MODERN CORDOVA.

Once the Seat of the Most Powerful Dynasty in Europe; Now but a Skeleton of the Splendid Capital of the Caliphs.

Special Correspondence.

Cordova, Spain, March 15th, 1900.—Strolling about this ancient capital, in which no sound of wheel, or hammer, or human life is heard, its narrow, dark and dirty streets almost deserted by man and beast—you recall what Gautier said of Cordova, more than half a century ago: "It is a city of whose once beautiful body nothing remains but a bleached and calcined skeleton." Lying low in the sunny valley of the Guadalquivir, in the very heart of Andalusia, surrounded by gray olive-groves and villas crumbling with the weight of centuries, it has been appropriately called "the City of Venerable Tranquility." Though its absolute silence and absence of life are depressing, you find it extremely interesting. It abounds with antiquities, and at every step memories are awakened of the old Roman emperors, of later Arabian Caliphs—of Queen Scheherezade's marvelous tales, and the adventures of "the gaunt country gentleman of la Mancha," whose home was close by. Antique gates and sculptures and nail-studded doors, mosques, towers and minarets, the galleried houses, with their azuelos, mullioned windows and flower-filled patios, the great Roman bridges and shrines in the outer walls, all speak of times long, long gone by.

So winding and shadowy are the streets—suddenly ending in blank walls, or converging into half a dozen other alleys equally tortuous and obscure, you are sure to get lost in their labyrinthian windings, if without guide. Meeting nobody of whom to inquire the way back to your hotel, you are finally forced to pound upon a closed door, which rends the

"VENERABLE TRANQUILITY"

with echoes that seem as sacrilegious as shouting in a dim cathedral. As visitors are never expected in modern Cordova, it takes more than one pounding to bring anybody to the door; and when at last the startled servant appears, his directions are so complicated, concerning numerous turnings to be made, that you feel more hopelessly lost than before. The better way is to engage a native cicerone at the outset. Your hotel will furnish a man, who will shuffle alongside all day, for a few cents—and tell you more wild yarns than ever the bride of the sanguinary sultan invented in the Arabian Night's entertainment.

In the widest of Cordova's streets it would be impossible to swing the typical cat, without dashing its brains out; and in many of them pedestrians are compelled to flatten themselves against the walls on either side whenever a donkey with bulging panniers passes through. I suppose that the idea of the ancient builders, in thus cramping their quarters when they might just as well have spread the city over the whole valley, was as much to secure safety from invaders, as to keep their casas cool by excluding the fervid sun. Even without the wooden gates, which close the streets at frequent intervals, a raid or riot could make small progress, compelled to pass three or four abreast under the overhanging balconies, each house a well-defended fort.

The principal "sight" of Cordova, and also one of the chief show-places in Spain, is the splendid mosque, La Mezquita (Arabic for masegad, meaning to worship prostrate), which the Kaliph Abdu-r-rah-man II began about A. D. 780. A hundred years were consumed in the building, and it was long the grandest Moslem temple in the world, exceeding in beauty even Mecca, the most sacred shrine of the Koran.

It stands close to the muddy bank of the Guadalquivir, in the heart of the crowded Jewish quarter, where the early Hebrews, persecuted by other nations, enjoyed complete liberty of worship under the Saracen rulers. Directly opposite rises the once gorgeous Alcazar, ("House of Cæsar," or royal palace,) of the Kalipha—which is now a shabby military prison, without a trace of its former splendor. It is hard to realize that this spot—now so vilely odorous and filthy, the haunt of vice,

DISEASE AND MISERY,

was once the abode of science and art, the seat of the wealthiest court of mediæval Europe, the refuge of the oppressed of every creed in Christendom, and the home of the most polished society of the age!

The most extraordinary feature of La Mezquita is that to this day it is half a Moslem mosque and half a Christian cathedral. Long, long ago the Romans had a temple on the spot, dedicated to Janus. Afterwards it was the Christian's Basilica; and when the Arabs entered Cordova, in the year 711, they converted half of it into a mosque, leaving the other half undisturbed to the Christians. This liberal arrangement on the part of the Moslems, which I am afraid would not have been imitated by the Christians, had the positions been reversed—was also made in the Basilica of St. John, at Damascus, which was afterwards converted into the great mosque. When Prince Abdu-r-rahman—the last survivor of the line of Ommeyades, who had for years been a fugitive among the wandering tribes of the Libyan Desert,—was called to the throne as the only hope of the war-desolated country, his first act was to declare himself independent of the sultans of the east. Having consolidated his dominions by the subjugation of all who ventured to dispute his sovereignty, quelled internal feuds and restored peace and prosperity—the sagacious monarch next turned his attention to rendering his dynasty independent in all respects from the influences and prejudices of the East. This was not possible so long as the yearly pilgrimage to the Holy City of Arabia, obligatory upon all good Moslems, impaired the feeling of a distinct nationality which he wished to foster, besides consuming so much of the time and money of his subjects. Therefore it was clear that a shrine must be established at home, which should outdo even the Tomb of the Prophet at Mecca. There was as yet no Djalma, or Grand Mosque in Spain, the services of Islam being everywhere held in confiscated churches, and most of these divided with worshipers of another creed. In Cordova, Christians and Mohammedans bowed beneath the same roof, almost before the very altars where the earlier Romans had rendered homage to their gods. With considerable difficulty, but perfect fairness, Abdu-r-rahman I finally bought the whole structure—the priests receiving their purchase-money in gold and with it immediately building another church, which they dedicated to Saints Faustus and Marcial; and then the Christians quitted the cathedral, bearing in

SODEMN PROCESSION

the images of the Saints and all their treasures. The ground was at once cleared for the Grand Djalma, which was designed to be one of the wonders of the world. By this time the good Kaliph was well advanced in years; but he drew all the plans himself and devoted some hours every day to actual labor with his own hands on the sacred structure. He never had the joy of worshipping in it, however—at least not in the flesh. Before it was half completed, Allah led him safely across the mystical bridge of Al Serat—"fine as a hair and sharp as a sword"—which, according to the Koran, spans the eternal abyss, and across it the faithful miraculously pass into paradise, while the wicked are lost in the depths beneath.

Then Abdu-r-rahman's son, Hichem I, took up the good work and carried it on during his lifetime, at enormous cost. The plans of its founders were faithfully copied, except that it soon became necessary to more than double the original size, as the immense mosque proved too small to accommodate the ever-increasing multitudes of pilgrims. Al-Hakem II constructed the Mahrab, or "Holiest of Holies," wherein he deposited the richly illuminated manuscript of the Koran. This priceless relic was torn to pieces by Don Alfonso's Christian soldiers, in the year 1146, when Ben Saglah delivered up Cordova. This Moslem Holy of Holies was called by the Spaniards "Del Zancarron," in derision of the foot-bone of Mahomet. All pilgrims walked seven times around the sacred place, as was done at Mecca; hence the

FOOT-WORN PAVEMENT,

which today shows a deep hollow circular in form, surrounding the point of devotion. Abdu-r-rahman III built the beautiful minaret, and Al-Mansur added the eight naves on the eastern side. The last named monarch was gathered to his fathers in the year 1002; and after his death nothing more was done to the mosque until the thirteenth century, when it was seized by barbarian Spaniards—who have ever since been destroying its symmetry and effacing its original character by repeated mutilations. Roman Catholic choirs and altars were erected in the very middle, by order of Charles V, and stalls, pulpits, shrines, confessionals, images and other church paraphernalia scattered all over it.

You may travel the wide world over and find few sanctuaries of any faith so impressive as this temple of Allah—none which seems to fit a dwelling-place for Him who fills all space, above the petty creeds and dogmas of men. Perhaps it is the immense width and depth of the interior, its infinitude of columns and mysterious perspectives, combined with the ancient traditions of the place, that transport the visitor at once to days of the Caliphs and render the commonplace world of the twentieth century illusory and unreal! The whole place seem peopled with shadowy forms, standing with supplicating hands and faces turned toward Mecca, or prostrate upon their prayer-rugs; while from the minaret, far overhead, sounds the muezzin's cry, "Come to prayer. Prayer is better than sleep."

The most beautiful feature of the interior is its dense forests of many-colored marble columns, supporting the Moorish arches of the roof, which broods over all like the sense of God's beneficence not afar off, but near and tangible. Originally there were 1,200 of these shafts, and upwards of a thousand yet remain. It is a marble labyrinth of

ENDLESS VISTAS

and mystifying space. One is astonished at the infinite varieties of tone, and the many tints it can assume—from black to purest white, malachite green as emerald, crimson blood-stone, black-veined and mottled with chrome, ultramarine, purple, porphyry, jasper lapis-lazali, white streaked with carnelian, snakely-mottled serpentine, and innumerable other combinations of color.

The principal entrance is through the beautiful Court of Oranges, with its stately palms and quaint old Moorish fountain, its groups of idlers and characteristic Spanish scenes. It was built by Said Ben Alub, in 937, and its rows of trees originally corresponded with the lines of columns in the mosque. Passing under the high-peaked doorway, which is surmounted by softy-tinted azuelos, (Moorish tiles, spelling out texts from the Koran, you are at once in the marble forest, where countless magnificent naves stretch away and intersect, and shining pillars, of every tint in the rainbow, spring up to the delicate horse-shoe arches. In some sections the ceiling is dazzling with arabesques and crystals, in others it is richly panelled and gilded; and here and there vandal Spaniards have painted it red and yellow. As the external walls enclose an area of four acres, a minute description is impossible in the limits of a newspaper letter. Among the special "sights" to which the guide will lead you is the Puerta del Perdon, so called because built with money raised by the sale of indulgences. It is an arched entrance of purely Oriental type, embellished with the arms of Castile and Leon. Its doors, usually closed, are covered with bronze plating, with Gothic and Arabic inscriptions, and the words (in Spanish) "The empire belongs to God and all is His." You will be shown a

PALE YELLOW COLUMN

flushed with pink, a species of marble of which no quarries now exist, near the base of which a rude crucifix may be dimly traced. The story goes, (but nobody believes it), that a Christian captive was chained to this pillar in the time of Hakem III. He would have been released unpunished, had he not desecrated Allah's temple by scratching with his nails the Christian emblem upon the pillar. For that crime he was garroted on the spot.

Some of the doorways are marvelously rich in Moorish spandrels and latticed openings, with fine Oriental ornamentations and Cufic inscriptions. Others are elaborately carved in the plateresque style; and others set round with a multitude of statues and images. One of the first-mentioned, flanked with ancient mosaics and surmounted by a queer azmiel window, is pointed out as the private door by which the sultan always entered the mosque; and the low crypt may be seen, called the maksurah, where he prayed on Fridays. Near it a white marble slab and a padlocked urn mark the resting place of five bishops of Christian Cordova. Their tomb was restored in 1557, by Bishop Leopold, brother of the emperor of Austria, who himself lies between the high altar and the choir.

FANNIE B. WARD.

Spreads Like Wildfire.

When things are "the best" they become "the best selling." Abraham Hare, a leading druggist, of Belleville, O., writes: "Electric Bitters are the best selling bitters I have handled in twenty years. You know why? Most diseases begin in disorders of stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, blood and nerves. Electric Bitters tones up the stomach, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, hence cures multitudes of maladies. It builds up the entire system. Puts new life and vigor into any weak, sickly, rundown man or woman. Price 50 cents. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

Nearly every person needs a tonic medicine at this time of year to brace up and invigorate the nervous system, to cleanse the bowels, liver and kidneys. HERBINE is the best and safest remedy to do this, as it will cure constipation, regulate the liver and enrich the blood. Price, 50 cents. Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

NOTABLE UTAH WOMEN.

MRS. A. W. McCUNE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Claridge McCune was born in England, and was brought to Utah by her parents when less than a year old. Her family settled in Nephi, and with them the subject of this sketch underwent the hardships and privations attendant upon the settlement of a new locality. While Mrs. McCune was a young girl her father was called from his home in Nephi to help in forming the new settlements on the "Muddy" in Southern Utah, and while the rest of the family remained at home during the first year, she accompanied her father to the new region, undergoing many thrilling incidents during the difficult journey and following hard experiences of the move.

In 1872 she married A. W. McCune and lived in Nephi till 1885 when she went to Montana—her husband having taken the mammoth wood contract for the Anaconda mine.

She afterward, in company with her family, came to Salt Lake where she has been identified with various philanthropic and progressive enterprises connected with her Church.

Several years ago Mrs. McCune went to Europe and while in England had a brief but very successful missionary experience, being one of the first women to speak in the European missions established by the "Mormon" Church.

After some months spent in traveling in Great Britain, Mrs. McCune traveled through France, Germany and Italy visiting the shrines of art, poetry, legend, and romantic history in those lands. She returned home in 1897 and in 1899 again visited England—attending the great Quinquennial held in London. Mrs. McCune went as patron of the National Council of the United States and during the first executive session of the Council was made patron of the International. Since returning to Utah she has interested herself in promoting the local silk industry and has devoted much time and effort to the interests of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations—having been appointed to a place on the board of directors as an aid to President Elmina S. Taylor. During last winter she made a journey through Old Mexico in the interests of the associations, visiting the societies in the various "Mormon" colonies throughout that region, and has since been prominently identified with the work of the local societies. Mrs. McCune is an ardent advocate and patron of home industry and much of her time is devoted to promoting its interests in the State.

WHY WE FIGHT OUR FELLOW MEN.

It is perfectly safe to say that ninety-nine men out of a hundred in civilized countries are opposed to war.

Savages like to go to war; we do not.

We are farmers, mechanics, merchants, manufacturers, teachers, and all we ask is the privilege of attending to our own business. We own our homes, love our friends, are devoted to our families and do not interfere with our neighbors any more than is necessary; we have work to do, and wish to work while it is called the day. We recognize that life is short and the night cometh. Leave us alone.

But they will not—these demagogues, politicians and rogues intent on the Strenuous Life. We wish to be peaceful and want to be kind, but they say this life is warfare and we must fight.

But they will not leave us alone, these men who insist on governing us and living off our labor. They tax us, eat our substance, conscript us, draft our boys into the war to fight farmers whose chief offenses that they wear trousers that bag at the knee and cultivate an objectionable style of whisker.

They call themselves the Superior Class. They live off the labor of our hands. They essay the task of governing us for a consideration. They deceive us, this Superior Class; they hoodwink us; they betray us; they bulldoze us by the plea of patriotism.

They deceive us, and, or, the infamy and the shame of it! they deceive us in the name of the gentle Christ, whose love embraced a world, and who distinctly taught that war was wrong and that the only rule of life should be to do unto others as we would be done by.

In order to establish a reason therefor domination this self-appointed Superior Class pretend to follow in the footsteps of Christ—they call themselves Christians.

The Bible is the book we all talk about but seldom read. We pay pew rent and let other men explain the Bible to us; or if we read, we read with our eyes shut. The men in the pulpit claim to belong to the Superior Class, and they explain things to us on our agreement to grant them immunity from work. We supply them broadcloth suits, kid gloves and high hats, and they teach us what they call truth, thus saving us the trouble of thinking for ourselves.

They call themselves Christians, but Christ opposed war, never took up a collection, accepted no salary, founded no church, had no ritual, wore no miter nor robe of office. He did not belong to the Superior Class—did not even take pains to associate with respectable people. He was a carpenter who felt certain truths so intensely that he left his bench for a time and went forth speaking to men in the streets, the market places and by the seashore.

And now this Superior Class, intent on taxing us, declare war and maintain standing armies in the name of this Man who had no fellowship with either armies, or war, or the Superior Class. All the myriads of men who live off the government depend upon the government to tax us, and in order to tax us successfully standing armies are maintained. The plea that the army is needed for the protection of the country is pure fraud and pretense. The French government affrights the people by telling them the Germans are ready and anxious to fall upon them; the Russians fear the British; the British fear everybody; and now in America we are told that we must increase our navy and add to our army because Europe may at any moment combine against us.

This is fraud and untruth. The plain people in France, Germany, England and America are opposed to war. We only wish to be let alone. Men with wives, children, sweethearts, homes, aged parents, do not want to go off and fight some one. We are peaceable and wish to be kind; we fear war; we hate it.

America can never become the ideal republic—the home and refuge of all that is best in art and science, and fulfilment of the dreams of seers and prophets—unless we cease modeling our political policy after the rotting monarchies of Europe. Force expends itself and dies, every army is marching to its death, nothing but a skull and skeleton fill helmet and cuirass, the aggressor is overcome by the poison of his pride, victory is ony another name for defeat, but the Spirit of Gentleness and Truth is eternal. Only by building on that can we hope as a nation to live.—Elbert Hubbard in the New York World.

THE "PLANET OF ROMANCE."

Part of the investigations of May 28th will be directed, not to the sun itself, but to the space lying between the sun and Mercury. We are told in a paper by Julia MacNair Wright in the May New Lippincott that it has been the dream of many astronomers that about half way between the sun and Mercury lies a little planet, lost in the effulgence of the sun. Sir William Ball names this the "Planet of Romance." Other astronomers have searched for it, christening it Vulcan before it has been found. If ever such a planet rolled exactly between the earth and the sun, it would sometimes be seen crawling like a black dot across the sun's disk. In the gloom of an eclipse such an orb might show its face if its position as regards the earth were favorable. Most astronomers have concluded that there is no such planet, but that the space between Mercury and the sun is empty.

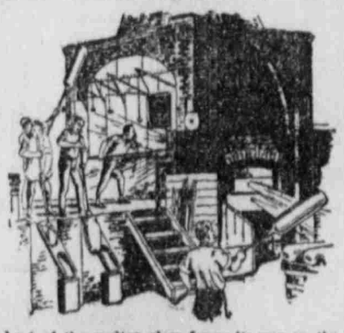
WHAT IS A WORKING DAY?

What is the ruling of the court in regard to a "working-day" under a contract requiring to complete the work within a specified number of days? Is a day in which the weather is unfit for a man to work out of doors held as a working day in a contract of the above character?

The ruling of the court in cases of the foregoing character has uniformly been that a "working-day" is one in which the weather will permit work to be done. The court interprets the wording of such a contract in a reasonable manner, holding that where contract for outside work is being executed the elements must be taken into consideration. A day in which the weather is unfit for a man to work out of doors is not a "working day" under a contract involving outside work.—Legal Bureau.

Workmen

you have seen hundreds of your companions waste away in mill and foundry with a persistent cough. You have seen hundreds of them die with that terrible disease, Consumption. You have seen wives left penniless, and children thrown upon the mercies of the cold world, because the father coughed his life away. The air you breathe every day is full of sharp, metallic dust, which is inhaled into the lungs and irritates their delicate lining. In the case of glass blowers, the fierce



heat of the molten glass forces its way up the tube into the lungs where it gradually breaks down their delicate structure, making every cold a danger to life. You can't afford to quit working and are daily exposed to this fatal dust and intense heat. What you and your friends need is Acker's English Remedy. This will make your throat and lungs strong again. It will heal the irritation, brace up your strength, and you need never lose a day's work. I have noticed that in some mills there are no cases of Consumption. The reason is that Acker's English Remedy is used by the men working there.

Sold at 25c., 50c. and $1 a bottle, throughout the United States and Canada; and in England at 1s. 2d., 2s. 3d., 4s. 6d. If you are not satisfied after buying, return the bottle to your druggist and get your money back.

We authorize the above guarantee.

W. H. HOOKER & CO., Proprietors, New York

For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

Little Clothes! Little Money!

Clothes for little folks for little money. Every boys' wants supplied at rock bottom prices. Our stock is not equalled in the city. All suits made in latest style from latest and best fabrics in all the latest shades and mixtures. Mothers, bring your boys to us, we'll treat them right.

We're Selling Hats Too.

We keep all kinds of Men's and Boys' Hats and Caps. By that we mean all prices and all styles, and every different grade. Our $2.25 and $2.50 values are unequalled for the money. We have a dandy $3.00 hat, and our Stetson $4.00 hats are the very latest.

THE SIEGEL CLOTHING CO.

61, 63, 65 Main St.

Heber J. Grant & Co.

INSURANCE AGENCY

OUR COMPANIES:

THE HARTFORD, of Hartford, Ct.
GERMAN AMERICAN, of New York.
NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE, London and Edinburgh
PENNSYLVANIA, of Philadelphia.
NORTHERN, of London.
ORIENT INS. CO., of Hartford, Conn.
FIRE ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia.
TEUTONIA, of New Orleans, and
THE HOME FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF UTAH.

"A TRAINING IN CLEANLINESS IS A FORTUNE." COMPLETE YOUR EDUCATION WI

SAPOLIO

You Need Cleansing

Throughout your entire system, to rid the blood of the acids and impurities that clog the physical machinery and corrode liver, kidneys, heart and lungs. Enrich and purify the blood by using our well-known Herb Bitters, which will tone the nerves and bring new life and energy to all the bodily and mental functions. All this and more can be done by using Sarsaparilla and Dandelion Compound.

In large bottles, $1 each, 6 for $5. Prepared only by the old reliable

Godbe Pitts Drug Co.

SALT LAKE CITY.

FABRICS WORTH LOOKING AT

in rich suit patterns in Scotch effects, cheviots, cassimeres and imported worsteds for early Spring wear we are showing in the latest patterns and colors. Our fine Oxford cheviots, coverts, fashioned into top coats in the swell Raglans, and will give a man elegance and style when fitted and finished by our perfect workmanship.

Suits to Order, $25.00.
Pants to Order, $7.50.

TRY US.

BUCKLE & SON,

TAILORS AND WOOLEN DRAPERS.

CALL ON US AT 235 S. MAIN ST.
Established 1874

..WESTERN DENTAL CO..

ROOMS 31-32 EAGLE BLK. 73 WEST SECOND SOUTH STREET...

FIRST DOOR TO RIGHT. SECOND FLOOR..

BEST SET OF TEETH $8.00.

WORK GUARANTEED FIRST CLASS. CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK SPECIALTIES.

TEETH EXTRACTED POSITIVELY WITHOUT PAIN.

"VITALIZED AIR." WM. BROADBENT, D. D. S., PROPRIETOR.

DR. COOK.

"HE CURED ME."

Such is the testimony of many hundreds of men and women who have been successfully treated and permanently cured by the eminent specialist, DR. COOK, at the head of the great

COOK MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

And these cures include every form of

Chronic, Nervous and Private Diseases.

So obstinate and so difficult to cure by ordinary methods.

BLOOD POISON

Completely and permanently eradicated from the system in from 20 to 40 days by a treatment that contains no injurious medicines, but leaves the patient in as healthy a condition as before contracting the disease.

MEN suffering from mental worry or overwork, private diseases, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, highly colored urine, loss of ambition and many other indications of premature decay, are among the diseases that Dr. Cook guarantees to cure, to stay cured, or to refund your money.

Stricture, Varicocele, Hydrocele Permanently Cured.

My guaranty is backed by $100,000 incorporated capital, and more than 25 years of successful experience.

My charges are within the reach of all; both rich and poor alike are invited to have a confidential talk regarding their troubles. No honest man need go without the treatment that will effect his complete and permanent cure. Consultation free.

WRITE—Home treatment is satisfactory and strictly confidential. Address

COOK MEDICAL COMPANY, 1623 Curtis St. Denver