

RAMBLINGS AROUND CORDOVA.

A Strange Commingling of Roman and Arabian, Gothic and Spanish, in the Forgotten Capital of the Caliphs.

Special Correspondence.

Cordova, Spain, March 30.—Guide-book tourists seldom devote more than one day to this forgotten capital of the Caliphs, and many even "take it in" between trains, getting only hurried glimpses of its crooked streets and splendid mosque. These make a grave mistake, for there is no city in the world to compare with Cordova in romantic and historic interest. One loses the best of a Spanish tour by following too closely in beaten paths; he may get his fill of "prominent features," but misses altogether the true spirit of the country—the mingled savor of romance and antiquity, charming cloth and poetic rascality which distinguishes Spain above any other portion of Europe. Cordova's manifold charms of mellowness and tranquillity grow upon the world-weary traveler, until he finds it difficult to tear himself away. For the worn-out nerves and tired brains of those who have been living the high pressure life of American cities, its stillness and solemnity act like a cooling poultice on an inflammation; while the semi-invalid finds more benefit in the simple food and soft Andalusian air than in all the rostrums of the medical.

The sure, there is a good deal to annoy one here, in the slowness with which the smallest affairs of every day are conducted—the universal maxim being never do today anything that can possibly be deferred till tomorrow—the "mañana" that never comes. Nothing seems to surprise and disgust these good Cordovans so much as the vulgar promptitude and

EVERLASTING HURRY

of the average Anglo-Saxon. One soon learns that it is no use trying to change the customs of a thousand years to fit those of New York or Chicago, and that to kick against the pricks of everlasting hurry only increases the delay. By far the better way is to possess one's soul in patience, remembering that railway trains, diligences and muleteers expect to wait indefinitely, and that a business engagement anywhere near the hour named is to make the inevitable waiting longer at the other end of the line.

In one's rambles around Cordova he is continually coming upon old objects of interest, many of which are not mentioned in any guide-book. To get the greatest entertainment out of the day, one should cross the Guadalquivir early in the morning, on the picturesque bridge that Octavianus Caesar has the credit of building, but which is really the work of the Caliphs of Cordova; spend the hot day hours in the "marble forest" of the great mosque, or the cool and odorous part of Oranges; and enjoy an evening drive or promenade in one of the plazas. The Cordovese are extremely proud of their quaint old bridge—and with abundant reason, for there is not another like it on the face of the earth. The arms of the city, "a bridge placed on water," refers to it. Never was a queerer blending of Roman and Arabian styles than its sixteen irregular, buttressed arches, and huge

MOORISH GATEWAY

leading through a tower which was once part of the city wall—the ruins of Octavianus Caesar's bridge serving as a foundation for the superstructure of the Caliphs, erected A. D. 712. At the end of it is the gypsy quarter, the haunt of robbers, brigands and rascals of every grade; at the other, the historic castle of Calahorra, memorable for its important part in the siege of Cordova by Pedro of Castile. Close by, standing out conspicuously in the now shallow river, are the ruins of some Moorish mills, with open horse-shoe arches and time-softened azulejos. Just beyond rises the colossal statue of St. Raphael, the arch angel who is believed to be the especial protector of Cordova. He assumed the high office on May 7th, 1578, in a spiritual materialization to his, in course of which the angel announced his purpose in these words, which are carved upon the column: "Yo te juro por Jesu Cristo crucificado. Que soy Rafael angel, a quien Dios tiene puesto por guarda de este ciudad." Nothing can be more interesting than the early morning scenes upon Cordova's ancient bridge—the huge brown gateway of the Arabs as an artistic background for the groups of gaudy-dressed peasants who have to wait with their mules while their burdens are being closely examined by tax-collectors at the city barrier. An equal stream of mules and drivers, flowing countryward, becomes congested at the gate—beasts kicking.

STRUGGLING AND BRAYING;

men, women and children shouting, gesticulating, sweating or singing; while others improve the shining hour of waiting with the ever-present and always-consoling guitar, impromptu odes and fandangoes accompanying the music. Beggars and cripples are out in force, wrapped in their ragged, snuff-colored cloaks; and tony-ticket vendors too, as no Spanish scene is complete without them. Priests under shovel hats and monks in cowls and hempen girdles pass to and fro; and now and then some rural knight comes galloping in, his servant following close behind—for all the world like the country gentleman, Don Quixote," and his faithful Sancho Panza, from La Mancha, which lies just beyond the nearest range of hills. Particularly noticeable as part of the varied panorama, are companies of young priests and students from the convents, with their flowing black gowns and broad-brimmed silken black hats, turned up at both sides like a sugar scoop. Some of the students are intent upon their lessons, chatting them aloud, even in the streets, others assuming blasé, man-of-the-world airs, smoking their cigarettes and chattering pretty peasant girls under the chin.

Not least among the sights of Cordova are the time-mellowed walls that surround it—a curious combination of Gothic and Roman stone-work patches upon the Tappa, or indestructible cement of the Moors. The walls enclose the same area now as in the day of the city's greatest prosperity, so that the abodes of less than

FORTY THOUSAND PEOPLE

straggle over a space that once accommodated a million. The vacant spots thus left are either encumbered with ruins, or are laid out in gardens, in which fruits and flowers of the tropics flourish unprotected in the open air, beside productions of the temperate zone—apples, peaches, pears, corn and potatoes coming to perfection, as well as oranges, figs and bananas. But the royal palms are the special glory of Cordova. Set thickly in the gardens and plazas, flaunting their green plumes far above the house tops, they are the first objects that attract the approaching traveler's attention, and the last that he sees when taking a backward look on his departing journey; and next to the wonderful mosque, the longest and most pleasantly in the longest and most pleasantly in the longest. It is said that all the palms in Spain are descended from one which Prince Abd-urrahman I brought with him from the banks of the Euphrates

and planted in the garden of his Cordovan palace. The gentle Arabian composed a sadly-sweet poem to that palm—like himself an exile—while he yet sat among the palms in Spain, akin to that other homesick wall, "La Golondrina," of Mexico.

Cordova is indebted to the Arabs for the fine aqueduct that brings pure, cold mountain water across a deep valley to a hundred public fountains. These reservoirs are also excellent places for observing peculiar phases of folk-life; and so are the plazas, where the entire population may be seen at least once every day—the poorer classes lounging and sleeping through the noontide heat, the aristocrats in their rickety coaches and landaus at the fashionable sunset hour. The "Paseo del Gran Capa"—so named in honor of Gonsalvo de Cordoba, one of Ferdinand's doughty knights in the siege of Granada—is the principal promenade of the city. During the day it is quite deserted, except for sleeping beggars. Its double rows of orange trees and Japanese medlars turning up their dry leaves white with dust. At night the scene changes as completely as on the Prado at Havana. Bands play, innumerable gas-jets twinkle amid the shrubbery, the air is

DELIGHTFULLY COOL,

and the blue dome of heaven hangs its lustrous star-lamps over all. The few noble families who keep up a ghostly show of antiquated state, drive pompously to and fro, while plebeian revelers swarm the promenade, or seated at little tables, sip horchata de chufa, or dulce de azahar—sweet meats made of orange-flowers and water, essentially Cordovese in character.

Much more beautiful is the shady Alameda, with gardens on either side, where the cool splash of water from innumerable fountains mingles with the music, and the air is heavy with the fragrance of orange-blossoms, oleanders and roses. There is also the tree-shaded Paseo de la Victoria, extending to the distant railway station; and the Ribera, along the river bank, commanding a fine view of the bridge, the gypsy-suburb and the crumbling Alcazar.

By the way, it was the above-mentioned "Gran Capa" Gonsalvo, who originated the saying so common in Spain that while other cities may be better to live in, Cordova is eminently the place in which to be born. Its narrow paths are so roughly paved that to house-walls, whitewashed at least once a year, dazzle the suffering eyes. Carriages are not allowed to enter any of the principal streets, and into most of these wheeled vehicles could not possibly force a way. As twilight approaches men are seen clinging to the iron railings of all the lower balconies, holding whispered conversations with

THEIR SWEETHEARTS

inside the bars. This is the only recognized method of courtship, approved of parents and guardians since time out of mind, and for a Spaniard to neglect his duty in this respect would be to brand himself a laggard in love, unworthy the smiles of any senorita.

A century ago there were many rich and populous monasteries in Cordova; but nearly all of them have been deserted or turned into schools and hospitals. Prominent among the few that remain is Santa Marta, of the Jeronimites; the monastery of the Padres de Garcia, near the barracks of Alfonso XIII; and the Puen Santa, just outside the city walls. The once wealthy convent of La Trinidad is now occupied by a corps of "Remonta de Cordoba," or government horse-trainers, whose business is to break the wildness of the steers for the Spanish cavalry. They wear short trousers turned up, with red and brown boots, laced and open at the sides.

The provincial museum would hardly be worth a visit were it not for a few Moorish relics. Among the latter is a fine collection of spears; the brim of an Arabian well, in green pottery, inscribed with a text from the Koran; and a bell of the ninth century, with a Mezzarabic legend, that hangs in the tower of San Sebastian, the oldest convent in Spain.

A number of delightful excursions may be made in the neighborhood of Cordova, on foot, in the saddle, or on coach. Within easy walking distance is the section known as Alcazar Viejo y Nuevo—just beyond the city gate which Philip II caused to be erected on the ruins of the Moorish Babu-i-Kantera (Gate of the Bridges). The Alcazar (royal palace) proper, was built on the site of Roderic's castle, the last of the Gothic, whose father, Theofred, was a duke of Cordova. During Arab supremacy, the Archaic palaces, stables and huerias were under one roof. Later, the Inquisition occupied part of the same building; and half a century ago its lower portion was converted into stables for the royal stallions. A large open space close by called the Campo Santa, was the scene of many Christian martyrdoms under the Moslems. To visit the old high-walled garden of the Alcazar one must obtain special permission in the town, and also pay an admission fee. In it the orange trees and roses are still flourishing—or their lineal descendants—which the first Arab ruler in Spain planted for his sultan's pleasure, hundreds of years ago. The place seems haunted by the shades of dark-eyed beauties secluded here—many thousands of them during the five centuries of Moorish occupation.

A favorite excursion is to the Hermitage of Val Paraiso—"Vale of Paradise"—in the Serra-Morena, four miles distant. A carriage may go most of the way, but mule-back is better, for the road is extremely rough in places and is usually ascended by paths too steep for wheels. Part of the way runs through

CHARMING WOODS,

bright in springtime with cistus and purple iris—but not altogether safe from robbers, who may follow one out from the city. The bravest experience of a creepy sensation at the sight of armed figures coming down the narrow trail; but generally it is only some returning visitor or the hermits going to town, who pass with the friendly Spanish salutation, "Va usted con Dios" (God be with you). The Brothers of the Hermitage are now less than twenty. Their habits are brown and they follow the rule of Saint Paul, the hermit. Close by, on the mountain side, was once the most magnificent Moorish structure in Cordova—the palace of Azahra, built for his bride by the Caliph Anassar. It was begun in the year 936, by artists from Bagdad and Constantinople—30,000 men, 2,500 animals and 100 camels being employed in the work. The palace contained 4,500 pillars of various kinds of precious marbles; its great hall, the Khalafat, had eight doors overlaid with gold and encrusted with precious stones, hung in horse-shoe arches of ebony and ivory. In the lesser hall, called Almunis, was a magnificent fountain brought from Constantinople, decorated with figures of animals made of pure gold, water streaming from the mouths. The local tradition and history agree that the whole land of Islam, contained nothing to compare with this palace and its beauties passed the power of language to describe. Anassar lived in it twenty-five years, with a force of 20,000 servants, besides 3,750 schalacian gardeners, the annual expense of the estab-

NOTABLE UTAH WOMEN.



MRS. PRISCILLA JENNINGS.

Priscilla Paul Jennings, wife of the late Hon. Wm. Jennings, was born in Cornwall, England, March 25, 1828. She emigrated to Utah with her father and mother in 1854, and in 1855 was married to William Jennings in this city. The following year Mr. Jennings, having been called to fulfill a mission at Carson, Nevada, she accompanied him. During the winter of 1856-7 the missionaries encountered severe storms and great hardships. The only shelter they had were log cabins, which, having been built late in the season, could not be properly chinked, thus permitting the snow to drift in, entailing much suffering. In one of these cabins Mrs. Jennings was housed.

During one of the most severe storms of the year her oldest son, Frank W. Jennings was born, being the second white child born in Washua valley, Nevada.

On their return home in the fall of 1857 the company encountered many bands of hostile Indians with whom they had to exercise the greatest precaution and diplomacy. Mrs. Jennings relates one incident in particular as follows:

"One morning just after we left camp, we met a company of emigrants traveling west, who had been attacked by the Indians and two of their men killed. We rendered all the help we could to the unfortunate travelers and assisted in burying their dead after which they started on their journey again. It was but a short time before we too were surrounded by a band of Indians in full war paint making a demonstration of attack, but through the coolness and wisdom of some of the brethren in the party the trouble was arrested. Not knowing whether the Indians were fully pacified, it was found necessary to throw out skirmishers around the train, leaving the women to drive the teams. We returned home in safety after many such exciting incidents."

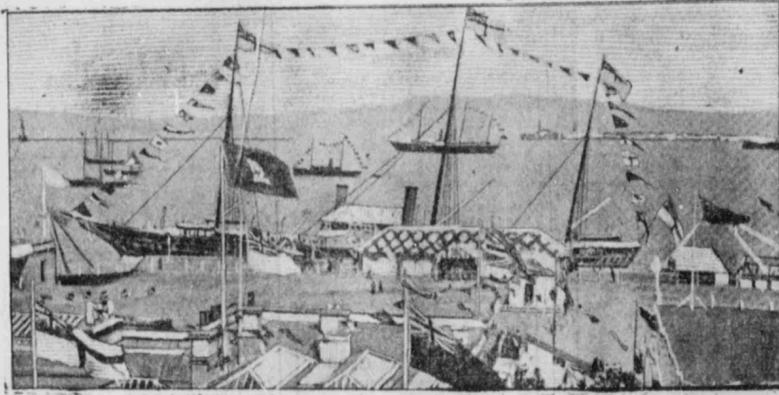
During the invasion by Johnston's army Mrs. Jennings was one of many others who found it necessary to move to Provo but was among the first to return.

During the early days in Salt Lake City Mr. and Mrs. Jennings' home was known as one of the most hospitable in the western country.

Not only did they entertain their friends throughout the Territory, but many people of prominence were made welcome at the Devereux House, among whom were General Grant, General Sherman, Lady Franklin and others. It was always the pleasure of Mrs. Jennings to explain to her visitors the principles of the Gospel as they were always anxious to know how the "Mormons" lived and what they believed in.

Mrs. Jennings is well known as one of the most public spirited and most charitable women in the State, having always been foremost in organizing and sustaining charitable institutions, amongst which were the Desert Hospital and Orphans' Home. During the panic of 1893 and the hard times which followed she was unusually industrious in rendering aid and assistance to those in destitute circumstances. In the fall of 1898 she went to Europe and spent a great deal of time collecting her genealogy and since her return she has devoted herself to Temple work.

QUEEN'S GOOD-BY TO IRELAND. ROYAL YACHT AT KINGSTON LANDING STAGE.



The queen's opportune pilgrimage to neglected Ireland in state parlance Victoria made a decided hit by making this trip.

HERE ARE TEN HEALTH COMMANDMENTS

The following ten rules are being quoted by English medical journals: 1. Don't leave your rooms in the morning with an empty stomach. 2. Never expose yourself to cold air immediately after you have partaken of a warm liquid of any kind. 3. Don't leave your abode in cold weather without warm wraps around your shoulders and breast. 4. Begin respiration in the cold by breathing through the nose. This will give the air a chance to get warm before reaching the lungs. 5. Never place your back near a heated oven nor against a wall, warm or cold. 6. Don't stand before an open window

A Sprained Ankle Quickly Cured.

"At one time I suffered from a severe sprain of the ankle," says Geo. E. Cary, editor of the Guide, Washington, Va. "After using several well recommended medicines without success, I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and am pleased to say that relief came as soon as I began its use and a complete cure speedily followed. This remedy has also been used in my family for frost bitten feet with the best results. I cheerfully recommend its use to all who may need a first class liniment."

GERMANY'S AMBITION.

She Wants to Raise All Her Own Foodstuffs—How Can She Do it?

Germany having emerged in the last forty years from an agricultural state, and having become an industrial and commercial nation, she now is ambitious to raise all her own food supply. She imports now out of proportion to her population, as compared with statistics of a century ago, says the New York Press. In 100 years her population has almost trebled and her agricultural products have quadrupled. Still she has to import enormous quantities of foodstuffs. Frank H. Mason, our consul general in Berlin, sends to the state department a report on this, a subject which is of almost as much interest to the United States as to Germany. The effect of quadrupled agricultural products, he points out, is lost upon Germany because so many of these products are diverted to other purposes than directly for food. Nearly the whole of the barley crop is malted and used for the manufacture of beer, potatoes and maize in vast quantities are devoted to the production of alcohol, and the best lands of Germany are now devoted to the culture of beet sugar; the greater portion of which is exported. It is true that the rough refuse of the breweries, the distilleries and sugar mills can be utilized to some extent as food for animals; but there is no disputing the fact that these three forms of manufacture neutralize to an important degree the food-producing power of German agriculture.

And so, notwithstanding all improvements in farming processes, statistics thrown in the way of food imports by agrarian influence, Germany increased during the past year 1,375,000 metric tons of wheat, 541,251 tons of rye, 259,147 tons of oats, 22,424 tons of rye-wheat, 23,787 tons of beans, 25,372 tons of peas, 1,164,349 tons of barley, 1,545,000 tons of maize, 24,159 tons of potatoes, 143,730 tons of fresh fruits, 11,761 tons of butter, 47,961 tons of pork, 21,732 tons of beef and veal, 16,624 fish, dried fruits and other luxuries in large quantities.

Then, too, the average German lives so much better than his ancestor of a century ago that while the population increased six or seven times.

To enable Germany to be self-supporting in the matter of food supply will inevitably require the employment of farming of both capital and labor in which are now more profitably engaged in the industries and trade which have transformed Germany during the last thirty years from an agricultural into an industrial and commercial nation. Can the vast food import of the empire be cut off, or even largely diminished by artificial restrictions, without provoking reprisals from which the now flourishing foreign commerce of Germany, which has been built up with such splendid energy, skill and foresight, would wither and decline? This problem is engaging the earnest attention of the best German economists.

GROWING THEIR OWN TIMBER.

The Deering Harvester company, of Chicago, has applied to the division of forestry, United States department of agriculture, for a working plan for its 54,000-acre tract of hardwood timber in southeastern Missouri. This marks what is probably the first attempt of an American manufacturing establishment to employ modern forest methods in raising hardwood timber for its own use.

The timber owned by the company consists chiefly of oak, ash and hickory, woods especially adapted to the manufacture of agricultural implements. The owners intend to remove all the less valuable species, such as cottonwood, gum, hony locust, and cypress, so as to give the others all possible advantage for growth. A plan will be made by which the merchantable timber may be removed without injury to the producing power of the forest. The division will send experts to the tract to make the observations necessary for such a plan.

Beware of a Cough.

A cough is not a disease but a symptom. Consumption and bronchitis, which are the most dangerous and fatal diseases, have for their first indication a persistent cough, and if properly treated as soon as this cough appears are easily cured. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has proven wonderfully successful, and gained its wide reputation and extensive sale by its success in curing the diseases which cause coughing. If it is not beneficial it will not cost you a cent.

The Better Part

of valor is discretion, and the better part of the treatment of disease is prevention. Disease originates in impurities in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. People who take it at this season say they are kept healthy by which the merchantable timber may be removed without injury to the producing power of the forest. The division will send experts to the tract to make the observations necessary for such a plan.

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