

devices are used: A small ditch leads the water, underground, to a huge wooden wheel upon which are tied earthen jars or wooden boxes. This wheel is made to turn by wooden pegs or cogs tied firmly or nailed to an upright revolving axle tree. As the wheel turns the pots dip up the water and cast it out six or seven feet higher. This for a level country will carry the water for many miles. Sometimes, for what in Utah would be called a "one horse ranch," the water is carried by men or mules in goats' hides.

The Fellahin are the agriculturists. Their villages are built of adobe and cows' dung, mixed. Any one of these towns looks precisely like the old Indian settlements in New Mexico, such as Fernando-de-Taos, Isleta, Pueblo-Colorado, Zuni and the Moquis Indian settlements near Utah. The only difference in appearance is in favor of the Indian villages. The windows are merely holes in the wall which, if desired to be closed, are blocked with rock and some rags. The cow dung is worked into a mortar with old straw and other matter and patted into cakes that are slapped on to the walls and roof. When dry they scale off and form firewood similar to prairie chips. The people live, eat and drink in a primitive manner.

I have not seen even one hunchback, and only two cripples in all Egypt! Probably this is due to their houses being mostly—in the country exclusively—only the ground floor. There is no first story, and ladders are of necessity almost unknown. Thus infants and young children never become deformed by a fall, as is the case among the more civilized. On the other hand, three or more out of ten are partly blind from ophthalmia or cataract of the eye, dim-sighted or dreadfully sore-eyed, as I have noticed in the West Indies, Mexico and South America among those inhabitants who sleep on the ground and drink muddy water. This remark applies likewise to "old timers" in this country or in those I have mentioned, who, although foreigners, have conformed to the native mode of life. Of the real cause, however, I may be ignorant.

The best dressed ladies ride on asses here. White ones are considered the choicest. Sometimes horses are used, but these are not as "fashionable." The ladies dress in silk, cover their faces, and ride "astraddle" like men, but they draw their feet up under the dress; and for this purpose the stirrups are placed high up, at the donkey's sides. A driver runs on foot behind an ass, perchance, a negro eunuch, to guard the person. Sometimes, too, a little servant maid follows. Camels are also used much, but only for excursions, etc.

Enclosed you will find a small fragment of mummy wrapping. It is very delicate and friable. I dug among the many graves between the Pyramids and found that and some fragments of bones, funeral images, etc. Coins and various objects are likewise to be discovered. I secured some that I will forward to Utah as soon as I find out the most

convenient way of transmitting them, though they are of no great archaeological value perhaps. The coins are Roman and Greek, proving the graves to be not older than 300 or 200 B. C.

I leave soon for my field, to meet Brothers Sjodahl and Hintze.

C. U. L.

CAIRO, Egypt, February, 5, 1889.

EUROPEAN TOPICS.

It is sometimes well for us to see ourselves as others see us, so perhaps a French summary of the late Sackville embroglio may not be out of place. Thousands of pages have been written on this subject but here it is all in a nutshell:

"Lord Sackville writes a thoughtless letter. M. Blaine in the agony of a doubtful canvass set up a prolonged, agonizing, doleful, excruciating howl. 'Cleveland has sold the country,' Pat Collins demands Lord Sackville's dismissal; M. Cleveland says 'I'll bounce him within three days,' and sends telegram to Lord Salisbury; before a reply is received M. Cleveland sends a second dispatch, 'I've bounced Sackville, when are you going to send a new Minister?' M. Phelps cries out, 'If you don't send a new Minister, I'm going home.'

And so diplomatic relations between Great Britain and the United States are suspended. The dinner to Minister Phelps is said to have been a memorable affair. Five hundred invited guests! All pleased except the Irish, yet it is on their account that Minister Phelps retires, *phunny vair phunny!* M. Phelps has succeeded in serving America—no—England so well that Lord Salisbury contemptuously declines to send another Minister to Washington. England sustains Lord Salisbury, yet honors the huffed and retiring American Minister, *phunny vair phunny!* M. Phelps is enraged at Lord Salisbury's excuses, yet Lady Salisbury gives Mrs. Phelps a brilliant jeweled souvenir; *phunny!* The wives of the other Ministers don't like it. Think their husbands ought to go off in a huff too so they could get fine presents, *phunny vair phunny!* Then they all sing Hail Columbia and Rule Britannia, *Dis is all phunny one business, for de two grande Nazione.*

But America and Great Britain are not the only nations that do queer things. France has just had a Boulanger excitement. Now the election storm sighs and ebbs away. Paris is again at peace. The army of billstickers has become an army of scrubbers. Whatever may happen to the Floquet Ministry or to the Republic, the walls must be clean. Paris having amused herself with the Boulanger problem, will now think seriously of other matters. For example, the new comedy, the Eiffel Tower, or the dome of the Hotel des Invalides which needs gilding and other grave questions.

Paris must be amused. The election was great fun. It was, so to speak, a "first night" for the boule-

wards. Tomorrow there will be a fresh sensation—a whale in the Seine, a new chimpanzee in the Jardin des Plantes, or Paul de Cassagnac, the famous duelist, entering a monastery—who knows? In the presence of such an important event who will care for Boulanger?

Paris must be amused. We shall hear of plans and political combinations. Rochefort and Grevy will declare the country in danger. What Vesuvian fires will burn in the corridors of the Palais Bourbon! But no matter what political changes, the Parisians have still the Hotel Cluny and Notre Dame, Pere la Chaise and the Madellne, and the famous Eiffel Tower, with dinners served 800 feet up in the air, Paris at one's feet unrolled like a scroll. No fiddler bit of writing from the fingers of so-called modern civilization than may be there read. Dinners 800 feet in the air, hotel bill of fare, wine included, just think of it. After all, are not these things of more importance than even the election of General Boulanger? Is it not the one immediate duty to keep Paris clean and prepare her for the coming exhibition? She is now putting her house in order to welcome mankind to friendly competition in the arts and sciences. This will be of more importance to France in its largest sense than a thousand elections and the transient triumphs of a thousand men such as the *Le brav General*.

The development of Italian railways is a subject that attracts the attention of thousands. Not long since some of the finest of the ancient or ruined cities of Italy were neglected by the traveler because of the time that would be lost in reaching them, not to speak of the expense and even personal danger incurred on the journey. For example, how few tourists have visited La Cava and Troestum and those hoary old ruins of ancient heathen temples there? How few have visited Tivoli, or Tibur as it was anciently called? A city that claims to have been founded five centuries before the City of Rome and famous as the residence of some of the greatest scholars, poets and statesmen of antiquity. Here may be seen the vast and magnificent remains of the Emperor Hadrian's palace, yet comparatively few have seen this place in modern times. The new railroads have now made these spots accessible as well as hundreds of others. Many of these railroads are now under the management of Messrs. Cook & Sons of Glasgow who do all they can to relieve travelers from the insolence of native guides (?) and supply their places with men of at least ordinary intelligence.

Now that Africa is being opened up to civilization it is wonderful how many nations are eager to plant missions upon her soil. Even Russia has sent a company of three hundred missionaries into Africa. True they were under military discipline and well armed and in all appearance seemed to be ordinary soldiers, but then of course Russia calls them missionaries, and that settles it. The territory where they landed is