

HISTORIC SCENES IN SPAIN.

Mrs. Sherwood Writes of Cordova, Granada and Sevilla.

A DREAM OF PERFECT BEAUTY.

Magnificent Moorish Temples and the Charners of the Famous Alhambra.

Scenes of Ideal Loveliness.

The Mosque of Cordova is the most beautiful temple which exists, one of the most admirable monuments of man's genius on the earth.

We came on to Granada the next afternoon. It is appropriate that the mosque of Cordova and the miracle of the Alhambra, though twenty-four hours from each other, should be seen within five hours of each other.

We had a delightful journey. The wild flowers and the orange groves kept us company, and the old Spanish towns grew more quaint and old.

It is profanation to compare the exquisite and heart-breaking note of the nightingale to a poutice, but it was infinitely soothing.

We aighted at this comfortable house, where we can breakfast on a balcony overlooking a garden.

But to go often, to go alone, to read, think, meditate in its courts, to read over "Tales of the Alhambra" there; it grows and it grows, until it becomes the Palace of the Heart.

The superb Hall of the Ambassadors, where Ferdinand and Isabella received Columbus, was the first masterpiece which overwhelmed me.

To go back hence to antiquity, Abie Josep Yakub was the greatest builder of his age, and he built the Alhambra, a bridge across the Guadalquivir.

It would be a week's work to describe this grandest cathedral, its wealth of beauty, its superb size, its endless arches.

Somebody was a poor speller—either my book or the Arabic which I cannot read Arabic yet, more's the pity.

I have often asked myself how I should feel if I were to be in the home of Murillo and Velasquez.

In 1876 Carter Anderson, of Hansley, Tex., married Miss Helena Meyer, and until a few months ago nothing ever marred their happiness.

I am inclined to write a book and call it "The Donkey in Spain." Nothing but the fear that some wise man would have intended for an autobiography has deterred me.

Where every prospect pleases And only man is vile. I enjoyed very much the Palace of St.

family, then General Sherman and Colonel Fred Grant, then the names of Alva and his faithful friend and tutor, General Bruce.

I suppose I am not the first chronicler to say that Sevilla is a most charming city. It beams on one who comes from the rural districts of Spain.

But it was a great pleasure to see the "Barber" on his native soil. Around me sat the flower of Andalusian beauty and grace.

I owe to such a visit from a distinguished scholar permission to see the library of Christopher Columbus, now closed.

AN IDEAL SPANISH TOWN. I owe to such a visit from a distinguished scholar permission to see the library of Christopher Columbus, now closed.

It is not to the upper class (as much at home in Paris as in Sevilla) that one looks for the true Spanish type.

Later on Sevilla became the Court of Spain. Kings—and is linked with their romantic and most cruel records.

His YOUTHFUL MAJESTY. The Spanish proverb says: "He who has seen Sevilla has seen wonders; but he who has not seen Granada has seen nothing."

It is difficult now to know why they adore Granada. Beautiful as is the Alhambra, splendid as is the view of the Sierra Nevada.

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Telmo, the beautiful house of the Duc de Montpensier. Here I saw two of the best of Velasquez's portraits of Philip IV. and of Olivarez; also some poor Murillos and the original of Ary Sheffer's St. Monica and St. Augustine.

Across the Par de Cristina we came to the old Moorish tower of the Torre del Oro. No one knows whether this was a lighthouse or a treasure house.

This is the home of the bull-fights, but, alas for us! there will be none until we reach Madrid. So our cruel fate must wait a week.

To one who comes here to welcome poetical impressions and day dreams, Sevilla is the most satisfactory town in Spain.

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OPENED THE RIVER OF DEATH

How a Swiss Valley Was Devastated by a Flood.

THEIR HEROISM WAS IN VAIN.

The Sturdy Strokes of the Brave Mountaineers Lured the Unsuspecting Villagers into the Very Pathway of the Disaster.

A Fearful Alpine Flood.

The mountain range lying between Martigny and the vast wooded ridge of the Tete Noir, in Southern Switzerland, still bears, fearful traces of the most devastating flood recorded in local history.

Early in that fatal summer the river Dranse (which runs down into the Rhone through that steep, narrow, rocky valley at the lower end of which stands the town of Martigny) suddenly dried up so completely that not a drop of water was left in the deep, zig-zag channel which had echoed with the roar of leaping torrents only a few days before.

Few men could have faced unmoved the sight of this tremendous mass of peat and mud, and to draw the whole valley at one rush hanging right over their heads and threatening to burst upon them at any moment.

And now the work was well nigh done, and the daring miners who had been so long in the habit of being looked upon as the bravest of the valley were looking joyfully forward to the speedy end of their dreadful task.

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been successful, and were just returning to their various occupations in the joyful persuasion that all was now safe, when, in the very moment of their fullest confidence

THE DEATH-BLOW FELL. Thus by a strange and ghastly irony of fortune the heroism of the brave miners served only to make the havoc more deadly.

When the surveyors of the fearful day ventured back, after the flood had spent its fury, to the spot where their homes had once stood, the keenest eye among them failed to recognize

ONE FAMILIAR LANDMARK amid the ghastly, formless chaos of drifted mud and gravel, shattered rocks, uprooted trees and mangled iron.

A funny story of a unique but unsatisfactory trade for a husband comes from the picturesque town of Eastford, among the hills of Windham county, Connecticut.

When he got back he found that his blushing bride had changed her mind, and that the justice of the peace was slowly driving out of the yard.

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