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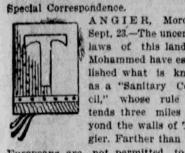
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ON MULE-BACK IN NORTHERN AFRICA.

Tangier's Interesting Environs-A Trip to Tetuan-Riff Pirates by No Means Past and Gone.



ANGIER, Morocco, Sept, 23.-The uncertain laws of this land of Mohammed have established what is known as a "Sanltary Council," whose rule extends three miles beyond the walls of Tan-

gier. Farther than that Europeans are not permitted to go, either singly or in companies, without one or more Moorish soldiers as escort. Now and then a fool-hardy tourist tries it; but seldom returns to tell the tale of his adventures. Not long ago a Spanfard was murdered in this way. His government secured a money payment from the sultan, but the murder ers were never punished, nor any effort made to discover who they were. There is little doubt that the soldiers themselves,—the alleged protectors of the people, in their capacity of mounted po-lice—were at the bottom or the affair, if not the actual murderers. Conditions akin to those we found in Cuba during Weyler's regime, when Spanish soldiers had things all their own way with the defenseless islanders, before Uncle Samuel came to their rescue. Shortly after the Maine was exploded, a Red Cross party, of which the writer was a member, had occasion to go from Guanabacoa to the next village, three miles distant, on foot, as there was no other way. Everything was quiet as the grave, and we started blithely enough down the laurel-shaded road-to be immediately ordered back by the captain of the Spanish forces that guarded the town, to wait for military escort. In vain we protested that ours was a neutral mission, to benefit the suffering of either side, and that we were not afraid to make the short journey, at mid-day, on an ap-parently deserted highway, especially

RED CROSS OF GENEVA

protects its wearers, even in war time every part of the world. Said the stain: "You would surely be killed fore you had gone ten rods. Hungry soldiers with guns in their hands and such an opportunity for loot before them care nothing for your 'Cruz Roja. along the road are guard-houses with soldiers in them, who would shoot you without parley the instant you got within range of the loop-holes; and on every hill-top are hidden sentinels, posted by General Weyler to keep sples and reconcentrados from passing. Who could tell whence the bullets came that killed you? If I allowed you to go without the escort, I alone would be held responsible for your murder." So there was no help for it, and to the village we went in the midst of a troop of ragged soldiers, every one of whom looked like an assassin in disguise.

Piracy is also an occasional pleasant-ry of Moorish life. Recently the "Prosper Corin," a vessel engaged in the French-Spanish trade, was looted on the Mediterranean by Reefian pi-The foreign ministers went in a body, accompanied by their drago-mans, to demand restitution on behalf of France and Spain from Mohammed El Torres, the Shereefian minister of state. They will get it some day,—but never so long as the sultan can find excuse for delay. Only the other day, a few miles off the coast of Morocco and almost within range of the guns of Gibraltar, a British felucca was drift-ing placidly on the tide in a dead calm, when eight long boats, filled with swarthy Moors, pulled out from the shore with vigorous sweeps of their oars. It was the Riff pi-It was the again—descendants famous band of "water rats" which swept these seas in the middle ages, and despoiled every vessel they could put their claws on. A felucca is only a small craft, whose full equipment is wine and sailors. Therefore resistance was useless, and the Riffs in the long boats were masters of the situation.

ECURITY GEM SETTING PAT. JUN

gas annous annou would have done, merely for the fun of the thing-this piracy being too easy. In the twinkling of an eye they stripped the little ship, taking away the entire cargo, all the spare canvas, the cap-tain's belongings and about a theusand dollars in silver coin; then, turning their attention to the crew, they tore the clothing from their backs and even

SLIPPED OFF THEIR SHOES while the victims, afraid of their lives, submitted without a murmur. When there was no more to steal, the followers of Capt. Kidd sent a few parting shots at the ship, flourished their long. sharp knives menacingly and pulled back to shore. Nothing has yet been done about the outrage, but England never lets her sons go unredressed of foreign wrongs and it is probable that before long there will be music in the air about the sultan's ears. In this case the sultan was not to blame. He has many times marched troops against the Riffs, but all in vain; and now he has set a large price on every pirate's head. It is another case of "first catch your hare." In Moroccan dialect "riff" signifies the same as the Italian "ri-viera," or seashore. The range of coast hills, in whose secluded valleys and hidden "pockets" these people have their settlements, are called el rif by the Arabs. Safe in their fastnesses, the Riffs have proved themselves to be even more feroclous landsmen than sea-robbers, a thousand times more feared by the peaceful subjects of southern Morocco than by their countrymen who do commerce on the Mediterranean. Comparatively little is known about The tangle of wild mountains within which most of them live, almost overlooking the southern coast of Europe, is as unexplored today as the "heart" of Africa. It is said that the men and women descended from the Barbary rangers are

SKILLED FARMERS.

and make their valleys blossom as the rose, surrounding themselves with many luxuries by the simple arts of smuggling and robbery. Mons Duveyrier, a French explorer, says they are wonderfully well armed, possessing a

thousand up-to-date guns. In view of these drawbacks, one's explorations of Morocco are somewhat limited. With only one soldier guideof whom there is probably as much reason to be afraid as of any other pirate—you may visit the environs of Tangler, seeing all of consequence in one day's time. At low tide you may ride down to the beach and off to the eastward, where massive ruins of Roman walls, temples and amphitheaters tell of a great city which once stood upon the shining sands. This was the ancient Tingis, which tradition says was founded by Sophax, a son of Hercules and the widow of Antaeus. In its neighborhood was long pointed out the grave of the fabled giant, said to contain his skeleton-sixty cubits long! At any rate the numerous legends that cling to it attest the antiquity of the place. History tells us that the Emperor Augustus raised it to the rank of a free city, and that in the time of Claudius it became a Roman colonia and capital of the province of now useless for any sort of shipping, the one-time harbor being completely cut off from the sea by a huge sandbar. Across this historic stream, (now known as Oued el Ye-houd, or "Jews river"), may still be traced the ruins of a Roman bridge; and near by are the remains of an extensive aquaduct. From this point, a pleturesque road turns inland through the Djebel, or mountain. Rugged heights, rising canyon-like on either side, are broken by a succession of ravines in which vegetation, fed by

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yellow broom. Here are gardens and villas to which the wealthy residents of Tangier betake themselves in summertime to enjoy the cool

MOUNTAIN BREEZES

and the pure water of innumerable springs. Another hour's ride brings you to Cape Spartel, with its celebrated lighthouse, which Uncle Samuel helps ignthouse, which Uncle Samuel helps to maintain. It was built at the expense of the Moors, by a French architect, but is kept up by the various foreign governments which are interested in the Mediterranean trade, each contributing its annual quota. After ascending its tower and enjoying a wide view of shining sea and haze-enveloped view of shining sea and haze-enveloped hills, and far away on the horizon's rim a glittering silver line, which marks, the northern border of the desert—you are offered coffee and bread by the care-takers of the lighthouse; and never was

nectar and ambrosia so acceptable.

If carly enough in the day, you may continue the ride to the caverns of Ras Ashukkar, near the village of Mediuna, which have served as stone quarries since the days of the Romans, and from which all the millstones for grinding wheat that are used in the province of Tangler, are still cut. Returning to the city—whose gates you must reach before sunset, or remain all night outside—you may vary the excursion by crossing the plain, instead of taking the beach road. On that part of the plateau nearest to the Kasbah, or citaiel, you see innumerable tombs, hone; ombed in the living rock, which tradition says were the burial-places of the ancient Phonicians. Horrible to relate, these rocky graves, where corpses have lain until corruption wrought its perfect work, are now utilized as prison cells. Each contains some wretched being, whose worst offense is probably that of not being able to pay his debts, held fast by a chain, just long enough to permit him to squat in the door of tomb by day, and crawl into it at night for shelter It takes two days to go to Tetuan on

muleback; and the government insists on furnishing a SOLDIER ESCORT

at your expense. The customary payment of a foot-soldier is half a dollar a day and his "keep;" that of a mount-ed soldier, double the price. Leaving Tangier by the sea-gate, you follow the beach about a mile, and then turn in-land to avoid the sand hills. By and by you come to a little stream, fringed with pink and white oleanders, which follows the road all the way to the mountains. At a miserable clay village called Fondack you pass the night, pitching tents in the open if you have them; or if not, patronizing the

wretched caravanseral. The latter is an immense square building, contain-in a large, open court, with a colon-

ade around it, into which a number of rooms open. These apartments contain nothing in the world but dirt and ver-min, in the midst of which you are expected to spread your rugs on the floor and snatch what sleep you can, with mules and horses stamping close by in the corridor, occasionally poking social-able noses in at the doorway. Your morning ablutions must be performed at the public trough where the animals drink; and as you have brought your own food, it is safe to say that you will prefer to take it al fresco on the sandy plain. From Fondack, the stony plain. From Fondack, the stony road is like climbing stairs, now straight up, and down, over a series of low but rugged hills; until you reach the bridge which spans the Bou S'fihs river. Here you get the first glimpse of Tetuan, and the most picturesque scene in Morocco. Beging with a lefter wall section. Begirt with a lofty wall, set at short intervals with massive square towers, the city shows from the dis-

tance only a few mosques and a heavy, frowning heap of masonry that forms the citadel. It occupies the slope of a lime-stone hill, two hundred feet above Tingitana. Here in ancient times, the galleys were laid up in midwinter—just inside the mouth of a small river which flows into the Mediterranean, but is etation. Tetuan has a population of twenty-three or four thousand, mostly Moors and Jews. Before the Spanish war there were many Spaniards here, most of whom were killed, or have since fortable to live in. The city was founded in 1492, by the refugees from Gren-ada, some of whose proud descendants still retain the title-deeds of their an-cestors' vast estates in Andalusia, and the keys of their stately palaces in Grenada. Above the town is the kas-

bah, with a large space of open ground

Spanish guns. The streets in the Jew-NARROWEST AND DIRTIEST

> I have ever seen—so narrow that ac-tually two persons can hardly walk abreast between the houses, and these lanes are further darkened by frequent arches thrown across. In the Mohammedan part of town which is much cleaner, are some very handsome resi-dences, belonging to wealthy Moors. Most of these mansions have fountains of running water in their exquisitely tiled court-yards, a l' Alhambra, and tre lises covered with passion flowers and fragrant jessamine. Owing to its suddenly dwindled population, houserent is absurdly cheap in Tetuan, and one can obtain a regular Aladdan's palace for almost nothing. There is a good deal to interest one here—in the gunsmith's shops, which are said to be the best in Morocco; in the silk factories, which turn out scarves, fajas and gorgeous handkerchiefs; and in the pot-teries, situated in caverns outside the town, where wonderful Azulos or Moor-ish tiles are made. The views, too, worth coming far to see-green valare worth coming river, gardens and olive groves, environed by rugged hills and overtopped by Beni Hosmar, the snow-covered mountain. The climate of this part of Africa is delightful the year round and particularly recommended by European physicians for invalids with pulmonary complaints. The port of Tetuan, called Marteen, is five miles to the eastward and a mile from miles to the eastward and a mile from the Mediterranean, on a river whose mouth is obstructed by the inevitable sand-bar. It is guarded by a single tower, square and lofty, very pictur-esque, but hardly worth the journey to look at in this land of picturesque FANNIE B. WARD.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS. Sixty-Six Volumes to be Placed on

Shelves on Monday. The following 66 books will be added

to the Public library Monday morning, Nov. 11, 1901 MISCELLANEOUS.

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Balfour—Life of Robert Louis Stev-

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ers. 2 vols. Clarke—The Control of Trusts. Frost—Half Hours with Early Explor-Hadley-Introduction to Roman Law.

Lenox-Practical Life Work of Henry Drummond. Mackenzie-Bits of Blarney. Markham-Lincoin and Other Poems. Martin, Sadie-Life and Professional

Career of Emma Abbott.
Martin, Theodore—Memoir of William
Edmondstoune Aytoun.
Mateaux—Peeps Abroad for Folks at

Home,
Reed (editor)—Modern Eloquence, 10
vols. Vos. 1-3, After-Dinner Speeches;
vos. 4-6, Lectures; vols. 7-9, Occasional
Addresses; vol. 10, Anecdotes.
Russell—The True Robinson Crusoes.
Stamer—Doice Napoli. Trine-The Greatest Thing Every Known

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Crawford-Marietta: A Maid of Ven-

Elliot-The Making of Jane. Emerson—Sylvia. Greene—Moral Imbeciles. Grinnell-The Punishment of the

Stingy.
Lloyd-Warwick of the Knobs. Loti-Madame Chrysantheme, McLaws-When the Land was Young. Mitchell-Circumstances, Naylor-The Sign of the Prophet. Phelps—Story of Jesus.
Spearman—Held for Orders.
Somerville—Jack Racer.
White—Stratagems and Spoils.

Doubleday-A Year in a Yawl. Grinnell-Neighbors of Field, Wood Ind Stream.

Long—Fowls of the Air.

Major—The Bears of Blue River.

Munroe—A Son of Satsuma.

Sharp—The Youngest Girl in School.

JUVENILE.

THE ADMIRAL'S OPINION.

The members of the Athenaeum club in London represent the higher spheres of literature, art and diplomacy, and particularly the Established Church, inasmuch as nearly all the bench of bishops may be found upon its list. The United Service club, on the other hand, is made up of officers of the army and navy. One day last summer, while the Athenaeum was closed for repairs and its members were temporarily enjoying the hospitality of the other club, there came down into the hall a retired ad-

lent temper.
"Where's my umbrella?" he demanded of the hall porter.
Search was made, and the umbrella was not forthcoming. The admiral began to fume. A dozen flunkles immediately swarmed into the hall.

"My umbrella!" cried the admiral;

miral, a man of portly build and vio-

"an umbrella with a silver knob-where is it, sir?"

The bustle continued for a few moments, and then one of the attendants timorously informed the admiral that

it could not be found. "What, sir-what, sir?" Not to be found, sir? What, sir-what, sir?" Not to be found, sir? Why not, sir?"
"I am afraid, sir," replied the hali porter, "that some gentleman has taken it by mistake."
"Taken it! Taken it!" roared the admiral now faith a postate with a second

miral, now fairly apoplectic with rage; "you mean stolen it—yes, sir, stolen it! I might have known what would happen when we let in all those d—d bishops!"—Argonaut.

UNNECESS-

He had called on a Fifth-avenue physician, and reported that he was "knocked out generally." As he took the prescription, he said:

"Well, doctor, what do I owe you?"
"Two dollars."
"I'm sorry I can't pay you today.
You won't mind waiting a while, will Apu?"
"No, that's all right."

"And, doctor, how much will this prescription cost?"
"About \$1." "Say, doc., you couldn't lean me a dollar to get it with, could you? I'm dead broke."

"Let me look at that prescription again," said the physician. He took it, examined it, and erased a line.
"I had prescribed something for your nerve," he said, "but I see you don't need it."—New York Times.

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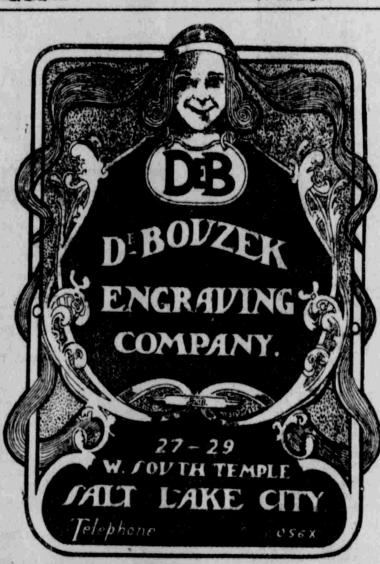
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W. J. RITCHIE.

Publisher. New York.

Should Use the Semi-Weekly News

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This is not a dry goods ad, but the ad. of a restaurant whose tables are LINEN CLAD, whose silver is bright, glassware clean, service periect and food properly prepared. Of course it's Beards-ley's Tavern. We knew you would guess it at once.

DFLINQUENT ASSESSMENT NOTICE, Northern Light Mining and Milling Company. Mines situated at Ophir, Tooele County, Utah. Principal office, 712 McCornick Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. There are delinquent upon the following described stock on account of an assessment levied on the 2nd day of October, 1901, the several amounts set

opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows: Cert. NAME. 36 Geo. Rezac 358 F. M. Aldrich 200 \$ 4.00 200 4.00 608

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Frank Moore Miller

And in accordance with the law and order of the Board of Directors made on the 2nd day of October, 1991, so many shares of each parcel of said stock as may be necessary will be sold at the office of the company, 712 McCornick Building, Sait Lake City. Utah, on the 26th day of November, 1991, at 10 o'clock, a. m., to pay delinquent assessment, together

to pay delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expense of sale. G. E. AIRIS, Secretary, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Date of first publication November 8,

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