

mostly when they feel like it. They blow a funny little horn, much like the fishman's horn here, to let you know they are thinking of leaving, and when you hear a queer sort of cow bell you know they intend to stop soon. The trains in the south are truly Spanish, and only amble. But you readily give them; there are so many things of interest to be seen along the way. There in red sashes and gorgeously dirty velvet trousers, ploughing with queer wooden ploughs, washing hanging on every bush or hedge, the Spanish women, both of town and country, seem to be always washing, and indeed you don't wonder when you see the filthy streams they use as tubs. These are usually running down a hillside. Spain is very mountainous. The woman at the top has the best of it. As the poor unfortunates farther down have to use this water in its degrees of dirtiness as their turn may come. So you quite agree with the last one down the line that it won't hurt the clothes much to be put on the gutter stones or the street pavement to dry. Our first stop was Ronda, a small, quaint little Spanish town, perhaps most noted for the Toga, a wonderful rent in the hillside, 350 feet deep, and over which Don Jose Martin flung his one-arch span 150 years ago.

From Ronda we went to Cordora. Here the great Moorish mosque claims the most attention. We were charmed with its Moorish beauty. But annoyed to think Charles V. could not keep his fingers off even this, but must needs spoil the whole by building his Roman Catholic Church inside. Even because of the carving in the choir one can't quite forgive him for putting it just there. But his statue in the wonderful shell room of the mosque itself is even

more unforgivable. He might, we think, have left this gem of Moorish workmanship, with its carved alabastos and richly tiled walls, intact, so we could for a little while at least imagine ourselves back in the sixth century, when this wonderful monument of the Moors was first given to the world. This little room is considered the finest in the whole mosque. Its name is derived from the shell-like ceiling, and it was originally used as a prayer room.

But it seems we cannot forget Charles V. wherever we go. Even the world-famous Alhambra at Granada, he did his best to spoil with the modern palace, commenced by him in the very grounds of the Alhambra. But his successors didn't quite equal him in bad taste, so it was never finished.

The Alhambra could not be completely spoiled by anything. Indeed there are few places can give to the world a more interesting or varied history. Its hall of the Ambassadors, Court of Lyons, Court of Myrtle, and numerous other courts can hardly be excelled in their fine details of carved alabastos and examples of Moorish architecture, and oh, for many things they are wonderful, and to see the Alhambra in moonlight might well be considered an event of rare importance in one's life. A description of the Alhambra could be made endless, but I am afraid not short, so I will leave it undisturbed in its grandeur, and tell just a little bit of the entrance and approach. The grounds are guarded by an old Moorish gate, belonging to the tenth century. It is surmounted by the hand of justice, the emblem of the Moorish creed. It is just as solid and forbidding to-day as when built, and forms a veritable bull-dog watch for