

AN OLIVE FARM IN SOUTHERN SPAIN.

The Most Profitable Industry in Andalusia is the Making of Salad Oil—Modus Operandi of Its Manufacture—Where Hernan Cortez Lived and Died—Grossome Tales of San Isidoro—A Night Journey to Cordova.

Special Correspondence.

Cordova, Spain, Feb. 20.—Our departure from Seville was delayed another day, in order to accept an eleventh-hour invitation to visit an olive farm—an excursion which I believed would prove an interesting to readers of the Desert News as to myself. According to arrangement, our host's traveling carriage awaited us at 4.30 o'clock in the morning, and after a hasty cup of coffee we elated through the still sleeping streets of Seville, under the lofty Giralda, among whose silent bells a colony of hawks and pigeons were calling an early muzzon of their own; past old Casa del Ayuntamiento, the great corporation house, fronting the main plaza, whose facade of silver-smith chasing in stone is pronounced the most delicate ex-

Since the dawn of history the neighborhood of Seville has been celebrated for its olive and oil, which yet form the staple commodity of Andalusia. There are hundreds of haciendas, large and small, each of which combines in itself an olive grove, a village, a manufactory and a manor-house. The estate of San Esteban, which we were invited to inspect, is a notable one, though less extensive than many, because managed on lines comparatively up to date. It contains about 25,000 trees, each of which yields from two to three bushels of olives every year. The whole product averages five thousand arrobas (of 25 pounds), which sell from three to five dollars the arroba. At the moderate average of \$20,000 a year, the income from this small farm is not bad—considering that there are no crops to be planted over and over, and no cultivating to be done. But

in bearing requires a fortune large enough to live without labor. The trees are planted in straight rows; a branch is cut from the parent in January, the end is opened into four, into which a stone is placed; it is then planted, barked and watered for three years, and as it grows, is

PRUNED INTO FOUR

upright branches. Between the tenth and fifteenth year the bush, (it is not yet a tree), begins to yield a little, but is not profitable before its fortieth year, and at a century is in its prime. An olive tree, however, classical, is not pretty. Its polished trunk and ashy leaves remind one of a disfigured weeping willow, affording neither shade, shelter, color, or even a picturesque feature in the landscape. The best soils for olive-growing are indicated by indigenous scrub of "oleaster" (wild olive), on which cuttings are grafted and produce the finest crops. The Spaniards usually plant corn in their olive grounds and raise vegetables between the trees. November and December are the harvest months, and then the berry is not the pale-green color we are accustomed to see, but dark, glossy purple. Peasants climb up the trees and beat off the fruit, while children pick them up and women drive the laden donkeys or carts to mill. The careless Spaniards do not trouble themselves to pick and sort the olives; but looking to quantity rather than quality, dump all together into a great vat; and no doubt the offensive smell and flavor of most Spanish oil is due to decayed and wormy fruit. There are few modern presses in Andalusia. The ordinary primitive contrivance is a circular hollowed stone, over which another stone is moved by a mule. The crushed mass is then shoveled, by barefooted men standing in the midst, on to round mats, made of esparto, and taken to the press. The latter is forced down by a very long and heavy beam, made of half a dozen pine trees, like a ship's bowsprit, over which, in order to resist the strain, a heavy tower of masonry is built. A number of mats of the crushed mass are placed at once under the screw and moistened with hot water, to release the oil. The liquor, as it flows out, passes into a rude tank below. The residuum looks like a damson cheese and is used for fattening pigs. In the tank, the

OIL SOON RISES

to the top of the water and is skimmed off, into the great earthen jars called tinajas. Later it is removed to much larger amphorae, holding from eight hundred to a thousand gallons each. By this primitive process a good deal of oil is wasted, and the very best of it is strong and odorous, by no means equal to the finer product of Lucca. The second-class oils are exported for soap-making, or to burn in lamps. I must confess that after seeing it made—noting the writhing worms and rotten fruit and barefooted men tramping around in it, my long-indulged appetite for salad-oil has died a sudden death. The Spanish word for the oil is aceite, and the Arabs, who are equally addicted to its use, call it azait. After the olives have been pickled a few days in brine, made of water, salt, thyme, bay-laurel and garlic, the peculiar green color comes out. Without the brine they would soon rot, as the berry throws out a strong mold. San Esteban, like other olive-farms, is a little village by itself, the several hundred laborers living in thatched cottages behind the master's villa. Each head of a family is allowed a tiny bit of garden and rations of bread, garlic, salt, oil, vinegar and casium, which they make into crumb pancakes and the beloved gazpacho, or oil-soup.

Returning to Seville in the afternoon, we improved the last half-hour of daylight by a look at the old Quemadero, on the plain of San Sebastian, outside the city walls, where the autos de fe of the Inquisition took place. The bricks of the long-used scaffold, whereon thousands suffered, are tossed about in the grass, which, so well fertilized, grows here with wonderful luxuriance. Historian Boissier, in describing "The only severity of the Church of Rome," says that 34,601 persons were burned alive in Spain, between the years 1511 and 1700, besides imprisoning and sending to the galleys many thousands of others, and in every case

CONFISCATING ALL

their property and leaving their families

CUBANS FIGHTING AGAINST NEGRO DOMINATION.



At this moment the fear of possible negro domination is taking such a strong hold on the white natives of Cuba that they are putting forth every energy to defeat them at the coming elections in May. This picture shows Senor Nunez, the civil governor of Havana, who is taking a leading part in the daily politics of the island. Rather than be forced to submit to negro rule, many of those who formerly insisted on nothing less than independence now favor annexation to the United States as the most desirable solution of the problem.

ample of picturesque work in existence; past churches and mosques and synagogues and palaces all crumbling with the weight of centuries; through the antique gate beside the golden tower, then several miles along the Guadalupe, and then due east, among farmlands and vineyards, to the foothills of the Sierra Nevada.

Passing through the village of Castiella de la Cuesta, perched on a hill-top near Seville, we wanted to visit the home of Hernan Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, but time did not permit more than a glimpse of the exterior of the house in which he lived and died. It is said that the rooms remain much as he left them, and his fine library is still intact. Bernal Diaz, his life-long friend and the chronicler of his expeditions, wrote that Cortez sought retirement in his old home for the purpose of

don't conceive any wild ideas of imitation! Remember the adage, "He who plants an olive, plants for his children's children." The trees are of such remarkably slow growth that to start a fresh plantation requires a lifetime before profitable results are attained; and to buy an orchard already

PREPARING HIS SOIL

for death, and piously adds: "When he had settled all his worldly affairs, our Lord Jesus Christ was pleased to take him from this troublesome world." Cortez was sixty-three years old when he died, in the winter of 1571—like Columbus and many others, a broken-hearted victim of his king's and country's ingratitude. He was first buried at San Isidoro, near Talica, but not for long. After many movings and changings of sepulchre, his bones found a final resting place at Peseque, in Mexico, the scene of his greatest glories and crimes. Local tradition asserts that his unquiet ghost yet wanders about the corridors and patios of his childhood's home—perhaps pursued by venereal wreaths of Montezuma, and Quatanotzin and other murdered Mexicans.

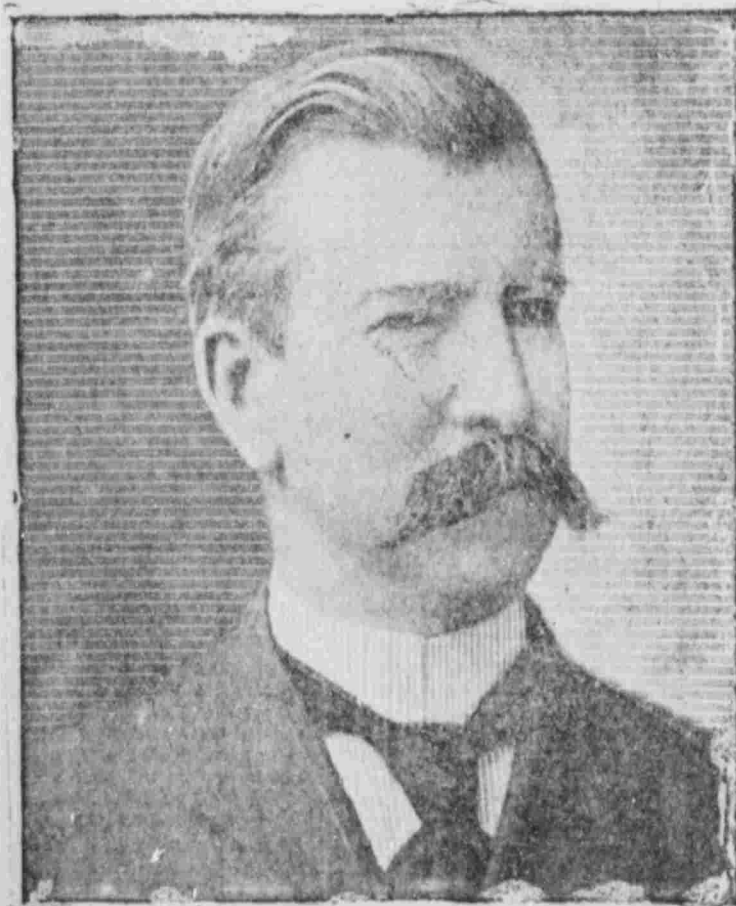
Even more interesting is the castle-like convent of San Isidoro, five miles from Seville, close by the ruins of the Roman city that Scipio built. Though completely gutted by Sout, it is still a magnificent building and now is reserved for a church. The entrance is extremely quaint, of colored bricks and gorgeous tiling in purple and yellow. It contains a number of priceless pictures by the early Spanish masters, a beautiful statue of Isidoro, the patron saint, and many interesting tombs. Among the latter is that of Guzman el Bueno, who received his title "The Good," from King Sancho el Bravo, after the defense of Tarifa against the Moors. Guzman had entrusted his eldest son, nine years old, to the care of Infanta Juan, who proved a traitor. Having leagued himself with the Infanta, Juan brought the screaming boy under the walls and threatened to disembowel him unless the fortress was immediately surrendered. Guzman replied, "I prefer honor without my beloved son to dishonor with him." The child was cruelly murdered and his little body hurled on a pike. A cry of horror from the soldiers called Guzman to the battlements, and when the iron-hearted warrior saw the mutilated corpse of his son, he turned to the child's mother and said calmly, "I was afraid the Guzmans had taken the city." Having man and his family are buried in San Isidoro, and the custodian gravely asserts that when the tomb was opened (in 1570) the good man's body was found to have been miraculously preserved and grown to the height of nine feet! Though time was pressing, we went into the old convent, as all strangers do, to place a tribute of flowers upon the tomb of Dona Urraca Casorio, and

HER FATHFUL MAID

who lies at her feet. You doubtless know the story, how the beautiful young daughter of a noble house unfortunately attracted the admiration of the ruthless king, Pedro the Cruel. Because she rejected his shameful proposals, he caused her to be chained to a stake and burned alive in the public square. As her clothes were consumed by the flames, exposing her beautiful form, the servant, Leonora, faithful unto death, rushed into the fire and by her own body shielded her beloved mistress from the gaze of the rabble.



GOING TO DEAL WITH PHILIPPINE PROBLEMS.



A recent photograph of General Luke E. Wright, one of the newly appointed Philippine commissioners, who is going to Manila in a few days with his colleagues. They will practically be superior to the military government, and for the present, at least, the destinies of the islands can be said to rest in their hands.

ONE OF PUERTO RICO'S FRIENDS.

Senator Cushman Davis, who has been active in the Puerto Rican debates in the Senate and is now doing what he can to secure harmonious action by the House of Representatives.

"An Absent-minded Beggar"



Forgetting a good deal these days, are you? You can't apply yourself to business. You find it hard to hold your mind down to work. Light and trashy things easily distract your attention.

You know you are losing money by not attending to business better, but, somehow, you can't put your old energy, force, and push into your work. You don't sleep well and are "tired to death" all the time. You are restless and want some kind of a change.

Don't you know what's the matter?

That's Nerve Exhaustion

The impurities in your blood have kept you from obtaining the full benefit of your food and you are starving your nerves to death.

It's only a single step to complete nervous prostration. Then what? The bed, probably, for weeks or months; or perhaps Nature will bring about a cure after you have dragged yourself around all summer.

Why not turn things about promptly? Why not take something that will make your blood pure and at the same time invigorate and fortify your whole nervous system. A perfect Sarsaparilla is what you need, a Sarsaparilla that acts right on the blood, making it pure and rich, a Sarsaparilla that makes you strong and ambitious.

That's AYER'S

"The only Sarsaparilla made under the personal supervision of three graduates: a graduate in pharmacy, a graduate in chemistry, and a graduate in medicine."

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your liver isn't acting just right, if you are constipated or bilious, take Ayer's Pills. When the bowels are all right the Sarsaparilla acts more promptly and more thoroughly.

25 cents a box. All druggists.

"I consider Ayer's by far the best blood-purifying medicine in the world. I have had a great deal of experience in the Sarsaparilla line, and I believe I am perfectly competent to judge in this matter. Your Sarsaparilla regulates and tones up my system the best of any medicine I can take."—L. J. PARSONS, Sidney, N. Y.

"I have used Ayer's medicines for more than forty years, and have said from the very start that you make the best medicines in the world. I am sure your Sarsaparilla saved my life when I first took it, over forty years ago. I am now past 70 and am never without it in the house."—FRANK THOMAS, F. M., Leon, Kans.

destitute. These autos de fe were always made a solemn function, attended by the royal family and the principal grandees of their court, sitting on elevated seats, as at a circus, while the vista was closed by vast crowds of citizens, who, nurtured on the bull-fight, delighted in those scenes of horror. On this green and quiet plain what tragedies have been enacted—when blooming youth and hoary age, manhood and womanhood in the flower of life, husbands and wives, father and daughter, perished together! At 6 o'clock in the morning of an execution day, all the bells in Seville's hundred churches began to toll, and immediately a procession moved from the dismal fortress to the Inquisition. First came a body of troops; then the condemned, each attended by two familiars of the holy office; and those who were to suffer at the stake, by two friars in addition, who ceaselessly exhorted the heretic to abjure his errors. Those who were admitted to penance wore black gowns, while the martyrs were enveloped in loose sacks of yellow cloth, the san benito (without blessing), their heads surrounded by conical caps of pasteboard, both sack and cap painted to represent flames and devils dancing in them. Next came the magistrate of the day—the judges of the court, the

ecclesiastical order and the nobles of the land on horseback. These were followed by the members of

THE DREAD TRIBUNAL

and the fiscal bearing a standard of crimson damask, on which were displayed the arms of the Inquisition or its founders, Sixtus V and Ferdinand the Catholic. Then came a numerous train of familiars, well mounted, among them many gentry, who were proud to act as body-guard of the holy office. The inquisitors took their places, the condemned were conducted to the scaffold, the king and queen settled themselves comfortably in the royal gallery surrounded by a brilliant company, and then a lengthy sermon, on the levities of the faith, was preached by the bishop; after which the grand inquisitor administered a solemn oath to all present to maintain the purity of the faith and to give information against any one who should depart from it. Then all eyes turned greedily upon the victims who stood with ropes around their necks, ready to furnish a climax to the show. Many of them had been imprisoned for months in the dungeons of the Inquisition and their haggard faces, emaciated forms, and often distorted limbs told a terrible story of past sufferings. The process against them was read, and the grand inquisitor delivered them over to the burning, beseeching the executioners to "treat them with all kindness and mercy."

Among those who thus died at Seville were many gentle women. Two daughters of the nobility, Maria and Juana de Bohorquez, perished in the same year, on suspicion of heresy alone. Both were first put to the rack, which was applied with such violence that the cords cut to the bones of their arms and legs. Happily, all those horrors are far in the past—even farther off than the days when so-called witches were burned in Christian America.

It is only a few hours' ride from Seville to Cordova, and having spent the day in the above researches, we were compelled to make it in darkness. The railway follows the Guadalquivir, in a northeasterly direction.

FANNIE B. WARD.

LATEST IN ADVERTISING.

A new scheme of advertising was resorted to by a progressive business firm in a prosperous city in the South. The junior partner of the firm swore out a warrant for the arrest of the senior partner on the ground that he was sell-

ing goods below cost and that the firm was constantly losing money thereby.

The case came up in court and the counsel for the senior partner asked for a postponement in order to have more time to prepare his case. The judge granted the request, bail was fixed and the court room the junior partner arose and exclaimed: "If he is released the sacrifice will go on!"

The news soon spread and the firm did a better business.

When the case was again called on plaintiff appeared and the charge was dismissed. The firm had succeeded in their object—advertising—Philadelphia Call.

Do not leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed and cannot be procured while you are on board the cars or steamship. It is pleasant and reliable.

A CHANCE FOR MANUFACTURERS. If you are needing motive power from that required to run a sewing machine to a two-hundred horse power engine, write to the Desert News at once. You can get what you want at very low terms.