A DAY IN TANGIERS.

The Women in the Market Place and in the Harem High above me I behold the buildings and walls of Tangiers. The blue Mediterranean dashes its waves against a ruined mole and a temporary pier for the accommodation of travellers. Everything is different from European scene Wild flowers grow in profusion on the roofs and old walls. The bright blossoms of the cactus glow in the sunlight The prickly pear attains the size and height of trees, and in many places forms arches beneath which ride Moors and others mounted on mules and don

keys. The natives eat the fruit, cutting

each pear from its stem with twine. Just below the hotel and outside the gate of the city, is the soko or market On Sundays and Thursdays it is filled with a motley crowd, who bring game, meat, eggs, fowl and other proons from the surrounding country. It is here that Gibraltar obtains its supplies. The noise and din of the market place is infernal. At least 5,000 tongues are at work. You can hardly force your way through the crowd. Once on the outskirts you are lost in great herds of cattle, and strings of loaded donkeys from Barbary. These little creatures carry wonderful loads. They look small by the side of the camels. These animals, relieved of their load, are lying down in a circle with their fore legs tied together. Near them are numbers of goatskin tents, filthy in the extreme, and only high enough to sit under. The confusion is terrible. Some of the men are banging on drums, and others are playing the khutah, which is infinitely

worse than the Moorish drum. Women, whose faces are covered with the exception of one eye, crouched on the ground selling bread. The magnicent Moor, in flowing white robes and spotless turban, strutted majestically by, not deigning to cast his haughty glances at us. The street swarmed with children in various costumes. The small shops were packed with men sitting cross-legged. Above, below. around and beneath there was dirt of every description. Fortunately for us, the viler smells had been tempered with recent rains. In summer the stench is

said to be unbearable. Here you see the genuine Bedouiu Wild and dirty as he is, he is clean when compared with the horrid looking men from the Riff coast, descendants of the old pirates. They are wild and untamed, and hercer than wild animals. They do not even cover their Their heads are c'osely shaved, after leaving a lock by which they fervently believe Mohammed will pull

them up to heaven. years ago an English lady married a Moor holding a high position in Tangiers. He promised that she should be his only wife, but since then he has espoused four other women. She is allowed to walk out, but not unless she is gearded. If she left him, she could take nothing with her. If he sent her away she would be entitled to an income of £2,000 pounds in cash. The poor thing is a virtual prisoner. We

sterday we were guests in two Moorish harenis. The immates gave us a very fine reception. The gloomy appearance of the outer walls contrasted strongly with the inside of the house. The halls were tiled. Marble pillars, bright colors and rugs gave the rooms a Mattresses were on the carpets in apartments facing the courtyard. They were the bedrooms of There were no windows Each wife leaves her slippers at the entrance of her bedroom. We saw no chairs, and only an occasional cushion We saw no The wives prefer to recline or sit on the floor. One or two sat on sheep skins.

In the first room I saw a widow with seven children, all girls. Two were playing and two were sewing. None of the girls had ever seen a man. On Fridays only the widow is allowed to go to the Moslem cometery to weep and pray over her dead husband. We were offer-ed cakes and coffee. Etiquette required that we should drink four cups of coffee and eat as many calles. Our visit was

made very early in the morning.

The poor wives seemed glad to see us. They admired our dresses, and called each others' attention to what took their farry in the way of jewelry. They were dressed gayly, but they had a slovenly look and an ungraceful walk. racco Correspondence New Orleans

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A California Duck Trap.

As the storm somewhat subsided Quin. Fletcher thought he would go out and see if he could kill a few of the ducks that, immediately after a snow storm, are found abundantly in the spring holes in different parts of the valley. Mounting his snow|shoes, he proceeded to the xiemity of the Hot Springs. As he was ing along over five or six feet of his eve on the lookout for game, he heard the distant quack of a duck nearly beneath his feet. Surprised, he ran made an opening into what appeared to Immediately a big mallard flew out, which was quickly knocked endwise with his pole. Another big duck then came out, which he caught in his hands, and wrung its neck. Then another popped out, which met the same fate; then another, until thirty-eight ducks lay dead at the hunter's feet. Being curious to know what sort of a place he had struck, Fletcher made a larger opening, and found that he was just above a large spring hole about twelve feet in diameter. The ducks during the storm had taken refuge there, it being protected by a bank on the windward side. The violent wind had pool, forming at first a shelf and at lasta complete roof, and the birds were securely imprisoned. If Mr. Fletcher had not discovered their retreat they would probably have started to death before the sun released them from their curious confinement .- Sierra Valley Leader.

A smart young man picked up a fower in the ball-room after all the girls had gone, and sang pathetically, "Tis the last rose of some her." -A conductor on the Harlem railway used to pass his mother free, but he was discharged from the service, and his yoruger brother asks: "Who will car ia e mother now ?"

-Best French Brandy, Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger, and Comphor Water, is combined in D. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, is the best remedy for codic, boody flux; also, to break up colds, fevere turer who never lost any opportunity to and inflammatory attacks if used early.

TIRED OF LIFE AT EIGHT

Two Children Co to the River Bank Bont Down to the banks of the, Delaware

at Riverside, N. J., coated yet by the winter's ice, two children went on Thursday. Their purpose was suicide. The name of one was Charlie Drenk, aged 8 years. His sister Clara is six years old. Two days before the boy had attempted suicide by hanging. These two children had tied themselves These two children had tied themselves together in their attempt at solving the secret of the shadow feared of men, and were only prevented from the execution of their intent by the interference of one John Gedding, an observant neighbor, who had witnessed their intent.

The cause of the children's sincere of the strength of the children's sincere of the

effort at self-destruction was alleged parental abuse. James Drenk, their ather, has in common with the respon-ibility of introducing them into the world, the burden of rearing other chil-lren, all of whem have, since his wife lied in 1877, grown up and left him.

The father was away at work in this ity. He had left the children to hang. own or burn, as they saw fit, at home. From adversity they learned to cook. In the smouldering stove the girl was trying to roast two potatoes when the orter entered.

Why do you want to kill yourself; Charley?" he asked. The small suicide owered over the stove. "I don't want to live," he said, as he oked the potatoes.

"Why not ?" In the high-pitched treble of youth the boy answered: "Pop licked me night before last bean's there wa'n't no supper. There

The small boy, and still smaller sister in the corner, began to beat rataplan ainst the back of a picture of Abraham incoln, which she had plucked from he wall with the tongs. She had black air and blue eyes.

"Why did you want to drown your-elf?" asked the reporter again. "Charley wanted to go swimming," was the reply. The boy, open-mouthed and round-

· S-s-h-she ain't into this. It was ne that did it." " What for ?" "I'm too tired to take off my shirtok at them lumps."

The welts across the boy's back were half an inch wide. "I git lumps like that every day ever since they had ferry boats. I mean ever since I rode on one."
"Do you know what death is?"

The potatoes were nearly done. The boy answered.
"They took her to the graveyard." "Who was she?"

" His wife." The "wife" was the boy's mother. The neighbors of the children have resolved to take them from the possession of their father, even if an appeal to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is necessary. The neighbor who prevented the suicide of the chilve received an invitation to visit her, dren is opposed to this, and desires to

A Chinese Wedding Procession.

I had not been to the hotel in Hong long five minutes before my attention was distracted by a terrific noise. Rush ing to the front balcony I was just in time to see quite a remarkable wedding precession. At first from the noise and general style of the affair, I thought i vas a funeral, but I soon discovered the difference. A funeral procession is more cheerful institution than a wedding rocession, with the possible exception, orhaps, of the hired mourners. Besides this, there is the other difference: the compse at a wedding is a live one instead of a dead one. I think if I had my choice I would rather be the dead than

the live corpse.

The inferiority of the female sex is one of the fundamental principles to which the Chinese hold. Even Conucius does not seem to have a very broad and elevated sentiment in this re gard, for he is quoted as having said: "Of all people women are the most difficult to manage. If you are familiar with them they become forward, and if you keep them at a distance they be-come discontented." Many women here are in the habit of praying that they may be born men in the next

But this wedding procession. Firs came a dozen musicians who were beating gongs and blowing fish-horns, each apparently without any reference to the rest. Then followed a company of men and boys bearing flags and lanterns, after which came a series of gilder tables with elaborately carved and pointed canopies over them, and all sorts of eatables upon them. The display of fruit was quite tempting, and I longed for a slice of the roast pig and the roast sheep. But there were also native dishes, which, by experiment, I found to be far from appetizing. Thus far everything was arranged just as a funeral procession would be, and was composed of the carry features.

of the same features. But now there was a slight departure from the funcreal order of things. There came a magnificent sedan chair, the windows of which were thoroughly curtained, but which I was told contained the happy bride. This gorgeous sedan chair was followed by others, also by gaily decorated jinrikishas, in which were seated the relatives of both the contracting parties. More so-called nusicians followed, and the procession wound up with a load of boxes, which I inferred contained the marriage offerngs, and, perhaps, the trousseau of the

-An old woman named Robertson well known as the Queen of Costernongers all over London, was buried there the other day. She had been for years a vendor of cat's meat, and made four men wearing white smocks, follow-ed by twenty-four young wome-wearing violet dresses, Paisley shawls, hats with white feathers, and white aprons. The corpse was shrouded in white satin, with a handsome wreath round the head Free drinks and pipes wer served at public houses named. There was an immense attendance, including numbers of pony carts and donkey barrows crowded with costermongers.

Speaking of humor in connection with funerals, we remember being at the funeral of the wife of a prominent iron manufac advertise his business. He purchased a

grave in a cemetery which we need no name and surrounded it with a very orna mental fence of his own manufacture After he had laid his wife to rest within After he had laid his wife to rest within it, he erected to her memory a handsome tombstone, on which were carved these words: "Here lies Mrs. B—, wife of Robert B—, proprietor of the — ironworks, where the elegant fence around this grave was manufactured. Similar ones made to order."

Danger in the Air.

—In the chilling winds, the damp atmosphere, and suddenly checked perspiration, colds are lurking. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cures colds, coughs, asthma and bronchitis, and all complaints tending to-Danger in the Air.

Justice Before Wea'th.

Regularly every year Thomas Conroy, an industrious shoemaker of Tanner's Falls, Pa., receives official notice from Dublin, Ireland, that a fortune of £5000, with the accumulations of twenty six years, is in bank there awaiting his order, and regularly every year he sends back word that he will never touch a penny of the money until he has had justice done him in another way—an apology from his uncle, who had wronged him.

-H. B. Cochran, druggist, Lancaster, Pa., writes that he has guaranteed over 300 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, bilious attacks, and liver and kidney troubles. kidney troubles. In no case has it disap-pointed those who used it. In Canada it gives the same general satisfaction. 246 ives the same general satisfaction.

-N. McRae, Wyebridge, writes: "I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil; it is used for colds, sore throat, croup, &c., and in fact for any affection of the throat it works like magic. is a sure cure for burns, wounds and

He (solemnly)—"You had a very narrow escape last night, Miss Julia." She—"Mercy, what do you mean?" He—"Well, you see, I had a dream about you. I thought I was just about to kiss you when the Chinaman rapped at the dor and I woke up." She (after a pause)—"The Chinese must go." [Only the intimate friends of the families invited.]

-Mrs. O'Hearn, River street, Toronto, uses Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for her cows for cracked and sore teats; she thinks there is nothing like it. She also used it when her horses had the episcotic with the very best results. Do not be persuaded to take any other oil in place of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

Scene in a public office: Clerk—"Your name, please?" "John Smith." "Occupation?" "Dry goods merchant." "Residence?" "No. 8094 Beacon street."
Clerk turns to next gentleman and aske:
"Name, please?" "Michael Kilshaughnessy." "Occupation?" "Member of the common council." "And your salcon is located where !"

-Mr. R. A. Harrison, chemist an druggist, Dunnville, Ont., writes: "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure for dyspepsia, impure blood, pimples on the face, biliousness and constipation—such cases having come under my personal observation."

my personal observation."

There is a boy in Springfield, Maas., who is dropping himself all over the state. He has left a thumb at his grandmother's in Salem, two fingers with his uncle's mowing machine in Norbury, half a foot at a relative's near Lowell and three teeth in Boston. That boy is going to take up a good deal of the Angel Gabriel's time.

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given

Then with the compassionate evy: "Now for the other sufferer," he pours the remainder of the water into the piano. mainder of the water into the piano.

—The best way to repair strength and increase the bodily substance is to invigorate the stomach and improve the circulation with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Simultaneous with the disappearance of indigestion it relieves that morbid despondency, and the nervousness which are as much the product of dyspepsia as the weakness of the stomach and loss of vigorand flesh which proceed from it; as a blood purifier it has no equal.

purifier it has no equal. A gentleman, with great promptitude, seizes a glass of water and administers a few drops to the lady, who revives. The saloon-keeper looks upon the law-yer as a sort of brother professional, inas-much as they both make their money at the bar.

—A field of corns.—Thomas Sabin of Eglington, says: "I have used Holloway's Corn Cure with the best results, having removed ten corns from my feet. It is not a half way cure or reliever, but a complete extinguisher, leaving the skin smooth and clear from the least appearance of the corns."

At a musical soiree a lady, after exe cuting an interminable piano solo, faints dead away.

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Real estate in the neighborhood has steadily risen in value and promises to advance still more rapidly. Some of the best lots in West Toronto are to be had from George Clarke, 295 Yonge street. "I'm a regular blamed fool," said a husband to his wife, when he had done some foolish thing or other, as is usual in all well-regulated families. "It isn't necessary to put up a sign, my dear," she responded, so fervently that there didn't seem to be any necessity for continuing the

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uable and reliable Veterinary Remedy ever discovered. It has superseded the Actual Galdery or hot iron; produces more than four times the effect of a fortune in small usury. By direction of her will, her remains were borne by a blister; takes the place of all liniments, and is the safest application ever used, as it is impossible to produce a scar or blemish with it. It is a powerful, active, reliable and safe remedy that can be manipulated at will for severe or mild effect. Thousands of the best Veterinarians and Horsemen o this country testify to its many wonderful oures and its great practical value. It is also the most economical remedy in use, as one tablespoonful of Caustic Balsam will produce more actual results than a whole bottle of any liment or spavin cure mix-ture ever made. Price \$1.50. Sold by druggists, or sent, charges paid by LAWRENCE, WILLIAMS & CO., sole Important and Proprietors, 21 Front Street, West Toronto, Ont. 25 None genuine

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