

**THE CITIES OF THE SUN: STORIES
OF ANCIENT AMERICA FOUNDED
ON HISTORICAL INCIDENTS IN
THE BOOK OF MORMON**

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The Cities of the Sun: Stories of Ancient America Founded on Historical Incidents in the Book of Mormon by Elizabeth Rachel Cannon

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ELIZABETH RACHEL CANNON

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ZARA.

The Cities of the Sun

Stories of Ancient America founded
on historical incidents in the
Book of Mormon

BY
ELIZABETH RACHEL CANNON

Illustrated from paintings by Geo. M. Ottinger and
photographs by the Author

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
The Deseret News
1910



"Land of ancient gold and splendor,
Aztec myths and legends glow,
Thou art favored of all nations;
God's own country—Mexico."

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Stories of Ancient America, Founded on Historical
Incidents in the Book of Mormon.

THE MARTYR.

I.

THE KING'S COUNCIL.

WHAT now, Amulon? Why so gloomy? Upon my word, you have not smiled for a week," and King Noah affectionately slapped his favorite's shoulder.

"I'll warrant me it's a woman," continued the king, when the other vouchsafed no reply, "for nothing else would move you."

"And what if it were?" answered the other moodily. "Would talking about it mend matters?"

"There is only one cure for a broken heart," and Noah wagged his head sagely.

"And that is—?"

"Another love."

"H'm."

"Among the thousand women of the court, are there not maids that please you? Women of all types grace the gardens of the city of Lehi-Nephi. Would you have a rose, a violet, a magnolia, a lily, a passion flower or a tulip? Pluck it." And he nodded toward the court of the women.

"Need I remind thee, O King, who art the prince of love, that when a man wants one woman—"

The king threw back his head and laughed until his fat sides shook.

"And who is the lady that dares withstand the bold Amulon?"

The king's face displayed the first interest it had worn that day, as he lolled on the crimson cushions that extended before his golden throne. He and his priests sat in the Hall of the Ambassadors, adjoining the great stone amphitheatre used for large assemblies. The hall where the king held his court was richly beautiful with its tiled floor, its ivory-tinted walls and the great gilded chairs of the thirty priests who constituted the king's council. All morning they had been attending to affairs of state, dealing principally with taxes, for the dissolute king maintained his magnificence with one-fifth of his people's produce.

The moment was propitious and Amulon hastened to explain. "The maid, O King, is Zara, the daughter of Gideon, who opposes my suit."

"What, do you court the father? Make good with the girl."

"I cannot. She will have none of me."

For Amulon, who owed his title of favorite to his intrepidity and unscrupulousness, to acknowledge himself beaten was highly amusing.

"The girl has been a companion to her father and has imbibed his notions," her lover continued. "If she were moved into another atmosphere she might change her mind. Association with the gracious Princess Otalitza would certainly mend her manners."

"So you want—"

"Her brought to the palace."