DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1900.



The "House of Kings" and the Golden Tower-On the Fashionable Promenade with the Creme De La Creme of Andalusia-Some Priceless Manuscript. Special Correspondence. Seville, Spain, Jan. 31st, 1900 .- This sunniest capital of Andalusia prides itmightily on many things. Belf on nothing more than beand ing "the most Spanish city in Spain"--that is, least changed

by modern progress. In a place where Father Time seems to have been standing absolutely still since the days of the Caliphs-where everybody lives and moves according to his own sweet will and nobody pays the slightest heed to his neighbor's affairs, any pleasant happening grows easily into a habit. Thus we find ourselves arising before the lark and mounting the Giralda towerday after day, as regularly as the mueddin of old-merely to see the sun spring out of bed behind the dark Morener range and come smilling over the valley of the Guadalculvir.

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You need not climb the whole three hundred and fifty feet of the minaret. nor even go half way up, to enjoy a glorious prospect. At your feet lies the flat-roofed, white-walled city; the vast cathedral; the domes of a hundred churches, all covered with red and green tiles; the splendid towers of the | in

MRS. NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS.



She has been very ill in New York City, where she has been recovering

from the effects of an operation. Her physicians, however, say that she will soon recover.

mosques and minarets; suburban villas amid masses of verdure; the historic river, sweeping around the outskirts and away to the sea, bearing the varied craft of commerce; the beautiful valley of the Guadalquivir-here green and gold with orange orchards, there shimmering gray with the foliage of olive groves; green valleys and little villages nestling in the foot hills; fig trees and palm trees; hedges of aloes and rosevines wreathing garden walls: the deep blue of the sky, the quaint costumes of the people astir in the fields and the streets, the chiming of bells, the clamor of hawks and

PIGEONS IN THE BELFRY

overhead—all combine to delight the senses and fill the memory with fade-less visions of beauty. The old Moslem minaret looks down sullenly upon this infidel splendor, and from the balcony under the bells you seem to hear the Under the bens you seem to near the wraith of the muczain still calling to the faithful: "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet! Prayer is better than sleep. Come to prayer!'

Descending to earth again from Abu-Yusuf Yakub's tower, we emerge into the "Court of Orange Trees" and stand for a moment beside the battered mar-ble fountain, where for three hundred years the cleanly Moors performed their morning ablutions. Children play all day long under the cool arcades, stray goats and donkeys browse in the grove and while here and back of the stray and water-carriers fill their kegs at the once-sacred fountain, then trudge away with cheerful cries, "A'ua! A'ua! Quien, quiece a'aa? Templ'a y muy'uenal" "Water! Water! who wants water? Tepid and good!" Water-selling is a profitable business in Seville; and besides their kegs and porous jugs, many of the aguadores carry kettles of bolling water; for the Spaniards have a new-fangled notion that warm water is more healthful than cold on a summer's day. Only two sides of the original Court of Orange-trees remain the quaint Moorish arch and bronze doors which led to the 12th century mosque of Jacub-Al-Mansur, since displaced by the Ro-mish cathedral, disfigured by some terra-cotta statutes, made as late as 1519. The old gateway leading from the street into the court has been partially rebuilt, and in the recess where the kadi used to disperse justice, two images are enshrined—one of the Savior in His agony, with bloody face and rolling eyes, the other His virgin mother. The sanctity of these images is attested by numerous proofs of mir-aculous cures, wrought by interposition of the Saints in answer to prayer- discarded crutches, pictures and wax rep-resentations of sores, deformilies and other human ills—exhibited on shelves. The little altar in front is always surrounded by kneeling devotees and its broad copper tray is well covered with coin

Climb a worn stone staircase to a suite of rooms in the upper story of the old mosque, and you will find the most interesting, if not the most valuable, collection of books and manuscripts in the world-twenty thousand

MUSTY VOLUMES

bound in vellum, bequeathed to the canons and book worms of the cathe-drai by Columbus' son, Fernando. The great navigator's original manuscripts are preserved in a glass case. Some of them were written in the dungeons of the manual statement of the the Inquisition; and maps and charts with marginal notes on them are dis-colored with the sait spray of the west-ern ocean. There is also that queer old book of nonsense, "The Travels of Marco Polo," which probably suggested to Columbus the existence of another hemisphere. At any rate, he set great store by the book and took it on all his voyages. It bears evidence of much study and usage possible store beach study and usage, nearly every page be-ing enriched with notes in Columbus' own hand. The writing, though of the antique style called "crabbed," is legi-ble as copper plate, and often found with their fountains and statuary and

Alcazar, and a score of Moorish | swamps of Florida; from monks who built the mission houses in San Augus-tine and far California; in short the early romance and history of America epitomized--if one could only get at those precious documents! A confirmation of the statement by historians, that Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, could not write his name, is found here, for letters purporting to be his, bear his X mark only. It is best to visit the Alcazar in the

morning, while one is fresh as may be You apply at a small office in the ser-rated, fifty feet high wall, near the entrance, where a pass will be furnished, without which you cannot gain ad-

deras" (flags), because there the Span-ish colors are hoisted when the sovereign is inside; and the other the "Mon-teria," from whence he sallies forth to the chase. As everybody knows, this most sumptuous of Moerish palaces, which is second to the Alhambra of Granada only in size and situation, oc-cupies the site of the Roman practor,

Cupies the site of the Roman practor, and was rebuilt in the tenth century for the Arab prince Abdu-r-rahman Anna'ssir Liden-Allah-"Defender of the religion of God." Afterwards it was enlanged and altered by Pedro I, nicknamed the Cruel, by the Philips II, III, and V; by Charles V, and Ferdinand VI, and Isabella of Portugal, whom King Charles married; in short, nearly every sovereign has done his nearly every sovereign has done his best, according to his individual taste, toward beautifying and adorning this royal residence. The result is rather too gaudy a succession of brilliant coloring and intricate arabesques, which confuse the mind and weary the eyes and leave an impression of too much paint and gilding. The coloring and designs traced upon its walls are ap-proached only in the

FINEST INDIA SHAWLS.

Domes rise like a series of intersecting soap-bubbles, and the stalactile stucce drops vivid prisms in honey-comb pat-terns. The gardens are said to be the most beautiful in Europe. There are many court yards, the largest, Las Doncellas, 70 feet long by 54 wide, be-ing superb with rich, glazed tiles. At one end of it is the chair of justice, from which the kadi, and afterwards Pedro the Cruel, exercised the office of judge. Then come the grand sa-loons of Charles V, of the Apeadero, of Maria Padilla, and of Philip II, each a wonder in its way. The hall of ambassadors has a glorious media na-ranja (half orange) roof, and is probably the most gorgeously decorated chamber in the world. Its dazzling walls are crowned with a carved wood. en dome, colored in blue and scarlet and studded with golden stars. In this room Pedro caused his brother, whom he had invited as a guest, to be Abu Said, another royal guest, to be murdered; and here also he murdered Abu Said, another royal guest, for the jewels he carried. The Patio de las Doncellas was the central court of the Moorish seragilo, and the place where

the annual tribute of one hundred Christian maidens was delivered by the vassals of the sultan. The old-est portion of the building fronts THE MAIN GARDEN,

which Charles V, spent a fortune in which Charles V, spent a fortune in beautifying. Here you may inspect the tank in which gloomy Philip V used to fish, during the years when he shut himself up in seclusion to do penance for his sins. Here is also the Isabel chapel, covered with curious chquecente tiles; and the vaulted baths, which had once been Arab prisons, converted into bathing pools for Maria de Padilla. Maria, the unmarried queen, ruled in this Alcazar as no woman has ever done before or since. So great was her influence over Pedro the Cruel that people believed she managed him by magic arts; but it was only the witch-

