



BY HELEN M. EDGAR

VII. THE IMPOSING ANTIQUITIES AT DENDERA AND THE FAMOUS
TEMPLES AT ABYDOS

MARCH 15th.—Wind and sand having ceased from troubling, the *Dodo* opened her eyes once more, and after a few preliminary stretches sidled into the middle of the river and began to move northward in her usual unhurried way. We half drifted and half rowed till the wind took an interest in us and blew us against a lovely palm-fringed bank where, perforce, we had to rest the whole day.

C. scented flints, and we discovered we were near the spot where wonderful tomb excavations had been made by De Morgan and Flinders Petrie. It was some distance in the desert, but the C's were eager, and so were we. The rest of the party took charge of the *Dodo* while we packed up a hasty lunch and taking two of our men (who, by the by, carry long spears with them when they venture inland) started out on a skirmish for donkeys. After great delay and much agitation we managed to secure some beasts. My animal was equipped with a bridle and a pair of ears

of such prodigious size that they rather interfered with the view. The saddle was girthless and stirrups not being in fashion, I had to keep my balance as best I could. P. used his donkey as an assistance for walking, or by curling his long legs up he turned it into a seat for riding. C.'s donkey was so toy-like that he preferred to lead it gently by hand most of the way.

We started our procession desertwards across one of the great dikes that divide this fertile country from end to end. We met herd upon herd of camels laden with such huge bundles of durra that we were nearly brushed off our wobbly saddles as they passed us on the narrow way.

Besides our donkey boys, about fifteen native "gentlemen" accompanied us out of pure and undisguised curiosity. We reached the desert in an hour and proceeded to pick up flints and potsherds like buttercups at home. The tombs were vast and bottomless holes in the ground. When, after lunching, Mrs. C. and I rested on the edge of one, while the flint hunters were at work