

LAST AND BEST JOURNEY IN SPAIN

Across "The Raisin Belt" to Granada—Peculiarities of a Spanish Vineyard—The Winepress is Trodden by Barefooted Boys and Men in Hempen Sandals—A Day in Malaga.

Special Correspondence.

Granada, Jan. 27, 1901.—The suspicion you began to entertain at Barcelona, strengthened in spite of sentiment and tradition at Valencia, Alicante and all the way down the Mediterranean coast, becomes positive conviction at Malaga.—That world-famed Andalusia is no longer "the Jewel of Spain." From a romantic and aesthetic point of view, Cadiz, Cordova, Seville, Toledo, with their air of dreamy repose, their haughty but poverty-stricken aristocracy and general out-at-elbows condition, are by far the most interesting. At every turn they remind you of a glorious and opulent prime—long, long departed, whereas, in these Andalusian cities, with their modern bustle and activity of commerce the past is forgotten in the prosperous life of today. It seems like rank heresy to prefer piebald trade to the romance of ages, but though dreams are delightful perhaps bread and butter, plentifully sugared, is of more consequence, to cities as well as to individuals.

Malaga is a shining example of this latter-day prosperity, with its world-famous raisins and its wines of many varieties; its brandy distillery, which is one of the most perfect establishments in Europe; its factories of sugar, chocolate, liqueurs and porous earthenware; its cotton mills and paper mills, and leather manufactories, and lead-smelting and iron works, and its enormous trade in oranges, olives, barley, figs, figs and minor commodities, for which thousands of vessels annually visit its harbor. Its four great sugar-manufactories turn out a yearly average of ninety thousand hundred weight; its two cotton factories employ more than 4,000 hands, and its merchants export every variety of sweet muscatel wines, from the celebrated "Lagrimas (tears) de Manilla," and "Dulce," and a couple of

CENTURIES OLD.

to the common fiery stuff, which is much too strong for the average American to sample with impunity. A very cheap and popular Malaga wine has this quality of burning strength imparted to it by being mixed with alcohol made from potatoes, immense quantities of which are imported from Germany, to the infinite detriment of consumers. Its alcoholic character, combined with the heat of the climate and national excitability, drives the drinkers crazy; and no doubt to its cheapness and consequent too liberal use, may be attributed most of the crimes which have given the place such an unenviable reputation.

With the charming prospect before us of a cross-country drive to Granada—the show-place pre-eminent of all the show-places in Spain—we were reconciled to another two-day tour. The robbery in the expensive but comfortable Gran Hotel de la Roma, while waiting for the semi-weekly diligencia. Meantime there is quite enough of interest in Malaga to keep one all day out of doors in the sweet, warm sunshine; and the long nights on cassia come to an end at last, though sleep is murdered by lusty generations of vermin, vile odors in viler combinations, and the street-scurry of bedlam let loose. The Graeco-Roman cathedral, which—by reason of extraordinary size and height dominates the town and is seen far out to sea, is rendered the more conspicuous by its walls of bright red sandstone, while all the other buildings are of dingy grays and yellows. It was begun sometime in the sixteenth century, but is not yet completed, and probably never will be. Architect after architect, through four hundred years, has added his quota of disfigurement; until now the vast pile, with its medley of inharmonious designs, bedaubed inside with innumerable coats of whitewash, presents a painful example of all the defects of the worst periods in art. Its western front has two towers, one shooting up, telescope fashion, three hundred feet, with a tiny dome on top that looks like the button on the horn of an ox; while its companion tower is a squat, unfinished dwarf. There are seven entrances, a great many enormous windows, and a number of curious little cupolas on the roof. It occupies the site of a Moslem mosque, at the entrance to the old Moorish quarter, whose steep and narrow by-ways lead by divisions winding to Gibraltar castle on top of the five hundred foot high hill. It is said that more money is yearly spent for candles

MUST MISS SHELDON BE A WITNESS.

The Girl Friend of Murdered May Fosburgh to Appear Against Victim's Brother.



MISS BERTHA SHELDON

Miss Bertha Sheldon who was with the Fosburghs when Miss May Fosburgh was fatally shot has become an object of great interest to the prosecution by reason of vagaries in two affidavits she made at different times. Her first affidavit made at time of inquest stated nothing about burglars being responsible for the murder. When subsequently Robert Fosburgh, brother of the murdered girl was indicted for the crime, Miss Sheldon made another affidavit in which she confirmed the family's emphatic assertion that burglars did the deed. The state is very suspicious and may put Miss Sheldon on the rack of cross-examination.

WAR THREATENS.



In addition to the stubborn armed resistance of the New York and Bermudez Asphalt company, backed by the ominous presence of three Yankee gunboats in Venezuelan waters, the much worried executive now has to face a serious revolution from his old enemy, Andrade. The latter has sailed incognito from Porto Rico with the avowed object of overthrowing Castro.

"famous raisin belt" and orange groves, which extend forty miles from the mountains to the sea, is the experience of a lifetime. Protected from winds by rugged peaks that enclose it like a semi-circular wall, the sunny valley is filled with the most luxuriant vegetation, while the steep hill-sides—apparently bare at a little distance—are covered with grape-vines. Interspersed among the orange groves are many smaller plantations of olives, lemons and other fruits; palm trees and acacias add beauty to the scene; geraniums and heliotropes grow wild along the hedge-rows; rose vines and masses of brilliant flowers mantle every wall, and purple "Judas" blossoms tear from tree to tree across the road, making miles of shady arbor. Everywhere white villas nestle among the trees. The most delicious odors fill the air, and the laborers in the vineyards are dressed in snowy white. At every hamlet you see picturesque groups of peasants, all beautiful of face, in spite of rags and dirt, with olive skins, dark eyes, and a certain indescribable haughtiness combined with gracious courtesy, truly Spanish. The muleteers

WEAR GAUDY BLANKETS

and leather leggings; and the teamsters short velvet jackets covered with embroidery, and wide calico drawers reaching not quite to the knees. The best raisins in the world come from barren elevations where only a few inches of soil conceal the rock. The vines are planted on terraces, built up of stones, and are fertilized with loam brought from the valley below. The estates to which these vineyards belong are the most valuable in the kingdom and have been in the same families for centuries. Vines are still bearing abundantly that are known to be more than three hundred years old. They are not trained upon stakes or trellises, but are allowed to follow their own sweet will; and the gnarled and twisted stalks, only two or three feet high, and often eighteen inches in diameter, would never be recognized elsewhere as grape-vines. The vintage begins about the middle of September and lasts six weeks. It is a popular festival and is celebrated with the license of the Roman Saturnalia. Its opening is announced to the assembled peasantry, with great formality, by the proprietor of a vineyard, and is accompanied by quaint ceremonies handed down from the middle ages. For the time, all social distinctions are leveled, the Master, who feels his consequence so stupendously elsewhere, seating himself and his family at the same table with the servants and joining freely in their games; until the end of the fiesta, which closes with a proclamation similar to that with which it is inaugurated, and then Richard is eminently his old proud self again. The grapes are gathered in flat baskets, mostly by women, and thrown into a large vat. When the vat is nearly full, as many men and boys as can get into it, jump in and dance upon the grapes to lively strains of music drawn from the number of guitars and tamborines. It is a base libel to say that they are

ALL BARE-FOOTED.

for while many remove their dusty sandals, others don them on purpose to keep the grape-seeds out of their toenails. When the grapes are sufficiently crushed, the dancers climb out, dripping juice and perspiration and stained crimson from top to toe. The mass is then placed in a rude press and the remaining juice extracted. If the mass is not nearly full, as many men and boys as can get into it, jump in and dance upon the grapes to lively strains of music drawn from the number of guitars and tamborines. It is a base libel to say that they are

PANNIE B. WARD.

Good Advice.

The most miserable beings in the world are those suffering from Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. More than seventy-five per cent of the people in the United States are afflicted with these two diseases and their effects: such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Constipation, Palpitation of the Heart, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Gnawing and Burning Pains at the Pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue and Disagreeable Taste in the Mouth. Coming up of Food after Eating, Low Spirits, Etc. Go to your Druggist and get a bottle of August Flower for 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you. Try it. Get Green's Prize Almanac. For sale at A. C. Smith's Drug Store.

A MISTAKE.



1. Smith—Well, I declare! If I wuz neighbor Jones, I'd feed that hoss up a little or put him out of his misery. Wonder the crows don't tackle him just as he is!



2. Crow—Ho! hum! Guess I'll stop here for a little rest.



3. Smith—Geewhillskins, Jenkins, jumpin' Rogers! What the— Crow—Well, that's a curious mistake. Thought that was a scarecrow. But I guess I'll take this hat along to line my nest with next spring.



Sandwich Man—Hello! My old pard ahead! I'll join him.



Second Sandwich Man—Why, old fel, low, how are you?

STRATTON LIMITED.

How It Brought About the Ruin of Lord Chesterfield.

Lord Chesterfield, who only last summer married Miss Enid Wilson, daughter of Mrs. Charles Wilson, and cousin of Muriel Wilson, has been almost entirely ruined by the failure of a mining project. Indeed he has been obliged to give up and to offer for sale the beautiful house in Grosvenor Garden, which was one of the many valuable wedding presents received by Lady Chesterfield from her father at the time of her wedding. To make matters worse, Holme Lacy, Lord Chesterfield's country seat, which was let on most advantageous terms, and which is a most expensive place to keep up, is now on his hands. The lease expired last summer, and although a very liberal offer was made for its renewal, Lord Chesterfield, who had no idea of the impending change in his fortune, declined to consider it. The gardens at Holme Lacy are the finest in England, and the house is rich in Grinling Gibbons wood carvings and invaluable pictures, which are, however, entailed and cannot be converted into cash.

Lord Chesterfield is nearly fifty years of age, and looks it, although he has long been celebrated as one of the most handsome and well-groomed men in society, his comeliness being undoubtedly inherited from his mother. Exceptional good looks in a schoolboy are often a heritage of woe, and it is probable on this account that Lord Chesterfield's career at Eton was not a success. He was, however, very popular at Oxford.

Lord Chesterfield is no descendant of the Earl of Chesterfield, the writer of the celebrated letters. The latter was the fourth earl. He left no legitimate issue, and in order to find an heir to the peerage it was necessary to travel back to the descendant of a younger son of the first Earl of Chesterfield, who died in the seventeenth century. The fifth earl succeeded in 1773 and held the title for forty-two years, leaving a son, who held it for 31. The seventh earl died from typhoid fever, caught at the same time, and at the same place as the attack which so nearly cost the Prince of Wales his life. He left all the great estates, which up to that time had belonged to the earldom, to

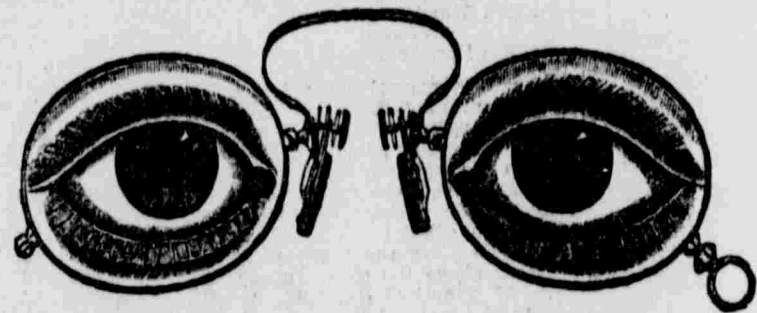
Lord Carnarvon, as the son of his only sister, and that is the reason why the Earldom of Chesterfield is today one of the most impoverished in the peerage, and why all the literary and artistic treasures of the Chesterfields are now in the possession of the Earl of Carnarvon.

At the death of this seventh Earl of Chesterfield, who with so small regard for the family name had left all the family estates away from the title, the peerage barren of nearly all its possessions, passed to a kinsman so remote that he was said to be about a twentieth cousin. He in turn died childless, and the earldom then devolved upon another remote kinsman of the family, Sir Edwin W. Soudamore Stanhope, a Herefordshire baronet, whose eldest son is the present Earl of Chesterfield.

The losses of Earl Chesterfield in mining must be very heavy, since otherwise Charles Wilson, who is devoted to his beautiful daughter Enid, would certainly have come to his rescue in order to prevent the sale of Lady Chesterfield's beautiful house in Grosvenor Square. It may be remembered that one of Lady Chesterfield's sisters was engaged to the Duke of Manchester, but jilted him for the sake of a young Yorkshire of the name of Fairfax. Lord Chesterfield has been treasurer of the royal household and captain of the corps of gentlemen-at-arms. The heir to the earldom at present is the sailor brother, captain the Hon. Henry Stanhope, and one of his other four brothers is a member of the old-established Childs bank, an ancient institution where all the clerks are said to rise automatically to be partners.—Marquis de Fontenay in Washington Post.

A Woman's Awful Peril.

"There is only one chance to save your life and that is through an operation," were the startling words heard by Mrs. E. B. Hurd of Lima, Idaho, W. Va., from her doctor after he had vainly tried to cure her of a frightful case of stomach trouble and yellow jaundice. Gall stones had formed and she constantly grew worse. Then she began to use Electric Bitters, which wholly cured her. It's a wonderful Stomach, Liver and Kidney remedy. Cures Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Try it. Only 50 cts. Guaranteed. For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.



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