



"Mark of December 4th for the Metropolitan Opera company."

It was the brief letter which Manager Pyper received from his New York booking agency the other day. This letter beyond question the coming of the famous "Glasgow" organization, which had been feared might be deflected to the Metropolitan for an operatic concert; but the letter, therefore, had the opportunity of hearing the great London and New York opera company in its country, and the whole question will now be as to which of the stars of the organization we shall be permitted to hear. Without doubt Mr. Pyper will at once bend all his energies in the direction of seeing that we are given at least one of the singers of the first rank, if not two. As we shall be expected to pay from \$4 to \$6 a seat, it is not too much for us to insist on having the full worth of our money.

The Metropolitan Opera company is an organization which carries with it the prestige of all grades and conditions, the studies being as numerous as the stars. It is too often the custom to palm off some singer of the second grade on the smaller cities, for the reason that the salaries of the big stars are based on the number of nights they sing, and naturally they are reserved for the great centers of population, where receipts of fifteen a night are regarded as a fair average. But Salt Lake is one of the most critical communities on earth, and nothing but a taste of the best will satisfy her, and the sooner Mr. Grau is hence there will be of misunderstandings later on. We cast our vote early as it may seem, in favor of "Carmen" with Calve, or "Faust" with Melia, and one of both of the Delibes.

A letter from Professor J. J. McClellan, dated Berlin, July 20, states that he and his wife, in company with Z. S. Berick, who has just been released from a three years' mission, will start on July 24th for a month's trip through the principal cities of Europe. Mr. McClellan writes that he will visit St. Gallen, Switzerland, with special interest, as that is the place where his mother was born. If time permits, they will also take in Venice, Florence, and other Italian cities, then going to Paris, and visiting the field of Waterloo, near Brussels before returning home.

"When John Drew played 'The Tyranny of Tears' in Salt Lake a few weeks back, there were many people who vented the opinion that it would not be long before Ida Conquest would crowd Isabel Irving close for first place in Drew's support. As the following campaign from the New York Herald shows, the expected has already happened:

"Miss Ida Conquest will be Mr. John Drew's leading lady the coming season. And, of course, the next question naturally is: What is Miss Isabel Irving, who has held that position for several seasons, going to do?"

On that point, however, the cablegram from Mr. Charles Frohman announcing the advent of Miss Conquest is silent. There are some shrewd persons in theatrical circles, though, who are willing to wager that Miss Irving, too, is to be advanced, and that she is going out this autumn at the head of a company of her own.

Mr. Drew, since he began his career as a star under Mr. Frohman's management, has had only two leading ladies. The first of these was Miss Maude Adams, who now is herself one of the most popular and successful stars on the American stage. Miss Irving, who succeeded her, has a very charming personality, and in several of the parts she has played with Mr. Drew, has shown much historical talent. If Mr. Frohman has decided, as the gossip says he has, to "star" her, she will certainly begin her career with a host of friends and well wishers.

As to Miss Conquest, who is to be Mr. Drew's third leading lady, she is already a favorite with New York theatergoers. Last season she was a member of Mr. Drew's company when he appeared in "The Tyranny of Tears" at the Empire, and gave a delightful performance as the pretty typewriter clerk in love with her employer. Previously, Miss Conquest had been a member of the Empire Theater Stock Company for several seasons. One of her first successes was as Maudie in "Bohemia." Afterward she appeared in leading roles in "Under the Red Robe" and "The Conquerors." She also added to her popularity by her clever rendering of the wife's role in "Because She Loved Him So" at the Madison Square theater. Her ability as an emotional actress, too, was displayed in "One Plus One Equals Three," a special matinee performance which was given in this city several years ago.

THEATER GOSSIP.

Harold Russell has spent the last few days in Wyoming on a fishing trip.

Mario Wainwright has concluded to stay in Salt Lake and supply one of the "filling prescriptions" of the Western managers are seeking for. It is said she will present a new one-act comedy next season by Justin Huntley McCarthy, the English dramatist.

Mrs. Annie Adams, mother of Maude Adams, passed through Salt Lake yesterday on route for Idaho, where she has some real property. She only had time to make a few hurried calls on close friends, but said she would return in about three weeks, when she would remain longer.

The editors have told Mr. Sol Smith Russell that, unless he quits the stage for at least a year, they won't be responsible for what will happen. He has fought against their decision, but has finally given in and cancelled all engagements. The popular actor broke down while he was playing in Chicago last spring, and was obliged to close his season prematurely. He proposed to return to the stage the coming winter, but has been dissuaded finally from doing so.

MUSIC NOTES.

Madame Sembrich, who will not be in Gray's company next year, will head a big company of her own and tour America.

H. C. Easton writes from New York that he had a very pleasant trip to Kansas, where he sang at the New York singing annual convention. Besides Scotch selections and was heartily applauded.

cus will exhibit in this city again Wednesday, August 15. Undoubtedly meet with general favor. There is something about this expansionist among big shows that appeals to the public with peculiar force. It is not alone because it is a mammoth concern or that the performance has a newness and originality that no other arctic exhibition seems able to imitate; there is something about the general management of the show as well as its personnel that wins the good-will and favor of all who see it. It is well-named the "world's greatest show," while its popularity is based upon such a sure foundation of merit that each recurring visit simply increases the warmth of its welcome. The methods of the show are so clean, the performance is so clever and up-to-date and the educational features are so pronounced that it is a pleasure to commend the enterprise to the public. When the show exhibited in Salt Lake City last season, it was a matter of remark that it had grown very considerably in the interim following its first engagement in this city several years ago. It is therefore doubly interesting to learn that the show is still larger this season and that many new and novel features have been added to the arctic program. One or two of the best acts of last season, such as O'Brien's famous elephant act and the Lockhart camel act, have been retained, but the demand to see them again has been universal, and nothing equal to them in the arctic animal line could be found anywhere on earth. Many other great features have, however, been added, and it is evident the public will find much to interest and instruct in the ring performances. The menagerie of the magnificent collection of the best stock in the horse fair. The menagerie is especially strong this season, having been augmented by a large number of new specimens from Asia and Africa. Among the latter are some rare wild animals that have not been seen in this country for many years. The parade is also said to be exceptionally brilliant and novel this year.

RINGLING'S CIRCUS COMING.

It would be a dull summer that did not bring at least one big circus to Salt Lake City, and therefore the announcement that Ringling Brothers' cir-

SEEING THE SPANISH CAPITAL UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

Special Correspondence.

Madrid, Spain, June 19.—That bit of pasteboard bearing the royal crest, which the thoughtful kindness of the queen provided, has proved an "open sesame" of greatest value. Before it all doors, however locked and barred, fly open as by magic, and one glance at the sentence scrawled across its face by the king's secretary reduces the most unaccommodating custodian to abject servility. By its aid we have obtained inside views of many things that are usually denied to tourists—including the royal palace, wherein the dead kings of Spain have been holding their silent court for centuries; the throne-room, private library and picture galleries of living sovereigns; all the treasures of antiquity in the royal armory; the "House of Ministers," and even the rarer privilege of El Congreso de los Diputados in session.

The best time for strangers to visit the palace is between 10 o'clock and noon, on any bright morning. Then you may witness the ceremony of guard mounting, see the crack regiments of Spain at their evolutions, and hear the royal band, which is said to be one of the finest in the world. At precisely 10 o'clock the band marches into the courtyard and up the marble staircase between the couchant lions, playing martial airs; then, stationing themselves in the upper corridor, outside the private rooms of the imperial family, proceed to give an hour's concert, worth coming far to hear. Meanwhile the great patio below is thronged with citizens and tourists; ladies and gentlemen of the court and gorgeously uniformed soldiers, with bayonets fixed to their rifles, and vigilant sentries, patrolling everywhere, preserve strictest order, even over the voices of the crowd, which must on no account be raised high enough to reach the rooms above. When on any bright morning, as it came, while

SQUADRON OF CAVALRY.

and squares of infantry manœuvre in the courtyard before the palace. Everybody lingers to get a glimpse of the young king as he goes out for his morning "constitutional." Two or three carriages dash up to the main entrance, a richly caparisoned horse is led by groom. Troops form a living lane and stand motionless as statues awaiting his majesty's pleasure. Presently a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed lad, very straight and dignified and evidently a prince, comes up such a king, despite his only fifteen summers, comes down the stairs—followed by a glittering train of officers. Bowing right and left to his future subjects, he seats himself in the foremost carriage, or springs lightly into the saddle, never neglecting, before he flatters away, to turn back and kiss his hand at a certain veiled upper window behind which he knows that his mother and sisters are watching.

Whatever faults and virtues the future king of Spain may have fallen heir to it is certain that he is a most dutiful son—a trait not due to heredity, but history is true.

The throne room of Madrid Palace Real is a truly magnificent apartment, all in crimson and gold, with exquisite frescoes, alabaster columns and flooring of precious marbles. Colossal mirrors line the walls, between long windows hung with hand-wrought lace and crimson damask, the draperies of each window worth a courtier's fortune, as fortunes are rated in these post-bellum days. The ceiling is painted in allegorical representation of "The Majesty of Spain"—the virtues of her kings and the manliness of her people somewhat ambiguously portrayed in the apotheosis of Trajan and the Aurora; and from the center depends an enormous chandelier of rock crystal, which is considered the finest example of its kind in existence. At the far end of the apartment, on a low dais under a gorgeous, gold-fringed velvet canopy, are two great chairs, handsomely carved and gilded and upholstered in crimson brocade. These are the

THRONE OF SPAIN.

wherein the boy-king and his mother sit on occasions of ceremony—and most uncomfortable they look, their hard-stuffed, slippery seats too high from the floor for the feet of either to "touch bottom" without hassocks. Royal magnificence is everywhere apparent, but not a hint of anything like ease or home-comfort. How deadly cold and lonesome it must have looked to the mid-bride of the late Alfonso, Mercedes, who died so young, and her successor, the present queen regent, from the gay and less punctilious court of Austria. A great many marble and onyx tables, with nothing on them, are scattered about the room, but almost no chairs, there being no need of any, as few people are permitted to sit in the presence of royalty. Innumerable cabinets, richly carved, are filled with rarest Chinese porcelain, the far-famed Huen Retro ware, made at Madrid by the artists whom Charles III. brought with him from their manufacturing of Capo di Monte, at Naples—the huge vases, winged figures and garlands of flowers

especially being considered the most remarkable examples ever made of their style of art. That there are no pictures on the walls, except a few ugly portraits of royal personages, but many porphyry busts, of 16th century workmanship, the most beautiful of which are two heads of the sons of Asquith, looking down upon the spot where dead kings and queens lie in state before their royal progress to the panteon. The windows of this historic room overlook the dry river Manzanares, which the natives say "runs bottom side up and beyond its steep gorge stretch the woods of Casa del Campo, their rugged steeples and foothills to the bay of Gades, whose sharp outline seems to cut the bright sky. All is harsh, barren and colorful, yet a certain air of a certain stately grandeur. How

THE MAGIC WAND.

of the Moor would have terraced all those rugged slopes and clothed them with flowers and verdure, and raised hanging gardens and fountains, in imitation of those on the desolative pile of the Alhambra, which are all artificial, though rivaling nature herself in beauty. Occupying an immense tract bare of trees, the palace is directly exposed to the winds from the snowy Guadarrama, and in winter is often so bitterly cold that the sentries are almost frozen. Despite all their royal splendors, the floor kings and queens of Spain shiver in these vast draughty apartments with their marble floors and no decent heating apparatus, are not half so comfortable as the servants in our ordinary States.

It seems but a natural step from this abode of royalty to the last resting place of Spanish kings, though the Escorial is thirty-four kilometers northwest from Madrid by railway. Its location is admirably chosen, considering the purpose for which it was designed, both as a place of retreat and a place of refuge. The gloomy interior, until it develops into a first-class case of "the Escorial," rarely induces a visitor to shine upon its mist-enveloped towers; while the leaden sky, the entire absence of animal life, and the bare rocks, destitute of the slightest trace of vegetation, harmonize perfectly with the sombre and forbidding aspect of the place. Think what a victim to hypochondria Philip "El Prudente" must have been to choose such a site for his home in all the sunny land of Spain! His chief aim was to carry out the will of his father in constructing a royal burial place and at the same time to

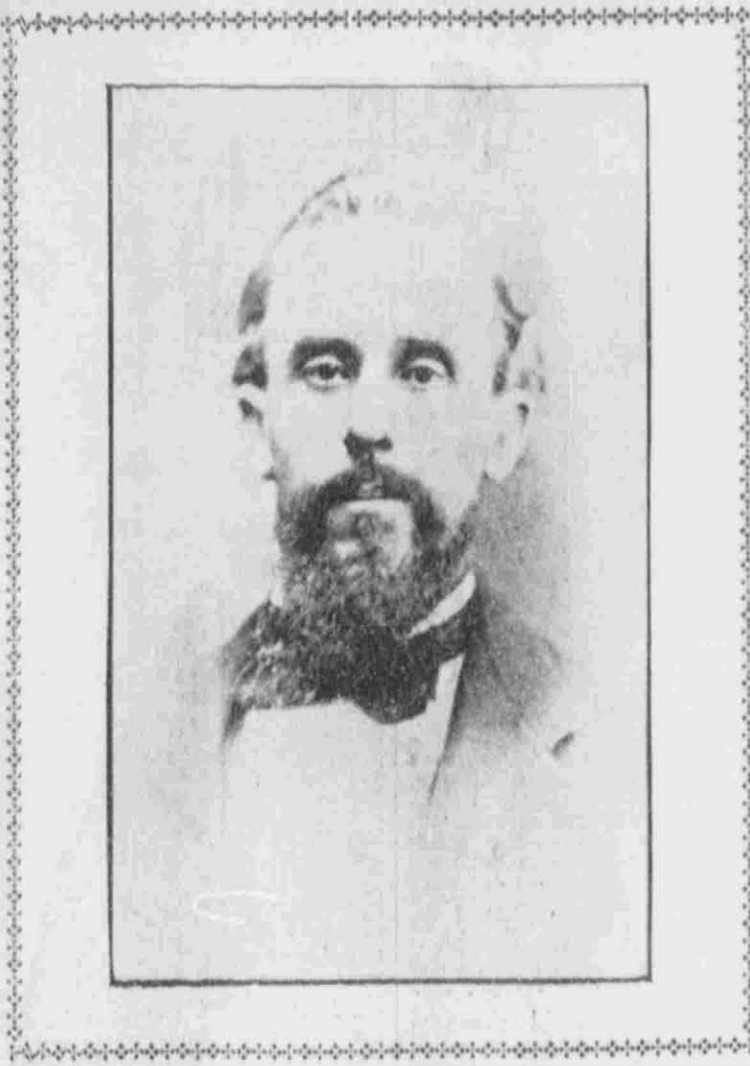
FULFILL A VOW.

made at the battle of San Quentín (Aug. 16, 1577), which he himself and the archbishop of San Lorenzo—who was broiled over a slow fire by order of Valentinian. So the building, whose correct title is "El Real Sitio de San Lorenzo a Real del Escorial," the latter word supposed to be derived from the escorial, or forest, of very ancient iron-mines which still exist there, is at once a temple, a palace, a treasury, a tomb and a museum, unlike any other in the world. Begun in 1563, thousands of laborers worked thirty years to build it, at a cost of about sixty million dollars. The plan, as everybody knows, is fashioned after a gridiron, the instrument of San Lorenzo's martyrdom, and the grim structure is unrelieved by any sort of ornamentation, as befitted the abode of those strict disciplinarians, the Jesuit monks. The central point of interest in the Escorial is its superb church—large as an ordinary cathedral and more impressive in effect, by reason of the simplicity of its grand proportions. Each of the four pillars which support the dome contains a chapel of sufficient size to accommodate any congregation in Salt Lake City. On either side of the altar are kneeling statues of Charles V and Philip II, with their wives, in gilded bronze, their elaborate vestments blazoned with the arms of Spain and Austria, in mosaic of precious stones. Most of the principal decorations of the altar and the massive reliquaries enshrined in its niches, were carved or stolen by the French, but from the few that remained and none may be gained of the enormous value of those that disappeared. The chapel of the Escorial contains more holy relics than any other church in Christendom. All told, there are four thousand, seven hundred and twenty-two of them, and many volumes have been written concerning them and the miracles they have performed. They include ten perfect bones of saints, nine to stick a grave yard. The most venerated are kept in reliquaries of solid gold, and those of inferior sanctity in caskets of response silver. The magnificent tabernacle, broken into bits by the French, was the masterpiece of a famous Italian artist, who

SPENT TEN YEARS.

in the work. It was in the form of a double Greek cross, and was composed of bronze, gold, enamel, and crystal, set with emeralds and rubies of extraordinary size and beauty. Back

OLD SALT LAKERS.



ALEXANDER C. PYPER.

The features of the late Judge Pyper will be readily recognized by his many old friends, in the accompanying picture. It is eighteen years since he passed away, yet he is still remembered by thousands of Salt Lake people. He was probably best known in his capacity of Police Justice in the old City Hall, a position which he held from August, 1874 until the time of his death in 1892. Previous to that he had been overseer for President Brigham Young. His life was one full of business activity. Born in Larar, Ayrshire, Scotland, he emigrated to the United States, he located first at St. Louis, then at Council Bluffs and later at Florence, Nebraska. He was quite successful in business in the last two places, and for four years rendered valuable services in forwarding emigration. He arrived in Salt Lake in 1869 and engaged in business, having brought his stock with him by ox team. He engaged in various pursuits, amongst them as a manufacturer of chemicals, miller, general merchandise and superintendent of the grocery department of Z. C. M. I. He also took a prominent part in the foundation of the silk industry in this State. He was a member of the City Council for sixteen years. In June, 1877, he was appointed Bishop of the Twelfth ward, which he held until his death. He was born on May 15, 1828, and died in Salt Lake, of cancer of the face, June 28, 1892.

of the high altar are the three rooms in which Philip II lived for fourteen years—half king, half monk, boasting that from the foot of a mountain he governed the world, both old and new, with two inches of paper. The rooms, which remain just as he left them, are small and very scantily furnished, the flooring of common red brick. The frightful sufferings of the monster were a fitting termination of his wretched career. Tormented for years by the gout, his disease at length became so desperate that he had to rest, by day or night. Finally, at his own request, he was laid upon the cold, damp bricks of the floor, and here he died, for when the attendants wished to carry him back to bed, it was found impossible to do so. During the last eight weeks of his life, he was forced to lie motionless in one position—travelling in delirium, his body covered with ulcers, his pallid face swarmed with vermin, while the monks, who had been his chosen associates and were now his physicians, applied the only remedies they knew, of avarice and meanness, penance and prayers, even ordering a fresh supply of holy relics from Rome, including a rib of the blessed St. Albans. But all to no purpose. After a confinement that lasted three long days, hardly long enough to recount all his sins—his king gave up the ghost, lying upon his back, his arms and legs stiff, while the solemn tones of the organs were beating through the chapel aisles and choirs were chanting the morning mass.

By a massacre of variegated jaspers and marbles in shades of green and yellow, we descend to the burial vault of the kings and queens of Spain. The chamber is octagonal, only thirty-six feet in diameter and thirty-eight high, and is paved with

POLISHED BLACK MARBLE.

The entrance takes up the whole of one side, and the altar, after leaving many niches for twenty-four sarcophagi. These are of porphyry, exactly alike each other, with the name of the deceased, in gilt letters. This panteon is designed solely for monarchs who have actually sat upon the Spanish throne, and their mothers—such as Isabella, during his or her reign, or his or her mother, in which the remains are to be finally deposited. The stern etiquette and precedence of the Spanish court survives even the grave. Thus the late queen Mercedes, first wife of Alfonso XIII, father, having died without issue, was placed in one of the chapels to the left of the altar. The royal vault lies directly under the high altar, so that the illustrious dead may rest as near as possible to the host. From the center of the dome-like ceiling hangs a rock-crystal chandelier, which is never lighted except upon the occasion of a royal burial. They tell us that in 1661, Philip IV opened the urn of Charles V, and found his body in perfectly preserved. Two hundred and fifteen years later, the ministers of the revolution opened it again, and a painter, who was present, made a sketch of

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