

tumble-down soldier-barracks, and that even the churches are more than half in ruins.

But at this distance it is even as Oriental-looking and picturesque as I had hoped and expected to find it, — the red-tiled Spanish roofs, the gayly-painted walls, purple and pink and yellow, the tall spires of the poplar-trees, the heavily foliated orchards and green corn-fields that crowd in close around the city, and in the far distance, the lofty snow-veined mountain peaks.

Truly it looks like one of Irving's magical towns on the banks of the Guadalquivir, — a city of romance, indeed! But just now it is not romance that occupies the thoughts of its citizens, but business! The market-place and all the streets are dark with swarming crowds of men, and the road between us and the city is sprinkled with groups of pilgrims, coming out to talk trade with our merchants.

The prices they are offering are preposterously high. Inwardly our men are jubilant, outwardly they are cool and non-committal.

"We make no bargains," they say, "till we see how prices are. There's no hurry. Our goods have kept for two months in the wagons, — they'll not spoil on our hands if we keep them a few days longer! Monday's time enough to talk of sales, and the prices are not likely to be lower!"