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DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1901.

TRIPOLI.

A Flying Trip Into One of the Barbery States-A Dash Into the Desert.

Special Correspondence.

HE Mediterranean, sailing westward, July 19th .- According to the customary routes of travel in this part of the world, laid down by guide-books and steamship companies, Tripoli belongs to the Egyptian and Syrian

tour, and not to the department of northern Africa. Certainly we had no intention of visiting it on the present trip; but being at Sousa, and seeing a ship just ready to steam away to Tropoll-the very next southward port -the temptation was too great to be resisted, especially when assured that the detour need occupy only four days' time. We have planned for visiting Jerusalem, Jaffa, the Nile region, and incidentally Tripoli, some time next year; but the future is uncertain and perhaps it is wiser to miss none of the opportunities of today.

Tripoli stands in the midst of an oasis at the northward end or the great Liby-an desert. So low and sandy is the shore that long before land is visible, domes, towers and minarets appear to rise up out of the tranquil sea. Next stately palms and date-trees are seen, overtopping ponderous walls; then a few low rocks and a line of surf; and finally a wide foundation of silvery beach and endless sands. It is the only exception we have yet seen to the mag-nificence of the bold coast of the Mediterranean. The city of Tripoli, capi-tal of the Mohammedan state of the same name, occupies a rocky promon tory, against which the waters beat on two sides. The harbor is for ned by a low reef which extends from this prom-ontory. There are two or three breaks in the reef, which allow sn all boats to enter, but the main entrat ce is hidden from view in the roadstead, around the extreme edge of the cape. Owing to rigorous quarantine laws (Tripoli being almost proscribed), most passen-ger steamers do not call here at all, because to do so means twelve days in quarantine when returned to Christen-

We anchored outside the harbor entrance, amid a crowd of Turkish gun boats and Greek feluccas, and holsted the usual signal for the United States consul, whose blessed Stars and Stripes could be plainly discerned, fluttering beside the red banner of the sultan. On its land side, Tripall is defended by a massive wall, with bastions; and towards the sea it presents a formidable array of strong forts, terminating a the southern angle is an immense cas-tellated pile—the former residence of the pasha. All the walls are dazzl-ingly white and fairly bristling with cannon; while innumerable domes and tall graceful minarets, amid a world of feathery foliage, gave us our first really oriental view.

Finally, when all the tedious prelim-inaries had been gone through, we were permitted to squeeze through the harbor entrance, between a line of Turkish bor entrance, between a line of Turkish gunboats, round the mole with its frowning guns, and land at a rude stone pler jutting out toward the har-bor gate. Words fail in attempting to describe the strange crowds that met us ashore—dark, repulsive, unfriendly faces; wild, savage, almost nak-ed beggars, who did not ask. faces ask, long but demanded bucksheesh;

which was erected A. D. 164, in honor of the Roman emperors, Aurellus An-tonius and Lucius Verus. This Tripolitan district became a Roman colony soon after the fall of Carthage, about 150 years before the birth of Christ, and

emained so till the fifth century. Happily, there is not much to see in the town, for the European stranger is in imminent danger of the plague, some other deadly disease, which lurks in those inconceivably dirty alleys. On In mose inconcervally dirty alleys. On top, of a mound by the river's bank stands the queer tomb of Shelkh Abu Nasr; and opposite, on the other side of the stream, rises the castle which Count Raymond, of Toulouse, built in the twelfth century. Half a mile above the town, in a most beautiful situation is Wady Kadish, a building occupied by dervishes, and which the traveler is advised not to visit without an ade-quate escort-for there is no telling what the fanaticism of those plous frauds might lead them to do.

frauds might lead them to do. Consuls are important personages in Mediterranean ports, especially among Turks and Moors. Those who have been longest in the service and there-fore understand the people best, take every means to enhance their funcied importance, for their personal safety. In these parts, nothing adds to a man's dignity so much as display; so the wise consul hoists the biggest kind of an ensign and brilliantly painted coat of arms, and hires a few Moors to wear fine clothes at the gate. Each foreign consul in Tripoli is provided with a janizary, or sort of major domo-a stately Moor, in jacket of crimson and gold embroidery, white klit, red long tasseled tabouche, and a d scimiter at his girdle. And shoes jeweled scimiter at his girdle. this is the magnificent individual who acts as your escort about town, whenever the consul is too busy to accomever the consul is too busy to accom-pany you. To him all gates are open, (except those of the mosque); sentinels give the military salute as he passes; and when you arrive at the door over which the American eagle spreads its wings, the several hireling Moors squaton their mats at the entrance, arise and solemnly kiss their hands, pointing the way into the marble-paved court yard which might be made into a minlature Alhambra.

Both the consul and his janizary ascompanied us on a visit to the Castle of he Pasha-a formidable stronghold. the scarred with innumerable seiges, the old gray walls of whose outer defenses have been half in ruins since the last annonading. It was in this castle that the American Captain Bainpridge and his officers passed much of their wearl-some captivity and narrowly escaped death from the weapons of their friends. We were shown the room in which Captain Bainbridge lay asleep, when a ball from one of the American gunboats came crashing into the chamber and, rebounding from the opposite wall, fell within six inches the prisoner's head covering him with stones and mortar, from which his officers lifted him, stunned and bleeding. This old castle has many memories that stir American hearts with recollec-tions of gallant deeds performed under its walls by Decatur, Morris, Somers, and others. "Childe Harold," too' is dimly mixed up in one's mind with the seige of the old corsair city-but a ship. in midocean is not the best place which to unravel an historical tangle

We passed many sentinels presenting arms, and wound through a dim, sub-terranean passage-way, in which, it is have strangled by minions of the dey, in obedience to a private signal given by that potentate as he dismissed his unsuspecting auditors. Those times are, long gone by, and though the most peaceable of governor-generals now rules in place of the Turk, murder peaceable seems yet to linger in those shadowy corridors. Newdays it is the native tice fashion in Tripoli to assist the shuffling off of one's enemies by means of poison in the hospitable coffee. It is related that the last pasha, too progressive for the bow-string of his anthus made way with an incredible number of offending subjects He almost met his match in a turbulgnt chief of the desert, who had caused deal of trouble. The pasha summone him to the castle for a friendly inter view and loaded him with honor. 124 nally coffee was served; but the deser chieftain affected ignorance of beverage and pretended to believe that was perfumery, with which he proceeded to anoint his beard and hands, Exulting in his narrow escape, he salaamed himself out of the presence so hurriedly that he failed to observe the signal for the bowstring, and found himself strangled within a foot of the doorway. The finest "treat" we have had in Tripoli was a dash into the great Libyan desert. Arab horses were pro vided, caparisoned with leopard high-peaked saddles, gay with red cloth, gold embroidery and tassels that trailed to the ground. Our route lay through the bazars, crowded in the early morning with the strangest ag-gregation of humanity I have even sen; past the old slave market, where

in former days Americans were sold to a fate worse than death; and through the gate, Socketh-Thelath, to the fruit market outside the city walls. The elsewhere among Mahomet's followers, greatest things in Tripoli, for size, are the watermelons, which are said to sometimes attain the weight of a hundred pounds. Then we had a glorious gallop on the hard and curving beach, turning at length into a highly cultivated country, flouishing in gardens and orchards, with all the picturesque vege-tation of the east. After an hour's easy amble, we emerged from a wide grove of date palms, into the most sudden transformation scene it is possible to conceive. Before us stretched the great grey desert, far as the eye could see, the plasant road we had traversed being instantly lost in its waves like a path to the shore of the ocean. A caravan of camels which had just arrived from a voyage across the Sahara, left no trace of their route, nor track of foot prints behind, for the lightest breath of air at once obliterates every vestage of a pathway. Like ancient mariners of the ocean, travel-ers on that sea of sand must look to the sun and stars for a guide.

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Built on the verge of the desert is a small Marabout, mosque, its tiny dome and slender minaret being the first object to greet the returning caravan. and the last to bid farewell to the outward-bound. In it the faithful Mus-sulman makes his prayers to Allah before setting out on the long journey; elsewhere among Mahomet's followers, and impose upon the poor camel-drivers expensive charms and amulets, to guard them against the evil eye and other dangers of the desert.

dangers of the desert. At the time of our visit, a caravan had just finished unloading for the night and the tired camels, relieved of their burdens, had thrown themselves upon the sand. The savage-looking upon the sand. frivers, wrapped in capacious bernouses drivers, wrapped in capacious bernouses of camel's hair, their heads shrouded in cowis of the same, sat in a circle their long guns by their sides. A few leopard skins were spread near by, evi-dently for beds, and dinner was being distributed—of coarse bread, dried figs and a jar of water. Poor fellows! This was indeed a glimpse of how a portion of "the other half" lives.

We plunged into the desert for a mile or two, just to see what it would be like; and found that a very short experience was sufficient to fully satisfy one's curiosity. Deeper and deeper grew the sand, until in five minutes our horses were floundering in it above the knees. But the sight was something

knees. But the sight was something to linger in memory. Not a cloud in the brassy sky—the afternoon sun, like a ball of fire, beating upon the tawny waste without let or hindrance. Not a sound, not a sign of life—nothing but blazing sky and sond blazing sky and sand. FANNIE B. WARD.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY SWIMS A MILE A DAY

Rows His Boat on the Sound, is the Expert Water Athlete at Great Neck, Knowing No Care-Has No Thought of Santiago in His Vacation Time and Takes Life Like a Happy Boy.

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Admiral Schley sat in a big rocking- | chair on the broad veranda of the Wortley cottage-Wortley is his son-inlaw-at Great Neck. He was poring over the year book of the New York Yacht club, looking for information about August tides.

"Glad to see you aboard, sir," he said, the custom of his twenty years at sea making the phrase unconscious.

The New York World visitor was glad to be aboard, for there cannot be a much more comfortable, much more beautiful, and certainly not a cooler spot than that veranda on the whole north side of the island. There are a hundred feet of grassy hillside and a few yards of pebbly shore between the cottage and the sound. The veranda is fifty feet above the water. A dozen sturdy locust trees furnish shade. The green of their resiless leaves adds the beauty of contrast to the blue water of the little bay in front. The cottage itself is big and airy, with polished floors mostly concealed by rugs that came from all parts of the world, souv-enirs of the ports visited by the sallorman now at the wheel of this establishment. There was a score of great roomy rattan chairs scattered about, and cushions and hammocks and every other appliance for comfort.

ADMIRAL AT GREAT NECK.

It is four miles from the station to the snug harbor where the admiral is staying-four miles of road as smooth as Washington asphalt and as shady as a New Haven street. The little village of Great Neck is strung disjointery along this road, with its bicycle repair shops, its big new frame school house,

unwind slowly and starts all over again. In a chair when things are in-formal, he likes to slide down and sit his foot up on a veranda rail or so thing of the sort. He gestures freely when he talks and has a shoulder shrug that would drive a Frenchman wild with envy.

All in all, he has the appearance of a man of 50 more than that of a sailor who has been in the navy since 1860 and who is about to be retired because he will soon each the age limit of 64 Life at Great Neck agrees with him, and he says himself that he only goes to New York when he cannot possibly avoid the trip.

At that there are some things to keep him busy. Living in the house with him are his son-in-law, Mr. Wortley, and his daughter, and his son. Dr. Winfield Scott Schler just recovering from the attack of illness that brought the admiral home post haste from London a time ago, as he was completing his last tour of sea duty. The son is a broad-shouldered, alert, tanned young man, with a taste for bicycle riding and watermanship. The family each morning and afternoon receives itself into a band of private se taries for admiral. He gets letters from all the sorts of people everywhere in the coun-try by the bushel. Yesterday morning his son, who went for the mail on his bicycle, had to hire a carriage to carry the bag the postmaster handed out to him. There were 300 letters in one

mail a day or two ago, and seventy-six in another. Each member of the family opens a portion of the mail and classi fles it. Then the letters are answered if answers are required. Meantime, the postmaster has taken

a bushel-basket and marked it "W. S. Schley." That is the Wortley cottage box. box. There are three things one can do at Great Neck: Go bathing, go fishing and go boating. Of course there are riding and walking to be enjoyed also if one and walking to be enjoyed also if one has the notion, but bathing, fishing and boating are the principal recreations. classified in the order of their Now. nerit, the boating comes first, the bath ing second and the fishing third. "Do you fish much?" the admiral was



Young Alfred Vanderbilt, the first of his house to enlist in the United States National Guard, is now a member of the Twelfth New York regiment. His comrades have elected him second lieutenant and the young millionaire is probably the richest officer of his rank in the United States.. Before he obtains his commission, however, he must pass an academic exam, the military exam, being waived.

both considered it a most profitable trasaction." On Sunday night last there was a

storm at Great Neck that had numer-ous electrical features. Just as the Schley family was about to retire, at 1 o'clock, a bolt of lightning hit and shattered a locust tree not more than a

100 feet from the house. "I heard it," said the admiral, "and saw it. There was a most curious swish-h-h and then a b-r-r-r-ump and a sound of splitting wood," and he waved his arms about with fine gestures. His left coat sleeve shoved back, showing a big muscular forearm that has tattooed on it in vivid blue and red the eagle, the arrows and the great shield of the United States. A question about lightning striking ships brought him around naturally to

the subject of electricity. For half an hour he talked on this topic, displaying most intimate knowledge of it from the both the viewpoint of the scientist and the electrical engineer. He told how immensely valuable it is in the operation of warships, and prophesied that within a few years there will be developments that will as far eclipse the present uses of the force as an incandescent light surpasses a candle.

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POLITICS TABOOED.

easily and powerfully, he headed for the point and soon was far out on the

is not likely he would have discussed it if there had been no order, for he does little talking for publication. But he seemingly has not a care in the world, and enters into the day's doings at Great Neck with all the zest of a boy.

The admiral's big gold watch, given to him by the Maryland legislature because of his successful efforts to rescue Greely, said it was 6 o'clock, and the admiral wanted to go out for a row. He pulled in his boat, shipped a pair of long spoon oars and invited the visitor to come along. "Well, then, shove her off and good by," he said, as the excuse that con-tained something about "catch a train" vas mumbled. Three long strokes took him away from the shallows and then, pulling

Rubber Tired ' Carriage Sellers, 233 State. sound. There isn't a symptom of anxiety MANTLES AND GRATES. about him. Bound, of course, by the order of the secretary of the navy, he Elias Morris & Sons Co., 21-23 W. S. would not discuss the Santiago battle and its outgrowing disputes. Indeed, it Temple. Rasband & Hawkins, 40 E. Second So.

Jawa and groups 10 slaves; and occasionally a swarthy Turk or Arab of better fortune, as proclaimed by this wonderfully rich cos-tuming, but more to be feared than tuming. those of inferior power, if "looks" speak truly. Donkeys passed us, laden with gigantic watermelons and driven by naked negro boys; and along the beach trains of camels were unloading bales of silk, huge jars of oil, sponges, senna, wool, tobacco, elephants' tusks, skins of tigers and leopards; for the entire trade of this Barbery state, as well as all the inland commerce from Timbuk-to and Bornou, finds its outlet at Tripolo. The present population is said to be about twenty thosuand-all Mohamexcept a few Greek and Maronite Christians. The city is built on sides of the river Kadish, beautiful gardens and orchards of orange, lemon, apricot and apple place on earth seems so wonderfulfertile as an oasis of the desert Here water murmurs and sparkles everywhere and covers the surround ing plain with greenest verdure. In the heart of Tripoli the streets are nar-In row passage-ways, like tunnels, wind-ing under groined arches. The houses -many of which yet bear traces of American bombs and cannon-balls-are very large and quaint, each like a sep-arate fortress, whose windowless, inscrutable fronts give no hint of myc-teries within. Of course there are mosques without number, the principal (to which we could not gain admission) being very large and hand-some, topped by several small cupolas. ancient landmarks is a tri-Among the umphal arch, or what remains of it, built of enormous blocks of marble,

GOTTI MAY BE POPE'S SUCCESSOR.



Cardinal G. M. Gotti, whose latest picture is reproduced above is regarded as being a very likely successor of Pope Leo. His chances are said to be greater than those of Cardinal Ramop olit.slso spoken of as a likely candidate Cardinal Gotti is 67 years of age and was created a cardinal in 1895.

its general stores and its two or three hotels. Its blacksmith shops are most conspicuous. One man with a glaring sign proclaims himself a "scientific horseshoer, and his neighbor with a sign no less pretentious announces that he is the "practical" smith of the neighborhood, so the horse owners can take their choice between science and prac-

Alois Schmidt was at the station-Schmidt, formerly a soldier in the Ger-man army and for twenty years a resident of Great Neck.

"Oh, yaw," he said, "I know where der atmiral lifs alretty. He's mein neighbor. I takes him to der train two. t'ree, four times alreity-a fine, big man, mit a nice visker here," and Alois indicated his own stubby chin.

'How well do you know him?" said Alois, with much cau

"Vell." tion, "I take him to der train, and ven der vimmen vants to ride mine horses is engached. I see him here, you know und ve are bod military men und I haf much sympathetics mit 'em."

Then Alois commenced a running comment on Great Neck, its people, its houses, horses and hopes, that lasted until he turned into the road that runs parallel to the shore, and pointed with whip to the Wortley coltage. "Dot's it," he said, "dot's der place, und you wait und I'll tell him you're

omin Alois' services as avant courier were teclined. The carriage stopped at at opening in the wild orange hedge that hides the rear of the cottage from the

street. Half a minute's walk down the path, a climb to the plazza, and there was Schley, and there, too, was Mrs Schley, busy with some sort of sewinga sweet faced woman of 45 or 50, with whom time has dealt lightly. She wore a white dress and came valiantly to the rescue.

"Oh, he can't, you know," she said when introductions were over. "Glad to see you aboard," rumbles the admiral.

"But he positively can't," said Mrs. Schley, mighty pleasant about it, but very firm. Can't what?"-really the inquiry

was longer than that, but that is what came to-"can't what?" "Can't be interviewed."

It only took a moment to straighten out that tangle, and then all was clear The word "Santiago" wasn't sailing. even breathed during the afternoon. He was a fine, bronzed sailor man who sai there on the veranda studying the tide tables. His eye was clear and bright and he looked in perfect He wore a blue serge su health a double-breasted coat and black butns. His natty little foot was encas in buitoned patent leather shoes. His shirt was blue and white striped and his collar wide and comfortable H pair of eye-glasses in his hand. When he tried to put them on his nose they promptly fell off. He explained

that he had bent them in the m and was debating whether to get them xed or quit reading. Schley wears his years well, He ooks little older than when he, as commodore, was put in charge of the flying His mustache and the "nice isker." to use Alois Schmidt's descrip f his imperial, are a bit graver than they were then. Perhaps the line hat marks the end of the forehead and he beginning of the hair has gone back trifle, also. His teeth are good, and his smile as winning as a girl's. ing sea voyage-he just returned from through the tropics along The

aget of South Americantanned ace and hands to a ruddy brown. t five feet eight or nine inches tall ad weighs about 160 pounds. His eyes re blue, wide apart and there is a far wrinkles at each eye corner, wrinkles hat denote good nature and a life of whiter. His forehead is smooth, un-Indiant

inkled screne. The admiral stands straight as he did when he was a

drt at Annapolls, and walks with a ringy stride that has nothing of the of the rid salt in it. He has a 't of emining his ove ginseen by the ril.

asked 'Oh, yes, I fish some; but." he added plaintively, "what's the use of fishing where there aren't any fish? I have tried that water industriously and conlentiously, but there's nothing to

'Go sailing?" "Lord, no; I've had enough of that I have got a rowboat out there, and I prefer the propelling power of white ash agitated by myself to any other form. It's great exercise too, and keeps form.

me in trim About 11 o'clock in the morning the Schleys join their neighbors on the bathing beach in front of the next cot-There is no surf, of course, but tage. they splash around near a float, and the admiral and his son, the doctor, take long swims out toward Orienta Point, which is a mile or so away across the bend in the sound that makes the little bay on which the cottages stand

That, with an occasional drive and with chats with visitors, is all there is to the admiral's list of occupations. He resting, and making a good jeb of it A BRILLIANT TALKER.

Schley is a most interesting and wellequipped talker. Ever since 1860, when he graduated from the naval academy and went to sea, taking part in all the engagements that led up to the capture of Port Hudson and in other fights, he has been active in all parts of the world. In 1865, just after the civil war was over, he saw service in the coolle insurrection in the Middle Chin-

cha islands. In 1871 he helped capture the Korean forts on the Sulee river He saw perilous service when on an expedition to the South Shetland islands after the crew of a shipwrecked vessel. He commanded the relief expedition that rescued Lieutenant Greely nd his half dozen companions at Cape Sabine, Grinnell Land, getting there when they could not have held out

more than a day or two longer and had lready been reduced to cannibalism He was on the Baltimore during the hilean difficulties in 1889, and was to the fight at Santiago when Cervera's loot was destroyed. His vol

is musical and well moduated. It has none of the harshness o the seafaring man's. His Maryland birth gave him a trick of rolling his "R's" and dropping his "G's" that all his foreign service has not eradicated He spins a yarn admirably. Imagin a story-teller with such a fund of ma-terial to draw upon! All the neighbors me over in the evening to hear him alk

During the afternoon the name of General Agnus, the Baltimore editor, fervent a Schley partisan. "I remember the first time I who is so came up. met the general," said the admiral, "" was down off the Florida coast on one of the frigates and we saw a lot of soldiers on shore. We were rather short of food on board ship, but we were very long on duck trousers. I thought I would go off to the camp of the soldiers and see if there was any-

thing we could exchange for fresh food A young lieutenant who was in tatters vectived me 'l'm Lieute bre,' he said: Lieutenant Agnus of Balti

Tm Easign Schley of Maryland, said L

"We looked each other over. I had on an immaculate duck suit. He had a large quantity of vegetables and some fresh meat.

Needing anything?' I asked. "'Needing clothes.' Agnus replied. Are you ne

Needing grub,' I said.

"We'll swap,' we both shouted at the same time, and for divers and sunwound to its limit and divers parcels of food. Agnus wore round his foreinger. Then he lets it I the trousers and I ate the food, and we

He speaks four or five language allor man, and is conversant with the iterature of every country that has a literature. "Plenty of time to read books when you are at sea," he said. He knows chemistry and its applica-tions thoroughly, and he keeps up with art and music. Politics he tabooes. am a sailor, not a politician," he says. The admiral will remain at Great

TO MAKE "ARTIFICIAL COAL" Consul Hughes Warns the State De-

partment About Such a Machine.

Washington-Word comes from Germany to the effect that some Prussians are contemplating the organization of a "Peat Machine company" in this country. From the report sent to the state department by Consul Hughes, who represents this country at Coburg. there is money in peat machines for the men who sell the capital stock to the public. The machine, the consul says, is being extensively advertised as of exceeding value, because with it, it is alleged, common peat can be called artificial coal at the into a so rate of \$1.10 to \$1.20 a ton.

The company claims that its fuel of The company claims that its fuel of peat origin will take rank between Eng-lish bituminous coal and authracite. As announcement has been made that the promoters have their eyes on Am-erica as a more promising field than the continent, the consul reports to the department that the machine is value less for the purpose named .- New York Times.

MORE BEER THAN EVER. Four Hop Growing States Can't Pro

duce Enough.

"Do you know that people are drinking more beer now than ever before?" asked G. F. Livesley, of Salem, Ore. Mr. Livesley is one of the most extensive raisers of hops in the United States. He has hop farms scattered all over the state of Oregon, and is now on his way home from New York, where he has been looking after the market. "Unless the acreage for hops is materially increased, we shall not be able to meet the demand," he con-tinued. "When I was in New York last work they shired a bit of here that week they shiped a lot of hops that were grown in 1894 to England. The stock is all cleaned up on the Pacific slope, and there is but a limited supply in New York. You may not realize it but it is a fact that there are but four states in this country where hops are raised. It is true you grow a few here in Wisconsin, but the quantity is so small that it cuts no figure. Oregon leads the list as the hop growing state. then come New York. California and Washington. The climate of the sea coast seems to be better adapted to hop raising than that of the interior. raise in this country about 300,000 es of 200 pounds each. We import bales of 200 pounds each. We import some hops from Germany and export to England. This is a peculiar feature of the business, but you see some of the old-fashioned German brewers insist on using German hops. "The increase in the beer business is

We manufactured 40,000, phenomenal. 000 barrels of beer in this country last year, which is the best on record. I can only account for the increase on the ground that the habit of drinking beer is growing upon the people. ' The with it. In the Philippines they have gone into the brewing business on a small scale, and I have made several shipments of hops to that country. Even the Chinaman has taken to the foaming beverage and is learning to brew beer. I shipped two carloads of hops to a brewery in the Flowery kingdom a short time ago. We are receiving calls for our hops

from Australia, but we have none hand with which to fill the orders. have not been home since February, but I have had reports from my agent in Oregon, and from these reports

Hagman & Son, 172 So. State St He can outswim and outrow anyo the beach. It is quite likely that he would make a good showing in a foot On Mortgages Wicks, 75 State.

'Fine man!" said Alois Schmidt, as his horse ambled along to the station; "fine man. We are bod military, you know, und I haf much sympathetics with 'im."

for high

vaukee Sentinel.

MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES R. McKenzie, 139 W. First South.

Elias Morris & Sons Co., 21-23 W. S. Temple

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