

full of beggars?] There was a rather interesting pottery establishment in the village for making common pottery, all very crude indeed.

The Dam — who was it who said that Egypt could never be saved till she was Dammed? — was most interesting. There is a small railway with hand-cars, and if you don't feel like walking across, the natives will push you along on the cars for a small sum. But the most fascinating part of the Barrage — at least to me — was its beautiful garden. This garden is laid out on the land lying between the two arms of the Nile and has every conceivable kind of tree, shrub and vine growing in it; and the blaze of colour from the flowering shrubs and vines is never to be forgotten. There you see acres of beautiful green turf, which seems very unusual in Egypt. The hoopoe is quite common and many pretty birds are there, for instance, the Egyptian dove whose cry is like a human laugh. No doubt it has a sense of humor.

After we had our lunch seated on the turf we strolled about. By chance we met the guardian of the garden, a man who had formerly been at Kew, and he invited us to tea — what a delicious tea that was! — and then took us and showed us the wonders of his "nursery".

We left for home about five o'clock. There was still a breeze but we had a suspicion that it was dropping; however, we didn't know the country and trusted to the guide although our recent friend remarked "Don't you think you had better go back by train?" At first our progress was slow but pleasant, but

alas every five minutes saw us going slower and slower. We tacked and tacked and seemed to come back to the same spot every time. The breeze wasn't strong enough to take us against the current. We moved slower and slower, and finally we moved not at all. The sun set, and the after-glow was beautiful as only sunsets on the Nile can be. Then darkness fell. Each minute the blackness seemed to get thicker; it was as though we were looking through a thick veil close to our eyes. The dohobeahs with their larger sails passed us slowly and mysteriously. They came out of the blackness, slowly, faintly silhouetted against the deeper blackness, and they were as slowly lost again.

The native sailing our boat kept up an unintelligible, wicked-sounding flow of words directed at our guide — I should judge that he was giving his opinion of the whole English-speaking race. And our guide became sullen, only answering when forced and his answers seemed to have the effect of increasing the torrent of words being flung at us.

Imagine six poor, helpless women in a small boat on the Nile with three native men, in the blackest kind of darkness, not able to understand a word said, and worse — being women — unable to tell them what we thought of them! Presently we saw suddenly beside us a huge vessel — so it seemed — so close that it appeared to be an ocean liner. Our guide began talking to the crew thereof evidently asking them to give us a tow, which eventually they did, but not without much talking and, I suppose, bargaining. We were attached