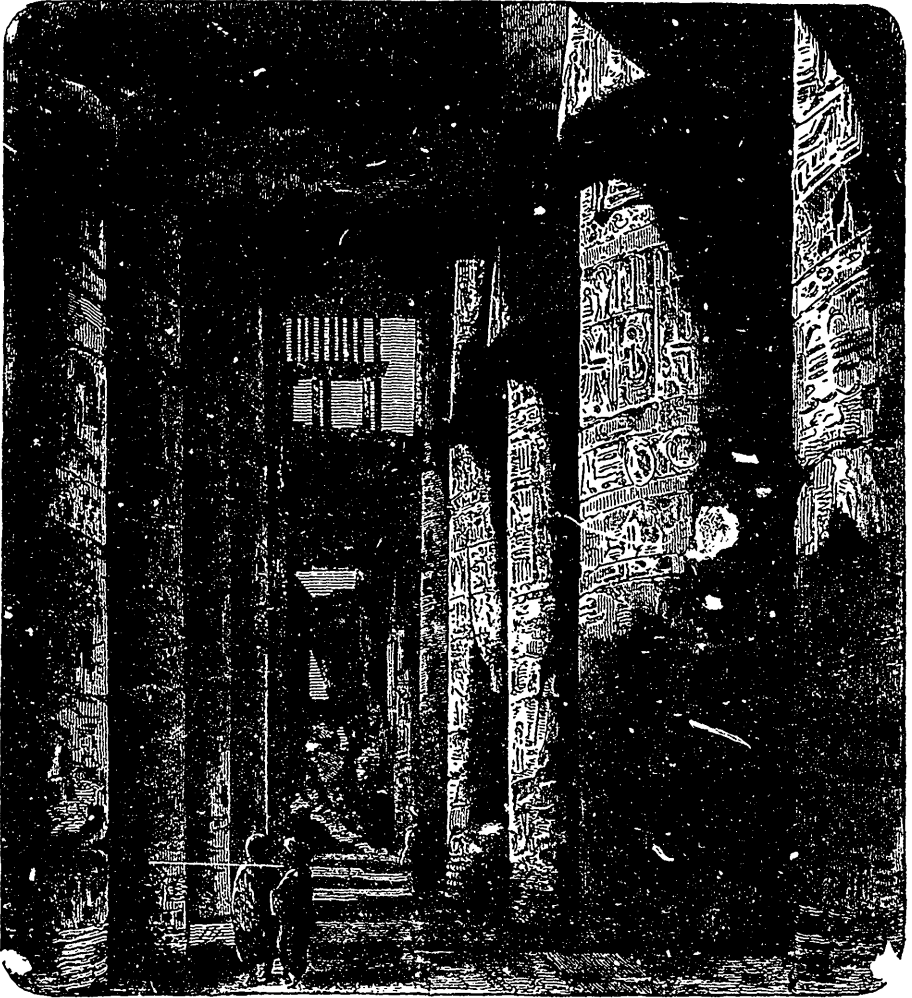


permanent memory of Egypt is the creaking and groaning of these unoiled sakiehs, which are heard from end to end of the land, a not unpleasant accompaniment to the liquid lapse of the stream against the boat in which we lie, and lulling one gradually off to the drowsy land of dreams.



GREAT HALL AT KARNAK.

In landing to visit any of the ruined temples, one is at once besieged by a number of importunate guides, some of them quite young, and by wide-awake donkey boys, or even little girls, with pearl-white teeth and profiles like that of Cleopatra on the tombs