

many and a lot of royal dynasties. Otherwise how shall I be able to have suitable marriages for all my Russian grand-dukes and grand-duchesses?"

"Of course—I apologize," answered Stein, with flaming eyes. "How could I suspect that your Majesty wished to make of Germany a Russian stud-farm!"

At any rate, Stein put an end to the peace-at-any-price party in Frankfort—in fact, his name was discussed at the mess-tables of German regiments as that of a possible first Emperor of Germany. The idea of German unity and a German Empire was in the hearts of the German soldiers of 1813. This feeling was revived fifty-seven years later; but in 1870 there was a soldier King on the Prussian throne and a real Crown-Prince—the beloved Unser Fritz, who first put this idea into practical political form, and forced a Prussian Prime Minister to follow in the great popular movement that finally crowned William I. at Versailles.

On the 1st of December the patriots of

Germany once more looked happy—war began again, and Paris was made the goal. On the eve of the new year, 1814, Blücher crossed the Rhine at Caub, where still stands the old castle in mid-stream from which the pontoons were stretched to either bank. It was a momentous night for Germany when Blücher led his 50,000 into the enemy's country. He was the first to break the way, and every one who knows the old soldier knows that he was bound to keep ahead of all the rest and do more fighting than any one else. The Rhine is now a stream of pleasure, where luxurious steamers provide fine wines and lengthy *tables d'hôte* to the passengers who sit on deck and admire the passing landscape. Let us believe that when they pass the grim old castle of Caub they feel the spirit of brave old Blücher hovering about its ancient walls, and are grateful to the gallant old man who here broke the path in which might tread the future armies of united Germany.

THERE.

BY LULAH RAGSDALE.

HERE I am sick with thinking and with dreams;
With memories of struggles, lately past.
Here come to me the town's sharp, fretful streams
Of jarring sounds—that all sweet sounds outlast.

There in the wood's shut heart is spacious calm;
And vast, deep silence; and sweet spicery
Shed downward from the dusky pines like balm—
Good to sad souls that ache for sympathy.

There, from the open mouth of one cool spring,
The gurgling laughter breaks in silvery streams,—
Too soft to mock the quiet of a human thing,
Beside it resting from late fever-dreams.

There vague, fresh airs uplift, like finger-tips,
The matted curls from off the throbbing brain;
And vapory kisses, from the mist's light lips,
Dissolve upon the cheek in fine, sweet rain.

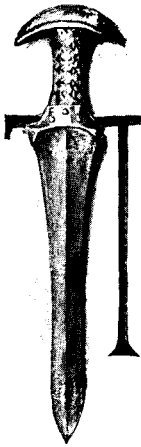
There is green shadow, shot with threads of gold,—
Too mellow-toned to strain an aching eye,—
And there a heaven of bluets, on a wold
Far up the sloping hill-side that lies by.

There can one catch, too—prone in emerald gloom—
Semblance of dawn; rose billows, foaming fair,
Of a peach orchard full of clustered bloom
That blows pink flakes afar:—Would I were there!



THE DASHUR EXPLORATIONS

BY JACQUES DE MORGAN.



THE important results that I had obtained during the preceding year in my first campaign as an explorer in the necropolis at Dashur led me to devote the winter of 1894-5 to the examination of those structures which my earlier operations had not allowed me to inspect, and with this new year discoveries as remarkable as those foregoing them, if, indeed, not of greater interest, occurred as the reward of my effort and of four months spent in the midst of the sands of the desert.

It was on the 15th of November that I resumed my operations, employing in them the *fellahs* of Sakkara and their two *reïs*, Rubi Hamzarri and his son Khalif Hamzarri, whose practical know-

ledge and long experience have been often of such utility to me. Rubi Hamzarri was a young man when Marietta Bey opened the Serapeum of the New Empire, in 1852. Since that time he has not ceased to be the *chef de chantiers* and main assistant of the founder of our antiquarian service. While Marietta Bey was carrying on his operations at Sakkara, Rubi was growing old in his profession, and so taught his son the secrets of the business, along with those principles of honesty and discipline unfortunately very rare among the *fellahin* of the present generation. The two men are notable figures in their calling. Enjoying the greatest respect on the part of the village folk, they are solicitous for such respect even more than for money; and, before all things else, they are thoroughly interested in their occupation as antiquarian explorers.