The Columbus Journal.

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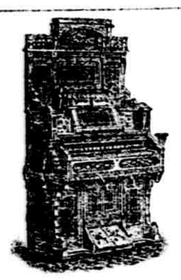

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POOR TEWFIK PASHA.

SKETCH OF THE MOST UNDIGNIFIED OF LIVING POTENTATES.

An Insignificant Looking Prince—Childish Attempts at Diplomacy—An Unlimited Capacity for Blowing Both Hot and Cold—Sympathy With Arabi.

Of all living potentates, certainly the most undignified is His Highness Tewfik Pasha, khedive of Egypt. The son of a common Fellah slave occupying a menial position in the khedival household, who had momentarily captivated and subsequently disgusted old Ismail Pasha, Tewfik has little resemblance to his half brothers, sons of the legitimate wives, who all of them give one the impression of being gentlemen to the very tips of their fingers.

The first time I met him was in the spring of 1879 at a dinner given by his father, the Khedive Ismail. I had arrived rather early and was standing in the reception hall at the top of the stairs talking with Ismail, when the grand master of the ceremonies suddenly announced "Le Prince Heritier." Immediately afterward an insignificant looking young man with a kind of hunted look about his eyes shuffled up to his father, humbly kissed the hem of his coat, and then with his hands crossed on his breast retired to a distant corner of the room, followed by the contemptuous glance of the old khedive, who, without returning a single word of greeting to his son, went on talking with me. Nobody at that time could forsee that Ismail's deposition was so near, and consequently I was one of the very few who considered it worth their while to show any courtesy to the young prince. During the following weeks I saw a good deal of him both officially and socially, and I used to be considerably amused to remark how at balls and receptions he would wander through the rooms talking with the Europeans in the most contemptuous way about the natives, and with the latter in an equally disagreeable manner about the former, utterly oblivious to the fact that natives and Europeans subsequently compared notes on the subject. Gifted with the innate Oriental taste for intrigue, most of Tewfik's attempts at diplomacy have been marked by similar childishess. One cannot, however, blame him for the timid, hunted look about his eyes, for his life, especially during the last few months preceding his father's deposition, was in great danger.

When I next saw Tewfik it was in the autumn of 1883. His father was in exile, his brothers banished, and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir had been fought. With reference to the latter, my personal acquaintance with Arabi and much discussion on the subject with both natives and Europeans convince me that the Arabi movement was distinctly promoted and connived at in earlier stages by Tewfik, and that he only withdrew therefrom when he saw the hopelessness of the cause. The true object of Arabi's insurrection appears to have been entirely lost sight of. It was a distinct movement of Mohammedans against Christians, whom Arabi promised to drive out of the country. It must be borne in mind that as usury is forbidden by the Koran all the moneylenders and bloodsuckers in Egypt are either Christians or Jews; and that owing to their inability to pay the heavy taxes the starving peasantry have been obliged to mortgage all their land. Hence a war against the Christians, which by driving them out of the country would thereby liquidate all debts and mortgages, was exceedingly popular with the natives, and thoroughly in accord with the innermost feelings of the bigoted khedive.

His sympathy with Arabi is proved by the fact that all of his closer confidants and adherents, and all the relatives of his wife, openly joined in the movement up to the arrival of British troops in Egypt. Arabi, a mere Fellah, was but the figurehead, and taking into consideration the incredibly servile nature of the race, would never have dared to go so far had he not been assured of the effendina's secret sympathy notwithstanding his official disapproval. Without venturing to assert that all the charges of complicity which Lord Randolph Churchill made against Tewfik are exact in every detail (he has hitherto declined to withdraw them), undoubtedly they are not entirely groundless. It is this official loyalty coupled with private treachery, this insane desire to be all things to all men, which causes Tewfik to be absolutely without a single devoted friend, either native or European.

Poor Tewfik! I always think that his father was right when he remarked to me about his son that "he had neither heart nor head." Not content with having an official agent in England when the Liberals were in power, he was continually sending over secret emissaries, generally blunt tools, to intrigue with the Conservatives, and of course as soon as Lord Salisbury assumed the reins of government, he attempted the same little game with the Liberals. Needless to add, the English minister plenipotentiary in Egypt was fully aware of all this, and nothing was more amusing than to watch Tewfik eagerly and unblushingly swearing by the beard and other portions of the prophet's sacred person that he had never sent anybody to England, and then to watch the queer, sceptical smile of Sir Evelyn Baring, who had the proofs to the contrary in his pocket, Tewfik thereupon with the object of changing this disagreeable topic of conversation, and of turning it into channels which he thought would be more agreeable to the English diplomat, would launch out into the most bitter abuse of the French and of their representative. Half an hour later would find the khedive complaining to the French plenipotentiary of Sir Evelyn Baring's rudeness and of the intolerable conduct of the English in Egypt. During the course of the day he would seek to ingratiate himself with the German minister by attacking the French colony, and with the Russian representative by abusing the latter's German colleague; leaving them all subsequently to compare notes. Then in the evening, when the audiences were at an end, he would gather around him his native cronies and begin to curse all around and in the most indiscriminate manner "those unclean dogs of Christians, whose mothers' graves may the pigs defile!"—Egypt Cor. New York Tribune.

HOW A NOVELIST WORKS.

Advice of an "Overwork" Specialist. Choice Between Rest and Insanity.

After four months enforced idleness David Christie Murray, the novelist, is back again in London and at work. He is thinned down prodigiously, but seems to have recovered his old vitality and health. I speak of his illness because, independent of the fact that he is the best known and most widely read of the younger English novelists, his case is an interesting one to all slaves of the pen. He had been working very hard for years, producing the equivalent of four three volume novels annually. This means 600,000 words every day in the twelvemonth, Sundays and all. Under this strain he broke down all at once last summer, like a watch with a snapped mainspring. One evening just before the crisis he drove with me down into the city and told me of the accumulating orders for work which he had hanging over him and of the effort he was making to stop smoking. He ascribed his increasing nervousness and inability to work to the excessive use of tobacco, and he had then gone, I forget how many days, without touching it. This did not prevent our halting the cab down near the bank, I remember, for him to get out and buy some cigarettes. A few days afterward came the announcement in The Athenæum of his enforced retirement from all labor and correspondence and of the non-appearance of his promised Christmas stories.

He tells me now that he went to the most famous of "overwork" specialists. The doctor made him shake hands with him, gripping hard, first with the right hand, then with the left. This was the chief test, and the decision was that he must take immediate and complete rest. The novelist pleaded his list of pressing engagements and contracts; the physician declared that he must choose between repose and the madhouse, for one side of his brain, and all the nervous organization which it controlled, was in a most critical condition. Mr. Murray then told the doctor, with a view to reassuring him, that he had stopped short for some time his use of tobacco.

"You have a cab waiting outside, haven't you?" asked the specialist.

"Yes."

"Well, jump into it as quick as you can, and drive to the nearest tobacconist's. When you are well again, moderate your smoking if you like. But to stop it short in this way, now, is the most senseless thing you could do."

Mr. Murray went down into the solitude of the Cornish coast and, taking a lonesome cottage on the cliffs, set himself resolutely to the task of doing nothing. The first fortnight was torture, but the burden of idleness began then to grow lighter. Four months of it has brought him back, fit once more to begin labor.—London Cor. New York Times.

Intelligence of Cats.

"Talk about dogs," said the proprietor of a saloon, the other day, "when you find a dog that has the intelligence of that cat just let me know," pointing to a huge yellow cat that lay contentedly asleep near the stove. "I can talk to that cat just the same as I would to a human being, and she understands me. She will fetch and carry just like a dog, and in sweeping up at night, if I leave anything on the floor she will find it and bring it to me. I could teach her anything. My mother, up stairs, suffers with rheumatism, and she uses that cat instead of a hot bottle to keep her feet warm. Any time, night or day, she will hop up on the bed when called and stretch herself on my mother's feet and stay there until told to go down. She will sleep there all night without moving."

Just then something as black as midnight flashed upon the counter, and with a magnificent bound sprang four feet vertically upward to the top of a cooler near.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the reporter, "what's that?"

"That's Satan," exclaimed the proprietor quietly. "Ain't he a jumper? That cat can spring around among those bottles recklessly, and I never knew him to break one. But here's something curious for you." He opened a door and called in a purring voice, "Kitty, kitty, kitty." There was a miaul outside, and then a cat as white as snow came creeping into the room, and then another of the same color.

"Ain't they beauties?" said the owner, admiringly. "Look here! Did you ever see such eyes?" placing one on the table. Curiously enough, one eye of each cat was a glowing amber in color and the other a beautiful blue.

"They have kittens outside, too, and they have the same eyes as the father and mother. I don't know what kind of cats they are. An old sea captain gave them to me. What do you think an old maid would give for those cats?"

"Go out," he continued to the cats, and the beautiful creatures crept meekly out.

"I allow the black cat and the yellow one only in here, and the white ones only in there, and it's curious how well they know where they belong. I might leave that door open and the cats would stay in their respective rooms. Wonderful, ain't they?"—New York Star.

New Statue of Queen Anne.

During the past week or two there has been an unique sight to be seen in front of St. Paul's cathedral. The sightseer on the 'bus top has had the extraordinary spectacle presented to him of a person, standing on a pedestal that was fenced in, struggling to get free from a loose wrapper that completely enveloped the person, head and all. This was, in fact, the new statue of Queen Anne, which had not then been unveiled. The winds fluttered the covering to and fro and gave the odd appearance to the statue of struggling to get free. Queen Anne seemed to have become a modern Galatea. The ghastly part of the affair, however, was the striking resemblance the figure had to a person to be hanged. The covering over the head tied tightly at the throat, the ropes around the lower part of the statue, the elevated position—the whole effect, in fact, bore a striking likeness to the chief figure at an execution. It is a relief that the late storm and the lord mayor removed the covering, allowing the great queen to stand out as the sculptor intended she should.—Luke Sharp's London Letter.

Why He Prefers Mules to Horses.

A well known manufacturer of this city—it isn't necessary to give his name—finds it necessary to employ a double team to do his hauling. For several years he kept two horses, and while they did their work well he suddenly concluded to dispose of them and buy a pair of mules instead. He says that after the horses had done their day's or week's work he was continually annoyed by some of his friends or employes asking for the use of the horses to take pleasure drives. Not caring to offend them he frequently acceded to their requests, while all the time his better judgment told him that it was rough on the horses, which by their honest work were entitled to their just rest. This thing went on for a while, and our friend was pondering by day and by night how he could bring about a change. It occurred to him one day that mules were not very popular for pleasure driving purposes, but that they answered every other purpose of horses—in fact, were in several respects preferable for his own use. So he concluded to sell his horses and get a mule team. His plan worked admirably, and the other day he informed us that since he got the mules he hasn't been asked once for their use by his friends or employes.—Allentown (Pa.) Register.

Kicked by the Cow.

I turned the cows out, and as old Bess was a little slow in going I just caught her by the tail and gave her a switch with it to hurry her up a little. I've been feeding old Bess off and on for five years, and I thought that she honored me and respected me, but suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye and with malice aforethought, she raised her hind leg and let fly at me with all her might. She hit me on the shinbone, and you might have heard the collision for fifty yards. It hurt so bad I let go her tail prematurely and hollered. I was a cowardly act of hers, but nevertheless I shall ever hereafter let those cows' tails alone. I thought from the report that the bone was broken, and I took on powerful and let Carl help me all the way to the house, but when I examined I found the bone all right and only the epidermic cuticle abraded. I've lost confidence in cows. They have no gratitude and no emotions of an exalted character. They are not fit for pets. A horse belongs to the nobility, but a cow is a scrub. She has about as much affection as a mule. She is a machine to manufacture milk, and that is all.

Nevertheless, I never like to sell my cattle to the butcher. I never kill one for my own use, and I never want to eat a beefsteak that comes from one of my own raising.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Where Gambetta Died.

Gambetta's house, at Ville d'Avray, which lately has been visited by so many devoted republicans on the anniversary of his death, is still a shabby, mean little place, though now almost a public monument, and owning its own special gardien. It is as bare inside as outside. In the hall are a chair and a table, where the visitors write their names on a sheet of paper. A poor staircase leads to the room where Gambetta died, which has been kept unchanged ever since. Two tables, a chest of drawers and a bed form all the furniture, but the walls are hidden by wreaths, crowns and memorial marble tablets, which have overflowed on to the staircase outside. Cards and bouquets cover the tables, and flowers are showered on the bed.—Home Journal.

A PERSIAN AT HOME.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE SUBJECTS OF THE SHAH.

Greeted by the Wives and Their Babies. The Evening Meal—Solace of the Pipe. Music on the Guitar—A Visitor Arrives.

Rayza Mohammed is my servant. He is a good Mussulman, although not strictly orthodox, belonging to the sect of Dawoodees and believing that strong drink was given by Allah to cheer the heart of man. Being a jolly fellow and a good Moslem, he has three wives. It does not take much to support three wives in Persia, hardly more than to support one, that is among the poorer classes. The first wife he married when she was 11 and he 17. She was his cousin, fair Mayrich, and she lords it over the other two, being a relative. It's 6 o'clock, and I have dismissed Rayza for the night. As he enters the low door of his little house by the Dwaseh Kaswin, he greets his women folk with: "Peace be with ye," and they reply in chorus: "With you' also be peace and the goodness of Allah!" The babies, however, are not quite so formal. They clamber up on his knees as soon as he has squatted down before his meal, served on the floor and arranged around him in a number of small tin platters, each covered with a cone shaped dish.

THE EVENING MEAL.

Their respective mothers bear the little mischiefs away, though, and the papa gravely dips his fingers in a brass basin and goes through the form of the religious ablution. Then he reaches out for the various dishes. In one there is the succulent rice made beautiful to look at by saffron and little shreds of mutton. In another there is roast lamb. In another there is sour soup, flavored with lime juice and containing bits of meat. He helps himself to all these good things in turn, his sleeves being tucked up to the elbow, using no knife, fork or spoon, but instead pieces of the flabby, flat bread which he tears off from a slice as big as a sheet and lying at his right hand side. Dexterously he scoops up the gravy and the broth, and is soon ready for his dessert, which consists of cucumbers, peaches and "jelly from heaven," a species of pudding made of rice flour and pistaches. He then rises, goes in front of the house to the brink of the Kanaut (canal of running water, conducted from the icy tops of mountains), and drinks from the hollow of his hand a good draught. Meanwhile the women and the children have simultaneously made a ravenous attack upon the remnants of the edibles, and when the master returns they have finished.

Rayza sits down on his rug spread out on the raised part of the room facing east. "Ghalyan biar," he says briefly. His favorite wife, Mayrich, brings it to him, first setting the charcoal and the moistened Shiraz "tambeki" in a glow by pulling at the black mouthpiece herself for a minute and blowing out the thick, powerful smoke through her nostrils. The pipe is in first class working order and the water makes its pleasant bubbling sound at regular intervals as he inhales the smoke. "Khoub est," Rayza says, which expression of approval on his part makes Mayrich, for the moment, the focus of his other wives' jealous eyes. The Persian is not talkative with his wives, although he is generally kind and indulgent to them. The religious law having ordered all these things, down to the minutest detail, there is much less jealousy and wrangling among the different wives and with their lord than one might suppose. But in this particular case there was perhaps just cause for jealousy, because it was really that evening Malek's turn to wait on the husband and to become his especial companion. She, however, is only a "temporary wife," and her rights are therefore not strictly respected.

THE GUITAR'S TINKLE.

Rayza contentedly and silently smokes on for another five minutes. The women have cleared away the dishes and have smartened themselves up a bit. Malek has put a yellow rose in her black tresses and kneels down at Rayza's feet, holding a Persian guitar between her fingers, on which she forthwith begins to tinkle. She is an expert. There is not much music in this instrument—fashioned like two inverted hearts meeting at the points and covered with seven strings—to a western ear, but it delights Rayza, especially when the babies begin to crow in unison with its monotonous twang twang.

At the moment there is a shrill cry: "Adam mirarad" (a man is coming), and all three women at once throw their face veil over and turn their backs to the door, through which at that moment enters Ali Zadar, a friend to Rayza, employed as a scribe in the house of a noble. "Thou camest propitiously," says Rayza, rises from his sitting posture and politely bows to his guest, inquiring at the same time with extreme minuteness after his health, progress and temper. All this being satisfactorily answered and the women having meanwhile retreated backward into a smaller room adjoining, Rayza invites his friend to sit down alongside of him and yields his own ghalyan (water pipe) to his guest, ordering at the same time a new pipe. This and a bottle of arrack (strong, raw liquor made of rice) are brought by the veiled Malek, who in handing it to Rayza whispers something into his ear, to which he mockingly replies: "Not before the moon rises." The The two friends smoke and drink now for some time, occasionally interrupting this with some quotation from the poets illustrative of the fact that happiness is fleeting and must be made the most of while it lasts. Thus an hour has passed.—Cor. New York Graphic.

INNUMERABLE RUINED CITIES.

Valuable Relics Which Await the Coming of Venturesome Explorers.

The ignorance and indifference of Hispano-Americans on the archaeology of this country surpasses belief, even taken into account the natural indolence of the southern races and the fact that during the last few hundred years their energies have been mainly expended in uprisings against an ever changing government. But since Stevens, M. Chazney, Dr. Le Plongeon and others have recently made important discoveries the Mexicans have awakened to a lazy consciousness of valuable possessions. With a dog in the manger spirit they have enacted rigorous laws against the exportation of relics, idols, etc., which would enrich the museums of the world, yet in which they themselves are not sufficiently interested to bring to light.

There are innumerable ruined cities buried deep in the wilderness of Mexico and Central America which still await in silence the coming of the explorer; there are hundreds of deserted temples and crumbling pyramids which were built so far back in the twilight of time that no traditions remain of the builders. In Yucatan alone no less than sixty-seven prehistoric cities have been discovered, despite the fact that this wildest territory of Mexico presents almost insurmountable obstacles to the traveler in the way of warlike savages and trackless deserts, whose hot sands outrival Sahara. Even the all-conquering Spaniards never succeeded in making much impression upon the Mayas of Yucatan, and to this day there are aboriginal tribes in the interior still flourishing as before the conquest, but so powerful and bloodthirsty are they that no European who has ventured within their domain has returned to tell the story.

By the way, a modern Mexican historian has lately made a new attempt to prove that America was discovered in the Fifth century a. d. by a party of Buddhists monks from Afghanistan, of whom one—Hwui Shan by name—returned to Asia after an absence of forty-one years. A short account of the land which he visited, supposed to be Mexico, was included in the official history of China. There is proof that Hwui Shan actually did visit some unknown eastern region; and it is also true that all the traditions of ancient Mexico contain an account of the arrival of some monks, who came from the westward in the days of the Toltecs—the people who preceded the Aztecs in this country.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Hurry and Dispatch.

Among the many causes of poor and inefficient work is the habit of hurry which takes possession of some busy people. Having, or imagining they have, more to do in a given time than can be done properly, they grow confused, agitated and nervous; and under this pressure they proceed with the work in hand without requisite deliberation and care, perhaps omitting parts and producing at last an imperfect and inferior performance which can neither be permanent nor satisfactory. There is hardly any employment, from the simplest manual work to the most complex and difficult manual labor, that does not suffer from this cause. The dwelling house in process of building is to be finished at a certain time. With proper forethought and system it would have been done, but the time approaches and the work is still incomplete. The future occupants are impatient, the contractor is anxious, the workmen are driven, the work is hurried through and annoyance, discomfort, and sometimes danger ensue and repairs are soon found necessary.

The business man undertakes more than he can manage, the days are not long enough for his needs, he is agitated by the constant pressure, driven by conflicting claims, his business suffers for the want of a clear and cool head, his health suffers from continual and unrelaxed exertion, his family suffers from his deterioration, and general disaster ensues. The physician, with many other calls to make, hurries through the visit, neglecting some important symptom, and the patient dies; the lawyer hurries through his plea and loses his case; the preacher hurries through the preparation of his sermon and fails to make an impression; the artist hurries on his picture to completion and his best conception is not there; the teacher hurries through a prescribed course of instruction and the class is left destitute of the more important elements of knowledge. It is not too much to say that a large proportion of the unhappiness, the ignorance, the loss of property, and even the loss of life that is endured in the world is to be directly traced to the hurry and drive which characterizes so much of the labor performed.—Public Opinion.

Life on the Texas Border.

None of the houses belonging to the Mexicans are very extensive, though many of them are quite comfortable, while others are the veriest hovels. How they manage to live in some of them is a mystery. One old man lives in a cave near the creek. He is apparently very aged, and during his whole life had been a cowherd until age prevented his persuing that avocat on any longer. The old man is blear-eyed and deaf, wears sandals in place of shoes, and owns an immense straw hat, which he has apparently used for years. His hoarse voice frightens the children, and his poor, thin blanket affords but little protection from the biting north wind. Never having known anything better than his present condition, he takes it as a matter of course, and scorns the copper cents which are given to him in charity. If his countrymen cannot do better than that he prefers having nothing. He ordinarily carries a bag over his shoulder, into which donations of every kind are poured without much reference to congruity. In his day he has been a great horseman, judging from his bow legs, on which, with the help of a cane, he totters along. Once I saw a little girl with him, and could not but reflect what a life of poverty was in store for her. This old man has seen many vicissitudes, stretching back to the time when comparatively little was known of the interior of Mexico.—Chihuahua (Mex.) Cor. Chicago Times.

Soldiers Betting on Flies.

"Yes, we used to have a spasm of goodness in the army every now and then," said an old soldier yesterday. "That is to say, the officers would get good and try to make the rest of us come up to their ideas. You see, when time hung heavy on our hands we would while away our leisure by an indulgence in the wicked game of chuck-a-luck, or in seven up, or by an occasional poker game. I remember when we were in Mississippi"—

"What is chuck-a-luck?"

"Mercy alive! Didn't you ever see a lot of fellows mark off numbers—

"1—2—3—4—5—6—

"put the money on the numbers and throw dice, and the fellow's numbers turned up take the pot? Well, as I was going on to say, the officers had a spasm and decided to break up gambling. They took up every card and dice box in the camp. What did we do? Why, bless your soul, we went on gambling. A lot of fellows would each get a little piece of bread and smear on a bit of syrup and lay out the spread, and then all sit and wait. There were a million flies about camp, and in a minute you would see a fly light on a piece of bread and go for the syrup. Well, the owner of that piece of bread would take the pot. That and other devices for evading the orders of the officers convinced them that they could not head us off, and they gave us back our cards and dice, and we resumed business.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Rose Superstition.

It has been declared, on the usually competent authority which originates superstitions of every sort, that it is highly unlucky for a rose, when worn on the person, to scatter its leaves on the ground. I venture to quote an illustration of this from the "Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis." The lady to whom this portent happened was Miss Ray, who was murdered at the piazza entrance of the Covent Garden theatre by a man named Hackman. When the carriage was announced, and she was adjusting her dress, Mrs. Lewis remarked on a beautiful rose which Miss Ray wore in her bosom. Just as the words were uttered the flower fell to the ground, and when Miss Ray stooped down to pick it up the leaves scattered themselves on the ground, the stalk only remaining in her hand. The poor girl, evidently affected by this incident, said, in a slightly faltering voice: "I trust I am not to consider this an evil omen." But soon recovering her presence of mind, she expressed a hope that they would meet again after the performance, a hope which it was decreed should never be fulfilled.—All the Year Round.

There's No Limit to It.

To what length will the Russian censorship of the press go next? In a novel recently submitted to the censor, the author, in describing the tent of one of the grand dukes during the war with Turkey, mentioned as one of its ornaments "the portrait of a certain actress." This phrase was altered in the proof sheet to "a large map of the theater of war," and on the author objecting that his description was "historical," he was coolly told that "in Russia nothing is historical except what appears in the official journals."—Exchange.

Long Names.

The name of the secretary of the interior is Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, A. M., LL.D., while he has a clerk under him, a colored man, whose father christened him Washington Jefferson Lincoln Gerritt Smith Jones. There is another colored man, working in a Washington barber shop, whose title is Farragut Dahlgren Foote Porter Hopkins, in honor of the several naval commanders under whom he served in the navy during the war.—Boston Globe.

Toys for the London Poor.

London Truth undertook the distribution of 14,150 toys, sent by many people, among the hospitals, workhouses and orphanages in the city. When the notion was first put in practice, six years ago, about 1,000 toys were received and distributed. The number has since grown yearly.—Boston Transcript.

THE GREAT SPHINX.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE WORK OF DISINTERMENT.

The Sand Carried Away in Large Baskets—Astonishing Results from Apparently Inadequate Means—Various Excavations—Restorations of Roman Date.

The last occasion on which the Great Sphinx was cleared down to the level on which the paws rest was in honor of the opening of the Suez canal in 1869. The ever drifting sands had, however, reburied it almost to the throat when Professor Maspero, during his last year of office at Boulak, began again the work of disinterment. This work has now been going on, somewhat intermittently, for more than twelve months, and is at the present time in active progress under the direction of Professor Maspero's successor, M. Grebaut. A tramway has been laid down from the Sphynx to the edge of the Pyramid plateau, passing close under the west face of the granite building popularly, though incorrectly, called the temple of the Sphynx. Along this tramway light trucks convey the sand to the point at which their contents are discharged, the trucks being loaded by Arabs of both sexes and all ages, who carry the sand upon their heads in large flat baskets, ascending and descending all day long from the excavations below to the tramway above and vice versa.

ASTONISHING RESULTS.

The means look curiously inadequate, but the results are astonishing. Already the entire fore part of the great stone monster is laid bare, and the huge chest, the paws, the space between the paws, the altar in front of them, and the platform upon which they rest, are once more open to the light of day. Nor is this all. Between the Sphinx and the edge of the Pyramid plateau a vast space has also been cleared, thus bringing to view a fine flight of steps some 40 feet in width. These steps, which are described by Pliny, were uncovered by Caviglia in 1817, but have been entirely lost to sight for nearly seventy years. A second flight of steps and the remains of two Roman buildings were also found by Caviglia, and will again be brought to light if M. Grebaut continues to work in this direction.

To the right of the Sphinx—that is to say, in the direction of the granite temple, to the southward, a further excavation is in progress, the result of which will probably confirm the surmises of those who believe the Sphinx to stand in the midst of a huge artificial amphitheatre hewn out of the solid rock. This gigantic work would of course be contemporaneous with the Sphinx itself, which Mariette attributed to the mythic ages before the advent of Mena, the first king of the first dynasty, and which Maspero considers to be, if not actually prehistoric, at all events the oldest monument in Egypt.

From the level of the area below the great flight of steps (which lead down, and not up, to the Sphinx) one now measures the whole height of the huge human-headed monster, whose battered countenance stands out against the cloudless sky 100 feet above.

BETWEEN THE PAWS.

The space between the paws is thirty-five feet long and ten feet wide. This space was anciently converted into a small sanctuary lined with votive tablets, only one of which—the famous stela of Thothmes IV—yet remains in situ. The stela records how the king, when upon one of his hunting expeditions, lay down to rest at midday in the shadow of the Sphinx. He there fell asleep, and dreamed a dream in which the venerable image conjured him to clear away the sand in which it was nearly buried. Then the prince awoke and "made silence in his heart," and vowed to do that which the god had commanded.

The paws of the sphinx, as they now appear, are a restoration of Roman date, being cased in comparatively small slabs, and to some extent hollow underneath. The breast of the sphinx has likewise been faced with slabs, apparently in Roman times; and these slabs have again been repaired by cutting away the weathered surface and inserting a fresh facing. Like the legs of the Colossi of the Plain, and those of the great statue of Aboo Simbel, the paws of the sphinx are covered with the Greek scrawls of early travelers; but these graffi-ti are mostly of a late period and so slightly scratched that few are legible throughout. Such as they are, however, Professor Maspero has, it is understood, devoted himself to the ungrateful and difficult task of translating them.

M. Grebaut's excavations are not limited to the clearance of the sphinx only. Various interesting tombs have lately been discovered in the vicinity of the great pyramid, and to the westward the face of the Libyan cliff has been reached where it forms the natural boundary of the Pyramid plateau. Some good early rockcut tombs, with built forecourts, have been found in the face of this cliff, in two of which the walled up recesses or secret chambers, called "serdabs," which were constructed for the safe keeping of funerary portrait statues, are yet intact with their contents.—London Times.

Editor Grady at Home.

In May last a Memphis reporter, who was swinging around the southern circuit in search of a newspaper that could not exist without his services, chanced to visit Atlanta and called upon Mr. Grady.

"I entered a luxuriously appointed ante room and confronted a handsome young man wearing a priceless diamond pin and a delicate bang.

"'Wait here until I seek the presence,' he said, solemnly, and disappeared through an inner door.

"By this time nerve was as scarce about my person as the price of board.

"Presently the handsome young man returned and said, 'He will see you.'

"I followed him and found myself in Mr. Grady's audience chamber. It was furnished with Oriental splendor. There were four persons in the room—the governor of the state, a United States senator, a stenographer and the man I was seeking. The great journalist was seated on a rich divan, dictating to the stenographer, while the others hung breathlessly upon his words. I took him to be about 40 years old. He is thick set and has the appearance of a man whose stomach never gets left, if he knows it. His head is round and covered with a short growth of black hair, his face sallow, smooth shaven and lighted by a pair of cold, piercing black eyes. His voice is well modulated, but penetrating. It went through me like a knitting needle and stuck in the wall beyond.

"'Tell him,' he said to the shorthand man, 'I have my eye upon you, and if Gordon does not get a majority of the delegation from your county— Well, sir,' suddenly discovering me, 'what do you want?

"'I thought Uncle Remus was here,' I stammered out. Nothing else occurred to me. I was paralyzed.

"'You'll find him down at Miss Sally's,' replied Mr. Grady, and somehow in about a minute I found myself on the pavement outside."—Memphis Avalanche.

A NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

Making Wine from Oranges—Utilizing the Surplus in a Good Way.

The wonderful crop of oranges which has been produced in California has led to the manufacture of a new and non-alcoholic wine from that fruit. A gentleman who has traveled extensively in California, in conversation with a reporter thus described the process: "In San Gabriel, Los Angeles county, Cal., where the sweet navel or seedless orange grows to great perfection and in large quantities, the Mexican residents made from it a wine, not unlike the May wine of the Germans. This wine, of course, had to be consumed at once or it would spoil. But the idea was suggested by this practice that good wine could be made from sweet oranges, and the question was now to make the wine so that it could become a marketable and profitable commodity. As soon as the souring was overcome, more money had to be invested. This was accomplished after considerable money had been lost. The sweetest oranges are selected, those of the navel or seedless kind; but not until they are fully ripe. Oranges when shipped to market for eating are generally packed green and ripen on the way. Not so with those used for wine. When gathered, a machine removes the peel, leaving only the juicy pulp. The pulp is placed in a large vat, with layers of the Angelica grape sugar. The pulp and sugar are allowed to remain together about three weeks, when, by the aid of a jack-screw press worked by machinery, the whole of the juice is squeezed out. This is run off into casks and purified every month for about two or three years. It is kept from souring by the addition of distilled glycerine preservatives, and at the end of that time is considered fit for general use. It is drawn off into casks of a commercial capacity and is ready for shipment.

"As transportation, especially to a distance, would cause the wine to muddle, it is again refined at the end of the journey and the dregs precipitated before it is put into bottles, in which condition it is sold to the general public. The wine has already been exported to England and many parts of Europe."

"Is not the wine fermented in some way."

"Not at all. It is purely the juice of the orange, a simple fruit wine, and contains no alcoholic spirits whatever. People eat oranges after meals as a digestive; now they can partake of the pure juice alone for the same reason. I think it will soon outrival any of the mild drinks of the present day."

"Then it is simply a still wine without any intoxicating qualities?"

"Yes, in its original form. But it can be made into a sparkling wine by the introduction of carbonic gas. By diluting the orange juice one-half, and adding the gas, a beverage equal to champagne can be produced, without any of its intoxicating or enervating effects. This has been done, and temperance drinkers have been delighted with it. As a summer drink it is far better, according to medical men, than lime or lemon juice, as it does not leave such bad results as sometimes follow the drinking of lemonade."—New York Mail and Express.

The Villages of the West.

I had a talk recently with a Massachusetts man, who has been west on a prospecting tour. He said: "I have been astounded in going through the western country to note the remarkable stage of improvements which they have attained. If you get off the cars at any town of 3,000 or 5,000 inhabitants or larger, you will find yourself in the midst of a civilization that is equal to any of the great cities of the east. You find electric lights, perfect telephone and telegraph district messenger service, modern improvements in the way of sanitary drainage, street cars, fine public buildings and perfect fire service. Looking the place over you will find buildings of modern construction, finely equipped, possibly with elevators and with all the modern improvements. Such a town is as far ahead of a New England place of the same size as anything you can imagine. It took me some time to realize the conditions and to figure out the causes from which they resulted. The real fact seems to be that these western people are getting the benefits of all the improvements and inventions and progress of the older civilization. The cars on the western railroads are more luxurious than those of the older lines in the east. Railroads are built on a scale of improvement much finer. It would do the people of the east great good if they could be transplanted out into the western country for a little while to see the differences I have noted."—New York Tribune.

Useless Education.

A gentleman residing near Kingston asked his daughter to write a short business letter for him the other day. The result was not particularly encouraging to the man who flattered himself that his daughter was "top o' the heap" in the way of "eddication." Words were misspelled in the letter, grammatical errors were flagrant, punctuation was ignored, syntax was at sixes and sevens, and the whole production was more worthy of a child of 6 than a young lady who was nearly "through" school.

In rage and indignation the parent asked his daughter what she did in school. "Oh, we didn't bother with anything like that," was the reply; "we study the higher branches." "Well, for ——'s sake, begin over again," said the man, "and fly low. Here I'm giving you an education in the hopes that you will be able to write my letters and assist me in other ways, and here you haven't the first requisite. It's downright discouraging, that's what it is," and the man heaved a sigh over his offspring's glaring deficiencies, in the seemingly obsolete but most important branch of a person's education.—Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.

Embalming in Ancient Egypt.

The surviving fragments of the early literature of Egypt are mainly of a religious character; their doctrine of the future state lavished their national life in almost every particular. To them the body was an integral part of the immortal humanity; therefore it had to be preserved from corruption that it might be a fit receptacle for the soul to dwell in through eternity. Although it was sacred, under the special protection of the god Thoth, though each part was under the guardianship of a special divinity, yet this sacredness did not preclude careful inspection and the processes necessary for preservation, for all parts had to be perpetuated. The organs removed from the bodies of persons of the better classes were not returned into the body, but were preserved in vases of alabaster or stone.—A. Macalister.

Causes of Baldness.

It is rare that a bald head is found among men under 50 or 60 years who spend eight or ten hours a day at the artisan's bench. How much the strain of modern rapid life and business worry and hurry is responsible for this physical deterioration is a matter of discussion. The opinion is general, however, that the cosmetics, hair restorers, tonics and shampooing fluids used by barbers tend to destroy the hair follicles and produce baldness. Men who shave themselves or visit the barber only once a week, and those who use nothing but water as a dressing for their hair as a rule have a luxurious growth.—New York Mail and Express.

The Fashionable Disease.

Rheumatism is the fashionable disease this winter. Pneumonia is left out in the cold, and diphtheria has its ugly nose put out of joint by the grinding, though less dangerous, torture of the "favorite" of the hour. If anybody has anything the matter with him now, it is rheumatism: a dig here, a shooting pain there, mark the presence of the fiend, and lucky the victim of its incipient attacks if it doesn't twist him him into fiddle strings before he is cured.—