

upon the world, a moment ago asleep in darkness. Algiers and its immense amphitheater houses, rides around in the horizon. My friend Sidi-Ben-Ahmet points out to me the different ports: Here is "La place du gouvernement;" right there on the left, the hotel de Paris; and a little higher up, you see, that place bathed in the morning light. It is the Kasbah, the Arabian quarter. Then he points out to me the palace of the governor general, the different churches and every place of prominence. Seen from the sea and resplendent in light, Algiers, to the poet, would look like a fairy-town that Neptune with the help of submarine divinities would have raised by the force of his trident above the level of the waters; and after having left Marseilles and its law embankments, the metamorphosis is so much the more vivid and striking at the sight of Algiers springing boldly in azure of the sky.

As the Isaac Pereire comes nearer, I can see the port more distinctly. I have seen so many ports now that I will not attempt any definition of the one of Algiers, but let it be known that this port can be used for war vessels just as well as for merchant trade and that in case of war, it could be utilized with great success as a coaling station or as a place where supplies could be stored.

The steamer of the Messageries Maritimes Co., the Isaac Pereire, has by this time reached its pier—that is, the pier of the company—and all around the boat an innumerable quantity of little Arabs and niggers are swimming, waiting, as my friend Sidi Ben Ahmet says, for the passenger to throw a penny to them. I am tempted and I throw a nickel among that crowd of swimmers, and in the twinkling of the eye, they have all disappeared below the water, to seek the coin I have thrown, and after a few seconds the lucky one among these hundred appears, holding the nickel in his hand, while with his other hand he sends one to the bottom and kicks another one in the face to avoid their taking away from him the nickel he has earned so well. It is very interesting to see this and if I had time I would throw several other nickels, but as I have a chance to be taken away to a hotel which my friend Sidi-Ben-Ahmet recommends to me, I will refrain from that amusement of seeing these young people fighting under the water for a mere 5-cent piece.

After having hurried over the plank thrown from the boat to enable the passengers to land safely upon the wharf, Sidi-Ben-Ahmet and myself are surrounded by numerous Arabs, poorly clothed, who wish to have us employ them as guides. The best mode of locomotion in Africa is the "regular jack ass;" they are not easy to ride because the gallop is unknown to them and their race have never been aware that there should be any other gait except a hard trot that will shake one to pieces. It costs ten cents to have one of these animals and, Sidi-Ben-Ahmet, to please me, and to enable me to see the city, decides also to have one. Both animals are very small in size and the legs of the colonel are so long that they almost touch the ground. As to myself, I am afflicted with a large stomach and I have touches of dyspepsia caused by snail's and horse beafsteaks; but I summon my courage and assume even a pleasant expression when I see an Arab armed with a heavy stock called "matraque" landing a blow upon the hind quarters of the donkey that has the honor of carrying Sidi-Ben-Ahmet, ah! it is so dull! What fun to see the poor colonel thus shaken by the jog-trot! No, he looks no more noble, this descendant of the kings of Granada!

Boabdil may have been his ancestor, but I don't believe it; yes, he is very funny. Thus in his national costume, his scimeta hanging alongside of him and flopping against his left leg with a rattling noise; his turban is going to fall, I fear, and his burnous floating all around him gives him the appearance of a seagull on a frolicking tour. The Arabian who is running behind the donkey that carries my poor friend away is running behind it as fast as he can and beats the poor animal while screaming "Barka ya sidi," carry mister" and as I was hoping to go slowly to the hotel where I had decided to stop I made a motion to the Arabian whose donkey I was riding, and before I could stop him, Piff, paff down goes his stick upon the back of my long eared steed. And I shall never forget that ride! The ride of the Walkyries is nothing compared to it—though funny must I have appeared. I, an American, had laughed at my friend Sidi-Ben-Ahmet, but I must have been much more laughable when I reached the hotel, covered as I was with dust and my face turned towards the tail of the donkey, holding that appendix of his with both my hands, as if it had been a bridle. Well, I will never ride a donkey again, if I can help it and if I do ride one in company with some one else, I will never laugh at my companions.

With depressed spirits, my body all bathed in perspiration, without hat, my hair floating in disheveled fashion in the morning breeze and my Arabian guide at close quarters behind me, I arrived at the hotel, and, gathering in both hands my remaining courage, I painfully alighted upon the sidewalk, in front of the verandah, where Sidi-Ben-Ahmet had already arrived and was waiting for me, taking a drink of absynthe. My Arabian whose donkey I had ridden with so disastrous results, advanced then, his turban in his hand, and with a smile that he vainly endeavored to render bland and gracious, pronouncing the words: "Tah Bool Bezeeph, Side," and I understood immediately that since he extended his hand, he was asking for his pay. I placed in his hand the regular price, 10 cents, but the rogue had detected in me a foreigner, perhaps he was aware that I was an American and wished to blow me for what I was worth, for his whole expression changed in an instant and he tuned up his ugly face, growling wickedly: "Makash Bono, makash bono, sidi." My friend Colonel Sidi-Ben-Ahmet had unfortunately for him heard everything and as soon as the Arab saw him coming up, he was so frightened that he immediately ran away "with all his legs" as the French people say.

After having had an "absynthe" with Sidi-Ben-Ahmet, and in spite of his earnest entreaties for me to join him again in other libations of the same description, I refused because I wanted to retire to my room and have a sleep or "sink to blissful rest in the arms of Morpheus," as the poet would put it.

In company with Sidi-Ben-Ahmet, I will visit the different quarters of the city as soon as I will be rested, and judging from what I see through the window of my room in the street, I will have many things to say in my next letter.

JULES CAMBON.

TO QUALIFY SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

Attorney General Bishop has submitted a reply to John R. Park, State superintendent of public instruction, on the following questions:

First—A person is duly elected to the office of district school trustee, and qualifies for the office, but the trustees elect fail to meet and organize within

the twenty days, as prescribed by law. Can they meet and organize after the expiration of the twenty days after the date of election?

Answer—Yes.

Second—A person is duly elected to the office of district school trustee and files his certificate of election, oath of office and bond, with the county clerk, but fails to file a copy of the certificate of election and oath of office with the county superintendent;

(a) What effect will such failure have upon the right of said trustee to hold the office to which he was elected?

Answer—No effect.

(b) Should the clerk of the school board or the trustee elect forward a copy of the certificate of election, etc., to the county superintendent?

Answer—The clerk of the board.

Third—(a) Can a person who is not a registered voter, but who is otherwise qualified to hold office of district school trustee, legally qualify, and serve as such trustee?

Answer—No.

(b) If he cannot, does a vacancy exist in the board of trustees or does the old trustee hold over?

Answer: Such a vacancy would exist as would entitle the proper authority to fill the same by appointment. The old trustee would hold over until his successor was appointed and qualified.

Fourth: If a qualified elector is duly elected to the office of district school trustee, and observes all the requirements of the law, except that of filing any or all of the papers with the county clerk, as is provided in section 1803, R. S., or the county superintendent, section 1810, R. S., what is the effect, and may the bond or other papers be filed after twenty days after the election?

Answer: I am of opinion the bond or other papers may be filed after such time, as the statute in this, as well as in nearly all these cases, is merely directory, and failure to file such papers within the statutory period would not affect the right of the party to exercise the duties of such office.

Fifth: (a) Must boards of education require a bond from the school district treasurer, aside from the bond required from the same officer as trustee?

Answer: The bond required by the trustee, as such, is approved by the county clerk, under the statute, whereas, the bond of the treasurer of the school district is approved by the board of trustees. The former is conditioned for the faithful performance of duties as trustee; the latter, for faithful performance of the duties of treasurer of the district. These duties are quite dissimilar and distinct. I am of opinion your question should be answered in the affirmative.

(b) Is it the county superintendent's duty to refuse to pay to the district treasurer, the various school apportionments, until a good and sufficient bond is given by him, as such?

Answer: Yes, for until the bond in question is given, he would not be legally qualified to act as treasurer of such district.

James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern railroad, has asked the city council of Seattle, Washington, through his attorney to vacate streets on thirty acres of tide land at the northern end of Elliott Bay, between Seattle and Ballard, recently purchased by the Great Northern. It is stated that the Great Northern will begin the immediate construction of a system of railway terminals, docks and elevators at a cost of three quarters of a million dollars. A waterway 1,500 feet long, 200 feet wide and 25 feet deep will be cut through the tide lands.