

A LITTLE JOURNEY IN "DARKEST AFRICA."

Curiosities of Modern Algeria.

Special Correspondence.

BEING on the edge of the Dark Continent, we are naturally consumed with desire to penetrate the unknown interior. Of course, our present desultory ramblings are not equipped for serious explorations, but—thanks to modern railways—any traveler may nowadays go from Algiers two or three hundred miles toward the "heart" of Darkest Africa. Several interesting Arab villages are easily accessible by omnibus, or carriage; and various short excursions may be made in the saddle, with perfect safety so far as the natives are concerned.

Town of Algiers—omnibuses run every half hour to Mustafa Superior, a beautiful suburb on the slopes of the hills south of the port, and other buses go daily to El Biar and Bou-Zarea, among the pine woods of the higher plateau. El Biar, (the wells), is the typical Arab village, straggling along the dusty highway which forms its principal street; while Bou-Zarea, a few miles farther on, is as unlike it as can well be imagined, being thoroughly European. Both, however, are favorite resorts of the numerous winter visitors to this now popular sanitarium, and have many elegant French and Moorish villas, set amid charming gardens and the most entrancing views of land and sea to be found near the Mediterranean. Most of the English residents of Algiers have their homes in the El Biar suburb, including the consul-general and several titled families. There are also a number of convents and other charitable institutions. The Bon Pasteur, "good shepherd" in English, is a very large asylum for children, as well as a refuge and reformatory for abandoned women—not a wise combination, it would seem to the casual observer. Another orphanage for girls is in charge of the good sisters of St. Vincent de Paul; and still another for boys, belongs to the same sisterhood. Midway between these two

FLOURISHING ASYLUMS

stands the great head establishment of the Freres de la Doctrine Chretienne, who have primary schools for boys all over the province. A few miles farther on are the springs of Ain Zeboudja, which supply the Upper Town of Algiers with water. Here is another large orphanage (Protestant); and in the same neighborhood is the Petit Lycee, once a Jesuit orphanage, now devoted to a younger class of boys than those raised in the El Biar asylums. So you see that whatever else may be lacking in northern Africa, it is not the cardinal virtue of Christian charity.

Going to Bou-Zarea, it is better to take a carriage, rather than the public vehicle, the hire of the former being very cheap, seven francs for the trip direct, or about fifty cents an hour, in American money, if stops are made en route. And you will certainly feel inclined to make many halts and detours. First, noting the Mustafa suburb, is the splendid palace of the deys, now the summer home of the French governor-general, and worth at least a passing glimpse. At a higher point you turn from the road to inspect the enormous reservoir which Hussein Pacha built in 1622, to supply the four aqueducts of Algiers with purest water. Farther on are two great hospitals, each with numerous white buildings grouped together like a village and set in the midst of extensive gardens. Appropriately enough, several cemeteries are clustered near Algiers' general burial-ground is in the French style,—comparatively ugly with multitudinous wreaths of black and white beads, strung on wires into caricatures of leaves and flowers. One corner of it is reserved for the consular corps and their families, corresponding to the ancient consular cemetery under the Turkish government; and no interment can be made in it without the consent of the dean of the corps diplomatique, who happens at present to be the English consul general. Next is the new Jewish cemetery—their ancient burial place having been recently appropriated by the government for public purposes. At the very top of the hill is the pretty cemetery of the commune of Mustafa, which is not nearly so foreign in appearance as its name indicates, but almost a counterpart of an English country graveyard. About thirty years ago the larger portion of it was set aside for the use of Anglo-Saxons in Algiers. The bishop of Gibraltar came over to consecrate it, the English and American residents planted it with shrubs and flowers, and have ever since carefully tended it at their own expense.

More interesting than either to lovers of the curious, are the two Mohammedan cemeteries, with their queer marabouts, or tombs of the saints, and their lime-washed koumbas glistening in the sun. In one of them is the koumba of Sid Mohammed ben Abd-er-Kahman bou Kobrain—"the saints" with two tombs. He it was who founded the strange religious fraternity to which vast numbers of Kabyles and Arabs are affiliated. After having made a voyage to Egypt, he came to Algiers, with Babu Mohammed Pacha, and lived here many years. While on a visit to his native place in Kabylia, in the country of the Beni Ismail, he died and was buried there, a splendid tomb being erected over his remains. But the Algerians wanted his body, for the mira-

cles it was believed to be capable of performing, so they secretly carried it off to the Mustafa cemetery, leaving the corpse of an ordinary man in its place. The discovery, or rather suspicion, of the act caused such excitement that war was averted only by making the Kabyles believe that the saint's body had been miraculously doubled and rested in both places. Every Friday afternoon, Moorish women troop by thousands to their cemeteries. Why on that day, and never on another, I do not know. They go to the marabouts of the saints to pray for the blessing of fertility; but as each drags five or six olive-branches behind her, it is difficult to understand the eagerness of their vows. Seen from a distance, the long procession of figures, wrapped in white from head to foot, looks like a train of sheeted spectres new risen from the grave. But as they come nearer, you hear light laughter and chattering that is decidedly "of the earth, earthy," and bright eyes, very much alive with Mother Eve's curiosity, peer from under woollen haiks at the stranger.

Speaking of Arab ceremonials—you may see some of them today, unchanged since Ali Baba's time, even in Algiers, within sight of Protestant and Catholic churches. The most fanatic rites are performed by votaries of the Sidi Mohammed bin Aissa confraternity, and one of their fetes is worth seeing once—if one has strong nerves. It begins with the wild beating of drums and tambours, until a crowd is collected. Then out of some dark doorway an Assaoui, supposed to be inspired, rushes with a yell into a ring formed by spectators, where he executes a frantic dance, swaying his body backwards and forwards and contorting himself with fearful violence. He is presently joined by others, all yelling, gesticulating and contorting, until they fall exhausted to the ground. The modaddam, (head of the order), collects enough coin from the crowd to purchase a reviving beverage, which he administers to the prostrate devotees; and soon they resume their cheerful performances—bearing their bodies with red-hot irons, forcing out their own eyes with spikes, eating live scorpions and serpents, chewing broken glass, doing many more things of the same kind. It is supposed that their so-called "religious" exaltation renders them insensible to pain; but what the after effect of a glass and scorpion diet may be, I cannot say.

Other sacrificial rites are celebrated on the sea-shore, every Wednesday morning, which anybody may witness who gets up early enough. The performers are not of the ancient and honorable aissaoui, but low-class natives who desire to get rid of their various diseases. To this end, they slaughter a fowl, or lamb, and after certain incantations and burning of incense, they smear themselves with its blood. If the dying creature struggles in the water, it is looked upon as a good omen and the faith-cure is almost complete. This has nothing to do with true Mohammedan worship, but persons of different races, Moors, Arabs and Jews included, share the superstition. It is a very ancient ceremony, and as early as 1693 it was minutely described in a book, by Pons Dan, the French author-priest. The negroes in Algiers have also their peculiar fetes and sacrifices, some of which are as disgusting as they are curious. Chief among them is the feast of Moulou an-Nibhi, in honor of the prophet's birthday, which occurs on the 12th day of the month Rabai el-owel.

Bou-Zarea is delightfully situated on a mountain of the same name, more than a thousand feet above the sea. There are two villages—nearly a mile apart. Midway between rises a vast building, for many years a Turkish lunatic asylum, but now occupied by the French Ecole Normale. Nowadays the native village is mostly devoted to koumbas, (shrines of the saints), each set in an enclosure of dwarf palms and prickly-pear. From this point, which

STILL SEARCHING FOR NORTHFIELD VICTIMS.



THE UPPER WORKS OF THE NORTHFIELD

Divers are still at work searching for bodies of passengers of the ferryboat Northfield, wrecked in New York harbor some days ago. The above snapshot shows the Northfield as she looks today.

the traveler should make his base of operations for at least a week, several excursions of great interest may be made. One of them leads via the four-bourg Bab-el-Oued, to the celebrated French observatory, which is a credit to its builders and said to be more favorably situated than any other in the world, with but two exceptions. Visitors are always cordially welcomed by the director. Near it is another of Algiers' worthy charities—the Hospice des Vieillardes, in which several hundred old men and women find an asylum. The institution is kept by the Petites Soeurs des Pauvres (Little Sisters of the Poor), and is entirely supported by voluntary contributions.

Another excursion, which may be made on foot, if one is a "good walker," leads to the village of Birhadem, "The Well of the Slave"—so-called from a picturesque Moorish fountain in the market place—less than three miles from Bou-Zarea. In the fort above the hamlet is a military penal establishment. Near it is an orphanage for girls; and all around are relics of an older civilization—megalithic monuments, still entire, and large tubular stones, resting on four upright stones. Of course they are the tombs of some forgotten people, and the pottery and bronze ornaments which have been taken out of them, now adorn rooms of the Societe de Climatologie, in Algiers.

It is fifteen miles from Bou-Zarea to La Trappe de Staoueli, and necessitates an early start, with luncheon carried along, as there is neither bite nor sup to be had until the return. About sixty years ago the Trappist monks obtained permission from the French government to build a monastery here, and were granted twenty-five hundred acres of the surrounding land, which was then almost a wilderness, but has been transformed by their untiring industry into a wonderfully luxurious vineyard and orchard. Their system of irrigation is worth studying, and they have two mills for grinding corn, the water which drives them being brought from an

aqueduct thirty feet high. The monastery itself—built on the spot where the battle of Staoueli was fought between the Turks and the French, in the summer of 1870—is a great rectangular building. There is a chapel at one end, and the walls of the whole structure are covered with lugubrious inscriptions recalling the miseries of life—such as: "S'il est triste de vivre a la Trappe, qu'il est doux d'y mourir." There is a farm with extensive stables and sheds for the flocks and herds, workshops, forge, bakehouse, wheelwright and carpenter's shops, dairy, wine-press—everything pertaining to a thrifty and self-supporting community. One hundred and twenty monks are now cloistered in La Trappe de Staoueli.

Even more interesting is the Jardin d'Essai, or experimental garden near Birmandraits. It was begun in 1822, and while it remained in the hands of the government, was kept up with care, but at considerable expense. Now it is conducted by the compagnie Generale Algerienne, who consider the commercial element more than the advancement of science. Ornamental plants are cultivated in great numbers and exported to the principal cities of Europe. The avenues of palms, bamboos, plane-trees, magnolias, and acacias make most delightful promenades. The gardens are open at all times to the public. There is a cafe at the entrance, where Turkish coffee may be had, and in the centre, under a beautiful group of Canary pines, is a fine old Moorish house, worth going far to see.

FANNIE B. WARD.
Didn't Marry for Money.
The Boston man, who lately married a sickly rich young woman, is happy now, for he got Dr. King's New Life Pills, which restored her to perfect health. Infallible for Jaundice, Biliousness, Malaria, Fever and Ague and all Liver and Stomach troubles. Gentle but effective. Only 25c at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

THE TEST OF EFFICIENCY.

What the negroes need most at the present time is training in efficiency. This is a matter which the negroes themselves ought to take seriously to heart. The preference that is soon to be made for the white servant is not due to prejudice, but to the fact that the white servant has been found to be more efficient. The negro must wake up to the fact that he is face to face with strenuous competition, and that he cannot slight his work without suffering serious consequences. Carelessness, slovenliness, ignorance and unwillingness to work, and to work hard, will, in his case, as in the case of the white man, bar him from desirable employment. In some particulars the situation is already grave, and especially so because there is such an inability on the part of many of the race to realize their peril. It is a more peril than that offered by the mob, namely, deterioration and gradual elimination from productive industry. Efficiency is rare among all peoples. But it is particularly lacking among the negroes. They ought to understand this and to devote themselves to the cultivation of that great quality.—Indianapolis News.

A Fast Bicycle Rider

Will often receive painful cuts, sprains or bruises from accidents. Bucklen's Arnica Salve will kill the pain and heal the injury. It's the cyclist's friend. Cures Chafing, Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, Burns, Ulcers and Piles. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Try it. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

Many women fail to digest their food, and so become pale, sallow, thin and weak, while the brightness, freshness and beauty of the skin and complexion departs. Remedy this by taking HERRING'S after each meal, to digest what you have eaten. Price, 50 cents. Z. C. M. I.



The most remarkable case ever before a Virginia court is now being tried at Parkersburg, W. Va. "Ellis Glenn," a woman, who for years has been disguised as a man, is being tried for forgery. She has served a sentence in the Illinois penitentiary for the same offense but claims she confessed to the former crime to save her brother—the real culprit. She went to prison presumably a man but was obliged to disclose her sex.

Z. C. M. I. MIDSUMMER SALE

OF SEASONABLE GOODS FOR SUMMER WEAR, WILL BE HELD DURING THE

Week Commencing Monday, July 1st.

THE large list of Bargain Offers in this Sale comprises Ladies' Summer Goods in extensive variety, which are offered at exceedingly low prices. The regular price already was away down, but as we find it necessary to make room for our autumn stock, we offer our line of Summer wear at Clearance Sale Figures. We have the very best goods in the City, hence offer the very best bargains to our patrons. We give herewith a partial list of the stock offered in this week's Midsummer Bargain Sale. Note the goods and prices.

Shirt Waists.

We have a handsome line of fine Shirt Waists, in Lawns, Percales, Zephyrs, etc., all colors and sizes. The regular prices range from 65c to \$5.00, and all these Shirt Waists go this week at—

25% OFF.

Our entire line of fine White Lawn and Swiss Shirt Waists, regular price from \$1.25 to \$12 each, go this week at the special figure of—

25% OFF.

Children's Bonnets

We also have an elegant line of Children's Silk and Mull Bonnets and Hats, white and colored, which will be sold at a discount of—

25% OFF.

Fancy Silk Waists.

Colored Silk Waists, a fine line of goods, will be disposed of this week at—

1-3 OFF.

Silk and Cloth Etons.

A beautiful lot in our Cloak Department goes this week at—

33 1-3% OFF.

50 Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits.

All up-to-date in style and goods, go in the Sale this week at—

HALF PRICE.

WASH GOODS.

THIS IS A GREAT SALE OF SPRING AND SUMMER MATERIALS COMPRISING FINE LAWNS, DIMITIES, ORGANDIES, SWISSES, NEW LINEN NOVELTIES, DOTTED SWISSES, NEW PRINTED AND FIGURED LAWNS, FANCY SILK TISSUES, BATHISTES, PIQUES, MOUSLINE DE SOIE, WASH CHIFFON, ZEPHYR GINGHAMS, ETC. OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF THESE GOODS WILL BE ON SALE THIS WEEK AT—

20% OFF.

NO SALE GOODS EXCHANGED.

Z. C. M. I.

T. G. Webber, Supt.

Ladies' Fancy Neckwear.

Our entire line, comprising a lovely selection of beautiful goods, goes in this Sale at—

HALF PRICE.

Underskirts.

We have a specially choice assortment of Ladies' Colored Underskirts, in Percales, Gingham, Sateen, Moire, Silk, etc., which will be disposed of in this Sale at a reduction of—

25% OFF.

Sale of Parasols.

All Colored Parasols in stock, and all new this season, are offered in this Sale at—

1-3 OFF.

Misses' Cotton Hose.

A pretty line of Misses' fine ribbed black Cotton Hose, regular price 35c, Sale price—

20 CENTS.

Boys' Hose.

A choice lot of Boys' black Cotton Hose, 1x1 rib, spliced knee and double soled, regular price 35c, Sale price—

25 CENTS.

Straw Hat Sale.

Our entire line of Ladies' trimmed Walking Hats and trimmed Sailor Hats will go in this Sale at 50c on the dollar, or—

HALF PRICE.