

those pleasant little airs of his; and when he does that i've noticed more than once that it means he smells water somewhere. so this time when he snapped at a fly trying to lay eggs in his skin, and bore off a little to the left, i didn't interfere. but the lookout forward does not seem promising, said the doctor, raising his double glass to his eyes and sweeping the horizon. no, sir, it looks like warm stuff out of the kegs to night, and none to spare for a wash. i'm afraid so, said the doctor, closing his glass and drawing rein so as to let wilton and bourne close up. tired, chris ned oh no, they replied. it's soon in the day yet, father, added chris. that seems a pity about the water, griggs, said ned, as they rose slowly on. oh how i should like a good swim in a clear river wouldn't be amiss; but when you can't get beef, mutton ain't bad. i knew that, said chris dryly. but you don't seem to know that when you can't get plenty of water for bathing, nice clean sand isn't a bad thing for a good dry wash. it's better without soap too. chris laughed. ah, you may grin, but it's a nasty habit, i think, that of rubbing grease turned into what you call soap all over your skin. look yonder on that patch of sand, he continued, pointing, for his keen eyes seemed to miss nothing. snakes cried chris, bringing his rifle sharply round. nay, nay, don't shoot. what's the good you might scare something better. better said ned, with his upper lip curling up and the corners of his mouth going down. yes; i don't care about snake, said the american dryly, but i've heard that some of the injuns cut the rattlers heads off and roast them in wood ashes, and that they're uncommonly good. ugh ejaculated ned. yes, that's just how i with a panthers skin, a footstool in front of it, and on it a crescent shaped support for the head, made of ivory, a support of crescent form on which the egyptians rested their heads. many specimens were found in the catacombs, and similar objects are still used in nubia several seats, a stand with beakers and jugs, and another with flasks of all sizes, saucers, and boxes, composed the furniture of the room, which was lighted by three lamps, shaped like birds and filled with kiki oil. castor oil, which was used in the lamps. ameni wore a fine pleated robe of snow white linen, which reached to his ankles, round his hips was a scarf adorned with fringes, which in front formed an apron, with broad, stiffened ends which fell to his knees; a wide belt of white and silver brocade confined the drapery of his robe. round his throat and far down on his bare breast hung a necklace more than a span deep, composed of pearls and agates, and his upper arm was covered with broad gold bracelets. he rose from the ebony seat with lions feet, on which he sat, and beckoned to a servant who squatted by one of the walls of the sitting room. he rose and without any word of command from his master, he silently and carefully placed on the high priests bare head a long and thick curled wig, egyptians belonging to the higher classes wore wigs on their shaven heads. several are preserved in museums. and threw a leopard skin, with its head and claws overlaid with gold leaf, over his shoulders. a second servant held a metal mirror before ameni, in which he cast a look as he settled the panther skin and head gear. a third servant was handing him the crosier, the insignia of his dignity as a prelate, when a priest entered and announced treated only of childhood, youth, and manhood. favorinus reproached him with overestimating the versatility of the roman genius, like his friend fronto, and underrating the hellenic intellect. florus answered the gaulish orator in a deep voice, and with such a grand flow of words, that the listening emperor would have enjoyed expressing his approbation, and could not help considering the question as to how many cups of wine his usually placid fellow countryman might have taken since breakfast to be so excited. when florus tried to prove that under hadrians rule rome had risen to the highest stage of its manhood, his friend, demetrius, of alexandria, interrupted him, and begged him to tell him something about the emperors person. florus willingly acceded to this request, and sketched a brilliant picture of the administrative talent, the learning, and the capability of the emperor. there is only one thing. he cried eagerly. that i cannot approve of; he is too little at rome, which is now the core and centre of the world. he must need see every thing for himself, and he is always wandering restlessly through the provinces. i should not care to change with him you have expressed the same ideas in verse, said favorinus. oh a jest at supper time. so long as i am in alexandria and waiting on caesar i