

THE SACRED CITY OF KEROUAN.

A Pious Pilgrimage to One of the Meccas of Mohammedans.

Special Correspondence.

THOUGH traveling in this desert country takes to the utmost one's patience and powers of endurance being here, you should not shrink the several pilgrimages. One of them leads to Kerouan, the most sacred city of the Mohammedans after Mecca and Medina.

It is not quite fifty miles from Tunis, as the crow flies, but you prepare for the expedition as for a journey around the world. Now-days you may go most of the way by rail; or stick to the old transit of donkey or camel back. But this is another of the numerous instances where "the longest way around is the surest," and you will find it easier, quicker and cheaper to sail out of the Gulf of Tunis down the eastern coast of the regency perhaps 150 miles to Sousse on the Bay of Hammamet. By local coasters this will occupy a day and a night, if all goes reasonably well; but if a straggler happens to be blowing—as it generally is at this time of year—only Allah can tell how long it will take.

From Sousse you proceed to Kerouan by private carriage, if fastidious—seven or eight hours drive across the desolate plain; or you may patronize the democratic horse tramway, which belongs to the military, but is now open to ordinary travelers.

In either case, you will want to spend a day in Sousse or Sousse, according to the orthography of its new masters, stopping, if possible, in the curious coffee shop called by the Arabs Kahlwat El-Koubba, or "Cafe of the Dome." It is a small building with a flat roof, about eight feet from the ground, then rising cylindrically eight feet more and surmounted by a fluted dome. The cylindrical portion has eight deeply arched windows, each with a semicircular spring from semi-circular pilasters between them; and the whole has a more singular effect than can be described in words.

If you will remember that this is the city of the ancient Hadrumetum, a Phoenician colony before Carthage (just north of the city of Tunis), was founded; and Carthage, you know, was built eight hundred and fifty-two years before Christ was born, Trajan turned this old town into a Roman colony. It played an important part in the Punic wars; and like many cities of that early time, was destroyed by vandals and restored by Justinian. After the revered Mohammedan saint, Sidi Okba, had built Kerouan (A. D. 670), he came back to this port and remained a year. They will show you the house in which he lived, (according to tradition), but which must have been built at least a dozen centuries after his death. Later, when the Turks took the profitable trade of piracy, Sousse became one of their favorite haunts, whence they sallied forth on predatory raids along the shores of Italy. In all the wars between Turkey and Arab, the importance of this port as a strategic point was so great that its possession was considered the key to supreme power. Built from the water's edge up the gentle slope of a hill, surrounded by a crenelated wall with square towers and bastions, it presents a most picturesque appearance from the deck of an approaching steamer.

The town is entered by four quantity decorated gates, bearing the names of the four Caliphs, the founder of the Mohammedan religion, and the four great law-breakers named Bab el-Gharbi, ("Western Gate"), and Bab el-Djdid, ("New Gate"). Inside, the mighty walls have deep arched recesses, which serve as shops and warehouses; and on the top of all is the Kaaba, a city wall, which has recently been thoroughly restored by the French and now contains the residence of the commanding general. Among the curious structures in Sousse is the Kasr el-Ribat—a square building, flanked by seven round bastions, with a strange high tower rising from a square base. It was the palace of Ziad el-Uth, third prince of the Aghlabite dynasty, who ruled here something over a thousand years ago—A. D. 827, I believe. Another remarkable edifice, either Roman or Byzantine, with a great dome supported on arches, long narrow vaulted ceilings and many columns, once encrusted with tiles or mosaics—is now used as an oil mill. The modern trade of Sousse is mostly in the hands of the Maltese, who are everywhere in Tunis and in the most industrious and best-behaved part of the population. They also monopolize the carrying trade, with their karavans, or light carts with two wheels, to each of which one horse, or mule, is harnessed. They are the keepers in all the principal towns, liveries and carriages for hire. Four wheeled vehicles, by the way, are a more recent innovation in Tunis than in Algeria, and therefore a much more expensive luxury. Only a few years ago, driving in a carriage with four wheels was the exclusive privilege of the bey, and even today, the carriage is a costly article to content themselves with two-wheeled carts, or none at all. About half a mile outside the Bab el-Gharbi,

or western gate, is the ancient Roman Necropolis. The prominent feature of this great gate is something which demoralizes your appetite for water and threatens to turn you into a wine bibber—at least while in Tunisia. An ancient sarcophagus built of stone, which held the shattering bones of some Moslem saint, nobody knows how many centuries, is now used as a drinking fountain. It is in special favor with the lower classes, who hope to imbibe, blessing by the bucket-full from its former occupant.

If time permits and you are zealous enough as an antiquarian, you may make a two-days' carriage trip from Sousse to El-Djem—the ancient Roman city of Thysdrilla Colonia, mentioned by Hirtius, Pliny, Ptolemy, and all the rest of them. Frankly, it is not worth the trouble—except for the vanity of being able to say that you have walked in the footsteps of antiquity. After Sousse's defeat, Caesar condemned this place to a yearly fine of corn. Here the consul, Gordian, met his end, and of rebellion against Maximian, A. D. 258, and was proclaimed emperor in his eighteenth year. He wore the purple less than two months. Watching from the walls of his palace, he saw his son slain and himself defeated in battle of the procurer of Numidia, and thrust his spear into his own heart. Today all that is visible of the Roman city is the vast amphitheater and a few tombs, a modern village having been built entirely out of the ruins. So solid is the masonry of the amphitheater that a hundred times during the various periods of its history, the Arabs have converted it into a fortress; yet to this day the mighty walls are standing, four stories high. In visiting El Djem, you must bring everything required, even drinking water. There is an Arab inn, but the food is filthy, the but it is so dirty and flea-infested that you would better pass the night in your carriage.

Kerouan, the sacred city, is surrounded by olive groves of great extent. In the year 670, Okba ibn Nafsa proposed to his troops to build a city some distance from the sea, which might serve him as a camp and be a rallying point for his followers. He led his men to a place where Kerouan now stands—then a region of lions and leopards and noxious reptiles. Collecting around him the eighteen chosen companions of the Prophet, who were in his army, he called out in a loud voice, "Serpents and savage beasts we are the companions of the blessed Prophet! Rattle for us, we wish to establish ourselves here!" Mohammedan history—the lions and leopards and tigers and snakes departed in orderly procession, never once looking back at their exodus to the desert. Okba then marked the place for the city, remarking, "Here is your Kerouan" (caravan, or resting-place); and Kerouan it has remained unto this day. He himself, traced out the foundations of the city, and the mosque, the true position of the direction of Mecca from this point having been miraculously communicated to him by Allah. Before the French proclaimed the city a free port, he was the governor of the city, and his walls of this sacred city without a special order from the bey, and then he did it at the imminent peril of his life; while a Jew dared not approach within sight of its outer walls. But its sacred character did not exempt it from war and violence. Even the great mosque has more than once been almost totally destroyed by the Mohammedans; and the city has been repeatedly absolutely pillaged by a Christian invader. When Tunis was first occupied by the French, formidable preparations were made for the attack of the Holy City, which was the intention of the governor of the city, and the walls of this sacred city without a special order from the bey, and then he did it at the imminent peril of his life; while a Jew dared not approach within sight of its outer walls. But its sacred character did not exempt it from war and violence. Even the great mosque has more than once been almost totally destroyed by the Mohammedans; and the city has been repeatedly absolutely pillaged by a Christian invader.

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wood with long inscription in relief, taken from the Koran. The mahabir has two alabaster columns sent by a Byzantine emperor to Hassan ibn Naasman, in the year 680. The walls are of wonderfully decorated stucco work, through the openings of which can yet be seen the original mahabir of Sidi Okba. To the right of this is the splendid pulpit of carved wood, six metres high, every panel being of different design. The great chamber is dimly lighted by colored glass in the dome. The court is surrounded by a double arcade with coupled columns, and under it an immense colonnade occupies the entire area. The minaret, facing the "beautiful gate," is a high quadrangular tower of three stories, gradually tapering upward. Several pieces of Roman sculpture are built into the base, and you may ascend to the top, if you like, by the same steps which Sclero or Caesar may have trod when Rome ruled the world.

Close by the mosque is the aumia, (religious college, or convent) of Sidi Abd el-Kadir el-Djilani, whose confraternity has so many votaries in North Africa, although its headquarters are at Baghdad. It has a lofty cupola and the usual cloisters leading to conventional cells. Perhaps the finest specimen of Moorish architecture in the place is another of these queer Mohammedan convents, named after the great Sidi Abd el-Gharani, who died here in 1402. The entrance is a false arcade in black and white marble in which is a square door, opening into an interior court of two stories. The upper story, supported by ancient Roman columns, is divided into cells for dervishes and other so-called holy men.

Exactly in the center of the city is the sacred well of El-Barota, which is believed to have been communicated with Mecca. The most important building of all is the Djemiat el-Sebebi, wherein is interred one of the eighteen companions of the Prophet, Abdullah ben-Zeyd el-Belot, with him are buried, what he always carried about in life, three hairs of the Prophet's beard—one under his tongue, one on his right arm, and the third next his heart. You enter the tomb through a doorway near the base of the minaret and find the whole vast interior faced with beautiful tiles—roof of pale green tiles, each terminating in a gilded crescent. Vestibule, vestibule, court to court, domed chamber to domed chamber, each a forest of marble columns and glittering tiles. At last the shrine of the "Companion" is reached, a great round hall, lighted by windows of colored glass. The catafalque in the center is surrounded by a high grating and covered with two pairs, one of black velvet, adorned with Arabic inscriptions in silver, presented by Ahmed Bey; the other of red and gold brocade, sent by Sidi el-Sadik Bey. In an adjoining apartment stands the catafalque of Abdullah ben-Shehr, an Indian Saint; and on every side are narrow cells for the housing of pilgrims to this holy of holies, in the very heart of Kerouan.

FANNIE B. WARD.

GOLD HIS BANE.

Ex-Millionaire in Jail in New York and Penitentiary.

New York.—"Seventy-three years old, out of money and a guest in Ludlow street jail." That is the way Dr. Richard S. Law describes the latest stage of the gold-mine man who has followed at least twenty years of fortune in the court is the charge upon which Dr. Law is held. He failed to appear to answer in supplementary proceedings growing out of litigation over the Gold-Sceptre mine, which he bought in 1890, and just when he will be able to resume his profession as a mining financier he does not know. Prosecuted by the charge against him is Mrs. Walling, wife of Rev. W. A. Walling, until recently pastor of the Delaware Avenue Baptist church of Wilmington, Del. Mr. Walling and his congregation differed over investments in Dr. Law's mines, and he is now in New York studying law.

Dr. Law has been at different times the possessor of several fortunes. Once he had \$1,000,000. Again it was half that sum. Still later he has had less than a hundred thousand dollars, and now he is a pauper. He was a prominent legislator, and even in his old age and adversity he has not lost the hopefulness and courage of the type. Tom L. Johnson, mayor of Cleveland, is one of his intimate friends. He knew the late Henry George well, and at the funeral of the single-tax leader acted as pallbearer. During the hard campaign which preceded Mr. George's death Dr. Law spoke constantly on the stump.

Gold mining has been the bane of Dr. Law's life. The craze seized him when he was a young physician and caused him to abandon his profession. Even now, in jail, he dreams of other fortunes and thinks he may yet return to his old haunts at the Wildcat-Astoria. The Golden Sceptre mine was the old man's Waterloo. He floundered in it in Wilmington, Del., through E. H. Emmons, a doctor there. Dr. Law secured an option on the property in Colorado, and sold it to a company organized by Emmons. Professors Sadler of Boulder, Colo., and other experts are said to have reported favorably upon the property, and 1,000,000 shares of stock of \$5 each, were issued. The stock was at one time sold at \$3.50 a share. Law wanted some ready money to invest, and so sold some of his stock to Mrs. Walling. She was so sanguine of success that she recently gave up her husband's relative to invest with her. It is said Law agreed to redeem the stock if the mine proved to be a failure. It seems to have turned out that way, for in a stock slump the company assigned. Then came trouble for Dr. Law.—Chicago Record-Herald.

STANDARD

Time Table

In effect Aug. 1,
1901.

LEAVES SALT LAKE.

For Ogden, Cache Valley, Omaha, St. Louis, Denver, Kansas City, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and intermediate points.	7:00 a.m.
*For Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminal.	7:45 a.m.
*For Ogden, Provo, Panguitch, Hatch, Tropic, Alton, Big Water, Ephraim, and Mant.	7:55 a.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	9:45 a.m.
For Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, St. Louis and San Francisco.	11:45 p.m.
For Ogden, Beaver, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago.	7:00 p.m.
*For Provo, Nephi, Milford, Caliente and intermediate points.	7:00 p.m.
For Ogden, Pute, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	10:50 p.m.
ARRIVE SALT LAKE.	
From Ogden, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City and Denver.	9:30 a.m.
From Ogden, Portland, Butte, Helena, San Francisco.	9:10 a.m.
*From Caliente, Milford, Provo and intermediate points.	9:35 a.m.
From Ogden, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, San Francisco and intermediate points.	9:40 a.m.
*For Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminal.	1:00 p.m.
From Ogden, Logan, Brigham, Provo, Panguitch, Hatch, Tropic, Alton, Big Water, Ephraim, and Mant.	1:00 p.m.
From Tropic, Mercur, Nephi and intermediate points.	1:00 p.m.
From Ogden, Butte, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.	1:00 p.m.
*Trains Between Milford and Provo do not run Sundays.	

*Daily except Sunday.
Ticket Office, 201 Main Street.
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