





**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 fruit, cutting each pear from its stem with twin hands.

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, who bring 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 are in a great market 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 gossamer tents, flimsy in the extreme, and only high enough to shelter the men. The confusion is terrible. Some of the men are hanging on drums, and others are playing the *klatch*, 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 magnificent Moor, in flowing white robes and splendid turban, stood 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 selling cross-bow bows. Above, below, around and beneath there was dirt of every description. Fortunately for us, the vicer smells had been tempered with recent rains. In summer the stench 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 £2000 pounds in cash. The poor thing is a virtual prisoner. We have received an invitation to visit her, and shall accept it.

Yesterday we were guests in two Moorish harems. The inmates gave us a very fine reception. The gloomy appearance of the old walls contrasted sharply with the inside of the harems. The halls were tiled. Marble pillars, bright colors and rugs gave the rooms a beautiful appearance. Mattresses were on the carpet, and the women were dressed in the way of jewelry. 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. Two of her boys 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 mosque cemetery to see and pray over her dead husband. We were offered tea and coffee. Etiquette required that we should drink four cups of coffee at least as many cakes. My visit was made very early in the morning.

The poor wives seemed glad to see me. They admired our dresses, and called each other's attention to what they took their fancy in the way of jewelry. They were dressed gaily, but they had a slovenly look and an ungracious walk.

**TWO CHILDREN CO TO THE RIVER BANK 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 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 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 smoldering 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 wa'n't no supper. There wa'n't no supper to git."

The small boy and still smaller sister in the corner began to beat natanian 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.

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

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. P. —, wife of Robert P., proprietor of the — iron works, where his elegant fence around this grave was manufactured. Similar ones made to order."

—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 towards consumption.

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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 colds and sore throat, and she also used 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.

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