

TRIPOLI.

A Flying Trip Into One of the Barbary States—A Dash Into the Desert.

Special Correspondence.

THE 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 Sousse, and seeing a ship just ready to steam away to Tripoli—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 mine none of the opportunities of today.

Tripoli stands in the midst of an oasis at the northern end of the great Libyan 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 to the palms and date-trees are seen, overtopping ponderous walls; then a few low rocks and a line of breakers in the reef, which allows small boats to enter, but the main entrance is hidden from view in the roadstead, around the extreme edge of the cape. Owing to rigorous quarantine laws (Tripoli being almost proscribed), most passenger steamers do not call here at all, because to do so means twelve days in quarantine when returned to Christian-dom.

We anchored outside the harbor entrance, amid a crowd of Turkish gunboats and Greek feluccas, and hoisted 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 in its land side. Tripoli is defended by a massive wall, with bastions; and towards the sea it presents a formidable array of strong forts, terminating at the southern angle in an immense castellated pile—the former residence of the pasha. All the walls are dazzlingly 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 preliminaries had been gone through, we were permitted to squeeze through the harbor entrance, between a line of Turkish gunboats, round the mole with its frowning guns, and land at a rude stone pier jutting out toward the harbor gate. Words fail in attempting to describe the strange crowds that met us ashore—dark, repulsive, unfriendly faces; wild, savage, almost naked beggars, who did not ask, but demanded bucksheesh; long Jews and groups of ebony slaves; and occasionally a swarthy Turk or Arab of better fortune, as proclaimed by this wonderfully rich costume, but more to be feared than 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 baales of silk, huge jars of oil, sponges, senna, wool, tobacco, elephants' tusks, skins of tigers and leopards, for the entire trade of this Barbary state, as well as all the inland commerce from Timbukto and Bornou, finds its outlet at Tripoli. The present population is said to be about twenty thousand—all Mohammedans, except a few Greek and Maronite Christians. The city is built on both sides of the river Kadish, among beautiful gardens and orchards of orange, lemon, apricot and apple trees. No place on earth seems so wonderfully fertile as an oasis of the desert. Here water murmurs and sparkles everywhere and covers the surrounding plain with greenest verdure. In the heart of Tripoli the streets are narrow passage-ways, like tunnels, winding 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 separate fortress, whose windowless, inscrutable fronts give no hint of mysteries within. Of course there are mosques without number, the principal one, to which we could not gain admission, being very large and handsome, topped by several small cupolas. Among the ancient landmarks is a triumphal arch, of what remains of it, built of enormous blocks of marble,

which was erected A. D. 164, in honor of the Roman emperors, Aurelius Antoninus and Lucius Verus. This Tripolitan district became a Italian colony soon after the fall of Carthage, about 150 years before the birth of Christ, and remained so till the fifth century.

Happily, there is not much to see in the town, for the European stranger, soon after the fall of Carthage, about 150 years before the birth of Christ, and remained so till the fifth century. In these parts, nothing adds to a man's dignity so much as display; so the consul holds a brilliant levee, and every means to enhance their fancied importance, for their personal safety. In these parts, nothing adds to a man's dignity so much as display; so the consul holds a brilliant levee, and every means to enhance their fancied importance, for their personal safety. In these parts, nothing adds to a man's dignity so much as display; so the consul holds a brilliant levee, and every means to enhance their fancied importance, for their personal safety.

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

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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 Rampoldi, also spoken of as a likely candidate. Cardinal Gotti is 67 years of age and was created a cardinal in 1895.

In former days Americans were sold to the worst slave markets in the world, the Bosphorus, Thelath, to the fruit market outside the city walls. The 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, flourishing in gardens and orchards, with all the pleasures of civilization, of the coast. 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 pleasant 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 obliterated every vestige of a pathway. Like ancient mariners of the ocean, travelers on that sea of sand must look to the sun and stars for a guide.

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. The last to bid farewell to the outward-bound. In it the faithful Muslim makes his prayers to Allah before setting out on the long journey.

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.

Admiral Schley sat in a big rocking-chair on the broad veranda of the Worley cottage—Worley is his son-in-law—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 water. A dozen sturdy locust trees furnish shade. The green of their restless leaves adds the beauty of contrast to the blue water of the little bay in front. The cottage is big and airy, with polished floors mostly concealed by rugs that came from all parts of the world, souvenirs of the ports visited by the sailor-man now at the wheel of this establishment. There was a small roomy rattan chair 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 a string of cottages along this road, with its bicycle repair shops, its big new frame school house, its general stores and its two or three hotels. Its blacksmith shops are most conspicuous. One man with a sign proclaiming himself a "scientific" horseholder, 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 practice.

Alois Schmidt was at the station—Schmidt, formerly a soldier in the German army and for twenty years a resident of Great Neck. "I know where der admiral lives alretty," he said. "I know where der admiral lives alretty. He's mein neighbor. I takes him to der train two, three, four times alretty—a fine, big man, mit a nice visker here, and Alois is his name, and he's a 'scientific' horseholder, 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 practice."

"How well you know him?" "Vell," said Alois, with much caution, "I take him to der train, and ven der vimmer vants to ride mine horses I enghage him. I know him, and I have haf much sympathies mit 'em."

Then Alois commenced a running comment on Great Neck. Its people, its houses, horses and hopes. He talked until he was tired, and then he said, "I have haf much sympathies mit 'em."

It only took a moment to straighten out that tangle, and then all was clear sailing. The word "Santiago" wasn't even breathed during the afternoon. He was a fine, bronzed sailor man who sat there on the veranda studying the tide tables. His eye was clear and bright and he looked in perfect health. He wore a blue serge suit with double-breasted coat and black trousers. His natty little feet were encased in buttoned patent leather shoes. His shirt was blue and white striped and his collar wide and comfortable. He held a 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 morning and was debating whether to get them fixed or quit reading.

Schley wears his years well. He looks little older than when he, as commander, was put in charge of the flying squadron. His mustache and the "nice" of his hair, to use Alois Schmidt's description, are in perfect harmony. He has a long, straight nose, a pair of eyes that are as blue as the sky, and a mouth that is as wide as a grin. He is a man of a large quantity of vegetables and some fresh meat. "Needling anything?" I asked. "Needling clothes," Alois replied. "Are you needing anything?" "Needling grub," I said. "We'll swap," he both shouted at the same time, and for divers and sundry of duck trousers I gave sundry and divers parcels of food. Alois rode the trousers and I ate the food, and we

and on returning, his first act is to render thanks in the little chapel. The dervishes have great influence, here as 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.

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 drivers, wrapped in capacious bournouses of camel's hair, their heads shrouded in cowls of the same, sat in a circle, their long guns by their sides. A few leopard skins were spread near by, evidently for beds, and dinner was being distributed of coarse bread, dried figs and a jar of water. Four 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 we went, until in five minutes our horses were floundering in it above the knees. But the sight was something to linger in memory. Not a cloud in the ball of fire, the afternoon sun, like a brazen sky—no beating upon the tawny waste without jet or hindrance. Not a sound, not a sign of life—nothing but blazing sky and sand.

FANNIE B. WARD.

'LIEUTENANT' VANDERBILT MUST QUALIFY.



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.

POLITICS TABOOED.

He speaks four or five languages, this sailor man, and is conversant with the literature of every country that has a literature. "Plenty of time to read books when you are at sea," he said. He knows chemistry and his applications thoroughly, and he keeps up with art and music. Politics he taboos. "As a sailor, not a politician," he says. The admiral will remain at Great Neck during the month of August, rowing, swimming, driving and making an occasional effort to get some fish. About September 1 he will go to Washington, with his counsel, to prepare for the court of inquiry that is to sit there on September 12.

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 contained something about "catch a train" was mumbled.

There isn't a symptom of anxiety about him. Bound, of course, by the order of the secretary of the navy, he would not discuss the Santiago battle and its outgrowing disputes. Indeed, it 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. He can outswim and outrow anyone on the beach. It is quite likely that he would make a good showing in a foot race.

"Fine man!" said Alois Schmidt, as he horse ambled along the beach. "Fine man! We are bod military, you know, and I haf much sympathies with 'im."

TO MAKE "ARTIFICIAL COAL."

Consul Hughes Warns the State Department About Such a Machine.

Washington.—Word comes from Germany that the great German 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 the state of Colorado, who reports that 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, the peat, common peat can be turned into a so-called artificial coal at the rate of \$1.10 to \$1.20 a ton. The company claims that its fuel of peat origin will be as good as the English bituminous coal and anthracite. An announcement has been made that the promoters have their eyes on America as a more promising field than the continent, the consul reports. The department of the navy is valued for the purpose named.—New York Times.

MORE BEER THAN EVER.

Four Hop Growing States Can't Produce 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 continued. "When I was in New York last week they shipped a lot of hops that were grown in 1894 to England. The stock is all cleaned up on the Pacific coast, 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, 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 east coast seems to be better adapted to hop raising than that of the interior. We raise in this country about 200,000 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 phenomenal. I would estimate 40,000,000 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 Oriental trade has had nothing to do 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 fermenting 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 on hand with which to fill the orders. I have not been home since February, but I have had reports from my agent in Oregon, and from these reports I

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"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 rather indifferently and conscientiously, but there's nothing to catch."

"Go sailing?" "Lord, no; I've had enough of that. I prefer the propelling power of the ash agitator by myself to any other form. It's great exercise too, and keeps me in trim."

About 11 o'clock in the morning the Schleys join their neighbors on the bathing beach in front of the next cottage. There is no surf, of course, but they splash around near a float, and take long swims out to the 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 the Schleys' son, who is a student at the admiral's list of occupations, is his resting, and making a good job of it.

A BRILLIANT TALKER.

Schley is a most interesting and well-equipped 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 the Korean forts on the Sulat 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 to the Korean forts on the Sulat River. He saw perilous service when on an expedition to the South Shetland islands after the crew of a shipwrecked vessel.

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