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THE winter of 1887—was memorable on account of many things; but to me it was chiefly remarkable for having given me my young bride. We were spending our honeymoon in the lotus-eating land, and had taken up our quarters at that admirable hostelry known as "Mena House," which stands at the foot of the plateau where the great pyramids of Gizeh are so majestically enthroned. It was in truth a halcyon time, to be marked in our memories with the wildest of staves.



IN THE SECRET CHAMBER.

our wanderings by moonlight. The Arabs believe firmly that "El-Ahram" are haunted, and will not on any account venture near the ruins after nightfall. In this way we had the whole place to ourselves but that, for us, was ample society. We revelled in our freedom, and soon became thoroughly acquainted with the entire plateau from the sphinx on the south to the dilapidated temple on the northern verge. One lovely night, before the moon was quite full, my wife proposed a visit to the interior of the great pyramid; and having procured candles we clambered up the well-worn track leading to the entrance, and speedily made our way down the sloping shaft to the central chamber. Outside the air was slightly chilly, and the warmth of the great tomb was very agreeable. In spite of the closeness of the air, sitting ourselves down on the edge of the lidless sarcophagus, we began one of those conversations so dear to young lovers, during which the hours glide away like minutes, or rather when all sense of time is lost.

which we had entered, save that it seemed to be loftier. The question now was—should we attempt to escape along this new road; or should we wait where we were, and trust to the return of the lintel to its proper place? The light now began to fade away in the same gradual manner it had arisen, and it became painfully evident that we should be again plunged in darkness. Any fate would be preferable to the frightful sensation of being hermetically shut in amidst an intense and stifling blackness to which the darkest night outside would be the brightest clearness of noon.



DR. W. H. HACKER, Physician in Chief for The Lackawanna Medical Co.

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lost in astonishment, we gazed at each other, climbing up myself, and as we were both pretty active we contrived to get our feet on the top of the lintel, and the gallery down which the pale green light was now but faintly streaming. The sloping floor was so smooth and steep that we were obliged to crawl on our hands and knees in order to make any progress. In this way we clambered along for fully fifty yards, with much labor and weariness; slipping back every now and again, and more than once narrowly escaping a glimpse into the hateful chamber. It was a fearful task; but at length we reached the top, and found that the gallery descended in a most peculiar manner by means of appliances which for want of a better term must be called reflectors.

The whole of the upper part, or ceiling, of this marvelous room presented a most extraordinary appearance, being hung with a vast array of hollow cones, each ending in a small aperture, or skylight, through which the beams of the moon, or the rays of the stars, were shining with a hundredfold their normal power. The apices of these cones must have consisted of some magnifying material, and the sides were lined with a kind of material that multiplied to an enormous extent their power of transmitting light. The entire series was so skillfully arranged that the combined pencils impinged on one spot, where there was a most singular and complicated apparatus for their reception.

In front of the mouth of the gallery stood a manlike frame, almost completely filling the opening, which, however, was scooped out on one side, thus enabling us, breathless as we were from our climb, to creep through. This frame was in truth an extraordinary structure. It was fitted with an infinite multitude of lenses and other transparent appliances, the like of which I had never seen before. I very much regret that I cannot give a better and more detailed description of this piece of work, which to my mind affords conclusive proof that the ancient Egyptians were the possessors of a long since vanished lore. The reader will shortly be able to see why it is that any account of these marvels is as vague.

Whilst I was in the act of making my way past this frame the velvet had forgotten grinding sound again met my ears, coming from below in the direction of the chamber we had just quitted. I at once turned and looked down, but could see nothing. The track we so painfully had traversed was now as dark as Erebus. It was manifest that our retreat was cut off; the ponderous lintel had risen to its original position.

plished the round of the accursed place, and found ourselves back at the original starting point. It was a most astounding thing. Either the door had vanished or we were losing our senses. The silence now was terrible and the darkness was truly Egyptian—it could be felt! The heavy, close air was so thick and clammy that we could hardly breathe; our hearts were beating at railway speed and the perspiration dripped from every pore. The circumstances were in sooth, as desperate as they were inexplicable, but since no good could come of sitting still we arose once more and recommenced our search for the vanished opening.

'Twas all in vain! The granite was as smooth and unbroken as though it had been fashioned out of one enormous block. Not a fissure or crack could be found large enough to admit even the point of a knife. Whether we tried from right to left or from left to right the result was still the same; we invariably found ourselves back at the horrible sarcophagus.

At this juncture, while we were resting in a half-dazed state against the border of the fatal sarcophagus, gradually a faint, weird light became apparent above our heads. By degrees the light grew stronger, till finally the whole chamber was filled with a pale green luminous whereby we were enabled to distinguish each other's features.

Lost in astonishment, we gazed around us and at each other, too deeply amazed for speech; and, as we found out afterwards, uncertain whether we were asleep or awake. The reason we had been unable to find the entrance was plain. The cyclopean mass of stone forming the lintel of the doorway had descended bodily, thus completely blocking up the passage, which it fitted with mathematical accuracy. It was from the gap thereby created on a higher level that the light was shining, the lower edges of the new aperture being about eight or nine feet above the floor of the chamber. The opening disclosed in this wonderful manner was the commencement of a tunnel, or shaft, extending at an acute angle upwards into the body of the pyramid. It was rectangular in form, and in other respects bore a general resemblance to the passage by

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