

CLEOPATRA.

Being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian,

AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,

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Illustrated by NICHOLL, after CATON WOODVILLE and GREIFFENHOEN.

acrated, and its people crushed with oppression. But we believe that the hour of deliverance is at hand, and with the solemn voice of Egypt and the ancient Gods of Egypt, to whose cause thou art of all men bound, we call upon thee, O Prince, to be the sword of our deliverance! Hearken! Twenty thousand good and loyal men are sworn to wait upon thy word, and at thy signal to rise as one, to put the Grecian to the sword, and with their blood and substance to build thee a throne set more sure on the soil of Khem than any ancient throne—such a throne as shall even roll the Roman legions back. And for that signal, it shall be the death of that bold harlot, Cleopatra. Her death must thou compass, O Harmachis, in such fashion as shall be shown to thee, and with her blood anoint the royal throne of Egypt.

"Canst thou refuse, O our Hope! Doth not the holy love of country swell within thy heart? Canst thou dash the cup of Freedom from the lips and bear to drink the bitter draught of slavery? Great is the empire, and may be it shall fall, and thou with thy life, as we with ours, shalt pay the price of our endeavor. But what of that, Harmachis! Is life, then, so sweet? Are we so softly cushioned on the snowy bed of Earth? Is bitterness and sorrow in its sun so small and scant a thing? Do we here breathe so divine an air that we should fear to face the passage of our breath? What have we here but hope and memory? What see we here but shadows? Shall we then fear to pass purple-headed where fulfillment is and memory is lost in its own source and shadows die in the light which cast them? O Harmachis, that man alone is truly blest who crowns his life with Death's most splendid wreath. For since to all the Brood of Earth Death hands his poppy flowers, happy indeed is he to whom there is occasion given to weave them in a crown of fame undying. And how can a man more gloriously die than in a great endeavor to strike the gyves from his country's limbs, so that she again may stand in the face of Heaven and raise the shrill shout of freedom, and, clad once more in the panoply of strength, trample under foot the memory of servitude, defying tyrant nations of the earth again to set the seal of their dominion upon her brow!"

"Them call'st thou, Harmachis, come, then, come, thou Deliverer; leap like Horus from the firmament, break her fetters, scatter her foes and rule a Pharaoh to Pharaoh's throne!"

"Enough, enough!" I cried, while the long murmur of applause except about the columns and up the masonry walls. "Enough. Is there any need thus to adjure me? Had I a hundred lives, would I not most gladly lay them down for Egypt?"

"Well said! well said!" answered Sepa. "Now go forth with the woman yonder, that she may make clean thy hands before they touch the sacred emblems, and thy brow before it is encircled with the diadem."

And so I went forth with the old wife, Atona, into a chamber apart. There, muttering prayers, she poured pure water upon my hands into a ewer of gold, and having dipped a fine cloth into the water, there with wiped my brow.

"O happy Egypt!" she said; "O happy Prince, that art come to rule in Egypt! O royal youth!—too royal to be a priest—so shall many a fair woman think; but, perchance, for thee they will relax the priestly rule, else how should the race of Pharaoh be founded? O happy I, who dandled thee and gave my flesh and blood to save thee! O royal and beautiful Harmachis, born for splendor, happiness and love!"

"Cease, cease," I said, for her talk jarred upon me; "call me not happy till thou knowest my end; and speak not to me of love, for with love comes sorrow, and mine is another and a higher way."

"Ay, ay, so thou sayest—and joy, too, that comes with love! Never talk lightly of love, my King for it brought thee here! La! la! but it is always the way—The goose on the wing laughs at crocodiles, so goes their saying down at Alexandria; but when the goose is asleep on the water, it is the crocodiles who laugh." Not but what women are pretty crocodiles. Men worship the crocodiles at Antirrhia (Crocodopolis), but they worship women all the world over! Let how my tongue does run on, and thou about to be crowned Pharaoh! Did I not prophesy it to thee? Well, thou art clean. Lord of the Double Crown! Go forth!"

And I came forth with the old wife's foolish talk ringing in my ears, though of a truth her folly had ever a grain of wit in it. As I came, once more the Dignitaries rose and bowed before me. Then my father, without delay, drew near me, and placed within my hands a golden image of the divine Goddess Ma (Truit), and golden

that thou wilt cast out the foreign gods, that thou wilt devote thy life to the liberty of the land of Khem!"

"I swear!"

"It is well. Mount, then, thy throne, that in the presence of these thy subjects I may name thee Pharaoh!"

I mounted upon the throne, whereof the footstool is a sphinx, and the canopy the overshadowing wings of Ma. Then did Amenemhat once again draw nigh and place upon my brow the Patent and on my shoulders the Double Crown, and about my shoulders the Royal Robe, and in my hands the Scepter and the Scurge.

"Royal Harmachis," he cried, "by these signs and tokens, I, the High Priest of the temple of Ra-Men Ma at Abouthis, crown thee Pharaoh of the Upper and Lower Land. Reign and prosper, O Hope of Egypt!"

"Reign and prosper, Pharaoh!" echoed the Dignitaries, bowing down before me. Then, one by one, they swore allegiance, till all had sworn. And having sworn, my father took me by the hand; in solemn procession he led me into each of the seven Sanctuaries that are in this temple of Ra-Men-Ma, and in each I made offerings, swung incense, and officiated as Priest. Clad in the Royal Robes I made offerings in the Shrine of Horus, in the Shrine of Isis, in the Shrine of Osiris, in the Shrine of Amen Ra, in the Shrine of Horomau, in the Shrine of Ptah, till at length I reached the Shrine of the King's Chamber.

Here they made their offering to me, as the Divine Pharaoh, and left me in very weary—but a King.

CHAPTER VIII.
FAREWELL OF AMENEMHAT TO HARMACHIS; EXHIBITION OF SEPA; THE PASSING OF CLEOPATRA RODED AS ISIS; AND THE OVERTHROW OF THE GLADIATOR BY HARMACHIS.

THE long days of preparation had passed, and the time was at hand. I was initiated, and so that, although the common folk knew me not, or knew me only as Priest of Isis, there were in Egypt thousands who at heart bowed down to me as Pharaoh. The hour was at hand, and my soul went forth to meet it. For I longed to overthrow the foreigner, to set Egypt free, to mount the throne that was my heritage, and cleanse the temples of my gods from the stain of the struggle, and I have doubted of its end. I looked into the mirror, and saw triumph written on my brows. The future stretched a path of glory from my feet—ay, glittering with glory like Sihar in the sun. I communed with my Mother Isis; I sat within my chamber and took counsel with my heart; I planned new temples; I revolved great laws that I would put forth for my people's weal; and in my ears rang the shouts of exultation that should greet victorious Pharaoh on his throne.

But still a little while I tarried at Abouthis, and, having been commanded so to do, I left my chamber, and, having grown again long and black as the raven's wing, instructing myself meanwhile in all manner of exercises and feats of arms. Also, for a purpose that shall be seen, I perfected myself in that magic art of the Egyptians and the reading of the stars, in which, indeed, I already had great skill.

Now, this was the plan that had been built up. My uncle Sepa had, for awhile, left the Temple of Osiris, giving out that his health had failed him. Thence he had moved down to a house in Alexandria, to gather strength, as he said, from the breath of the sea, and to be ready for himself the wonders of the great Museum and the glory of Cleopatra's Court. There it was planned that I should join him, for there, at Alexandria, the egg of the plot was hatching. Accordingly, when at last the summons came, all things being prepared, I made me ready for the journey and passed into my father's chamber to receive his blessing ere I went. There sat the old man, as once before he sat when he rebuked me because I went out to slay the lion, his long white beard resting on the table of stone and sacred writings in his hand. When I came in he rose from his seat and would have knelt, crying: "Hail, Pharaoh! I caught him by the hand."

"It is not meet, my father," I said.

"It is meet," he answered. "It is meet that I should bow me before my King. But be it as thou wilt. And so thou goest, Harmachis! My blessing go with thee, O my son, and may those whom I serve grant it to me that my old eyes may, indeed, behold thee on the throne! Long have I searched, striving, O Harmachis, to read the future that shall be, but naught can I learn by all my wisdom. Did I not prophesy it to thee? Well, thou art clean. Lord of the Double Crown! Go forth!"

my guide halted at a house built of white stone. We passed in, and, crossing a small courtyard, entered a chamber where there was a light. And here at last I found my uncle Sepa, most glad to see me safe.

When I had washed and eaten he told me that all had gone as he had said, and that there was no thought of evil at the Court. Further, he said, it having come to the ears of the Queen that the Priest of Osiris was sojourning at Alexandria, she sent for him and closely questioned him—not as to any plot, for that she never thought, but as to the rumor which had reached her that there was treasure hid in the Great Pyramid that is by On.

For, being ever wasteful, she was ever in want of money, and had betroubled her of opening the Pyramid. But he laughed at her, telling her the Pyramid was the burying place of the Divine Chufu, and that naught knew he of its secrets. Then she was angered, and swore that so surely as she ruled in Egypt she would tear it down, stone by stone, and discover the secret at its heart. Again he laughed, and in the words of the proverb which they have here at Alexandria, told her that "Mountains live longer than Kings." Thereon she smiled at his ready answer and let him go. Also my uncle Sepa told me that on the morrow I should see this Cleopatra. For it was her birthday (as, indeed, it was also mine), and, dressed as the Holy Isis, she would pass in state from her palace on the Lochias to the Serapeum to offer a sacrifice at the shrine of the false God who sits therein. And he said thereafter that the household by I should gain entrance to the household of the Queen should be contrived.

Then, being very weary, I went to rest; but could sleep little for the strangeness of the place, the noises in the streets, and the thought of the morrow. While it was yet dark, I rose, climbed the stair to the roof of the house, and waited. Presently the sun's rays shot out like arrows, and lit upon the white wonder of the marble Pharos, whereof the light instantly sank and died, as though, indeed, the sun itself in the vast and gloomy Necropolis. Then, as the dawn gathered into day, the great flood of brightness overbrimming the bowl of night flowed into the lower lands and streets, and showed Alexandria red in the sunrise as the mantle of a king, and shaped as a mantle. The Etesian wind came up from the north and swept away the vapor from the harbors, so that I saw their blue waters rocking a thousand ships. I saw, too, that mighty mole of the Heptastadium; I saw the hundreds of streets, the countless houses, the innumerable wealth and splendor of Alexandria, set like a queen between Mareotis and the ocean, and dominating both, and it was filled with wonder. This, then, was one city in my herit ge of lands and cities! Well, it was worth the grasping. And having looked my full and fed my heart, as it were, with the sight of splendor, I communed with the Holy Isis and came down from the roof.

In the chamber beneath was my uncle Sepa. I told him that I had been watching the sun rise over the city of Alexandria.

"So!" he said, looking at me from beneath his shaggy eyebrows; "and what thinkest thou of Alexandria?"

"I think it is like some city of the Gods," I answered.

"Ay!" he replied, fiercely, "a city of the infernal Gods, a sink of corruption, a bubbling well of iniquity, a home of false faith springing from false hearts! I would that not one stone of it were left upon another stone, and that its wealth lay deep beneath yonder waters! I would that the gulls were screaming across its site, and that the wind, untainted by a Grecian breath, swept through its ruins from ocean to Mareotis! O Royal Harmachis, let not the luxury and beauty of Alexandria poison thy sense; for in their deadly air, Faith perishes and Religion can not spread her heavenly wings. When the sun comes for thee to rest, Harmachis, cast down this accursed city, and, as thy fathers did, set up thy throne in the white walls of Memfi. For I tell thee that for Egypt Alexandria is but a splendid gate of ruin, and while it endures all nations of the earth shall march through it to the plunder of the land, and all false faiths shall nestle in it and breed the overthrow of Egypt's Gods."

I made no answer, for there was truth in his words. And yet to me they seemed very far to look on. After we had eaten, my uncle told me it was now time to set out to view the march of Cleopatra, as she went in triumph to the shrine of Serapis. For although she would not pass till within two hours of the midday, yet these people of Alexandria have so great a love of shows and idling that had we not presently set forth by no means could we have come through the press of the multitudes who were already gathering along the highways where the Queen must ride. So we went out to take our place upon a stand, fashioned of timber, that had been built at the side of the great road which pierces through the city, even to the Canopic Gate. For therein my uncle had purchased a right to enter, and that dearly.

And with much struggle we won our way through the great crowds that were already gathered in the streets, till we reached the scolding log of timber, which was raised in front of an awning and gaily hung with scarlet cloths. Here we seated ourselves upon a bench and waited for some hours, watching the multitude press past, shouting, singing and talking loudly in many tongues. At length came soldiers in clear robes, clad after the Roman fashion, in coats of chain armor. After them marched heralds enjoining silence (whereat the populace sang and shouted all the more loudly), and, crying that Cleopatra, the Queen, was then coming, a thousand Cilician skirmishers, a thousand Thracians, a thousand Macedonians, and a thousand Gauls, each armed after the fashion of their own country. Then passed five hundred men of those who are called the Fenced Horsemen, for both men and horses were altogether covered with armor. Next came youths and maidens suspiciously draped and wearing golden crowns, and with them images sym-

bolizing any ancient Egyptian and Roman, the Heavens and the Earth. After these came many fair women pouring perfumes on the road, and others scattering blooming flowers. Now there rose a great shout of "Cleopatra! Cleopatra!" and I held my breath and bent forward to see her who dared to put on the robes of Isis.

But at that moment the multitude so gathered and thickened in front of where I was that I could no longer clearly see. So in my eagerness I leapt over the barrier of the scaffolding, and, being very strong, pushed my way through the crowd till I reached the foremost rank. And, as I did so, Nubian slaves armed with thick staves and crowned with ivy leaves ran up, striking the people. One man more especially,

for he was a giant, and being strong, was insolent beyond measure, smiting the people without cause, as, indeed, is the wont of lone persons set in authority. For nigh to me stood a woman, an Egyptian by her face, bearing a child in her arms, whom the man, seeing that she was weak, struck on the head with his rod so that she fell prone, and the child perished. But my blow rushed of a sudden through my veins at the sight, and drowned my reason. In my hand I held a staff of olive wood from Cyprus, and as the black brute laughed at the sight of the stricken woman and her babe rolling on the ground, I swung the staff aloft and smote. So shrewdly did I strike that the tough rod split upon the giant's shoulders and the blood spouted forth, staining his trailing leaves of ivy. Then, with a shriek of pain and fury—for those who smite love not that they be smitten—did he turn and spring at me! And all the people round gave back, save only the woman who could not rise, leaving us twain in a ring, as it were. On he came with a rush, and, as he came, being now mad, I smote him with my clenched fist between the eyes, having naught else wherewith to smite, and he staggered like an ox beneath the first blow of the priest's axe. Thereat the people shouted, for they love to see a fight, and the man was known to them as a gladiator victorious in the games. Gathering up his strength, the knave came on with an oath, and, whirling his heavy staff on high, struck at me in such a fashion that, had I not by nimbleness avoided the blow, I had surely been slain. But as it chanced, the staff hit upon the ground, and so heavily that it flew in fragments. Thereon again the multitude shouted, and the great man, blind with

I THEN FOR THE FIRST TIME SAW CLEOPATRA, rushed at me to smite me down. But with a cry I sprang straight at his throat, for he was so heavy a man that I knew I could not hope to throw him by strength—ay, and gripped it. There I clung, though his fists battered me like budgeons, driving my thumbs into his throat. Round and round we turned, till at length he flung himself to the earth, trusting thus to shake me off. But I held on fast, as we rolled over and over on the ground, till at last he grew faint for want of breath. Then, I, being the most, drove my knee down upon his chest, and, as I believe, should thus have slain him in my rage, had not my uncle and others there gathered fallen upon me and dragged me from him.

And meanwhile, though I knew it not, the chariot wherein sat the Queen, with elephants going before and lions led after it, had come even to the spot, and because of the tumult had been halted. I looked up, and thus, passing, my white garments stained with the blood that had rushed from the mouth and nostrils of the mighty Nubian, I for the first time saw Cleopatra face to face. Her chariot was all of gold, and drawn by milk-white steeds. Therein she sat with two fair girls, clad in Greek attire, standing one on either side fanning her with glittering fans. There she sat in the splendid car. On her head was the covering of Isis, the golden horns between which rested the moon's round disk and the emblem of Osiris' throne, with the uræus twined around. Beneath the covering was the vulture cap of gold, the blue enameled wings, and the vulture head with gemmy eyes, under which her long, dark tresses flowed toward her feet. About her rouged neck was a broad collar of gold studded with emeralds and coral. Round her arms and wrists were bracelets of gold studded with emeralds and coral, and she held she held the holy symbol of life (crux ansata) fashioned of crystal, then in the other the golden rod of royalty. Her breast was bare, but under was a garment that glistened like the scaly covering of a snake, everywhere sewn with gems. Beneath this robe was a skirt of golden cloth, half hid by a scarf of the brocaded silk of Cos, falling in folds even to the sandals that, fastened with great pearls, adorned her white and tiny feet.

All this I discerned at a glance, as it were. Then I looked upon the face—that face which seduced Caesar, ruined Egypt and was doomed to give Augustus the scepter of the world. I looked upon the flawless Grecian features, the rounded chin, the full, rich lips, the chiseled nostrils and the ears fashioned like delicate shells. I saw the forehead, low, broad and lovely, the crisped, dark hair falling in heavy waves that sparkled in the sun, the arched eyebrows and the long bent lashes. There before me was the grandeur of her imperial shape. There burst the wonderful eyes, hued like the Cyprian violet—eyes that seemed to sleep and brood on secret things as night broods upon the desert, and yet as the night to shift, change and be illumined by beams of sudden splendor born within their starry depths. All these wonders I saw though I have small skill in telling them. But even then I knew that it was not in these charms alone that the might of Cleopatra's beauty lay. Rather was it in a glory and a radiance cast through the fleshy covering from the fierce soul within. For she was a Thing of flame like unto which no woman hath ever been nor ever will be. Even when she brooded, the fire of her quick heart shone through her. But when she woke, eyes and the bassin-laden music of her speech chimed upon her lips, ah! then who can tell how Cleopatra seemed? For in her met all the splendors that have been given to woman for her glory, and all the genius which man has drawn from Heaven. And with them dwelt every evil of that greater spirit which fairs in thought and speaks in

words; laws, laws, with empires for its place of play, and, smiling, watered the growth of its desires with the rich blood of men. In her breast they gathered, to gather fashioning that Cleopatra whom no man may draw, and yet whom no man, having seen, ever can forget. They fashioned her grand as the Spirit of Storm, lovely as Lightning, cruel as Pestilence, yet with a heart; and what she did is known. Woe to the world when such another comes to curse it!

For a moment I met Cleopatra's eyes as she shyly bent herself to find the tumult's cause. At first they were somber and dark, as though they saw, indeed, but the brain read naught. Then they awoke, and their very color seemed to change as the color of the sea changes when the water is shaken. First, there was anger written in them; next, an idle noting; then when she looked upon the huge bulk of the man whom I had overcome, and knew him for the gladiator, something, perchance, that was not far from wonder. At the least they brightened, though, indeed, her face changed not a wit. But he who would read Cleopatra's mind had need to watch her eyes, for her countenance varied but a little. Turning, she said some words to her guards. They came forward and led me to her, while all the multitude waited silently to see me slain.

I stood before her, my arms folded on my breast. Overcome though I was by the wonder of her loveliness, I hated in my heart, this woman who dared to clothe herself in the dress of Isis—this usurper who sat upon my throne, this wanton squandering the wealth of Egypt in chariots and perfumes. When she had looked me over from the head to the feet she spoke in a low full voice and in the tongue of Khem, which she alone had learned of all the Lagidae:

"And who and what art thou, Egyptian—for Egyptian I see thou art—who darrest to smite my slave when I make progress through my city?"

"I am Harmachis," I answered, boldly. "Harmachis the astrologer, adopted son of the High Priest and Governor of Abouthis, who am come hither to seek my fortune. I smote thy slave, O Queen, because for no fault he struck down the woman yonder. Ask of those who saw, Royal Egypt."

"Harmachis!" she said; "the name hath a high sound—and thou hast a high look." And then speaking to a soldier who had seen and she bids him tell her what had come to pass. This he did truthfully, being a soldier, and so toward me, because I had overcome the Nubian. Thereon she turned and spoke with the girl bearing the fan who stood beside her—a woman having curling hair and shy, dark eyes, very beautiful to see. The girl answered somewhat. Then Cleopatra bade them bring the slave to her. So they led forward the giant, who had found his breath again, and with him the woman whom he had smitten down.

"Thou dog!" she said, in the same low voice; "thou cowardly who, being strong, didst smite down this woman, and being a coward, wastest overthrown of this young man. See, then, I will teach thee manners. Henceforth, when thou smitest women, it shall be with thy left arm. Ho, guards, seize this black coward and strike off his right hand!"

And her command given, she sank back in her golden chariot, and again the cloud gathered in her eyes. But the guards seized the giant, and, notwithstanding his cries and prayers for mercy, struck off his hand with a sword upon the wood of the scaffolding, and he was carried away groaning. Then the procession moved on again. As it went the fair woman with the fan turned her head, caught my eye, and smiled and nodded as though she rejoiced, whereat I wondered somewhat.

The people cheered also and made jests, saying that I should soon practice astrology in the palace. But as soon as we might I and my uncle escaped, and made our way back to the house. All the while he raved for my rashness; but when we came within the chamber of the house he embraced me and rejoiced greatly, because with so little hurt to myself I had overthrown the giant.

To remove white spots from furniture rub them with a cloth wet in weak spirits of camphor, and afterward with a very little linseed oil.

Oysters Roasted in the Shell: Wash the shells clean, and wipe dry. Put in a baking pan, and set inside the stove twenty-five minutes. Serve on hot dishes, with butter, pepper and salt.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Winter Succotash: This can be made of dry Lima beans and canned corn which may be left from former dinners. Warm them over together with a little milk and butter, and thicken the milk with a little flour.

For a cough, boil one ounce of flax seed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy, and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.—Household.

New Year's Cake: One pound butter, three-fourths pound lard, two and one fourth pounds sugar, eight wine glasses water (or two scant teacups water), two teaspoonfuls soda, caraway seed, with or without, as you please.—Albany Journal.

To get rid of flies, don't leave the dinner table standing. Brush up all crumbs from the carpet. Keep the dining room darkened. Keep all kinds of food closely covered. Never leave sticky spoon or dishes lying around. When cooking, put the soiled dishes into a pan, pour water over them and leave them until ready to wash. Never leave the sugar bucket open. Plan to starve the flies; it is easily done.

Boiled Plum Pudding: Three cups sifted flour, one cup chopped raisins, one cup whole raisins, one cup currants, one-fourth pound sliced citron, one-half cup brown sugar and molasses mixed, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful ground cloves, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half a nutmeg grated, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon saleratus, one egg. Add to the prepared fruit one extra tablespoon flour and stir in last. Place in a tin mold or pan, which must be plunged in a kettle of water and boiled steadily for three hours.

Pumpkin Preserve: Wash the pumpkins and peel them thickly, cut in quarters and take out the seeds; put the seeds and skins in a pan covered with water and boil for half an hour, then strain and keep the water; cut the pumpkins in pieces one inch broad by about two inches long; weigh them and take one pound of sugar to each pound of pumpkin and one teaspoonful of the water the skins were boiled in; put the sugar and water on to boil with a little essence of ginger. When it has boiled about ten minutes put in the pieces of pumpkin and boil all for half an hour or three-quarters, till it looks transparent.—Dorchester Free Press.

THE BAHR JOUSSUF.

A Canal Built By Joseph Which Has Never Ceased Its Office.

How many of the engineering works of the nineteenth century will there be in existence in the year 6000? Very few, we fear, and still less those that will continue in the far-off age to serve a useful purpose. Yet there is at least one great undertaking conceived and executed by an engineer which during the space of 4,000 years has never ceased its office, on which the life of a fertile province absolutely depends today. We refer to the Bahr Joussuf—the canal of Joseph—built, according to tradition, by the son of Jacob, and which constitutes not the least of the many blessings he conferred upon Egypt during the years of his prosperous rule. This canal took its rise from the Nile at Aslut, and ran nearly parallel with it for nearly 250 miles, creeping along under the western cliffs of the Nile valley, with many a bend and winding, until at length it gained an eminence, as compared with the river-bed, which enabled it to turn westward through a narrow pass and enter a district which was otherwise shut off from the fertilizing floods on which all vegetation in Egypt depends.

The northern end stood seventeen feet above low Nile, while at the southern end it was at an equal elevation with the river. Through this cut ran a perennial stream, which watered a province named the Fayoum, endowing it with fertility and supporting a large population. In the time of the annual flood a great part of the canal was under water, and then the river's current would rush in a more direct course into the pass, carrying with it the rich silt, which takes the place of manure and keeps the soil in a state of constant productivity.

All this, with the exception of the tradition that Joseph built it, can be verified to-day, and it is not more supposition or rumor. Until eight years ago it was firmly believed that the design has always been limited to an irrigation scheme, larger, no doubt, than that now in operation, as shown by the traces of abandoned canals and by the slow aggregation of waste water which had accumulated in the Birket of Queran, but still essentially the same in character.

Many accounts have been written by Greek and Roman historians, such as Herodotus, Strabo, Mutianus and Ptolemy, and repeated in monkish legends or portrayed in the maps of the middle ages, which agreed with the old lore of the district. These tales explained that the canal dug by the ancient Israelite served to carry the surplus waters of the Nile into an extensive lake lying south of the Fayoum, and so large that it not only modified the climate, tempering the arid winds of the desert and converting them into the balmy airs which nourished the vines and the olives into a fullness and fragrance unknown in any part of the country, but also added to the food supply of the land such immense quantities of fish that the royal prerogative of the right of piscary at the great weir was valued at \$250,000 annually. This lake was said to be 450 miles round, and to be navigated by a fleet of vessels, while the whole circumference was the scene of industry and prosperity.—Engineering.

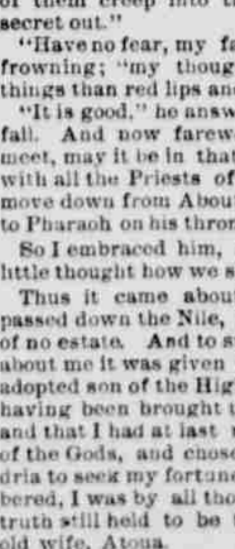
Mottos for Various People.

The Toper—Put me in my little bed.
The Conductor—Ring the bell softly.
The Doctor—All's well that ends well.
The Hatter—Will he ever shoot that hat?
The Cabman—Han'som' is that han'som' does.
The Pickpocket—My heart goes with my hand.
The Policeman—Far from the madding crowd.
The Insurance Man—A long life and a merry one.
The Thin Man—May my shadow never grow less.
The Pugilist—Knocking, knocking; who is there.
The Fat Man—Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt.
The Politician—A long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together.
The Old Maid—'Tis better to have loved and lost than to have never loved at all.
The Editor—All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.—N. Y. Herald.

Pigs Swim a Wide Lake.

A Portland man last summer placed three pigs on a beautiful isle that is nearly in the middle of big Pocotopaug lake, his intention being that the pigs should earn their own living on the round little grassy island. Then he rowed the skiff in which he had ferried the pigs to their new home back to his dwelling. He entered his home and sat down and read the Middlesex County Record thirty minutes, when he heard three joyful and triumphant squeals in the back yard. The three pigs had returned from their lonely island home. Some one who saw the pigs coming across the wide lake said they steered as straight for their ancestral pigsty as a mariner could have laid his course with a compass. They swam abreast, bestruck the mimic billows gleefully, and as they came into port and saw the familiar old homestead granted a salute every time they rolled up on a wave.—N. Y. Sun.

The most resplendent reputation ever earned by a Maine man is that of a horse jockey in Waldo County, whose customers are said to have so much confidence in him that they buy by telephone or telegraph without looking at the horse.



"I CROWN THEE PHAROAH!"

Images of the ark of the divine God Amen-Ra, of the divine Mout, and the divine Khons, and space solemnly.

"Thou swarest by the living majesty of Ma, by the majesty of Amen Ra, of Mout, and of Khons!"

"I swear!" I said.

"Thou swarest by the holy land of Khem, by Sihar's flood, by the Temples of the Gods and the eternal Pyramids!"

"I swear!"

"Remembering thy doom if thou shouldst fail therein, thou swarest that thou wilt in all things govern Egypt according to the laws of the Gods, that thou wilt preserve the worship of the Gods, that thou wilt not oppress, that thou wilt not betray, that thou wilt make no alliance with the Roman or the Greek."