IN NORTHERN AFRICA.

Tlemcen, the Illustrious Contemporary of Grenada Across the Straits in Spain.

Special Correspondence.

Tlemcen, Africa, June 1.—Entering this historic town by the Bou-Medina Gate, you pass at once into the noble avenue of the Mechouar, or citadel—under a dense row of poplars, planes and acacias, whose leafy shadow is so dense that no ray of the fierce African sun can pierce it, even on a midsummer noon. After this beautiful introduction—your mind teeming with recollections of Tlemcen's stormy and romantic history—how much greater is your disappointment to find the city of today so shabby and unattractive, its former wealthy population of half a million dwindled to a poverty-stricken community of seventeen thousand! When the Moorish cities in Spain were at the zenith of their splendor, this contemporary of Grenada was equally renowned for its artists and scholars, poets and philosophers, its civilization and refinement, commerce and wealth—the capital of a powerful nation and the center of a world-wide trade. Long, long before that golden day—centuries before Christ was born—it was a powerful city, known as Pomeria. Ruined during the Vandal invasion and subsequently forgotten, it was rebuilt A. D. 790 by Idris ben Idris ben Abd-Allah, an enterprising Arab, who bought it from the Berber nation of the Zenata and established his brother in possession. He named it Aghadir, and erected the great mosque whose remains are today his most impressive monument. The brothers and their descendants held it a hundred and fifty years; when it passed into the hands of various tribes of the desert, and finally to the then all-powerful Almoravides, about the year 1080. The new masters renamed it Tagrart, and fortified it strongly and increased its commerce. Then for a long period, Tagrart figures in history as a royal city, "a city of soldiers," among whom was a guard of several thousand Christians. The Almoravides (meaning Affirmers of the Unity of God), were intensely religious, and withal in their day and generation, giving equal protection to all foreigners, Jews and Christians. At one time there were many thousands of Christians in the place, who had a church of their own and practically their own government. The present barrack of the Spahis was the foreign bazar of that day, within whose high walls Spanish, French, Genoese, Pisan and Venetian merchants displayed their wares, under the exclusive government of the consuls—the only stipulation being that its gates should be closed at sunset.

The greatness of Tagrart, so well begun by the Almoravides, culminated under their successors, the better known (because later) Almoahides, who came into possession in 1145, changed its name to Tlemcen, and built a new wall, in wider circles around the several older walls. Then for a hundred years it remained one of the chief cities of the great Mohammedan empire of the west; until early in the thirteenth century, when Ghamarasan, of the tribe of Adr-el-Ouad, conquered it; and presently it became capital of the kingdom which embraced the present provinces of Oran and Algiers. Then followed a dreadful period of long sieges, slow starvation, and cruelties innumerable blackening even the dark pages of African history. The first siege, begun because the sultan of Tlemcen refused to give up fugitives to the massacre, lasted nearly nine years, and was raised only after the murder of Abou-Yakoub, sultan of Fez. His successor, the terrible "Black Sultan"—Abou-el-Hassan Ali—returned unexpectedly to the fray and so captured the city; but lost it again after ten years of horrible misrule. The walls built around the camps of the enemy during those memorable sieges may still be traced. In 1553 Tlemcen was captured by the Turks, under Salah Rais, pasha of Algiers. So complete was its fall that again was the Arab proverb verified, "Where the hoof of the Turkish horse has trod, the grass refuses to grow." Science, literature and art, long decaying, became suddenly extinct; agriculture declined; commerce and manufactures died a natural death, and even piracy—the only "industry" that then flourished in northern Africa, was out of the question at this distance from the sea. From 1830 to '36, possession of the town was disputed between the emperor of Morocco and the Turkish troops, the latter being in the pay of France and occupying the citadel. This completed its architectural ruin, with foreign soldiers quartered in the Mechouar, and the whole army of the emir clamoring at the gates. Finally Tlemcen was ceded to Abd-el-Kader by the treaty of Tafua, and in 1842 the French took possession. Since then prosperity has in a measure returned. Some special manufactures have been established, such as brightly colored blankets and the red shawls called tahlila, worn by the Jewish women. The neighborhood is fertile and singularly well supplied with water, and Tlemcen is the chief town of an extensive district which exports every years large quantities of olive oil, dried figs, corn, flour, alfalfa (a kind of hay), wool, sheep, horned cattle, besides cloth, carpets and articles in leather of native manufacture.

But it is sad to see that little remains of the Tlemcen of song and story, except its romantic situation—on the slope of Lalla Setta mountain, nearly three thousand feet above the sea, its remarkable climate, (for Africa), its olive trees, centuries old, and the ruins of its once magnificent religious edifices. All the palaces of which history and tradition tell us have vanished from the face of the earth and their place is mostly filled by low, mean houses and squalid hovels. Like Algiers, the town has its native quarter, its Jewish quarter, and its European quarter, each separate and distinct from the others; and, again like Algiers, its Arabs live in narrow, dirty, crowded alleys, its Jews a little more comfortably; while its European quarter is a flimsy and feeble imitation of Paris.

Several mosques within the walls of Tlemcen are well worth visiting. The largest, known as Djamaa-el-Kiber, has seventy-two square columns and a great many horse-shoe arches, decorated on the interior side with plaster-work, the outside round and plain. The ceilings are of cedar, without a trace of ornamentation. The mihrab of the mosque is extremely beautiful, with arabesques and round horseshoe arch, and lighted from above. It bears the date A. H. 530, corresponding to A. D. 1136, which shows that it was built under the Almoravides. But it is the successor of a much more ancient mosque, as walls in the rear will show, founded A. D. 796. The courtyard is paved with Algerian onyx, and the basin of the fountain is of the same material. The brick minaret was built by Ghamarasan, the first of the Abd-el-Ouadite sultans, (A. D. 1248) and the great brass chandelier was the gift of the same monarch, who is himself buried here.

The mosque of Sidi Ahmed Bel Hassan el-Shomari, now an Arab school, stands close by, in the same park known as the Place d'Alger. It was supposed to be "restored" by the French, by the application of offensively modern tiles to the exterior. Inside, however, some exquisite productions of Moorish art remain, whose richness, variety and refinement are unsurpassed, even in the Alhambra of Grenada. The mosque is supported by six columns of Algerian onyx and all the walls and arches are covered with arabesque decorations. On the opposite side of the square was the college, now destroyed, where the celebrated Ibu Khaldoun taught.

The destruction of the Mechouar, or citadel, is complete. Built in 1145, for the governor's residence, it became the palace of the Abd-el-Ouadites. Arab writers tell of its splendor, and the brilliancy of the court held there; but time, the Turks and the soldiers have spared nothing but the outer walls and the minaret of its mosque. The most interesting sights of Tlemcen lie outside of the present city limits. At least three circles of ancient fortifications can be clearly traced. Little is left of the innermost circle, as the modern French wall follows it closely; but of the two outer circles, walls and towers are standing in many places. They are built of enormous masses of concrete, which look like stone and are evidently as durable. The towers are rectangular, and must have made the Tlemcen of the Almoahades almost impregnable.

The mosque of Abou Abdulla esh-Shoudi,—commonly known as Sidi El-Kalawi, the candy-maker—lies just outside the walls. You leave the town by the abattoir gate; pass a group of native huts inhabited by negroes, who have their own mosque and minaret; follow the angle of the wall—and presently see, far below you the holy place of Sidi el-Halawi, amid a clump of olive trees. This Mohammedan saint flourished about the year 1226. Having been appointed tutor to the several hundred children of the Sultan Abou-Zian, he gave some offense to the grand vizar, who accused him of sorcery and brought about his death. Then followed a series of miracles which astonished the sultan, who caused the wicked grand vizar to be buried alive in a mass of clay, and honored the murdered saint with the mosque which bears his name and is also his tomb. It is hardly worth while climbing down to it under the broiling African sun, though the mosaics of its minaret glitter like jewels and its portal and colonnades are said to be very beautiful.

Go straight on down the hill by an easier path to the right, and in a few minutes you will reach the minaret which is all that remains of the mosque of ancient Aghadir, the "cradle" of Tlemcen. Only the minaret of a mosque is standing, remains and walls which, by their immense extent, bear witness to the splendors of the vanished city. Its tower, about 150 feet high, is of square construction and in a wonderful state of preservation, though it has lost nearly all its original coating of glazed tiles. Encased in its thick walls are monumental stones, from the still older Roman city Pomaria, which occupied the same site as Aghadir, more than two thousand years ago. The stones are hewn; many are carved, inside and out, with Latin inscriptions, now almost effaced, and on several may be traced the dim word, Pomaria. The upper part of the minaret is brick, probably of later date than A. D. 789, when the mosque was erected.

A few yards lower down, the fortifications commence. The road passes through the crumbling arch of a gateway which was named after Sidi Daoubi, the patron saint of Aghadir, whose tomb lies a few feet below. Descend a little further into the charming valley of Oued Kalia—Oued being the Arab word for river, and Kalia the name of a brawling little brook, fed by mountain streams. A walk through groves and gardens, under fig, olive, ash, elm and walnut trees, leads you close under the second or outer line of the walls and towers of vanished Aghadir; and thence to a very old Arab burial ground, with marabouts of saints and lime-washed koubbas glistening in the sun. The cemetery is so beautifully situated that one would suppose the dead saints would arise from their tombs to gaze at the scene, and is shaded by ash and elm trees of enormous size.

On the way back, you may wander through the dense olive-groves which the French rulers of Tlemcen have christened the Bois de Boulogne. A bright stream eddies and sparkles at the foot of gray old walls covered with climbing plants; fig trees and terebinths grow in the chinks and crannies of shattered towers; deep is the shadow, sweet is the violet-scented air; and you find it difficult to believe that this is really far-off, desert Africa!

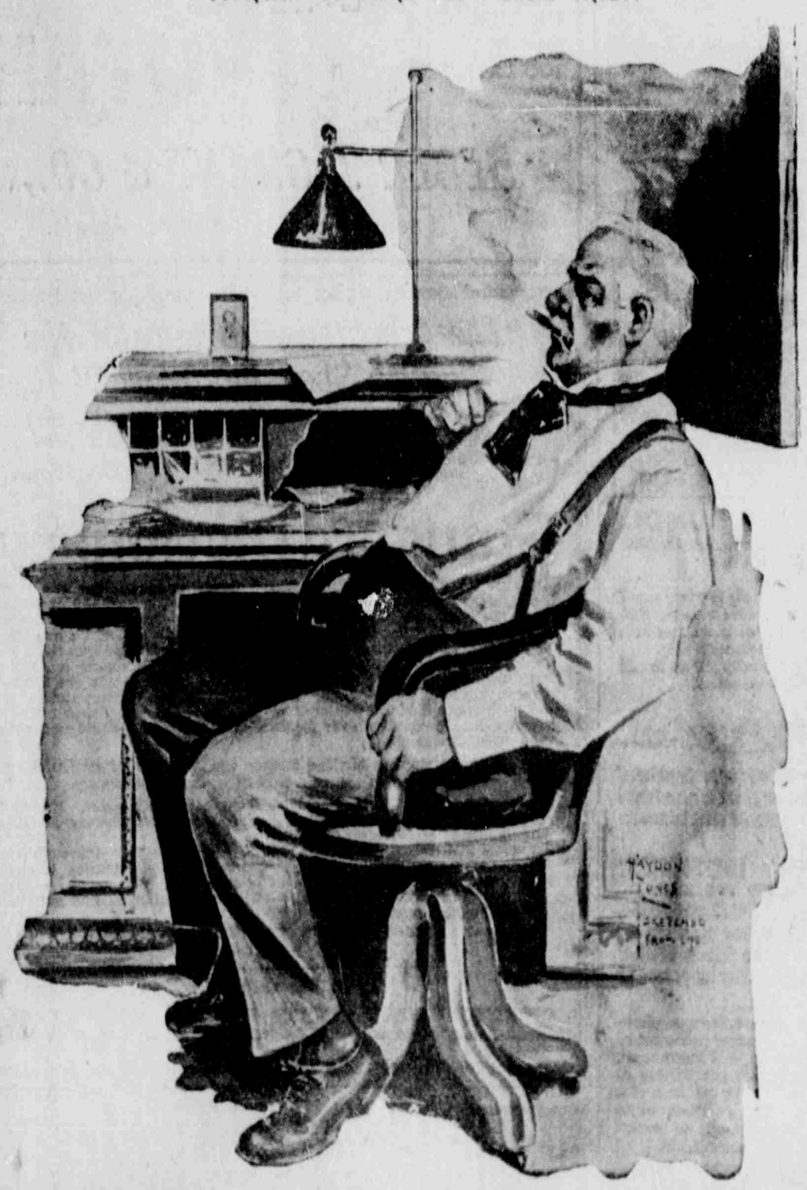
All travelers are astonished at the cool fresh verdure of Tlemcen, which is doubly refreshing after the many miles of sterility one is obliged to cross on the way here—immense areas, already seared by the hot airs of early summer. The change is due to the remarkable climate of Lalla Setta mountain, where rains fall continually from October to May, and abrupt variations of temperature cover as much as fifty degrees. The sirocco or dreaded south wind rarely blows in this favored locality.

The winters are too cold for orange or lemon trees to flourish, but the olive trees are wonderfully fine and productive. It is said that every olive tree is worth at the least fifteen francs a year, and the number of young trees planted by the colonists indicates that the cultivation is profitable.

Another interesting ramble takes you out of Tlemcen by the gate of Bou Medin; whence you follow the highway to Oran, perhaps 150 yards, past the ruined mint and over a bridge which spans the Oued Kalia. The path leads along the river's edge; on one side the public gardens, on the other extensive remains of walls and towers. This edge of the old city being most exposed, was naturally most strongly fortified, and the crumbling towers are set thick as lamp-posts on Broadway. Close by is the Christian cemetery, in a sad state of neglect and dilapidation, I regret to say.

FANNIE B. WARD.

MORGAN TO FORM SOFT COAL TRUST?



Does Morgan contemplate the control of the soft coal industry of America? Is the world to be knocked breathless by another big deal on the part of the absolutely limitless millionaire? Repeated conferences between the great financier and President A. J. Cassat of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Mark A. Hanna and Clement A. Griscom of the International Navigation company, have given rise to a strong rumor to that effect. All these men when questioned, disavow any such intention, but Wall Street is wondering and eagerly awaiting developments.

Tommy—What is dis "spontaneous combustion" anyway father?
Father—It's hot-air talk for the insurance companies, my son, hot air.

TOO LATE.

Otto B. Shott—All dis work an' nothin' in de safe.
Jimmie Wrench—Only regrets from de cashier what skipped dis mornin'.

PROOF.

Johnson—Is King Edward fond of cards?
Browne—He must be; the papers the other day spoke of him as having a royal flush.

AT THE STATION-HOUSE.

Grogan—What's Officer O'Ryan so stuck up about?
Rafferty—He says he has just found out thot a bunch av stars in the sky is named after him.

NATURAL.

He—My third wife died last winter.
She—When are you going to celebrate the fourth?
He—Next July.

OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD

Time Table

In effect June 2, 1901.

LEAVE SALT LAKE.

For Ogden, Cache Valley, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City and St. Louis	7:00a m
**For Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminus	7:45 a m
For Tintic, Mercur, Provo, Nephi and Manti	7:55 a.m
For Ogden, Butte, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points	9:45 a m
For Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, St. Louis and San Francisco	12:45 p m
For Ogden, Denver, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago	7:00 p. m
*For Provo, Nephi, Milford and intermediate points	7:05 p m
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points	10:50 p m

ARRIVE SALT LAKE.

From Ogden, Chicago Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City and Denver	5:30 a m
From Ogden, Portland, Butte, Helena, San Francisco	9:10 a m
*From Milford, Provo and Intermediate points	9:35 a m
From Ogden, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, San Francisco	3:40 p m
**From Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminus	4:00 p m
From Ogden, Logan, Brigham	6:55 p m
From Tintic, Mercur, Nephi	6:00 p m
From Ogden, Butte, Portland	8:30 p m

*Trains Between Milford and Frisco do not run Sundays.
**Daily except Sunday.

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Train for Black Hills, Montana, and Puget Sound leaves Denver 11:30 p. m.

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G. B. CRANE, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent, ST. LOUIS.

REGULAR TIME CARD, In effect July 10, 1901.

SALTAIR BEACH. (Salt Lake & Los Angeles Railway.)

Leave Salt Lake City.	Leave Saltair.
10:30 a.m.	12:40 p.m.
2:20 p.m.	3:20 p.m.
4:20 p.m.	5:20 p.m.
6:20 p.m.	7:00 p.m.
7:35 p.m.	8:20 p.m.
8:55 p.m.	9:45 p.m.
10:20 p.m.	11:00 p.m.

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Current Time Table.

LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY

No. 6—For Grand Junction, Denver and points East	8:30 a m
No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and points East	3:15 p m
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	8:20 p m
No. 10—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Manti, Marysvale and intermediate points	8:00 a m
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and all intermediate points	5:00 p m
No. 5—For Ogden and the West	9:35 a m
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	11:00 p m
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	1:00 p m
No. 42—For Park City	5:15 a m

ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY

No. 5—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	9:35 a m
No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	12:45 p m
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	10:55 p m
No. 9—From Provo, Heber, Bingham, Eureka, Marysvale, Manti and intermediate points	6:00 p m
No. 6—From Ogden and the West	8:20 a m
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	3:05 p m
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	8:10 p m
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points	10:00 a m
No. 41—From Park City	6:40 p m

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Lv Ogden	7:25 am	2:15 pm	7:15 pm
" Salt Lake	8:30 am	3:15 pm	8:20 pm
" Provo	9:43 am	4:16 pm	9:35 pm
Arv Grand Jcn	6:25 pm	12:35 am	5:00 am
" Glenwood	9:08 pm	3:20 am	8:40 am
" Leadville	12:20 am	6:40 am	12:27 pm
" CrippleCrk.	7:30 am	5:45 pm	
" Pueblo	5:43 am	11:55 am	3:32 pm
" Colo.Spgs.	7:00 am	1:16 pm	6:46 pm
" Denver	9:30 am	3:40 pm	9:15 pm

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