

## TRAVELING IN TUNIS

Home Life Among the Arabs—Women of Diverse Nationalities, Each in Her Peculiar Costume.

GETTING about this corner of Africa is neither so easy nor pleasant as in the adjoining province of Algeria, and however much the seeker of the picturesque may derive modern improvements, he doubly appreciates them where they are absent. Being here, we must see something of this so-called regency, though in weariness of the flesh we are often inclined to think that the game is hardly worth the candle. Points of interest in the immediate vicinity of the capital are the ruins of ancient Carthage, part of which date back eight hundred and fifty-two years before the birth of Christ; the famous gold mines of Bon Hadad; the Valley of Tulah, El Guettar, with its strange subterranean waters; the rocky summit of Djebel-Archet; and the City of Zashoun, when Fair Time seems to have been standing still so many centuries. Roman "remains," of greatest interest to the antiquarian, are scattered everywhere, common as blackberry bushes in the country lanes of New England. Numerous excursions of more or less length, may be made on horseback; but they should be undertaken only by people in excellent health who are nerve and brain proof against all the stinging things that creep and fly, and who can "rough it" to any extent, even to dining on sand and going without water like a camel. Horses and mules may always be hired, at the average price of four francs a day, and local guides will be supplied by the Kaid of the various districts. A Kaid, by the way, corresponds to the rural Alcald of Spanish-America, or the village mayor of the United States. He is like the little girl who had the little cat that hung straight down on her forehead, and when he is "very good indeed" is a perfect red-skin to wanderers in these benighted regions. Letters of introduction are valuable in all foreign countries, and in Tunis are absolutely indispensable. Fortunately, they are easily obtained, through the various consulates, on one's passport alone. If you intend to see anything of this regency outside the walls of its capital, be sure to provide yourself with letters from your consul in Tunis to every Kaid whose district you intend to invade. It often happens that some "Smart Alex" of an Anglo-Saxon comes along, who insists, in his sublime conceit, in making explorations without a guide. There is no law to restrain him, the fool-killer having gone out of business long ago. The escorted traveler comes to grief in the highways or byways of northern Africa—as he is certain to do, in one way or another, through lack of food or provoking bedouins who have lost his way in the trackless desert—the fault is entirely his own, though international complications may result. At the best, accommodations in this far corner of the earth are of the crudest description. As a rule, nothing better is procurable outside the cities than the Arab ghorbi; and without a guide, the foreigner generally fails of even that poor shelter. There is a railway, meandering in apparently aimless fashion around the coasts of Tunis and sending out several short branches; but as it is about the most uncomfortable affair the ingenuity of man has invented, slower than foot-travel, and after the manner of railways, sedulously avoiding all the interesting places, my advice to you is to let it severely alone, except perhaps as a dernier resort. In the city of Tunis, cabs may be had for about a franc and a half an hour, within the walls; and double that price beyond them; while in some country districts, two-horse carriages can be hired at the average rate of twenty francs a day.

Naturally, the objects that interest us most are not the musty relics of bygone ages, but the denizens of today, their homes and (to us) queer ways of living. Ditty, stupid and cruel as they are, are never tired of the always picturesque Arabs, who are numerically the most important class of the native population. Early in the twelfth century these people of Arabia took possession of the best part of Tunis, driving the original inhabitants, the Berbers, to their mountain fastnesses. To this day, in spite of all changes in the political features of the country, they retain the habits, ideas and nomadic life of the most primitive times, and have advanced but a step or two beyond barbarism. They are still divided into tribes—a few of ancient origin, others of more recent date, and some merely an aggregation of groups, made by the French for the convenience of the Bureau Arabe. Each tribe is commanded by a Kaid, whose duty is to carry out the orders of the French authorities, and to receive, in return, his pay from a certain percentage of the taxes he collects. He is a sort of judge, besides, listening to complaints, redressing the aggrieved, and holding himself responsible for the orderly conduct of his tribe. These Kaid are always chosen by the French military authorities, from the most influential native families; and while in time of peace they greatly aid the new master of the territory, they are correspondingly dangerous, when insurrections threaten, because every member of a tribe will follow the lead of its great families, whether to loyalty or rebellion. The tribes are again divided into ferkats or sections, each section administered by a sheikh, who is under the orders of the Kaid. The ferkats, in turn, are divided into douars, composed of the tents of persons who are nearly related to one another—the distinction being that the ferkat is an artificial group, the douar essentially a family one. The hard-working Kaid has several lieutenants, or Khalifas, to assist him, and his judgeship is shared by the higher tribunal of the Kaid—a sort of supreme court, whose functions are performed under the strict surveillance of the French. As Arabs are nomads to the back bone, living in tents which they change from place to place as the surrounding pasturage is consumed. This eternal "moving on" is not without its advantages for people so filthy in their habits. Where men and animals live together, the constant pitching and striking of their tents in new places tends to prevent disease, and to scatter at least a portion of the vermin with which they are infested. It saves the soil, too, from utter exhaustion, the flocks and herds manuring the ground as they are driven about. Arabs are not fond of work, and like our northern Italians, the men never engage in industrial pursuits. They call themselves agriculturists, the women performing the labor, after most primitive methods. It is part of the Arab religion that the profession of farming must be respected. The theft of a plow is sacrilege, and the manufacture of one is a pious work, like the carving of a crucifix, or the painting of a sacred picture. The female Arab in Tunis occupies the same degraded position she fills in all Mohammedan countries; among the rich she is the slave of her lord's pleasure, sharing his caresses with many other wives; and among the poor she is the household drudge, the manufacturer of everything required in daily use, harder worked and more scantily fed than even the wretched donkeys, because the latter cost money. The male Arab shaves his head, but except a tuft of hair at the back, he does not enhance the beauty, but he expects to

be finally drawn into paradise by that tuft, and therefore regards it as his choicest possession. He keeps it always covered with the haik, buttoned down with cords of camel's hair, falling down his back and sides of his head and under his chin. He wears the white burnouse and occasionally a colored one over it. His legs are bare, but his feet are thrust into heeled slippers or into high boots of red leather. His food is the couscous, or isam, and his numerous wives and children subsist upon what he leaves of this national dish. Perhaps the couscous is the barbaric ancestor of our various cracked wheat, and other popular breakfast foods, being merely a semolina of hard wheat, granulated by a peculiar process which is one of the special accomplishments of the women. It is placed in a perforated dish and cooked by the steam ascending from another vessel below it, containing meat, vegetables and aromatic plants boiled together, which are usually eaten with it. Often there is no meat in the stew, but an extra allowance of trace, tomatoes and red pepper; and really, it is not so bad to take. If you can shut your eyes to the dirt that must be in it, and a liberal sprinkling of boiled flea and other vermin, which are but trifling incidents in Arab fare, the milk is drunk at every meal, preferably curdled, though in case of necessity they can make out of fresh milk, as other people occasionally drink wine that is known to be too new for perfection. Arab bread, as made in the cities, is in the shape of round cakes, is excellent, but that found among the wandering tribes—usually an uneven mixture of hand-crushed wheat and corn, vetch and barley—is simply vile.

Considerably higher up in the social scale of Tunisia, though not so numerous, are the Kabyles, or people of Berber origin, now mixed up with Latin and German races. In almost every characteristic, they are the exact opposites of the Arabs. So far from being of nomadic tendencies, they never mount a horse or mule, are rarely found from the spot where they were born. Industrious farmers, mechanics and artisans, they cultivate the gardens that supply the markets of Tunis and manufacture the finest jewelry, pottery, leather goods, cloth and swords. They are all Mohammedans, belonging to the orthodox Mulekites—that is, they have adopted the doctrine of the Imam Malik as their interpreter of religious civil law. Their most distinguished trait is intense patriotism, as strong today as in the old times before French occupation, when a sort of suicide club arose, whenever their country was threatened by a foreign foe. The flower of their youth banded themselves together in a forlorn hope, called Ines-rebelem, who expected to die for the general good. Prayers for the dead were said over them before going into battle, from which they must never return if not victorious. If killed, their bodies were buried in a cemetery apart which was forever afterwards a place of prayer and peculiar veneration. Should one of them escape with neither victory nor death, he and all his kindred were hopeless outcasts from that disgraceful day. The Kabyle dress is nearly white, sometimes striped black and white, and consists of the all-prevailing haik, worn over the knees, the feet are covered with a complicated mass of rags, tied on with cords. A small skull cap is set rakishly upon the head; and over all, when afield, is thrown the white or gray berberousse. Kabyle girls have a strange fashion of tattooing crosses upon their arms and faces, which some authorities consider were Christians. Whatever may have been the origin of Kabylea proper, its secret will never be known. The country preserved its independence for centuries; and the fair complexion, blue eyes, and red hair so frequently found among its people, certainly did not come from African or Asiatic races.

Next in number come the Moors—a name used by the French to include all persons of Arabic origin who live in towns and houses, in contradistinction to the nomads who dwell in tents. They are a handsome race, with pale, oval faces, equine noses and large, tremulous, courteous, but seldom dependent upon. Their aversion to work is, if possible, more pronounced than that of the Arabs, and if employed at all, it is at the lightest of weaving and the most fanciful embroidery, attending bazars and distilling perfumes. The Moorish dress is conspicuous for its bright colors. It consists of a silk jacket and waistcoat, covered with braid, over which is usually worn the berberousse. Young men usually wear the fez on the head, but the elders supplement it with the turban. All wear voluminous trousers, not divided, of some soft woolen material, extending below the knee, the stock- ingless feet encased in slippers. Moorish women, when seen out of doors, are always attired in a creamy white haik reaching below the knee, full trousers of white linen fastened at the ankle, and red slippers embroidered with gold or silver. Of course, their heads and faces are covered—only the eyes being visible. When a Moorish baby is born, its hair, whatever may be the natural color, is invariably dyed red; but when a maiden is about to be married, this color must give place to jet black. The dressing of the bride's hair is a work of time and strength, in which all her female relatives and friends take part. The raven locks are braided in countless strands and around her head and face each tiny plait terminated with a pendant jewel. Next her face must be enamelled, to look exactly like a china doll. Then her eye-brows are pencilled, and not content with arching them, the dressers bring the lanky curves half way down their victim's nose. Then the climax of beauty is attained with patches of scarlet paint, and instead of all the eyes-lashes are carefully gummed down so that she may not inadvertently be guilty of the gross immodesty of beholding in public the man whose fractional helpmate she is soon to be.

Only one-fifth of the population of Tunisia are Jews; and like their race in all parts of the world, they show no means to be ignored. They show the same genius for money-getting as in New York, or wherever they find some prominent nose, inclined to pink, and small eyes set too near together. The women are remarkable for beauty while young, but grow stout, gray and he-chickened long before middle age. The elder members of the Jewish community in Tunis still retain the native dress; but the rising generation has adopted European costume, since the government decree of 1871 declared them French citizens.

FANNIE B. WARD.

A Raging, Roaring Flood.

Washed down a telegraph line which Chas. C. Ellis, of Lisbon, Ia., had in his pair. "Standing waist deep in icy water," he writes, "gave me a terrible cold and caught. It grew worse daily. Finally the best doctors in Oakland, Neb., Sioux City and Omaha, said I had Consumption and could not live. Then I began using Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by six bottles." Positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung troubles by J. C. M. T. Price 50c and 40c.



FOR THE VISITORS.

Lightning Rod Man—in halting such a lot of watermelons, what is the greatest item of expense? Farmer Hagensack—Powder and shot.



HUMAN NATURE.

Little Bobby (sobbing)—Mamma, sister is awful mean. Mamma—Mean, Bobby? Little Bobby—Yes, she took the biggest slice of cake—and—and I wanted it myself.



SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT.

Tom—My brother is writing plays now. Dick—Turned dramatist, eh? Tom—No; he's the official scorer at the baseball games.



CLOCK HANDS.

Tommy—Youse want to stop 'em workin' in dat clock factory over here. Walking delegate—How so? Tommy—Day has hands dere as works twenty-four hours a day.



"A HEAVY LIEN ON HIS PROPERTY."

## WOMAN WHO WON TITLE OF COLONEL

Only One in the United States Army Made a Brilliant Record in the Civil War—Governor Yates Gave Her a Commission for Services—Now Living in San Francisco.

Major Belle Reynolds, formerly of Illinois, the only woman ever commissioned as an officer of the United States army, is now spending her declining years in this city, says a San Francisco writer. Major Reynolds received her commission from Governor Yates of Illinois, the father of the present governor, as a mark of recognition of her conspicuous service to the soldiers during the civil war, and especially those from Illinois. Few of the veterans of the union army saw more of the horrors of the war than Major Reynolds, and when Gen. Sherman was writing his memoirs he twice took occasion to mention her valuable services to the soldiers.

The official record of the armies of Illinois in the civil war is full of several pages to Major Reynolds, and General Grant and John A. Logan frequently spoke in terms of eulogy of her. Major Reynolds is now the president of the Women's Parliament of southern California. Major Reynolds' maiden name was Arabella Macomber. She was born in Shelburne Falls, Mass., in 1843. When she was 15 years old she moved with her parents to Iowa, which was then a wild and unsettled country. Two years later she went east to complete her education, and upon her return taught the first school in Cass county, Iowa, in April, 1860, she was married to John G. Reynolds, and with him she moved to Peoria, Ill. Rumors of the war were already rife, and on the first anniversary of her wedding day the north was thrilled with the news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon by the rebels, having determined some time before to be the first to enlist in case of war, was among the first four men enrolled in Peoria, enlisting among the Seventeenth Illinois volunteers three months men, and soon was ordered to the front.

### JOINS HUSBAND IN CAMP.

In the following August Mrs. Reynolds decided to join her husband, who was then in camp at Birds Point, Mo. Friends and relatives by the score advised and entreated the young bride to keep at home and not to take the awful risks of a soldier in the field. But it was all to no avail. She arrived in camp on the 11th. Three days later orders came to break camp and she was along.

She was but 19—tall, handsome and vivacious. The whole camp was delighted to have her there, and among the sick and wounded her presence was as a visit from a guardian angel.

At the first battle the regiment went into garrison duty for a month or so. The battle of Fredericktown followed, and in it Mrs. Reynolds tasted for the first time the horrors of war. During the battle she remained in the rear, suffering the anguish of uncertainty as to the fate of her husband. Twice there came the news that her husband had been mortally wounded at the front, but later she found that the report was false.

When the battle was over she went on the field, ministering to the needs of the wounded and dying. She helped set up the first amputation table in a log cabin there, and she has related that the amputations were so numerous that several great wooden buckets of the crimson blood from the mangled soldiers were emptied out in the course of a few hours. She was the first woman on the field, and the word she said at that inexpressible. The official war dispatches to Washington all told of her labors for the wounded and dying.

### ENTERS THE HOSPITAL SERVICE.

A week later, February 18, 1862, the news of Grant's wonderful victory at Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland river, thrilled the north as much as did the news of the battle of Manila, and Mrs. Reynolds hastened there with all speed to help soldier boys. There were over 800 wounded in the hospitals and in the country homes of that locality, and the women—then just 20 years old—threw all her vigor into the hospital service. She washed gunshot wounds, listened to the faltering words faintly uttered by dying soldiers, and she helped at the amputation tables, which were hastily constructed by placing pine boards across barrels. She was relieved on March 22 and went southward to be in the forefront of the camp of the Seventeenth Illinois. Those were great days in warfare. The army of the southwest was massing 40,000 strong at Shiloh church near Pittsburg Landing. The Confederates, 50,000 strong, under General Albert Johnston, and Beauregard, were coming from the south. The belief that a tremendous battle was at hand was shared by everyone. Three weeks before Shiloh was fought Mrs. Reynolds met her husband in camp. Col. Reynolds had meanwhile been made assistant adjutant general upon McClelland's staff. Here in camp, insufficiently fed, through chill and frost and rain, the troops slept on the ground, and Mrs. Reynolds shared the common lot. It was a wonder that all did not die of pneumonia. There were sounds of cannonading and skirmishes in the locality of the camp every day. Once a small cannon ball tore through Mrs. Reynolds' tent and smashed the tent pole in splinters. Every one felt that the battle might begin at any hour. Mrs. Reynolds never left camp.

### COOKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

On Sunday morning, the 6th of April, the camp was all excitement. Nevertheless, Mrs. Reynolds was bound to have one good meal for her army and before the battle. So she procured a can of peaches and some flour from the sutler and began to prepare a feast for herself and husband, over the open campfire burning in front of the headquarters. For weeks a desultory firing had been kept up between the two armies. Suddenly a yell went up from the camp and an orderly on a snorting horse dashed into camp bringing information that the rebels had made an attack in force, and conveying orders for the Seventeenth to fall in and move forward. Amid the roll of drums and the bugle calls, the shouts and rushing to and fro of the wildly excited men, arming and making ready for instant battle, Mrs. Reynolds emptied the contents of her frying pan into her husband's haversack as he came out of the tent ready for the advance.

Tuesday morning was clear and cloudless. Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Cunningham, a professional nurse, were had in the meantime arrived, left the boat and made their way between the dead of both armies to the little log church of Shiloh, which had been turned into a hospital, and presented a ghastly sight. Here the army surgeons were at work in the small ante-room attached to the church, their operating table being improvised of a plank placed across two barrels. It was a frightful scene, a wagon load of human arms and legs had been cut away from the soldier boys. Many a strong man now used to the horrors of war, could not remain in that building and hastily got out into the fresh air. On the floor of the church were men writhing and cursing and pleading for water, which nobody had undertaken to bring.

### PROVIDES WOUNDED WITH WATER.

Mrs. Reynolds stepped outside and called for volunteers to go with her to the river for water. Fifteen soldiers responded, and at the boat they were furnished with buckets, coffee, and hardtack, not the prescribed diet for invalids, but a blessing to the wounded, many of whom were starving. That night the women returned to the boat, which had taken on another load. The little vessel needed constant guarding from the enemy.

When Sunday came once more Mrs. Reynolds had not been in bed for seven nights and days. The little rest she had caught had been while sitting with her head resting for a few minutes on the rail of the church when she would again be roused to care for the wounded. On this day Governor Yates of Illinois arrived, accompanied by a corps of physicians. Among the latter were Drs. Guth and Colburn of Peoria, her home, men who gave General Grant her a year before as a blooming bride. They were shocked by her changed and haggard appearance, and insisted upon her returning home for rest.

### YATES ISSUES HER COMMISSION.

"Why not give her a commission, then?" asked Dr. Colburn. Governor Yates called for a blank commission and for a pen and ink, and made her a colonel in the American navy.

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