

# Through Sand of Flowers

To leave London in the midst of dull, chilly weather and three days later to find oneself in a land of flowers and sunshine is altogether delightful. So we thought when, a few months ago, we landed in Leixoes, after a wonderfully smooth sea passage. The land was bathed in sunshine; it might have been a day in June—an ideal English June, writes M. Maxwell, in Country Life. Though warm, the air was crisp and fresh, and fragrant with the scent of pines and flowers. In the distance the mountains were still slumbering in the purple haze of early dawn; and all along our route to Oporto, the sea, a shimmering opalescent blue, lay to our right, rolling up the beach in immense foamy waves. By the wayside grew mimosa trees, one mass of blossom; camellias in full bloom, red and pink and white, looking like huge rose trees; orange and lemon trees, laden with ripe golden fruit; magnolias, myrtles, pines and cedars; while vineyards, groves of olives, and plantations of evergreens clothed the slopes of the mountains.

## Agreeably Disappointed.

We had expected to see signs of unrest and discontent, and we were agreeably disappointed. Although we traveled through the whole land, from the north to the extreme south, and visited every known and unknown place of interest, we heard no reference to political affairs. Citizens and peasants alike seemed to be absorbed in their daily routine. One would never dream that so recently the country had been the scene of upheaval and revolution. However, we did not trouble ourselves with questions of government. We went to Portugal to enjoy the exquisite scenery, and found it far surpassed our expectations. We were charmed with

after leaving Oporto or Lisbon. Fascinating as these two cities are, they cannot compete with the beauty and subtle charm of such places as Busaco, Guimaraes, Bom Jesus, Braga, Coimbra, and, in the extreme south, Lagos, Portimao and Praia da Rocha.

One cannot describe or even mention all the other beautiful places visited in Portugal, but these few stand out as being pre-eminently interesting and delightful. The scenery around Guimaraes and Bom Jesus is exceptionally lovely. At the latter resort there is a pretty hotel, situated up in the hills, and quite an ideal place to spend a few days. Coimbra is a very interesting city, noted for its university, its ancient churches and buildings, and magnificent surrounding scenery. The students strolling about the streets, bareheaded, and with long black gowns, lend an air of classic distinction to the place. As we entered our hotel a shower of flowers came raining down from the balconies above. This pretty custom of greeting the new arrival with a shower of flowers prevails all over Portugal.

## Rugged in South.

The scenery in the south of Portugal is wilder and more rugged, and the climate is milder than in the north. Lagos and Praia da Rocha on the south coast are enchanting, towering rocks, and long stretches of silvery sand, and magnificent seas. Though early spring, the climate was delightful, like a cool morning in July. The sea was warm enough for bathing, and we dined in the open air. Roses, camellias, azaleas and other rare flowers were in full bloom.

In the north of Portugal the poor women seem to work terribly hard. They not only follow the plough, and dig, hoe and plant, but they make all



PEASANT WOMEN NEAR GUIMARAES



ON THE WAY TO PORTIMAO

the people; everywhere we met with the greatest courtesy and kindness. We found the hotels scrupulously clean and most comfortable. The language presented no difficulty, for although Portuguese is universally spoken, French is generally understood, and, as often as not, English as well.

Portugal is a country to delight the artist—quaint old Moorish hamlets and villages; ancient churches, cathedrals and monasteries, in every style of architecture, and with exquisite carvings in wood and stone; picturesque peasants, charming and graceful; everywhere rich vivid coloring against the dark blue-green background of olive groves that cover the slopes of the mountains. The marvel is that this land is not overrun with tourists. As yet it is one of the least-known countries in Europe, and this is one of its attractions. Everything is fresh, novel, and interesting. One gets out of the beaten track at once

the clothes for their families, and weave the material as well. The meals also are well cooked and appetizing, for these women are good managers, and most thrifty and industrious. See them striding up the country road with enormous loads on their heads.

The primitive-looking wooden carts with solid wooden wheels, drawn by oxen, are a distinctive feature in the north. Horses are scarcely used at all, except for riding. In the south the mule and donkey seem to be the beasts of burden, and only occasionally are the oxen to be seen. The latter are most beautiful creatures, with immense spreading horns and soft, gazelle-like eyes. Apparently they are well treated, for they look most sleek and fat, and jog along at a slow pace. No doubt they arrive at their destination eventually; but then, this is a land of leisure. No one is in a hurry. No one hustles, and yet everyone seems to be fully occupied.

## HAS SENSE OF HUMOR

MERRY SPINSTER NOT SENSITIVE AS TO HER AVOIRDUPOIS.

Thereby Her Friends Have Been Regaled With Two Really Funny Stories Connected With Physiological Help She Received.

Most stout women are sensitive about their weight. A certain large and merry spinster, to whom an accident resulting in a permanently weakened ankle has for some years forbidden her to take the exercise that used to keep her comparatively slender, is a fortunate exception. Her weight is well over 200 pounds, but she neither worries nor repines, and often entertains her friends with jokes at her own expense. It is very difficult for her to get on and off a trolley car; indeed, she cannot do so without help.

"That's all right, ma'am," a rough-looking man, who had jumped down and almost lifted her aboard, recently replied to her thanks. "Me and Bill have to carry ma upstairs every night, and ma's heftier'n you be."

"But Bill wasn't here to help, and I'm very, very hefty," she answered, smiling.

"Oh, well, I've tackled ma alone, sometimes," he admitted, "though I ain't saying that half-way up the stairs one-half my brains wasn't inventing a passenger derrick, and the other half wondering if she'd smother me, falling on top. Boosting you was nothing to that, ma'am; and there's only one step to a car."

She chuckles most delightedly, however, when she relates that, last summer, after having traveled all night, she reached, very early in the morning, a small country town, whence she was to take the stage for a 20-mile drive to a friend's mountain cottage. The station was deserted, and she was glad to accept the help of a small boy, who, with great difficulty, got her, with all her bags and bundles, into the empty stage, to which the horses had not yet been attached.

"I don't know what I should have done," she told the freckled little fellow, gratefully, "if I hadn't happened to find such an obliging cavalier, waiting to help me when most everybody is still abed."

"Yes'm," he assented, with a wide, ingenuous smile. "I was down to see 'em unload the circus, and they let me help with the elephants and the baby hippopotamus. That's how it happened I could help you, ma'am."—Youth's Companion.

## Reason for Reconciliation.

The newly married young woman rushed into her father's presence and threw herself on her knees before him.

"Oh, papa!" she sobbed. "I have come to you for forgiveness and blessing! It was wrong and unkind of me, but I loved Richard so that I just had to elope with him. But I couldn't be happy till I had been reconciled with you, so here I am at your feet."

"Well, well," growled the old man, much affected in spite of himself, "I suppose I'll have to. But you are alone—where is—er Richard?"

"He's just outside, papa dear, with the cabman. And now that you have forgiven us, please lend us enough to pay the horrid brute so that he'll go away. You see, we only had enough money for the license and the minister."

## Horrid Man.

"Pa," said little Johnny, "do all roses have thorns?"

"Yes, my lad," patronizingly answers father.

"I don't see any thorns on these roses in ma's new hat," continued Johnny.

"You would if you had to pay for the hat!" sadly sighs daddy.

## Confused.

"So Charlie proposed to you last night?"

"Yes."

"And did you accept him?"

"Oh, dear, I was so dreadfully excited, I don't know whether I did or not. If he calls tonight I did and if he doesn't I didn't."

## Insinuation Here.

Marie—I wonder how old you are.

Julia—I just told you my age.

Marie—Yes, that's what set me to wondering.—Judge.

## A Successful.

"A successful man earns more than his wife can spend."

"My husband does that."

"Why, your husband doesn't earn much, Mrs. Titewaddo."

"I know it, but he hangs onto all of it"

## Art at a Low Ebb.

"They say the new nickel shows a very low degree of art."

"Yes, on both sides. Lo, the poor Indian, on one, and buffalo on the other."

## TWO CLOCKS START IN RACE

Puzzle Is to Find Out Whether Time-piece of Grandfather Started Ahead of the Alarm.

Yesterday morning two clocks started a race. The alarm clock went so fast that it gained one minute an hour, while grandfather's clock ran so slow that it lost two minutes an hour. The picture shows the alarm clock to be one hour ahead at the finish. But who can tell the hour when the race started?

Grandfather's clock lost two minutes every hour and the alarm clock gained one minute every hour, so it is evident that the alarm clock in every hour's time gained three minutes upon the other.

Therefore, in twenty hours it gained sixty minutes and from the picture



Clock Race Puzzle.

we saw that the race must have been on for twenty hours.

During the twenty hours the alarm clock gained twenty minutes upon correct time. Twenty hours previous to twenty minutes of 8 is eleven hours and forty minutes, or twenty minutes of 12 in the morning of the day before—the time when the race started.

## HIGHEST AND LOWEST POINTS

Mount Whitney is 14,501 Feet Above Level of Sea—Point in Death Valley is 276 Below.

The maximum difference in elevation of land in the United States is 14,777 feet, according to the United States geological survey. Mount Whitney, the highest point, 14,501 feet above sea level, and a point in Death Valley is 276 feet below sea level. These two points, which are both in California, are less than 90 miles apart. This difference is small, however, as compared with the figures for Asia. Mount Everest rises 29,002 feet above sea level, whereas the shores of the Dead sea are 1,290 feet below sea level, a total difference in land heights of 30,292 feet. Mount Everest has never been climbed.

The greatest ocean depth yet found is 32,088 feet, at a point about 40 miles north of the island of Mindanao, in the Philippine island. The ocean bottom at this point is therefore more than 11½ miles below the summit of Mount Everest.

The difference in the land heights in Europe is about 15,868 feet.

## OLD SPELLING SCHOOL TRICK

One of the Most Interesting and Puzzling of Deceptions Which Can Be Done With Cards.

The "old spelling school" trick is one of the most interesting and baffling of the many which can be done with cards. All the cards in any suit are required for the trick, which consists in "stacking" the thirteen cards in such a manner that when held in the hand, face down, and changing a card from top to bottom, with each letter spelling the number or name of the card, the one desired will come out in regular order. One comes first, then two, and so on to jack, queen, king. In placing the cards in position the fourth from the top of the pack as held in the hand, face down, must be the ace, o-n-e; the eighth, the two spot. Who can tell how to arrange the remaining eleven cards so that, placing a card at bottom for each letter, three, four, five, up to the king, come out? It will be noted fifty-two letters are required to spell the numbers and names of all the cards in a suit.

## RIDDLES.

Why are real friends like ghosts? They are often heard of, but seldom seen.

When is a sick man a contradiction? When he is an impatient patient.

When is coffee like the earth? When it is ground.

When is a baby like a breakfast cup? When it is a tea thing (teething).

What roof covers the most noisy tenant? The roof of the mouth.

What's the difference between an Irishman frozen to death and a Scottish Highlander on a mountain peak in January? One is kilt with the cold, the other is cold with the kilt.

## INSPIRED BY CHARGER

RIDERLESS HORSE SHAMED THE RETREATING SOLDIERS.

Faithful White Stallion, After the Colonel Had Fallen, Went On, as He Would Have, to Victory or Death.

Three hundred yards from the splitting trenches a nickel jacketed bullet caught the colonel squarely in the forehead, and he lurched from the saddle. A hoarse cry went up from the thundering regiment, and the white horse plunged wildly, one of his rider's feet still in the stirrup. The trenches broke into yells and their fire swelled louder. The cuirassiers slowed; their long lines wavered, hesitated, and broke.

From the other side of the river, the infantry, struggling vainly under the pitiless mauling of the enemy's fire, saw the charge through the smoke of the guns—saw the colonel's fall, and groaned when the splendid squadrons broke. The sweat, pouring down the general's face, felt cold as he wiped it away with a hand that trembled.

"They're gone!" he muttered brokenly. "And he's gone with them!" he added; for he had known the big blond colonel, and loved him as the men did.

Stung by the fire which pelted their backs as unrelentingly as it had their faces, the broken masses of the cavalry rolled back over the ground already heaped with their dead. Suddenly, from the scattered fringe of horsemen cloaking the rear of the fleeing cloud, broke the big white stallion, the heavy empty saddle showing pitifully against his white flank. An instant he stood, trembling; then his head went up, his mane shook out, and he started back toward the hostile trenches.

Across the river, the infantry gasped; the gunners stuck their heads from gullies and cheered; the bleeding, cowering infantry wiped their rifles. Something seemed to catch in the general's throat, and something streamed down his cheek that was not sweat.

The white horse had gone twenty yards when a cuirassier officer flung his long blade high in the air. The wavering columns slowed, jolting up and down like rocking horses as the men sawed on the bits. Above the din of the firing sounded the cracked blowing of the cavalry trumpets. A single shining figure turned and sped after the empty saddle, a little group followed, a line veered round clumsily and started back, then the whole lurching mass pulled about and went back through the heaped-up bodies on the ground, the white horse with the empty saddle galloping steadily before them.

A hoarse yell went up from every heavy-eyed, broken-spirited infantryman in the long lines. The two pummeled columns broke into little dribbles of men, who ran down to the shore, plunged into the current and started splashing for the opposite bank without an apparent thought of the hail of metal slashing through them. The gunners jumped from their shelter and jammed the shells into the cold breeches of the guns. The supporting column awoke, and its front was suddenly lighted by a thousand flashes of fire.—Donal Hamilton in McClure's Magazine.

## Feared the Other.

The man of great financial prominence had met with an accident.

"We'll have to probe," said the doctor.

Just at that moment the man recovered consciousness and exclaimed:

"If it's a surgical operation go ahead; but if it's another investigation, give me an anesthetic."—Washington Star.

## Quickly Solved.

Poor little Potts strained his head in vain endeavors to see the stage. The immobile back and great head of the man in front of him completely hid his view.

Suddenly the big man turned, "What's the matter, matey; can't you see anything?" he asked.

"Can't even see a streak of the stage through you," murmured little Potts pathetically.

The big man grinned sarcastically: "Ah, well, son, just keep your eye on me and laugh when I do."

## On the Lookout.

"Where is your greatest bargain centers?" inquired the stranger.

"Bargain scenter?" said the old resident. "There she goes now. Mrs. Dorkins. Whenever there's a real so rifice sale she's always the first one on hand, and she gets the pick."

## Point of View.

"I see Bill has fitted his car with a new siren."

"Yes; good looking, too."—Harvard Lampoon.