

TRIPOLI.

FRANK G. CARPENTER WRITES OF THE CAPITAL OF BARBARY AND ITS QUEER POPULATION.

(Special Correspondence of the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.)

TRIPOLI—I write these notes in the city of Tripoli. It is the capital of Barbary, that vast country of oases and desert, lying between Tunisia and Egypt, on the Mediterranean sea. I came here from Sfax, passing around the Gulf of Gabes and skirting the Desert of Libya the greater part of the way. Our boat was a little Italian steamer which sails from Genoa to Tunis and then goes on around to Tripoli and back to Naples via Sicily and Malta. We came to anchor in the harbor this morning, and were brought to the shore by boatmen as fierce looking as the pirates who fought here against our American sailors 100 years ago.

It was in the harbor of Tripoli that Uncle Sam had his first great naval engagement, after the conclusion of the war which made him independent of Great Britain. This town was then a great piratical stronghold. It levied its tribute on all the ships of the Mediterranean, and its soldiers not infrequently captured Christians and either held them for ransom or kept them in slavery. They had committed outrages upon our shipping during the last days of John Adams' presidency, and it was in 1801 that we formally declared war and sent Commodore Decatur across the Atlantic and over the Mediterranean to punish the pirates. Decatur recaptured and burnt the American frigate Philadelphia in the harbor here in February, 1804, and then he caught these semi-savages that, although they might take their toll from the nations of Europe, our own little republic across the Atlantic must be left alone.

IT BELONGS TO THE SULTAN.

This land of Barbary now belongs to the sultan of Turkey. It has a governor appointed by him, and there is an army of 10,000 soldiers in the barracks on the edge of the city which he has sent to keep order. The country is so large that the army can police little more than Tripoli itself, and the result is that every man who enters the desert carries a gun with him, and that all the caravans must have their armed escorts. Nearly every one who comes in from the interior has a gun strapped to his back. During a journey which I have made to one of the oases, I met many men so armed and I am told that the country is everywhere unsafe.

Tripoli is for the most part nothing but sand. It is as long as from New York to Detroit, as wide as from Philadelphia to Buffalo, and it contains altogether an area ten times that of the state of Ohio. The only cultivated portions are a narrow strip of land along the Mediterranean sea and the oases, which are found scattered here and there through the Desert of Libya. The population is scanty. It numbers altogether not more than a million, or about half as many as there are in Chicago, and these are made up of wild Arab tribes, many of which are at war with each other.

TRIPOLI AND THE SOUDAN.

The foreign trade of the country is with the Soudan and Europe. Tripoli lies directly north of Lake Chad, and it is the chief starting place for the caravans which cross the Sahara. There are half a dozen routes over the desert from here to the rich lands of central Africa, and a great deal of ivory, ostrich feathers and skins are brought to Tripoli on camels from those countries. The trip takes several months, and the caravans often include in their freight female slaves for the Barbary harems. Millions of slaves have been thus carried over the desert and vast numbers have been sent from here to Tunisia and Turkey. The caravan routes are lined with bones of slaves who have died on the way, and the trade would cease now were it not that the people fear that the Christian powers might object.

THE CITY OF TRIPOLI.

Tripoli, the city, lies in the Libyan desert on the edge of the Mediterranean sea. It is not an oasis of mud houses surrounded by mud walls, such as I have described in my letters from the Sahara, but it is a desert city of 60,000 inhabitants with great white buildings and walls of stone. Approaching from the sea, the town looks like a mighty fortification. It is built upon a sloping peninsula, the houses running around a beautiful bay, and by rocky islands which rise like sentinels out of the blue Mediterranean. At one end of the bay is a huge fortification, commanded by Turkish soldiers, and at the other is the Kasbah, a fortified castle, containing the government offices. Between these two running around inside the horns of the crescent are white buildings, mixed with there with structures of green blue and rose pink, which, rising almost straight up from the water, form a great bow, with these forts at the ends. Behind are other buildings of three and four stories, and over them all may be seen the tall, lean white minarets of the mosques with green caps on their tops. The houses are of a fantastic architecture, of all shapes, and when one climbs to the roofs of the highest buildings, as I did today, he sees that each house is built about a little courtyard, the walls facing which are painted bright blue.

As I stood on the house top, all Tripoli lay below me. It looked much like a jumble of great goods boxes cast by the hands of the gods down into the midst of the desert. There are but few trees in the town. At the right, facing the sea, some distance away, is a line of date palms, but on the other sides, as far as the eye can reach, there are nothing but the bare yellow sands of the desert of Libya. The city extends south of Malta and Sicily, and it is, I should say, just about midway between Alexandria and Tunis, the two greatest of the African cities on the southern side of the Mediterranean sea.

A WALK THROUGH STREETS.

But let us suppose that we are down in the city itself, wandering about through the streets. The time is midday, and the African sun blazes like a furnace in this tropical sky of the desert. It dazzles our eyes and the white buildings about us catch the rays and throw them back almost blinding. In the chief streets of the city there is no sun at all, and it is only when we strike the open spaces that we realize the brightness outside. Tripoli is a city of caverns. Most of the streets are either covered with matting or boards, or are actually built over like great vaults and lighted here and there by holes in the roofs. It is like going through half-lighted tunnels, and we might wander about for hours burrowed without fear of the sun. This is especially so in the business sections. The bazars consist of streets 10 or 15 feet wide with white vaulted roofs, the light coming through holes in the latter, each of which is about a foot square. Now and then there will be a break in these roofs, making a short, open space where the sun shines, but after that the vaults begin again so that one could not go through almost the whole town and keep under cover. The business streets are paved with stone, and along the walls of the latter are rows of shops three feet high, upon which the shops face and where the customers sit while they bargain.

LIKE A GRAPE ARBOR.

The chief shopping section of Tripoli

consists of a mighty grape arbor. Here the street is roofed over with a lattice work upon which grape vines have been trained, and the great leaves leave temper the rays of the sun. This street is lined with shops, some of which are about 15 feet square. Such shops are considered great business establishments, and their turbaned owners are among the nabobs of the city. The ordinary store is not as wide nor as long as this grape arbor, and therefore many so small that the merchant within could not ask a friend to enter without moving his goods. Almost all the streets are such that wheeled vehicles cannot go through them, and some will not even admit donkeys or camels. Most of the freight is carried by porters, who go about with great loads on their backs or heads. In the wider streets little donkeys are the chief beasts of burden, while the camels carry the heavier loads.

WATER CAMELS.

One of the most interesting features of Tripoli is connected with its water supply. This town of 60,000 has no water mains or sewers. There are no hydrants, and the water used comes entirely from wells in or near the city. Some of it is carried in goat skins on the backs of men, some of it in clay jars on the heads of women, and a great deal in barrels on the humps of camels. The camels kneel down by the wells while the barrels are filled. Each camel carries two barrels at a load, one on each side of its hump, and on the horn of the saddle is hung the measuring tub, turned upside down. The water is sold at so much per tub, and the camel owner has his regular customers to whom he furnishes his daily supply.

AMERICAN SEWING MACHINES.

The only modern thing I have seen in Tripoli is the American sewing machine, which is used in the street of the tailors. Every business here has its own section, and one long street is filled with tailors, who sit cross-legged on the floors of their little cubbyhole shops as they sew. Some of them use hand machines, which they place on little tables beside them, and some have table machines of a well-known American make. Where the ordinary table machine is used, it takes up half the shop. Nevertheless, I have seen more than a score of such machines in action. They are all exported by one company, which sells its machines everywhere over the world, and that notwithstanding we have other machines equally good which are never seen abroad.

IN THE BAZARS.

But let us take a walk through the bazars and observe these Barbary pirates at work. They are a busy people and have many manufactures, although everything is turned out by hand. Here, for instance, is the bazaar of the jewelers. It consists of a street, walled on both sides with little rooms not much bigger than an upright piano. In the center of every room there is a little furnace, fed through a bellows worked by a boy. Here is one in which a long-gowned, dark-faced Arab holds a pot of molten silver over the fire. Now he takes it off and casts the white metal into bracelets and anklets. In the next shop a turbaned man sits flat on the floor and pounds a gold bar into earrings as big around as a saucer while over the way are smiths making silver anklets, each of which will weigh several pounds. All Mohammedans are fond of gay ornaments, and the Bedouins of the desert use jewelry as their savings banks, turning their earnings into the gold and silver worn by their daughters and wives. Many of the articles are of great value. Some of the earrings are as large around as one's wrist and a silver brooch of common wear is the size of a tea plate, fastened on by a prong hinged to its back.

AMONG THE SHOEMAKERS.

In the bazar of the shoemakers I saw scores of cobbles at work upon slippers. The American shoe is practically unknown in Mohammedan countries, and the Arab gets along without shoe strings or shoe buttons. Both women and men wear slippers, and they are always of the brightest of colors, the favorite for men's wear being a lemon yellow. The man usually bends down the back of the heel and wears it under his foot. The women use only red slippers and the richer ones often have slippers of velvet embroidered with gold. All foot wear is made by hand, and the shoemaker's hammer is a round paper weight affair shaped somewhat like an old-fashioned glass ink bottle. The shoemaker holds this by the knob, and rubs and pounds with it at will. The shoe shops are small; the ordinary cobbler usually has three or four boys sitting cross-legged beside him working away.

Tripoli makes a great deal of cloth. There are streets here filled with weavers, in which mere work on hand looms in just about the same way as they did in the time of Mohammed.

MILLING AT TRIPOLI.

I wish I could show you the roller patent process of making flour in this old-fashioned Mohammedan city. Tripoli is the Minneapolis of Barbary, and it manufactures meal for shipment all over the country. It has many mills which are worked, day in and day out, the year through. Each mill looks more like a stable than anything else, and indeed it is often stable and mill combined. In the center of the stable are two huge stones, as big around as a cart wheel, and about two feet in thickness. There is a hopper above the top stone, and from this the wheat pours down into a hole in that stone, and is ground as the stones move about one on the other. The power which makes the mill go is an ungainly camel, hitched to a long bar which moves the top stone. The camel has two cups of closely woven basket work as big around as a saucer over his eyes, and he goes about blindfolded. In addition to such grinding a great deal of liquor is made with hand stones moved by women. This is the custom in most of the oases, the grain being ground from day to day as it is needed.

PUBLIC BAKERS.

Another Tripoli institution, through which many families combine together to cheapen their food, is the town baker. This man is to be found in most of the streets of the city. His shop looks like a cellar; it consists of a great oven with a well in front of it in which the baker stands as he works. The well is about four feet deep, and so made that the breast of the baker is on a level with the mouth of the oven. The dough is put in and the baked bread taken out on a long wooden saddle. The baker not only bakes, but he also does roasting, and one can have a sheep cooked, a pan of chestnuts popped or coffee browned, according to order.

These public bakers have their regular customers, who pay them so much per month, and some of them work on the same plan as our country millers, taking a toll out of each baking sent in. For instance, if a dozen loaves are cooked, the baker gets one as his share, and if a smaller amount is sent in a little loaf is put in for the toll.

Fuel is scarce in all the cities of north Africa, and especially in such as Tripoli, where the only wood nearby is that of the palm or the olive tree. A great part of the fuel used is charcoal, and this costs so much that it is cheaper to send one's roasts and loaves out to be cooked than to do them at home. The only stoves used are made of mud or of bricks, built up as a ledge in the

A Vast Land of Oases and Desert Belonging to Turkey—A City of Caverns Where Grape Vines Roof the Chief Business Streets—Mills Run by Camels—How the Butchers, Bakers and Candlestick Makers Do Business—The Barbary Pirates of Today.



"ON MARKET DAYS THE CITY SWARMS WITH BEDOUINS IN FROM THE DESERT." Photographed for the "News" by Frank G. Carpenter.

kitchen walls. There are no chimneys and the smoke gets out as it can.

IN THE MEAT MARKETS.

Speaking of the baker makes one think of the butcher and the candlestick maker. They are all to be found in Tripoli. The chief light of the city comes from candles and there is a regular business of making candles for the trade. They are usually sold by the performers.

The butchers are even more interesting. I spent some time the other day in a big meat market just inside the city walls. The chief meats sold are mutton and camel flesh, each of which has its own department and its own butchers. The market is held out of doors, and the killing and selling are done on the same spot. I saw men slaughtering sheep and skinning them, while their customers waited for the still smoking flesh, and beside them their fellows were cutting up other carcasses and weighing them, preparatory to selling.

The Tripoli mutton is fine. It is tender and fat and the carcasses have great flaps of fat at the tails. The Barbary sheep have tails which are made of nothing but fat; they hang

down like great aprons over their rumps, a single tail sometimes weighing 15 pounds.

Many of the sheep sold in the market are decorated with gold paper to catch the eyes of customers, and some are sprinkled with white and black seeds. I asked the price at which mutton was selling, and was told that good cuts brought 10 cents and upward per pound. A little farther on was the camel market. Here the meat was also decorated with gilt paper, but as it came from old and broken down camels it was tough and jaw-breaking and brought much less than the mutton.

Leaving the meat market, I visited a place where men were selling perfume in little bottles about as big around as one's thumb. They sat on the ground with their tables before them and weighed out the scents at so much per ounce. A little further on I saw several Arabs peddling second-hand weapons. Most of the guns were of the old flintlock variety, and some were beautifully inlaid with gold, silver and ivory. I find the flintlock gun still in common use here and also the flint. In some of the Tripoli shops boxes of flint are exposed for sale side by side with cast bullets and cast shot.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

PEOPLE!

We are putting in ANOTHER OVEN. SIX MORE DELIVERY WAGONS are being made. With this new equipment we will be able to handle our new business as well as old trade.

SUPERIOR BAKING CO.

BAKERY ON NINTH SOUTH, BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH

234 Main St. SALT LAKE CITY **UTAH DENTAL CO.** BRANCH OFFICES: PROVO, LOGAN, OGDEN, PARK CITY

DR. ZIMMERMAN, Manager.
Teeth extracted positively without pain. Free with other work.
Set Teeth (best red rubber) \$5.00
Gold Crowns, 22-k., \$1.50 to \$2.50
Bridge Work, best, \$3.50 to \$5.00
Gold Fillings, best, \$1.00 up
All Other Fillings, 50c, 75c, 1.00
12 YEARS' GUARANTEE
FREE examination and advice
\$2.00 and up for public.
Sunday 9 to 12 a. m.
BRING THIS AD. WITH YOU.

Midsummer Sale of Furniture For One Week

One-Fourth Off the Price of Every Piece of Lawn and Porch Furniture, Hammocks and Alaska Refrigerators.

The sale also extends to the wall-paper department, where from one-fourth to one-half will be deducted from the price of any pattern in stock.

Coming as it does right in the middle of the season, this sale means that you can get the very articles in greatest demand at a distinct saving in prices. It means a bona fide reduction from the regular selling price already low enough to attract a large trade. Our reason for the offer is simple: Our buyers are now east making purchases for fall. Our warehouse facilities are taxed to their utmost. Lawn and Porch Furniture is bulky and we don't want to keep it over a year.

As a matter of fact the lines are almost exhausted. Choosing is still good, but there are only a few of each kind left. We want an absolute clearance—not one piece left, so we make the discount of 25 cents on the dollar.

We include Old Hickory, Crex Grass Furniture, Lawn Chairs, Settees, Porch Swings, Outdoor Rockers, Folding Chairs, etc. The variety and the quality are good. There is not an unsalable article in the entire lot. Every piece is new and of recent manufacture.

Alaska Refrigerators At 25 per cent off

There is really no good reason why we should discount these refrigerators. They have an established value and are at regular prices the most economical refrigerators one can buy. They actually do use less ice than any other. Ask any one who has an Alaska and they will tell you that this is true. We offer any refrigerator in the house for one week at

One-Fourth Off

HAMMOCKS at One-Fourth Off.

This means a one dollar Hammock at 75c, and our highest priced hammock, \$5.50, for \$4.15. At this price any one can afford a cheap one for the usual summer outing, and a better one for the porch at home.

Wall Paper At One-Fourth to One-Half Prices.

In this department lines are complete and choosing is at its best. Now is the very best time to attend to the important question of interior decoration, because we have plenty of time to do the work and do it well. Some of the best patterns of the year are here, and in many cases a remnant large enough for a good sized room can be picked up at

Half Price

H. DINWOODEY FURNITURE CO.