The pictures represent sacrificial ceremonies, domestic and industrial scenes, battles, triumphal processions—all phases of life, in fact. One wall contains, in hieroglyphics, the treaty of peace which Rameses II concluded with the Hittites, while another wall represents Rameses III holding a group of prisoners by the hair and raising a club as if to strike. Close by, the god Ammom is delivering to him chained representatives of different vanquished nations. the faces being so true to life that the Israelites brought from Palestine can be easily distinguished from the Ethiopians and Nubians of the south. One of the heads seen often in the drawings resembles "the yellow kid," and the donkeys are exactly like those seen today.

Thebes a Mighty Metropolis

Luxor and Karnak are on the east bank of the Nile, but Thebes required both sides of the river for its great population, and the west bank is also rich in evidences of ancient civilization. The Rameseum is here and would attract more attention if it were not overshadowed by larger temples; here also are the "Colossi of Memnon," one of them known to literature as the singing statue. This is described by Strabo and Juvenal and bears many inscriptions in Latin and Greek made by those who visited it under the Roman rule. Hadrian looked upon it 130 A. D., and a poetess of his day declares that the statue greeted the emperor. It is supposed that granite having been cracked; at any rate, the sound ceased when Grave robbing, however, was so popular an amusement in those sand upon the other, for these pyramids stand upon the dividing

hears a decree inscribed in three languages—ancient Egyptian, mod- the statue was repaired. It now sits silent, and with its companion ern Egyptian and Greek, and furnishes the key to unlock the secrets gazes upon the barley field that reaches but in every direction from

But more interesting than the Rameseum or the Colossi are the tombs of the kings, some forty-two of which have already been discovered. At this point the west side of the valley of the Nile is walled in by a range of limestone hills, one of which bears a striking resemblance to a pyramid. (Could it have suggested the idea of a pyramid for a tomb?) Leaving the valley of the Nile about two miles north of this pyramidical hill, there is a small, dry valley which wends its way back through the hills and terminates at the foot of steep walls just west of the hill mentioned.

Here are the tombs, hewn in the solld rock, the most elaborate of which is the tomb of Sethos, or Seti, the father of Rameses and beasts are so exactly like what we see today that one could This tomb burrows into the hill to the depth of 330 feet, a flight of steps leading down through different levels and different chambers to the final vault. The walls are covered with figures in colors representing the king in the act of making offerings to the various gods. There are also drawings illustrating scenes in this world and life as it was supposed to be in the next. Some of these pictures portray a hell where the wicked are punished by fire, and there are also drawings which have been interpreted to represent vaults hewn out of rock and connected by spacious halls. the resurrection and judgment.

Pharaoh of the Exodus

Not far away is the tomb of "the Pharaoh of the Exodus,"

for safety to a secret vault, which was so carefully concealed that barren of earth's deserts. they were not found until the nineteenth century.

At Memphis, which is only about eighteen miles from Cairo, there are tombs of less importance, colossal statues of Rameses II and the sarcophagi of the sacred bull. In one of the tombs or Mastabas, as tombs of this type are called, are some of the drawings that have been most widely reproduced. In one place a boy is fattening geese by the stuffing process; in another, cranes are being fed; here, rams are treading in the seed, and there, cattle horned and hornless are being driven through a river. Agriculture, ship building, carpentering and other industries are minutely pict-While the human figures are stiff and angular, the birds easily believe them to have been drawn by a modern artist.

The Sarcophagi of the Sacred Bulls, twenty-four in number, hollowed out from single pieces of granite and are covered with immense slaps of the same kind of stone. Each is large enough to contain a good sized animal, and some of them are covered with hieroglyphics giving the pedigrees of the blue-blooded occupants. These caskets of the royal line rest in subterranean

Still nearer to Cairo, only six miles away, in fact, are the great pyramids of Glzah-Cheops and Khephren. These have been described so often that any elaborate comment upon them might weary the reader. We climbed to the summit of the largest, and by doing so not only gained an idea of the immensity of this the sound which for many years issued from the head of the statue which contains a granite image of the king, and close by this tomb 3,000,000 cubic feet of stone, but obtained an excellent view of just after sunrise was caused by the change in temperature, the is another in which the mummied form of a Pharaoh still reposes. the green valley on the one side and the yellow plain of shifting

days that the bodies of nearly all the kings had been removed line between Egypt's far-famed fertile lands and one of the most

We followed the narrow passage which leads to the center of the pyramid and peered into the empty granite sarcophagus which for more than 4,000 years kept the body of the builder concealed from the sight of man, and when we came out, half crawling and balf climbing, each assisted by two Arabs, our muscles as well as our memories testified that we had seen all of this stupendous plie.

Sphinx an Enduring Movement

At the foot of these two pyramids stands the silent Sphinz, and near it a granite temple almost as old. The Sphinx itself is a little disappointing, because photographs often show it in the foreground and the pyramids behind it, and it thus appears relatively larger than it really is. It represents the body of an animal with a human head, and is cut from a huge stone that juts out into the valley. It was a grand conception of the brain of one long ago forgotten, and is the oldest product of the chisel of man. It has outlived unnumbered generations, and seems to mock at time. Its position by the pyramids is a fitting one, and looking upon it and them one is awed by the sense of their antiquity and recognizes the appropriateness of the lines of the lecturer, Stoddard:

'Eternal Sphinx! The pyramids are thine! Their glant summits guard thee night and day; On thee they look when stars in splendor shine, Or while around their crests the sunbeams play; Thine own coevals, who with thee remain Colossal genti of the boundless plain.

(Copyright, 1906.)

Eternal Sphinx!" W. J. BRYAN.

Tersely Told Tales Both Grim and Gay

coin is that referring to an al- over the side," ordered Schley. if I had said it, but I reckon it was York Times. charged to me to give it currency." He said the origin of that story was in King George's time. Bitter complaint had been made to the king that General Wolfe, then called to the witness stand in a recent trial

Admiral Schley's Little Joke. A prominent naval officer tells a story that exhibits Admiral Schley somewhat in time?"

bite some of my other generals."-Colonel

Albert Chandler in Sunday Magazine.

the light of a humorist. Some years ago Schley was in command of one of the old navy ships that was fit- side?" ting out at the Boorklyn navy yard for a foreign cruise. Now, naval officers of the wardroom carry a lot of beer with them when they start on a cruise. They are not, beer at mess with their meals. This beer yet could not see your husband?" is taken on board in bottles packed in straw and placed in immense hogsheads.

It appears that a few days before Schley's Weekly. vessel was to sail for a foreign station a large party of Brooklyn Sunday school teachers visited the ship in a body. The party was much interested in watching the a lawyer of Philadelphia, "was one day recrew stow and break the stores.

On the main deck stood one of the big the bench. orsheads packed full of beer bottles that had been emptied. This hogshead empty bottles was about to be hoisted, showed a great disposition to challenge the There was no way for the uninitiated to jurymen. tell whether they were filled or empty. But with stern disapproval. After a hurried him.

to the hated hogshead. "Sir," said the former to Schley, "It is a matter of deep regret that your vessel should arry such a huge quantity of in-

the emissary spoke of the many, many beer more than likely he's prejudiced against bottles he had seen, Schley exclaimed, "Why, it's simply shocking!" Then, with his visitor, he left the cabin and repaired to the main deck. "Bos'un's mate," he

ERHAPS as popular a story as any once." The hands were aft in an instant. a funeral sermon at one time and spoke self." The mountaineer saw the point, but that have been attributed to Lin- "Rig a tackle and dump that hogshead longer than was my custom.

eged delegation who appealed to The sailors, who knew that the bottles temperament, and as the afternoon was some." ilm to remove General Grant were empty, were all grins, but in a jiffy going he began to be anxious to be on the from command because of his indulgence of they had the hogshead over the side into way to the cemetery. He finally whispered strong drink. The story has it that, after the water. The Brooklyn party looked on to one of my members: 'Does you minister listening to the appeal, the president in- approvingly and when the offending bottles always preach as long as that at a funeral?" quired if any of them could tell where had disappeared they gathered around General Grant got his whisky, "because," Schley and told him what a noble ex-sermon."

be is reported to have said, "if I could ample he had set for the men. Schley "Yes," said the undertaker, "the sermon of the other generals." I heard a gentle- the fun he had out of it he paid a couple but I am afraid if he does not stop pretty man inquire of him soon after this story of dollars into the wardroom mess for the soon I will not get this man buried in became current whether it was true. He loss of the empty bottles, which should time," "-Philadelphia Ledger. replied: "That would have been very good have been returned to the dealer .-- New

Stung.

In the cross-examination of a woman operating against Quebec, was mad. "Mad, at Pittsburg one of is he?" said the king. "Then I wish he'd to the woman was: at Pittsburg one of the first questions put "At what time of the night was it that

you saw the prisoner in your room?" "About 2 o'clock," suid the witness. Was there a light in the room at that

"No; the room was quite dark." "Could you see your husband at your

"Then, madam," observed the attorney, his eye gleaming with triumph, "you will kindly explain to this intelligent jury how as a rule, heavy drinkers, but they like it was that you could see the prisoner and "Because my husband was at his club," quietly responded the lady.-Harper's table.

> Challenging the Judge. "The late Judge J. I. Clark Hare," said

"He said that a certain man was about of to be tried in the common pleas, and

"Evidently the prisoner knew all about the Sunday school teachers immediately the right to challenge, and evidently he feit concluded that the bottles were loaded, that the more challenging he and his law-Accordingly they regarded the hogshead yer did the better his case would go for no good ones among 'em I'll boll ye half a

consultation they determined to send a "Finally, though, his challenging came delegate to the commander with reference to an end. He announced that the jury now satisfied him. " 'Your challenging is all over? We can

now go on?' said, with a smile, the attorney for the prosecution. The quick-witted Schley knew at once hurriedly and anxiously, but I want to entered the hotel dining room, taking a arose and she had William arrested and that the hogshead was at the bottom of the challenge the judge. I've been convicted trouble, but he did not "let on." So, when under him several times before and it's fell into conversation with him. "I'm glad

me.' "-Boston Post.

Cause for Alarm.

" 'Well,' said the brother, 'that is a good

and out I would send a barrel of it to each took it all with becoming modesty. For is all right and I believe in the resurrection,

Favored a Fair Trial.

Superintendent E. C. Brennan of the volunteer life saving corps of Boston was talking of a freakish invention for life

"The man who tried to save life with that thing would have a pleasant prospect before things over that wire?" he asked. him. Every minute or two a cord would be bound to snap, or a pulley would be bound to break. The poor life saver would have and carefully at the wires strung along the as unpleasant an experience ahead of him as a friend of mine had last spring on a trout fishing trip.

small wooden farmhouse near a good stream. "Arriving late at night his first meal at this farmhouse was breakfast, and when my friend came down stairs the next morn-

ing breakfast was spread on the kitchen "It was a splendid April morning. The sun had just risen behind the mountain tops. The dew sparkled on the grass, own flat two weeks when the first quarrel Birds sang. The air was sharp and sweet.

"My friend was tremendously hungry, but he could not help smiling when he saw made it up and went to board with a lating to me some of his odd experiences on six bolled eggs ranged in a row beside his stranger. They were awfully happy for a farmer's wife, I admit I've a good appetite, but you really shouldn't have boiled

> enough. " 'Wall,' said the woman, 've mout as

dozen more," "-Boston Globe, Welcoming the Bishop.

fond of relating amusing experiences while again. a missionary in the west. On one occa-'The jury is all right,' said the prisoner, sion he arrived at a mountain town and housekeeping in another flat, but trouble seat. A resident who had been drinking locked up in the East St. Louis fall. The late Dr. Boardman of Philadelphia but if you will pardon me, it seems as reclaiming all their wedding presents.

rejoined quickly: "Well, ye see, when the "The undertaker was a man of nervous bishop comes a feller just has to celebrate

Limit of Telegraphy.

" 'Way back in the early 70's, just after I had started in business," said Tom A. Pinson, "I was working for a railroad in a

little town in Arkansas, "One day a typical Arkansas country youth of about 12 years blew into the office. He was tall and lanky, dressed in homespun jeans and was barefooted. He told me he had never been in town before, and the great interest he displayed in everything he saw backed up his statement.

"After watching me pound the key a while he asked me what I was doing. I tried to explain to him, and told him that I could send anything to any part of the country over the wire.

"'Do you mean to say you can send

"I assured him that I could. "He went outside and after looking long poles he came back and said: "That wire might do to send letters and small packages, but you could never make me be-"My friend went trout fishing in Pike lieve it is big enough to send a bale of county. He got board at \$3 a day at a cotton." -Telegraphera Journal.

Cat and Dog Time.

William Weinbruner of East St. Louis and his wife have a record of eight moves and five serious quarrels before their last separation, which is said to be the final one. All the quarrels and moves were made within a period of six months.

They had been married and living in their occurred, and the young bride went back to her ma's house. Two weeks later they fortnight, when they fussed again and Mrs. madam, he said to the Weinbruner made another trip to he mother.

It was like playing a game of tag. They all those eggs. Two would have been lived, after the next reconciliation, for a week or two with his sister and then the inevitable quarrel came and she made anwell try them six fust, an' if there hain't other little journey to ma's and brought suit for a divorce. They made it up again, however, and then they dwelt for three days with his mother before the next break came, and after that they lived a while Bishop Talbot of central Pennsylvania is with her mother-and then they quarreled

After the next peacemaking they set up

The relatives thought it was a hopeless you've come here," said the man, "for the case by this time, and while the husband boys need somebody to give them advice. was in prison and the wife was at her They drink a heap, I tell you." The bishop mother's, her folks and his folks came to said: "I am sorry to hear that, my friend, the desolate little flat and stripped it,

SOMETHING ABOUT

The Greatest Pen and Ink Artist in the World

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, the man who has made himself rich in a few years with his pen, has won his place by strict perseverance. His growth was gradual up to a CERTAIN POINT, and then he suddenly became famous. "Life" discovered his GREATNESS and for years he worked only for that publication, until his fame became such that many of the reproductions of his work sold for framing for as high as three dollars each. About four years ago, Collier's Weekly made a contract for ALL OF HIS NEW WORK, and Gibson's fame became an assured fact.

It is the best selection from the DOUBLE PAGE CARTOONS DRAWN BY GIBSON, at this time, at the pinnacle of his greatness which are being issued now each week by The Sunday Bee. THESE PICTURES REPRE-SENT THE GREATEST WORKS OF THE GREATEST ARTIST in black and white. His last pen and ink work has been done, for he has given up an income of \$60,000 a year to take up studies in color, and he is now abroad engaged in that work. The public will watch his new departure with the greatest of interest to see if he will even EQUAL the old work in his new field. In his former field, he stood ALONE, superior to all others. Formerly these pictures were only for the few who could afford to pay high prices for them.

NOW THERE IS A NEW DEVELOPMENT in the Gibson picture situation. The pictures that graced the palace and the mansion can now be secured for the cottage and the modest home.

Entertaining Stories for the Little Folks

HIS is the story of the youngest person in the world who has ever ogen recognized by the official board of a humane society as a hero: Recently a postman handed a little box and a letter addressed to "Mr. Clarence Osborne, 5 Nelson street, Winches-

It was the first time in the whole four years of his existence that he had ever been addressed in such a dignified manner, and he was a little awestruck as he stood on tiptoe and intently watched his mother open the package and bring to light a small black, leather-covered, plush-Mned case, within which rested a handbronge medal. Inscribed upon the back were the words: "To Clarence Osborn, for bravery in saving a life at Winchester, January 18, 1906." On the front was engraved: "Presented by the Massachusetts Humane society."

have many different degrees of virtue, but the rescue from drowning of little Josephine Mullen by her masterly little cousin four months ago, and the recognition of the small boy's bravery by a state humane sogiety, places little Clarence Osborne among the thirty-third degree beroes of the coun-

"I'm going out to play with Josephine," were his words to his mother on the forenoon of the day upon which this youngster distinguished himself. With a warning from Mrs. Osborne not to go far, little Clarence ran across the street to the home of his cousin, and the two started out into

the street. Winchester Place, where Mr. and Ms. Geoge Mullen, with Josephine and her two sisters' and three brothers now live and where the home of the Osbornes was until recently, is a short street that terminates Then Clarence flung the stick across the ice at the shore of Black Ball pond, a large and called for help again at the top of his body of water in the center of Winchester. Through the middle of the pond lies a channel in which the water is constantly in otion and where, in winter, the ice is

weakest. The two children, dressed in warm slothes, for it was a cold day in January, ran hand in hand down to the edge of the pend, which was covered with a coating of ice. Clarence carried a stick in his hand, and, after thumping upon the slippery surface, it was decided safe to venture out a little way. Soon the pair had forgotten all thought of danger and were stiding back and forth in an excess of childish merriment, says the Boston Post. Little by little their play took them far-

"Now watch me take a long one," cried

from her companion out toward the middle

The boy stood, gravely watching his delighted little partner slipping, sliding, out -out-and then-suddenly a crash, a little wild, piercing scream, and he was terrorstricken to behold the figure and the little blond head of Josephine disappear in a dark hole over the channel.

With only a single thought-that of saving her-he ran to the edge of the yawning hole and caught the shoulders of the little girl as she rose terrified with fear to the With one knee resting in the toy water

top of his lungs; "Help! Help!" The little girl screamed, too, but owing to her fright and the terror of her position,

Heroism is an abstract term and may only the boy's voice was audible beyond the ened to Clarence's story of his little cousin's edge of the pond. Between his cries he comforted the little auburn-haired maid with the words: "I'm holding you, Joste."

"But the ice'll break and let you in, too, and we'll both be drowned," she sobbed. The youngster looked down at the water that had airendy formed a little lake about his knees, showing that the thin crust was

bending slowly downward. Suddenly, with a rare presence of mind, he bethought himself of the stick which he had brought to the pond, and which he still beld in his hand.

"Josie," he cried, "can you hold onto this?" and he thrust one end of the stick toward her. "Oh, I can't, I can't," she screamed. musn't let go or Fil be drowned."

childish lungs. Mrs. Osborne was busy at work in the kitchen of her house when the sound of children screaming reached her cars.

'What on earth," she exclaimed, opening the door and listening. Then, instantly, with a frantic clutch of terror at her heart, she rushed out into the street and down the hill to the shore of the pond. At her first attempt to stand upon the ice it bant and cracked so beneath her feet that in the shore, and, acreaming to the children and truthful old man: house in Winchester place, which is just

children were still acreaming.

"Can you hold tight to Josie?" she asked, clutching the boy by the foot. "I got her, mamma. Pull me and she'll come, too," he answered bravely enough. from the danger, the little girl being pulled safely out of the water by the boy.

Once on shore, the mother took her drenched and fainting little niece in her arms, and with the youngster, just turned that flowed from the hole across the sur- 4 years old, trudging silently behind her, face of the sagging ice he clung to the she met the two men whom she had sumleft arm of Josephine and screamed at the moned running toward the pond.

A few days later, when the news of the boy's bravery had been published in the newspapers, an officer of the Humane society called at the Osborne home and listrescue.

"And didn't you feel afraid that the ice would break and you would be drowned, too, with Josephine?" was asked. "I had to keep hold of her. She'd have

been drowned if I'd let go," was the boy's white people." case where a child's courage and love for the young men after them. his playmate surpassed all thoughts of selfish terror-an illustration of bravery in real life-that won for the little boy his

right to the name hero. He is a modest little hero, very fond of especially ice cream soda, and of soda. riding his rocking horse, and next to his mother he declares that he likes "Josie" the best. His fair, tiny cousin, who still lives on Winchester place with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Mullen, regards the little hero as her own personal property, and the spectacle of this pretty couple walking along Winchester place hand-inhand continues to be the signal for many fond glances from all those in the neighbor-

An Indian Legend.

hood who catch a glimpse of them.

This is the sacred story of the Indian their tools.

to hold on, she rushed back to the engine- "In ancient days the world was covered spring saide before a whitewash brush fell with waters, the summit of a very high on her. above the Osborne home, crying for help mountain being in sight. On this an Ara- "Oh, that isn't the kind of whitewashing Before the two men there could grasp pahoe sat alone, wesping. The White Man I like," said auntic, with a laugh, and she the meaning of her cries of terror at the on High (God), when walking on the told him what she had meant.-Youth.

the little blue-eyed Josephine, taking a children's plight, had gripped her with its waters, saw him. Coming to him, he bade swift run and then a laughing costaway full significance, and she turned again and him not to weep and gave him a pipe and ran down to the pond. Now, without a an ear of corn and told him he would make thought of danger, she rushed immediately a country for him to live in. He then sent out upon the ice to the spot where the two forth a duck to look for land. The duck returned without finding any. He then sent forth a turtle, which dived into the water and brought up a piece of earth.

The White Man on High then caused the waters to vanish, and dry land ap-Thus the mother drew the pair away peared. He gave to the Arapahoe a wife and placed them in the center of the earth and said to them: 'This country I give to you and your children forever.' He also created other tribes of Indians and placed them around; but afterward, being cruel to one another, he scattered them over the face of the earth.

"To the Arapahoe he said: 'Keep your ountry, plant the ear of corn and preserve the pipe, for when that pipe (a stone one) wastes away the dead will arise out of their graves and will go to the land above the skies. To that happy land every Arapahoe will go when he dies, but in the body he cannot enter there until the pipe wastes away. You are my own people, Hel, the weak and aged, be kind to your friends. fight bravely your enemics. And now I go far away, over the great water, to make

"I'nis is what the old men told me," said The answer had something to do with the Six Feathers. "This is what I tell the presentation of the medal. It was a clear young men. This is what they will tell

Eddie's Whitewashing.

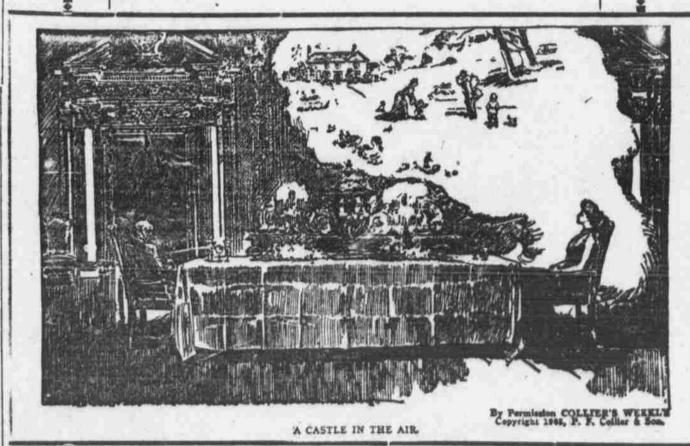
Eddie Scott's mamma and auntie were playing croquet. Mrs. Scott hit the stake first and went out. "There," she said. "I have won. Now

Eddie would like a game with you. Come, Eddie, play with auntic and see if you cannot whitewash her." Eddie did not know that whitewashing

In croquet meant that he must hit the last stake before his auntie hit the first one, so he asked innocently;

"Do you like to be whitewashed, suntie?" "Oh, yes," said auntie, "I should enjoy it if you could do it." Eddle dropped his mallet and ran into the shed where some workmen had left

tribe known as Arapahoes, as told by Six Auntie was stooping over, straightening terror for her own life she leaped back to Feathers, one of the chiefs, a very good a winket. She looked up as she heard him running toward her, and had just time to



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