kindex®
< Scan QR to view this original record online, or visit https://ezratclark.kindex.org/s/198990

Title: **Book-034**
Provenance: **Courtesy of the Farmington Museum**

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

Saturday-Beggar's Day-

A score or more persons have come to our door already this morning. They are children of Ishmael and have come up from their own quarter of the city to beg clothing and food from their brethren, the descendants of Isaac. They are dressed in pure Arabic style their characteristics are such as we might expect would be developed during thousands of years in a people living in the wilderness; and although these who are thronging the streets live in a city and although a form of the gospel has been given them we still (yet) find them to be a wild "people" dwelling in the presence of their brethren". The rear of the procession has not yet arrived and among those coming up the street we see a family that attracts particular attention. A man is rapping at the door; he is one of their number. The lady of the house not long since went to the market. The door is locked and all is quiet. In his eagerness to get something from within he is utterly unconscious to the sound of a coin pitched from an upper window onto the stone platform where he is standing. But this one looks rather more like a professional beggar than a poor man and is allowed to walk away ignorant of what was lying at his feet. The coin however will do for someone else.

A family of five is crossing the road and coming this way. The father walks with a staff and with one-hand holds to the hand of his little boy. A thick dark green cloth hangs from his head over his shoulder and is held on by a cord made of goat's hair, which twice encircles the crown of his head. His raiment is tattered; that covering his back looks like a heavy quilt which has been pulled across several American wire fences: this dress like pantaloons, once white now very dirty reach below the knee. He wears no stockings; sandals are on his feet. They have come up to the house and are now ascending the steps. The coin remains apparently unobserved, but the big brown eyes of the larger boy discovers the one who is noting their actions. He at once makes himself comfortable in the shade: he seats himself flat on the stone platform, crosses his legs, draws up his feet, and with his course pantaloon, sandals, shirt, belt, and fez form a true picture of his race. The smaller boy takes his seat nearer the coin. The mother stands with her babe astride her hip and while the husband naps she looks with hopeful eyes for the door to open. The marks on her face produce a sober countenance and are the result of great anxiety. Her apparel looks like she has-as many