

PLOWING—A CAMEL AND BUFFALO YOKED TOGETHER.

territory by the primitive methods in general use.

Water wheels of the crudest description are in use, with, perhaps, a series of jugs tied on their rims, and driven by a donkey, cow, or old worn-out camel, with a trough so fixed as to catch part of the water as it pours from the jars in their rotation. Thus the water is raised from an irrigating channel to the ditches, through which it flows to the fields. More often it is raised, bucketful at a time, by a poor laborer, toiling all day long with the most primitive appliance—a long beam with a stone tied to one end to balance the weight of the huge bowl suspended from the other end, which the laborer pulls up and down, emptying the water from the channel into the conveying ditch. In some places three such lifts were necessary to get the water up from the deep channels to the fields.

Farming is carried on in the same manner as it was in the days of Moses, if it be not still more primitive. The farm implements are of the earliest and clumsiest possible construction. The ground is more harrowed than ploughed by an instrument called a plough. A bough of a tree is selected with a good crotch, and one arm is cut short, sharpened, and a bit of iron put over it, and the other arm left long to use as a pole; a handle is attached for the purpose of guiding it, and the Egyptian or Syrian plough is complete. I have seen dozens of them in use, drawn by a yoke of oxen, an ox and a donkey, or an Egyptian buffalo hitched with either of the other two. Egyptian and Syrian cattle are all very small as compared to ours. Why the Egyptian buffalo should be called a buffalo at all I don't know. It is about the size of the average cow, which it resembles in every particular except that the horns are a slightly different shape, being turned down and backward. They are lifeless, imbecile, and harmless looking creatures—the most inert animals I ever saw—and take great delight in wading and standing in the water up to their backs. One of these beasts and a donkey hitched to a plough make a comical combination. Harrowing or breaking up the lumps of earth is done with a sort of triangular short-handled hoe, for the most part. The Oriental sower goes forth to sow, as he did of old, and scatters his seed broadcast by hand. The reaping is done with a crudely-made reaping-hook or sickle, while barley is actually plucked up by the roots by hand. The threshing is done by "treading out the corn" with oxen, or by some very, very simple apparatus.

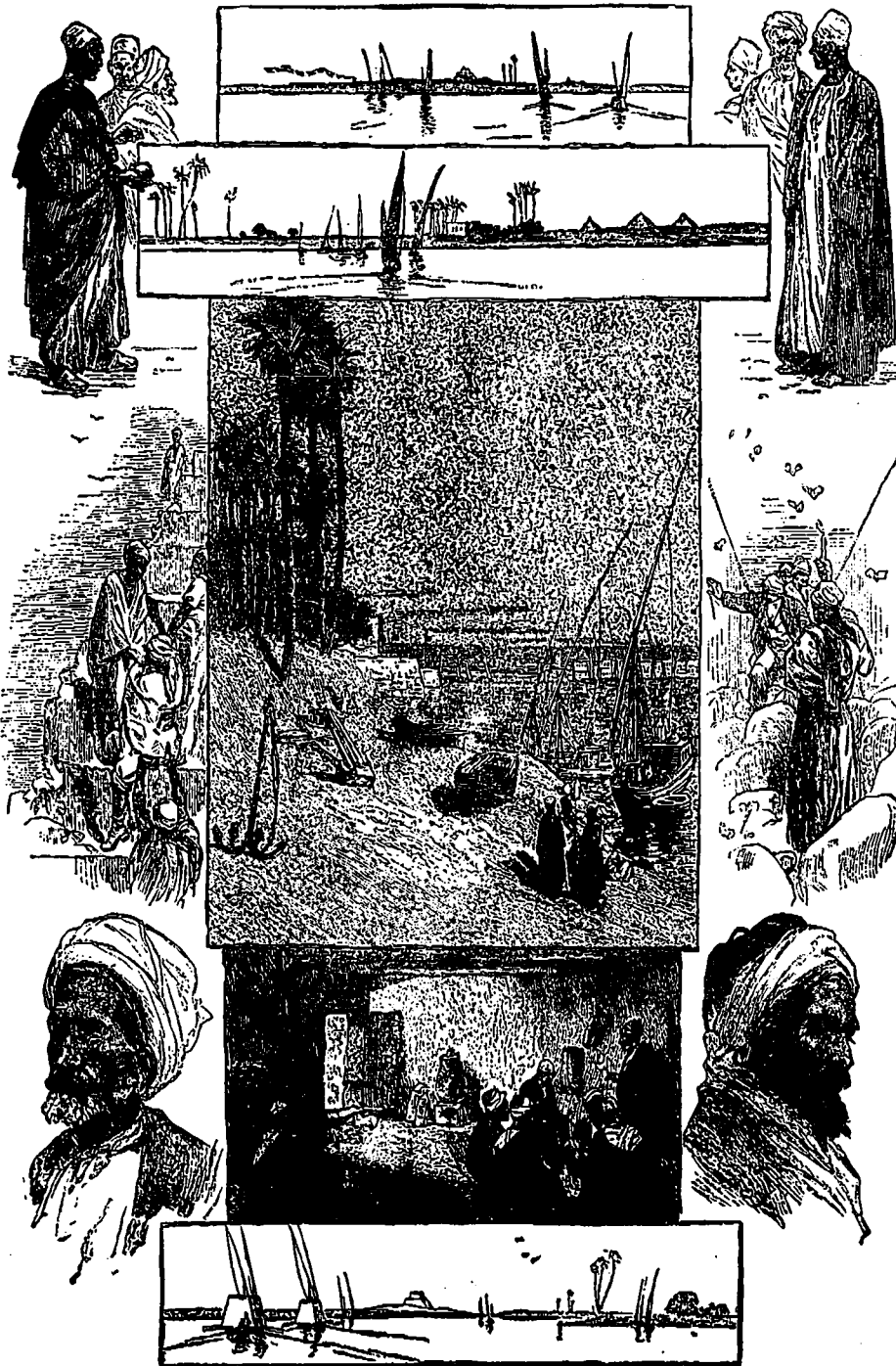
Both men and women work in the fields, and work very hard too, for long hours, and for the slightest compensation. A homely incident will illustrate how little they expect for their services. This morning, when in front of the hotel, an Arab urchin insisted upon blacking my boots, which I finally allowed him to do. When finished I handed

him an Egyptian coin, equal to about five cents. He took it, smiled very graciously, and made a very polite bow, and then ran off to some companions in the street. He showed them his earnings and they, too, likewise smiled, and the boy, turning around again, made a humble courtesy. Thus it was evident I had paid him three or four times the amount he expected.

The scenes in the fields and along the road-sides, as seen from the car window that afternoon, were full of great interest to me. It was an ever changing panorama of eastern life. The curious costumes, the people, the caravans of laden camels and donkeys passing across the country, the farming operations, the great variety of cattle employed, and the genuine Oriental aspect that pervaded the whole scene, engaged one's constant attention.

How different was this scene to the one I witnessed from the C.P.R. train last fall, as I came over the prairies, when hundreds of self-binding harvesters were gathering in the golden grain from the scientifically worked farms. How different were these farming operations conducted to those of Australia and New Zealand. I had, indeed, stepped from the newest countries into the oldest country.

As we neared Cairo the sun was fast going down, and the cloudless sky was gloriously tinted. The lovely plain in the evening twilight, dotted here and there with beautiful palms, and the Arabs—men, women, and children—proceeding towards the city with their camels, donkeys, and cattle, some riding in native fashion and some walking, was a memorable sight. (To be Continued.)



Bedouins Selling Antiquities.
Climbing a Pyramid.
Head of a Bedouin.

Railway from Cairo to Asyout.
View of Pyramids, from the Nile.
The Nile at Boulak, Cairo.
Visiting an Arab Household.
The "False Pyramid."

Guides to the Pyramids.
Interior of the Pyramid of Mycerinus.
Sheik of Village near the Pyramids.