

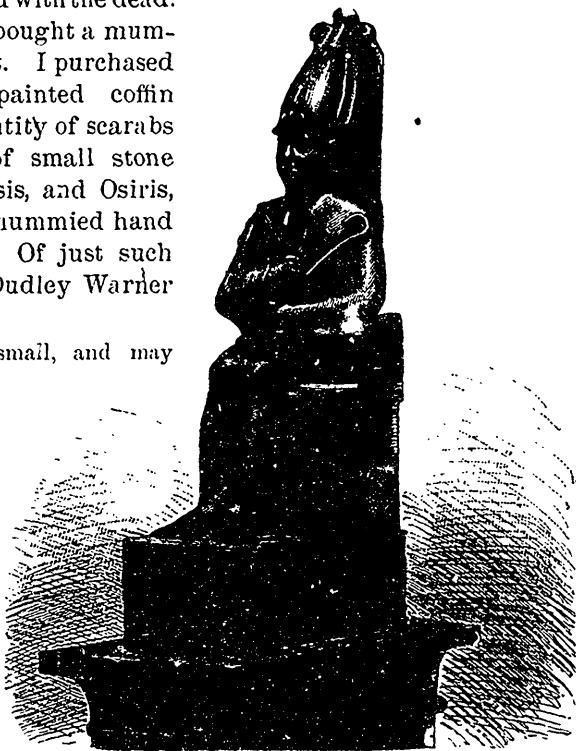
antiques. Many of these are very clever imitations, so much like the original it is almost impossible to detect them. Their authenticity is religiously vouched for as "real anteekas."

Nor are objects of more human interest wanting. In some tombs near Philæ we saw hundreds of skulls and bones. In the rubbish without were large quantities of mummy cloths and fragments of coffins and sarcophagi, and the blue porcelain beads which were buried with the dead.

One of our party bought a mummied clinched fist. I purchased some brightly-painted coffin fragments, a quantity of scarabs and a number of small stone figures of Apis, Isis, and Osiris, and the delicate mummied hand of a young girl. Of just such a hand Charles Dudley Warner writes :

"This hand is small, and may have been a source of pride to its owner long ago ; somebody else may have been fond of it, though even he—the lover—would not care to hold it long now. A pretty little hand ; I suppose it has in its better days given many a caress and love-pat, and many a slap in the face. Perhaps the hand of a sweet water-

bearer, like Fatmieh. This hand, naked, supple, dimpled, henna-tipped, may have been offered for nothing once ; there are wanted for it four piastres now, rings and all. A dear little hand !"



OSIRIS.

I bought a lot of brass jewellery and bracelets from the ears and arms of the village girls, and my friend Read bought a nose jewel from a not very comely fellah woman, which, after washing very carefully, he placed among his archives.

The amount of noise made by the Arabs over landing a mail-bag, or selling some "anteekas," is astonishing. Mr. Warner states that he thought that the French Revolution was being re-enacted, but found that they were only selling some milk.