A DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.

The Patient Received the Pasteur Treatment But Died in Terrible Agony.

On the morning of August 6, Robert D. Morton, of Columbia, S. C., a well known engineer on the Richmond & Danville Road, was bitten by a mad dog, and twenty-five hours thereafter he was among the patients of the Pasteur Institute at New York. He was inoculated twice daily for fifteen days, when he was discharged as cured. He returned at once to his home and resumed his duties.

While on his engine the other night he was attacked by severe pains in his side, where he had been inoculated, and was at once taken home. During the evening he showed every symptom of hydrophobia, and white froth fell constantly from his lips. This froth turned to a greenish color as the end approached, and at 6 o'clock he died in terrible agony.

Morton was 36 years old and leaves a widow and four small children. The family and friends severely condemn the treatment of the Pasteur Institute, and it is stated that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers intend to take official notice of the case.

THE Governor of Trans-Baikalia, in Eastern Siberia, in view of possible complications between China and Russia over the Pamier boundaries, has ordered the removal of all Hebrews residing within one hundred kilometers of the frontier to other parts of the country, in order, as he claims, to prevent the Hebrews from acting as spies for China.

WM. DAVIS and L. L. Lock, two miners, near Monarch, Col., were overcome by foul air while descending a mine. They fell out of the bucket to the bottom of the shaft, fifty feet below and were crushed to death.

PACKET LINE.

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THE above boats are making weekly trips between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap as any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. Our boats are NEW and built out of the very best material. Orders left with G. E. Bowdoin & Co., Commission Merchants, corner of Bowley's Wharf and Pratt St., Baltimore, will be promptly attended to. GRAIN bought or taken at Lowest FREIGHT RATES. All Grain stored in our Warehouse, in case of fire will be at the owner's risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the Lowest Cash Prices. Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

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ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

JOAQUIN MILLER has been styled the poet lariat of America.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the first President to issue a Thanksgiving proclamation.

DR. MACUNE, who has become a prominent figure in the Farmers' Alliance, was formerly a hotel clerk at Georgetown, Tex.

THE King of Siam is attended by a body guard composed exclusively of 1,000 of the prettiest young women in his realm.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS has been appointed by the Massachusetts Historical Society to write the memoir of Edmund Quincy.

REV. THOMAS DIXON, of New York has coined an expressive phrase that is likely to stick. He calls the controversy over Dr. Briggs "holy peanut politics."

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, the Standard oil magnate, has spent the Summer on his Ohio farm, where, for the sake of his health, he has worked side by side with his men.

FRANCIS E. WILLARD wants to have a professor of total abstinance connected with the new American University at Washington, and proposes to raise a fund to support such a professorship.

JOHN HOWARD PARNELL, a brother of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, resides in Atlanta, Ga. Though living there for the past twenty-four years, he has never taken out citizen papers.

HORACE M. SCUDDER, the editor of the Atlantic Monthly, will write the memoir of Henry W. Longellow, which had previously assigned to Mr. Lowell, for the Massachusetts Historical Society.

FRANCIS M. FINCH, Judge of Appeals, who has just been elected dean of Cornell University Law School, is the author of the pathetic and popular poem entitled, "The Blue and the Gray."

QUEEN VICTORIA has in her possession a dress woven entirely of spiders' webs, which for fineness and beauty is said to surpass the most splendid silk. It was a gift from the Empress of Brazil in 1877.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL'S grandfather committed suicide, and so did two other members of the family. There are also two persons of unsound mind among the immediate relations of the dead leader. Genius is allied to insanity.

TASKER POLK, of North Carolina, a nephew of President Polk, is now the nearest of kin surviving his distinguished relative, and will seek to have his uncle's will carried out, by which he would inherit the Nashville estate. But Mrs. Polk's adopted daughter and residuary legatee will contest the will, and some interesting litigation is promised.

LOUIS PRANG, the famous Boston chromo-lithographer, was a Prussian calico printer at the age of 18, and was traveling through Europe for a Bohemian manufacturer to pick up information when the revolution of 1848 broke out. He was a sympathizer, and was obliged to flee to Switzerland, and then came to New York in 1850. Immediately afterward he settled in New England. He tried half a dozen ventures, and misfortune followed him faithfully. He did so poorly in one business that he sold out all his rights after a year's hard work for $25, but with that $25 he got together the capital which in after years enabled him to start a lithographing shop. It was an illness that caused him to relinquish his trade of wood-engraving and started him in the line that brought fame and fortune.

Population of Idaho.

The population of the State of Idaho according to the present census is 84,385. The population in 1880 was 32,610. This is an increase of 51,775, or 158.77 per cent. during the decade.

TRADE OF THE WEEK.

Only a Moderate Increase in the Volume of General Trade.

Increase in the Number of Failures From January First to Date over the Corresponding Period of 1890.

Special advices to *Bradstreet's* by telegraph indicate a continuance of the moderate rate of increase in the volume of general trade. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati report relatively the least improvement in general trade circles within the week.

Quite encouraging reports come from jobbers' agents and other dealers at Chicago, Duluth, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Omaha, St. Joseph, Kansas City, Memphis, and New Orleans. The volume of general trade at these points in all seasonable lines is of healthful proportions, and at most of them has increased. Live hogs are 5c lower, with weakness, owing to free receipts at Western markets, but cattle are steady. The receipts of grain at Duluth cause a heavy demand for lake tonnage.

Trade is very active at San Francisco, particularly among the lines of canned and dried fruit and raisins. Limited ocean tonnage there restricts exports of wheat. Raw sugar is held on heavy arrivals and better beet crop reports. Reduced consumptive demand and moving of the Louisiana crop caused a decline of 1c on refined.

FAILURES OF THE WEEK.

Business failures in the United States number 240 against 198, last week, and 202 this week last year. The total January 1 to date, is 9078 against 8187 last year.

Share speculation at New York continues to be narrow, but prices display a firmer tendency, while bullish feeling has revived on the increasing ease of money, and augmented demand for bonds, and rumored increases of the dividends on the Vanderbilt trunk line stocks.

Bank clearings, as wired exclusively to *Bradstreet's* are from sixty-four cities this week. The total, $1,213,155,665, from fifty eight cities in the United States is 5.1 per cent less than in the like week of 1890. The decline is largely due to the decrease at New York city. Chicago's total increase, 5.9 per cent, as compared with the corresponding week a year ago. Out of sixty-one cities reported, thirty-three show decreases.

Dry goods are in only fair demand. Spring goods are in chief request with agents and the next fortnight is expected to develop a good trade in them. The production of staple cottons is smaller than usual at this season, owing to low water.

DECREASE IN WHEAT EXPORTATION.

Exports of wheat at New York and at Baltimore fell away more than 3,000,000 bushels this week, which explains the difference between total exports (wheat and wheat flour) from eleven United States and one Canadian port this week as compared with last. The aggregate is 3,783,178 bushels for both coasts, against 4,365,469 bushels the week before. In the third week of October, for four proceeding years, the aggregate was from 7,800,000 to 2,250,000 bushels. For seventeen weeks of the current cereal year, exports from eleven United States were equal to 7,173,000 bushels against 30,771,000 bushels from the United States and Canada in seventeen weeks of 1890 and as compared with 23,318,000 bushels shipped from the United States alone in a like portion of 1889, with 57,779,000 bushels in 1888, and with 57,893,000 bushels in the like seventeen weeks in 1887. From the United States alone this week exports of wheat and flour, both coasts, aggregated 3,500,271 bushels as compared with 4,099,447 the week before.

CABLE SPARKS.

MRS. PARNELL is still in a precarious condition.

DON FERNANDO GUZMAN, ex-president of the republic of Nicaragua, is dead.

THE workingmen of Valladolid, Spain, have struck for a legal working day of eight hours.

DR. VICENTE F. LOPEZ, minister of finance of the Argentine Republic, has resigned.

THE French will occupy Touat, the oasis in the Sahara desert, to prevent the forces of the Sultan of Morocco occupying it.

FIVE delegates to the Socialist Congress in session at Erfort, Germany, who had pronounced anarchist views, seceded from that body.

FIVE persons were killed and many others injured in a collision at Kohlfurt, Silesia, between an express train and a shunting engine.

A PANIC and stampede occurred at a menagerie in Pesth, Hungry, caused by a lion clawing a spectator through his cage. Many persons were hurt in the crush.

YELLOW fever is prevailing in the town of Santos, Brazil, and all vessels have been ordered from the harbor until it is their turn to discharge cargo.

THE Chilian government will soon issue a safe conduct to refugees in the American and Spanish legations at Santiago. The government has recognized the right of Balmaceda in a letter to United States Minister Egan.

ANOTHER one of the sailors belonging to the crew of the cruiser Baltimore, who was injured in the attack made upon him and his comrades by a Chilian mob while they were out walking in Valparaiso, is likely to die.

IT is semi-officially announced in London that an understanding is in state of discussion between representatives of England and China which will pledge the two countries to mutual assistance against Russian aggression in Central Asia.

THE town of Alboz, 40 miles northeast of Almeria, in the province of Andalusia, Spain, was flooded by mountain torrents, the inhabitants being forced to take refuge in the towers of churches and other elevated places to save their lives.

AN epidemic of influenza, said to be similar to that which prevailed in Europe and America, is prevalent in the colonies of Victoria and New South Wales, in Australia, and has prostrated many people of all classes. The deaths are not numerous as compared to the number affected.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE—Flour—City Mills, super, $3.40@3.75. Wheat—Southern Fultz, 1.07@1.08 Corn—Southern White, 71@72c., Yellow, 72@73c. Oats—Southern and Pennsylvania, 32@33c. Rye—Maryland and Pennsylvania 85@9c. Hay.—Maryland and Pennsylvania $15.00@18.50. Straw—Wheat, $7.00@7.50. Butter—Eastern Creamery, 26@27c. near-by receipt 15@19c. Cheese—Eastern Fancy Cream, 10¼@10¾c., Western, 8@9¼c. Eggs—21@22c. Tobacco, Leaf-Interior $1.00@1.50 Good Common, $4.00@5.00, Middling, $6.00@8.00, Good to finered, $9.00@11.00. Fancy, $12.00@13.00.

NEW YORK—Flour—Southern Good to choice extra, $3.55@4.25. Wheat—No. 1 White 1.07@1.09. Rye—State 99@99c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 60¼@60½c. Oats—White, State 31@33½c. Butter—State, 20@27c. Cheese—State, 7@9c. Eggs—20@21c.

PHILADELPHIA — Flour — Pennsylvania Fancy, $4.25@4.80. Wheat, Pennsylvania and Southern Red, 1.03½@1.04. Rye—Pennsylvania, 90@95c. Corn—Southern Yellow, 62@63c. Oats—33@33½c. Butter—State, 25@29c. Cheese—New York Factory, 10@10½c. Eggs—State, 22@23c.

CATTLE.

BALTIMORE—Beef—$4.50@4.75. Sheep—$3.50@4.75. Hogs—$4.50@5.00.

NEW YORK—Beef—$4.00@5.40. Sheep—$4.00@5.25. Hogs—5.00@5.80.

EAST LIBERTY—Beef—$4.75@5.00. Sheep—$4.00@5.00. Hogs—$5.40@5.55.

AN itinerant blind fiddler who met with an accident at Stockton, Cal., and had to be taken to a hospital, was found to have $1,200 on his person.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Shoe buckles are made of ox horns.

Every seventh man in England is a Londoner.

There are twice as many large game animals in Maine now as there were ten years ago.

Damascus is to be lighted by electricity, while Smyrna is to have an electric railway.

It took 168 newspaper columns of nonpareil type to contain the last list of delinquent taxpayers of Denver, Col.

The gauge of the Roman chariots 2000 years ago was four feet eight and a half inches—same as standard railroad gauge of to-day.

The temple of Hom-mom-ji, at Inkegami, begun in 1282 and finished in 1307, is one of the most famous religious structures in Japan.

Several hundred eagles swooped down on Bjelgord, Russia, and devoured ten horses, several sheep, and a vast number of smaller animals.

The father of one of the largest property holders in London is buried in a glass case on top of one of the finest buildings in the city.

A cat in Texas has developed such an affection for a dog that she is learning to bark so that she can converse with him with greater freedom.

A woman in Hancock County, Maine, who was afraid to drive her horse across a railroad track, was bitterly disappointed in attempting to go around it.

Damp weather in a town in Kansas caused a package of 5000 postage stamps to be glued together in a solid block, making it necessary to return them all to Washington.

Caterpillars from ten to twelve inches long are said to be not uncommon in Australia, while species which vary in length from six to eight inches are stated to be numerous.

In India, so it is told, the common custom is for the barber to go the homes of his customers. He starts out early in the morning, and, should he find a customer in bed, he shaves him without arousing him.

Dr. Clement, who was treating a horse at Betzer, Hinsdale County, Penn., supposed to be in bad shape, discovered a tooth growing out of the animal's ear. The strange ivory was jerked out and the suffering animal promptly recovered.

There are said to be about four hundred gypsies in the Northern States. The men are nearly all tinkers and profess to make a living mending pots and kettles, but fortune-telling by the women is the great source of the family revenue.

The new compound ten-wheeled engines built for the Mexican Central Railroad by a Rhode Island concern were found too large to pass the Raton tunnel of the Santa Fe road, and they had to be shorn of every projecting part. Even then they just managed to pass through.

One of the largest species of puffball mushroom was found growing on a recent night in Carl Castellium's garden on High street, Newburyport, Mass. It measured twenty-eight inches around and twenty-four inches high, and weighed three pounds and thirteen ounces.

It is said to be a whole day's task for two men to fell a mahogany tree. On account of the spurs which project from the base of the trunk, a scaffold has to be erected and the tree cut off above the spurs, leaving thus a stump of the very best wood from ten to fifteen feet high.

When a Chinese sets type he places them in a wood frame 22x15 inches. This frame has twenty-nine grooves, each for a line of type, and the type rests in clay to the depth of a quarter of an inch. The type are of wood, perfectly square, and the compositor handles them with a pincers.

Lepers in India were treated with shocking inhumanity before Christianity entered that country. Many of them were buried alive. The English rulers have put a stop to this custom, and for fourteen years there has been a special Christian mission to the 135,000 lepers in India.

There are said to be sixteen species of American trees the wood of which, when well seasoned, will sink into water. The heaviest of these is black ironwood, which is thirty per cent. heavier than water. A species of oak grows in Texas and New Mexico which, when green, will sink almost as quickly as iron.

The Sun's Heat Boils Water.

Journeying toward the Great Desert John Davidson was murdered by the natives, and his privately printed journal is a rare and most interesting record of African adventure.

One day he remarked the sun literally scorched; all were gasping, and the Arabs told him twenty draughts of water would not quench the thirst on such a day in Sahara. Another time he drank tea for over an hour and was still thirsty. When the thermometer in the sun marked a temperature of 141 degrees he had to wrap pieces of white wool about his stirrups, Moorish daggers and all metalic articles, because they grew too hot to be handled. He exposed some water in a tea-kettle to the sun, and was soon able to use it for hot water. He wrote this account of the simoon, while it was passing:

"To describe the awful scourge of the desert defies all the powers of language. The pencil, assisted by the pen, might perhaps afford a faint idea of it. Winged with the whirlwind and charioted in thunder, it urged its fiery course, blasting all nature with its death-fraught breath. It was accompanied by a line of vivid light, that looked like a train of fire, whose murky smoke filled the whole wide expanse, and made its horrors only the more vivid. The eye of man and voice of beast were both raised to heaven, and both then fell upon the earth. Against this sand tempest all the fortitude of man fails, and all his efforts are vain. To Providence alone must we look."—*New York Journal.*

How to Sleep on a Car.

The majority of travelers will tell you that they don't sleep soundly in sleeping cars, that they never feel rested in the morning, and that night railroad trips are an abomination. This may be all true, but if they don't sleep well it is often their own fault. Very few people know how to sleep in a sleeping car. The secret is this: Sleep with your head toward the engine. By so doing you will not wake up with a headache or spend a restless night. When the feet are toward the engine the motion of the train causes the blood to settle in the head, and rest is then out of the question. The porters know this, but only on a few lines will they bother to change ends when making up berths. Insist upon their doing it and you will pass a comfortable night—that is, if you have good health and a clear conscience.—*New York Herald.*

Long Distance Travelers.

In the matter of mere distance covered the records of the world's famous travelers do not make much of a show beside those of some railroad men. An old railroad man named Layton, now a sleeping car superintendent at Indianapolis, has kept a record of his journeyings since 1863, and the total is 2,338,246 miles. Conductor S. G. Boone, late of the Reading, has covered 2,847,050 miles, and another Reading conductor has ridden something over 1,597,800 miles. Even these figures would probably be far surpassed by the records of some of the old captains of the ocean steamships.—*Chicago Herald.*

Among the permanent decorations to be added to the vestibule of the White House are portraits of Washington and Lincoln painted on the wall over the mantelpieces.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Sailing Up the Nile."

TEXT: *"The River Is Mine and I Have Made It."*—Ezekiel xxix., 9.

Aha! This is the River Nile. A brown or yellow or silver cord on which are hung more jewels of thrilling interest than on any river that was ever twisted in the sunshine. It ripples through the book of Ezekiel, and flashes in the books of Deuteronomy and Isaiah and Zacharia and Nahum, and on its banks stood the mightiest of many ages. It was the crystal cradle of Moses, and on its banks, Mary, the reinger, carried the infant Jesus. To find the birthplace of this river was the fascination and defeat of expeditions without number.

Not many years ago Bayard Taylor, our great American traveler, wrote, "Since Columbus first looked upon San Salvador, the earth has but one emotion of triumph left for her bestowal, and that she reserves for him who shall first drink from the fountains of the White Nile under the snow fields of Kilima Njaro." But the discovery of the source of the Nile by most people was considered an impossibility. The malarias, the wild beasts, the savages, the unclimable steeps, the vast distances, stopped all the expeditions that came.

An intelligent native said to Sir Samuel W. Baker and wife as they were on their way to accomplish that in which others had failed: "Give up the mad scheme of the Nile source. How would it be possible for a lady young and delicate to endure what would kill the strongest man? Give it up." But the work went on until Speke and Grant and Baker found the two lakes which are the source of what was called the White Nile, and baptized these two lakes with the names of Victoria and Albert. These two lakes, filled by great rainfalls and by accumulated snows from the mountains, pour their waters, laden with agricultural wealth such as blesses no other river, on down over the cataracts, on between frowning mountains, on between cities living and cities dead, on for four thousand miles and through a continent.

But the White Nile would do little for Egypt if this were all. It would keep its banks and Egypt would remain a desert. But from Abyssinia there comes what is called the Blue Nile, which, though dry or nearly dry half the year, under tremendous rains about the middle of June rises to great momentum, and this Blue Nile dashes with sudden influx into the White Nile, which in consequence rises thirty feet and their combined waters inundate Egypt with a rich soil which drops on all the fields and gardens as it is conducted by ditches and sluices and canals every whither.

The greatest damage that ever came to Egypt came by the drying up of the River Nile, and the greatest blessing by its healthful and abundant flow. The famine in Joseph's time came from the lack of sufficient inundation from the Nile. Not enough Nile is drought; too much Nile is freshet and plague. The rivers of the earth are the mothers of its prosperity. If by some convulsion of nature the Mississippi should be taken from North America, or the Amazon from South America, or the Danube from Europe, or the Yenisei from Asia—what hemispheric calamity! Still, there are other rivers that could fertilize and save these countries.

As we start where the Nile empties into the Mediterranean Sea, we behold a wonderful fulfillment of prophecy. The Nile in very ancient times used to have seven mouths. As the great river approached the sea at seven different places. Isaiah prophesied, "The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian sea and shall smite it in the seven streams." The fact is they are all destroyed but two, and Herodotus said these two remaining are artificial. Up the Nile we shall go; part of the way by Egyptian rail train and then by boat, and we shall understand why the Bible gives such prominence to this river, which is the largest river of all the earth with one exception.

But before we board the train we must take a look at Alexandria. It was founded by Alexander the Great, and was once the New York, the Paris, the London of the world. Temples, palaces, fountains, gardens, pillared and effloresced with all architectural and Edenic grandeur and sweetness. Apollos, the eloquent, whom in the New Testament times some people tried to make a rival to St. Paul, lived here. Here Mark, the author of the second book of the New Testament, expired under Nero's anathema. From here the ship sailed that left Paul and the crew struggling in the breakers of Melita. Pompey's pillar is here, about one hundred feet high, its base surrounded by so much filth and squalor I was glad to escape into an airtight was breathable.

But Alexandria, fascinating for this or that thing, according to the taste of the visitor, was to me most entertaining because it had been the site of the greatest library that the world ever saw, considering the fact that the art of printing had not been invented. Seven hundred thousand volumes and all the work of a slow pen. But down it all went under the torch of besiegers. Built again and destroyed again. Built again, but the Arabs came along for its final demolition and the four thousand baths of the city were heated with those volumes, the fuel lasting six months, and were ever fires kindled at such fearful cost? What holocaust of the world's literature! What martyrdom of books! How many of them have gone down under the rage of nations.

Only one book has been able to withstand the bombardment, and that has gone through without smell of fire on its lids. No sword or spear or musket for its defense. An unarmed New Testament. An unarmed Old Testament. Yet invulnerable and triumphant. There must be something supernatural about it. Conqueror of books! Monarch of books! All the books of all the ages in all the libraries outshone by this one book which you and I carry to church in a pocket. So methought amid the ashes of Alexandrian libraries.

But all aboard the Egyptian rail train going up the banks of the Nile! Look out of the window and see those camels kneeling for the imposition of their load. And I think we might take from them a lesson, and, instead of trying to stand upright in our own strength, become conscious of our weakness and need of divine help before we take upon us the heavy duties of the year or the week or the day, and so kneel for the burden. We meet processions of men and beasts on the way from their day's work, but alas, for the zones to which the poor inhabitants are going, for the most part bovels of mud. But there is something in the scene that thoroughly enlists us. It is the novelty of wretchedness and a scene of picturesque rags. For thousands of years this land has been under a very damnation to taxes. Nothing but Christian civilization will roll back the influences which are "spoiling the Egyptians." There are gardens and palaces, but they belong to the rulers.

This ride along the Nile is one of the most solemn and impressive rides of all my life time, and our emotions deepened as the curtains of the night fell upon all surroundings. But we shall not be satisfied until we can take a ship and pass right out upon these wondrous waters and between the banks crowned with the story of empires.

According to the lead pencil mark in my Bible it was Thanksgiving day morning, November 29, 1889, that with my family and friends we stepped aboard the steamer on the Nile. The Mohammedan call to prayers had been sounded by the priests of that religion, the Muezzins, from the four hundred mosques of Cairo as the cry went out: "God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers. Come to salvation. God is great. There is no other but God. Prayers are better than sleep."

The sky and city and palm groves and river shipping were bathed in the light. It was not much of a craft that we boarded. It would not be hailed on any of our rivers with any rapture of admiration. It fortunately had but little speed, for twice we ran aground and the sailors jumped into the water and on their shoulders pushed her out. But what yacht of gayest sportsman, what deck of swiftest ocean queen could give such thrill of rapture as a sail on the Nile? The pyramids in sight, the remains of cities that are now only a name, the villages thronged with population. Both banks crowded with historical deeds of forty or sixty centuries. Oh, what a book the Bible is when read on the Nile!

As we slowly move up the majestic river I see on each bank the wheels, the pumps, the buckets for irrigation, and see a man with his foot on the treadle of a wheel that fetches up the water for a garden, and then for the first time I understand that passage in Deuteronomy which says of the Israelites after they had got back from Egypt, "The land whither thou goest in to possess it is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and watereds it with thy foot." Then I understood how the land could be watered with the foot. How do you suppose I felt when on the deck of that steamer on the Nile I looked off upon the canals and ditches and sluices through which the fields are irrigated by that river, and then read in Isaiah, "The burden of Egypt—the river shall be wasted and dried up, and they shall turn the rivers far away and the brooks of defense shall be emptied and dried up; and they shall be broken in the purposes thereof, all that make sluices and ponds for fish."

While sailing on this river or stopping at one of the villages, we see people on the banks who verify the Bible description, for they are now as they were in Bible times. Shoes are now taken off in reverence to sacred places. Children carried astride the mother's shoulder as in Hagar's time. Women with profusion of jewelry as when Rebecca was affianced. Lentils shelled into the pottage, as when Esau sold his birthright to get such a dish. The same habits of salutation as when Joseph and his brethren fell on each other's necks. Courts of law held under big trees as in olden times. People making bricks without straw, compelled by circumstances to use stubble instead of straw.

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Here we disembark a little while for Memphis, off the Nile to the right. Memphis founded by the first king of Egypt and for a long time the capital. A city of marble and gold. Home of the Pharaohs. City of nine miles in circumference. Vast colonnades through which imposing processions marched. Here stood the Temple of the Sun, itself in brilliancy a sun among suns on another sun. Though in power over a thousand and hundred years, or nearly ten times as long as the United States have existed. Here is a recumbent statue seventy-five feet long. Bronze gateways. A necropolis called "the haven of the blest." Here Joseph was prime minister. Here Pharaoh received Jacob. All possible splendor was built up into this royal city. Hosea, Ezekiel, Jeremiah and Isaiah speak of it as something wonderful.

Never did I visit a city with such exalted anticipations, and never did my anticipations drop so flat. Not a pillar stands. Not a wall is unbroken. Not a foundation tosses in the sun. Even the ruins have been ruined, and all that remains are chips of marble, small pieces of fractured sculpture and splintered human bones. Here and there a letter of some elaborate inscription, a toe or ear of a statue that once stood in niches of palace wall. Ezekiel prophesied its blotting out, and the prophecy has been fulfilled. "Ride on," said to our party, "and don't wait for me." And as I stood there alone the city of Memphis in the glory of past centuries returned. And I heard the rush of her chariots, and the dash of her fountains, and the conviviality of her palaces, and saw the drunken nobles roll on the floors of mosaic, while in startling contrast amid all the regalities of the place I saw Pharaoh look up into the face of aged rustic Jacob, the shepherd, saying, "How old art thou?"

But back to the Nile and on and up till you reach Thebes, in Scripture called the City of No. Hundred gated Thebes. A quadrangular city four miles from limit to limit. Four great temples, two of them in Karnac and Luxor, once mountains of exquisite sculpture and gorgeous dreams solidified in stone. Statue of Rameses II, eight hundred and eighty-seven tons in weight and seventy-five feet high, but now fallen and scattered. Walls abloom with the battlefields of centuries.

The surrounding hills of rock hollowed into sepulchers on the wall of which are chiseled in picture and hieroglyphics the confirmation of Bible story in regard to the treatment of the Israelites in Egypt and that, as explorations go on with the work, the walls of these sepulchers become commentaries of the Bible, the Scriptures originally written upon parchment have come into everlasting stone. Thebes mighty and dominant five hundred years. Then she went down in fulfillment of Ezekiel's prophecy concerning the City of No, which was the same for Thebes: "I will execute judgment in No. I will cut off the multitudes of No." Jeremiah also prophesied, "Thus saith the Lord, I will punish the multitude of No."

This city of Thebes and all the other dead cities of Egypt iterate and reiterate the veracity of the Scriptures, telling the same story which Moses and Joshua and the prophets told. Have you noticed how God kept back these archæological confirmations of the Bible until our time, when the air is full of unbelief about the truthfulness of the dear old book? He waited until the printing press had been set up in its perfected shape, and the submarine cable was laid, and the world was intelligent enough to appreciate the testimony, and then He resurrected the dead cities of the earth, and commanded them, saying: "Open your long sealed lips and speak! Memphis and Thebes is the Bible true?" "True" responds Memphis and Thebes. "Babylon, is the Book of Daniel true?" "True" responds Babylon. "Ruins of Palestine and Syria, is the New Testament true?" "True!" respond the ruins all the way from Joppa to the Dead Sea and from Jerusalem to Damascus.

What a mercy that this testimony of the dead cities should come at a time when the Bible is especially assailed. And this work by Alexander the Great, and was once the New York, the Paris, the London of the world. Temples, palaces, fountains, gardens, pillared and effloresced with all architectural and Edenic grandeur and sweetness. Apollos, the eloquent, whom in the New Testament times some people tried to make a rival to St. Paul, lived here. Here Mark, the author of the second book of the New Testament, expired under Nero's anathema. From here the ship sailed that left Paul and the crew struggling in the breakers of Melita. Pompey's pillar is here, about one hundred feet high, its base surrounded by so much filth and squalor I was glad to escape into an airtight was breathable.

But Alexandria, fascinating for this or that thing, according to the taste of the visitor, was to me most entertaining because it had been the site of the greatest library that the world ever saw, considering the fact that the art of printing had not been invented. Seven hundred thousand volumes and all the work of a slow pen. But down it all went under the torch of besiegers. Built again and destroyed again. Built again, but the Arabs came along for its final demolition and the four thousand baths of the city were heated with those volumes, the fuel lasting six months, and were ever fires kindled at such fearful cost? What holocaust of the world's literature! What martyrdom of books! How many of them have gone down under the rage of nations.

Only one book has been able to withstand the bombardment, and that has gone through without smell of fire on its lids. No sword or spear or musket for its defense. An unarmed New Testament. An unarmed Old Testament. Yet invulnerable and triumphant. There must be something supernatural about it. Conqueror of books! Monarch of books! All the books of all the ages in all the libraries outshone by this one book which you and I carry to church in a pocket. So methought amid the ashes of Alexandrian libraries.

But all aboard the Egyptian rail train going up the banks of the Nile! Look out of the window and see those camels kneeling for the imposition of their load. And I think we might take from them a lesson, and, instead of trying to stand upright in our own strength, become conscious of our weakness and need of divine help before we take upon us the heavy duties of the year or the week or the day, and so kneel for the burden. We meet processions of men and beasts on the way from their day's work, but alas, for the zones to which the poor inhabitants are going, for the most part bovels of mud. But there is something in the scene that thoroughly enlists us. It is the novelty of wretchedness and a scene of picturesque rags. For thousands of years this land has been under a very damnation to taxes. Nothing but Christian civilization will roll back the influences which are "spoiling the Egyptians." There are gardens and palaces, but they belong to the rulers.

This ride along the Nile is one of the most solemn and impressive rides of all my life time, and our emotions deepened as the curtains of the night fell upon all surroundings. But we shall not be satisfied until we can take a ship and pass right out upon these wondrous waters and between the banks crowned with the story of empires.

According to the lead pencil mark in my Bible it was Thanksgiving day morning, November 29, 1889, that with my family and friends we stepped aboard the steamer on the Nile. The Mohammedan call to prayers had been sounded by the priests of that religion, the Muezzins, from the four hundred mosques of Cairo as the cry went out: "God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers. Come to salvation. God is great. There is no other but God. Prayers are better than sleep."

The sky and city and palm groves and river shipping were bathed in the light. It was not much of a craft that we boarded. It would not be hailed on any of our rivers with any rapture of admiration. It fortunately had but little speed, for twice we ran aground and the sailors jumped into the water and on their shoulders pushed her out. But what yacht of gayest sportsman, what deck of swiftest ocean queen could give such thrill of rapture as a sail on the Nile? The pyramids in sight, the remains of cities that are now only a name, the villages thronged with population. Both banks crowded with historical deeds of forty or sixty centuries. Oh, what a book the Bible is when read on the Nile!

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