

many wall paintings in this and other rooms, hunting and fishing scenes, a group of female mourners, the three seasons, Mera and his sons, holding each other by the hand, and, Mera playing chess, are to be seen. So grand is the impression this grave chamber makes upon the beholder that the Arabs engaged in the work would not call it a "mastaba," but a "kilissa" (temple or church). Various valuable sarcophagi have also been discovered. A structure of colossal dimensions, situated at the western end of the necropolis, is being laid bare. Its direction is, like that of all the buildings of old Egypt, from north to south.

IRISH BULLS:

INSTANCES OF UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR

"My dear, come in and go to bed," said the wife of a jolly son in Erin who had just returned from the fair in a decidedly how-come-you-so state; "you must be dreadful tired, sure, with your long walk of six miles." "Arrah, get away with your nonsense," said Pat; "it wasn't the *length* of the way at all that fatigued me, 'twas the *breadth* of it."

A poor Irishman offered an old saucepan for sale. His children gathered around him and inquired why he parted with it. "Ah me honey," he answered, "I would not be afther parting with it but for a little money to buy something to put in it."

A young Irishman who had married when about nineteen years of age, complaining of the difficulties to which his early marriage subjected him, said he would never marry so young again if he lived to be as ould as Methusalem.

An Invalid, after returning from a southern trip, said to a friend, "Oh, shure, an' it's done me a wurruld o' good, goin' away. Iv'e come back *another man* altogether; in fact, I'm quite *myself* again."

An eccentric lawyer thus questioned a client: "So your uncle, Dennis O'Flaherty, had no family;" "None at all, yer honor," responded the client. The lawyer made a memorandum of the reply, and thus continued: "Very good. And *your* father Patrick O'Flaherty, did *he* have chick or child?"

"Pat, do you understand French?"

"Yes if it's shpoke in Irish."

In an Irish provincial paper is the following notice: "Whereas Patrick O'Connor lately left his lodgings, this is to give notice that if he does not return immediately and pay for the same, he will be advertised."

Two Irishmen were working in a quarry, when one of them fell into a deep quarry-hole. The other, alarmed, came to the margin of the hole and called out, "Arrah, Pat are ye killed in'irely? If ye're dead, spake." Pat reassured him from the bottom by saying in answer, "No, Tim, I'm not dead, but I'm spacheless."

At a crowded concert a young lady, standing at the door of the hall, was addressed by an honest Hibernian who was in attendance on the occasion. "Indade, miss," said he, "I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

"Gentlemen, is not one man as good as another?" "Uv course he is," shouted an excited Irish Chartist, "and a great deal better."

An Irish hostler was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveller's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveller, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveller pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag."

"Certainly, yer honor; I know that; but I didn't know which one of them was the other gentleman's."

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master, one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other.

"How comes it that these boots are not of the same length?"

"I raly don't know, sir; but what bothers me the most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

That was a triumphant appeal of an Irish lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of the old architecture over the new, said, "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

An Irish magistrate, censuring some boys for loitering in the streets, argued, "If everybody were to stand in the street, how could anybody get by?"