



George Ade IN PASTURES NEW



Day by Day on the Drowsy Nile, With Something About the Wonderful Hassim

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While we were in London we dined one evening at a gorgeous hotel with a Mr. Brewster, of Connecticut. After dinner, Mr. Peasley told the waiter to bring some wine, where it is customary to stroll down to the drug store after supper and buy a couple of Lottis Lee's, which are so good that the druggist cannot afford to give six for a quarter. Not being familiar with the favorite brands of London, he called upon Mr. Brewster to name the cigar of his choice, and Mr. Brewster said he was very fond of the Corona del Matadora, or something like that, because the entire crop in Cuba was taken over by a

urged Mr. Brewster to have his helmet marked in a similar way. "I hardly like the idea of wearing my name on my hat," said the man from Connecticut.

"But when you get home and hang the thing up in your den with the Navajo blankets and swords and other curios think what a fine souvenir it will be," urged Mr. Peasley.

Mr. Brewster finally consented and Mr. Peasley took his helmet to the head steward, who was a native, and in a few minutes he brought it back front. It surely did look Oriental and decorative and Mr. Brewster was grateful when he saw him beautifully his

down trick, but Mr. Peasley said that probably it would flatter Mr. Brewster to learn that any one from Connecticut could attract so much attention in a foreign country.

Arabic is surely a weird excuse for a language. In its written form it looks like the bird track illustrations in one of Thompson Seton Thompson's books, and instead of reading it from left to right you begin at the tail end of a sentence and work your way in. In reading an Arabic novel you turn to the end of the book and read the last chapter first, and if it develops that the fellow marries the girl naturally that is a lot of trouble. In its right to left character the Arabic is somewhat like the Hebrew or Lower Broadway language, which also begins at the leaving off place. This fact reminded me of a New York man of a story. He said that in one of the east side Assembly districts of New York city a large body of Yiddish voters recently arrived in the land of the somewhat free and the home of the more or less brave had been rounded up very carefully by the Tammany workers. The voters were not familiar with the workings of the Australian ballot system and had to be instructed by the Tammany ward heelers, who said:—"All you have to do is to put a cross mark in the circle at the top of the first column, see?" That seemed simple enough, so the voters went into the booths and marked the first—that is, the right hand—column, and elected the prohibition candidate.

The Arabic language, when spoken, sounds very much like an irritated person trying to dislodge a fat bone. It is one of the most unmusical tongues in the world and offers no tempting inducements to the students, yet Mr. Peasley actually bought one of those "Arabic at a Glance" books and started to learn some of the more useful sentences. He said that if he could get Arabic down pat he would pass as a native and be enabled to buy things at

bedraggled black gowns, children in semi-attire and closely attended by swarms of flies, two or three emancipated goats, a few chickens and a somnolent burro. At present the live stock and the Egyptians live on terms of democratic equality, but since the English have introduced the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals it is hoped that the situation will be remedied.

On Monday at two o'clock we landed at Assiut, after passing through the locks of the first big barrage or dam built under British direction and intended to regulate the water level of the lower Nile and the delta during the dry season. Assiut is a big town with some showy buildings, an attractive bazaar and a guide who represents the thirty-third degree of scotch-dreism. His name is Hassim. If you should visit Assiut and wish to become acquainted with the very pink and flower of staidly, hunt up Hassim. Perhaps it will be unnecessary for you, just as he was waiting for you. When we went ashore, we were attacked by a flying wedge of donkey boys and carrying drivers, all shrieking like demons and kicking up such clouds of dust as can be found only in a country where the showers are a century apart. By striking out right and left we held off our assailants and succeeded in boarding a rickety victoria. When we escaped from the clamor and the clouds of dust and took our bearings Hassim was on the box alongside of the driver. He had attached himself to us on his own invitation and we are glad that he did so, for he proved to be a rascal of such inventive fancy and such unusual methods of attack that our natural resentment was fairly lost in admiration. He was tall and lean, with a stern and military countenance and one eye set at an angle. His manner was impetuous and from the moment when he fastened himself upon us he was in absolute charge of the expedition.

"Fear not," he said, holding up his hand and pressing it to his forehead. "You shall see the rock tombs and the grand view of the valley and the great bazaar of Assiut and no one shall do you harm, for I am Hassim,

London dealer, and they could not be obtained in New York for love nor money. The waiter brought what appeared to be a very superior article of stogie, and after they had been passed around Mr. Peasley put several into his pockets, as we were going to a music hall, and Mr. Peasley had learned that tobacco acted as a sedative and helped one to remain calm while listening to English jokes.

"How much?" he asked. "Three and six," replied the waiter. Mr. Peasley handed him three and six.

"Each," said the waiter. Mr. Peasley swallowed something and his eye leaped from his sockets, but he said nothing. He handed over two sovereigns, and the change that came back to him was almost sufficient for the waiter's tip. There was a brief silence and then Mr. Peasley said:—"Three shillings is seventy-five cents—seventy-five and twelve make eighty-seven." "Another silence." "Eighty-seven cents," sighed Mr.

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dotted with flies and richly encrusted with the soil of their native land. Al-ma. Do not pay him twenty bob. No one is looking. You slip the money to me and I will buy it for fifteen.

Now, five shillings is \$3.75 in real money, and the stick is worth a dollar at the most extravagant valuation, so I say to Hassim, "Are you in on this?" He does not understand, but he looks at me as if hurt or disappointed, and says, "I try to get it for ten, wait here?"

Then I catch him by the slack of the blue gown and say that it will not give ten. I authorize him to offer fifteen plasters—seventy-five cents. He says it will be useless to offer such a small sum, as the ivory comes from the elephant and hunters must search many days to find the elephant and, then carry the tusk forty-seven thousand miles across the burning desert to sell

to the dealer in Assiut. So I tell him to stand back and I will negotiate in my own behalf. So I break through the crowd and offer three shillings. Derivative laughter by the dealer, the crowd dealer says, "I am a ruined man, but no matter—take" It along for eight. Then Hassim elbows his way back to the scene of trouble and helps to complicate matters. He curses the dealer in Arabic and says to me in a side whisper that he had succeeded in buying the stick for seven shillings. I offer five. To make a long story short, after using up \$8 worth of time and \$32 worth of vocal energy, I buy the stick for six shillings, and when I return to the boat the best steward exhibits one just like it which he bought for two.

This farcical "grand stand" play was repeated every time we stopped to purchase some trifling specimen of native junk. One of the best performances of the afternoon involved a mysterious trip up a narrow alley and into a tumble-down house, where Hassim exhibited to us four squalling infants, peeks

he, "I tremble with rage! He is demanding fifty plasters. Do not pay him fifty. Give the money to me and I will say to him, 'Take forty or nothing'." The driver's legal fare was twenty plasters. Finally we paid him twenty-five. Everybody was satisfied. Then we paid Hassim for his services and sent presents to his four simultaneous children, and the last we saw of him he was making a bee line for the bazaar to collect his commissions. The decorative tail piece to this chapter is my name in Arabic.



four to one they fought with their fists until all were disabled. The local police, it is said, instead of attempting to quell the riot sided with the natives. The sailor who was shot was for a time in a serious condition, but has since recovered.

WILL ARREST THOSE WHO SUPPLIED THE LIQUOR
Death of John McPhee of P. E. Island Will be Further Investigated.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., May 13.—Police Sergeant Binney left the city today for Orwell with warrants for the arrest of Mrs. McPhee, Alex. Gillis and Alex. D. Gillis charged with being implicated in the death of J. McPhee, after being treated to Saturday night the death was probably due to liquor. The coroner's jury had found that there were eight wounds on the head but there are believed to have been caused by McPhee falling from a chair. The body will likely be exhumed and an autopsy held. The murder theory is not generally believed as the deceased was a stout, fleshy man, liable to have heart failure.

UNITED STATES SAILORS FOUGHT WITH NATIVES
Twenty Three Were Hurt in Street Riots in Cuba—They Used Their Fists

WASHINGTON, May 13.—The navy department has received the first report of a serious riot which occurred at Guantanamo, Cuba, on April 23, between American soldiers and natives. In which one American was shot and 22 others wounded. While the sailors were ashore at Guantanamo they left the naval reservations and were attacked by a large band of natives, who used their knives and machetes with telling effect. The bluejackets had no weapons, and although outnumbered three and

Due to his life the Sierra, Don C. name for Helen was cruel only a necessary part a sequestered save as a means life he cared little want to say that in danger did it him.

But there was a possession held heart, chastised above all else the To this secret he lace during his lency when the blured back to the secret, which he lated, set safe and the snatch of fat dreamed could ag was yet to cause fiercest moments of On an evening Q., rising from h cloak more closely going out to the knife began pack he walked, he read of Spanish legends pire, carried throung of courage hi a distinction to m fish chivalry. Pres book upon his walked amused his his own career performance of In the midst of drew up to peer c at a young man w way through the gambling and an fires in the valley. path to the terrac tainer's leather be and laying it cur foot, sprang back t "What is this, F tone was an ice-d Felipe, gasped—" "Corpses of a se snatched at her before I cut the tongue!" "The fathers from it. It was found in the alter yesterday carry it hither, fee be an infernal mac Maria, the wife of fession. She brough "Don Q. laugh man winced and co "So it came by woman, after all be forgotten, Show me!" Felipe jerked up eered like a frighte "It will throw lord."

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GENERAL VIEW OF ASSIUT



RICH AMERICAN—EASY MARK

name and New England address showed up in Arabic. That afternoon we landed at Assiut, which is headquarters for a most wonderful assortment of guides, street peddlers and hold-up men who work in the bazaar. Most of them are Copts and claim to be good Christians, but we did not feel impelled to throw up our hats on that account. When they bore down upon us and started to wrestle with us we could hardly distinguish any difference between them and the ordinary heathen. From the moment that we landed Mr. Brewster, of Connecticut, attracted more attention than any other person in the party. Four guides laid hold of him at the same moment and declined to let go. Later on, in the bazaar, every dealer who sighted him gave a glad guttural cry and tried to drag him into one of the stuffy little shops. The arrival of an ordinary tourist is calculated to agitate a bazaar, but when Mr. Brewster appeared the general effect was the same as when the raw meat is carried into the zoo. He

about half price. After two days of hard study he attempted a conversation with a military policeman standing on the river bank at Dendera. Mr. Peasley strolled up to him, careless like, and said, "Ana awa arabiyet kwaveset min shan arookh el balad." This was supposed to mean, "I want a first class carriage for driving in the town." The stewart soldier gazed at Mr. Peasley with a most bewildered look in his jet black eyes and then began to edge away. "Hold on," said Mr. Peasley. "How about hal yel zamma ghafar yerafegha bill tarag?" Mr. Peasley thought he was asking, "Shall we require a guide or an escort in this town?" The soldier beckoned to us to come over and help him out. "Tell him, please, that I am educated at the Presbyterian mission," said he. "I speak only English and Arabic."

We questioned him later and learned that he took Mr. Peasley to be a Russian. This one little experience rather discouraged our travelling companions. He said it was foolish to waste important dialogue on a lot of benighted ignorami who did not know their own language. As a matter of fact, English carries the tourist everywhere in Egypt. The American Mission School, supported by the Presbyterians, is a proud local institution in each good sized town. At every landing along the river small boys from the mission schools would come down to the boat to ask for English books. These requests were such a welcome variation from the everlasting howl for "bakshesh" that the over-generous passengers soon gave away all the reading matter on board and had nothing left for themselves except Baedekers and time tables. I saw a silver haired old lady from Philadelphia give to a coal black and half naked child of eight a volume of Browning's poems in paper covers. The dusky infant clasped the book to his

poles, the good Hatasoa, backs out of the mud and takes a fresh start, zig-zagging through the shallows until deep water is found—that is, a depth of anywhere from three to four feet. The Nile is just as finical and unreliable as a Missouri or Mississippi, the tortuous channel constantly shifting, and the pilot needs to be an expert with a memory like an encyclopaedia. Fortunately there are no snags. Wood is about the most precious commodity in Egypt, and all the snags were fished out and utilized some two thousand years before we happened along. Although our voyage lasted five full days we went ashore only three times. As I have already explained, the traveler need not leave the Nile steamer in order to see nearly everything that is happening in Egypt. Leaving Cairo late on Friday afternoon, we made two stops on Saturday to discharge freight and take on natives. Many of the women came aboard closely veiled and were at once sequestered in a canvas compartment on the lower deck. These precautions seemed to be needless. Two affective will best describe the pride of the harem—shabby and flabby. Unless you wish to lose all enthusiasm for the Arabian Nights, keep away from Egypt.

Sunday—Arriving at Beni Hassan at ten o'clock we went ashore and climbed on midget donkeys and rode away to explore the rock tombs. Beni Hassan has been for several centuries the home of an obstreperous breed of cut-throats. Repeated attempts have been made to exterminate or scatter the tribe, but it is still in existence although somewhat subdued. The government keeps a guard of soldiers at the town and when we landed we found ourselves surrounded by the military, while the natives stood back of the dead-line and gazed at us hungrily. There we began to get close glimpses of the domestic life of the plain people. A mud wall enclosure with a hut at one end. Within this squalid pen, women in



SHOW ABOUT HAL YEL ZAMMA GHAFAR YERAFEGHA BILL TARAG?

Peasley. "Three bushels of oats for a cigar!" When Mr. Brewster crossed our trail in Egypt and became our fellow passenger on a Nile steamer Mr. Peasley remembered him and longed for a chance to get even. Our friend from Connecticut was wearing a large canopy helmet—the kind that makes a short man look like a walking toadstool. We were wearing the same outlandish style of head-gear and for some reason or other, no person being responsible for what he does when he is away from home. Mr. Peasley had his name boldly marked in Arabic on the front of his helmet. It didn't look like anything, but it was real Arabic and said his name was Peasley and that he came from Iowa, and he was very proud of it. He

was pulled and hauled and for the whole length of the winding bazaar his way was blocked by frantic villains in white gowns and huge turbans, who dangled tawdry merchandise in front of him and begged him to make an offer. Mr. Brewster was a good deal amazed and we were more or less puzzled until we came back to the boat and Mr. Peasley confessed that the Arabic characters boldly displayed on Mr. Brewster's helmet did not stand for his name and address at all, but meant, as nearly as could be translated, "Rich American—Easy Mark."

Poor Mr. Brewster! At the present writing he is still wearing that bold, wandering in and out of shops and around donkeys, inviting the attacks of guides, donkey-boys, servants and peddlers. It seemed a rather low

with you alone. (He leads me away