DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1901. A MISTAKE

Smith-Well, I declare! Ef I wuz

neighbor Jones, I'd feed thet hoss up a leetle or put him out of his misery. Wonder the crows don't tackle him jest as he is!

2. Crow-Ho! hum! Guess I'll stop

here for a little rest.



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.

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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 aristo-

cracy and general out-at-elbows con-dition, are by far the most interesting. At every turn they remind you of a glorious and opulent prime-long, long departed; whereas, in these Mediter-ranean cities, with their modern bustle and activity of commerce the past is forgotten in the prosperous life of It seems like rankest heresy to today. prefer plebean trade to the romance of ages; but though dreams are delightful perhaps bread and butter, plentifully suggared, 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 establish-ments in Europe; its factories of sugar, chocolate, liquorice 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, fist and minor commodities, for which thousands of vessels annually visit its harbor. Its four great sugar-manufactories turn out a yearly aver-age 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 Mantilla," and "Duice," and c counte of a couple of

CENTURIES OLD,

to the common flery 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 im-parted to it by being mixed with alcohol made from potatoes, immense quantitles of which are imported from Germany, to the infinite detriment of con-Its alcoholic character, combined with the heat of the climate and national excitability, drives the drink-ers 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 twenty-four hours of robbery in the expensive but comfortless 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 of doors in the sweet, warm sun-

in this cathedral than for all the meat and bread consumed in Malaga. At any rate, thousands of candles are perpetually burning on its altars, and at any time of day, every day in the year, service is going on. Soldiers, artisans, peasants, grandees, servants, beggars. even professional smugglers and high-waymen, all devoutly answer the call of the cathedral bell; and you see a constant procession of Spanish women entering its doors, always plainly dressed in black garments, with a bit of lace thrown over the head. The chief beauty of the town is its delightful alameda-a broad and handsome avenue

WITH A PROMENADE

in the center under noble trees, foun-tains and statues scattered at inter-vals, and stone seats in the shade, where people sit chatting and listening to the music. The magnificent fountain to the seate was browned from Ganca at the far end was brought from Genoa by Charles V, and intended for his palace at Granada

You may take some lovely drives in the suburbs of Malaga, amid the coun-try seats of Spanish grandees, and the far more pretentious aristocracy of the wealthy raisin merchants, whose splen-did villas line the hillsides. These latter gentry form a separate caste. Their enormous incomes enable them to support princely establishments, to the undisguised envy of the rest of the popu-lation, nobility included. Although many foreigners are included among them, all distinctions of nationality are ignored in the acknowledgement of their common occupation. This social intimacy, however, is strictly confined to their own circle; and outside of it, the arrogant exclusiveness of this par venu aristocracy is as ludicrous as re-markable, the most eminent philosophers, statesmen, authors, artists, as well as the bluest blooded noblemen of the old regime, being alike ignored by these neuvo riche. In the suburban gardens you see the rarest of tropical vegetation-coffee, orange and pepper trees, bananas, pine-apples and pomegranites-all flourishing to perfection amid a wilderness of flowers, wher-ever irrigation is practicable. But there is no grass in this part of Spain. Instead, they culture a sort of two Instead, they cultivate a sort of lvy; and very rich and strange it looks roit-ing over the ground.

One of the prettiest spots in Malaga is the English cemetery, just beyond the city walls. It is a small, but beautifully laid out and carefully kept-a perfect garden of shade and fragrance in which one could contemplate the last long sleep with less of horror than in any Spanish burial-ground. The graves can scarcely be seen for flowers, while avenues of fine trees and greenest ivy are bordered with roses and greaniums. A good many Englishmen and Ameri-A good many Englishmen and Ameri-cans live in Malaga—and naturally some of them die there. In Spain, they seem to think more of you in death, than in life; or at least they are more loath to part with you. If you die here, your body must be buried within twenty-four hours, and there it must remain for five years before being transported to your home. One of the first graves made in the English cemetery was that of Major Thomas Newsome, of Minneapolis, a former consul-general of the United States, who died of smallpox. In whatever foreign country you find an English embassy, or only an insignificant consulate, there is also a place of Episcopal worship, if nothing more than a plainly-furnished room. Great and prosperous Britain carries her every-day, unostentatious religion wherever her armies march or her flag is planted—and that means all around The English church of Malthe globe. aga is a tiny Grecian chapel near the cemetery gates, embowered in flowering vines. A wider contrast can hardly be imagined than between this tranquilly beautiful place and the Spanish cemetery-the latter being merely a vast, bare field, enclosed within high walls. The central space is filled with pretentious monuments and bake-ovenshaped tombs of rich citizens; and the encircling walls, being eight feet thick. are



In addition to the stubborn armed resistance of the New York and Bermudez Asphalt company, backed by the ominous presence of three Yankee gun. boats 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 reaged peaks that enclose it like a Protected from winds semi-circular wall, the sunny valley is filled with the most luxuriant vegeta-tion, 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; geranl-ums and heliotrope grow wild along the hedge-rows; rose vines and masses of brilliant flowers mantle every wall, and purple "Judas" blossoms leap 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 aborers 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 nd leather leggings; and th

STRATTON LIMITED.

How It Brought About the Ruin of Lord Chesterfield.

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Lord Chesterfield, who only last sum-Lord Carnarvon, as the son of his only mer 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 Chestrfield from her father at the time of her wedding. To make matetrs 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 undoubt-edly inherited from his mother. Ex-ceptional good looks in a schoolboy are often a heritage of woe, and it is prob-able on this account that Lord Chesterfield's careeer at Eton was not a suc-cess. He was, however, very popular at Oxford. . . .

Lord Chesterfield is no descendant of

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 Car 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 posses-sions, passed to a kinsman so remote that he was said to be about a twen-tieth cousin. He in turn died childless, and the earldom then devolved upon another remote kinsman of the family, Sir Edwin W. Scudamore Stanhope, a

Herefordshire baronet, whose eldest sor is the present Earl of Chesterfield. . . .

The losses of Earl Chesterfield in mining must be very heavy, since other-wise 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 Gros-venor Square. It may be remembered that one of Lady Chesterdeld's sisters was engaged to the Duke of Manches-ter, but jilled him for the sake of a young Yorkshire of the name of Fair-fax. Lord Chesterfield has been treasurer of the royal household and cap-tain 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 members of the old-established Childs bank, an ancient institution where all the clerks are said to rise automatically to be partners.--Marquis de Fontenoy in Washington Post.

the Earl of Chesterfield, the writer of the celebrated letters. The latter was the fourth earl. He left no legitimate A Woman's Awful Peril. "There is only one chance to save issue, and in order to find an heir to your life and that is through an operthe peerage it was necessary to travel back to the descendant of a younger son of the first Earl of Chesterfield, who your me and that is through an oper-ation." were the startling words heard by Mrs. I. B. Hunt of Lime Ridge, W's, from her doctor after he had vainly tried to cure her of a frightful died in the seventeenth century. The fifth earl succeeded in 1773 and held the case of stomach trouble and yellow juandice. Gall stones had formed and title for forty-two years, leaving a son, who held it for 51. The seventh earl she constantly grew worse. Then she began to use Electric Bitters, which died from typhoid fever, caught at the 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 eardom, to



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shine; and the long nights en cassa come to an end at last, though sleep is murdered by lusty generations of ver-min, vile odors in viler combinations, and the street-racket of bediam let loose. The Graeco-Roman cathedral, loose. The Graeco-Roman catheuran, which-by reason of extraordinary size and height dominates the town and is 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 medlay of in-harmonious 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 squatty, 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 Gibralfaro castle, on top of the five-hundred foot high hill. It is said that more money is yearly spent for candles

HONEY-COMBED.

with rows of long. narrow compart-ments, like the loculi of the ancient Roman catacombs. Into each niche a corpse is slid, head first, in a coffin. or not, according to the means of the mourners; and then the stone is fitted in place and sealed. The wealthy and powerful occupy the lower tiers, the poor the upper ones-thus reversing the positions they held in life. The long ride to Granada, through the

MUST MISS SHELDON BE A WITNESS.

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



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.

teamster short velvet jackets covered with em-broidry, 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 upon terraces built up of stones, and are fertilized with oam brought from the valley below The estates to which these vinevards be long are the most valuable in the kingdim and have been in the same fami-lies for centures. Vines are still bearing abundantly that are known to more than three hundred years old. They are not trained upon stakes or trelliss, 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 else-where 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 assem-

bled 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 levelled, 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 flesta, which closes with a proclamation simi-lar to that with which it is inaugurated. and then Richard is eminently his old proud self again. The grapes are gathand 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 toe nails. When the grapes are sufficiently bruised, 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 re-maining juice exhaled. If the most inveterate wine-bibber were to watch the whole modus operandi of its making, I think his appetite for the favorite tipple would be impaired.

The raisin grapes are somewhat different in appearance and treatment Far as the eye can see, stretch the vineyards, in every direction-not the clambering green vines described by poets but short, unsightly stubs, set a few feet apart in regular rows. Around each root is a little trench, or basin, to gather and retain, the precious moisture, which is the condition of their life and which is the condition of their life and the source of their rich product. Every foot of earth is planted, even where water has furrowed the steep height, the rift of red soil is covered with vines. the rift of red soil is covered with vines. The great clusters of oval shaped ber-ries, full of sweet juice, which we find so costly in the markets at home, packed in brown kegs full of cork dust, picked prematurely for transportation---do not taste at all like these gathered on the spot, in full perfection, with sug-gestions of the southern sun and balmy breazes, from the Mediterragean in their indescribable flavor. indescribable flavor. FANNIE B. WARD.

Good Advice. The most miserable beings in the world are those suffering from Dys-pepsia and Liver Complaint. More pepsia 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 Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Gnawing and Burniag Pains at the Pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue and Disagreeable Taste in the Month Computer to Fred after 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 Stars Drug Store.



3. Smith - Geewhillikins, Jenkins,

Jumpin' Rogers! What the-Crow-Well, that's a curious mfs-

take. 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?



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