

THE VALLEY OF DEATH

THE MUMMIES AND DONKEY BOYS.

[Special to The Citizen]

I have just returned from a short excursion into the Valley of Death, at Thebes, where the royal mummies of Egypt's kings were found. Considering the heat and dust, it would not be inappropriate to quote the rest of the poet's line and say, "Back from the mouth of hell."

This is the land of summer heat, never moderated by showers. All signs of our own familiar temperate zone are far behind. There is even a difference between this and Cairo, where the thermometer had been above 100 degrees a week before we arrived. We were 500 miles nearer the equator, and we could distinctly feel the difference. The grounds of the hotel were an earthly paradise. Palms towered above the garden, while flowers and turtle doves completed the tropical picture. Roses, hibiscus, oleanders, pomgranates and cannas were the only flowers I could identify, but there were a dozen more varieties in full bloom. We were to leave this paradise in the early morning to ride out into the desert to the tombs of the ancient Pharaohs.

Our train landed us at Luxor on the opposite bank of the Nile before 11 o'clock at night. We were tired and very dusty, for a big Mahometan had appropriated the ladies' compartment and the wash room, using all the water to cleanse his feet early in the afternoon before turning toward Mecca to say his prayers in the aisle of the car. We had not secured guides, donkeys or tickets to the monuments. We were told that tickets to the monuments, sold by the government could not be obtained before the office hours. But they did not know the American hustle. We wanted to start while it was cool. Our chief said we could, so we bathed and slept the sleep of the just. Thanks to his indomitable energy, by 8 o'clock the next morning, guide, donkey, boys, boatmen, lunch porter and all the rest were at hand, as well as the necessary tickets.

The donkey boy of Egypt is a necessary evil and a creature full of guile. His word is to be trusted just so far as it coincides with the traveler's knowledge. He will tell the most unblushing falsehoods without the quiver of an eyelid, even when he knows that you are aware of his untruthfulness. He is an inveterate beggar. But he is a shrewd student of human character and if he had the opportunity would soon grow rich. Perhaps he is worth all the back-sheesh that he manages to wheedle out of you for the diversion he causes, making you forget the hardships of travel.

The leader of the gang of donkey drivers at Thebes was a genius in his line. From the moment we were seated on our animals till the end of the day his patter never ceased, except when the guide was droning out his story. The boy was only beginning to sprout a beard, but he was master of all the craft of the diplomat. When he had exhausted the resources and the patience of the chief of our party, he made the rounds of all the other members to recommend to their generosity his less oratorical fellow donkey pilots. Here is a short sample of his speech: "Good morning! You see my eye? My eye is to you. If you are happy, I am happy. Your donkey suit you? Ver' nice donkey. Go ver' fast. Like rockin' chair. You are ver' nice man. When I see you I know you are ver' no-nest man. Don't forget your donkey boy. Thank you ver' much. He ver' thirsty. Would like to buy some water. Don't forget your donkey boy. Good-bye. Thank you."

For directness of purpose I do not know anything in English classics that equals this. This son of the howling desert made use of the English tongue in a way that might put a high school graduate to shame. This is not the whole of his speech by any means. He reported it at intervals during the day, adding verses from coon songs, quotations from Roosevelt's speech, lines from Mother Goose, sentiments from Home, Sweet Home, bits of American slang, fragments of misinformation picked up from the guides, and gems from Shakespeare. His versatility was wonderful. He was certainly worth the price of the whole show.

We had some twelve miles of this and on during the day. When he ran out of conversation he would start the donkeys to galloping while he manufactured some fresh eloquence or digested our tips. It did not matter at all whether the riders wished to go fast or slow. The donkey boys settled the question and the donkeys obeyed them. It was no use to saw on the bits, for the beast knew that the rider was merely an irritation to be endured for a day while the driver was a tyrant who continued through life.

Finally we discovered that when the driver wished to check the donkey he called "hush" to him. At the next turn, when the drivers beat the donkeys to a gallop around two sides of a melon field while they cut across lots, I tried to hush my donkey. I cried hush, shouted hush, crooned hush, plead with him to hush, reasoned with him, threatened him, cajoled him, all without effect, until the driver was reached, standing like a grinning monument of ebony. The donkey dashed up and past him without slackening, until the boy whispered the magic

syllable, when he stopped so quickly as almost to throw me to the pommel.

Well, we reached the Tombs of the Kings at last, over five miles from the ferry, through a defile in the sandstone mountains, wilder and more barren than can be described. Except a landscape in the moon nothing could be more barren. About 45 tombs of royalty have been discovered, but there are a thousand tombs of commoner men on the other side of the ridge. Here were found some of the rarest treasures of Egypt, which now enrich the matchless collection in the Egyptian Museum of Cairo.

It was a great relief to escape from the glare and heat of the desert into tobacco and intoxicating liquors, and the cool silence of these royal chambers of the dead. The general plan of these tombs is the same. A long incline followed by a flight of cut into the rock, ending in a rock-hewn temple or sanctuary. Then another flight of steps some 50 feet deeper to the burial chamber itself. The walls are covered with brilliant decorations depicting the life of the royal occupant and setting forth by mystic symbolism the religion of the Egyptians. Emblems of every sort abound, the lotus, the scarab, the life-giving waters of the Nile, the various sacred animals, the images of the gods in bewildering variety. Hieroglyphic writing recites the history and virtues of the dead monarchs, their triumphs, their glories, their achievements.

We visited the tombs of Seti I, Menepth II, and Amen Hethoph II. The mummy of the last-named still lies in its sarcophagus 500 feet from the surface. In a small chamber at the side are the mingled fragments of mummies huddled together, perhaps those of his slaves. There they all lie under the glare of the electric light to be gaped at by globe-trotters after the long centuries of silence. It seemed a kind of sacrilege, the merchant of our party said, but we would not willingly have missed the sight.

The government of Egypt has assumed the care of all tombs, temples and antiquities, which assures their proper preservation. It is a pity that this could not have been done centuries ago before the tombs were rifled and their contents destroyed by ruthless seekers after treasure.

As we rode out into the heat of the desert dust, I was impressed by the sight of the mud-walled cabin of the care-taker of these tombs of royalty. It stands perched upon a pinnacle of rock, scarcely larger than a dry goods box. A yellow dog, having a jackal's bark, guarded the meager home. The leather-skinned Arab who took with surly unthankfulness the guide's tip given in our behalf, stalked slowly up the height as we rode away. We were hastening to shade and green fields, and soon or late to the far land of our loved ones, but this creature, capable of love and hate and all the emotions of our human life, lived there with the dead, lived there in the endless summer heat and dust with his starved and miserable yellow dogs.

THE VALUE OF THE MUSKRATS.

Agricultural Department Finds Troublesome Animal is Valuable for Fur.

Washington, May 7.—The department of agriculture does not confine itself strictly to agricultural affairs, as will be noted by the number of bulletins that have been issued on subjects which do not pertain in the least to agriculture. All of these bulletins are labeled "Farmer's Bulletin," and most of them pertain to problems of the farm. One of the latest of these deals with the muskrat. One scarcely would expect that the muskrat filled an important place in farm life, but the agricultural department has discovered that it is very useful because of the demand for fur, and the muskrat is a great fur producer.

The new bulletin regarding the muskrat treats of its value as a fur-bearing animal. Occasionally some humorist writes a story to show that the muskrat figures prominently as a part of the celebrated Maryland terrapin, but the writer of the present bulletin says that the ancient owners of America, now our civilized Indians, highly esteemed the muskrat as an article of food. Of course the Indian taste is not to be taken as a guarantee, but there is no reason why the muskrat should not be as good eating as the rabbit or the squirrel.

Another feature of the muskrat dwelt upon in this new bulletin is its destructiveness of gardens and crops. He is a particular enemy to the rice planter, and the gulf coast residents have to fight him all the time. The rats are very destructive to the water lilies that are grown in private grounds and in public parks, and along the Atlantic coast the tidal meadows often are injured by them. The bulletin mentions the damage that the muskrat does to mill dams and to canals, irrigation ditches, ice ponds and levees. At the same time, the muskrat is becoming so valuable as a fur-bearing animal that it makes up, in some measure, for its destructive qualities. The new bulletin on the muskrat gives a great deal of information as to trapping and as to marketing the fur. No doubt persons who want to destroy the rat on account of the damage it does, as well as those who want to secure him for the money value of his fur, will be interested in Farmers' Bulletin 396.

THE OLD STAGE DRIVER.

Making His Last Stand in the Far West.

It is only in isolated regions of the West, where the thing we call civilization has by chance neglected its duties, as the plowman leaves weedy patches in the corners of the field, that the cowboy may still be found unspotted; and it is even a rarer fortune to encounter a stage driver whom readers of Bert Harle could recognize. What the homesteader and the sheepman have done to the one, the railroad has done to the other; and the sadness of hastening extinction hangs over them both.

Here is Estes Park—happy, un-railroaded land!—the coming of the stage is a daily happening, in which every inhabitant takes an interest so keenly personal that the event itself, as well as the interest, becomes spectacular. Toward 4:30 o'clock anxiety sits gaunt upon every countenance. Will the stage be late? Somebody who drove over Park Hill in the morning said the roads were heavy. A freighter from Lyons was stuck for three hours on the other side of the pass. The outlook grows gloomier every minute, and all eyes are strained with gazing at the dusty road toward the place where it disappears behind the shoulder of a hill. It needs no over fanciful inclination to conceive, after listening to impatient exclamations on all sides, that the continued tolerability of many lives, as well as the further existence of Estes Park as a habitable place, depends upon the arrival of that stage, with its pouches of mail. No one may know the golden increments of expectancy who has not waited for a letter by stage.

A boy (of course) perched precariously on the roof of the store first describes the stage whirling in its nimbus of dust around the promontory. Upon his shout the groups suddenly rearrange themselves and the relaxation of facial muscles presages new faith in the ultimate worth of human existence. Meanwhile the stage, in a kind of final fury of speed, careens grandly up the stretch of road, sweeps through the open space ordered by the postmaster, makes an elated swing for position, and stops at the postoffice door with the wheels within an inch of the steps, but never grazing them. To have scraped them would have been a humiliation from which the driver never could have recovered.

The mail and the passengers out, the driver takes his tired team to the stable, and then loses no time returning afoot to the postoffice, where, having accepted one of many proffered cigars, he deigns to make Spartan-like replies to the volumes of questions and tentative remarks timidly addressed to him. He is a good fellow at heart, tolerant of the common world, and willing at times to entertain with speech as well as deeds.

But to-day is not his day for loquacity. Down at Lyons, where the Burlington ends he heard a bit of news—that one of the proposed branch lines of the railroad now building will probably have Estes Park for its terminus, and his heart is filled with sadness. By and by the crowd, seeing his mood, leave him to his reflections, and the departing people, hurrying away by the four roads they came, leaving him leaning against a post, with the postmaster's woolly dog squatting at his feet and looking sympathetically up in his face.

The stage driver has let his cigar go out, and his eyes are fixed upon the west, where behind the snowy range the sun is tumbling into his world bed of rosewood inlaid with pearl and draped with cloud curtains of frail pink and tender yellow hues. But it is not the sunset he sees. Behind Old Flat Top yonder, thirty miles away, are the grading camps of the new railroad that is

climbing the Rockies on its way to the Pacific coast. And if he is not thinking of them, the interlopers, it's quite too bad, and I am done with him.—Edfrid A. Bingham, Estes Park, Col.

MORE ABOUT SPLIT-LOG ROAD DRAG.

In all sections of the country are heard nothing but words of praise for the work being accomplished by the King split-log drag, the extremely simple device which is putting earth roads in a condition like boulevards. The drag has been strongly recommended by the United States Department of Agriculture and by supervisors and farmers generally. It can be made and operated by any person. Less than five dollars will pay the cost of construction and a half-hour's use of it after a rain will keep dirt roads for a distance of a mile in better condition than most macadam roads.

A road maintained by the drag is in perfect condition. It has an excellent crown and a hard and smooth surface which sheds the water readily. Ruts are obliterated and mud-holes unknown. Supervisors have found that they can pay farmers from 30 to 50 cents an hour to operate the drags after each rain and maintain a mile of dirt road to compare with a State road at a cost estimated in a government report at from \$1.50 to \$6 a year per mile.

HIS "HARD LUCK" STORY.

"I know," said the seedy individual who sat in the corner of the smoking car, "that you who have never had a serious setback take mighty little stock in hard-luck stories. There's no reason why you should believe all the tales you hear, but in my case it's different, for I can prove all I say. Yes, I lost all my money in ostrich farming. I was pretty well fixed when I started in, and went at it on a big scale. For the first year or two I got along pretty well, I 'diversified' some, raising enough grain and fodder for the birds and my other stock, and some to sell. But the market was about fifty miles distant and I began to worry over how I was to do the hauling. That didn't worry me long, however, for the birds began to multiply pretty fast and soon I discovered I wasn't raising enough for them to eat. I began to skimp the mules to feed the birds, and in this way weakened my farm force and consequently decreased my crop. Well, sir, things went on until those birds ate up the harnesses, the hoes and rakes and all the other farming tools, and I didn't know what on earth to do. I was about worried to death, and went to bed one night not knowing what the end would be. When I got up the next morning I found the birds had eaten up the wire fence around the farm and escaped. I never saw them again. That's why I'm broke, and why I am on my way back home."

"A Bad Speculation."

There are penitents and penitents. Some are sorry that they did wrong; others regret the unpleasant consequences of their evil deed. Governor Babour of Virginia once defended a man charged with stealing a pair of shoes. The man was convicted.

One day, years after, the governor was standing conversing with several lawyers in front of the court-house, when a man approached and said he wished to speak with him. They walked off together, and the man asked: "Squire, do you remember I once hired you to defend me?"

"Yes."

"Well, squire, the taking of them shoes was the worst job I ever did. I didn't keep 'em a week. They put me in jail; I gave you the only horse I had to defend me; my crop was lost; 'cause I couldn't see to it; and then, squire, they gave me thirty-nine lashes at last. I tell you, squire, it was a bad speculation."

REPORT OF THE

STILL GROWING CONDITION OF

Honesdale Dime Bank

HONESDALE, PA.

At the close of business May 2, 1910

(Condensed)

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans	\$501,318.73	Capital Stock	\$ 75,000.00
Bonds & Mortgages	72,970.53	Surplus, Earned	45,749.85
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	20,000.00	Deposits	528,346.26
Cash and due from banks	59,804.36	Bills Payable	5,000.00
Overdrafts	2.49		
	\$654,096.11		\$654,096.11

STATEMENT SHOWING GROWTH

Deposits May 26th, 1906	\$136,341.72	Deposits May 19th, 1908	\$340,655.94
" Nov. 26th, 1906	218,243.37	" Nov. 27th, 1908	408,857.61
" May 28th, 1907	290,872.14	" April 28th, 1909	469,078.90
" Dec. 16th, 1907	350,269.97	" Nov. 6th, 1909	508,482.43

May 2, 1910, Deposits \$528,346.26

E. O. MUMFORD, President.

W. F. RIEPLER, Vice President.

JOSEPH A. FISCH, Cashier.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Attorneys-at-Law.

H. WILSON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office, Masonic building, second floor, Honesdale, Pa.

W. M. H. LEE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over post office. All legal business promptly attended to. Honesdale, Pa.

E. C. MUMFORD, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Liberty Hall building, opposite the Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

HOMER GREENE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over Helf's store, Honesdale, Pa.

O. L. ROWLAND, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

CHARLES A. McCARTY, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Special and prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office over Helf's new store, Honesdale, Pa.

F. P. KIMBLE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office over the post office, Honesdale, Pa.

M. E. SIMONS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office in the Court House, Honesdale, Pa.

PETER H. ILOFF, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office—Second floor old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

SEARLE & SALMON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS-AT-LAW. Offices lately occupied by Judge Searle.

Dentists.

DR. E. T. BROWN, DENTIST. Office—First floor, old Savings Bank building, Honesdale, Pa.

DR. C. R. BRADY, DENTIST, Honesdale, Pa. Office Hours—8 a. m. to 6 p. m. Any evening by appointment. Citizens' phone, 33. Residence, No. 86-X

Physicians.

DR. H. B. SEARLES, HONESDALE, PA. Office and residence 1019 Court street telephones. Office Hours—2:30 to 4:30, and 6:00 to 8:00, p. m.

Livery.

LIVERY.—Fred. G. Rickard has removed his livery establishment from corner Church street to Whitney's Stone Barn.

ALL CALLS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. FIRST CLASS OUTFITS. 75y1

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION—

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on the 23d day of May, 1910 by John J. Brown, Valentine Bliss, W. J. Davis, John J. Holland, F. W. Wollerton, E. J. Lynott, A. G. Rutherford and others, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and government of street railway companies in this Commonwealth," approved May 14, A. D. 1889, and the supplements and amendments thereto, for a charter for and intended corporation to be called "The Scranton and Lake Ariel Railway Company." Said proposed corporation is organized for the purpose of building, constructing and operating a street railway over the following streets, highways and bridges as follows, namely: Beginning at the dividing line between Roaring Brook township and the Borough of Moscow, in Lackawanna county, where Main street crosses said line; thence along Main street in said borough to the intersection of Market street; thence along Willow street to the intersection of Brook street; thence along Brook street to the borough and Madison township line; thence from the Borough of Moscow line along the public road known as the Bear Brook road, leading from Moscow to Hollisterville, to the count line (also known as the line between Madison and Salem townships); thence from Madison township line at the Wilcox place, along the public road, known as the road leading from Madisonville, to Hollisterville; thence from Hollisterville to Moors Corners to Hamilton; thence from Hamilton along the North and South Turnpike to Lake township line; thence from line dividing Salem and Lake townships along the public road leading to Lake Ariel in Lake township, known as the road leading from Hamilton to Lake Ariel to Brown's Corners in the village of Ariel, Lake township, Wayne county; thence returning by the same route to the place of beginning, with the necessary turnouts, sidings and switches, forming a complete circuit, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

O'BRIEN & KELLY, A. G. RUTHERFORD, Solicitors.

Some single suits to clean up stock, at Menner & Co.'s store, will be sold out regardless of cost. 4W

Correct attest: M. E. SIMONS, W. M. FOWLER, M. B. ALLEN, Directors.

OFFICE OF THE HONESDALE CONSOLIDATED LIGHT, HEAT AND POWER COMPANY—

SPECIAL NOTICE TO STOCK-HOLDERS.

The Board of Directors of this Company have called a special meeting of its stockholders to be held at the General office of the company, in the Borough of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, on the 14th day of July, 1910, at 3 o'clock, for the purpose of voting for or against an increase of the indebtedness of said company.

M. B. ALLEN, Secretary.

A. O. BLAKE,

AUCTIONEER & CATTLE DEALER

You will make money by having me.

BELL PHONE 9-U Bethany, Pa.