

Memnon.

Amidst the countless ruins of Egypt two giant monuments stand out from the rest and recur to the memory whenever the name of Egypt is uttered. One is the mighty head of the Sphinx that has kept calm watch through the centuries at the foot of the great Pyramid of Cheops, and the other is the colossal statue of Memnon in the plains of Thebes, originated in a past so remote that it can only be dimly guessed at through a haze of myth and scanty tradition. These offspring of human thought and skill have existed throughout the whole period of recorded history, and long anterior. To the Greeks and Romans they were venerated antiquities of unknown origin, and they bid fair to stand—

Till the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve.

Twelve years ago the whole English race followed with intense interest the progress of English arms up the Nile, through the panorama of Egypt, in the attempt to rescue Gordon in the Soudan. Interest is again being shown there by a movement which bids fair in the long run to render Egypt and its monuments a permanent possession of England. Were the giant stones of Memnon susceptible of thought, we could well imagine the smile that might cross his time-scarred face were these plans and expectations uttered at his feet as the pageant of the past recurred to him of the mighty empires that have been founded, have flourished, and decayed while he sat impassive through the ages.

Memnon is one of the Homeric heroes. He is said to have brought a host of Ethiopians to the aid of Troy in its fight for existence with the Greeks; he appears on the scene after the death of Hector, the right arm of Troy, and after rendering much service is finally killed by Achilles. Ages afterwards the Greeks gave his name to the largest of the two giant statues—sixty feet in height—which had been seated from time immemorial in the plain of Thebes. The name became in after time inseparably connected with the statue, though it is in reality there representative of one of the innumerable Egyptian monarchs, some obscure Amenophis of the 18th dynasty, whose name and titles are still to be deciphered on the base. This so-called Memnon monument was celebrated throughout the whole ancient civilized world as the famous vocal statue. At sunrise it is said to have uttered sounds like the throb of harp strings. The testimony to the fact is very respectable. Strabo, who visited the statue about eighteen years before Christ, in company with several friends, states that they all heard it. Other famous writers also verify the fact. Much controversy has prevailed as to the reason of the sound. Some ascribe it to the trickery of priests, who struck the sonorous stone, of which the statue is composed, in some secret way; others give a more scientific explanation, attributing it to the passage of light drafts of air through the cracks, or the sudden expansion of watery particles under the influence of the fiery rays of the rising sun.

There is little doubt, however it is explained, but that this curious phenomenon was frequently audible. Upwards of 100 inscriptions of Greek and Roman visitors are still visible on the legs of the vast figure, recording the visits of ancient travelers to listen to its music. Amongst the names are those of the Emperor Hadrian and his wife Sabania; another Emperor, Septimius Severus, also visited it. To the feet of ancient Memnon to-day flows a ceaseless stream of humanity from the world over, and to the thoughtfulness amongst them he is still vocal of many things as impressive as any of the broken chords that awed the world of old.

Do one thing well; "be a whole man," as Chancellor Thurlow said, "to one thing at one time." Make clean work, and leave no tags. Allow no delays when you are at a thing: do it and be done with it. Avoid miscellaneous reading. Read nothing that you do not care to remember; and remember nothing that you do not mean to use.

Some Crazes.

There is so much written nowadays about the bicycle craze that it seems to be already an old, old subject—and yet how new! I cannot recollect anything I ever read or heard of which has so suddenly jumped into prominence as the present bicycle. Other fashions and fads have, from time to time, gradually taken root—so gradually, in many instances, that we often awaken to the fact that "something" has disappeared, and its place taken, without our much noticing the change, and often, too, the old "something" reappears in odd nooks and corners, as there are always some very conservative people who refuse (until absolutely obliged) to part with their dear old fad. Not so with this fad, however. It would indeed be an impossible nook or corner where you would come across the former high wheel. Where on earth have all the old "bikes" gone, I wonder? There must be a cemetery somewhere, I think, for old bikes, so utterly have they disappeared. Now, old horses have some use, for do we not hear ghastly rumors to the effect that ancient chargers make very nice canned delicacies? Mind, I never tasted one—at least, not knowingly—and I don't think I ever shall. In the words of an old song-parody, "I cannot eat the old horse," etc. I think I would sooner take a bite out of an old bike than a veteran equine. Canning is, however, a subtle art, and tough things can be made tender and innocent-looking. This union of subjects, "Bikes and Horses," leads me to think how prosaic everything is becoming. I entirely approve of the bicycle, and also admit the wonderful saving of poor horses afforded by electricity and other contrivances for

bicycle will ever be used in warfare? Is it not already, with war correspondents? If a very long distance had to be traversed I dare say the bike might be more useful than the horse, inasmuch as the speed could be kept up for a longer time—a fine thing for carrying dispatches or running after (or away from) the enemy! Just fancy King Richard, or his equivalent, shouting wildly, "A bike! A bike! My kingdom for a bike!" And if that bike were forthcoming and bore off His Majesty to safety, what an "ad." for the firm who made it! Shade of Shakespeare, I humbly ask thy pardon for seemingly parodying thy well-known lines. Dear me! even this sentence may be all wrong, for is it not now the fad that Shakespeare did not write his own plays, but that to Sir Francis Bacon belongs that honor? However, suppose we hold fast to our Shakespeare and let Bacon go. We won't substitute him for the "immortal William" without much further proof than is at present advanced by the Baconites. And so we will bury him, along with the old "bikes," in that shadowy cemetery already mentioned.

FRANCES J. MOORE.

A New Ailment.

KENNET WOOD.

Energetic, care-free individuals laugh at the suggestion of such an ailment as house nerves and say it is only imaginary. But thousands of women will testify otherwise and admit that of all complaints this is the most tiring.

People of sedentary habits who spend all their time indoors frequently become morbid, brooding and irritable. The failure of any one member of the family to reach home at the usual time brings forth gloomy forebodings of disaster; the absence

of any one at night causes floor-walking and tears, even though such person be of mature years, sound health and abundant ability to care for himself. A projected journey is overcast by recitals of all the horrible accidents that have happened since the year 1. Meals are unsatisfactory, clothes never fit, no one sympathizes or condoles with the sufferer, and the result is a human wet-blanket that can effectually blight the slightest approach to gaiety.

The reasons of house nerves are legion. Introspection is one. A woman who studies herself, her wants and desires, her ailments and loneliness, is on the fair road to an asylum, did she but know it. It is all right for poets to speak of

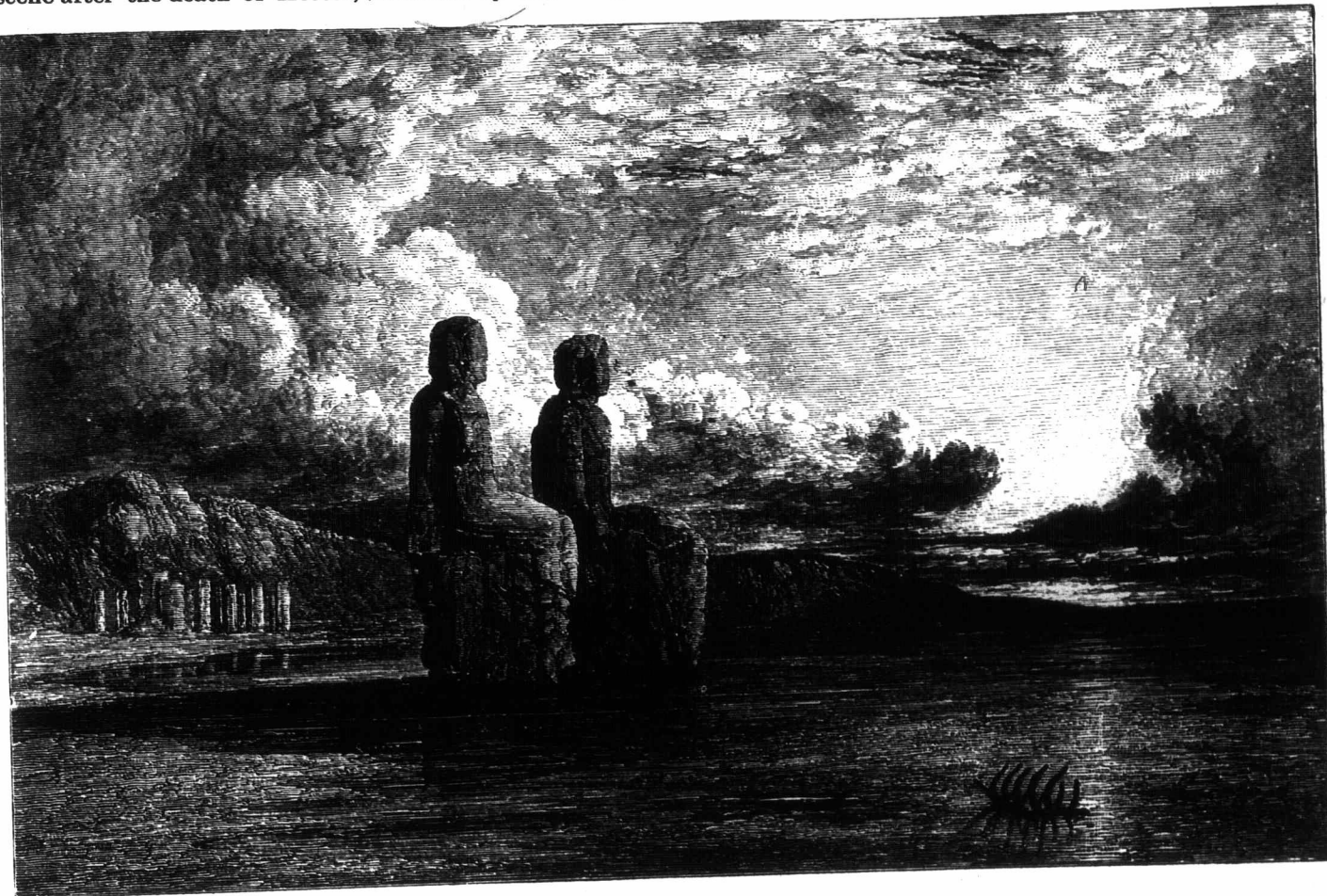
"Know thyself." The woman, or man either, does not live to whom daily contemplation of her own acts and impulses is not detrimental unless tempered by contact with the great outside world.

Some women, it is true, are tied down by children and household cares to a ceaseless indoor life, but they are not generally the ones who succumb to house nerves, one reason being that, forced out of contact with others, they yearn always for the privilege of mingling in some sort of society, embracing every chance thrown in their way toward that end. But the woman who stays at home because she might get sick by venturing out in the cold, or because her neighbor can entertain better than she can, or dress better—or perhaps the habit has become fixed by degrees to that extent that it is like parting with a tooth to get out of the routine—this is the woman who broods and fancies and cries over mental pictures of catastrophes that never happen and meets troubles which never come.

Many a woman who takes the trouble to look at the reason will acknowledge these flights of fancy. One touch with the outside world and away they go, these dreams leaving her the brighter for it.

Any parent who owns a highly imaginative child owes it to society at large to throw it with healthy, merry companions, who always effect a complete cure, for mirth is infectious. But if the unhappy owner is repressed and kept indoors, some family in the future will feel the effects.

The cure is simple, but few follow it. Throw away your medicine and go visiting. Patronize all the gayeties that your pocket-book affords. Take long walks in the sunshine, and whenever a morbid thought comes, think up a necessary errand and it will dissolve like mist before the sun.



MEMNON.

our street cars; but, somehow, I fancy the horseless carriage will be a hideous thing—stumpy-looking and uncanny. I was reading lately of how the romance of country life was dying out—with all the romance of country life was dying out—with all the new-fangled farming implements—so useful—so wonderful—but oh! how unromantic. Probably every one knows that lovely picture, the Angelus, for it has been copied in every imaginable form. There stands the handsome young mower, with his scythe, and opposite to him the sweet girl—both with bowed heads, for the ringing of the Angelus in their country means the cessation of work and the silent prayer. How different when the ring of that bell means simply that the "whirr" of the mowing machine stops, only to be resumed at the proper moment.

To return to bicycles. It is now being noted that this trade is outrunning almost all others. The makers can scarcely keep up with the enormous demand, and this, I suppose, means fortunes for someone. In some instances at least the craze ought to do good, for it is said that smoking and tobacco-chewing are on the decline, as men seldom so indulge when wheeling. Now, moderate smoking is no great sin, but oh! how unromantic! That disgusting habit—is declining, what a blessing! Whether drinking will die out is a question, because undoubtedly the "scorchers" will stop occasionally and quench their thirst. I read, too, that the bicycle affects even the concerts and plays, that the bicycle affects even the men and women taken up so completely are our men and women taken up with their wheels; and as to railways and street cars, there is said to be a perceptible falling off in their receipts. Is it not marvellous to think that this little "twin wheel" machine should be wielded so powerful an arm? I wonder whether the