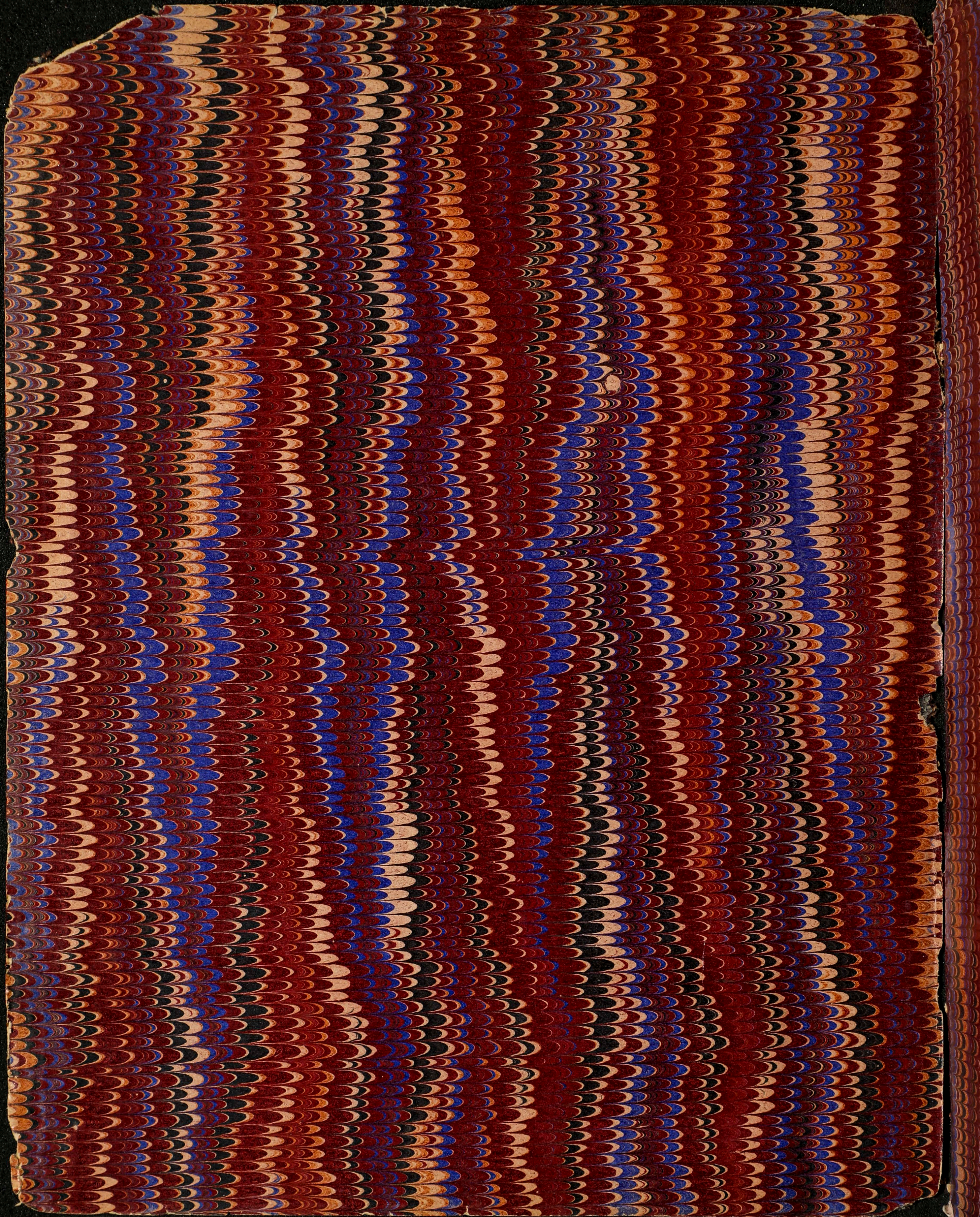
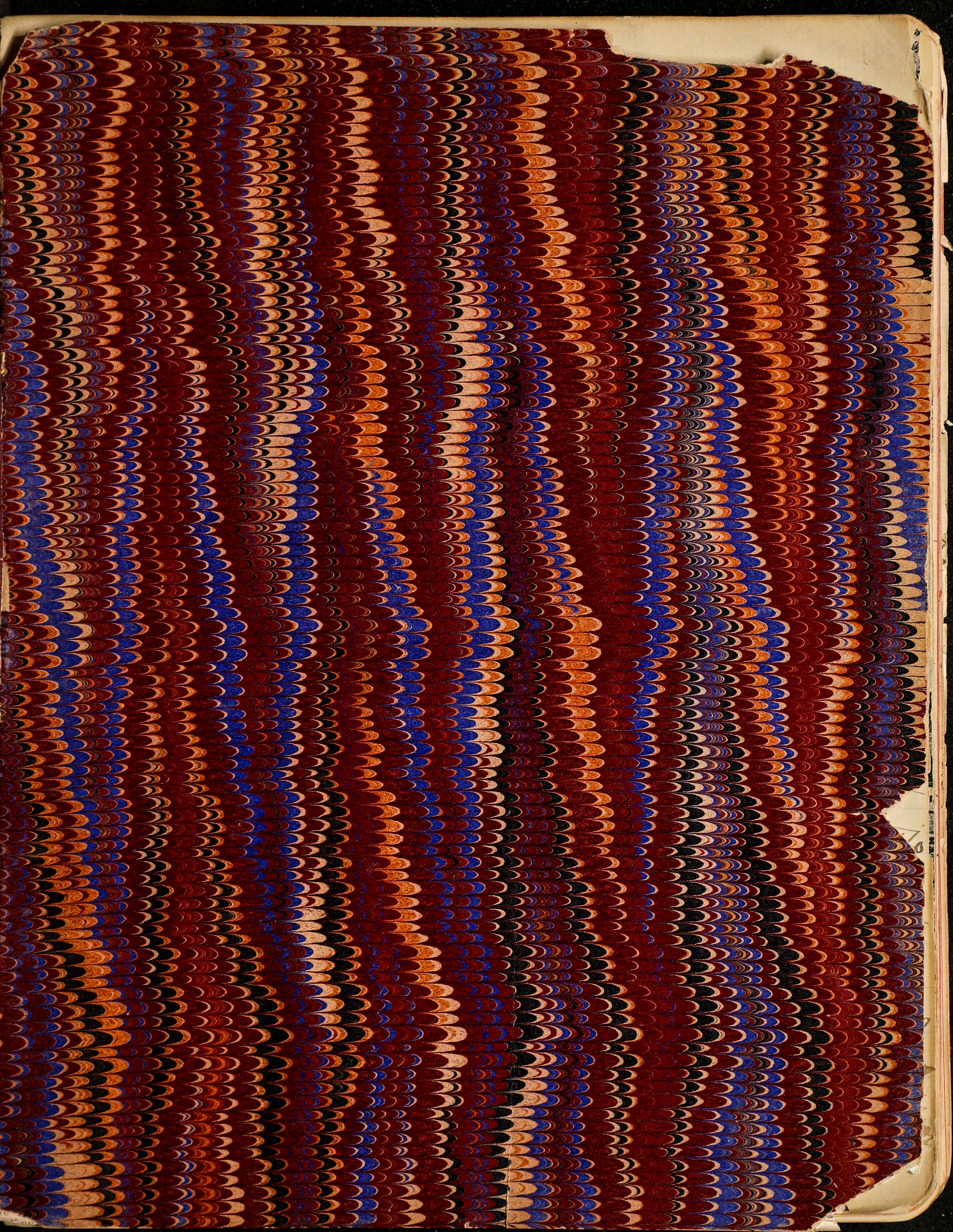


1900 Egypt ^{Milly}





20/15
25

CAIRO TO ALEXANDRIA

	MORNING	MORNING	EVENING
LEAVE Cairo	7.30 (a)	9.30 (a)	4.45 (a)
Benha	8.19	10.14	5.29
Tantah	9.4	10.54	6.9
Damanhour	10.12	11.50	7.5
Sidi Gaber	11.6	12.39 p.m.	7.54
ARR.: Alexandria	11.15	12.48 "	8.3

(A) These are express trains

ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO

	MORNING	MORNING	AFTERNOON
LEAVE Alexandria	7.-- (a)	9.15 (a)	4.15 (a)
Sidi-Gaber	7.10	9.24	4.24
Damanhour	8.5	10.15	5.15
Tantah	9.15	11.13	6.13
Benha	9.58	11.52	6.52
ARR.: Cairo	10.45	12.34 p.m.	7.34

CAIRO TO ISMAILIA

	AFTERNOON	AFTERNOON
Cairo	12.-- noon	7.-- p.m.
Benha	12.53 p.m.	7.53
Zagazig	1.48	9.10
Tel-el-Kibir	2.37	9.58
Kassassin	2.56	10.17
Ismailia	arr. 3.47	11.5

ISMAILIA TO CAIRO

	AFTERNOON	AFTERNOON
Ismailia	12.50 p.m.	7.-- p.m.
Kassassin	1.40	7.49
Tel el-Kebir	2.4	8.11
Zagazig	2.57	9.2
Benha	3.46	9.51
ARR. Cairo	4.35	10.40

Piastres 20 Tarif.



5 f., 20

4/2

104

Piastres 10 Tarif.

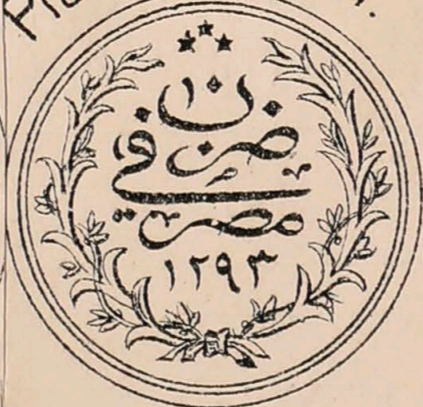


2 f., 60

2/1

52 cents

Piastres 5 Tarif.



1 f., 30

1 1/2

26 cents

Piastres 2 Tarif.

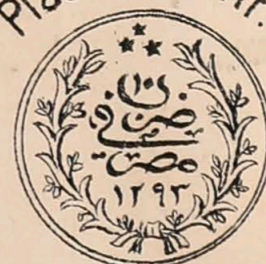


0 f., 52

5 pence

10 c. 1/2

Piastres 1 Tarif.

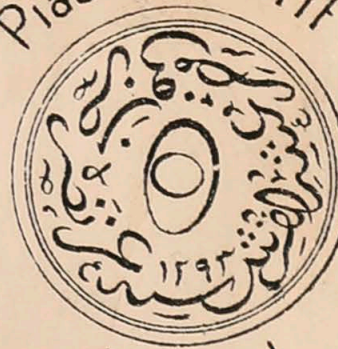


0 f., 26

2 pence 1/2

5 c. 2

Piastre 1/2 Tarif.



Nickel

0 f., 13

1 penny 1/4

2 c. 1/2

December 30th 1900

at 10 o'clock we saw the two outlines of Alexandria
but were a long time making up to the wharf. The day
was very clear, saw the Khedivial yacht going
out on the harbor, we were rather late in getting
in (about 4 hrs behind time) but altho the boat &
the details were poor we were satisfied a tho coming
some apart from the fact that on each ticket
we made £2. The Austrian Lloyd boat only got
in before us & her passengers had the 10 hrs
gunny & Brindisi besides. M^r Th^o Richardson
4000 Walnut. Philadelphia came with us to
the Khedivial Hotel, M^r Th^o Bowen & 3 children
were with me next me who travelled on to
Cairo with us the next day. Hotel beautifully.
Saw Pompey's pillar & entrance to the catacombs
Papa Th^o R. went. Alexandrian roads are too
muddy for pleasant driving, we went out to
the garden of Si John Antoniadis, a formal
place with wide paths & a wealth of trees &
shrubs, no grass, after tea we rested but the
night was a failure as neither of us could
sleep. Nothing to see in Alexandria of any interest
but the rest was necessary for Mother & Th^o Richardson

Dec. 31. Left A. at 9.15 - reached Cairo at 1.20,
40 minutes late, Mr Porter from Mr Anglerne
met us, Mr Richardson going to the harbor,
saying that if they did not, their friends
would not believe they had been to Cairo.
Got our lunch & went to inquire for letters,
3 from J. Macfie, 1 from Julia Davis & a collar,
W. Macklem, F. Brown,
& one from W. Shanley, 3 cards, Carrie Godfrey W.
Mackell, W. Wathens, Daisy Smith sent 2 papers
J. Davis & W. Macfie papers. Ted, 2 from Ronald.
Aunt Alice, W. Davis,

Ronald gave his wish card to Godd, Jack Smallman
& Mr Prince were married at Niagara on Oct 17th
Lucy deacon Houston, Lily Brown is engaged to W.
Will Hendrie Pauline Reddome to W. Thomas.

Constance Peters has a daughter.

At 4 Papa I went out for a stroll & called at the
Post-Residence. Mr Anglerne is a guest hotel
just behind the Continental on the Tharria
side people stay here usually, accommodation
for 100 persons, pension from.
Have a fine view from my window of the Nile.
Can see the Citadel

Col. Smith came to call in the evening
he has been here since the 26 coming from
China. Mr. Dr. Richardson called also
January 1st 1901 Tuesday

A light but windy day so Mr. & Mrs. usually stayed at home
to nurse her cold. Papa & I started at 9.40 to
take Mr. & Mrs. Richardson to the Muskienjati.
Nately Papa decided to take a dragoman. This was
a great nuisance & quite unnecessary. Last
time we were here we never had one & enjoyed
ourselves more. The
carriage moreover had
to wait all the time
we were in the bazaars.
We went first to the
bass & Turkish bazaars
on the right afterwards
to the sold osebessmetto
I always disliked it as
the passage is so narrow.
- To the Hag bazaars,
The Richardsons were
charmed but they have
not enough enterprise to
amuse us I think, they
would follow any advice
we offered but could not



originally enough fun. We stopped at the mosque
Sultan Hasan, a huge mosque of Byzantine
Arabian architecture 1356. The salway is
often copied for other mosques. The cornice has
curious stalactite pallen. Minaret is the
highest in Cairo (280ft.) Impulse of the enone
of the guide had the impression left on my
mind was of disappointment. I did not see
the interior during my last visit. It seems
so terribly out of repair.

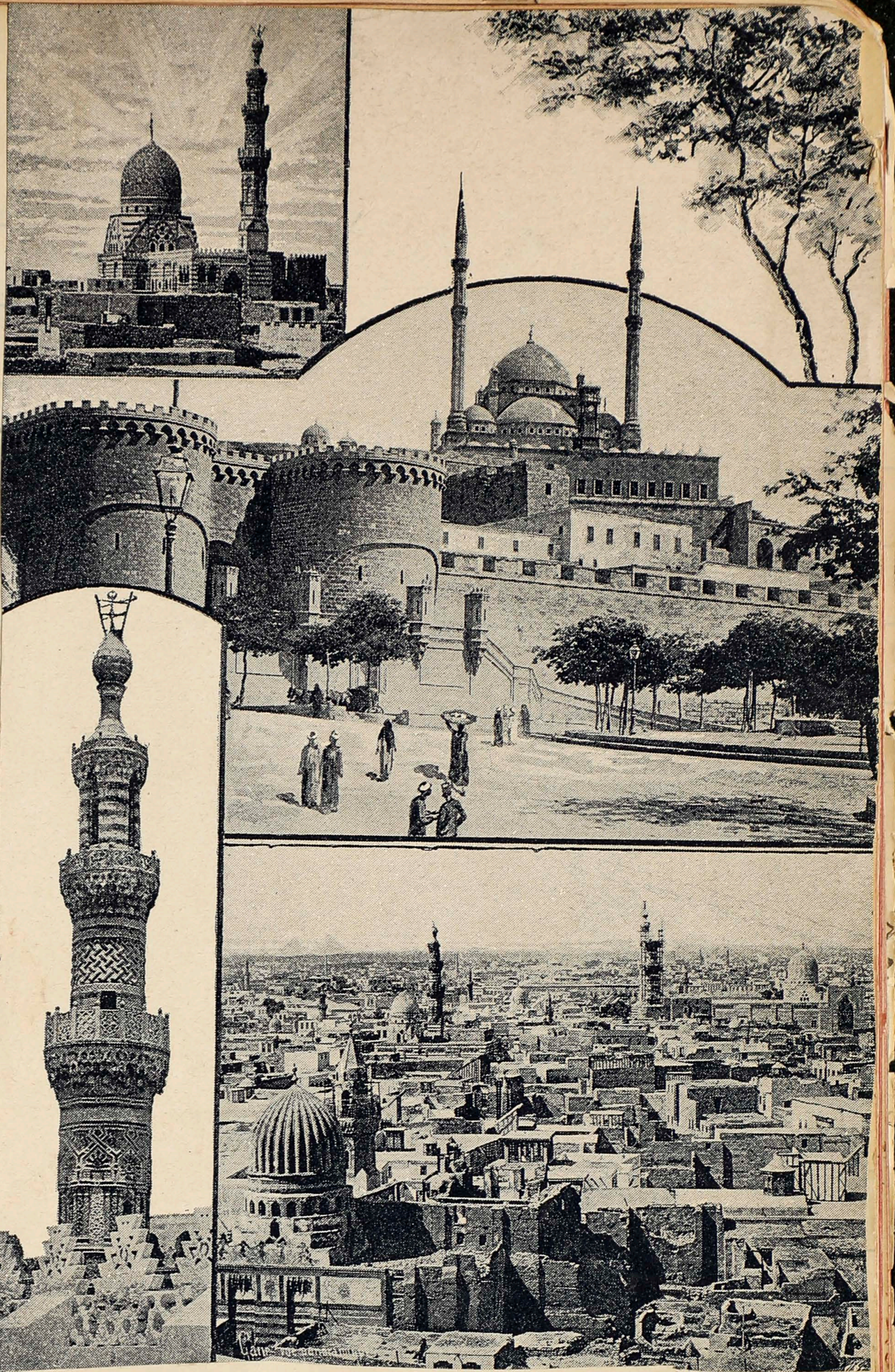
Visited the Tomb of the Rhederial family on the
left of the Sultan Hasan Mosque. good view of
Khorans

as only an hour was left we went up to
the Citadel & walked round the mosque
to get the view of the city. The Pyramids in
the distance & later the Mosque of Mahomud
ali which I like better than any mosque
in Cairo.

I think I am spoiled for mosques here anyway
after those I have seen in India. Constantinople
I hope & Damascus. The Constantinople ones
always have a more furnished look
with the rug lamps. The pumna
musjid at Delhi excels any here in size
& wealth.

I think Mr P's were
pleased with their
morning. we returned
at 1.30 in the afternoon
Papa & I walked
to look for something
to give Mother, but
wandered on too far
& got into some horridly
dirty streets off
the meuki de-
turned in low spirits
just as we pushed
the bot Smith came
in to ask us to go
to Shepherds with
her, we went &
had some excellent

coffee. He dined with us here, the table
is good & the place comfortable &
at night. Shepherds is one grand
circus I think but more amusing
Mother is not well, her rheumatism
is worse than ever - She will have to
go to Kelouan I am afraid.



Wednesday Jan. 2nd

Some letters came from Mr. Smith at 10.15 & Mrs. & Miss Rose & Ted. I sewed until all morning, & at 2 o'clock, we drove out to Sheikhia, a good road. The air is better than in Cairo, came in at 4.20, feel depressed.

Thursday Jan. 3rd Letters from Ronald, Mr. Jarrin, & Magpie.

at 10.15 we started for Helouan 35 miles from Cairo, it takes about 40 minutes, we looked the top of the place, walked down to see the bath house which is on the edge of the desert.

very nice lunch, people looked happy. Mr. & Mrs. decided to take a three week's course of baths here, we left at 10.10 & called on us walked up to Coates.

Col. Smith asked us to loan his continental but we did not go.

Friday Jan 4th went to a shop of goods, shepherds Phonographs. & to the Bazaar. Mr. & Mrs. did not care as much as former, for the bazaar. The prices certainly have gone up. The fixed price standard is now the rule.

We had tea out & in the evening dined with Col. Smith at shepherds, a Mr. Kilburne whom he had met

The "China" dined with us & was
rather amusing. He had lived in
India & was I should imagine in N. B.
He told us Mrs. Hodgson about the girl
staying a night in the house & a friend
waking up & finding her face wet & a man
braving a razor over her. She screamed
for help. Her friends on rushing to her
rescue found the intruder merely the
barber who had been in the habit of shaving
the occupant of the room —
also, one about a Mr. Britton who was chief
consulting engineer of the Indian railway &
a globe trotter who insisted on getting into
the former's private carriage for a night
journey. The car was sidetracked for the
night & when Mr. G. T. inquired the reason
of the long delay, Mr. Britton explained that
he did not want him to get in but Mr. G. T.
insisted & that he was no other train
for 24 hours. That the carriage stayed
there.

There was a dance later but I knew no men
who danced so sat out with Col. Smith &
Mr. Kilburn. I danced once with Mr.
Morrow who I knew long ago in Canada

As married Mr. Cameron, I was sorry
that my trunk had not come as I had
to wear my old black dress. I liked the look
of shepherds very much, it was more
cheerful & the place was amusing & looked
full of life. The decorations were Egyptian
Col Smith gave us a very nice dinner,
mother was better.

The Seaforth's looked a good lot of
officers, there were numbers of men about,
Saturday Jan 5.

My trunk came just as we were starting
for town, bought a few things at Phononuli
& came back to unpack. when I opened
my trunk I found that the lock had been
forced & seven skirts taken (2 black & white
evening dresses, yellow burmesse skirt, pink
slip for my muslin dress, purple dark & two
white duck skirts, two pelliccoats, all
2 stockings & a number of huffs besides
(riding habit.) I only wish they had taken
a couple of entire dresses & left me some
that could be of service, the trunk looked
like a rag bag, commonly enough. Miss
P. of new shoes, 2 gloves & handkerchiefs
were untouched, he went to the agents

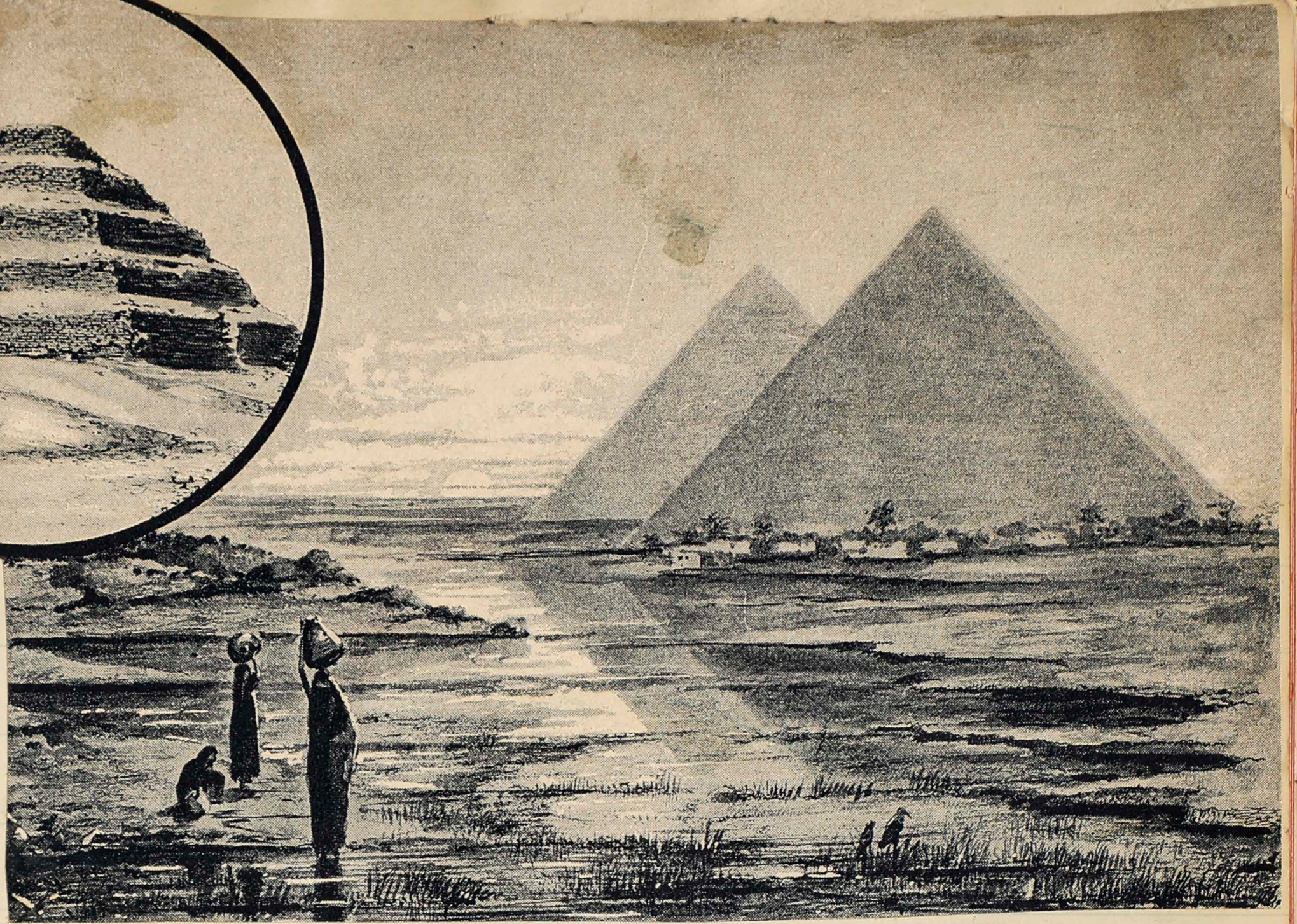
for Sewell & Clarke, the Hull Navigation
Company saw the President
who was very sorry I sent up
a bill charge to see the damage.
They told me to send them a note
claiming damages, I made
it up to £56.10, I don't believe it
will cover the loss, as now I
shall have to get new things.
Mr Richardson came with us,
& afterwards we went to have
tea with Mrs. at Shephard's -
Mr Smith & Mr. Strickland came up to
talk to us -

Sunday Jan 6:

Mr. & I went to church & stayed for
sacrament, called on Mr. Brown
at the continental, Col. Smith & Papa
walked to church with us, & in
the afternoon we drove to the Zoo
to hear the band play & have tea
, we sat on an island for the
latter, it was very pretty. The
pears & lemons are very fine
The birds particularly the
parrots -

The day was gloomy or eve would
have gone to the Pyramids -
Coldwell knows a great many
people, he says he may leave on Thursday,
Monday Jan 7: went out to choose
flax for our overcoat, The agent
for the Hill Nav. Co. called to offer us each a
separate cabin on their boat which leaves
tomorrow for Luxor at £10. each less
on each ticket, in consideration of my
loss, Mr President said he did it to try to make
up for my disappointment, if he only knew
tho. I am not half as heartbroken as he
supposes, although it is a great bother
having to supplement my wardrobe here,
Mother gave me her W. & W. white thin silk
skirt & I bought a duck skirt & some few
necessary articles.

Went by the 4 o'clock train to the Pyramids
Mr De Carg & Mrs Richardsons came just
as we were leaving for the 3 o'clock train



Tuesday Jan. 9th Packed up during the morning
Col. Smeth called at 12 to ask us to tea - Today is
the anniversary of the Khedive's accession
& a holiday, the Esfibiah gardens are
crowded with holiday makers,
Mother & I went out to buy some tea, (a
pound was taken out of my trunk :) just
before lunch,

She left at 3.10 for Helwan, it seems
awfully hard that she who would have
enjoyed the Nile so much should have
to give it up. but I am sure the baths will
do her good & then she will enjoy her
trip to Algeria - I was sorry to leave
her - Mrs. & Mr. Barron Capt. Berlesme

went as soon as Papa returned
from the station to have tea
with Col. Smeth at Shephard's,
a card was from "The China" a Mr.
Stark, & Mrs. friend had tea with
us, both were nice, they are going on
to the Holy Land after seeing the Nile,
saw Mr. Richardson & Mr. Smeth
The scene on the terrace is always
gay & many visitors sit there
all day long watching the street

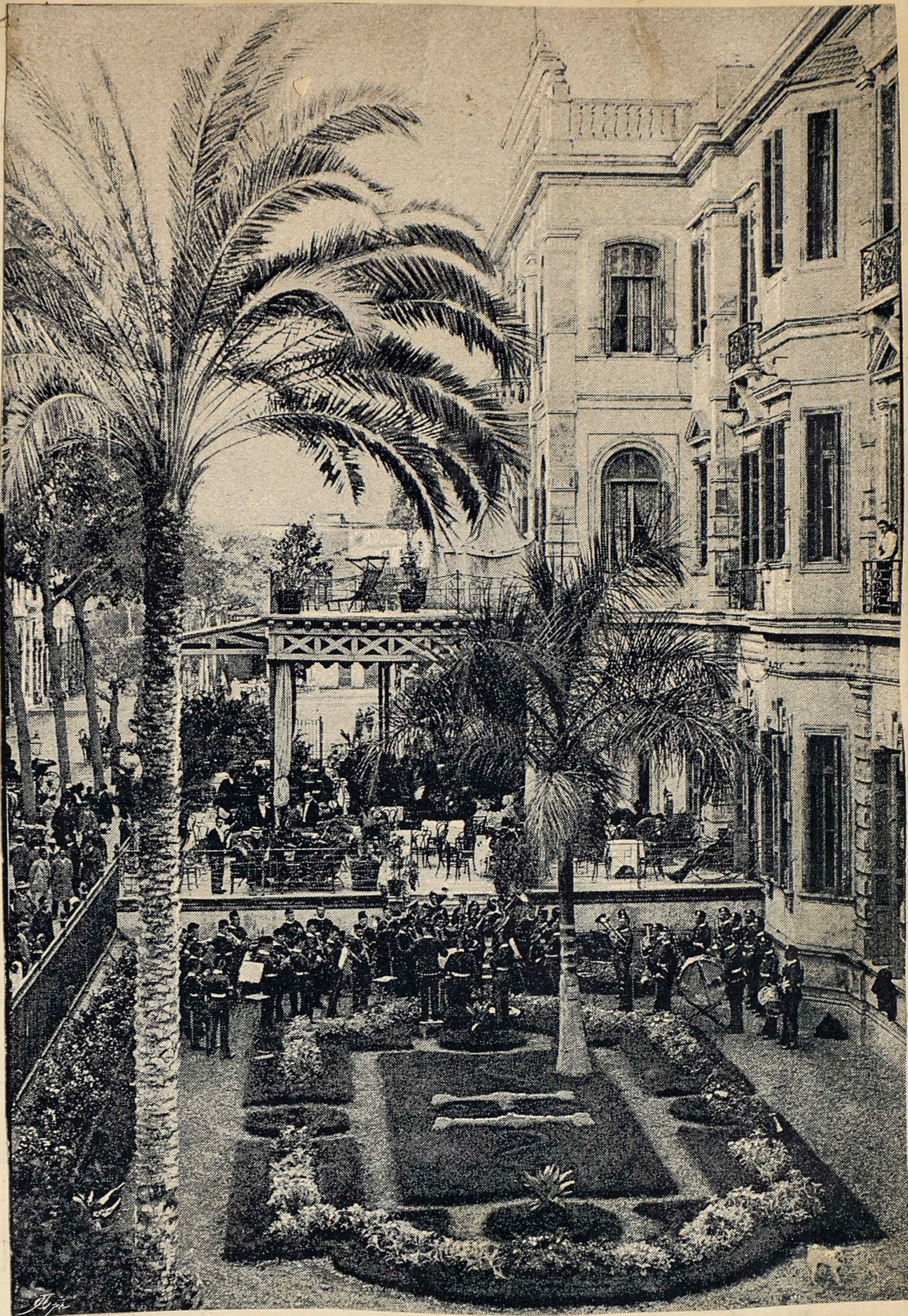
crowd, a man
with a stuffed
crocodile on
his head was
one of the waiting
street vendors.

Col. Smith came
back to the hotel,
I think with
persuasion
would have
accompanied
us to Luxor!

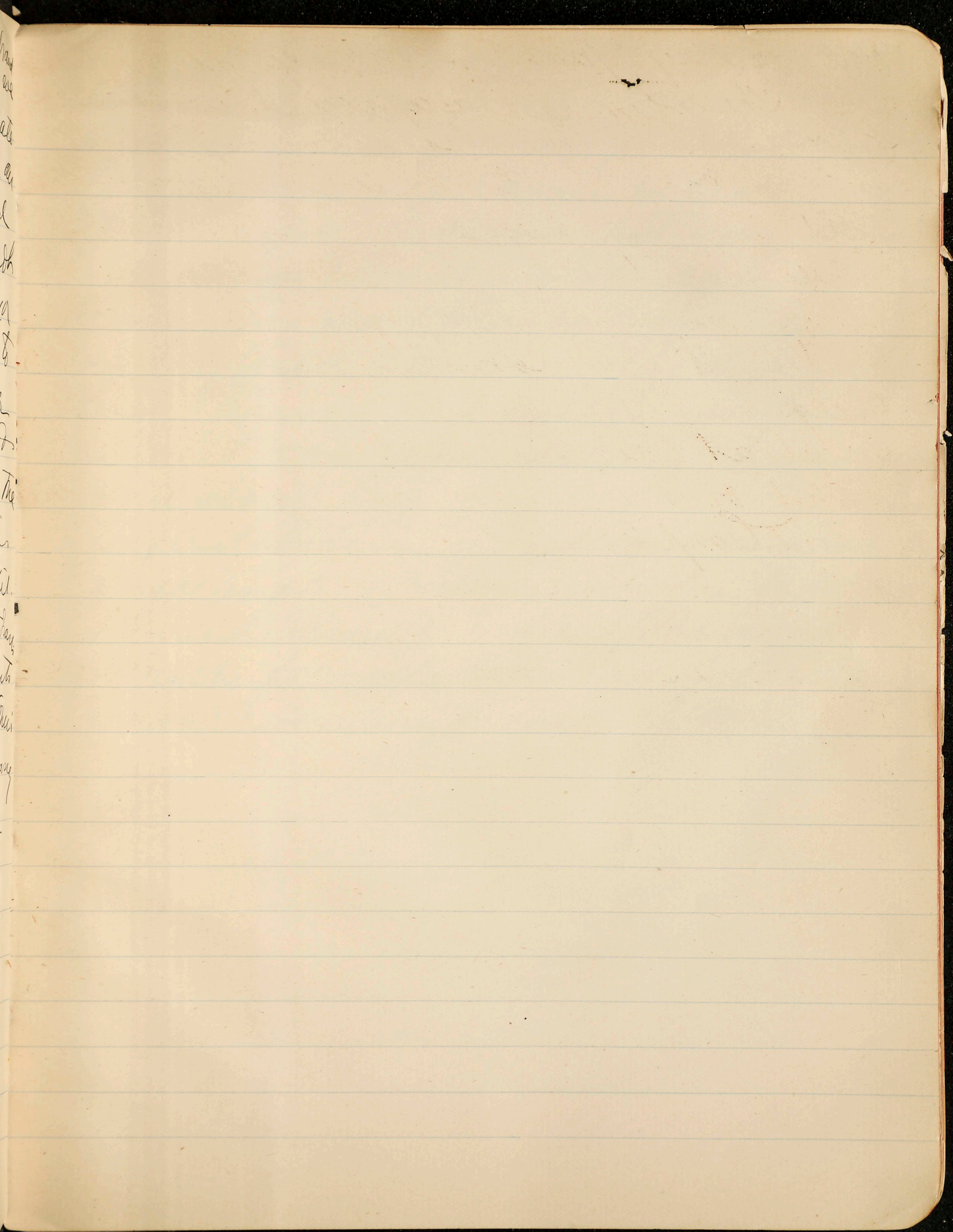
Had a lunch
dinner at
St. James Restaurant.

Left the hotel

at 6 o'clock, our berths were well
selected & we passed a comfortable
night, the carriages were light &
painted white, two beds in each
compartment with a lavatory between
each room with separate doors.
The tickets to Luxor cost



Wednesday Jan 9. - The porter at the Grand
Hotel Theophrastus captured us & we
found that his hotel was appropriate
& that often mistakes were made, our
hotel should have been the Grand
Luxor Hotel however we did not
stay. Papa M. K. going off to the Luxor
Hotel to get us rooms, we had to
sleep at the Karnak & have our
meals at the Luxor - breakfasted &
went out immediately to see the
great temple of Luxor which lies
on the banks, close to the Luxor Hotel.
It was only recently excavated & parts
of it are still covered by mud huts
until they can be acquired from their
present owners, one can see that on any
beautiful views are lost to sight -



The road to Karnac is a raised road
bed with signs of cultivated land
on either side, it formerly was bordered
by an avenue of papyrus which lead
to the temple of devesa but only some
odd dozen remain, the gate at the
end of this road was only one of
we entered a temple. The distance from
Luxor to Karnac is 2 miles, so that
at least 500 papyrus plants must have
have stood here.

The first ^{temple} statue is called Ramses III
small temple. Turning to the left we
passed through more sphinxes
which formerly reached to the Ramses-
seem to entered the

The huge wall 200 before us in
splendid grandeur - marred perhaps
by the stajing erected to stay it up
from the effects of the earthquake
which shivered it - only one column
remains erect of twelve which formerly
stood here -

The small temple of Sethos II. The Temple of
Ramses II dedicated to Ammon with
a huge statue of R. II before the entrance
The triumphal monument of Sheshaq
commemorating the victory of Sheshaq over
Reho-boam

We climbed to the summit of the 1st main
Pylon - magnificent view.

Then entered the great Hypostyle Hall with
its forest of columns, it is 335 ft wide
170 deep & its area 5450 square yards. The
roof is supported by 134 columns in 16 rows
with the central row higher than the
others - clustered but columns with capitals

Capitol's Hall is divided into 3 aisles
in columns are built of heavy stones
11.3/5 ft in diameter & 33 ft in circumference
six men with out stretched arms cannot
span the distance. Height 69 ft & the capitals
11 ft - the other 22 columns are 42 ft
ft & 27 1/2 ft wide. They
are all sculptured with
records of the past &
the effect of this stupen-
dous grandeur that
build the hall is
overwhelming nothing
since has ever
come near it in grandeur.
Sesostris began it. His son
Ramses II completed it.



The architect was Bab en Khonsu &
his statue is in the Glyptothek museum
at Munich -

The Belisks stand beyond the hall - we
wandered on gazing at the fallen
wonders of this marvellous place - every
where we looked were strange hieroglyphics
walked through the older central part of
the temple of Ammon. Left of the gallery
on the right & out to the E. entrance door -

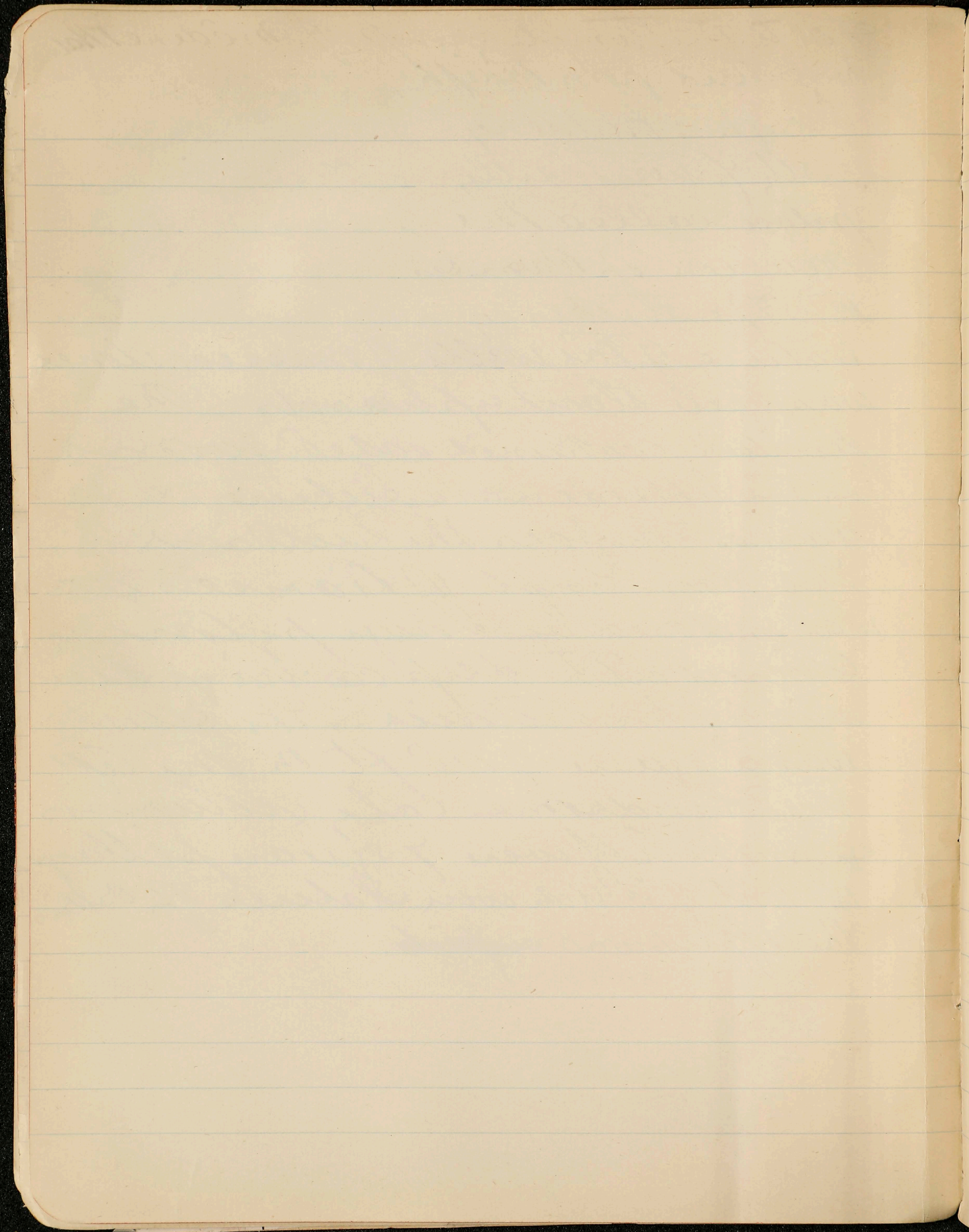
Thursday, Jan 10th. Left the Karnac Hotel
at 8.30. It was a comfortable place rather like
the hotel at Asya. Built round a central
yard. The boat waited for us & we crossed
to the N. bank where the donkeys were
ready. Our guide's name was Ahmed Abdallah
we procured for us by a handsome Egyptian
guide named Humad El Sawab whom we
had had recommended to us.
He proved satisfactory & knew his work.
I had a good fast donkey called
Tartuffe & had several good companions
with Mr Richardson. We rode
fast to the canal where we waited &
dickered with antiquities vendors
then passed the Colossi of Memnon

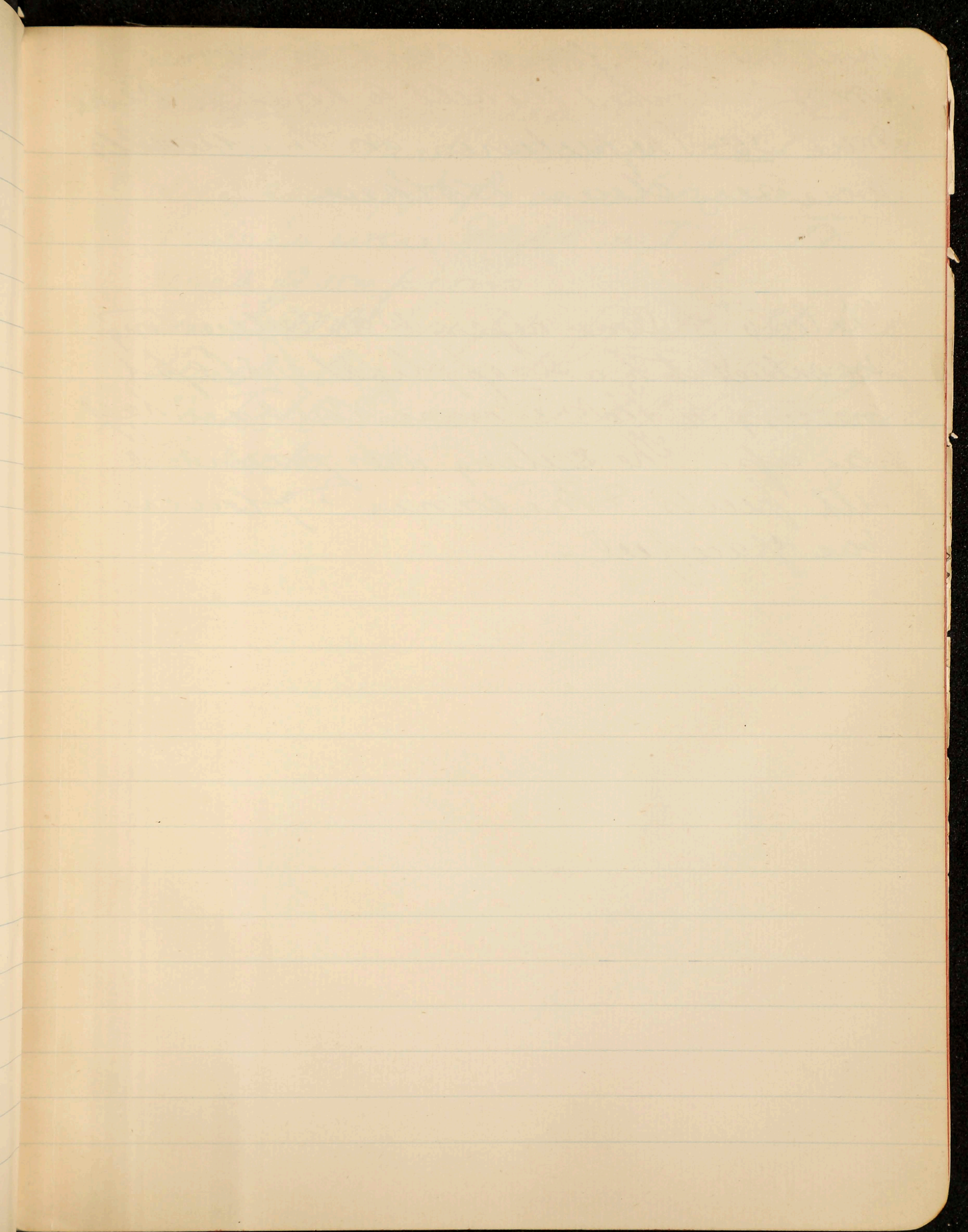
On to the temple group of Medinet Habu
we entered from the left.

Through a building
partly ruins & partly
palace called the
pavilion of Ramses

III. The striking
feature of the walls of massive stones
was their slant upwards. The
pavilion contained only 8 rooms.
On the left side was a picture of
Ramses fighting the Nubians.

The large court of Ramses III
was enclosed by a huge pylon
covered with deep carvings de-
scribing his victories. The court
was a square of 110 ft. On the left
were handsome calyx columns
& on the left were 7 square pillars
in front of which were statues of Isis.
The effect was superb.





Next we left for a visit to some
tombs & climbed the hill to Thaly Reph.
near 35 The pictures on the walls
were very clear & colored

The tomb of Sen-noper was interesting
we entered it by a steep flight of steps
meeting Mr. Mrs. & Misses Corshaw half
way up. The ceiling was painted
with pictures & the corners & flowers
were graceful -

The little arab village on the side
of the hill was spealled. The
houses & courts each held a
day, sort of pipes in which the
babies were kept out of the
reach of scorpions -

The little temple of St. El Me.
dineh lay under the lee of
the hill & was built back under
the rock.

We were glad to get back to the shade & at the rest house we had a comfortable lunch, the Coshaws from Chislehurst were there, they are very pleasant. It must be perfectly hot in summer.

We rode home very quickly, the guides & donkey boys being very anxious to get to the races. Ahmed was very anxious for me to ride his best donkey & was confident that I should win. But I missed him & did not know when the race was starting, I think that I could have shaken more out of my nose than the winner did.

The water bullocks race was interesting, the riders started from one end met the beasts & climbed on their backs & so finished, only one came in correctly - the donkey boys wrestling on bare backs & sides was very good.



Sunday Jan. 11 Made an early start &
were across the river by nine o'clock
M^r R. had a new good donkey, hers
yesterday having stumbled & thrown
her off. Mine simply ran away with
me & M^r R. I rode to the first
stopping place, the temple of Sethos
I at Kurna, it is smaller than
Sodmet Kabu but not in good
repair. The colnade with 10 columns
with papyrus bud capitals has
only 8 left now. We waited here for
Papa M^r R. The guide started
off for Biban el Melik, the
Valley of the Tombs of the Kings.
to the right we followed the
windings of a desolate valley
which in summer must be
rightfully hot. I had never seen
such arid land. We passed
some arab villages, wretched
mud huts. The children all ran
out to beg. They looked like a great
littleurchers. The contrast be-
tween the green & place of sepulchre
of the Kings on the inner side of the

valley, & those of the noblest
were buried with their treasures
& with tombs decorated with
mural paintings of the phara-
owns of the life is striking.
The tomb of Setkhotp however
Belzoni's tomb was inaccessible
because the guardian had lost
the key. But we descended
into 2. Ramses IV which led
into a long corridor with a granite
sarcophagus.

Tomb 6 Ramses IX on the left also
contained allusions to the journey
of the soul to the next world, from
the book of the dead.

No 9 tomb of Ramses VI - was small
The decorations in the last chamber
in which was a broken sarcophagus
inserted on the right of the boat of
the sun being drawn into heaven,
the arabs call this the Cataract

II Ramses III or the Harpers Tomb
contains better inscriptions,
The king had a great idea of
going to his last resting place
in state with his servants about
him for the first corridor held
several chambers in which were
pictures of the kitchen, treasury
boat building, Armory etc
The Harpers were very well executed
The harps inlaid & gilded.

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The donkeys were led up the hill & we
climbed after them & on the summit rode
across. The scene was very weird
on one side this desolate valley. on
the other, the plain of the Nile valley
green & fertile with the Colosse
sitting in state. The temples
& ruins clustering under the
lee of the mountain.

We inspected the Ser el Bahri
nicknamed Zozer Zoser (not
splendid of all) It was begun &
completed after many interruptions
by Nakhe wife of Thutmose III.
The situation of the temple is
fine but uncommonly hot.
I was never quite finished.
Thutmose erased his wife's name
& also on Ramses II restored some
portions but with inferior workman-
ship. On the introduction of Christian-
ity some monks inhabited it &
ruined many of the better representations.
It was exhumed in 1894 & is now
bare & open to public inspection.

we were glad to get into the rest house
& the shade - Mr. Brown & Mrs. J. J. J.
Mr. Carruthers benched
with us & we felt quite like old
resident having been here twice.

We left early. Papa had a good
deal of fun dictating for
anlighter outside. he bought me
a mirror for 1/1 which started at
16/1. Mr. Richardson got a hand with
a scarabae for 1/1 but I should
have to have it myself. The
usual plan is to offer as many
pistols as they ask shillings

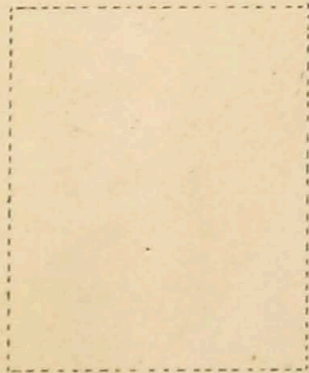
On our way home we stopped at the
Ramesseum where we saw the
fallen statue of R. II which weighs
a 1000 tons. It is one solid piece
of granite - the light was expended
we took photographs. a Dr. Parbo-
thers P. Detroit who was a Canadian
got some snapshots.

We came in about 3 o'clock. D.M.P.
Papa & I went to the temple of
Karnac on donkeys, we walked
about the ruins. I seemed to
appreciate them better on the
second visit.

CARTE POSTALE EGYPTIENNE

L'adresse seule doit être écrite de ce côté.

✍



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on an
return
to the
hotel

we
met
Colonel
Smith
who
had

come up by his morning train & had
spent his day at Luxa & Karnac. He was
just in time to ~~say~~ good-bye to his friends
Mr W^m Missie ~~and~~ Shaw from Chislehurst
- they were very pleasant, we have
seen a good deal of them during the
past two days. - we had tea out in

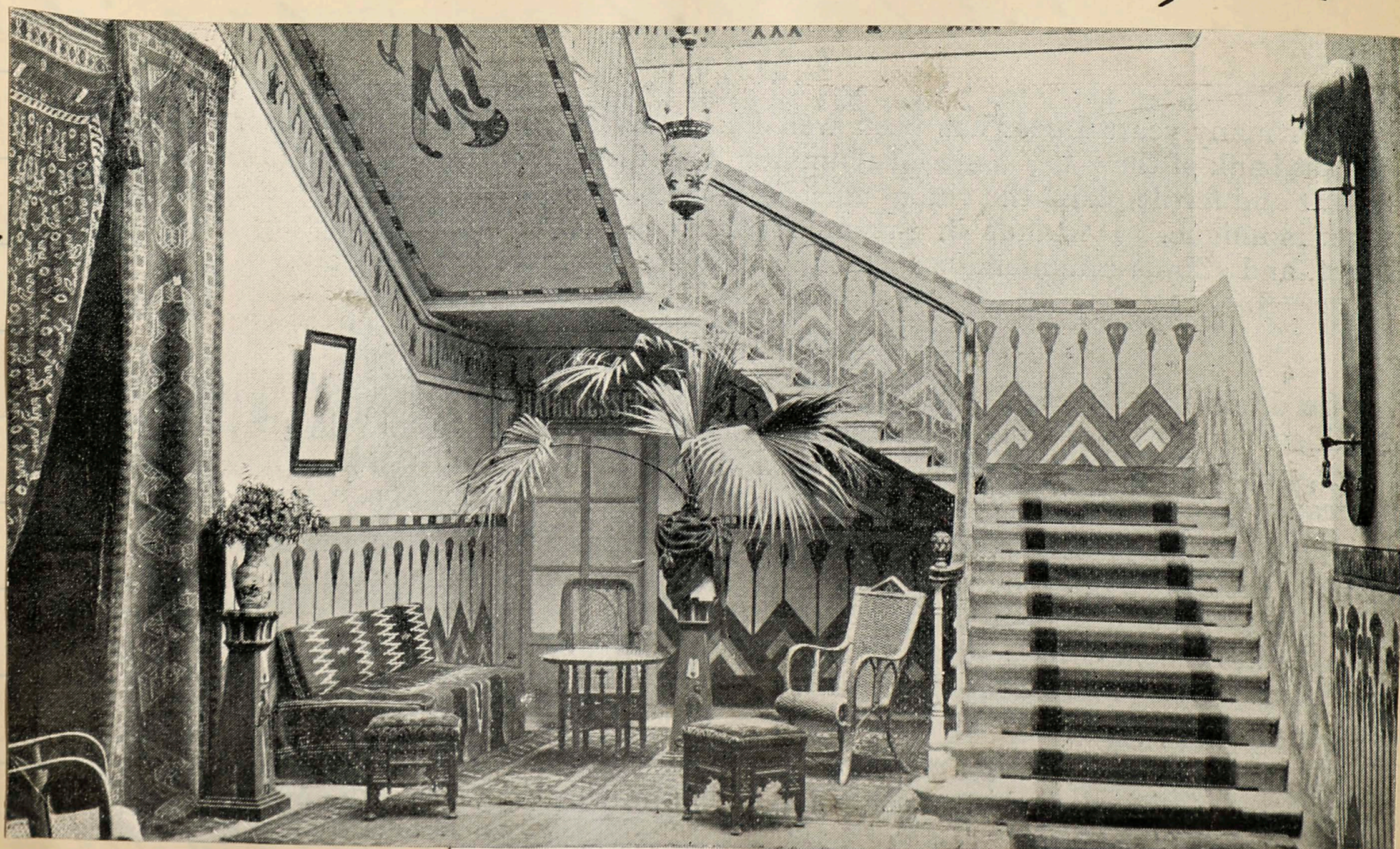


the
garden
then I
went in
to remove
some of
the dirt.
and to
mother.

The hotel is very draughty — we
sat in the hall after dinner
Col Smith leaves on Sunday 11 o'clock for
Naples on the 17th. It is a pity he did not
come up with us as it is always
nice to go about with someone
instead of making long solitary
excursions, but I fancy he does not
like to commit himself to any fixed
plan —

a long discussion resulted in our
arranging to leave tomorrow at
11. I have for Assouan. We all
wanted to see Idfu but it was not
possible to stay all night there &
the train was inconvenient for

stopping
over a
few hours.
The
steamer
will
not leave
until
Sunday



HALL AND STAIRCASE, LUXOR HOTEL.

Saturday Jan 12³ I woke up with a
cold & felt generally unwell so Papa
said he would stay until tomorrow
& Mrs Richardson with Dr. F.W. Brown
went off at 11.30 without us, we
expect to leave tomorrow morning,
I remained in all morning awaiting
returning as I did not feel up to doing
much. Col. Smith put in a hard
day work seeing all the sights of
Thebes returned at 5 o'clock!

Papa & I went out twice, once
to walk about The Temple of Amen
& once to wander about looking
for the Coptic Church which we
finally found with the help of
a small boy who "impishied" all
the backstreet seekers away. The
screen of the church was the only
thing worth seeing it was inlaid
with mother of pearl.
Walking in the backstreets is not
always desirable —
We had tea in our own room —
a general Mr. Kincaid talked to us
at luncheon & were very pleasant. They

have lost their ranks & are going up
to Assouan whilst they are
being traced back from Colombo
Their son is Inspector of the Railway
They want us to go up by Mail
Steamer to Assouan. Saying that
by doing so we shall see & a few
I talked to Col. Smith, he is very
funny & thinks now that he has
seen more than St. Blake did on
his visit to Cairo

Sunday Jan. 18th

We left at 9.30 for a ride on the west
side of the river, taking care of our
selves, as we had seen all the
sight to men we selected Medinet
Haboo & the tombs of the queens for
our objective point, the latter was
a failure being a hot dusty way
up a valley with only a deli-
-dated & unperforated tomb of
Queen I at the goal - The
other tombs were mere holes in
the rock partly filled in by rubbish
& of Ramesses II's name were buried
here -

Midinet Habu certainly is worth a second
visit. The inscriptions cut on the
pylons & on the walls & the pillars
were credits to his workers & in
his days of his prosperity must have
been a gorgeous sight.

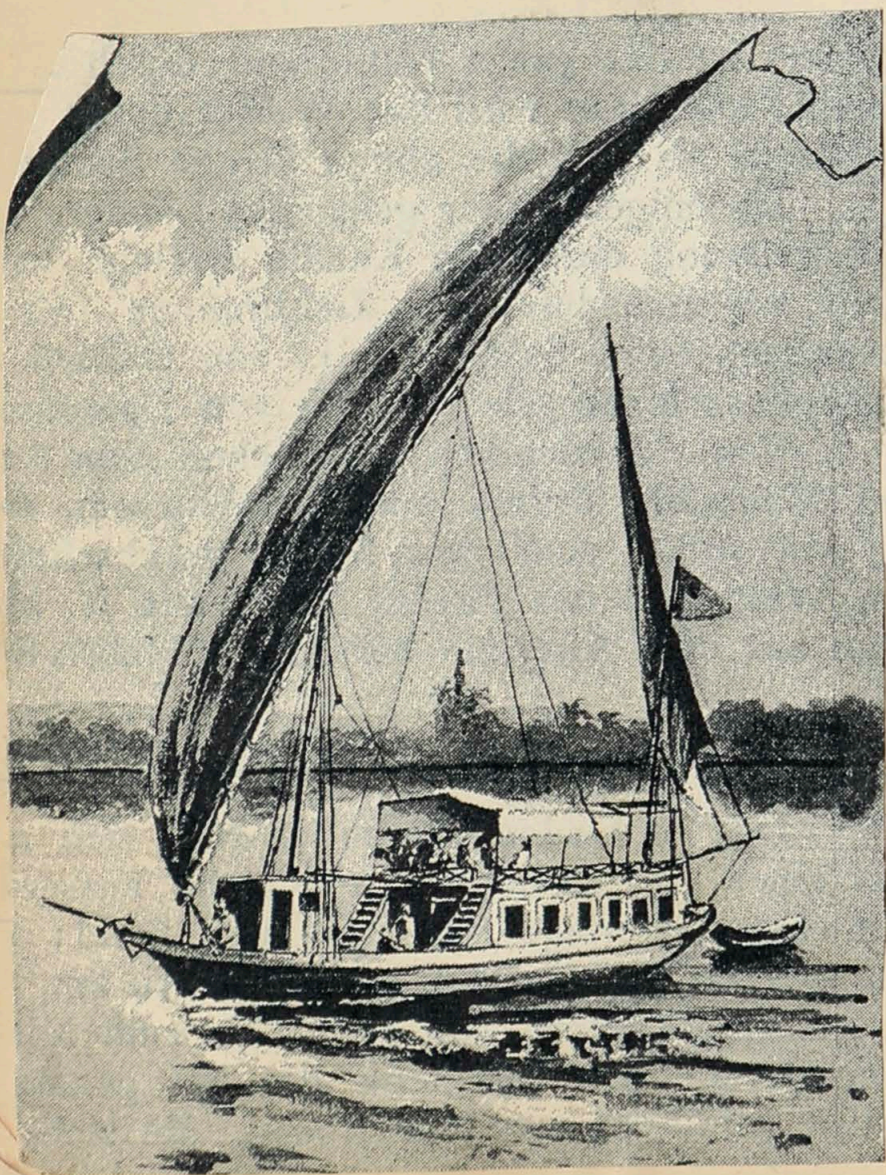
passing the Parneseum on our way home
we had a pleasant center back to
the shore. Papa took a short cut &
intercepted us. My donkey was not
very fast, not half as good as Tan-
tuffe belonging to Ahmed Abdullah
But this one from the hotel porter
Some donkeys are easy to ride but
this ^{one} must have been as old as
on hills. We got in rather late for
lunch & after packing up I sat in
the hall with Col Smith & went
for a stroll with him to the temple
of Luxor, we missed the way first
but found that there was only
one entrance on the river bank.
The statue of Ramesses II with his
head sticking out of the dirt
is curious,

The mail steamer Refer is a small boat. I had a good cabin to myself. Papa shared his with a young Austrian officer - we had tea at table. Papa is at the end & I am next General Kincaid with the two Dr's who are travelling with an old gentleman & his wife. Sporeli us. We turned in early as the night was chilly.

Monday Jan 14: Rather good meal nice bacon, eggs, jam - butter lard, however at 9. We reached Solfu & after a wordy battle amongst the donkeys boys started for the temple. It was funny to see them scrambling in the hold of a floating dock for the ladies side saddles, the boys were ducking for them & screaming & fighting - finally we got off - a picturesque sight

on reaching the temple one has to descend several
steps as the temple buildings have only recently
been dug out, a solid wall surrounds
the main buildings & under the mass
of Roman & arab mud huts may some-
day be found a second thick wall which
is still covered up - The Egypt Explora-
tion Society is excavating here and
recently a birth house near by has been
cleared out, The great pylon is very
impressive on entering the court. One
is at once struck by the beauty & grandeur
of the 18 columns of the great hypostyle
Hall - the capitals are palm & floral
pattern, on the walls are sculptured
scenes of Rameses II. This includes the
sacrificing to the gods.

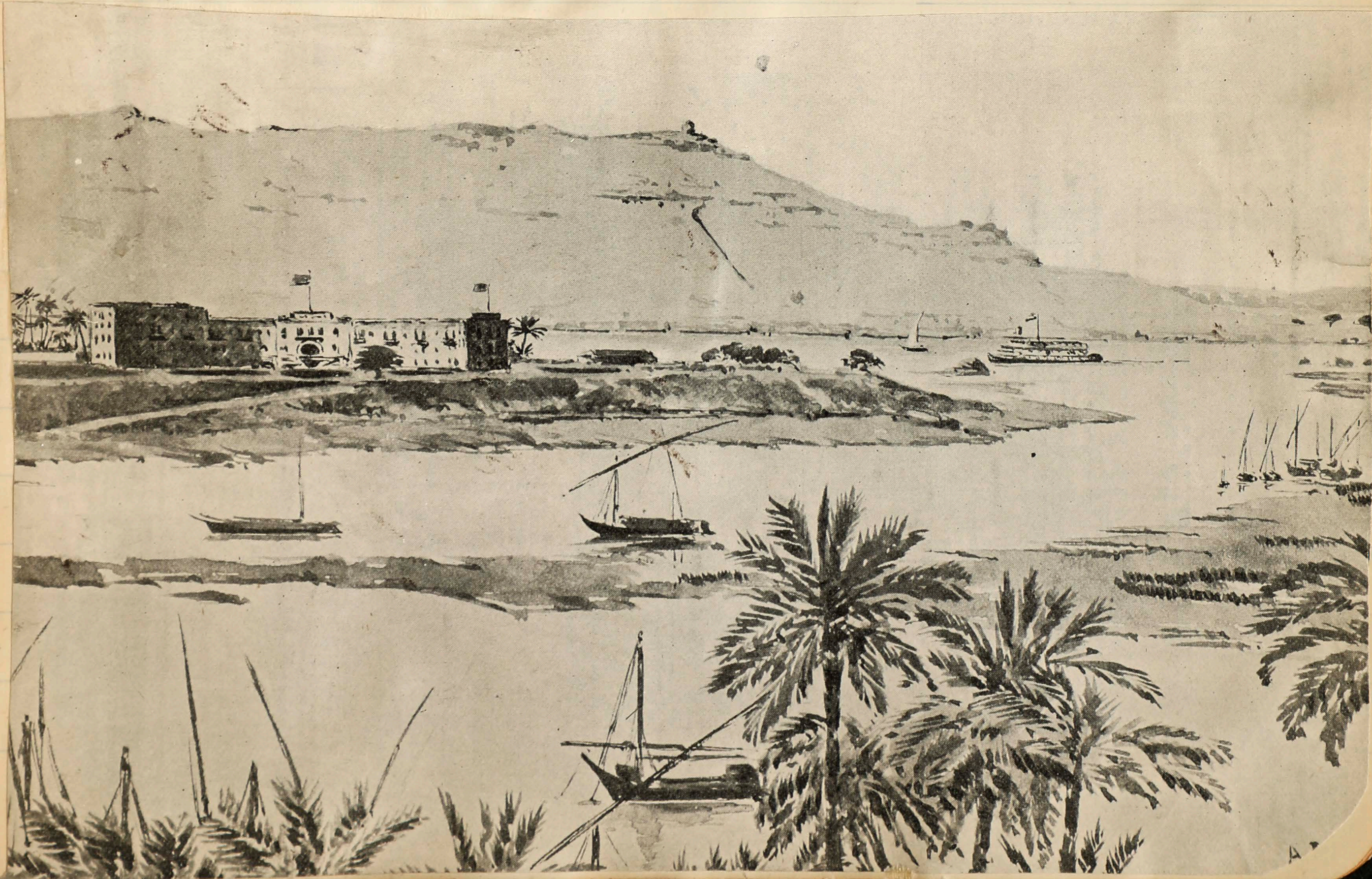
From the roof of the unit we had a bird's eye
view of the surrounding unit which however
was more extensive from the top of the
pylon (left) 242 steps. The light was ad-
mitted through square openings in the wall
In some of the side chambers were found
mummies & we saw in some baskets dozens
of mummified lawbs, the bird sacred
to Horus — when this temple was in use
& as it must have been a very fine rich one
on the inner passage we found some
excellent river scenes of the god Horus
killing crocodiles, ^{hippopotami} & a boat which shows
that the Egyptians must have travelled
up to the Cataract where the hippopotami
are first found.



Thursday Jan. 15

The boat stopped at 6 & after breakfast we
landed on a small boat from the Savoy
Hotel as we had used new passages. The
porter said we had got them. The Kincaids
& the Austrian Commissioner of the
Baron. This wife now went
off with us, when we arrived the mana-
ger declared that we had arrived
yesterday & M^r. Harris having come
to get our rooms, so we went off, on
the whole rather glad as the hotel
looked rather dreary, nice garden but
it must be a bother to have to take
a boat every time one wants to go
for a walk. People stay here for a
month or more. The hotel is called
the manager said as no one was
going away.
He missed our luggage also but found
it at the Cataract house. A M^r.
Kenzie went over in the boat
with us & was very civil & offered
to help us, he went with us to
the manager M^r. Pagnon who at
first said he had only one room

but finally found that after lunch
he could get us another
we also found an old acquaintance
in Nicolas Pneserich who was
our courier in Constantinople three
years ago. The hotel is rather nice
room on the ground floor on the
passage to the dining room.
It is very dark & General Knicaid
told us that the hotel was nick
named the "Tombs of the King"
as the passages were so long &
dark.



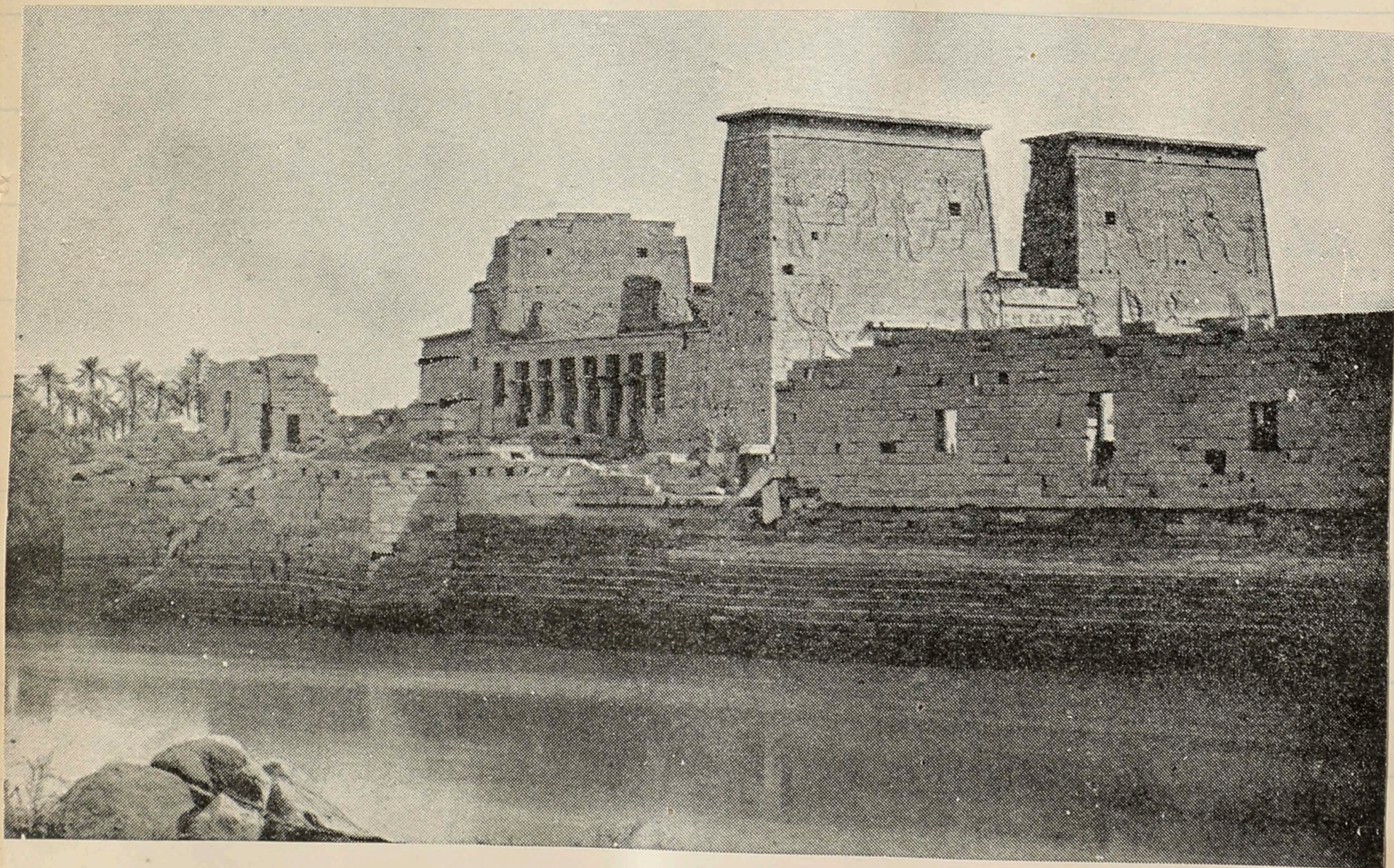


on the
inside of
the square
is a court
where all
the donkeys
are brought
up. There
is generally
a camel

protesting against the indignity of being
ridden - I felt very miserable as I
had not slept after 12 o'clock & my throat
was very sore so I went to sleep in
the afternoon. I Papa went to see the
Barrage. He rode over & was taken round
the works by an Englishman. The contractor
made 80,000 last year & the low bid ex-
pects to make the same this year. The
work will be done a year & a half before the
specified time - no serious difficulties
have been found & the only thing needed
is money & the thing is done, the founda-
tion & sides are well & the rest is easy

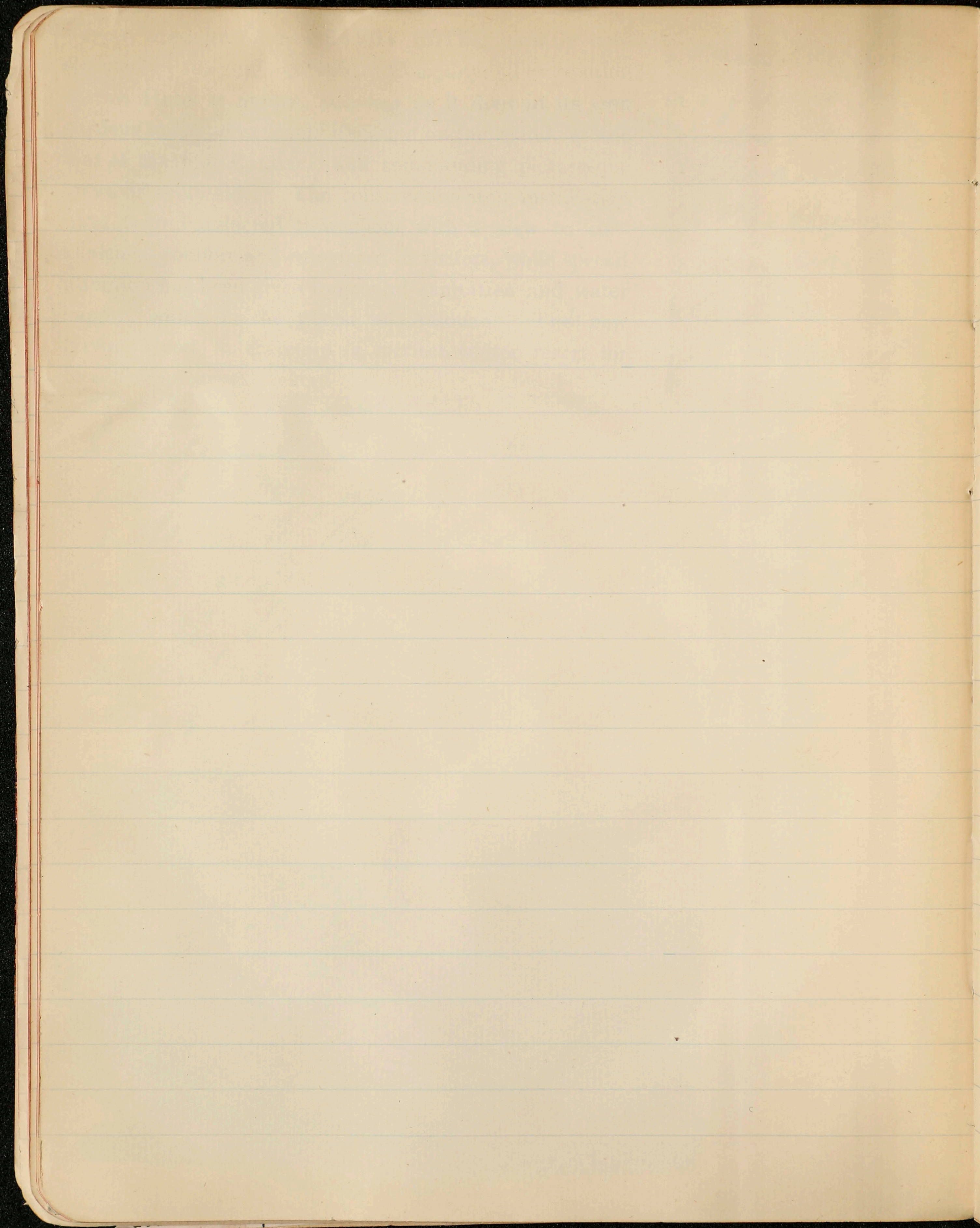
Wednesday Jan 16

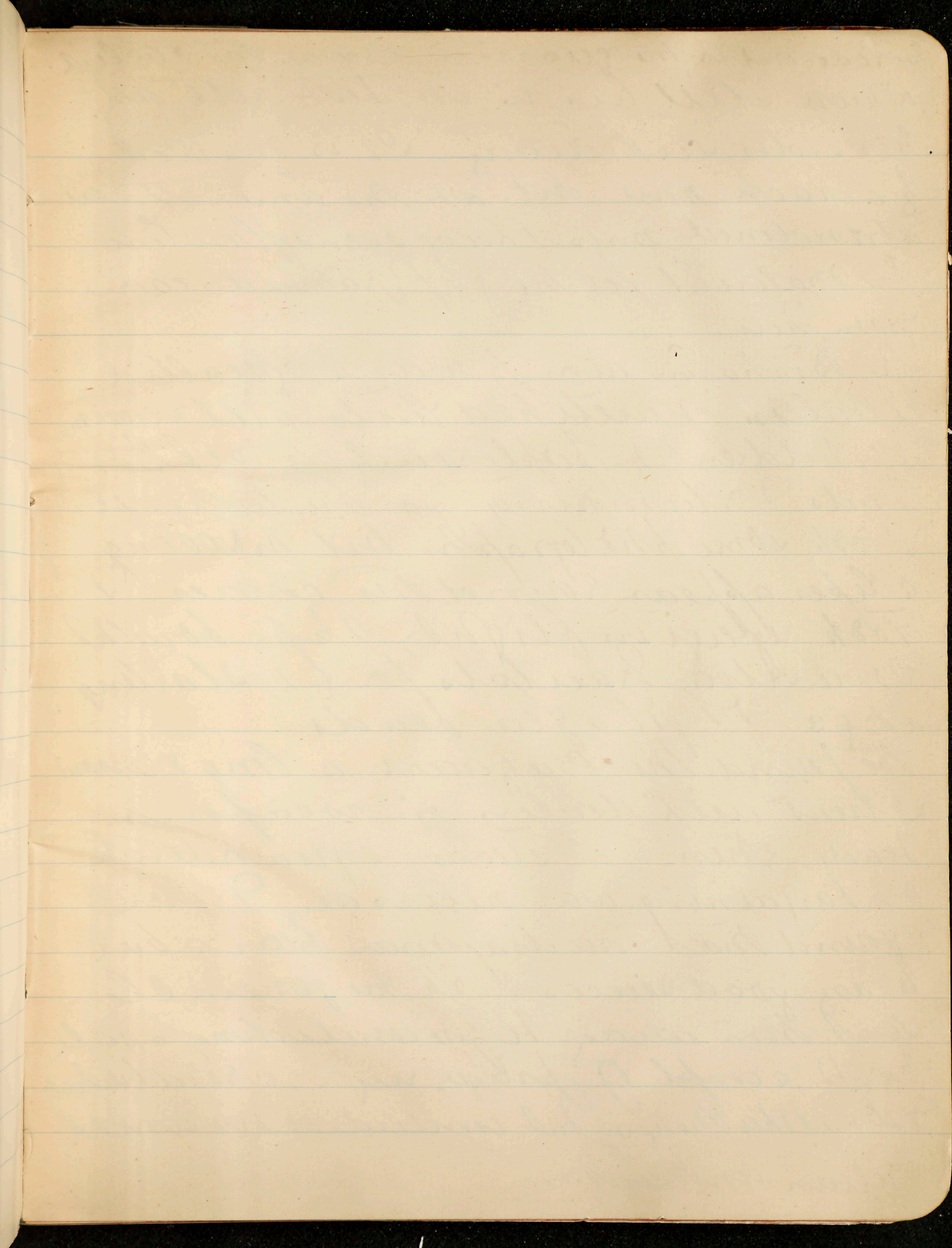
we started at 9 for Shellal & the Mellay, saw
way, taking a guide who was no good!
The fare there & back was 20 piastres each
the 1st class carriage looked like a cattle
truck. The Austrian party with Dr. Maspero
who is in charge of the Exploration party
here went with us. Some people from our
hotel, 1/2 an hours journey, a boat
across to Philæ. The situation is
beautiful, we entered the rock
first 5 men went on to the open court
& down to the parapet over the
bank whence we had a beautiful
view of the pylons & colonades,
the island of Big is on the left
looking towards the temple.



THE ISLAND, WITH THE TEMPLE OF ISIS, PHILÆ.



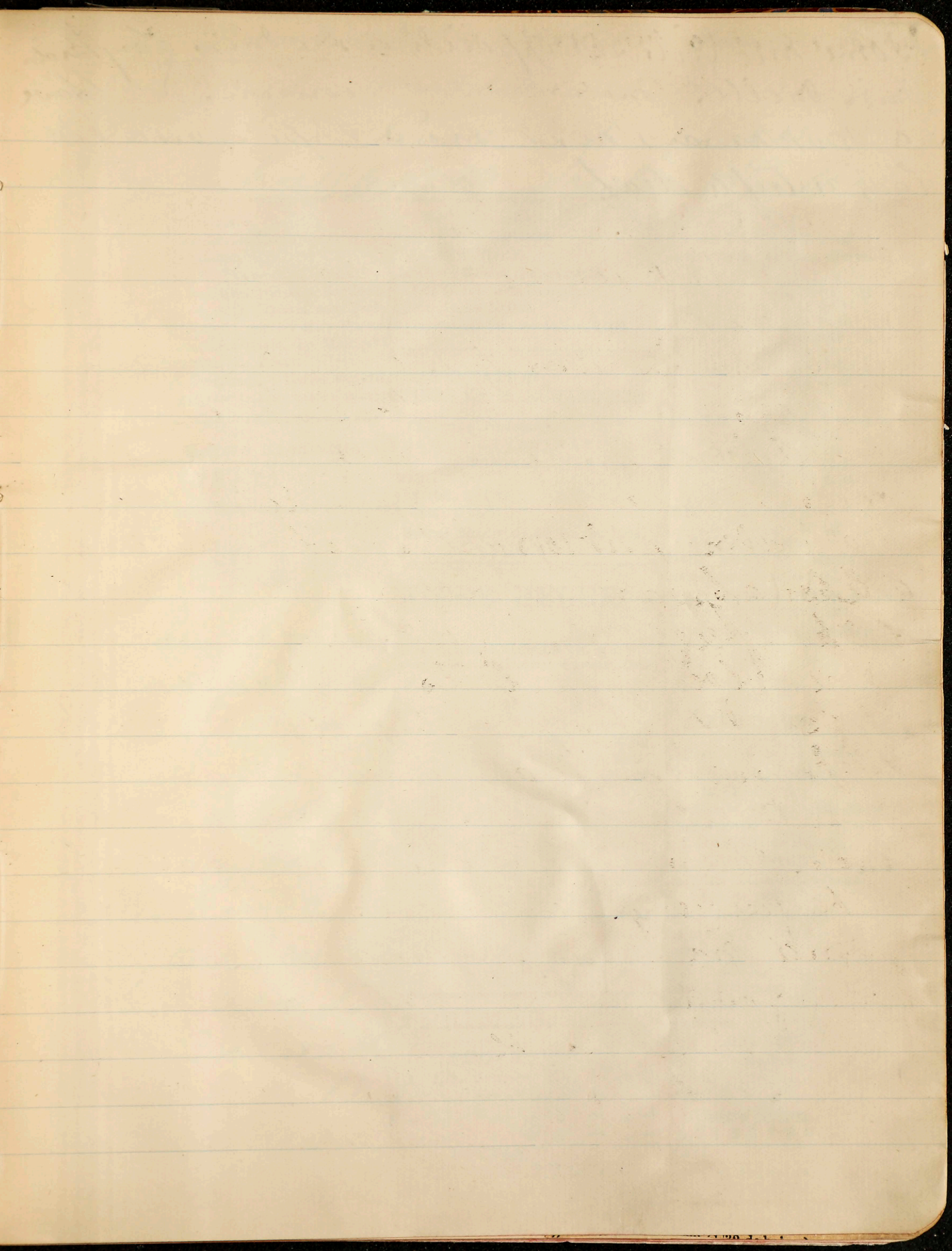




we rode out to the quarries & saw theobelisk
which still lies in its bed with only
two sides cut away. It is marked
by a crack now but at the time it was
abandoned must have been flawless
The material for the G. Pyramids came
from here.

The Bisharin camp was a squalid
collection of wretched huts with swarms
of children & people ready to sell
beads & clamoring for backsheesh
I took some photographs but in seeing
a tiger appear round the corner I
took refuge in flight. Papa bought
some silver bangles for £1. Starting
at £3. I got a few beads
we found the bazaars a long narrow
street with dealers in weapons
beads, skins, sticks, & much deal
of bargaining was necessary. I we
found that an dragoman was a bar
to any good success so we generally
sent him away before concluding a sale
except a compl. of prayer rug, & red basket
& some other things but concluded we aimed
Uluun amMudae.

Handwritten text from the adjacent page, visible on the left edge of the notebook.



Some nice girls set opposite us, a Miss Langford
 Miss Deller, Miss Matheson cousin. I have
 a Scotchman next me & Papa & nice old
 lady a trifle deaf.

CATARACT HOTEL,

Sir George Armstrong
 Lady Armstrong and maid
 Mr. Armstrong
 Mrs. Armstrong
 Mr. and Mrs. Duke Fox
 Miss L. M. P. Black
 „ M. M. Candy
 Mr. G. T. Ford
 Mrs. Ford
 „ John F. Earl
 Miss Julia F. Upson
 Mrs. Reid
 Miss Litchfield
 Mr. Garcia
 Mrs. Garcia
 Miss P. Garcia
 „ Garcia
 Mr. Vernon Lushington
 Miss Lushington and maid
 Lieut. Col. Rolleston
 Mrs. Rolleston
 Mr. Cumming
 Mrs. Cumming
 Mr. St. John Attwood-Mathews
 Mrs. St. John Attwood-Mathews
 Miss F. Crampton
 „ M. Cheetham
 „ L. Millar
 Mr. W. Bailey
 Mrs. W. Bailey
 Mr. C. R. Welch
 Mrs. C. R. Welch
 Mr. F. Gordon-Morrell
 Mrs. F. Gordon-Morrell
 Dr. Hugo Müller
 Mr. F. E. Woodbridge
 Rev. Walter Elstub
 Mrs. Walter Elstub
 Mr. Wyndham Smith
 Mrs. Wyndham Smith
 Miss Wyndham Smith
 Mr. William Taylor
 Mrs. William Taylor
 Miss Taylor
 Miss M. Taylor
 Mr. P. B. Deuchar
 „ Marshall
 „ Teston

„ O. Hill
 Miss Hill
 Miss Pallard
 Mr. Lamb
 Miss Lamb
 Mr. C. F. Gardner
 Mrs. C. F. Gardner
 Mr. Fitz Gerald
 Lady Clara Fitz Gerald and ma
 Dr. Hugo Gerschel
 Mr. G. A. Pollak
 Miss E. A. Martin
 „ Rodger
 Mrs. William Gordon
 Rev. R. G. Asheton
 Mr. Elon Sutton
 Mrs. Sutton
 „ Nesbit
 Miss Nesbit
 Mr. Martin Zédé
 Mrs. Martin Zédé
 Mr. W. Percival
 Mrs. W. Percival
 Mr. Ree
 Mrs. Ree
 Miss Ree
 Dr. Albrecht
 Baron von Dwikel and valet
 Dr. Prigl
 Mayor Hurst
 Mrs. Hurst
 „ Fanny Barker and maid
 Miss Carter
 „ F. E. Dimeau
 Mr. E. M. Green
 Mrs. E. M. Green and companion
 Master Green
 Miss Baumstyn
 „ Nicoll
 Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke
 Miss Horn
 Mr. Cheston
 Mrs. Cheston
 Mr. J. O. Low
 „ G. C. Brackett
 Mrs. C. E. Low
 Miss W. F. Low
 „ L. Low
 Capt. C. H. Baines

Mrs. E. Cameron
 Master Cameron
 Rev. Gaffey
 Mrs. Gaffey
 Mr. Richmond Brown
 Mrs. Richmond Brown
 Mr. G. Herbert Phillips
 „ Kitson
 Mrs. Kitson
 Mr. G. B. Harris
 Miss A. A. Harris
 Lady Graham
 Miss Graham and maid
 „ Harvey and maid
 Col. Henry Knollys
 Mr. Knollys
 Mrs. Graham and courier
 Miss Graham and maid

Thursday Jan 8: he wandered down to the
Bazaar & spent a pleasant morning
dictating for hash. Papa got some
stick a ball of shell. Tom Tom,
& got some beads, I could have bought
an article for £1. It weighed 19 shillings
in price but I thought Mother
would rather have something else.
We met an Scotch girl there. Miss
Machison had bought a charming creole
bangle with a black head with real hair
on it for 2/6 but it was too large for
me to get one like it.

The main bazaar is one street full of vendors
of arms. In the Sardinian the walking
sticks of thin nose or rhinoceros hide are good
bargains is essential, because the mer-
chant asks for an article it is no
guarantee that he may not take 10/
after lunch we ^{went to the post office to} rode to the ~~post office~~
see if our belts were secure & then
took a boat & called on General
Dr. Kincaid at Mr. Sady.
We found them in the garden
they had heard that their luggage
was at Marseille - we spent an

down with them & advised us to report
to his son Capt. K. the Inspector of Police.
The non up of the sleeper agent to our
two telegrams - We went home &
packed in case we had to leave
in the morning - Tellers have come
to us every night from Mother. She does
not recommend us to go to Helouan
saying it is a very clique place with
numbers of annual visitors.
Talked to our Scotch girls -

Friday Jan. 18:

discussed the prospect of going ~~down~~^{up}
to the Barrage by boat & finally went
into town & took a boat from there
seeing the Scotch girls on the bank
we invited them to join us. We
had a big boat with four rows &
a juvenile captain as steerman
aged about 10. He was nicely attired
in a blue frock with an orange vest
& a pair of bag bunched around his
head - He carried his sleeping duties
by skinning up the mast & tying
up the sail -

THE ASSOUAN DAM.

The following sketch will give the reader a fair idea of the present state of the works. Since Sir William Garstin's last Report was published considerable progress has been made at the Assouan Dam. All the low-level sluices have been practically completed. These low-level sluices will let the water through even at low Nile, and will be shut or opened according as the water is wanted. There are altogether 180 sluices, and 150 low-level sluices, practically speaking. The lowest level water ever gets to at Assouan is 85 metres above the Mediterranean. By means of the dam the water will be held up to 106 metres above the same level. The very lowest sluices are 65 in number, and they have been made since the Report was drawn up. An idea of the immensity of the labour involved in their construction may be obtained from the fact that the foundation of the deep sluices goes 75 feet below the ordinary rock surface. Each sluice is fitted with steel gate-dams, adjustable at will, so as to enable the water to go in and out. The foundation was the most difficult portion of the whole work. Seven-eighths of the foundation is now complete. One gap has been left to relieve the Western Channel, but all the foundations have been built in this gap.

The most important work now in hand is the construction of the dam across the Western Channel, the last of the five deep channels of the river which cross the line of the dam and carry the supply of the Nile in winter and summer. Temporary dams for the work have already been constructed. The excavations for the foundation will, it is hoped, be commenced in a month's time. A temporary dam of earth has recently been made on the south of the West Channel and will be finished in a few days' time. Another temporary dam on the North will shortly be made, and then the pumps will be set to work to get the intervening water out. When this has been done the excavations for the foundations will be commenced, and when completed the masonry will be got in. All the foundation masonry will be in, and should be above water, before the arrival of the Nile flood this year. When this has been done the difficult part of constructing the great dam will be over. It is hoped that the foundation of the west channel will be complete by the middle of May.

Besides the vast work that the dam immediately entails, there is another great work being undertaken at the First Cataract. As the dam will close the Nile to navigation, a big canal is being constructed, about 2,000 metres in length. There will be four locks, each $9\frac{1}{2}$ metres broad and 80 metres in length. The first lock gate will be about 20 metres behind the centre line of the dam, and the others will be to the north of it. The recess for the first lock gate has just been started and the work of construction is now actively in progress. The gates will be of steel. When shut the gates stand across the opening of the canal, and when open slide into a recess, prepared for their reception in the western wall. The foundations for the second and third locks are similarly in progress.

The east wall of the first lock and the west wall of the second have already been built to the height of 8 metres. The foundation of the first lock floor is at 90 metres level, the others being respectively at 89, 86, and 83 metres level. The canal will permit sailing vessels to pass all the year round; before, they could only get through the Cataract during high Nile. Cook's mail steamers and any sternwheeler now on the Nile will be enabled to pass, but such large steamers as Rameses III will not be able to get through. The cost of this canal will be approximately £250,000, and would require £20,000 to £25,000 in lock-dues per annum if it is ever to be a paying concern. But there is very little prospect of any immediate increase in trade; in fact, the reverse is the case. Formerly there was a fair amount of carrying trade from the North bringing supplies to the armies in the Soudan, and there has also been a fair amount of seed and grain brought from the countries depopulated by the Mahdi's and Khalifa's followers. This commerce is now over, and the only carrying trade of any importance will be from South to North, as the southern districts become more cultivated. But the area will be necessarily very limited. Although a great volume of trade passes Shellal now, the construction of a railway from Assouan to No. VI station is only a matter of time, and the trade from the north of the dam will consequently be limited to the district between Assouan and Wady-Halfa, which will not be tapped by the railway. The construction of this canal is, in fact, only due to what may be styled "moral considerations."

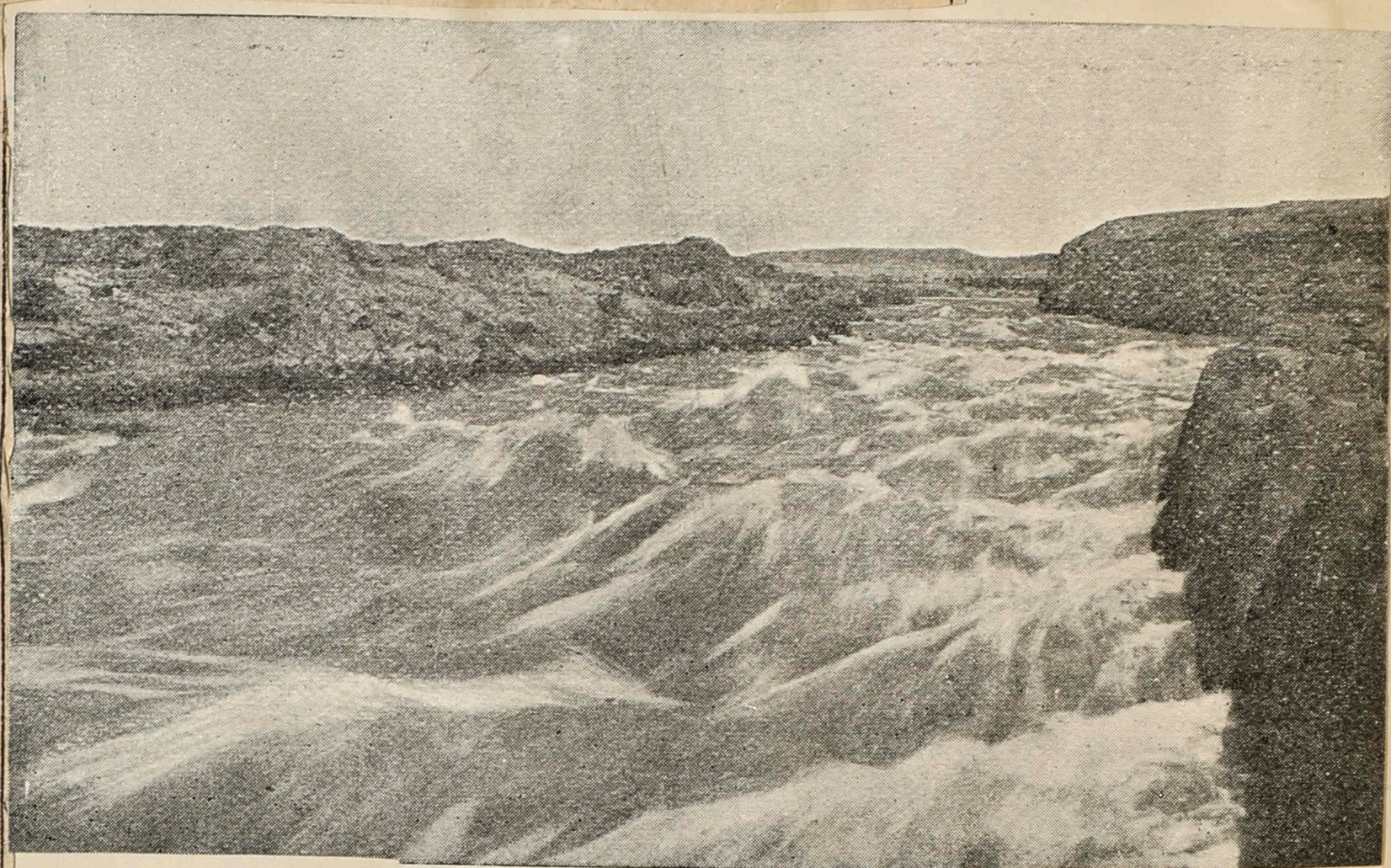
In 1902 the work will be practically confined to finishing up. The work has gone too far for even a high Nile to be any hindrance to the completion of the dam.

We have prefaced this article with some considerations of the performance of the work and the following facts will bear out what we have said in the introduction. No one will be able to remove the face stones by force, as has been done in the case of the Pyramids, except by means of the most powerful explosive or, of course, by an earthquake. Every stone has been bedded in the best English Portland cement, and as a proof of the solidity of the structure, we may mention that, although there had been such an enormous amount of work done up to the end of the last working season, it has been found that not a single stone has been disturbed by the flood. This speaks well for the cement. As to the erosive force of the Nile, it is very difficult to arrive at any settled opinion. In the channels the granite is polished like glass by the friction, it is not worn. We may consequently presume that the action of the water is to polish and not to wear.

No precise details can be given as to the cost of the works. The original estimates for the construction of the two reservoirs at Assouan and Assiout was £2,000,000. The excess over this estimate cannot be gauged, owing to the greatly increased depths which had to be excavated before sufficiently sound granite was reached on which to found the dams. The whole work will be finished at least a year before the time specified by the contract, which was five years. This will save one low Nile, and this early completion of the dam will, therefore, be of great utility to Egypt.

Such is the present condition of the great work which will mark an epoch in Egypt's history. It is alone worth a visit to Assouan, and if we have excited our readers' interest in this great engineering work we advise them to take the first opportunity of visiting the scene of operations. A more curious jumble of the ancient and modern it would be difficult to find. There are the most highly mechanical appliances of the twentieth century being used amidst the very quarries which furnished the colossal structures of the Pharaonic age. The very rocks that are being quarried to-day often bear the grooves and notches made by labourers who died thirty centuries ago,

Amid the rocks which look down upon this hive of industry there are the rude inscriptions of the ancient workmen; some refer to the blocks that have been hewn; others commemorate the victories of forgotten kings. In the distance we see Philæ, rising from the waters, the only object of beauty in this strange landscape of granite rock, desert sand, and modern machinery. On all sides the noise of thousands of workmen and all the busy hum of a manufacturing town drown the rush of the great stream whose beneficent waters are to be conquered and controlled by the labours of these myriads of toilers.



THE CATARACT, ASSOUAN.

I did not go out in the afternoon but
wrote a few letters & packed. Rep
went out & squandered some more
of his substance in the bazaars
at five o'clock Gen. Kincaid came
to tea. Mr. H. only got my note at
4.30 & so sent her husband off at
once, he told us a lot of facts about
his family - his ancestor was John
of Kincaid who led a flaming
party man entered Dublin & the
Castle - his brother lives near Sligo
He knows the Knoxes for —

Saturday Jan. 19. Left Assouan at 8.15
Nicolas Knesewich was very disagreeable
in his protestations of regret at our depa-
ture. He got a compartment to our-
selves. Reached Luxor at 2.

It was a dusty journey as my one
window is in the ordinary carriage
instead of the double glass of the wagon
etc. We played piquet & had an lemon
out of the tea basket. Passed the
Bashain camp which looked very
desolate. Safu was on the other side
of the river from the station. Saw the
pylons -

Had tea soon after we arrived &
read our letters from Mother
I had a very pleasant neighborly
dinner, one of the firm of J. Acid
contractors. He was going up to look
at the dam. I think his name was
Joyce. His wife was a very pleasant
pretty girl. He told me a good deal about
the Barrage -

The Misses Collins are the only English
we knew here. Telegraphed Mother
that we could leave for Luxor on the 24.

Sunday Jan. 20th Telipapua Mother
to meet us at the Shearers Hotel.
I went to church but it was a poor
service. The Chaplain Mr. Milne
was so affected -

after lunch Papa & I rode to Hama
but as he had forgotten his anti-jelly
ticket we could not get in so we ^{had}
did not attempt to buy but rode
round the outside & saw the great
extent of the temple buildings
we were glad we did so as we saw more
of the country that way. There are
excellent donkeys 32 "Sunderah"
Papa did not feel very well so we
rode slowly home by way of the
Myth cemetery.



Monday Jan 21 Had comfortable night in
the train. Mr. Gay was my companion
She comes from Ann Harbor Michigan,
Had a poor breakfast on the train
Reached Shepheard's at 9.30. They
saw us excellent rooms but they were
so expensive that we moved up
higher. Mother arrived at 11.15
She did not care for Helouan but
feels better. The baths are not as
strong as ours at home. We
sat on the terrace & waited for
Papa who had gone off on a wild goose
chase after us. Gen. Scott a
friend of Mother's was at Shepheard's
He seemed very nice.

It is more amusing here than at the
angleterre. The Richardson's & the
Slukoshs are here. The former did
not get off to Palestine on account of
quarantine - a nice young American
settled next me. He is quite amusing
& has travelled a great deal.
Della's from Daisy. So. Mr. Beddome Captain
Wickenden -

Barani is in now.

Tuesday Jan 22: Started to write letter
sat on the terrace. Then went off to look
at some of the shops. Today is the fet of the
Khedive. The shops & houses were hung
with bunting, yesterday, the Khedivial
Mue. The Khedive had a reception
Mr Richardson & Mr Brewer went
thru their concert. We had good
places at the review in the afternoon
noon of the Egyptian troops of the
Khedive. Mrs Herbertson was in
the carriage behind me & came
to see us several times. The men
marched well, but the artillery
had a bad spell, one of the gun
carriages upset just opposite
the saluting post. The horses all
fell & one man was hurt &
carried off in the ambulance.
The Lidar looked well but the
Khedive sat too low in his saddle
& was not an imposing figure.
The white uniforms looked
well for parade but are only
conspicuous -

on our return we found the bulletin
up saying the queen was very
ill -

Wednesday, Jan 23rd

Wōia up mat the queen had died yesterday
at 6.30, all the flags are half mast
hung with crape. She reigned just
four days & lived longer than George IV
a glorious reign!

as soon as Papa & Mr. Richardson
had taken our tickets for Messina
for Thursday 31st of the Italian boat
we had arranged our luncheon
we went to train to fizik. Took
a guide to keep away the hordes
of howling arabs who pester one
with importunities to guide to
to buy bogus antiquities.

Papa & I rashly undertook to go
inside the 1st Pyramid. I helped
3 or 4 couple of bedouins we climbed
to the entrance & then descended
a granite shaft. were notches
cut in the stone which are not
much use when wearing shoes
however we arrived at the bottom

Men crawled on our hands
I knew this some band onto
a place where we next had to
be hauled up some great stone
to the beginning of the way
to the pump chamber, a long
shaft.

mother wish stayed outside & we next
chose a place for our luncheon on one
of the smaller pyramids - next
choosing camels we went for a
ride round the pyramids & the
spidintz

* ❁ D I N E R ❁ *

23. Jan. 1901



Potage Ox-tail

Suprêmes de perches Cardinale

Pommes nature

Roastbeef à la Chartre

Ris de veau Montpensier

Choux-fleurs Polonaise

Coqs de Bruyère rôtis

Salade

Riz à l'Imperatrice

Pâtisserie

Dessert

Café à la Turque



HOTEL GRAND CONTINENTAL
CAIRO

a letter from Ted saying that he
has been ordered to join the
Middlesex Regt at Secundra bad
Madras. inside of few weeks,
he is charmed but surprised,
he is going to stay for a week
with Aunt Lewis a week
with Berkeley Portman.

We went to the Continental
to dine & liked the food much
better than at the Shipheads.

but the room was very draughty
Mr. Kilburne could not tell us
much about Madras except
that it was considered a healthy
station & that some were sent
here in the summer!

Thursday Jan 24th Spent the morning
at Phonomulls opposite Shepherd
picking out ~~sub~~ andah certain
of flags. He is an old scamp but
rather amusing, has 18 shops in
different places, I got myself a
zouave jacket, we tried to buy
an Indian bowl for \$9 but he wanted
\$10. so we did not make a trade.
He has some nice things but Cairo
is far from a cheap place to
shop in this season.

The Richardson & Strickshers are still
here. The Revvers left the Continental
to go to the pension Fick & got nothing
to eat there so they went to the
Eden Palace hotel where they have
to pay more than they did at the
Continental (2) which is rather a joke.
I hardly think the Egyptian trip
has been a pleasure to Mrs. Tikhobur
nothing has been made of her & it
must be mortifying to her to feel
that her power is gone with her
sister.

A very wet & rainy day. Dr. Richardson came & had tea with us in our room. White Papa & her husband went off to the museum. She is a very pleasant woman. I was rather a relief to have a quiet day. & we got some necessary repairs done.

Friday Jan 25:

did not go out in the morning but continued our work of yesterday. The streets are shockingly muddy. The roads are not graded so the water lies on them until it dries off or is carted away, an army of streetsweepers take possession of a street & tidy it to a certain extent. at four o'clock we started to have tea with Mr. Kilburne at Mrs. Montmerat's. It was rather cold but we sat out on the terrace, nearly everyone had gone to the dentist's but the experience of them was enough for us last time we were here.

The Ramsays from Hamilton are
at the Continental but we never
cared for them & did not look them up.
Papa went to cancel his passage
on the Italian boat of the 30th & to take
his passage on the Messageri Maritimi
"Rigo" for the 1st Feb. The Orient boat
on the following Monday the 25th to
Egypt on the 4th Feb. but we have to get
to Marseilles in time to see Genl. Papa
cabled to him to meet us there
as it would save us all going to
England

Letter from Captain Brewster from
Goude Subaland written on 19 Dec. telling
me about the outbreak amongst the
ogaden Somalis. He thinks it will
be a long business, he was in command
for a month at the frontier post. I am
sorry we won't see him now but he
is very pleased at having got a chance
for himself. He has acquired a new
name Bembury ~

Saturday January 26

Sat on the terrace in the morning
talked to Mr Richardson, one
gets very lazy. Men wandered out to
do a little more shop gazing, a great
deal of time is consumed doing this
one really fails to buy much,
- we amuse ourselves doing nothing



Sunday Jan 27: Went to church
sat in the 3rd pew behind Mr Lidar
Mr Pedro Munro, & Lord Cromer

The sermon was not very good, the
rector being old & unequal to the
subject he attempted to speak on
but he did his best, the hymns
were all funeral ones - nearly
every English person was in black,

- The roads were very muddy
we drove in the afternoon to
hear the band play in the Sezereh
gardens & had tea there

It was rather a pleasant afternoon
& a pretty drive

Mr. Kiburne dined with us.
We sat in the robleunda
after dinner -

Monday Jan. 28:

waited for the mail & be ready
I read the letters, Ted goes to
Secunderabad & will start
inside four weeks but does not
know his steamer - he is going to
stay with Aunt Teresa & the
Berkeley Portmann
he went off to the bazaar &
chose a screen which we ordered
to be ready for Papa to look at,
& in the afternoon we went out
to hunt for a watercolor of a
camel.

Tuesday, Jan 29: Went back to the
bazaar & ordered a saucer & some few
things at the Buntat bazaar.

This was our only stop in the market
& in the afternoon we rushed out
to see the crowd at the Hill bridge
but unfortunately, found none as
evidently there were few boats to
pass the bridge & it was closed soon.
Then not knowing what to do we
got into a carriage & drove to Old
Cairo where we saw many pretty
gardens & houses.

Wednesday Jan. 30. Papa & Mother
started to go to Sakara via Seich in a
sand cart but missed their train
& put in their time at the museum
returning at 3 o'clock. I sat on
the terrace with Mr Richardson
time I packed up.

at lunch I talked to Mr. Burns Henry
from Detroit who sits next me at
table. It was a strange chance seeing
him here. He is on a trip round the
world, Mrs. men opposite me. Mr.
Thompson, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Reeves all
entertaining, Mr. Tallen too are on the
way to Persia.

after lunch sat on the terrace with Mr.
Richardson, then wrote a letter. Mr. The
Pape came in & we had tea meeting
Mr. R. who had arranged with me to
have tea on the terrace at 5 o'clock.
we went out to drive some p. cards &
look up some small things -
saw the box at Ponomell's packed &
called on Mr. Miss Brewer at the
Eden Palace Hotel. They live at Utica
N.Y. wait on Thursday with Mr. Richardson
& Stokes -

Thursday Jan 31st

Saw Mr. Mr. Richardson off at 9 o'clock
we go tomorrow at the same time
at 10 Papa came for me. He was
going out with Mr. Kilburne, but I
did not know that I was expected
as well until he returned for me in
haste, so I started from the Conti-
nental on a donkey conducted by a cedar
trickler, Mr. Henry had met Papa going
there in had asked whether he
could accompany us, so Papa introduced
him to Mr. K. & backed out himself as he
actually had donkeys,
an American of the Continental backed
himself on to our party so we started
off a party of four & threaded our
way up narrow lanes & on left
of the mosque passing in by the
"Paris" entrance & emerging by the
old seller bazaar & out into the
bar workers to the left leading to
the tomb of the Kalif.
Home by way of the mosque & Alzar
coming into the bazaar where our
donkeys started a baying concert!

off as
me to
River
come
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Papa
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Thack
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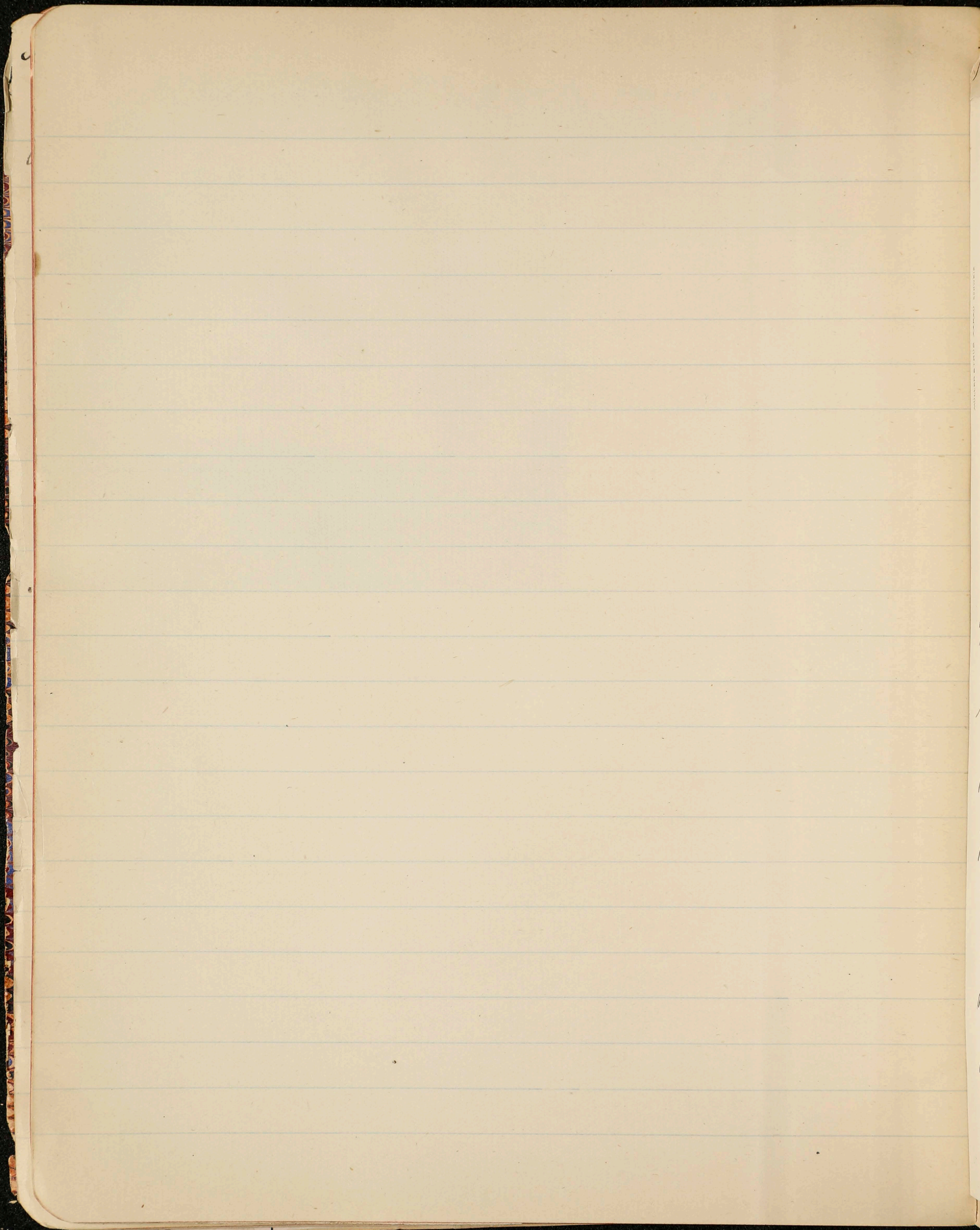


at 4 o'clock we took the tram for
the Pyramids & took donkeys & rode
round the pyramids for an hour,
meeting Mr. Henry Lane.



THE BRIDGE OF KASR-EL-NIL, CAIRO.

am
ys
unw



The
George Nungovich
Hôtels

SAVOY HÔTEL
GRAND CONTINENTAL
HÔTEL D'ANGLETERRE

• CAIRO •

GRAND HÔTEL HELOUAN
HÔTEL DES BAINS
BATH ESTABLISHMENTS

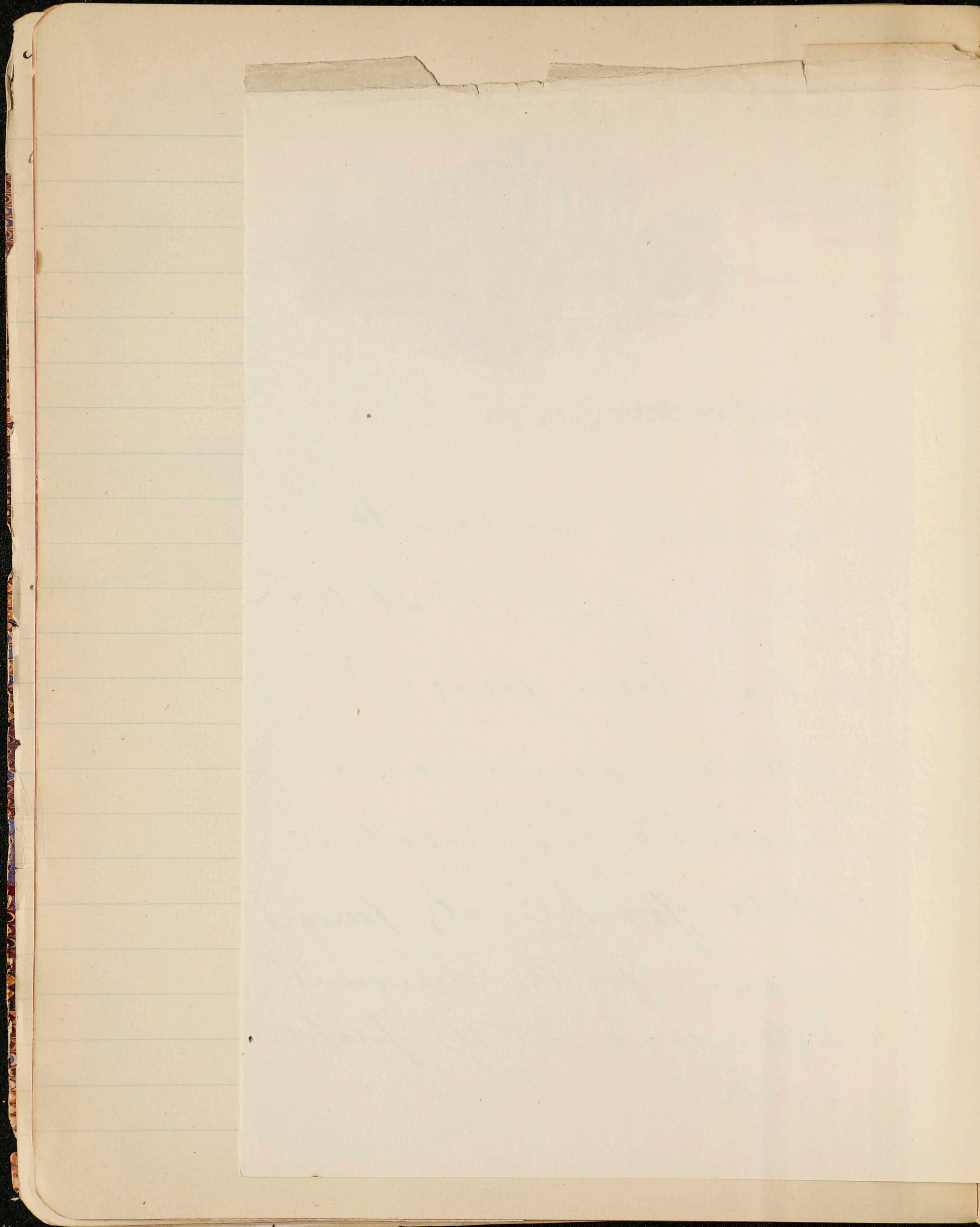
• HELOUAN •

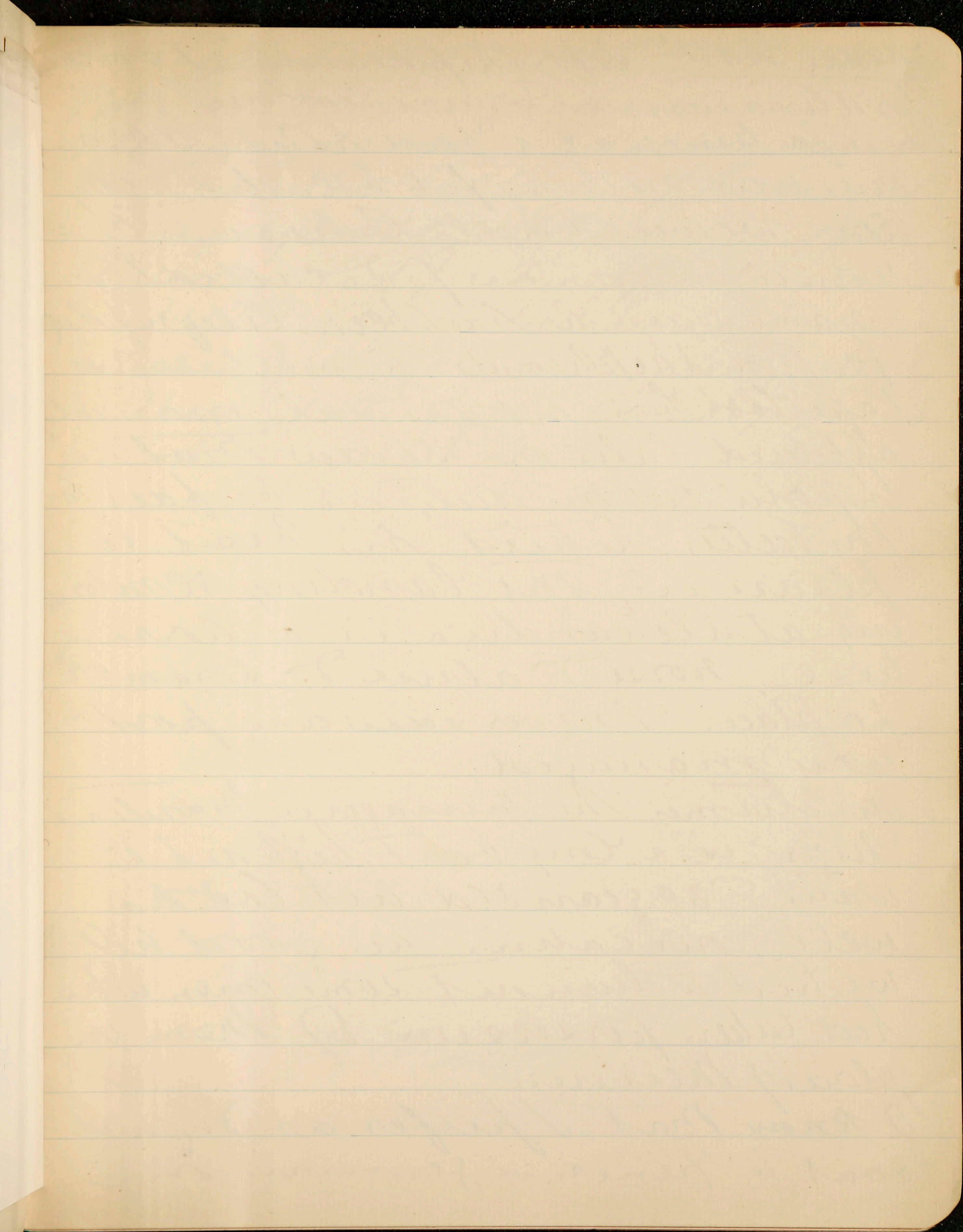


Hôtel d'Angleterre, Cairo,

On receipt of my trunk
yesterday I found that the
lock had been forced &
the articles mentioned in
the enclosed list stolen.

Will you kindly forward
my claim for the amount
of £50 - 10 - 0 to the proper
quarter.





Kidax Feb. 1st. left Shepheard's at 9 o'clock
for Alexandria & arrived there in
time for lunch at a bad hotel (Abbas)
There was nothing fit to eat & very
dear, we were badly taken in by a
man who came up & called Papa
by name & said he had been telegraphed
for from Shepheard's to meet us so
Papa took him but the real man never
appeared later on the sea that an
impolu did his duty. to be fair to
the latter, he tried his best to
please us, the landing disembark-
ing at Alexandria is a horrid
wild horse & abuse & scramble,
for place. I never saw any port
worse managed,
our steamer the messenger maritime
"Nigis" is a long boat, high out of
water & 30 years old but looks
well, our cabins are good but
we had to turn out some men who
had taken possession of them in
place of Meri men,
I know that I prefer an English
boat to French or German one

We left at four o'clock. The dinner
at 6.30. not over, good cooking
poor attendance, a tall woman sat
next me who looks as if she might
be very agreeable. I took her for a
Russian at first, opposite was
a Mr. In? Miss Marshall (daughter
Riches) daughter rather pretty, and she
looks as if she had a touch of the
breath.

Saturday Feb 2nd breakfasted in bed
My 2nd breakfast is at 11 o'clock Tea
at 4.30 & dinner at 6.20, unaccomplish^{ed}
hours. Sat on dicto read "The Fellat"
by Edmund About, very paraphrased
but clever in many respects
Nothing to do or see, so turned in
very early.

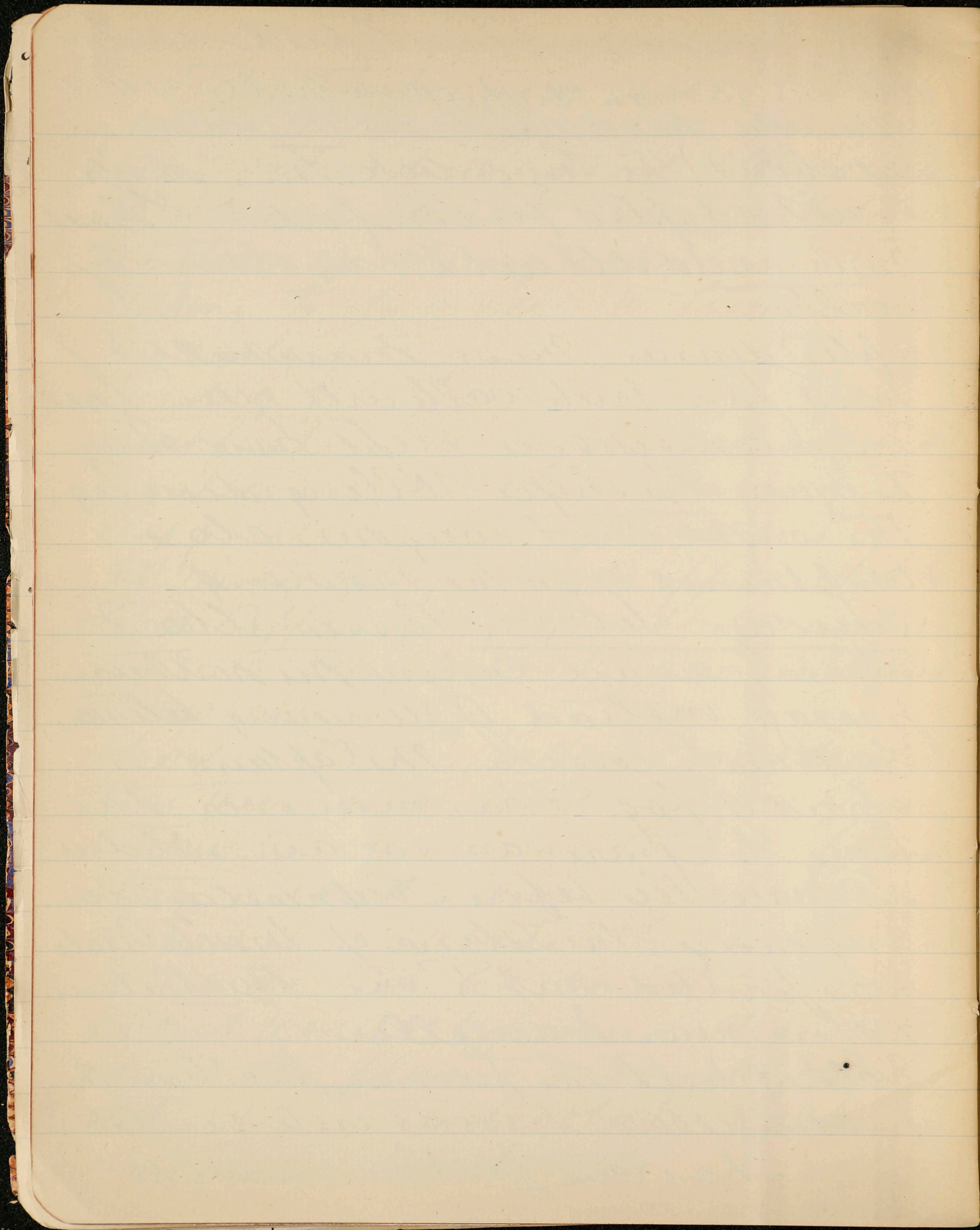
Sunday Feb. 3rd

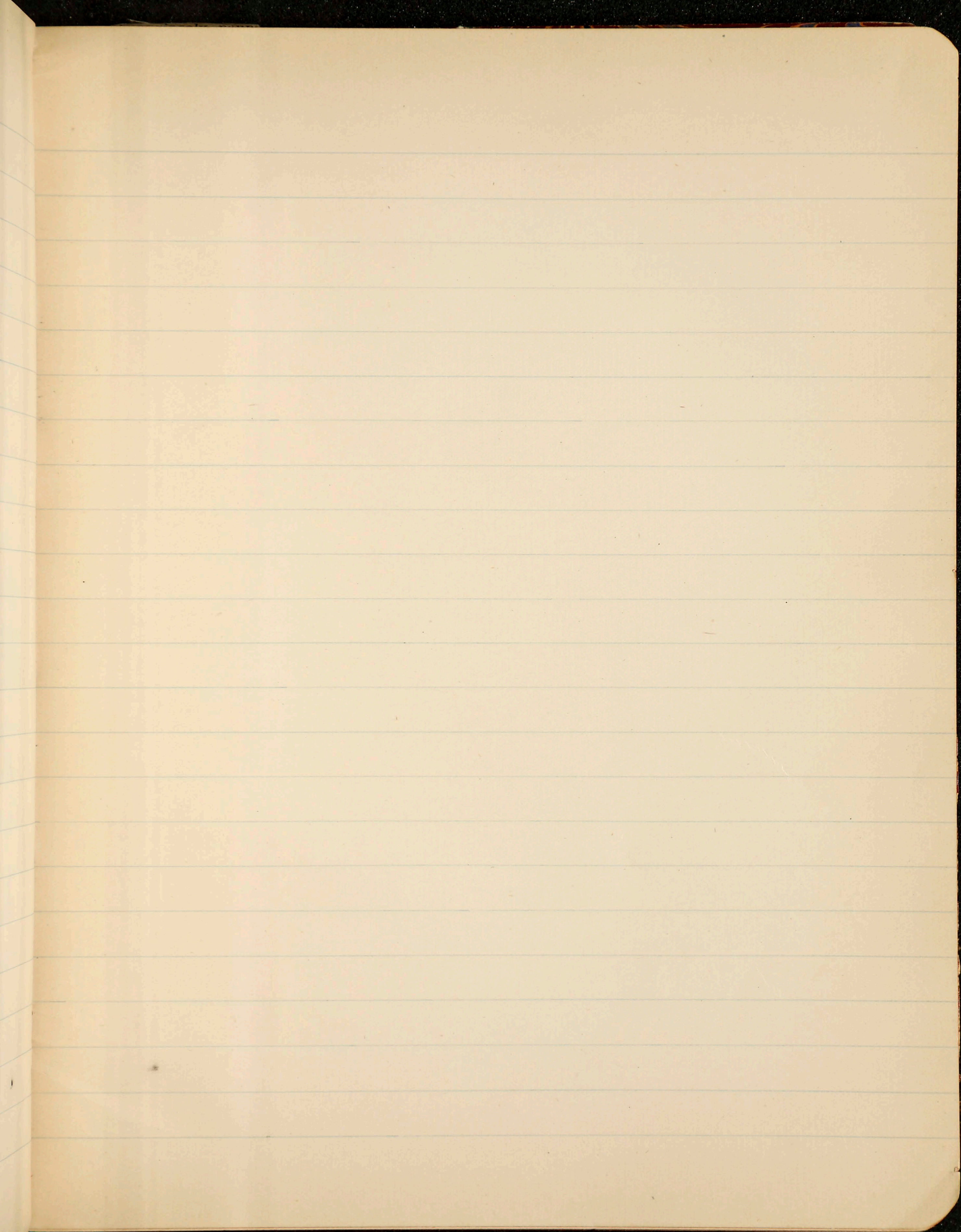
breakfast in bed & appeared about
11. rather rough & cold so retired to
sleep during the afternoon,
not many of the passengers appeared & he
extra happy. My neighbour at dinner was
up & was very pleasant, also a Mr. Safford
& New Yorker.

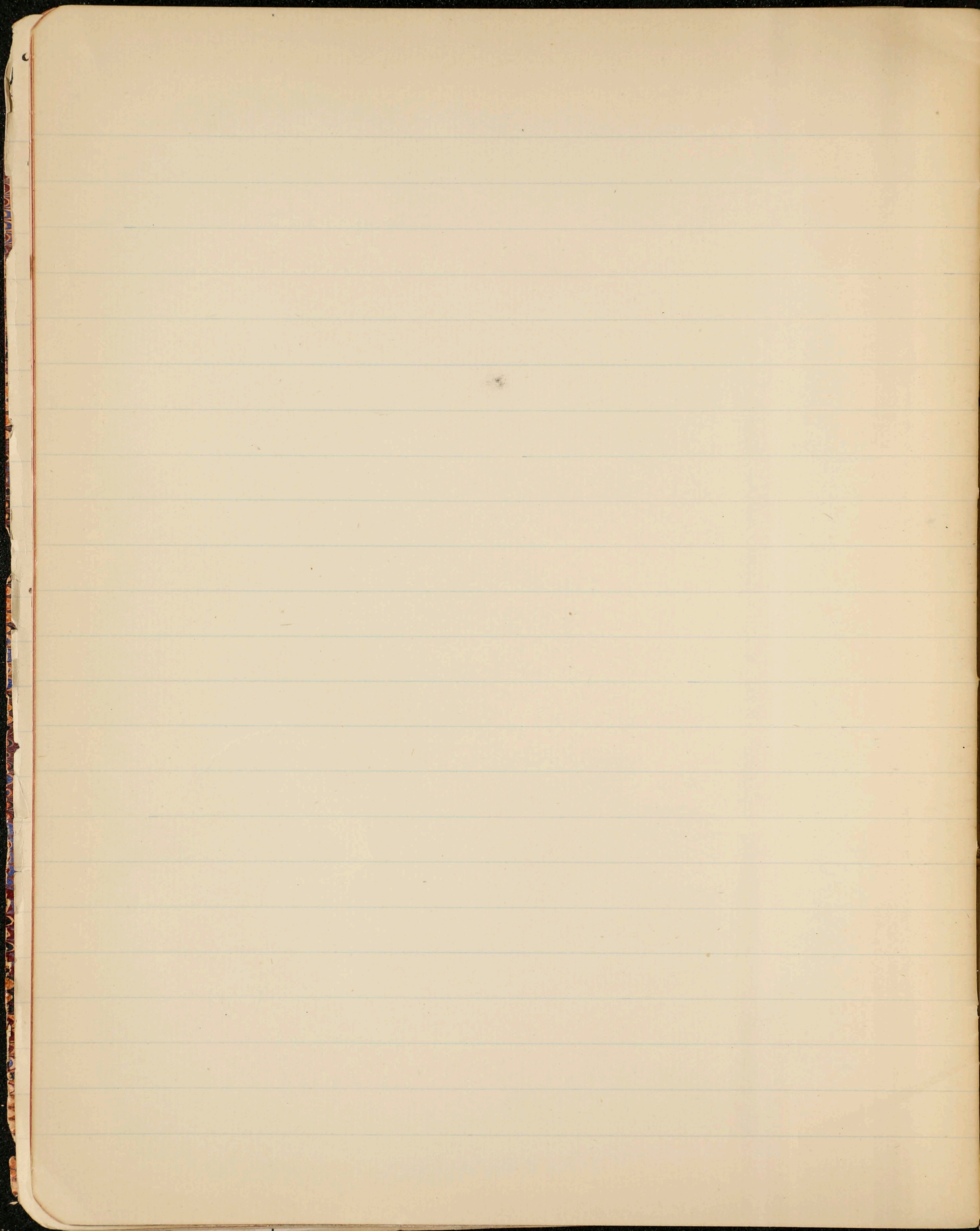
Monday Feb. 4th walked a good deal
more today, altho certain snow & rain
interrupted me several times. Passed
Etna about seven o'clock, saw
a snow clad peak which I was
told was the volcano. I was
about 11 o'clock passed Stromboli
& saw the flame & smoke coming
out it was a desolate looking
mountain, no clouds above.

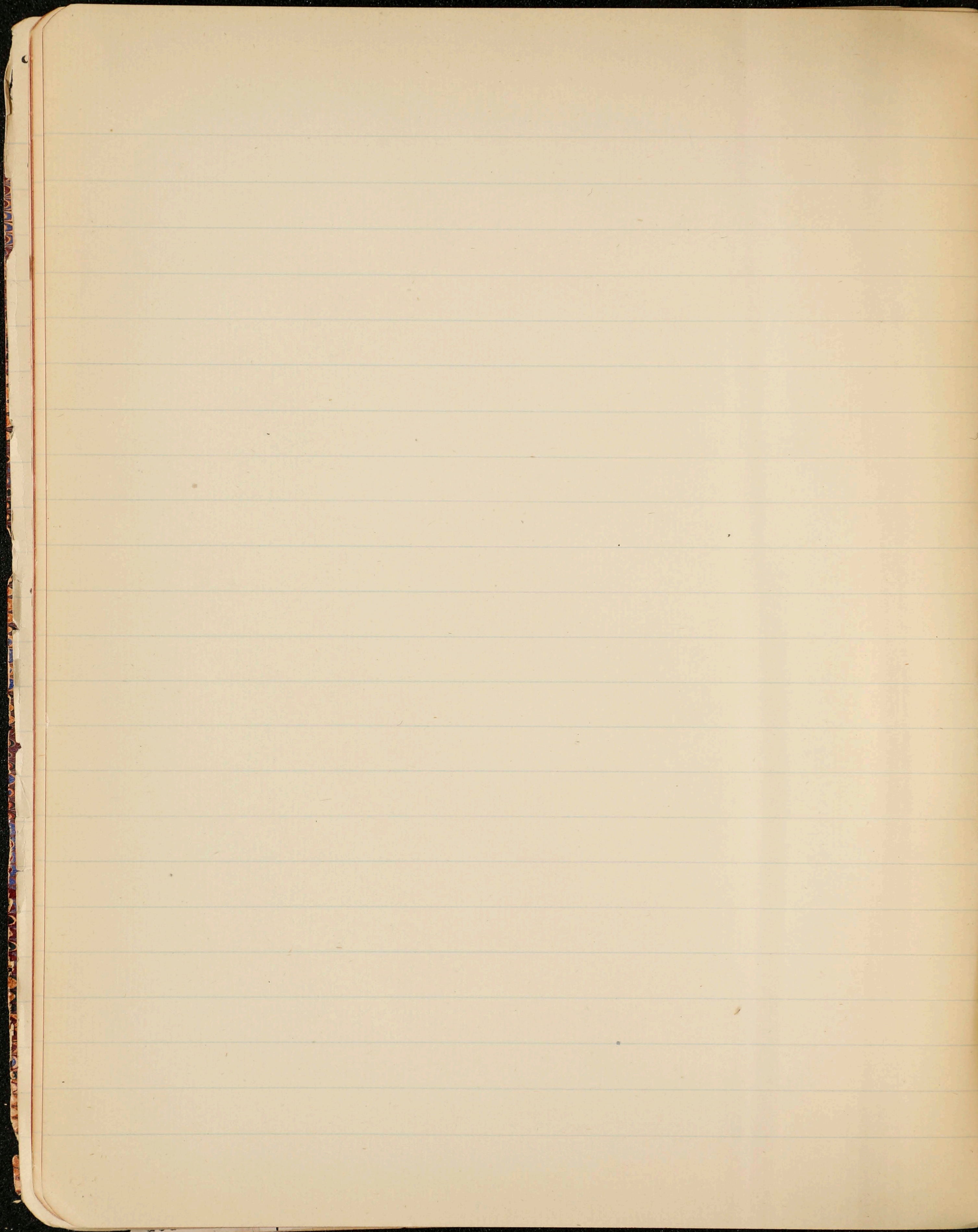
Sicily were very beautiful, walked
with our seaman neighbor with a Mr.
Wheeler who has interests in Alexandria
at about the level deck. This ship
is not adapted for comfort & I should
think would roll with any stress of
weather.

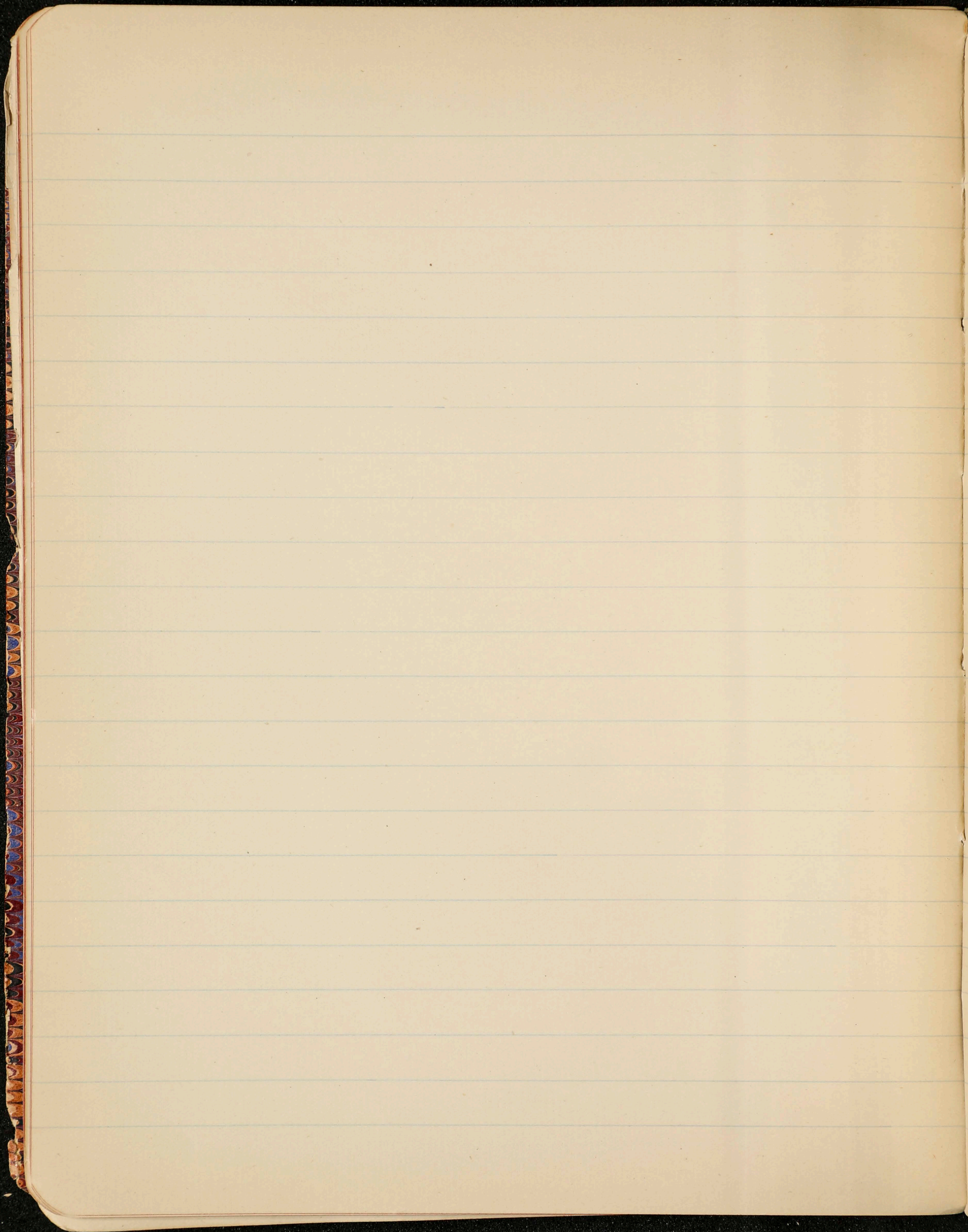
After dinner Miss Marshall & I
went for a brief walk with men friends.
In consequence slept hard enough
to ignore the ship's rolling during
the night that everyone else
complained of in the morning.
Tuesday Feb 5. Passed Sba &
Corcia, we are taking the northern
passage instead of running between
Sardinia & Corsica. The Captain is
afraid of fog. It has moreover the
time to spare as we are not due
at Marseilles before Wednesday morn-
ing early. The Island of Monte Cristo
was pointed out to me. The Channel
& I is near Marseilles.
Walked with the seaman for a time.
I became cold & I went into write to
Daisy, a hard letter for Jan so sorry for her
disappointment.

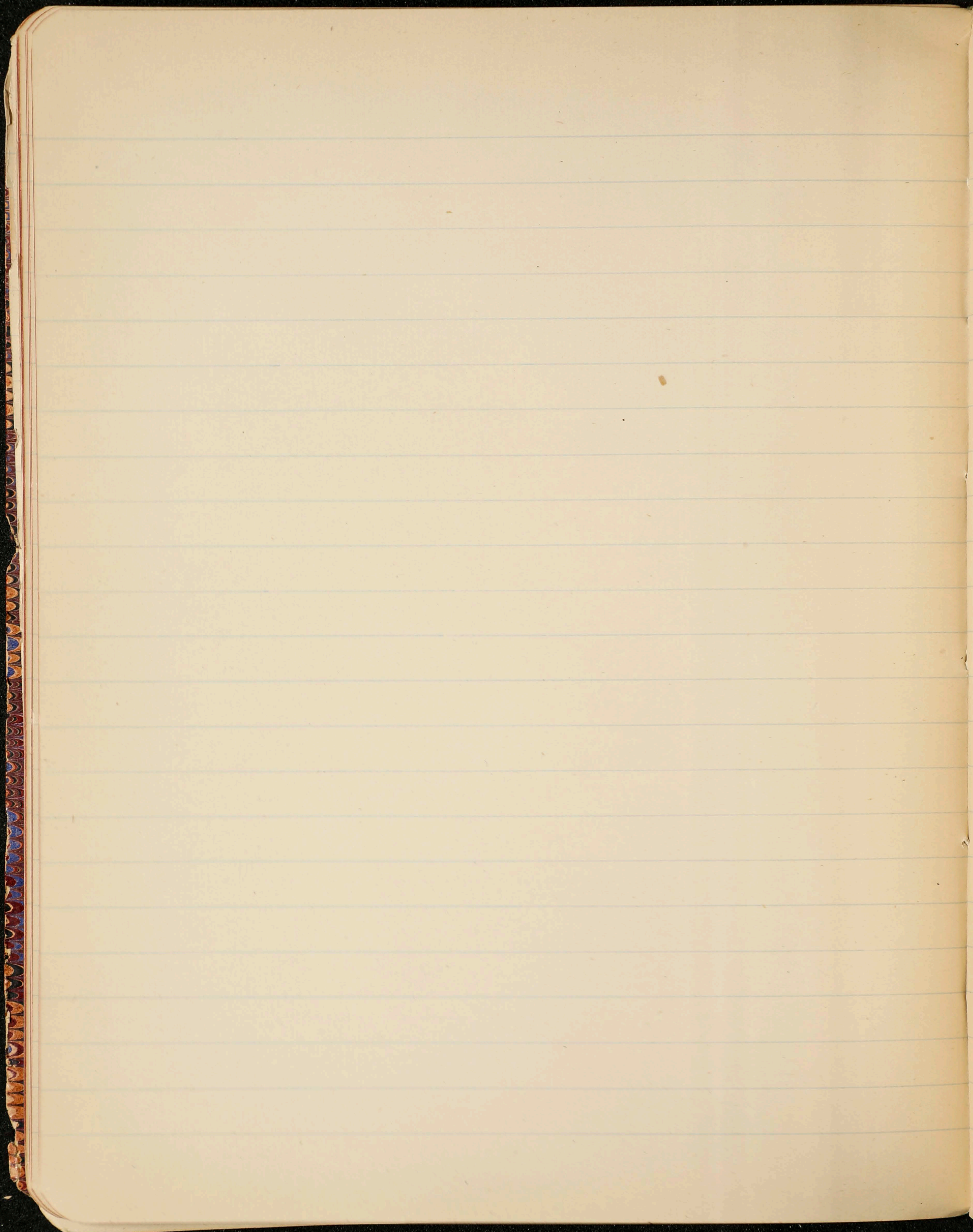


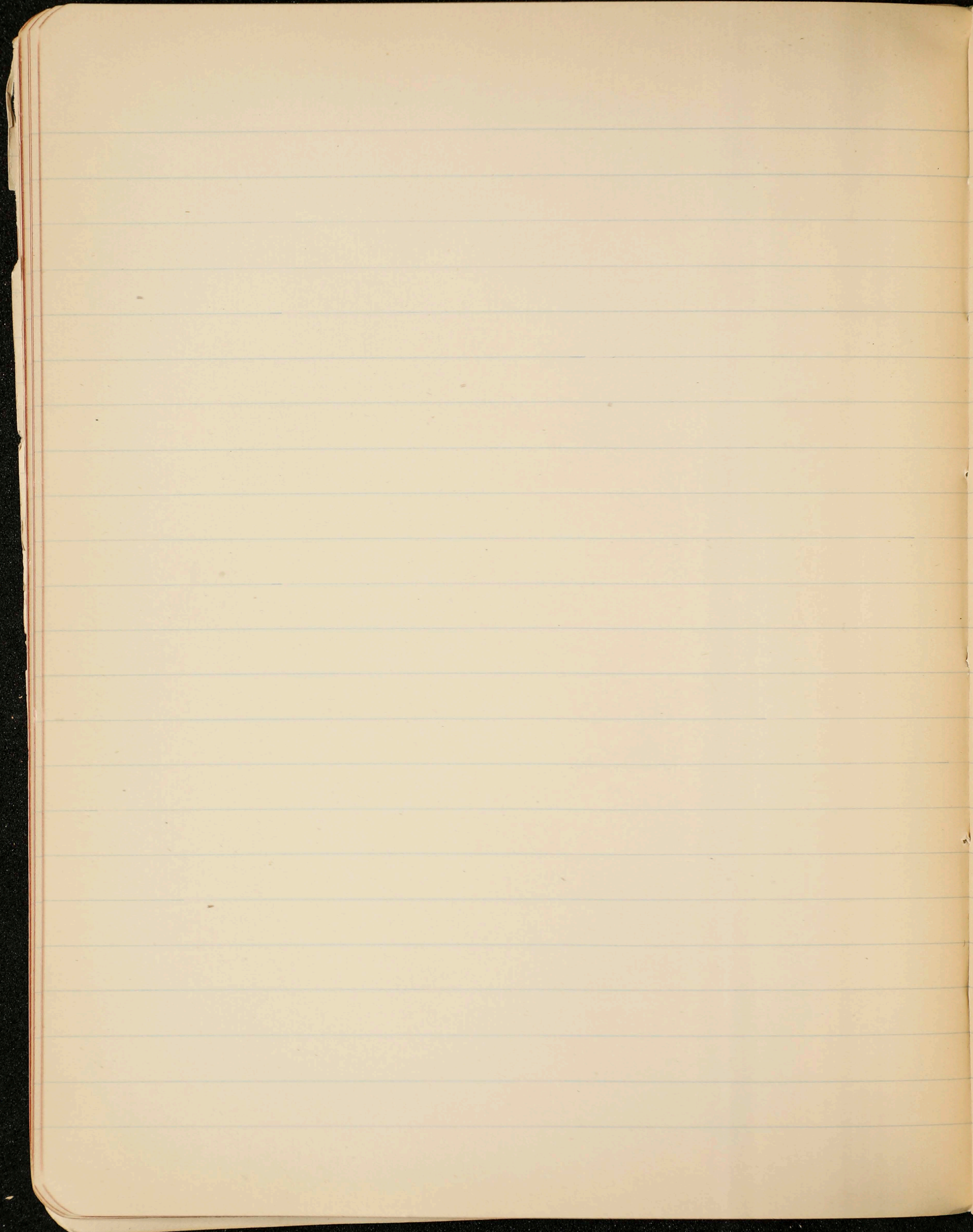


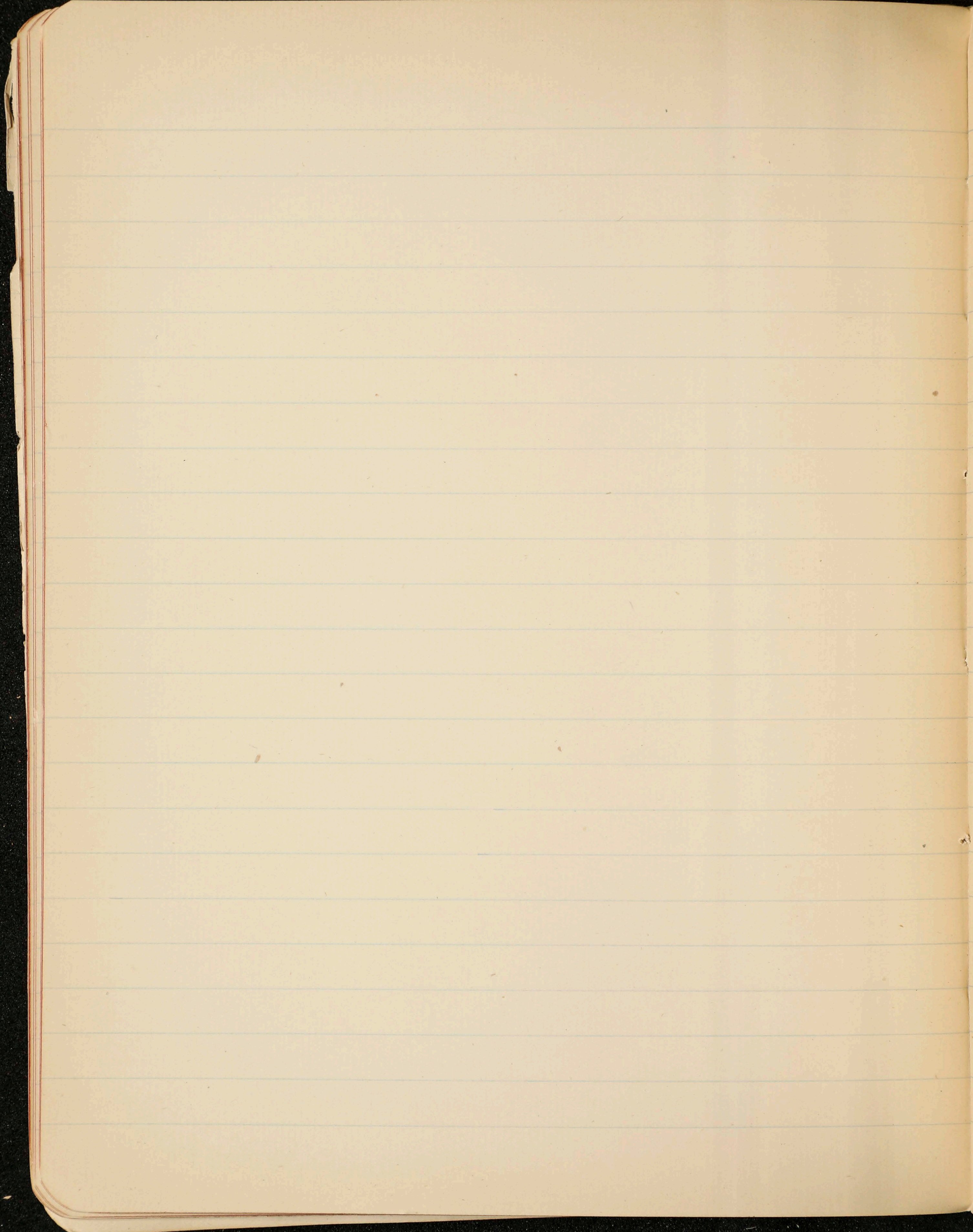


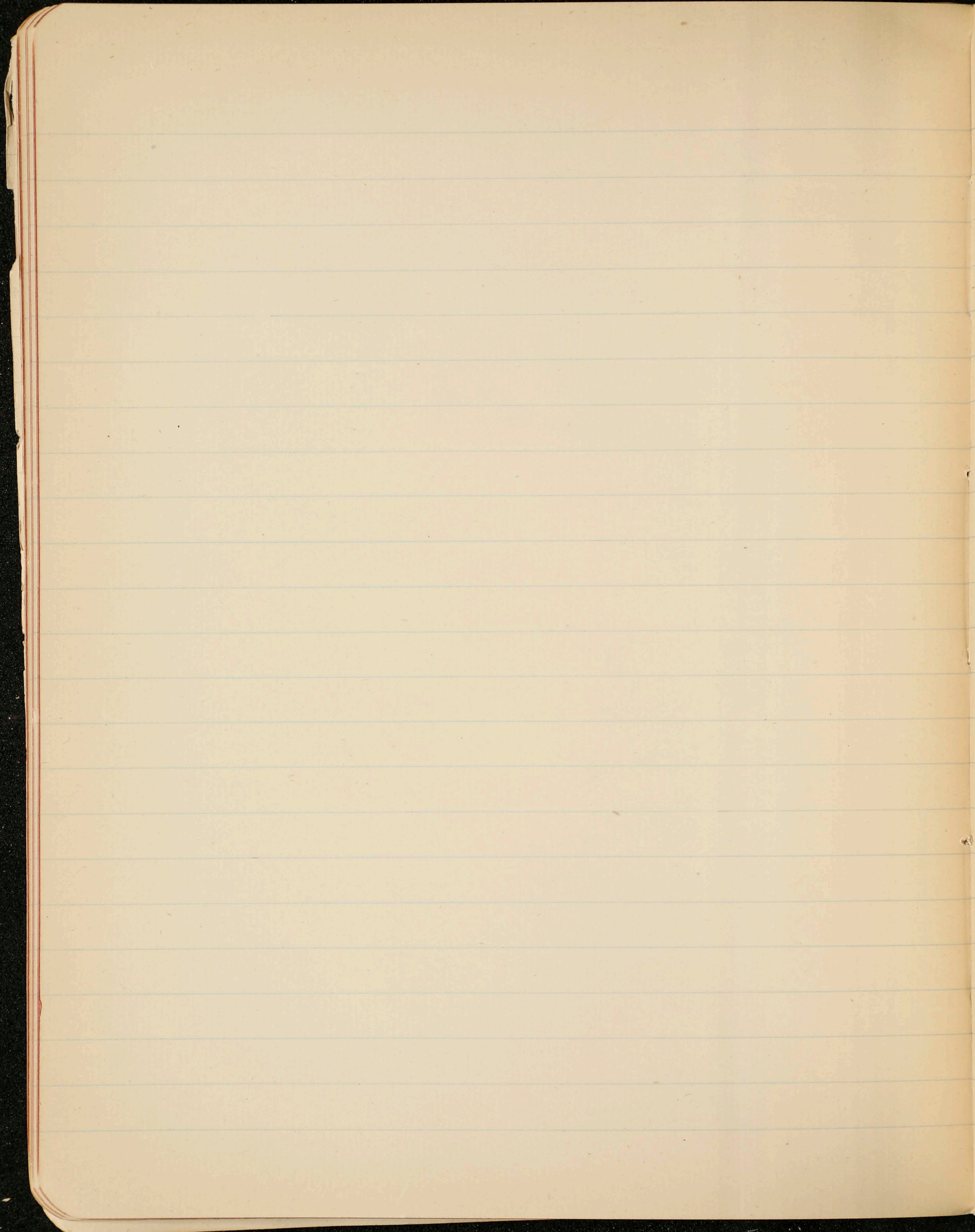


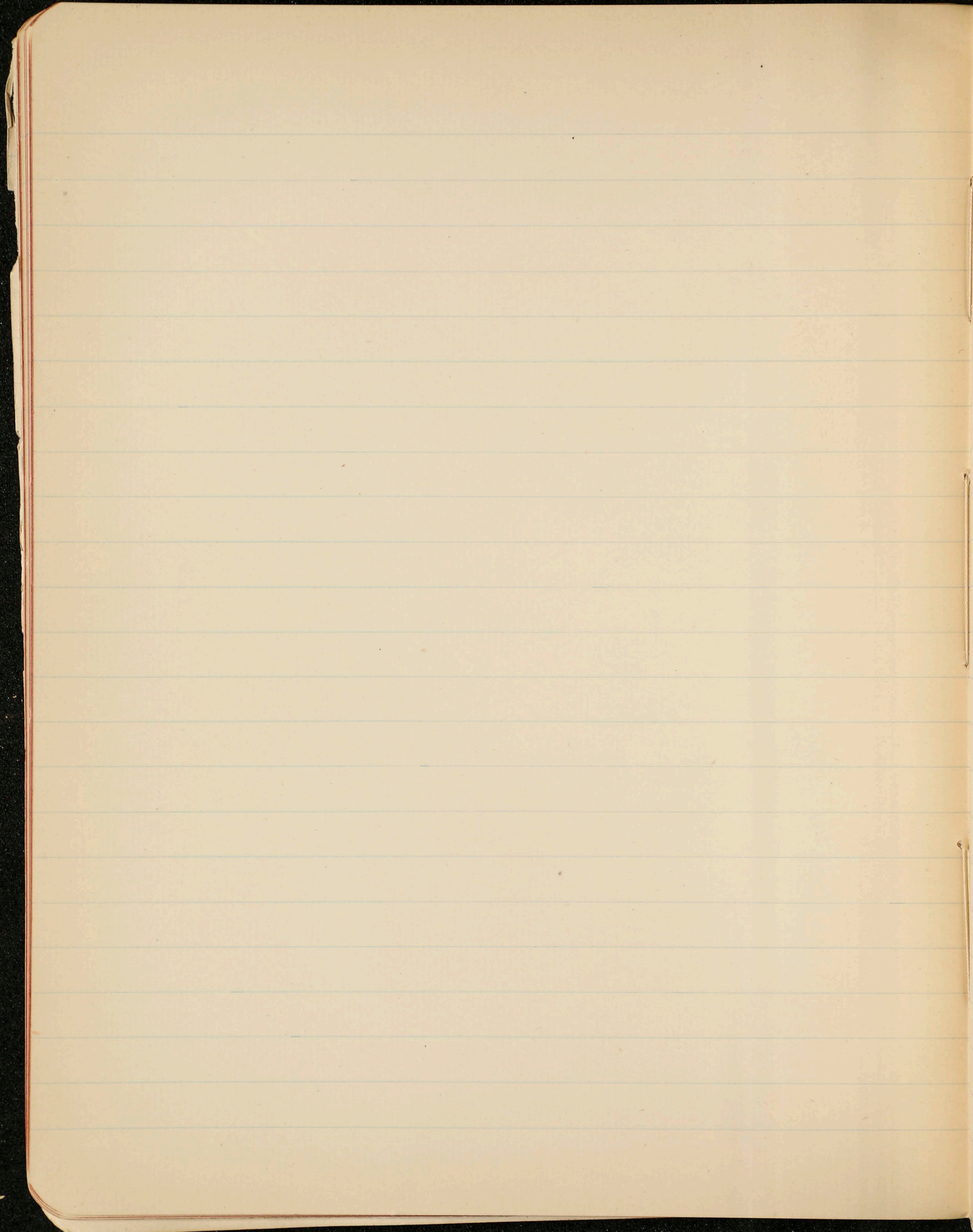




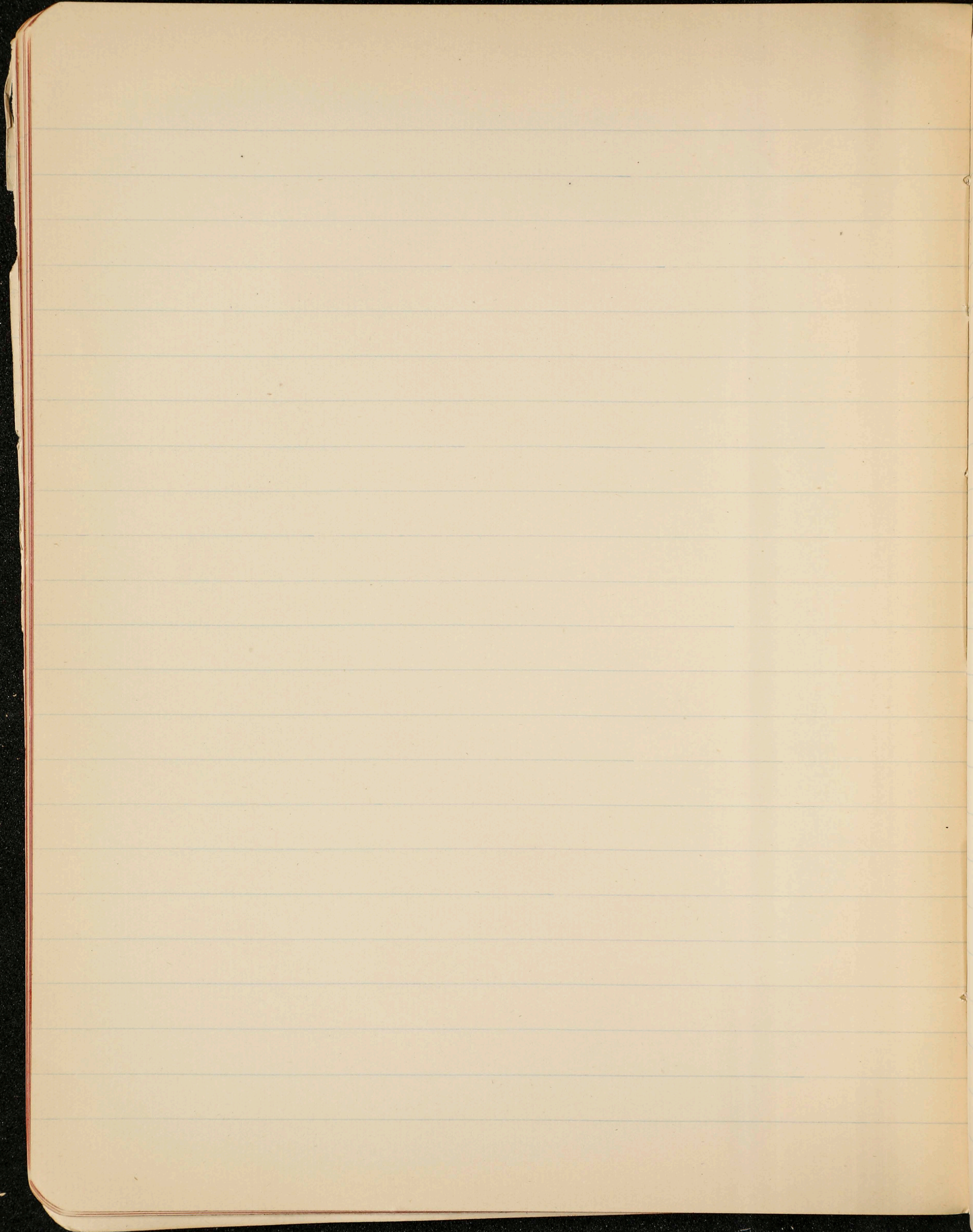


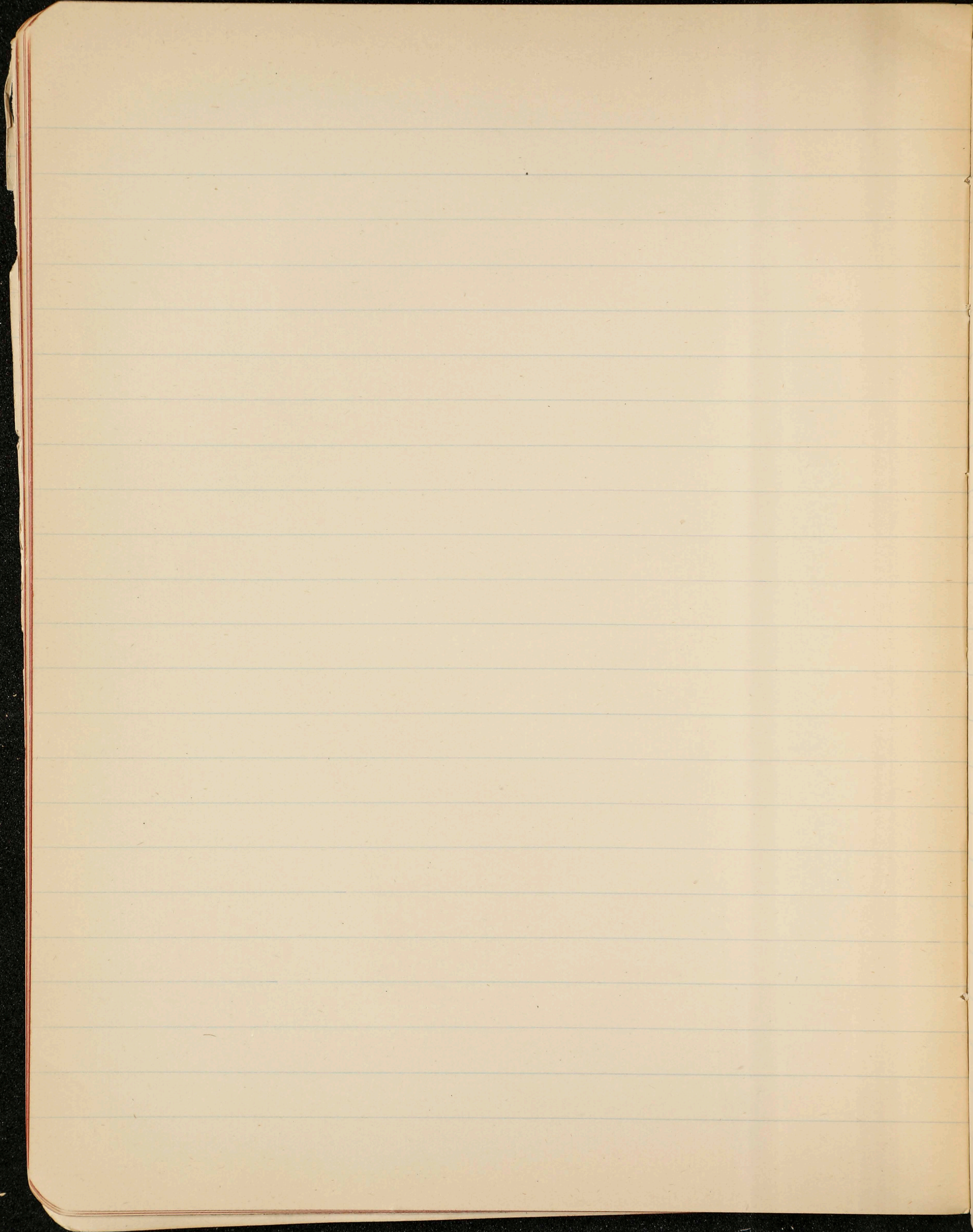


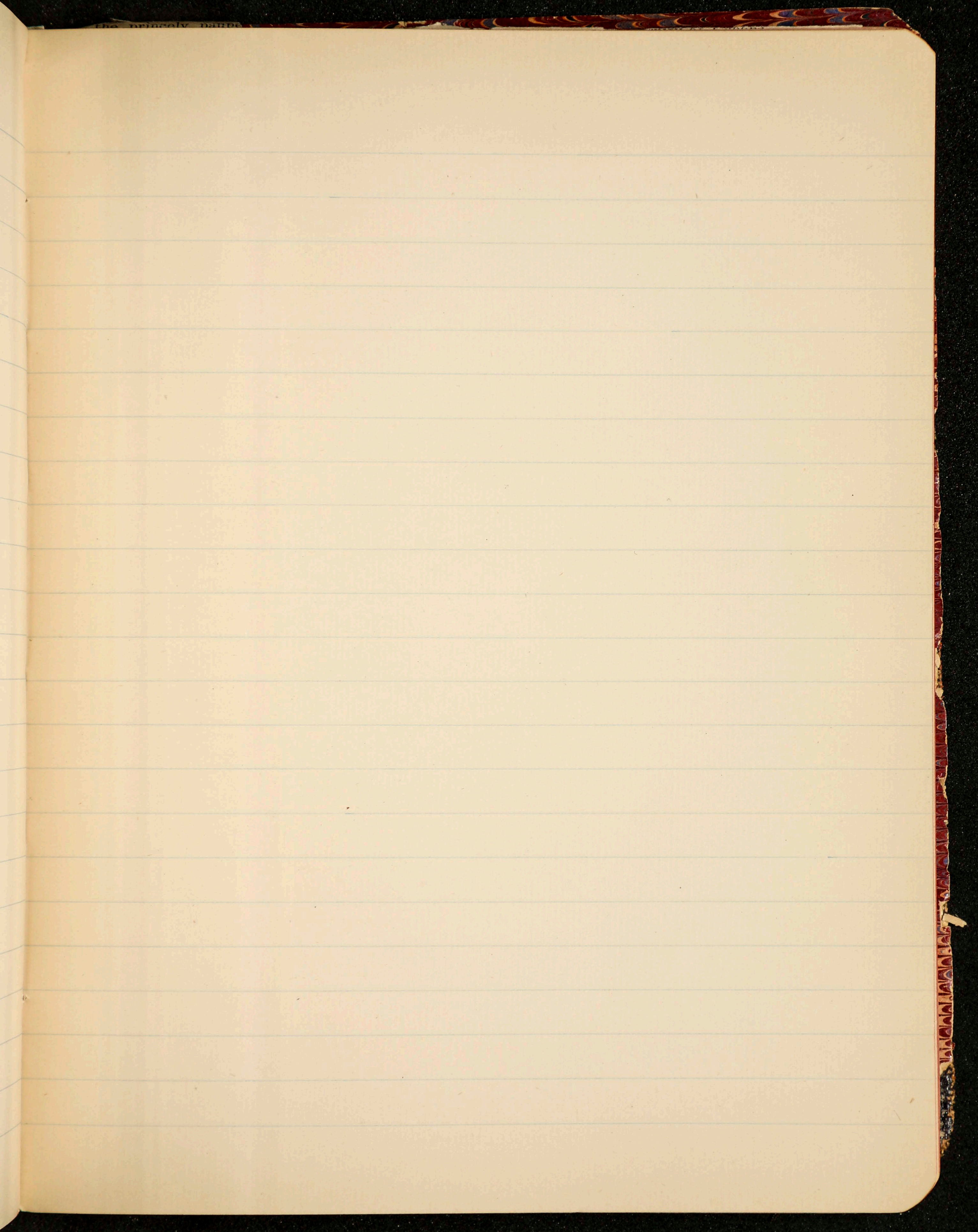


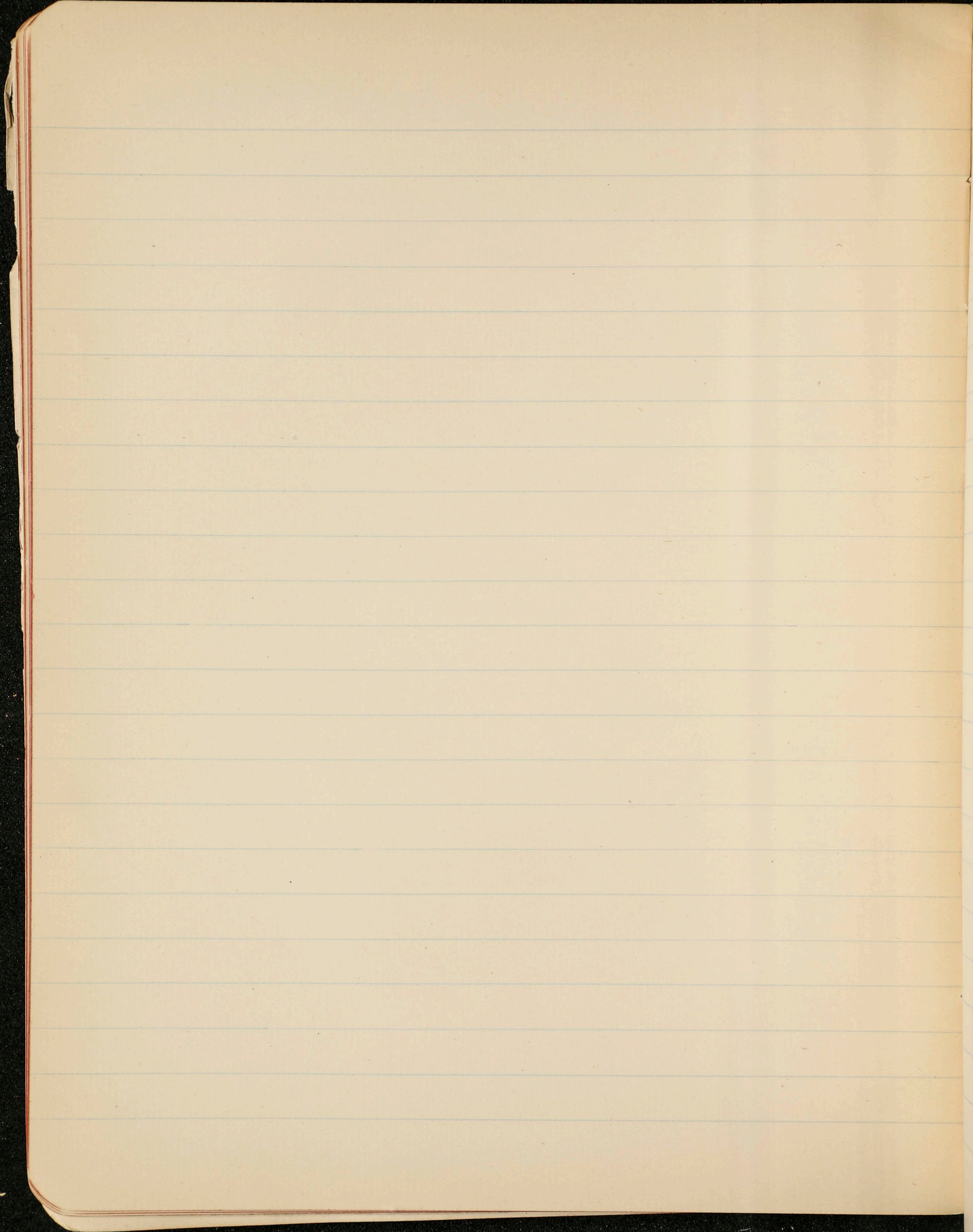


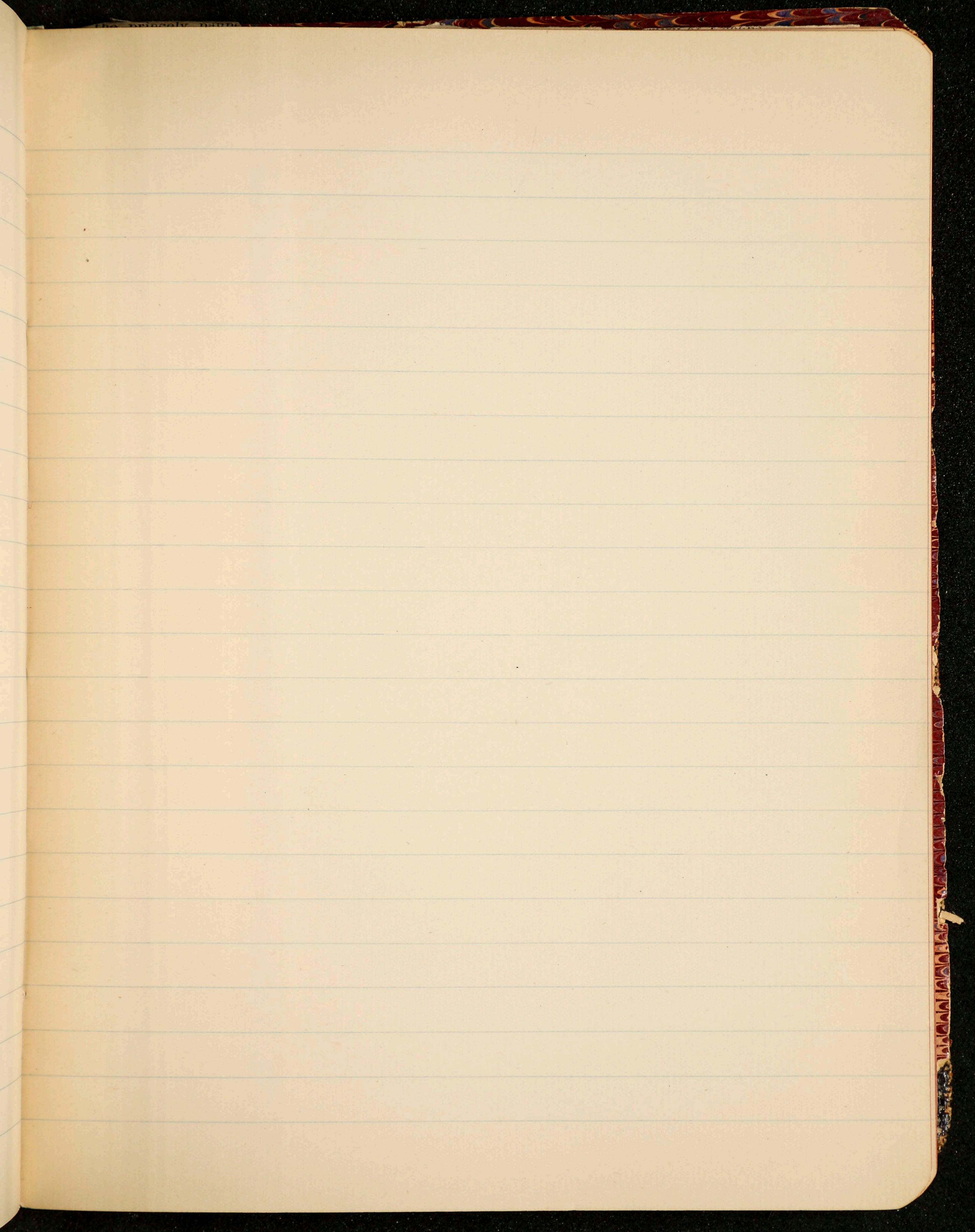
the princely dard

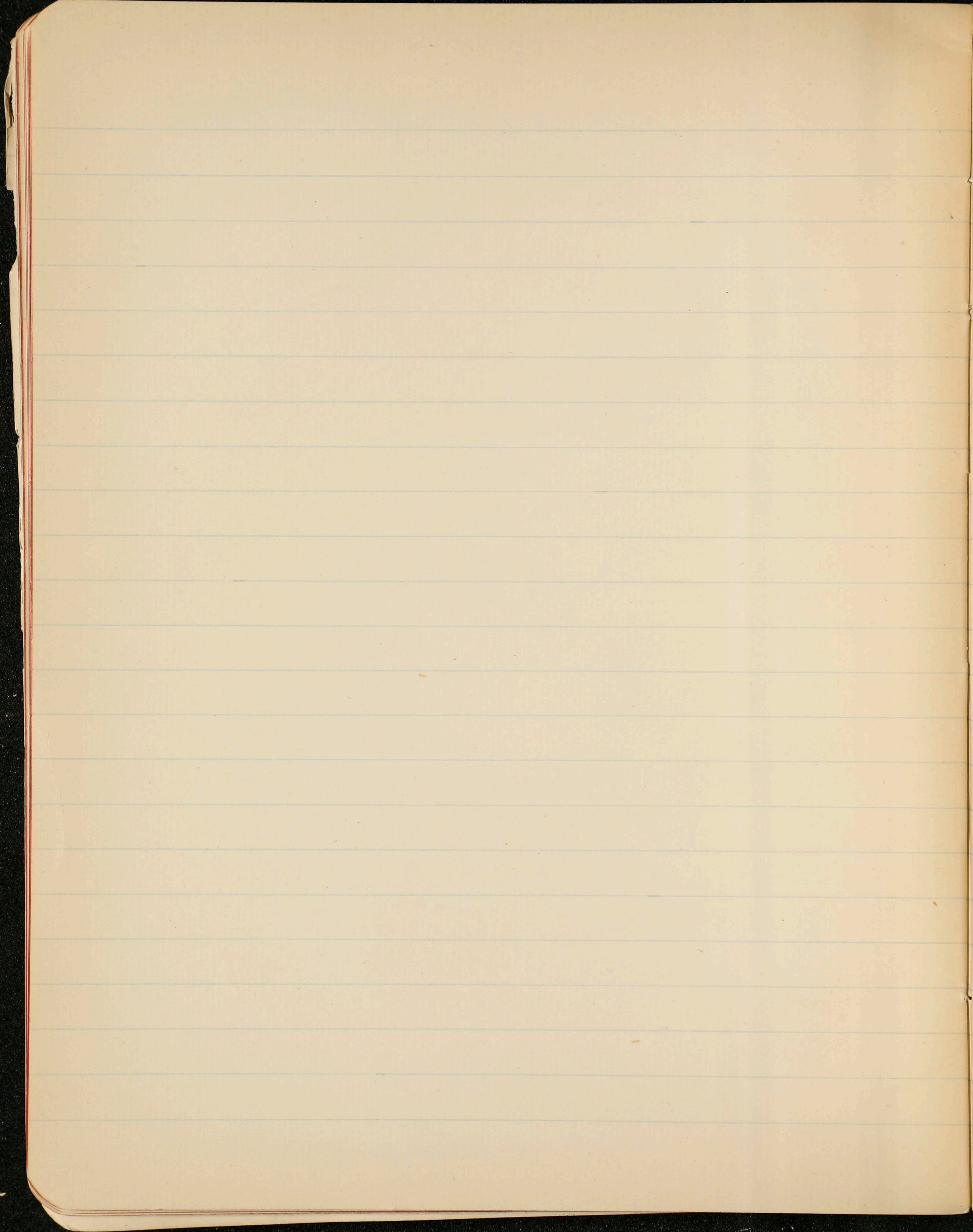


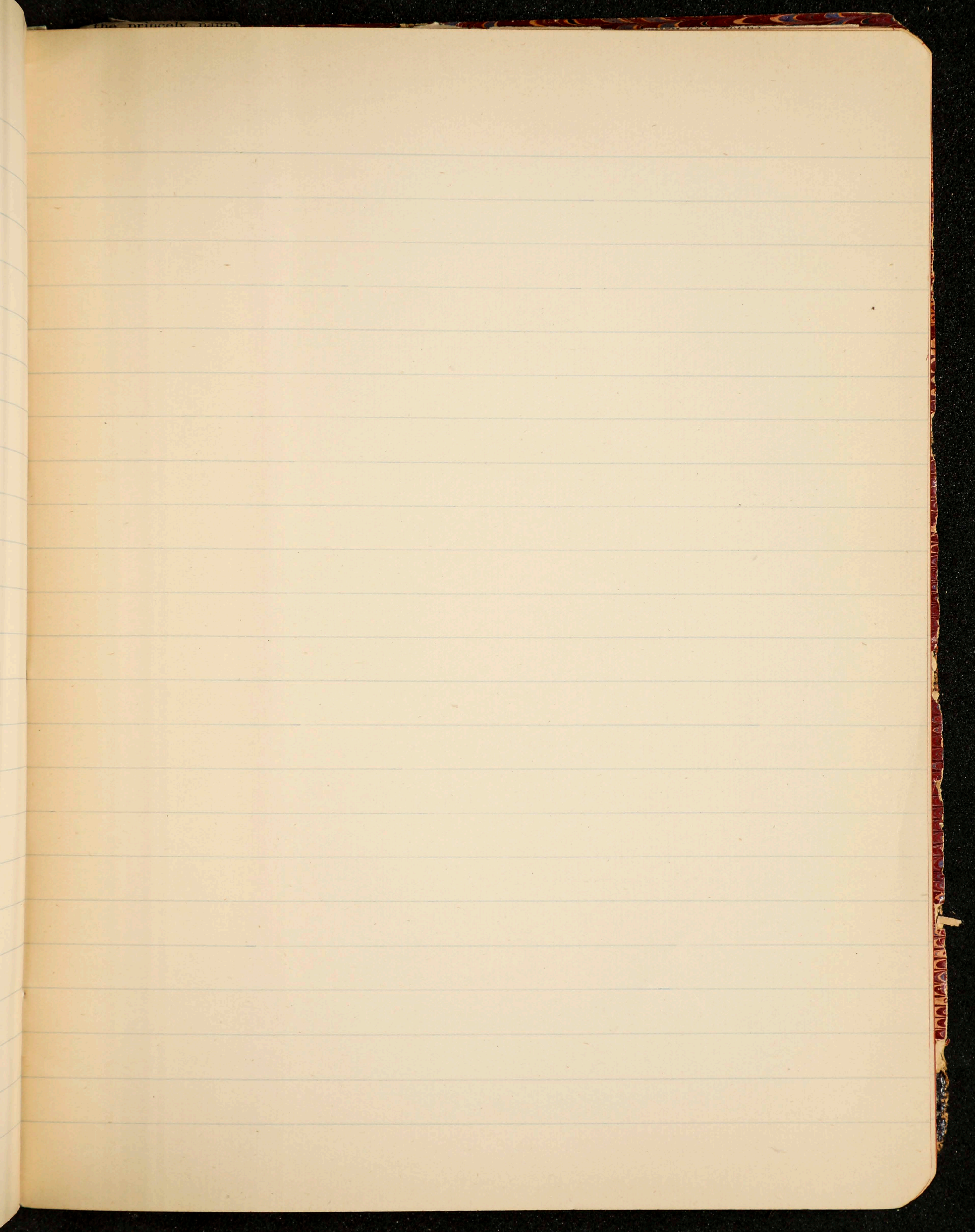


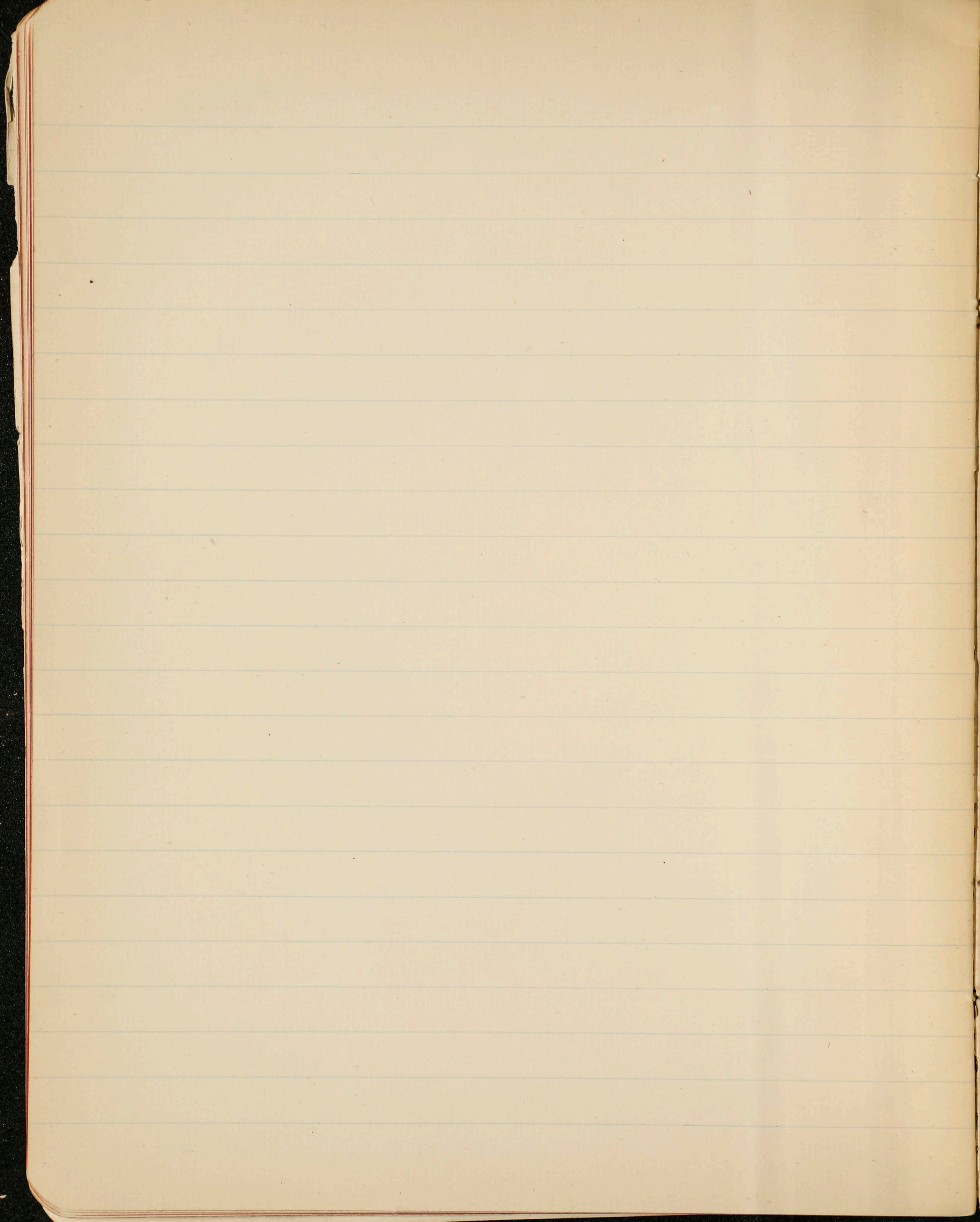


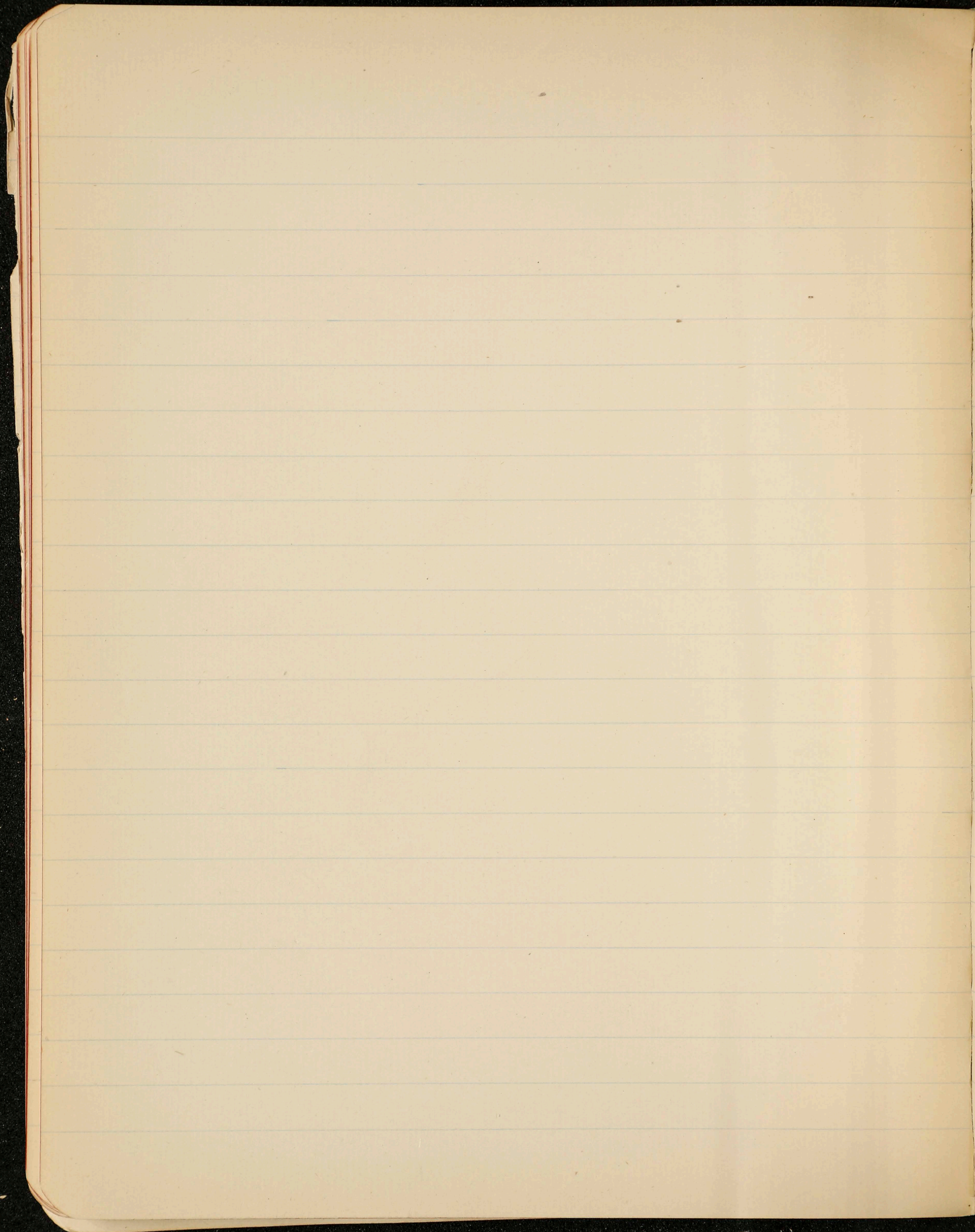


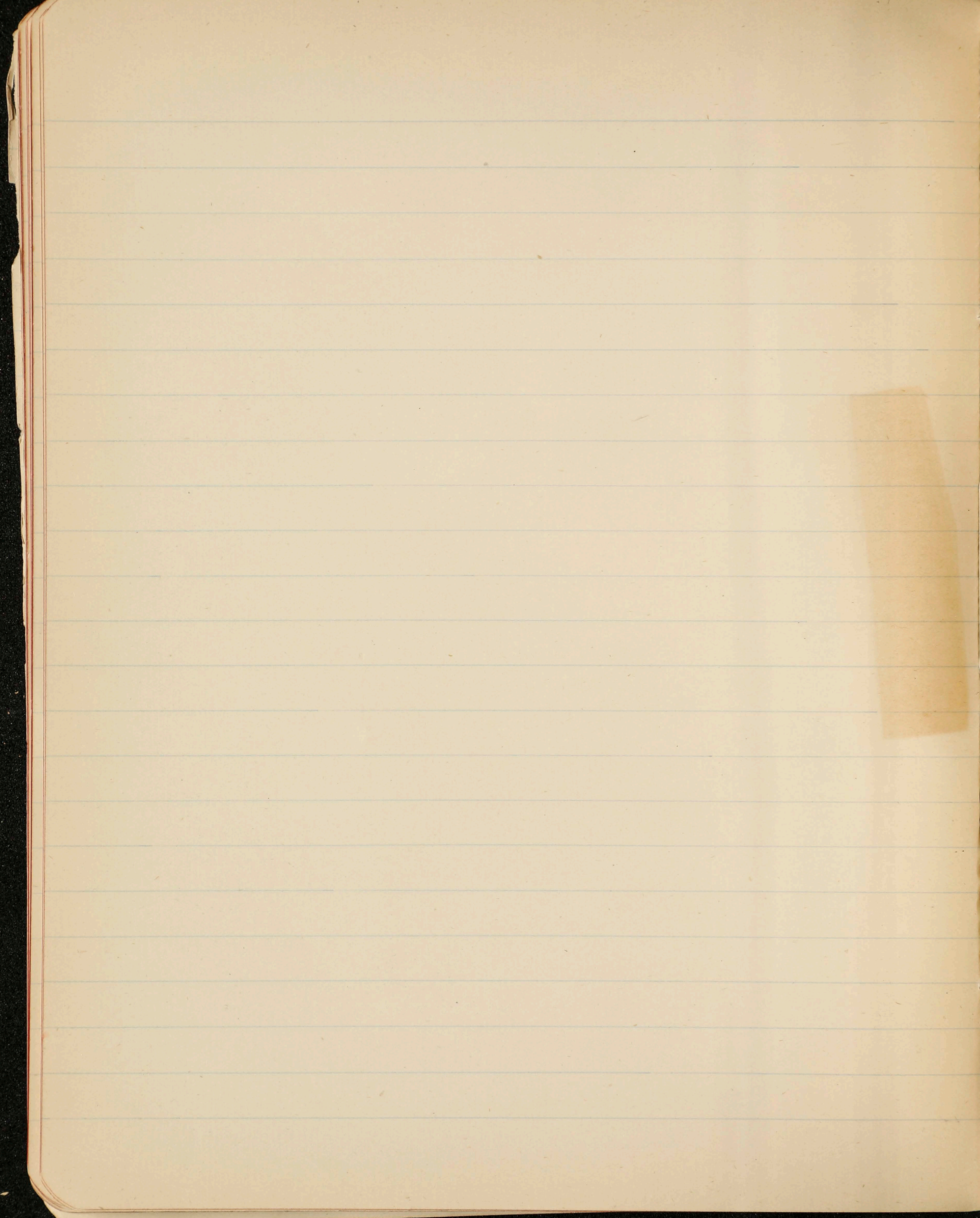












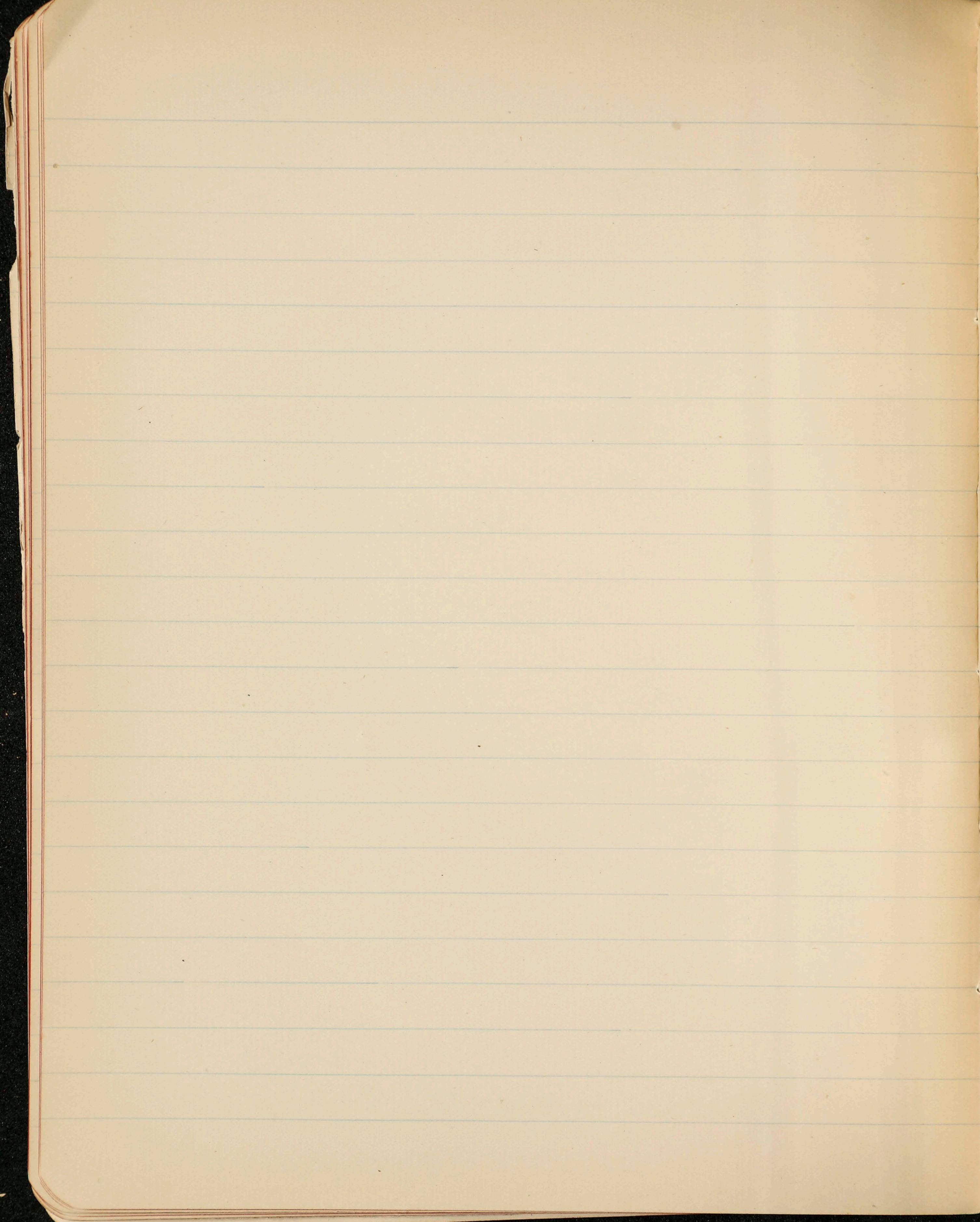
rk of St. Vincent de Paul in To-
 nto is one of the most important
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 y, and the central council for the
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other pieces on military business.

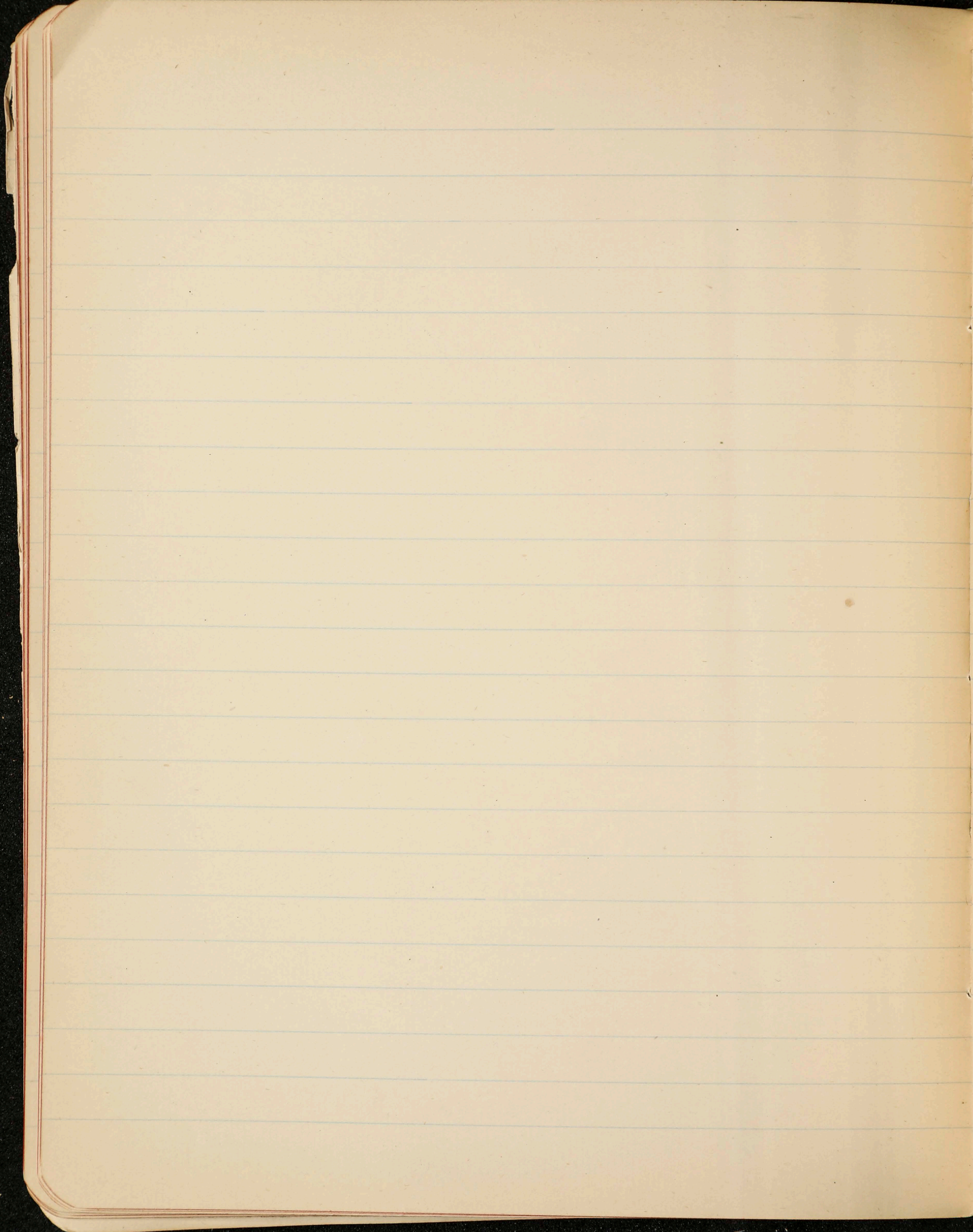
The engagement of Captain William Hendrie to Miss Lily Brown, daughter of Mr. Adam Brown, of Hamilton, is announced.

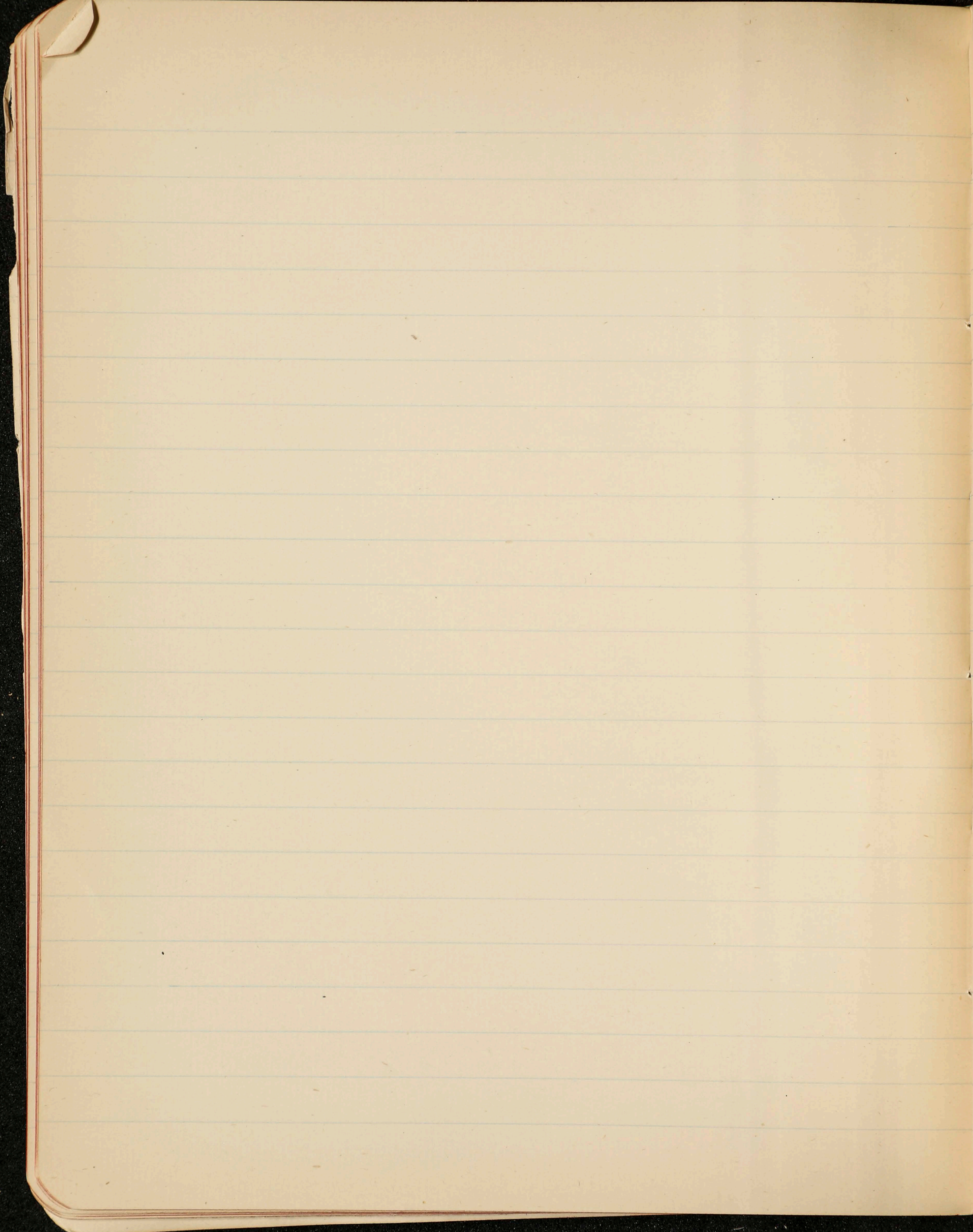
The Real Estate Owners' Association

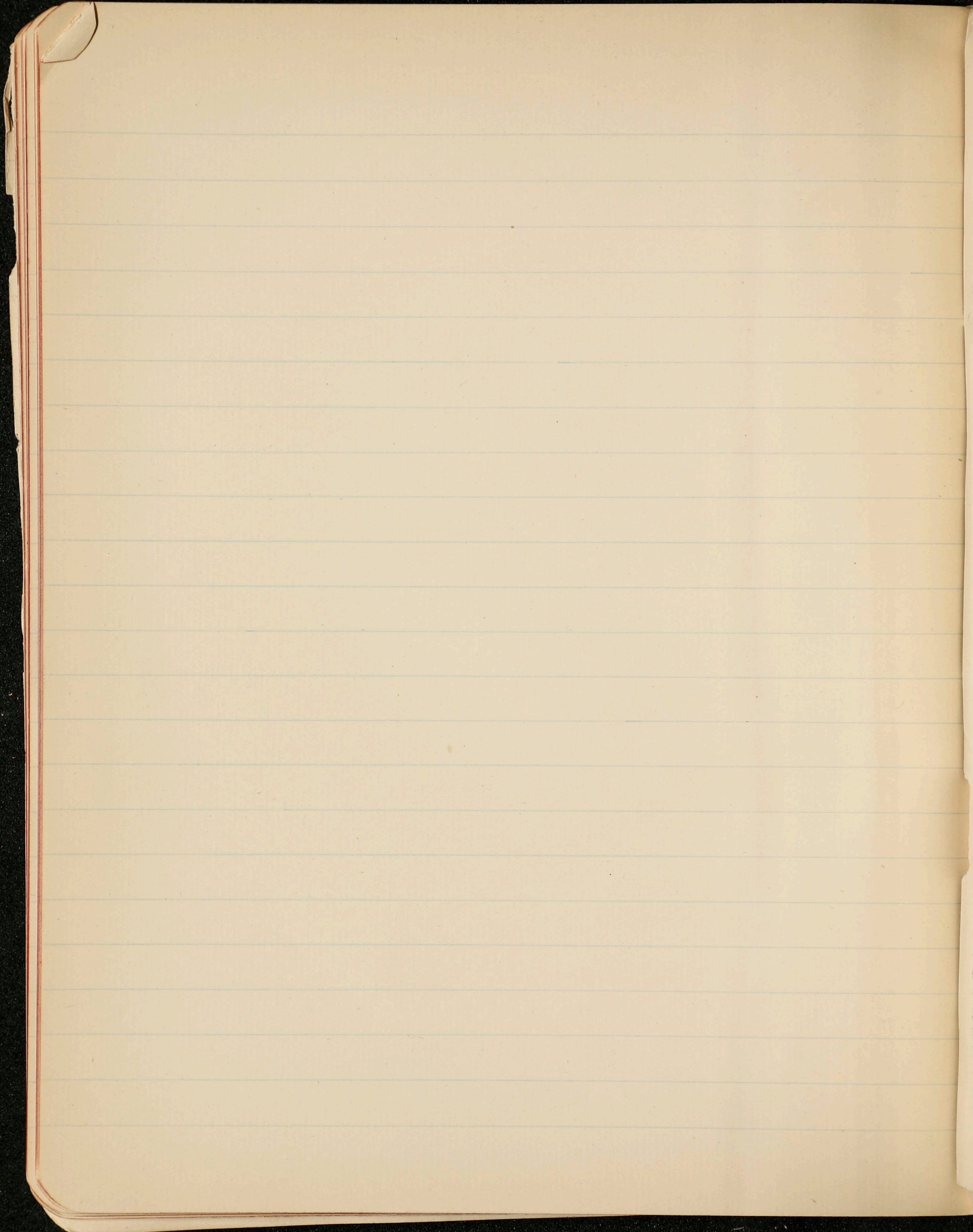
S. A. T. Road. made.



the princely paup







the princely pauper

where out of the ground, and offers you strawberries set in green leaves, a generous basketful. He calls for a shilling; but give him sixpence, and he will salaam with delight while you fall to the eating. Little notion I ever got from my geography of driving to Cheops by a smooth, shaded way, with luscious fruit served *en route*.

At the left of the avenue runs a single-track trolley line, soon to be put in operation, and you are surprised to find that this neither shocks nor amuses you. After all, why not get to Gizeh by bell-punch and morman, if that is the easiest way? We get to Niagara so; and be sure it is not some bits of wire and rolling boxes that will lessen the wonder of this place! Nor will

provenance besned he dignity of Cheops, though it stands in his very shadow. What, indeed, does Cheops care for electric bells and tessellated bath-rooms, and guests in evening clothes enjoying *table d'hôte* luxuries? The whole pigmy affair makes but a dot in the landscape—though a vastly comfortable dot, one must allow, for weary mortals. Still I wish they would take down their big, staring "American Bar" sign that greets you by the roadway where the camels rest.

THE ASCENT AND DESCENT.

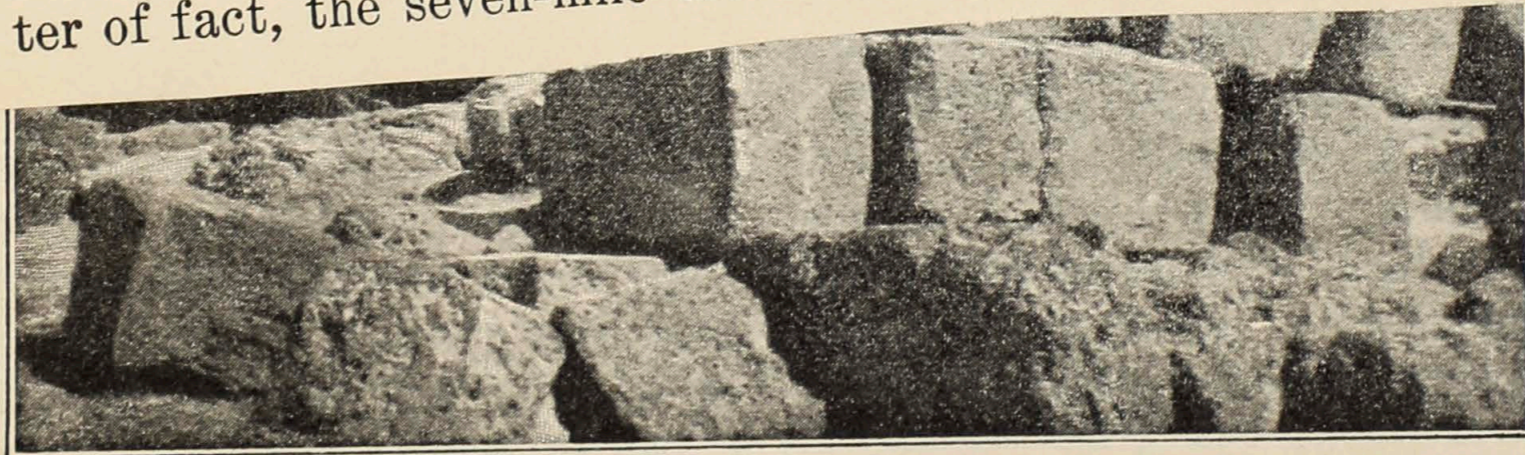
Well, we climbed the great pyramid in the usual way with Arab

IN AND AROUND THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

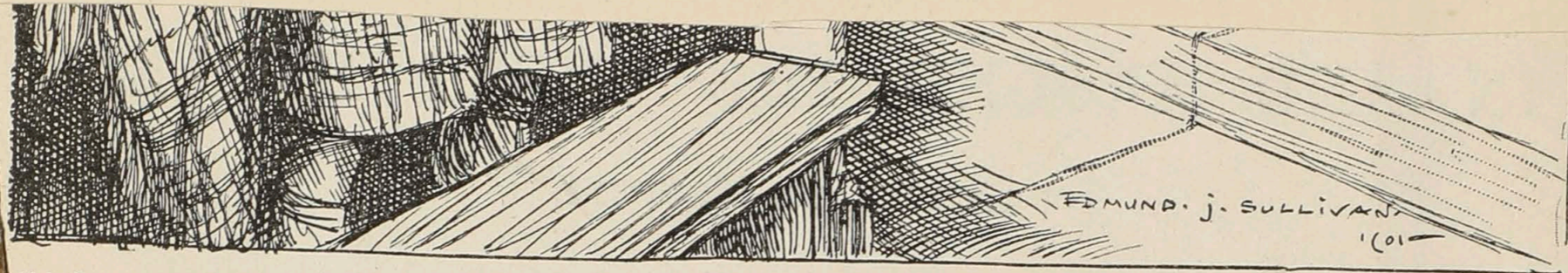
ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.

I FEAR geographies and picture-books have half-spoiled the pyramids for many of us by making them seem commonplace, just as children's readers have spoiled some good English poetry. Then Mark Twain has set the fashion of being funny about these venerable piles, and, between the two influences, first impressions are apt to be disturbed. There are tourists who arrive with a flippant "Hello, Cheops, old boy!" There are others who give only tolerant interest, as if they had seen it all before. Yet many of both classes go away finally in reverent silence, wishing people had taught them less—or more—about the pyramids. For one thing, take the matter of dust and heat, in which the picture-book-makers have surely misled us, for do they not represent the pyramids as standing out on a burning waste, with only a naked palm tree every mile or so to keep the glare off, and individuals in queer hats gasping about, half-smothered in the sand storms? As a matter of fact, the seven-mile drive from Cairo to Cheops comes off as pleasantly as a carriage ride out of Long Branch, and is over as good a road. The whole avenue, furthermore, is shaded by lines of acacias not whit less inviting than those of the famous Bois de Boulogne, and so cool a breeze blows down them that you scarcely feel the sun. As you roll along behind two Arab grooms (what horses they have, to be sure, in the wonderful city of Cairo!), your eye is gladdened by tropical gardens, beyond which spread the varying greens of the rich Nile valley, for the old river covers this wide verdant plain in July and August, and but laps the base of Cheops. In the world there are no richer fields than that reach beyond the pyramids, fielding three or four crops a year—wheat, Egyptian corn, grass, whatever the Arab bandman puts down. Desert there is no doubt, to the west and south, the Desert and the Great Sahara; but it is none as you come from Cairo. You must bound barefoot at your carriage



A CORNER OF CHEOPS, LOOKING UP.

It is by this corner that the ascent and descent are usually made.



"I'LL GIVE YOU A TOAST. MAY THERE NEVER COME A TIME WHEN A SCOTCH-MAN IS AFRAID TO RISK HIS HEAD FOR WHAT HE THINKS IS RIGHT."

to be trusted. This reputation ap-
have descended to me, and it is a
ould not take advantage of it."
the King ceased speaking he lifted
small mallet and smote a resounding bell
the table before him. A curtain parted
d two men entered, bearing between them
block covered with a black cloth; this
ey silently placed in the center of the floor
d withdrew. Again the King smote the
bell, and there entered a masked executioner,
with a gleaming ax over his shoulder. He
ook his place beside the block, resting
he head of his ax on the floor.

"This," continued the King, "is the en-
ertainment I have provided for you. Each
f you shall taste of that," and he pointed
to the heading-block.

The cobbler rose unsteadily to his feet,
rawing from his bosom with trembling
ngers the parchment bearing the King's
gnature. He moistened his dry lips with
is tongue, then spoke in a low voice.

"Sir," he said, "we are here under safe-
conduct from the King."

"Safe-conduct to where?" cried James,
angrily, "that is the point. I stand by the
document; read it; read it!"

"Sir, it says safe-conduct to eleven men
here present, under protection of your royal
word."

"You do not keep to the point, cobbler,"
shouted the King, bringing his fist down
upon the table. "Safe-conduct to where?
The parchment does not say safe-conduct
back into Stirling. Safe-conduct to heaven,
or elsewhere, was what I guaranteed."

"That is but an advocate's quibble, your
Majesty. Safe-conduct is a phrase well un-
derstood by high and low alike. But we
have placed our heads in the lion's mouth,
as our leader said last Wednesday night, and
we cannot complain if now his jaws are
shut. Nevertheless I would respectfully
submit to your Majesty that I alone, of those
present, doubted a Stuart's word, and am

the princely pauper

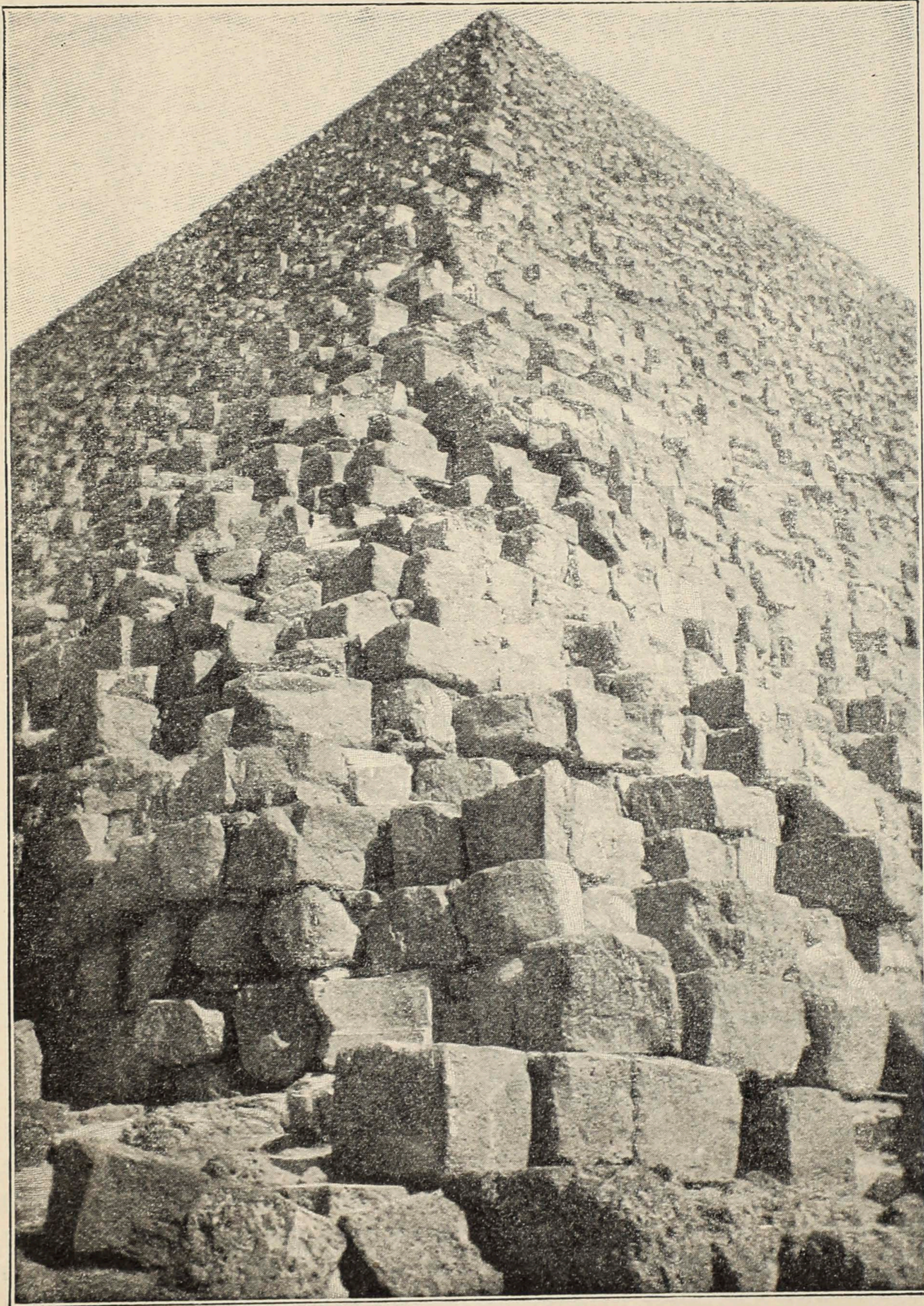
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THE ASCENT AND DESCENT.

Well, we climbed the great pyramid in the usual way, with Arabs pulling ahead and



A CORNER OF CHEOPS, LOOKING UP.

It is by this corner that the ascent and descent are usually made.

like it for breath and to take the view; we bought some trumpery coins at the half-way place for a few piasters; we snapped our cameras, and got real thrills of pleasure and wonder when at last we reached the top. A generous two shillings' worth surely (that is the charge per head) is served you now in panorama: a dozen pyramids, little and big, some at your feet, some on the far horizon; ruins of tombs and temples here and there, vaguely outlined; to the east, a great patchwork quilt of yellows and greens, the Nile harvest lands cut across by irrigating ditches and the road to Cairo; to the west and south, a rolling white-yellow sea with a hard wind sweeping it; to the southeast, half a mile distant, the Sphinx with back turned, an insignificant brown knob rising out of the sand like a mushroom.

To a man on the top, Cheops is much more precipice than pyramid—a precipice with 500 feet of sheer descent. A fall from the top would be just as certain as a fall from the Eiffel Tower. You would strike two or three times, with wider rebounds, and land with the life gone out of you. I had thought of the steps as wide enough to stop such a fall, but in many places they are narrow, and treacherous with sand and cement, so that unless you caught yourself at the very first slip it would be all over. The people who delight in pitting two poor wretches of Arabs one against the other in a race from Cheops's top to the top of Chephren (the second pyramid) may be surprised to know that this little game has cost several lives. Once every season or two (so the record stands) a runner leaps too fast or too far, or finds false landing for his bare feet, and then there is one less Arab in the world to beg for bakshish.

The descent, rather against our expectations, proved easier than the ascent. For a man of fair activity, there are simply some 250 two-foot jumps to be taken (a few of three or four feet), with Arabs ahead and Arabs behind as buffers and encouragers—a bit of exercise the average American boy would call play. For a woman, it is a matter of progressive sliding and easy falling to and from the brown hands that hold and catch her, while a turban hitched around her waist pulls back like an anchor chain.

On the way down I asked an old Arab, more intelligent than the rest and quite proficient in English, why the men insisted on my following a certain course down near the corner. He explained that the ascents and

at the corners
(one), and that to venture out on the faces is dangerous.

“Why is it dangerous?”

“Because the steps are not as well cleared there as they are at the corners; they are covered with sand and crumbling stone.”

“Do you mean that no one goes out on the faces?”

“Very few do. You can judge by this, that bluebirds often make their nests there.”

“Suppose I offered you a shilling to walk around the pyramid on this step?” We were half-way down.

“I would not do it.”

“Two shillings?”

He hesitated. “I'd like to earn the two shillings, but I'd rather do it some other way. I'll tell you why. Do you see this scar?” He pushed back his turban, and pointed to a jagged cut. “Once I fell to the bottom from about here, and was nearly killed. So I'm careful now. Besides, I'm sixty years old.”

“Ask these other men if one of them will go from bottom to top up the middle of the western faces. Do you understand?”

The old man understood and asked the question, and there followed a clamor of talk, out of which came the offer of a straight young fellow to make the climb—only he wanted five dollars to do it, and said it would take two hours. I knew there were many guides who could run up and down at the northeast corner in eight or nine minutes, so I asked if no one could make better time than two hours, and the answer was that only two men in the lot would attempt the feat at all. All this, in my opinion, was more because it was something new than because of any extreme danger in the feat. I climbed a short distance myself up the middle of the northern face without special difficulty, and I had boots on. I admit, though, that the sand did begin to slide under my feet.

CHEOPS SEEN BY NIGHT.

That evening we lingered over our after-dinner coffee, and it was past nine when we came out across the wide piazza, leaving behind the glow of electric lamps, the swing of a waltz, and the gossip of some English ladies smoking cigarettes on a divan with an air of bored superiority. The night was before us, and the desert. Under the stars



THE NORTH FACE OF CHEOPS, SHOWING THE WORN AND TREACHEROUS STONE COURSES AND THE ENTRANCE.

“What is that?” I ask Saide; but he does not understand. “The noise that goes psst, psst, psst, psst, all about us? What is it?” I repeat.

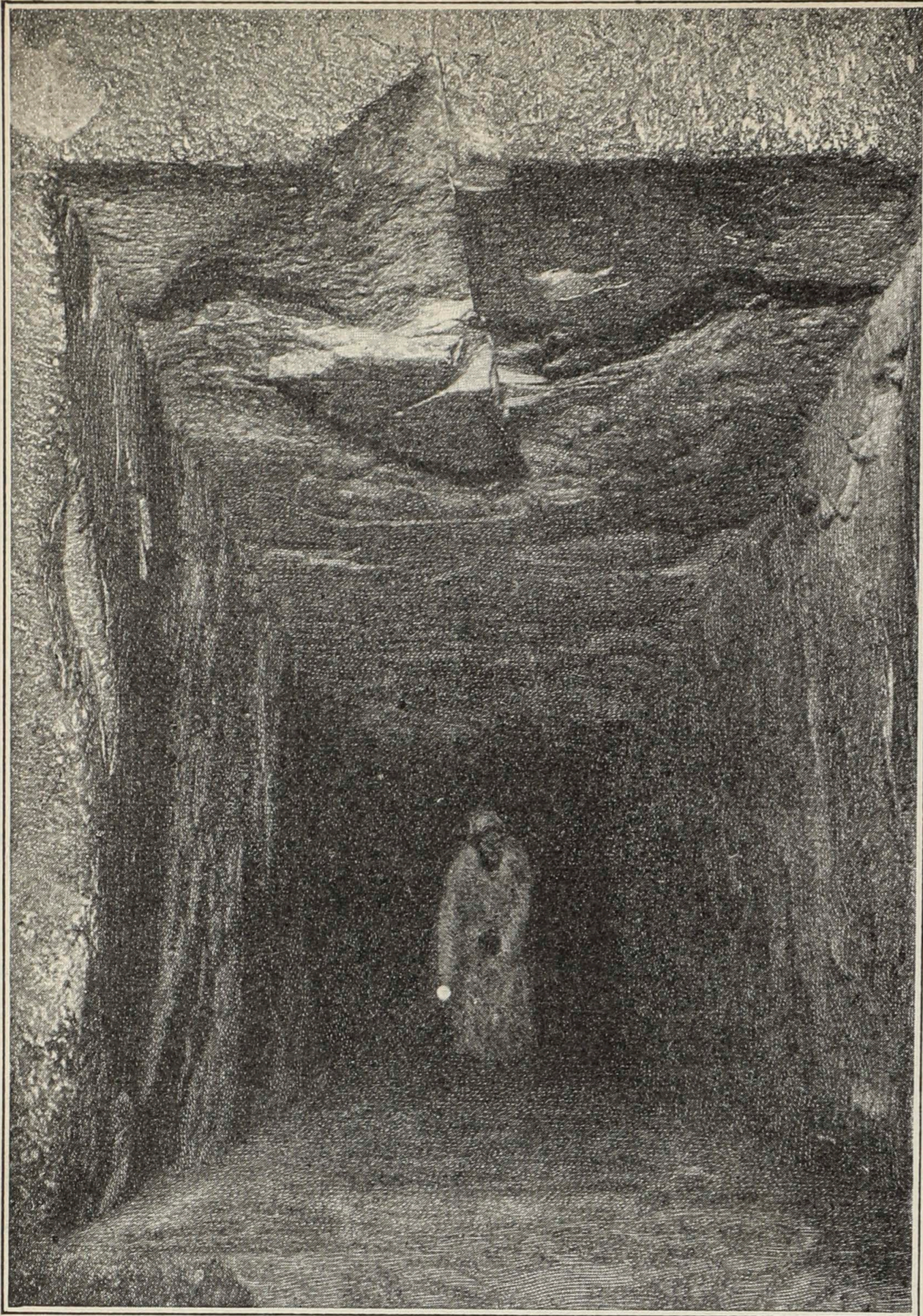
“Bats,” says Mahomet from behind, and his voice is strange.

“This is the well,” says Saide, as we step to a new level. The others come up, and

press about in a narrow space. Underneath opens a chasm in the stone; overhead opens black space, and only two feeble candles against this darkness! The Arabs look queer. The whites of their eyes turn from me to the well, and turn back from the well to me. I don't like it. I feel, somehow, that human life is a cheap thing.

ged the

like it for breath and to take the view; we bought some trumpery coins at the half-way (at the corners), and that to venture out on the faces is dangerous.



PASSAGE LEADING UP TO THE GREAT GALLERY AND THE KING'S CHAMBER.

Cheops. How many murders have been done, I wonder, at this well? They say it is 191 feet deep and blocked with sand. Who knows how many bones are buried in the sand? I pull myself together against these fancies.

Here was the situation as I took it in by degrees: Straight before me a horizontal passage about four feet square; over this a low wall; and over this again the Great Gallery, rising and widening and lengthening into blackness. This yawning mouth came down far above on a sharp slant; the lower passage came forward on a level, and the two met here by the well with a single square of stone at the angle.

"King's Chamber that way," said Mahomet, pointing up. "Queen's Chamber that way," pointing straight ahead.

We moved on now through the horizontal passage, over the same smooth, yellowish stones (limestone, I believe), with the same

We went back now to the well, and I got Saide to wriggle his way down for twenty or thirty feet, which he was able to do by catching his hands and feet in cracks and hollows of the stones. And a strange sight it was to see him descending this cavernous shaft, candle in hand. The guides declare that in the present condition of the well it is death to push down to the great subterranean chamber known to lie at the bottom, ninety feet down through solid trap-rock that forms the base of Cheops. They say the man who attempts it will be choked with falling sand, and leave his body there; still, the thing has been done in the past, so why not again?

"Doesn't the first passage we were in lead down to this subterranean chamber?" I asked on the strength of what I had read. The men agreed that it did, but no one of them had ever traveled the way, nor could, they declared, for the stones that had fallen

bending of bodies for the diminished height, not over four feet. At intervals I noticed cup-shaped holes in the stones of the floor, made, so Mahomet said, by pyramid scientists to assist their measurements. Ten feet beyond the hundred we went before we reached the Queen's Chamber, a room about eighteen feet in each dimension, quite bare and free from inscription or decoration save for a long, narrow recess in the north wall shaped like a Gothic window. Out of this bats flew at us by the dozen as if in wilful attack.

"Turn your back, sair," cried Mahomet; "they may hit you or bite you."

"Do bats bite?"

"These bats bite; if they catch your cheek, they cut out a hole."

Mahomet went at them sharply with his stick, and they were soon scattered.

"What was that for?" I asked, pointing to the recess, which shelved back to a narrow fissure whence the bats came.

"For the Queen's sarcophagus."

"Where is it now?"

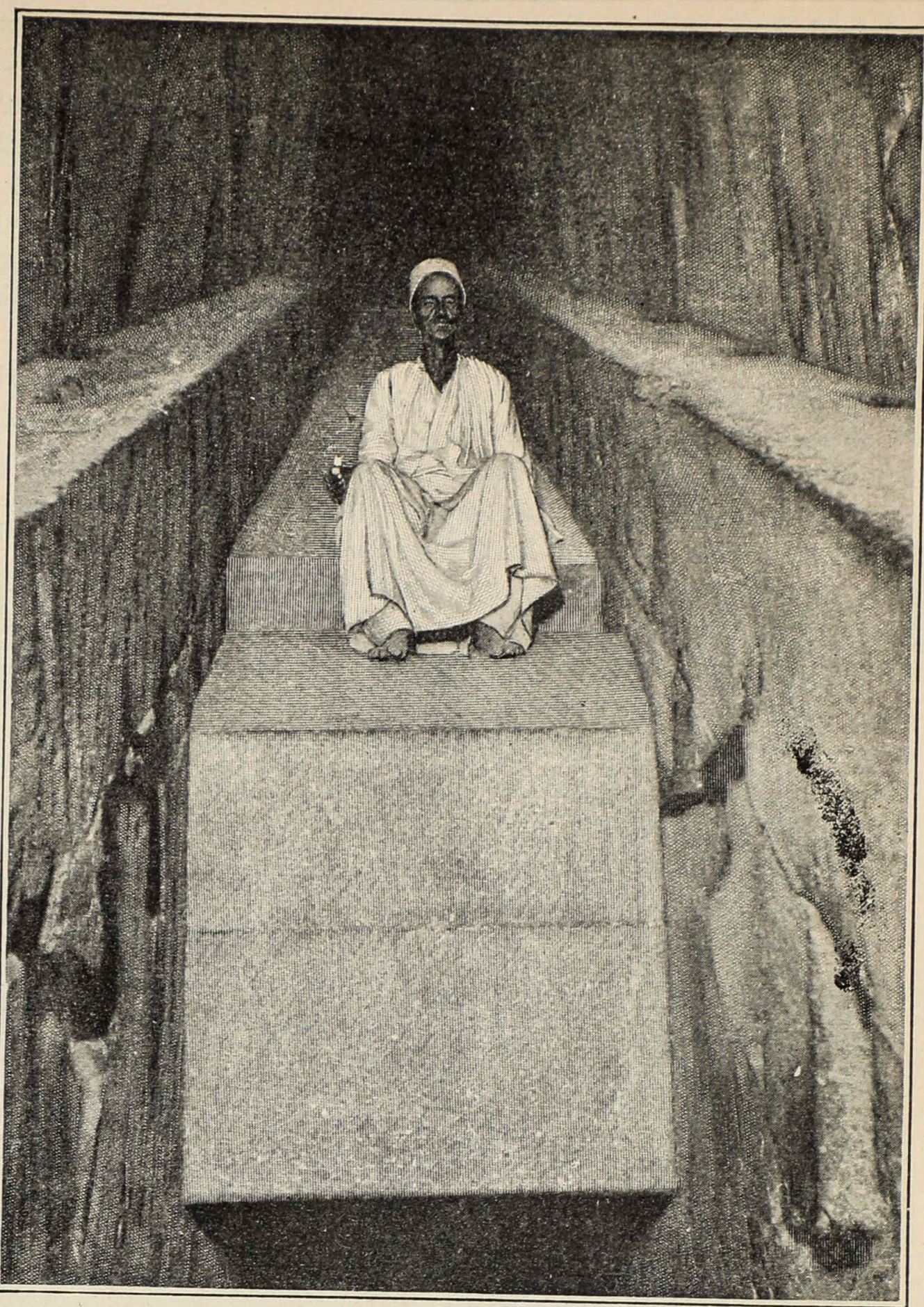
Mahomet expressed the pious opinion that Allah alone knew.

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and the sand that had drifted in. Here also death would meet the hardy explorer—which may or may not be true.

I may say that the Great Gallery is seven feet wide, twenty-eight feet high, and 151 feet long. It would hold a train of six cable cars with a second train on top and a third on top of that. As for the exact degree of its perilous slant, any one who remembers his trigonometry can figure it out by taking the passage to the Queen's Chamber (110 feet) as the base of a right-angled triangle, with the Great Gallery (151 feet) as the hypotenuse. In other words, the Queen's Chamber is directly under the King's Chamber. To the latter place we now made our way, passing first into a vestibule space like a little chapel, where some claim that the sarcophagus of Cheops originally rested. Certain it is that two huge blocks of granite higher than a man's head stand at either end of this room, with space between them about equal to the length of a sarcophagus and sufficient space above. This vestibule, by rough measurement, is fourteen feet high, six feet wide, and eleven feet long. I climbed upon one of the blocks, and sat in the soft dust of centuries. In the wall nearest the King's Chamber were deep grooves running lengthwise from floor to roof. The guides say these were cut for ropes to work in when the sarcophagus was raised and lowered, the fit in the room being so perfect that without them there would have been no room for the ropes.

In the King's Chamber there is an effect of vastness beyond that of the Great Gallery, where the close-set walls hem you in like a narrow street. Here by candle-light you make out dimly the width and height (some six yards each), and the length not at all—it is really about thirty-four feet. You wonder at the huge blocks that make the walls and floor, some ten feet square—one, two full spans of the outstretched arms. They are larger even than the giant stones of the Great Gallery, not limestone like them, but gray granite, smoothed and polished to its fine blackish grain. And where



INSIDE CHEOPS—THE WELL.

The upper passage is the great gallery, which leads to the King's Chamber; the lower leads to the Queen's Chamber.

in the modern world is such fitting of stones as this? The blocks join in lines straight and narrow as the ruling of a pencil. Even Saide is stirred to admiration.

"See jynte," he says, pointing; "very small jynte. No leetel bit can you put yer finger up."

The walls are scarred with many names, some chalked on roughly, some cut in the stone, some done in candleblack. Some Koran worshiper has announced in Arabic to the bats and others that "there is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." I was glad to see that no impertinent knives or marking things have had their way on the sarcophagus. But this red rock casket today lies lidless and empty.

Most remarkable are the echoes in this central vault—strange reverberations that roll away and mock back at you through all the walls and passages. I fancy it must have been these echoes that encouraged the

like it for breath and to take the view; we (at the corners), and that to ven-
bought some trumpery coins at the half-way ture out on the faces is dangerous.

original searchers after rooms above the King's Chamber, for it is plain to any ear that hollow spaces lie there. I gave one long shout, and heard it in deafening tumult all about me for five seconds or more, then in a steady, dying tone from far overhead.

I will not go farther into the details of this first visit inside the Great Pyramid. When we came out it was two o'clock, and we had been five hours inside. There were numerous photographs taken; there was a perilous slip and slide going down the Great Gallery; there was an investigation (as far as one can investigate) of various ragged holes leading to air-shafts, and a cross-questioning of the guides in matters of pyramid construction, whereby I learned of a way of reaching other chambers than the ones I had seen, chambers higher up in the pyramid—only people seldom went there.

"Why?" I asked.

"It is dangerous."

and are reached from the top of the Great Gallery at the northeast corner. They showed me the place, and by peering upward I made out some wooden cross-bars set across the angle of the walls. I told Mahomet I must know more about these Five Chambers, and he agreed to bring to the hotel two men who had made the ascent.

"Are they the only ones who have done it?" I asked.

"Yes, they are the only ones."

The two men were waiting after luncheon. Mahomet had brought them from a neighboring village, and it was easy to see that they put good valuation on their ability to reach the Five Chambers. Five dollars was their price for the service, and they called this an off-season rate. I offered eight shillings. They came down to sixteen. I offered twelve, and they refused it. Finally, a bargain was struck for fourteen shillings—about \$3.50; they to furnish everything



THE SARCOPHAGUS, IN THE KING'S CHAMBER.

"Can you take me there?"

"No, no, we cannot go there. Very hard to go there. Must have ladders, ropes, many things."

By more questioning I learned that these higher rooms are called the Five Chambers,

and to get no bakshish unless I was satisfied.

TO THE FIVE CHAMBERS.

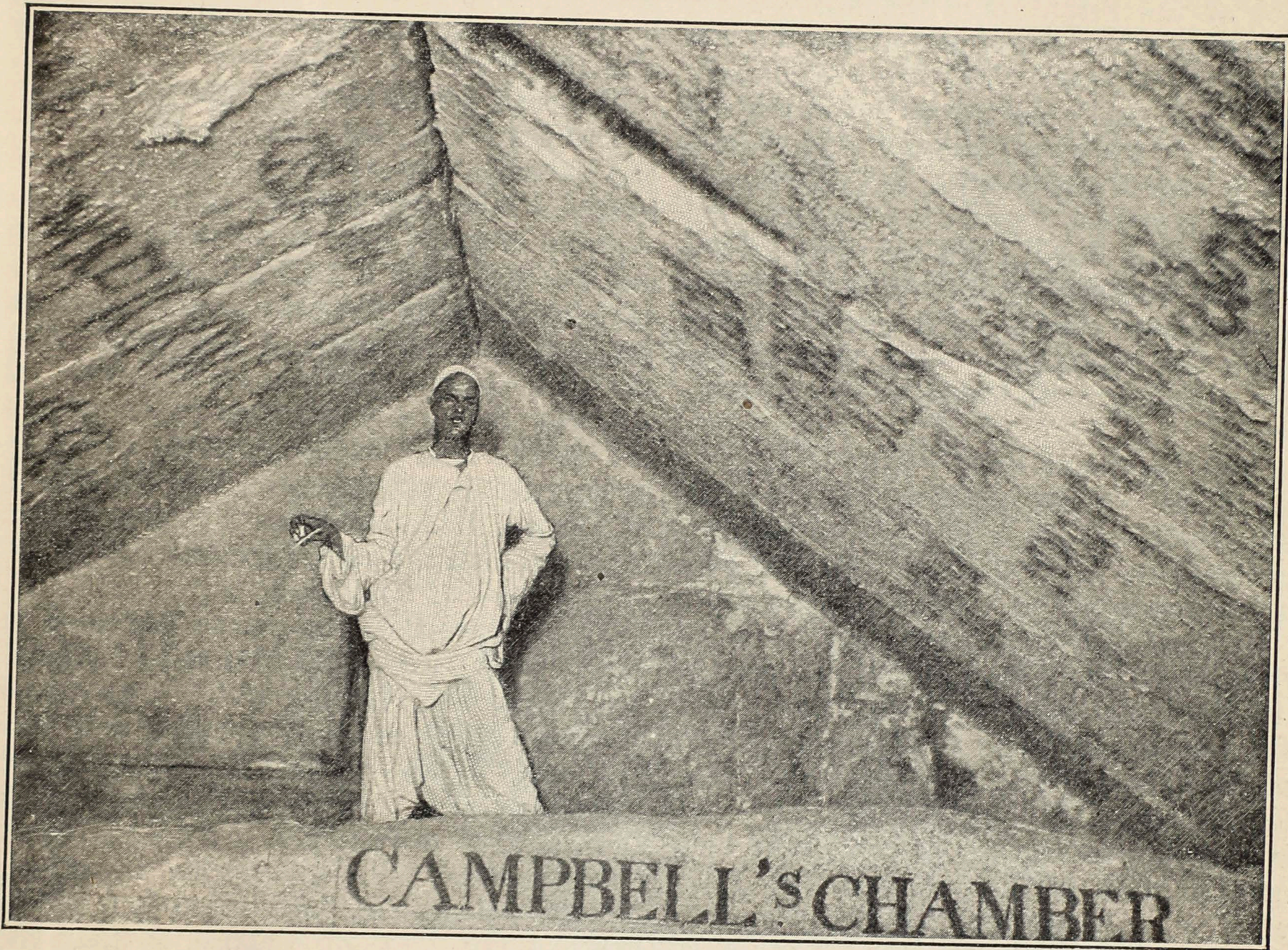
At the appointed time next morning I made my way to the end of the Great Gal-

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lery, where four Arabs hitched a rope round my waist. From far above came down a candle glow and orders from the chief climber, who had worked himself up there unaided, by some miracle of skill. It was quite plain now that he would earn his fourteen shillings if he got me safely through this thing. Two ropes hung down this dark corner, one tied fast to me, the other dangling free. It was hard to get a question answered, since all the Arabs talked at once, and the echoes made their bad English worse; but I finally understood that I was to

called from below. "Butcher fhooot on whood!" And presently I saw that they were talking about the first cross-bar in the corner, and worked my way towards it.

I can't say what the danger was at this point, but I suppose if the rope had broken I should have gone plunging down the Great Gallery like a rock down a mountain-side. From the first cross-bar there was an easy lift to the second, then to the third, with a few moments at each to steady myself. And so gradually, by haul of the rope and lift of my arms on the cross-bars and kick of my



THE FIFTH CHAMBER.

Campbell's, or the Fifth Chamber, is the highest elevation to be reached in the interior of the Great Pyramid.

pull myself up by the free rope while the man above hauled on the other. What secured the ropes, or how strong the man was, remained matters of conjecture.

I slapped my pockets to make sure that I had everything, looked over the photographic outfit that lay about, charged climber number two, who was to follow, not to let the kodak fall unless he fell himself, and then said I was ready. First it was "boosh behine" up a few steps of rickety ladder, then more steps by myself, and then I swung out in the chasm, and the rope lifted slowly.

"Mine a whood, mine a whood!" they

legs against the stones, I came up to the level of the chief climber, who was stretched back flat, with feet braced in a corner, working and shining like a good fellow.

"Bravo!" he cried as I crawled into the low, black tunnel where he lay, and the echoes brought up a confused murmur of "Bravo!" from the men below.

We waited here until our second man had come up in like manner, and the things had been hoisted carefully one by one.

"Where is Mahomet?" I asked, and learned that Mahomet had shirked the climbing at the last moment. These Arabs are timid enough before an unfamiliar danger!

like it for breath and to take the view; we bought some trumpery coins at the half-way ^{at the corners} ture out on ^{one} ^{of} ^{the} ^{corners} ^{of} ^{the} ^{chamber} ^{is} ^{dangerous}.

Now we went into the hole (it was not big enough to be called a tunnel), and wriggled along heads foremost on a bed of dust as smooth as flour. I went between the two Arabs, each bearing a candle, but almost blocking its light with his body. The end of the passage was so small that a stout man would have stuck in it. One could see by the jagged sides and unfinished surfaces that this way was never made by the builders.

We came out (after not so many yards of this) into a rough shaft, like a half-made well, with darkness overhead. Up this shaft, at the height of a tall man's head, was a black hole, out of which came a great twittering of bats. To this we climbed, then into it, and presently we found that we had reached the First Chamber, a good-sized room in length and breadth, but ridiculously low, say four feet high at the highest. Being unable to stand, I sat me down on the floor, and wondered what purpose this chamber could have served, for it was quite bare, though the walls and ceiling were of the same smooth granite blocks we had seen below.

"Try the next one," I said, and we pushed on. More climbing up the well shaft, another black hole, and then the Second Chamber. It was almost identical with the first—a length of a dozen yards, a width of five, and just height enough for a small boy to stand in. On one wall was painted "Wellington's Chamber," in large black letters as evenly made as if a sign-painter had done them. The floor of this chamber was in unfinished rock, though tolerably level, but the ceiling and walls were smoothed with pains, and all was of granite.

The Third Chamber was reached in the same manner, and I saw now that the ragged, vertical shaft connected with each of the rooms through openings in its side, the floor spaces of all being equal and the five chambers lying one above the other, so that visiting them was like going up a five-story house. Only there were two or three yards of rock between floors, and crevasses in a precipice by way of stairs. A chimney-sweep would have been at home here. On the wall of the Third Chamber, in the same black letters (at least a foot high) as those on the wall in the Second Chamber, was marked "Nelson's Chamber, April 25, 1837." This room was a little higher than the other two, and showed cleaner and finer blocks of granite. Nine of them, laid side by side, composed the ceiling, each in its

single piece making the full width of fifteen feet. To look at the cement between these monster blocks one would say it was fresh but yesterday; the trowel marks are in it plainly.

But the queerest feature of this chamber was its floor formation, for this was not at all even, but lifted into five granite mounds running from side to side, with four level spaces between them, each mound and each level space being a single granite block, and the nine corresponding to the nine of the ceiling. Now why this difference between floor and ceiling, for the latter was perfectly level? What was the meaning of these mounds?

The room above this was marked "Lady Arbuthnot's Chamber, May 9, 1837." It had the same smooth ceiling and the same irregular floor, only here the granite mounds went up in great wide steps to the highest one at the middle and then descended; and the nine blocks of the ceiling were some of gray granite, and some of red granite like the sarcophagus, which scarcely seems an accident when one remembers how rare this red granite was. Indeed, nothing was done by accident in this incomparable monument of purpose and precision. I may add that the walls of this Fourth Chamber, unlike the others, were of limestone.

As we ascended, the rooms increased in height until, in the Fifth Chamber—"Campbell's Chamber, May 27, 1837"—we found plenty of space to stand upright; this was due partly to the fact that the ceiling sloped from the sides to a point, the whole room being shaped exactly like a large wall-tent. Nine limestone blocks, roughly smoothed, formed either slant, and joined in a middle line like the ridge of a house, so that you felt as if the top of the pyramid must be only a little way above you. Indeed, Abdul Hadi, the chief climber, assured me that by this time we were nine-tenths of the way up, a statement to be taken with reserve. At any rate, we were up as far as we could get, and I looked the walls over for traces of previous visitors. There were a number dating back more than half a century, but no recent ones. Next I looked for some special feature, and once more found it in the floor formation. Here were eight granite rocks, each covering the entire width of the chamber, and four of them bulging up two or three feet above the others, with upper surfaces rounded like huge, gray trunks. Although regularly laid, they were more like boulders than blocks, and wide

cracks separated them above the joints. But the odd point was this, that at either end of the highest boulders were hollows like a horse's manger smoothly and deeply cut in the granite. Each one of these hollows would have held a bucket of water, and who it was that dug them out or what end they served are questions.

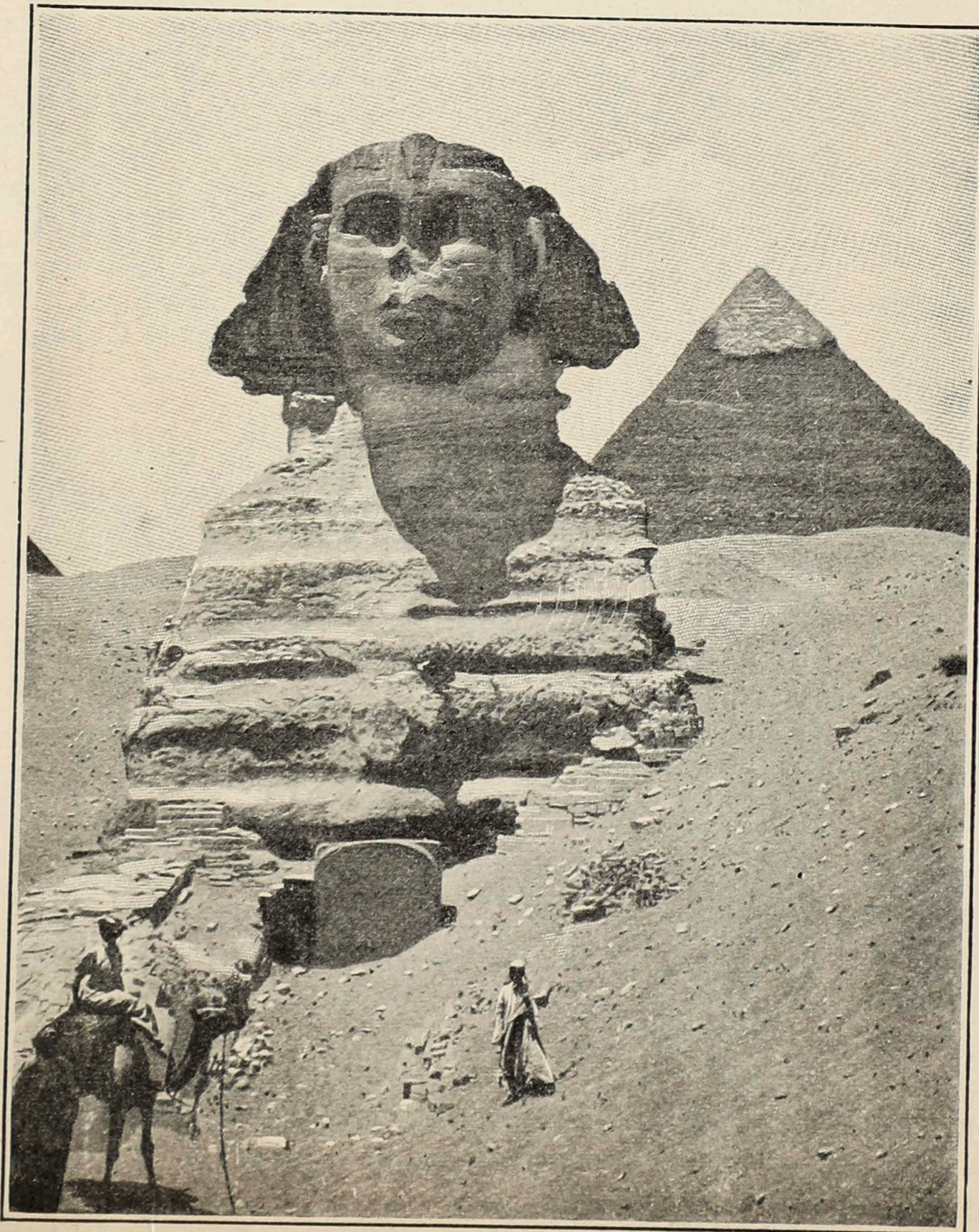
"Do you think there are more chambers above this one?" I asked.

"No, sair; no echo, no chambair. You hear?" Abdul shouted sharply, but the sound died away in a moment; no more reverberations like those below. Plainly our little exploration was over.

I was surprised to find the downward journey a tougher bit of travel than the ascent, something to be attempted with discretion, and not at all by the easy-chair athlete. To begin with, as you go from level to level, you see nothing beneath you but a black chasm and a section of slippery wall. The candle below is too far down to serve, and

the one above merely drops grease on you. So about half the time you hang from hands and elbows, kicking about for a niche to put your toes in. Now as you dangle in a ticklish plight, the Arab calls out, "Let him go, sair," and in blind confidence you loose your hold, and land some feet below on a pile of dust. Finally come the ropes again and the ladder, the cries of "Mine a whood; butcher fhoot on whood!" and at last the welcoming "Bravos!" at the bottom. Now you understand why few tourists visit the Five Chambers. Yet you are glad you went, and offer liberal bakshish to all concerned in your safe hoisting and lowering. For my own part, I felt abundantly repaid: I had had an exciting adventure, and had got close to one of the world's greatest mysteries. Altogether, as I sat in comfort the next day at a Cairo hotel, I thought of Cheops with reverence and a certain affection, and I trust these feelings will stay with me always.

The Sphinx. The pyramid in the background is Chephren.



like it for breath and to take the view; we (John...), and that to ven-
bought some trumpery coins at the half-way ture out on... spaces is dangerous.

DAVID CROCKETT

AND THE MOST DESPERATE
DEFENSE IN AMERICAN HISTORY

by Cyrus Townsend Brady

Author of "Colonial Fights and Fighters," "American Fights and
Fighters," etc.



I.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN.

My Dog!
Andrew Jackson.

THAT is what,
in emphatic
language en-
tirely consonant
with his actions,

David Crockett said he would never wear on his collar. And the doughty declaration of individual right following may be taken as indicating what David Crockett really was. It reads well in these days of the Boss and his Slaves.

"I am at liberty to vote as my conscience and judgment dictate to be right, without the yoke of any party on me, or the driver at my heels with the whip in his hands, commanding me to 'Gee-whoa-haw' just at his pleasure."

The spelling of the paragraph is not that of its author. In his autobiography, one of the most naïve and delightful of books, he takes occasion to defend his orthography by remarking that he despised "the way of spelling contrary to nature!" It may be said, in passing, that many of his most eminent fellow citizens and contemporaries shared his contempt for the rules of orthography. In that book he speaks of himself with the utmost frankness; as, for instance:

"Obscure as I am, my name is making a considerable deal of fuss in the world. I can't tell why it is, nor in what it is to end. Go where I will, everybody seems anxious to get a peep at me; and it would be hard to tell which would have the advantage if I and the 'Government'* and 'Black Hawk' and a great eternal big caravan of *wild varments* were all to be showed at the same time in four different parts of any of the big cities of the nation. I am not so sure that I shouldn't get the most custom of any of the crew."

A modest man was David, it would appear, and a confident author, too; witness this assertion:

"I don't know of anything in my book to be criticized by honorable men. Is it my spelling? That's not my trade. Is it my grammar? I hadn't time to learn it and make no pretension to it. Is it in the order and arrangement of my book? I never wrote one before and never read very many, and of course know mighty little about that. Will it be on authorship? This I claim, and I'll hang on to it like a wax plaster."

Evidently he considered grammar of no more account than spelling, and equally evidently the porous plaster had not been invented when he searched for a clinging simile.

There never was the slightest room for misunderstanding where Crockett was concerned. His character was plainness and simplicity itself. He usually hit the mark at which he aimed in life, whether with a rifle or not, so clearly and plainly that dispute was impossible. Even the "coon" up the tree, upon which he "drew a bead" with his famous weapon, the death-dealing "Betsy," at once recognized the futility of resistance, and, being for the nonce endowed with speech, with the famous remark, "Don't shoot, Colonel, I'll come down," gave up

*By the "Government" he means—and appropriately enough too—Andrew Jackson, the book being written while he was in Congress.

"And I, how many centuries he had stood already when we were born."

We went back to the hotel, where all was settling down for the night, and scarcely had we retired, when a long shriek sounded across the Sahara like a wail of terror. It was the steam whistle warning tardy guests that in five minutes the 1,200 electric lights of the establishment would be extinguished.

INSIDE CHEOPS.

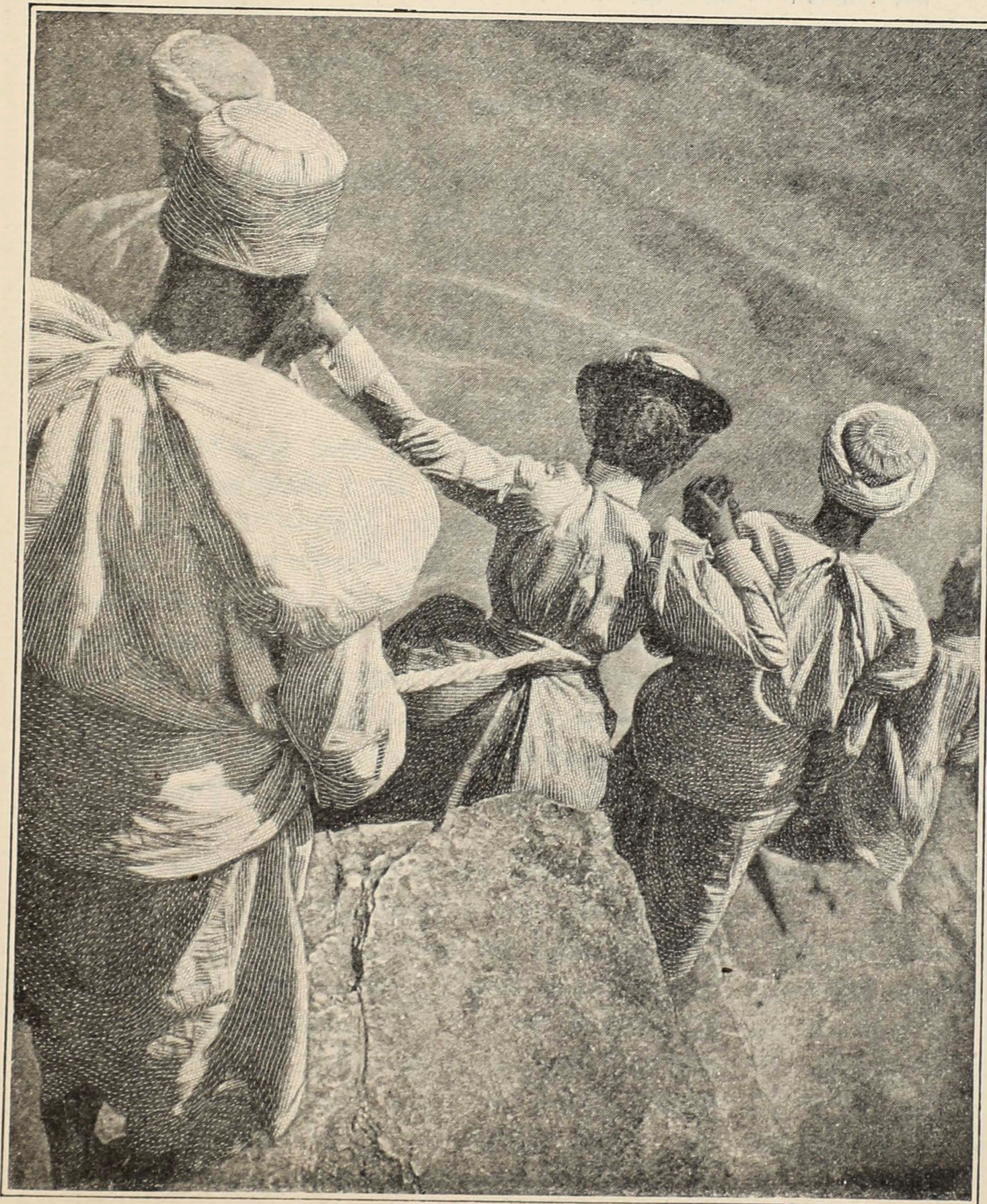
Next morning I set out to explore the inner regions of the Great Pyramid. We made our way in four strong—three Arabs and myself. First went Saide, candle in hand, leading the way down a straight passage about sixty feet long, and steep enough and smooth enough to send one sliding to the bottom but for hollows worn in the stones every yard or so. These gave excellent support to the Arabs, who knew the

way and were barefoot into the bargain; but to me, in stiff boots and strange to everything, it meant an uneasy progress, with sliding and scuffling. Once I bumped my head in forgetting to stoop; and once my legs shot forward from under me, and I was only saved from avalanching onward by the Arab behind, whom we designated as "the old man." Presently the passage straightened to a level, and Saide called out the inevitable "Mine yer head!" for a low rock. Beyond this, we came into a small, rough-hewn chamber, with smoke-blackened sides; the spot, it is said, where old Caliph-el-Mamûn, in his vandal search for treasure a thousand years ago, came upon the real road to Cheops's mysteries, successfully hidden up to that time by the builders' cunning. Here still, above a pile of rubbish, is the very passage cut in by the caliph from the outside and blocked with dust these many years.

Now we climb a black wall, with hands and feet in easy niches, and enter another passage, square and smooth, finished like the first, but somewhat larger, yet still so low that we must walk with bodies bent. This passage turns sharply to the east (the first ran south), and goes up in a steep and slippery ascent. Under the low-held candles the stones shine yellowish white, like glazed earthenware; and stride by stride we mount them, reaching up from one scooped-out foot-place to the next, the old man puffing behind, pretending to boost me on, while Saide gives a useful hand from before, and at intervals inquires, "How you feel?"

We are working steadily in and up, treading the road made for Cheops's body and meant for none other. We are getting nearer and nearer the heart of the Great Pyramid.

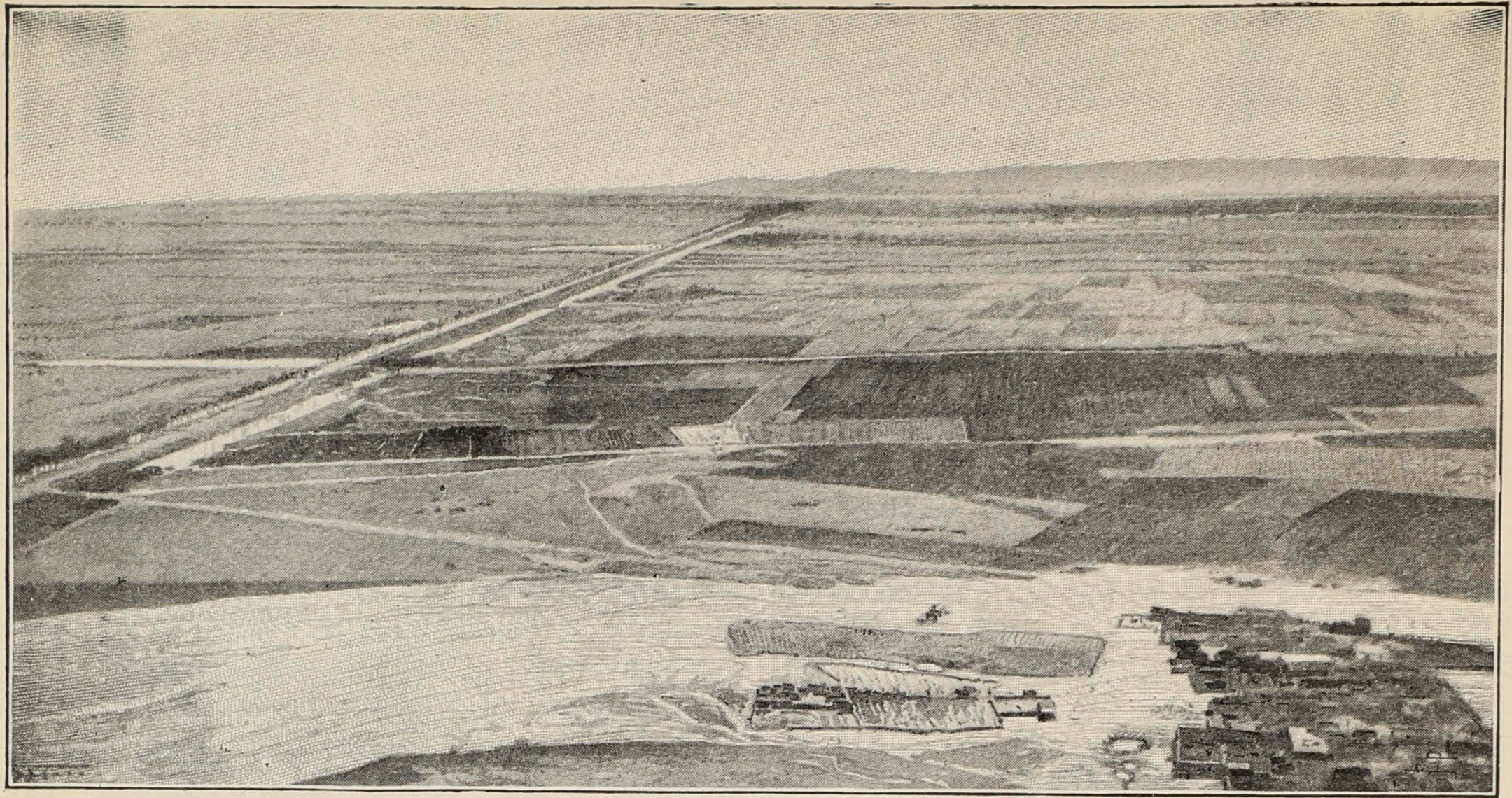
"Psst, psst, psst, psst," comes a sound all about us like a sharp whispering. I had heard it before, but now



THE DESCENT OF CHEOPS.

"For a man of fair activity, there are simply some 250 two-foot jumps. . . . For a woman, it is a matter of progressive sliding and ed brown hands that hold and catch her, while a turban pulls back like an anchor . . ."

like it for breath and to take the view; we (I had seen the same scene), and that to venture out on the same faces is dangerous.



VIEW FROM CHEOPS, LOOKING EAST.

“ . . . To the east, a great patch-work quilt of yellows and greens, the Nile harvest lands cut across by irrigating ditches and the road to Cairo.”

rose the dim shape of Cheops. A white camel lay by the road, and his driver beside him, both sleeping. A tall figure came out of the shadows, draped in robes of black and white. It was Mahomet, our servant, who had been waiting as these men know how to wait. We proposed walking about the Great Pyramid; but Mahomet thought it better we should ride.

As we approached the pyramid a dog barked, and another stately shape rose out of the gloom. And within a minute two others came.

“There are watchmen who sleep here. See, they have guns. They ask if you want to go up.”

Not only this, but one of the three was eager to make a record run to the top with only the stars to guide him.

“Do people climb the pyramid at night?” I asked.

“Yes, many times; they come often from Cairo when the moon shines.”

We made our way slowly around the pyramid, and with detours for ruins, hollows, and sand-hills it was a good mile in all—a matter of twenty minutes' rough going, especially when you are on a donkey with neither bridle nor stirrups and have to steer him like a bicycle.

In doing the circuit, I noticed an odd illusion—that the top of Cheops leans first to one side, then to the other, so that each corner in turn seems to have the steeper slant. And as we crossed the north side

the black hole of the entrance seemed first nearer the west corner, then nearer the east.

“Is it true,” I asked Mahomet, “that the passage into the pyramid points straight to the north star?”

“Yes,” he said, “it is true.”

“Could I go in a few feet and see for myself?”

“If you like.”

I had a caprice to test this thing that I had read in books. So I clambered up, then down into the hole, Mahomet helping me. We did not go in far, as we had no candle—only about twenty feet; but that was far enough. Looking up the passage slope, I could see the north star plainly in the square setting of the rock at the mouth of the passage. Not only was it visible, but it stood out at the very middle of the square. I was satisfied.

We walked on a little distance, and Mahomet set the echoes going; you shout to Cheops, and he shouts back; you clap your hands three times quickly, and he claps his to match you. But somehow this sport seemed to me unworthy, like teasing a giant, and I bade the boy desist. And then we were silent so long that our voices sounded strange when we spoke. And there was sadness in the silence.

“What were you thinking?” asked my companion.

“I was thinking how many centuries Cheops will be standing after we are dead.”

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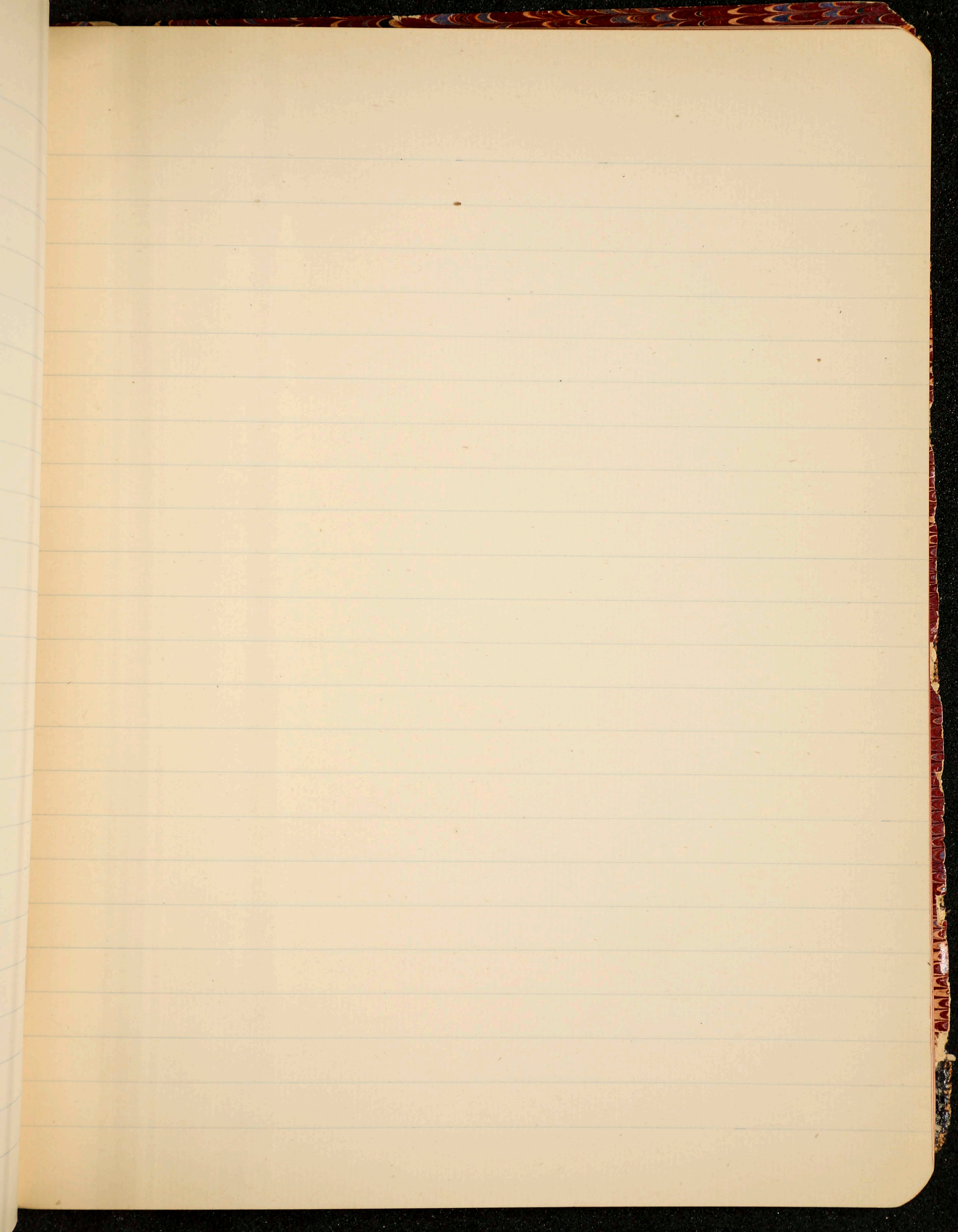
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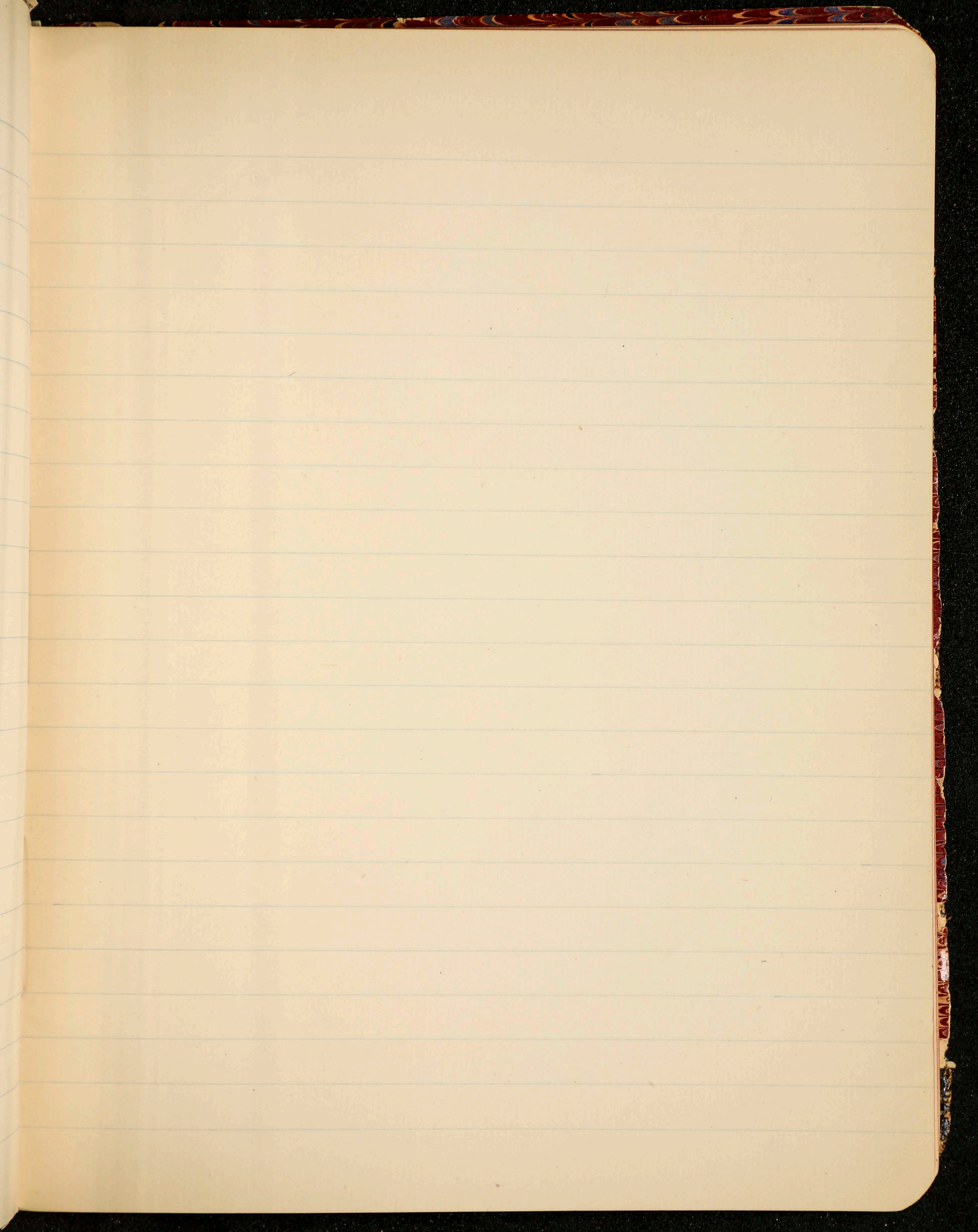
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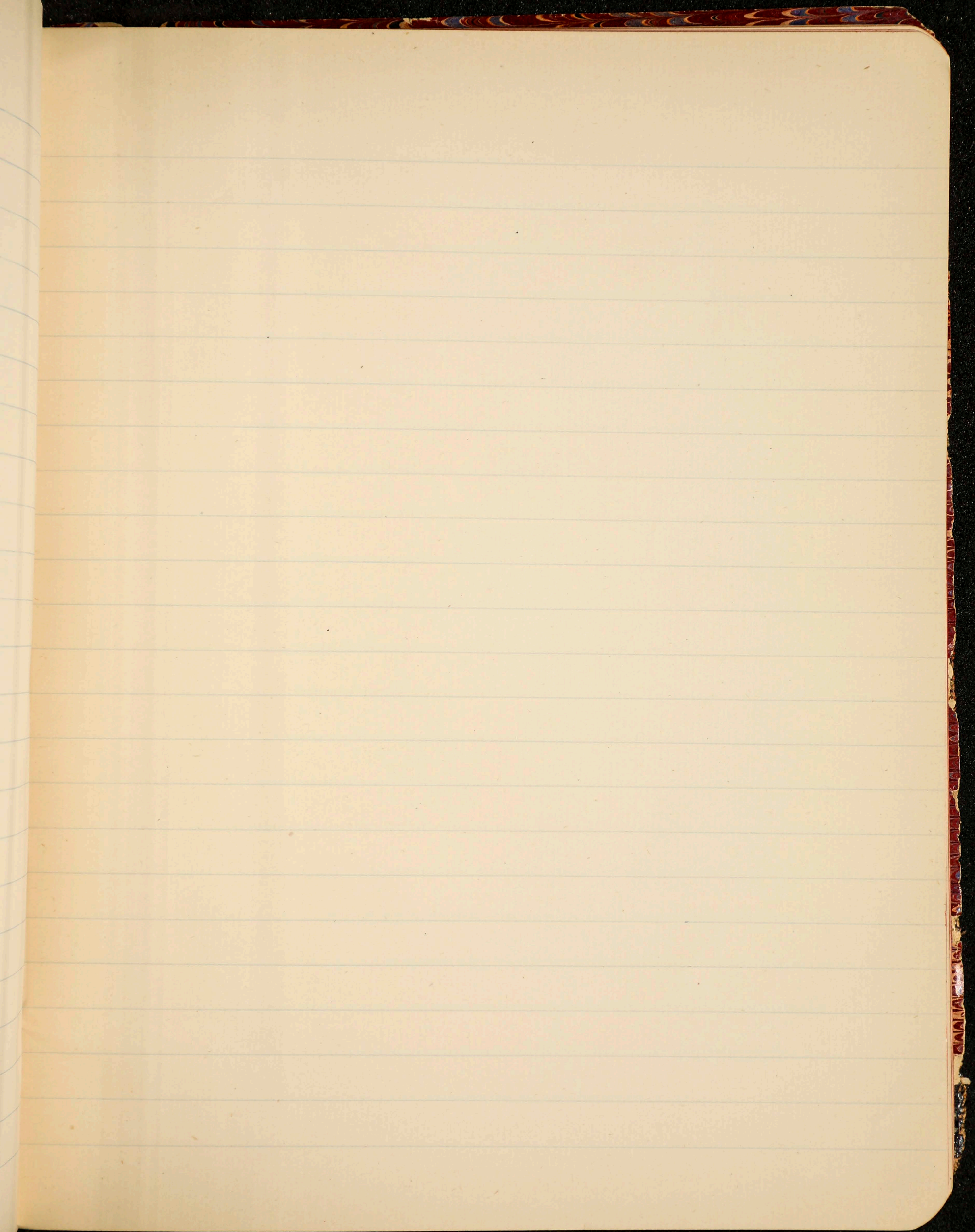
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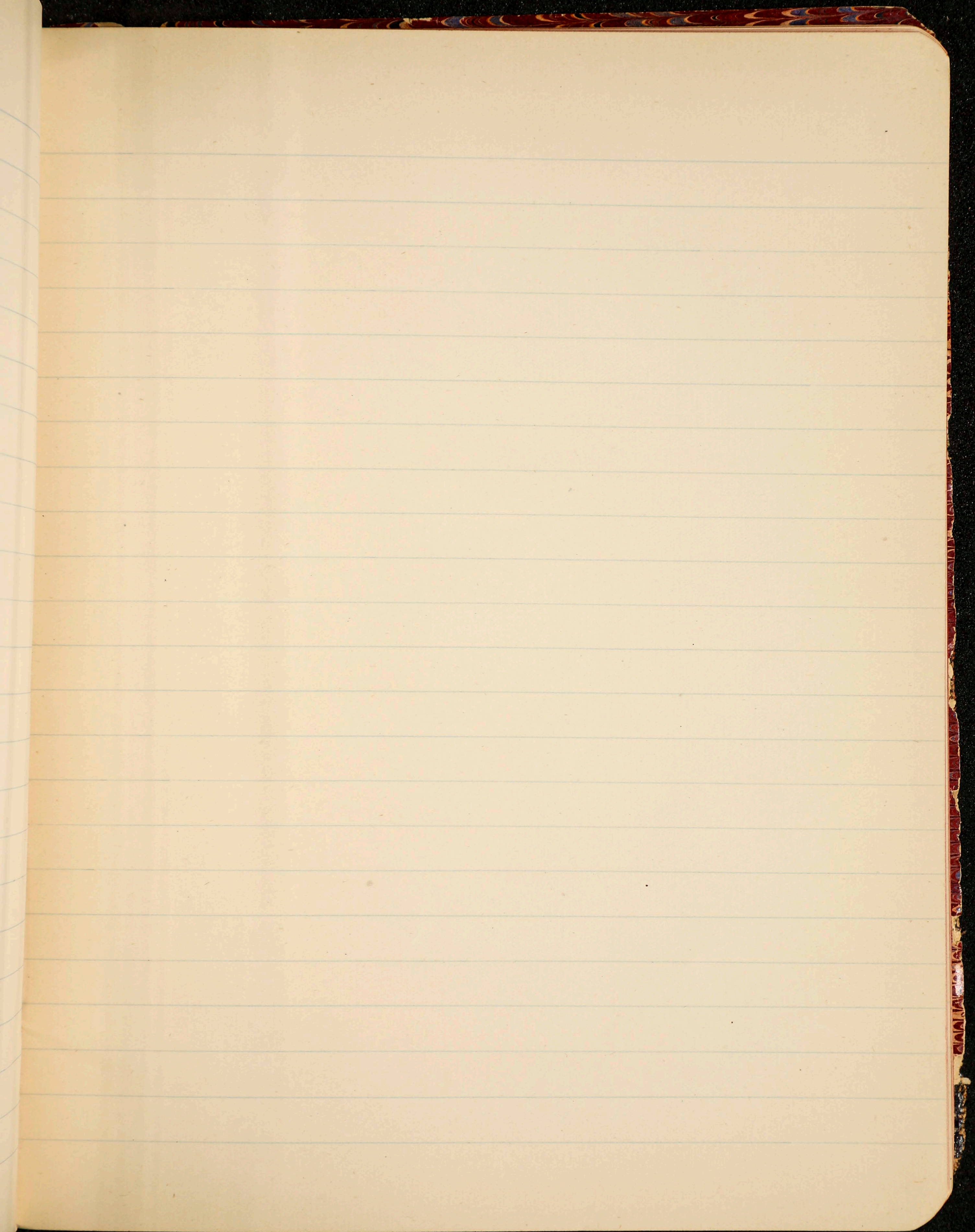
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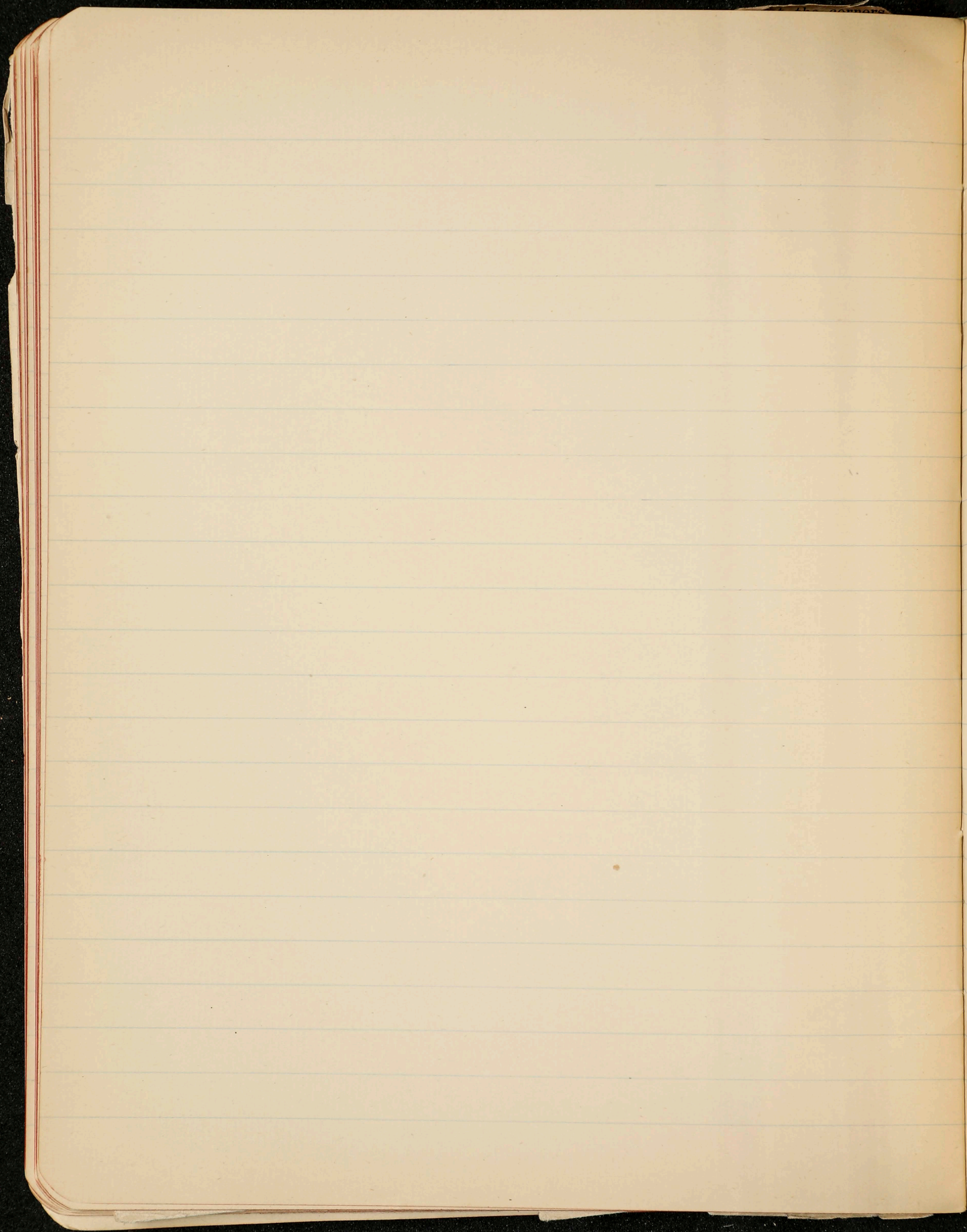
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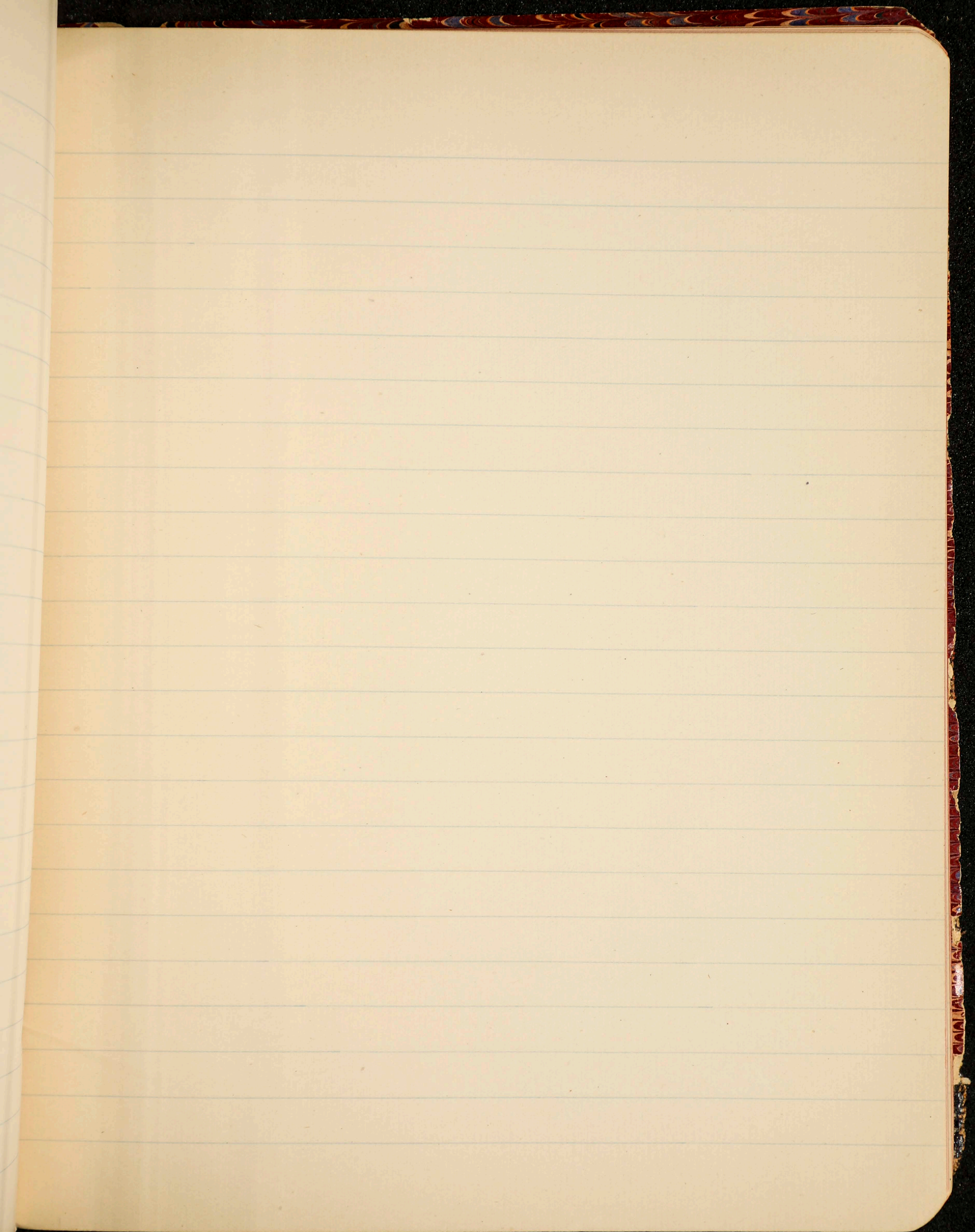




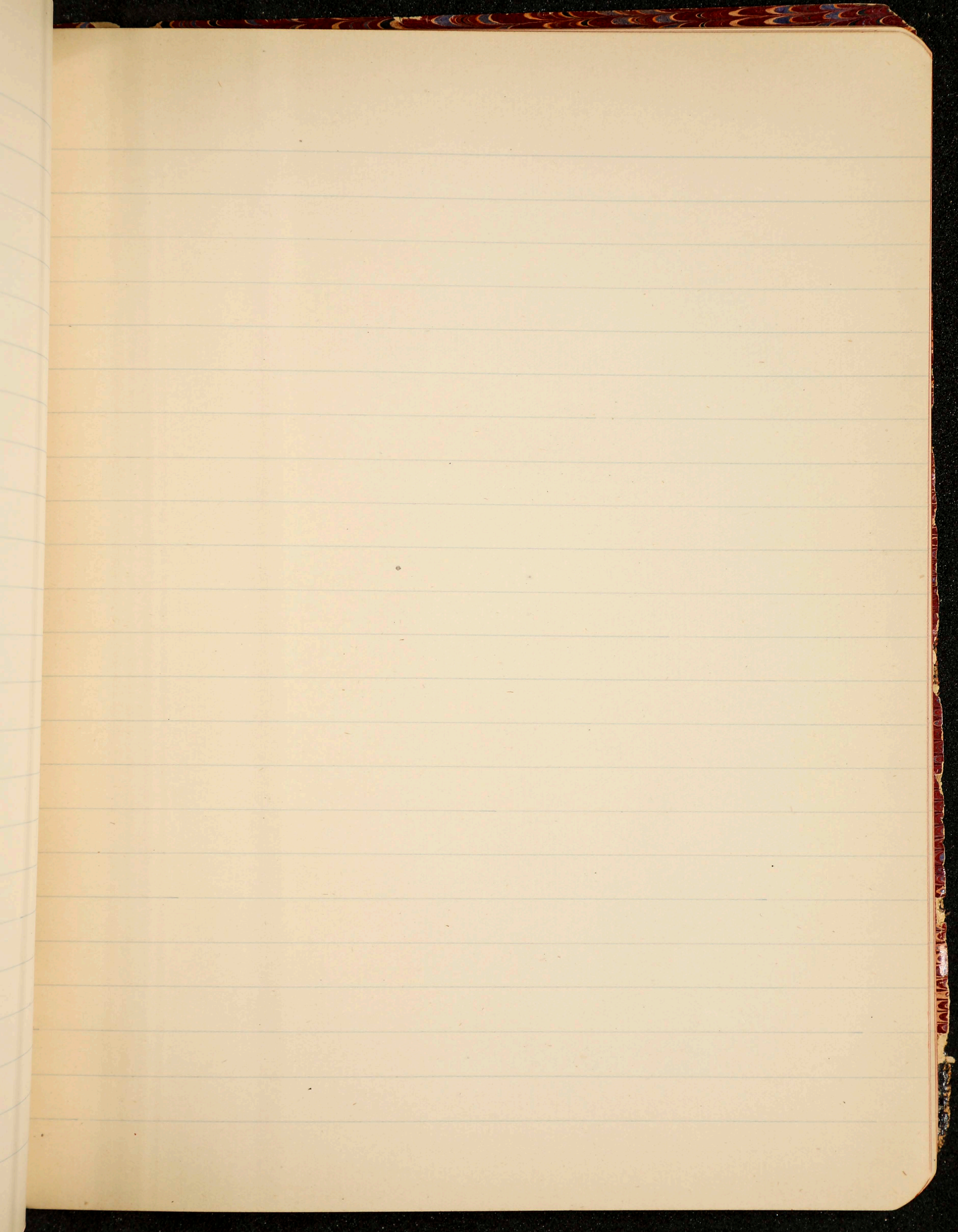


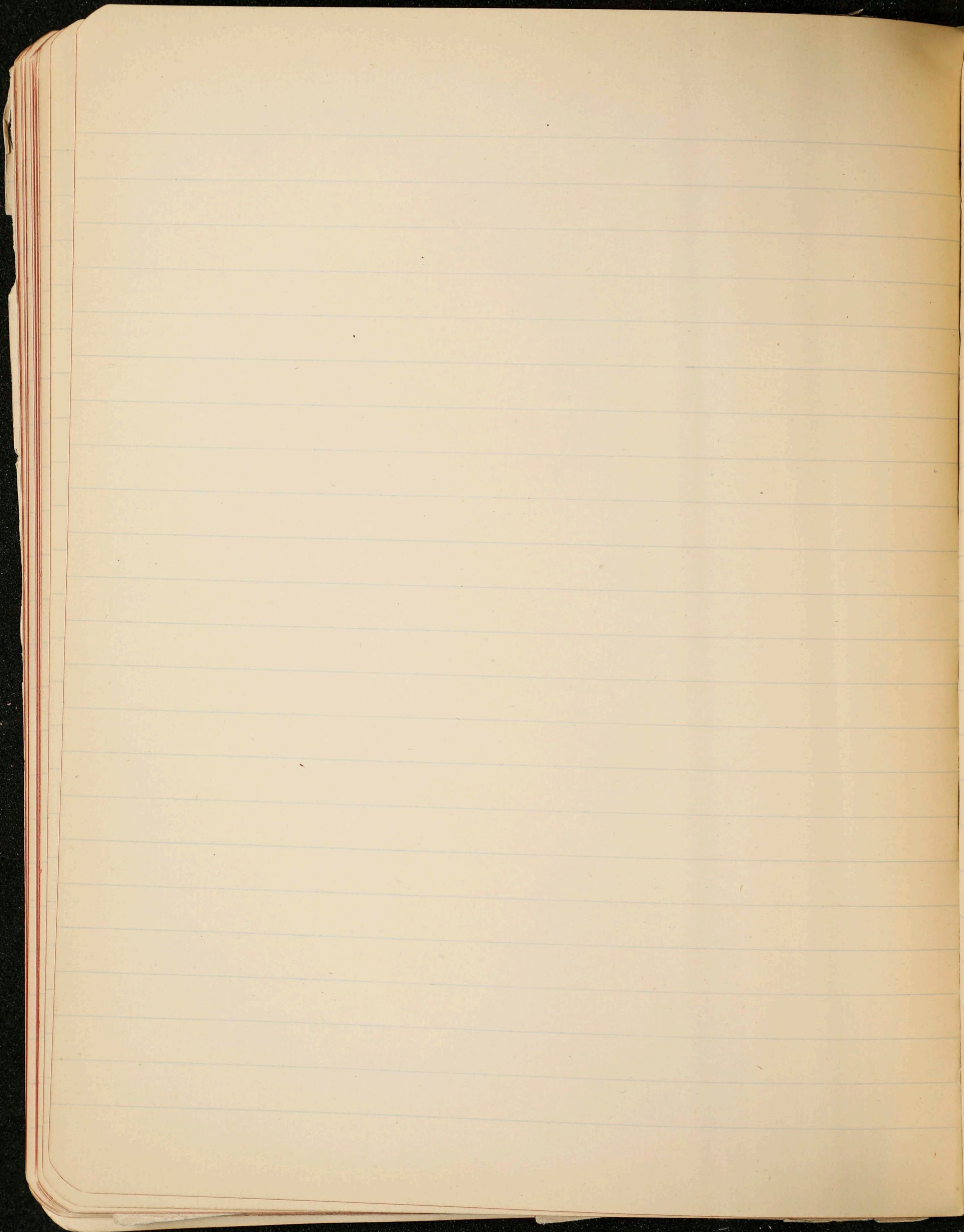


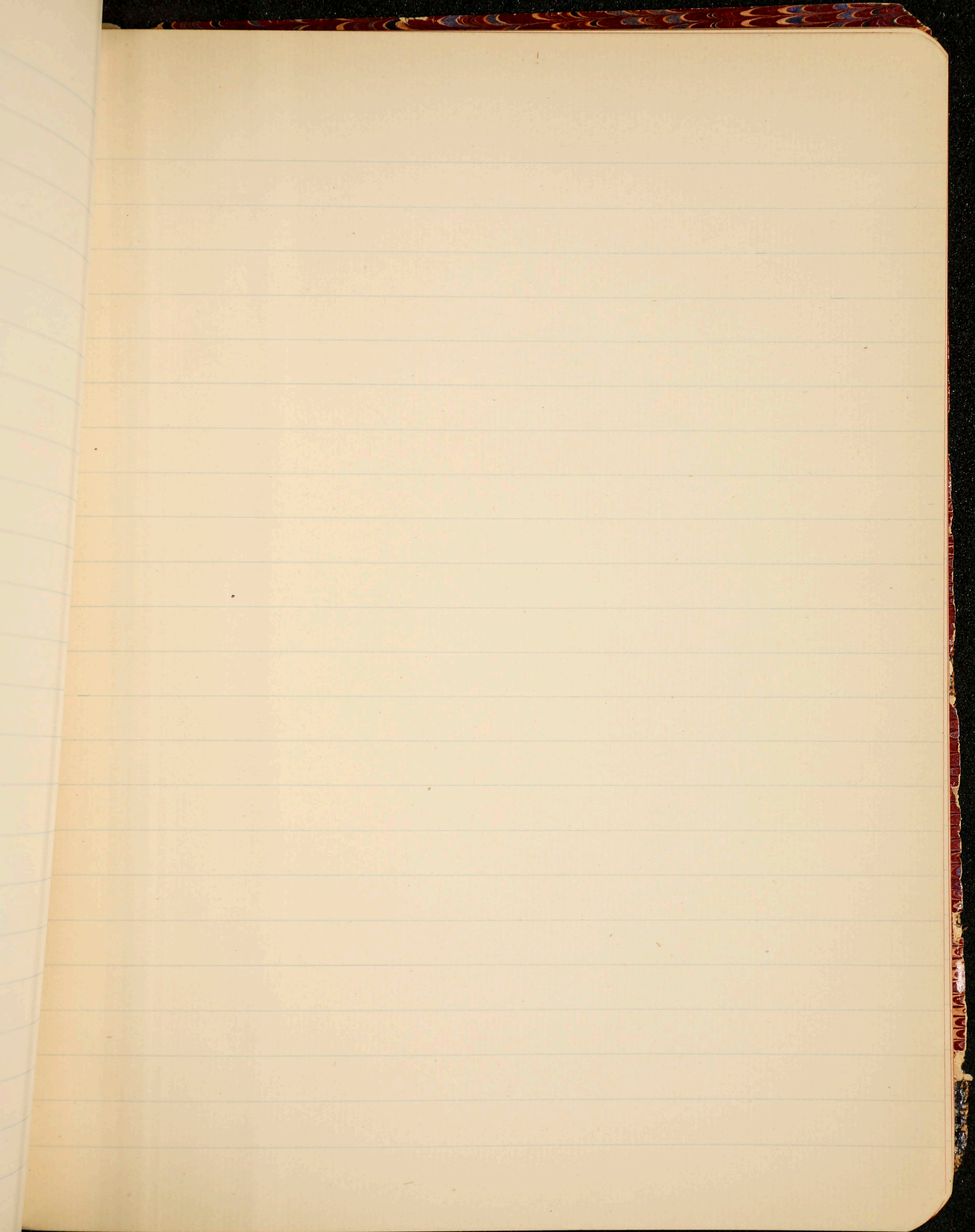


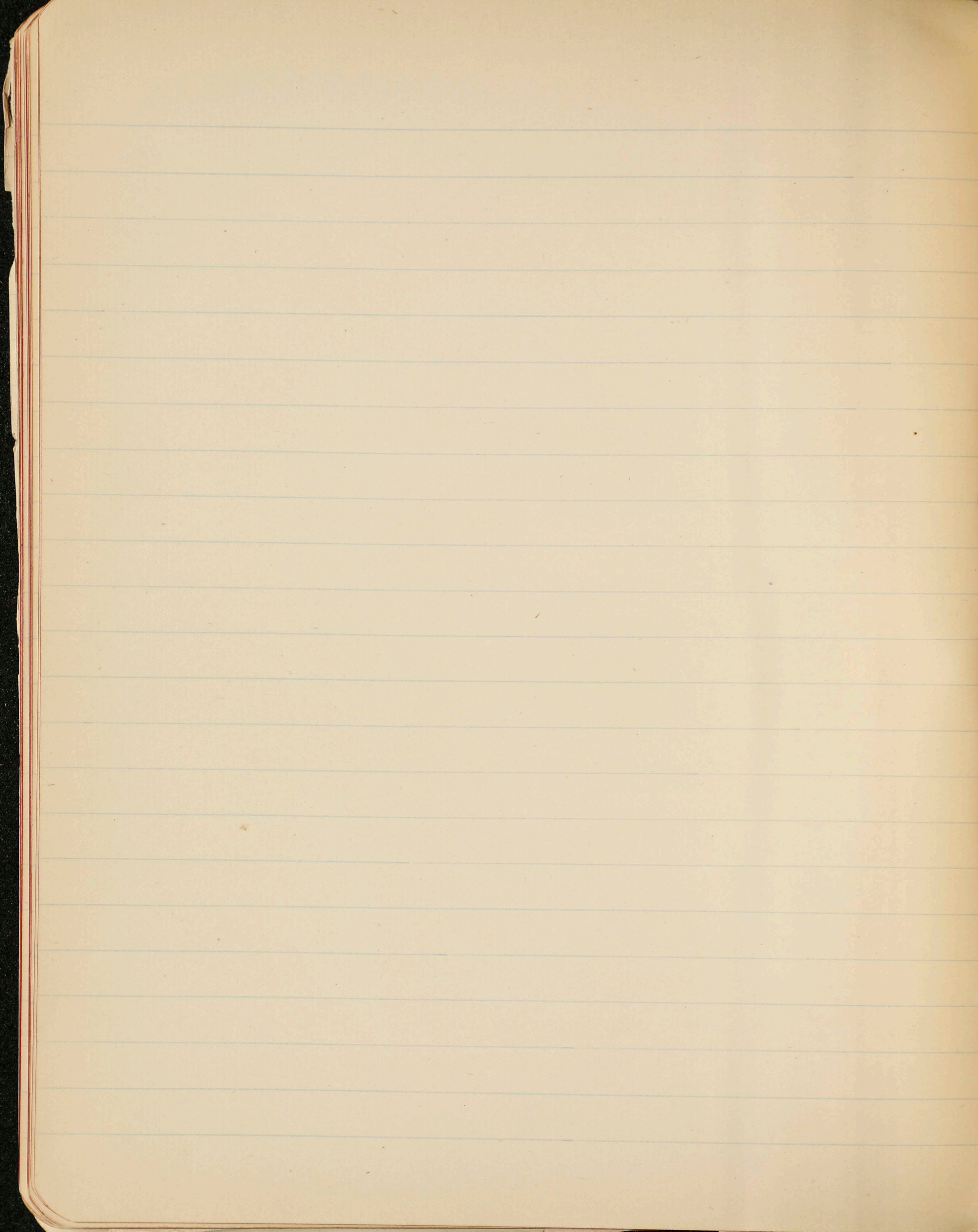


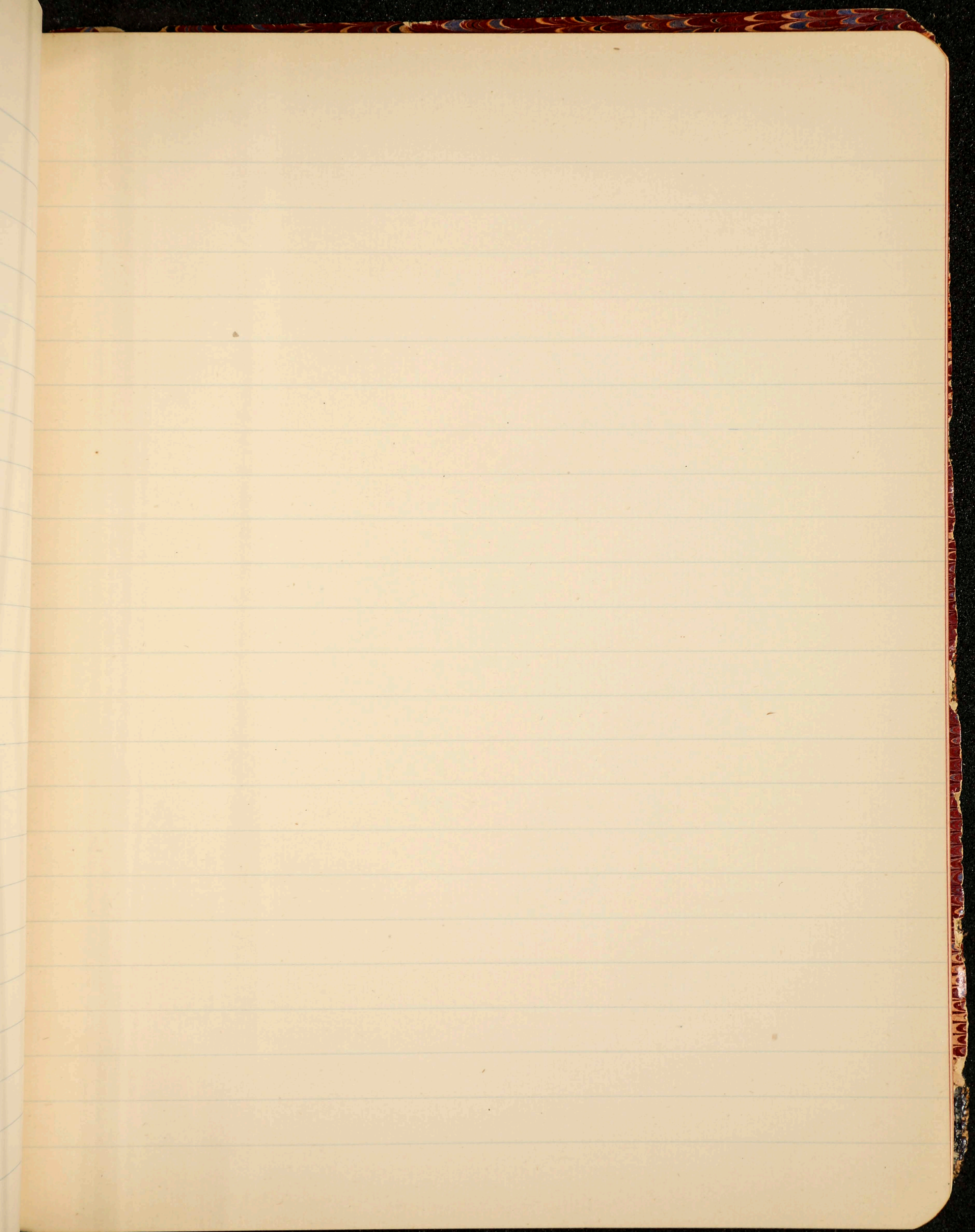
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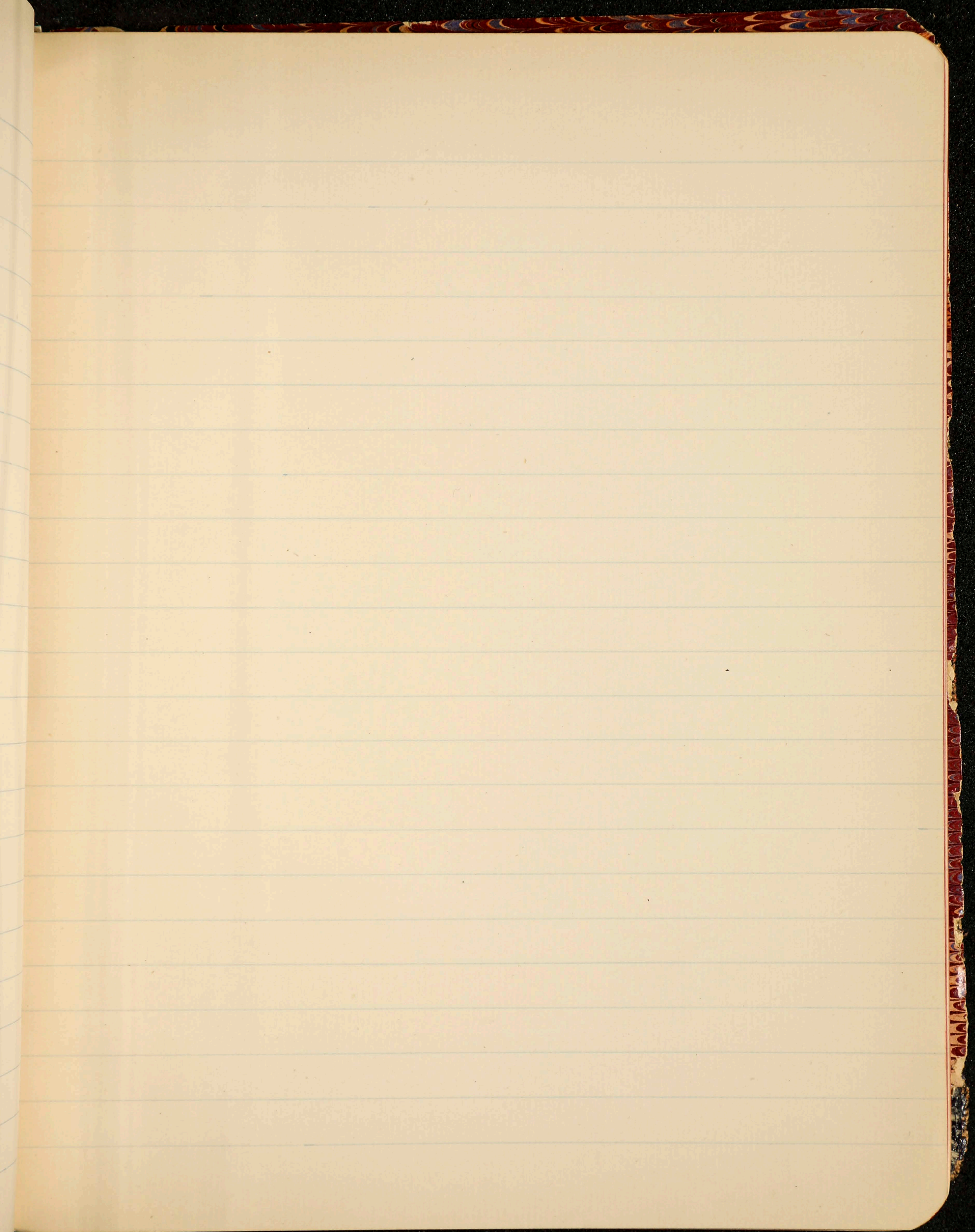


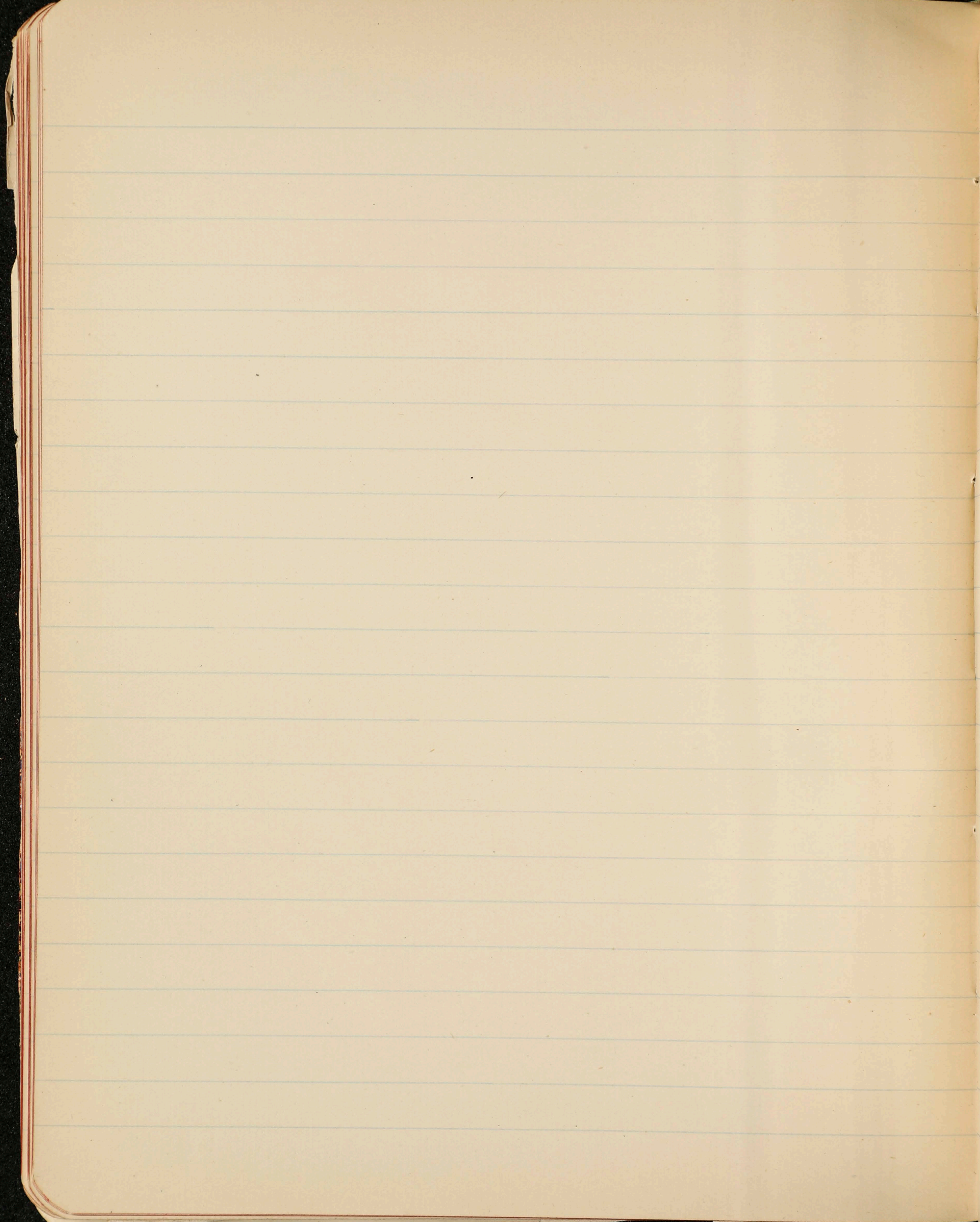


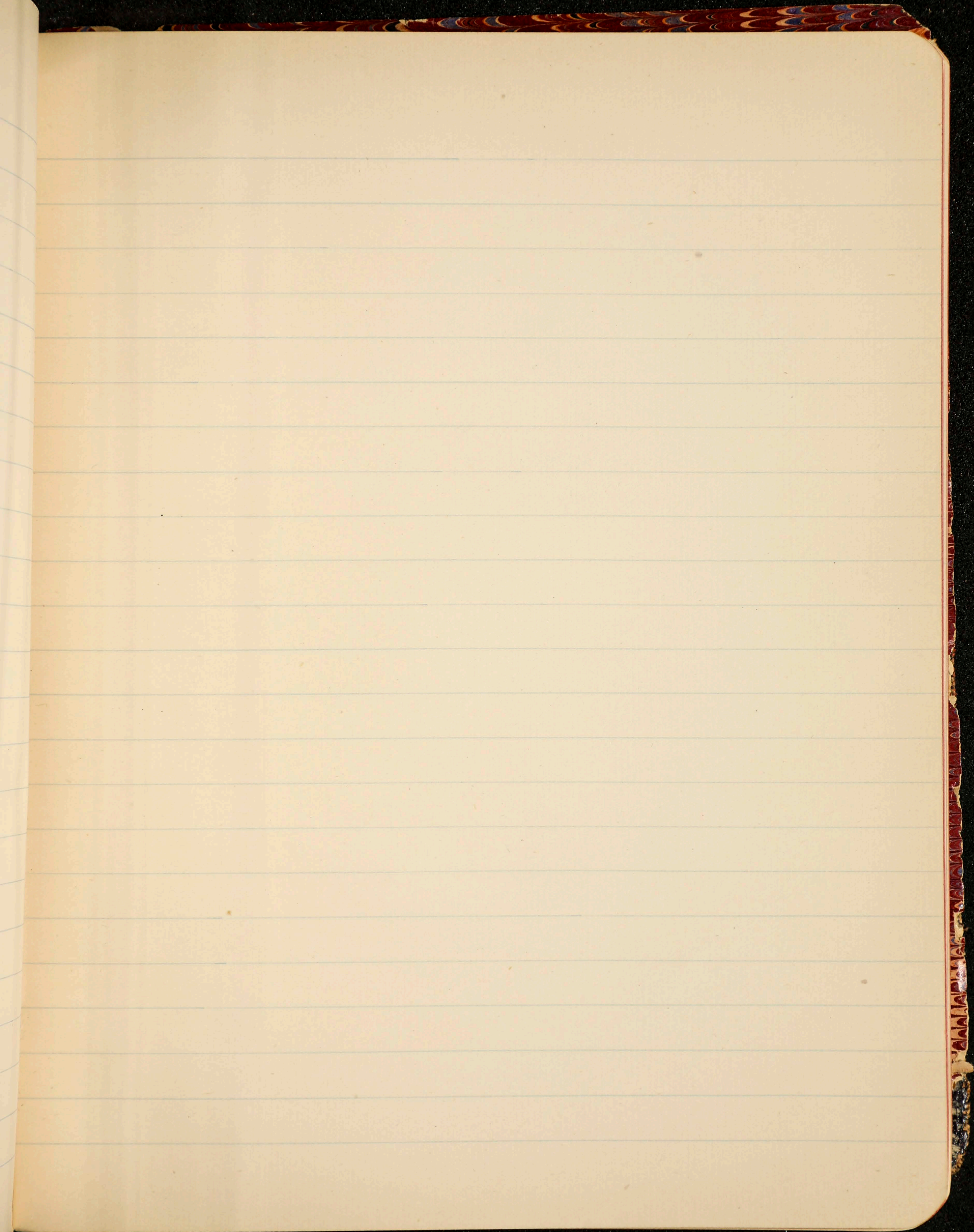


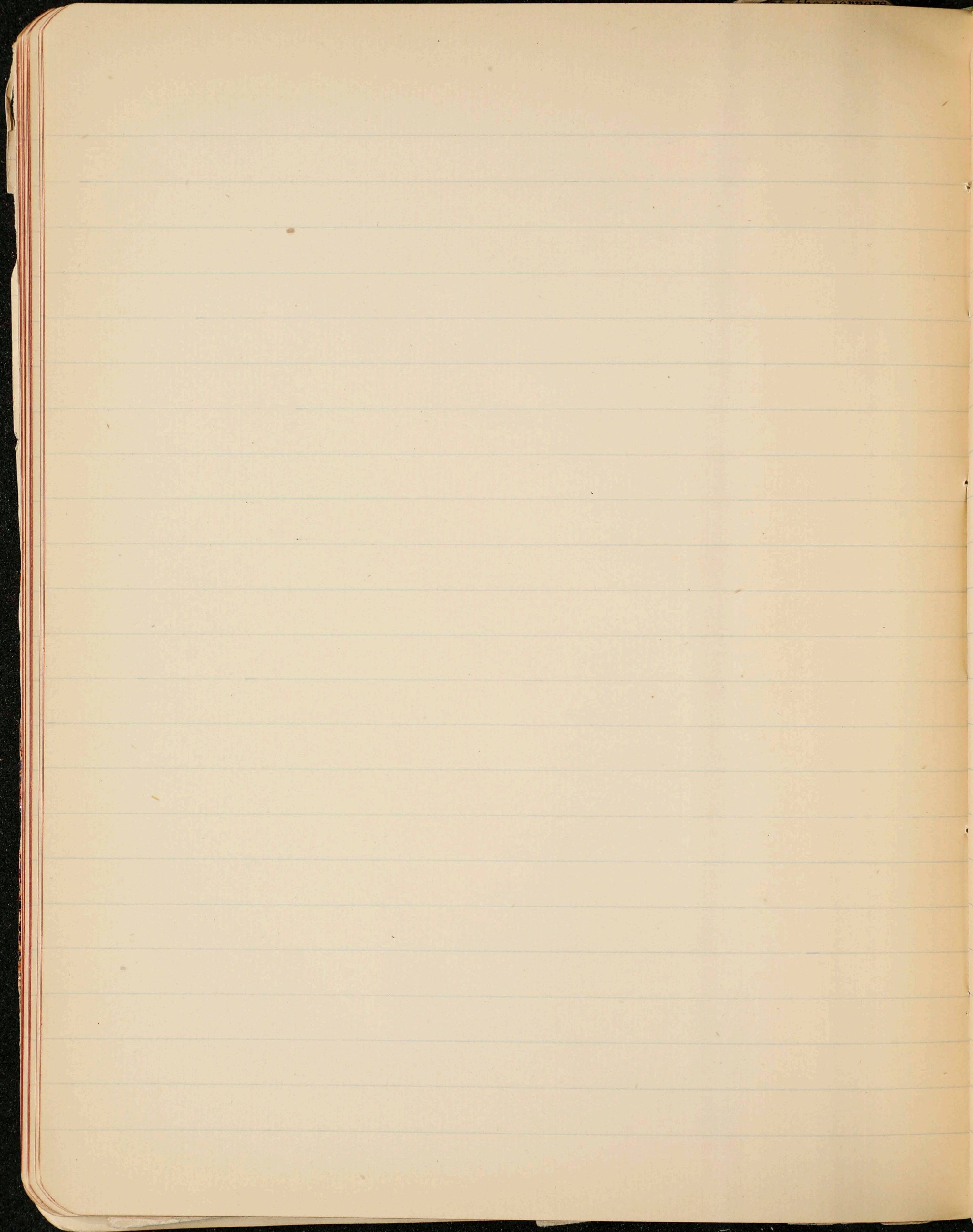


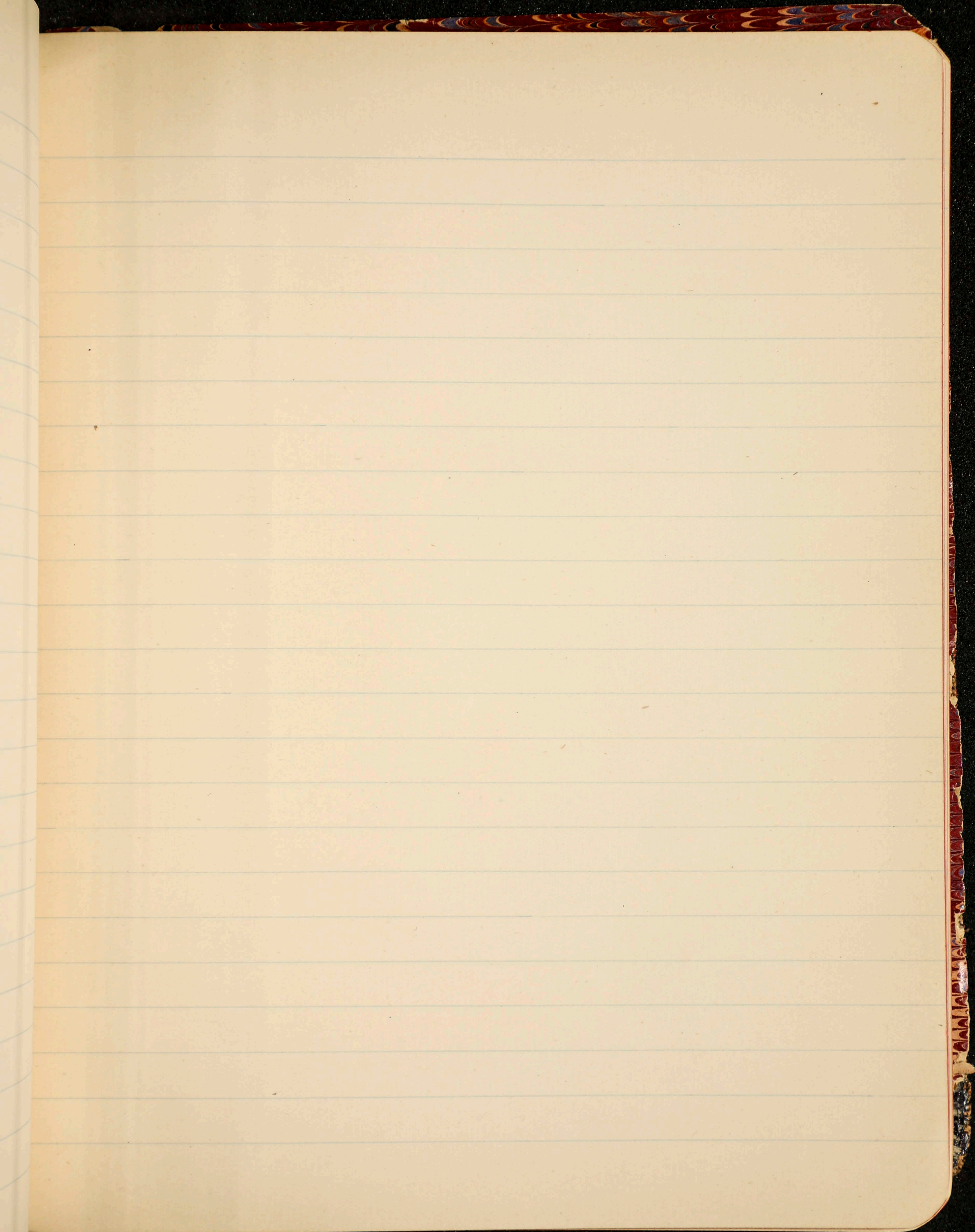
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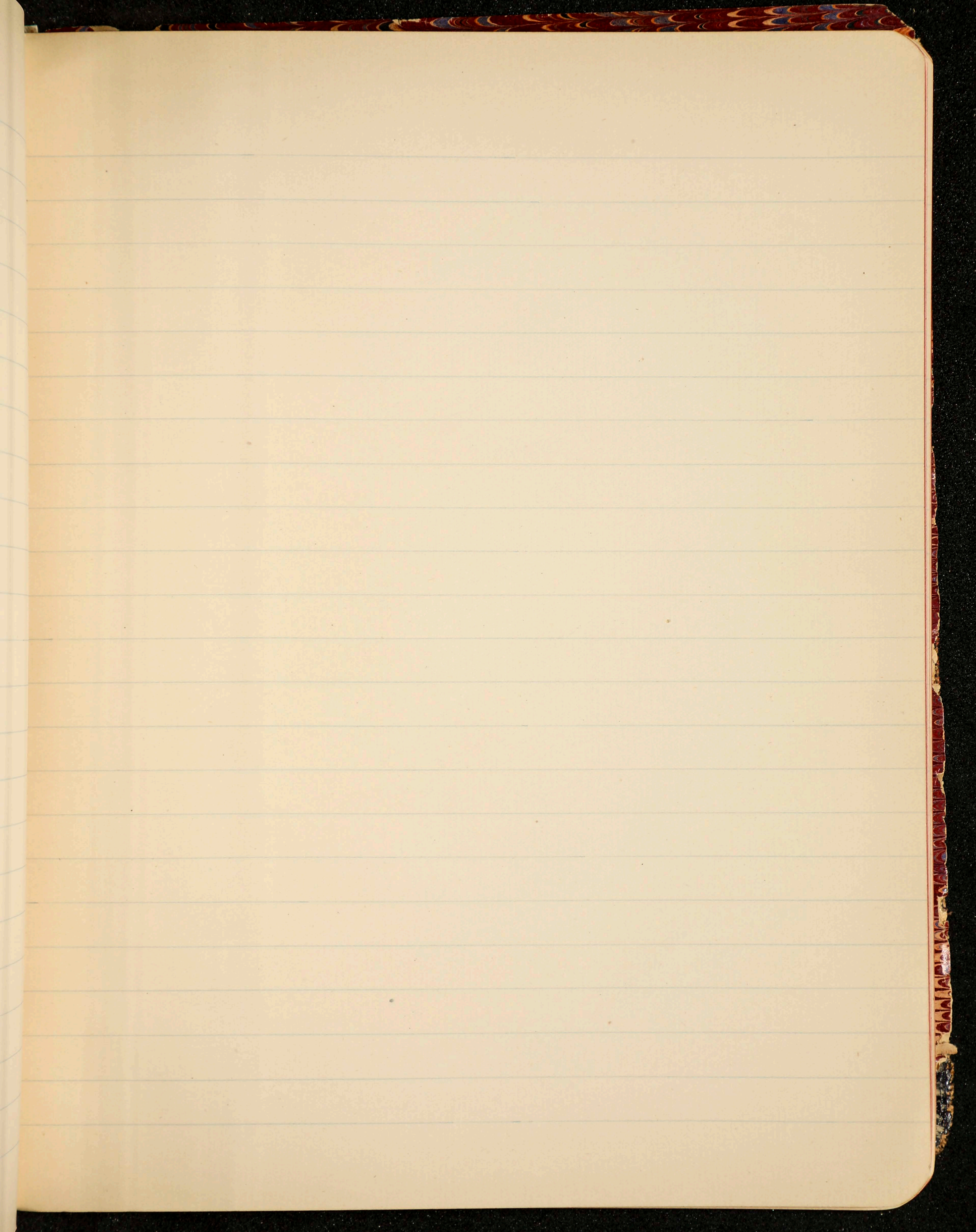


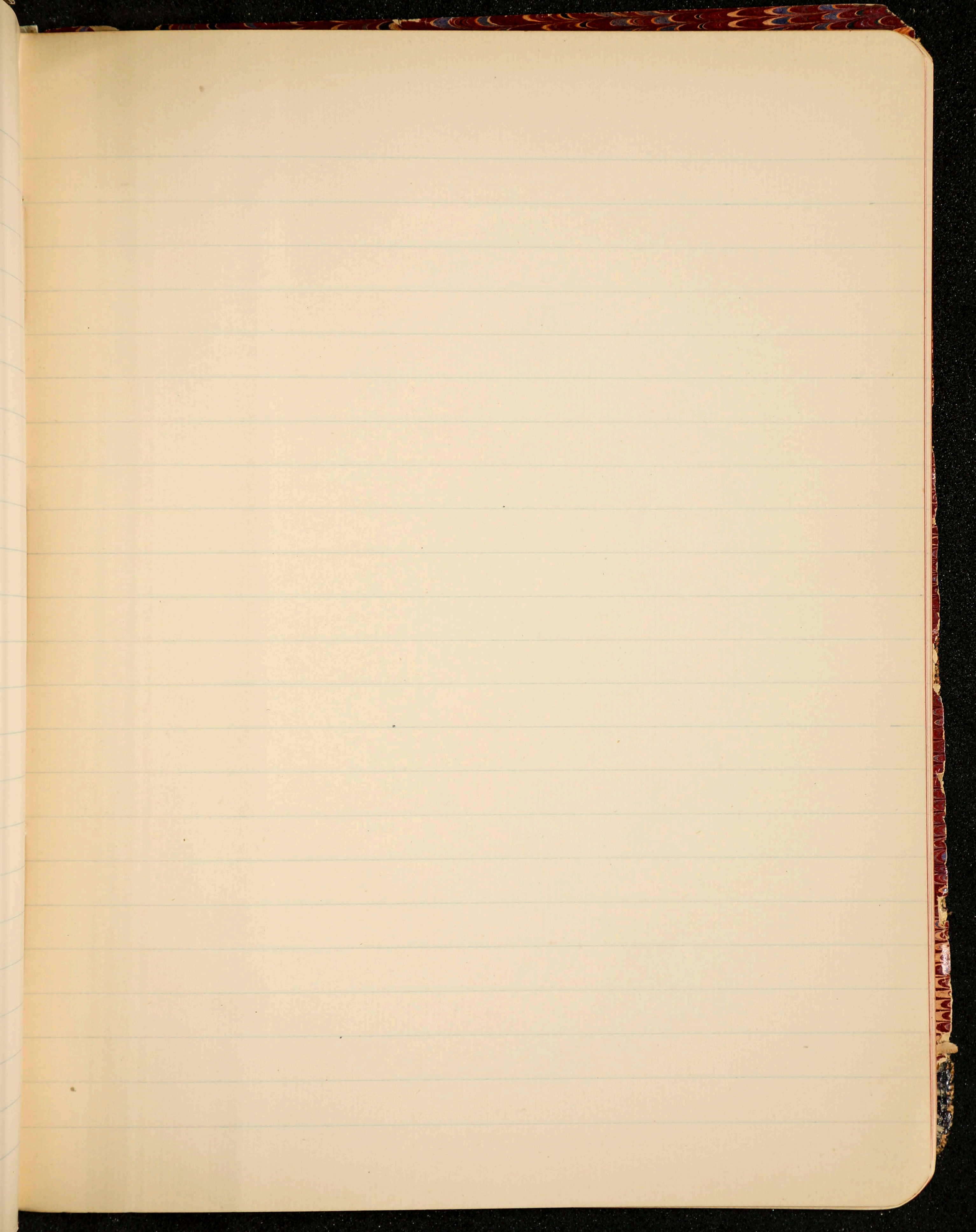


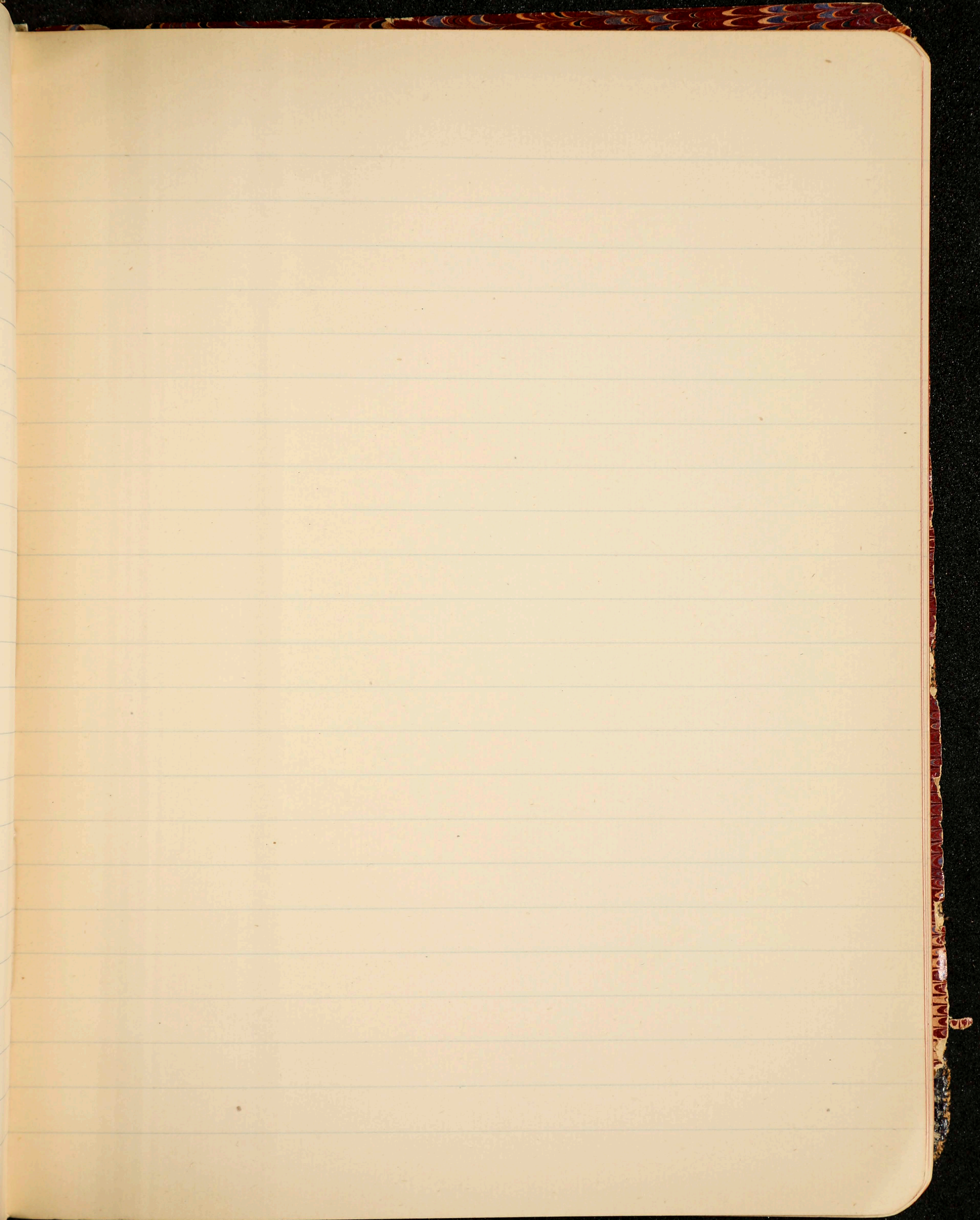




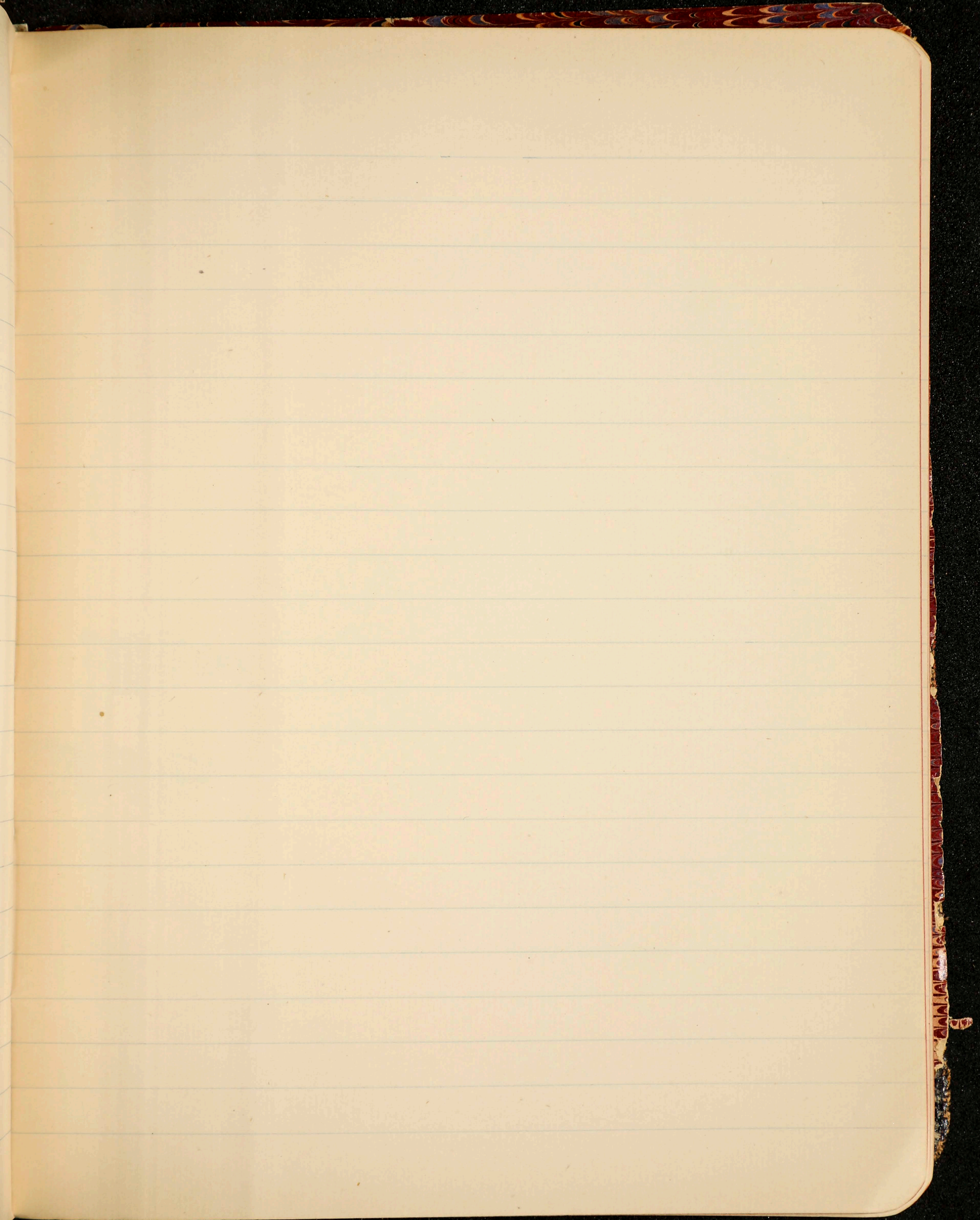








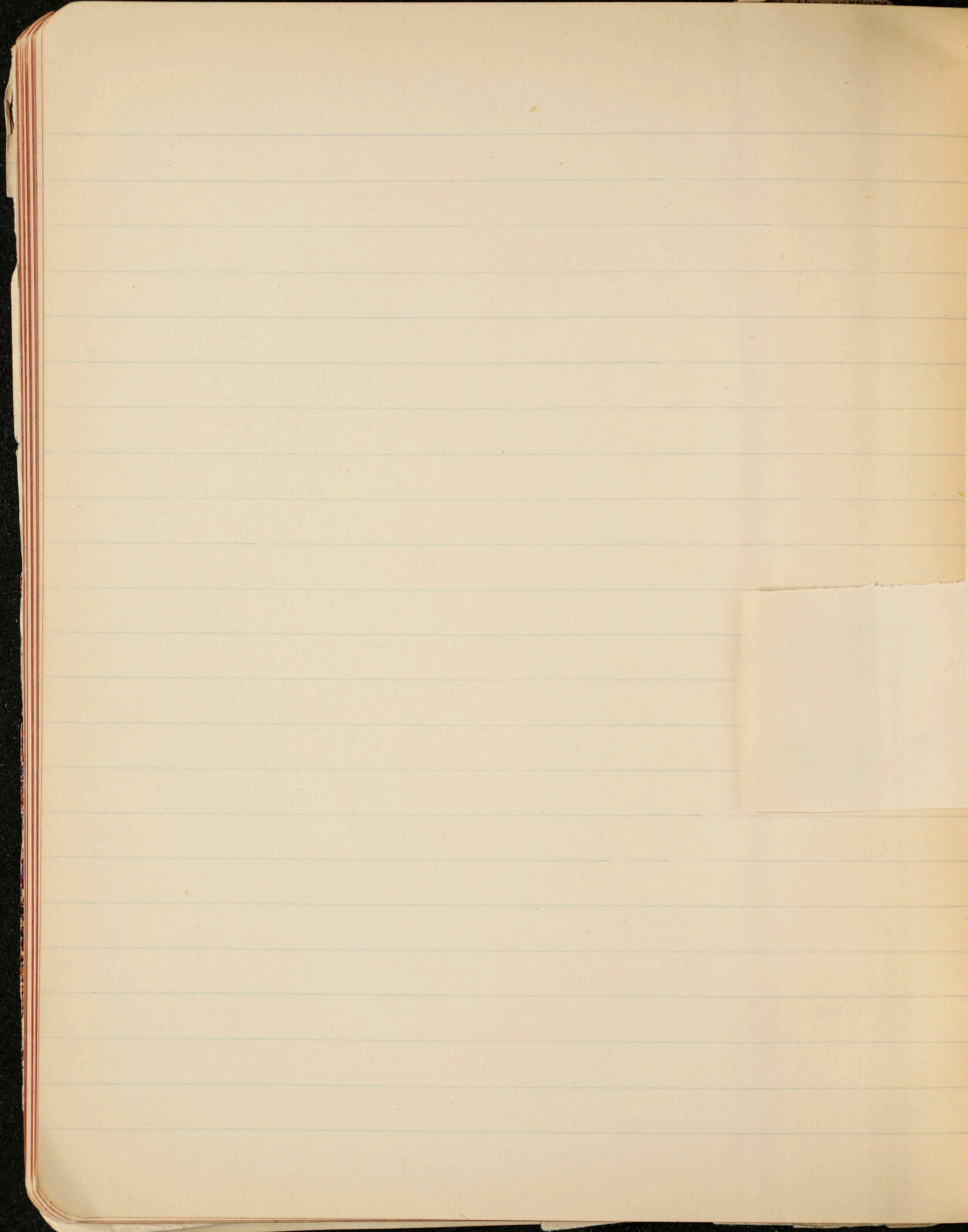
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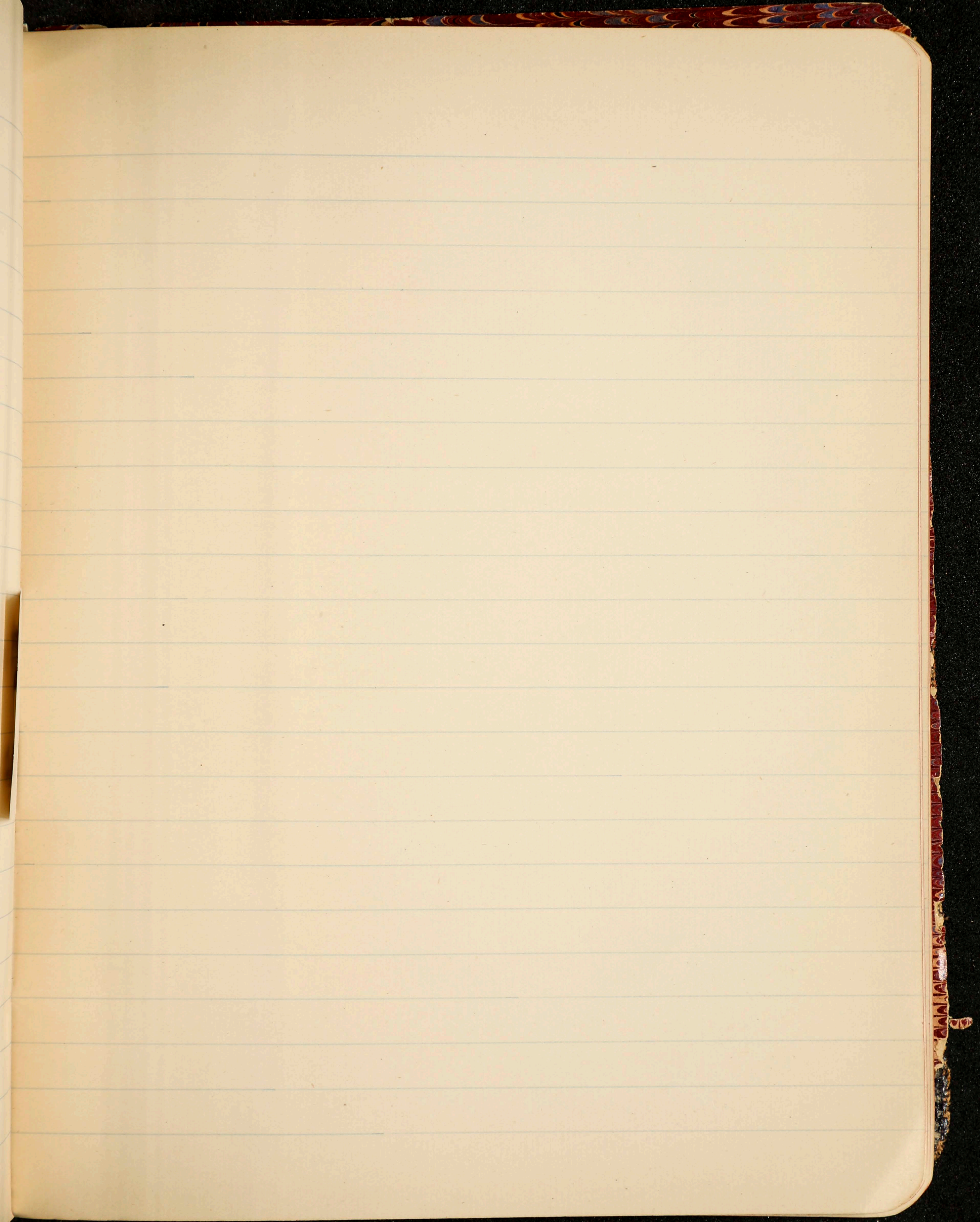


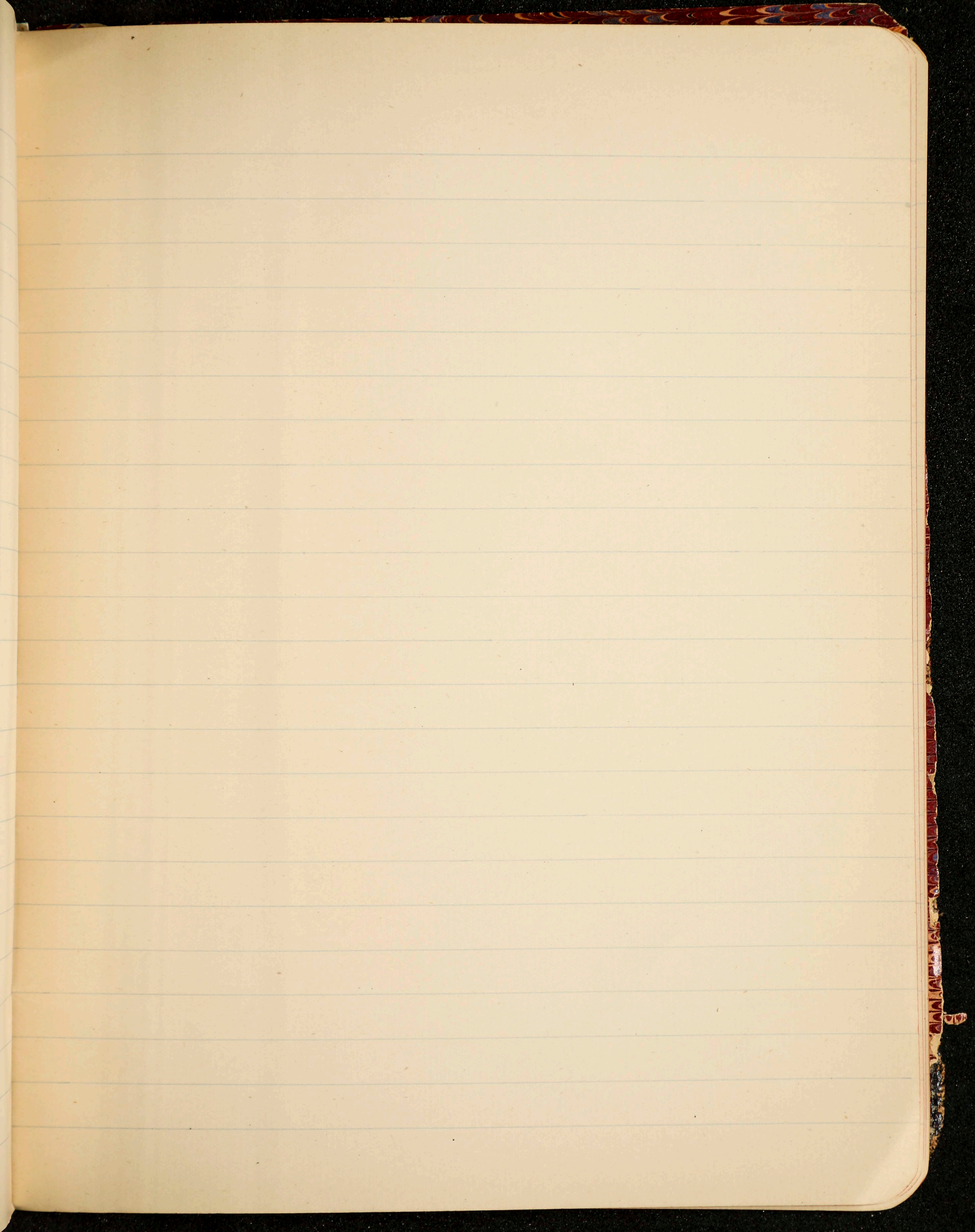
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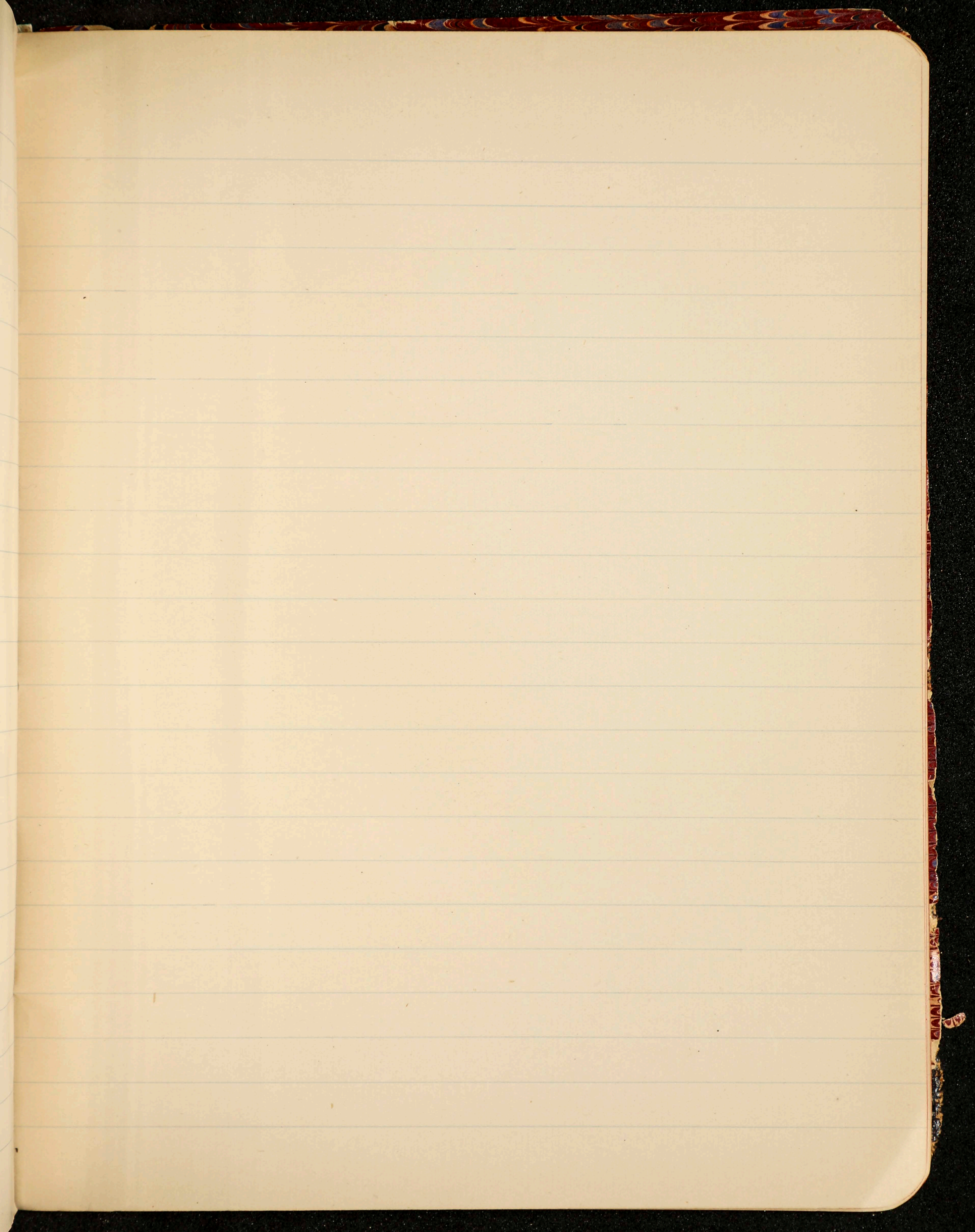


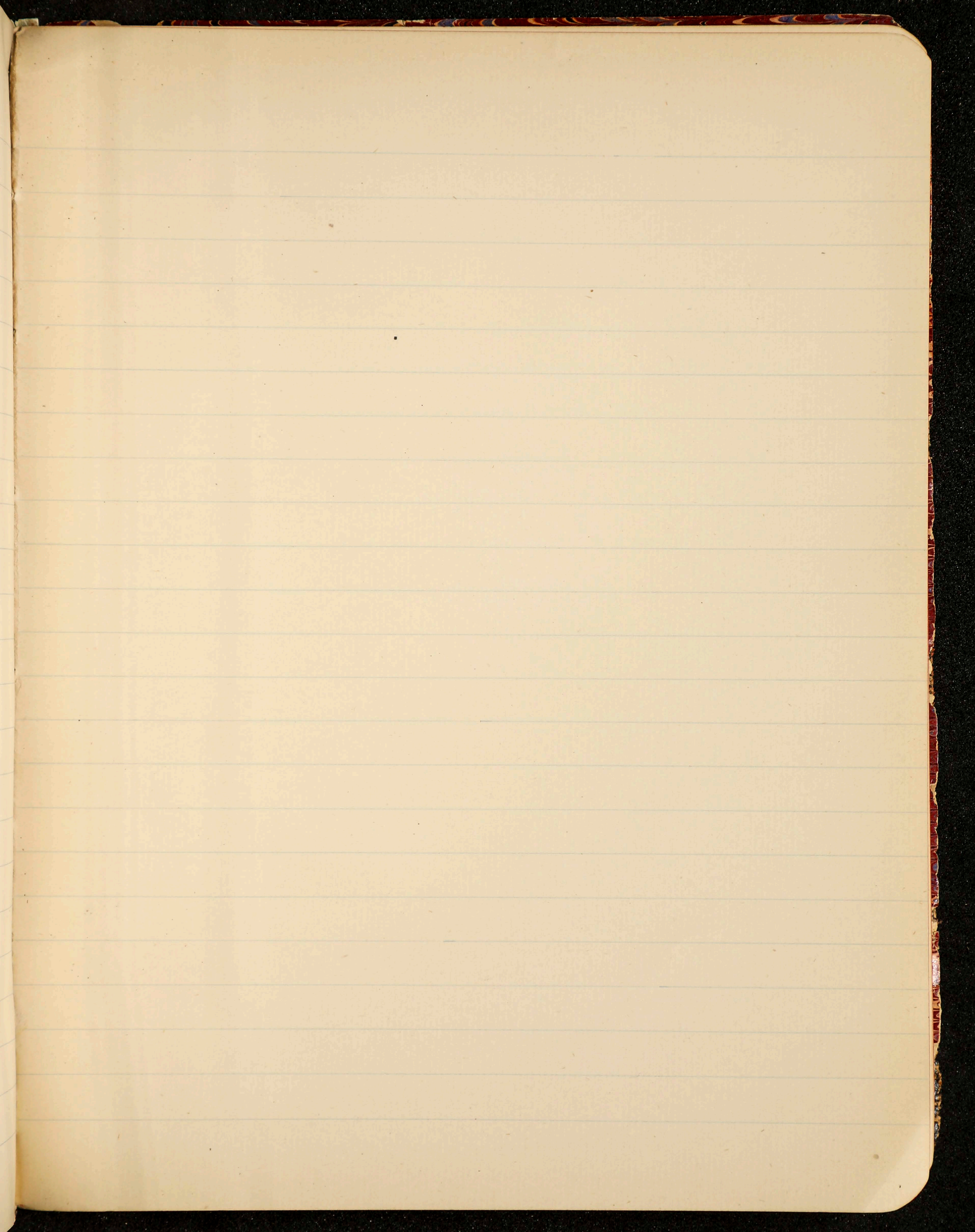
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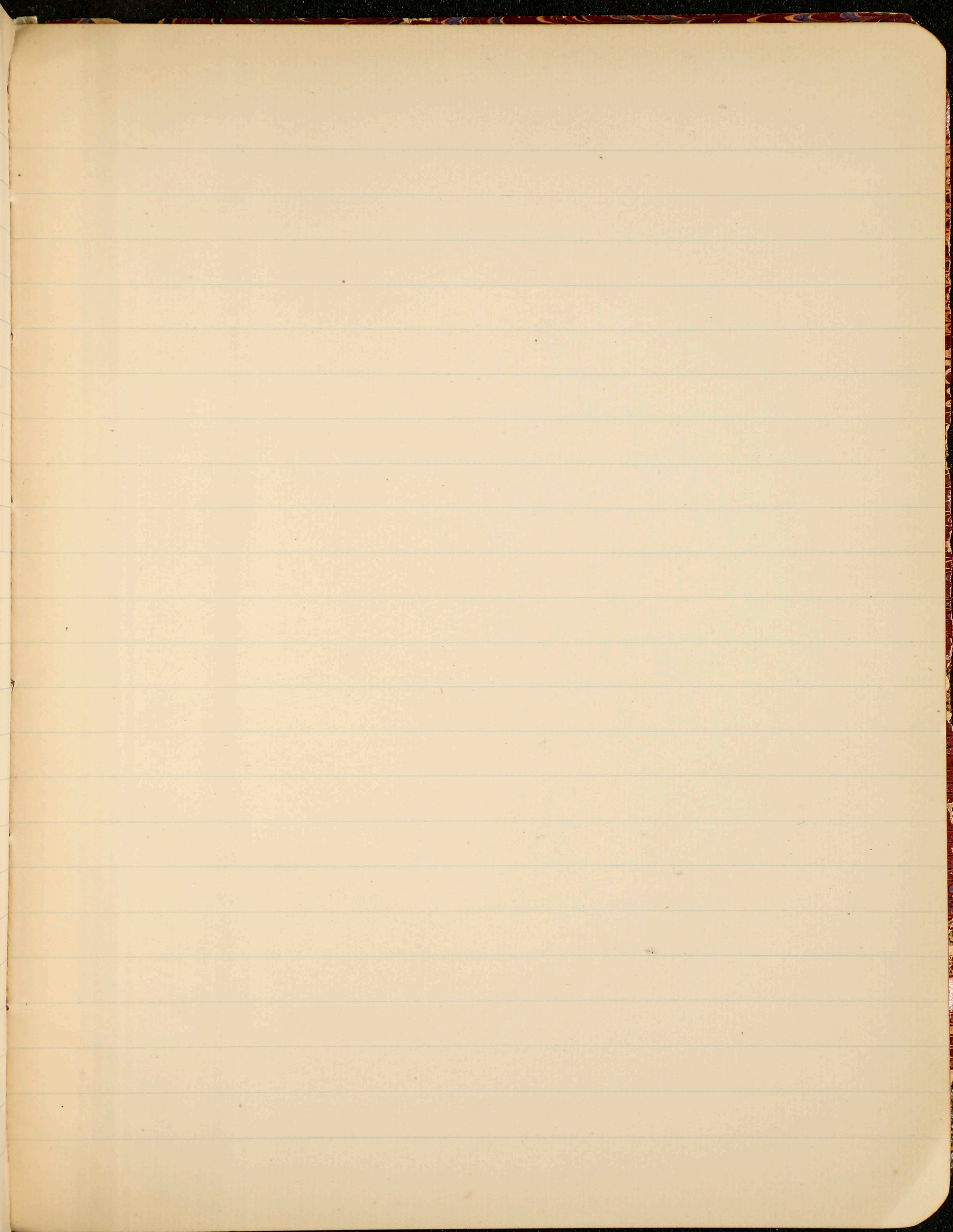




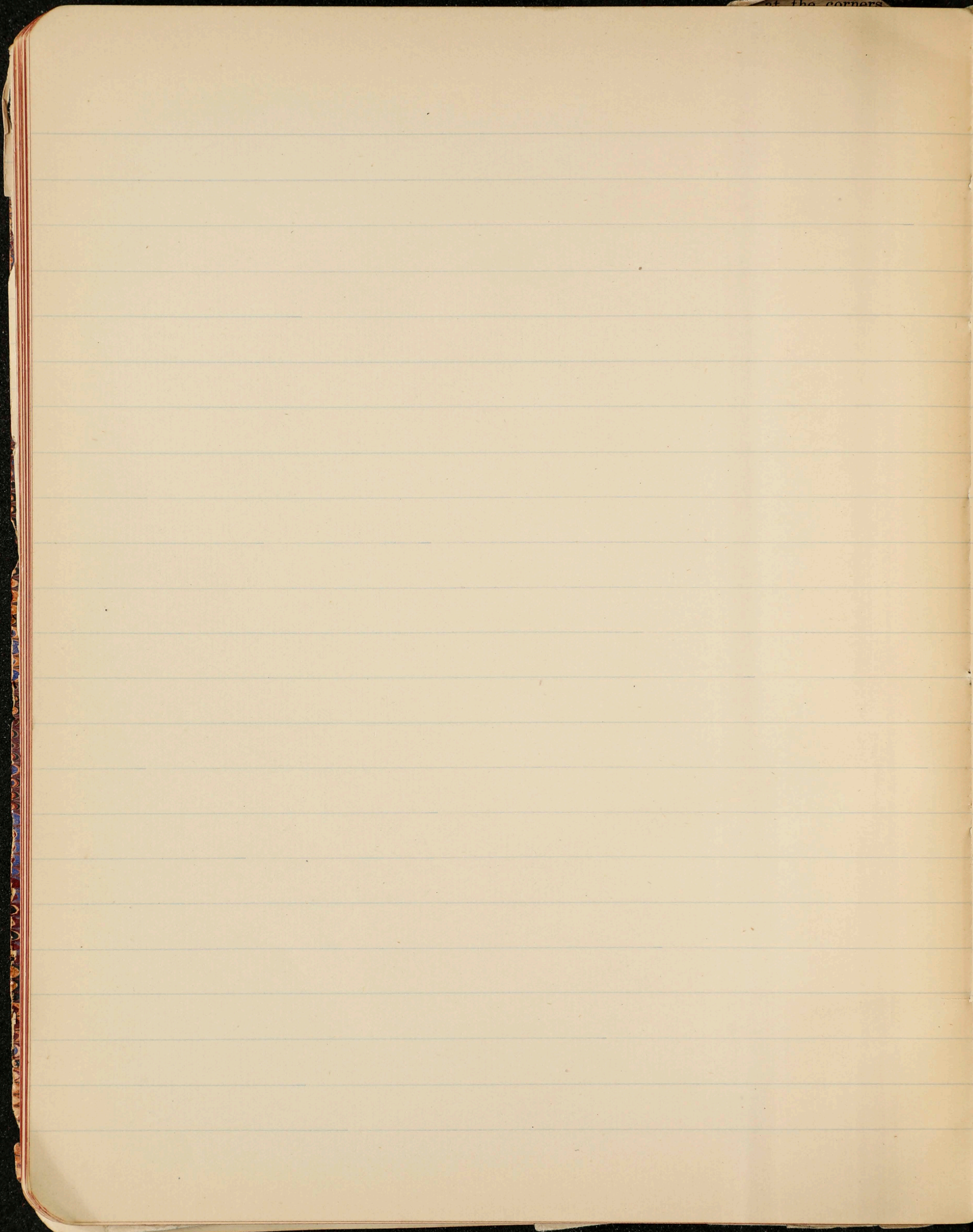


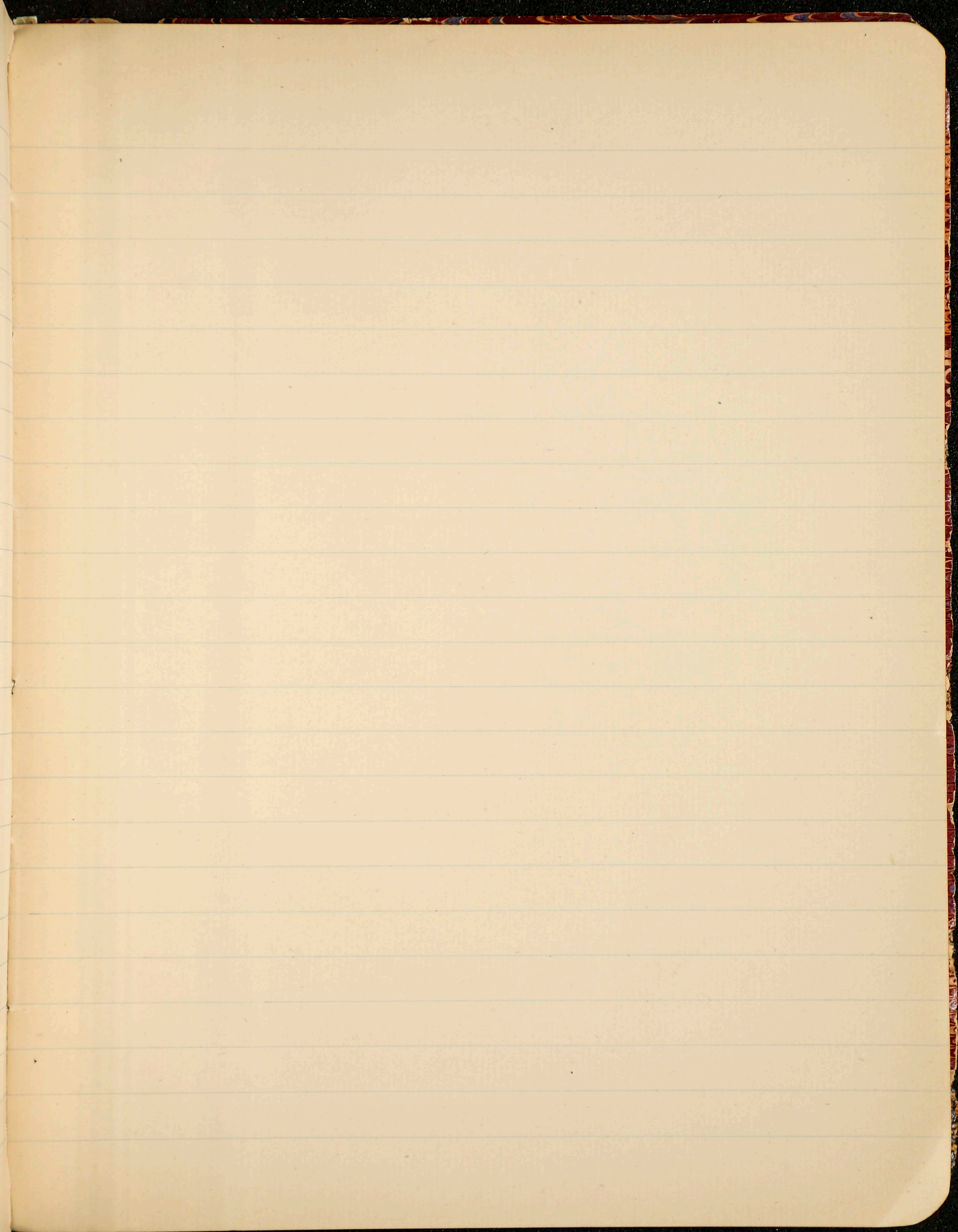


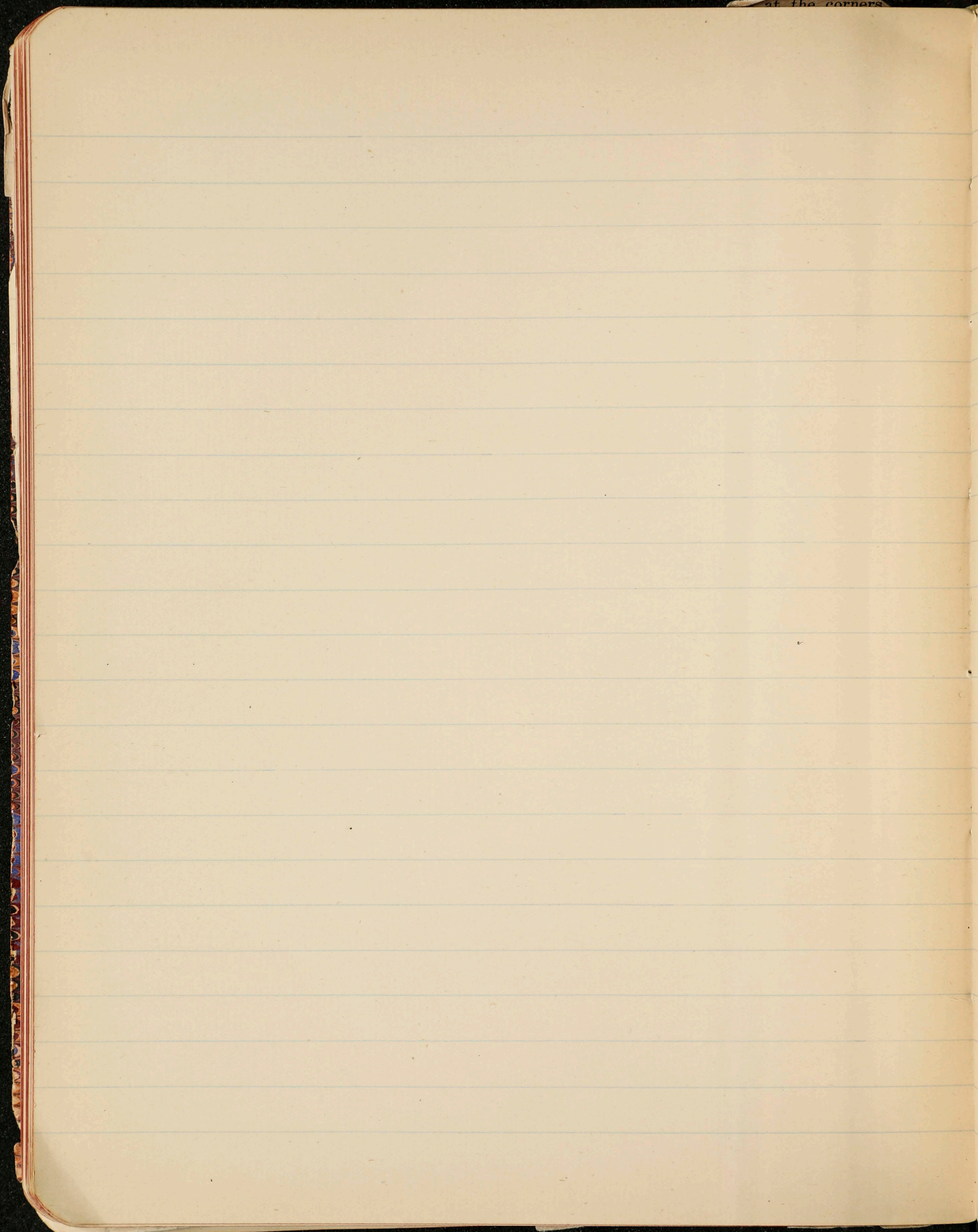


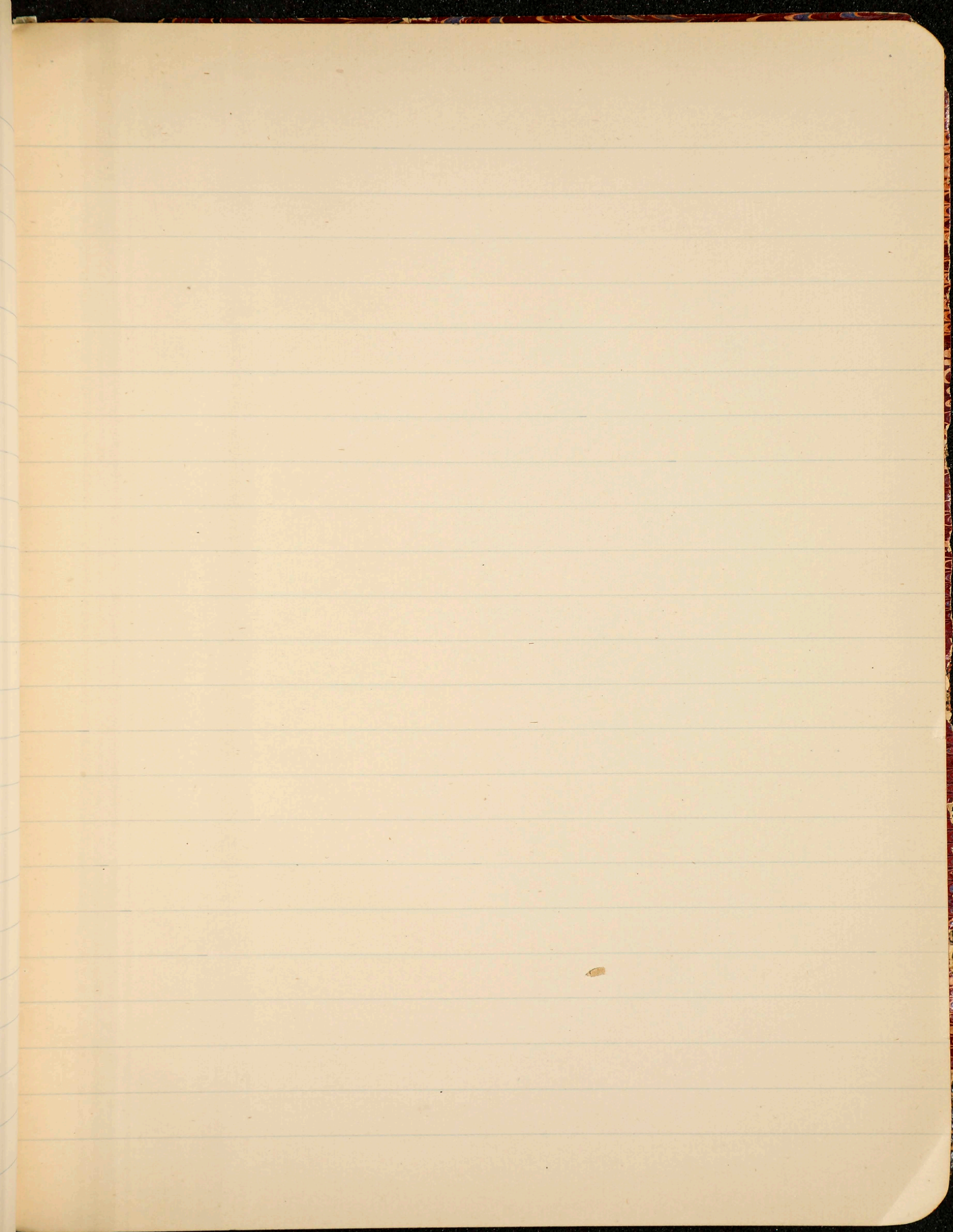


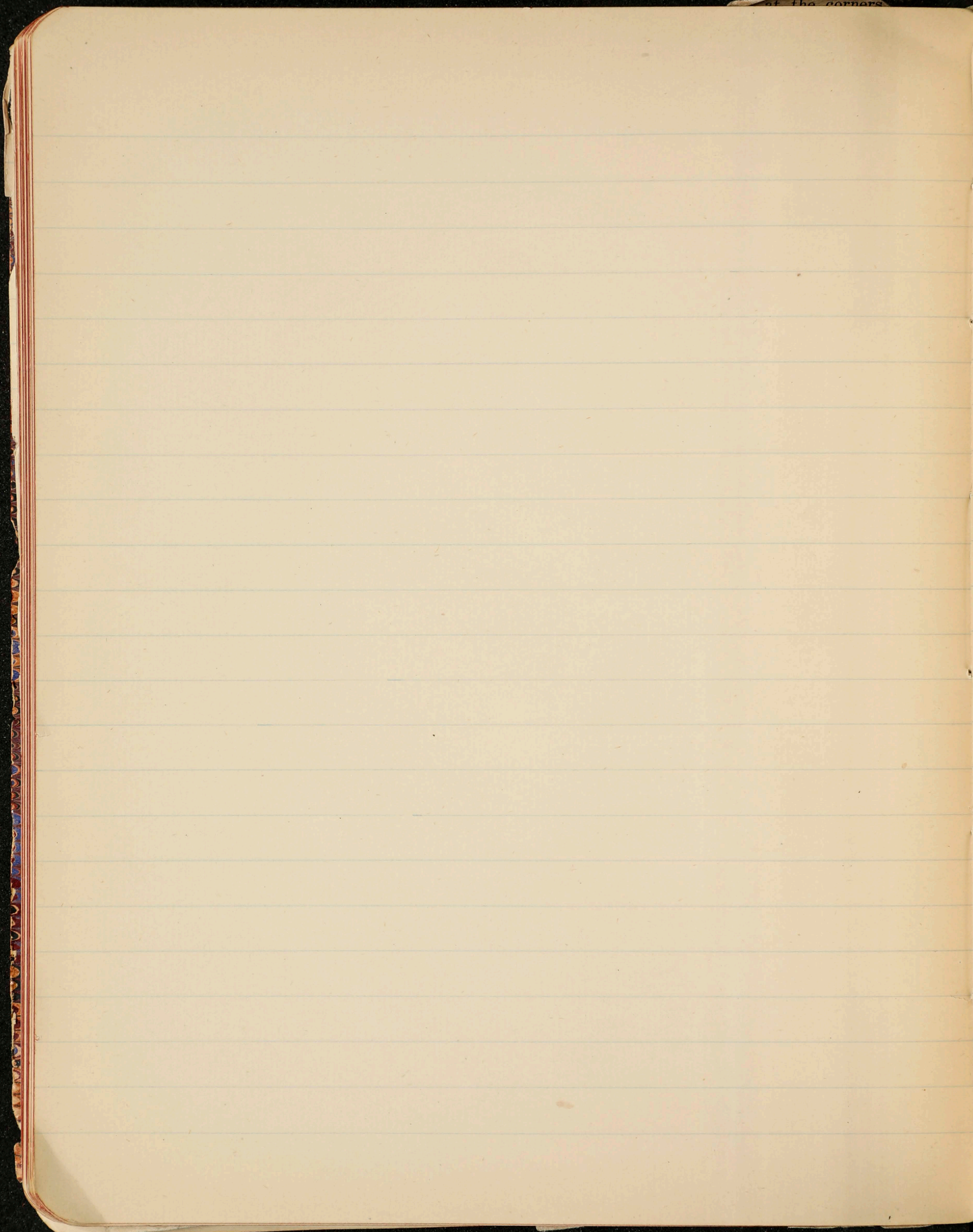
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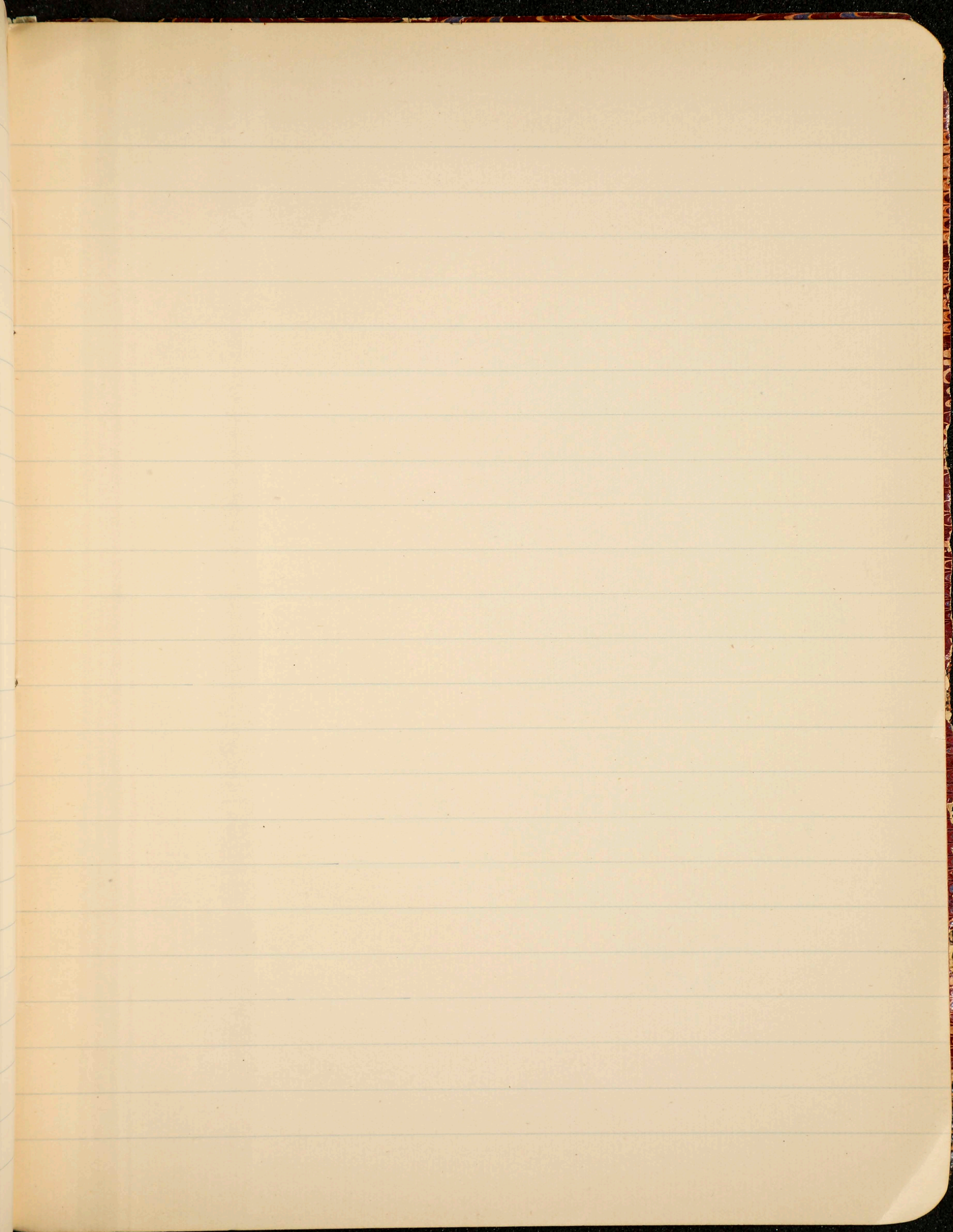


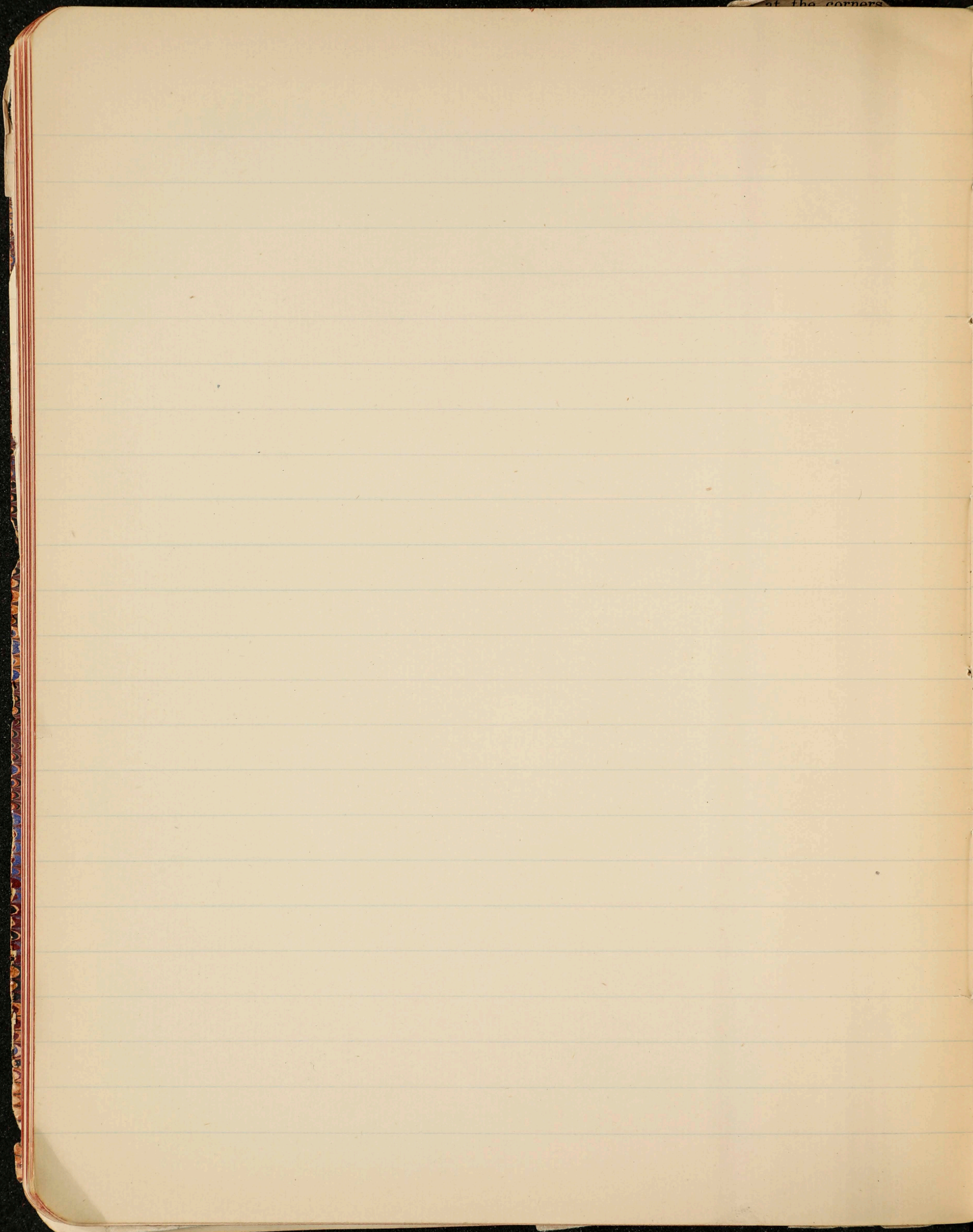


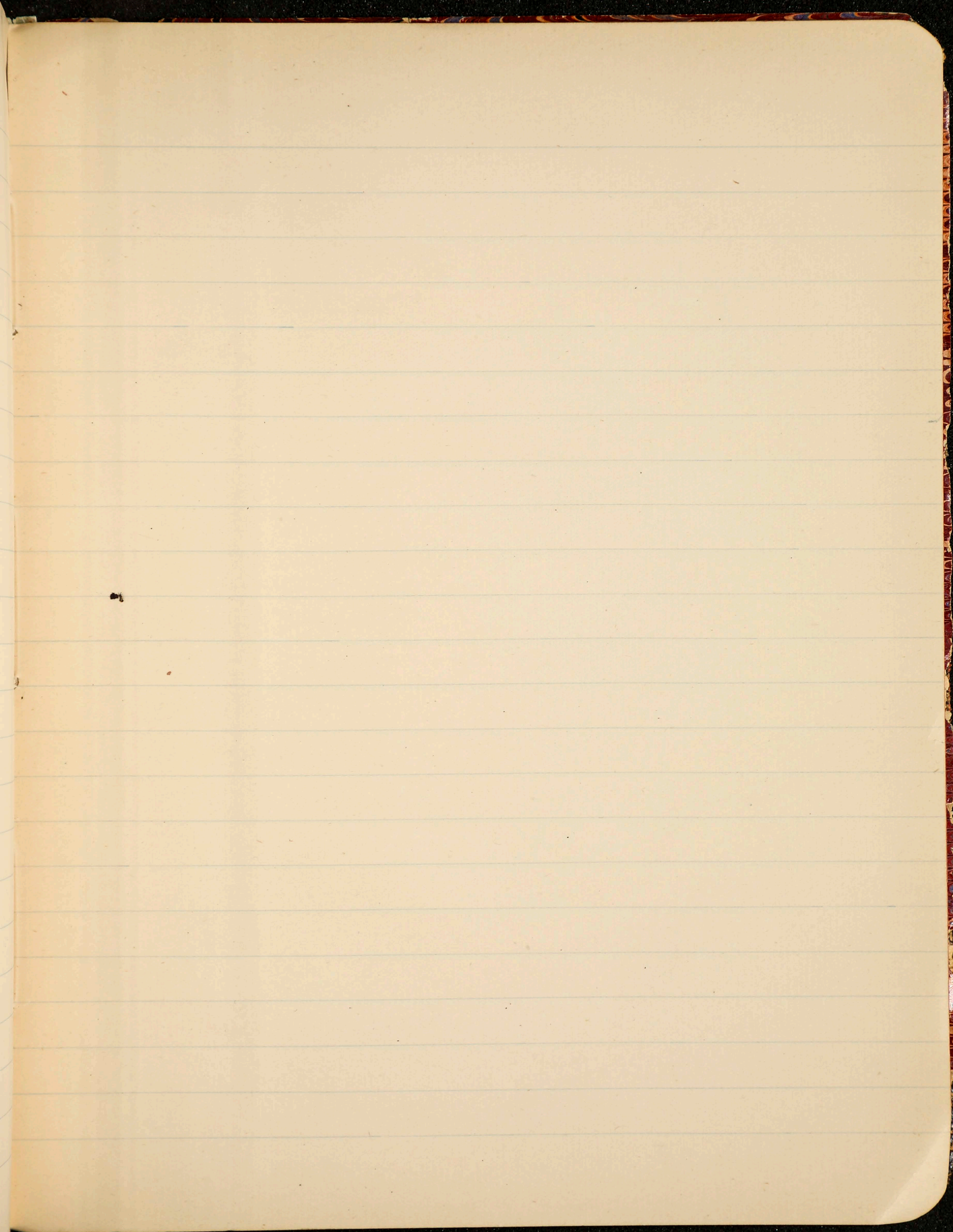


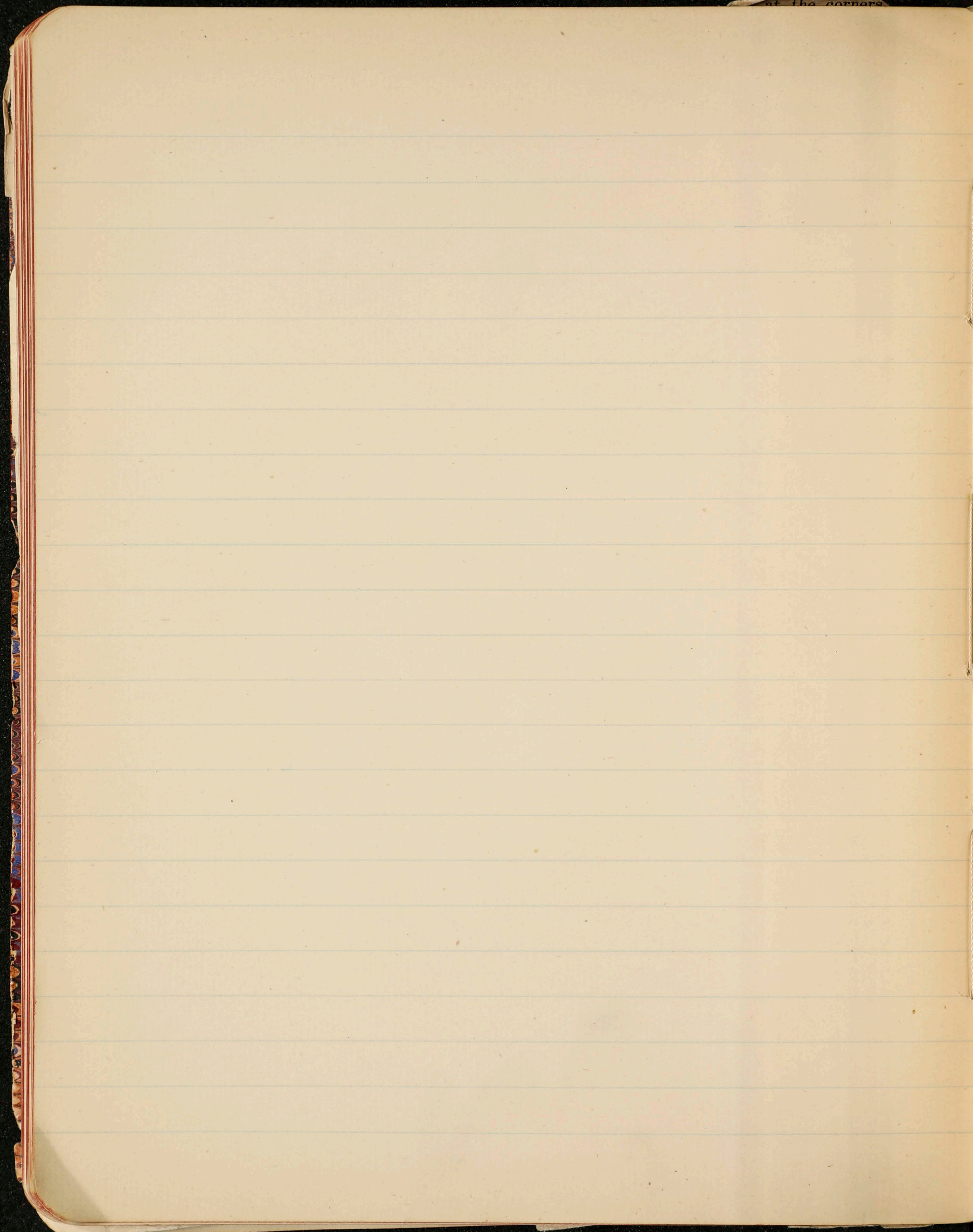


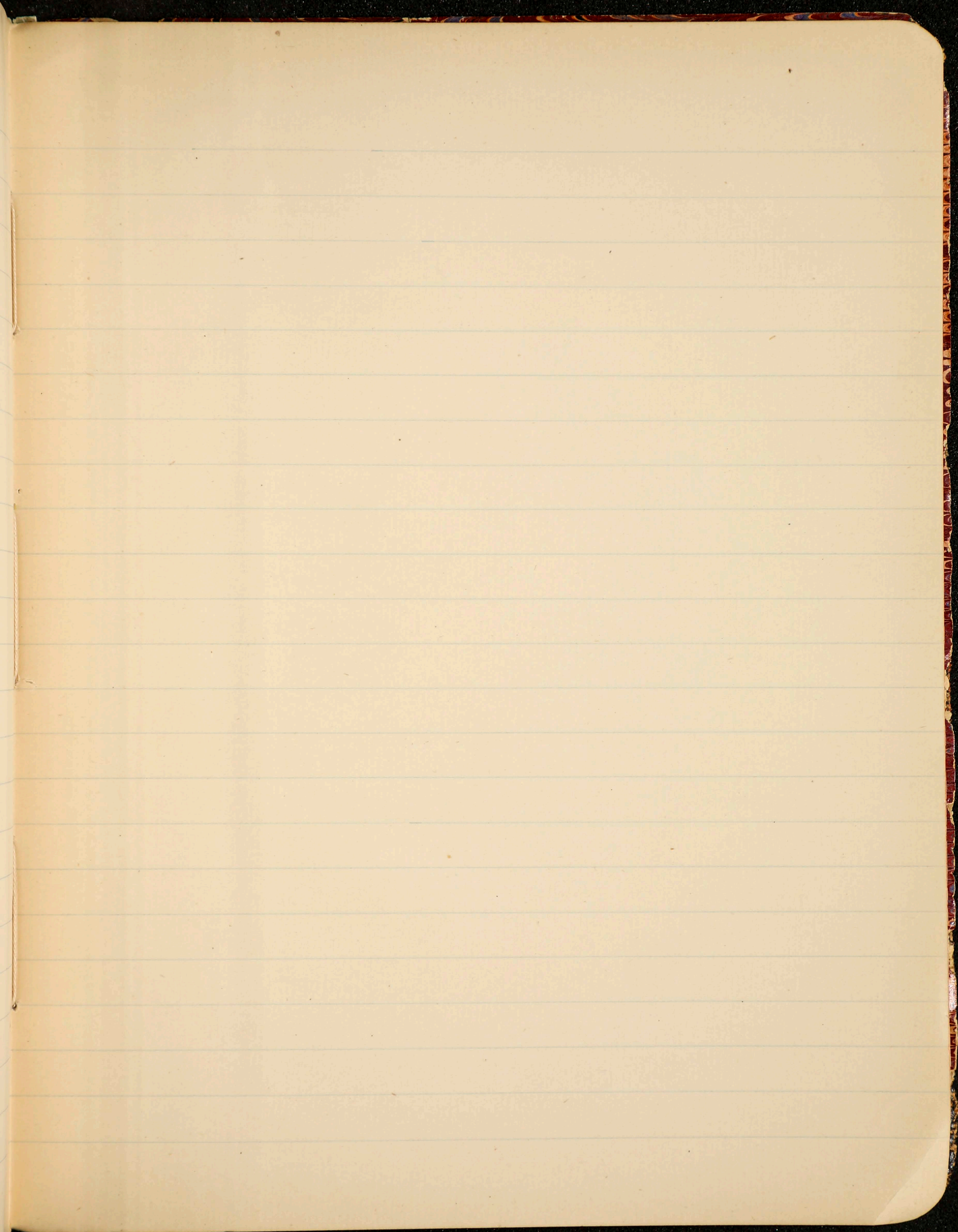




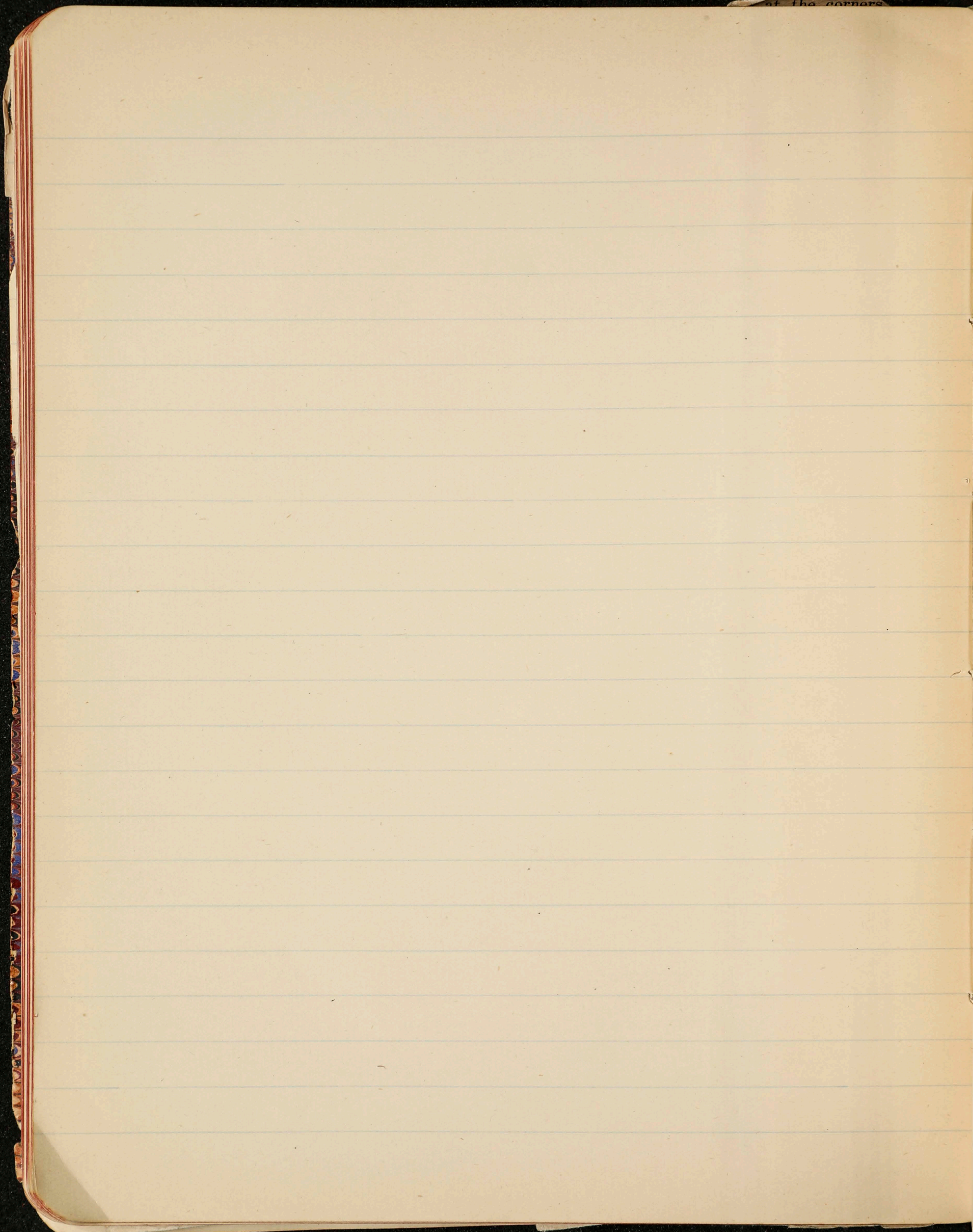


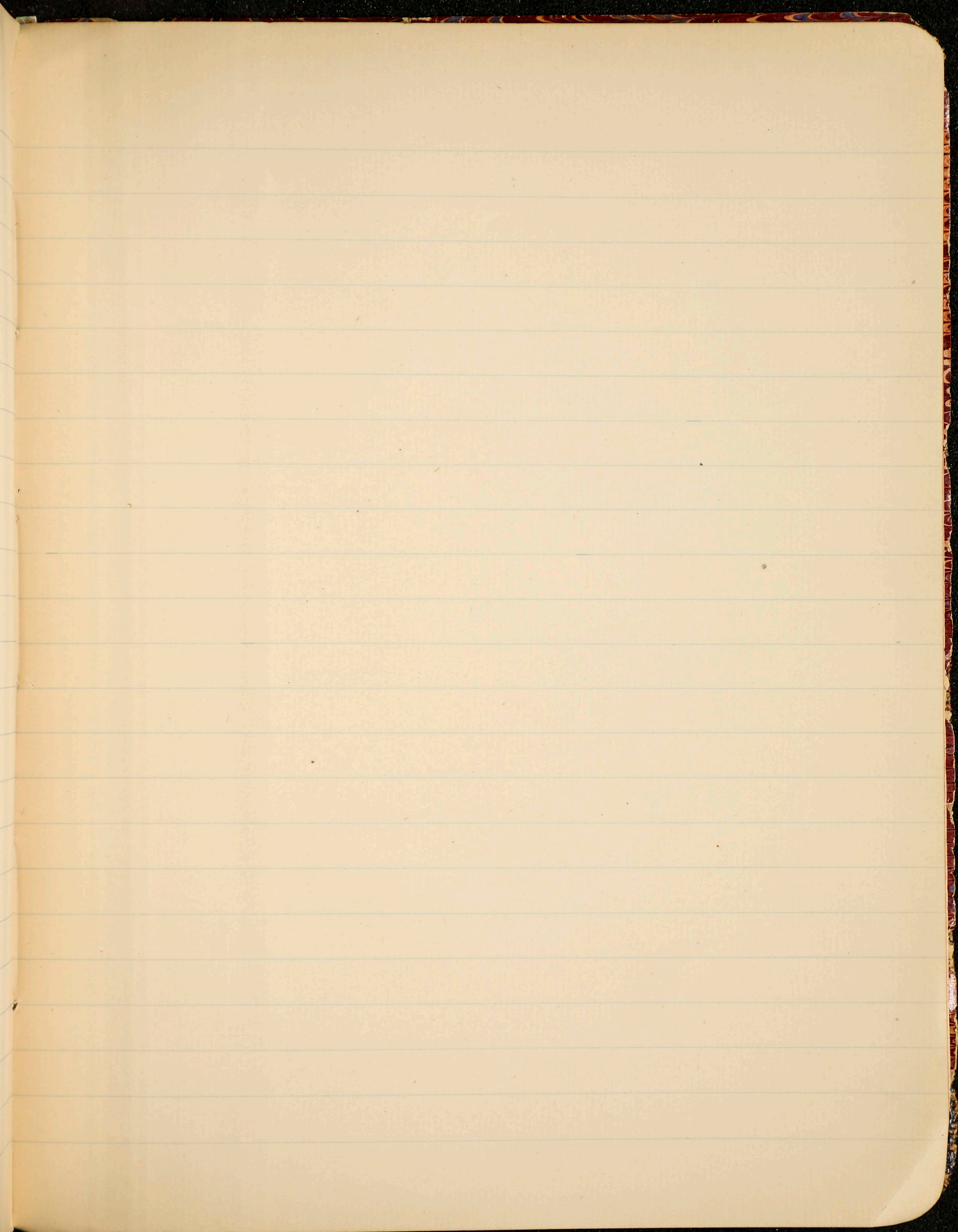


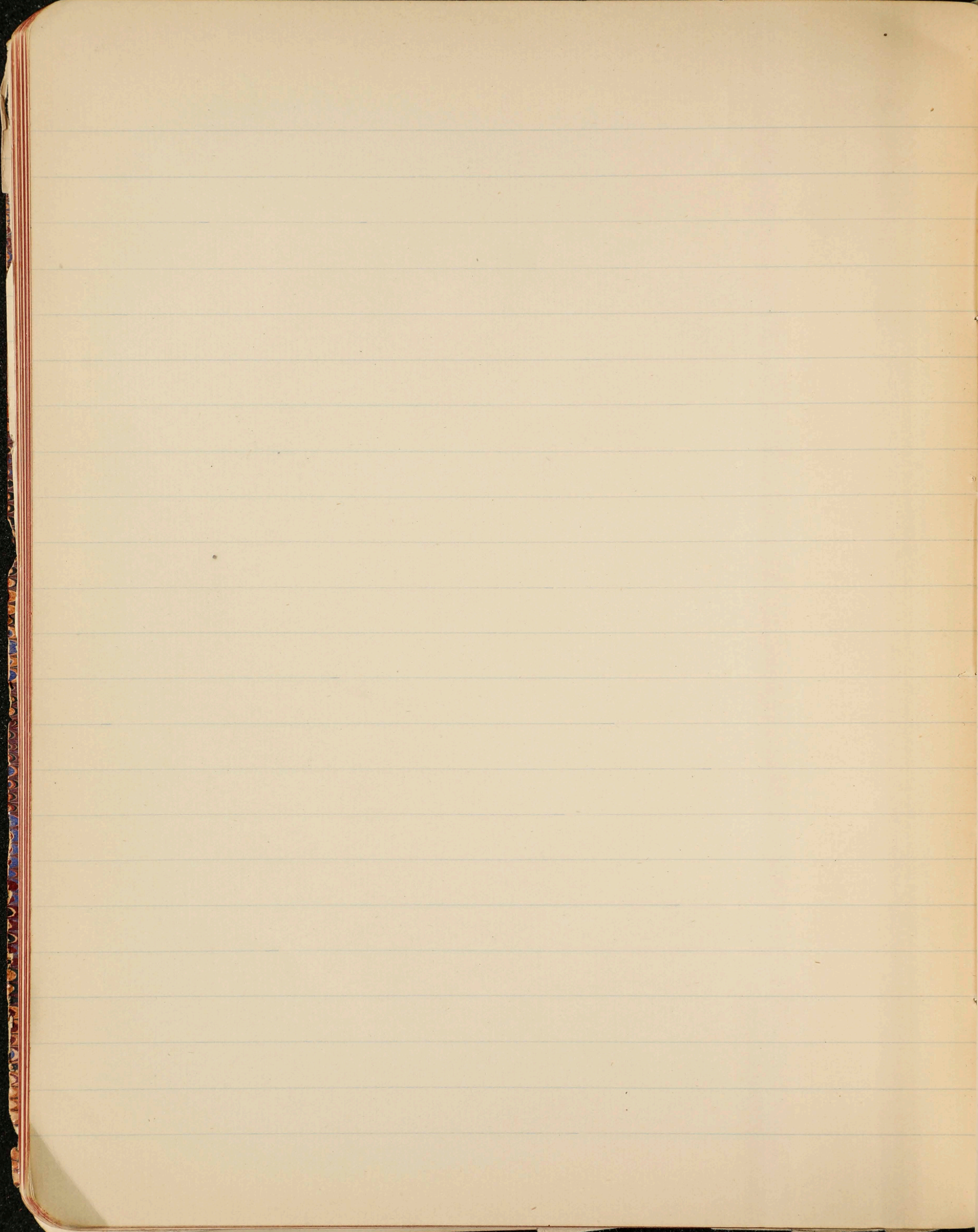


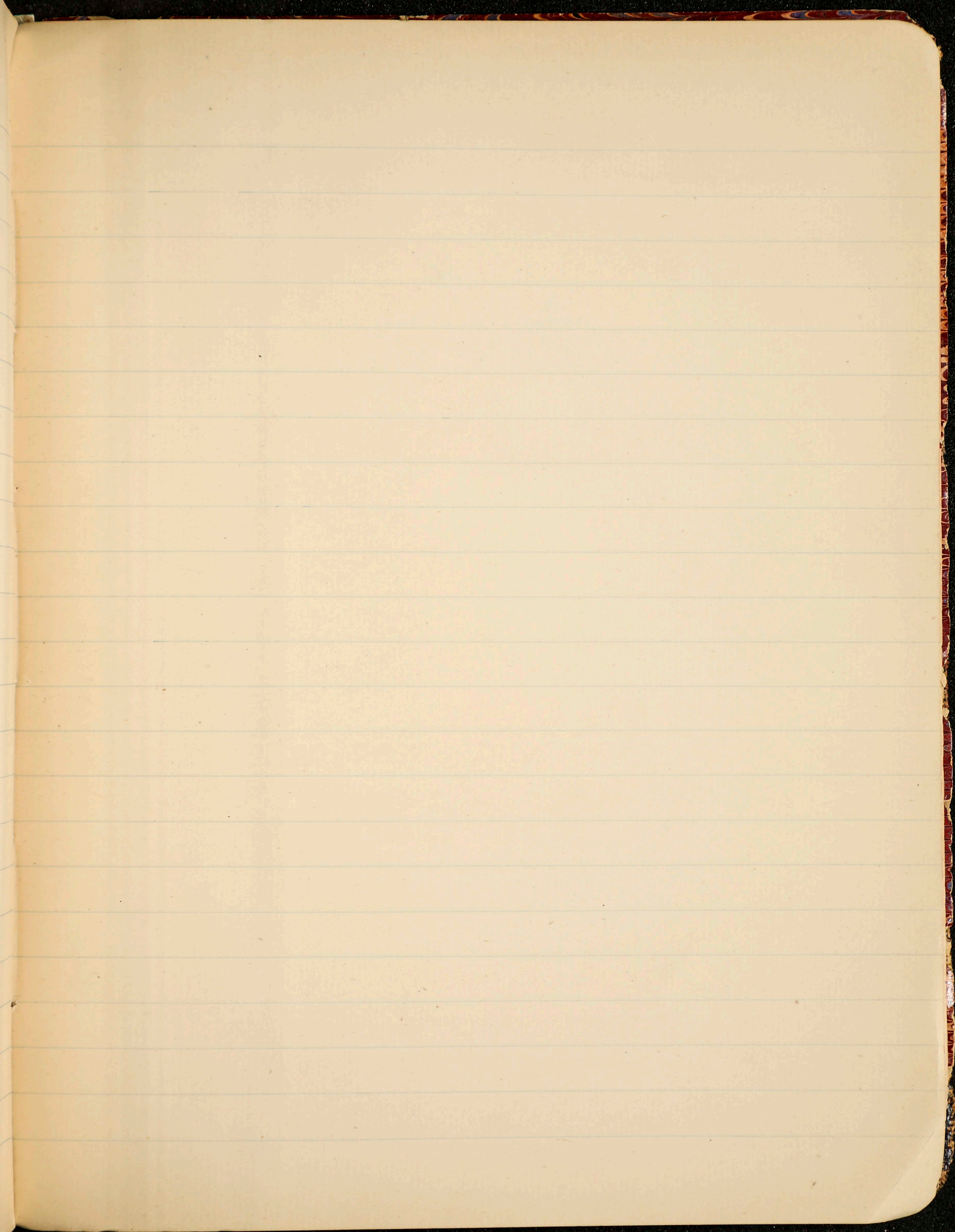


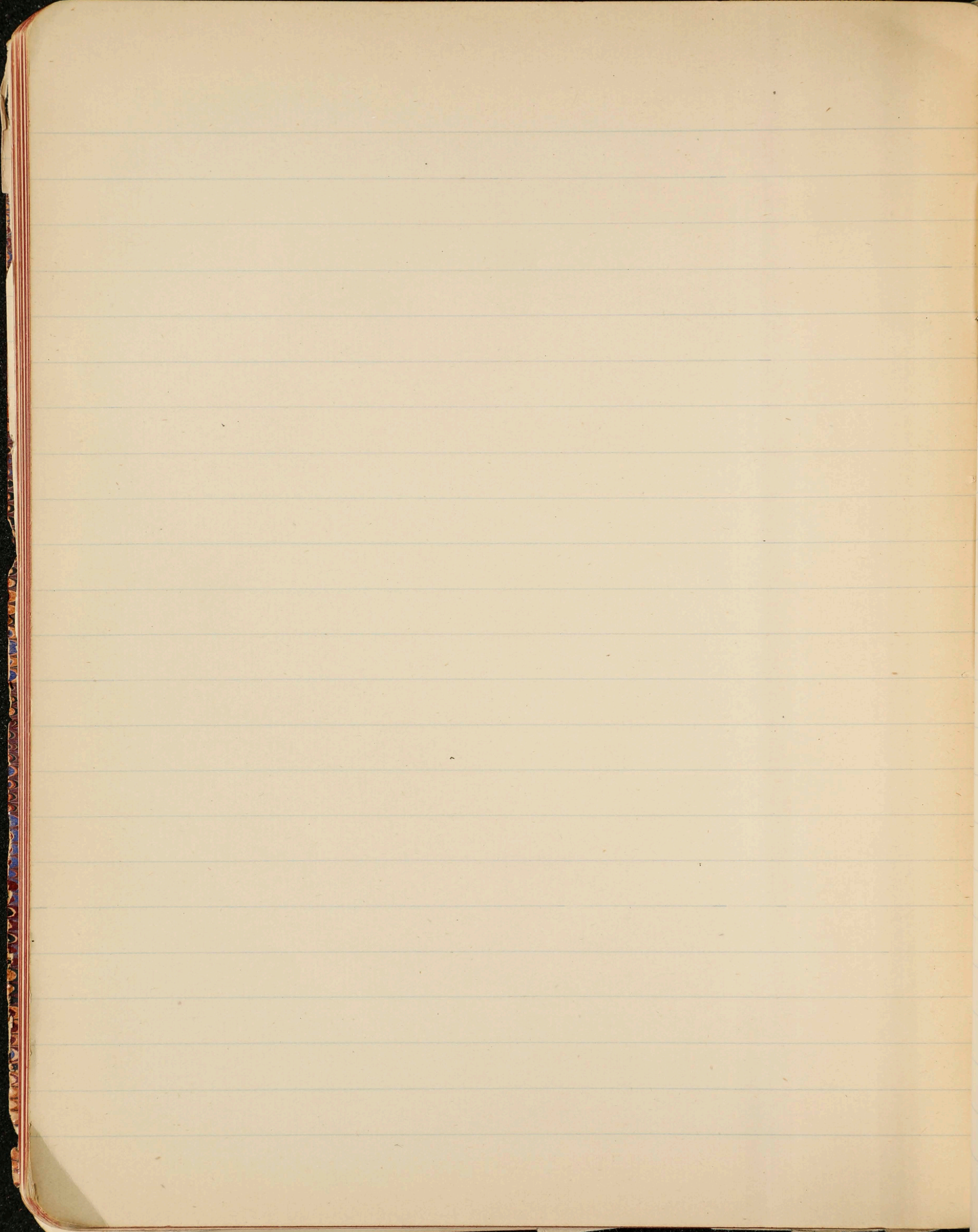
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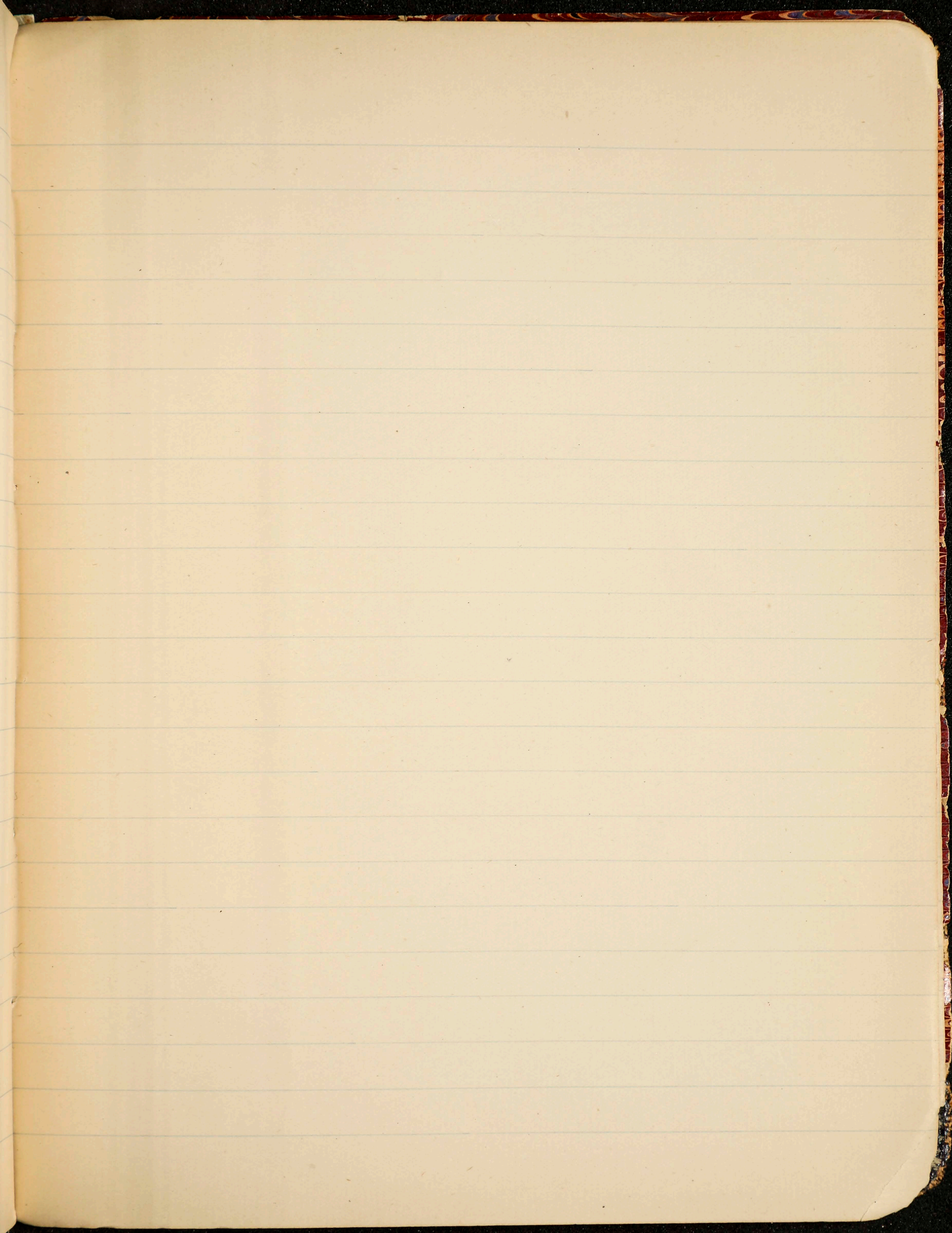




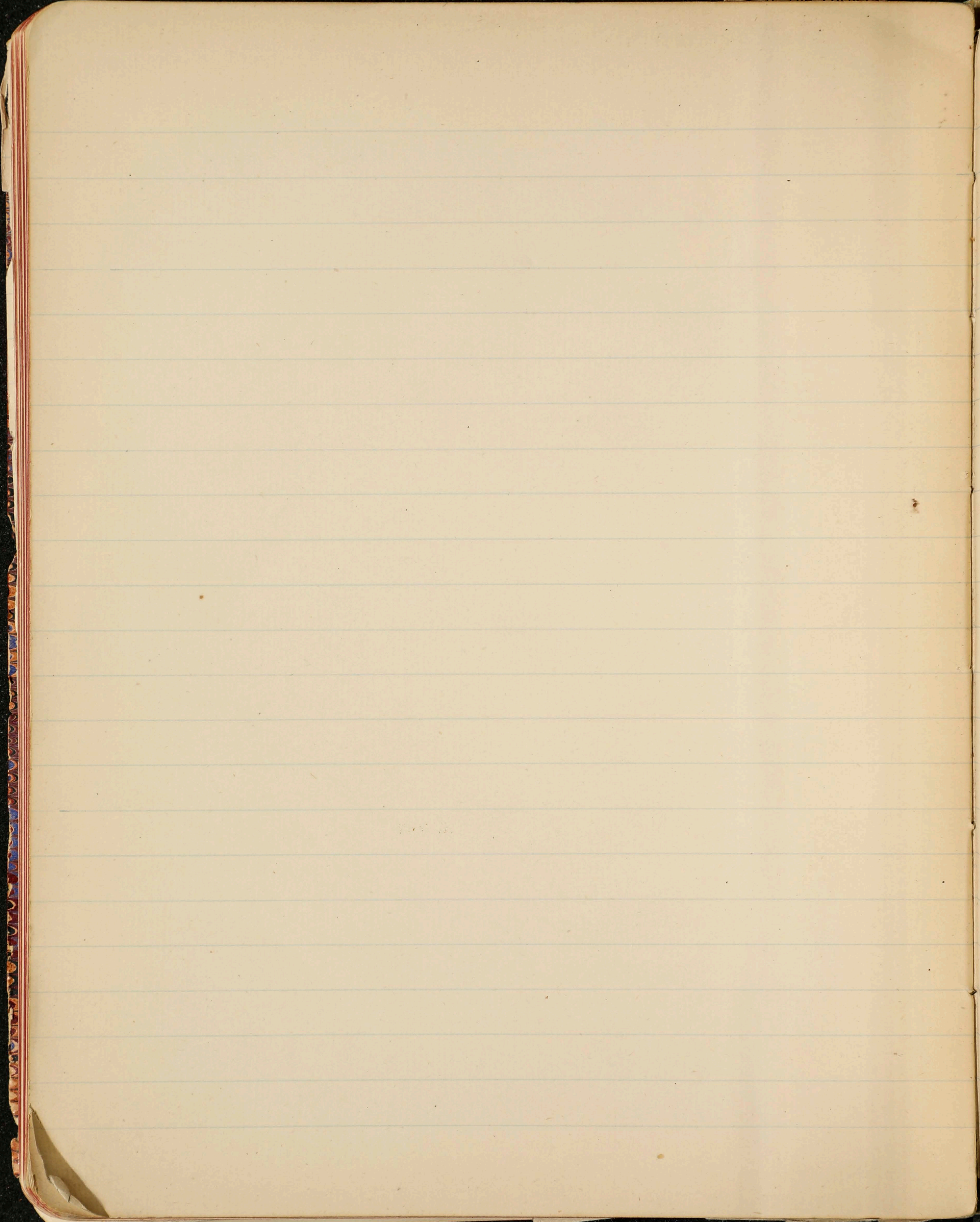


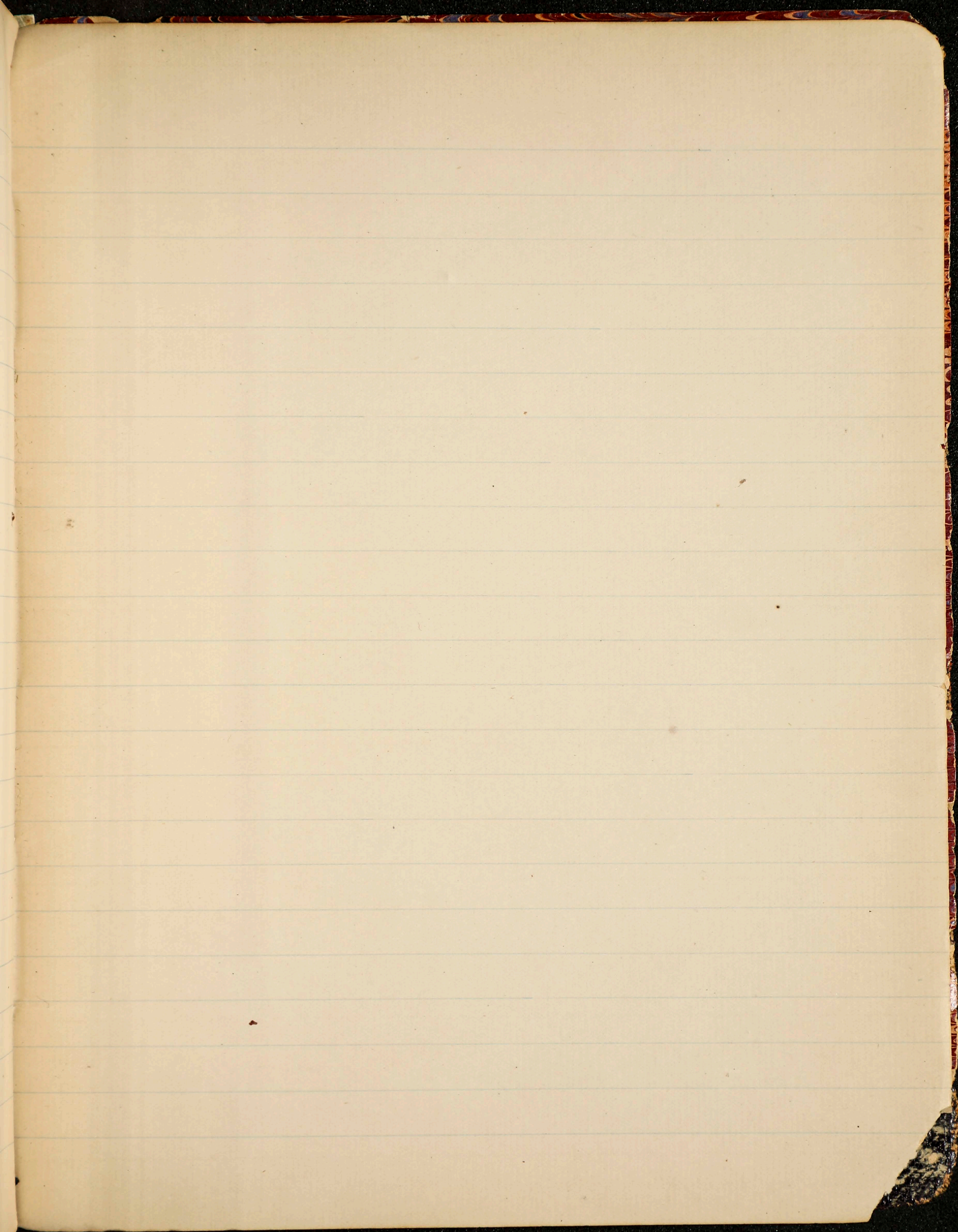






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