

EXACTLY AS THE GNEISENAU LOOKS TODAY.

Divers Preparing to Use Dynamite on Dangerous Derelict of German Training Ship—Expect to Find Many Bodies in the Hold.

## VALENCIA.

Said to be the Home of the Most Beautiful Women in Europe—Along the Spanish Coast of the Mediterranean.

## Special Correspondence.

Of course there is frequent communication by steamer between these coast towns of Spain; but the land trip, though sometimes arduous and always more expensive, is too historically and scientifically interesting to be neglected, even for a ride on the Mediterranean. The climate is delightful—at this season of the year like New England May, with soft sea breezes wafted into the car windows. And then the enchanting views! On one side the Mid-sea, which according to George Elliot, "Moans with memories," lies dimpling and sparkling in the sun, its beautifully blue expanse dotted with queer lateen-rigged feluccas; on the other, a distant mountain range, purple against the horizon, black in the hollows, flecked with varying shades of rose and amethyst. The country between sea and hills is one vast garden and vineyard, with here and there huge piles of stones, heaped up to give more arable space and to serve as a warm reflecting surface for the vines. The train is continually halting at wayside villages, all picturesque beyond compare in life and color; and in every one of them may be found traces of by-gone splendors, when Romans or Moors ruled the land. Medieval castles and fortresses, and older temples, theaters, aqueducts, bridges, attest the vigor and magnificence of the ancient imperial dominion. Perhaps the most famous of these ghosts of departed greatness is Saguntum, which now figures on the map as Murviedro. It is a wild place—a huge rock crowned with the remains of a

rescued from the Moors. You may climb to the spot where they stood and enjoy the same entrancing view—over the innumerable towers and domes of the brightly fertile vega beyond, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Valencia is about the size of Seville. Its clean, well-paved streets are almost as narrow, and on hot afternoons are similarly covered by awnings stretched across—reminding one of Obispo street in Havana. But there is much more life here, than in Seville—more even than in the Cuban metropolis; and, unlike other old Spanish cities, the people seem to be living in the present, rather than in the dreamy past. Valencia is the capital of its province, the seat of an archbishop, the residence of a captain general, (formerly of a viceroy); and is

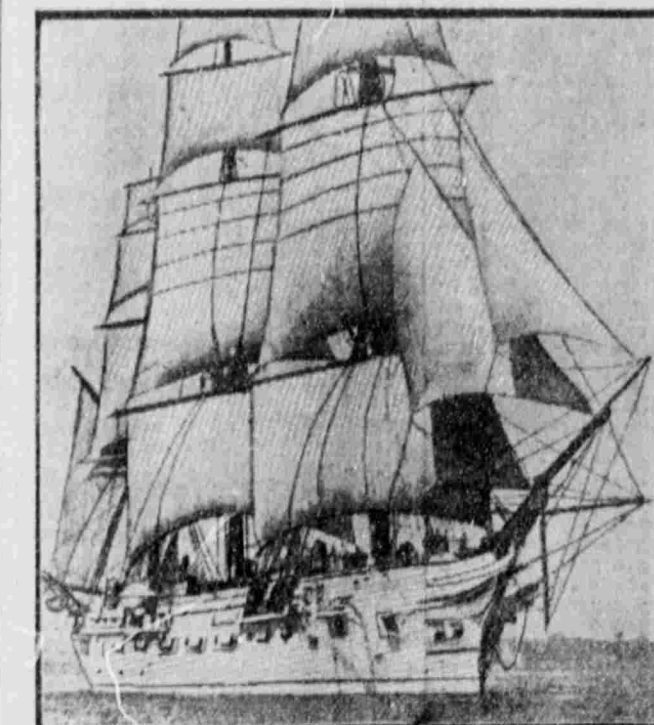
## A UNIVERSITY TOWN

as well, with excellent schools and several fine art collections. In form it is almost circular, its northern side once washed by the Turia river—whose now exhausted bed is crossed by five wide bridges, which serve as viaducts in times of inundation, and in dry season for a "Rambla," as at Barcelona. "Rambla," by the way, is a common name for the chief street in towns along the east coast of Spain. It is a Moorish word—Ramleek, near Alexandria, meaning the same—a river bed used as a roadway. Sad to say, a regular war-fare against antiquities seems to have raged in this rare old town. Beautiful ajimez windows have been distressingly modernized, and after King Amadeo's visit, about thirty years ago, nearly all the ancient walls, which were then perfect, were pulled down—"to give employment to the poor,"—an excuse as shabby as the action, the streets being then in a horrible state and the country roads almost impassable. There were twelve enormous gates in the battlemented walls—each bearing the city's arms, the four bars of Catalonia, with a hat, indicative of eternal vigilance, and the words, "A quien vela, todo se revela"—"to him who watches, all is revealed." Several of these gates still retain their towers and machicolations, standing alone, like melancholy and deserted sentinels of the past. Two of them, built five centuries ago, now serve as prisons, a sort of Spanish Newgate. Inside these gates, the city is very closely packed, the tall, gloomy-looking houses set close together within gardens, their flat roofs covered with cane cages in which the Valencians, who are great fowling, keep pigeons as we do prize-winning chickens. Whenever the growing city has stretched itself beyond the old walls, the houses are more modern and have grounds, with trees and flowers about them; and beyond stretches the far-famed Huerta, the most fertile district in Europe, and in the highest state of cultivation. Here lucern is mown fifteen times a year, and other crops gathered in proportion. In these first January days, peas are in pod and other green vegetables in perfection.

Neither Valencia's cathedral, nor any of its fourteen parish churches, is worth a visit. Much more interesting are the markets, swarming with peasants in their picturesque costumes and crowded with tropical fruits and

## STRANGE SEA-FOOD.

There are swarthy laborers from the Turia, in sandals, wide linen drawers, velvet jackets and gorgeously beflowed mantas of scarlet and blue, their



Slowly sinking beneath the waves at the mouth of Malaga harbor, the wreck of the ill-fated Gneisenau becomes a menace to shipping at this point. A month has elapsed since the occurrence of the awful disaster which sent its gallant commander, Captain Krezman, its crew, and over one hundred cadets to premature graves.

heads bound tight with gaudy handkerchiefs. Knotted behind, the ends flutter gaily in the breeze. Women of the lower classes also wear bright handkerchiefs over their magnificent blue-black hair; while aristocratic señoritas sport the always graceful and becoming lace mantillas. Ladies of other nationalities who have the bad taste to forget the golden rule of doing as the Romans while in Rome and appear in their common-place hats and bonnets, must not enter any church with such headgear on, for they would surely be ejected. As for the beautiful women for which Valencia has been celebrated since time out of mind—they are apparently all dead, or were in seclusion at the time of our visit. They have tiny feet and hands, voluptuous figures, splendid "soul-full" eyes and a wealth of hair—but alas! the latter also grows rankly upon the upper lip and fair Valencians past thirty years are mustached much more abundantly than their lords and masters. Like other women of tropical birth and temperament, they age very early. At 12 a girl is marriageable; at 20 passes; at 25 a hopeless old maid, if not already wedded; and at 35 fat, listless and altogether laid on the shelf. This is partly due to the lazy habits of the aristocracy, who, like the illies of the field, toil not, neither do they spin. Even moonlight promenading in the plazas, so much affected in all Spanish countries, seems to have gone out of fashion here. The beautiful Alameda, the dusty gardens of the Glorieta, and the Rambla are alike deserted and ill-kept. In only one respect is Valencia becoming somewhat modernized, and that is in a gradual change of vehicles. While the ludicrous and uncomfortable tarranos are still kept for general use, and are the only wheeled concerns a tourist can hire, the wealthy classes are beginning to use regular open carriages for their evening drives.

El Graso, the port of Valencia, a mile or two from the center of the city, is reached by a branch railway from the station, and by ramway, starting from the Plaza del Principe Alfonso. Or you may go in a tarrano, at the rate of a dollar and a half the hour—Spanish

dollars worth one-third less than ours. The drive is the favorite lounge place of the natives, who flock to the Graso in summer for the sea-bathing. Then the season is a gay period. The shore, however, is about as bad as can be

## USED FOR BATHING.

being boggy and treacherous. In wide contrast to the fine, sandy beaches of the northern coast. The port itself, formed between two moles, with a depth of twenty-three feet, is one of the best in Spain. After all, the greatest interest of Valencia is in the misty past, and its real tutelary saint is El Cid Campeador. Having wrested this place from the Moors, after a weary siege, he sent a messenger for Ximena, his wife, and their two daughters. Hardly had the women arrived, before an army of fifty thousand horsemen and an innumerable host of infantry, under the King of Tunis, (so says the chronicler), came marching up to retake Valencia. Again the Cid led Ximena, and her daughters, Sol and Elvira, to the top of Meguete tower—not this time to admire the prospect, but that they might look down upon the mighty host encamped beneath the walls and understand the grim work that was before him. History records that they were terrified and clung to the husband and father, begging him to surrender at discretion. But he encouraged them with assurances of speedy victory, and though his whole force was less than four thousand men, he charged the enemy with such determination that they were routed and put to flight.

Even more interesting than Meguete, was the historical remnant which idiotic local authorities lately pulled down, and whose site is now marked only by an inscription on a nearby wall—nothing less than Aubufat, the famous tower upon which the cross was first hoisted, in the year 1094, after the twenty-years' siege, when the Cid took the city from the Moors. Through the adjoining gate, now known as Puerto del Cid, he first entered the town; and from it, in the moment of triumph, he issued the command that the enemy be given time to bury their dead. This

unexpected act of clemency so touched the Moorish chieftain that he dispatched two beautiful female slaves for the conqueror's acceptance; but that hero returned the gift, with the message that to him, for whom his own Ximena was waiting, no other charms could offer any attractions. It was here in Valencia, only five years later, that the Cid died, surrounded by his beloved ones and his weeping warriors. We read that on his famous war-steed, Ballek, he was brought into the chamber as if he were like a lamb, to gaze upon his dying master. Then once again he rode forth upon Ballek, upright as death, his corpse arrayed in full armor, with the face uncovered and his white beard sweeping his breastplate. The body was supported by Gil Diaz and Bishop Gerónimo and closely followed by the faithful Ximena and his warriors; and so awful was the sight that the Moors, who had regained courage at the news of his death and again encamped against the town, fled in dismay, leaving the strange procession unmolested to carry out the chieftain's last wish—that he should be laid in San Pedro de Cardena to sleep till the resurrection morning.

FANNIE B. WARD.

## Stand Death Off.

E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave-digger. He says: "My brother was very low with malaria, fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." This remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures constipation, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaints; gives perfect health. Only 50c at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

## LIFE OF A PIONEER.

Autobiography of Capt. James S. Brown, 525 pages, bound in cloth. Price \$2.00; for sale at the Deseret News. Special terms to agents.

## THE CHANCES FOR AN AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

The best parallel with South African conditions may be found in certain conditions of our Revolutionary War. The Boer cause is not more desperate than was that of the Americans during the awful times at Valley Forge. When New York and Philadelphia were in the hands of the British—when rich families were vying with each other in doing honor to British officers—when Burgoyne was driving his great wedge southward to cut in twain the colonies

## MUNYON'S COLD CURE

When Prof. Munyon says what his Cold Cure will do he only says what all the world knows. Nearly everybody seems to be taking this remedy when ever a cold appears. It relieves the head, nose, throat and lungs so quickly that a cold need no longer be a forerunner of grippe, diphtheria or pneumonia. Every one of his remedies is as sure. All drugists, mostly 25c vial. Guide to Health free. Write to Broadway and 25th street, New York, for medical advice free.

—when Cornwallis was sweeping unchecked up the coast—those were some of the times when the American cause seemed hopelessly lost. In North America, England once planned to control the only continent. Instead, there arose here a mighty republic. In Africa, she is planning to control, first from the Cape to the Mediterranean, and this much gained, she would gradually dominate all Africa. It would be but history repeating itself if, instead, a republic should arise with its shores laved by the waters of two oceans.—From the Saturday Evening Post.

## A Night of Terror.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from Pneumonia before morning," writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of Consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her. This marvelous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

Many a bright and happy household has been thrown into sadness and sorrow because of the death of a loved one from a neglected cold. BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP is the great cure for coughs, colds and all pulmonary ailments. Price, 25c and 50c vial. Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

## NO USE FOR IT.

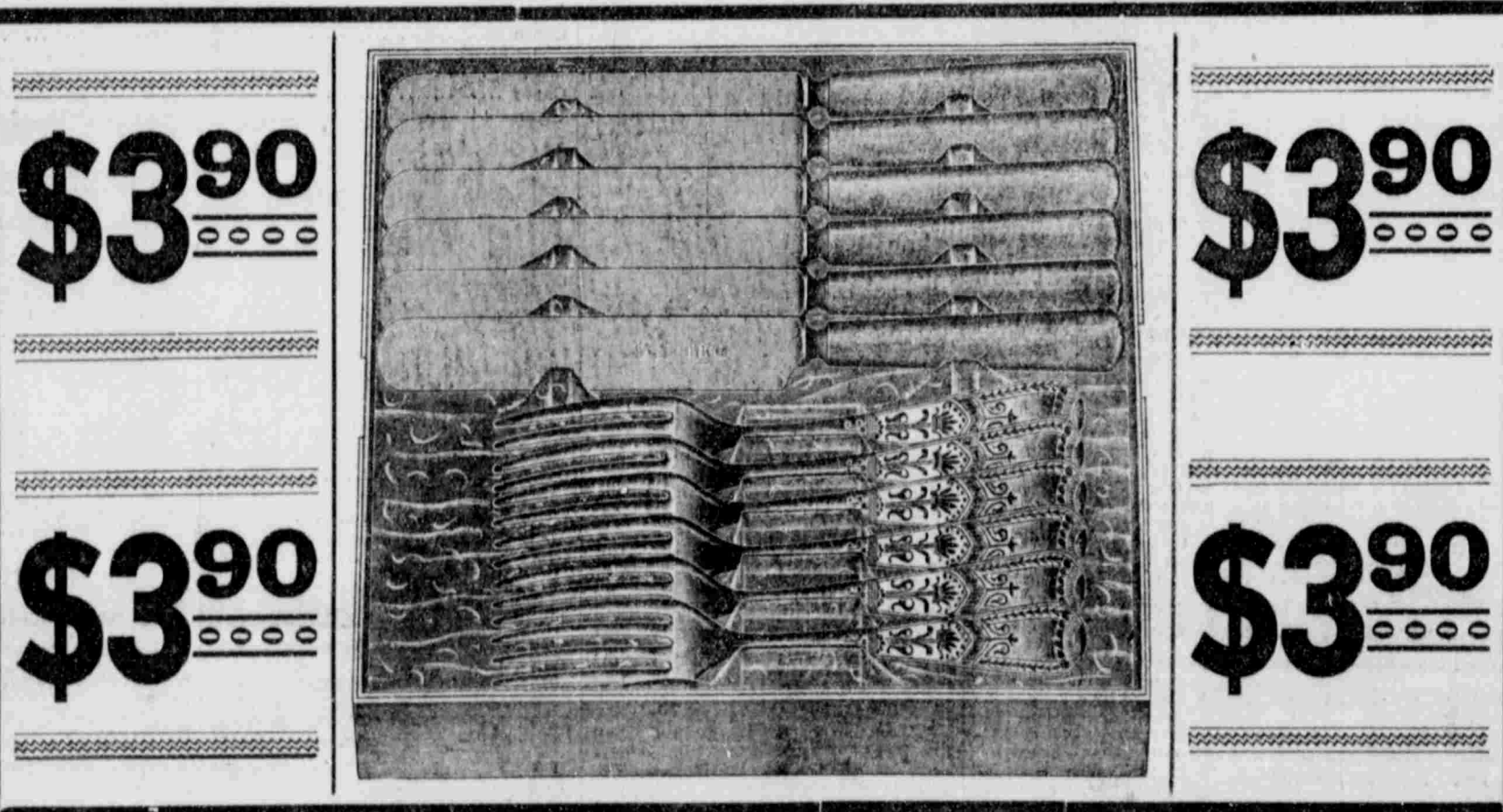


Tattered Tomkins.—What made you turn down dat jug of cider wot dat lady offered you? Languid Lawrence.—Ain't you got sense enough to know dat cider works?

## ONE HUNDRED DOZEN ONLY

On Monday Morning, Jan. 28th

We will sell One Hundred Dozen Triple Plated Knives and Forks, in Sets of Six Knives and Six Forks in a Silk Lined Case for \$3.90, a Set. Regular value is \$6.50.



\$3.90

\$3.90

\$3.90

\$3.90

## THESE GOODS

Were purchased in October, but owing to continued rush of trade in other lines, we were unable to place them on sale before Christmas, and now having been forced to carry them over, we are determined to sell them all in one day at—

\$3.90

## OUR INTENTION

Was to place them on sale at five dollars a set, which is a great reduction from regular price, but have decided to close them out at once at—

\$3.90

## WE GUARANTEE

these goods to be equal to the best Plated Ware on the market today, and will refund money to any person who becomes dissatisfied with their purchase.

## THE KNIVES

Are the regular Plain Handled, Triple Plated Knives, and the Forks have the Flat Handles of Fancy Design, plated on Nickel Silver of the grade that ordinarily sells at Eight Dollars a Dozen.

J. H. LEYSON COMPANY,

Jewelers, Watchmakers, Opticians,

Diamond Setters, Engravers. &amp; S

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

## ONE HUNDRED

Dozen does not go far, as we will not break the regular sets of Six Knives and Six Forks, so come early

Monday Morning

## ANOTHER SURPRISE

For our Customers will be the prices we will quote on a lot of odd sets of high grade Plated Knives, Forks and Spoons of various sizes, and some Fancy Pieces that we are desirous of closing out at this price.

## ANOTHER THING.

We have left a few of those high grade Quadruple Plated Tea Sets that were placed on sale before Christmas, which we will close out at the following prices:

- 5 Piece Tea Set, \$15.00.
- 5 Piece Tea Set, 20.00.
- 5 Piece Tea Set, 25.00.
- 4 Piece Tea Set, - 9.00.
- 3 Piece Tea Set, - 6.00.

## REMEMBER

That we are offering only High Grade Goods, and that our entire stock of Plated Ware will be subject to special prices at this time, giving all an opportunity to supply themselves with the necessities for a complete table service.