



George Ade IN... PASTURES NEW



ROYAL TOMBS AND OTHER PLACES OF AMUSEMENTS

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Of all the unusual things we saw in Egypt probably the tomb of Amenhotep turned out to be the most interesting.

One morning we rode across the Nile from Luxor in a broad and buxom sailboat, climbed on our donkeys and rode to the west. We followed the narrow road through the fresh fields of wheat and alfalfa until we struck the desert, and then we took to a dusty trail which leads to a winding valley, where the kings of the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth dynasties are being dug up.



TO MAKE A CLOSER INSPECTION

hills rising at either side, is sure enough utterance of desolation, not a tree, not a shrub, not a blade of grass, not even a stinky little cactus. No wonder the old kings picked out this valley for a cemetery. Life has no charm in this dreary region. Eternal sleep would seem to offer peculiar advantages. After winding through the sun-baked gravel for about a mile we came to a settlement of houses and a high fence thrown across the roadway. Also there was an electric light plant buzzing away merrily. The tombs of the kings are now strung with incandescent lights. Can you beat that for sacrilegious enterprise?

"Now, look at the entrance to this tomb," he said, as we started down the new wooden steps. "It looks as if some one had been blasting for limestone. The walls are rough and unfinished. Old Amenhotep figured that if any one ever came across the opening to the tomb he would size up the ordinary hole in the ground and conclude that it was either a cave used as a storehouse or the last resting place of some cheap two dollar official."

Our guide co-operated with the ghouls. He rushed about hunting up strange and grisly specimens and then took them to us to examine them and then pick out a few for the loved ones at home. I regret to say that we did purchase a few of these preserved extremities. The guide said we could use them as paper weights.

This same dragoman, or guide, or highlander, or whatever you may choose to call him—and Mr. Peasley called him nearly everything—gave us a lot of cheerful entertainment during our few days in Luxor. Mr. Peasley induces any solemn reflections. They were all steaming hot, but very happy when we came to a small chamber which was rudely treaced about half of the way around.

"Do you know why he left this job unfinished?" asked Mr. Peasley. "He knew that some day or other an inquisitive foreigner would be prowling around here trying to uncover ancient treasures, and he put this measly little antechamber here to throw Mr. Archaeologist off the scent. He wanted it to appear that the man who was buried here and had been so poor that he couldn't complete the decorations. And now I'll show you something more foxy still. Come with me down this second flight of steps to the second chamber."



MAHMOUD WEARING A GRIN OF DEVILISH TRIUMPH

rare potteries it is said that he was so overcome that he fainted away. We could well believe the story, for we very nearly fainted away just from tramping around through the various subways to inspect the endless array of inscriptions.

"When the French explorers opened this place in 1838 the chamber which you are now inspecting seemed to be very nearly finished, for we found the mummy pit, and that if they removed the stones they would find some royal remains at the other end of the hole. So they worked day after

day, lifting out the boulders, and finally they came to the end of the pit and found that they had drawn a blank. Naturally they were stumped. They thought they had been exploring a tomb, but it was only an April fool joke. One of the professors was not satisfied. He felt sure that there must be a royal cadaver tucked in somewhere about the premises, so he took a ladder and climbed around and began tapping all over the walls of this second chamber. What do you think? He discovered that the wall had a hollow sound just opposite the tunnel at which they had entered. So he used a battering ram and broke through into the real tomb. Yes, sir; these two outer chambers, with their cheap stencil frescoes and fake mummy pit, had been a blind. After the Frenchmen got through this sealed-up wall they found themselves in a great big corridor leading to an assembly hall decorated to the limit, from which another corridor led to still another large chamber surrounded by smaller apartments, and in this last room, in a great big granite coffin, they discovered nobody more or less than the mummy himself. He had been absolutely secure in his privacy since 1400 B. C. I will now show you what they've done to him."

quieting to the nerves, when you are resting and getting ready for luncheon, to have a villainous child of the desert rush up and lay a petrified human head in your lap and beg you to make an offer? Within two minutes after we arrived we had fragments of former humanity stacked all around us. And they were unmistakably genuine. The native swindlers can make import them by the gross from Germany and Connecticut, but the mummy heads, which they offer for sale are horribly bona fide. It would not pay to manufacture an imitation article, inasmuch as the whole desert region to the west of ancient Thebes is a vast cemetery. If the merchant's stock runs low he can go out with a spade and dig up a new supply, just as a farmer would go after artichokes or sweet potatoes.

Mr. Peasley wished to do this purchase single handed and without the assistance of a dragoman, who would come in for a ten per cent. commission. We told the dealer we would drop around later. So we went to the hotel and dismissed the dragoman—told him to go home and get a good night's rest and be on hand at nine o'clock the next morning.



FOR THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

After we were safely in the hotel Mr. Peasley confided his plans to us. "I don't want to buy the stuff while that infernal Mahmoud is along," he said. "Why should he get a rake off? We didn't go to the shop on his recommendation. Now I'll go over there by myself, pick out what I want and strike a bargain."

We started to go along and assist, so we opened up a side street, and after we had gone a block Mahmoud stepped out from a doorway and said, "Come, I will show you the way." We told him we had just sauntered out for a breath of air, so we walked aimlessly around a block and were escorted back to the hotel.

"I'll go over the first thing in the morning," said Mr. Peasley. "I'll be there at eight o'clock, because he isn't due here until nine."

When he arrived at the shop early next morning Mahmoud was standing in the doorway wearing a grin of devilish triumph. Mr. Peasley kept on walking and pretending not to see him, but he came back to the hotel mad all the way through.

"We're up against an Oriental mind-reader, but I'll fool him yet," he declared. "When we come back to the hotel for luncheon and he is waiting for us with the donkey boys on the east side of the hotel we will go out the west door to the river bank and cut south around the Presbyterian Mission and come back to the shop."

Mr. Peasley did not know that Mahmoud had organized all the hotel servants into a private detective agency. He must have known of our escape on the river side before we had gone, after executing our brilliant flank movement, we arrived at the shop of the antiquarian, Mahmoud and the proprietor were sitting in the front room drinking Turkish coffee and waiting for the prey to wander into the



KNOW LOOK AT THE ENTRANCE TO THIS TOMB," HE SAID

Head of adult 4 shillings.
Foot of adult 1 shilling.
Hand of adult 1 shilling.
Two feet and two hands (war-ranted mummies) 8 shillings.
Arm and head 8 shillings.
Special reduction for juvenile sizes.

Can you imagine anything more dis-

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trap. Mahmoud did not seem surprised to see us. He bade us welcome and said that his friend the dealer was an Egyptologist whose guarantee was accepted by every museum in the world, and if we were in the market for antiques he would earnestly advise us to seek no further. After this evidence of a close and friendly understanding between the dragoman and the dealer we had a feeling that Mahmoud would get his ten per cent, even if we succeeded in eluding him and buying on our own hook.

But we hated to acknowledge ourselves beaten. At dusk that evening we started toward the shop, in a half hearted and experimental spirit, and presently we observed Mahmoud following along fifty feet behind us. We went to the garden of a neighboring hotel and sat there until eleven o'clock. When we came out Mahmoud was at the gateway. He said it was not all right for travellers to be about the streets at night, so he would protect us and show us the way back to our hotel.

We found it impossible to get away from him. No Siberian bloodhound ever followed a convict's trail more closely. If we ventured forth early or late, we found ourselves shadowed by that smiling reprobate. When it came to the last day in Luxor Mr. Peasley did the bold thing. He permitted Mahmoud to escort him to the shop, and then he said to the dealer, "This man is our guide, but he is not entitled to any commission because he did not bring us to your shop. If he here at all. He is a bluff. He is trying to ring in. I want to buy a few things here, with the understanding that he doesn't get anything out of it. I've already paid him two salaries for guiding us and he isn't a guide at all—he's a night watchman."

The dealer vowed and protested that he never paid commissions to any one. Mahmoud, not at all flustered by the attack on his character, said that his only ambition in life was to serve the noble gentleman from the famous country known as Iowa. So Mr. Peasley brought his assortment of antiques, and Mahmoud looked on and then carried the parcel back to the hotel, walking respectfully behind the "noble gentleman."

"Well, I blew myself," reported Mr. Peasley. "And I'll bet a thousand dollars that Mahmoud gets his ten per cent."

Whereupon Mahmoud smiled—the pensive, patronizing smile of a civilization five thousand years old looking down on the aboriginal product of the Western prairie.

On the morning of our departure from Luxor Mahmoud came around for his letter of recommendation. I had worked for an hour to write something evasive which would satisfy him and not injure me too deeply. When he came to the hotel I gave him the following:

To Whom It May Concern:—The bearer, Mahmoud, has been our dragoman for four days and has attended us faithfully at all hours; also, he has shown us as many temples as we wished to see.

He looked at the paper blankly and said, "I do not read English." At that Mr. Peasley brightened up. He read the testimonial aloud to Mahmoud and declared that it was incomplete and unworthy of the subject matter. In ten minutes he completed the following and the dragoman took it away with him, highly pleased.

To Whom It May Concern:—Greetings:—The bearer, Mahmoud, is a dragoman of monumental mendacity and compulsively engaged in their duties at 11 o'clock.

Anita Gibbons side at the station the first six, and it again she rose to a with which she fled; he had not and perfume of in combination suit and hat, hual effect of her husband by return from town walk home bright sweet evening dithere unde of the historio was never kn when thus pleas memory was be now, as well as She had done all Yet what bus morning would was neither the month, always threatened detent ed her by unnoti When that pleas who dropped on hurried off, some to raise their hats on the platform. She hurried now the field, he was appointment the waiting, and that of her whereabouts having in fact sill unseen, or I said notice of her onl his early bed-tim "Good-evening, ing back from town She looked up prouching on the "Oh, good-evening I've only come for I'm looking for m He stopped half-w "Why, he came w with me! He allp-up, and jumped c ment; he said he w home. To bad if yo "What do you m edly, breaking m old, she knew, hat of the house. As she went up door opened before an excited voice man, it's yours neighborhood we searched for you!" "What do you Gibbons, who had the threshold, pu "Where is Mr. Gibb "He's gone." "Gone." "Yes, ma'am, gone "I was like this; he had to be meetin member the name at the ferry, or h phoned 'em, ma'am dinner there had unexpected luck. "Was the nam paused that she m to grasp her loss—"terbury." "He was, ma'am." Her beloved Atter to sail for Rio at a This was a dinner at planned before and cou't be sure with "Mr. Gibbons man be home in a minute "Sure, he waited for he had to run to the catch the express; b you be sure and o'clock there was a party waiting at the Mrs. Gibbons glas It was after seven o a seven-twent-five t down almost as you were surely wait for others had gone on t they would dine. T ways went to Marti'tomed to try and ben w focused its entire of the moment. To a little dinner in town pleasure, the one p with the Atterburial "I don't care for a Don't let the fire o rapidly. "See that H uncovered, and don't. "You'll be home be your neck's at up, for the lounge in the nurse remind forgetful Katy tickets in the pall se door, and only reme was half-way to the five, but it was late her ten minutes seeme "prickly seconds." Was coming to a close stepped into the car in gleamed dully over, was like stepping into of the night. Only a fe ther up the road spr wearily on their way. accustomed to going out for an instant, a pan of failure seized her, b of the action her hurr constantly pictured meeting with her ex and the wrong party, able law of travel, wh delay in one mode of delay in every other could not "hit her slip up and down crosswise bumping against the end, with much rigin bell, and losing of mi-utes—and minutes. But Gibbons made her w lighted waiting-room, t hopes. It took no more to reveal that there w not husband waiting fo was entirely empty, s Italian emigrants, and ed to twenty minutes of So vividly had Mrs. G

FORMAL OPENING OF THE RIVERSIDE SCHOOL

Members of Government and Others Make Optimistic Speeches—Prizes Awarded

HOPEWELL HILL, via Albert, N. B., June 15.—A large number of visitors from outside came down on the steamer Wilfred S. Ryan, Monday, reaching Riverside at 9:30 a. m., to visit the new consolidated school and attend the formal opening.

Among those present were Premier Tweedie, Hon. Mr. Harris, commissioner of agriculture; Hon. C. H. Labloll, commissioner of public works; Hon. C. W. Robinson, speaker of the house of assembly; Hon. F. J. Sweeney, superintendent general; Dr. Inch, chief superintendent of education; Prof. Hinton of Mount Allison; Prof. Kidner, superintendent of manual training; John T. Hawke, editor of Transcript; Jas. Doyle, F. W. Sumner, J. H. Morris, Jas. Bradshaw, H. S. Bell of the Moncton school board, Inspector Oblenes, Dr. C. T. Purdy, H. H. Ayer, Francis Murphy, A. E. McSweeney, Stipendiary Magistrate Kay (Montreal); A. B. Copp, M. P. P.; M. M. Legere, P. P.; C. J. Ryan, M. P. P.; C. J. Osman, M. P. P.; the Governor McClellan, Rev. A. W. Smithers, Secretary Stuart and trustees of the consolidated school, besides a large number of the residents of the community. The different departments of the school were first inspected, the visitors manifesting the greatest interest, especially in the work of the manual training and household department, where the pupils were actively engaged in their duties at 11 o'clock.

On the stroke of the bell all of the students formed in line, marching two abreast from the building to the knoll at the rear, where they formed a circle about the flag staff, while the flag, a Canadian ensign, presented to the school by W. E. Reid of Riverside, was hoisted to the breeze amid cheers and the singing of patriotic songs by the school. Dr. Inch also briefly addressed the pupils.

At 2 p. m. a public meeting was held in the assembly hall, which was filled. Hon. A. R. McClellan presided and speeches were made by Premier Tweedie, Dr. Inch, Hon. Mr. Robinson, Messrs. Hawke, Hinton, Oblenes and Osman.

The speakers were very optimistic and all spoke highly of the work being done at the school.

Mr. Tweedie announced that the prize of \$25 offered by him for the best essay on the History of Albert County, had been won by A. W. Smith, and that the prize for an essay on Consolidated Schools was won by Emmerson Stuart, whose sad death had occurred only a few days ago. The speaker touchingly referred to the incident and expressed his sympathy to the parents of the deceased lad.

To cure Headache in ten minutes use Kumfort Headache Powders, 10 cents.

The annual school meeting of District No. 2, Fairville, was held Saturday in the Fairville school, W. J. Linton in the chair. Reports of the year's work in their various branches were heard from Dr. J. H. Gray, secretary, the trustees, and Jeremiah Stout, auditor. All were received and passed in to the minutes as submitted. Dr. Gray, who is the retiring trustee in the regular order of things, was re-elected to the board for the coming year being James Reddy, T. H. Wilson and Dr. J. H. Gray.