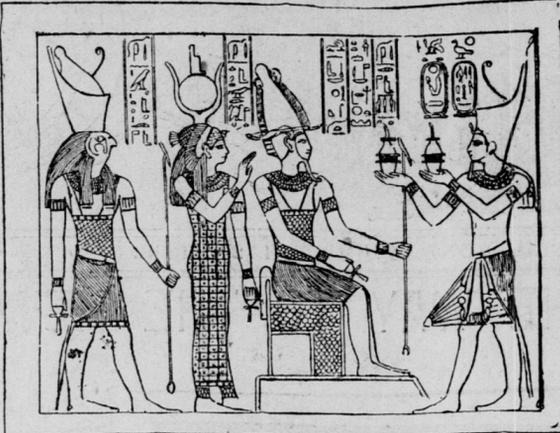


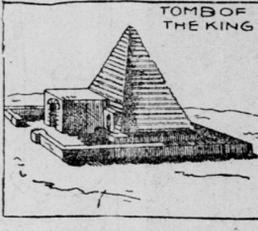
GRAVE OF OSIRIS DISCOVERED: GREATEST CLASSICAL FIND OF THE DECADE



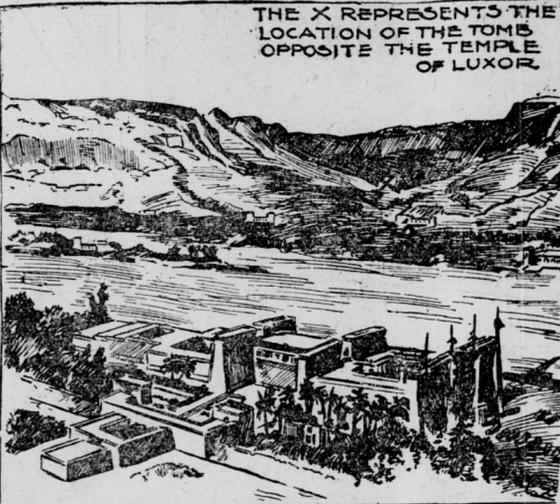
OSIRIS



KING SET I PRESENTS A SACRIFICE OF WINE.



TOMB OF THE KING



THE X REPRESENTS THE LOCATION OF THE TOMB OPPOSITE THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR.

THE tomb of Osiris? the tomb of Horus? the tomb of Set? It is to be believed the words of one of the most reliable of European scholars, M. Amelineau, he has discovered the tombs of these Egyptian deities in the sands of Abydos. Abydos is not very far from Thebes, on the river Nile, and was formerly the capital of the Eighth nome or province. The historians tell us that Abydos was the most sacred spot in Egypt and that every pious Egyptian wished to be buried there near the shrine of Osiris. When the great festivals were celebrated in the Middle Empire, one of the chief days was devoted to Osiris of Abydos, the former battles of this god were represented, and then the pretended body of the god was carried to the shrine and buried.

Who was Osiris? His name appears in the list of the god kings of Egypt immediately preceding Set and Horus, but there are many legends related of him in Egyptian literature. The chief of these is that Qeb, the earth god, married Nut, the goddess of heaven. Four children were born to them, Osiris, Set, Isis and Nephthys. Osiris succeeded his father as Pharaoh of Egypt, marrying his sister, Isis; Set married the other sister, Nephthys, after she had borne one son, Anubis, to Osiris.

When Osiris had reigned for a few years Set tried to dethrone him, but failed, and it was only after Osiris had been Pharaoh for twenty-eight years that Set laid a plot to kill him. He made a beautiful coffin, just the size of Osiris, and offered to give it to any one whom it would fit. When Osiris got in to try it Set and his friends put on the lid, nailed it fast and poured hot lead all around it. They then threw it into the Nile, which carried box and body to the sea.

Isis, Osiris' widow, went in search of her husband's body, and while living in the marshes of the delta of the Nile Horus was born. Here he grew to manhood, but Isis was still seeking her husband's body. The gods told her that she would now go to Phoenicia, and there at Byblos she found that the chest containing Osiris' body had been washed up on the shore and inclosed by the trunk of a huge tree. This tree had been cut down by the King of Byblos and now stood as a pillar in his palace. Isis was engaged as a nurse for the king's children, and by restoring one of them to life so gained the king's good will that he gave her the pillar containing the long-sought corpse when she asked for it.

Isis then hastened to Egypt with the chest, but leaving it to find her son Horus, Set happened to see the coffin. He opened it, cut the body of Osiris to pieces and threw them all over the land of Egypt. Isis set forth to find these scattered members and wherever she found any part she buried it, to be sure that Set would not interfere again. Wherever one of these burials took place a shrine was erected to Osiris, but his chief shrine was in Abydos, where it was said that his head rested in a small chest. The soul of Osiris was transformed into the bird Bennu, the phoenix of Greece. As compensation for his sufferings and reward for Isis' long years of devotion, Osiris became the King of the Dead, or the supreme judge in the "Tribunal of Ameniti," where he weighed the heart of the deceased in the scales. The heart is placed on one side, the symbol for truth on the other.

But the legend is not complete without the rest of the adventures of Set and Horus. After Set's crowning barbarity scattering his brother's bones, Horus, the son of Osiris, seeks out the murderer to be avenged. A terrible conflict ensues, in which Horus loses an eye, but nevertheless makes Set acknowledge him as the true Pharaoh. Each is the chief legend handed down about these gods for ten millennia. The worship of Osiris was at first confined to Abydos, but gradually it spread all over Egypt, from the sixth dynasty onward many of the princes and priests having their bodies taken to Abydos for permanent burial, or at least to pay a visit to Osiris Uenofre. This ceremony of taking the mummy to see Osiris was performed in great state by the priests.

As the reverence for the God-King spread his character was developed in the popular mind. As King he was looked up to for teaching the people how to till the soil, as the stern lawyer and teacher of science. Later he became not only the King of Eternity, but also the divine symbol of everything that died and lived again. The avenging horn after his father's death, was the symbol of final conquest and later became the sun god, as Osiris was made the god of the Nile, which

This discovery must affect the history of all nations, more or less, for the same tendency of elevating the king first to the position of a hero, then of a demi-god and finally of a full and complete divinity has gone on among all the peoples of the earth from China to Scandinavia. The Chinese show us precisely how much of this process of apotheosis must have begun in cult of ancestor worship. Horus avenges the death of his father Osiris by dethroning the usurping Set. The sufferings of the great king who had given Egypt art, science and law made his memory all the more sacred. He is first revered and then is an easy, short step to worship. Isis, his devoted wife, becomes the name for wisdom and faith-

fulness, and is symbolized by the dog star.

Later she is confused with Hathor, until the two goddesses are merged into one with an infinite variety of names and attributes. Horus becomes in turn a popular god, being accepted as the chief figure in the widely prevailing worship of the sun. Temples are erected in various cities to Osiris, Isis and Horus, the human quality is lost sight of in the divine, the gods have lost all similarity to human beings.

This sketches the progress of the idea of divinity as it must have developed in Egypt, now that the tombs of the god kings have been found. It is a natural and simple process, which explains itself and upsets at a single blow the numerous theories which have been set down as the "science of religion," or the development of "religious concepts."

Volumes have been written upon this subject, evolved from the inner consciousness of the writers, often regardless of facts. Many of these works have been branded as more fanciful than the myths which they attempted to explain, but nothing could so condemn their fancies as the discovery of the old stone sarcophagi of the gods—hard facts, too hard to be denied.

The a priori savants, who draw their theories as the spider spins his web, from their own inwardness, will be rather tangled up in this web by M. Amelineau's discovery. It is rather difficult to reconcile the tomb of a king with the theory that there never was



ISIS

such a being, and that the personalities Osiris, Isis, Set and Horus are nothing but personifications of the forces of nature. This is the way the theorists went to work. They took all the legends of the Egyptian gods and noted that one divinity is spoken of as "God of the Nile," another is the "Sun God," another is the "Dog Star," and they jumped to the conclusion that all of the traditions were pure myths, based upon nature worship. They forgot that the great cemeteries, the necropolis at Abydos, for example, had as their central idea the burial of a great god king, and could not see that there must have been some great facts behind the myths—not merely the facts of sun, star and river, but the more concrete facts of a human king.

If we could go to Luxor and see the massive ruins of the temple, if we could dig beneath the sands of Abydos and see the hundreds and thousands of tombs of great men and small clustered around the tombs of the god kings, we might be convinced that these kings were once upon the earth. Here are the countless mastabas, or truncated pyramids, built for the reception of the ancient dwellers in Egypt. Some of the less wealthy were satisfied with mere wells, into which their coffins were lowered. Others had their mausoleums built in the shape of grottoes, where whole families were buried. In later times the tombs at Abydos took the shape of small pyramids, with a more elaborate interior arrangement. A stele from Abydos, now in the Leyden Museum, belonged to "the hereditary prince, and the king, the nearest friend of the king, the high priest, with the right to wear the royal apron, the judge and prophet

of Ma'at, the great priest of Osiris," buried here near his god.

It is rather strange, in the face of such monumental proof as this, to find the learned Wilkinson writing that from the account of Manetho and other writers who mention the rule of the gods, it would seem as if the earliest form of government in Egypt was a hierarchy where the King was priest. He adds:

"The succession of the different gods to the sovereignty of the country would then be explained by that of the respective colleges of priests, though the duration of their reigns is totally inconsistent with truth or probability. It is true that infant states are more usually governed by some individual pre-eminent for his abilities either as a statesman or warrior than by a body of persons with equal authority; but as the former opinion appears to be less at variance with what history has imparted to us, it is more reasonable to conclude that Egypt was ruled by a hierarchy."

From this it would seem that Wilkinson's historical instinct suggested the truth that the ancient gods were kings, but the rejection of the myths and legends about them by other scholars tempted him to believe that "the story of Osiris' rule in this world is purely allegorical." Now, however, through the latest discovery the true "history" is imparted to us, and we know that Osiris was not a "mere allegorical character." Herodotus may have misled many Egyptologists by his statement that the "Egyptians ridiculed the Greeks for pretending to derive their origin from deities." But this is not the first instance of misleading on the part of the "Father of Lies." Of course,

Wilkinson is considered antiquated in many respects, but in his view of the god-kings he has had many imitators among the most recent writers on the subject.

The broad effect of M. Amelineau's discovery will be a revision and rewriting of the history of ancient Egypt, especially of its earliest section. There will be a still greater result in making the scholars of the world more tolerant and open minded toward the most ancient legends.

It has been a favorite idea with some late students of the Old Testament to suggest that such men as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and the twelve sons of the last patriarch were purely mythical, devised by the fancy of the people many centuries after the date at which they were stated to have lived. But research in Babylonia and Arabia, especially during the last few years, tends in the opposite direction. The very name Abraham has been found in Assyrian inscriptions, showing that such a name was current at that time. The names of the kings mentioned in Genesis xiv have been found on the monuments of clay tablets, all tending to establish much of the truth of the Biblical statements. The discovery of the tombs of the god-kings has no direct bearing upon these other questions, but indirectly it must affect the tendency of modern thought on all allied subjects.

M. Amelineau has startled the world by the mere announcement of his discovery. The particulars and subsequent developments will be awaited with interest by every man who would like to know what happened in the world ten thousand years ago, what men and women lived and ruled then and what they did.

MUSTERING IN THE SOLDIERS IN '61.

THESE are ante-bellum days in the opinion of many. The war clouds which, with the surrender of Kirby Smith on the 26th of May, 1865, were in the "deep bosom of the ocean buried," seem to have risen and to be near.

To the young men, who, if necessity arise, must bear the shock of arms as their fathers once did, and, possibly, to others, it may be profitable to recall some of the incidents connected with the first general draft of soldiers in America.

On the 13th of April, 1861, Sumner surrendered to the Confederacy. Two days afterward the President called for 75,000 ninety-day volunteers. In eighteen days more he called for 42,000 additional volunteers for three years. In September, 1862, a draft for 40,000 was ordered in New York to fill up its quota which had fallen behind, owing to political antisellies. On the first of February, 1864, the first general draft that our eagle had ever looked upon was ordered by Abraham Lincoln.

The writer was one of the Deputy United States Marshals for an interior county in the old Keystone State, and it seems to him even now, that it never entered into the mind of that great man that which then came to his notice.

In the hands of the civil authorities claims for exemption were allowable under State laws.

More ways than can now be recalled and some which could not be mentioned were employed to favor drafted men, who were to present their exemption claims at certain places.

When assembled for work we had each a room and there was a common reception room. Only residents of that particular sub-district could present themselves there.

Under this general draft of 500,000 men, substitutes were allowable, and many who put in claims, honest or otherwise, for exemption, had eyes open to the bounties of from \$300 to \$1000, possibly to be obtained as substitutes.

Unfortunately for some of these poor frightened fellows, certain medical wags, actuated more by love for the

ludicrous, than sympathy for prospective soldier boys, coached the applicants and their families with names for imaginary diseases which came near being the death of the entire board on more than one occasion.

Among the first to appear were the mothers and wives, with now and then a sweetheart, of drafted men.

Our surgeon, Dr. Rotherick, was one of the best men in the world; tender in his sympathies as a girl, and stern in his discharge of duty as the Roman sentinel at Pompeii. But he bubbled over with humor, and had appreciation of the ridiculous, which enabled him to meet every attempt at deception with a witty reply and a laughable exposure.

We had to withstand, almost daily, earnest efforts to swerve us from the strait and narrow way, so that a frightened husband, son or best young man might go free of Uncle Sam's uniform and hard tack. One elderly Dutch woman adroitly secured Dr. Rotherick's attention and gravely offered him "a barrel of blue-black apple butter" to pronounce her son, who looked able to safely fall from a balloon, a physical wreck.

"Dat's my boy," she said over and over again, adding now and then, "He's got to me." The physician was forced to order the boy to report at headquarters to be mustered into service.

One old lady came with her son and family Bible to prove him under 21. We had been informed that he had voted a year before. The birth record in the Bible plainly showed the original date to have been erased and a new one entered of a recent date, and in ink of a different shade. He was requested to report for a suit of blue.

A broad-shouldered woodchopper of 43 fell into the hands of a war of a doctor, who after pretending to diagnose his complaint, had told him what to say to the surgeon, and had put the words upon paper lest the applicant should forget them. When the surgeon asked what was the matter with him he said he had "morus multiflorus—bad, very bad, sir."

"What's that?" almost shouted Dr. Rotherick. "What is it you've got?" The man handed him the paper.

"Who gave you this?"

"I've invited the Marshal and Commissioner in here."

"Mr. Marshal and Mr. Commissioner," he said as we entered his room, "I am 56 years old, been in practice thirty-two years, but may I go to the d—l on skates if I ever saw or heard of anything like this. Here's a father who claims to have inherited a disease from his forefathers, and to have transmitted it to the six sons, six feet in height and 200 pounds in weight, a disease, gentlemen, vouched for by Dr. C. over his own signature."

"They call it 'lashes-in-your-eye'—understanding Dr. C. who says they are suffering with chronic cases, of what might affect the daughters of Eve, but never has till now affected mortal man."

"Can't you examine them for yourself?" asked the Commissioner.

"Why—yes—of course I can. I forgot that in my surprise. Old man, you may retire. I don't care what you've got, and though you fellows are hit pretty hard, I am thankful I have only to deal with two of you. The two answering to these names remain—the rest retire. Step up here, you two lucky ones. Now, is this trouble which Dr. C. told you about all that's the matter with you?"

"They said 'Yes.'"

"You work every day at hard labor?"

"Yes."

"Let me see your teeth—that's all. Go fix yourselves up and come back, and my clerk will have something ready for you."

They each received an order to report for muster into the service of the United States, and did not have any more "lashes-in-your-eye."

Not long after these events Provost Marshals appeared in the various districts, and the stern demands of military law took hold of drafting affairs, pushing aside exemption claims under State regulations. Few were exempted now. Bounties were paid—in many cases more than once. Bounty agents and bounty jumping became as well known as Alaska outfitting establishments on Market street to-day.

Fatty from the other end of the line, for he saw it pecking out of his father's hand. Dr. Rotherick gave one glance at the paper, and the next instant, with a start that sent him half-way over his table, he said between his teeth, "Great Heavens! Oh, mercy, this will kill me!" Turning to his attendant,

GOLD MINE GUARDED BY A HERMIT.

SUMMIT, Vt., March 17.—Henry Fox, Oxford graduate, owner of the famous Tyson gold mine and the most remarkable hermit New England has ever known, has refused an offer for his "claim," and will under no circumstances quit the State for the Klondike, as was generally supposed. The account of the offer is not made public, but that it was a fabulous one nobody doubts, as previous attempts at a deal were based on a high figure.

The story of Fox is as remarkable as that of his mine. He was born in England so long ago that he can hardly remember the date, and after his graduation became a tour of the world. He was shipwrecked twice, and somehow landed in the Central American mines, where he made a little money and learned a good deal about mining. On his return to New York he became the junior partner in the firm of Richard & Fox, assayers, 45 Gold street.

"Yes," he said, after some hesitation, "I will show the mine."

And rising he opened a door leading to a room on the cliff side of the house. Directly opposite was a door fastened with many locks. Opening this without the aid of a key, he pointed to an aperture in the rocks. It was six feet in diameter and leads to the mine hundreds of feet beyond in the very heart of the cliff. After following the passageway for 200 feet or more Mr. Fox held up a lantern and with evident pride indicated several bits of shining metal that ranged in size from a pin-head to a pea.

"That's gold," he said. "There is a good deal imbedded in the quartz here, but beyond"—jerked his thumb in the direction of the further end of the passageway—"there is more of it. Now that you have seen where the metal comes from perhaps you would like to see some of the results of my single-handed mining."

In a room bare of every article of furniture with the exception of an old table, the hermit led the way. After locking the door and laying the key on

the table he called the attention of his visitor to a cascade in view of the one window that broke the monotony of the walls. As he ceased speaking there was a sharp click which caused the reporter to turn. The hermit had vanished but the key still lay on the table. Suddenly there was a second click and Mr. Fox stood on the spot where he had last been seen. He held in his hand a large old gold nugget. These he tossed out upon the table and disappeared a second time. When he again stood in the room he held in his hand a weighty object.

"This," he said, "is one of the things you must not tell about. Come, I'll show you something else."

A quarter of a mile from the house in a part of the ravine filled with loose rocks and prolific in caves he entered a well-concealed passageway, which led to a chamber of some size. Pulling to one side a rock which seemed to form a spring or button and held up his lantern.

"Pretty good, eh?" And he smiled. "But the contents of that pocket must not be told of."

"But aren't you afraid you will be robbed?"

The hermit looked sharply at his visitor, pointing to a small copper wire at the entrance to the chamber, shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"That laugh was one of confidence.

An act of Parliament was passed in the reign of Edward III prohibiting any one from being served at dinner or supper with more than two courses, except upon some great holidays therein specified, on which he might be served with three. This act has never been repealed, and is, therefore, still in force.

On a piece of land in old Lyme, Conn., is a part of the stone of the following dimensions: Around the stone, north and south, 27 feet 7 inches; east and west, 24 feet 10 inches. This immense stone is so delicately poised that one man can rock it from four to six inches.

Electro-magnets, capable of picking up five tons, are used by an Illinois steel company to transfer steel beams or plates from one part of the shop to another.