OLICING THE DESERT OF SAHARA

Howithe, French: Are Guarding the World's Greatest Barren Empire

Arab Soldiersyon Camels That Goa Hundred Miles. in One Day

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER. AM in one of the wildest parts of the greatest desert on earth. On all sides me is the Sahara, stretching to the west, south and east, for hundreds of The desert, all told, is larger than the United States. It is so big that if you could lift up its sandy, rocky surface like a quilt and transport it to our country, it would cover every bit of it, and hide a part of Canada and the Guif of Mexico. It is longer than the Mediterranean Sea, and bigger than all Europe. In some places it is 2000 miles wide. Where I now am is more than 400 miles south of the port of Oran, and about 1200 miles from Timbuktu on the Niger. where the great fertile belt of Africa

This is on the very edge of the French Just west of it there are wild rocky mountains as bare as the asphalt of Pennsylvania avenue, and as thirsty as was Dives when he begged Lazarus to cool his parched tongue. They mark the boundary between the possessions of the French and those of the Moorish sultan; but the desert goes farther west-ward, and at the southwest it does not stop until it reaches the Atlantic Ocean.

On the French Military Railroad.

I came here on the military railroad, built by the French, to guard their people from the brigands of Morocco. It is the road which, it is thought, may some day road which, it is thought, may some day be continued clear across the Sahara to Timbuktu, with possibly a branch going off to Lake Chad. The road starts at Oran, and carries one through the rich lands of the Tell, a country as fat as our Mississippi Valley, which has grain fields and orchards and vineyards which make millions of gallons of wine every year. The scenes there are like those of the best parts of California. We left Oran in the evening, and as the night fell we were still in the Tell.

On the Atlas Plateau.

Wrapping myself in my blanket, with

Wrapping myself in my blanket, with my camera under my head as a pillow. I slept fitfully all night and woke on the high plateau of the Atlas Mountains, beyond which is the desert. I was passing through a great plain of yellow sandy soil covered here and there with stones and spotted everywhere with bunches of dry alfa grass. Only in one direction were there any hills to be seen, and they were bleak, barren and rocky.

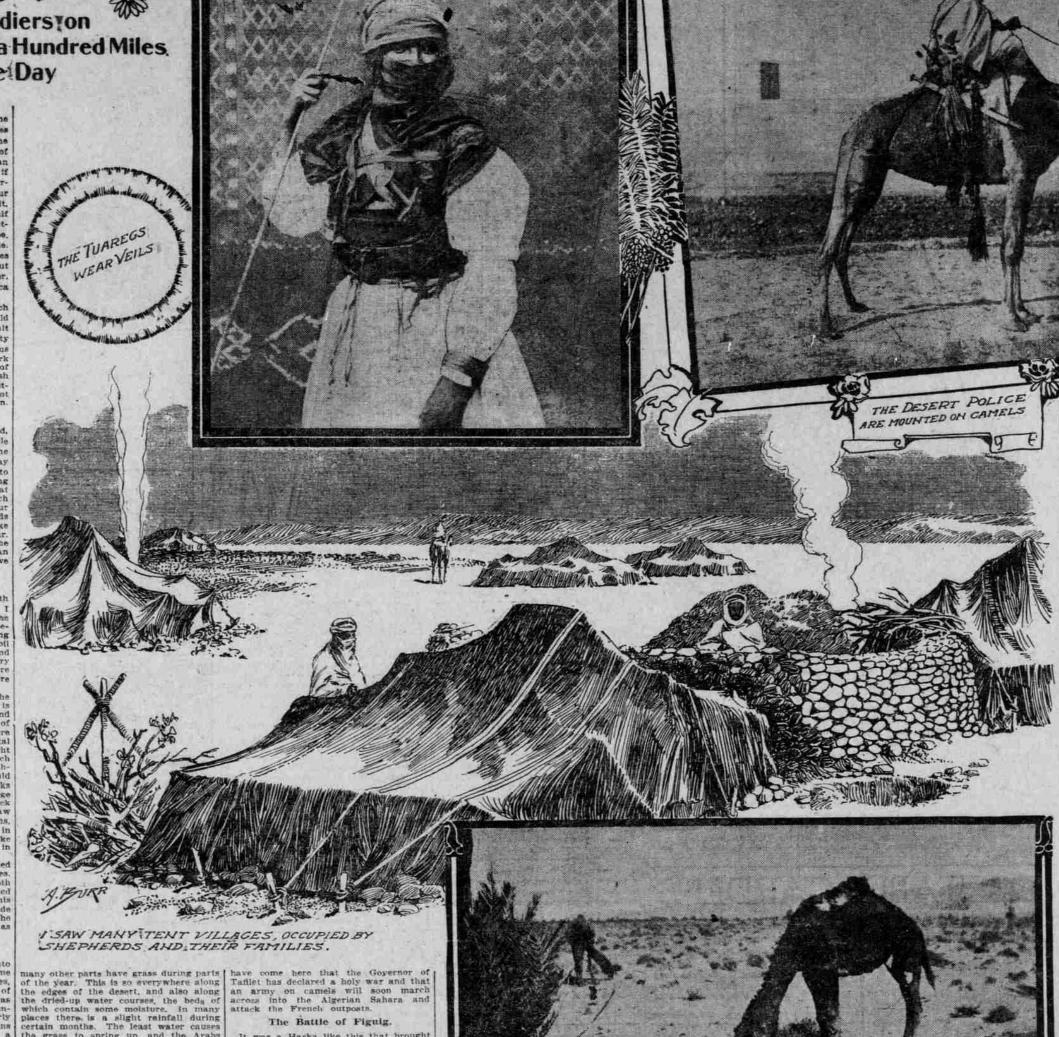
The alfa was growing right in the sands. It is a long, wiry grass, which is gathered by the thousands of tons and shipped to Europe for the making of ipaper. It is cut by the Arabs and there are companies with immense capital which handle it. It grows to the height of my waist in bunches, some of which are not bigger than one's fist, while others sprout out of mounds which would fill a half-bushel measure. It looks fill a half-bushel measure. It looks tough and dry, but nevertheless large Slocks of white and brown sheep, black igoats and camels feed upon it. such animals scattered over the plains, each flock watched by a shepherd in white gown and turban, who looked like a ghost as he stood among his sheep in the early morning.
We passed many tent villages occupied

by such shepherds and their families. The tents are of a coarse black cloth woven in stripes. They are so stretched out that one has to get down upon his knees and crawl in. The cloth is made of camel's hair and sheep's wool by the wives of the shepherds; it is used as canvas throughout the desert.

Down Into the Desert.

We soon left the Atlas and came on into the Sahara itself. There was still some vegetation, but it was only in patches, here and there, or along the banks of dried-up streams. Now the land was flat, and now it rose into rocky mountains, which were black in the early morning. As I looked out over the plains I saw the sun rise. There was first a faint streak of yellow away off to the cast. This graw until it became after

inside the crescent. As this rolling goes on the dunes increase in size. They move along slowly and if a railroad should be in their way they would swallow it up. I have seen similar dunes or the



As I have said, the road here was built for military purposes. It is an absolute necessity to the French control of the Sahara. The stations along it are all fortified, and the country for miles about here is one great camp. Every town has its barracks, there are soldiers at every station, and troops on horseback and on camels are moving about everywhere. Not a Flat Bed of Sand.

The old descriptions represented the Sahara as a dreary waste of barren sand an flat as the sea, a vast wilderness where travelers must periah if they tried to go through it. The real Sahara has vast expanses of sand. It has plains as a flat was a groad-sized state of the Union, which are covered with stoges, but a great part of it is rolling. It is largely a plateau, broken up by lofty mountains and cut up by water courses called waste in the year. Its average height above the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as that of the sea is about as great as the alle-shenica and higher.

The and dames themselves are sometimes so feet high, and they rise from the desert, crescent shaped, the horns of the greater being furned away from the winds. The sand is rolled up by the winds. The sand series of the french control of the foreign leaded to a pass through the mountains which separate the dominions of the french to desist. Since then the rail-roll of the french control of the french

throw of the Moroccan boundary, and at the gate to a pass through the mountains which separate the dominions of the Moorish sultan from African France. The French have subdued long since the brigands of their own parts of the Sahara, but the brigands of the Moroc-can desert make raids upon the French osses, and they also attack travelers and careavers soling to and fro over the

morning. As I looked out over the plains is a single reinfall during morning. As I looked out over the plains is I saw the sun rise. There was first a faint streak of yellow away off to the cast. This grew until it became a sheet of light over the horizon. A few minutes later a pale yellow sim could be seen through this veil. As it rone the veil disappeared and a blazing white ball jumped out into the sky. For a time a thin, fleecy mist hovered over the snads only to be followed by the clear air of the desert.

As we went on with our journey the Sahara seemed always changing. We passed for miles over the bare rock, almost as smooth as a floor, and then through resions where the rock was rasged and out up into all sorts of shapes. At times there were houlders and again pebbles of different colors, red, brown and black. Here about Benl Ounif the desert is largely limestone, while farther south, along the Zousfana River, I passed through rolling dunes and plains covered with boulders.

Not a Flat Bed of Sand.

The old descriptions represented the Sahara as a dreary waste of barren sand as first as the sea, a vast wilderness where the rockers and sar first as the sea, a vast wilderness where the revel in months. The locks to such places to spring up, and the Arabs drive their flocks to such places to spring up, and the Arabs drive their flocks to such places to spring up, and the Arabs drive their flocks to such places to spring up, and the Arabs drive their flocks to such places to spring up, and the Arabs drive their flocks to such places to spring up, and the Arabs drive their flocks to such places to spring up, and the Arabs drive their flocks to such places to spring up, and the Arabs drive their flocks to such places to spring up, and the Arabs drive their flocks to such places to such places to first flock for the care sometimes thorn bushes which the arabit flood for the camely, and the Arabs of the bact the flood. Along the relief flock, and the Arabs of the bact the place of the same thin, fleep the flood

and within two years a thriving set-tlement has grown up here, right at the gate to the pass. Figuig is now safe for a traveter, if he is accom-panied by French soldlers, and the

at every large ozais and have camel solders scouring the country and hellographing the least sign of disturbance. These camel police are natives mounted on meharis—beasts which can go 100 miles day after day without tiring. Many of the camel police are Tuaregs, who find it pays better to be employed by the French than to rob the caravans themselves, as they did in the past: others are Targhis, from a warlike tribe in the eastern part of the Algerian Sahara. These troops paired the country all the way from Tripoli to Morocco. They act as scouts for the French officers, and are ready to fight bravely in time of trouble. A large number of them are now watch-A large number of them are now watching the pass here. They go about at wide distances apart and bring in reports of the conditions existing all along the desert frontier. Mail Men on Camels.

The French have established a sort mall service for the Sahara. The Arab postmen carry mallbags on these fast meharls. Every military station is thus served, and in some places, such as Colomb Bechar and Adrar, there are postoffices, where money orders are issued and a regular mail service is given. Among the important stations are those of Tuat, which is a large series of oases several hundred miles south of here. There are soldiers also at Tidtkelt, at Igell and at many other places.

self away in the hold of a German steamer. Just as the ship was raising anchor the military police came on board and discovered him, through a Hindoo cabin boy, who pointed out his hiding place. He was then put in prison at the port of Namours, where the sheriff set him to cleaning his horses. One day he took the best horse in the stable and rode across into Morocco to Melilla. There he again tried to get off, this time on a Spanish ship. He was again caught, however, and shipped down here into the however, and shipped down here into the heart of the Sahara. He is expecting to be sent on into the desert far from the railroad.

The Tuaregs as Police.

I understand that the Tuaregs are doing the best work of all the Arabs employed by the French. They have been organ-ized into companies and have been given inside the crescent. As this rolling goes in the dunes increase in aims. They move along abovely and it a railroad about the gast to the pass. Figure is not being and at many other places. They have good modern guins. They have proder good modern guins. They have prode and desert make raids upon the French on the good modern guins. They have proder goin desert make raids upon the French are vere to building a wagon road to that they form the capturing desert at the foot of the good modern guins. They have pood the french of the good modern guins. They have prode good modern guins. They h

self; but as the food for both man and beast costs practically nothing he con-siders himself rich.

THORN BUSHES

FURNISH THE FOOD FOR THE CAMELS

Soldiers Who Wear Veils. These Tuaregs are descendants of th

Berber or white race of the Atlas Mountains, who have been crowded off into the desert. They have long been noted as the brighteds of the Sahara. They are especially distinguished by the fact that they wear veils night and day. Their their heads like a turban and then pass them over the nose and mouth and across the forehead, so that only the eyes can be seen. It is said that the vell was orighe seen. It is said that the veil was orig-inally adopted to keep out the dust, but that it is now a mark of fashion and mod-esty. Another story told me is that the Tuareg men first put on veils as a matter of cowardice and shame. They were sur-prised by their enemies and were so-frightened that they threw down their arms and ran, leaving their families. Thereupon the women picked up the swords, spears and daggers and defeated the enemy. From that day until now the

Revised Version of Aesop

BY MARCUS W. ROBBINS. The Wolf and the Shepherds.

WOLF passing by, saw some shepherds in a hut eating for their dinner a haunch of mutton. Approaching them he said: "What a clamor you would raise if I were to do as you are doing."

Some Bankers went before Congress and endeavored to get a law passed alowing them to issue National Bank notes on their railroad stock and other adustrials that they might happen to have in their possession. A Kansas Farmer who noted this, grunted out: "If I remember rightly you raised a great clamer when I wanted to do this on my wheat and corn." It would take a combetween an asset currency and a pump

mission on insanity to tell the difference The Dove and the Crow. A Dove shut up in a cage was boasting of the large number of young ones which she had hatched. A Crow hear-

ing her, said: "My good friend, cease from this unseasonable boasting. The larger the number of your family, the greater your cause of sorrow in seeing them shut up in this prison house." A Laboring Man who earned his daily bread by common labor was boasting of the large family he had raised. A reason-

able person on hearing him, said: "My good friend, cease from this unseasonable boasting. The larger the number of your family, the lower it will reduce the wages of your class and the harder it will be for your children to lift themselves out of the squalor and ignorance. The Dog and the Oyster.

A Dog used to eating eggs, saw an Oyser; and opening his mouth to its widest extent, swallowed it down with the utmost relish, supposing it to be an egg. Soon afterwards suffering great pain in his stomach he said: "I deserve all this torment for my folly in thinking that everything round must be an egg."

A good old line Democrat of the partistraight, saw a municipal candidate for Mayor at the head of his ticket. forthwith got out and rustled hard and supported the ticket with great enthuslasm. After the election of his candidate Old Liner went around to she City Hall expecting to get a soft snap as a reward for his efforts but instead he got a crate of lemons of a particularly sour variety. After taking a bracer of two to steady his nerves, he remarked: "I deserve all this for being foolish enough to think that because a man labels himself a Democrat he necessarily

Grants Pass, Oregon.

El Paso Speaks.

Denver Republican.

(The manager of the San Carlo Opera Company almost caused a riot when he cut a scene out of "The Barber of Sevilie" at El Pase. Tex.—Press dispatch.)

We may be shy of boiled shirts, here is Texas,
And of hats that have to get a daily shine. But we're up to dale in music down here, stranger.

Clear from "Lohengrin" right down te "Auld Lang Syne."

The leit-motifs don't trouble us in Wagner— We can tell 'em with one hand behind our back: And there can't no four-flush impressario Try to throw us off the operatic track.

We can pick a bum note, blindfold, in "The Dutchman." And we know just when a dissonance is we can whistle "Paraifal" with variations— We can sing, or dance, "The Gotterdam-merung."

So, when some op'ry manager gets chesty and gives it to us in our sev'ral necks. We make him rue the day he ever tampered With this music-lovin burg—Ei Paso, Tex.

Pick-Me-Up.

When mother starts to 11dy up
Poor father starts to 11dy up
Poor father starts to 11dy up
For well he knows the bitter cup
Is his to quaff that day.
Those cherished papers that he placed
In one particular spot
Again on earth are usver traced,
Because she's burnt the lot.

That good, old pipe, well seasoned, which Was sweet, although 'twas old, Is missing from its issual niche. With other 'rubbish' sold.
The dustrans miles a healthy smile And strokes his brindle pup, He knows to call is worth his whita When mother tidles up.