

A LITTLE JAUNT INTO AFRICA.

Ancient Al-Jezair in the Twentieth Century—A Cheerful Patriarch in Frills and Furbelows.

Special Correspondence.

It is a surprise, not altogether agreeable, to learn that the Lower Town of this ancient city—that which follows the crescent-shaped shore, five hundred feet below the dominating castle—has degenerated into a mere commercial port and fashionable winter resort, particularly recommended for invalids. So-called "modern progress"—the same which turned its picturesque name of Al-Jezair into commonplace Algiers—has banished plague, leprosy, yellow-jack and other time-honored foes of man, born of filth and bred in neglect, which their air here undisturbed for centuries; together with the Riff pirates, descendants of that famous band of water-rats which swept these seas in the middle ages, their long, low-lying razor-proofed craft flying the terror-inspiring black flag emblazoned with skull and cross-bones. The Raefian and Berber population—always up to mischief—have gone far inland, to the deserts behind the Atlas mountains, with the lions and leopards that used to prowl the African coast; while stately Moors and silent Arabs have retreated to the Moslem Upper Town, their town only to transact necessary business and solemnly shaking the ineluctable dust from their feet on the return.

The once all-powerful dragomen—splendid creatures in robes and turbans, who look as if just stepped out of the Arabian nights—now shorn of dignity, squat on their heels in doorways and ante-chambers, waiting to run errands for the conqueror. The towers of the antique and picturesque, it is disappointing, to say the least, to find here a town that is thoroughly European in character, with straight, regular streets lighted by gas, and lined with such everyday buildings as are seen in New York, Paris and London—its many expensive hotels equipped with "all modern improvements," according to the advertisements, and crowded with tourists from every corner of the globe, who scatter with irreverent feet into mosques sacred to the worship of Allah and flippantly criticize even the saints in their tombs. The French have thoroughly revolutionized the old African town, so that today it wears the aspect of any thriving European city. Its principal square, called Place du Gouvernement, is large and handsome, planted on three sides with double rows of plane trees; while on the other opposite the Hotel de la Regence, which is to Algiers what the Waldorf Astoria is to Gotham, rises a remarkable group of palm and orange trees. The central fountain looks as if it had recently strayed over from the Champs-Elysees, except for the tall baroque that surmounts it; and in one corner stands a bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Orleans, cast out of the cannon taken at the conquest of Algeria. This is the fabulous promenade, where military bands play beside the fountain on pleasant evenings; and all day long it is thronged with loungers of every race and grade. Two of the finest streets of the city join at this square—the Rue Bab-Azoum and the Rue Bab-el-Oued. Running parallel more than a mile, they are flanked by colonnades, adorned with statues, and in the night grace the boulevards of Paris. In them the traveler may purchase an endless variety of oriental goods and trinkets—embroideries, textile fabrics, curious fans, objects of copper, brass and silver; inlaid work in wood; mother-in-pearl and ivory; barbaric manufactures in colored leather; jewelry; and, not least, photographs of African scenery and types—all at prices not unreasonable. If the purchaser remembers the oriental habit of asking at first a sky-high figure not expected, with a view to the inevitable beating down.

Even more animated, if possible, is the Place Royale—a large, oblong space, planted with orange and lime trees, surrounded by houses in the European style, three or four stories in height, too high for safety in a place so subject to earthquakes. Never was a town so rich in squares, unless it be Washington, D. C. There is also the aristocratic Boulevard de la Republique, the Place Mahon, Place de Chartres, occupied by a open-air market; Place de la Lyre, in which is a covered market; Place d'Armes, a triangular park adjoining the arsenal; Place d'Isly, in the center of which stands a bronze statue of Marshal Bugeaud; Place Malakoff, and a dozen others. Every one of them should be visited and its traditions learned. The Place d'Armes, for example, is the site of the ancient Moorish cemetery. The north side was reserved for the internment of pachas; and in the middle rose the ancient fort now known as "des vingt quatre heures," made famous by Geronimo's martyrdom. Do you remember the story? During an expedition made by the Spanish garrison of Oran, in 1540, a young Arab boy was taken prisoner and subsequently baptized under the name of Geronimo. When about eight years old he was recaptured by his relatives, with whom he lived, as a Mohammedan. But the teachings of

cession of 1560. The emperor himself laid the first stone, and the work was pronounced complete in the autumn of '98. It consists of two tiers of vaults, forming 350 spacious warehouses, the whole occupying an area of eleven acres, with a frontage of 3,700 feet. The French have spent enormous sums of money in improving this port. It has now two docks, capable of containing the largest vessels, lighthouses with revolving lights, and all other up-to-date appliances. The harbor is entirely artificial, and when the great rock that yet obstructs it, called Roche Sans Nom ("Rock without a name"), has been removed, there will be none better in the whole circuit of the Mediterranean. Many other reforms have also been introduced by the new masters. There are conduits in every part of the city, theaters, educational establishments, public baths, several banking houses, courts of justice, a chamber of commerce, a bazaar, for the perpetual exhibition of native industry; there are restaurants and coffee-houses and clubs galore, hotels without number, omnibuses, livery stables, even a tourists' agency, which arranges a railway and carriage trip, at comparatively small expense, to Biliiah, an ancient Arab town, just beyond the Chiffa George in the Atlas mountains. As for the hotels, the Desert News is not a medium for free advertising, and therefore I leave you to choose between the rival merits of the Grande, the Splendide, the Continental, Kirisch, Regence, Oasis St. George, de l'Europe, d'Orient, des Etrangers, and a dozen others. The average charge is from twelve to fifteen francs per day, and all are so well patronized the year around that it is well to secure quarters in advance by cable. Among the show-places of Algiers are the governor's winter palace—once the gorgeous palace of the deys, but well nigh spoiled by alleged improvements; and the archbishop's palace, an ancient Moorish edifice well worth a visit. The library and museum is housed in the former spacious palace of Mustapha Pasha, and contains a wonderful collection of Algerian maps

and money, hundreds of priceless Arab manuscripts, and upwards of 20,000 volumes. It has also considerable amount of sculpture and two sarcophagi, which are said to be easily worth their weight in gold. They are of the early days of Christianity and were discovered at Dellys. Their sides are covered with quaint chiselling, representing Daniel in the Lions' den; Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace; the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and the turning of water into wine at the wedding in Galilee. Four aqueducts supply both the Upper and Lower Town with an abundance of pure water. There is a military and a civil hospital—both the very best of their kind. The first named, known as Hospital du Dey, stands a little distance outside the city walls. In the beautiful gardens that surround the country place of the last day—hence its name. It is truly a magnificent establishment, fitted with every requisite that twentieth-century hygienic science can devise. There are baths of every description; covered promenades fitted up as smoking galleries, for convalescents, with comfortable seats and decorated with tropical plants; laboratories; a chapel; separate lodgings for officers in the Dey's villa; seven hundred regular beds, and more on emergency—in short, many a robust soldier of Uncle Sam's, fighting in the Philippines and elsewhere, might well pray for a convenient illness which would consign him for a time to such unwanted luxury. The Civil hospital, with its five hundred beds, is daily visited by the best French doctors—and that means the best in the world—and the patients are attended by sisters of charity, as well as by trained nurses of the most advanced type. The stranger in Algiers need fear no lack of care, should he fall sick. What a pity that some of these conveniences could not have existed in the old days of filth and pestilence, when people died like sheep in the streets, rather than now, when the place has become one of the most healthful in the world.

FANNIE B. WARD.

CAPITOL'S CHOICE CONSERVATORY.



The conservatory at the White House where Mrs. McKinley has spent many enjoyable hours, as she is a fond lover of flowers, and where the decorations for the funeral pall will be culled should she, unfortunately, pass away.

voiced to save him from the martyrdom. However, less than fifty years ago, Haedo's pious prayers were answered. It was necessary to destroy this fort (in 1858) and in the very spot specified in the three-century old record, was found the young Arab's skeleton, enclosed in a block of beton, as we sometimes find a petrified leaf, or lizard, inside of a stone. The bones were carefully removed and interred with great pomp in the Roman Catholic cathedral; St. Philippe, which occupies the site of the ancient Mosque of Hassan, in Algiers. Liquid plaster-of-Paris was run into the mould left by his body, and a perfect model of it obtained, showing not only his features, but the cords which bound him, and even the texture of his clothing. This is true, and the interesting cast of the martyr made exactly two hundred and eighty-four years after his death, may today be seen in the government library and museum, in the Rue de l'Etat-Major, of Algiers. The Boulevard de la Republique is built on a series of arches at the head of the cliff and extends all along the front of the town, about two miles. It is bordered on one side by handsome buildings; and on the other runs a wide promenade, overlooking the bay, harbor and shipping. The quay and railway station are forty feet below, reached by two inclined roads running from the boulevard. This work is the property of an English company and cost some fifteen millions of dollars. It was constructed by Sir Morton Peto, to whom the town transferred the concession for ninety-nine years, which has been granted to it by the imperial con-

KIND OF YOUNG MEN EMPLOYERS WANT

"What sort of young men are you looking for, to employ in your particular line?" was the question recently asked a number of men, prominent in business and professional life, by Success. The replies will be found to be highly suggestive and useful.

Chauncey M. Depue, United States senator from New York—The history of railroading in this country is the history of self-made men. In this, as in all other businesses, the "plums" are comparatively few, but they are nevertheless obtainable through the medium of faithful endeavor and persistent work. The New York Central Railroad company is always on the lookout for bright, brassy young Americans to enter its employ. This is one profession that is never overcrowded. We can't get enough of the hustling sort to suit us.

H. E. Townsley, President of the Insurance Company of America—The young man who represents an insurance company as canvasser is often discouraged. Yet there is no other business that offers such inducements to earnest and sincere young men. But it calls for hard work, untiring energy, and a fluent tongue and the

art of approaching men and keeping them interested. Personality and patience should be the twin virtues of the canvasser. I know many canvassers who are earning from ten to twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and many others who have worked their way up to positions of trust and affluence by canvassing.

Cyrus W. Edison, M. D.—The physician, like the poet, is born, not made. The boy who, in his early school days, loves to bandage the injured fingers of his classmates, who attempts to cure their black eyes and bruises, or endeavors to investigate the internal economy of a dead canary bird or a moribund cat, has the making of a prospective physician, and is the one I would pick out as a student. I remember that, when I was about 12 years of age, I attempted to dissect a squirrel, and a little later, made friends with a doctor who was connected with a hospital. When he permitted me to assist, or to speak more correctly, hinder him in making an autopsy, I thought that I had reached the summit of human happiness. However, there is something more than mere desire that enables a young man to pursue the more or less thorny paths of medicine and surgery. To one who is desirous of being a doctor, I would say:

Do not attempt to fulfill your desire unless you have sufficient money or personal influence to enable you to tide over the first year or two which follows the hanging out of your sign. The process of building up a practice is always a tedious one; and, unless the young doctor is financially able to pass this probationary period, he is apt to lose hope and ambition. On the other hand, in our profession, as in others, there is always room at the top. The possibilities of medicine and surgery are of so limitless a nature that the young practitioner may indulge his learning to the utmost.

Joseph Byron, Photographer—If I could obtain the services of eight or ten young men who have studied chemistry as applied to photography, and who have attended some recognized art school, I could give them positions in my studio. But, unfortunately, such men are not obtainable. There are hundreds of photographers, so called, whose services can be secured at any time. But those who understand the art from a scientific and aesthetic standpoint are decidedly rare. The young man who will take my hint can always obtain employment, either in my studio or in those of my colleagues.

Henry Clews, of Henry Clews & Co., Bankers and Brokers—I am always ready to consider applications for positions in my office from bright, intelligent boys from 16 to 18 years of age. Such boys should have had a complete course in the common schools, and have some associates that will vouch for their good conduct and integrity. In my employ there are about one hundred and fifty young men, and they were all able to answer the requirements I have stated. I invariably ask young men seeking positions to practice good penmanship. It is a valuable thing—almost a necessity. The first position that I held in New York was with Wilson G. Hunt & Co., who had advertised for an assistant bookkeeper. I was told that I was engaged because of my penmanship. That was the beginning of my Wall street career.—Collected by Herbert M. Lorne, in Success.

Saves Two From Death.

"Our little daughter had an almost fatal attack of whooping cough and bronchitis," writes Mrs. W. K. Haviland, of Armonk, N. Y., "but, when all other remedies failed, we saved her life with Dr. King's New Discovery. Our niece, who had Consumption in an advanced stage also used this wonderful medicine and today she is perfectly well." Desperate throat and lung diseases yield to Dr. King's New Discovery as to no other medicine on earth. Infalible for Coughs and Colds. 50c and \$1.00 bottles guaranteed by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept. Trial bottles free.

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In the same old box that has been selling for 53 years.

GRAEFENBERG PILLS

really cure liver and stomach disorders.

They do not purge violently but act gently.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

ONLY WOMEN KNOW

Wilkins, Ark., Feb. 6, 1900.

It is with pleasure that I drop you a few lines in thanks to you for your wonderful Wine of Cardui, which I have been taking. I have been married 22 years. I have never had any children, but I have suffered as much as any woman of my age. I have tried some of the best physicians in our county, and while they would give me some relief, my suffering would soon return. I have tried every kind of patent medicine, but I will say that I have never found anything to equal Wine of Cardui.

MRS. MATTIE ERVIN.

Only the woman who has suffered knows the torture of female troubles and the awful sense of dejection which goes with them. There are women in this city enduring the agony of female troubles, day after day, because they believe the only way to secure relief is through a doctor's private examination and subsequent operation. Mrs. Ervin's experience proves that doctors often fail completely in treating female troubles. She tried the best ones in her county and they did her no permanent good. Doctors have so many cases they do not have time to make specialties of all kinds of diseases.

WINE OF CARDUI

is a specialist. A million women will tell that it will, in nine cases out of ten, bring complete relief. You need not abandon yourself to a life of suffering. Suffering comes from weak organs which cannot properly perform their functions. The over-taxing and strain makes pain. Wine of Cardui makes the female organs strong and healthy. Then the shooting pains in the hips and abdomen disappear; headache, backache, and other symptoms are banished and the patient feels like a different woman. Relief comes quietly at home without any one knowing it when you take Wine of Cardui. All druggists sell \$1.00 bottles.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms: "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

TEACHERS.

Dr. Talmage's new book, "The Great Salt Lake, Present and Past," should be in the hands of every educator. The amount of information it contains relating to the great saline sea, makes it an invaluable work for reference or study.

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