

in the Alhambra which is gladly accepted and the remainder of his stay is spent wandering through the grand silent halls or listening to the whispering of the trees and plashing of the fountains which once witnessed the pomp and splendor of a Moorish court.

He gives humorous descriptions of some of the curious characters inhabiting the palace.

One was a curious little old woman, Maria Antonia Sabonia, who lived in a closet under the grand stair case and who, according to her own account had had five husbands and a half, the half consisting of an unfortunate young gentleman who died during courtship.

The inhabitants of the Alhambra take life easy; they seem to do nothing and live upon nothing.

"Give a Spaniard the shade in summer, the sun in winter, a little bread, garlic, oil and garbances, an old brown cloak and a guitar and let the world roll on as it pleases." The climate of Granada can not be excelled. Southern Spain owes its delicious air to the snow-capped Sierra Nevada Mountains. It is well expressed by a peasant who said: "The Sierra Nevada, Senor, is a lump of ice in the middle of Andalusia to keep it cool all summer."

Despite the partial ruin, the most part is in good preservation. Perhaps where the "hand of time has fallen the lightest," is the Court of Lyons. It was originally paved with marble or tiles, but when the French held Spain, they took up the tiling and laid it out in flower beds. In the center stands the famous fountain, the basin upheld by the twelve lions that give the court its name. Around the four sides extend arcades of delicate filigree stucco work supported by dainty marble columns.

Opening out of the Court of Lyons is the Hall of the Abencerrages, so called from it being the scene of the murder of several noblemen of that name. "Perhaps there never was a monument more characteristic of an age and people than the Alhambra: a rugged fortress without; a voluptuous palace within; war frown-

ing from its battlements; poetry breathing throughout the fairy architecture of its halls."

The traveler who wishes to thoroughly enjoy the beauty of these famous halls, must view them by moonlight or evening twilight when the gathering darkness effaces the stains of time. Then the marble columns and dainty frescoes seem to regain their original beauty. If he be of a romantic turn of mind and can enter into the spirit of the place, he can easily imagine the silent halls to be peopled with the phantoms of a Moorish court.

From the grated gallery at the end of the hall he can imagine the beauties of harem, jealously guarded, watching from their prison the scene below.

Passing through the hall of the Abencerrages he will see the blood stains on the pavement and hear the clanking of chains and confused murmur of voices. It is only the water which supplies the fountains rushing through the aqueducts beneath but the general air of mysterious association clinging to the whole palace makes it possible to imagine the scenes which once took place.

The grand halls are often entered through small dark corridors and in the most unexpected way. One day, the author tells us, he noticed a small door in the apartment which served Aunt Antonia for a living room. Ever on the alert for mysteries, he opened it and found himself in a small dark corridor leading he knew not where. He followed it up until he reached a door which, flinging open, he stepped into the dazzling brightness of the Hall of the Embassadors, one of the most beautiful in the Alhambra.

It is situated in the Tower of Comares from the balconies of which can be seen the country for miles around. Here the author passed many hours, watching the distant hills and listening to the sound of guitars and the songs of the villagers gathered on the slopes below.

At length come letters from home reminding him that he must soon leave the scenes of his dreams and reveries. One day as the sun is setting he bids