

A DAY IN TANGIERS.

The Women in the Market Place and in the Harem.

High above me I beheld the buildings and walls of Tangiers. The blue Mediterranean dunes its waves against a ruined mole and a temporary pier for the accommodation of travellers. Everything is different from European scenes. Wild flowers grow in profusion on the roofs and old walls. The bright blossoms of the carnations glow in the sunlight. The prickly pear, the size and height of trees, and in many places forms arches beneath which ride Moors and others mounted on mules and donkeys. The natives eat the fresh-cutting each year from its stem with twine.

Just below the hotel and outside the gate of the city is the *soho* or market place. On Sundays and Thursdays it is filled with a motley crowd of Moors, game, meat, eggs, fowl and other provisions 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 outside you stand in great bunches 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 loads, are lying down in a circle with their fore legs tied together. Near them are numbers of goatskin tents, flimsy in the extreme, and only high enough to shelter from the sun. In summer the search is said to be unbearable.

Here you see the genuine Bedouin Arab. Wild and dirty as he is, he is clean when compared with the looting men from the Rif coast, descendants of the old pirates. They are wild and unclean, and fiercer than wild animals. Their heads are closely shaved, after leaving a lock by which they formerly wore Mohammedan will pull them up to heaven.

A few 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 or five more women. He loved to walk out, but not unless she is guarded. If she left him, she could take nothing with her. If he sent her away she would be entitled to an allowance of £2,000 pounds in cash. The poor thing is a virtual prisoner. We have received an invitation to visit her, and shall accept it.

TWO CHILDREN CO TO THE RIVER BANK AND SUICIDE.

Down to the banks of the Delaware at Riverside, N. J., coasted yet by the winter's ice, two children went on Thursday. Their purpose was suicidal. 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 together in their attempt at solving the secret of the shadow feared of men, and were daily 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 effort at self-destruction was alleged parental abuse. James Drenk, their father, has in common with the responsibility of introducing them into the world, the burden of rearing other children, all of whom have, since his wife died in 1877, grown up and left him. The father was away at work in this city. He had left the children to hang, down 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 reporter entered.

"Why do you want to kill yourself, Charlie?" he asked. The small suicide covered over the stove. "I don't want to live," he said, as he peeled the potatoes. "Why not?" "In the high-pitched treble of youth the boy answered: "Pop licked me right before last because there was no supper. There wasn't no supper to get."

The small boy and still smaller sister in the corner began to beat natanap against the back of a picture of Abraham Lincoln, which she had plucked from the wall with the tongs. She had black hair and blue eyes. "Why did you want to drown yourself?" asked the reporter again. "Charlie wanted to go swimming," was the reply. The boy, open-mouthed and round-eyed, said: "S-s-h—she ain't into this. It was me that did it."

"I'm too tired to take off my shirt-look at them lumps." The wells across the boy's back were half an inch wide. "I get lumps like that every day—ever since they had my boots. 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 children is opposed to this, and desires to take them home himself.—Philadelphia Times.

GRAVE IN A CEMETERY WHICH WE NEED NOT NAME AND SURROUNDED IT WITH A VERY ORNAMENTAL FENCE OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE.

After he had laid his wife to rest within it, he erected by her memory a handsome tombstone, on which were carved these words: "Here lies Mrs. P. —, wife of Robert P., proprietor of the — iron works, where his elegant fence around this grave was manufactured. Similar ones made to order."

Justice Before Wealth. Regularly every year Thomas Conroy, an industrious shoemaker of Tanner's Falls, Pa., receives official notice from Dublin, Ireland, that a fortune of £2000, with the accumulations of twenty-six years, is in bank there awaiting his order, and regularly every year he sends his 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.

A Good Guarantee. 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. In no case has he disappointed those who used it. In Canada it gives the same general satisfaction. N. McRae, Weybridge, writes: "I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; it is used for colds, throat, croup, &c., and in fact for any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds and bruises."

He solemnly—"You had a very narrow escape last night, Miss Julia." She—"Merely, 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 door and I woke up." She (after a pause)—"The Chinaman must go." (Only the intimate friends of the families invited.) Mrs. O'Hearn, River street, Toronto, uses Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for her own cracked and sore feet, and also uses it when her horses had the epidemic with the very best results. Do not be persuaded to take any oil in place of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

Scene in a public office: Clerk—"Your name, please?" "John Smith." "Occupation?" "Dry Goods Merchant." "No. 804 Beaton street." Clerk turns to next gentleman and asks: "Name, please?" "Michael K'lhaugness." "Occupation?" "Carpenter." "And your saloon is located where?"

There is a boy in Springfield, Mass., who is dropping business all over the state. He has left a thumb at his grandmother's in Salem, two fingers with his uncle's moving machine in Roxbury, 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 Expeller for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

At a musical soiree a lady, after executing an interminable piano solo, faints dead away. "I'm a regular blind fool," said a husband to his wife, when she 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, by fervently that there didn't seem to be any necessity for continuing the conversation.

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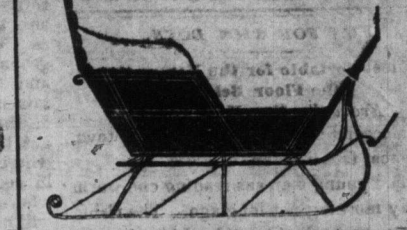
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