

GIRLS SELL CHEAP.

HORRIBLE TRAFFIC OF THE SOUDAN SLAVE RAIDERS.

Captured Women Belong to the Fighting Mahdists—Slave Markets in all the Cities of Morocco—Dreadful News That Never Reaches the Outside World.

Those persons who take a philanthropic interest in the affairs of other nations are deeply excited just now by the tales brought from Morocco by Englishmen who have been traveling about the domain of the young Sultan Abdul Azziz. It seems that slave dealers are more active among the Moors now than for many years past, and some attribute the increase of the traffic to the disturbances in the Soudan, where the Anglo-Egyptian troops are now waging war against the Mahdists.

Nearly all of the slaves sold in Morocco are stolen from the tribes which infest the Soudan, and of these slaves 90 per cent. are young girls, ranging in age from eight years to 25 years. The explanation of this is that the men of the tribes are away fighting under the banner of the Mahdi, leaving the women unprotected against the raids of the slave dealers.

The latter, from all accounts, are taking full advantage of the unfortunate condition of affairs, and owing to the abundant supply, slaves are now selling in the principal cities of Morocco at cheaper prices than ever before. An unattractive woman of 24 or 25 years can now be bought for the Moorish equivalent of \$35, but a handsome little girl of 9 or 10 brings as high as \$60.

These women of the Soudan mature very early, and are old at 30. Children of 9 or 10 are as well developed as the average girl of 15 or 16. The Soudanese woman is quite black and ungainly in appearance, with all the familiar characteristics of the African negro.

Slavery is officially recognized in Morocco, and in each of the large cities there is a special slave market, where the wares of the dealers are sold at auction at regular intervals. These sales are always conducted with great decorum, but the dealers resort to many tricks to get big prices for their unfortunate victims. Bulletins are posted in the market giving particulars of the next sale, and these are closely studied in advance by prospective buyers.

The slave market at Fez is one of the most important in the kingdom of Morocco. It is situated in the center of the city, being nothing more than a large open square, surrounded by a kind of arcade in which the buyers and spectators sit. On one side of the open square is a magnificent mosque, a fine type of Moorish architecture, and many of the people who come to the sale first visit the mosque and send up a prayer to Allah.

The slave sales invariably take place in the evening, for the purpose of concealing in the dim light any imperfections which the unfortunate may possess. During the sale the slaves are kept together in one of the recesses of the arcade. They are always surrounded by a group of men—prospective buyers—who look them over as a woman inspects household furniture at an auction sale.

The average age of the slave girls is about 14 years, but the raiders do not scruple to steal children who would almost be considered babies in other countries. The dealers, who in most cases are prosperous, fine-looking men, watch over their victims carefully until they are sold, feeding them generously and trying to make them contented, so that they will present an agreeable appearance when placed before the bidders.

The slaves are led out separately by the dealer, who cries out their many advantages in Arabic. The usual dress of the slave is a single garment of calico. The dealer marches her around in the ring of open space while the bidders raise one another. When there is no possibility of getting a higher bid the girl is handed to the purchaser, the money is paid over, and the next slave is brought out to go through precisely the same performance. As the auctions take place every few days, there are not many slaves put up at one sale: 12 or 15 is the average number, but in some cases, where an exceptionally fruitful raid has been made, the number runs as high as 50 or 60. Abdul Azziz, the young Sultan, who looks 10 years older than he really is, encourages the slave traffic, but he is very jealous of the details concerning it reaching European ears. For this reason nearly all of the sales take place in the towns rarely visited by foreigners but should any of the latter appear at a sale it is at once postponed.

Most of the cities of Morocco are well protected against tourists, says the Boston Post, for the reason that the whole country is overrun by companies of brigands. To make a safe journey to the interior it is necessary to be accompanied by a formidable caravan, and the average tourist cannot afford the expense. These brigands are respecters of no one. They would as soon attack the Sultan as anyone else, providing there was a chance of over-coming his escort. The inland cities are, therefore, well protected against the prying eyes of Europeans, and news of the happenings there seldom reaches the outer world.

It is known, however, that ever since his accession to the throne Sultan Abdul Azziz has been busily engaged cutting off the heads of his male relatives as a means of effectually squelching all ambitions they might have to reign in his stead. Five hundred years ago one of the Sultans of Turkey discovered that the Koran permitted the killing of all male relatives of royalty, together with their harems and the progeny of the harems, and the young Sultan of

Morocco has taken full advantage of this precedent.

The young Sultan has a greater number of wives than any other of the Oriental potentates. The Sultan of Turkey is credited with 1,000, but the Sultan of Morocco is said to have 1,200. When any of the slave dealers capture an exceptionally handsome girl she is at once sent to the imperial palace, and if she is deemed fitting for a place in the harem the recompense of the slave is large. All of the courtiers and royal parasites attempt to imitate the Sultan in the size of their harems, and the merchants imitate the courtiers. The ceaseless raids in the Soudan more than meet the demand, which is now larger than at any time in the history of the ancient country.

BIG FISHING.

He Only Caught Three in a Day, But It Was a Good Day.

They were telling fish stories. The usual yarns were spun and every one tried to outdo the others, except one old man, who took no part.

"Didn't you ever fish?" asked one. "Was raised on the Kennebec river, up in Maine, and never did much but fish," was the quiet reply.

"What was the most fish you ever caught in a day?"

"Three." "Oh, you are joking."

"No, I ain't. It was near the mouth of the Kennebec river. There was a storm at sea, and the fish were driven into the river. Then the water went down and they couldn't get back, and I got some log chains, hitched mules to them and dragged them out."

"What kind of fish were they?" "Whales." And the old man shifted his tobacco to the other cheek and looked truthful.—Washington Star.

Cobbler Feared Competition.

Clergymen are frequently good story tellers but as a rule, a proper dignity prevents them from wanting to appear in that light publicly. The following was narrated to a Star reporter by a popular divine:—

"In the days of my early ministry," he said, "I thought it necessary to impress thoughts of salvation by everything I uttered, and I am afraid I was sometimes not altogether discreet."

"My first work was in a Western mining camp, and I had to remain over night at a rough hotel to wait for a stage to convey me to my destination. At the table a savage looking man said, gruffly,

"What might be your line, young feller?"

"Selling souls," I said solemnly.

"Ugh," was the only response.

"After supper a coarsely-dressed man approached me and said:—

"Pardner, let's make some kind o' dicker. We're in the same line, an' thar ain't room for both. Thar's a camp funder up the creek whar yo' could do well."

"I think you are mistaken, my friend," I said, "I am a minister of the Gospel."

"Scuse me, parson; I thought yo' was a cobbler."—Washington Star.

Don't Give Brandy.

The moral effect of early acquaintance with specific truth is illustrated by a little story which Rev. D. Plumb tells in the Boston Transcript.

"A millionaire brewer, a senator in another state, said to Mrs. Hunt, 'I shall vote for your bill. I have sold out my whole brewery, and am clean from the whole business. Let me tell you what occurred at my table. A guest was taken dangerously ill at dinner—invisible—and there was a call for brandy to restore him. My little boy at once exclaimed: 'No, that is just what he don't need! It will paralyze the nerves and muscles of the blood vessels so they will not send back the blood to the heart.'"

"When the liquor was poured out to give the man, the lad insisted on pushing it back."

"You will kill him, he has too much blood in his head already."

"How did you know all that?" his father afterwards asked.

"Why it is in my Physiology at school."

It seems the text-books, prepared by such men as Prof. Newell Martin, F. R. S., of John Hopkins University, had succeeded in giving the lad some definite information which was proving useful.

"Senator," said Mrs. Hunt, "are you sorry your boy learned that at school?"

"Madam," the man replied, raising his hand, "I would not take \$5,000 for the assurance this gives me that my boy will never be a drunkard."

Youth's Companion.

The Way They Traded.

"I witnessed a novel marriage in Virginia a few days ago," said a traveling salesman to a Washington Star reporter.

"A couple on a gaunt, bony horse rode up to the hotel where I was stopping. The swain dismounted and took half a dozen chickens into the house to sell them to the landlord. He was not in need of chickens, and the man said:—

"Tain't no use, Sal. We'll hev ter come again tomorrow."

"The next morning they rode into town again and made the round of the stores. I watched, and finally the man went to the county clerk's office. I followed and heard the colloquy.

"Mister, we an' my gal wants ter git married. We brought in chickens ter git money for a license, but no one would give us no money for 'em. Kin sell 'em in trade over hyar, an' ef you'll take the trade, I'll buy a license."

"The deal was made, and the couple rode home, looking as happy as though the course of true love had always run smoothly."

A GLIMPSE OF CREATION.

That is the Sensation Felt During an Eclipse of the Sun, As Described by a Member of One of the Recent Japan Expeditions.

The first contact could not be accurately observed, but shortly after the clouds became very thin, and with smoked glass the sun showed its bitten side distinctly, but ill-defined through cloud. The sea grew leaden in color, the sky desolately somber. The crows pretended indifference, but soon succumbed and flew off to the thick pine forests on the mountain sides with heavy haste. The Alger grew dimmer and grayer, the sampans and junks became almost one mass of equal colorlessness, and the grass and verdure suddenly grew strangely, vividly yellow-green. It was a moment of appalling suspense; something was being waited for—the air was portentous. Then, with a leap, as it seemed, deep darkness came over the world, and with an indescribable outflashing at the same second the corona burst forth in a heavenly radiance. But dimly seen through thin cloud, it was nevertheless beautiful beyond description, a celestial flame from an unimaginable heaven. Simultaneously the whole northwestern sky far up toward the zenith was instantly flooded with a lurid and startlingly brilliant orange, the clouds drifting across it slightly darker in shade, while the west and southwest gleamed in shirring lemon-yellow. It was not like a sunset; it was too somber, too terrible. The sea was dark, the horizon indistinguishable.

One human being seemed so small, so helpless, so slight a part of all the mystery and weirdness! It was as if the hand of Deity were visibly laid upon space and worlds, and had allowed a momentary glimpse into the awfulness of creation. It might have been hours—time seemed annihilated—and yet when the tiniest possible globe of sunlight, like a drop or a pinhole, appeared, that fair corona and all the color in sky and cloud withdrew, the stormy twilight aspect of entire naturalness returned, and then the two minutes and a half in memory seemed but a few seconds.—Miss Mabel Loomis Todd in the New York Evening Post.

The Skipper's Wife Awheel.

"Do I think the bicycle is a proper thing for a woman to ride?" inquired one schooner captain of another down at Charley Ellis' the other day, says the Florida Times-Union.

"B'gosh, I've got to think so, for the old lady rides one."

"When I went home last voyage she says to me:—

"John, come an' see my wheel and watch me ride."

"She's a trim lookin' little craft, my old lady is, but she didn't know how to ride, so she must have me to cast off the lines and give her a tow until she got pretty well under headway."

"Away she started, a reef in her sheet on one side a-shovin' too much for her spars, but a-gettin' along pretty good. She struck a squall and I shouted to her:—

"Hi, there, put your wheel hard a-port and shift your ballast to starboard!" That's what she did, and by the eternal hurricanes the rudder turned clean over the bowsprit, and I shouted:—

"Woman overboard!"

"John," says she, reproachfully, "you don't know anything about it. Of course, it's all right on a ship to shift her ballast over to the opposite way you are careening, but on a wheel it's different. When your wheel is leaning to port you lean that way, too."

"And I'll be darned if she didn't learn the thing on that unnatural principle, and now she rides the wheel like my old boat rides the billows."

Angels' Wings.

A German scientist, after making a careful scrutiny of the works of the old masters, has announced that they invariably painted the wings of angels in the wrong place. Rubens, Raphael, Correggio and Michael Angelo, he says, were ignorant of the elemental principles of science, and simply made fools of themselves by painting angels' wings at the shoulder blades.

Nature, says this critic, has placed the wings in all creatures that fly exactly at the center of gravity. This is obviously the right place for them, and nature never made a mistake.

But now an examination of the old masters shows that the center of gravity in all of their figures is far below where the wings of the angels have been placed. The wings ought properly, says this German, to have been situated about the waist, and that otherwise they look absurd, as to fly with wings from the shoulder, where the old masters placed them, is a physical impossibility.

After a Record.

"Strange," said the man with the strong cigar absent-mindedly.

"What's strange?" asked the man with the meerschaum.

"I was thinking of a friend of mine who claims to have found an absolutely perfect fountain pen."

"Always writes, never dips ink and never gets out of order?"

"That's what he says."

The man with the meerschaum pipe shook his head.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"I hardly know what to think of it. He's joined no liars' club that I know of, and yet everything indicates that he is working for a record."—Chicago Post.

One Ren-on.

"Jacques, how is it that you never bring any good marks home from school?"

"Oh, papa, there are such a lot of us that when my time comes there are none left."

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

More murders per 1,000 inhabitants occur in the United States than in any other country.

Steamer Mon'videan, which arrived at Quebec from London on Friday, brought several hundred cases of new rifles and ammunition for the military authorities.

Schooner Waukesha was wrecked off Muskegon, Mich., early Sunday morning and six lives were lost. But one man of a crew of seven, commanded by a drunken captain, reached the shore.

An old woman of Liverpool named Bridget McMullen, is rivaling the record of London's Jane Cakebread. She has been brought before the Police Court 355 times for intoxication and has spent half her life in prison.

At a reception in Edinburgh on Friday evening Lord Selborne, parliamentary secretary of the Colonial Office, and son-in-law of Prime Minister Salisbury, declared the Venezuelan dispute would be satisfactorily settled before Parliament assembled.

At a meeting of the creditors of Hall & Fairweather in St. John, Monday, a motion was carried to accept Mr. Hall's offer of 20 cents cash or 25 cents in three, six, nine and twelve months without interest, the choice being at the option of the creditors. The liabilities are in the vicinity of \$58,000; assets about \$23,000.

The reports in circulation in Constantinople, on Thursday last state that a massacre had occurred in an Armenian village near Kaizarib and that sixty persons had been killed, were not exaggerated. On the contrary, the affair turned out to have been more serious than at first announced. The massacre occurred in the village of Everek. One hundred persons were killed and nearly every Armenian house was pillaged.

Up in Michigan a Sabbath school superintendent, at the close of an address on the creation, which he was sure he had kept within the comprehension of the smaller scholars, smilingly invited questions. A tiny boy, with white, eager face and large brow, at once held up his hand. "Please, sir, why was Adam never a baby?" The superintendent coughed in some doubt as to what answer to give, but a little girl of 9, the eldest of several brothers and sisters, came promptly to his aid. "Please, sir," she said smartly, "there was nobody to nurse him!"

Even the criminals have found out how to use electricity. "I've cracked more than 70 safes in my time," said a Chicago burglar to the sheriff while awaiting transfer to the penitentiary to serve a seven years' sentence, "but I've never used anything except powder, dynamite and nitroglycerine. If I live to finish this sentence I'll do a little work afterward that will astonish the boys. I can cut through almost any safe in Chicago inside of two hours with electricity and without making enough noise to waken a cat. I got that pointer from the electrical display at the world's fair."

A floating paragraph of foreign intelligence announces the important fact that Queen Victoria has introduced a reformation of the docking practice in her own stables and is employing her puissant resources in the effort to induce His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, to follow her example. The statement has more significance than may appear at first blush for it implies that a blow has been struck at the very root of the inhumane practice. Once thoroughly discontinued by the adherents of royalty in England it would quickly lose caste among their more or less unpatriotic and servile imitators in the United States. By all means let us applaud the good sense of Her Most Gracious Majesty.

The New York Herald contains a graphic account and picture of Rev. Albert B. Sampson, a P. E. Islander, who thrilled an audience in New York city to such an extent that the meeting gave a collection \$122,000. The Rev. gentleman said that God, not he, inspired the people to give that vast sum for foreign missions. Mr. Sampson was born of Scotch Presbyterian parents. He gave up a salary of \$5,000 a year at the 23rd street Presbyterian church in New York to "get at the people," as he phrased it, and he is now at the head of the missionary alliance in three meetings within a few months, he has raised over a third of a million dollars. Rev. Mr. Sampson, with his wife and family, lives in a small flat, frugally and very plainly.

The Scorchers.

He tumbled from his weary wheel, And sat it by the door; Then stood as though he joyed to feel His feet on earth once more. And as he mopped his rumpled head, His face was wreathed in smiles; "A very pretty run," he said, "I did a hundred miles!"

"A hundred miles!" I cried, "Ah! think what beauties you have seen! The meadows rich and green. Where did you wend your rapid way—Through lofty woodland aisles?" He shook his head. "I cannot say, I did a hundred miles!"

"What hamlets saw your swift tires spin? Ah, how I envy you! To lose the city's dust and din, Beneath the heaven's blue; To get a breath of country air; To lean o'er rustic styles?" He only said, "The roads were fair; I did a hundred miles!"

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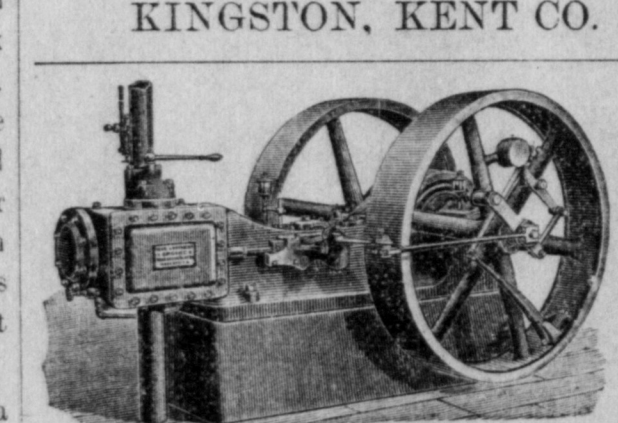
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