

Our Little Argentine, Brazilian, and Portuguese Cousins

VOLUME TWENTY-ONE

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Volume 21

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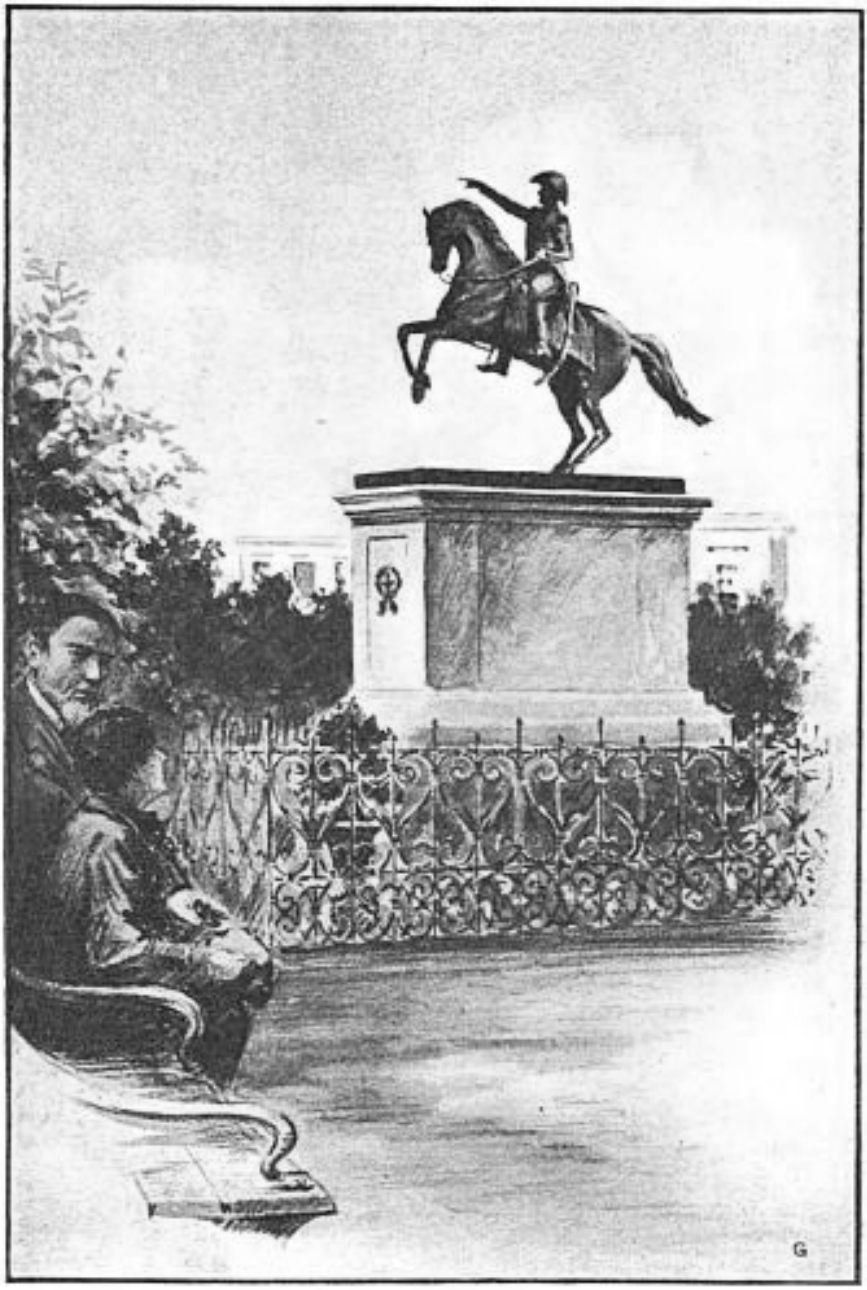
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Our Little Argentine Cousin

Eva Cannon Brooks

Illustrated by John Goss



"They sat down almost under the shadow
of the high statue of San Martín."

Preface

If you take a steamer in New York whose destination is the eastern coast of South America, and remain on it a little over four weeks, you will reach the great metropolis of our twin continent, Buenos Aires.

In all probability they will be weeks of infinite content and delight, for the southern half of the Atlantic Ocean is milder in her moods than the northern half, and there will be a sufficient number of stops enroute to relieve the journey of monotony.

First comes the Barbadoes, then Pernambuco, Bahia, Rio-de-Janeiro, and Santos in Brazil, and then Montevideo, the capital of the Republic of Uruguay.

At Montevideo the steamer leaves the ocean and enters the mouth of the River Plata, which is several hundred miles wide at this point, and in ten hours the beautiful city of Buenos Aires, the gateway to the Pampas, is spread out before the eye.

It is more like a city of North America than any of the South American metropolises, both in its appearance and its remarkable spirit of modernization.

Beyond, and about this attractive port, lie great tracts of level country known as the campo, and here you will find conditions not unlike those existing in some parts of our own western territory. Large ranches predominate, although the industries are varied.

The people are of mixed nationalities, but the greater proportion is of Spanish extraction and a new race, or type, is being welded with a sufficient infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood to counteract the inherent tendency of all Latin races towards procrastination. Because of this, and aided by an unequalled climate, a fertile soil, and definite aims, they are already achieving a part of their manifest destiny.

This, the year of 1910, the publication date of this small volume, marks the one hundredth anniversary of Argentina's independence; may it mark also the beginning of an era of even greater harmony and more splendid achievement.

CHAPTER I

Francisco's Home

Francisco sat cross-legged in one corner of the patio under the shade of a small pomegranate tree which grew in a tub. He had moved halfway around the patio since morning, trying to keep out of the sun. Just after café he had started out under the shade of the east wall, where wisteria vines and jasmine grew in a dense mass of purple, yellow and green; then he had gone from one tubbed shelter to another as the sun mounted higher, until now only the heavy foliage of the pomegranate offered protection from the hot rays. All of the long varnished blinds at the doors of the rooms opening upon this central, stone-paved courtyard, had long since been closed securely, for it was middle December and the house must be sealed early against the noon heat of midsummer.

Francisco might have gone inside, where the darkened rooms furnished some relief, but he chose to sit cross-legged on the red and white square stones of the patio, with his back to the main part of the house, so that the mother and sisters could not see what occupied his busy hands.

Francisco's father was dead, and he, with his mother, La Señora Anita Maria Lacevera de Gonzalez, and his two sisters, Elena Maria, who was six, and Guillerma Maria, who was eighteen and very beautiful, lived in the Calle[1] Cerrito, in the city of Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic, South America.

Francisco, himself, was nine, and his uncle who was a colonel in the army and who supported his widowed sister and her family, expected him to be a soldier also. His great-grandfather had been a general, and because of his services during the revolution that had brought Argentina her liberty nearly one hundred years ago, his family was one of the most distinguished in the Republic. Francisco's own grandfather had given his life for his patria during the ten years' blockade of Buenos Aires, when the French and

[1] Street.

English forces combined to overcome General Rosas, who then commanded the city. His mother and his uncle, the Colonel Juan Carlos Lacevera, were then little children, but they were fired with a patriotism that comes only to those who have given of their own flesh and blood for native land.

"El Coronel Lacevera" was now retired, and with his wife and six daughters lived in a spacious, palatial home in the Calle San Martin facing the beautiful plaza, or park, where the statue of General San Martin on his rearing charger stands, a constant reminder to the hundreds of little Argentine boys and girls who daily play in the pebbled space around it, of the wonderful man, who, like George Washington, was first in war, first in peace, and is still first in the hearts of his countrymen.

The monthly allowance bestowed by Colonel Lacevera upon his sister was enough to keep them in comfort, but not sufficient to allow them to live in luxury, and today, because Francisco had not enough money to buy his Christmas pesebre at the toyshop, he was doing what many little boys of that country do—he was making his own.

Now, you must know right here, that Christmas in these

South American countries is not the greatest festival of the entire year, as it is with us; it is simply one of the many that are celebrated at frequent intervals, for Argentina is a land of fiestas; there is scarcely a month that does not allow three or four holidays from school because of some fiesta, either of church or state. Although they do not celebrate this great holiday as we do with Christmas trees and visits from Santa Claus, they have something in their places, and it is the "Coming of the Three Kings." In anticipation of this, all over the Republic, children erect pesebres or mangers.

A pesebre consists of a miniature open shed, or merely a roof of straw or bark, underneath which, in a tiny box, lies a porcelain baby doll to represent the infant Christ. Bending in adoration at the head of the wee box that holds this image kneels the mother, Mary, and at the foot, with folded hands, stands Joseph, the father. About them, placed in sand or moss, that forms the floor of the stable or yard, are figures to represent the worshipful neighbors, also the farmyard fowls and animals; cows and donkeys predominating. They look like Noah's Ark people, stiff-legged and prim.

Now all of this remains unmoved, a spot of reverent adoration, throughout Christmas week, New Year's day, and until "twelfth night," or the fifth of January. It is awaiting the great event for which it was erected, the "Coming of the Three Kings."

On that auspicious night, through the same magical means that aid Santa Claus to enter the homes of North American children while their eyes are closed in sleep, come the three richly decorated and delicately carved kings on miniature camels with costly trappings and bags of spices on their little brown backs.

On the morning of the sixth of January the children awake, all eagerness to see the arrivals of the night. Rushing to the pesebre they find the three little wooden kings kneeling beside the manger, the faithful camels standing in the grass without, and all about on the floor are the wonderful gifts that the kings have brought to their pesebre. Indeed, as you can see, it was erected for just this purpose, exactly as the fir tree with its glittering ornaments forms the nucleus in other lands for Christmas gifts.

It was these wooden people and animals that Francisco's

small fingers were fashioning. He had cut himself several times, and one finger was bound up in an old handkerchief, but his enthusiasm was not lessened because of it. He knew exactly how they should be carved, and how many there should be, for in the toyshop windows there had been sets of them on display for weeks, and Francisco had studied each necessary bit carefully.

In a box beside him were the finished product of his penknife. Joseph and Mary were completed even to the paint; Mary's red and blue gown and Joseph's yellow robe were not quite dry, and the cows were too vividly red, but that would not matter; Elena was no severe critic, and it was mainly for her that he was carving them. Elena had been ill and this was to be her "getting well" gift. The flashing light in her great brown eyes when she should see them would be sufficient reward for cut fingers and weary back. Besides, this was the summer vacation and there was nothing else to do.

In all countries on the other side of the Equator the seasons are the reverse of those on this side. In Argentina the children are having their summer holidays in

December, January, and February, when the children of the Northern hemisphere are busy in school, or skating and sleighing; and they are having their winter when the Northern children are dressed in their thinnest clothing and are going away to the seashore or mountains.

Francisco had just completed a wonderful set of bent pin horns for one of the red cows when he was called to breakfast, and it was half-past eleven. But you see their meal hours, like their seasons, are different from ours. At eight o'clock he had had his cafe con leche, or coffee with hot milk, and a roll; at half-past eleven he was accustomed to having his breakfast; at four he would have máte or tea; and at seven dinner would be served.

Francisco gathered his treasures into the tin box, and hurried to the bathroom to make himself ready for *almuerzo*. When he entered the dining room his mother and Guillerma, the elder sister, were seated, and the little Indian serving maid was arranging a tray to carry to Elena in the bedroom.

The meal consisted of beef broth and rice, called *caldo* and the usual beginning to every hearty meal in that

country; then came fried fish with garlic, followed by a stew of mutton, carrots, cabbage, potatoes, and large pieces of yellow pumpkin, this being the native dish of the Argentines and commonly known as puchero. After that came fruit and coffee.

Guillerma chatted continuously of the wonderful new gowns which she had seen being packed at the great house in Calle San Martin, where she had been the day before, to bid her aunt and six cousins good-bye, before their departure for Mar-de-la-Plata, the fashionable watering place on the Atlantic Ocean, a day's ride by rail from Buenos Aires.

Meanwhile, as they sat thus, eating and talking, over in the great house of the Coronel[2] the master sat at his massive library table playing solitaire. He always ended his meals thus with his after-dinner coffee-cup beside him. The walls were lined with well-filled bookcases, for the Colonel was a scholar.

Indeed, he cared little for the gay life that ebbed and flowed about him because of his high social position, and because of the six comely daughters, ranging from fourteen

[2] Colonel.

to twenty-four; the eldest ones of whom were favorites in exclusive Buenos Aires society. He suffered it because of his love for them, but his natural fondness for quiet and study led him to think longingly of the large estate in the Province of Santa Fé, where he could spend the remaining years of his life in the free open air, enjoying the quiet and solitude he so loved. But the daughters must be educated and their mother did not like the country, so the Colonel was forced to live through the winter months in the noise and roar of the great city; contenting himself with a few months each summer at the estate, when he rode at will over the wide prairies on his swift Argentine horse, or read for hours under the shade of the wide spreading ombú trees which surrounded the country house. This estáncia, as they term a very large farm or ranch, was really his wife's; in fact, so was the city house, for no retired colonel's pay, nor general's pay, for that matter, could have met the expenses of his large family, accustomed to every luxury; indeed, it was just enough to cover his own personal expenses, and provide a living for his widowed sister, who had been left penniless, but dared not earn her own living, since the

custom of the country forbids women of class to do work of any kind.

His matronly wife with her six daughters (large families are the rule among these Latin Americans) had left the evening before, with several French maids, for Mar-de-la-Plata to spend the entire summer; he would be detained in the city for two weeks, and then—for freedom and the life he loved.

But he was strangely lonely; the house echoed his and the servants' footfalls with an intensity that made him nervous; the pillared corridors rang with no merry girlish laughter, and the luxuriantly furnished patio with its marble floors, and softly pattering fountains, seemed to mock him of his loneliness. Always before, he had left for the estáncia before his family had gone to Europe or the seashore for their summer outing, and he never would have believed that he—an old soldier—could be so overcome by sentiment.

He was minded to take up his abode for the next two weeks, previous to his leaving for the country, in his widowed sister's humble home, when the splendid thought

came to him—he would bring Francisco, his nephew, there with him to the lonely house.

For some time he had been drawn towards the little fellow, partly because his heart was desolate that he had no son of his own, partly because the boy was developing so many manly traits, and reminded him frequently, when he turned his round brown eyes towards him, of his own long since fallen soldier father.

He desired to know him better, to get closer to the lad—and now this was his opportunity; he would ask Anita to let him have Francisco for the summer, and the boy would keep the empty house lively for the few days until they should both leave for his Tres Arroyas ranch. He clapped his hands sharply, and a servant appeared.

"Have Enrique bring the motor car at four, when the afternoon is cooler," he ordered, and turned to his bedroom for the siesta, or rest, that all tropical and semitropical climates demand of their residents.

CHAPTER II

A Wonderful Day

Promptly at four, the huge red machine puffed up to the front curbing. The Colonel was walking up and down in the Plaza opposite, smoking a cigarette; for when not eating or asleep, an Argentine gentleman is seldom seen without the thin, white cigarrillo between his lips. He looked most distinguished in his scarlet and green uniform.

It took but a few moments to reach his sister's casa,[3] and the maid who answered his ring in the narrow vestibule that opened directly onto the street told him the family were having máte in the patio, which was partly shaded in the late afternoon. He was welcomed heartily, and was kissed by each one twice, after the foreign fashion, once on either

[3] House.

cheek.

The máte cup, an egg-shaped gourd, was passed from hand to hand as they sat talking, each one in turn sucking the fragrant tea through the same silver tube; the little Indian maid refilling the gourd again and again with hot water.

This is the universal custom in South American countries below the Equator, and aside from the benefits derived from the drinking of the pungent herb itself, it has a significance akin to the "loving cup" idea, and is a symbolization of family love and domestic ties.

A guest is always asked to partake of máte with the family, and if he is unaccustomed to the manner of its usage, the fact that he is expected to obtain his share by means of the one, universal tube, is at first disconcerting, but he dare not refuse under penalty of offending his host.

This herb is called "Paraguayian tea," or "Jesuits' tea," as it was used extensively by the early Jesuit Fathers, who were one of the most important factors in the civilization of the lower half of South America. It is grown mostly in Brazil and Paraguay and its cultivation has become quite an

industry.

The dried leaves are placed in a small gourd, hot water is poured into it, and it is then sucked into the mouth through the long silver tube, which has a bulbous end, perforated with small holes so that the tea is strained. At the first taste it is exceedingly bitter, but one soon grows very fond of it. It is very stimulating and a gaucho, or cowboy, will sometimes, under stress of circumstances, ride all day with only his morning gourd of máte to sustain him, and then eat his first meal of the day at sundown.

The Colonel soon made known his errand, and Francisco was beside himself with joy. He danced about the patio clapping his hands, and then ran indoors to sick Elena to smother her with kisses, and to tell her of his good fortune.

"Oh, Elena, just think of it! Two whole weeks in the big casa with servants, horses and automobiles—and then two whole months in the campo[4] with uncle to ride with me, and teach me something new every day!"

"But Elena mia, you will miss me," and a note of sadness

[4] Country.

crept into his voice.

"Yes, Francisco, I shall miss you, but I shall enjoy myself every day thinking of what you are doing, and you will write to me; Mamá will read me your letters, and then there will be so much to talk about when you return," and Francisco embraced her another time.

Half an hour later, clean and shining in his best suit of clothes, exchanged for the long linen duster that all Argentine schoolboys wear to play in, he was spinning along the asphalt streets, sitting beside the man who stood, to his young mind, for every virtue assigned to his patron saint.

At first he was slightly shy, for this wonderful soldier uncle had never paid any particular attention to him, so engrossed was he always with his books and his family; but as they threaded their way in and out the traffic-crowded streets, among the heavy carts, the noisily clanging electric tram-cars, and low, open victorias filled with elaborately dressed women, and fleet wheeled automobiles of every size and class, Francisco began to ask questions, and forgot his timidity. They were soon chatting interestedly.

"How would you like a spin out to Palermo?" his uncle asked, as they reached the central part of the city.

"Better than I could say," replied the happy lad; his heart meanwhile bounding, for he seldom saw the trees and flowers of the vast park that is one of the city's most picturesque attractions.

"Then, Enrique—to the park, via the Avenida[5] Alvear," said Colonel Lacevera to the chauffeur.

It was late afternoon now, and being Thursday, the broad avenues were filled with hundreds of vehicles; since Thursday and Sunday are the afternoons chosen by fashionable Buenos Aires for the diversion of riding or driving to the great Prado to hear the military band, and to mingle in the long lines of carriages and motor cars.

The Avenida Alvear, broad and smoothly paved, with its magnificent residences on either side, makes a desirable avenue from which to approach the park. As they rode along, the odor of jasmine and roses hung heavy about them, coming from the beautiful gardens surrounding the palatial homes. Long arbors of American Beauty roses,

[5] Avenue

looking like crimson lined tunnels; majestic palm trees, over which trailed Marechal Niel roses and cypress vines; bulky shrubs, with sweet scents; all these lent their charm to the scene, and Francisco, ever alive to the beauties of nature, felt this to be a foretaste of Paradise.

Soon they were in the palm bordered drives of the park; but they crept along at a snail's pace, as the speed on crowded afternoons is limited to a funeral pace, in order that the lines of carriages both coming and going may avoid confusion.

Through the trees and shrubbery Francisco caught glimpses of cool running streams, crossed by rustic bridges; clear, limpid lakes with swans and boats, and here and there, pavilions where ices and refrescos were being enjoyed by the gay crowd. At intervals, on splendid black horses, were stationed picturesque looking mounted policemen, their long horsehair plumes trailing over their shoulders, from which hung scarlet lined capes. It was their duty to keep the half dozen columns of vehicles in proper line.

The Colonel's car had entered the wide area of the Avenue Sarmiento when he leaned towards the chauffeur

and said, "Turn towards the Zoological Gardens, Enrique." And then, to the boy beside him, he said, "How could you stand half an hour in the Zoological Gardens, Niño?"[6]

"I would try to bear up under it, Uncle," replied Francisco, as his eyes twinkled an answer to the merriment in the older man's. They alighted at the curbing, and entered the immense iron gates into that Mecca of all Argentine boyish hearts.

All of this seemed as a dream to Francisco for although his mother had frequently brought him here, she knew little of the animals and birds; and now with Uncle Juan he could ask questions innumerable without getting the reply: Yo no se.[7]

They paused first at the great cage, fifty feet in height and covering an area of half a city block, built over a small artificial mountain where hundreds of eagles and condors wheeled, fought and chattered.

"See the pavilion that looks like a Hindoo temple, Francisco; let us see what animal makes that its home."

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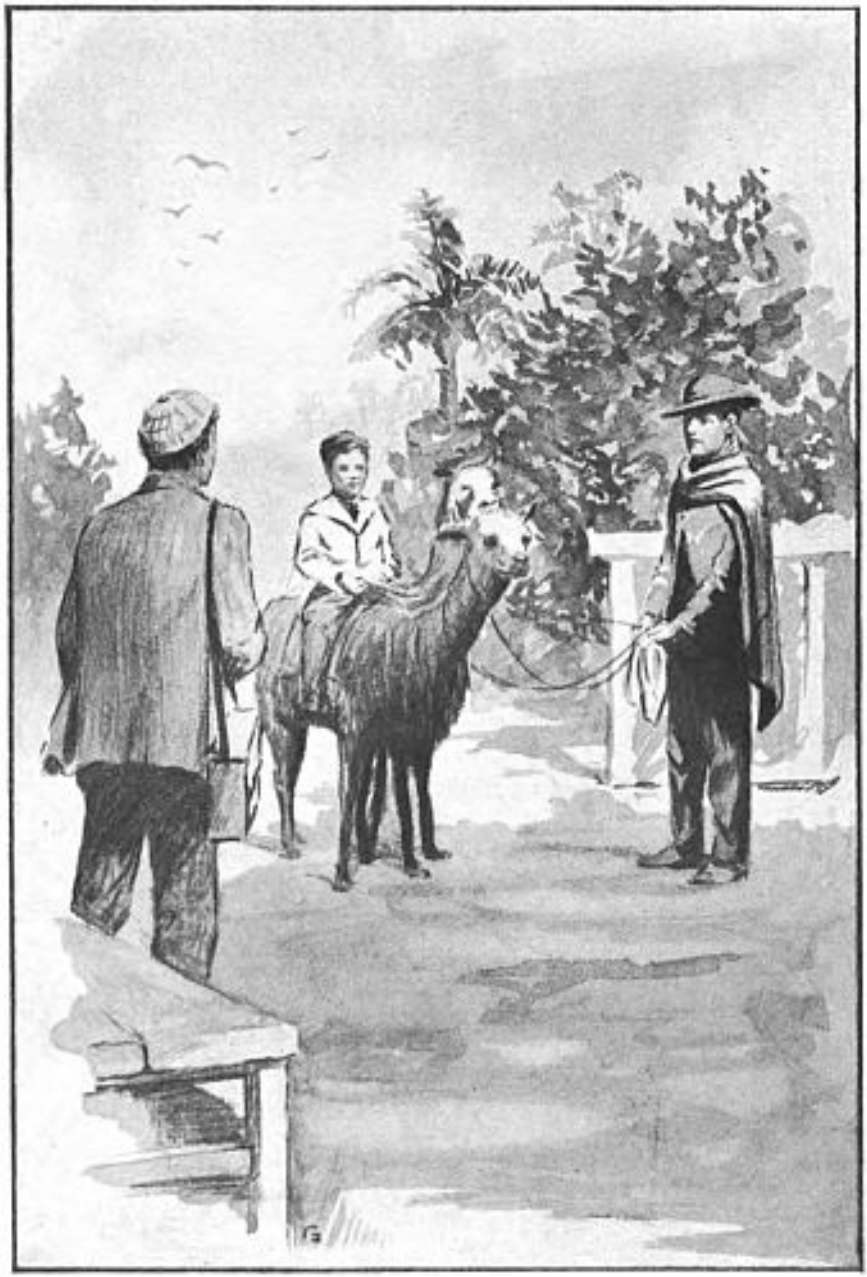
[6] The affectionate name for all small boys.
[7] I do not know.

"Elephants, Uncle Juan, and perhaps we can see the baby elephant that was born here a few weeks ago." Sure enough, in a park all their own, surrounding the Hindoo temple house, was a family of elephants and the baby elephant stood beside its mother, who was rubbing it affectionately with her long trunk.

The alpacas, llamas, deer, bison, guanacos and vicuñas came next, and Uncle Juan could answer every question that the eager boy put to him, for, during his active service in the army, he had spent much time on the frontier, and on the Cordilleras of the Andes, where these animals are found.

He permitted Francisco to take a ride on the tame llama, who rivalled the Lilliputian steam engine in its popularity as a mode of progression around the garden. As it did not trot, but walked sleepily along with Francisco, having served all day, no doubt, as a vehicle for children visiting the "Zoo," Uncle Juan walked beside him, and, as they proceeded, he told him much about the small camel-like animal upon whose back he rode.

"You see, Niño, a llama is almost like a camel, but its



"He permitted Francisco to take a ride on the tame llama"

size and strength are inferior. It has no hump on its back, but as you saw when you mounted it, it kneels like one. They thrive best at a high elevation where they browse on reeds, lichens, mosses and grass. If the grass is succulent they can go without water for a long time. When they are domesticated it is for their fine fleece. Their flesh when young is deliciously tender, and it is then that they can be caught with dogs and a lasso, but the old ones can only be shot at a distance, and their flesh is fit only to be dried and salted. I have seen them in Perú used as beasts of burden, and the Indians make a very beautiful and valuable cloth from the soft fleece. But come, lad, the sun sinks, and we may come here another time."

As they walked towards the gate where the car was awaiting them, they passed lakes where waded and swam many birds of brilliant plumage. Herons and flamingoes, red and gray and pink, stood on one leg, lazily, watching for minnows.

"Why are some of the flamingoes scarlet and some pink?" asked Francisco.

"Those with red plumage are the old ones and the

delicate rose colored ones are not yet in their second year. At old Roman feasts their tongues were considered the greatest delicacy; I have eaten their flesh roasted, and it is wonderfully palatable."

"Oh, Uncle, we haven't seen the lions, nor the bears, nor the monkeys, nor the boa-constrictors," coaxed Francisco, as they came in sight of the gates.

"But we shall see them another time, Niño. We cannot see the half of these great gardens in a day, for they cover many acres, and contain the finest specimens of any garden on the continent." As they passed out the bugles at the military post opposite were sounding for the soldiers' dinner and the avenues were no longer crowded.

"With haste now, to the casa," ordered the Colonel, and the enormous car plunged ahead, along the deserted boulevards where the electric lights were beginning to appear one by one. Francisco had never flown so fast and he cuddled close into his uncle's arm; the strong man held him tenderly, lovingly, and they entered the electric lighted patio of the casa arm in arm.

Now the Colonel's home was not unlike many others of

its class, but to the little lad's eyes it seemed a palace. The main part of it was perfectly square, and built around an inner court from which many of the rooms were lighted and all were entered. The windows facing the street were heavily barred, and small balconies of wrought iron projected from each window, over-hanging the pavement a few feet below. The house was flat and of but one story; into this first court opened luxuriously furnished parlors, drawing rooms, smoking-rooms and library. Behind all of this was another court with smaller rooms opening into it, exactly like a smaller house. Into this opened all the bedrooms, the bathrooms and the long elegantly furnished dining room.

Quite separate, and reached by a rear street entrance, was yet another, a third court or patio, and into this opened the pantries, kitchen and servants' quarters. The walls of the high spacious parlors were richly decorated, and the chandeliers were of silver and crystal; while ornaments and valuable souvenirs from all parts of the world were displayed throughout the entire house.

Although only Francisco and the Colonel sat at dinner that night, the table was lavishly decorated, and the cut

glass, silver and dinner of many courses, including fish, game, meats, vegetables and fruits, were a source of constant bewilderment and admiration to the boy accustomed to humbler fare and less luxurious surroundings.

CHAPTER III

A Lesson in History

Francisco awoke very early the next morning, for he was unaccustomed to sleeping away from home. He lay quite still listening to the unwonted sounds. He heard the servants scrubbing the marble floors of the patio and corridors; he heard the call of the panadero[8] and the hurrying feet to answer; for no private family ever bakes its own bread in Argentina, and the bakers have it all their own way, which isn't a very bad way since their bread is light and deliciously crisp; he heard the chattering of the parrots and paroquets in the servants' patio; then the clatter of a squad of mounted policemen on their way to the day's duty, the hoofs of their horses beating a tattoo of haste on the smooth

[8] Baker

asphalt still wet with the daybreak bath of the sprinkling carts.

Then he became interested in his room. Such luxury as surrounded him! He sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes, for he had never viewed these bedrooms except from the corridor, on his infrequent visits to the house. His bed was heavily carved and overhung with a canopy of pale blue plush and silk; the walls were paneled and painted in delicate colors, with angels and cherubs everywhere; huge mirrors reflected each other as they hung in their frames of Florentine gold, and after he had viewed it all for a few moments, he buried his head in his pillow and wished for his own bare room and his mother. Then he longed for Elena that she might enjoy the beauties about him; and this reminded him of the pesebre, which was still unfinished, but which he had brought with him.

He wondered how he could get it to her without her finding out—and—he must have fallen into a doze, for soon he heard an imitation reveille blown through human hands, outside the closed blinds that shaded his door into the corridor, and his uncle called good-naturedly: "A pretty

time for a soldier of the Republic to get up!"

Francisco hurried into his clothes and found the Colonel taking his coffee and rolls in a shaded corner of the patio.

"I am going to give you all of my time today, Niño, as I feel lazy, and I find there are many things here in your own native city that you know nothing about, and that a boy of nine should see and learn. Your mother could not be expected to do it, so it falls to me. We must start immediately, before the heat of the day drives us indoors. Get your cap, lad, and we will start over in the Plaza San Martín opposite, and have a lesson in history."

They donned their hats, and Francisco felt very proud to walk beside his uncle, who, if not a very large man in stature, loomed up big before the boy's worshipful eyes.

"What do you know of Buenos Aires, Niño?" he asked as they sauntered towards the center of the park.

"Not much, Uncle Juan. I know it is the largest city on the South American continent, and that it has over one million inhabitants. My teacher said once that it is one of the largest produce markets in the world."

"Yes, and there is much more. It is the largest Spanish speaking city in the world, as it is twice as large as Madrid, the capital of Spain. But it is also very cosmopolitan."

"I don't think I know just what that means, Uncle Juan."

"Cosmopolitan? Why that, in this case, means that there are many nationalities represented in Buenos Aires. There are thousands of Italians, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen and Russians; and one can hear half a dozen different languages in an hour's time walking along the streets. But, today, I want to start with a little history of our country. So let us sit here on this bench and begin. At this early hour we will not be disturbed."

They sat down almost under the shadow of the high statue of San Martín and the Colonel reverently uncovered his head. Without being told, Francisco took off his cap, and his uncle patted him affectionately on the back. "Good, good, my boy! He deserves it, for no greater soldier ever fought; but we will have to go back several centuries to get the run of things," and as he leaned back he paused and puffed thin clouds of smoke from his cigarette.

"You see, when Buenos Aires was really founded, it was

in 1580, sixty-four years after the River Plate was discovered by Solis, who called it the River of Silver, because he believed silver could be found on its banks. They called the city 'Good Airs,' because of the fresh, invigorating quality of the air that blew over from the vast prairies. This first settlement grew, and others farther into the interior sprang from it; all of them Spanish settlements; and in 1661 the King of Spain recognized them as a colony and appointed a governor. Thus it continued until in 1806, when England was at war with Spain, and they sent Lord Beresford, with several thousand men, down to this colony to take possession of it.

"Buenos Aires then, as now, was the key to the entire country, and as it had but forty thousand inhabitants, and was without any military defense, he took it without trouble. But the Spaniards, at last, overcame him; and he was obliged to give up his prize and leave. England then sent another army, but this time the natives were prepared, and their victory was complete. General Whitelock, in command, capitulated, and his flag, the flag of the famous Seventy-First Regiment of the British army, hangs in the

Cathedral over yonder, where you see the double spires beyond the housetops. We are justly proud of that flag, for that Seventy-First Regiment is the one that caused Napoleon no end of trouble in Egypt.

"After this victory our people began to feel the stirrings of independence from Spain itself, and a spirit of revolution took hold of the officials and people. At last, an open revolt took place in the Plaza Mayo, on the twenty-fifth day of May, 1810, and under the leadership of splendid men—patriots all of them—our independence was declared.

"But this was only the first step, just as it was with the great republic of the United States when on the fourth of July they declared their independence from England. So our twenty-fifth of May was but the beginning of a long struggle. A Junta was formed to govern, but it was no easy task. To the north were Uruguay, Paraguay and Bolivia; to the west Chile and Perú; all Spanish colonies. The Junta sent troops to these countries to endeavor to arouse the people to throw off the yoke. They sent General Belgrano to—"

"Oh! Belgrano! I know about him, Uncle. His tomb is

in the little square in front of the church in Calle Defensa, and it was he who originated our flag. He said the long blue bars were to represent our faithfulness, as true as the beautiful blue of our skies; and the white bar was to symbolize our honor, spotless and fair."

"Yes. Well, he went first to Paraguay; but the Spaniards had so intermarried with the Paraguayan Indians, whom they had found in that wild country, that they did not respond to the stirring appeal of General Belgrano. He, however, succeeded in some of the northern provinces, and thus encouraged, they organized a small navy. Do you know who was our first admiral? No? Well, it was an Englishman and his name was William Brown.

"With this navy, Montivideo, the capital of Uruguay, was taken. Enthusiasm ran high, and it was just here that Don José de San Martín came into the light of publicity, as commander-in-chief of the army. Now let us take the automobile, awaiting us over in front of the house, and ride to the Cathedral where the remains of our hero rest, and I will tell you more about him there."

They rode along the clean streets, the fresh morning air

blowing straight into their faces, the curious, sing-song cries of the street venders following them as they sped along Calle Florida.

"Uncle Juan, why is it that most of these street peddlers are Italians? See, there goes an onion-man with his long strings of onions, their stalks knit together into yard lengths; there is a vegetable cart; there is a vender of fruit, and all of them speaking broken Spanish with an Italian accent."

"Yes, Niño, most of the peddlers are Italian. I do not know why, unless it is that each nationality turns to a special kind of work in this world. The Italians are naturally merchants, they like to bargain. They are also very fine mechanics. Did you ever notice that our plasterers, or masons, who plaster the outside and inside of all our houses, speak Italian?"

"And that group of men on the corner, see, Uncle, they are all dressed alike, and must be of the same nationality; what are they?"

"Those"—indicating half a dozen men wearing full trousers held up by red sashes, adorned with dozens of

coins, their heads covered with round full caps also red. "Those are Basques or Vascongados. There are many here, and they come from a small piece of country to the west end of the Pyrenees, in Spain, bordering the Bay of Biscay. Like the Italians, they, too, follow the work best suited to them, and they are mostly porters, because of their physical strength and powers of endurance.

"I have noticed, too, that the majority of our milk men are Basques, and I account for that because in their native home they are a pastoral people and such pursuits attract them. Listen as we pass: their language is unintelligible to us although they come from Spain. It is unlike any other European language."

They were now entering the great square called Plaza Mayo. It is the heart of the city, although it is not in the center. It covers about ten acres, and is two blocks back from the muddy La Plata River; and scores of masts and smoke-belching funnels of great ocean vessels can be seen from its benches.

"That is our Government House. That much I know," said Francisco, pointing to the rose-tinted building,

modelled after the Tuileries, and facing the plaza. From its rear to the river intervened grass plots and groves of sturdy palmettoes.

"Yes, that is where our Senate convenes and where all the business of the Republic is done. The President has his offices there, and all the public receptions are held there. You see, our government does not provide a home for our President; that, he must look after himself. Why, we are just in time to see His Excellency now."

There was a clatter of hoofs under the wide porte-cochere and a smart closed coupe drew up before the side entrance. The liveried footman with a cockade of blue and white (the Argentine colors) in his high hat sprang to the ground and opened the door. A man, slightly above the usual Argentine height, quite handsome, with pure Castilian features, and dressed in afternoon garb of tall silk hat and frock coat, got out, and walked spryly up the wide stone steps, past the sentries in scarlet and green, into the vestibule.

"Do you know him, Uncle Juan?" asked Francisco, with awe in his voice.

"Señor Alcorta, El Presidente, is a warm friend of mine," replied the Colonel, and as he said it he grew fully half a foot in his nephew's estimation.

"A warm friend? Do tell me about him."

"Another time, Niño, we must hasten to yonder Cathedral; but he is a good man and a good President."

They turned towards the enormous building, shaped like the Pantheon with its blue tile-covered cupola, and its long portico supported by huge Corinthian columns.

It was built by the Jesuits in the seventeenth century and hundreds of Indians were employed by these pioneer fathers, in its construction. Like all houses in Buenos Aires, it is of masonry untinted except by years. With the Bishop's palace next to it, it covers an acre of ground.

Francisco and his uncle entered it and crossing themselves, knelt on the bare stone floor, for like most Argentines, they were Catholics, and this was their greatest cathedral. After a few minutes spent in devotion, the Colonel led the way to one of the naves, where the tomb of the great liberator, San Martín, stands, a huge sarcophagus upon a high pedestal of marble. The Colonel stood in

meditation a moment, then drew the boy beside him on a bench. In a low voice he said:

"Francisco, San Martín, the father of our country, was not only a great general, but he was also a remarkable organizer, for his troops were composed mainly of gauchos of the wild uncivilized kind, who were not easily trained or drilled. It was he who originated the plan of crossing the Andes and liberating Chile and Perú from the Spanish yoke.

"With his army of five thousand men, and in the face of public derision, for the undertaking seemed impossible, he crossed the rugged Cordilleras in twenty-five days; met the Spanish general in charge of Chile and defeated him. He was thus the liberator of the Chilean people, for that battle on the twelfth of February, 1817, gave them their independence from Spain. In Santiago, Chile, there is a statue to General San Martín, and one to the city of Buenos Aires. After his wonderful achievement in crushing the power of Spain, in Argentina, Chile and Perú, he retired to private life, refusing to serve in any civil capacity.

"Following this revolutionary triumph, Brazil waged war

with the Argentine Republic over the disposition of Uruguay. After three years, they agreed on its independence. This was followed by a dictatorship lasting twenty years, that was a period of the greatest tyranny in our history. Don Juan Manuel Ortiz de Rosas, at the head of a powerful troop of half savage gauchos, appeared on the political stage, and literally wrested the reins of government from Dorrego, who held them.

"Some time you will read in history of his twenty years of despotism. It was during this reign that my father, your maternal grandfather, lost his life in the blockade of Argentine ports, by French and English forces. Rosas was at last overthrown by General Urquiza, who organized the government upon its first solid basis, with a constitution modelled closely after that of the United States of North America. Since then, although we have had a few revolutions and several financial crises, we have maintained our freedom; and our wonderful natural resources and our rapid commercial development are giving us a stable place in the world's congress of nations."

Francisco listened attentively, and when his uncle

concluded, followed him out a side entrance into the street, like one in a dream. They stepped into the Calle Bartolomé Mitre, which seemed congested with a torrent of vehicles pouring down its narrow channel like a noisy stream and discharging itself into the great Plaza in front of the Cathedral.

"What if San Martín could see this now?" ventured Francisco, still under the spell of the hero's achievements. "Wouldn't he open his eyes?"

"Yes, lad, the growth of this city has been phenomenal, and this afternoon I will show you more of it. Why, you're not homesick, are you?" he asked, noticing the far away look in the boy's eyes as they sped along the Avenida.

"Not exactly, but I would like to see Elena, and find out how she is today."

"Why, bless my heart! I had forgotten the sick sister. We will go past thy mother's house and if the little rose is well enough this afternoon, we shall include her in our ride in the city."

CHAPTER IV

Curious Sights

Elena was propped up with pillows in a deep chair by the window which opened out upon the street. She looked lonely, but when she saw the car sweep along the street and stop at their door, her face beamed happily. There was no jealousy in Elena's heart because her brother was being thus favored by their uncle.

"Oh, Elena, mia," cried Francisco, throwing his arms about her, and kissing her on each pale cheek. "Do you feel able to take a ride with us this afternoon?"

"I think she is," answered his mother, entering the room, and taking her son into a close embrace. "But how I have missed my Niño, Juan," turning to her brother, the Colonel.

"Perhaps I have been selfish in taking him from you, Anita. Shall I leave him here?"

"Ah, no! The lad needs you, Juan. He has no father to teach him as he should be taught. It is the very opportunity for him; and I am most pleased. Only, let me see him often, and I shall be content."

"That you shall, and this afternoon just after máte, we will come to take you and Elena with us for a ride. It may bring roses to her cheeks," and he pinched the pale cheeks as he passed her on his way out.

True to their promise, at five o'clock the automobile drew up in front of Francisco's home and the Colonel, himself, carried Elena out to it, and placed her in the nest of pillows on the broad leather seat. Her mother followed and before Elena realized it, they were speeding toward the central part of the city.

"Where does the little White Rose wish to go?" inquired her uncle.

"Oh, anywhere—away from this horrid street. I am so tired of it. If I may, I should love to see the water."

"To the river, Enrique," laughingly ordered her uncle. "Only, the river isn't a very pretty sheet of water. It is so murky, and I think should be called the River of Bronze

rather than the River of Silver."

"I know, Uncle Juan; but when I had the fever it was water, water, water I dreamt of, and now I want to see my fill of it."

"That you shall, White Rose, for right here at Buenos Aires the river is over twenty-five miles wide and the city has a frontage of four miles along the waterfront."

They passed through the Plaza Mayo, and Francisco had to tell Elena of having seen el Presidente that morning. Then they turned into the Paseo-de-Julio, a one-sided boulevard facing the river two blocks away. The intervening space was a maze of small plazas where palms, flowers, shrubs and statuary edge the waterfront like a band of solid green. Beyond, before Elena could see the water, were the busy docks, huge masonry basins, where over two thousand ocean-going vessels come and go during the span of a year.

Electric cranes were swinging the great cargoes of wheat and cattle into the yawning holds of the vessels, and on and on the sea of funnels and masts stretched until the muddy line of water at last broke on the sight. Francisco was alert, his brown eyes taking in every detail of the stirring busy

scene; but Elena's hungry eyes looked past this to the water beyond.

"Someday, I hope to go away in one of those big vessels," she announced.

"Indeed, and which one will you choose, little White Rose? Here is a wide choice. That large one with the enormous smokestacks and the British flag flying above her, is a Royal Mail Steam-ship from England. One of these leaves every Friday for England, and besides the mail, carries about fifteen hundred passengers. On one of them you would travel in great luxury; electric fans, electric elevators, an orchestra with dances every evening, and dressing for dinner at night. Oh! it's gay enough, the life on those magnificent steamers!

"Then, alongside of it you see a smaller boat, a French liner from Marseilles. They go weekly also, and they bring us our champagne and our opera companies; why, this very automobile came on one of them. There's an Italian liner and just beyond are some German boats. In the South Dock is a river boat that goes up country to Paraguay; our oranges come on those. And all about are smaller boats, some

sailing vessels that carry coffee from Brazil, and yellow pine from New Orleans in the United States."

"Why, that one just over yonder flies the Stars and Stripes of North America," cried Francisco, pointing to a small vessel.

"Not exactly, Niño. It is from Los Estados Unidos.[9] You must not confound them, for the United States are but a part of North America, although many of our people do not seem to think so. But you do not see many of their flags in our docks. The commercial relations between our two countries are as yet in their infancy. The most of our export and import business is done with Europe."

"Do they not send anything at all down here, but yellow pine, Uncle?" this from Francisco.

"Yes, oh! yes. They are sending us machinery, especially agricultural machinery. When you go with me to the country you will see their windmills, steam threshers and binders in great quantities. They send us other machinery, of many kinds, but in comparison with our trade with Germany and England it is very little."

[9] The United States.

"And do these big ships go back empty to Europe?" inquired Elena, pointing to the long wharves.

"By no means, little girl. See those heavy carts going towards the docks? Well, I don't suppose your young mind can take in the figures, but Francisco will understand, when I tell you, those carts carried one hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat last year to those returning ships, to say nothing of millions of sheep, frozen quarters of beef, wool, cheese and even butter and eggs. Anita," turning to his sister, "I doubt if you, yourself, have ever been to the Barracas, have you?"

"No, Juan. It is so far from the residence district and I never happened to drive that way."

"Then we will ride over there now and let you all see the largest wholesale produce market under one roof that you can find in all the world."

For two miles they sped through narrow streets; past crowded tenements, in front of which scores of dirty children quarreled and played, and where the peons or working classes huddle, sometimes families of fourteen in one room; past tambos, where the cows and goats stand in sheds, open

to the street, awaiting to be milked while the customer waits; past gray spired churches, their wide doors always open, inviting the pious passer-by to enter for prayer; passed fideos factories, where curious shaped macaroni hangs drying in the sun in the open courtyards; on and on they bumped, for the streets here were cobblestones, until, at last, they reached the vast building covering many acres, where wheat, wool, corn and produce are bought and sold to the foreign trade.

"Were it not so late, we would alight and see it closer. However, Elena could not walk, anyhow. Already, I fear she has had too long a ride for her strength, and we hope not to tire her on this, her first outing; eh, White Rose?" But Elena was fast asleep, her head on her mother's shoulder.

The chauffeur turned the car towards the city, where here and there, in the gathering dusk, an electric light could be seen as if notifying the day, by these advance signals, that its duty was over.

Elena slept on and did not see the wonderful Avenida as they flew along its smooth surface, so like Paris as to seem

a bit of that gay city picked up and transferred to American soil; the plane trees bordering it, with here and there a small newspaper kiosk like a miniature temple; the splendid building of "La Prensa," the richest newspaper in the world, where the Buenos Aires public can obtain the services of the best doctors, lawyers, or dentists free of charge; invitingly odorous confectioneries or restaurants with small tables on the sidewalks at which handsomely dressed men and women sit eating and drinking and watching the gay multitude; bewildering shop windows full of the latest Parisian novelties; fruit and flower boys, with their trays of luscious fruits and delicately scented blossoms balanced unaided on their heads; hotels just beginning to glitter with their myriads of electric lights; all of these passed by them as Elena slept the sleep of exhaustion.

Francisco, however, missed none of it, for his was the Latin spirit full of love of pleasure and display, bright lights and gay crowds. His uncle watched him intently from under his heavy brows.

Suddenly a weird, unearthly wail arose above the hum of the traffic all around. Elena started up, frightened and

trembling, but, as she had heard it before, she recognized it, and fell back asleep again. Francisco had heard it also, but never so close, it seemed right beside him.

"Uncle, may we not go back by the Prensa building and see what has happened?" he cried excitedly.

The Colonel agreed and Enrique crossed to the other side of the street, entering the long line of vehicles going west, for the "rule of the road" in Argentina is "keep to the left." The hoarse, wailing steam whistle had drawn the crowds towards the handsome building from whose tower it was issuing, and they could not reach it within half a block. Mounted policemen were everywhere trying to disperse the crowd. It was good-natured as any Latin crowd, but refused to be moved; like a hot water bag, it bulged out in one spot when pressed down in another. And all of this—because the bulletin methods of this mighty newspaper are so unusual.

Whenever any unexpected occurrence takes place in Europe or any part of the world this enterprising "daily" apprises the public of it by blowing this stridently piercing steam whistle. It was blown when Queen Victoria passed

away; its howl distressed the nervous citizens when San Francisco was almost in ashes, and its present message was that a son and heir had been born to the King and Queen of Spain. This was made known from the front steps of the building and very soon the crowd was a cheering, hat-waving mob. It was momentarily growing more excited and Enrique turned into a side street and sped towards the house in Calle Cerrito, where Elena, now thoroughly aroused by the boisterous tumult about them, could be tucked away into bed.

As Francisco and el Coronel Lacevera sat at dinner that evening discussing the event of the afternoon, while softly gliding servants in quiet livery served them, the Colonel said:—

"Did you know, Niño, that every time La Prensa blows that whistle as they did today, it costs them three hundred dollars?"

"Why, Uncle Juan, does it use up as much steam as that?" earnestly inquired Francisco.

"Scarcely," laughed the Colonel, as he lifted up an enormous bunch of muscatel grapes, weighing several pounds,

from the platter of fruit before him, "scarcely that, Niño, but our city government fines them that amount every time they blow it, as they term it a public nuisance. Now, when they want to indulge in this sensational advertising, they send a messenger on to the Commissaria post haste to deposit the fine, timing his arrival just as the last howl of the whistle sounds across the city."

CHAPTER V

Great Surprises

On the Colonel's desk the little revolving calendar was set at "December 25th," and the letters were in red ink, showing by this that it was a feast day. The Colonel was writing, and evidently did not notice a little figure clad in a long linen coat standing behind his chair waiting a chance to speak. He wrote on and on, until Francisco's patience was exhausted and he coughed warningly.

"Not much of a soldier, Niño! A soldier must have patience if it is to wait all day."

But Francisco was used by now to his uncle's chaffing; indeed, they were close friends and Francisco went right to the heart of his errand.

"Uncle, it's El dia de Navidad."

"Why, so it is," looking at the calendar. "I had forgotten

it was Christmas. We've so many feast days one cannot keep the run of all, and I can scarcely remember my own patron saint's day. If it wasn't such a well-known and widely observed one, it would often pass before I knew it."

Francisco laughed. "Why, Uncle Juan, you couldn't miss St. John's day unless you were deaf and blind. They make such a noise and have such huge bonfires always. For weeks before it comes the children save every piece of wood and paper, and last St. John's night I stood on our roof and looked over the city. My! how pretty it looked; the whole city seemed on fire; for nearly every street had half a dozen bonfires. I wish my saint was as popular. But today, I want to ask if I may go home just for a little while."

"Indeed you may, lad, whenever you choose."

"Well, you see, today, I've a special errand, Uncle; I've been making a pesebre for Elena and it's finished now just in time. I would like to go and set it up."

"Let me see it," said the Colonel.

"Oh, it's fine, Uncle. I've got twenty-eight figures and the paint is dry on every one of them. I worked all day yesterday in the back patio, and José, the portero, helped

me cut out the camels. He said mine looked like giraffes." And the boy began to lay them out on the desk, tenderly lifting each one as though they were alive and breathing.

As each little representation took its place in the long row the Colonel's face grew tender. He dared not smile at their crudity for behind the rough, unskillful carving, he saw the ideal that had been in the carver's mind. He was seeing some new thing each day in the little fellow's character that made him love him more; and when they were all placed formally together, he drew the little linen coated figure into the circle of his arm and together they discussed the merits of each wee wooden figure.

"Niño, we will go together! That's what we'll do," he exclaimed almost boyishly. "I am tired of these long army statistics, so let us go inmediatamente."

A span of Argentine thoroughbreds took them this time, for the Colonel was a genuine lover of horse flesh, and he owned several of the finest in the country. It is said that an Argentine will lavish as much care on his favorite horse as a mother will upon her child; and these two, Saturnino and Val-d'Or, were the pride of his heart.

"This pair, Francisco," he began, as they took their seats in the open victoria, and the silver studded harness tinkled as the splendid horses started off; "this pair are to be taken abroad next month with my two trotters, Benita and Malacaro. Our horses are attracting more and more attention in Europe as they see the fine specimens our stables are sending there.

"I shall enter them on the English turf, and I am ready to hazard their price that they will come back, at least one of them, with a blue riband. At any rate, I am sure there are no finer appearing horses anywhere than these; but all of our horses are good to look at. Of course, I except those miserable cab horses; they are a disgrace to their name, and should be called sheep."

Thus he chatted on, full of his subject, until they reached Francisco's home. They found Guillerma and her mother away. They had gone to celebrate mass and Elena, with the one servienta, was alone in the house.

"You entertain her, Uncle Juan, while I erect the pesebre," whispered Francisco.

So the gray haired soldier took Elena on his knee and

told her the story of a little girl who was lost in a forest and of the convention of animals that met to discuss her fate. He put most eloquent speeches into the jaws and beaks of the different birds and animals, such as the deer, the puma, the ostrich, the jaguar, and many others. Elena's eyes were wide as the big bear growled out his belief that she should be cut up into half kilo bits, and divided among them; but just then Francisco entered the room and asked them to come into the dining room where Estrella, the servant, was preparing máte.

As they entered the comedor[10] Elena spied the manger with its surrounding images in the corner, on the floor.

"Que hermosa! Que linda!"[11] she cried, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "Only yesterday did I tell Encarnación, when she came to bring me Christmas cakes full of almonds and raisins, that we should have no pesebre. She is to have one of ivory that cost a small fortune, but I had rather have this. Oh! it is so beautiful! Who could have brought it? Who could have put it here?" and she looked up

[10] Dining-room.
[11] How beautiful! How lovely!

inquiringly, first at her uncle and then at her brother. Uncle Juan's face pleaded "not guilty" but Francisco's was so beamingly tell-tale that she flew to him and embraced him and kissed him over and over again.

When each figure had been carefully inspected and discussed Uncle Juan proposed a ride, this time behind his favorite horses. As they entered the house on their return he was pleased to see a faint color on Elena's face and a brighter look in her eyes.

Thus the days passed, swiftly enough; New Year's with its fireworks and noisy crowds of celebrating peons, and at last came twelfth night.

Elena awoke on the sixth of January feverishly expectant. Surely, after having set up such a lovely pesebre, the Three Kings would not forget her. An excursion into the dining room proved their faithfulness, for there they stood—three smartly covered camels, and three wee kings, bowing before the tiny babe in the manger.

Around the room were the gifts they had brought to her. A toy piano, a wonderful French doll with a trunk full of clothes, a few picture books and a china tea set. She was

still admiring them when Francisco arrived; he was dressed for travelling and was quite excited, but Elena could not notice that, so absorbed was she in her toys and doll.

"See this *muñeca*,[12] Francisco, mio! Did you ever see such glorious blue eyes, just like the English Señora's on the corner. Why, you act as though you had seen them before, Francisco, are you not surprised to see so many?" exclaimed Elena, impatient that he would not kneel with her among her gifts.

"They are beautiful, Elena, every one of them. But I am in a great haste for Uncle Juan and I are leaving from the Retiro Station in half an hour. The servant, José, has taken our trunks and large bags ahead, and I stopped here to bid you all goodbye, as Uncle Juan had another errand to do on his way down. We go a day earlier than we had planned in order that we may stop over for a day and night in Rosario. I am glad, Elena, that your gifts are so lovely, and if I were not in such a hurry, we would have a long play together. But I shall write to you, all of you;" and he embraced them, each one, mother and two sisters, hastily, not trusting

[12] Doll.



"'Did you ever see such glorious blue eyes!'"

himself to prolong the goodbye.

The Estación Retiro was full of a holiday crowd, for it was early morning. José was awaiting him, and they stood watching the long trains of cars coming and going, discharging their loads into the long sheds, and swallowing up another one and puffing out again. Francisco's knowledge of railroads was limited. He had never taken a long journey on one; his mother and Guillerma had taken him with them on one of their yearly pilgrimages to the shrine of Our Lady of Lujan, some forty miles distant, for being devout Catholics, this was never omitted. He began to grow nervous, fearing his uncle would be too late, as the train for Rosario was puffing and blowing just outside the iron gate and the guard was preparing to ring a huge bell, which announced the departure of all trains. Just before its first peal broke from its brass throat his uncle strode in, and, motioning the servant to follow with the bags, he hurried Francisco through the gate.

José, the portero accompanying them, was an Araucanian Indian by birth, but he spoke Spanish fluently. When a mere boy, the Colonel's father had brought him

from Chile, when returning from a military expedition into that country; and he had been a faithful servant of the family ever since. As slavery is prohibited in Argentina he had been paid wages since he became of age, over forty years ago, but no power on earth could have induced José to leave the service of Colonel Lacevera.

He was but slightly bent and possessed the broad face and high cheek bones of the South American Indian. His skin was like parchment, and his eyes slanted peculiarly like the eyes of the Chinese. When Francisco had spoken of that last characteristic to his uncle he had been told that many people believed these Indians to be a tangent of the Oriental races, and upheld their theory mainly because of the peculiar similarity of the eyes.

José and Francisco were great friends and Francisco was much pleased that José was to be with them at the estancia, since his knowledge of animals, birds, herbs, in fact all outdoor life, was unlimited.

The car they occupied was a compartment car of the English type, although the ponderous engine was North American. As the railroads of Argentina are mainly under

English control the English railway customs and equipment are largely in evidence.

The pretty stations at each suburb are surrounded by grass plots with beds of flowers, and the English system of overhead bridges across the tracks at all stations reduces the number of accidents.

Francisco found out all of this by a series of continuous questions as their train sped through the pretty suburbs with their numbers of summer homes, surrounded by well-kept gardens. The villages began to grow fewer and fewer and Colonel Lacevera said:

"Now it's my turn, Niño! Can you bound the Argentine Republic?"

Francisco began in the sing-song manner of the Spanish schools: "On the north by Paraguay, Bolivia and Brazil, on the west and south by Chile; on the east by Brazil, Uruguay and the Atlantic Ocean. Its area is one million, one hundred and eighteen thousand square miles and its population is over six million. It is—"

"There! There!" exclaimed his uncle, laughingly. "You may stop. No telling how long you could sing the praises of

your native land. I want to tell you a few things that you may not have learned. Do you know what alluvial soil is?"

"It sounds like some metal," ventured the boy.

"But it isn't. You see, Argentina was once part of the ocean bed; for under the soil, way back in the interior of the country, I, myself, have found shells and gravel. This long level stretch of land between the Atlantic Ocean and the foothills of the Andes, that was once covered with water, is now called the Pampas; and you are now in that region.

"See that long, coarse grass stretching as far as the eye can reach; it is the finest pasture land in the world and explains why we produce such quantities of cattle, sheep and horses. You see, having this excellent pasture land, so well-watered, and a climate that insures grazing the whole year through, our expenses for raising and rearing cattle are very low. We are a larger country than we appear on the map, my boy. Why! we are twelve times as large as Great Britain."

"Uncle, as we have so many things that are the largest and best in the world, tell me, is this the longest railroad on

the earth?"

"No, Niño, not quite that. Our railroads are developing our country at a rapid rate and we have some of the finest road beds in the world, but that is because our country is so level. Now that I think of it, we have got something connected with railroads that is interesting. We have the longest straight stretch of railway in the world, it is said. On the Argentine Pacific Railway from Buenos Aires to the Andes it runs like a surveyor's line two hundred and eleven miles without deviating a foot. But come, let us go into the dining car for breakfast; it is already half-past eleven."

This was Francisco's greatest surprise of all in a long list of the day's surprises. To eat in a railway car, speeding fifty miles an hour, with delicate china and napery, shining silver and food like he had been having daily at his uncle's table, seemed too wonderful to be true.

CHAPTER VI

New Experiences

"Levantese! Levantese!" came José's voice to Francisco's ear, just as the latter was lassoing a llama he had been pursuing on the back of an ostrich.

Francisco rubbed his eyes and woke from his dream to a babel of voices, and the train was not in motion. Where could he be?

As he rubbed his sleepy eyes again his uncle took him gently by the shoulder.

"Wake yourself, Niño. We are in Rosario; come, follow me."

Francisco followed him through the long hall of the compartment car out into the big station where insistent porters and shouting cab-men made frantic grabs at them and their baggage, only to be beaten off by José, whose

language as he scolded and berated them was not what is known as "polite Spanish."

Selecting a victoria from the long line of waiting ones, they entered, José sitting with the driver, and were soon before the lighted portals of a large hotel.

The building was two stories in height and perfectly square; the second story bedrooms all opened on to a porch or corridor, which ran completely around and overlooked the central court on the first floor. The entrance was very imposing with marble staircases and marble pillars; and Francisco's sleepy eyes opened wide in astonishment. They were just in time for dinner; already the marble tables in the patio were filling with men and women sipping their after dinner coffee in the cool open air.

As this was Francisco's first dinner in a hotel it might be interesting to know what he ate. Being an Argentine, he always ate several different kinds of meat, and began this meal with a platter of cold meats: tongue, pressed chicken and jellied veal. Second, a vermicelli soup with grated cheese; third, fried pejerey, the most popular fish of the country; fourth, partridge fried in oil; fifth, asparagus with

melted butter; sixth, macaroni with tomato and garlic sauce; seventh, roast mutton; eighth, a salad of lettuce and tomatoes; ninth, a sweet jelly in wine sauce; tenth, fruits; and then they adjourned to the patio for coffee.

While his uncle smoked and talked with friends, whom he had chanced to meet, Francisco slipped away and José helped him undress for bed, as he was very tired.

He remembered no more after José turned off the electric light until he opened his eyes into the full glare of the sun, the next morning. It was nine o'clock and José was laying out clean linen for him. After a refreshing shower bath, he returned to his room to find his rolls and coffee on a table beside his bed.

"Why, José, I'm not a lady that I must have my café in bed!" exclaimed the lad. "Mother and the girls always do that, but I'm a man and I want to have mine in the dining room with Uncle Juan."

José explained that in hotels one must always take one's morning coffee in one's rooms; and he talked on while Francisco ate and dressed.

"El Coronel will be busy all of the day and he has placed

you in my hands. Rosario, I know like a book, and together we will see it."

"Oh! that will be great fun, José. Where shall we go first?"

"Would you like to see them load the vessels? This city is where much of the wheat of our country is brought to be loaded into the vessels for Europe. The river is so deep here that the largest ocean-going vessels can come up to the docks."

They walked through crowded, busy streets until they came to a high bluff, and from the edge of this they could look down on the very tops of the long rows of steamships below, all being loaded with wheat.

This was just the beginning of the busy season, for the harvest was scarcely under way. In January and February the whole city of Rosario would seem nothing but wheat, wheat, wheat.

Francisco saw all of this with deepest interest; he was beginning to comprehend the resources of his own country.

They sat watching the course of the wheat bags as they shot down the long chutes from the high bluffs to the

vessels below, until Francisco's eyes grew tired and even when he closed them he could see long lines of bobbing bags, like yellow mice, chasing one another into the water.

So they walked along the bluff, counting the flags of the different nations displayed on the boats beneath them; English, French, Italian, Dutch, German and a few that Francisco had never seen before.

For a while they watched the lavaderas or washer-women pounding the clothes of the city on the rocks at the edge of the water; and spreading them on the higher rocks behind them to bleach and dry.

Steam laundries are uncommon in South America and all of the washing is done in this manner. The lavaderas carry the soiled linen from the houses to the river on their heads, balancing huge bundles as easily as though they were trifles, their arms folded across their breasts.

As they stood watching this cleansing process Francisco spied a raft-like boat piled high with small logs tied on securely.

"It looks out of place here, José, among all these enormous freight steamers. What does it carry?"

"Willow, Señorito, and see, there are others coming down the river. It goes to Buenos Aires to be made into charcoal, the principal fuel of that city. Great quantities of it are raised above here; it is quick of growth and needs only to be planted so," and José demonstrated by taking a short twig and sticking it into the earth.

"Behold! and in seven years, it is as you see it there on the rafts ready for market. They use the twigs for making Osier baskets. But *hace calor*[13] let us go to the cool shady patio of the hotel and there I will tell you a story of some charcoal burners until the Uncle comes."

But the Colonel reached the hotel before they did, for Francisco must stop to see this thing and that as they sauntered along. The mid-day heat meant little to him while so much of novelty challenged his attention. José was always ready to answer his questions, and he frequently drew the boy's notice to something that would escape anyone but a keen observer, and this the Indian was.

The sun was almost in midheaven, and the daily siesta was beginning in some parts of the city. Workshops were

[13] It makes hot, literally.

being closed, and under every tree some cart driver had drawn up his horse and stretched himself on the grass under its shade; even the beggars were curled up on the church steps fast asleep.

"Why do some of those ragged beggars wear metal badges, José?"

"They are licensed beggars, Señorito. The city has authorized them to beg, and when you help them you may know you are helping no rogues."

Francisco drew his nose up into a prolonged sniff. "I believe I'm hungry, José. What smells so good?"

"Step here on to this side street and I'll show you."

The street was being torn up to be repaved, and the peon workingmen at this noon interval of rest were eating their almuerzo. Gathered in little groups, they sat around something that was cooking and emitting odors of stewing meat, potatoes and onions.

"But how are they cooking here in the street?"

"Go closer and you can see," replied José.

Francisco walked to the curb, and looking over their backs into the middle of one circle he saw—the stew

cooking in a shovel.

"They buy these things at the market and use their street shovels for stewpans, as you see."

"Ugh! I hope they wash them first," laughed Francisco.

They were now passing the market, an enormous affair covering the best of a large block. But the scene was no longer animated for the chattering and bargaining were beginning to cease; and the merchants, themselves, were nodding over their wares.

Along the curbing were piles of merchandise; here, a stack of peaches, pears, apricots, figs, nectarines, grapes, and plums; there, an array of earthen ware, in curious shapes; here, a stock of ready-made clothing, aprons, trousers, *ponchos*[14] and shoes. The vegetables were heaped high in piles; tomatoes, beans, lettuce, cardon, celery, potatoes, cucumbers, and onions in long ropes, their stems so plaited together with straw that they can be sold by the yard; or, in that country's measure, a *metro*.[15]

Many of the stalls offered cooked foods; roasted

[14] Blankets.
[15] A little over a yard.

partridges and chickens; pâtes of jellied meats; cleaned and cooked armadillo, whose meat tastes like tender roast pork. The Argentines are very fond of them and they consume thousands every month.

Around the curbing, at one end of the market, stood great carts, with wheels fully eight feet high. These, José told Francisco, were the market carts that brought the produce into the city. They look rude and cumbersome, but carry several tons and often as many as a dozen oxen are hitched to them.

These interested Francisco but José bid him hurry as no doubt his uncle would have breakfasted. Which, indeed, he was doing, for as they entered the hotel Francisco caught sight of him, seated in the long dining room with several gentlemen; all of them, including the Colonel, in cool looking white linen suits. Francisco joined them and was introduced to the strangers.

They were wealthy estancieros but not Spaniards. One was an Englishman and the other a North American, owning ranches near Rosario, and they were negotiating with Colonel Lacevera for some pedigreed horses which he

owned.

They talked partly in Spanish and partly in English; for like most educated Argentines, the Colonel spoke some English and understood more. Francisco had studied English at school just as he did French, and he was delighted to be able to understand some of their conversation.

Before they parted, the Englishman urged Colonel Lacevera to attend a large sale of cattle and horses which was to take place at his estancia the next day, Sunday. Patting Francisco on the head he added:

"Bring the Niño also, he may enjoy it."

So early the following morning José had their horses at the curb of the hotel, saddled and ready for the three league gallop.

Francisco had not ridden often, but his enthusiasm knew no bounds when he saw the Argentine pony that was to be his mount.

The Colonel looked at José meaningly, for he knew that this eagerness would not outlast the long gallop.

At first they rode briskly in the cool morning air.

Francisco held on bravely, but the Colonel noticed the firm set of his lips, and that he talked less and less as they rode on.

They were riding through beautiful country. The turf was fresh and green in spots where the old coarse grass had been burned off and the tender young sprouts were coming up through the rich soil. They passed droves of several thousand sheep nibbling peacefully on this succulent new growth. There were shepherds, with here and there a hut made of poles covered with mud; the roof thatched with asparta grass.

Francisco was so tired and his bones began to ache so desperately that he ceased to show any interest in the things they passed. Colonel Lacevera and José exchanged knowing looks, but dared not permit Francisco to see them. When they came to one of these rude huts his uncle said:

"Niño, would you not like to see the inside of one of these prairie palaces?"

He admired the boy's pluck, but he feared to tax his physical endurance more.

Francisco willingly assented, and they rode up to the

door around which a swarm of dirty, half naked children sat on the ground.

José called: "Ola!" and a copper-colored woman appeared at the door, dressed only in one garment, a dun-colored chemise.

She was an Indian, and when José spoke to her in her own tongue, asking for a drink, she pointed to the square kerosene tin filled with water, beside which hung a gourd.

She said her husband was out with the sheep; and she had no chairs to offer them, but they might alight and rest.

They stepped into the hut, the door of which was a horse's hide; the floor was the hard earth; a box stood in the middle and served as a table, while bundles of straw in the corners served as beds. Instead of chairs there were dried skulls of oxen; their wide, spreading horns serving as arms to these unique seats. Francisco was glad, however, to rest his weary body within their grewsome embrace and he sat thus for half an hour, while José watered the horses and the Colonel talked to the children.

Francisco himself proposed that they start on, but José was obliged to lift him into his saddle. One more league and

they were in sight of the estancia, where the sale was to be held.

The house was of the usual Spanish style of architecture, and the many buildings grouped around it gave the place a resemblance to a village.

Señor Stanley met them and "gave" them his house, after the manner of all Spanish hosts, and they entered to wash and rest.

As the Señor Stanley was an Englishman, his house interested Francisco in spite of his weariness. It was fitted with every luxury of a high class English home; the baths being supplied with cool spring water which flowed through them constantly. There were handsomely furnished parlors, a well-filled library and a billiard room. The stables were commodious and sanitary; and the tennis courts and golf links, gardens and patios were numerous.

In the corrals they found several hundred men gathered and there was much confusion and noise.

It was Sunday and therefore a holiday spirit pervaded everything, for Sunday is not observed in Argentina as a day of quiet and reverence; it is the day for sports, games

and excursions. This sale had been set for Sunday to insure a large attendance.

First, breakfast was served. Under a long arbor, formed by tall eucalyptus trees, the table, fully a hundred feet in length, had been set. At each place was a bunch of flowers and a bottle of native wine.

Despite his aching body, Francisco did full justice to the soup, barbecued meats and fowls, vegetables and fruits that were served. But after he had eaten he crept under the shade of one of the trees to rest.

He fell asleep and slept until his uncle wakened him at máte time.

"Hello, my boy! Slept through all of this noise? You were certainly exhausted, for such a clatter as there has been. One hundred thousand dollars and many pedigreed animals have changed hands, and it wasn't done quietly either. We will have our máte and then ride home in the cool of the evening. Come." And the Colonel helped the stiff jointed, weary boy to his feet.

CHAPTER VII

On the Ranch

"What is that you have, Manuel?" cried Francisco, to one of the peons, five days later, as he sat under an ombú tree in the garden on his uncle's estancia, playing with some tame tierra birds, that kept the garden clean of worms.

Manuel was one of the house peons and he had a queer looking machine with a long snout under his arm.

"Why, this is an ant destroyer, Señorito; would you care to watch me kill ants?"

For answer, Francisco ran eagerly to his side and the two walked toward the peach orchard. Francisco had had five days of rest from his tiresome ride the day of the sale, and he was now ready for any new adventure.

They had arrived at the Tres Arroyas ranch three days before and he had made friends with everyone connected

with the house and gardens. The heat had been too great to allow of any wider acquaintance, which would have included the gauchos, or cowboys; at least the nearer ones, for the Tres Arroyas ranch was very large, and Francisco never could have known them all. José had told him that one could ride all day from the center and not reach its boundaries.

"Why do you use that to kill ants?" he asked of Manuel. "Our servienta at home uses hot water when they get into the patio."

"Ah, yes, Señorito, but these country ants come in such armies it would take a geyser of boiling water to kill them. Now, we are here in the orchard; you can see how they destroy things."

Curious rivulets of tawny brown ran here and there as far as the eye could reach.

"Last spring these ants fairly cleaned our peach trees of their tender young leaves, and it was only by continuous labor that we exterminated them. Now, look at them! Thick as ever."

"But how can you kill millions of ants with so small a

machine?"

"Well, I can't this afternoon. I brought the machine here to place it and get it ready; then early in the morning I will tap on the iron bars of your window and you must follow me."

It was scarcely more than dawn the next morning when Francisco heard the gentle tapping on the rejas at his window. He had forgotten his engagement with Manuel, and started up in bewilderment. The sight of the peon reminded him and he hurried into his garments and was soon with Manuel in the crisp morning air.

"A little more of the sun above the horizon and we would have been too late for today," said the swarthy Spaniard, as he busied himself lighting the machine.

"Ants are early risers, and it's only by getting up before they have made their morning toilets that we can manage to make war on them."

Francisco laughed at the idea of an ant bathing and dressing, and bent over on his knees beside Manuel who was scratching a match to light the dry rubbish in the cylindrical can, in one end of which was a small amount of

sulphur. He screwed a lid on the other end, inserted the snout into an ant hole and with a pair of bellows he sent the volumes of sulphurous smoke into the labyrinthine passages of the ant houses.

"Look, look," excitedly cried Francisco, as quantities of smoke were seen issuing from many holes, here and there, within a radius of several hundred yards; showing how intricate and many winding are the underground passages of these industrious pests.

"Yes, there won't be many ants getting out to work this morning. But in a short while they will be just as bad as ever."

They went from one part of the orchard to another until the sun was too high, and they were obliged to stop until another morning. Francisco learned, as they walked toward the house, that these ants are the worst pest, excepting the locust, that the farmer has to combat. They particularly delight in carrying away whole beds of strawberries and they often come in armies that swarm over every obstacle in their path.

As they entered the house, Francisco noticed that his

uncle had had café and was in his riding breeches ready for a morning gallop.

"May I go with you, Uncle Juan?" cried Francisco.

"Hey! That's spirit for you! Rode yourself to fragments a few days ago and ready for another trial today. Che," clapping his hands as a peon appeared.

"Saddle Barboza for the Señorito, inmediata-mente."

Francisco gulped his café and nibbled at a biscuit, but he was too excited to eat more.

When the horses were brought to the door, his eyes gleamed, for he saw that the smaller horse, that was to be his to ride while he was on the estancia, was resplendent in a new saddle, bridle and bit. The servant brought a set of solid silver spurs and smart leather riding boots which he assisted Francisco to put on, and which he told him his uncle had had sent with the saddle and outfit from the city.

The stirrups were of silver, beautifully chased, and the head stall, ornaments for the brow band which covers most of the horse's face, and the pretel bangles that jingled across the horse's breast, were all of the same valuable metal. It was indeed the outfit of a gentleman, and on Barboza, the

sleek bay horse, with the neat, light hoof of the prairie steed, it seemed an equipment fit for a prince. His uncle appeared at the mounting block and Francisco kissed him again and again as he thanked him for the lovely gifts.

"Hey! Hey! We can't waste time thus, my boy. I am going over to the west of the estancia to inspect some horse branding that is to take place today. The *mayor domo*[16] will follow me later."

They cantered off across the corral and were soon on the open plains. On and on, over the pastures, some of them red, like battle grounds with the scarlet margarita or verbena; when again they would reach a huge patch of white ones that looked at a distance like snow.

"What was that, Uncle?" exclaimed Francisco, startled, as a large bird with yellow breast and gray wings screeched across their path, emitting a harsh cry of several syllables.

"That is the *bicho-feo.*"[17]

"Why do they call it ugly bug? It is a bird."

"Because its cry is not unlike those words. Listen again

[16] Superintendent.
[17] Beech-o fay'-o.

and you will hear how plainly he says it. It is a bird of prey and lives on smaller birds. That bird just fluttering up out of the grass at your left is a scissors bird."

"Oh, I know why. See how its two long tail feathers clip the air like scissors as it flies."

They passed numbers of small gray owls; and once Francisco spied a flock of flamingoes across the water of a small lake. Occasionally they passed a shepherd's hut; but now they were getting on beyond the sheep grazing pastures and great herds of cattle came in sight.

Francisco leaped in his saddle with joy. "Oh! Uncle, are we coming to the cowboys?"

His boyish enthusiasm had pictured them on their native heath so often, and now he was really to see them! He had watched them when they came to the city on holidays and walked along the Paseo de Julio, where the pawn shops, with their tempting offers of silver sheathed knives, gaily striped ponchos, and silver mounted *rebenques*[18] draw them as honey draws bees; but to see them on the plains—that was what he wanted!

[18] Riding whips.

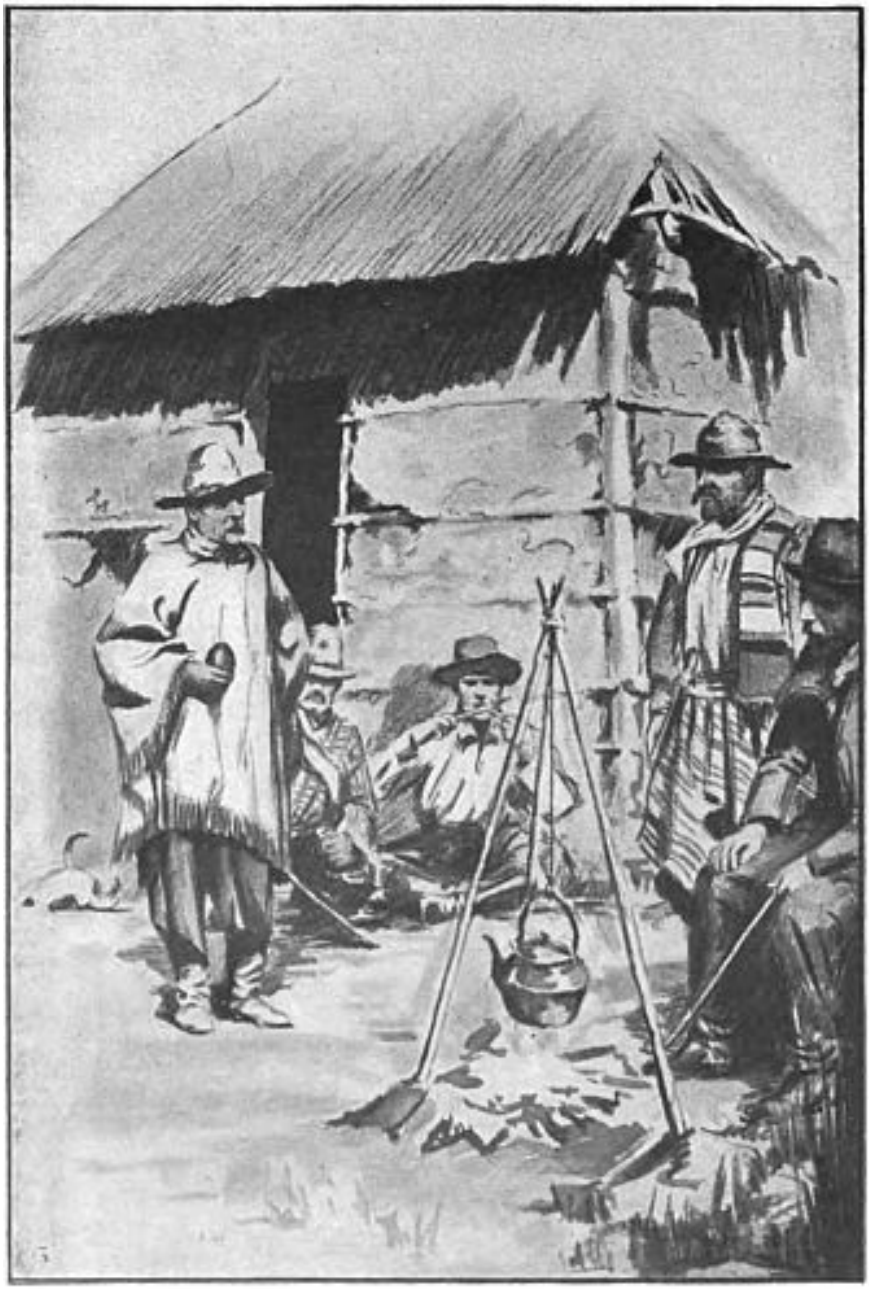
He did not have to call on his reserve of patience; indeed, soon after his eager question they passed a group of them, crouched on the ground around a fire of dry thistles, over which hung a can, suspended by wire from a tripod, and which held the water for their morning máte. They arose to their feet as the Colonel galloped past and greeted him with vivas.

"Do they often use those murderous looking knives on each other, Uncle?" asked Francisco; the sight of their weapons having subdued his zeal somewhat.

They were rougher looking men in their working clothes than when they came to the city dressed for a lark.

"Seldom, Niño; unless they are intoxicated. They are not very civilized and they have no education whatever. They fairly live on their horses' backs and cannot be persuaded to do any work that must be done outside their saddles."

They were, indeed, fierce in appearance. Their knee-high boots were made of rawhide; they wore no trousers, but a striped blanket held around the waist with a belt, then brought between the legs and fastened again to the belt in



"Soon after his eager question they passed a group of them"

front, formed the covering of the lower part of the body. This is called the chirapa and when walking it gives the wearer a bulky appearance, not unlike a Turk.

As these were peon gauchos, or low-class cowboys, they were not so picturesque as the gentleman gaucho, who is entirely different in appearance and character.

The mayor domo rode up to them within the first hour, and his costume was that of the caballero class or gentleman gaucho.

He also wore the chirapa, but it was over long white cotton trousers, the edges of which were embroidered and finished with hand-made lace. Instead of the rawhide belt of the peon gaucho, his was a strip of hogskin doubled, the inside forming a pocket, which was stitched into compartments, these being made secure with clasps made of silver coins; from all of this hung a festoon of coins encircling the entire waist. The large clasp in the front was of solid silver, carved to represent the crest of Argentina. Several knives were thrust through his elaborate belt, and his riding whip was of closely braided rawhide, with a heavy silver handle.

Francisco eyed him curiously, but with evident

admiration. This was more to his liking, and he rode between this gentleman of the Pampas and his soldier uncle with great pride. Almost, he was persuaded to be a gaucho, but a side glance at his idolized uncle brought quick repentance to his heart.

How could he be so disloyal to his family traditions! A *soldado*,[19] of course, that was his destiny.

[19] Soldier

CHAPTER VIII

Cattle Branding

They reached the western corral about ten o'clock, and found the branding already under way. Several dozen peon gauchos had assembled and they had driven the horses to be branded into an enclosure.

"See, Niño, these are all young animals; they have never had the iron on them."

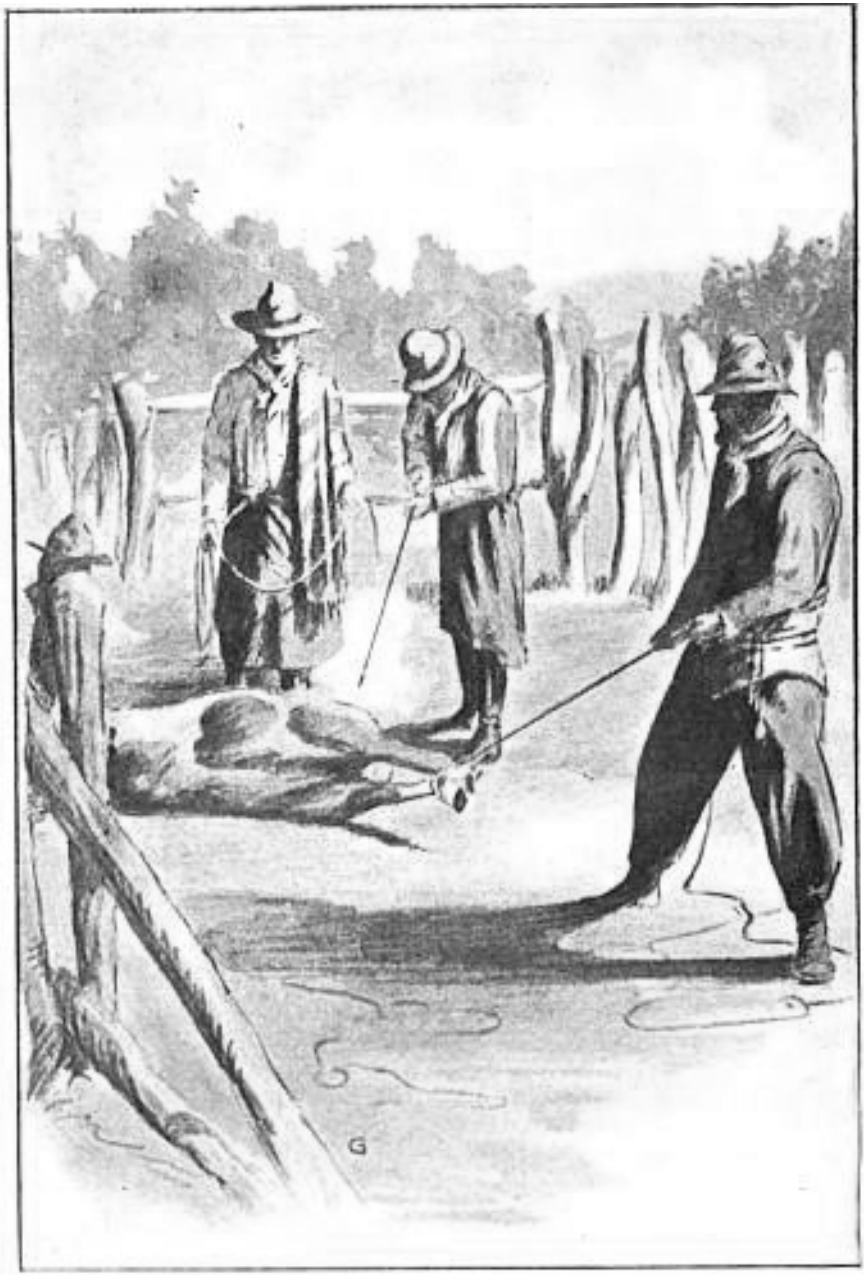
"Why do you brand them, Uncle Juan? Your estancia is so large surely they could not stray on to a neighbor's ranch; and then the gauchos watch them carefully?"

"Yes, but there are so many thousands that, despite the best of care, our horses stray away occasionally. Before every yearly round-up, we send peons to all the neighboring ranches to gather in the strayed ones; and if our brand is on them there is never any question as to their owner. I am

gradually having the outskirts of the estancia enclosed in barbed wire fencing, but it is so many leagues around that it is no easy matter. But look, see how they catch them!"

They were using the bolas, and although Francisco had often seen them in the shop windows, he had never seen them in use. They are an aboriginal device for lassoing cattle and horses. They consist each of three stone balls covered with leather and all attached to long thongs, two of which are longer than the third. The ends of these thongs are attached together and when the gaucho uses them he raises his hand holding these ends above his head and whirls them around and around to gather momentum, then opening his hand the weapon flies away to coil itself about the feet of the animal that he wishes to lasso. These gauchos are so skillful in the use of the bolas that their aim is unerring, and although it sometimes bruises the captive's legs, it is a most convenient method for catching a fleet-footed horse or cow.

When the gaucho in the enclosure had caught a horse by this means, he immediately pulled it to the ground. A peon sat on its neck while another held it by a rope around



"Blazed the lines of the Tres Arroyas on its hip"

its fore-legs, and a third blazed the lines of the Tres Arroyas brand on its hip. The mark was in the shape of a horseshoe, inside of which was a cross; and at least ten of these groups were busy all of the time, burning it on the young animals.

"What do you raise these wild horses for, Uncle Juan?" inquired Francisco, who had not missed one single detail of the performance. "They are not fine horses like Barboza here," and he patted his steed's neck affectionately.

"No, they are not, by any means. These wild horses are raised for their hides mainly, although very little of them goes to waste when they are skinned. Look over yonder, near that cluster of mud huts, where the hides are drying in the air and sun."

Francisco's eyes followed the end of the silver riding whip that his uncle used to point with, and saw tier after tier of poles, from which were stretched horsehides to stakes in the ground below.

Turning to Don Carlos, the mayor domo, who was nearby, the Colonel inquired the worth of the horses being branded.

"Not less than ten or twelve dollars each," answered the

superintendent. "These are very good ones. Does the Señor care to have his breakfast now?"

For some time, Francisco had been feeling pangs of hunger. His hurried café had not been sufficient nourishment for the long hot ride, and now his hunger was aroused by odors that came to his nostrils like pleasant messengers; yet, he could not see anything cooking.

"Uncle, shall we eat out here with the gauchos?" he asked, wild-eyed.

"Very near them anyhow, but not exactly with them. Manuel came ahead of us to prepare our almuerzo, which is in process of cooking over yonder behind that clump of willows. Before we eat you shall see the gauchos eat, but I warn you it is not a prepossessing sight.

"Here, Don Carlos, have the men go to their breakfast now, the lad wants to see their table manners."

Don Carlos rode into the corral, spoke a few words and the branding ceased. Each man mounted his own pony, for an Argentine cowboy never walks, be his journey ever so short. With cheers and shouts they galloped toward the mud huts nearby.

Francisco and the Colonel followed at a more dignified pace. They found the men gathered about in groups, squatting on the ground or sitting on ox skulls.

The beef had been quartered and roasted on a spit over a charcoal fire, outside one of the huts. Each man, without ceremony, had "fallen to" and helped himself, by cutting great chunks of the meat from the large piece on the fire.

Holding one end with his teeth and the other with his hand, each man would sever the bite about two inches from his mouth with one of his silver-handled belt knives.

"You see how superfluous are knives, forks and plates," said the Colonel in an undertone to Francisco as they watched this primitive process.

"And now for our own breakfast. I am as hollow as is the wild pumpkin at the end of summer," and he gave a sharp blow to his horse, another to Barboza, and they were off towards their own waiting meal in the shadow of the willows.

Manuel had killed a small kid soon after reaching the corral, and had roasted it on a spit in its skin over a fire of dry thistles and charcoal. He was basting it with salt water,

which he had brought in a bottle. In the coals below were sweet potatoes roasting in their jackets. So tempting were the combined odors of lamb and sweet potatoes that Francisco ran to the little stream to wash himself, in order that he might begin to appease his appetite at once.

"I never was so hungry," said he, as he took the tin plate offered him by Manuel. "I think I could eat with my hands like the cowboys! Do they ever eat anything but meat?"

"Seldom. They care but little for vegetables; not enough to take the trouble of raising a few. Meat and galletas, the hard biscuit of the Pampas, often three or four months old, is all they have besides their máte, that they must have always.

"Que esperanza! lad, this lamb is good! It takes me back to other days. Many times on our expeditions into the provinces have I eaten thus."

"Tell me, do tell me of one while we eat and rest," coaxed Francisco.

"There were many, lad," said the Colonel, as he passed his plate back to Manuel for another piece of the smoking, savory lamb. "I've never told you of the expedition of

General Roca into Patagonia. I was commanding a regiment at that time, one of the regiments that became famous because of that remarkable undertaking.

"Patagonia is all of the southern-most part of this continent lying between the Rio[20] Negro and the Straits of Magellan, excepting the narrow strip between the Andes and the Pacific Ocean, which belongs to Chile. This country is not the barren, unproductive country now that it was before our expedition carried civilization to its wild wastes and reclaimed those vast prairies from the Indians."

"But, Uncle Juan, what right had Argentina to take the land from the Indians of Patagonia? They had lived there for centuries and it was theirs."

"It is a long story, Niño, and I shall give you only the bare outline. You see, Patagonia is a series of vast terraces from the Atlantic Ocean to the foot of the Andes. On these well-watered steppes, Patagonian Indians, mainly the Chennas, raised their cattle, allowing them to rove at will. But the winters there are most severe, especially when a pampero blows; so, during the winter months, they drove

[20] River.

their immense droves of cattle to the northward into the foothills of the Andes, where it was warmer. During these winter sojourns close to the frontier of our Republic, they lived by murdering and stealing from our settlements, and the development of our lands was being retarded because these pioneers were obliged to flee to the cities and leave their fields of grain and maize, their vineyards and their cattle to the mercy of the marauders.

"Gradually the outposts of our civilization were creeping closer to Buenos Aires, instead of extending and growing as they should. Do you now see why we were justified in fighting them?"

"Yes, but I didn't know they had made any trouble. I supposed they were peaceful."

"Far from it. At last when Don Nicolas Avellaneda became President, he sent General Roca, who was my general, and the Minister of War, into Patagonia to exterminate these Chennas.

"It was not an easy task, for these Indians are a fierce race, giants in size and strength. Do you know how they came by their name, Patagonians?"

"I have never heard, it must have something to do with their feet as 'patagon' means 'large foot.'"

"That's it exactly. Magellan, the discoverer, saw their footprints in the sand and because of their magnitude, he believed them to be giants, and called them that before he had ever seen them.

"Well, General Roca never knew discouragement, and he set about their defeat by digging great trenches, twenty feet deep and twenty feet wide, while the Indians were up in the mountains with their herds of cattle.

"These trenches he covered with boughs, over which earth was scattered, and when all was ready he sent us back to drive the Chennas toward the ditches.

"It was a terrible price to pay for their cruelty, and I shudder now as I recall that awful day; but nearly all civilization is bought with blood, and it certainly ran in torrents then. The Indians, unsuspecting, fell headlong, thousands of them, into the trenches, and the few that were unhurt by the fall or by being crushed in the trenches were made prisoners and distributed among the victorious regiments as servants or soldiers. The women and children

were captured and sent to the cities to work.

"Ah! But those ditches! The birds, foxes, and armadillos must have grown fat on the thousands of bodies we left on that plain."

Francisco begged for more, his eyes were ablaze and his cheeks flushed, but the Colonel said:

"No more of fighting, anyhow; but come here by the stream, now that we have finished our meal, and I will tell you of some of the animals I saw in Patagonia."

"Did you ever chase ostriches?" eagerly inquired the boy.

"Yes, yes, several times and it is great sport; and once, for three days, I had only ostrich eggs to eat. You see, we were digging those same trenches and could not spare many of the men for hunting. I was ill and could not eat the army rations, so José brought me ostrich eggs and cooked them as the Indians do—in the red-hot coals."

"And was José with you on that expedition?" exclaimed Francisco.

"Yes, through all my campaigns he has been my body servant. It was José who told us how the Indians catch

ostriches; he had heard it when a boy among his tribe of Araucanians."

Francisco clapped his hands in anticipation.

"A circle of fire around a great area was built and the huntsmen remained within this circle. The ostriches and guanacos that were thus imprisoned in the circle of fire were easy prey for they fear fire and ran almost into our arms. Why, what's the matter, Niño?"

The interest had died out of Francisco's eyes and he sat with his hands clasped over his knees.

"Well, Uncle Juan, I'll tell you. I'm disappointed!"

"Disappointed! How?"

"Uncle Juan, I don't think that's fair play or good sport."

"Que esperanza!" exclaimed his uncle, secretly proud of the boy's loyalty to his conviction, but determined to draw him out on the subject.

"And who are you that you may sit in judgment on generals and captains?"

"Oh! I don't think one's rank has anything to do with one's opinions. Uncle, if a peon thinks a thing is not right he must not do that even though the President, himself,

commands him; and I don't think hunting animals in that fashion is fair. The little English boy I play with at school is always saying that we Spaniards are not—well, he calls it 'sporty.' That's their English word for it. He says that the Englishmen are the truest sports on earth and that they would never hunt as we do."

"To a certain extent he is right, Francisco. We don't care for the excitement of the chase merely for the excitement as they do; we are less active in our temperament, and prefer to gain our ends with the least expenditure of energy. I want you, above all things, my lad, to be broad-minded, and able to see your own shortcomings, so think this matter out and if you are convinced that we are not right as a people, in our attitude towards sports, or anything else for that matter, formulate your own opinions and then stick to them.

"It is through such men that all nations grow; and the men that are able to see their national deficiencies are the great men, the reformers, and the leaders.

"But in regard to the ostriches. How would you catch them if you had the opportunity?"

"I should do it as the English lad tells me he saw them do it in Chubut Territory; that's part of Patagonia, isn't it, Uncle?"

The Colonel nodded, smoking industriously.

"Well, he says the real way to catch ostriches is with the bolas. He saw his father chase them there and he says they hunt them in an open plain, not in a circle of fire. They give the birds an equal chance with them for their lives, and if the ostrich can't outrun them, then, when they are within throwing distance, they whirl the bolas around their legs and trip them. He says it is fun to see an ostrich run; it stretches out its long neck and with its awkward long legs kicks up a great cloud of dust behind it. He also told me about seeing guanacos and pumas. Did you ever hunt them, Uncle?"

"Yes, but guanacos are hard to shoot because of their keen sense of smell, they can scent a human being over a mile away; but their flesh is delicious, tasting much like venison.

"Have you ever seen the puma skin in the library of my city house?"

"Yes, I have often seen it and one day I measured it; it was over two metros in length. Are those guanaco skins in the dining room at the estancia—the tawny yellow ones with white spots and such deep soft fur?"

"Yes, and the ostrich robe that your aunt uses in her carriage is made of the breasts of young ostriches; it is as soft as down and marked brown and white. The Patagonian Indian women often wear them for capes, although they are very expensive.

"You know, the ostriches we have here are not the kind that produce the long plumes worn in ladies' hats; these are called the 'rhea' and are an allied species. Speaking of skins, Francisco, I will tell you of one that will interest you. It is a vicuña, and one of the finest I have ever seen. It was presented to your great-grandfather, General Lacevera, by a chief of the Incas, as a vicuña robe is worn only by one of royal blood among the Indians. It saw service as your great-grandfather's poncho during his remarkable career, and is now over one hundred years old, yet it is as soft as velvet. Being one of our family heirlooms, it shall be yours, as I have no son."

"That pleases me and I shall be very proud of it."

"As you well may be. Whatever fortunes come to you in life, Niño, remember you are a Lacevera."

Sleep was sweet that night, and Francisco's head was scarcely on his pillow when guanacos, vicuñas and even gauchos were forgotten in dreamless slumber.

CHAPTER IX

A Successful Search

There was not a dull moment for Francisco during the weeks that followed. Don Carlos, the superintendent, lived in the great house the year through. He was a bachelor and a man of education, so that when the Colonel came each summer he insisted that he keep his usual quarters; for the house was very extensive and the Colonel enjoyed his company at meals and during the long evenings.

Francisco had accompanied Don Carlos on several excursions and once, with a tropilla of horses (eight or ten riding horses driven loose by a peon for fresh mounts on a long journey), they had gone on a journey of five days to a neighboring estancia to purchase algarroba posts for the extensive fencing that was taking place on the Tres Arroyas ranch. This algarroba wood is like iron and under water is

almost imperishable.

They had passed by one small estancia devoted almost exclusively to peanut culture; there were leagues and leagues of them being raised to be shipped to the Mediterranean ports to be made into olive oil. They had their dinner at this estancia and Francisco ate bread made from powdered peanuts mixed with wheat flour and he found it very delicious.

José had taken him on several fishing excursions, and once they had hunted armadillos with small dogs. Francisco had laughed heartily at the antics of one dog, who had almost caught the horny-plated little animal when it suddenly rolled up into a ball, its back of movable, bony bands enveloping it like an armor, and rolled off a bluff over the river bank, falling fully fifty feet; while the puzzled dog peeped cautiously over the brink to see it unroll itself and with its short legs hastily dig a retreat under the earth.

On Francisco's birthday his uncle had given a fiesta in his honor. There were fireworks and races, and cowboys from all parts of the estancia came in their full cowboy regalia on their best horses to participate. It was very

interesting, and then there was a dinner for everybody and after that a dance. Francisco, himself, presented the prizes, and his uncle made a speech.

After so much excitement Francisco overslept the next morning, and awoke to find that his uncle had ridden to a far corner of the estancia to inspect some of the new fencing; he had left word that he would not return until late that night.

Francisco sat under his favorite ombú tree, watching a mangangá, or carpenter bee, that was humming loudly in the foliage above his head and looking like a shining ball of gold among the green leaves. He had received a letter from his mother that morning, and he was a bit homesick.

"El Señorito is triste. No?" It was José's voice behind him.

Francisco brushed away a tear that had stolen down his cheek, and turned to greet the Indian with a smile. "I was wishing to see Elena, but it won't be long now; and I shall hate to leave this lovely place, too. But one can't have everything one wants, all at the same time, can one, José?"

"No, Señorito, but we always have one happiness; have

you noticed it? There never comes a time when we haven't one, at least. Now I've one just now, and I am going to share it with you. It will take away your sadness."

"Is it—is it another fishing trip?"

"No, but it's better. Now listen, and I will tell you about it.

"While the gauchos were dancing and making merry over your birthday, last night, some miserable robbers got into the horse corrals and stole all the horses' tails."

"The horses' tails!" gasped Francisco.

"Yes, you see that's partly what we raise wild horses for; their skins and their tails. South American horsehair for mattresses is famous all over the world, and it brings good prices. Now, these thieves make their living by visiting the different estancias and helping themselves to the horses' tails.

"Word came to your uncle, just before he left, that when one hundred of his horses were driven out of the Corral De Oeste this morning, they hadn't a single tail among them. So he has offered one hundred pesos to the one, or ones, who can catch these thieves. Would you like to try?"

Had José asked him if he would like to swing on to the new moon by his toes Francisco could not have been more startled.

"Try—! Why José, you can't be in earnest!"

"Como no?" grinned the Indian cheerfully.

"But José, wouldn't they shoot us, and, anyhow, I know you are jesting when you ask if I would care to try. You—you are a strong man, even if you are getting old, and I heard the peon children down by the huts say that there was no man for leagues and leagues around that could wrestle as you do; that you learned how from a Japanese soldier years ago in Chile. And I know you can shoot; but I would just be in the way."

"No, Señorito, you wouldn't be in the way. Manuel and I want you to go with us because we need you."

"Need me! Oh, José!" and Francisco's eyes gleamed brightly. "Do you think Uncle would allow me to go with you?"

"He is not here to say, and we must leave before he returns. But he left you in my care and if I feel sure no harm can befall you, I see no reason why you should not go."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" shouted the happy boy, dancing around José and clapping his hands.

"This is the greatest adventure I ever had. To hunt brigands! Why, it's too good to be true. Won't Ricardo grow green with envy when I tell him about it, and won't the little English boy sit with his eyes wide open, while I recount the story to him. He will hush up about his ostriches and guanacos after this," and Francisco sat on the ground hugging his knees, and rocking to and fro gleefully.

"Well, don't clean your turtles till you've tied them, Señorito. We may not get them. It's only because I have a clue and a scheme that I am willing to try; for they are pretty clever fellows and they won't be easy to catch. We want to take you for a decoy, and besides, I think you would enjoy it. A Lacevera, even at nine years of age, is no coward."

"A coward, I should say not. Why, José, I am never afraid. But what is a decoy?"

"A decoy? Well, that's what we used when we caught flamingoes the other night. Do you remember how we put young frogs on the end of a string and then lay low in the

grass and waited?"

"But, you can't tie a string to me, José—and—and—besides I don't be—believe I want to be a decoy. It isn't that I'm not brave; no, indeed, José—but I think I would rather you would decoy them with something else."

"Leave that to me, Señorito, and I promise they won't hurt you. You must have forgotten you are a Lacevera. They shall not gobble you up as the flamingoes did the frogs. Just what would you buy, anyhow, if you got your share of the reward?"

"Buy!—Let me see. There are so many things to buy. But now that I have my lovely saddle and silver stirrups I don't need much for myself. I think I would buy a beautiful parasol, all lace and chiffon, for Guillerma, for young ladies don't care for anything much but clothes. Then I should buy a jeweled fan for Mamá, and then—well, I believe Elena and I would spend the balance for Carnival as it comes next month. But José, what did you say about not cleaning your turtles till you had tied them?"

José laughed and patted him on the back. "True, Don Francisco. But let me tell you our plan, or part of it. I have

reason to believe that these two horsetail thieves are taking shelter with some charcoal burners over near the river. These charcoal burners are rough men, who live almost like savages. They injure no one, however, and it is only when they quarrel among themselves that they do any harm. They may not know who these men are, and are allowing them to tarry with them, believing them to be beggars, or gauchos hunting employment.

"I feel sure they are too loyal to the estancia to harbor them if they knew who they were. Now be ready immediately after breakfast, for we must start in time to reach the charcoal kilns before dusk."

It was twelve o'clock, when José, Manuel and Francisco galloped off in the direction of the river, and it was just mate time when they came in sight of the charcoal kilns and adobe huts near the river's bank.

Gathered about the fires, over which hung boiling water for making the máte, were several clusters of these uncouth appearing men. Dirty looking women sat in groups apart, with dozens of dirtier children rolling about on the hard earth at their feet. A pack of dogs ran out to greet them,

yelping in front of their horses, until they were called off by their respective owners.

José and Manuel approached one group, and after greeting and being greeted, asked for boiling water with which to make máte. This was given willingly, and with Francisco they sat down on the ground among the men and began leisurely to sip máte from the gourd that Manuel always carried in his saddle bags.

They talked in friendly fashion with the dirty carboneros, who were as black as the fuel they made. Francisco noticed two men, who were less grimy in appearance and who sat quietly side by side, taking no part in the conversation.

They glanced occasionally at José and Manuel in a hostile manner, and suspicion seemed to lurk in their attitude towards them. Francisco felt sure these were the thieves, but José and Manuel took no notice whatever of them and Francisco feared his friends had not seen them.

After máte Francisco asked to see the kilns and José and Manuel took him over to examine them and explain to him how the willow was made into charcoal. It was quite dark

when they returned to the huts and proposed that they return to the casa.

"Can the boy take another long ride in the same day?" asked one of the carboneros, more kindly in manner than the rest. "Is he not exhausted? We have no shelter here, but you are welcome to roll up in your blankets by the fires, for the night wind from the Pampas is cool."

"No, it is moonlight. A thousand 'gracias'[21] for your offer, but the lad is a good rider and we shall be home before midnight;" and bidding them adios, José and Manuel with Francisco, wondering at their behavior, started towards the enclosure where the horses had been staked together with several other animals.

And then José did a thing that made Francisco's eyes fairly start from his head. He deliberately lifted up the stake to which a piebald mare, belonging to one of the thieves, was tethered, and throwing the knotted end of the long bridle across the pommel of his own saddle, rode out at the far end of the enclosure.

As he galloped off, Manuel and Francisco followed and

[21] Thanks.

soon they were all abreast, their horses' swift feet brushing the evening dew from the pampas grass as they flew along the level prairie. They rode so fast that the little fellow could not venture a question, it required all of his wits to keep his seat.

They had gone thus for fifteen or twenty minutes when he heard the sound of horses' hoofs away off in the distance.

"Carramba! They are after us," cried Manuel. "Good! Now for the chase. Let your heart be glad, Señorito, they have taken the bait."

Still Francisco wondered, he could not yet see through their plans, but excitement made his blood run hot through his veins; and he held on to Barboza's neck and spurred her on to keep the pace.

When a glimpse of water ahead of them, sparkling in the moonlight, told them they were near the river Salinas, a small tributary to the great river they had just left, the men slackened their speed and Francisco was able to get a full breath.

He could hear the soft thud of the pursuing horses' feet on the pampas grass plainer and plainer, and when their

own horses were within a few hundred feet of the stream he could hear the men's shouts.

"Are there more than two?" asked José.

"No, just the two thieves, themselves. Those carboneros would never give us pursuit. It is none of their affair and they seldom meddle. They probably loaned one a horse in place of this one you are leading."

"Or they helped themselves as we did," chuckled the Indian.

They were close to the ford now; in the bright moonlight the middle of the river gleamed and danced; but the two banks were in deep shadow because of the heavy clumps of willows and low growing trees.

The thieves were but a short distance behind them when their horses plunged into the water.

"Heaven be praised! So far—so good," whispered José to Francisco. "Now do just as I bid you; our time is come."

They crossed the ford and were leaving the water, enveloped in the dense shadows, when José dropped from his horse and threw the reins into Francisco's hand; Manuel did the same, as José's voice said in a whisper,

"Ride half a league and wait for us."

And now the boy saw their plan; he was to ride ahead, the hoof beats of the four horses indicating to the pursuers that they were all still fleeing, and José and Manuel in ambush would have it all their own way.

He spurred his horse to its highest speed; but it seemed to him that his heart-beats would drown the hoof beats, so vigorously was it pounding against his side. It was an anxious interval and to the fleeing boy seemed an eternity; but it was really but half a minute when he heard a sharp cry, and then—a shot. But he rode on, fearing to stop until the half league was covered. He knew the fight was over and that either José and Manuel were being carried back to the huts beside the big river, or that they would soon overtake him with their prisoners.

Soon a shout came to his ears. It was José's voice and his mind was relieved. He reined in the horses, which was an easy matter for they were panting, and waited beside a shrine, whose white cross stood like a ghost beside the trail; and soon he saw four figures toiling along, two in front and two behind. The two in the rear were José and Manuel, and

they were holding their pistols close to the heads of the two in front, who walked with the shambling gait of men whose feet were hobbled, as they were, with stout bola thongs; their hands were tied behind them, and as they shuffled unevenly along they were bawling out curses, the like of which Francisco's ears had never heard.

But the boy was so eager to hear about their capture that he paid no attention to the vile language, that at any other time would have made him cringe and tremble.

"Oh! José—Manuel—Do tell me all about it! How did you get them?"

"Well, you see, we grappled with them so unexpectedly that they had no time to defend themselves; thanks to the little frog on the end of the string," and José patted the boy on the shoulders encouragingly.

"One of them tried to shoot as he was regaining his feet, just after we dragged them from their horses, and Manuel has a scratch on his thigh, but otherwise, we are all well and doing finely. Manuel will ride on to the casa for help and you and I will remain here to keep these gentlemen company. They are great on talking, just listen to them now.

Maybe they will tell us the price of horsehair per kilo—eh, gentlemen?" and the Indian grinned derisively at the cursing men.

"But José, Manuel is not fit for the saddle; let me go to the house. Please, I beg of you—"

"What! Alone—and at night. Why, the Colonel would say I had risked much should he see you ride in at midnight—alone."

"Uncle? Why uncle Juan is always pleased when I show any bravery; and besides there is nothing else to do. Manuel can't stay with just me here—he is suffering, and he can't ride—so it's the only thing to be done."

"Well, but you will have to ride pretty fast, Señorito, and tell them to send the peons immediately. Here, ride the piebald mare. It's yours anyhow, I dare say, or will be. It has been all day in the corral and is fresh, while Barboza is tired."

José changed the saddle, and Francisco was off towards the casa.

It was nearly two o'clock when Don Carlos awoke the Colonel, who had returned about midnight from his

journey.

"Who calls, Colonel? It sounds like the Niño's voice."

They were out by the edge of the house corral, as Francisco rode up, and with almost the last breath he seemed to have left in his little body, he shouted,

"We've caught them! We've caught them! They are over by the 'Last Tribute' shrine near the Rio Salinas, and José and Manuel are waiting for help to bring them here; José could not bring them alone, and Manuel has a wound."

His uncle was lifting the tired Niño from the saddle, but he did not place him on the ground; he carried him close to his heart into the house and laid him on his soft bed. He left him saying he would go with Don Carlos to help rouse the peons, and Francisco heard him blow his nose vigorously as he crossed the patio, and knowing that his Uncle Juan had no cold, he accepted the tribute to his bravery with a proud smile, and was asleep before he knew it.

CHAPTER X

The Carnival

Francisco had been at home now for a week. He had returned to find Elena rosy and well and the house in a turmoil of preparation, for Guillerma was to be married. Her fiancé was a wealthy estanciero from the province of Mendoza, which lies almost at the foot of the Andes, and he had made a fortune from raising grapes for wine. His estancia, also, produced great quantities of figs, dates and sugar cane.

Guillerma was very happy, for although El Señor Conquero was older than she by fifteen years, theirs was a genuine love match. He had seen her at mass, one morning, and the following day, he had presented himself to her mother and her Uncle Juan with irreproachable credentials, and their engagement of six months was to culminate

in the celebration of their marriage during the early part of March.

It would be a very quiet wedding, for Señor Conquero was in mourning for his father, who had died over a year before; and the custom of mourning in Argentina demands two years of seclusion from all social events after the loss of a parent.

Her Uncle Juan had been most generous in his allowance for her trousseau, and she, with her mother, was busy all of each day visiting the dressmakers and shops.

Francisco, at first, was very much distressed because Guillerma was to live in Mendoza, as that fertile province is the seat of numerous earthquake disturbances. Scarcely a month passes that the inhabitants are not startled by one, and as a rule they sleep with open doors to insure a quick exit in case one occurs during the night.

But Guillerma assured him she did not fear them, as there had been no serious ones since 1861, and when she began telling him of the beautiful home she would have, surrounded by wide vineyards and orchards of olives and figs, where he could come to visit her, and with Elena play

just as they pleased, he became better reconciled to her marriage.

He was very busy, himself, for Carnival, the great festival, came early this year, and never before had he had so much money to spend in its celebration.

He and José and Manuel had divided the reward money they had received for capturing the horsetail thieves, and Francisco felt very proud of his share of it. He and Elena had counted it over and over, and planned how each peso should be spent. Each one of the family, including the servant, should have a gift, and the balance would be their own to use as they chose for the celebration of the greatest fiesta of the whole year.

As in many Roman Catholic countries, Carnival comes during the week preceding Lent; and although it is really a church festival, it is the least religious of any celebration, whether of church or state.

In Buenos Aires everything dates from it and everything stops for it; even business is suspended. It is a festival of merriment and revelry, and every house and every street is decorated before its arrival in flags, banners, streamers and

lanterns. There are processions and continuous parades, with crowds of people in masks and dominoes, blowing horns, dancing and singing.

This year, Francisco and Elena were to be allowed to enter the corso or Carnival parade, and Uncle Juan had offered his motor car, which was to be decorated with garlands of paper flowers; José was to be their chaperon and Enrique would drive the car.

Elena and Francisco owned their little costumes, which they had used on previous occasions, but as they had their own money this year, they had decided to buy new ones to wear in the parade.

Elena was to be dressed as a shepherdess, and Francisco as a Spanish king. Their mother had neglected Guillerma and her trousseau one entire day, in order to go with the children to help them select their costumes and masks; for no one enters into the streets in costume without a mask or domino.

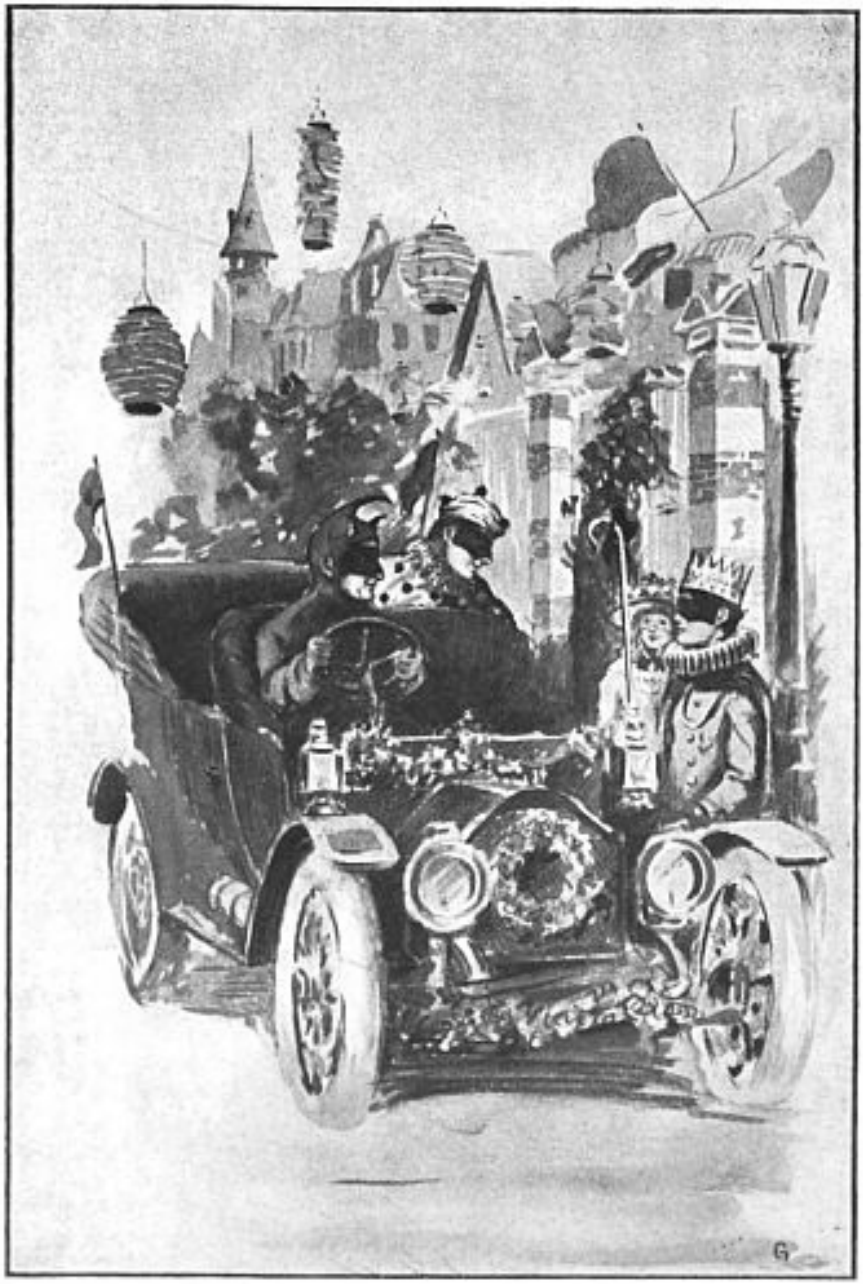
The morning of the day on which the great parade was to take place the children spent, dressed in their old costumes, playing with the neighbors' children in the

streets.

Although the law had forbidden the custom of throwing water at pedestrians, the number of people who were drenched by unexpected pails of water thrown from upper balconies was not lessened, and the children broke dozens of pomos, or rubber balls filled with perfumed water, on each other and strangers, as well, who chanced to pass.

After siesta that afternoon, Elena and Francisco began their preparations for the parade; and when the gayly decorated car drove up about six o'clock with a fiery red representation of His Majesty, the devil, on the front seat and a pierrot or harlequin with one half of his costume a vivid green and the other half yellow, Elena and Francisco were dressed and ready.

The harlequin jumped out and bowed low to the ground, and Elena ran back into the house, for she was sure this comical looking fellow could never be José. But she was reassured when he lifted his mask, and soon the huge car was puffing along the street with the red driver in front and a dainty little shepherdess, a small king in velvet, gold lace and a crown, and a harlequin in green and yellow, all



"Elena and Francisco were dressed and ready"

sitting on the back seat, throwing confetti and waving banners and shouting at the people gathered on the corners or on the balconies of the houses.

Enrique took them up one street and down another, among the crowds of the other carriages and automobiles, all full of gayly dressed maskers bent on making as much noise as possible.

As it grew darker the streets began to blaze with arches of electric lights, many of the bulbs being swung inside Chinese lanterns. The crowd grew denser and many times they were caught in a mass of carriages, that could move neither one way nor the other. Mounted police were everywhere, trying to disperse the people where the crowds were too thick, and even they were treated to the contents of hundreds of pomos until their horsetail plumes and scarlet lined capes dripped perfume like water.

At eight Enrique stopped the car in a side street opening on to the great Plaza, where the procession was to form; his plan being to allow the children a view of part of the parade from this vantage point, and then to slip out the side street and enter the corso from the rear.

It was nine o'clock when the bands of music took their places at the head of the procession and they were followed by large fancifully decorated wagons, filled with young ladies dressed to represent well known allegories.

Then came floats with papier-mache figures caricaturing political events in the history of the Republic. These were followed by companies of horsemen dressed in every sort of fantastic costume; victorias filled with merry maskers, floats with goddesses, and burlesqued well-known public characters. King Carnival was seated on a high throne, very handsomely draped, and drawn by sixteen pure white horses. When the children grew tired of looking, Enrique joined the procession itself, and the hearts of Elena and Francisco were beating high with excitement, for their ambition was realized—to be a part of the great Carnival corso.

It was quite one o'clock before José could persuade them to leave it and be taken home; and it was many days before they ceased to talk of their wonderful experience.

But school would open immediately after Carnival and Francisco was anxious to reenter, as he was fond of books

and made good progress in his studies.

His Aunt Sarita with her six daughters had returned from their summer outing and Uncle Juan was preparing for a trip abroad immediately after Guillerma's wedding should take place. Francisco saw him often, for they had grown very fond of each other during their summer together, and even Aunt Sarita began to love him more as she saw him oftener.

The first day of school had arrived, and Francisco, in his clean linen duster, had proudly led Elena to the school, for this was to be her first year. He was very proud of his pretty sister, who was shy, and held on tightly to her protector's sunburned hand.

He introduced her to her teacher, kissed her, and then hurried out into the large patio to greet his old school friends.

They were all there, like a flock of tan colored butterflies in their linen coats, their hair brushed sleekly into place and their faces and hands smelling of recent cleansing with perfumed soaps.

Francisco was a favorite. Soon he was in the middle of a

group of interested listeners, recounting to them his experiences on the estancia.

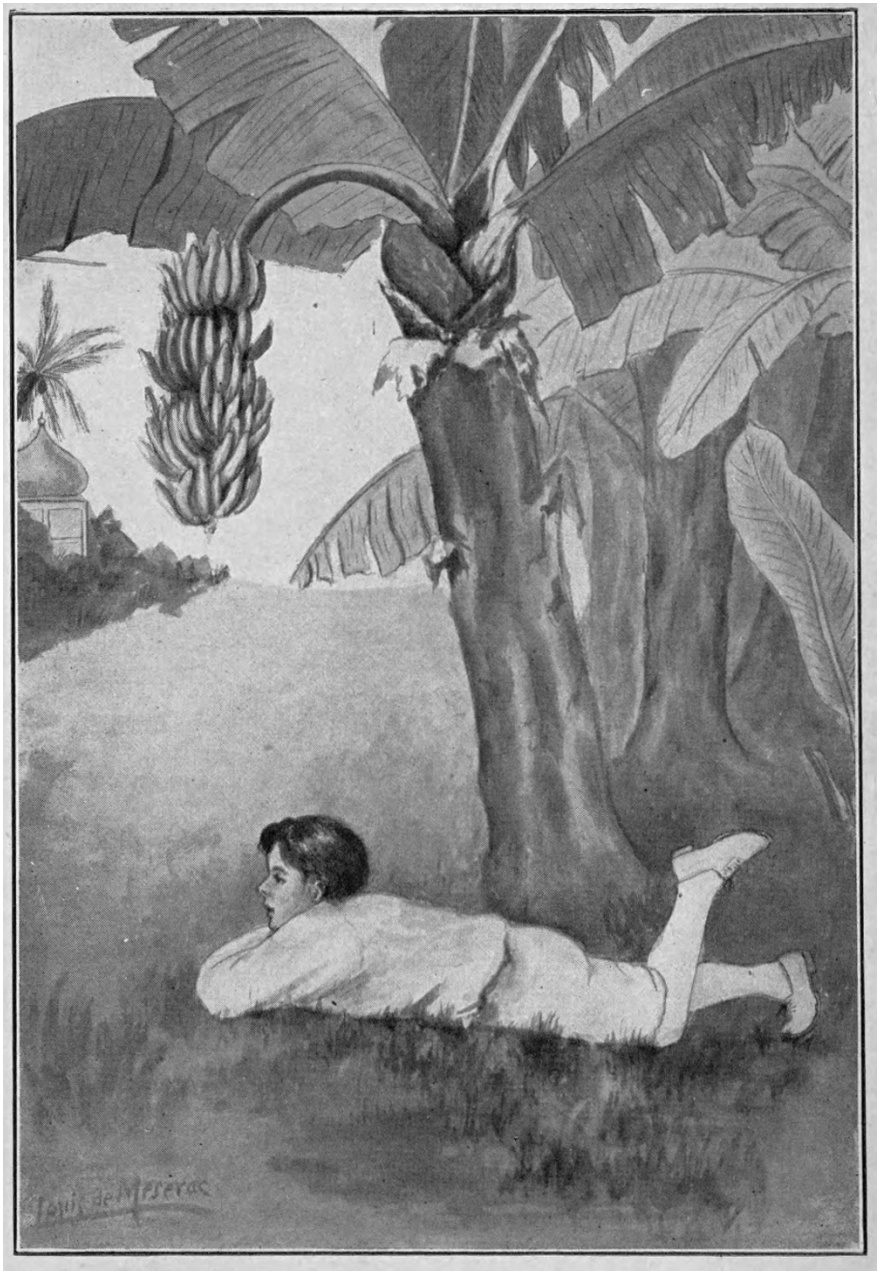
He was only human, and you must forgive him if he told of his adventure with the horsetail thieves. Even the little English boy grew excited and plied him with questions that seriously retarded Francisco in his account of their capture. The bell rang just as he finished, and they all fell into line in the patio, where the beautiful Argentine national hymn was sung, and the Argentine flag of blue and white was saluted by each pupil as they passed it on their way into the schoolrooms.

THE END.

Our Little Brazilian Cousin

Mary F. Nixon-Roulet

Illustrated by Louis de Meserac



"He threw himself down upon the grass."

Introduction

Probably the most important of the South American republics, Brazil has now won for herself world recognition and esteem. Though Costa Rica, Cuba, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Panama made formal declarations of war against the German Empire, Brazil alone was able to offer material service. Each brave ally offered her all to the cause of freedom, from the great navy and army, the brains, brawn, and resources of the British Empire, to the little army of three hundred men from the tiny principality of thirty-eight square miles, San Marino. Brazil's offering was her splendid navy, which did signal patrol service and was a valued reserve.

We can be certain that two great nations, large and small brothers of the Western Hemisphere, the United States and Brazil, brought together in the fellowship of such a great cause, will ever show their mutual admiration, and keep bright their friendship.

Preface

Our Little Brazilian Cousin lives in a land not so well known as the countries of Europe and Asia, but one of great natural beauty and charm.

Through it flows the greatest river of the world, the Amazon, whose banks are covered with rich tropical vegetation, most beautiful to behold. Its forests are full of birds of brilliant plumage and strange animals, while the Indians, who were once the only people here, are not yet all civilized.

The Little Brazilian Cousins are nearly all descended from the Portuguese who came to this land, and made it their own, before it finally became a republic like the United States. They built many great cities, and have cultivated the country so that now it is becoming rich and powerful.

With such a beautiful home, and with such advantages, our Little Brazilian Cousin will soon become one of the

most important of all the little cousins, as he is now one of the most picturesque and interesting.

CHAPTER I

A Quiet Siesta

Affonzo was tired of talking to the white cockatoo. It was the time of day when his little sister Lola took her siesta, and he had no one to play with. He was himself such a big boy, soon eleven years old, that he felt no longer the need of the daily siesta, although in the warm country of Brazil where he lived, even grown people like a nap in the middle of the day.

Affonzo himself did not feel very lively. The sun beat down like a great ball of fire and only the cool veranda or the shady garden seemed about it that he was very curious and could hardly wait until the day came when it should be served, for his mother had promised that each should have a taste.

Above the melon vines grew one of the tallest of the

banana trees, and the fruit seemed to Affonzo to be finer at that particular time than he had ever seen it. He was very hungry and felt he must have one of those bananas at once. Ordinarily he would have climbed the tree like a little monkey and helped himself, but his mother had excused him from his siesta on condition that he be quiet, and though he looked longingly at the fruit he did not start to climb. He threw himself down upon the grass and looked up through the thick foliage at the blue above.

"I wish something would happen," he said to himself. "It seems to me that nothing ever happens. One half the year I must be in Para and stay at my grandfather's to go to the Laure Sodre Institute—I am tired of the very name!—and the other half I must stay here at the Fazenda with no playmate but Lola, and she is made to sleep half the day. I wish something would happen," and he sighed discontentedly. "How hungry I am," he thought. "I must have one of those bananas, they never looked so good! I believe mamma will not care if I climb for one, for she only said I must keep quiet and I'm sure I'll make no noise." With that the boy rose to his feet, and with a quick glance around, he

began to climb and was soon squirming around the trunk of the tree like a snake. Once there he reached for the best bananas and filled the pockets of his linen suit with them. He was just starting down when he heard voices coming and peering cautiously down the garden path he saw his father with an uncle of whom he was very fond, and whom he had not seen for some time.

"Uncle Prudente," he thought. "I wonder when he came from Para and how long he is going to stay. Oh, dear! how will I get down from here?" Affonzo knew that his father would not be likely to pass over any disobedience and that he would be punished if he came down at that moment. So he crouched among the leaves and was still as a mouse while the two gentlemen came directly under the banana tree and stopped to talk.

"This is the American melon," said the Senhor. "It will be ripe in another week. There are others ripening but this is the finest. If it is good I shall keep all the seeds and have a large crop next year. If Juan comes, I shall ask him to bring me the seeds of various kinds, for there is nothing like variety in a garden. In our hot climate these should do well

and they are very agreeable when properly cooled. I hope Juan will come; a long visit from him would be a good thing for Affonzo, who is growing spoiled from being the only boy. He is willful and high-spirited but on the whole he is—what is that?"

The Senhor stopped suddenly and Affonzo never knew what he himself was, besides being willful and high spirited. Distressed at being a listener, he had leaned too far out on the branch on which he sat and it broke under his weight. He gave a wild clutch and fell down, down, down. He thought he would never stop, and oh, horror! when he did light, it was astride the shoulders of his uncle. Affonzo was a sturdy little fellow and his uncle was slight and small, the result being that both went down in a heap on top of the melon.

For a moment no one spoke; then his father pulled him off his uncle and helped his irate brother to his feet. Uncle Prudente's white linen suit was splashed from head to foot with watermelon juice, his panama hat was crushed out of shape, watermelon juice ran down his face and several black seeds stuck to his face.

He was speechless with rage, but he looked so very funny that Affonzo, sore and bruised by his fall and terribly frightened, could not help laughing. He sat down upon the ground and laughed till he cried, and the noise woke all the parrots dozing in the trees, and all began jabbering at once, while the cockatoo gave one of his terrible screeches.

When the noise had subsided a little, Senhor Dias said sternly to Affonzo, "What is the meaning of this?" Affonzo was silent, but he quickly sprang to his feet and stood respectfully in front of his father, for Brazilian boys are taught to treat their elders with great deference.

"What were you doing in that tree?" demanded his father.

"Eating bananas," said Affonzo simply.

"Does your mother permit that?" asked the Senhor, for in Brazil, as in most South American countries, the mother arranges all matters in regard to the children.

"My mother allows me to climb trees and eat bananas," said Affonzo. "That was not a disobedience, but—"

"But what?" demanded his father.

"But," continued Affonzo slowly. "She had at the hour

of the siesta requested me to keep quiet."

"Do you call this quiet?" asked his father sternly though his eyes twinkled. "Such a noise has not been heard at the Fazenda for many days."

"Not very quiet," said Affonzo, his head drooping, though he could scarce keep from laughing again. "I ask your pardon, my uncle," he added. "I intended nothing of disrespect. I did but lose my hold upon the tree and the next thing I knew. I sat astride of your august shoulders. I pray you pardon me." Affonzo's tone was contrite, and his dancing eyes were on the ground.

"Say no more of it," said his uncle, as he laid his hand on the boy's head. "Boys will be boys and Affonzo is not unlike others. But next time I come do not receive me with such a fierce embrace. Indeed I thought my neck was broken with the warmth of your welcome."

Affonzo's laugh rang out gaily, but he sobered down when his father said, "I excuse you since your uncle asks it, but remember after this that the commands of your mother are to be obeyed. Go now with your uncle and attend to his wants while he repairs the damage your carelessness has

wrought."

Affonzo bowed to his father and made the military salute as all school boys are taught to do in Brazil, but he sighed to himself as he went, "I wonder what he meant about Juan but I am afraid to ask. And the worst of it all is, that now I shall never know how the American melon tasted."

CHAPTER II

In the Forest

The sun was just rising and its slanting rays cast a golden glow over the thick foliage when Affonzo sprang out of bed next morning, awakened by the noisy chattering of the birds.

"Hurrah!" he exclaimed. "It is a fine day! How glad I am, for now I can go hunting with my father and Uncle Prudente."

He hurried into his clothes and down to the breakfast room, where Joachim was serving strong black coffee, rolls and fruit to his father and uncle.

"Here you are, bright and early," said the Senhor. "Do you want to go with us? Perhaps you would better not!"

Affonzo's face fell.

"Oh, father! last night you promised!" he said, and his

father answered, "Oh, you may go. I merely thought perhaps it might tire you too much, for we shall have a long tramp."

"We must start at once," said his uncle, "if we are to have any sport before midday," and they started toward the forest.

The Fazenda of the Senhor Dias was situated on the edge of the magnificent woods which line the banks of the Amazon near the City of Para.

"No wonder that this region around Para is called the Paradise of Brazil," said the Senhor as they entered the forest, where heavy dew glittered on the leaves like diamonds in an emerald crown. "Every time I enter the forest it seems to me more splendid than it did the last time."

"What are those huge trees?" asked Affonzo.

"You ought to know those, for they are among the most famous of all Brazilian trees. They are the Stanba or stone wood, and beside them grows a cinnamon tree. In addition to these there is the jacaranda, pas d'arc, the euphorbia, the large lofty cottonwood tree, the tall white syringa."

"I know that one," said Affonzo. "It is a rubber tree.

Won't you take me to see the rubber gathered today?"

"Not today, but tomorrow, perhaps, for your uncle wishes to make the rounds and you may go with him."

"Thank you, that will be delightful," said Affonzo.

Their path led through the forest where long racemes of tropic moss hung down and waved in the breeze, while fern and vines grew in a tangle across the narrow path. Often the undergrowth was so thick, that Joachim had to go before the party and cut it away with his tracado.[22]

"You must keep silent now," said the Senhor.

"We shall frighten the game away if we talk. Ah!" As he spoke he raised his gun to his shoulder and fired. There was a shrill cry, a flash of red and green wings, and a large bird with an enormous bill fluttered to the ground before them.

"A toucan!" cried Affonzo, as Joachim quickly bagged the bird. "Isn't it queer that the bird's cry sounded just like its name, Toucano! Toucano!"

"That is just the reason that the Indians named them toucano," said the Senhor. "But listen, I hear monkeys."

Looking carefully about, the hunters saw two monkeys

[22] A sharp blade like the Cuban machete.

at the top of a high tree, about which clung a monkey's ladder, an enormous vine which wound around the tree from its roots to its very topmost branches. When the little animals saw that they were perceived, they tried to conceal themselves behind the huge leaves of the tree, and the Senhor's shot showed no result beyond an increased chattering.

"It seems a shame to kill such cunning little creatures," said Affonzo, but his father said,

"We hunt for food, not for mere sport, my son. Monkeys make an excellent dinner, and you will be glad enough to eat after we have tramped all morning through the heat."

"Master will not hit the monkeys," said Joachim. "I will get them," and he quickly stripped off all his clothing, except his cotton trousers, and began to climb the monkey ladder.

It was not easy to climb with his gun in one hand but he was careful and as nimble as a cat, and he soon neared the top of the tree. He perched in a crotch of the tree, which branched out thickly at the top, and hiding behind some leaves he waited until he could get a glimpse of the

monkeys. At last he spied one of them at the end of a branch and firing quickly, the monkey fell to the ground, fifty feet below.

Joachim climbed down after it and the party soon went its way through the forest. Now the Senhor shot, and then his brother, and the boy himself was allowed to fire at an ocelot which crept through the bushes, and great was his delight when he shot it.

As the noon hour approached, the sun rose high in the heavens, and the heat grew so intense that the Senhor said, "We will go no farther. Let us rest and eat until it grows cooler. Joachim, lead us to a shady spot where we may camp."

"Yes, Senhor," said the black, and soon he brought them to a ruined building of stone, covered with vines and hidden among the trees. Here upon the stone floor of the ruin, he kindled a fire and cooked the monkey, the flesh of which was simply delicious, and Affonzo ate until he was so sleepy that he could not keep his eyes open.

"What was this building?" he asked his father. "I did not know anyone had ever lived here."

"No one knows what it was," replied his father. "It has been here for years and the Indians say it was built many, many years ago by a Black Gown, as they called the early missionaries. It may have been the beginning of a mission house, but in any case it makes a very nice cool place in which to take our siesta now. So sleep, my son, and wake refreshed."

Affonzo closed his eyes and was soon in dreamland. He slept long but had strange dreams of someone's putting a heavy stone upon his chest and pressing it down. At last he awoke with the pressure still on him. He lay quite still, drowsily wondering what was the matter with him and before he stirred, Joachim's voice said in a hoarse whisper, "Don't move, little master, don't even open your eyes!"

Affonzo had been trained to habits of strictest obedience, and he lay perfectly still without moving a muscle, although wondering very much what was the matter. He heard Joachim dart quickly to his side. There was the sound of a blow, and a loud exclamation from his father, and Joachim said, "Jump up, there is no danger now!"

As Affonzo sprang to his feet, the weight rolled off his

chest, and he saw the body of a large snake pinned to the earth by the blade of Joachim's trocado. It was a jararaca, a Brazilian snake about six feet long, of a yellowish color. Sleeping in the cool of the old stone ruin it had been disturbed by the intruders, and had crawled across Affonzo's body to reach the door.

"My boy, you have Joachim to thank for saving your life," said his father warmly, as he put his arm around his boy and drew him to his side. "The jararaca is very poisonous, and had your awakening disturbed him, he might have driven his fangs into you."

"Good old Joachim," said Affonzo, as he threw his arms around the black's neck. Negro servants in Brazil who have been in a family for years are always much beloved, and Affonzo was devoted to the old negro. Joachim didn't say much, but smiled at the boy as he took the dead body of the snake outside, and prepared to take off its beautiful skin.

CHAPTER III

A Tropical Storm

"What fortunes could be made in these forests," said the Senhor Dias to his brother, "if people with capital only knew of the riches stored here. Mahogany, satinwood, rose-wood and many other kinds of trees grow here in the greatest abundance, and were there railroads and ships to transport them, Brazil would be one of the richest countries in the world."

"We should try to develop our own land," said his brother, and the two men entered into a long conversation as to the wonderful forests of the country, to which Affonzo listened with interest.

"Oh, father!" he exclaimed, at last. "When you go up the river to see the forests may I go with you?"

"Perhaps, but I could not make a promise without first

asking your mother's consent. The trip will be an interesting one, but very hard, though it might do you good."

"I should love to go," said Affonzo, and his uncle added, "He will grow up a milksop if you keep him in the nursery much longer; let him go."

"It is about time we were starting now," said the Senhor. "Joachim, make ready the bag. Your uncle and I will walk on a little ahead, Affonzo, and you can follow with Joachim. But do not stray away from him, or you will miss the path, and all manner of dangers lurk in these forests."

Affonzo sat lazily waiting and watching as the black put up the dinner things. "Take care of my snake skin," he said, and Joachim smiled, and replied, "That will make a fine belt for the little master when it is dried."

"I should like that very much," said Affonzo. "You must make it for me."

"Yes, sir," said Joachim as he swung over his strong shoulders the wicker-work hamper and game bag. "Is the young master ready to go?"

"I am," Affonzo replied, and the two started down the narrow path along which the Senhor had disappeared.

"What kind of a tree is that?" asked Affonzo pointing to a tall tree a hundred feet high.

"That is the castanhao," said Joachim. "Some people call it the Brazil nut, and I have often gathered nuts from it for you to eat. The nuts grow at the very top of the tree in shells like cocoanuts, and each shell has fifteen or twenty nuts in it. Often I have thought my head was broken when a shell fell upon it."

"I wonder why we don't catch up with my father?" said Affonzo. "Joachim, what makes it so dark?"

"Storm coming. We must hurry," was the brief answer.

Heavy clouds had gathered quickly; not a glimmer of sunlight came through the trees, and great drops of rain began to fall.

"Father!" cried Affonzo, but there was no answer. "Father!" he called again and Joachim shouted, "Senhor! Senhor!"

Nothing was heard but the screaming of the wind, and the rain fell faster and faster. Vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the forest, and the thunder muttered and grumbled in the distance.

"Come with me quickly," said Joachim, as he seized the boy by the hand. "We mustn't stay here."

"But my father," cried Affonzo and tried to get away from Joachim, but the negro held tight to him.

"The Senhor can take care of himself; I must take care of you," he said, as he pulled the boy into a side path which led through the woods. They made their way with difficulty through the dense tangle of underbrush and vines. Often a swinging branch would strike Affonzo on the face, or he would tangle his feet in a swaying vine and fall full length in a bed of fern. The rain poured down in torrents, but the leaves and interlaced branches served as a shield from the great drops which pelted down like bullets. Soon they came to a small hut with a thatched roof and no door to bar the entrance. Into it Joachim pulled the boy with scant ceremony. As they entered the hut a man rose hurriedly from his grass couch, and Affonzo recognized an Indian who had often been to the Fazenda to see his father.

"Ah, Vicente," said Joachim. "Give us shelter."

"Welcome," said the syringuero.[23] "The storm is bad.

[23] Rubber gatherer

You reached shelter just in time. See!"

He pointed through the doorway and Affonzo saw that the streams of water were well-nigh rivers, and the thunder and lightning were almost incessant.

"Where do you suppose my father is?" he asked, and Joachim answered, "The Senhor has found shelter, do not fear; and he will know you are safe with me."

"There is nothing to do but sit still, I suppose," said Affonzo, rather mournfully, for that was the hardest thing in all the world for him to do.

Vicente gave him a slow smile. He was an old Indian of wiry frame, with keen black eyes. His hair was straight and black, his chin firm and strong, his features clean-cut, his face proud and intelligent. He was in great contrast to curly-haired, black Joachim with his good-humoured, stolid face.

Vicente was one of the Indians whose fathers had owned the land before the Portuguese discovered it and named it Brazil from the red color of its dye woods. He gathered rubber from the great trees which grew in the forest, and lived alone in his little hut. He sat smoking and

watching the boy who looked out into the rain feeling very miserable.

"Vicente," he said at last, "have you lived long in the forest?"

"Many years have I been here," said the old man. "And my fathers were here before me. They hunted and fished and were chiefs in the land until the white men came. Many died, many went to the great hills, but I stayed here, for the home of my fathers is my home."

"Tell me a story, Vicente," begged the little boy.

"In the days of my fathers," said Vicente, "and of my father's fathers and their fathers, things were not as today they are in the country of the great river. There were no white Senhores. The Indians dwelt alone. They roamed the forests hunting with the bow and arrow; they fished in the great stream; they dwelt in their lodges and were happy.

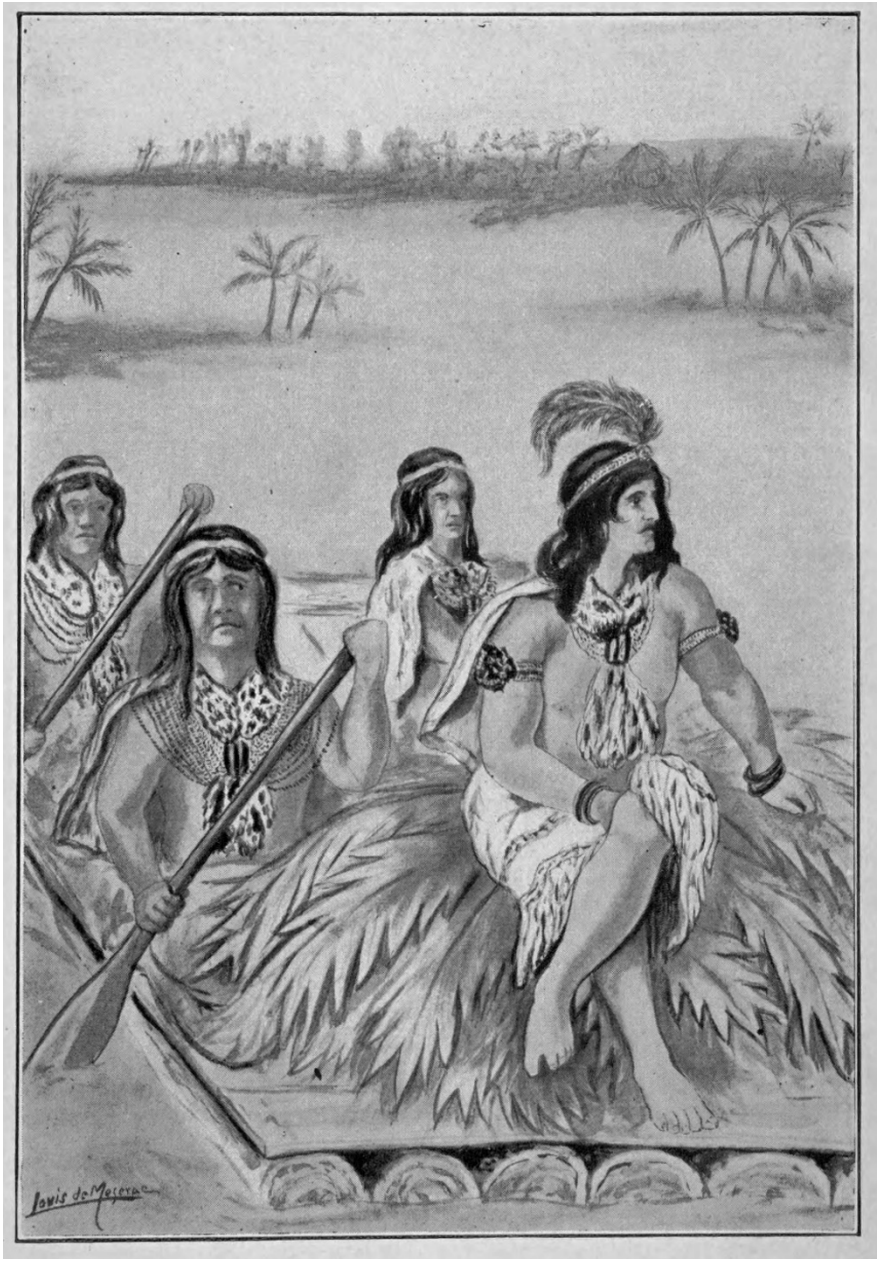
"Often there were fights with other Indians and these were of great glory. But my people were peaceful and loved not war, never fighting if they could first have peace. To secure peace for our village, each year they made a sacrifice and this was the manner of it.

"A chief smeared his body with gum and then powdered himself with gold dust. He powdered it all over, for in our mountains was much gold and precious gems. He placed himself on a raft and was rowed to the middle of the great river. There he raised his hands to heaven, praying the Great Spirit to save his village, and jumping into the water he washed off the precious dust. This he sacrificed for his village.

"This was done each year and should have been done still, when, perhaps, the Indian villages would not have been destroyed and deserted, but it ceased for the sin of one man. A chief loved gold. That is an evil and a foolishness, for gold is but for use and not for love. He loved its glitter, and it seemed to him stupid to waste it in a sacrifice.

"It was his turn to make the river sacrifice and become the Gilded Man.[24] But he was angry within himself, and said, 'why shall I do this thing? If the village wishes gold, why must it take mine? It is a foolish thing!'

[24] This is the Indian legend of *El Dorado*, which is really *El Hombre Dorado*, or the gilded man, and it was this story which led so many of the early explorers to search for "*El Dorado*."



"He placed himself on a raft and was rowed
to the middle of the great river."

"Yet he could not refuse the sacrifice, for to be the Gilded Man was thought an honor, and did he refuse, many would suspect him of faithlessness to his tribe. So he gilded himself as was the custom, and his brother chiefs rowed him to the river and he raised his hands to heaven.

"'Spirits of Rain and Wind, of Fire and Water, of Good and Evil, keep our village and our people,' he cried. 'We offer all to thee!' Then he plunged into the stream and washed the gold from his arms and legs. All the time his heart was hot within him and he thought to himself, 'How my soul grieves to see this waste of the beautiful, shining dust!' Then an evil spirit tempted him and he did not wash off all the gold. He left beneath his arms where others could not see it, some of the glittering dust, and returned to his village, an insult to the Spirits of Heaven.

"That night came fierce rain and wind and with it a horde of enemies who descended like a hurricane and destroyed the village—men, women and children. So the chief with all his gold was destroyed utterly and he was the last Gilded Man. Thus were the Spirits of Heaven avenged!"

"Thank you, Vicente," cried Affonzo. "That is a good

story. But see, the rain is over. Now we must hurry to find my father," pointing as he spoke to the doorway. The sky was clear and bright, already rose-tinted with the rays of the setting sun, low in the heavens.

"You must not go yet," said Vicente. "Ground too wet, trees wet, bad for white people. You must wait."

"But I must find my father," persisted Affonzo, who, though he was a brave boy, began to be somewhat frightened. But Vicente knew the danger of the steaming forest with its snakes, mosquitoes and insects swarming after the storm. "Not safe to go now," he said, and Joachim, who was quite comfortable where he was, said, "Little master must sleep here and go home in the morning."

"You shall have a good supper," said Vicente, who began at once to prepare the meal, and Affonzo was forced to submit. So he watched with interest the preparations for supper, for like most boys, he was generally hungry. Vicente built a fire in the stone fireplace in front of his hut, and from a stone jar in the corner he brought pork, some coarse bread, wild honey found in the woods, and bananas.

"Take a bird from our bag," said Affonzo, wishing to give

his share of the feast, and Joachim brought out a parrot which was soon stewing in the pot with the pork, and a handful of peppers and herbs. When the savory stew was done, the meal was spread upon a rough bench at the door, and the three odd companions sat down together.

"Quite a festive party," said a laughing voice, and jumping up, Affonzo saw his father and uncle approaching through the trees.

"Oh, papa, how glad I am to see you! I feared you would be wet through, but you must have found shelter as we did, for you are scarcely wet at all."

"I worried about you, more than you did about me, I fancy," said his father, "though I hoped Joachim would bring you here. Your uncle and I missed the path some way, and could not find you or the old house again, so we took refuge in a deserted hut."

"The Senhors will sup with me," said Vicente, "and remain here for the night since the forest is unsafe for the boy."

"A thousand thanks; we will stay if you can arrange for so many," was the reply, and as Vicente assured them that

they would all be most welcome, they ate their supper with much enjoyment.

The two Senhors slept in Indian hammocks swung between giant rubber trees, while Affonzo curled up in a blanket and slept, as did Vicente and Joachim, on a fragrant couch of dried grass.

CHAPTER IV

Along the Amazon

"Come, son," said the Senhor early next morning. "We have a long day before us and you must eat plenty of breakfast. That is if you want to go with your uncle and me. If not, you may go back home with Joachim."

"Where are you going?" asked Affonzo as he smoothed down his linen suit, and combed his hair with a pocket comb from his dapper little uncle's case. He had washed his face in the stream which gurgled near the hut, and that was all the toilet he could make, which seemed odd to him, for he was something of a dandy.

"We are going the rounds with Vicente to see the rubber plantation, and then go home by the river."

"Do let me go with you, I am sure my mother would not object," cried Affonzo.

"I shall send Joachim home with word of your safety to ease her mind, and as you wish it so much, you may come with us; so eat and we will start."

Senhor Dias was a rubber exporter. From his plantation near Para went out huge balls of the rubber, solid, tough and brown. It is very interesting to watch the process of obtaining this from the milk-white sap of the rubber trees.

"Well, Vicente, shall we start now," said the Senhor when they had breakfasted.

"When the Senhor is ready," said Vicente.

The Indian lived by himself all the year around in his little hut. All along the Amazon these cabins may be found, hidden in the woods, and in each one dwells only a single Indian. It is a lonely and dangerous life, the climate is unhealthful, the swampy lands of the river valley where the rubber trees grow are low and malarious, and the syringuero has often to wade knee deep in mud, and work all day in wet clothing.

The Indians are trustworthy workers and many of them earn a good living. Old Vicente had worked there so long that he would not have known how to act anywhere else,

but he was glad to have company on his lonely rounds. So he smiled at Affonzo as the boy skipped along, gathering one gorgeous flower after another, as merry as the sunshine after the rain.

"You'd better walk a little more slowly, and save your strength for the day's tramp," said his father. "You'll be tired by night."

Vicente guided them down a well-worn path through the marsh land. On each side were splendid trees, the rubber tree growing as high as seventy feet. The trunk, smooth and round, was covered with light-colored bark, the leaves, oval and about a foot long, hanging in clusters of three. The fruit grows in clusters also, and consists of a small black nut which the natives like very much. Affonzo picked one up and tasted it, but made a very wry face as it was quite bitter.

Selecting a fine tree, Vicente made a deep cut in the bark with his hatchet. Below it, by means of some damp clay, he fastened an earthen cup, into which the cream-colored sap flowed slowly.

"By tomorrow the cup will be full," he said. "And I will

come again. Now we will find another."

The next tree was half a mile away and it had frequently been tapped before, for a row of incisions girdled it. Vicente emptied the cups attached to these into a large pail which he carried, and made a new gash higher up.

"Do let me tap just one tree," said Affonzo, and Vicente allowed him to do so and helped him fasten on one of the cups to catch the sap. Affonzo was delighted, and tramped along gaily, although his short legs found it difficult to keep up with the long strides of his father and uncle.

At last Vicente finished his rounds, and said, as he showed the Senhor his brimming pail, "This is all today. Does the Senhor wish to see it cooked?"

"Yes, I want Affonzo to see it all, as I know he will be interested," said Senhor Dias, and they all followed the Indian to a little hut, such as the one in which they had slept the night before.

"Let us eat first," said the Senhor. "Our walk has given us all appetites."

So Vicente built a fire and roasted a lagarto[25] which he

[25] A Brazilian lizard.

had killed on the way through the forest. The delicate white flesh tasted delicious to Affonzo, and so did the bananas and oranges and black coffee, which Vicente made thick and strong as it is liked in Brazil.

Vicente then made another fire of nuts and the wood of the motacu[26] under a jug-shaped calabash, the smoke coming out through the neck. This smoke hastens the drying of the liquid rubber, and makes a better quality than can be obtained in any other way.

"I don't see how that stuff that looks like cream can ever be made like rubber," said Affonzo.

"Watch Vicente," said his father, "and you will see." As he spoke, Vicente dipped a long paddle into the liquid, and then held it over the smoke. It quickly dried and he dipped the paddle into the juice again, repeating the process of drying. This he kept up until the paddle had a thick coating of rubber, like a large, flattened ball. Then he split the ball open along one side, and pulled the paddle out.

"There now!" said the Senhor. "The rubber is all ready to go to market. Perhaps someday you will bounce a ball or

[26] A kind of palm.



"This he kept up until the paddle had a thick coating of rubber."

wear a pair of goloshes made of this very rubber."

"Won't that be fine!" said Affonzo. "What are you going to do now," he asked, as his father rose as if to go.

"As soon as Vicente has finished cooking, we will go to the river, and go home by water," said the Senhor. "Then you will see some of the wood your uncle and I mean to export."

"That will be much better than tramping," said Affonzo, whose short legs began to be stiff and sore with all the walking he had done.

Vicente soon finished cooking his rubber, and put up the utensils before following Affonzo and the two men down the path to the river.

"Vicente is a good Indian, isn't he?" said Affonzo.

"One of the best I have ever known," said his father. "He has worked for us for years and has always been honest and reliable. It is strange that he should be so hospitable and friendly, for his ancestors and ours were always at war. When your grandfather was a young man there was always fear of the natives, and at one time there was an Indian uprising in which many Portuguese were killed. The Indians

captured the city of Para, burned many of the houses, and destroyed everything they couldn't carry away with them. They held the city over a year before the Portuguese could recapture it."

"It must have been exciting to live then," cried Affonzo, who loved to read of wars and battles and thought they must be interesting things.

But his uncle said, "More peaceful times are less exciting, but far pleasanter and you would better be thankful that you live now. There is the river! How beautiful it looks!"

Affonzo had often seen the Amazon, the greatest river in the world, and had been on it in the steamers which ply between Para and Mañaos, but he had never seen it at this point, and he exclaimed in wonder at its beauty. The river was two miles wide, and in the center was a broad deep channel down which the water flowed slowly. On each side of this were stretches of shallow water, while on either bank grew thick forests of superb trees.

Vicente drew a canoe from a thicket about a sheltered cove and the little party embarked, Vicente paddling

carefully.

"Isn't this splendid?" cried Affonzo. "I feel as if I were Orellaño discovering the river."

"Why, what do you know about him?" asked his uncle.

"Oh, he was fine," said Affonzo. "He was one of Gonzalo Pizzarro's lieutenants and he crossed the Andes to find cinnamon trees. He had only fifty men and they built a boat and started down the river and had a terrible time for days. At last they reached the mouth of the river, and were picked up by some Spanish ships. It told all about it in my geography."

"Did it tell how he named the river?" asked Uncle Prudente. "Orellaña fell in with an Indian tribe where the women fought side by side with the men; you know women soldiers are called Amazons, so he called the river 'Rio de las Amazones.'"

"See those magnificent satin-wood trees," said Senhor Dias to his brother. "Nowhere in all the world is there such wood from which to make fine furniture as here."

Then the two gentlemen fell into a talk about business plans, and Affonzo curled up in the canoe and watched the

interesting things they passed. It was a scene of contrast. A native boat, one end thatched over for a house, a hammock, in which a man lolled lazily, swung across its deck, was passing by a large steamer gay with flags and striped awnings. He also saw boats laden with rubber, and many rafts made of great logs held together by long wooden pins driven through them, for their long voyage to Para.

As they continued down the stream, the thatched native huts became fewer, and there could be seen the tiled roofs of the country homes of the wealthy. It was not long before Affonzo saw, gleaming through the trees, the white walls of their own Fazenda and, landing quickly, he bade good-by to Vicente, and rushed across the lawn to tell all his adventures to his mother and Lola.

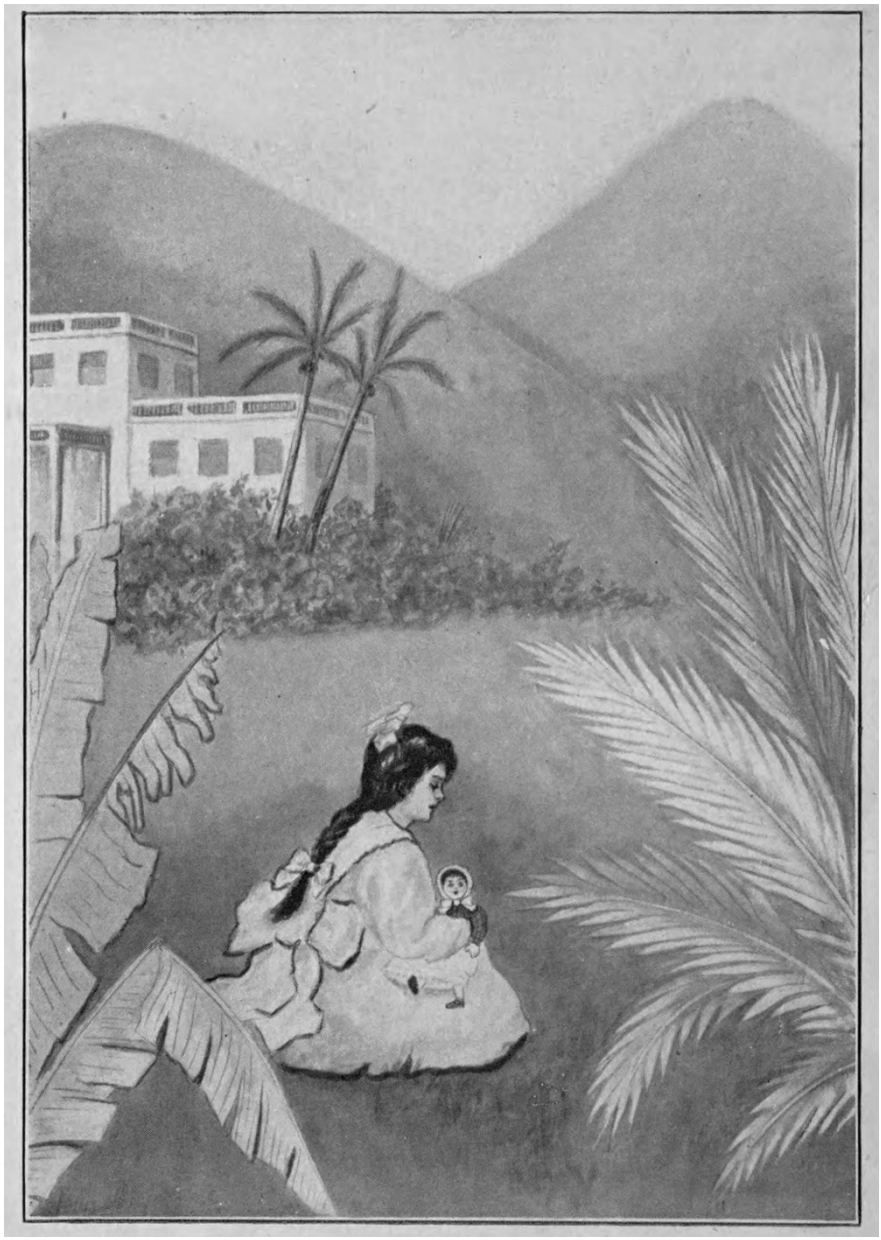
CHAPTER V

A Visit to Grandmamma

The Fazenda of the Senhor Dias stood upon a hill overlooking the Amazon. About it were trees and gardens, and a small stream flowed through the grounds toward the great river. A pleasant little summer-house was set under a giant palm tree and about the whole place was an air of ease and comfort. Upon the broad, pillared veranda and between the shady trees hammocks were slung for the midday siesta, and the life of the villa was cheerful and pleasant.

Affonzo was very tired the day after his jaunt through the forest, and toward evening he lazily lay in a cool hammock swinging back and forth. His sister sat on a cushion at his feet listening in delight to the story of his adventures.

Lola was only eight years old and she thought her big brother of eleven quite the most wonderful boy in the



"The fazenda of Senhor Dias stood upon a hill overlooking the Amazon."

world.

"How I wish you could have been with me, Lola," said Affonzo. "Of course you could not, for girls cannot go to the places that boys can. But it was most exciting! What you would like would be to hear Vicente. He told me a wonderful story."

"Do tell it to me," said Lola, and Affonzo retold the story of the Gilded Man, to her great delight.

"Oh! what a nice story," cried Lola as he finished. "What was the Indian's house like?"

"It wasn't a real house, you know," said Affonzo. "It was a little round hut all thatched with straw, and he had bows and arrows and all kinds of things." Affonzo was rather vague in his description. "The trees around were the finest I ever saw. Oh! I am sure there is no country in the world like ours!"

Lola smiled, and, touching the strings of her guitar, sang softly:

"Minha terra tene palmerias
Onde canta a Sabia

As aves que acqui gorgeiao
Nao gorgeiao como la.

"Nosso ceo teni mais estrellas
Nossos varzenes tem mais flores
Nossos bosques tem mais vida,
Nossos vida mais amores."[27]

"Brava, little one," cried Uncle Prudente who had come out from his siesta refreshed and cool. "That was very prettily sung, little patriot. Have you children heard the news?"

"What news, my uncle?" asked Affonzo.

"That you are to go home with me tomorrow to see your grandmother."

"How glad I am!" cried Affonzo, and Lola danced up

[27] My country has shades
Where the Sabia sings
The birds of your glades
No like melody brings

Our Heaven has more stars
Our fields have more flowers
Our woods have more life
Our life has more love.

and down in delight, saying, "It is long since we have been in Para, and the ride on the river will be so pleasant."

The next day was bright and fair and their sail down the great river as pleasant as they had anticipated. The air was cool and the sun partially under a cloud, so that the heat was not too great and the banks of the stream, with their trees and flowers, presented views as vivid and changing as a kaleidoscope.

The city of Para is one of the most important places in Brazil. From it are sent out into the world all the produce of the wonderful valley of the Amazon—woods, rubber and fruits. Its markets are busy spots of industry, and its harbor teems with shipping.

The mother of the Senhor Dias lived in a handsome house on the edge of the town. Since the death of her husband she had lived with her only unmarried son, the Uncle Prudente of whom the children were so fond. She received the travelers warmly. Her son Martim's wife was very dear to her, his children her idols, especially Affonzo. He was his grandfather's image; with his flashing black eyes, his proud mouth, his quick, impetuous manner, he was so

like the noble old man she had so loved, that he seemed to embody the youth of her beloved dead.

"You must remain for a long visit with me," she said to the children. "I have asked the children of friends to come and play with you in the garden this afternoon. Some of your school-mates will be here, Affonzo, and some little folk for Lola. I hope you will have a pleasant time."

"You are most kind, grandmamma," cried both children, and when their friends came, they all repaired to the shady garden behind the house.

There were about a dozen boys and girls all chattering at once, but in a moment's quiet Lola said, "Let us play 'Dona Sancha.' I should like it so much and we have thirteen, just the right number."

"Yes," said a little girl named Catharina.

"There are seven girls and six boys. One of us must be it."

"Who shall be it?" they all cried merrily, and one of the larger girls stood them in a row and repeated,

"I am a little widow

From the seacoast there;
I wish to find a husband
But I can't tell where.
Shall I marry this one? Yes.
Shall I marry that one? No.
Shall I marry this one? Yes,
For I love him so."

The lot fell to a little black-eyed girl called Constancia, who was then blindfolded and around whom the others formed a circle by joining hands. Then all danced around Constancia singing,

"Madame Dona Sancha
Covered with silver and gold,
Take away your veil then,
Your eyes we would behold."

At this Constancia uncovered her face, and sang,

"I am the daughter of a count,

The grandchild of a king,
Behind a stone they made me hide,
A most peculiar thing."
Then the others sang,

"Valentin-tin-tin—
Who is married,
Who is married,
She who is not must remain alone."

At the last words the boys and girls let go of each other's hands and each one, including Constancia, made a rush for a partner. Lola was the one to be left out and she had to be blindfolded, and take Constancia's place in the center of the ring. So the game went on, each girl taking her turn in the center as often as she failed to catch a partner in the scramble.

When the children were tired of play, their grandmother sent out Christovao, an old white-haired negro who had once been a slave, and he showed them many wonderful tricks of juggling. He made flowers to bloom in their hats,

money to grow on trees, and many other queer things to happen, and his pet monkey kept them laughing with his queer antics. Then they all sat down around the stone fountain and had a delicious luncheon of doces,[28] cocada,[29] and sweet cakes, and Affonzo and Lola went to bed that night quite delighted with their first day in Para.

[28] Preserves
[29] Cocao jelly

CHAPTER VI

En Route to Rio

Para is one of the most beautiful of Brazilian cities, with large cool houses, and squares and gardens gay with wonderful orchids—purple, crimson, gold and white.

The weeks spent at grandmamma's were full of delight to Affonzo and Lola, and they enjoyed all the pleasant happenings of life in the city. One day in October they sat in the garden playing with the pet monkey, a saucy little creature with a thousand cunning tricks and ways, almost human in his intelligence.

"I wonder how soon we shall go home," said Affonzo. "I begin to weary of doing nothing."

"I do not know," said Lola. "But I heard mamma say something strange about it today. She and my father were talking while I was playing with the cockatoo and mamma

said, 'It will be a long trip and I should dislike to leave them behind.' 'It would do you little good to go with them,' said my father, and mamma replied that the worry of leaving them would take away all the pleasure of the trip if they were not to accompany her; then she saw me looking and bade my father be silent. What trip could they mean?"

"I am sure I do not know, and you should never remember a conversation not meant for you," said Affonzo, virtuously. Then, his curiosity getting the better of his virtue, "I wonder where they can be intending to go!"

"But if I should not remember what I hear, then you should not either," said Lola pertly, for she did not like to have Affonzo correct her.

"We are two quite different people," said Affonzo. "I am much older than you."

"When one is old, one should behave better than one who is young," Lola retorted.

"Both are quite old enough not to quarrel," said their mother's voice sternly, as she came up unnoticed. "What are you quarrelling about?"

Both children were silent and ashamed.

"If you dare not tell the cause, then cease the quarrel," said the Senhora. "And remember that well-bred children do not dispute. Now sit down while I tell you what is going to happen.

"Your father has intended for some time to make a business trip to Rio de Janeiro, going by boat from Para. He wishes me to go with him, for I have not been well of late, and he thought best to leave you two with your grandmother. I wished you to accompany me, and some news has just come which has caused him to give his consent.

"Your Uncle Juan, who went to study medicine in Philadelphia, married there a beautiful North American lady, and has a little daughter the age of Affonzo. She is named Maria and she had the great misfortune to lose her mother a few months ago. She grieves terribly and her father is bringing her to Brazil in the hope that among his people she will grow well and strong again. They will reach Rio de Janeiro in a short time, and we want to be there to see them. Would you like to go with us on this trip?"

"Indeed yes, mamma!" cried both in one breath. "When do we start?"

"Tomorrow," she replied. "I did not tell you before, because I feared you would too much excite yourselves. Then too I thought something might happen to prevent our going and you would be disappointed."

"Hurrah," cried Affonzo. "We shall see Uncle Hilario!"

"And I shall see my cousin Martim!" cried Lola.

"Yes, we shall visit my dear brother, and you shall have a very happy time with two cousins to play with.

"Now you must be good children and give me a chance to pack up your clothes. No questions!" She held up her finger playfully. "Those you may save to ask me on ship-board. Here is a map which shows just where we are going, and you may trace out the course and Affonzo can tell you about all the places from his geography, Lola," and she left the two children poring over the geography, their tongues fairly clacking in their excitement.

The Icamiaba is a large steamer plying from Mañaos to Rio, and by noon the next day the little party of four were safely embarked and the steamer made its way out of the beautiful harbor. The long voyage was begun, but to Affonzo and Lola it was not tedious, for, the only children

on board, they soon became pets with all and were in a fair way to being spoiled with attention. The second day out the steamer made its first stop at Pernambuco on the easternmost point of Brazil, and the children watched the entrance into the harbor with great interest.

"Pernambuco is called the Venice of America," said their father. "You know Venice is an Italian city built on islands, with waterways instead of streets, and here there are so many canals and arms of water reaching in from the sea that Pernambuco is called the Venice of America."

"What a lot of steamers there are!" exclaimed Affonzo as they approached the reef which protects the harbor. This reef runs along the Brazilian coast for hundreds of miles, forming a natural breakwater, sometimes twelve feet above high tide.

"N-I-L-E," spelled Affonzo as they passed a huge steamer anchored outside the harbor. "What kind of a boat is that?"

"English," said his father. "The English run a line of steamers from Southampton to Lisbon, and thence to Rio Janeiro. These boats carry a thousand passengers, and are

so large that they cannot go through the cut in the breakwater."

"Oh, papa! What a queer building! What is it?" asked Lola, as they passed an odd-looking fort on the rocks.

"That is a relic of Dutch days in Brazil," said the Senhor. "You know the Dutch once laid claim to all this part of the country."

"Did they?" asked Lola in surprise. "How did they get here and what became of them?"

"It is a long story, little one, but quite an interesting one," said her father. "You know Brazil was discovered by a Portuguese, Pedro Alvarez Cabral, who sailed into the Bay of Porto Seguro at Bahia, April 25, 1500, and took possession of the land in the name of the Portuguese crown, naming it Vera Cruz. The Spaniards had made discoveries in the north of South America, the English and French had come in along the Amazon and within the next few years the Dutch entered the river and built forts on the Xingu. Then came a long struggle between the Dutch and the Portuguese as to who should possess the land. In 1624, a Dutch admiral took possession of Bahia, but a handful of

Portuguese recaptured the place the next year; then came a succession of battles, first the Dutch being victorious, then the Portuguese. At last the Dutch sent Prince Maurice of Nassau as Governor General of their possessions in Brazil, but he returned to Holland in 1644 and from that time on the Portuguese were successful. They laid siege to Pernambuco (then called Recife) and blockaded the port with sea forces while the land army assaulted it on the other side. The Dutch surrendered in 1654 and Brazil became a Portuguese colony."

"Then I suppose everything was peaceful," said Affonzo, but his father laughed and said, "There has not been much peace in Brazil since the Portuguese first discovered it. After the foreigners left, the Indians remained unconquered, and the Portuguese sent many expeditions against the natives in the interior. Many adventurers went on these expeditions, and they were called Bandierantes.[30] They treated the Indians cruelly and enslaved many, although the Pope had forbidden making slaves of the Indians.

"Another fight which took place near here was with

[30] Flag bearers.

negro slaves. Some of them escaped and fled to the forest of Palmeiras, in the Province of Alagoas. Here they maintained a colony for sixty years and were only subdued in 1697. Some of their chiefs leaped from a high rock into the sea rather than be captured."

"How did they get slaves in our country?" asked Lola.

"That's a rather big subject for such a little girl," said her father. "The early settlers could not get any one to work for them, so they brought black people from Africa, as did most of the Southern countries. One good thing was that here slavery was abolished without a drop of blood being shed, while in North America they had a terrible war.

"Now we are entering the harbor, Affonzo. See how many ships! In one year there were one thousand one hundred and eighty-one ships here! They come from all parts of the world, laden with all manner of things, but they nearly all go away freighted with sugar. There are thousands of tons of it exported every year. The boat will stop here some hours, so we will go ashore and drive about the city."

"Oh, thank you, papa," cried the children, and their mother added, "It will be a pleasant change from the ship."

So the four went ashore and drove about the cheerful city, with its gaily painted houses, passing one public building glazed in yellow and green tiles, another in imitation pink marble trimmed in sky blue. Crossing a long bridge, they saw magnificent gardens with brilliant flowering plants, and the fine fruit market where they purchased the luscious Pernambuco abacoxi the finest flavored pineapple in the world.

"It is a very fine city," said Affonzo as they returned to the steamer.

"But not as handsome as Para," said Lola. "That's the prettiest city in all Brazil," and her father laughed.

When they steamed into Bahia two days later just at twilight, she still insisted that Para was the most beautiful place in the world, but Affonzo was delighted with Bahia.

"Capt. Diego Alvarez was one of the early explorers here," said the Senhor, as they sat upon the deck in the moonlight, watching the crescent of lights which rise from the harbor toward heaven, for the main portion of Bahia is built upon a high bluff overlooking the river.

"He was captured by the Indians and was about to be

killed, when the chief's daughter threw herself in front of him and saved his life. Alvarez fell in love with her and married her, taking her with him to France, where she was honored and cared for all her life. Some of the best families in Bahia boast that she is their ancestor."

"What are sent out from here?" asked Affonzo.

"Thousands and thousands of cocoanuts, for one thing," said the Senhor. "It is a fortune for a family to have a cocoa plantation, for the trees produce from fifty to eighty years, and need little attention after the first year or two. They are very easy to raise. After planting, the weeds are kept away from the trees, and during the first year, banana plants are grown between the rows to shade the young trees. The fourth year the first crop is gathered and the trees produce two hundred clusters of fruit with thirty or forty nuts each. People net about sixty thousand dollars a year from a plantation of fifty thousand trees."

"It must pay to raise cocoanuts at that rate," said Affonzo. "Does manaioca pay as well?"

"Not quite, but it is about as easy to raise. Everyone has to have manaioca. The rich use if for puddings and desserts

in the form of tapioca, while the poor people use the fariulia de manaioca[31] as their chief food. It also makes good starch, for the roots ground up in water deposit their starch as a fine white powder.

"A farm of twelve acres belonging to a friend of mine and planted with forty thousand plants produces eighty thousand pounds of tapioca, which at the lowest price brings two thousand four hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"The children are growing to be regular little encyclopedias," said the Senhora. "They must go to bed now, or I am afraid their brains will burst with so much knowledge."

"Not much danger of that," laughed the Senhor. "Most of it goes in at one ear and comes out the other," but Lola and Affonzo exclaimed indignantly, "Oh, no, papa, indeed it does not."

[31] Tapioca meal.

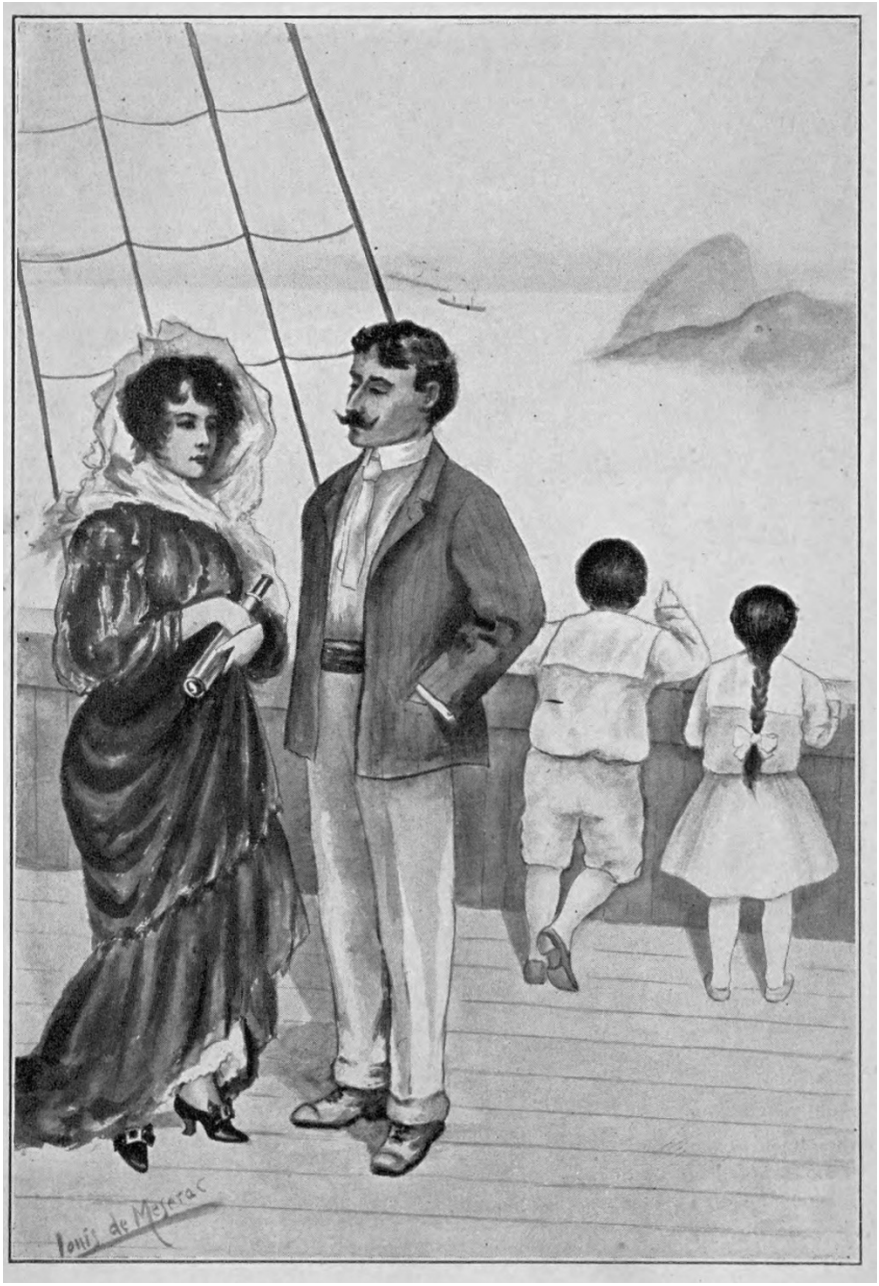
CHAPTER VII

In the Capitol

A week after they had left home, the children saw for the first time the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, the Icamiaba entering the beautiful bay between the Sugar Loaf Mountain and the Fortress of Santa Cruz, in all the glory of a Brazilian sunset.

At the left was the curious mountain called Seria dos Orgaos, so named from its resemblance to a church organ. Charming islets dotted the bay, and orange trees, bananas, always green and loaded with fruit, and flowers everywhere met the eye.

Mountains seemed to rise from the sea; the cliffs are nearly perpendicular with scarce a yard of greensward at the water's edge, and they guard jealously the most beautiful harbor in the world. Scarcely two ships can enter



"The children saw for the first time the harbor of Rio de Janeiro."

between the islands marking the entrance of the bay, which is so narrow that the discoverer thought it a river and named it "Rio." Within, however, the sheet of water widens until it is a glorious inner sea, called by the Indians, "Nictheroy"—Hidden Waters.

The houses of the city, walled in stucco, are of a deep canary yellow with roofs tiled in deep red, turning to fire beneath the sun's departing rays.

"How beautiful it is," said the Senhora. "It seems to me my old home never looked so fair!"

"It is one of the most beautiful places in the world," said her husband. "See those large buildings, children. That is the Sailors' Hospital on Ilha da Governador,[32] which was once used as a hunting preserve by the royal family. It is a beautiful island and many strange things have happened there. One was the death of the founder of the city, Estacio de Sa. He was a famous Indian fighter, and here received a fatal wound from an arrow."

"Something seems to have happened everywhere in Brazil," said Lola. "How near we are to land."

[32] Governor's Island.

"Yes," cried her mother. "And there is your uncle waving his hat upon the wharf. Martim is with him! He sees us! Wave to him, daughter!" and the usually calm Senhora, flushed and excited, waved her handkerchief, smiling happily.

"I have not seen you look so gay for many months," said her husband, and she replied, "It is so long since I have seen my dear old home and my own people!"

Soon the ship was made fast, and the children stepped off the gang plank to be greeted warmly by the uncle whom they had not seen since Lola was a baby, and the cousin whom they had never seen before.

"Your Aunt Luiza and Maria are anxiously awaiting you at home," he said. "Here is the carriage, so we will hasten."

"Drive through the Street do Ouvidor, papa, will you not?" asked Martim. "It is so gay with the French shops, my cousins will enjoy it."

Martim was a handsome boy of twelve, with a bright, pleasant face, an only child, for the Senhor and Senhora Lopez had lost all their other children in an epidemic of yellow fever some years before.

"What are those men doing with long poles over their shoulders," asked Lola, pointing to several men who carried bamboo rods with baskets hung at the ends.

"They are fish and vegetable vendors," Martim replied. "Some of those baskets weigh over a hundred pounds. Those other men with the gaily-painted tin trunks on their backs peddle clothing."

"They make a lot of noise," said Affonzo.

"Yes, they warn people they are coming by clapping together two pieces of wood fastened to their hands by a leather strap," said his cousin.

"Oh! What a beautiful statue!" cried Lola.

"That is the Emperor Dom Pedro I," said her uncle. "It was made by a noted French sculptor and represents the Emperor shouting the Brazilian watch word 'Independencia ou morte.'[33] Here we are at home!" as the carriage turned into a broad street on either side of which were old fashioned houses with broad verandas and red and white blinds. "There is Aunt Luiza waiting to welcome you!"

The children jumped out of the carriage and ran to meet

[33] Independence or death.

their aunt, who kissed them warmly and drew forward a tall girl of ten, who looked pale and sad. Her hair was very light, her eyes deep blue, and she was a great contrast to black-eyed, brown-cheeked Lola.

"This is Maria, your North American cousin," said their aunt, and Lola kissed her warmly on either cheek.

"We are so glad to have you come," she said. "And my mother is going to take you home with us for a nice long visit. I have always wanted a sister, so let us play we are sisters."

Maria kissed her and smiled, while Aunt Luiza said, "Come, children, it is very late; dinner is waiting and then all you little folk must get to bed early so you will be ready for tomorrow. There are ever so many things for you to see."

Early next day the four cousins set out for a morning's sight-seeing, accompanied by their Uncle Hilario. The Senhor Lopez was one of those rare men who are really fond of children, and he enjoyed their society.

Most of the streets of the city have no curbing, and the children had to be careful lest they be run down by passing carriages.

Their uncle decided first to take them to the famous Botanical Gardens and as they entered the main gateway, they saw the avenue of fine royal palms.

"The avenue is almost half a mile long," said the Senhor. "And the trees are a hundred feet high."

"Aren't they fine," said Affonzo. "They are the tallest palms I ever saw."

"They meet together at the top and form a regular archway the whole length of the walk," said Martim.

"What is that very high mountain?" asked Lola.

"That is the Corcovado, and some day we shall go over there and ascend it," said Martim. "We shall have to start very early in the morning, for it is a long trip."

"Here comes Doctor Barbosa, papa," said Martim. "I wonder if he will go around the gardens with us."

"Perhaps he will, if he is not too busy. If he does, he can tell you all about the trees and flowers for he has explored the country along the Amazon and knows all about the Brazilian flora."

As the Senhor spoke, Doctor Barbosa came up smiling, for he and Senhor Lopez were old friends.

"You have quite a bevy of little folk with you today," he said pleasantly.

"This is my nephew, Affonzo Diaz, Doctor Barbosa," said the Senhor. "And these girls are my nieces, Charlotta and Maria. Of course you know Martim."

"I am very glad to see you all," said the doctor with a smile.

"This is the first visit of Affonzo and his sister to our city," said Senhor Lopez.

"Indeed," replied the doctor. "I really think then that you should let me help show them around the gardens. I have a few moments of leisure just now, that I will be glad to devote to you."

"That will be delightful," said the Senhor. "You know so much about this place and I so little that I am sure the children will much prefer you as a guide." Bowing in appreciation of the compliment, the doctor led the party down the avenue.

"These gardens," he said, pointing down across the avenue, "as you see, are on the border of a large sheet of water. That is called the Lagoa de Rodrigo Freitas, and is

separated from the sea only by a narrow strip of sand."

"What are those crooked, twisted trees," asked Lola, as they passed into another long avenue.

"They are mangoes. They are not very handsome to look at, but you know what delicious fruit they bear."

"Indeed I do," said Lola.

"This," said the doctor, pointing to a tall palm beside the pathway, "is a Bahia palm. It is from trees of this kind that your brooms and brushes at home are made."

Next they saw the great candelabra tree.

"It looks," said Maria, "as if it were already to be lighted for church, doesn't it?"

"See the beautiful grove of orange trees," said the Senhor.

"Oh yes," said Affonzo. "And the trees have both fruit and blossoms on them."

"That is not at all uncommon with many of our tropical fruit trees," said Doctor Barbosa.

"Many of the trees here," he continued, "are useful for other purposes than fruit-bearing. There is the cow tree over yonder. Its sap looks like milk, and when exposed to

the air is soon changed to glue, and from this a useful cement is made."

As the party approached a little lake in the center of the gardens, they saw a small eight-sided pavilion. On its top was a bust.

"Whose statue is that?" asked Affonzo.

"If you will step closer, you can read the inscription on the tablet," said the doctor. "And that will answer your question."

"To the Memory of Friar Leandro do Sacramento of the Order of Carmelites, a graduate in the natural sciences at the University of Coimbra, first professor of botany in the School of Medicine in Rio, and first technical director of the Botanical Gardens."

"If I can do as much for this beautiful park as Friar Leandro did, I shall be content," said Doctor Barbosa.

"What a magnificent palm that is!" said the Senhor Lopez, as they turned from the pavilion and came in sight of an unusually tall tree.

"Yes," said the doctor, "that is a royal palm, over one hundred and twenty-five feet high. The seed is said to have

been brought here by a Portuguese naval officer who escaped from prison on the Isle de France. It was planted with great care by the regent, Dom Joao himself, and here is the splendid result. I am sorry that I must leave you now, but you must come again to see the gardens."

"Thank you very much for all that you have shown us," said Affonzo, and all the children chorused, "Thank you very much."

"It is past noon and we ought to be at home now," said the Senhor looking at his watch.

"I believe I am hungry," said Martim, "though I hadn't thought about it before."

So they all went back to the house with appetites such as the balmy air of Rio gives to young and vigorous boys and girls.

CHAPTER VIII

A Gala Day in Rio

In the fortnight which followed the four cousins became very well acquainted with each other. Maria soon lost her shyness, and taught the others many new games and sports, while they in turn taught her the Brazilian ones which her father had played when a boy at home.

The little Brazilians found their North American cousin very interesting. She was different from them in many ways and they never tired of hearing her tell of things in the United States. Although admiring her father's country very much, she was devoted to her mother's as well, and could never be made to admit that things were better in South America than they were in the north.

"Come, children," said the Senhora Lopez one morning, "this is the day of the inauguration. The President himself

has given your father tickets, for they are great friends and we must all be ready early so as to escape the crowd."

"Indeed, mamma," said Martim, "I think the crowd's the greatest fun of all. I shall never forget the procession the day of the parade in honor of your Senhor Root, Maria. It was one of the finest we ever had in Rio."

"I wish I had seen it," said Maria. "When our President is inaugurated we have grand processions in Washington. My grandfather took me to the last one, and it was splendid."

"Our inauguration procession is fine, too. You will see today that they know how to do things down here as well as you do," said Martim, as they started for the reviewing stand.

"I don't doubt that," said Maria pleasantly. "But I can't quite make out why you have a President at all. Brazil used to be an empire and have a splendid emperor. You showed me his statue in the park. What became of him?"

"The last emperor of Brazil is dead, my child," said her uncle. "He died in Paris in 1891, some said of a broken heart, because he had been sent away from his beloved

Brazil."

"Why did you send him away; wasn't he a good man?" asked Maria.

"Yes, indeed, very good, and many of the people were very fond of him," was the reply. "He was always interested in the people and tried to arrange the laws for their best interests. He was very democratic and travelled about a great deal, keeping his eyes wide open to learn everything which might help his people. He even went to your United States at the time of the Centennial in Philadelphia."

"If he was so good, why did they send him away?" asked Maria puzzled.

"It is rather hard to explain politics to little folk," said her uncle, smiling.

"Some of the Brazilians wanted to have a republic like the United States, for they thought that country was so prosperous that they wanted Brazil to be like it.

"The people thought that the United States had progressed more rapidly and was more prosperous than Brazil and they did not see why their own land should not be as great or greater than any other American country. Brazil

was the only South American country which was not a republic. I think the chief reason, however, was that the heir to the throne was not at all liked, and the Brazilians were afraid that he would not be as wise a ruler as Dom Pedro had been. Even those who most wanted a republic were sorry to have the old emperor expelled, and many of them cried bitterly when he went away."

"I should think they might have waited until he died," said Maria. "If he was old he wouldn't have lived long, and then they needn't have had his heir whom they didn't like. I do not think it was nice at all to send him away when he had always been good and kind."

"If it had been in the United States you would have shot him, like you do your Presidents, wouldn't you?" asked Affonzo mischievously, for he loved to tease his cousin.

"We have only had three Presidents killed out of twenty-six," said Maria. "How many of yours have been assassinated?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Affonzo, rather taken aback at the quickness of her retort.

"In the early days," said Uncle Hilario, "before the

republic was very firmly established, the Presidents used to have to be taken from the army so they could fight to keep their positions. Now, however, things are quieter and we do not have to have our ruler backed by sword and guns."

"Here we are at the grand stand. The music is just beginning to draw near. Hurrah! There come the soldiers!" cried Affonzo. "Aren't they fine-looking fellows!"

"What gorgeous uniforms they have!" cried Lola, and Maria exclaimed,

"Aren't the plumed horses splendid!" And they chattered all at once till their uncle fairly covered his ears with his hands.

They had a good look at the two Presidents—President Campos-Salles whose term of office was just over, and Affonzo Penna who was the new President—and returned home quite excited with the events of the morning.

Next day they had planned an excursion to the top of Corcovado, that beautiful mountain which rises above Rio, serene and lofty, toward the clouds, and all was excitement as the little party started off.

"Think of having mamma with us!" cried Lola. "Uncle

Hilario, have you and mamma been up the mountain before?"

"I should say we had," he laughed, then turning to his sister, "Do you remember the time we were caught in the terrible storm?"

"It was a terrific cloud burst, but we didn't mind it," she said, laughing too. "In those days climbing Corcovado was something of a feat. There was no cog-wheel railway as there is today but only a bridle-path. We had to start long before daybreak and climb up the side of the mountain. We had to take servants along to carry provisions and there was always a large party going.

"The time your uncle speaks of, he and I got separated from the rest of the party going down and we came near losing our way entirely. There came up a terrible storm and when we finally arrived at home an hour after the others we were drenched to the skin, and they had sent people out to hunt for us.

"It is a very different thing today to go up the mountain seated in a carriage, find a café at the top, and have nothing to do but look at the sights as we pass. They are well worth

looking at! See! There is the bay, its water as blue as the sky, and you get a fine view of the old aqueduct."

"I wondered what that was," said Maria. "It looks like the pictures I have seen of the Campagna at Rome. Is it made of stone?"

"Yes," said her uncle. "It was built of stone nearly two hundred years ago and is over four miles long. In some places its arches are over sixty feet high and it is as strong as when it was built. Through it passes all the water drunk in Rio, and is so delicious that we have a saying 'Who has drunk of the waters of Carioca can drink no other water,' and 'When you have drunk of the water of Carioca, you can live nowhere else but here.'"

"When Rio people speak of the friends who have lived in Rio they say, 'He is a Cariocan.'"

"Then mamma is a Cariocan!" cried Lola, and Maria added, "And my father, too."

"It seems to almost walk across the chasm," said Affonzo. "Where does the water come from?"

"When we reach the top of the mountain, I will show you," said his uncle. "See those magnificent waterfalls and

cascades! The scenery around here is as fine as any in Brazil."

"It is almost as nice as the White Mountains at home," said Maria wickedly. She loved to stir up her cousins and knew that to compare anything with the States always provoked a discussion. This time her remarks were met with a storm of protest, at which she only laughed naughtily.

"I don't believe you have such trees," said Lola at last. "There are mangoes, tamarinds, bread-fruits, bananas, cocoa trees, oranges and palms all growing together. Aren't they splendid?"

"Yes, indeed," said Maria. "And the flowers are simply gorgeous. Those trees with the flowering vine all draped around them and hanging down in long racemes are as beautiful as anything I ever saw."

"Here we are at the end of the railway," said Martim. "Now for a climb."

It was but a short distance to the top, and the children hurried along, followed more slowly by their elders.

"Here we are at last," said the Senhor as they reached

the top. "Now you can see seventy miles, for there is Organ Mount fifty miles away, and yonder is Cape Frio, which is seventy miles away."

"Among the mountain peaks there lies the sea of gold," said Uncle Hilario. "There is a tale told that in the early Portuguese days in Brazil a murderer, who had been condemned to death, escaped from prison and fled to the hills. He wandered about, fed only by the bounty of the forest and at last he discovered the Lake of Gold. From its shining sands he made a fortune, and returned in two years to Rio to buy his pardon."

"The Lake of Gold," said Affonzo. "I wonder if that is where the Gilded Man washed himself."

"Who was the Gilded Man?" asked Maria.

"It's an Indian story Vicente told me," said Affonzo.

"Do tell it to me," she said, and he told her the quaint tale with which she was delighted.

They lunched in picnic fashion on the grass and had a merry time, resting afterwards while the Senhora and Uncle Hilario told them stories of old days in Brazil. At last it came time to return and the two boys, after whispering

together went to their uncle with a request.

"May we not walk down?" Martim asked. "We won't get lost and we want to do what you and mother did."

"Oh, do let us!" cried Maria, who always wanted to do everything the boys did, but the Senhora shook her head. At last it was arranged that Uncle Hilario should walk down with the boys, while the girls went discreetly home in the train with the Senhora. The boys were jubilant.

"See the ships, uncle," cried Affonzo as they looked across the bay to the broad Atlantic. "They are just over the horizon line. What's that puff of smoke for?" as a puff came from a ship nearing the harbor.

"Watch the fort," said the Senhor, and there another puff was seen. "Eyes are better than ears at this range. That was a salute from the ship answered by the guns from the fort. We can see the smoke, but cannot hear the report.

"Here is the source of Carioca. The name is from an Indian word, Kaa-ry-og, and means 'the house of the streams from the woods.' See how the stream is shaded by these giant trees? That is what makes it so cold. The water flows amidst all manner of sweet-smelling aromatic plants,

and goes into an aqueduct full of pleasant scents. It is said to have some medicinal qualities."

"It is nice enough here to cure any sickness," said Martim, and they went slowly on down the mountain, following the same bridle-path which their uncle had followed so many years before, reaching home without any accident, tired but delighted with the tramp.

CHAPTER IX

The Coffee Plantation

The Senhor Lopez' business was to export coffee, as that of his brother-in-law was to export rubber. He had a large coffee fazenda in Sao Paulo, the province of Brazil most devoted to coffee raising, and he often went there to inspect the plantation. He suggested therefore that his wife, his sister, and the children should spend a week with him at the fazenda, and the two mothers decided to do so, knowing how much pleasure it would give the little folk. It was an all day's ride to Sao Paulo, but there was so much to see as the train moved over the plains, across rivers and through forests and hills, that the children did not find it tiresome, and were very bright and gay as, just at sunset, they neared Sao Paulo.

"This is one of the finest cities of Brazil," said their uncle. "Ten years ago it was not a large place but now it has

three hundred thousand people, many beautiful buildings, electric lights and trolley cars. It has also some very good schools and colleges, and students come here from all parts of the country. Perhaps Affonzo will go to college here someday."

"It seems a good ways from home," said the boy. "But uncle," he added, as they passed a crowd of queer looking people in the station, "what a lot of foreigners there are here!"

"Yes, more than in any other Brazilian city. A number of Italians work in the mills and on the farms, and the Germans are on the coffee plantations.

"Tonight we will rest, and tomorrow morning we will see Sao Paulo, and in the afternoon go to the fazenda," said the Senhor, as they reached the hotel.

The next day they had a pleasant drive through the city and saw many interesting things.

"Mackenzie College is one of the best seats of learning in Brazil," said the uncle. "It is on the plan of the North American colleges, with kindergarten, primary grades and grammar school. There is also a normal school and a

manual training shop."

"You see, you have to copy us," said Maria with a laugh. "All the schools in the States are good. You ought to live there."

Martim made a wry face.

"Maybe they are," he said, "but I don't believe I'd care to live in the States just on account of the schools when I can live here, and have a school just as good."

"Children!" said Martim's mother, but his father hastily interposed, "Mackenzie College is named for Mr. John G. Mackenzie, of New York City, who gave a large sum of money to build it. But here we are at the Garden of Light. Now you may get out of the carriage and rest yourselves by running about these magnificent alleys of trees, seeing the lakes and fountains."

"Maria and Martim do not get along as well as the little girl and Affonzo," he said to his wife, as soon as the children were out of sight.

"It doesn't matter," she said serenely. "It does not hurt either of them to argue if it doesn't go too far. Children are far better for not being noticed. Affonzo gets along better

with his cousin because he has Lola to quarrel with; Martim grows selfish from being too much alone." She sighed and her husband's face clouded as he thought of the children they had lost.

"We will keep Maria with us if the father is willing, as long as she is in Brazil."

"Better still, let both Maria and Martim return home with us," said the Senhora Dias. "Then all four young folk will learn to accommodate themselves to each other."

"That is an excellent plan, and it is kind in you to suggest it," said the Senhora Lopez, and her husband added, "We shall try to arrange it that way."

"Come, children," he called a few minutes later. "We must return for lunch now as we drive to the fazenda afterwards. Do you know what we old folk have been planning?"

"No, papa, what is it?" asked Martim.

"Something pleasant, I am sure," said Lola. "For you are the dearest uncle in the world."

"Thank you, little flatterer," he pinched her cheek playfully. "It is that you four cousins are all to return to Para for

the winter."

"Oh, delightful," cried Lola.

"How nice!" Maria said, and the boys seemed equally pleased.

The afternoon air was clear and bracing, and the children were in high spirits as the party drove to the fazenda.

The road wound through a beautiful country, past vineyards, and tea and coffee plantations, for Sao Paulo is one of the most productive provinces of Brazil. As they passed row after row of small trees Lola said, "What pretty, glossy leaves those trees have!"

"Those are coffee trees," said Martim. "They grow about twelve feet tall."

"But where are the brown berries," asked Maria. "Are they all picked?"

Martim laughed.

"It's easy to see that you've never seen coffee growing," he said. "Did you think you could go and pick the browned berries and stew a pot of coffee?"

"No," said Maria demurely, "because we don't 'stew' coffee where I live."

Everybody laughed at this passage-at-arms between the two children, and Senhor Lopez said, "We are beginning to see trees belonging to our plantation now. It is three miles square and we have just reached the edge of the land. The house is still three miles away."

"How does the coffee grow, Uncle Hilario?" asked Maria.

"Do you see the cluster of green pods on the trees, my dear? Well, seeds are within the pods, and when they are ripened must be dried, roasted and ground before they are ready for your coffee-pot. Later in the season the fruit turns bright red in color, and makes a vivid contrast to the foliage of the trees, which is green the year around."

"Are the trees planted, or do they grow wild like our rubber trees?" asked Affonzo.

"They are planted in rows and sometimes grow as high as twenty-five feet. Usually they are between ten and fifteen feet high when they first bear fruit," said the Senhor. "It takes from three to five years for them to bear."

"When is the harvest time?" asked Maria.

"We have two crops so there are two harvests, one in

February and one in August. Sometimes you see fruit and flowers on the same tree at the same time. The blossoms grow in little white bunches and are very fragrant."

"I should think it would take a lot of people to pick all this coffee," said Affonzo.

"It does. If you were to be here next February you would see hundreds of negroes and Italians, men, women, and children, busy up and down these long rows. Many of them live in those little houses," he said, pointing to a street lined with small wooden huts crowded close together. About the houses were scores of small, dark-skinned children at play.

"At the present time," said the Senhor, "the men and women are at work in the sheds and warehouses making the coffee ready for market. We shall ship thousands of pounds next month. Tomorrow I will take you about and show you what we have to do. I wish you might have been here during the harvest season. It is very interesting to watch the pickers with the huge baskets strapped to their shoulders. There is great rivalry among them to see who can be the fastest picker on the place."

Before they reached the fazenda their carriage passed

through two gates which closed after them with a spring, and the Senhor said, "The fazenda factory is always enclosed by one and sometimes two fences, for the cattle graze loose with only a pickaninny or the madrinla[1] to watch them."

"It looks like a fortress," said Maria.

"Yes, and some fazendas are called 'fortaleza' for that very reason," said her uncle.

"It is really very much like the old fortresses of feudal times, within the walls of which went on all manner of things. Inside the fazenda palisades there are the houses of the laborers, apothecary's shop, hospital, warehouses, and terrerios,[2] besides the house of the owner."

"Why are there so few trees?" asked Lola.

"Nearly all the trees are cut down to make pasture lands and only a few shade trees are left, such as those fine palms. Here we are at the house. When you are rested I will take you about and show you how the coffee is made ready for market."

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[1] The bell cow.
[2] Drying fields.

CHAPTER X

A Treat in Prospect

The week at the fazenda was a time of pleasant rest to the elders and full of delight to the children. They rode the horses and saw the cows milked and fed the pigs. These last were always taken very good care of by the fazendeiro,[36] for they afford the principal food for all on the plantation.

There was very little in regard to coffee-raising that the children did not learn, for their inquisitive little noses were poked into every shed and room to see what was going on. Their Uncle Hilario went with them one day and explained it all fully while they listened eagerly.

"First the coffee goes to this large shed and is dumped into the great vat," he said. "The iron thing in the center

[36] Owner of the plantation.

of the vat is the pulping machine. You see it is round like a cylinder and covered with teeth, and there are holes in the bottom. The teeth are covered on one side with a curved sheet of metal. When the cylinder revolves, water is turned into the vat, and as it flows through, the seeds are carried through the holes in the cylinder into tanks where the remaining matter is washed away.

"Then they go to the drying terrace," he said as they left the building and went toward a large piece of ground exposed to the blazing sun and covered with cement. "Here it is. After the pulp has been removed from the seeds there is left a thin skin. The seeds are spread in thin layers upon the ground and left to dry thoroughly in the sun, while workmen constantly turn them over and over with rakes to hasten the drying."

"How long does it take to dry them?" asked Martim.

"Several weeks," said his father. "On some fazendas they use steam heat, but we like the sun-dried coffee much the best. After the seeds are thoroughly dried they are taken to another building and passed through heavy rollers and the chaff separated and blown away.

"Now we will go to the sorting room," and they entered a long, low building where a number of women and girls were working at long tables piled with heaps of coffee berries. Men were constantly bringing in baskets full of the berries, which the women and girls sorted into different grades according to their quality.

"How fast their fingers fly," said Maria. "I don't see how they do it."

"They have done it so often and practice makes perfect," said her uncle. "As they sort the seeds they put them in sacks and the men carry them to another warehouse, where they are packed in sacks and weighed ready to be shipped."

"Uncle, what are those girls doing who are flying about everywhere with sieves in their hands?" asked Lola.

"They gather up all the berries which the men scatter as they carry the coffee about," he answered. "You see we do not want to waste anything.

"Do you see those wagons being loaded? The coffee in those sacks is ready to go to Sao Paulo, and thence to Santos to be shipped to North America. Our coffee goes to

every part of the world, for the coffee of the Fazenda Esperança is considered especially good.

"Now you have followed the coffee berry from the tree to the market and I hope you will try to remember all about it, for the coffee industry is one of the greatest in the country."

"It's ever so interesting, uncle," said Maria. "And thank you for telling us about it."

"I have enjoyed it more than you have," he answered. "It is a pleasure to talk to such eager little listeners.

"Rest yourselves now, for you must be tired with all this tramping. I am going to the house to see your mother about some plans for tomorrow."

"Do tell us, uncle," they all cried, but he only shook his head and laughed as he went away.

"I shall simply die of curiosity if I do not find out what uncle is planning," said Maria.

"I don't see what good that would do," said Martim, "for you wouldn't be likely to either know about it or to do it if you were dead."

Maria made a naughty little face at him, and a quarrel

seemed imminent when Lola, who had gone to the house when her uncle did, came running toward them waving her hand wildly.

"Oh! What do you think!" she cried as she ran up to them. "The loveliest thing has happened."

"What?" cried all the children at once, but Lola was too out of breath to answer.

"Uncle Hilario is certainly a darling!" she said at last. "He has prepared the loveliest treat for us! He says that tomorrow we all start for the Falls of Iguazu, and Maria, your father has come and—" but she had no chance to finish her sentence, for Martim shouted, "The Falls of Iguazu! Hurrah!" and ran off to the house, while Maria with a squeal of "Daddy!" pelted after him as fast as she could go. Lola and Affonzo looked at each other and laughed.

"What's it all about, Lolita?" he asked and she answered, "Uncle Hilario told me that they had only been awaiting Uncle Juan's arrival to make the excursion to these wonderful falls and that we start tomorrow."

"Where are the falls?" asked Affonzo.

"Indeed, I don't know, but it is several days' journey and

we can go only part of the way by train. We must take a boat and perhaps ride upon burros. It is far in the woods, and very few people go there."

"Let us go and find out all about it," said Affonzo, and the two children hurried to the house as the rest of the party had done.

There they found considerable excitement, everyone asking a thousand questions which were not answered until the mothers placed their fingers in their ears and demanded silence. Maria was seated upon her father's knees, her usually sober little face bright with happiness, as she whispered to Lola, "He is going to Para with us, to stay all winter, so I can be with him and have you too!" Lola gave her hand a loving squeeze, but said nothing, for Uncle Hilario began to speak.

"The Falls of Iguazu, children, are one of the most beautiful places in all Brazil. They lie at the joining of the Parana and Iguazu rivers, at the point where the frontiers of Brazil, Paraguay and Argentina meet. We will go by rail to Curitaba but part of the way lies through the mountains and will be hard to travel. The sail down the river will be

delightful. Your mother, Martim, will stay here on the plantation, and anyone who wishes may stay with her. Uncle Juan, Martim and I, your father and mother, Lola, are going. Who else wants to be in the party?"

"I!" cried all three children at once, and Lola added, "We'll be so good, uncle, if we can only go!"

"Well, you may all go, then," said the Senhor Lopez, "and I think it will be a delightful trip. No—" as they all started to ask questions—"don't ask me a thing today. There will be plenty of time to talk about it on our journey, and I have not a moment to spare, for it takes a great deal of planning to get such a party off."

"Yes, and I have all I can possibly attend to," said Lola's mother. "So you little folk must amuse yourselves."

"I am the only one who has nothing to do," said Uncle Juan. "Suppose you all come out under the palms with me, and I will try to tell you something of the country we are going to see." So joyfully they trooped after him and listened spellbound to his words.

"The country where we are going," he said, "is called the 'Land of the Missiones' because it is here that the early

missions were founded by the Jesuits. These devoted men went all over that part of Brazil trying to convert the Indians and making settlements, some of which are still standing after two hundred years. San Ignacio, though deserted by the Indians, is still in existence near Iguazu and there was once there a prosperous Indian settlement built around a plaza, with a school, dwelling houses and a church.

"The falls are magnificent, but you will have to wait and see them before you can understand how really beautiful they are."

"Not so beautiful as Niagara, father, of course!" said Maria, and her father said, "Some people think they are quite as fine, daughter; but have you a chip on your shoulder now about the States? Maria would never admit to any North American that anything in the States could be finer than it was down here," he added to the boys.

Martim exclaimed, "Well, she's a queer sort of a girl! She never would let us praise anything here, because she'd always say the States were finer."

"The States were mamma's," she murmured, and her

father held her close and kissed her as he whispered, "Little Loyalty!"

CHAPTER XI

The Falls of Iguazu

The morning dawned cool and pleasant. All were ready for an early start and there followed a week of delight for the children. The railway journey over, they took their way through the forests, over plains and across rivers. In some the hoofs of the horses or of the sure-footed little burros the children rode sank in the sand which covered the land as at one time the sea had covered it. Again, trees appeared, and at last they reached the virgin forest where monkeys scampered among the trees and the cries of parrots were heard in the air, as their brilliant plumage flashed in the sunlight.

At times the bridle path was so narrow that no two horses could have passed each other had they met.

Convolvulus and creeping plants encircled the huge

trees, and, swaying in the breeze, long vines swung gracefully down, often forming natural swings in which the children delighted. At night the party camped in tents, the negro servants cooking wonderful meals from the game shot during the day.

The days were not too hot and at night a fire was often necessary, for when the terral[37] did not blow from the land the veracao[38] wafted zephyrs from the ocean. The air was laden with the subtle perfume of the magnolia and orange blossom, and life seemed an existence of pleasure and joy.

The Senhor's trip had not been all for pleasure. It was his intention to increase his export trade in native woods, and he had made the journey through the forest to see whether it would be possible to get wood to the sea, were he to buy a tract of land in this region. The children, however, knew nothing about this. They were occupied with having a good time, and they were having it.

Martim and Affonzo hunted and fished, while the girls vied with each other in weaving rush baskets and in making

[37] Land breeze.
[38] Sea breeze.

flower-chains of the wonderful flowers which grew everywhere along the road, in gorgeous beauty.

As they neared Iguazu, the roar of the cataract could be heard for miles, and when they finally saw the falls, beyond the first surprised "Oh!" which broke from all, there was nothing said.

The river Iguazu makes a sharp bend above the falls and a portion of it rushes around the inner bank and falls into a gorge two hundred and ten feet deep; the remainder of the current, however, sweeps over the edge of a cliff and making two great leaps of a hundred feet falls in a huge half-moon three thousand feet wide. All about was the most charming Brazilian scenery, with trees over one hundred feet high overgrown with tropical vines, and above all shone the deep blue of the tropical sky.

"Well, little Yankee, how about Niagara now?" asked Martim teasingly.

"There's only one Niagara," said Maria sturdily, and her father added, "Niagara and Iguazu cannot be compared. The one is surrounded by cultivated parks and thriving modern cities, the other with the abandon of nature.

Niagara makes a single leap over a precipice one hundred and eighty feet high, while Iguazu is broken in fall but far wider. Either one is a possession for any country to be proud of and neither one is worth a single quarrel.

"We are to camp here for some days. I hope you little folk will have a nice time and I am not going to issue a lot of commands to spoil your pleasure. Only one thing is forbidden; you must never go away from camp without one of the servants unless you are with one of us grown people. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," they all said, and he added, "I am sure I can trust you. The forest is full of all manner of animals and creeping things, and it would be very easy to lose your way, so that we could never find you again. Now, have all the fun you can for our week here will soon be over."

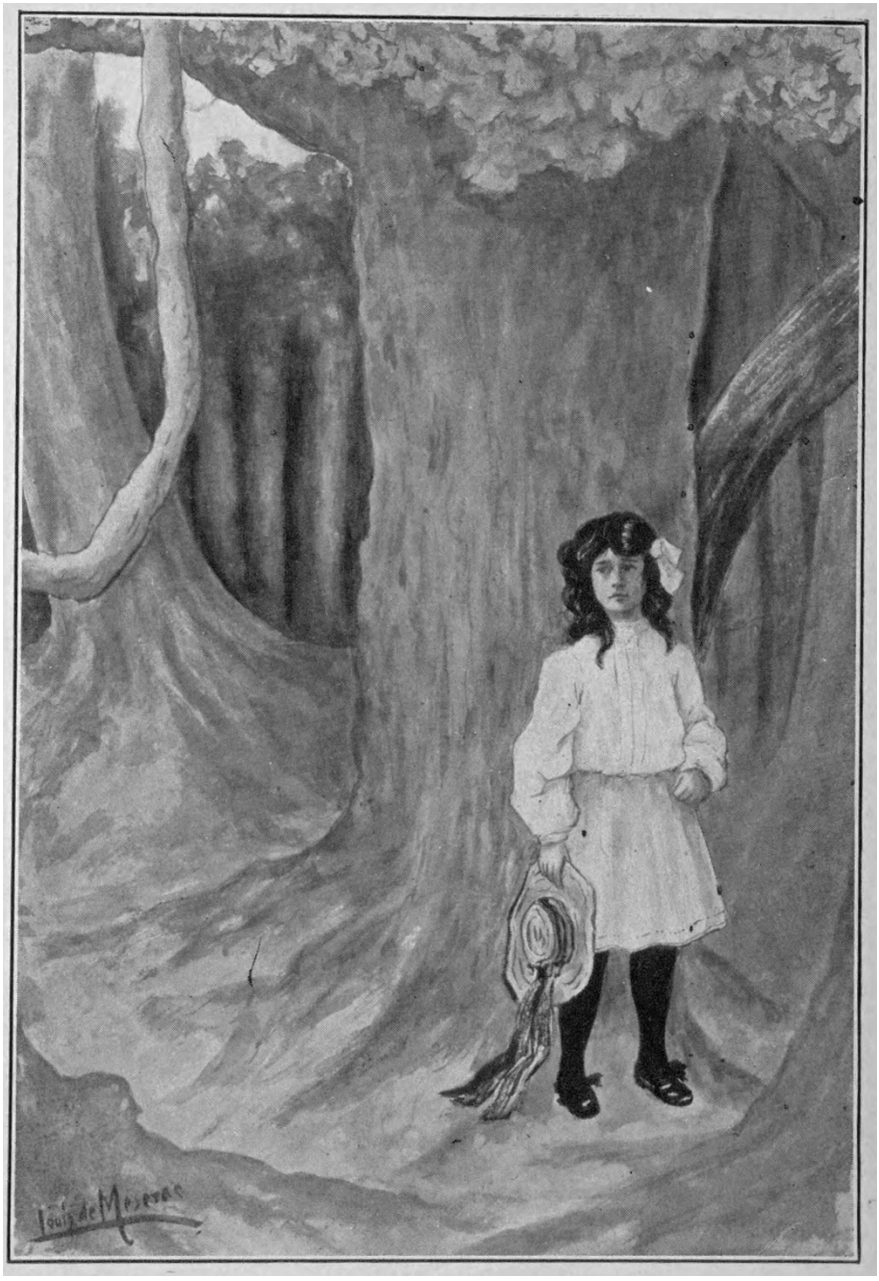
What orgies of delight followed! The girls bathed in the stream and ran wild in the sunshine, happy and tanned, going into the forest with the boys, except when they were going hunting.

Several days before their return home, the whole party went up to San Ignacio to see the ruins of the old mission

in the heart of the woods. Huge trees mark the site of the flourishing town, where once were cheerful homes which only eighty years ago were burned. So well were these dwellings built that the ruins are in excellent preservation, and the children played hide-and-seek in and out of the deserted walls, their merry laughter waking the echoes of the past. Maria had taught them the game she called 'High Spy,' and they enjoyed it greatly, she most of all.

"Now then, Martim, it's your turn to be it," she said. "And you can't find me!" as she sped away to hide in some new and strange place. Before she knew it she had gone farther into the forest than she meant, and she did not know how to return. She turned this way and that, but there seemed no path. All about her the woods hemmed her in everywhere like a great green curtain. Then catching her foot in a swinging vine she fell and hurt her ankle. Frightened, she stood under a great magnolia to think.

"I must not be silly and cry," she said to herself. "I can't have gone very far, and if I sit still they'll be sure to come and find me. If I go on I may just get farther and farther away. I am going to stay right here anyway, until my ankle



"'I must not be silly and cry,' she said to herself."

is better," as she seated herself quietly.

Maria was a brave child and old for her age, and she sat quite still, though the tears came into her eyes.

Soon she grew very drowsy and could hardly keep awake, for the woods were full of soft, cooing sounds and at last she dropped asleep.

It was almost twilight when she awoke, and the rays of the setting sun gleamed between the leaves. Drowsily stirring, she heard the sound of voices, and sitting up suddenly she saw a little Indian girl talking to a splendid cockatoo which perched upon her hand. The parrot was chattering in Portuguese, and his little mistress was talking to him lovingly, but she sprang away in fright as Maria got up from the ground.

"Can you show me the way to the camp?" she asked. "I am lost."

"What camp? Where did you come from?" asked the Indian. She was a little younger than Maria, and dressed in a quaint little peasant's costume of blue skirt and red blouse with a huge straw hat upon her black hair.

Quickly Maria told her story and the little girl said, "I

can take you back. You must have run very quickly to have come so far. We must start at once to reach the Mission before dark."

"Oh, thank you ever so much," said Maria. "I am so anxious to get back, for my father will be hunting for me."

"He might hunt all night and not find you, for the forest has many paths," said the little girl. She had a sad little face but it was very sweet when she smiled.

"What is your name?" asked Maria as the two girls trudged along through the forest, her companion still carrying the cockatoo.

"Guacha,[39] because I have no mother," she answered. "That is my Indian name, but I am also called Teresa."

"My mother is dead, too," said Maria, and the two little girls looked into one another's eyes with sympathy.

"My father is dead, also," said Guacha. "We were of the Mission Indians, but all my own people died of the fever two years ago."

"But who do you live with?" asked Maria. "Have you no friends at all?"

[39] A lamb without a mother.

"Oh, I live with some of the Indians who were my father's friends!" said Guacha, "and Chiquita here is my good friend," and she smiled at the bird, who chattered to her gaily and pecked gently at her cheek. "I wish you could go home with me!" cried Maria impulsively, and just then she heard a shout resounding through the forest, "Maria! Maria!" sounded her father's voice, and the two little girls hurried along faster, Maria answering the call as loudly as she could.

In a few moments they came in sight of the camp, and Maria was caught to her father's breast and kissed and scolded all in the same breath, while the rest of the children gathered around, eager with questions, all but Guacha, who stood apart, wistful and silent. Maria did not forget her, however, for escaping from her father's arms, she took the little Indian girl by the hand and said, "Scold me all you want to, Daddy, though I did not mean to run away, but be kind to Guacha, who brought me back and who has no father."

Then the little Indian was made welcome, thanked and made much of, and the Senhora said, "You must stay all

night with us, dear child, for it is too late for you to return home through the forest. Will they be worried about you?"

"Thank you, Senhora, I will stay," she said simply. "There is no one at all to worry about me."

CHAPTER XII

Guacha

Chiquita and Guacha proved a pleasant addition to the happy circle of little folk, for, though shy at first, the little Indian soon thawed out in the genial atmosphere about her. Many quaint little stories she told of Indian ways and customs, legends of the times of the Inca conquests, and stories of the days when her forefathers had been Caciques of the tribe. She was a sweet-natured little soul, and the Senhora kept her with them until the last day of their stay.

The evening before they were to return to Sao Paulo, all sat around the campfire, laughing, talking, and telling stories, Guacha beside Maria, for the two little girls had grown nearly inseparable. The green and red cockatoo was perched upon Guacha's shoulder, half asleep, but when his little mistress laughed, he chuckled sleepily, that half

amused, half contemptuous laugh which makes a parrot seem so human.

"Tomorrow we start toward home," said Lola dreamily, as she sat resting her head against her mother's knee.

"Saudade,[1] little daughter?" asked her father.

"Oh, no, papa, how could I be really homesick when I am having such a delightful time with my cousins," said Lola sweetly. "But I should like to see grandmamma in Para and my dear old nurse at the fazenda."

"I want to see Joachim and Vicente," said Affonzo.

"I want to see mamma," said Martim. Big boy that he was, he was not ashamed of being devoted to his mother.

Maria's eyes filled with tears, and she slipped one hand into her father's and he held it tight.

The Senhora hummed lightly under her breath the sweet Brazilian "Home Sweet Home,"[2] then the young folk took up the strain and sang together:

[1] Homesickness.

[2] Written by Goncalves Dias, who perished by shipwreck in sight of his native shores.

"Mine is the country where the palm-trees rear
Their stately heads toward the azure sky,
And where, in accents ever soft and clear,
The sabiá sings her hymn of melody;
Here, in my exile, say what warblers rare
Can with the sabiá's notes their own compare?

"Friendless, alone, at night, I dream of thee;
My slumbering senses wrapped in peace and bliss
I see the palms; the sabiá's melody
Falls on my ears; once more I feel the kiss
Of lips I love; I wake, the vision's gone,
The sabiá to his native woods has flown.

"Spare me, O God, until in peace I lie
Asleep forever in the land I love,
Then may the sabiá carol joyfully,
Perched in the palms, my resting-place above.
So gathering in the first-fruits of my love,
No longer homesick, every heartache past,
Bearing the sheaves for which in grief I strove,

A plenteous harvest may I reap at last."

As they finished, Maria heard from the slight figure beside her a sigh that was almost a sob and she turned quickly to find Guacha's eyes filled with tears, fixed upon her.

"What is it?" she whispered. "Are you ill?"

"Oh no," said Guacha. "But you all love each other so dearly and I have no one to love, only Chiquita," as the cockatoo rubbed his fluffy head against her cheek.

"You have me," said Maria.

"But you are going away from me," she answered mournfully.

"No, my child." Maria's father laid his hand kindly upon the little Indian's dark head. "You may come with us if you will."

"Oh, papa!" cried Maria, her face alight with eager delight. "Will you really take Guacha back with us?"

"I thought that you might like to have her go back with us and play that she was your sister," he said pleasantly. "Your aunt says she will take care of you both during the rest of the year, and the old people who have cared for your

little friend are ready to give her to us if she wants to come. How about it, Guacha? Will you go far off to Para and be Guacha's sister?"

She looked from him to Maria, from Maria to the Senhora, who smiled at her kindly.

"May I take Chiquita?" she asked. "He hasn't a friend in all the world but me."

"Of course you may take your birdie, you dear little girl," said the Senhora, "and we shall all hope to have you very happy with us."

Guacha gave a contented little sigh, and slipped her hand into Maria's.

"You are all so good," she said. "I could never be anything but happy with you."

"It will be ever so jolly," broke out Affonzo, the irrepressible.

"Yes," said Martim. "I'll have another girl cousin to tease, but she won't treat me as unkindly as you treat your Brazilian cousins, Maria."

"Well, maybe not," laughed Maria, "but you know Guacha is the only one of you all who is really and truly my

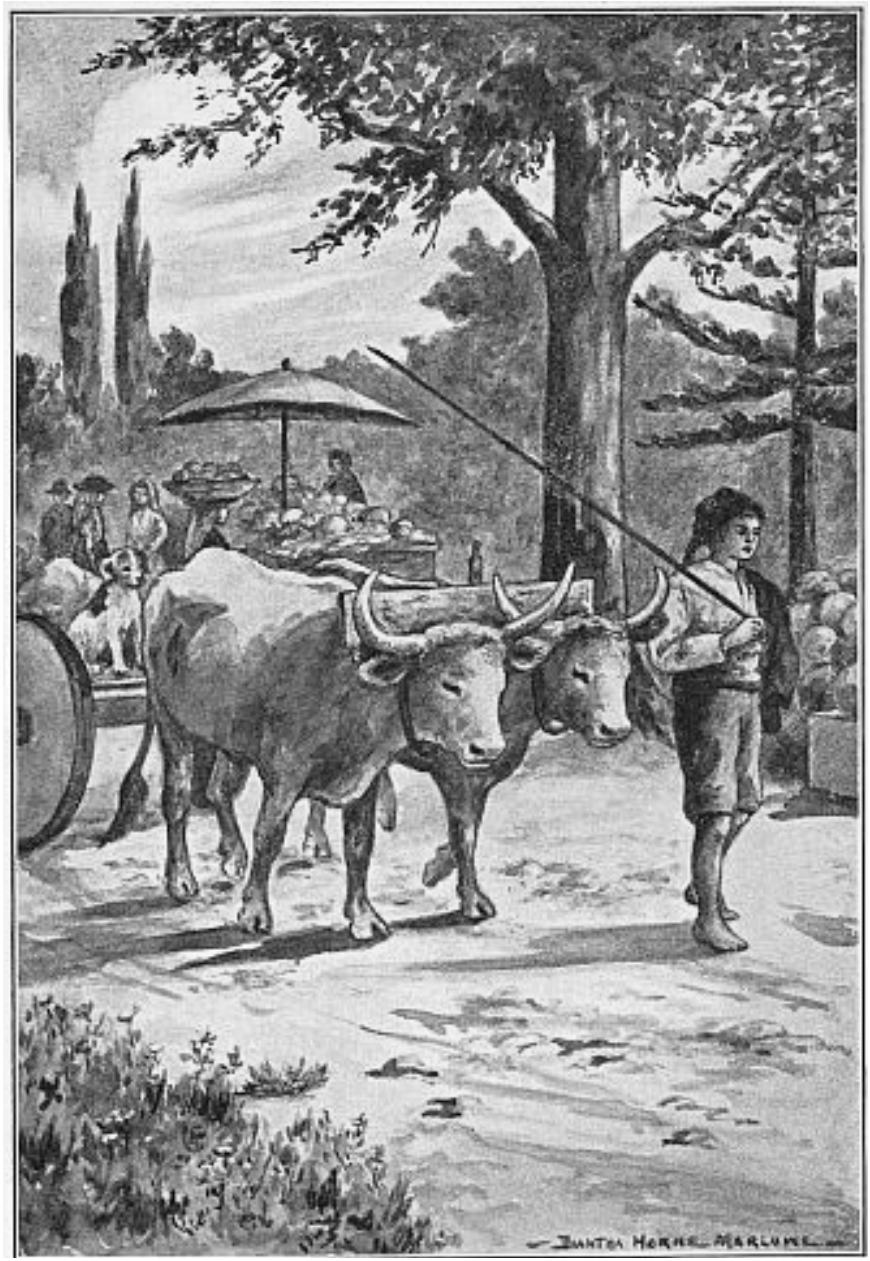
Little Brazilian Cousin."

THE END.

Our Little Portuguese Cousin

Edith A. Sawyer

Illustrated by Diantha Horne Marlowe



"A slim slip of a boy ... walked at the head of a pair of fawn-colored oxen."

Preface

One of the important historic events of the present century is the revolution which took place in Portugal on the third day of October, 1910, when King Manuel II lost his throne. The king and his mother were exiled and fled from Lisbon, the capital city, to England. A republic was proclaimed throughout Portugal, and a new, progressive government was adopted on December 1st, 1910.

Portugal is often described as "a garden by the side of the sea." Its strength as a country lies in its agriculture, especially in its vineyards, which are the chief source of wealth.

Education in Portugal has generally been at a low ebb. At the time of the revolution less than one-fifth of the Portuguese people could read and write. Plans for the new government include the opening of many primary schools

and the development of a system of higher education.

The Portuguese are an earnest people, enthusiastic yet serious-minded. Even the children play soberly. Whether rich or poor, Portuguese children are taught to respect age as well as to honor their parents. Throughout the country even a small boy takes off his cap and makes a bow when he meets an older person. Little girls also are taught gentleness of manner. The home life is simple and happy.

CHAPTER I

Jose's Secret

"The childhood shows the man." *-John Milton.*

A slim slip of a boy, with dark brown eyes and pale olive skin, walked at the head of a pair of fawn-colored oxen as he turned homeward from the marketplace of a small village in the north of Portugal.

The village was just a humble collection of narrow streets paved with round, worn cobble stones; a few shops and a long, one-storied inn; a group of cottages and two or three larger houses, and a little white granite church.

Along the street through which Jose Almaida passed with the oxen, the market day produce was spread out under the trees. There were great piles of maize-cobs, potatoes, chestnuts and beans; baskets full of grapes, figs

and apples; strings of garlic and onions; heaps of giant early yellow gourds, scarlet pimentos and deep red tomatoes; panniers of fish, fresh and salted, and red earthenware household dishes, crocks and water jars.

Jose had exchanged the grapes, onions and tomatoes, which he had brought from the home farm, for a small amount of tea and of hard, brown salted codfish—now the only luxuries of the Almaida family. In the rough ox-cart, Carlos, his dog, a thick-nosed pointer, white with brown spots, mounted guard over these provisions.

The marketplace was no new sight to Jose. He did not stop in passing along the street, except at the village fountain to fill a jar with water for an old woman. Around the fountain good-natured looking groups of women were talking over village affairs—women in peasant dress of dark, full short skirts, bright-colored waists, and gay red, blue or orange kerchiefs over their shoulders and hanging from under their round pork-pie black hats. Each woman carried a boat-shaped basket or a water jar upon her head.

Little Jose was a familiar figure on the market day. For five months past, he had done the family marketing,

sometimes with his oldest sister Joanna as companion, but often, as today, alone. At each greeting, he bowed and pulled off his long black knitted stocking-cap.

Today, early in October, the marketplace had confused him. He had heard groups of men saying that the king had gone away from the country, never to return, and that there would be great changes in Portugal.

Jose had three miles to travel before dark. There was no time to lose, so he urged on the oxen. But every now and then, out on the main road, he turned to look back toward the village, shading his eyes with his hand. Not seeing what he sought, he urged on the oxen again with the goad, which was twice as long as himself.

The road was steep. The oxen plodded on with low-bowed heads. They were small and intelligent looking oxen with strong shoulders and wide-branched horns. Above their heavy yoke rose the *canga*, or head-board, the pride of the Portuguese farmer. This was a piece of hard wood, about eighteen inches high and five feet wide, and handsomely carved in open work. It was the same kind of head-board used by the Romans two thousand years ago, when

they held control of Portugal.

The uphill road had many sharp stones. But the boy's hardened bare feet heeded them not. Carlos jumped from the cart to run by his master's side. Jose gave the dog a loving pat: "Ah, Carlos, brother Antonio does not come yet."

The dog was the only one who knew Jose's secret. He looked up with eyes which seemed full of sympathy, and put his nose into the boy's hand.

Along the wayside were rows and rows of oaks, chestnuts, planes, and most of all, white poplars. The poplars were covered to the top by trailing vines, loaded with purple grapes. On the hillsides were scattered little cottages, whitewashed or painted pale blue, pink, or buff, with red-tiled roofs. Every cottage which Jose passed had its shady porch built with trellis covering, and heavy bunches of grapes hung over the heads of women spinning at the open doorways, surrounded by quiet, bare-foot children.

In the distance stood green pine-covered hills. Farther away rose vast mountains, peak upon peak, purple now in the shadows of the October afternoon.

It is a beautiful, mountainous country, this Minho region around Guimarães, the old capital city. Minho is Portugal's richest province. And here, it is said, faces are brighter and manners gentler than anywhere else in Portugal.

Uphill the road wound always. Jose met many other boys, barefooted like himself, but usually older, driving oxen or pannier-loaded donkeys. The boys were dressed, as he was, in loose white linen shirt and blue cotton trousers which came just to the knees, a scarlet sash wound three times around the waist, a long, knitted black cap, and a jacket of brown homespun slung upon one shoulder. Sometimes the cap was red or green, but oftenest black; and it ended in a tassel which hung down the back.

Many a bare-foot girl, too, trudged along the road, dressed in peasant costume, and driving a donkey with a short stick.

With a last wistful look in the direction of the village, Jose turned the oxen from the main road into the rough wooded lane which led to his father's home. The ox-cart creaked and rumbled over the uneven ground. Like all such

carts in Portugal, it was made of four or five boards laid flat and resting upon two supports. It had two wheels of solid wood, without spokes, and with iron tires, fixed fast to an axle which turned with the wheels. Long as the three mile journey was to Jose, it was easier to walk than to ride in the jolting car.

Jose felt very tired. Although it was almost sunset time, he stopped the oxen and threw himself down near a clump of fragrant shrubs to rest before the last half mile of the hard journey. Carlos came and licked his master's face, then darted off after a red-legged partridge.

Upon this young boy had fallen the man's duty in a family of six, including himself—a now helpless father, a hard-working mother, and three sisters. Since May, when the Senhor Almaida had a stroke of paralysis, Jose had done the heavy work—for a young boy—of caring for the oxen, the cow, the chickens and pig. Besides, he had done what he could, with the help of Joanna, the seventeen-year-old sister, to carry on the farm garden and the vineyard.

There was an elder brother, Antonio, now twenty-one years old. He had left home, four years ago, to seek his

fortune in America. It was this elder brother whom Jose had been eagerly looking for during the last four months.

Joanna had at once written to Antonio of the father's illness, but had not suggested Antonio's return. "We must not send for Antonio," she and her mother decided. Three times each year they had received money from this elder brother; and the money would be even a greater help now that the father could not work.

Jose had been given the letter to post on a village market day. It was then that the plan for his secret came to him. At the *correio*, post office, he spent all the money he had ever owned for a postcard and stamp—twenty *reas*, two cents, for the card and twenty *reas* more, for a two-cent stamp. On one side of the card he copied in printed letters, Antonio's American address; on the other side he wrote the words: "Please come home. We need you. Jose."

How glad the boy was then that in the evenings last winter his father had taught him to write and to spell—something which very few Portuguese children know.

For a long time after mailing the postcard Jose felt very guilty with the heavy burden of his secret. As days and

weeks went by, the burden grew lighter, but the desire for Antonio's return grew stronger.

No letter had come from Antonio since Joanna had written. No money had come, either. This fact, which caused anxiety to the elders, gave Jose strong hope. He felt that Antonio's not sending any money meant that Antonio himself was coming.

CHAPTER II

The Elder Brother

"His first, best country ever is at home."

-Oliver Goldsmith.

The few moments of rest in the sweet, cool air refreshed Jose. He jumped up quickly. The farm work must be done before nightfall.

Carlos was barking excitedly. Had he caught the red-legged partridge? Jose turned to see. No, the dog was running toward a stranger, who was walking rapidly in their direction.

Could it be Antonio? Jose's heart-beats almost choked him. But no; this was a well-dressed stranger, with shoes on. He was evidently a man from the city, and a traveler, too, because he carried a handbag. And he had a black



"Jose called to the dog to leave off barking."

moustache. Of course it was not Antonio. Antonio would be barefooted; Antonio had no moustache.

Jose called to the dog to leave off barking. The stranger drew near. Stopping, he stroked one of the fawn-brown oxen. He looked at Jose with piercing dark eyes. His olive skin was clear and sunburned.

"Do you live near here, boy?"

Jose pulled off his cap as he answered:

"*Sim, Senhor*—Yes, sir—a half mile away."

"What is your name?"

"Jose Almaida, *Senhor.*"

The stranger dropped his handbag. He waited a moment to control his voice before he said: "Jose— this is your brother Antonio."

The two brothers rushed into each other's arms and kissed each the other on the cheek.

"Accolade!"—Welcome! Jose cried out at last. Antonio, thumping him gently on the shoulders, had drawn back to look into his face.

"Is it truly you, Antonio? You are so changed—so old—so splendidly dressed!"

"It is your brother Antonio. You, too, are so changed, Jose, that I did not know you. Instead of a very small boy I find a tall, grown lad. How are the father and mother, and the sisters? One little sister, Tareja, I have never seen."

Eager talk followed, questions and answers coming close together. The mild-eyed oxen looked around as if to ask the reason why the homeward journey was so long delayed.

"You say the father can never walk again?" Antonio asked sadly.

"We have had the doctor once. He said father may perhaps have the use of his right hand and foot sometime, if he has the best of care."

"Are there any crops on the farm this year? Who could do the work?"

"The apple and fig trees have borne well. We have good crops of maize and melons and gourds, because father had done the early spring planting before his illness came. Joanna and I did the hoeing and took what care we could. The vines are full of grapes. Father had pruned and trimmed them last winter. Joanna and I are gathering the grapes nowadays and beginning to press them. And I sold

some today."

"Is this your dog, Jose?" Antonio asked. Carlos had burst out again into barking.

"Yes. Inez Castillo, the daughter of Senhor Castillo — you remember our neighbor who lives on the big farm?— gave Carlos to me when he was a puppy, a year ago. He stays with me always when I work and goes with me wherever I go. He barks in such a friendly way at you that I think he must know you belong to the family."

One of the oxen gave a low cry which the other echoed.

Jose picked up the ox-goad and started them forward. "It is time to go on; the night work must be done."

Antonio lifted his handbag into the cart. "Who does that work?" he asked.

"I do. Sometimes Joanna helps. You will help now? You have come to stay at home?" Jose's voice was very wistful.

"I shall stay a while to help. We will not talk about this before the others."

"A little while will help. I am growing bigger every day." Jose drew his slight figure to its fullest height.

Antonio was silent.

"Did you get my postcard, Antonio?" Jose asked timidly, after a few moments.

"Yes; that is why I came home, Jose." Antonio threw his arm lovingly over the little brother's shoulder as they walked on, side by side.

"Please, oh please, do not speak about it before the others—about my writing to you," Jose begged in a half frightened voice.

"I will not speak about it, Jose, I promise you." Antonio looked down at his brother, whom he remembered as little more than a baby. It was hard to realize that this mere child had been the head of the family for five months.

CHAPTER III

A Portuguese Home

"He was a man of single countenance,
Of frank address and simple faith."
-Francisco de Sá de Miranda.

It was twilight when Antonio, Jose, the patient oxen and the frisky dog reached home.

Great was the joy over that homecoming. The father, sitting propped with pillows by the hearth, put his left hand in blessing upon the head of his eldest son and exclaimed "*Graças à Deus,*" thanks be to God. The mother, weeping tears of joy, held Antonio's strong body in her arms for a long moment. Joanna, the tall bronzed sister, who had just come in with the pails from milking, greeted him with a glad kiss upon the forehead. Shy, thirteen-year-old Malfada, her

jet black hair floating over her shoulders, hugged the big brother, and then ran to a shadowy corner to watch him. Two-year-old baby Tareja held out her chubby hands: Antonio had her on his shoulder now. The green parrot in its gilded cage cried "*Accolade, accolade,*" in a shrill tone.

Joanna quickly began preparing for supper the *bôlos de bacalhau*—the Portuguese delicacy for feast days—made of minced salt fish, mixed with garlic, shaped into cakes and fried in olive oil.

Jose ran out and put the oxen into their corner of the farmyard near the house, fed them and the cow, the chickens and the pig; brought in firewood, and, last of all, filled the red earthenware jar with cool water from the well on the terrace below the garden.

Soon the supper was ready. With thankful hearts and glad talk the family gathered around the long, dark, polished chestnut-wood table. The father's chair was drawn to the side nearest the hearth where a bright fire blazed, lighting the room. The mother held little Tareja. Joanna kept the plates filled with *bacalhau*, with *brôa*—the maize and rye bread of Portugal—with the vegetable stew of

gourds, dried beans and rice, flavored with bacon, which was the usual supper-dish; then, with ripe olives, fresh figs and sweet seed cakes. Malfada helped the father take his food. Jose ate hungrily, and once in a while slipped a piece of *brôa*, or bacon, into Carlos' mouth.

The front door stood open. Beyond the trees, the shadow of twilight lingered in the valley. The hills were bathed in rosy mist.

The Almaida home was one of the better class of small farmhouses. It stood in the center of a hillside farm of about four acres. It was a square, plastered stone house, white-washed inside and out. The overhanging eaves of the red-tiled roof were painted deep red underneath. This was the house where Senhor Miguel Almaida's father, his grand-father and great-grandfather had lived.

The central room, into which one entered from the vine-clad porch, was uncarpeted. The furnishings showed that the Almaidas were a family of more than peasant rank.

At one end of the room stood a large cupboard or cabinet of carved chestnut-wood. Its shelves were full of odds and ends—some old pieces of English ware, souvenirs

of long ago days when trade relations existed with Great Britain, and there was a silver platter of the fine old Portuguese handwork of two hundred years ago. There were also a few books on the shelves, and a violin, a guitar and a flute.

Against the wall, opposite the cabinet, were the beds, separated from one another by partitions which did not reach quite to the top of the room.

On the walls hung framed colored pictures of the Portuguese hero king, Affonso Henriquez, of Inez de Castro and Prince Pedro, her lover. A large gilt-framed mirror hung near the door, and over the mantel was a crucifix.

Never was there a cleaner or a prettier farmhouse in all Portugal. Never were there better-trained, more obedient children than Miguel Almaida's.

The father, in these many days when he had to sit helpless by the fireside in his armchair, felt grateful for his tidy home, his good wife, and his dutiful children. He was a man of middle height, thick-set in figure. He was of grave character and of great common sense. Even during this illness he kept himself cheerful and of good hope.

While the mother strained and cared for the milk, the older sisters washed and put away the dishes. Jose sat on a low stool by his father's side, holding Tareja on his knee, and listening to Antonio's stories about America, of his voyage home, and of the revolution in Portugal. Indeed the events in Portugal were of more interest even than the wonders of far-away America.

"Our country has changed very little in the past ten, twenty and perhaps fifty years. Now we can hope for better times," said Miguel Almaida.

News of the revolution had been slow in reaching the hillside farm. What the father had heard before as rumors Antonio now told him as facts.

The revolution had taken place while Antonio was on the voyage from New York to Gibraltar. The news had greeted him when he landed. As he had journeyed from Gibraltar to Lisbon, the capital city of Portugal, and then, northward still, to Guimarães, people everywhere were talking of the great event. Since then, travelling by foot from Guimarães out into the hill country and past the little marketplace, always the one topic of interest had been King

Manuel's banishment and the fact that the Portuguese people were now to rule and govern themselves.

Jose could not understand all that the change meant. But to Antonio and his father it meant better times—not so much money to be paid in taxes, better laws, and a chance for the children to go to school. Almost all of the education which the Almaida children had received had been at home. Senhor Almaida was a man better educated than many of his neighbors.

When the evening work was done, the mother and the two older sisters drew around the hearth. Tiny Tareja soon fell asleep in the mother's arms. Joanna and Malfada began to embroider: Portuguese girls do beautiful work with their needles. The hearth-fire of maple wood burned brilliantly. Two candles on the mantel lighted up the crucifix.

Every few moments the parrot in its cage near the mantel, opened its eyes, blinked, and called out "*Accolade! à deus!*"—Welcome! Good-by! "I am sure the old parrot remembers you, Antonio," the mother said, each time. "He has not talked so much as this for six months."

Now it was that Antonio opened his heavy travelling-

bag. One by one he took out the presents he had brought. Joanna and Malfada quickly put aside their work.

First there was a silver watch for the father—who had never before in all his life owned a watch.

Next came three silver-link handbags, the largest for the mother, the middle sized one for Joanna, the smallest for Malfada.

When Malfada hung the bag from her round wrist and held it forth to look at it, Antonio burst into a hearty laugh and said: "That is just the way I imagined that Malfada would dangle the little bag from her wrist."

Antonio put the present for sleeping Tareja into his mother's hands. It was a wonderful American doll with yellow hair and with eyes which would shut and open, and it was dressed all in white, just as Joanna had sometimes, on rare visits to Guimarães, seen foreign children dressed.

Then how gleefully they all laughed at the next present which Antonio brought out! It was for the house—a china salt-cellar, red and round like a tomato.

"We must put it in the cabinet. It is too fine to use except on holidays and feast-days," said the mother.

Jose's present was the last to appear. Now it was the little boy's turn to receive a paper-covered package, tied with pink string.

Jose's short fingers trembled in impatience as he untied the string—careful, even in his haste, not to break it, for a piece of string was very precious to the boy.

Off came the paper and out came a square white box. Off came the box-cover and out came an engine and four gaily painted cars—such a wonderful toy as Jose had never seen before.

It was an evening always to be remembered in the Almaida family. They looked at one another's presents. They listened to Antonio's tales of great American cities and railroads and bridges, of active, rapid-moving people, and of his own work as foreman on a section of railroad diggers.

By and by the mother saw that the father, in his arm-chair, was growing tired. So she told the children it was time to go to bed, because they could hear more tomorrow about all these things.

Jose took the engine and cars, the box and the pink

string to bed with him, and held them clasped in both hands to make sure that the treasures were real.

He was very wide-awake. He heard his mother and Antonio talking after they had helped the father to his bed. And the little boy never forgot Antonio's last words to his mother that night:

"Before I went away from home, mother, you said to me 'Each morning, resolve not to do anything during all the day which will make you feel sorry when night comes.' I remembered that each morning, mother, and it kept me always from wrong ways and wrong places."

CHAPTER IV

Garden and Vineyard

"Trees manifold here left their branches tall,
Fruit laden, fragrant, exquisite and rare."
-Camoens.

When, the next morning, Jose led Antonio through the garden and vineyard, crimson vine leaves and purple grapes were the only signs of autumn. The green of summer was fresh over everything else.

The granite gate-posts, which divided the front yard and flower garden from the fields, were almost buried in ferns and covered with ivy. In the garden blossomed roses, bright geraniums, asters, balsams, verbenas, salvias and dahlias. The Portuguese are great lovers of flowers. Their climate, where the temperature hardly ever goes below forty

degrees, is favorable to the growing of all the flowers, as well as the trees and shrubs, of both temperate and tropical zones.

On the borders of the Almaidas' garden and fields, great palms and tall cedars of Lebanon stood side by side with orange, lemon, citron and fig trees. Here and there was an olive tree, with gray-green leaves.

"How beautiful the flowers are, Jose, and how the trees have grown!" Antonio breathed a happy sigh as he spoke. Many times in his absence these last four years his heart had cried out for the flowers and trees and the quiet happiness of his childhood home.

Jose darted off to the house with the large bouquet of flowers he had gathered for his father. As he ran back to Antonio, he called: "Come to the farmyard. I want you to see our pretty, gentle cow, and the chickens and the pig."

At the right-hand side of the house was a good-sized farmyard, kept more than ankle-deep in gorse and bracken litter. This yard was formed by one side of the house and by a small granite building which held the grape-vats. High over the yard hung grape-vines on strong wooden trellises.

Here the cattle found shade and shelter in the heat of mid-summer. In Portugal, cattle are kept in the yards instead of being put out to pasture.

The dun-brown cow was indeed a gentle creature. She leaned her head to one side while Jose stroked her neck, and she looked at Antonio with friendly brown eyes. The chickens, in their corner coop, hurried forward, as if expecting food, so Jose ran outside the yard and pulled some handfuls of chickweed for them. The long, tall pig grunted a welcome, standing still to have his back scratched. The oxen turned restlessly, as if wondering why work was so late in beginning today.

Next the brothers visited the grape-vats. The wide, shallow tubs were full of trodden grapes. For several days Jose with Joanna, and Malfada to help sometimes, had carefully removed the green and decayed grapes from the huge purple clusters they had gathered, and had thrown the good grapes into the vats. Jose and the girls had trodden these grapes with their bare feet. Now the juice was running from the vats through the troughs and the strainers in rich crimson streams into caskets set upon slabs of granite

outside. This is the way that port, the wine for which Portugal is famed, is made throughout the country.

Antonio stood looking out over the maize field and vineyard, of about an acre, beyond the flower gardens. It was surrounded by poplar trees. Upon the trees hung grape-vines, heavy with fruit.

"We must gather more grapes today, Jose. I will help, and together we will tread the wine-press." Antonio's quick eyes saw that only a small part of the grapes had been taken from the vines. They must make the most of the vineyard crop.

Beyond the grape-vats was the *eira*, or threshing floor, made of granite slabs set close together, and beyond the *eira*, a small barn and storehouse.

The *eira* was well open to sun and wind. Piled high at one side were stacks of maize-stalks, full of unhusked ears. The farm work was behindhand at this harvest time: it had been more than Jose and his two sisters could do. Yet they had bravely tried.

The oxen's inquiring looks had reminded Jose that the day's watering of the gardens and fields ought to begin.

"Let me take the oxen out today, Antonio, please," Jose said, when his brother would have gone ahead with the work. Jose knew that his part as leader would soon be ended. Hard as the care had been, he felt more than half sorry to give it up to Antonio.

The obedient oxen came forth under the yoke and the high, carved head-board. With the long ox-goad Jose guided them, Antonio following, to the wide terrace at the left side of the house, where a well was sunk into a deep spring, which had a supply of water that never failed. Jose fastened the oxen to the *nora*, the old-time waterwheel.

Round and round the oxen went, in a wide circle, under trellises covered with vines. Their moving carried power to an endless chain which was set a few feet apart with buckets. These buckets, sent dipping in turn down into the well, brought up water from its depths.

Half of it was spilled by the way. But enough was saved to make a plentiful stream which flowed off to the thirsty gardens and fields below.

In this Portuguese part of Europe there is scarcely any rain from May to November. Therefore through the long

dry season, watering is necessary to the growth of the crops and the vines. Irrigation by the water of springs brought down from the hilltops to the farms on the way, is increasing every year. But many farmers, in remote places, like the Almaidas', still follow the two thousand year old custom of watering from a well by means of the oxen's turning of the endless chain.

"This is water enough for today," Jose said at last. "Will you drive the oxen to the yard? I must help Joanna." And off the boy ran.

Joanna, with a boat-shaped basket of clothes upon her head, had just gone to the stream beyond the barn, near the wood-lane entrance to the farm. She waded out into the stream, above her ankles, and took the clothes which Jose handed to her, washing out one piece after another in the running water.

When this task was done, busy Jose hurried back to join Antonio, who had begun to gather grapes. For an hour they worked, filling and emptying other boat-shaped baskets, till the sun was high overhead.

"We will tread the grapes toward night, Jose," Antonio



"Joanna, with a boat-shaped basket of clothes upon her head."

said, when Joanna called them to dinner.

At the noon-day meal they ate *brôa*—bread—dipped in olive oil, a little dried fish, oranges and figs.

After dinner, in the heat of the day, Antonio went out to a rocky corner of the farm and lay down in the cool shade. Jose brought along his engine and cars. It was the first chance he had found today to play with them. And until Antonio grew too sleepy, he told Jose about real trains and railroads.

Oh, it was good to be free, good to be in the shade of the trees, to look off over the hills and dream of the cities and the people beyond!

Antonio fell asleep, thinking these thoughts. When he awoke, Jose was drawing the train of cars by the pink string, back and forth. A far-away strain of music sounded upon the air.

"Have you learned yet to play the flute or violin, Jose?" Antonio asked.

"Yes, Antonio, I can play the violin a little."

"Run to the house, bring both violin and flute. You can play the one, and I will see if I have forgotten what I knew

about the other."

Away sped Jose. Returning, he gave Antonio the flute, keeping the violin. Then for an hour the brothers played, not by note but by ear, the simple, sweet melodies of the countryside. The Portuguese people are lovers of music as of flowers. Each farmer, peasant, shepherd and charcoal-burner has his guitar or violin, his pipe or flute.

Jose's violin notes were true and liquid. The old violin—it had been his grandfather's—was rich-toned. Presently Antonio laid aside the flute and listened to the little brother's playing.

CHAPTER V

The Husking of the Maize

"If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work."
-William Shakespeare.

Jose and Antonio, Malfada and Joanna worked side by side those busy days of the next two weeks. They gathered and trod the grapes. They cut and carried through the threshing floor great sheaves of maize and of beanstalks, leaving them to dry there in readiness for the threshing. The girls were active and willing, strong and cheerful. Both girls and boys worked with the eager purpose of helping the invalid father and the mother so wearied with constant care of the sick man and the young child.

After the grapes were gathered, and the maize and beans

harvested, the hard work was over for a time. The gourds and watermelons, which had been planted between the rows of maize and beans, now open to the sunshine, were gaining in mellow color.

There was some free time for the Almaida family in the afternoons of these October days. Jose drew his engine and cars back and forth on the terrace, Carlos barking after him. Sometimes Jose played with Malfada around the water-works, and swam oranges in the streams still running from the endless chain of buckets. The mother and Joanna worked in the flower garden. Antonio wandered off on the hillside with his flute.

At the maize-husking season in Portugal there is many a gay assembly. The threshing floor is the social gathering place for old and young. Antonio, Joanna, Malfada and even little Jose had already been to the *Decamisadas*, or husking, on neighboring farms, when the work and the dancing had lasted until late into the evening. Now Antonio had, in turn, invited their neighbors to a maize-husking.

On the afternoon set, eager troops of men and boys,

most of them carrying some musical instrument, came in holiday costume of homespun trousers, white linen shirt with a large gold or silver stud at the neck, a red sash bound around the waist, broadcloth or homespun cloak hung over one shoulder, and newest hat of black felt or cap of knitted yarn. Eager troops of girls came also, in full short skirts, in bodices of dark red or yellow worn over white waists, the large sleeves newly starched and ironed. Each girl had a gay-colored cotton or silk kerchief over her shoulders, and almost everyone wore handsome filigree gold earrings.

Jose's mother was dressed in the same kind of costume, except that her kerchief was of soft dark red silk; and she wore her chief treasure, a heavy gold chain and cross.

That afternoon, for the first time since his illness, Senhor Almaida sat out on the porch in his armchair, his best broadcloth cloak wrapped about him. In the excitement of the family preparation for the *Decamisadas*, he had moved his right hand slightly. How the mother and the children rejoiced in this sign of returning strength!

The husking went on merrily. Skillful fingers made quick work. Gossip and song filled the air with busy hum.

At times one or two of the men left off work, upon Antonio's asking, and for a half hour played familiar tunes on flute, guitar, violin or pipe.

Toward sunset, when the sky was all aglow with red light, the mother, Joanna and Malfada brought out the supper of *brôa*, dried fish and preserved fruits. The large platters were piled high with the food, and there was plenty more in the house. The workers had hearty appetites, and each took a cupful of the fresh-pressed grape juice which Antonio passed around.

The round harvest moon rose just at sunset. In the red-silver glow of twilight and moonlight, the cheerful workers began their tasks again. After an hour more, the husking was finished. A huge heap of golden ears gleamed in the center of the threshing floor. Willing hands carried these off to the barn. The threshing floor was cleared of maize-stalks and chaff. All was ready for dancing.

First the young men and maidens formed a circle and went round and round in a merry jig. Then they danced, in groups, the *bolero*, a dance slow and firm in motion, with well-marked time. This was followed by a lively reel.



"She was the picture of youth, beauty, and grace."

As the music grew louder, little Jose dared to join in with his beloved violin.

Then singing burst forth to the music, players and dancers taking part in the simple countryside melodies, until, warm and breathless, the dancers drew back to the edges of the threshing floor. And now they began eagerly calling upon Inez Castillo for the dance she did so well.

Eighteen-year-old Inez Castillo had stood aside while the others danced. She did not like so much romping. But now she stepped forward good-naturedly at their request. Her deep black eyes glowed with the luster of health. There was a ripe red flush upon her cheeks, an expression of gentle modesty upon face and figure.

"You play for me, Jose, you alone, please," the girl asked. She knew how perfectly in tune and in time Jose's music was.

Steadily, but rather low at first, the boy began to play. Steadily and gracefully Inez danced forth, her silver bracelets tinkling upon her wrists. Her arms and body moved in perfect time. She was a picture of youth, beauty and grace.

Jose did not think about the people listening as he drew

his bow back and forth. He thought only of making his music as true as possible for Inez—Inez who had given him his dear dog-friend Carlos.

Antonio leaned against the stone wall of the barn, watching the face of his music-loving little brother. "I must try to let the lad have some music-training," he said to himself. He watched, too, the modest, graceful dancing of Inez; and he decided that however interesting far-away America had been, his own fatherland was a goodly country.

CHAPTER VI

An Autumn Ramble

"With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise."
- Thomas Buchanan Read.

The father was better. He could move the weak hand and foot, although he was not yet able to use them. But he could sit all day in the armchair on the porch. From there he was able to direct the late autumn work. This was fortunate. Antonio had half forgotten what needed to be done, and Jose did not yet know much about it.

The mother's face had brightened. She did the work of the household and cared for Tareja with a thankful heart. Joanna and Malfada were again busy all day out of doors in

the field with their brothers.

Now the winter's supply of gourds, left among the stubble of maize-stalks, had grown very large and yellow. There were two kinds of gourds—one, smooth and round, the other, long and striped. These were gathered and lifted, some to the low roof of the barn, others to the top of the rocky ledge, where they would not have to stand in the wet after the autumn rains began. The melons, also, were gathered and stored in the same way. Upon these places, gourds and melons would keep sound until February. All through the winter the better ones would be valuable food for the family, while the coarser ones would be used for cattle and pig.

There was a good supply of cabbage in the garden for the winter's house use and for feeding the livestock. Sown late in the summer, the cabbage had grown to four or five feet in height. Its lower leaves would be picked off, week after week, then the stalks cut down in the spring to make room for other crops.

Twice Jose went with Antonio to the wild lands of the remote hillside, and loaded upon the ox-cart gorse,

heather, bracken and wild grass as winter stabling for the cattle. This they cut or scraped together with broad-bladed hoes—simple tools made of a flat piece of iron shaped like a spade and fastened upon a handle. Jose's hoe-handle was so long that he had very hard work to manage it. But he bravely kept on, no matter how his arms and back ached during those early November days.

It would soon be time to plough the stubble and to sow the winter barley, rye and wheat, the flax, and the maize for cattle feed.

"We will take a holiday, Jose, before we begin this new work. Where would you like to go?" Antonio asked, as they walked homeward from the wild-land by the side of the oxen. Carlos ran ahead on the wood-road, sniffing the fresh air.

"I would like best to go up to the hilltop, where we can look off and see Guimarães and the old ruined Roman city, Citania."

"We will go tomorrow. You have earned a holiday, and the uphill walk will straighten your shoulders. The hoeing has made you bend over like a little old man."

The next morning's work of caring for the livestock was done early. Each with a lunch basket, and a cloak hung over one shoulder, the two brothers set forth, followed by Carlos, and watched out of sight by the family on the front porch.

They found the mossy old foot path which led from the main road up the hill. Pine needles made the rocks here and there as slippery as glass. But tufts of tall, stout grass along the path served as a help in climbing.

The sky overhead was deepest blue. Through the trunks of trees on both sides of the path they could see many a maize field yellow with stubble, and many a vineyard with brilliant bronze leaves.

The trees were very beautiful. Here was the straight trunk of a eucalyptus "tall as the mast of some great admiral;" here was a cork tree with a rich, brown velvet-like trunk, and here a gum tree, its long drooping leaves of russet, red and orange showing like jewels against the slender, dark trunk.

There were seats for the weary built against the trees along the way. Once in a while the brothers stopped to rest. And at the noon hour they ate their luncheon, Jose sitting

at Antonio's feet, and giving a large part of his own share to the dog.

By early afternoon they came to the rocky crag of the hill. A humble hermitage stood upon the outer edge of this great rock. Near the hermitage a gilded cross was built upon a broad pillar of piled stones—the work of some long-ago, shoeless Carmelite or Trappist monk. The hermitage was deserted now, but the palms and ferns around it were rich in beauty. Antonio, who had read much about his country's history, told Jose that all these green growing things had been planted and tended with loving care by the devout monks who had taken on themselves the vows of poverty and of silence.

Antonio and Jose lay down upon the soft, fine grass, under a tall palm tree, and looked out over the wide view which the rocky crag gave. The mole-crickets made a soft churr-churring sound around them. Blackbirds in the tree-tops gave shrill, crowing calls. From hilly pastures, shepherds among their sheep sang in rivalry with one another.

For a long time the brothers were silent. The beauty of the scene almost took away speech. On all sides were purple



"For a long time, the brothers were silent."

hills and upon every hilltop stood a hermitage or shrine with a shining cross above it. Far away rose the giant peak of the Penha, a mountain covered with green up the greater part of its height, then bare granite to its top.

Antonio pointed to the southeast: "There on the plain, is Guimarães, with its many roofs and chimneys; and, look, there is the smoke of a railroad train."

"Will you take me there some time, Antonio, so that I can see a real train of cars?"

"Yes, Jose, we will go there on our next long holiday.

Now look over yonder. Half way up the hill do you see some rows of stone wall?"

"Yes, Antonio."

"There lies the old fortress city, built by the Romans more than a hundred years before Christ was born. It is called Citania now, and it is in ruins. Some day you will read about it in a book of history."

Jose sighed as he said: "I fear it will be a long, long time before I can read a book. I can only spell out a few words now—not much more than I wrote on the postcard to you."

"Would you like to go to school this winter, Jose?"

"Oh, how I should like it—more than anything else in all the world! But there is no school, and if there was one, I could not leave the farm work to go to it."

"There is to be a free primary school opened this winter, with a good teacher, in our village where we go on market days. I want you to attend the school, Jose."

"But who will do the work at home, Antonio? You will soon go back to America, I think." Jose never forgot, even in the joy of having Antonio at home, that this big brother might soon go away again.

Antonio was silent a long time. Then he said slowly, looking off to the far Penha Mountain: "Jose, how would you feel if I told you I will stay at home?"

"I should be very happy, oh, so happy, brother."

"Well, Jose, I have decided to stay."

Jose raised himself upon his elbow and looked eagerly into Antonio's face: "Do you really mean it?" he asked.

"Yes, Jose."

"Then I *can* go to school, and learn as much as you know?"

Antonio laughed a little sadly: "It is not very much that

I know, from books. Most of the small amount I know is what I have learned from men and things in America, and from the newspapers. But I will study in the evenings this winter. I would rather have an education than be a millionaire. There was a school in the village when I was your age. The new school will be better than that."

"Why will it be better, Antonio?" Jose asked. He knew nothing of schools except that they were places where children could learn to read from books.

"We had old, dull books to study, and we had to wait, all in one class, until every boy and every girl had learned the lesson. But Senhor Castillo has told me that in the new school there will be new books, and there will be more than one class, so that the boys and girls who are quickest to learn can go ahead of the others."

"I am afraid I shall not be quickest to learn, Antonio."

"Try as hard as you can, Jose. Then, in the future, perhaps you will be one of the rulers of Portugal. The time is coming in this country when education will mean power."

Jose listened with close attention. And although he could not understand Antonio's words, he remembered

them. A moment later he asked: "May I be the one to tell the family that you will stay at home with us, Antonio? I know the father and mother have felt very anxious about this."

"Yes, Jose, you may tell them this evening. Now take a last look toward Guimarães. We must start for home. It is nearly the sunset hour, and darkness will soon follow. The path is so steep that we need light to tread it."

CHAPTER VII

Winter Work and Play

"See, winter comes to rule the varied year."

-James Thomson.

What joy in the home when Jose that evening, after the late supper, told the good news! How they crowded around Antonio, clapping him on the shoulders! With what glee did Joanna bring out preserved fruits and sweet cakes for them to eat as they drew their chairs around the hearth!

"We will have many a happy winter evening together;" the father spoke with a new courage shining in his eyes. "The doctor you sent for, Antonio, came today while you and Jose were away. He told me that if I rest this winter, free from care, I shall have full use of my right hand and foot again. Your taking the care from me will be what saves

me, Antonio."

"I can do more than keep you from care, father. I saved money while I was away, and have over two hundred dollars now, even after paying my passage home. I will spend some of this money to make the farm better."

This was the first time Antonio had spoken of his savings. He had kept silent until he could decide as to whether or not he would go back to America.

"You are a rich man, my son." A look of pride shone in the father's eyes as he spoke.

"You deserve it, Antonio. You are a good son," the mother said, as she wiped happy tears from her eyes.

Indeed this seemed to the whole family a very great fortune. Even Senhor Castillo was not worth more than five hundred dollars, and he was the wealthiest man for miles around.

"I will buy a new plough and some new tools. We shall soon have enough better crops to more than pay for this spending. When you are well again, father, there will be two men of us to work instead of one."

"And what about Jose?" The father put his left hand

upon the little boy's shoulder. Jose was kneeling beside him, roasting chestnuts on the hearth.

"I am going to school this winter, Antonio says." Jose looked up with a happy face.

"A school term will begin early in January, at the village. Jose can go for the sixteen weeks; he is strong enough to walk there and back, I think," said Antonio.

"Sometimes can I go, too?" Malfada asked, tossing back her thick black hair.

"Yes, little one, you can go with Jose, that is the best plan. Then you can help each other with your lessons," the father said quickly.

Soon the winter began. The dull weather with heavy rains lasted two or three weeks. In this Portuguese country, autumn meets winter with pouring rain and with strong winds, which break down almost everything in the gardens and which cover gardens and fields with wet leaves and long sprays of vine.

During these days Antonio and Jose wore about the farm work curious coats made of several layers of dried grass. These were some protection against rain and wind.

But there was not much work to be done until the heavy storms should cease.

In late November the sun came forth brightly. It was time to plough the stubble fields.

The only plough Jose had ever seen until now, was one made of a crooked branch of hardwood tree, shod with iron—of the same pattern as the plough used by the Romans two thousand years ago. It was a plough so light in weight that after the day's work was done, the man lifted it from the ground and hung it over the yoke of the ox.

This old kind of plough was drawn by one ox, and it stirred the soil only six or seven inches deep. The new plough—which Antonio brought home one day behind the oxen—turned a deep straight furrow in the light crumbling soil.

The old harrow, to level the ground after the ploughing, was made of fifteen or twenty teeth of iron set into a wooden framework. The new harrow which Antonio bought had many strong, close-set teeth.

Jose had followed after the plough with great delight, to watch its working. Now, when Antonio let him ride on the

harrow-seat, the boy kept his head turned back most of the way, in order that he might see the ploughed land grow level under the harrow's teeth.

"Surely our crops will be doubled next season—twice as large as ever before—because the ground is so well-prepared," the father said each day as he watched the work from the doorway. He seemed to gain in strength daily, even during this dullest season of the year. It was hard, though, for him to be unable to help, for there was much work to be done.

Jose was given the sowing of the winter wheat and rye, and of the maize for the winter food of the cattle. Antonio pruned the grape-vines and cut off the tops of the trees on which the vines hung. Soon the maize shot up, and the young stalks had to be cut, morning and night.

Jose stayed around the house all one market day afternoon, taking care of little Tareja and being company for his father, while the mother, Joanna and Malfada went to the village with Antonio. Malfada dangled the silver-link bag from her wrist, just as Antonio knew she would; and she brought back home in it a little boxful of candies for Jose.

It was a great day for them all.

There were long, pleasant evenings, for Portuguese families stay at home together instead of going to their neighbors for amusement. Jose played softly on his violin. The mother, Joanna and Malfada sewed or embroidered. Antonio read aloud from some book, or oftener from a newspaper he had bought on the weekly market day and which gave news of the nation's progress. Sometimes, but not often, he went out with his flute; and then the family knew that he had gone to serenade Inez Castillo.

Swiftly the days passed. Soon came *Natal*—Christmas—the great holiday of the year. On this day and on New Year's, there were fireworks and decorations at each farmhouse, singing, and visits back and forth.

Daily between Christmas and New Year's the Almaida family ate *bôlos de bacalhau*, and *rebanadas*—thick slices of *brôa* soaked in new milk, fried in olive oil and spread with honey. *Rebanadas* is the special holiday food for Christmas and New Year's. The red tomato salt-cellar was used at table on each of these days.

The holidays from farm work lasted up to the Feast of

the Epiphany, January 6th. On the day after, the school in the village opened.

Five days each week Jose and Malfada walked barefoot the three miles in the early morning, returning in the dusk of the mild winter day. The walk was very tiring sometimes. It was fortunate that both children were strong, and used to being much on their feet.

At first Carlos wanted to go with them. But soon he seemed to understand that he was not to be allowed to take these morning walks. On each school day, however, at four o'clock, he would begin watching for the children, and the moment he caught sight of them coming along the wood-lane, he dashed off at top speed to meet them.

The old parrot was very funny these days. So much going and coming confused him. In the mornings when Jose and Malfada went away he called out *Accolade*—welcome, and in the afternoons, when they returned, *à deus*—good-by. These were the only words he knew; Jose had tried in vain to teach him other words, just as Antonio had tried when a little boy.

"The parrot is growing very old; he is losing his sense,"

the mother said one day when the bird greeted the children on their return from school with *à deus! à deus! à deus!*

"Oh no, mother; I am sure he thinks it is a joke, just as we do," Jose said, very earnestly.

On the Saturday holiday Jose worked from dawn till dark, helping Antonio. The vine-pruning and tying did not end until February. Jose learned to tie the vine branches skillfully to the trees, leaving room for the vines to grow and not be hurt by the cord. In February, March and April came the sowing for the crops of the summer and autumn.

The sixteen weeks' term of school ended in April. Jose had been put into the class of the quickest learners. He had gone rapidly ahead of Malfada, who, although three years older, stayed in the lower class.

Jose had been eager over his books—far more eager than Malfada. But he ran almost all the way home, and reaching there long before she did, put away his books gladly. The schoolroom, with its crowd of boys and girls, had seemed hot and dusty those days when the outside world was growing so beautiful.

Antonio was out in the field, planting cabbages, when

Jose hurried toward him calling: "No more school, Antonio, no more school now."

Antonio straightened back his shoulders and asked: "Is this the boy who wanted so much to go to school?"

Jose's face turned very red under its tan. But when he saw the teasing look in Antonio's eyes, he laughed and said: "It is good to have spring come after winter, so I think it is good to change from going to school to not going. Besides, the teacher says there will be a ten weeks' term next autumn."

"Spring unlocks the flowers, so the spring should let children come out of doors," said Antonio. "There will be some hard work for you, Jose, but never mind!"

"Never mind," repeated Jose, racing back to the house with Carlos at his heels.

CHAPTER VIII

When Spring Unlocks the Flowers

"In the merry month of May."

-William Shakespeare.

The hills were sweet with the air of spring. Down their sides ran rills of water, foaming with golden light. The fresh grass of the fields was carpeted with flowers. The young vine-shoots were full of tender, pale green leaves.

Lemon and orange trees shone with white blossoms. The elder, lotus, and shining-leaved magnolia showed almost more white than green. The pomegranate held forth fiery red blossoms. The olive tree, with its stunted growth and its gray-green leaves, glowed all day long with a beautiful silver color under the bright sunshine. In the flower garden, roses, geraniums and heliotrope were a-

bloom.

Crops were growing wonderfully. The effects of the deep ploughing already showed in the stronger maize-stalks, the more abundant bean pods and the well-started vegetables.

"The fourth leaf-spike has appeared on the maize: it is time for the hoeing," said the father. He could walk now, slowly, with the aid of a stout cane, as far as the field.

It was easy for Jose to work with the new short-handled hoe Antonio had bought for him. Yet at the end of the day his arms and wrists were so tired that he could scarcely draw the bow across the violin. Many an evening the bow dropped from his hand as he fell asleep, heavy-eyed after being all day in the open air.

As soon as the young maize-stalks were strong enough to stand the flow of water, the oxen were set to work at the *nora* and streams of water began running down through the fields. The dry season had commenced. There was day after day of bright, unclouded sunshine.

Then came the thinning of the crops, to make the strong stalks grow stronger, and to give food for the cattle.

Working with his bare feet two or three inches deep in

the warm, moist soil, Jose felt as if he were a part of this great, growing, beautiful world. The strength of the earth seemed to come into him with the air he breathed. He was taller and more sturdy: he no longer looked like the slim slip of a boy of six or seven months ago.

Early in June the crops had grown to their limit. Their turning to a yellow color showed the ripening. It would soon be time for cutting down the first crop of barley, oats, rye and wheat, and to make ready for a second sowing. The flax had already been taken up, and had been steeped or soaked in water for more than a week. Now, well-dried in the sun, it must be broken and scutched by hand, or taken to some mill to be finally made ready for spinning.

Antonio decided that he would carry the flax to Guimarães, where there were good mills, instead of having his mother and sisters do the work at home. Besides, he wanted to buy some new seeds for the second sowing.

"Would you like to take a holiday with me tomorrow?" he asked Jose on the evening before St. Antonio's day.

"Yes. Where? To Guimarães?" Jose replied quickly.

"How did you guess, little brother?"

"Because last autumn, when we went on a holiday, you said you would take me to Guimarães when we went away again."

"We will start early tomorrow. We will take the oxen, because I am going to carry the flax to the mill."

"It is good to have the holiday on St. Antonio's day. Because you have that name, the day should be your holiday, Antonio."

CHAPTER IX

On St. Antonio's Day

"-in my soul is naught but gayety."

-Antonio Ferreira.

For the first time in all his life, Jose was to see Guimarães, the old city where Portugal's hero king, Affonso Henriquez, was born in 1109, the great warrior who made of Portugal a united country.

On the morning of St. Antonio's day, the thirteenth of June, the family was up early to eat with Antonio and Jose the holiday breakfast of *estofado*—stewed meat and vegetables. At six o'clock they gathered on the wide stone doorstep to see the brothers start. Carlos lay at the edge of the step, his nose upon his paws, waiting, both eyes fixed upon Jose. The dog knew that some unusual journey was

planned; he was all ready to go, too.

But Carlos could not go. This was Jose's only regret at starting. "He would be frightened and perhaps lost in the city," Antonio said. So the dog was held back by Joanna, and he decided, in his dog way, that Jose must be going off to school again. The parrot's cries of *Accolade! Accolade!* followed the brothers until they were beyond reach of the sound.

It was a glorious June morning. Although so early, the sun was even now high in the blue heavens. The air was fragrant with sweet flower perfumes. Many small brown and yellow butterflies fluttered along the roadside. Large gray sand-lizards ran out from the underbrush. Meadow-larks and blackbirds sang in every treetop.

All beyond the village marketplace was new to Jose. The road grew constantly better. Soon above the pine forests appeared the granite peak of Penha. On the approach to Guimarães, the ground rises and pine forests spread around the city for miles. In that wild country, Affonso Henriquez first learned the art of war, and in his very boyhood became the trusted leader of his troops.

As the brothers drew nearer, they saw the gentle hill on which stand the walls of the old castle, still keeping watch over the city which lies beneath. It is impossible to imagine a ruin more stately than that of this grand old castle of the Middle Ages, the first Christian fortress in Portugal—a castle-fortress which tells the story of the strong spirit of the race of men who built it. The huge granite blocks, each taller than a man, which form the battlements, still stand erect and immovable.

On the road, as the brothers drew yet nearer, were many other travelers, like themselves bound for the city. It was market day as well as the holiday of St. Antonio. There were men and women, boys and girls, in gala-day costume. Sometimes the women and girls were driving donkeys, pannier-laden. But oftenest, these women-folk had baskets, heavily filled, upon their heads; in Portugal women carry everything in baskets, from babies to bales of goods. There were herdsmen on the way, driving flocks of goats. Groups of children walked soberly along with their parents. Now and then a beggar asked Antonio for a bit of money; but Portugal has few beggars compared with its neighboring

country, Spain.

The crowd of holiday-makers grew. Jose climbed into the ox-cart, because he could see more and because the long walk and the unusual excitement were making him feel rather tired. Most of the travelers passed on ahead, for the oxen, pulling their load uphill, made slow progress. But Jose did not mind this. The music of a brass band was coming to his ears. He had to ask Antonio what it was; he had never before heard a band.

Guimarães is a delightful old city. Even people who have travelled much more than Jose think so. It is full of picturesque buildings. There are many houses with balconies and windows of fine wood-carving. Several of the streets are hardly more than narrow alleys, and the eaves of the houses all but meet overhead. Some of the wider streets end in wonderful views of the hills, seen across fields brilliant green with rye and clover. And there is a beautiful old granite cathedral church.

Jose had never seen anything so marvelous as this building. In its graceful granite belfry tower the peal of eight bells was ringing out the hour of ten as the oxen moved slowly

past, along the crowded street. But Jose hardly noticed the people: he was looking up, full of eager curiosity, at the strange heads and faces, half like men, half like animals—the gargoyles carved on church and tower.

"Take me to see the cars and the railroad first of all, please, Antonio," had been Jose's request, made over and over again that morning on the way.

So, to please the little brother, Antonio drove the oxen directly to the railway station. By good fortune they were just in time to see the arrival of a long passenger train. Jose was almost terrified by the rushing in of the tall black engine with its smoke and noise. The cars, with their seats and windows and curtains, seemed to him like strange little homes.

Many a traveler turned to gaze with interest at the earnest-faced, black-eyed boy and the handsome, strong-looking brother, with the fresh color of the country upon their faces.

A little girl dressed in white stepped from the cars, holding fast to her mother's hand. "See, Antonio," Jose cried out in a voice so loud that everyone around heard: "See,

she looks just like Tareja's doll!" As the mother and little girl passed, they smiled with friendly blue eyes at the brothers.

After the passenger train moved out of the station, a puffing freight engine went back and forth, shifting and changing about many long, box-like looking freight cars. Presently the cars were all in place, and the puffy engine pulled them slowly away.

Jose would have stayed all day at the station, waiting for other trains to come and go. His eyes were not yet satisfied. But Antonio had many other things to do. When they finally turned away, Jose looked back as long as the station remained in sight. He soon, however, grew interested in seeing other sights.

To Antonio, Guimarães seemed very old-fashioned and slow, compared with the busy American cities of the same size which he had seen. But to Jose everything was new and wonderful—so many people, such tall buildings, such beautiful things in the shop windows, so much noise.

Everywhere on the corners of the quaint, crowded streets groups of men were talking about the new

government, and curious small boys were listening at the edges of the crowds. Jose wanted to stop long enough to hear what was being said; but Antonio urged the oxen on toward the mill. Processions of young men marched through the streets to the music of flutes, pipes, and drums. On many a street the statue figure of St. Antonio, in a shrine, was decorated with flowers and garlands of leaves. Around bonfires in the city square young people were dancing.

When they reached the mill, Antonio fastened the oxen at the corner of a nearby side street. Jose helped carry the flax into the mill, but he hurried back to take his seat in the ox-cart: he liked this better even than staying in the mill.

A red, whizzing machine which Jose knew at once, from descriptions Antonio had given him, was an automobile—came rushing through the narrow street. The frightened oxen pulled so hard at the chain that Jose thought they would break it and run away. He jumped down, and, in his effort to quiet the oxen, lost the chance really to see the darting red machine. But he saw other automobiles, by and by.

From the mill Antonio went to a neighboring shop to buy the seeds he wanted for the second crop planting. This took a long time. Just as he came back, the sweet-toned bells of the cathedral tower were chiming out one o'clock. He guided the oxen to the end of a short side street, where he let them graze upon the rich grass by the road while he and Jose ate their luncheon. Streams of water ran along in stone channels by the roadside. The murmur of running water was heard everywhere and always, for this was an especially dry season, and the gardens and fields of Guimarães needed much moisture.

Back the brothers went with the oxen into the city crowds. Antonio wanted to get some presents to take home. Jose helped him choose these. They bought a bright-colored little basket for the mother, new silk kerchiefs for the sisters, a gay little scarlet kerchief for Tareja, and a book, about modern ways of farming, for the father.

After this was done, Antonio was ready to go home.

But Jose begged: "Please, oh please, Antonio, let us stay till dark. The band keeps on playing; I never should tire of hearing that. And some boys were saying on the street as

we passed that there are going to be fireworks at dusk."

Antonio hesitated. They were a long way from home, and it had been a long day.

"Joanna will milk the cow, and feed the chickens and pig. Mother will know we are safe together. Do stay, Antonio."

So, because the little brother did not often have a holiday, Antonio delayed starting for home. The sky was very clear. A bright moon would give them light on the way after the late twilight ended.

There were many more people now in the city square. The crowds were cheerful, rather quiet, and very orderly; the Portuguese people are sober-minded, even on their holidays.

Toward nightfall the scene grew gayer. More bonfires were lighted. A second, third, and fourth brass band marched through the streets to their own lively strains of music. Jose's quick ear caught many a tune which he afterward played upon his violin. Candles were lighted now on the shrines of the holiday saint. The cathedral bells rang forth a beautiful vesper hymn. And almost before the sun

had set, the fireworks began.

Antonio bought a bagful of buns and seed-cakes, which they ate as they sat in the ox-cart on the edge of the crowd. It was not long before he saw that Jose was growing very tired.

Antonio stepped down from the cart. "We will start now, Jose. We can watch the fireworks as we move away from the city. Then we can stop outside and let the oxen feed a while. They must be very hungry."

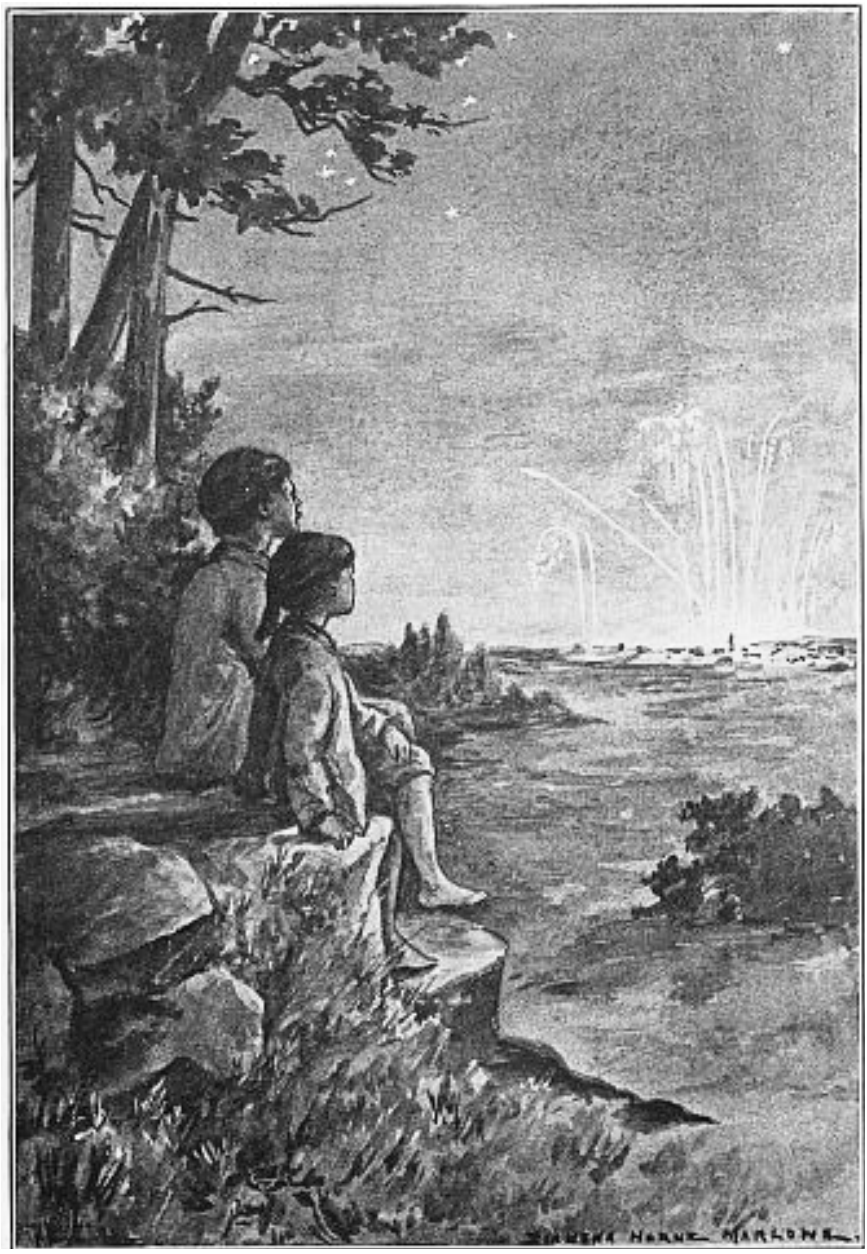
And because the big brother had been so kind, Jose did not object now to the homeward start.

A half mile out in the country, just before they reached the borders of the pine forest, Antonio turned the willing oxen aside to let them crop the thick grass.

Seated on a high rock, he and Jose looked across at the city.

Wonderful gleams of colored light—red, blue, green and orange—shot out over the surrounding valleys. Showers of bright stars fell, it seemed, as if at their very feet. The tall granite castle ruin was lighted up with a red glow.

The city itself, with its many towers and tops showing in



"He and Jose looked across the city."

the blaze of color, with its bursts of music which floated across on the soft night air, was like a story or a dream.

At last Antonio turned the oxen to the road again. "Truly we have had a wonderful end to our holiday, Jose," he said.

"Truly we have," Jose replied drowsily. The rest by the roadside had made him very sleepy, and the glare of light had almost blinded his eyes.

"Climb into the cart, Jose. There is no need for two of us to walk. The road is growing rougher now, and the cart jolts badly, but that is easier to bear than going afoot."

Jose crept into the cart, and put his folded jacket under his head for a pillow. He had tight in his hand the paper bag with the three seed-cakes he had saved for his sisters. A few moments later he was fast asleep.

Antonio, without stopping the oxen who were now going at top speed toward home, gently put his cloak over the sleeping little man-brother.

CHAPTER X

Better Times

"In measureless content."

-William Shakespeare.

Better times had surely come to the Almaida family. By July, the father was able to walk about without a cane; and the doctor, whom Antonio asked to come again, said that Senhor Almaida might begin work in September.

The first crops of the year were the largest that the farm had ever raised. The early harvest of oats, rye, and wheat was piled high in the barn by the last of July, and the new crops were growing abundantly.

"Another year we shall have twice as much of everything," Jose said, as he sat with his father and Antonio at the barn door in the summer twilight.

The father looked smilingly into the little boy's eager face as he answered: "Yes, and we can keep two cows instead of one cow, and more chickens, perhaps another pig. We shall have more feed for them, and with our larger crops to sell, we can soon pay back to Antonio the money which he has spent for new farm implements and tools. It was good for us all that you went away, Antonio, and came back with the new ideas."

There were other plans for the farm forming in Antonio's mind, but he was not yet quite ready to talk them over with his father.

A few days later, as Antonio and Jose finished the work of watering the maize-fields for the second time that day, by means of the oxen's turning of the *nora*, Antonio said to Jose: "You know there is the good full stream which flows beyond the barn and along by the wood-lane? This autumn, when the farm work grows lighter, we will put in pipes from that stream to the vineyard and garden, so that the crops can be watered by what is called irrigation, and without using the *nora*, which takes the oxen away from the other work. We will not tell this to the father until the time

comes. He may think it too large a thing for us to do."

In mid-August a party of students from Coimbra University came strolling through the village and up the hillside to the Almaidas' and other farms. They were on a vacation pilgrimage to Braga, one of the oldest cities in Portugal, known in Roman times as *Baraca Augusta*, and in more modern times as the home of the royal Braganza family, to which King Manuel II belonged.

While these students, in long black coats buttoned close to the chin, ate the *brôa* and the fresh fruits which the good mother set before them, Jose asked them many questions about the place from which they came. And they told the little boy about Coimbra University, famous for many centuries as the seat of learning for all Portugal, and about the great buildings of the University on the hill overlooking the town.

"Like the old castle of Guimarães?" Jose asked.

"Yes, have you ever seen that?" the leader of the students asked.

Then Jose shyly described to them his holiday with Antonio at Guimarães. "There is Antonio off in the field

now, and father is sitting with him, in the shade."

The five students were very comfortable on the vine-covered porch this warm August afternoon, so they stayed a little longer, and told Jose more about Coimbra—how the city was, after Guimarães, made the capital of Portugal, and how, as the Christian kings, beginning with Affonso Henriquez, drove the Moors farther and farther south, until, after Coimbra, the more southern city of Lisbon was made the capital.

The students shook Jose's hand and clapped him on the back as they started to go on with their journey. "Someday I hope you will visit Coimbra," one of them said.

"*Graçias, senhor,*" Jose answered very politely. "Someday I will go there, but not yet, for I am only a little boy."

"You have seen and learned more than most boys of your age in Portugal. I believe you will someday come to study at Coimbra," the leader of the students said.

"*Á deus, à deus*, boy; come to Coimbra someday," the students cried as they went off; a jolly, laughing group in their black coats.

Through the summer, talk of public reforms, of railroad

strikes, of riots and unrest, reached the Almaida farm. It made the father think with a half regret of the old days of quiet. It made Antonio long for the time when the young republic of Portugal would have passed through these first months of change and become settled.

But none of this talk disturbed Jose. He was the happiest boy in all Portugal. His father was nearly well. His big brother was going to stay in Portugal. His mother grew brighter of face every day. Joanna was soon to marry a young village carpenter. Malfada and Jose himself could go to school again in the autumn. Little Tareja in a few years would also be able to go. And every day Antonio told Jose stories about the great world outside of Portugal.

Antonio valued education more than ever, since his four years of life in America. He knew that it was too late for him to go to school again, because of his age and because of the need for him to work on the farm. But he talked with Jose of the future when, if the boy turned out to be good at studies, he might go to the University at Coimbra. And it happened in the years afterward, that Jose did go to Coimbra, and that the leader of the students who had

stopped at the Almaida farm for *brôa* and fruits on the August afternoon, was then a teacher at Coimbra.

Of the money brought from America Antonio had spent hardly any except that for farm tools and implements. The rest of the money, a good round sum for a young Portuguese farmer, was in the bank at Guimarães. Once a month, now, Antonio added a few dollars to this—not half nor quarter as much as he might have had in America, but although a man earns less in Portugal, living costs less there.

With this money, and with what he would add to it in the future, Antonio planned to pay for Jose's education, and some time soon it would make him able to build near his father's, a new home where he could bring Inez Castillo as his bride.

If Antonio and Jose have hot summers of sixteen hours' work daily to toil through, they have no great severity of winter weather to bear. If their summer days bring more than common heat and weariness, they find rest during the cool, pleasant nights. In the summer and winter evenings alike, father, mother and children find quiet enjoyment together, and always, best of all, they have the power to

enjoy simple things "in measureless content."

Meanwhile Jose and Malfada, with many other Portuguese children, are eagerly gaining education in the bettered schools which are a part of Portugal's new government.

THE END.