

Pyramid Riches

Royal Jewels Buried for Five Thousand Years Discovered—The Funeral Chamber of Queen Khnoumit—Her Beautiful Golden Crown Found—A Wonderful Find by a Well-Known Savant.

A New York gentleman intimately acquainted with M. J. de Morgan accompanied the distinguished discoverer of Egyptian monuments last fall, and in his company went over that plateau, some 25 miles from Cairo, where the pyramids and necropolis of Dakhour are situated.

"The ground," said this gentleman, "is fairly broken one, and lies near the Nile. The plateau is, say, some four miles long. To the north is the Dakhour pyramid, built of brick, and on a line to the extreme south there is another pyramid. To the west, beyond the line, and away from the Nile a mile or more, is a third pyramid. To ride from the north pyramid to the southern one took us some eight or ten minutes. I rode the fleetest Arab I have yet mounted, and covered the distance, too, on foot. I am a fairly rapid walker; so is M. de Morgan, and we could go from one pyramid to the other within an hour."

"It was near the Dakhour pyramid, the northern one, where M. de Morgan found the Queen's treasure chamber last year. Inside the pyramid itself there had been a clean sweep. Somebody had helped himself to what portable property existed there, say 1,000 years ago. But even then, when the place was looted, the pyramid was fairly ancient, say 1,500 years old. Now, notwithstanding what Egyptologists say, I may think, how do we know that the absence of any remains of a king or his trinkets was due to bona fide robbers?"

"It might have been that subsequent rulers, those of a dynasty earlier to us, wanted to borrow for state purposes such portable property as might have been stored in the pyramid and never returned. It might have been that some great emergency, as an army or fleet to equip, or there was a new temple to be built, or maybe a king was in want of ready cash or its equivalent, or there was a recent queen with a craze for trinkets."

"M. de Morgan did not advance any theory. I know that these pyramids, inclosing the remains of kings, were held to be sacred, at least to the populace. We read that the record of punishment for sacrilege, for to rob a tomb was held to be the most wicked of all acts. But that might not have prevented those who were in the priestly business from helping themselves. Then, bear in mind that the king himself was at the head of the priesthood, and above the law."

"Human nature has always been about the same, and so a King of Egypt thought he had special and divine rights. If he wanted the spoils of a great-great and many times a great-grandfather, why, he did not exactly want to rifle the tomb of an ancestor, but he may have very quietly laid hold of its valuable contents. Certainly, it is puzzling. Remember, there were no safe deposits then, and that priests did take charge of treasures. Then, too, there might have been cautious kings and queens who believed that they would want their gew-gaws in the future abode of bliss, so they put aside their superfluous jewelry, and they may have done that when they were alive. It was a precautionary measure, maybe, for a rainy day."

"Theories are many, so mine may be neither better nor worse than most of them. Say a queen died. She was embalmed, decked with some of her trinkets and boxed up. You find her and take her as she is—and then, searching further, you come across her cache of treasures. That was her private accumulation—her own particular savings bank."

"M. de Morgan did not suggest anything at all about this. I am not aware that Dr. Flinders Petrie, Erman, Mahaffy or Sayce has ventilated any theory of this kind. Certainly I absolve M. de Morgan of having entertained an idea of this sort. That gentleman had too much sense to entertain such a drive trench, and to study his ground and his duties and responsibilities were enormous. It is a task requiring untiring vigilance."

"To give you a further idea of M. de Morgan's enterprise, he has been at work this year in the southern pyramid, but so far has found nothing; but he may light at any time on that for which he is searching so diligently. Today Egyptologists are excited by a wonderful find just made by M. de Morgan, and in a new place. I think the exact locality has not been clearly defined, at least by the accounts of this month."

"This is what I remember. We were walking from one pyramid to the other, when M. de Morgan called my attention to a barely distinguishable swell of the ground. I confess it was barely appreciable to me. If I am not in error, it was just about half way between the two pyramids, and in the same line. The talented explorer bade me look at certain differences noticeable in the surface soil. It differed from M. de Morgan's added. The probabilities are that there is a pyramid there, and I shall have a good look for it. Oh, it is not new to me. I spotted it long ago. It is something to be gifted with a talent or an instinct of that kind, which might be designated in a sporting way as the flushing of pyramids. I am pretty positive that it is just on this spot, at mid-distance between the two pyramids, where the very latest treasures have been unearthed by M. de Morgan."

"For more particular details M. de Morgan's friend gave an abstract of what had appeared in the Journal des Debats and in Le Temps in the first week of this month."

"For the last two months M. de Morgan has been working in a new locality. On Feb. 15 he struck a stone floor, and an opening was made, and there was an entrance to a sepulchre. After a lapse of 5,000 years he was the first to see not mortuary relics alone but the jewels of the Princess Ita, in exactly the same place and under the same conditions as they had been left by the relatives of the deceased."

"The treasure was simply superb. Among the most remarkable pieces seen at the first glimpse by M. de Morgan was a magnificent pectoral, with a handle incrusting with carnelians, lapis lazuli, and emeralds."

"On Feb. 15, when further researches were made by M. de Morgan in person, an entrance was made into the funeral chamber of Queen Khnoumit. Here were found in the dust of ages a perfume casket, two crowns, one of gold, in which emeralds had been set. The other was of exceedingly delicate hand-work, composed of golden flowers and myosotis. There were innumerable objects, amounting in all to over 550 pieces."

"To particularize some of the ornaments, there was a staff of office, of gold, made up of leaves and grapes, two hawks' heads, of gold, incrusting with lapis lazuli; two heads of tigers, in gold; bracelets, strings of pearls, and necklaces, the latter unique of their kind, representing the acme of the jeweler's art."

To give some idea of the value of this discovery, which does not yield in importance to M. de Morgan's former finds, the weight of these objects in gold, with their precious stones, is one kilogram 800 grains.

The Ghizeh Museum, having already secured the ornaments worn by sovereigns of the twelfth dynasty, will now have added to it the jewels sported by the princesses of the same period. The cartouches found in the tomb indicates that here reposed the remains of the Princess Ita and Queen Khnoumit, and this queen was of the time of Amenemhat II.

What is marvelous about this jewelry is this, that it shows a perfection in filigree work which we cannot equal today. In this filigree work there are mosaics of exquisite delicacy. Another ornamentation is a form resembling a lotus flower, made by a combination of lotus flowers.

The question arises: If we are still in doubt as to what was the character of the tool used by the Egyptian in constructing this most delicate jewelry, but do not yet divine the nature of the implement that made it.

The mummy cases bore the titles of the dead, and by these finds, M. de Morgan has made further explorations in the neighborhood of the resting places of Princess Ita and Queen Khnoumit; but, as at Dakhour, some one, 4,000 years before, had anticipated his researches.

The finding of treasure chambers in Egypt is not an every day occurrence, and it is the first place, a great deal of judgment, and then there is an element of luck. In a comparatively narrow strip on both sides of the Nile have lived and been buried millions on millions of human beings, beginning, say, 10,000 years before the birth of Christ. From some distance below the Delta to the first cataract is one extended necropolis. But the kings and their queens were not so numerous, so the prize treasures supposedly buried with these great people are not common. Then think of the many thousand years of temptation and treasure trove. Egypt has been honeycombed today by the discoveries which stimulate many others to the digging frenzy."

Might the old story be repeated of the pater who, being asked what colors he used, replied that he painted with brains. In explorations made to find the relics of the past the talent shown by the spade is barely appreciated to his intellectual mining. A man may be at the head of a museum who never has gone beyond the pick of the shovel stage or archaeology."

A TRAGEDY RECALLED.

The Story of a Woman Who Has Suffered Deep Affliction.

Intense Mental Strain and Sleepless Nights Brought Her Almost to the Verge of the Grave—Help Came When Hope Had Almost Fled.

Mrs. Sarah Wood, widow of the late Alex. Wood, of North Elmsley, Lanark county, has had more sorrow than usually falls to the lot of human beings, and it is no wonder that, under the intense mental strain, and the complete prostration, and her friends are rejoicing to hear that she has again been restored to health. To a reporter she told the following story: "Until about three years ago I had always been in good health, except for occasional spasmodic headaches which had bothered me for some years. I am now 63 years of age, and my troubles came as much by mental anguish and sleepless nights as by overtaxing my physical system. Two years ago last August, my son, W. J. Wood, was killed on the C. P. R. in a collision, and his lifeless, mangled body was brought home. Six weeks later my sister, Mrs. Luckey, of Kitley, was found murdered. During those days I was taking care of my youngest daughter, Mrs. O. Bissell, near Kerrickville, who was ill with consumption and who died four months later. Few people have been called upon to undergo so much affliction, and with sleepless nights and days of labor I became reduced almost to a living skeleton. In the fall of 1894 I was obliged to take to my bed, where I lay for several weeks hovering between life and death. During this time I was under the care of a doctor, but his treatment did not help me much. My head was continually troubled me, and a severe pain in my back, just above my left hip, caused me great agony. I had heard a great deal about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and determined to try them. Before the second box was entirely gone my headache disappeared, and I found myself growing stronger, and after taking the pills a time longer, the pain in my back disappeared also. I then felt so well that I decided to visit another daughter who lives near Merrickville, determining to continue taking the Pink Pills until thoroughly restored. In passing through Smith's Falls, I procured more pills, but found afterwards that they were counterfeit, as I did not know then that they were not sold in bulk. The result was that my old infirmities began to return, and I began to mistrust that the pills were not genuine, and sent into Merrickville for more. A comparison soon showed that, while both pills were colored Pink, the ones I had got in Smith's Falls were spurious, for they were not exactly the same shape and did not look the same when the cap was removed. As soon as I began the use of the genuine Pink Pills I began to grow better, and after the use of a few more boxes I found myself entirely cured, and I am now enjoying as good health as ever I did in my life. I believe that if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have been in my money, hoping some poor sufferer may be made well as I was."

Mrs. Wood's unfortunate experience with imitation Pink Pills makes it necessary to again impress upon the public that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, by the dozen, hundred or ounce, or in any shape except the boxes of the genuine, every one of which is inclosed in a wrapper printed in red ink, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If these pills are offered in any other form, even if pink in color, they are imitations and should be promptly refused. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail. Imitations are worthless and may be dangerous to health."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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The firm have added to their Drapery Department by giving that portion where Rugs were kept, thus increasing the light, and enabling them to make a worthy exhibit of their Liberty Department—Cretonnes, Silks, Muslins, etc.

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A LIFE TENANT.

"Have you boarded long at this house?" inquired the new boarder of the sour, dejected man sitting next to him. "About ten years."

"I don't see how you can stand it. Why haven't you left it long ago?" "No other place to go," said the other dismally. "The landlady's my wife."

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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