The Somerset Herald.

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Somerset Printing Company,
JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-tf.

ED. B. SCULL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually attended to

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 28, '79.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-1y.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 18 79-1y

J. C. OGLE
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to.
OFFICE—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

JOHN R. SCOTT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Somerset Pa. Office up stairs in Baer's Block. All business entrusted to his care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july 18

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
[illegible] reasonable terms.
Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug 16.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kreisinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House.

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block 564'72

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.
Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 18, '71-1y.

Dr. W. F. FUNDENBERG
Late Resident Surgeon,
New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,
Has located permanently in the City of CUMBERLAND, Maryland for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.
Office, No. 20 South Centre Street.
June 20.

DENTISTS.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, kind of the best material, inserted. Operations warranted.

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa.
nov11

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
Office above Casebeer & Frease's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to so enlarge my facilities that I can make good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this country.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and if there should be any person among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that I have made teeth for that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge.
mar15

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST
DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Life-like and Handsome, inserted in the best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. jel3-72

HOTELS.

HILL HOUSE,
DIAMOND, SOMERSET, PA.,
JOHN HILL, PROPRIETOR.
This proprietor is prepared to accommodate guests in the most comfortable and satisfactory manner. The traveling public and permanent boarders furnished with the best of hotel accommodations.—The tables will continue to be furnished with the best the market affords. Large and commodious stabling attached. jan12

DIAMOND HOTEL.
STOYSTOWN PA.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor.
This popular and well known house is at all time desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset.

BANKS, ETC.

J. O. KIMMEL & SONS,
BANKERS,
Successors to
Schell & Kimmel,
SOMERSET, PA.
Accounts of Merchants and other Business People Solicited. Drafts negotiable in all parts of the Country for sale. Money loaned and Collections made. jan12

NEW BANK.
Somerset County Bank
CHARLES J. HARRISON,
Cashier and Manager.
Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butler and other checks collected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with promptness. Accounts solicited.
Parties desiring to purchase U. S. 4 PER CENT. FUNDED LOAN, can be accommodated at this Bank. The coupons are prepaid in denominations of $50, 1,000.

Tobacco and Cigars,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
J. H. Zimmerman,
Main Cross St.,
Somerset, Penna.
The best of cigars of different brands, manufactured by himself, of the choicest of tobaccos.—These cigars cannot be excelled by any in the market. One of the best stocks of chewing tobacco ever brought to Somerset. Prices to suit the times. jan20

BOOTS AND SHOES.
PARKER TRENT,
Late of Allegheny City, Pa., has removed to
SOMERSET, PENNA.,
and opened out a shop, for the manufacture of
Boots, Shoes and Gaiters,
in the building, corner Main and Pleasant Sts., East of Diamond.
He is able to turn out first-class work at the lowest prices, and will guarantee perfect satisfaction to all who give him their patronage. Orders promptly attended to. Repairing neatly done. nov. 28-3m.

S. R. PILE,
DEALER IN
FLOUR AND FEED
Groceries, Confections,
Queensware, Willow ware.
Salt, Fish,
Tobacco and Cigars,
&c., &c., &c.,
New Stock.
ONE PRICE.
All Goods Positively
SOLD AT
BOTTOM PRICES.
FAIR AND SQUARE
IS
Our Motto.
Do Not Fail to Give
NO. 2, BAER'S BLOCK A CALL,
When doing your
SHOPPING.
Jan. 30

WANTED Farms to sell and exchange. We have hundreds of customers wanting to buy farms just now. Never knew a better time to sell farms at fair prices, as people are lifting money from banks and seeking farms for safety. Address S. M. JAMES, Pittsburgh Farm Agency, 194 Smithfield St. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Those in search of farms send for printed Farm Register. Nov.28

O. W. SADDLER, M. D.,
Oculist and Aurist,
OFFICE AND INFIRMARY,
No. 256 Penn Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.
All diseases of EYE, EAR and THROAT, and Catarrh successfully treated. Operations for Cataract, "False Pupils," "Crooked Eyes," "Wild Hairs," Cancer and Tumors of the lids, Ear, Nose or Throat, Pterigium, "Weeping Eyes," Ptosis, Conical Corneas, Foreign Bodies, Extirpation, &c., skillfully performed. Artificial Eyes inserted. Send for descriptive and illustrated pamphlet of cases. July11.

The Magic Coin Box
holds over $5.00 of Silver Coin, in Half Dollars, Quarter Dollars, Dimes & Nickels. The merest movement of your thumb pushes the desired coin into your hand, and another one immediately takes its place as if by magic. Makes change in half a time, with no danger of dropping any. Sample handsomely plated with Nickle-Silver, sent postpaid 50 cts. Agents trial package, containing three Coin Boxes, for 1.00. Illustrated Catalogue of Novelty Chromos, Jewelry, Stationery Packages, &c., &c., free. Agents wanted everywhere. Big pay. NATIONAL NOVELTY CO., No. 400 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Feb 20

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given, that Alexander C. Beam of Jenner Twp., by deed of voluntary assignment has assigned all his estate real and personal for the benefit of his creditors to B. S. Fleck. All persons indebted to the said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will present them to the undersigned at Jenner X Roads.
B. S. FLECK, Assignee.
Feb. 20

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES, Cheapest in the known world. *Sample Watch Free to Agents.* Address, A. COULTER & Co., Chicago.

Iron City College
The most complete business college in the United States. Course of study comprehensive, thorough and eminently practical. Students received at any time.
For circulars address,
J. C. SMITH, A. M. Principal
Feb. 13 PITTSBURGH.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JNO. HICKS. LA RUE M. HICKS
Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,
JOHN HICKS & SON,
SOMERSET, PA.,
And Real Estate Brokers.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or for rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. aug18.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
And Manufacturers of
Gent's, Youth's and Boys,
Fashionable Clothing and
Furnishing Goods
NO. 42 FIFTH AVENUE.
PITTSBURGH.

SLATE ROOFS.
Those who are now building houses should know that it is cheaper in the long run to put on Slate Roofs than tin or shingles. Slate will last forever, and no repairs are required. Slate gives the purest water for cisterns. Slate is fire proof. Every good house should have a Slate roof. The undersigned is located in Cumberland, where he has a good supply of
Peachbottom & Buckingham
SLATE
for roofing—the very best article. He will undertake to put Slate Roofs on Houses, public and private, spires, &c., either in town or country at the lowest prices, and to warrant them. Call and see him or address him at his Office, No. 110 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with
NOAH CASEBEER,
Agent, Somerset, Pa.
WM. H. SHIPLEY.
April 3, 1878.

E. H. WARDWELL,
WITH
ROUSE, HEMPSTONE & CO,
285 Balt. St., Baltimore, M. D.,
Would respectfully ask the merchants of Somerset county, to send him their orders for
NOTIONS, FURNISHING AND
FANCY GOODS
assuring them satisfaction both as regards price and quality of goods. The merchants visiting Baltimore are urgently requested to call and see me before making purchases.

HIGHEST AWARDS! Centennial Exhibition.
J. REYNOLDS & SON,
NORTHWEST CORNER
THIRTEENTH AND FILBERT STS.
PHILADELPHIA,
MANUFACTURES OF PATENTED
Wrought-Iron Air-Tight Heaters
WITH SHAKING AND CLINKER-GRINDING GRATES FOR BURNING ANTHRACITE OR BITUMINOUS COAL.
CENTENNIAL
WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS,
FOR BITUMINOUS COAL.
KEYSTONE
WROUGHT-IRON HEATERS,
Cooking Ranges, Low-Down Crates, Etc.
Descriptive Circulars sent free to any address.
EXAMINE BEFORE SELECTING.
April 25.

Cook & Beerits'
FAMILY GROCERY
Flour and Feed
STORE.
We would most respectfully announce to our friends and the public generally, in the town and vicinity of Somerset, that we have opened our New Store on
MAIN CROSS STREET
And in addition to a full line of the best
Confectioneries, Notions,
Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.
We will endeavor, at all times, to supply our customers with the
BEST QUALITY OF
FAMILY FLOUR,
CORN-MEAL,
OATS, SHELLED CORN,
OATS & CORN CHOP,
BRAN, MIDDLINGS
And everything pertaining to the Feed Department at the
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
FOR
CASH ONLY.
Also, a well selected stock of Glassware, Stoneware, Woodenware, Brushes of all kinds, and
STATIONERY
Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest.
Please call, examine our goods of all kinds, and be satisfied from your own judgment.
Don't forget where we stay—
MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa.

EPITAPH ON A CANDLE.

A *wicked* one lies buried here,
Who died in a *decline*;
He never rose in rank, I fear,
Though he was born to *shine*.

He once was *fat*, then indeed,
Grew thin as any griever;
He died, the doctors all agreed,
Of a most *burning* fever.

If e'er you said: "Go out, I pray,"
He much ill-nature showed,
On such occasions he would say:
"Vy, if I do I'm *blowed*."

In this his friends do all agree,
Although you think I'm joking,
When *going out*, 'tis said that he
Was very fond of *smoking*."

Since all religion he despised,
Let these few words suffice—
Before he ever was baptized,
They *dipp'd* him once or twice.

GRANT IN THE EAST.

Splendid Reception in Upper Egypt.

VISIT TO ABYDOS.

THE CRADLE OF CIVILIZATION—TOMBS AND TEMPLES CENTURIES OLD.

ON THE NILE, Jan. 26, 1878.—On the morning of the 19th of January, that being the third day of our journey, we came to the town of Siout, or Assiout, as some call it. We have a Vice Consul here, and tokens of our coming had been sent, as could be seen by the flags which decorated the bank, and the crowd on the shore. Siout is the capital of Upper Egypt, and is a city of 25,000 inhabitants. The city is some distance back from the river, and grew into importance as the depot of much of the caravan trade from Darfour. Upon arriving the Vice Consul and his son came on board and were presented to the General. Congratulations were exchanged, and we offered our friends coffee and cigars in the true Oriental style. The name of our Consul here is Wasif el Hayat. He is a Syrian and a large landed proprietor. He is a grave elderly person, who spoke only Arabic, but his son had been educated in Beyrout, at the mission schools, and knew English. We all drove to the town. It was over parched fields, through a country that in more favorable years would bloom like a garden. But the Nile is bad this year, and a bad Nile is a calamity second only to a famine in Egypt. We rode into the town and through the bazaars, all the town seemed to know of our coming, for wherever we went crowds swarmed around us, and we had to force our donkeys through masses of Arabs and Egyptians of all ages and conditions, some almost naked—crowds crying for baksheesh or pressing articles of merchandise upon us. The bazaars are narrow covered ways, covered with matting or loose boards, enough to break the force of the sun. The stores are little cubby holes of rooms, in front of which the trader sits and calls upon you to buy. As these avenues are not more than six feet wide at best, you can imagine what a time we had in making our progress. The town had some fine houses and mosques, but in the main it was like all towns in Upper Egypt, a collection of mud hovels. We rode beyond the town to tombs built in the sand and climbed the limestone rock on our donkeys. This was our first evidence of the manner of sepulture in the olden time. These desert rocks of limestone were tunnelled and made into rooms, and here the mummied dead found rest. The chambers appointed for them were large and spacious, according to the means of the deceased. In some that we entered there was a chamber, an ante-chamber and sometimes connecting chambers. There were inscriptions on the walls, but they had been defaced. The early Christians had deemed it their duty to obey the first commandment by removing the representatives of the gods that came in their way. The ceilings of the tombs had been once decorated, but modern Christians have deemed it their duty to deface them by firing pistol shots. When you visit a tomb and notice the blue stars and astronomical forms that the ancients painted with so much care, it is so cunning to try the echo by firing your pistol. Consequently the roofs are spotted with bullet marks. Here also came the wanderers for shelter, and you see what the fires have done. What the tombs may have been in the past when they came fresh from pious, loving hands you can imagine. But what with ancient Christian iconoclasts, modern Christian wanderers, Bedouins, Arabs selling the graves for ornaments, nothing remains but empty limestone rooms filling with sand and a few hieroglyphic memorials on the walls.

RECEPTION TO GENERAL GRANT.

We were bidden to an entertainment at the home of Wasif el Hayat, and, seven being the hour, we set forth. We were all anxious about our first Arab entertainment, and after some deliberation our naval men concluded to go in their uniforms. The Doctor rode ahead in the carriage with General and Mrs. Grant and the Consul General. As the Doctor wore his uniform and the others were in plain dress he was welcomed by the awe stricken Moslems as the King of America. Hadden and the rest of us rode behind on our trusty and well beloved donkeys, Hadden in uniform, followed by wondering crowds. I suppose he was taken for a minor potentate, as in the Oriental eyes all that lace and gold could not be wasted on anything less than princely rank. But we all had more or less attention, although we could feel that the uniforms were the centre of glory, and that we shone with borrowed splendor. As we came to the house of Wasif el Hayat we saw a real transformation scene. Lanterns lined the streets, servants stood on the road holding blazing torches, a transparency was over the gate with the words, "Welcome General Grant." The "N" was turned upside down, but that made no difference, for the welcome here in far Africa made the heart throb quicker. As we rode up torches blazed, rockets went up into the air, various colored lights were burned, and we passed into the court-yard glowing with light and color, passed into the house over carpets and rugs of heavy texture and gorgeous pattern. Our host met us at the gates of his house and welcomed us in the stately Oriental way, kissing the General's head as he clasped it in his two hands, and then touched his own heart, lips and brow. Here we met the Governor, and more welcome still the Rev. I. R. Alexander and his wife. Mr. Alexander is one of the professors in the missionary college and is under the direction of the United Presbyterian Church. The dinner came, and it was regal in its profusion and splendor. I should say there were at least twenty courses, all well served. When it was concluded the son of the host arose and in remarkably clear and correct English proposed the General's health. You will allow me, I am sure, to give a fragment of this speech. "Long have we heard and wondered," said the speaker, "at the strange progress which America has made during the past century by which she has taken the first position among the most widely civilized nations. She has so quickly improved in sciences, morals and arts that the world stands amazed at this extraordinary progress which surpasses the swiftness of lightning. It is to the hard work of her great and wise men that all this advance is imputed, those who have shown to the world what wise, courageous patriotic men can do. Let all the world look to America and follow her example—that nation which has taken as the basis of her laws and the object of her undertakings to maintain freedom and equality among her own people and secure them for others, avoiding all ambitious schemes which would draw her into bloody and disastrous wars, and trying by all means to maintain peace internally and externally. The only two great wars upon which she has engaged were entered upon for pure and just purposes—the first for releasing herself from the English yoke and erecting her independence, and the other for stopping slavery and strengthening the union of the States; and well we know that it was mainly under God due to the talent, courage and wisdom of His Excellency General Grant that the latter of the two enterprises was brought to a successful issue." The speech closed by a tribute to the General and the Khedive. General Grant said in response that nothing in his whole trip had so impressed him as this unexpected, this generous welcome in the heart of Egypt. He had anticipated much pleasure in his visit to Egypt and the anticipation had been more than realized. He thanked the host and especially the young man who had spoken of him with so high praise for their reception. The dinner dissolved into coffee, conversation and cigars. Mrs. Grant had a long talk with Mrs. Alexander about home—Mrs. Alexander being a fair young bride who came out from America to cast her lot with her husband in this unpromising vineyard of Siout. And when the evening drew on we rode back to our boat, through the night and over the plain. Torch bearers accompanied us through the town. Donkey boys and townspeople accompanied us to the river bank. The moon was shining, and as we rode home—you see we already call the boat home—we talked over the pleasant surprise we had found in Siout and of its many strange phases of Oriental life.

FRIENDS ON THE WAY.

On the 21st of January we hauled up to the bank in the town of Girgel. We found Admiral Steedman and Mr. Davis, of Boston, moored in their dahabeeah, and they repeated the same story that we heard all along the Nile, that they had had a good time, a splendid time, could not have had a better time. It seems that their dahabeeah had run aground and the Admiral came out in fine old quarter-deck form and gave all the orders necessary to save the vessel. But after he had given the orders as became a veteran sailor who had battled with tempests in every part of the world, it was discovered that the crew were Arabs and did not understand a word of English and probably thought that the Admiral's vigorous forms of speech were a kind of devotion—a manner of worship common only to the infidel. So the Admiral's vessel had to save itself and we had our own fun out of the narrative as we sat on the deck over our coffee and watched the Arabs crouching over the fire. The Admiral and Mr. Davis spent a part of the evening with us; but just as the talk was at full tide the dragoman came on board with word that there was a rising wind. Those who sail in the dahabeeah must take the wind when it comes, and so our welcome guests hurried away and in a few minutes were speeding up the stream.

DONKEY RIDING IN THE DESERT.

It was rather a long distance from our landing place to Abydos, and Sami Bey had given orders that we should be ready at eight for our journey. I am afraid it was quite an effort for some of the party whose names shall be withheld to heed this command. But the General was the first on deck and very soon came Mrs. Grant eager and smiling. And as the General waits for no one those who were late had to hurry their breakfasts, and some of them were skurrying up the side of the bank with half-eaten biscuit. There were our Arabs and donkeys all waiting, and the moment our company began to muster there was a chorus of screams—"Good donkey," "Good morning," "baksheesh," and other limited forms of speech. The donkeys charged upon us in a mass, each owner screaming out the merits of his animal. It was only by vigorous efforts on the part of Hassan that we could see and select our animals. Hassan had given me a private bit of information as to which donkey I should select, and I found myself the master of a little mite of a creature, scarcely high enough to keep my feet from the ground, but vigorous and strong, and disposed to stop and bray for the amusement of the company. Hadden's experience with donkeys had made him circumspect, and the General advised him to select as small an animal as possible, or as a precautionary measure that a valuable life should be saved to the navy, that he should tie himself on its back. The General himself had a horse placed at his disposal by the Pacha who rules the district, but he rode the animal with a protest, as it had a shambling gait, and wished that courtesy to his host did not prevent his taking a donkey. The Marquis had some difficulty in pleasing himself, and at last when he set out with an umbrella under his arm and his eyes shaded with sombre spectacles, the suggestion was made that he was a Methodist colporteur on a journey of preaching. But there was a gleam of satisfaction in his noble face, as he informed us that a couple of camels had gone up from the town ladened with refreshments, and that we should have breakfast in the temple. As I have hinted in this correspondence, the Marquis has no enthusiasm for ruins, especially Egyptian ruins, while he has positive and valuable views about breakfast. So in time we were off over the country for Abydos. The fields were cracked, and the ditches, which in good times would carry irrigating streams, were dry. Each of us had two Arabs for an escort, and the duty of these attendants seemed to be to encourage his beast by a sound something between a whisper and a hiss, or shouting or beating him. I rather think the beating did not amount to much, for these people love their animals and live with them and make them companions and friends. But the lady of our expedition would not endure the stick, and we were halted and Hassan was summoned and told to say to the attendants that they must not beat the donkeys or they would have no baksheesh, not a farthing. There could be no more fearful punishment than this, and there was no more beating. But the Arabs had their satisfaction in kneeling and running at your side and seeking a conversation. Their observations became monotonous. "Good donkey," "My name Mohammed," "My name Ali," "Good donkey," "Yankee Doodle," "Good morning," "Good Donkey." Others came with bits of scarabee and bits of ancient pottery, fragments of mummy lids and shreds of mummy cloth to drive a trade. I was on the point of making a moral observation upon the character of a people who would rifle the tombs of their ancestors and make merchandise of their bones and grave ornaments, when it occurred to me that those were Arabs and descended, not from the Egyptians, but from the men who conquered the Egyptians and occupied their land. I hope it is not against the laws of war for a conquering race to sell the bones of those they have defeated, for our Arabs were so poor and wretched that no one could grudge them any means of earning a paistre. This running trade continues all the way, and in time you become used to it, as in time one could become used to anything, except, perhaps, having the Democratic party in power. You become used to the noises, the conversation, the entreaties to buy, and rode on unconscious, or, if anything, amused with your Arab, who is generally an amusing, good natured scamp, of wonderful endurance, and anxious to please. I became quite friendly with my Mohammed Ali, who had two English phrases with which he constantly plied me—"I am serene" and "Yankee Doodle." The latter phrase was the name of his donkey, and I was about to thank him for this kind recognition of my country when Hassan, from whom I draw great stores of information, told me that they had a variety of names — English, French German, Italian—which they use according to the nationality of their riders. I had no doubt that my present plodding Yankee Doodle had done duty as Bismark, MacMahon and the Prince of Wales.

THE BATTLE WITH THE SUN.

Our journey was through a country that in a better time must have been a garden; but the Nile not having risen this year all is parched and barren. Abydos was built on the edge of the Libyan Desert, and the road to the great oasis leads to it over the mountains. The old Egyptians were practical in this respect, that not having land to spare they built their tombs and temples in the sand, and kept their narrow, fertile lands for corn. They could worship their gods in the sand, they could sleep in the sand; but onions and corn needed all the parsimonious Nile would give. We kept on over a series of irrigating ditches, over sand hills, over roads that had not been mended within the memory of man. My first impression was to hold my animal well in hand and guide him, to keep from going over his head into a ditch and show him the safest paths. But I soon learned the elementary lesson in donkey-riding — namely, that your animal knows more about the subject than you can teach him, and that you had better discharge your mind from all care on the subject and allow him to go in his own way wherever Mohammed Ali will lead him. Then if you can make up your mind to disengage your feet from the stirrups and let them swing just as when a boy you used to swing over a gate, you will find it easier in the long run. I noticed that those of our party who had the most experience of Egypt rode in this fashion, and so, while some of our ambitious members, who had learned horsemanship in the best schools and loved to brace themselves in the saddle and were anxious about stirrups, I allowed myself to dangle. There is another reason for this, as I learned from practical experience one day at Assouan. The donkey is apt to fall, for the land is full of holes and traps. To fall with your feet in the stirrups might be a serious matter. But when Yankee Doodle took it into his head to throw his head upon the ground and his heels into the air it only remained for me to walk from him, as though I had risen from a chair, and wait till he came to a better frame of mind. But it is not the donkey that troubles you, for the beast is as good as a patient, willing wife, but the sun that blazes overhead. This, you must remember, is the land of the Sun, where His Majesty is never abdicated. It may be cool in the evening and in the morning, and you will find heavy coats a comfort. But with the noon he comes in his power, and you ride over the desert with the full force upon your brow. In the matter of head dress we had various plans. The Doctor kept his stiff wideawake. Jesse Grant wore a light peaked straw hat, swathed in silk. The others of us wore white pointed helmets made of pith or of cork, coming over the eyes and over the neck. My helmet was a burden to me when I first wore it, and I took a hint from Sami Bey, remembering that was his land and he knew how to battle with the sun. By the aid of the Marquis I obtained a *coiffe de chapeau* of heavy silk, orange and green, about a yard or more square. This I bound over my Turkish fez so that it would drape my face and fall over the shoulders. So when the sun came I had only to draw the web over my brow and throw the folds over my shoulders and ride on. Although much heavier than any ordinary hat, and apparently oppressive from its texture and the lapping folds, there was no discomfort. The power of the sun was set at naught. Whatever breeze might be stirring was sure to creep into the folds and toy with my cheeks. Then there was an artistic sense to satisfy. It lit up the landscape. You could be seen from afar, and as the dress was that of a high Bedouin chief—of an Arab officer of rank—you knew that you were more than a pilgrim; that you were the symbol of authority to wandering desert eyes far away, who saw your flaming headdress streaming over the sand and felt you were a great pacha.

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD OF CIVILIZATION.

Here, said Brugsch, as we dismounted from our donkeys and followed him into the ruins of the temple, "here we should all take off our hats, for here is the cradle, the fountain head of all the civilization of the world." This was a startling statement, but Brugsch is a serious gentleman and does not make extravagant speeches. Then he told us about Abydos, which lay around us in ruins. This was the oldest city in Egypt. It went back to Menes, the first of the Egyptian kings, who, according to Brugsch, reigned 4,500 years before Chaist—centuries before Abraham came to Egypt. It is hard to dispute a fact like this, and one of the party ventured to ask whether the civilization of China and India antedate, or claim to antedate, even Abydos. To be sure it did, but in China and India you have traditions; here are monuments. Here, under the sands that we were crunching with our feet, here first flowed forth that civilization which has streamed over the world. Hebrew, Indian, Etruscan, Persian, Roman, Greek, Christian—whatever form you give it, whatever shape it takes—this is the fountain of it all. Stanley had been telling me a few days ago, as we sat at breakfast at Alexandria, of the emotions he felt when he came to the sources of the Nile, where a trickling of water that you might arrest and imprison within the goblet's brim set out on its mighty journey to the sea. I recalled the enthusiasm of my illustrious and intrepid friend as I thought that here was the source of another Nile that had been flowing for ages, that had enriched the world even as the river enriches these plains with all the arts and civilization and religion known to man, and that it was flowing, and still flowing, with growing volume and riches. You see I am a believer. I came to these lands with reverence and have faith in these stones. I shall never know much about Egypt; I am afraid I shall never care enough for it to enter into the controversies about time and men that adorn Egyptian literature. I believe in the stones, and here are the stones on which are written the names of the kings from Menes to Sethi I. Sethi built this temple somewhere about fourteen hundred years before Christ, and like a dutiful king he wrote the names of his predecessors, seventy-six in all, beginning with Menes. Here is the very stone which Brugsch reads as though it were the morning lesson, reading as one who believes. Here is the very stone, beautifully engraved, and, thanks to the sand, kept all these centuries as fresh as when the sculptor laid down his chisel. It was only found in 1865, and is perhaps the most valuable of the monuments, because it knits up the unravelled threads of Egyptian history and gives you a continuous link from this day to the day of Moses. You pass your fingers over the stone and note how beautiful and clear are the lines. And as you see it, you see the manifest honesty of the men who did the work, of the king who told all he knew, and of the truth of what was written. I believe in the stone and feel, as I said a moment ago, a little of the enthusiasm of Stanley when he stood at the trickling source of the Nile.

THE RUINED CITY OF ABYDOS.

So we follow Brugsch out of the chamber and from ruined wall to wall. The ruins are on a grand scale. Abydos is a temple which the Khedive is rescuing from the sand. The city was in its time of considerable importance, but this was ages ago, ages and ages; so that its glory was dead even before Thebes began to reign. Thebes is an old city, and yet I suppose, compared with Thebes, Abydos is as much older as one of the buried Aztec towns in Central America is older than New York. When the temple is all dug out we shall find it to have been a stupendous affair; but there are other temples to be seen in better condition, and what interests us at Abydos is the city. Here, according to tradition—a tradition which Plutarch partly confirms—was buried the god Osiris. The discovery of that tomb will be an event as important in Egyptology as even the discovery of America by Columbus in his day. In the earliest times it was believed Osiris was buried here. To the ancient Egyptians the burial place of that god was as sacred as Mecca is to the Moslems or the Holy Scripture to the Mediaeval Christians. The government has, therefore, been digging in all directions, and we started after Brugsch to see the work. Mrs. Grant rode along on her donkey, and the rest of us went in different directions on foot. There had been troubles in the neighborhood—riots arising out of the bad Nile and taxes. So we had a guard who hovered around us—one soldier, whom we called, in obedience to the law of physical coincidences, Boss Tweed—keeping watch over the General. He was a fat and ragged fellow, with a jolly face. It was quite a walk to the ruins, and the walk was over hills and ridges of burning sand. So the Marquis went to the village to see if the camels had come bearing the luncheon—a subject that was of more value to his practical mind than the tomb of a dethroned deity. It was an interesting walk, to us especially, as it was our first real glimpse of the desert and of an ancient city. The General and the writer found themselves together climbing the highest of the mounds. It was rather an effort to keep our footing on the slippery sand. Beneath us was one excavation forty or fifty feet deep. You could see the strata that age after age had heaped upon the buried city. The desert had been slowly creeping over it, and in some of the strata were marks of the Nile. For years, for thousands of years, this mass, which the workmen had torn with their spades, had been gathering. The city was really a city of tombs. In the ancient days the devout Egyptian craved burial near the tomb of Osiris, and so for centuries, I suppose, their remains were brought to Abydos from all parts of Egypt. This fact gives special value to the excavations, as it gives a special solemnity to our view. As we stood on the elevation talking about Egypt and the impressions made upon us by our journey the scheme was very striking. There was the round temple; here were the gaping excavations filled with bricks and pottery. Here were our party, some gathering beads and skulls and stones; others having a lark with Sami Bey; others following Mrs. Grant as a body guard as her darkey padded his way along the slopes. Beyond, just beyond, were rolling plains of shining sand—shining, burning sand—and as the shrinking eye followed the plain and searched the hills there was no sign of life; nothing except, perhaps, some careering hawk hurrying to the river. It was the apotheosis of death and ruin, a fit mantle for the sepulchred city below. I have seen no scene in Egypt more striking than the view from the mounds of Abydos.

HOME AGAIN.

The sun was beating with continued fierceness, and we kept our way to the cluster of trees and the village. The Marquis, with illuminated eyes, informed us that the camels had come and the luncheon was ready. We sat around our modest table and feasted—feasted in the temple sacred to the memory of Osiris, and built by the pious munificence of Sethi, the king who rests with God. The walk had given us an appetite and put us all in high spirits, and we lunched in merry mood. There were toasts to the Khedive, to Sami Bey, to the General, and the invariable toast which comes from gracious womanly lips—to friends and dear ones at home. Then Brugsch told us of Salib, an Arabian who had been for twenty years, working at the excavations. He worked with so much diligence that he had become entirely blind, and it was now his only comfort to wander about the ruins, direct the workmen, and perhaps trace with his fingers many a loved inscription that his zeal had brought to light. Salib lived near the ruin on a pension allowed by the Khedive, and after luncheon we called on him and took our coffee in his house. The coffee was served on the roof, while some of us, weary with the sun, lay under the shadow of the wall and the date trees, and others sat about the courtyard smoking, and Brugsch, who never misses his chance, improved the shining hour to copy a hieroglyphic inscription. After an hours' rest we went back again very much as we came. But the journey was long, the road was dusty, and when we saw the flag flying from our boat we were, some of us at least, a weary, very weary party. We had ridden fifteen miles on donkeys and walked two or three on the sand, and the shelter and repose of the cabin was grateful when at last it came.

Hard Work.

"What is your secret?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work." Says Dr. Arnold: "The difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in energy."

"Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well directed labor, and nothing is to be attained without it." "Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be attained by the labor of a lifetime, but it is not to be purchased at a less price." "There is but one method," said Sidney Smith, "and that is hard labor; and a man that will not pay that price for distinction had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of a fox."

"Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far." "Nothing," says Mirabeau, "is impossible to a man who can and will. This is the only law of success." Have you ever entered a cottage, or traveled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field or loitered with a mechanic at the loom," asked Sir Edward Bulwer Lyton," and found that each of these men had a talent you have not, knew something you did not?" The most useless creature that yawned at a club, or idled in rags under the suns of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is not talent, but purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve but the will to labor.

Abandoning Her Parents' Faith.

HOW A YOUNG JEWESS LEFT HER HOME AND WAS BAPTIZED AS A CHRISTIAN.

Lucy Sherek, a pretty young Jewess, aged seventeen, daughter of parents who are firmly attached to the faith of their fathers, has for a year been receiving Christian instruction in the Appleton Mission, in Kent avenue, Brooklyn. She left her parents bent on becoming a Christian, and has followed the instruction given her by Miss Emma Holmes and other teachers in the Mission with zest. Her disappearance from her home at 125 Ninth street, February 8th, created much commotion among her friends, who already knew of her intention to renounce Judaism. She had been a saleswoman in Benjamin Wade's fancy goods store at 198 Grand street, and was much liked. She left a note saying that she was anxious to become a Christian, and knowing that she could not remain at home and adopt the Christian faith, she had decided to go and live in a Christian family.

She did not tell where she was going, and Mr. Jordan, Superintendent of the Appleton Mission, which she had attended, refused to disclose her whereabouts. The family had experienced much trouble with an older daughter, Fannie, who, renouncing her faith, married an Irish Catholic named Gallagher, and had adopted his faith. They had already had many words with their daughter Lucy about the same subject, telling her that her conduct would disgrace them in the eyes of their people, and would