

EUROPEAN LETTER.

From our Special Correspondence.

Granada, Spain, June 20, '96.

As one looks out of the latticed windows of the Alhambra, the eye falls on a group of yellow houses across the ravine. The scene is romantic enough to arouse the imagination of an Esquimau. The picturesque city, with its vari-colored buildings and rose filled gardens: the hills covered with grey olive trees, the dazzling snows of the Sierra Nevada beyond. From this widow a princess doubtless leaned to listen to the song of her lover, in the ravine below; or perhaps some prisoner watched anxiously for the signal of those who would aid his escape. And the effect of the whole is enhanced when the guide, noticing that your glance is resting on the cluster of houses, says: "That is the gypsy settlement."

Perhaps nowhere better than in Spain can one find examples of the pure Roman—that strange people whose origin is unknown and who have retained, in spite of their nomadic life, their own language and customs. Tramps and vagabonds of all varieties have chosen to style themselves gypsies; but the genuine race has an individuality of its own, which both Longfellow and George Eliot have thought worthy of immortalizing in poetry.

On the evening of our arrival in Granada, the landlord asked if we wished to visit the gypsy quarters and see their dances the next day. The Alhambra had so pre occupied our minds that we had not given the gypsies a thought, and were not interested in visiting them. But a few days later, after we had spent hours daily in the literal castle in the air that was once the palace of Moorish kings, we remembered our host's suggestion and called a carriage. Some English tourists who were staying at the same hotel joined us, and we drove out of the city and up the hill. We were surrounded as soon as we stopped by a crowd of gypsies—heavy browed, bidding looking men; black eyed women offering to tell fortunes, smiling children begging for pennies, witch like crones looking for something to steal. One man who seemed to be spokesman at once opened transactions, and asked if we wanted to see the dances: it would cost us 35 pesetas (\$7) for our party. We declared that this was much too expensive. How much would we give? they asked. Fifteen pesetas, we said. They declared that it could not be thought of. "Very well," we answered, and the driver to return to the city. The gypsies held a consultation and came down to 30. We were flexible. "Would we give 25?" "Much haga i g and discus ensued, and finally we compromised on 20.

Promptly we were escorted to a place, which although probably the best their houses contained was all enough. We sat around the fire, among friendly gypsy spectators, and with clicking of castanets and monotonous clapping of hands the dances began. Every now and then their friends would step in to perform as though to encourage them; but it seemed unadvisable for more animation and variety, for we never seen. They all together, in couples,

and singly; but always with the same ease and freedom. One of the best dancers was a young girl of about eighteen. I noticed that in the pauses she picked up and caressed a pretty baby that sat on the floor. "Mi nino," she said, in answer to my inquiring glance. "And your husband?" I asked, looking at a young man who had been her partner in the last dance. "Oh no; he's in Cuba" she answered cheerfully, and then, the next dance being called, she went on with as much spirit as though her husband might not at that moment be languishing in a yellow fever hospital. The baby [it was hardly a year old] clapped its hands and swayed its tiny body in imitation of the motion of the others. The prettiest dance of all [La Jota, they called it] was just then being given as a duo by its mother and a young man. It was a delight to watch their lithe untiring bodies their movements that seemed inspired by the caprice of the moment, and the obvious pleasure that they took in dancing. We paid them and drove away; but part way down the hill half a dozen of them overtook us, insisting that one of the 5 peseta pieces [about equal to a dollar] that we had given them was false. Now there is much counterfeit money in Spain, but we were sure that that particular piece of coin had never passed through our fingers. However, there was no use arguing the case; it was night, the road was lonely, and our driver evidently in sympathy with the enemy. We gave them another five pesetas and continued on our way, trying to console ourselves with the reflection that the dance was worth \$5, and that we had done well to escape from the place without lives.

Campaign Songs.

We have just received from the music publishing house of The S. Brainard's Sons Co., 251 Wabash Ave., Chicago, a copy of the "Red Hot Democratic Campaign Book," for the campaign of 1896. The book contains solos, duets, mixed and male quartets, and is especially arranged for campaign clubs. It is not a cheap word edition, and is sold for the remarkable low price of 10 cts. or \$1.00 per dozen post-paid.

Six weeks ago I suffered with a very severe cold; was almost unable to speak. My friends all advised me to consult a physician. Noticing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised in the St. Paul Volks Zeitung I procured a bottle, and after taking it a short while was entirely well. I now most heartily recommend this remedy to anyone suffering with a cold. WM. KEIL, 678 Selby Ave., St. Paul, Minn. For sale by

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