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Title: Jose: Our Little Portuguese Cousin

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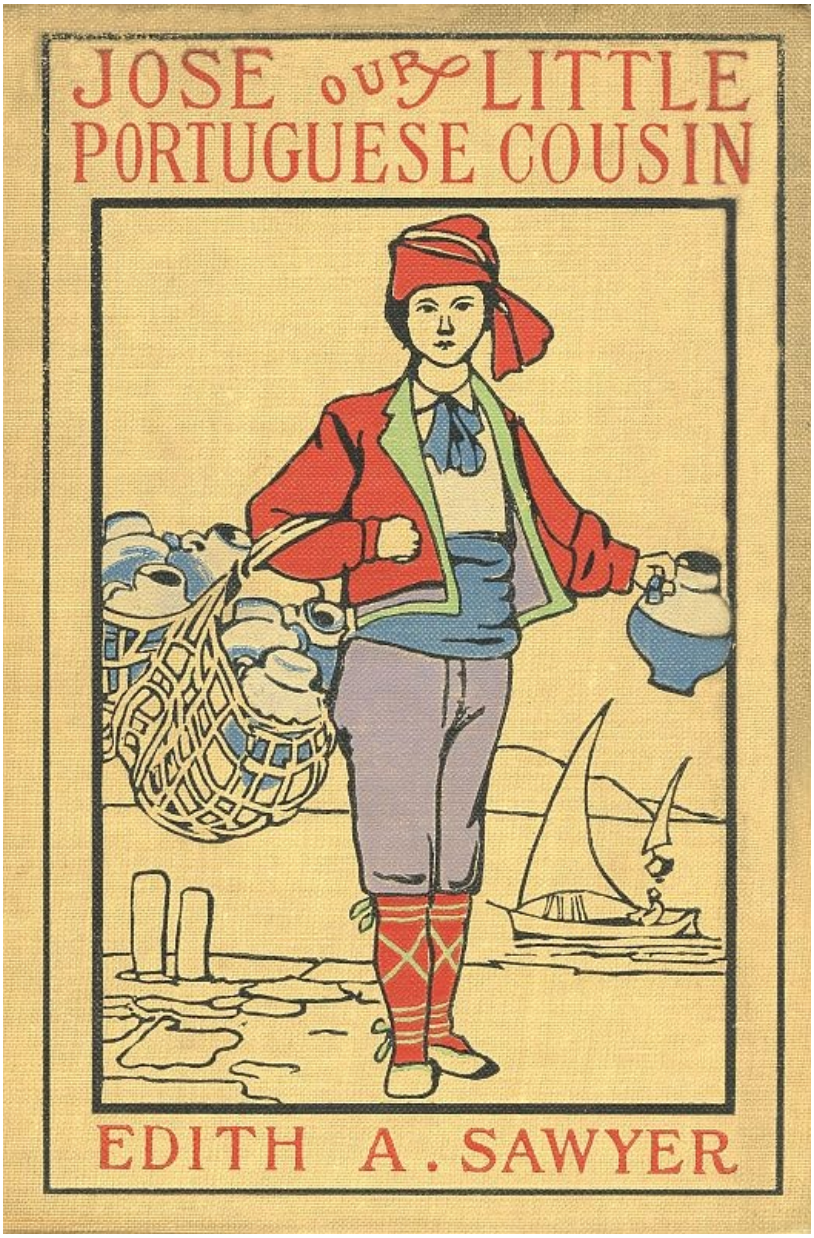
Release date: May 28, 2014 [EBook #45797]

Language: English

E-text prepared by Emmy, Beth Baran,
and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team
(http://www.pgdp.net)



Jose:
Our Little Portuguese Cousin

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By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet

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Our Little Philippine Cousin

Our Little Porto Rican Cousin

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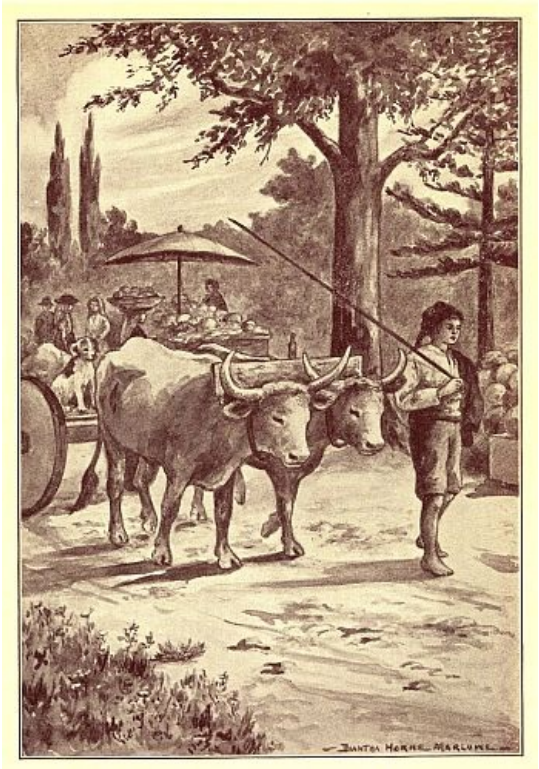

"A SLIM SLIP OF A BOY . . . WALKED AT THE HEAD OF A PAIR OF FAWN-COLORED OXEN." (*See page 1*)

Jose: Our Little Portuguese Cousin

By
Edith A. Sawyer
Author of "The Christmas Makers' Club,"
"Elsa's Gift Home," etc.

Illustrated by

Diantha Horne Marlowe

Boston
L. C. Page & Company
MDCCCCXI

First Impression, May, 1911

Preface

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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.

[vi]

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.

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Jose
Our Little Portuguese Cousin

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 market-place 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.

[2]

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.

[3]

The market-place 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 to-day, alone. At each greeting, he bowed and pulled off his long black knitted stocking-cap.

To-day, early in October, the market-place 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. [4]
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 up-hill 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, [5]
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 [6]
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.

Up-hill 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 [7]
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 [8]
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 [9]
secret came to him. At the *correio*, post-office, he spent all the money he had ever owned for a post-card 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 post-card 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 [10]
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 [11]
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 traveller, too, because he carried a hand-bag. And he had a black moustache. Of course it was not Antonio. Antonio would [12]
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*."

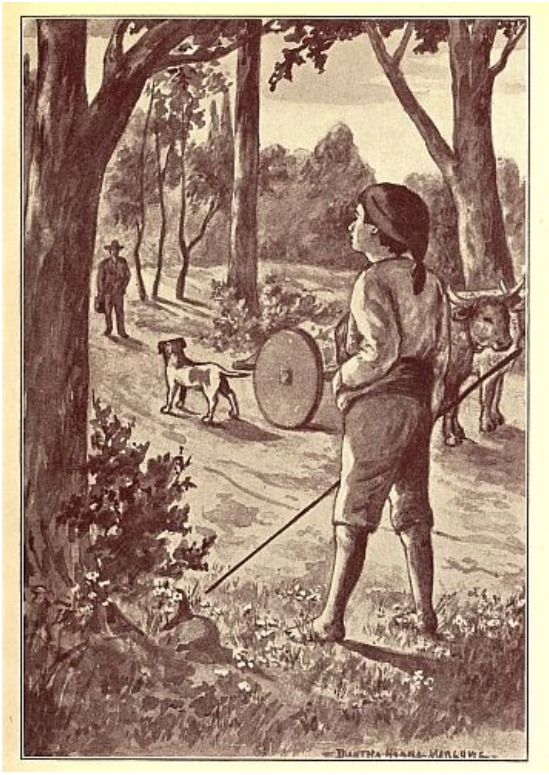
The stranger dropped his hand-bag. He waited a moment to control his voice before he said: "Jose,—this is your brother Antonio."

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 [13]
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."



"JOSE CALLED TO THE DOG TO LEAVE OFF BARKING."

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, [14] 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 to-day."

"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 [15] be done."

Antonio lifted his hand-bag 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 post-card, 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 [16] 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 [17]

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 home-coming. 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 [18] 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 farm-yard 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 [19] 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 centre of a hillside farm of about four acres. It was a square, plastered stone house, whitewashed 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 grandfather and great-grandfather had lived. [20]

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 [21] 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 arm-chair, 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 [22] 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 market-place, always the one topic of interest had been King Manuel's banishment [23] 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 [24] 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 hand-bags, 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 [25] 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 [26]
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 to-morrow 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 [27]
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 [28]

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 [29]
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 farm-yard. 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 farm-yard, kept more than ankle-deep in [30]
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 grave-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 to-day.

Next the brothers visited the grape-vats. The wide, shallow tubs were full of trodden grapes. [31]
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 to-day, 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 [32] 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.

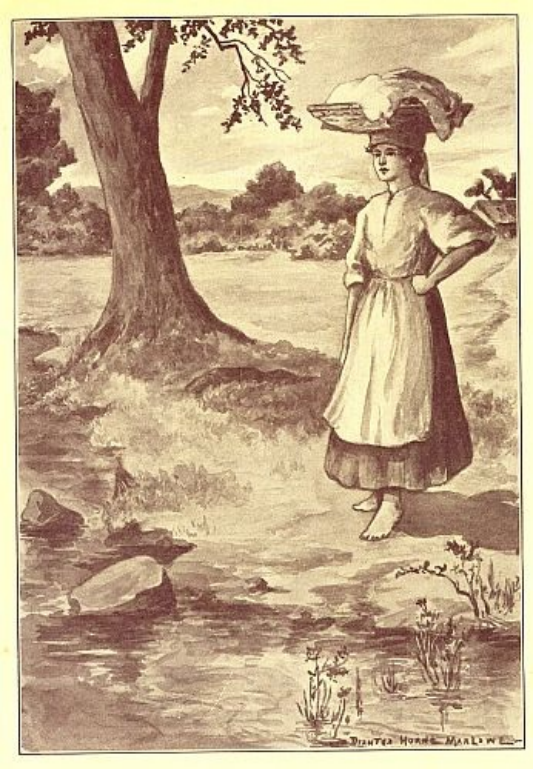
The oxen's inquiring looks had reminded Jose that the day's watering of the gardens and fields ought to begin.

"Let me take the oxen out to-day, 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 [33] 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 water-wheel.

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 [34] 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 hill-tops 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.



"JOANNA, WITH A BOAT-SHAPED BASKET OF CLOTHES UPON HER HEAD."

"This is water enough for to-day," 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 [35] 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 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 to-day 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 [36] 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 country-side. 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. [37]

CHAPTER V [38]

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 bean-stalks, 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. [39]

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. [40]

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 every one 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 arm-chair, 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! [41]

The husking went on merrily. Skilful 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. [42]

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 centre 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.

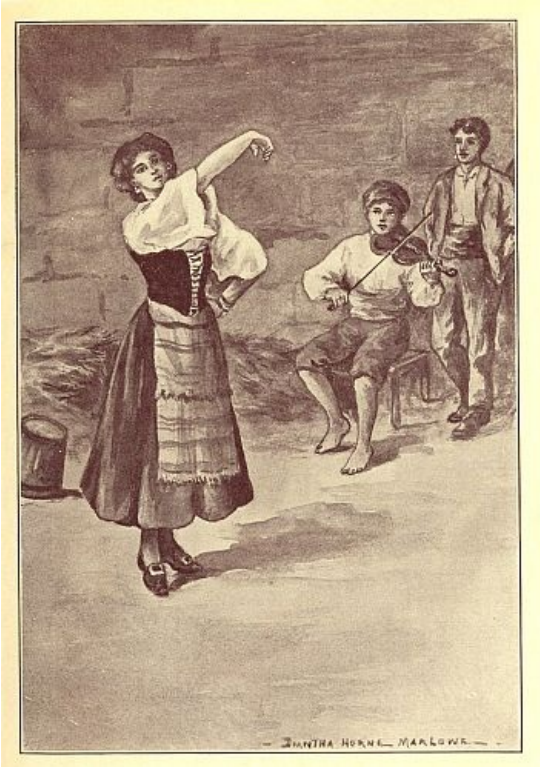
As the music grew louder, little Jose dared to join in with his beloved violin.

Then singing burst forth to the music, players and dancers taking part in the simple country-side 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. [43]

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 lustre 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.



"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. [44]

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 [45]

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 arm-chair 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. [46]

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 live stock. 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. [47]

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 [48] ahead on the wood-road, sniffing the fresh air.

"I would like best to go up to the hill-top, where we can look off and see Guimarães and the old ruined Roman city, Citania."

"We will go to-morrow. You have earned a holiday, and the up-hill 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 live-stock 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.

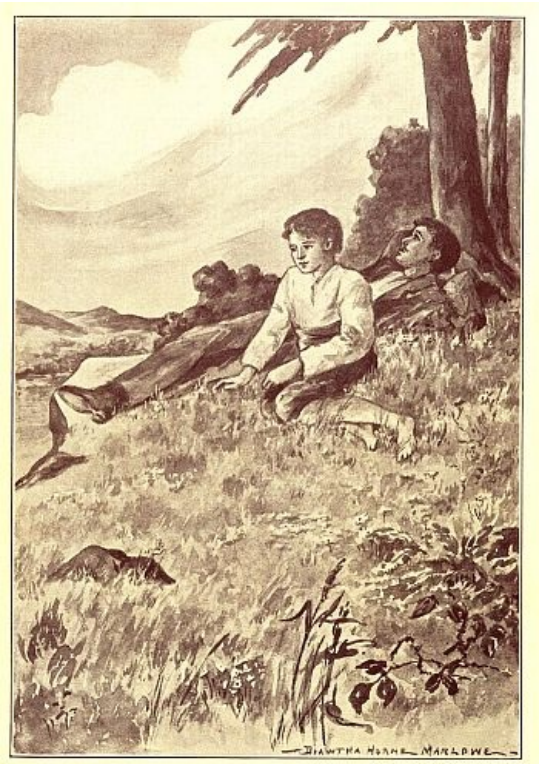
They found the mossy old foot-path which led from the main road up the hill. Pine needles made the rocks here and there as slippery as glass. But tufts of tall, stout grass along the path served as a help in climbing.

The sky overhead was deepest blue. Through the trunks of trees on both sides of the path they [49] 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 [50] 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.



"FOR A LONG TIME THE BROTHERS WERE SILENT."

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 hills and upon every hill-top stood [51] 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 post-card to you." [52]

"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?" [53]

"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. [54]

"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." [55]

"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 [56]

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 to-day 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." [57]

"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 [58] 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 [59] 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 [60] 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. [61] 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 [62] 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 [63] 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 [64]
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 skilfully 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 [65]
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 school-room, 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, [66]
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 [67]

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 [68]
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. [69]

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. [70]

"Would you like to take a holiday with me to-morrow?" 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 to-morrow. 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 [71]

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. [72]

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 tree-top.

All beyond the village market-place 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. [73]

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 travellers, like themselves bound for the city. It was market-day as well as the holiday of St. Antonio. There were men and [74] 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 travellers passed on ahead, for the oxen, pulling their load up-hill, 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 [75] 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 marvellous 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 [76] 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 traveller 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 [77] 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 [78] 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 near-by side street. Jose helped carry the flax into the mill, but he hurried back to take his seat in the ox-cart: he [79] 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 [80] 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." [81]

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 [82] before the sun had set, the fireworks began.

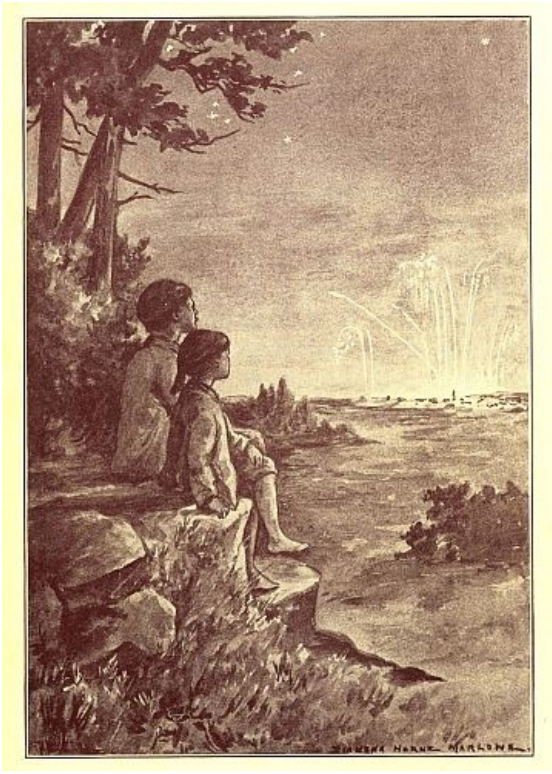
Antonio bought a bagful of buns and seed-cakes, which they ate as they sat in the ox-cart on the edge of the crowd. It was not long before he saw that Jose was growing very tired.

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 the blaze of color, with its bursts of music which floated across on the soft night air, was like a story or a dream. [83]



"HE AND JOSE LOOKED ACROSS THE CITY."

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. [84]

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 [85]

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. [86]

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." [87]

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. [88]

"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. [89]

The students shook Jose's hand and clapped him on the back as they started to go on with their journey. "Some day I hope you will visit Coimbra," one of them said.

"*Graçias, senhor*," Jose answered very politely. "Some day 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 some day come to study at Coimbra," the leader of the students said.

"*Á deus, à deus*, boy; come to Coimbra some day," 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. [90]

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 [91] 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 [92] 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.

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Transcriber's Note:

Punctuation errors were corrected without note.

Page 70, "Guimãraes" changed to "Guimarães" (to Guimarães, where there)

Page 89, "A" changed to "Á" changed to (Á deus!)

Page A-4, subtitle of "Prisoners of Fortune" small-capped to match rest of usage in text.

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