



# George Ade IN... PASTURES NEW



## Dashing Up the Nile in Company of Mr. Peasley and Others.

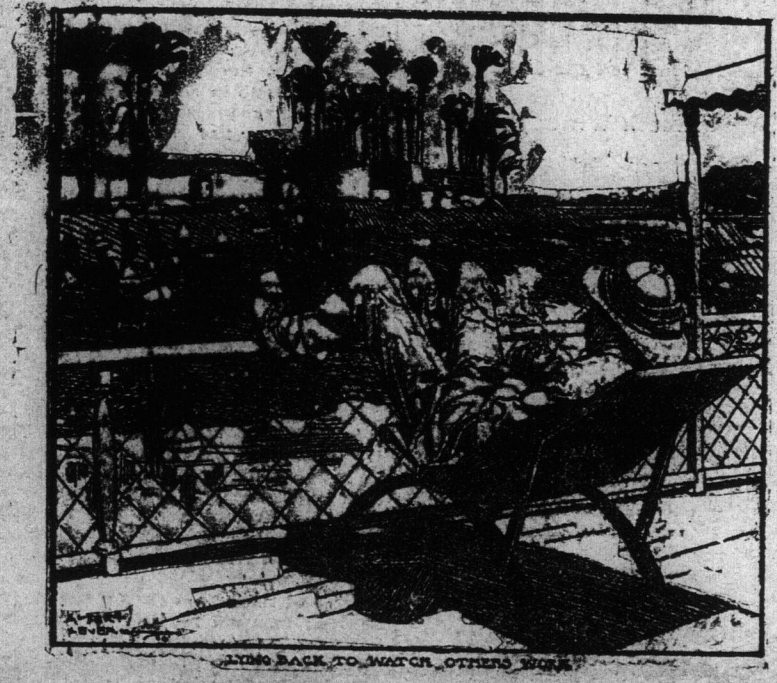
(Copyright, 1906, by George Ade.)  
The dream of many years has come true. We are moving (southward) up the Nile. Like busy sand flies we are flitting, almost daily, across white patches of desert to burrow into second hand tombs and crick our necks looking up at mutilated temples. We have learned to spar with native peddlers and fight them out of our way. We ride delirious donkeys at pell-mell speed through bewildered villages, while maniacal boys run behind and yell like coyotes. We have adopted helmets, goggles, sun umbrellas, cameras, guide books, witch hazel and insect powder. We are letting on to one another that we have got all the dynasties straightened out in our minds and that we are

The significance of the "six dollars" is that every traveler who wishes to visit the antiquities must pay a government tax of 120 piastres. He receives a "monument ticket" which he must show to the guard before entering any tomb or temple. I regret to say that the tickets are often passed along by departing travelers to those newly arrived and as the guards do not read English anything that looks like a monument ticket will satisfy the man at the door. At Beni-Hassan Mr. Peasley discovered, when he arrived at the tombs, that he had left his ticket at the boat. Fortunately, a fellow traveler had an extra ticket with him and Mr. Peasley had no difficulty in gaining admission to all the tombs under the

from the rainy equatorial regions the floods of muddy water which are the annual salvation of Egypt. Ten years ago Khartoum seemed as inaccessible as the North Pole. It was headquarters for the most desperate swarms of fringed fanatics that ever swept a region with fire and sword. They had wiped out British armies and put Gordon's head on a pole. They were in a drunken ecstasy of Mohammedan zeal, eager to fight and ready to die, and they got all that they were looking for.

Mexico and Arizona, for they lie baking in the same kind of clarified sunshine. This meandering hollow between the rugged hill ranges is the Valley of the Nile. Here and there the hills close in until the river banks are high and chalky cliffs. At one point the valley spreads to a width of thirty-three miles.

East and west of the hills are vast areas of desert without even a spear of vegetation except where there is a miraculous rise of water to the surface. The spots are grateful landmarks of tall palms and are known as oases. The Valley of the Nile would be just as bare and monotonous as an asphalt pavement were it not for the fact that once a year the Nile overflows. It has been overflowing every year for thousands of years, bringing down from the mountains of Abyssinia and the far away regions of tropical rains a spreading volume of muddy water. Every winter, when the dwindling stream gets back into the customary



beginning to get the hang of the hieroglyph. Ten years ago not one of us had ever heard of Kott or Khamsimotep. Now we refer to them in the most casual way, as if we had roomed with them for awhile. It is certainly a gay life we are leading over the cemetery circuit. Just think what rollicking fun it must be to revel day after day in sarcophagi and sepulchres, stumbling through subterranean passages and kicking up the dust of departed kings, peering down into mummy pits, also trying to stretch the imagination like a rubber band so that we may get the full significance of what is meant by 1500 B. C. People come to Egypt to cure nervous depression and then spend nine-tenths of their time hanging around tombs. Why come all the way to Egypt? Why not go out to Woodlawn and run foot races from one family vault to another? Mr. Peasley has no use for the tombs

name of "Miss Ella McPherson." Before plunging into the details of our voyage it is only fair that the indulgent reader should know how and why we came boating up the Nile. And first of all he should know something about this wonderful river. The Nile has been described one million times, at a rough guess, and yet at the risk of dealing out superfluous information I am going to insert some geography. Total length, nearly four thousand miles. For thousands and thousands of years it has supported a swarming population along its banks, and yet until fifty years ago no one knew from whence it came. The inhabitants suspected that it came from somewhere, but they were too busy paying taxes and building pyramids to worry about scientific discoveries. For 1,200 miles Nile does not receive any tributary. It winds over a limestone base and

It is less than eight years since Kitchener went down to call on them. Of all the cold-blooded and frozen featured military tacticians of the inexorable school Kitchener stands pre-eminent. General Grant in his grimmest moment was absolutely emotional and acrobatic as compared with Kitchener. He carried ice water in his veins and his mental machinery ticked with Birmingham regularity. He did not get excited and dash into the open trap, as all the others had done. He moved slowly but relentlessly into the dread country and built a railroad as he went along. He carried everything that a British army needs—marmalade, polo ponies, Belfast ginger ale, tinned meats, pipe clay, etc.

He did not say this, because he never said anything, but this is what he indicated by his calm preparations. He knew that the Derwishes were frothing at the mouth and praying Allah to give them another chance to swim in gore, so he simply edged up to within striking distance of them and picked out his ground and waited. A kitescope hero would have galloped up and down the line shouting, "Up men, and at them!" But Kitchener was not a hero. He was a business manager of an abattoir. His object was not to win a great battle, but to exterminate a species. And he probably did one of the neatest obs of house cleaning on record.

but still getting enough of them to last us for the next hundred years or so. Our steamer is a frail affair, double decked and of no draught worth mentioning. It resembles the old style of Missouri River boat, built to run on a heavy dew. There are thirty passengers, who devote most of their time to loling on deck waiting for the next meal. Mud banks, natives boiling water, green fields stretching away to the bald range of hills, dove huts, spindly palms, now and then a solemn row of camels, always several donkeys and goats in evidence, every few miles the tall stack of a sugar mill, perpetual sunshine—it is monotonous travel, and yet there is continually something doing along the banks and the traveler cannot get away from that feeling of satisfaction which results from lying back to watch other people work.



we have seen up to date. At Beni-Hassan we rode on donkeys and climbed hills for half an hour to inspect several large cubes of dim atmosphere surrounded by limestones. At Assiout we put in the best part of the afternoon toiling up to another gloomy cavern. While we stood in the main chamber of the tomb of Hapsetaf (whoever he was), trying to pump up some enthusiasm, Mr. Peasley mopped his brow and declared himself.

through a rainless desert between high and barren table lands. Occasionally, where there is a granite formation the stream is narrowed and forces its way through rushing rapids, and these are known as the "cataracts." The first of these is at Assiout, about six hundred miles up stream.

Assiout has for many centuries marked the border line of Egypt proper. To the south is the land of the warlike blacks, who have been trouble makers from the beginning of time. This First Cataract is the usual terminus of tourist travel, but those who wish to see Nubia and the Sudan board a small steamer, pass through river 210 miles to Wadi Halfa, thence by rail 576 miles to Khartoum. It is here, about thirteen hundred and fifty miles up stream, that the White and Blue Niles converge and bring down

posed to be still running. At least they never came back to start another Mesiah movement. The years ago the Sudan was sealed to the whole world and death waited for the unbeliever who crossed the border. Today the table d'hotel roams unafraid, and the illustrated post card blooms even as the rose.

the necessary information in a trim and concise manner he moves on to the next subject. I am sending herewith two sketches which show the beauty and variety of landscape to which we are treated every day. View No. 1 is most characteristic. We see before us the rippling Nile and beyond it the sheer river bank of black dirt. Then the field of waving grain, in the distance the range of hills and over all a dazzling sunshine.

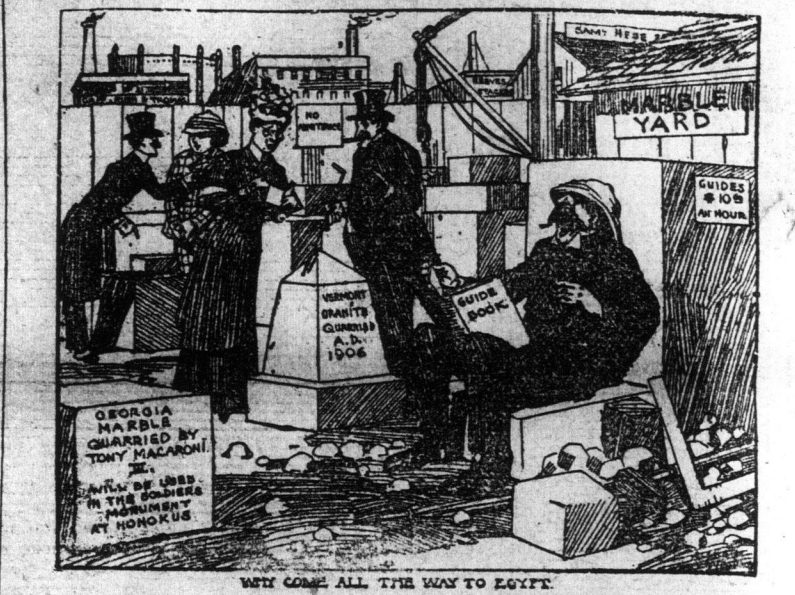
"I'll tell you what I can do," he said. "I can take a hundred pounds of dynamite and a gang of dagoes and go anywhere along the Hudson and blow out a tomb in a week's time that will beat anything we've seen in Egypt." Then I'll hire a boy with a markin' brush to draw some one legged men and some tall women with their heads turned the wrong way, and I'll charge six dollars to go in and make my fortune.

The Nile of which you have read and along which are scattered the Simon Pure monuments of antiquity is the six hundred miles of winding river between Assiout, the First Cataract, and the sea. For the entire distance, until it spreads into a far shaped delta and filters into the Mediterranean, the stream is walled in by flat topped hills limestone and carpeted about with shifting sands, and they look for all the world like the mesas of New

Until a few years ago the tourist going up the Nile had to take a dahabeah. This sounds like the name of a disease, but it is really a big, roomy, flat bottomed sailboat. The dahabeah moves only when the wind is in the right direction, and to go from Cairo to Assiout requires the greater part of a life-time. Those travellers who have money to burn and who are content to settle down to many weeks of rest and indolence charter the private dahabeahs. When a traveller goes aboard a dahabeah he tears up the calendar and lets his watch run down. Those who have more money and are in a hurry use the private steam dahabeahs.

No. 2 is more varied. Again we have the river, the mud bank and the growing crops, together with the distant hills, behind which the sun is silently sinking. In the foreground at the left

is a majestic palm. The structure at the right is a native house and will indicate something of the simple life of the agriculturist. The complicated device on the river bank at stage centre is the shadow used for lifting water from the stream. The cavernous opening in the distant hill (marked X in the drawing) is the entrance to a rock tomb. By studying this picture the reader may get a fair understanding of the architectural splendor of these ancient sepulchres.



Travelling on the Nile has two reliable features to commend it. The weather is always fair and the native population constantly enlivens the picture, for the lower river is crowded with sails and every inch along the banks is under cultivation. Also, the papyrus reeds or bulrushes, within the tangles of which lurked the hippopotamus, crocodiles, dragomans and other reptiles, but the animals have nearly disappeared and so has the river vegetation. The other day we visited the island on which Pharaoh's daughter discovered little Moses. The island is still there, but there isn't a bulrush within a mile of it.

IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE.  
"Star, sir, Star," said the newsboy to the American tourist in the noisy suit of clothes. "Star, all the latest news 'Ah, run away somewhere, I don't read English."  
"Well, I have a few American papers."

ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT.  
If San Francisco was stricken as a punishment for its wickedness, are not all the cities which are sending out guilty of trying to thwart the purposes of an all wise Providence?

of Newfoundland, and received a fine of \$5 and costs, the fine being allowed to stand. M. B. Dixon prosecuted; E. E. Peck defending.

St. Andrews.  
ST. ANDREWS, N. B., April 3.—Saturday last Robert A. Clarke, and party of three, drove out to Chamcook Lake to enjoy an afternoon's fishing. Mr. Clarke was high line with a string of six salmon. The smallest weighed two and a half pounds. The other members of the party captured four, two and one salmon each. This is the first fishing season reported on the lake.

Hopewell Hill.  
HOPEWELL HILL, N. B., May 3.—Angus McDonald of Hillsboro, has been before Magistrate Bennett on a charge of assault on James Murphy, a native

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Canada

BOSTON, May 3.—The Boston Mail, Capt. Hogan, schooner Parthia Breton, on Tuesday Canada vice tug Gladia a concerted seizure Boston and Gladia.

Codfish strike at New's Harbor. The American fishermen at New's Harbor, N. B., are on strike against the British fishermen. The strike is a dispute as vessels have not Cape North, at Cape Breton, which reported to have 15,000 American vessels of 1818, have a T. the Magdalen Islands or six hours fish grounds. If the fishermen of the Bay of Fundy from the islands place.

SYDNEY, N. S. W. Melbourne at Sydney, N. S. W. Young man, whose name was not ascertained, was injured with a revolver bullet in the forehead. During the shooting the bullet struck the young man that the young man who did the shooting.

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