear, moreover, that Edward III, accounted the foremost general of his time, proposed to meet superior numbers of the best lances of Europe with lightly armored men on foot.

Is courage to be taught in peace? A Russian general once proposed to "salt" his soldiers by loading one rifle in ten with ball cartridges during maneuvers. This ghastly preparative was too revolting to civilized minds, and it has never been carried out, but, if adopted, it would make the army trained under such circumstances invincible, and so in the end tend to shorten war and save life.

Endurance, mutual trust, self control, may be learned on the high Alps, or, for the matter of that, in Wastdale, where a slip on the face of the mountain means destruction. The valley of stones down some precipitous gully is not less deadly than the hail of shells and bullets on the battlefield.

Walter Kennedy wrote to the manager of a prominent theater in Connecticut, asking for his open time for a week in the following repertory: "Samson," "Orpheus," "Virginius," "Damon and Pythias," and this was the answer: "Walter Kennedy—Dear Sir: I must say that I have never heard of any two of the actors you mention in your company. Samson was at the dime museum here not long ago, breaking heavy chains, and Orpheus played here last winter at the opposition theater. They say he is a good actor, but I don't care about playing colored stars at my house, as I cater to the very best lady audiences, and then I don't think I would like a show with all men in it. I want shows with plenty of singing and dancing, soubrettes and comedians, with funny gags. That's the stuff for me."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It is a common saying that the "gallery gods" are the best critics, and many people believe it to be true. It might have been years and years ago, but at present the reverse is true. The ascendancy of farce comedy, vaudeville and exaggerated melodrama has not been uplifting. The "gallery gods" of the present day know nothing of the legitimate drama. They have degenerated because theatrical offerings have not in any way served to educate them.—Albany Journal.

The Philadelphia Record says that some Maltese cats drink beer. Now we know why those cats that stay out late at night carry on so.—Cleveland Leader.

In all states of the Union, excepting California, a bushel of rye is 56 pounds, in that state it is 54 pounds.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A PSALM OF LIFE.
Through the wild lull of our fever's time
The song of Homer couch, grave and stern,
With tidings from the world's fresh, healthy prime—
Tidings which our worn, wearied age con-
—cern.

How the Burned Out Filament May Be Replaced and Renewed.
It has been generally supposed to be a fruitless task to attempt the renewal of a burnt out incandescent electric lamp, although there appears to be some economic fallacy involved in the destruction of what is except in case small if important particular a perfect piece of apparatus. It is not intended, as a rule, to give in this column descriptions of American devices or achievements drawn from foreign publications. This subject has, however, been taken up by the English Journal, Industries and Iron, and, although it states that an American process for renewing these lamps after the filament has been broken has been developed, it does not give the name of inventor, nor state that the process has come into anything like general application.

It is stated that a commercial success has been made of a process for renewing burned out lamps which renders possible the use of the old bulb at a very slight expense. By the new method the collar, or bare end, of the lamp is not disturbed, the old filament being removed and the new one placed through a small hole in the lamp bulb made by removing the tip. The small hole is subsequently closed exactly in the same manner as in the case of the new lamp, leaving nothing to indicate in the finished, repaired lamp that it had ever been opened.

There is a certain professor in a certain university of the United States who, at the beginning of one of his lectures on fine arts, got on the subject of the kind of pins worn in the neckties of young college men. He was a good lecturer and was always interesting, but this lecture was the most interesting of his courses to the 300 boys who heard him, and the whole hour was spent on necktie pins, their use and misuse and what they suggested. The gist of what he said was that there was no more reason why a boy should wear a horse-shoe with a whip across it all in gold than that houses should have sieves for roofs, and that as it was extremely foolish to put a big sieve on your house for a roof so it was quite as foolish to wear horsehoes on your neckties. The principle of this is that you should have a reason in what you wear as well as in other things and that senseless decorations, like horsehoes on neckties or neckties on horsehoes, are silly and unbecoming to a self-respecting person.

Household Economics.
"I don't see, Ella, how you manage with your house money. If I give you a lot, you spend a lot, but if I don't give you so much you seem to get along with it."
"Why, that's perfectly simple, Rube. When you give me a lot, I use it to pay the debts I get into when you don't give me so much."—Fliegende Blätter.

Where the Trouble Is.
"I'm a bit of trouble to get married," said the airy young person.
"No," spoke the sedate one. "It is in being married that the trouble is."—Indianapolis Journal.

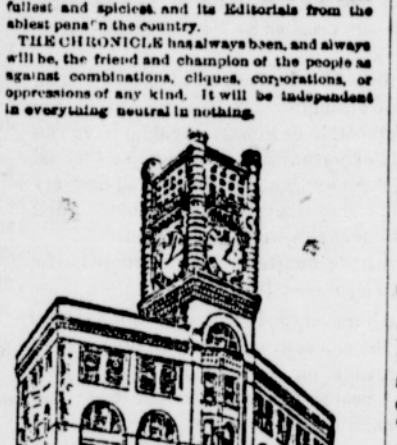
There are 23 allusions in the Bible to the east wind, 19 of them being of a disparaging character.
The largest American fly is a little over half an inch in length.
The oat plant is in Italy regarded as emblematic of misad.

Incandescent Lamps.
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could not feel a needle thrust into my flesh. "I was confined to the house three years, unable to walk nearly half the time. After those three slow years of agony, during which I spent probably \$2,000 for treatment and tried a dozen doctors, I gave up hope of any release from pain, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They alone cured my recovery.

"The first dose gave me appetite. After the second dose I slept soundly, the first time within a year. I sent for a dozen boxes. By the time I had taken the contents of eleven boxes I felt entirely well. "I am a former wife. I believe my frequent exposure to the weather caused my terrible attack of rheumatism. Damp weather always aggravated it. My limbs would begin to swell at the ankles. This swelling would begin in the night, at times. I would awake in agony. "Daylight would find my limbs purple in color, swollen to twice their natural size, and so racked with pain I could not bear to touch them."

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A Youthful Scientist.
A schoolboy was asked to explain the formation of dew. His answer was, "The earth revolves on an axis every 24 hours, and in consequence of the tremendous pace at which it travels it perspires freely."—Tit-Bits.

Practical Piety.
"What is a devotional attitude, grandpa?"
"Getting down into your trousers pockets for a dollar to send to the postman."—Brooklyn Life.

Coals of Fire.
Teacher—What is meant by heaping coals of fire on a person's head?
Pupil—Roasting him.—Up to Date.