

The Pike County Democrat

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PETERSBURG. INDIANA.

ANCIENT PHOTOGRAPHS.

A Collection Gathered From the Tombs of Egypt.

A collection of portraits two thousand years old makes an interesting exhibit, not only to art connoisseurs, but to everybody curious enough to know what manner of men and women once inhabited this old earth. The Theodor Graf collection of unique Greek portraits, now hung at the Academy of Fine Art, gives for the first time an idea of the work of the portrait painters of the second and third centuries B.C.

These paintings were not made for the "family galleries" of old Egyptians, proud of their ancestors, but were "mummy faces." It was the ancient Greek custom to represent the countenance of a dead person at the head of a mummy or coffin, somewhat like the Indians of Peru, and in the Greek-Roman epoch for the plastic head with conventional features was substituted a real portrait of the dead.

One entire "face mummy" is shown in this exhibit, brought, like the other "faces," from the cave cemetery of Rubyat, in Central Egypt. Ages ago thieves ransacked this celebrated necropolis, throwing away these painted panels upon the desert sands. The ninety-six exhibited in Graf's collection are thin panels of wood, many now cracked and scarred, bearing the faces of a few Egyptians, several Syrians or Phoenicians and many fixed features of that Greek epoch.

They mostly belong to the higher classes, as is evident in the abundant jewels of the women, the golden wreaths of the men, the ribbons, Pompeian like shoulder stripe and Isis buttons, and even the "Lock of Youth," the ancient badge of the sons of the Pharaohs. The colors have mellowed like those of the old masterpieces, and Rembrandt himself would not be ashamed of the strength shown in the best of them. Some of the pictures shown of the oval-faced Egyptians and the dark, almond-eyed Jewesses are modern enough in spirit and treatment to be up-stairs with the sixty-third annual exhibit of the academy. The rich coloring and delicate tints awakened even Meissonier's admiration.

The collection reveals also in the most interesting manner all the technical expedients employed by the ancients. They devised the art of painting with variously-colored wax and the process of burning it in. It has thus gained the name of "encaustic painting." The wax was put on by means of a lancet-shaped cestrum or spatula. A brush was used sometimes as well as this graving tool, and there are exhibited several remarkable examples of distemper. — Philadelphia Times.

IN A PEANUT FACTORY.

How the Nuts are Prepared for the Market at Norfolk.

When the peanuts arrive at the factory they are rough and earth-stained, and of all sizes and qualities, jumbled together. The bags are first taken up by iron arms projecting from an endless chain to the fifth story of the factory. Here they are weighed and emptied into large bins. From these bins they fall to the next story into large cylinders, fourteen feet long, which revolve rapidly, and by friction the nuts are cleansed from the earth which clings to them, and polished so that they come out white and glistening.

From this story the nuts fall through shoots to the third and most interesting floor. Imaginary rows of long, narrow tables, each divided lengthwise into three sections by thin, inch-high strips of wood. These strips also surround the edge of the table. Each of these sections is floored with a strip of heavy white canvas, which moves incessantly from the mouth of a shoot to an opening leading down below at the further end of the table. These slowly moving canvas bands, about a foot wide, are called the "picking aprons." Upon the outer aprons of each table dribbles down from the shoot a slender stream of peanuts, and on each side of the table, so close together as scarcely to have "elbow room," stands rows of Negro girls and women, picking out the inferior peanuts as they pass and throwing them into the central section. So fast do their hands move at this work that one can not see what they are doing till they cast a handful of nuts into the middle division. By the time a nut has passed the sharp eyes and quick hands of eight or ten pickers, one may be quite certain that is a first-class article, fit for the final plunge down two stories, into a bag which shall presently be marked with a band which will command for it the highest market price.

The peanuts from the central aprons fall only to the second story, where they undergo yet another picking on similar tables, the best of these forming the second grade. The third grade of peanuts, or what remains after the second picking, is then turned into a machine which crushes the shells and separates them from the kernels. These are sold to the manufacturers of candy, while the shells are ground up and used for horse bedding. No part of this little fruit, vegetable, or nut, whichever it may turn out to be, is finally used, but all serves some useful purpose. — Blue and Gray.

Fickleness.

She—Her heart is like a novel—easy to read.

He—Yes; and like a novel in a circulating library—not to be kept longer than two weeks.—Judge.

It Can't Be Done.

Mrs. Takmin—How do you like the folding-bed, Mr. Nubord?

Nubord—It would be all right if you would only take the folds out of it.

She Said Him Nay.

Tom—I can never get her picture off my mind.

Jerry—Printed there by her own negative, I suppose.—Truth.



ET me the offering bear," she asked.
And on the little face
The earnest wish of
her young heart
Laid its own tender grace.

She was the youngest lamb of all.

The flock I called my class;

As fair as any Easter bud.

Was the wee, winsome lass.

So in her little dimpled hands
I placed our "offering" fair,
Sweet rosebuds, white and pure, and bade
Her to the chancel bear.

These emblem of her precious self.

A bud for Heaven grown.

And destined on some glorious day
To bloom before the Throne.

I watched the little figure speed
Along the marble aisle,
Her eyes like stars, her crimson cheeks
All dimpling with a smile.

I saw her lift her "offering" up,

And then—all joyously—

The baby voice rang out: "Please give

These flowers to God for me;

And tell Him all us little girls

Send Him our love;" and then,

With happy eyes, my little maid

Came tripping back again.

Content to feel that she had done

With us her little part,

And given, with her sweet "offering,"

—Also her precious heart

To the dear Father, for whose sake

The Easter bells so clear

Ring out the tidings: "Christ, once dead,

Is risen and is here!"

—Mary D. Brine, in Chicago Advance.

How She Meant to Get a Beautiful Wax Doll from London.

How She Meant to Get a Beautiful Wax

Doll from London.

REST.

T was the only

child of the

stately house

who was carried

slowly out that au-

tumn day with a wealth of

fragrant roses

heaped on the lid of the white casket

which shut from sight the face of the

little lad who so short a time before

had been in truth the sunshine of the

home. And as the tear-filled eyes of

the mother, walking closely behind in

her deep mourning, rested on the six

er, while calling on her but a few

Mrs. Denby recalled it now, and also

with pang that in all these months

she had hardly given a thought to

these boys that her own had loved so

well, and who had returned his affection

and grieved for his loss, may,

more, that she had shunned the sight of

every one of them, for were not they

spared while Ray was taken? How

had it fared with them, she wondered.

And with the question came the remembrance that Miss Davis, the teacher,

while calling on her but a few

days before, had remarked that she

was on her way to see Sammy Sloan,

whose back had been so injured by an

accidental fall that it might be

months before he would be able

to walk without crutches, or come

the distance from his home to

Sunday school. And to Mrs. Denby's

careless comment that she should

think he could use a velocipede she had

answered that no doubt he could, but

that was something his widowed

mother, on whose slender resources

the necessary expense of his illness had

been a heavy drain, was unable to af-

ford. And the thought came to her,

but that Miss Davis noticed the unused

velocipede in her hall? But no, no, she

could not give that, she could never see

another using what Ray's touch had

made sacred. If she had thought of it

before, she might have bought him one

and sent it as an Easter gift for Ray.

But now it was Easter eve, and so late

that all the household save herself

were asleep. And in the lonely stillness

of the room, whose center of

beauty and fragrance was the clustered

lilies, the grief of Helen Denby's heart

rose into a whelming flood. How could

she bear it—how could she? Pacing

restlessly up and down, her eye rested

on the Bible out of which she so often

read to Ray. With a yearning for

something of comfort, of strength, she

opened its familiar pages.

"And God shall wipe away all tears

from their eyes; and there shall be no

more death, neither sorrow nor crying;

neither shall there be any more pain,

for the former things have passed

away."

"And the city had no need of the

sun, neither of the moon, to shine in

it; for the glory of God did lighten it,

and the Lamb is the light thereof."

heart going out to the little grave under the folded drifts. Shutting herself up from outside interest and occupation, daily she tore open her grief afresh, day by day she sat and looked not beyond the grave, but into it, shrinking from every child face as if it were a blow, and to all remonstrances of husband and friends made answer: "You can't enter into my sorrow; you don't know what I feel."

But at last the winter was past. The crocuses were budding on the lawn, and the Easter lilies in the sunny bay-window were unclosing their white flowers. Spring had come and Easter was at hand. And looking at the lilies Helen Denby could but remember how only a year before Ray had watched their unfolding; and with what eagerness Easter morning he had carried the great sheaf of snowy, fragrant bells for his class table in the Sunday school. Ray had always loved Easter. From the first time, when hardly more than a baby she had taken him to its service, the music, the flowers, the whole atmosphere of the day had appealed to his sensitive responsive nature. That last Easter he had said to her: "Mamma, how beautiful it is!" And in the quiet afternoon, as holding him in her arms she had read to him the wonderful story of the first Easter, he had looked up in her face with bright, brown eyes, eyes that she now felt were already touched with a light not of this world, and exclaimed: "What it must have been to have seen the risen Christ; and to think that some day we too shall see Him!"

And now the lilies were in bloom again; the morrow would usher in the gladness of another Easter; and Ray was in his grave, and the spring grasses were slowing springing over the low mound above which heart and faith found it so hard to rise. Her tears were falling fast, but they did not dim the vision of the face that a year before had smiled at her over the flowers that later were to cheer the sick room of a little classmate. For Ray with all the luxury and fondness that had been lavished on him was a sympathetic, generous little fellow, always ready to share his own good times and abundance with those less fortunate. And especially dear to the frail, delicate child, touched it may be with some faint intuition that this earth life was not to be his for long, had been the circle of his own who had made up his class in the Sunday school.

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had noticed the unused velocipede in her hall? But no, no, she could not give that, she could never see another using what Ray's touch had made sacred. If she had thought of it before, she might have bought him one and sent it as an Easter gift for Ray. But now it was Easter eve, and so late that all the household save herself were asleep. And in the lonely stillness of the room, whose center of beauty and fragrance was the clustered lilies, the grief of Helen Denby's heart rose into a whelming flood. How could she bear it—how could she? Pacing

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