

FLYING TRIP THROUGH SPAIN AND PORTUGAL

Farm Life in the Iberian Peninsula—Among the Portuguese Peasantry—Houses Three Hundred Years Old and Broa (Bread) Apparently Built at the Same Period.

Special Correspondence.

Braga, Portugal, Nov. 3.—The traveler who comes to this country for pleasure, would better time his visit to any season than autumn. He will find here none of the calm and stately beauty that marks the dying year in the same latitude on our side of the Atlantic—no smiling landscapes slowly bronzing under early touches of frost, or glorious in crimson, russet and gold; no enchanting days of summer brightness tempered with the breath of coming winter—of winter still warmed and mellowed with the sun of waning summer. Autumn is particularly melancholy in northern Portugal, where every field is a battle-ground, every tree, vine and shrub, the denuded victim of elemental strife. The hot Lusitanian sun has stimulated an extraordinary wealth of verdure; and the first continued downpour of equinoctial rain, accompanied by violent winds that break and destroy, strews the earth with wreckage of leaves and branches, sodden and decaying. In the most cultivated districts the desolation is greatest—of naked vineyards, unsightly stubble and rotting corn-stalks. The atmosphere—damp, steamy, aque-laden—bathes one in perspiration while chilling to the marrow. And then the house-flies and mosquitoes! The plagues of Egypt are as huttenius and nightingales in comparison. Always pestiferous in Portugal they grow more

ACTIVE AND ENVENOMED

as summer advances, and throughout September and October render life well nigh unbearable. Toward the middle of November, when the brief summer of St. Martin is scheduled to begin, bracing frosts disperse both the winged pests and the demons of ague and malaria. Undeterred by weeping skies and mud hub-deep or to the knees of our donkeys, we have been investigating the agricultural interests of this queer country, whose social, financial, political and even religious interests are bound up in the welfare of the farmers, the vine-growers, the shepherds and cattle-raisers. If political economy had proper sway in Portugal, her population would be almost entirely an agricultural one. Yet, strange to say, the governing classes, like those of her twin-sister, Spain, seem bent on squeezing to death the goose that lays the golden eggs, encouraging certain royal monopolies in the way of lard, tallow, manufactures, while oppressing the people with tariffs so outrageous as to paralyze the more important industries.

Some of our experiences have been rich indeed. Accompanied by a good Gallegan guide and his servant, (no upper servant in Portugal is so poor as to be without his humble servant, and so on down to servant's servants' servants), we have ridden about the province in the curious two-wheeled carriages of the country whenever our ex-

ursions led us beyond the railway routes, and where wheels were not practicable, we have joined

THE GREAT MAJORITY

on the backs of donkeys. We had thought ourselves thoroughly acquainted with those patient beasts of burden, from long experience in Mexico, South America and other wild regions where Balaam's long-eared beast is king; but until now we never learned the a, b, c, of the usefulness of those indispensable animals. In this whole poverty-stricken kingdom there is not a peasant so desperately impoverished as to be without his donkey. Every human being in the district seems to own from one to a score. Even the multitudes of beggars who accost you for alms at every step on the highway, are mounted, much as Sancho Panza may have been. In front of every church, in every praça or square, and huddled in every crumbling archway are dozens of shaggy little donkeys, each caparisoned with a rope around its neck in lieu of halter or bridle, and a huge wooden saddle upon its back; and most of them are unhappily accompanied by bare-footed drivers, also mounted, armed with iron-pointed goads long as hoe handles. They are called into requisition for the most trifling errands. The padre will not walk from one square to the next, if his own, or another's donkey is at hand. The servant rides to market, the mechanic to his day's labor. If the farm hand has occasion to go

FROM ONION FIELD

to potato patch, or the farmer's wife wishes a bit of gossip with her nearest neighbor, or the country bumpkin awooping goes, each sets out on a ten day's journey with a kick, a whack and a goad for the poor little beasts that bear them, and never a thought that the four-footed servitors may occasionally need food and water. The herders who care for the black bulls that are bred for the praças das torres in Lisbon and Oporto, are always found with more donkeys than bulls. The goat herder in the lonely mountains has his donkey for an inseparable companion. If the cattle in the valleys need change of pasture, or the sheep herder's ground is shifted half a mile on the hillside, preparations are made as for a pilgrimage half around the world and the ragged drovers ride in state to their new station. All the highways and byways are filled with donkey processions. Some are laden with water casks, wearily plodding accustomed beats, often driverless and unaccompanied, each wearing an expression of sturdy responsibility on his old gray face. Beasts of them are completely hidden under piles of hay, or corn-stalks heaped so high that the green stacks seem to be waiting along of their own accord, except for bells jangling in a muffled way under the fodder, and of boys

PRODDING VICIOUSLY

with their goads. Peasant women come riding to market, with all manner of country produce, from flowers,

fruits and vegetables, to living pigs, kids and chickens dangling from the wooden saddle-yokes; rye and corn are brought down from mountain farms in panniers; tree-trunks, to be converted into timber, are attached to a cross-beam laid over the backs of two donkeys, and so it goes, to the end of the chapter, all the work of this lazy people depending largely upon the tireless and patient beast of Balaam.

In the cumbersome native saddles, with their huge wooden yokes at the front and back, even men do not sit astride. They ride something as in the wild Irish jaunting cars, with both legs dangling over the right side, and in moments of peril clutch the front yoke with their hands. Undertaking a donkey jaunt in these parks, you might as well lay aside your dignity in the beginning, for an attempt to assume either a graceful or stately attitude is to render yourself unnecessarily ludicrous. It is better, by far, to copy the Portuguese style of riding, doubled up in the form of a printer's interrogation mark reversed, maintaining precarious equilibrium by the under side of the knee joints.

Thus up hill and down dale you plod, past farms and orchards and vineyards, with the distant mountains always in view. Through a constant succession of sleepy hamlets, lying close together, each with its central mountain surrounded by loitering donkeys, peasants and water-carriers; past frequent wayside shrines where Nossa Senhora, ("Our Lady"), with outstretched hands, invites to prayer; and occasional wooden crosses, each erected to mark a murder, probably by brigands. Every cross is surrounded by his heap of stones, denoting the petitions of passing travelers for the repose of the unshriven soul, and you add a pebble to the collection, lest your own meet a similar fate at the next turn of the road. As the end of the day approaches, you elect to pass the night in one of the villages—no matter which, you will wish you had gone further in any event. A description of one rural inn answers for all

the rest. It is the posada of Don Quixote's day, with no alterations. Originally built to withstand a siege, hundreds of years ago, when abbeys, friars and merchants traveled with treasure, liable to be attacked at any minute by such grand robbers as Giraldo, its walls are many feet thick, its windows tiny grated apertures, its sleeping-rooms no larger than the cells of austere monks, and its doors of riveted and bolted chestnut, with iron-latticed gates behind them. Your apartment has always the same meagre furnishings—a bed of

FOUR STOUT POSTS

set into a huge frame, laced across with rawhide thongs, on which is laid a shapeless sack of corn husks and several woolen blankets, hand-woven by the women of the district. At the head thereof hangs an iron crucifix, and perhaps a little brass or pewter font for the holy water which you have surely brought along in a bottle, to ensure safety on the journey. The one chair, or stool, is of a piece with the bedstead—a hollow frame laced across with rawhide; upon the floor, in one corner, is a tin basin filled with water for washing, and near it lies a hand-woven linen towel, coarse but clean. You may watch the cooking of your breakfast and supper, over a small blaze of fagots in the open court-yard. There is no public dining-room, and a table, bare of cloth, will be spread in your room. The center piece will be a brown earthen plate, with thick slices of Portuguese bacon, flanked with boiled yams, big as your fist. There is also a basin of stew, savory and delicious, whose mysterious components would better not be inquired into; an enormous frasca para vinho, or wine-flagon, containing a gallon or two of cheap Alejo wine, and a mountain of broa (bread), yellow as saffron and hard as rock. This coarse but nutritious bread, of mingled corn and rye, which seems to have been constructed simultaneously with the several-hundred-years-old casa, is the staple luxury of the Portuguese peasantry, and to it they owe their hardness, as

well as their strong, white teeth. When the corn crop has been bad, and is therefore scarce and dear, less of it in proportion to the rye can be used in the loaf, and vice versa. In the corn producing province of the Minho, and in the

LOWLAND DISTRICTS

generally, the usual proportions are eight parts of corn to one of rye, and in the rye lands where less corn is grown, the proportions are reversed. Since farming has moved very little in Portugal in the last fourteen centuries, it may safely be said that there is considerable room for improvement. For every hundred bushels of corn now produced, fifty more might just as easily be raised, and everything else in proportion. Corn has been grown on the same lands, summer after summer, for hundreds of years, with no change of crops. Few Portuguese farmers own an acre of land, but families hold the same tracts, generation after generation, under various different tenures, hard for the foreigner to comprehend. For example, there is the allodial tenure, which prevails in the wide and fertile plains of southern Portugal. The holder of the fee simple of the land either tills his own acres with the minimum of capital, energy and knowledge, or lets it on short and uncertain leases to tenants who farm it in his stead, almost to as little purpose as he would have done. The parcería rural tenure is not unlike what we call "on shares" and akin to the metayer system of France and Italy, whereby the owner finds the land and sometimes the seed, and receives for rent a proportion of the produce. In Portugal, as elsewhere, it has grown out of the want of capital in both landlords and tenants, and is probably the best system where impunctuality prevails. It is fair on both sides, for while the metayer has the strongest incentive to good and honest work, he is ensured

against absolute ruin by droughts or floods, as the losses as well as the profits are divided with the

landlord. The communal tenure is found chiefly in the wild and more mountainous sections; the communal holders being, for the most part, lineal descendants of the original communal grantees of the land at a time when the country was just recovering from Saracen occupation. In the course of ages, most of these grantees have been bought out, forced out or cheated out of their lands by neighboring nobles. Wherever remoteness, inaccessibility, or poverty of soil have offered no temptations to powerful encroachers, the communalists endure to the present day though greatly mutilated of their ancient rights and privileges. On the mountain frontier between Leon and Portugal are communalists whose common possession has dwindled to a single pasture, a chestnut grove, or a flock of sheep.

Stranger yet, and unlike anything to be found outside of Portugal, is what is known as the emphyteutic tenure of land. It had birth in the dawn of Portuguese history, in early contests between kings and barons, prelates and heads of monastic orders; in the effort of successive monarchs to establish other than monkish cultivators of the soil, and in stringent laws of entail and primogeniture, altogether too complicated to go into at the tail end of a too long letter.

FANNIE B. WARD.

RAISE HORSES.

It was some time in 1885, I believe, that I wrote, says the Country Gentleman, advocating the breeding of horses for the European cavalry (and artillery) market. I had just returned from a trip through Kentucky and Indiana, and later went up into Minnesota and the Dakotas. I noticed everywhere a general cessation of breeding, owing to the unremunerative prices. Horses, it was said, would no longer pay, even where corn could be grown by tickling

the soil, and the best grass in the world grew in natural meadows. I predicted (and it required no especial degree of foresight to arrive at the conclusion) that England, Germany and France would soon be asking us for horses and we would have none to give them, and pointed out that England and Japan were already making inquiries in our markets.

This paper provoked an inquiry from the department of agriculture regarding sales of horses for the European cavalry, and the fact that none were found at the time, seemed to show that my arguments were founded more upon imagination than fact. The Spanish war came on, creating a sudden demand for horses and mules. Then came the war of the Sudan and the trouble in South Africa, and breeders throughout the Middle West and Northwest were besieged with orders. At present all the sound "gunners" and drafters in sight are engaged by English buyers, while agents from London, Antwerp and Berlin are picking out cavalry and mules, two steamers having been already chartered to carry cargoes to the Cape.

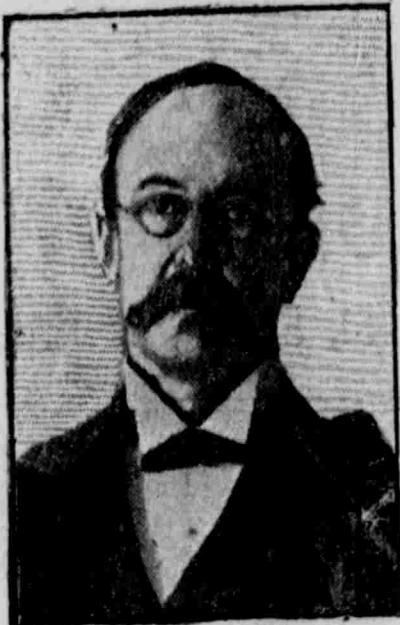
One of the leading dealers of the stock yards, which is the largest horse market in the country, has just returned from a tour through England and the continent, and says that in both England and Germany the American horse enjoys the greatest popularity. France, too, has nowhere to look for a supply of reliable mules but to America. Besides all that, the British army, he says that agents for the best of our markets looking for the best that can be had. Other prominent horse dealers at the stock yards express similar opinions, and say that the market was never so healthy and prosperous as at present. Indianapolis, Louisville and St. Louis, the latter the second largest horse market in the country, send like reports. The orders exceed the supply. Sales at Chicago are now about 2,000 per week, and the total for the year so far is upward of 85,000, an increase of about 50 per cent over the dull times of three years ago, while prices range from 25 to 100 per cent higher, the latter for the best coach, cavalry and draft horses. As an indication of the conditions of the market, one of the dealers here was recently offered \$25,000 for the pick of twenty out of a lot of 100 fine coaches shipped to New York, and another was offered \$10,000 for a five-year-old, on the ground. For purposes of comparison it is enough to say the exports in 1890 were but 3,500 head, while in 1888 we sent abroad 51,000, valued at \$6,000,000.

The important thing now is for our dealers to hold on to their best blood, both in stallion and brood mares, lest by following the example of the youth who killed the hen that laid the golden eggs, they lose entirely the source of wealth and the power to take advantage of the growing demand that seems likely to exist for some years to come.

Horse raising on the farms of California has almost ceased. Except among the breeders of fine horses there are no colts or young horses to be found. It was the old case of the scare about the horse having come to the end of his rope.

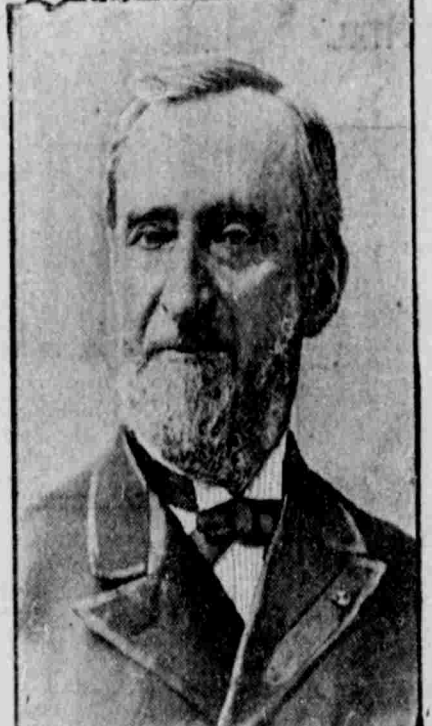
When canals went through everybody said good-by, old horse; the canal boat will take the place of the freight wagon. The railroad came and the same thing was repeated. The bicycle came and the farmers all gave up hope. Then the automobiles gave the horse his final deathblow in the opinion of sensational papers and the faint-hearted breeders. Now horses are higher and scarcer than at any time within two decades and they are going to keep on going higher.

The government horse-buyers are skimming all over the Pacific Slope for horses and mules for the Philippines and having to pay big prices for animals that are not of the best quality. In the meantime all of the horses are getting older and there are no colts or young horses to take their place.



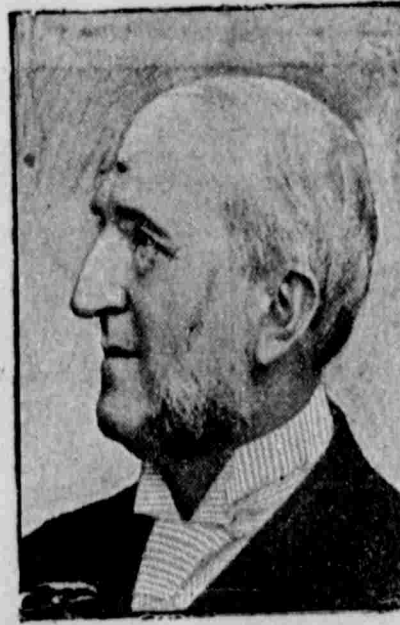
SENATOR THURSTON,

the bridegroom of the Senate, who will figure prominently in the news from the Capitol.



REDFIELD PROCTOR,

who is the leader in the movement to nominate Admiral Dewey for our next President. The senator is expected to organize a Dewey presidential campaign.



CHAUNCEY M. DEWEY.

The famous orator who is among the most interesting of the new senators who will take their seats in the upper house.

ZION'S SAVINGS BANK & TRUST CO.

Nos. 1, 3 and 5 Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

PAYS 4 PER CENT INTEREST ON ONE DOLLAR OR THOUSANDS.

During the last six years the growth of the deposits in this Bank has been most satisfactory; having increased from \$800,000 to over \$2,100,000. The growth in number of depositors is shown by the following table, arranged in periods of 5 years each:

	Accounts Opened.	Total Number of Depositors.
In 1878	899	899
In 1883	1736	2,635
In 1888	2797	5,432
In 1893	7650	13,082
In 1899	10,497 (in 6 years)	23,579



Officers and Directors.

LORENZO SNOW,	President.
GEO. Q. CANNON,	Vice-President.
GEORGE M. CANNON,	Cashier.
JOSEPH F. SMITH	HEBER J. GRANT
T. G. WEBBER	FRANCIS M. LYMAN
JAMES JACK	GEORGE REYNOLDS
ANGUS M. CANNON	L. JOHN NUTTALL
JOHN T. CAINE	ANTHON H. LUND.

Many of our depositors began with small amounts, and have gradually increased their accounts until some now reach thousands of dollars. We encourage such deposits. The success of a man depends more on what he saves than on what he makes. Have you saved anything? Open an account and add to it from time to time what spare money you have. Interest is compounded four times a year, and if not drawn is added to the principal and bears interest the same as original deposits.

WRITE OR CALL FOR ANY INFORMATION DESIRED.

NO TROUBLE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS.