

# JOSEFA IN SPAIN

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## LITTLE PEOPLE EVERYWHERE

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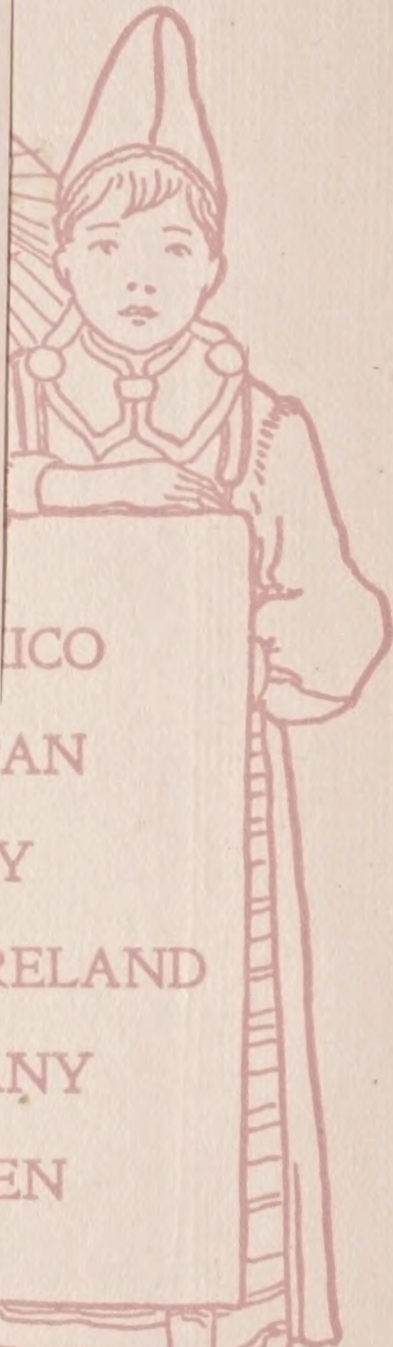
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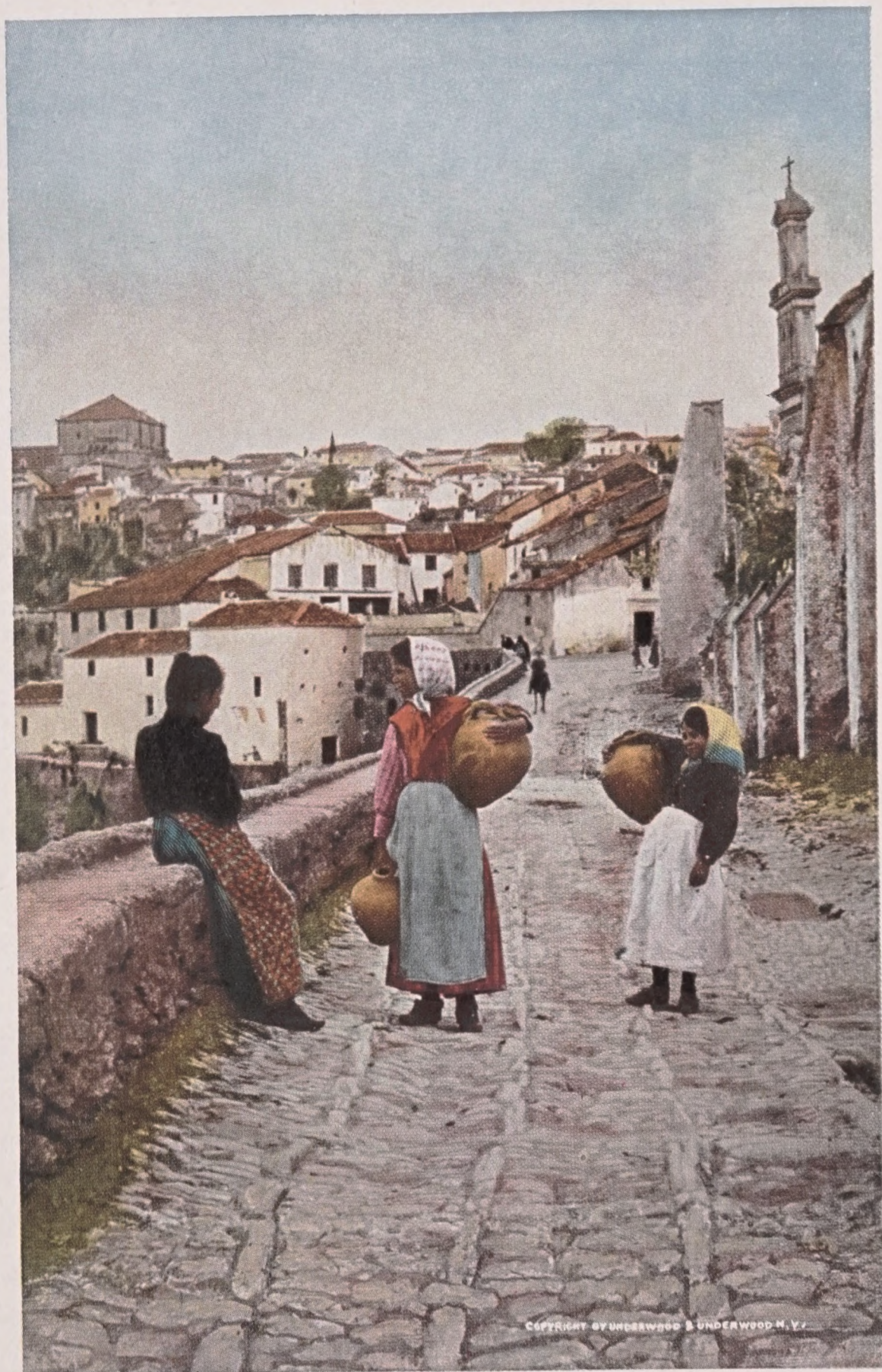
JOSEFA IN SPAIN











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DAUGHTERS OF SUNNY SPAIN



LITTLE PEOPLE EVERYWHERE

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JOSEFA  
IN SPAIN

BY ETTA BLAISDELL McDONALD  
AND JULIA DALRYMPLE

Authors of "Kathleen in Ireland," "Manuel in Mexico," "Umé San in  
Japan," "Rafael in Italy," "Fritz in Germany," "Gerda in  
Sweden," "Betty in Canada," "Boris in Russia,"  
"Hassan in Egypt," etc.



Illustrated



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## PREFACE

“COME with me to Spain and I will show you all the world,” a famous traveller once said. “From the lofty, snow-clad mountains and deep valleys of the north, across the high, central plateau, swept by bleak winter winds and burned by summer heat, to the sun-kissed cities of the southern shores, there is every variety of climate, of scenery, and of life.

“It is a country of yesterday and to-morrow, — yesterday, in the golden days after Columbus led the way for the hardy adventurers who conquered new worlds for Spain, making it one of the richest and most powerful empires of Europe; to-morrow, when it shall have forgotten the loss of all its vast possessions, and made itself once more a great nation of the earth, relying for its wealth on its own wonderful resources of mines and fertile fields.”

To Josefa, living with the gypsies in the caves of Granada, it is a land of sunshine and happiness.

In the morning she plays with the children in the Alhambra Park, and at twilight she dons her red and yellow dress, clapping her castanets gaily as she dances to the strumming of a guitar. When the gypsy caravan winds its slow way across the plains toward Seville, she sits on the high seat of the rickety old wagon, eager to reach the city, where Zara, the fortune-teller, has promised that she shall find joy and sorrow. The sorrow comes when she loses her treasured doll while she is watching the Holy Week processions in the narrow streets of the old Moorish town; the joy, when she dances at the great fair, and, later, is taken into the family of a rich Spanish don, journeying with them to Cadiz, to Malaga, and to Madrid.

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# JOSEFA IN SPAIN

## CHAPTER I

### A GYPSY QUEEN

IT must be that the Spanish sun has a great love for children. Especially must it love the little girls in Spain, with their warm olive cheeks and their great laughing eyes that look so much like luscious, purple grapes.

When little Josefa, the gypsy's child, stepped foot out of doors in the morning, all the sunshine seemed to gather about her and cling to her soft, black hair, her velvety cheeks, and her sweet, rosy lips. And when she went dancing across the fields her tiny feet left sparkling bits of sunshine wherever she stepped.

Indeed, the other gypsy children, who lived in the cave-dwellings which honeycombed the side of the mountain, said that Josefa's fingers scattered gleams of sunshine wherever she went, and that her merry laugh made every day brighter and happier.

As for Josefa herself, she seldom gave any thought to the sun and the weather. She was too busy,

searching for the first spring blossoms among the mosses on the brink of the river, — the narrow, shallow river that wound its slow way through the valley at the foot of the mountain.

When she was lucky enough to find a red rose blossoming on the bush that grew beside the door, — pop! into her dark hair it went at once, where it never thought of drooping or fading, but nestled lovingly behind her ear and brushed her soft neck with its petals.

Yes, the flowers loved Josefa even as the sun loved her, and as the birds loved her, — the birds that sang among the Alhambra trees and flitted about among the low bushes that grew on the slope below the Alhambra gates.

Thrushes and nightingales sang their sweetest songs when Josefa drew near to listen; and all the little girls would gather around her, wondering why they could never come so close to the mother birds, who sat on their nests and were not afraid when Josefa smoothed their soft feathers.

The children, too, loved Josefa, and in their play she was always the favorite, always the leader of their games, the foremost in their singing and dancing.

Sometimes the child liked to slip away from the others, to play by herself among the trees and flowers; but she was never long alone. Soon the

bright eyes of her playmates would find her out, and the fun and frolic would begin again.

It was so on a bright spring morning, when the frosts had quite disappeared from the hillsides, and when the braseros, those little Spanish hand-stoves for warming fingers and toes, had been tucked away until another winter should call them once more from their hiding-places.

At early dawn the birds had begun calling to each other from the tree-tops, singing their very hearts out with the joy of the springtime, and the sun was just peeping over the hills, when little Josefa slipped across one of the bridges that spanned the Darro River, and picked her way among the trees toward the tiny glen which she loved to call her throne.

Tightly clasped in her arms she carried a doll with a tiny rosebud fastened lovingly in its hair. The bud would have blossomed later into just such a beautiful flower as Josefa liked to tuck into her glossy curls; but she willingly sacrificed the rose for the sake of giving its perfumed bud to her treasured Enita.

“See, Enita,” she said, seating herself on a moss-covered stone at the foot of a young oak tree; “the buds of yesterday are all opened wide to-day. We can make beautiful wreaths to wear to the court ball.”

It was not to be expected that Josefa would ever, in her whole life, be so fortunate as to be invited to a court ball; but often she would play she was lady-in-waiting to the fair-haired Spanish queen who lives in Madrid, in the very heart of Spain.

Sometimes she would even pretend that she was the gracious queen herself, who had suffered enchantment and woke one morning to find her golden locks turned to glossy black.

Then it would be Enita who would become lady-in-waiting, and it was wonderful to see the deep curtsies which Josefa would teach to the patient doll, and the directions she would give her for managing yards and yards of troublesome train.

“To-day, Enita, you shall be the queen,” she said, placing the smiling doll upon the mossy throne, and arranging a wreath of flowers to cover the poor, ragged dress.

You may be sure that if the real queen of Spain could have seen the little girl in her tawdry gypsy costume, as she spread the make-believe robes over the stone, she would have given her the most royally beautiful doll to be found in the whole country.

But perhaps Josefa would have been no happier with such a treasure, for, as she bowed now to her beloved Enita, and moved forward and back in her

quaint, made-up court steps and gestures, it seemed to her that she was really a proud doña, surrounded by noble lords and ladies; and that all about her the stately columns and towers of marble palaces stretched away on either side, under the arching trees of the valley.

“Josefa! Josefa!” the voices of her playmates called suddenly from the farther end of the glade, and in a moment Josefa’s throne-room was invaded by hurrying, scurrying little gypsy girls, who begged her to come and dance with them.

Maraquita, seeing the doll on its throne, caught it up and made it go through all sorts of motions while she sang:—

“Oh, I have a dolly, a dear little dolly,  
A dolly that’s all dressed in blue;  
’Tis this way she glances, and this way she dances,  
And this way she curtsies to you,  
and to you,  
and to you!”

With the last word the children swung Josefa into the center of the circle, beseeching her, with all kinds of little flattering ways, to come and dance with them.

The child shook her head. “I do not feel like dancing this morning,” she answered gently; “but we will dress for the bull-fight, if you like.”

“Yes, yes!” shouted the noisy Margarita.

“The boys are even now beginning the game of ‘el toro.’”

“Then you shall be the Señora Mantilla,” said Josefa, and she threw a red handkerchief over Margarita’s loose hair, copying the lace head-dress of the proud Spanish dames.

“You shall be the Señorita Oak-leaf,” she added, turning to Maraquita, who began at once to fan herself with the leaf, fluttering it slowly back and forth in the way which only a Spanish girl knows best.

To one and another Josefa quickly gave a name and a symbol; but in the end they crowned her own shining curls with a lovely garland of wild flowers, and, calling her their queen, they followed her with mincing steps and haughty heads held high, until they came to the sunny glade where the boys were playing their game of “el toro.”

## CHAPTER II

### JOSEFA DANCES

THE long sunny day was nearly at an end when Josefa, tired of "el toro," and the court ball, and half a dozen other games which she had invented for her playmates, returned home and threw herself upon the ground beside Biño's anvil.

Biño was a blacksmith, but for part of the time only. That was because he was a gypsy all of the time, and everyone knows that a gypsy can never work steadily at anything.

Now, however, when Josefa seated herself upon the ground, he was busily turning a red-hot, iron bar with his tongs, and the fire in his forge was blazing merrily.

The tongs often lay idle beside the anvil, and, instead of the ruddy flame, gray ashes covered the hearth; but to-day Biño had agreed to make some bolts for a stranger, and his anvil had been ringing for an hour.

"What is the time, Josefa?" he asked, giving a final blow to the bolt, and turning to cool the hot iron in a pail of water.

“It is not yet the hour of sunset,” Josefa answered, glancing toward the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada, which were tinged with a rosy glow from the red sun hanging low in the western sky.

“The bolts are finished in good time; but the man who promised to pay me a peseta for the work is not here. A Spaniard’s word is but a poor thing!” and Biño, grumbling, took off his leather apron and began to put away his tools.

“He will come soon enough, and if he likes not your bolts, he may fancy the cut of his horse’s mane. I have clipped it well.” It was another gypsy who spoke, as he came from a shed near by, leading a proud, high-stepping horse by the bridle.

In a moment a crowd of boys and girls gathered about the animal.

“Let me get on his back, Pedro!”

“Let me! Let me!” begged one and another, but Pedro refused them all, and led the handsome creature toward the anvil, where Josefa still lay comfortably stretched out on the ground.

“You are the only one here who knows how to sit properly on such a well-clipped beast, I’ll be bound,” he said to her. “Come, now, see if you can mount him.”

For answer Josefa sprang lightly from the ground, poised an instant on the anvil, and the next moment



was seated astride the horse's back, waving her hand gaily to Biño beside his forge.

"See, Tio Biño," she called; "now I shall leave you at last, as I have so many times said I should do. You and Tia Zara will no longer have a troublesome child to worry you."

At her words a dark-faced gypsy woman left a chattering group in the doorway, and crossed the patch of hard-worn ground in front of the caves to take Josefa's slender hand in her own.

"Show me your palm, cara, and I will read your life, as it is to be," she said.

The women hushed their voices, and only the strumming of a guitar broke the stillness as Zara continued, patting the little hand lovingly:

"You are my treasure, troublesome one, and I see many journeys before you. One will come soon. It will take you to a great city far, far away. There will be crowds of people, and long processions, and you will wear a yellow dress with a red scarf, and will dance to the sound of castanets."

From the open doorways, where the men and women lounged, rose a merry laugh, in which Josefa joined; but Zara continued:

"You will have a great sorrow, for you will lose one whom you love dearly, but joy will come with it, for you will find one who, in the end, will love you as a mother loves her child."

Josefa bent down to place her hand on Zara's shoulder. "How can I lose one whom I love?" she asked. "I love no one in the world but you and Uncle Biño, and surely you will not permit that I should lose you.

"But you are safe in promising me the yellow dress, for it is finished already," she added, with a laugh, "and as for the journey, it is well known that all the gypsies are going to Seville next month for the fair."

"Let us see the yellow dress. Put it on and dance for us now," cried a woman's voice.

"Yes, yes, dance for us now," begged the children.

"That is right," said a deeper voice. "Get yourself down from my horse and show me how you can dance;" and, turning, Josefa saw that a stranger stood beside her, — a tall, dark man, who was plainly a rich caballero.

He had come among them so quietly that no one had noticed him; but in a moment Josefa and her dancing were forgotten, and the bold, black-eyed gypsies had clustered around the stranger, begging for coins.

"Away with you all!" he cried, pushing them to right and left. "I will give money to no one but the girl on the horse, and she shall not have it until she dances for me, here before you all."

Josefa sat up straight and looked at Zara to know what she should do; but Zara waited not a single moment. A gypsy never needs to be told twice to dance for money.

“Go and put on the yellow dress,” she commanded the child. “Then bring your castanets and dance your prettiest. While the caballero waits he will pay Biño for the bolts,” and she leered cunningly at the stranger.

Josefa slipped to the ground and disappeared through the open door, but it was not long before she returned, ready for her dancing.

The yellow dress hung full from the waist, and was caught up here and there with knots of ribbon. Over her black curls she had tied a red handkerchief, and a red scarf was knotted about her waist. On her feet were dainty black slippers, and in her hands she held castanets which she clapped saucily.

The caballero looked at her with pleased eyes. “She is very beautiful,” he said approvingly to Zara. “You must be a good mother, — better than most gypsy women, who teach their children nothing but begging.”

Zara gave a short laugh. “Josefa would never learn to beg,” she said; “but there was no trouble in teaching her to dance. When she was only four years old she was the best dancer at the fair. Look at her now!”

Josefa had thrown herself into a graceful attitude, with one hand high above her head, and one foot pointed forward. The long line from the tips of her fingers to her dainty toes showed that she was not too tall nor yet too short, and that her slender figure was well built for dancing. But one had hardly time to think of that before she was in another position, bending over to sweep the ground in a low bow.

From the loungers in front of the caves came the thrumming of a guitar and the soft clapping of hands, keeping time with the castanets, as the child moved quicker or slower, now forward and now back, with graceful motions and dainty steps.

“If I lived here in Granada, or if I were journeying to Seville with a carriage instead of a horse, I should like to buy the child and take her home with me,” said the Spaniard, when Josefa gave a gay click to the castanets and ran back into the cave like a dancing tongue of flame.

“We gypsies never sell our children, Señor Caballero,” Zara answered him briefly.

The man saw at once that she was angry. Her black eyes were blazing, and she clenched her hands as she faced him.

“Pardon,” he made haste to say. “It is well known that gypsies will often part with that which they love most for money, and I thought —”



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### GYPSIES IN GRANADA

“From the loungers in front of the caves came the soft clapping of hands.” Page 12



“I care not what you thought,” Zara interrupted. “We may lie, and steal, and cheat, and beg, and live as beasts do, in the caves of the earth, so that people despise us, and call us outcasts; but, know this, Señor Spaniard, we love our children and we will neither give them away nor sell them, for all your gold.”

As she finished speaking she turned to follow Josefa into the house, forgetting, in her wrath, the money he had promised.

The stranger called after her again, and when she looked back he held out a gold coin. “Tell the child that she danced well and it pleased me,” he said.

Zara took the money haughtily, mumbling some old Romany words under her breath. Then, as the man mounted his horse, the bold, black-eyed children clustered around him once more, shouting and begging for money, and more money.

“I wonder how it happens that only Josefa, among them all, could never be taught to beg,” he said to himself, and, touching spur to his horse, he rode swiftly down the valley and across the bridge toward the twinkling lights of Granada, leaving the gypsies and their children far behind him in the gathering gloom.

## CHAPTER III

### THE MOON AND THE MORNING STARS

ENITA'S eyes were blue, — as blue as the sky on a summer day, as blue as the forget-me-nots that grew beside the brook. Perhaps it was because of her blue eyes that she always kept the secrets Josefa confided to her; for truly the secrets were many, and not one of them all did Enita ever tell.

There came a morning, late in March, when Josefa was running down to the bridge which spanned the Darro River, that she met a procession of schoolgirls, following the black-gowned nun who taught them, and they called to her to join them and learn to read.

Josefa, who might have gone to the school for gypsy children which stood not too far from Biño's forge, shook her head gently. "I am on my way to the Alhambra Park," she answered in her Romany tongue, — the language of the gypsies, or Zingari, as they are called in Spain.

The children laughed, and passed out of sight beyond the convent walls, while Josefa pattered



across the bridge in her bare feet, whispering to Enita that the little Spanish girls were far prettier and cleaner than the gypsies, and that she would have liked to play with them; but to go to school with them was quite another matter.

Was not the morning the very brightest and softest the spring had yet seen? And were not the birds singing, and saying as plainly as they could, "Come, Josefa, come! The trees on the Alhambra hill are the loveliest in the whole world. Hurry your feet! Hurry your feet!"

But, hurry as fast as she would, it took Josefa nearly an hour to find her way from the base of the mountain where the gypsies live in their dark caves, across the narrow valley of the Darro and up the steep hill to the beautiful Alhambra Park, where she was glad to throw herself upon the ground beneath the arching elms.

All overhead the young leaves were opening in a cloud of soft green mist, and the thrushes were fluttering among the branches, practising their sweetest songs.

"We will lie here all day long," Josefa told Enita, with a lazy yawn. "It may be that when the little Spanish girls leave their school in the convent they will come through the park on their way home and stop to play a game with us."

But it happened, in a very few minutes, that

two English ladies, who had also decided to visit the Alhambra that day, strolled through the great gate and stopped to look up at the ruined towers. Following them was a rabble of gypsy children, begging, as usual, and insisting that the ladies give them money.

“A centimo!” they cried, in their shrill young voices; “a centimo to buy sweets!”

“Five centimos to buy a fan!” urged a girl of ten, catching one of the ladies by the skirt to attract her attention.

“A fan!” shrieked a boy, in derision. “Five centimos to buy cigarritos! I beg of you, Señora! Five centimos, and I will drive all these others away.”

The ladies shook their heads. “We have no money for you,” they said.

“Look at me, Señorita,” urged a girl with a mop of coarse black hair. “Give me a peseta and I will dance for you.”

“And I, Señorita, I will sing for you for just one tiny perro chico,” pleaded a slip of a child, holding out her grimy little hand.

“No, no, no! We have come to see the Alhambra. We do not care for your singing and dancing,” declared the strangers, and they opened their guide-books and tried to talk with each other about the ruined walls and towers.

All this time Josefa had been looking on idly. Now, seeing that the ladies did not know how to rid themselves of the little beggars, she tucked Enita inside her blouse and went to their assistance.

“Come and play with me,” she said to the children, in her Romany tongue. “We will play a game. You shall be the morning stars, and I will be the moon. I will stand here in the shadow and try to catch you.”

The children, who had apparently come to the conclusion that they would receive no money for all their begging, turned to play with Josefa, and the two ladies, finding themselves so suddenly deserted by their tormentors, looked at each other in surprise.

“That is a remarkable child!” exclaimed the elder lady, with a laugh. “What do you suppose she said to those little gypsies to make them forget their begging?”

“She wanted them to play a game, I think,” replied the other. “She must be a gypsy, too, for she seemed to speak their language; but she is neat and clean, and she does not seem to care for begging. Let us sit here on this knoll and watch her for a little while.”

Josefa, playing the part of the moon, took her stand in the deep shadow cast by the ruined wall,

and the children danced in and out of the sunshine, singing merrily: —

“ Oh, the moon and the morning stars!  
Little twinkling stars,  
Lightly dance,  
Quickly glance,  
But shun the shadow-bars! ”

As they sang their roundelay, they poked their bare toes saucily over the line, making little darts and dashes into the land of shade.

Suddenly one little twinkling star dared too much, for she put both feet within the shadow, and Josefa, quick as a flash, gave a spring and caught her.

Then the star became the moon, and the moon a star, — a gay little star that seemed to be everywhere at once, flashing in and out among the trees like a firefly that gleams in the meadows.

“ That child is no gypsy! ” said the elder of the two ladies. “ I am going to give the others some money and send them away; but I shall try to keep her with us. She looks as if she might be rather amusing.”

She tossed a few coins into the land of morning stars, bidding the children run down to the city to buy sweets. Then she called Josefa to her side and asked her if she would not go with them

through the ruined castle of the ancient Moorish kings.

“It will be a great pleasure to go with you, *Señorita*,” Josefa replied, speaking Spanish with these strangers as easily as she had chattered in Romany with her gypsy playmates.

To tell the truth, Josefa cared nothing about the Moors and their castle, but now that the children were gone it would be amusing enough to wander through the deserted halls and courts, listening idly to the strange foreign words of her companions, and answering the questions they put to her now and then in their faltering Spanish.

## CHAPTER IV

### IN THE ALHAMBRA

“ I HAVE dreamed of seeing the Alhambra ever since the day we first set foot in Spain, Aunt Elizabeth,” said the younger of the two women, the one with the smiling blue eyes. They were standing, as she spoke, in one of the arched windows of the royal palace, looking down at the city of Granada which lay in the valley at their feet, and then turning their eyes toward the distant snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Mountains.

“ It is like living a dream to wander through these rooms and think of the stories and traditions, the songs and ballads that have been written about the bravery and romance of the Moors,” replied her aunt.

“ Think of the splendor of their court, and the beauty of their queens and ladies. It almost makes me believe in fairy stories, just to look at these fountains and gardens. When we go back to the hotel we must read Washington Irving’s ‘ Alhambra ’ again.”

Josefa looked up at the word "Alhambra." "The Alhambra," she repeated. "Why is it called the Alhambra? I have asked Biño and Tia Zara often and often; but they only shake their heads and say something about the Moors."

The fair-haired lady took Josefa's hand in hers and looked down into the lustrous dark eyes.

"You must know," she said, in her slow Spanish, "that long, long ago the Moors, who lived across the Mediterranean Sea in northern Africa, came over here and fought terrible battles with the Spaniards, conquering almost the whole of Spain.

"Then, for seven hundred years, they lived here. They built splendid cities, and wonderful mosques and castles. Granada was their capital, and the Moorish kings lived here in this magnificent palace. There was a fortress here, too, large enough for forty thousand warriors, and it was all surrounded by a great wall, with thirteen towers where the guards could watch for the approach of the enemy.

"Some say it was called 'Alhambra' because that is the Arabic word for red, and the Moors, who spoke Arabic, built the outer walls of red, sun-dried bricks. Others think it comes from the name of its founder, Al Ahmar."

"I like to think," spoke up her aunt, "that it was called Alhambra from the red flare of the torches that burned for many years so that the

builders could work all night on these wonderful mosaics and carvings."

"Did the Moorish queens live here in the Alhambra, too?" questioned Josefa, thinking that this might be a new game for her to play with Enita.

"Yes," was the answer. "The Moorish queens were called sultanas. They were very beautiful women, and they wore silks and jewels, and had ladies-in-waiting who were as lovely as the dawn.

"It is four hundred years since they wandered through these courts and gardens, and saw their charms reflected by the waters of these fountains; but we cannot forget them even though their palace is now desolate and lonely."

"Did the queens love the Virgin Mary and pray to her?" asked the child.

"No, and that was what made all the trouble. The Spaniards were Christians, but the Moors were followers of Mohammed. Each one despised the religion of the other, each was determined to rule the country, and there was never any peace between them."

"It is better to pray to the Virgin Mary, is it not?" Josefa asked shyly.

Both ladies looked at her in surprise. "That is a strange question for a little Spanish girl to ask," one of them said. "Do you not pray to the





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IN THE COURT OF LIONS

A fountain in the Palace of the Alhambra. *Page 23*



Virgin every morning when the bells ring in the tower of the cathedral? ”

“ No,” and Josefa shook her head. “ Tia Zara is a gypsy and has never taught me to pray; but sometimes I think I should like to pray to the Virgin because she is so sweet and lovely.”

The ladies looked pityingly at each other. “ You poor child,” they said, “ we will teach you a prayer which you can say before the shrines in the streets of Granada.”

But Josefa suddenly flushed a rosy red, and went dancing over the mosaic floors, in and out of the columned arches, until she came to the Court of Lions, where the waters of the fountain splashed musically in the great stone basin.

How was she to confess that she had taught Enita a little prayer she made up herself, without help from anyone, and that often, in her play, she stopped before the street shrines with the other Spanish children to ask a blessing?

In a little while the two ladies came to join her, and sat down on a sun-warmed, marble bench beside the fountain to open their lunch-baskets.

Josefa drew a crust of bread and some dates from her pocket and, with all the grace of a great lady of Spain, said courteously: “ All that I have is yours.”

“ And all that we have is yours,” they told

her, with a smile; but Josefa, with a graceful bow and a murmured, "Many thanks, Señoras," ate her dry bread and dates, and then held her hand under the dripping fountain for a drink of the cool water.

"You must thank the Moors for that refreshing drink," said one of the ladies. "It was they who first thought of bringing water from the rivers to feed their fountains and gardens.

"It is hot and dry here in southern Spain, but the Moors found a way of leading the water down from the snow-clad peaks of the mountains and spreading it over the fields until the deserts blossomed like the rose."

"They must have been sorry to leave all this beauty and luxury when they were finally driven out of the country by Ferdinand and Isabella," said the other.

"Who were Ferdinand and Isabella?" questioned Josefa.

"They were the king and queen who conquered the Moors and united all the Spanish provinces into one country," was the answer; "and it was they who gave Christopher Columbus ships and money to sail across the Atlantic Ocean to discover America."

Josefa looked puzzled. "America, — and what is America?" she asked again.

The ladies laughed. "You are a dear little know-nothing," they told her, as they gathered up their lunch-baskets and prepared to return to the hotel for their afternoon siesta.

Josefa drew her doll from her blouse, and fastened the rosebud more securely in the flaxen hair.

"We do not need to know very much, Enita and I," she said with a merry smile. "When the sun shines and the thrushes are singing in the trees we are always happy; and then, at night, there are the moon and the stars to give us light, and the nightingales to fill the air with music.

"We know where to find flowers to make wreaths for our hair. We know where the water in the fountains is coolest and freshest, and we know how to dance and sing and play games with the children. Why should anyone wish to know more?"

"It is, indeed, sweet to know nothing," the ladies told each other with a laugh, and would have given Josefa a peseta to buy a ribbon for her doll; but she blew them a kiss from the tips of her fingers and went skipping away under the trees, whispering to Enita that the next time they came to the Alhambra Park she should be a Moorish queen with a silken gown and jewels in her hair.

## CHAPTER V

### A GYPSY CARAVAN

WHEN Josefa slipped out of bed the next morning she was thinking happily of the new game she would play with Enita in the Moorish palace; but it was many a long day before she climbed the hill to the Alhambra Park again, and sat once more in the Court of Lions to watch the waters of the fountain sparkling in the sunlight.

As she pattered across the hard earth floor to open the door of the cave, she saw Zara bending over a chest to pack the gay red and yellow dress, and when she stepped out into the sunshine the whole settlement was in the greatest confusion.

“We start for Seville in an hour,” Biño told her, as he harnessed his mules into the old covered wagon. “It is only three weeks to the great fair. We shall have little enough time for the journey, with the rough roads and our slow-going caravan.”

Josefa hastened at once to help Zara with the packing, running back and forth from the cave to the wagon with kettles and pans, jars, ropes,

bundles of clothing, a guitar and a tambourine, sheepskins for their bed, and an old wooden chair.

Last, but by no means least, came the box that held the precious dress, which she would wear while she danced at the Feria amidst a shower of coins thrown to her by an admiring crowd.

Noise and excitement filled the whole village. Men were laughing and shouting, women were screaming and scolding, and the whole rabble of children were running wildly in and out under the very feet of the horses.

There was so much to be done that it was noon before the whips finally cracked over the heads of the leaders, and the caravan began its long journey to Seville, almost two hundred miles away.

The strange procession wound its way slowly across the plain of Granada, the wagons creaking and groaning as they jolted over the rough roads, while the horses and mules strained and tugged to pull the wheels out of the deep ruts.

The men wore peaked hats and spangled jackets, with crimson sashes wound about their waists. The women had short skirts and gay red and yellow bodices, with bright handkerchiefs tied over their black hair; and the silver hoops in their ears swung back and forth with the swaying of the carts.

The children were tucked into the back of the

wagons with the water jars and sheepskins, and they laughed and chattered merrily until the heat of the sun made them drowsy and they were glad to curl up for a nap.

By day the caravan was a string of motley, covered wagons and two-wheeled carts, with now and then a little pack-donkey jingling his bells as he toiled wearily along.

By night it was a little cluster of gleaming campfires and tethered creatures, encircled by the rickety carts, where the women cooked, and the men smoked, while the children played games or listened to Josefa's stories.

"I have been to Seville many times," she told them. "Ever since I was a little child I have ridden over the road with Biño and Zara, and sometimes we arrive in time for the Holy Week processions, which are the most wonderful sight in the whole world."

"Tell us about them again," the children would beg, and Josefa would repeat her tales of the city, with the crowds of men and women, the lights and flowers, the bands of music, and the sacred figures, dressed in silks and velvets and covered with gold and precious gems, which were borne through the streets for the people to admire and reverence.

Sometimes she would tell stories of the other



Spanish cities she had visited, for Biño and Zara often spent the whole summer travelling from one town to another in their old covered wagon.

The gypsies, as everyone knows, love to live out of doors, and wander about over the country as they please. They are unlike any other people on the globe; and, wherever they live, — in Spain, Russia, Persia, or America, — they have the same looks, the same customs, and they speak a dialect of the same Romany language.

Every band has its leader, every tribe its king. The men buy and sell horses, and are tinkers or blacksmiths; the women make baskets and tell fortunes.

In Spain there are more than forty thousand of these gypsies. Although they live in settlements near the large cities, they wander about wherever their fancy leads them. In April, when hundreds of them journey to Seville to take part in the great fair, their curious caravans make a picturesque sight along the way.

“Now that I am twelve years old,” Josefa said to Zara one morning, as the wagons jolted across a long, sweeping plain, where for miles and miles not a house nor a tree could be seen, — “now that I am twelve years old I think perhaps I ought to go to school a little. I find there are many things in the world which I do not know.”

Zara looked at the child with her glittering eyes. "What is it that you do not know?" she questioned sharply.

Josefa did not answer at once. A train of mules was clinking and clattering toward them, along the road, the bells of the leaders jingling merrily.

Some of the animals were decorated with cords and tassels of red and yellow; their manes were cut in scallops and tied with bunches of red worsted, and the hair on their flanks was clipped in many curious designs, with scrolls and flowers, or even a name or two.

Pedro, back among the gypsy caves at home, could cut many wonderful designs, but not a name could he fashion; he, too, had never been to school, and he did not know how to make the letters for a name.

The mules were laden with great jars, hung one on either side of the saddle. Some of the jars held water for the journey; but most of them were filled with wine or olive oil to be sold in the city markets.

"Come," repeated Zara, as the last of the train passed by, and gay snatches of the muleteers' songs came floating back to them through the still air, "tell me what it is that you wish to know."

"I should like to know how to read books," Josefa said, hesitating at first, and then speaking

faster and faster as her thoughts came more readily. "I should like to read about the other countries, and about the people who come here to see our cities. I should like to know why they come, and what they talk about when they look at our cathedrals and our ruined palaces.

"I should like to know about Spain, too, and about the Moors, and about Ferdinand and Isabella, —"

Zara interrupted her with a harsh laugh. "If you wish to know about Spain," she said, "look about you. There is a pig-herder on the plain with his swine, and up among the mountains are the shepherds with their flocks of brown sheep and their dogs to guard them.

"Soon we shall pass gray olive groves, and great vineyards where they raise grapes for raisins and wine. You will see orange trees and fruit orchards, countless little gray donkeys, and endless flocks of goats.

"In the cities you will find rich people who live in palaces and ride in carriages, and at their heels will run beggars asking for a centimo to buy bread. That is Spain. You do not need to read about it in books."

"I want to know about the other countries, too," Josefa urged; but Zara had lain down among the sheepskins and closed her eyes for a siesta,

and after a little while Josefa clambered up to sit on the seat beside Biño.

"It is a rough road," she said, quite as if it were an unusual thing in Spain, which is so mountainous everywhere, except in the central plateau, that there are few roads of any other sort.

Biño cracked his whip and the mules quickened their slow walk. "There is never a road so smooth that it has no rough places," he answered cheerfully. "In another day we shall reach Seville, and you will forget the rough roads and the long journey, if we are in time to see the crowds on Palm Sunday."

## CHAPTER VI

### HOLY WEEK IN SEVILLE

SPAIN is a Catholic country, and in all its cities and towns the feasts and fasts of the Church are faithfully observed.

Especially is this true of Holy Week, which begins with Palm Sunday and ends with Easter; and nowhere in the whole country is the celebration of these days so wonderful as in Seville, the happiest, sunniest city in all the golden province of Andalusia.

Early on Palm Sunday morning long fronds of palm, and olive branches with their little gray leaves, are blessed by the archbishop in the cathedral, which is filled with kneeling men and women. Later these sacred palms and sprays of olive are taken home to be carefully preserved during the coming year.

There is also a procession in the afternoon; but on Holy Thursday and Good Friday the celebration is far more wonderful, and throngs of people crowd the streets to see the religious brotherhoods pass by, bearing statues of the saints and

the Blessed Virgin, on litters decorated with flowers and all ablaze with lighted candles.

On Saturday the Paschal Candle, which is to burn for forty days, and which is twenty-five feet tall and weighs about eight hundred pounds, is blessed and lighted. The black veil before the altar is torn asunder amid organ peals of thunder, and all the bells of the city, which have been silent for three days, begin to ring.

Then, on Easter Sunday, the whole world wakes up rejoicing, and after mass comes the bull-fight in the Plaza de Toros, where there is room for fourteen thousand spectators, and where the most popular of all the famous matadors fight before the eager, excited multitude.

The gypsies care nothing for Holy Week. They come to Seville for the Feria which is held in the middle of April, but, if they arrive in time for the processions, they are glad to mingle with the crowds in the streets, and it is even hinted that some of them know what becomes of the watches and purses of gold which seem to disappear by magic.

When Biño drove his pair of mules over the bridge that spanned the yellow waters of the Guadalquivir, and led the caravan toward the gypsy village on the bank of the river, it was late evening on Wednesday of Holy Week.

At daybreak the next morning Josefa set off

for the city with Zara, who was as much at home in Seville as in Granada, and who knew many houses where the ladies would cross her palm with gold, eager to hear the tales of coming good fortune which she would pour into their willing ears.

But, early as it was, the streets and squares were already filled with people; and, because it was Holy Thursday, everyone was on foot. During the three days when the bells are silent, not a wheel is allowed to turn in the whole city, and young and old, rich and poor, must walk wherever they wish to go.

It took Zara a long time to thread her way in and out among the crowds in the narrow streets; but toward noon she finally reached the great square where the grand stand is erected so that at least a part of the hundred thousand strangers may have comfortable seats while they watch the people and the processions.

Josefa, who was so tired that she could hardly put one foot before the other, crouched down to rest on some steps in an out-of-the-way corner, while Zara went on to earn more money; and it was here that the sorrow befell her which the gypsy had foretold. She might have caught a glimpse of the joy, too; but tears were blinding her eyes, and her heart was so heavy that she had no thought for happiness.

It was hot and sunny in the square, and in barely five minutes Josefa was sound asleep, her head pillowed on her arm, her ears deaf to the voices and music in the streets.

She had slept two hours, possibly three, when she was suddenly wakened by the blare of trumpets and the beat of drums. The procession was coming at last, and the people began pushing and crowding, this way and that, to make room for the police, and the company of soldiers with plumes and glittering helmets, who were already passing before the grand stand.

Josefa jumped up, rubbing her eyes and trying to believe that she was not still asleep and dreaming of the angels.

“Look, Enita,” she whispered, drawing the doll from her pocket and holding it up on a level with her shoulder, “it is the Blessed Virgin. She has a crown of diamonds, and the lace of her dress is sewn with pearls and sapphires. Bow your head when she passes, my Enita, and say your prayer that she may answer it.”

Nearer and nearer drew the litter on which rested the wonderful statue of the Virgin. She was, indeed, crowned with sparkling diamonds, and the priceless jewels on her robe reflected the light from the rows on rows of candles with which she was surrounded.





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HOLY WEEK IN SEVILLE

"The procession was coming at last." Page 36



Her wrists were laden with bracelets, long strings of pearls were wound round her neck, and on her wooden cheeks two lustrous pearls, like tears, proclaimed her to be "Our Lady of Great Sorrows."

Following her came "Our Lady of Victory," and "Our Lady of Mercy." Then came scenes from the life of Christ, escorted by hundreds and hundreds of men in costly robes of black and gold, of white and gold, of white and violet, of rich, purple velvet, and of somber black.

Clouds of incense filled the air; the cries of the street-venders and water-sellers were drowned in the martial music of the bands.

Sometimes Josefa stood up, holding Enita above her head so that she, too, might see the wondrous sights; sometimes she crouched wearily on the steps with her doll in her lap, her eyes tired with the long hours of watching, her head swimming with all the noise and confusion.

At last there came a great blare of trumpets, and the crowd surged back from the road as "Our Lady of Hope" appeared in view, a great diamond star blazing on her forehead.

Josefa jumped up, forgetting the doll which lay in her lap, and in a twinkling Enita had been snatched away by a black-eyed imp of a boy, who slipped round the corner and disappeared before Josefa could realize what was happening.

In an instant she had bounded down from her step to give chase; but the great mass of people in the square suddenly moved forward, carrying her along in spite of her efforts to be free, until she was pressed against a wall beneath a crowded balcony.

“Look, Dolores,” she heard a man’s voice saying, “there is the very gypsy girl who danced for me in Granada. Her father and mother have no doubt brought her here to dance at the fair. I will call to her and give her some of these sweets. Then you shall see how pretty she is.”

But Josefa’s heart was heavy with grief. Two great tears hung on her soft cheeks, even as the pearls had hung on the wooden cheeks of “Our Lady of Sorrow.”

She could think of nothing but Enita whom she had lost; Enita, to whom she told all her secrets; Enita, whom she loved so dearly. How could she ever dance again? What did she care for sweets and flattering tongues?

Without even a glance at the smiling faces in the balcony, she pushed through the crowd and hurried away to the gypsy village, to hide in a corner of the old wagon and cry her eyes out with grief over the loss of her treasured doll.

## CHAPTER VII

### AN EASTER LAMB

It was Easter Monday and the streets of Seville, in which not a wheel had turned during the last three days of Holy Week, were now thronged with vehicles of every description. Horses, donkeys, mules, and oxen, fresh from their unaccustomed holidays, were once more patiently dragging heavily loaded carts over the rough cobble-stones.

The harnesses were gay with red ribbons and tassels, and the little bells added a jingling chorus to the noisy laughter of men, the chatter of women, and the shouts of children at their play.

Olive-cheeked girls leaned from overhanging balconies, or stood in groups at the street corners to gossip with their friends. Black mantillas had given place to red carnations or yellow roses that matched the fans which their owners fluttered coquettishly before their eyes.

The white walls of the houses were dazzling in the sunlight; and the orange trees, washed by an early morning shower, were clean and sparkling, — their waxen blossoms filling the air with fra-

grance, their ripe fruit shining like gold among the glossy green leaves.

The sky was blue as only a Spanish sky can be, and in out-of-the-way corners of the squares and parks men and boys were stretched comfortably on the ground, "taking the sun."

Zara, with Josefa by her side, was once more wending her way toward the homes of the rich Sevillians, where she hoped to sell the string of baskets which she carried on her arm; but the child took little interest in the happiness around her. Her cheeks were pale, and her black eyes, dull now from much weeping, gazed sorrowfully from one child's face to another, still searching for the young thief who had stolen her doll.

As they passed the great cathedral, which is one of the largest and richest in the world, Josefa stopped for a moment to look at some boys who were playing on the steps.

"If I were a little Spanish girl," she said, "I would go in and say a prayer to the Virgin. She would know how much I want to find Enita."

Zara looked at her sharply. "If you were a little Spanish girl!" she repeated angrily. "Never let me hear you say that again. If you were a little Spanish girl you would be working in the cigar factory now, with seven or eight thousand other Spanish girls."

“ I have heard that it is the largest cigar factory in the world,” murmured Josefa, raising her eyes timidly to the swarthy-faced woman by her side.

“ And how do you think you would like that, — to be shut up in a great brick building, where the air is hot and stifling, and where you would sit all day at a bench rolling cigarettes? Little you would care then that it is the largest cigar factory in the world! ” and with a scornful toss of her head Zara hurried the child toward the market, where a shepherd with a flock of sheep was selling lambs for Easter pets.

Among the herd were beautiful merinos with fine, silvery fleeces, and smaller brown sheep with saucy black faces. Tethered in a corner by itself, safe from trampling feet, was a tiny, puny-looking lambkin, hardly able to stand. It dropped to the ground at last, where it lay patiently awaiting its fate.

Josefa’s sympathetic eye caught sight of it at once, and when she put out her hand it nestled its nose in her palm so lovingly that she smiled and stooped to pat its soft brown wool.

Just then a man rode up on a splendid white horse and stopped to bargain for a lamb to be sent home to his little daughter.

Zara plucked Josefa’s sleeve. “ Look,” she whispered eagerly, “ it is the caballero who saw you

dance in Granada. Speak to him now. He may toss you a peseta, if you smile and kiss your hand to him."

Josefa shook her head. "Do not ask me to beg," she pleaded. "I will dance for you all day at the fair, but I cannot beg, Tia Zara."

The Spaniard heard her words and looked down at her from his seat on the horse. "It is my friend the dancer," he exclaimed, "and she has not yet learned to beg. What are you doing here, my child, — buying a pet lamb for Easter?"

"We have no money to waste on lambs," Zara made haste to answer. "We came to Seville for the fair, and while we are waiting we are selling these baskets which we made with our own hands. Buy this one for your lady, Señor," and she held up a dainty, covered basket woven with an intricate pattern.

"I am buying lambs to-day," the man said with a laugh. "Just now I bought a white one for my Chiquita. Come, little dancer, I will buy one for you. Choose quickly which it shall be," and he put his hand in his pocket to take out his purse.

Josefa's eyes wandered back and forth over the flock of sheep, but always they turned pityingly to the lambkin crouched in the corner; and, as if the poor thing felt her pity, he opened his eyes



at last and gave a feeble bleat. He even struggled slowly to his feet and took a step in her direction. "That is the one I will choose, if you please, Señor," Josefa decided.

"But it is so tiny, and it looks sick, too. Do you want a little weak-legs like that?" questioned the stranger.

"Yes, yes!" Josefa replied, and, stooping, she gathered the lamb tenderly in her arms. "See, it loves me already, and when I have fed it with bread and milk for a week it will be as strong as the best of them.

"I shall call it Chico because it is so little; but soon it will be too big for its name. We kiss your hand, Señor," and she laughed as she made the lambkin bow its funny black head to the man on the horse.

"Your Chico will take the place of Enita," Zara told her, after the stranger had paid for the lamb and ridden away; but once more Josefa shook her head.

"Nothing will ever take the place of Enita," she said, looking straight into Zara's eyes. "All my life I have wished that I had a little sister, and we used to pray for one, Enita and I, when we passed the shrines in the streets of Granada; but not even a little sister could take Enita's place.

"She was my dearest treasure, and I told her

all my secrets. I used to think she knew more than I knew myself, and sometimes I would beg her to open her lips and tell me about my mother, — ”

Zara caught the child roughly by the shoulder. “ That is enough,” she said. “ Run home now, and ask Biño to get some milk for your lamb. I am going farther to sell my baskets. In another week the fair will open, and then there will be no time for such nonsense.”

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE GREAT FAIR

JOSEFA wound a crimson scarf around her shoulders so that the long knotted fringe hung over her arms. Then she tucked a crimson rose in her hair, and stooped to admire the effect in a bit of broken glass laid on a black cloth.

She had been humming a little tune while she moved to and fro in the tent, putting on the best of her cheap finery, and a happy smile came into her eyes as she glanced now through the open doorway and saw Chico, fat and chubby, standing firmly on his four legs and bleating lustily for his supper.

“Thou art a little glutton,” she told him, running out with a big bowl of milk. “See that thou grow not too fat or Biño will talk of selling thee in the market.”

Josefa put her arms about the lamb's neck as she spoke, and snuggled her warm cheek against the soft wool.

“Thou art my own lambkin, and no one shall sell thee, my Chico,” she said, kissing the funny

black face. Then she jumped up with a quick, graceful movement of her lithe young body, and ran out into the broad highway which leads through the center of the Prado San Sebastian, where the great fair is held.

It was the last of the three days of the Feria, which is held every year in the middle of April, and the red sun, hanging low in the western sky, gave warning that evening was at hand, — evening which is the brightest, gayest, happiest time in all the long, happy day.

This Feria is not so much an annual fair as it is an outing for young and old, rich and poor, who leave their homes in Seville and camp for three days on the great prado just outside the city.

Thousands of cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, donkeys, and horses, are bought and sold at this fair, and there are tents and booths for the sale of dolls, sweets, fans, castanets, knives, — whatever a Spaniard or a tourist will buy; but the main business of the three days' outing is talking and laughing, feasting and dancing, from early morning until late at night.

When Josefa ran out into the road, four lines of carriages were moving slowly up and down the broad highway, and the walks on either side were thronged with merry, chattering crowds.

“Have a care, thou!” shouted an officer in a

gorgeous uniform, jerking his prancing steed up on its hind feet as Josefa slipped across the road, under the very nose of the restless horse.

There was a quick, backward turn of the dark head, a pair of smiling eyes, a sweet, "I kiss your hand, Señor," and the little girl had dodged around a corner and was out of sight.

"Wilt thou have a cake, Josefa?" called a gypsy woman who stood beside a kettle of olive oil, frying pastry which gave out a most delicious odor.

"No, thanks!" replied the child, and slipped on her way, past the booths where late-comers were displaying their wares.

"Water! Fresh water! Water cooler than snow!" came the cry of the water-sellers, who carried their yellow jars poised easily on their shoulders.

"Buy confetti! Buy confetti!" shouted a street-vender, shaking his little bags of colored paper. "Showers of a million colors! Five centimos! Who'll buy?"

But Josefa paid no heed to them all. She hung poised for a moment over a shelf of trinkets which caught the light from the setting sun and sparkled like diamonds in their cheap boxes. Then onward she went, through one narrow side-street after another, until she came to a shop where a shoe-

maker had set his bench and was mending a little shoe, singing to himself as he pulled his waxed thread in and out: —

“To the jasper gate of heaven,  
His bench the cobbler brings;  
Making shoes for the little angels,  
Who have nothing to wear but wings.”

Josefa watched the strong, swift hands draw the stitches firmly in the tiny shoe. She looked at the worn, wrinkled face, and the kindly, smiling eyes. Surely, here was one who loved children.

“I have a little lamb,” she said suddenly, in a low tone.

“Yes?” and the cobbler’s voice was as gentle as her own.

“I had a doll once, but some one stole her away.” Josefa’s words came slowly and there was a quiver in them. “Her name was Enita and I loved her dearly.”

The cobbler looked up from his work. “Did you not pray to the Virgin to send your doll back to you?” he asked.

“No,” and the child’s breath came quickly. “I am a gypsy, and we are not taught to pray.”

“That makes no difference,” the cobbler told her. “The prayers of good children are always answered. Here is a perro chico. Go to one

of the booths and buy a doll. Then, when you are in the great cathedral, hang it upon the arm of the Virgin and pray her humbly to send your Enita back to you. I have no doubt she will hear you."

"A thousand thanks!" and with shining eyes Josefa was speeding on her way, in search of a doll so cheap that it could be bought for a *perro chico*.

Every moment the crowd was growing greater. It seemed as if the whole world had come out to see the end of the fair. There were Spaniards, and gypsies, and tourists from many lands, all intent upon seeing the sights and having an evening's amusement.

Josefa pushed her way through one street after another. Now she brushed against a woman carrying a great tray of cocoanuts, now she met a girl with a heaped-up basket of flowers. There were bread-boys, and peanut-venders, and men with figs, dates, pomegranates, and luscious, golden oranges.

It was at a booth near the gypsy tents that Josefa finally spent the money which the cobbler had given her. On a stand under a huge red umbrella were dolls of all sizes and prices, — wax dolls with real hair, and funny wooden dolls dressed like candy-men and bull-fighters.

In a far corner was a tray of tiny dolls, — so very tiny that two could be bought for a perro chico, and it was with a beating heart that Josefa gave up her precious coin and selected the twin dolls which she would take to the cathedral.

As she turned away, the rosy glow faded from the western sky, and suddenly, all over the great prado, lights appeared in the streets and houses.

Then there was gaiety, indeed; with more talking and laughing and singing; with a strumming of guitars, a rattling of tambourines, and a snapping of castanets.

In the tents and casetas, thrown wide open so that the passers-by could look in on the merry scene, pretty señoritas were dancing the Sevilliana, with a stamping of their little feet and a whirling and twirling of their skirts.

But of all the girls who danced that last night of the great fair, not one was prettier or more graceful than Josefa, who swayed and poised before an admiring throng; and surely none had a lighter heart than hers, as she slipped her hand into her pocket to touch the two tiny dolls that were to bring her happiness.



## CHAPTER IX

### BESIDE THE FOUNTAIN

“WAIT for me here,” Zara commanded Josefa, as she rang the bell at the arched entrance to one of the finest houses in Seville. “I promised yesterday to read the palm of the lady who lives here, but she will have no gypsy children in her casa.”

“While I am waiting may I not walk about in the streets?” pleaded the child, feeling the dolls in her pocket, and longing for a chance to take them to the cathedral.

“No,” replied Zara shortly; “you will sit here at the gate and wait for me,” and she followed the porter across the patio and up the marble staircase to one of the rooms on the second floor.

Josefa curled up on the flagging in front of the gate, and peered with idle interest through the iron grating. How cool and beautiful it seemed in the patio, after the long hot walk in the sunny streets!

Palms and orange trees cast a pleasant shade on the marble tiles, and the water from the fountain dripped musically into the great stone basin

which was bordered with a tangle of jasmine and fragrant lilies. From hanging baskets in the arches drooped festoons of flowering vines, and birds in golden cages filled the air with song.

It seemed like a palace to the little gypsy girl. As she sat there looking up at the white outer walls with their flowered balconies and heavily grated windows, and then turned her eyes toward the inner court, or patio, she tried to imagine how it would seem to live in such a home.

“Every day I would wear a lace mantilla and a silk dress with a long train,” she said to herself, “and I would have ladies-in-waiting who would sit with me beside the fountain. We would sip chocolate from tiny cups, and they would play on the guitar and sing —”

But suddenly her dream was interrupted! A child, four or five years old, appeared in the doorway of one of the rooms on the lower floor, and crossed the patio slowly, leading her Easter lambkin by a blue ribbon.

She was a lovely little girl, dressed daintily in white, with a blue silk sash, and big blue bows in her curls. Josefa was just thinking that she must be the happiest child in the whole world, when she sat down among the flowers beside the fountain and began to cry silently.

Josefa watched her for a moment. Then she



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stood up and put her hand through the grating, calling softly, "Do not cry, pretty one. Come here and tell me about your lamb."

But the child paid no attention. She did not even turn her head toward Josefa at the gate.

"Look, mi cielita!" called the gypsy girl once more. "I have two twin dolls in my pocket. You shall see them if you will stop crying."

But still the tears rolled faster and faster down the pale cheeks, and the child seemed not to hear Josefa's voice.

Just then a flower-girl came to the gate with a heaping basket of roses and lilies for the lady of the casa, and when the maid admitted her, Josefa slipped in unnoticed and ran to comfort the weeping child.

"Do not cry," she begged. "Come, let us play together. Here are my two dolls. See how pretty they are," and she held out the tiny twins invitingly.

The little girl looked at Josefa with great, wondering eyes, as if she did not understand her words; but when she saw the dolls she stopped crying and took one of them timidly in her hand.

"My doll is a Spanish princess," Josefa began to play. "I will give her this white silk gown to wear to the court ball," and she picked a lily from its slender stem and slipped it over the doll's shoulders.

“Here is a dress for your princess,” she went on eagerly, holding out a pink lily with golden stripes; but when she would have taken the doll it slipped out of the child’s hand and fell into the water in the stone basin.

The goldfish that had been floating lazily on the surface of the pool, looked in mild surprise at this strange fish; and when Josefa plunged in her bare arm to rescue the drowning princess, they began darting back and forth in great excitement.

A smile brightened the sad face of the little Spanish girl, and she dipped her own hand daintily into the water to frighten the goldfish; but still she did not speak a word, and even when she laughed, no sound came from her lips.

Josefa’s nimble fingers chased in and out after the fish. “They are naughty children,” she said. “They have run away from school, and we must catch them and send them home.”

But at that moment a door opened on the balcony, and Zara came out, followed by the lady of the casa. When they saw the children playing beside the fountain, the two women stared for a moment in amazement, and then, with one accord, hurried down the marble staircase and across the patio.

“What are you doing here?” cried Zara in an angry voice, catching Josefa roughly by the shoul-

der, while the Spanish lady stooped down to gather her little daughter in her arms.

But the child had taken a sudden fancy to this new friend, and would not be parted from her. She threw both arms around Josefa's neck and began to cry once more.

Josefa tried to comfort the weeping child, offering to give her both the treasured dolls, and promising to come again some day to play with her; but the little girl only shook her head and clung more tightly, while Zara scolded, and the mother rang the bell and ordered the servants to send the two gypsies away at once.

It was at this moment that the master of the house opened the gate, and rode into the courtyard on a splendid white horse.

"What is all this trouble about?" he questioned sternly. Then he, too, stared in amazement, for here was the little dancer of Granada, the gypsy child for whom he had bought the Easter lamb, here in his own patio with his darling Chiquita in her arms!

His wife began to explain breathlessly how the gypsy woman had come to read her palm, and how she had promised happiness to their little daughter; and Zara chattered at Josefa in Romany, urging her to come away, and trying to drag her toward the gate!

But the master of the house raised his hand. "Be still!" he commanded. "If Chiquita wishes to have Josefa stay, she shall stay. Is there anything I would not do for her, to make her happy?"

Then turning to Zara he said, in a friendly way, "Let Josefa stay with us to-day. She shall play here in the patio with Chiquita, and to-morrow you may come for her again."

Zara mumbled something under her breath about Spanish airs and graces, and looked at the don and his lady with her fierce black eyes as if she would like to snatch Josefa away from them; but in the end she went back to the gypsy camp across the river and left the two children together.

It did not take Josefa long to discover that the little Spanish maiden could neither hear nor speak; but that made little difference in their games. Enita, too, had been speechless through all the long, happy days in Granada. Yet she was the best of playmates; and surely, Chiquita, who could run and dance, and smile the sunniest of happy smiles, was better than any doll, — better even than her treasured Enita.



## CHAPTER X

### BUILDERS OF SPAIN

It was May in Seville, — May, the loveliest month of all the year in the sunny city which is the “pearl of Andalusia.”

The streets were still thronged with happy, chattering men and women, and pretty girls leaned from the balconies to smile at their friends below; but the tourists, who had journeyed from far and near to see the Holy Week processions, had long since gone on their way, and the peddlers and beggars, the gypsies and traders, who had come to the great fair to sell their wares, had already turned their faces toward home.

The Prado outside the city, where the fair had been held, was silent and deserted. The casetas were closed and shuttered, the tents and booths had disappeared, and the long festoons of twinkling lights which had made the nights like fairyland, had been taken down and packed away for another year.

The gypsy caravans were winding their way over the plains and hills toward Granada, and the

distant cities of the north and east. Among them was the one led by Biño with his rickety wagon and his three mules driven tandem.

Biño sat on the high seat and cracked his long whip over the head of the leader; but in the back of the wagon Zara sat alone with Chico, for Josefa had been left behind in Seville to spend a whole year in the family of Don Carlos Piña y Barrios.

The bargain between the rich Spaniard and the two gypsies had not been made easily. It was only after many hours of pleading and persuading on the part of the gentle Doña Dolores, and many offers of gifts and money from Don Carlos, that Zara at last scowlingly consented to leave Josefa with Baby Chiquita, who already loved her so dearly.

“The child shall have the best dancing-masters in Seville,” Don Carlos had promised. “She shall live with us as our own daughter, and shall travel with us wherever we go,” and he had slipped a purse well filled with gold into Biño’s outstretched hand.

But Zara had not been willing to leave Seville without one last loving look at Josefa, so Biño drove his mules through the winding streets of flat-roofed, Moorish houses. When he reached the finest one of all, he stopped, that Zara might stand in the deep entrance and look through the wrought-iron gateway to the patio within.

For a long time she stood there gazing in unobserved, until finally Biño climbed down from his seat and stood beside her.

Josefa was playing with Chiquita among the flowers, and two ladies, dressed in white, sat in the shade of the orange trees, sewing on soft-colored silks. In a far corner of the patio was a boy about Josefa's age, tall and slender, with black eyes and soft black hair. He held an open book in his hand, and seemed to be trying to study, but his eyes often wandered from the printed page to the group beside the fountain.

Suddenly Biño plucked Zara by the arm. "Josefa is better there than in the caves of Granada," he muttered. "We could not keep her always. There is good Spanish blood in her veins, and it is well that she should learn to live as her father and mother lived before her. Come, let us be off," and he climbed into his seat and gathered the reins in his hand, while Zara curled up among the sheepskins and shut her eyes, as if to shut out everything but this last picture of Josefa.

As Biño's wagon went rattling down the street, the boy in the corner of the patio closed his book and walked slowly to his mother's side, stopping to pick a yellow carnation which he tucked into her hair.

"My mother, may I not have a holiday?" he

pleaded, putting his hand tenderly on her shoulder. "It is only a week since I came home from school, and there is the whole long summer in which to learn my lessons."

His mother looked up at him with a loving smile. "We shall soon be going to Cadiz with your father, and the summer will fly away as if it had wings," she answered; "but you may have this one holiday if you will tell me what you are going to do with it."

"First I am going to play for a little while with Chiquita and try to find out why she has taken such a fancy to that little black-eyed gypsy," replied Ramon.

His mother shook her head. "Josefa is not a gypsy," she said. "Biño told your father all about her, but it is a great secret and you must not speak of it at all."

Ramon looked interested at once. "A mystery!" he exclaimed, "tell it to me. I will close my lips on it forever," and he crossed his heart to seal the promise, as children do the world over.

"No," his mother replied firmly, "it is not my secret and I cannot tell it. Run, now, and ask Josefa to give Chiquita an orange. The child will not eat one for anybody else."

Ramon picked a ripe orange that hung on the branch above his mother's head, and crossed the

patio to the fountain where the two little girls were playing.

“It is for Chiquita,” he said, tossing the golden ball into Josefa’s lap. “My mother wishes to have her eat it.”

Josefa tore away the thin skin and opened the pockets to take out the seeds. Then she arranged them on a plate made of leaves and flowers, and showed Chiquita, by signs, that each little yellow bird must fly into the cage behind the baby’s red lips.

“I thought you were studying your lesson,” she said, as the boy stood watching his little sister.

“So I was, but it was very dull, and I preferred to have a holiday,” he told her.

“It must be wonderful to be able to read the words in such big books, and to understand what they mean,” she said, clasping her hands. “For myself, I cannot read, and I know nothing at all.

“What was your lesson about?” she asked after a moment.

“It is history, and I hate it,” replied the boy petulantly. “To-day I had to study about the ‘Builders of Spain.’ As if I cared who built Spain!”

Josefa looked at him in amazement. “Was Spain built then?” she questioned. “I thought it had been here for ages and ages.”

Ramon threw back his head and laughed. "So it has," he answered. "The 'Builders of Spain' are the nations who came here to conquer the Spaniards. They built wonderful cities, and made Spain a rich and fertile country; and they left walls and towers and bridges and palaces which are still standing, and which tell us tales of the glories of the past," he quoted glibly from his lesson.

"Is it so?" murmured Josefa, drawing in her breath. "These nations, then, who were they? I have never heard of them before."

Ramon sat down on the marble bench beside the fountain, and counted off the conquering nations on his fingers.

"First there were the Romans," he began. "They came over here from Italy hundreds of years before the birth of Christ, and after they had conquered the tribes who were living here then, they built magnificent cities, with fine roads from one to the other. They spanned the rivers with bridges, and brought water from the mountains in aqueducts.

"They liked Spain better than any of their provinces, and they used to come here to rest, or to spend the summers on their rich estates. Ever so many of the emperors and famous men of Rome were born here, and some of them came back to

live in peace when they gave up being warriors and statesmen.”

Josefa took Chiquita in her lap and began to make a wreath for her, threading white blossoms on a tough fiber which she pulled from a palm tree.

“Yes, and what next?” she asked eagerly.

“Next there were the Goths who came down from the north and conquered the Romans,” replied the boy. “The Goths lived here three hundred years, but they were fighting most of the time and did very little to build up the country.

“Then came the Moors, —”

“The Moors,” Josefa repeated, “I have heard of them before,” and she sighed as she thought of her dear Enita, who was to have been a Moorish queen with silks and laces, and jewels in her hair.

“Yes, the Moors,” Ramon continued. “They came over from Africa, in 711, and put an end to the Gothic rule of Spain. They built beautiful mosques and palaces, and had a wonderful system of watering their gardens and vineyards, so that they made the hot dry lands very fertile.

“But Ferdinand and Isabella conquered the Moors, and they were finally driven out of the country. Ever since then Spain has belonged to the Spaniards, and they have built fine cities and splendid cathedrals, for they are Christians, and Spain is a Catholic country.

“That’s all there are of the ‘Builders of Spain,’” he added, counting them off once more, — “the Romans, the Goths, the Moors, and the Spaniards.”

“The Moors built the Alhambra in Granada,” Josefa ventured timidly. “It was their palace and fortress. I have seen it many times.”

“There are pictures of it in my books, but I didn’t stop to look at them,” replied Ramon carelessly. “There is a picture of the Alcazar, here in Seville, and of the old mosque in Cordova, too. They were both built by the Moors.”

“I’d like to see the pictures of the Alhambra,” Josefa said rather wistfully.

“Come, and I’ll show them to you,” the boy volunteered. “There are only five or six in my book, but there is a fine book in father’s library, all full of splendid colored pictures, with stories about the courts and fountains. I’ll read them to you, if you wish.”

Josefa’s eyes shone with delight, and, that afternoon, if Zara’s gypsy vision could have looked back over the dusty road into the pleasant patio as easily as it could scan the future for her fortune-telling, she would have seen two heads bent eagerly over a large book, while the girl studied the pictures and the boy read aloud the history which he had thought he did not like.



## CHAPTER XI

### IN THE GOLDEN AGE

JOSEFA stood beside the rail of a river steamer, looking off at the roofs and towers of Seville.

It was early morning, and the light breeze that swept the deck fanned her cheeks and played with the soft curls on her forehead.

In the city it had been hot and dusty. The glaring sun had made the white walls dazzling to the eyes; and even the pleasant patio, with its screens and awnings, had seemed stifling to the child, accustomed as she was to the free, out-of-door life of the gypsies.

But here, on the steamer, how cool and beautiful it was! The boat had just left the dock and was slipping down the river with the tide, — down the Guadalquivir to the sea!

Josefa was so happy that she could not keep her feet from dancing, as she ran forward to see the boat make its way out into the current, and then hurried back to watch the city slowly disappearing in the soft blue haze.

It had been more than a month since Biño and

Zara drove away toward Granada, leaving Josefa behind them in the beautiful Spanish home. Now the whole family — Don Carlos, and Doña Dolores, Ramon and Chiquita, Josefa, a tutor and a nurse — were on their way to Cadiz and Malaga, to see what the sea breezes from the Mediterranean would do for the little daughter.

Josefa was thinking of the child, as she stood waiting for the nurse to bring her out on the deck. “She is better than all the dolls in Spain, even if she can’t hear or speak,” she said to herself; “and I love her more than I ever loved anyone, except Biño and Tia Zara. She is like the sister Enita and I used to pray for in Granada.”

Then as she stood there, looking down at the muddy yellow river, she began humming a gay little tune, swaying her body and snapping her fingers softly to mark the time. Before long she was making up some words to fit the music, — a long string of names like the names that are often given to a child of noble birth in Spain: —

“I’m Señorita Carmencita Dolita Pepita Dorothea Dulcinea Isabella Tarantella —”

Suddenly Ramon was standing by her side. “Señorita of the long name,” he said, “permit me to ask why you are so happy this morning?”

“I am always happy, Señor Ramon Gonzalo Carlos Fernando Piña y Barrios,” Josefa sang.



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A MONUMENT TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, MADRID  
"He was the greatest discoverer the world has ever known." Page 67



“Why should I not be happy this morning?” she added with a smile. “Here I am on this boat sailing down to the sea, and who knows what exciting adventures may lie before me?”

“Christopher Columbus sailed up and down this river,” Ramon told her, “and he was always having adventures. There was plenty of excitement for him when he crossed the unknown ocean and discovered the New World for Spain.”

“That is true, and I am glad to hear you speaking of Columbus,” said Señor Gasparo Nunez, the tutor, coming to join the children on the deck. “You will learn more history and geography by travelling over the country than by studying all the books on your shelves.”

Josefa looked up at him timidly. “I have ridden many miles in the gypsy caravans with Biño and Zara,” she said, “and I know nothing at all about history, Señor Gasparo.”

“That is because you had no one to tell it to you,” replied the tutor. “When you see Palos, where Columbus set sail on his first voyage, and the great monument at Madrid which has been erected to his memory, you will never forget the stories of his life and adventures.”

“Ramon has told me about him,” said Josefa; “but I don’t understand why he is so famous.”

“He was the greatest discoverer the world has

ever known," replied Señor Gasparo, "for he discovered the western hemisphere, with its two great continents, — North and South America. He showed the way for all the later voyages of discovery and exploration, for all the adventurers who went to these strange lands seeking gold to make Spain rich and powerful, and for all the people who went to live in these Spanish possessions."

Turning to Ramon, he added, "You have heard that the sun never sets on the British Empire, but there was a time, not long after Columbus discovered America, when Spain was by far the greatest empire in Europe. It had colonies all around the world, and even to this day the inhabitants of those colonies still hold to the Spanish language and customs."

"Tell me more about Columbus," suggested Josefa, who liked stories of adventure although she did not understand this talk of colonists and empires.

So while the steamer glided slowly down the river, stopping now and then at some small town to leave passengers or take on freight, Ramon and the tutor sat on the stern under an awning, telling Josefa one story after another of the famous Spanish explorers.

They told how King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella gave Columbus a royal welcome when he

came back from his first wonderful voyage; how he showed them the gold and silver, the curious birds and beasts, and the Indians he had brought with him from this strange foreign land, and how the king invited him to eat at his table and allowed him to ride by his side through the streets.

Then they told tales of the two famous adventurers, — Cortez, who conquered Mexico, and Pizarro, who conquered Peru.

“When Cortez first landed in Mexico,” said Ramon, “the country was peopled by civilized Indians who were called Aztecs. Their fields were very fertile, and they had great quantities of gold and silver which they had taken from their mines.

“Their king’s name was Montezuma, and when he came out to the gates of the city to meet Cortez, he was borne on a litter which was shaded by a canopy sprinkled with jewels and fringed with silver. His cloak was covered with pearls and other precious gems, and on his feet he wore golden sandals.

“In a few months Cortez made Montezuma a prisoner, demanding presents of gold and jewels for King Charles of Spain; but it was more than five years before he finally conquered the Aztecs and added the great, rich country of Mexico to the Spanish Empire.”

By this time five or six other boys and girls,

who were also going with their parents to some of the towns on the coast to escape the heat of the city, had come to join the group under the awning, and now one of them called attention to a great drove of bulls in a salt marsh beside the river.

The bulls were handsome, powerful-looking creatures, standing knee-deep in the green rushes that lined the bank. Most of them were glossy black, shining like polished ebony, but a few were marked here and there with white.

The boys immediately began to select their favorite, naming this or that matador whom they would like to see with him in the ring, and for a time the talk was all about bull-fights, the girls joining in eagerly to tell of exciting conflicts they had seen.

At last the tutor turned the conversation back to the story of the Spanish adventurers.

"You were going to tell us about Pizarro," he said to Ramon.

The boy shook his head. "I told about Cortez," he said with a laugh. "Here is Enrico Hernandez. Ask him to tell about Pizarro."

Enrico, who had been lolling comfortably in a deck-chair, with his hands under his head, tossed away the pink he was holding between his lips, and sat up straight.

"Pizarro was one of the first adventurers who



went to the New World to seek his fortune," he said; "and although he found little gold, the Indians told him stories of a very rich country on the west coast of South America.

"He came home and repeated these stories to King Charles, and the king gave him permission to conquer any country he chose, for the crown of Spain. So, in 1531, he set sail southward from Panama with about two hundred men and thirty horses, to conquer Peru.

"The people of Peru were a civilized tribe of Indians called Incas, and they were very rich. Every year their king travelled over his domain in a litter blazing with gold and emeralds; and the road over which he passed was swept and strewn with flowers.

"Pizarro soon seized the king and held him prisoner, and in a short battle nearly ten thousand Incas were killed. The Spaniards were few in number, but they were armed with guns, and the Indians had never heard of gunpowder.

"The king offered Pizarro a roomful of gold if he would set him free, and in a few weeks messengers came from far and near bringing bars and crowns, chalices and dishes of gold, until the room held treasure worth more than fifteen million dollars.

"Pizarro divided this treasure among his men,

but he did not keep his word, for the king was put to death and Peru was conquered and added to the Spanish Empire."

"What a wicked man!" exclaimed Josefa.

"He was, indeed," replied Señor Gasparo; "but he was justly punished, for when he returned to Spain he was thrown into prison and kept there for twenty years. Nevertheless, King Charles was glad to hold Peru, and every year vast sums of gold and silver were sent to Spain from all her different colonies.

"Spain was punished, too, for the wicked crimes of some of her explorers, for in the end she had to give up her possessions, one after another. Not long ago, in a war with the United States, the last of them — Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines — were lost, and now we have to depend on our own resources.

"It may be a good thing," he added, "for at last our fields are being cultivated, our mines are being worked, and we are sending our products all over the world, earning money honestly by our labor instead of demanding it as a gift."

## CHAPTER XII

### “ A SAINT IN THE HOUSE ”

IN the late afternoon, when the red sun hung low in the western sky, tingeing the clouds with a rosy glow and turning the tawny Guadalquivir into a stream of molten gold, Don Carlos and his family left the steamer at one of the docks near the mouth of the river, to spend the night in a town, on the outskirts of which the don owned large groves of olives and pomegranates.

The olives would not be ready to make into oil until fall; but the luscious, crimson pomegranates were ripe enough to be picked and shipped to the markets of Cadiz, and Don Carlos must see that the boxes were ready, and that his foreman had plenty of helpers for the work. Even in the fruit orchards the Spanish habit of putting off everything for “*mañana*,” must be reckoned with, and there is no one who takes so much interest in his work as the master himself.

When Josefa came running down the stairs of the hotel the next morning, she found Ramon in the courtyard, tossing bits of bread to a peacock

that was strutting up and down to show its beautiful, fan-like tail.

“There is a saint in our house to-day,” Josefa told Ramon eagerly.

The boy turned with a startled look, and a red flush of shame mantled his cheeks; but before he could reply Josefa continued:—

“When I went to play with Chiquita this morning the nurse told me that I must say a prayer for Our Lady of Sorrows, for whom Doña Dolores is named.”

“That is true,” said Ramon. “It is the day of the Virgin of the Dolores, and I had forgotten all about it, — thoughtless son that I am!”

“But what are we going to do!” exclaimed Josefa in dismay. “There is not a single thing in my box that would be a worthy gift for la doña.”

“Nor in mine,” replied Ramon; “but we can at least buy some flowers for her. Come, let us run down to the market. If we hurry we ought to be back before she discovers that we have forgotten her name-day.”

In Spain life seems to be one long fiesta, with all the national and religious holidays, the local holidays, and the name-days. Birthdays are seldom observed; but the children, and the grown people, too, for that matter, celebrate the day of the saint for whom they are named.

On this day the children have a holiday and receive simple gifts of fruit, sweets, toys and games. The men send their friends cigars, cigarettes, and bottles of choice wines, while the ladies keep open house, and their presents include flowers, and bits of lace or embroidery; but for everyone, young and old, there are delicious little cakes, made at the pastry-cook's, and often decorated with yellow frosting and candied cherries, — red and yellow being the national colors.

In some of the larger cities, when it is the day of San José or the Virgin of the Dolores, the saints for whom so many boys and girls are named, the pastry-cooks are busy all night long making these little cakes, and in the morning the streets are filled with boys, in white caps and aprons, carrying trays loaded with the sugared dainties to the houses where there are name-day celebrations.

As Ramon and Josefa hurried along in search of the market, they met one of these white-capped boys carrying a covered tray, and it reminded them that they could also buy cakes and a box of sweets. They asked the way to the pastry-cook's, and it was not long before they had found a basket and begun to fill it with gifts.

First there was a box of little cakes, wrapped in white paper and tied with pink ribbon, and another box filled with chocolate and bonbons.

Then there was a layer of fruit, — rosy-cheeked peaches, yellow apricots, golden oranges, ripe figs, and a crimson pomegranate to add to the riot of color. Around the outer edge of the basket Josefa twined feathery green vines which Ramon bought at a flower-stall; and tied to the handle was a great bouquet of Parma violets, fragrant as the woods in spring.

Although it was very early in the morning, the market already presented a busy scene, and it would have been an interesting sight for a stranger to watch the bargaining and the shrewd buying and selling.

There were stalls where fish and meat were for sale; and stalls for butter, cheese and eggs; but the heaped-up trays of fruit with their fragrance and their gorgeous coloring, and the pretty flower-girls with their baskets of roses, lilies, jasmine, and carnations were a feast to the eyes.

In one corner of the market were great piles of fresh vegetables, tended by women who had brought them from their little garden patches, — red cabbages, tender green lettuce, big rough-skinned melons, asparagus, onions, garlic, and scarlet pimientos, — the sweet, Spanish peppers.

Ramon and Josefa had no time to feast their eyes on the color, nor to stop for a whiff of the perfume of the flowers. They did not even glance

up at the cloudless blue sky, or look between the white walls of the houses for a glimpse of the river sparkling in the sun.

But just as they entered the small square in front of the hotel they heard such a curious sound that for a moment their haste was forgotten.

“ Listen! ” exclaimed Ramon, catching Josefa by the sleeve to hold her back. “ What is that noise? It sounds like the wail of a lost child. ”

“ It sounds more like the squeal of a lost pig, ” replied Josefa, with a laugh.

“ It is coming nearer! Look! Do you see that man with the manta over his shoulder? He is playing a pipe. But what is that following him? Can it be pigs? ”

“ It is pigs! ” cried Josefa. “ Did you ever see such a sight in your life? ” and she danced up and down in her excitement over this strange adventure.

The man came slowly down the street, playing long, wailing notes on his pipe, and looking neither to the right nor left as he marched along. Behind him trotted a drove of pigs, — big pigs, little pigs, fat pigs, thin pigs, pigs with pink noses, and pigs with curling tails, — and out from dark corners and narrow alleys more pigs came hurrying to join the procession.

At night the piper would lead them back again to their hovels, still playing his weird music; but

now, with frisking heels and whisking tails, they were off to spend the day grubbing under the cork oaks on the mountain for a feast of acorns.

As they passed the two children at the corner, Josefa stooped down and deftly caught one of the littlest pigs in her arms, shouting to Ramon above the ear-piercing squeals of the frightened animal, that here was a name-day gift for la doña.

Ramon looked hastily at his watch. "It is eight o'clock!" he exclaimed. "We must hurry. Look, there is mother now on the balcony! She sees us, I think," and he held up the over-flowing basket with one hand, while with the other he took off his cap and swept her a low bow.

Josefa set the pig free to go scampering off with the others, and blew a kiss from the tips of her fingers. Doña Dolores smiled lovingly at the two children, returning their greeting with a wave of her hand; but, as she turned to go back to her room, they could not help noticing that the old sad look crept into her face.

"Mother is not happy, even on her name-day," Ramon said, as they crossed the square to enter the hotel.

"It is because she is thinking always of Chiquita," replied Josefa, with quick sympathy. "The doctor told her only two days ago that nothing can be done for the poor child's ears, and that,



because she cannot hear, she will never learn to speak.”

“ There is a famous doctor in Madrid. Father thinks he may be able to help her,” spoke Ramon eagerly.

Josefa nodded her head. “ Tia Zara promised that la doña should find happiness within the year,” she said; “ and every night I pray that the Virgin will show us how to make Chiquita hear, but sometimes it is hard to wait.”

## CHAPTER XIII

### CADIZ, — THE SILVER DISH

IN Spain there are many lovely cities, but the loveliest of them all is surely Cadiz, — “the silver dish,” as the Spaniards like to call it, set far out in the blue Atlantic, with a narrow strip of sand eight miles long to form the handle which connects it with the mainland.

Its houses are white, — dazzling white in the bright glory of the sun, — and the flat roofs are topped with many an ancient tower, from which, in olden times, anxious merchants looked out over the dancing waves for their galleons returning from the Indies with cargoes of silks, spices and precious gems.

For hundreds, nay, for thousands of years, stately ships have ridden at anchor in its harbor, for Cadiz is the oldest city in the world.

Eleven hundred years before the birth of Christ, Phœnician mariners sailed bravely out of the Mediterranean into the open ocean and founded the town of Gades on the wave-beaten Atlantic coast.

Here, for three thousand years, the city has stood

upon its limestone rock, and into its harbor have sailed ships from many foreign ports bringing wealth of gold and treasure to the sunny land of Spain.

But Josefa, sitting under the palm trees in the beautiful park which overlooks the broad Bay of Cadiz, knew little and cared less for the story of progress that has swept over the city and far away to the wonderful world beyond the seas.

She did not stop to watch the stately ship moving slowly out of the landlocked harbor, nor did she cast even a fleeting glance at the shimmering blue water with its foaming, white-capped waves. All her thought was for Chiquita, who sat beside her on the bench, — dainty Chiquita with her sorrowful eyes and silent tongue.

“Look, mi cielita,” Josefa was saying, taking the two little hands in hers, and gazing eagerly into the blue eyes, “look, now, we will play the game once more. Your fingers are the pigeons, and I will hold them fast while I sing: —

“Ten little pigeons  
Asleep in their nest;  
White wings all folded,  
Taking a rest.  
Open the cages  
And let them go free.  
Ten little pigeons  
Come flying to me!”

With the words, "Open the cages," Josefa's hands parted and Chiquita's white pigeons came flying out into the sunshine.

"Bueno!" cried Josefa with delight. "Let us try it again. We will play it for la doña tonight. She will like to see that you have learned a new game."

Two English ladies were sitting on a bench not far away, one of them holding a book idly in her lap, while the other pretended to be busy over a bit of embroidery. For a long time neither had spoken, but now, at the sound of Josefa's singing, one of them said to the other: —

"Of what are you thinking, Aunt Elizabeth?"

"I was watching the tide come up to cover those rocks out there on the point," replied her aunt, "and it reminded me of the astonishment that filled the early founders of the city, when they saw the water come in and go out of the bay every day.

"Before the birth of Christ most of the civilized nations lived around the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, where there is no tide; and although they were learned astronomers and mathematicians, they knew almost nothing about the geography of the earth.

"So when the Phœnicians sailed out into the Atlantic to found the city of Gades, and first saw

the rise and fall of the tide, they were amazed beyond belief. Their wise men wondered and pondered for years over the mystery, and finally said that there were monstrous animals under the sea that sucked in the water and blew it out again."

As she finished speaking there was silence between them again for a moment before she added, "And you, Ellen, of what were you thinking?"

Ellen laughed uneasily. "Of nothing so learned, you may be sure," she replied. "I was watching those two children over there under the palm tree and wondering if the smaller one could hear."

"That lovely child!" exclaimed her aunt. "Of course she can hear. You have found a deaf-mute in every city we have visited. Forget your work for a while and watch that ship sailing away toward home. It will be time enough for you to think of deaf children when you begin your teaching again in the fall."

"Just look at her yourself," Ellen urged. "Do you think she can speak? She watches the older child intently, but she never seems to open her lips."

Her aunt turned and glanced at the two children. Then suddenly she stood up, letting her book fall to the ground. "Ellen Tower," she exclaimed, "do you know who the older girl is? She is the child whom we met in the Alhambra Park. What

can she be doing here? Come, let us speak to her," and she hurried along the path, calling to Josefa, in Spanish: —

"Good morning, my dear! Do you not remember us? We are the English ladies whom you lunched with in the Court of Lions."

Josefa sprang from her seat and came running to meet them. "Is it you, Señora? And you, Señorita? I kiss your hands! How sweet it is to see you again, and you so beautiful and so kind! Sit here in the shade and I will call a boy to bring you fresh water.

"These are my friends, Chiquita," and touching the child's arm she made a hasty sign for her to greet them with a curtsy.

The younger of the women nodded her head. "It is as I thought," she said to herself, "the dear little thing is deaf," and she smiled the sunniest of smiles at Chiquita, holding out welcoming hands and drawing her close within the shelter of her arm.

Then she turned with a question to Josefa, and it was not long before the whole story had been told, — how Josefa had ridden to Seville in the gypsy caravan, and had danced at the Feria, how she had seen Chiquita weeping beside the fountain, and how, at last, Biño and Zara had left her for a year in the family of Don Carlos.

“It is like a fairy story,” she ended, with a happy sigh.

“But tell us about this little friend,” Miss Tower suggested.

Josefa’s eyes filled with sudden tears. “Chiquita is deaf, and because she cannot hear she does not know how to speak,” she replied simply. “It is a great sorrow, and always la doña is unhappy.”

“But she can learn to hear with her eyes, and to speak, too, with proper teaching,” Miss Tower declared. “I have taught many deaf children in England. If you will bring her to me every morning I will see what I can do.”

Josefa’s face brightened eagerly for a moment, but then she shook her head. “We are leaving Cadiz to-morrow, to spend the summer in Malaga,” she replied; “and I am not permitted to walk with Chiquita in the streets. It is only because the nurse is ill with the heat that we are here in the park this morning.”

“But we were going to Malaga, too,” Miss Tower persisted; “were we not, Aunt Elizabeth? You were saying this very day that the air of Cadiz is too hot and moist to be comfortable or healthful.”

Her aunt laughed. “Of course we were going to Malaga. All the tourists go there,” she answered;

“but perhaps Josefa would not like to bother with Chiquita’s lessons.”

“I would give my life for her,” declared the child impetuously. “She is my dearest treasure, dearer than Enita whom I lost in Seville. But Doña Dolores would never give her permission for the lessons,” and she shook her head sadly over the disappointment.

Suddenly an idea popped into her curly head. “Señorita Ellen,” she cried excitedly, “if I could come to you every morning and study very hard, could you not tell me how to teach Chiquita? Don Carlos said I could have lessons in dancing, but I would ask him instead to let me learn to read, and you could help me.

“It would be our secret, and we would tell no one but the nurse,—not even Ramon. What a surprise it would be for la doña if Chiquita could speak,—and what happiness!” and she caught the little girl in her arms and kissed her for very joy.

For a few minutes Miss Tower shook her head over the proposition, but Señorita Ellen was so enthusiastic and Josefa so eager, that in the end she gave her consent, provided that Don Carlos were taken into the secret.

Josefa was too happy for words, and could hardly wait to listen while Miss Tower made the arrange-



ments for their meeting in Malaga, so impatient she was to run back to the hotel to talk it all over with the nurse.

“ I kiss your hands! I kiss your hands, Señorita! ” she repeated over and over. “ I will try, oh, how I will try! You shall teach me everything, and I will make Chiquita speak. In three days, then, in Malaga! Adios! Adios! ” And with a wave of her hand she was off across the park like a flashing beam of sunlight, murmuring to Chiquita that happiness was coming for la doña, happiness for them all within the year!

## CHAPTER XIV

### UNDER THE CORK OAKS

THE next day brought three adventures to Josefa. One was a ride in a railway train, and never before in her whole life had she ridden through the country faster than Biño's mules could be made to trot. Another was a visit to a great forest of cork oaks, where men were at work cutting off broad sheets of cork and making them ready for market.

Last, and best of all, she had a surprise, a wonderful surprise in the very heart of the cork forest.

The ride in the railway train did not begin until after the whole family had taken the steamer at Cadiz and sailed along the coast to Algeciras, just at the entrance to the Strait of Gibraltar. Doña Dolores, with the nurse and tutor, and little Chiquita, were going on to Malaga; but when Don Carlos announced that he must stop over for a day, to see about a shipment of cork that had not been delivered, Ramon pleaded so earnestly, and Josefa looked so wistful at the prospect of a day

in the mountains, that he finally consented to take the two children with him.

The train was waiting near the dock, and after all the good-byes had been said, and everyone had kissed and been kissed on both cheeks, as is the custom in Spain, Ramon and Josefa followed Don Carlos to the station.

The engine, which was already attached to the train, was bright and gay, with brass trimmings that shone like gold. Its name, "Don Quixote," was painted on its side in big yellow letters, and as it stood there, puffing and panting and throwing out hissing jets of steam, it seemed as eager to be off on its journey as was ever the knightly Don Quixote in Cervantes' famous tale.

But even on their railway trains the Spaniards have no wish to hurry. It was nearly half an hour before the station master rang his bell, the two Civil Guards looked up and down the road to be sure that no one was left behind, and the engine, with a great wheezing and coughing, pulled slowly away from the station.

For ten miles or more the road led through beautiful farm lands, with vegetable gardens, fruit orchards and flower-starred meadows. Yellow butterflies fluttered over the fields of green wheat; red poppies swung their heavy heads in the breeze.

Here and there peasants were cutting grain and

clover with short sickles, and once Ramon caught sight of a company of soldiers tramping along the dusty road, singing as they marched: —

“ Good-bye, father, good-bye, mother,  
Good-bye, church of the village.  
I must go and serve the king  
For the eight years that I owe him.”

In a little while the train began climbing long steep grades into the mountains, and at one of the sweeping curves there was a station where the passengers had a wonderful view. Below them, on their left was spread the broad Atlantic, and on their right the waters of the Mediterranean Sea lay shimmering in the sun.

Connecting them was the narrow Strait of Gibraltar, guarded by mountainous masses of gray rock, one on the African coast, the other the towering Rock of Gibraltar.

“ Since ancient times those two huge rocks have been called the ‘ Pillars of Hercules,’ ” Don Carlos told the children, as the train drew out of the station. “ There is an old Greek myth that tells how the mighty Hercules, in his wanderings, took up a mountain and tore it asunder, setting one half here in Spain, and the other half over there on the African coast, nine miles away, to show the limits of the ‘ inner sea,’ where it was safe to sail.

“ It is a singular fact,” he added, “ that while



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PREPARING CORK FOR MARKET  
Cork is the bark of the cork oak. Page 91



Spain owns the African Pillar of Hercules, the one here in our own country has been held and fortified by the English since 1704. The fortress on the Rock of Gibraltar is the strongest in the world, and neither Spain, nor any other country, could ever take it away from England by conquest."

The way lay now through the oak forests, and Ramon and Josefa began to watch eagerly for their first glimpse of one of the cork villages.

The hoary old trees had great wide-spreading boughs, and were set well apart, with all the undergrowth and dead wood carefully trimmed away from their roots; and the noon-day sun, piercing the thick foliage, made a network of flickering light among the dark shadows.

At the next station Don Carlos and the two children left the train, and it was not long before they had found a group of workmen and were learning how cork is cut and prepared for market.

The trees are an evergreen oak, and often live more than one hundred and fifty years. When they are about twenty years old the first cutting of cork bark is made. The bark is taken from the trunk in sections, and is then soaked in water, cleaned, scraped, heated, and pressed out in flat sheets.

A cutting can be made about once in ten years, in July and August, and the cork on the older trees,

which is pink and of a finer quality, is used for the stoppers of bottles. The best of these stoppers are sometimes cut by hand; but, more often, they are made by machinery.

When Ramon tried to cut some of the bark with his knife, he discovered why it was that the men were constantly sharpening their tools, for there is nothing that will dull a blade so quickly as cork.

After they had watched the workmen for a while, Don Carlos asked the way to the village, where he wished to see the foreman. It was a curious settlement. The houses, which were little more than tents, were covered with the first rough cuttings of the cork bark, and the poor bits of furniture were also made of cork.

Ramon looked in at one or two of the open doors; but the huts were so dirty, the women and children so untidy, that he was glad to wander away with Josefa under the trees.

Just beyond the village they found a little girl, cleaner than the others and more neatly dressed, who had been picking a bouquet of wild flowers, and seemed now to be hunting for something she had lost.

Josefa ran at once to help her. "What are you looking for?" she asked.

The child glanced at the two strangers shyly, as if she were tempted to run away; but she an-



swered in a low voice, "I was looking for the very prettiest flower I could find."

"And what would you do with it when you found it?" Josefa questioned.

"I want it for my doll's hair," replied the little girl, looking up under her lashes and poking the earth with her bare toes.

Poor Josefa! Quick tears filled her eyes, and for a moment she could hardly speak. How often she herself had searched for a flower to put in Enita's hair, but now —

She brushed away her tears, and put her arm about the child's shoulders. "Let me see your doll," she said, smiling into the timid eyes. "I had a doll myself not long ago and I loved her dearly."

Without a word the little girl walked slowly to the foot of one of the great oak trees, and there, on a mossy stone, sat Enita, as proudly as ever she sat upon her throne in far-away Granada!

Josefa stared at her in amazement; but when Ramon would have laughed at the poor, wooden plaything with its painted cheeks and faded rags, she caught the doll fiercely to her breast, her eyes blazing with anger.

"Do not dare to laugh!" she cried, stamping her foot. "This was my Enita, and she is the dearest, sweetest doll in the whole world."

Then turning to the child, she asked, "Where did you get her? How did she come to you, here in the cork forest?"

"She came in a box of toys that was sent from Seville, and they gave her to me because I never had a doll before," the little girl explained. "She had a faded rosebud in her hair, and that is why I try to find a flower for her every day."

Ramon was waiting impatiently.

"Father is calling and waving his hand to us," he interrupted. "It is time to go back to the station."

Josefa held the doll lovingly in her arms, patting the rough hair and kissing the faded cheeks.

"Are you going to take her away with you?" asked the child, with a pathetic quiver of her chin.

"Hurry, Josefa," urged Ramon; "we don't want to have to stay here in the woods all night."

Josefa put the doll in the little girl's arms.

"Keep her," she said, "keep her and love her always. She was my dearest treasure, but now I have Chiquita," and with a choking sob she turned and followed Ramon and Don Carlos through the forest.

## CHAPTER XV

### JOSEFA'S WINDOW

IN Malaga Josefa had a window, — a window of her very own, with a tiny balcony where there were flowering plants and long festoons of trailing vines.

When Josefa first saw the balcony she clapped her hands joyfully. "I shall sit there all day long!" she said to herself, and she could not help thinking how fine it would seem to be a great lady with nothing to do but sit in a balcony, holding a bit of embroidery in her hands, and smiling and bowing to the people who passed below her in the street.

But she soon discovered that even ladies with balconies have plenty of work to do in the world, and many of her days were so busy that she could hardly find time to select a rose for her hair or water the flowers in her window boxes.

Every morning, as soon as she had eaten her simple breakfast of chocolate and rolls, she hurried off to her lessons with the two English ladies, who were living at a small hotel not far away.

The aunt was teaching Josefa to read and write,

and for an hour the poor child would strain her eyes and her patience over the puzzling words on the printed pages of her books.

Her reward came later, in the lesson with "Señorita Ellen," and it was almost pathetic to see how eagerly she would watch every least movement of her teacher's lips and throat, puckering up her own small mouth and repeating the words over and over, in her effort to make them clear and distinct to the eye instead of the ear.

"Time flies as if a bull were after it!" she would declare, as she picked up her books to hurry home before the heat of the noon-day sun; and in the afternoon, when she was working with Chiquita, it sometimes seemed as if two bulls were chasing the minutes around the clock.

For a few days there was not much progress; but when Chiquita once caught the idea that she was playing a game of seek and find, she would watch Josefa's lips for the word and then run to bring the doll, the rose, the book, or the orange, — smiling with delight when Josefa clapped her hands to show that she was right.

Doña Dolores, of course, knew nothing of this new game and the results it was to accomplish, but once the secret was almost discovered!

It was the afternoon that the two English ladies came to return a call, and they were all eating cakes

and sipping chocolate under the orange trees in the garden.

Josefa was sitting quietly on a bench with Chiquita by her side, while the ladies exchanged compliments, and chatted of the wonderful climate of Malaga and the delight of spending a summer in the charming old Mediterranean port.

Finally something was said about the beautiful fruit orchards in the vega to the west of the city, and Señorita Ellen spoke of an orange grove she had visited. In an instant Chiquita slipped down from her seat, picked a ripe orange from a low branch on one of the trees, and hurried to give it to the stranger, waiting for the clapping of hands which would show that she had read the word aright.

Doña Dolores looked at her little daughter in amazement, and Josefa fairly held her breath lest the secret should be betrayed; but Señorita Ellen picked the child up in her arms, thanked her for the orange, and began removing the skin to eat it, quite as if nothing unusual had happened.

Aunt Elizabeth spoke hurriedly of the view from the cathedral tower, and Doña Dolores turned her head toward her guest, fluttering her fan before her face to hide the look of sadness in her eyes.

Josefa drew a deep sigh of relief. In a moment she led Chiquita away to play with her dolls, and

the incident seemed to be forgotten; but the very next day Ramon caught the two little girls in the midst of their game, and insisted on hearing the whole story.

When he found that Chiquita could learn to hear with her eyes, he was as excited as any one and began trying her with all sorts of words, — big, little, red, yellow, run, dance, — clapping his hands as joyfully as Josefa over her success.

But teaching her to speak was quite another matter. She would open and close her mouth obediently, and would pucker up her red lips until Josefa could not help kissing them; but never a sound would come from the silent throat.

At last Ramon declared that they were working too hard. “I am going to have a holiday,” he said, “and so are you, Josefa. Mother has invited Señorita Ellen and her aunt to go with us, and we are going to drive up among the hills and take our luncheon. You have been in Malaga two months and you don’t know a thing about the city.”

“Oh, yes, I do, Señor Ramon Barrios,” Josefa replied, with a saucy shake of her head. “I read in one of my books this very morning that Malaga is the oldest Spanish seaport on the Mediterranean, and it exports two million pounds of raisins every year.”

Ramon laughed. “And I read that the ancient

Phœnicians used to come here long before the birth of Christ, to salt their fish," he said. "Their word for salt was 'malac,' and so the port came to be called Malaga.

"But reading about a place is not half so interesting as seeing it," he added. "The carriages will be here in half an hour and then you'll learn all about the city and its industries."

It was a glorious day, as indeed are most of the days in Malaga, and the cool breeze from the southwest brought with it delicious whiffs of the salt sea air.

Ramon and Josefa, in the carriage with Señorita Ellen, chattered like two magpies, first in Spanish and then in funny, broken English, and their attempts to pronounce some of the words were so ludicrous that they kept Miss Tower in a perfect gale of laughter.

Just beyond the city, to the west, lay the vega with its luxuriant vegetation. In the fruit orchards most of the crops had been harvested. Luscious figs, peaches, apricots and pomegranates had been picked and shipped to many a foreign port; but the almond trees were still loaded with nuts and the gray-green olive branches hung heavy with ripening olives.

Now and then they passed some peasant's hut, beside which grew a gnarled olive tree, and some-

times they would catch sight of a man among the branches, beating off the ripe olives with a stick, while his wife and children picked them up and tossed them into a basket.

These olives the peasants pack away in salt brine, or crush to extract the oil for their own use; but the olives that are grown in the large groves are handled more carefully and bring a good price in the markets.

In a little while the road began winding gradually up the side of a terraced hill which was covered with vineyards, and the air was heavy with the odor of ripening grapes.

Men, women and children were at work in the vineyards, picking great clusters of the pink and purple fruit, and filling tall baskets which they carried on their heads to the sorting sheds.

Some of the grapes were tossed into wagons and carted off to the wine-press to be made into wine; but most of the grapes that are raised around Malaga are made into raisins.

There are three or four ways of making these raisins. Sometimes the grapes are allowed to hang on the vines until they are dried, sometimes they are spread out in trays and turned every day while they are drying in the sun, and sometimes they are dipped quickly into boiling water to make them glossy, and are then dried in a hot room.





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MALAGA GRAPES

At work in the vineyards. *Page 100*



The finest raisins are made from large clusters of Muscatel grapes, which are dried very carefully and then packed in layers in shallow boxes, or wrapped in waxed paper to be sold for table use.

At one of the vineyards where their carriage stopped, the owner presented Señorita Ellen with a great basket of delicious grapes, which they ate with their luncheon, and when they were on their way home, and stopped to leave the basket, he insisted on their each taking a cluster of raisins tied up in green waxed paper decorated with gold.

From beginning to end it had been a wonderful day for Josefa, and when she slipped out on her balcony at night to look up at the darkening sky, her heart was full of happiness.

She stood there for a moment, in the shadow, listening to the soft lapping of the waves and the rustling murmur of the palm trees in the garden, when, suddenly, she caught sight of the little new moon hanging low over the western hills.

Beside the golden crescent was a single twinkling star, and, as she saw them there together in the heavens, her old life seemed so very far away that she could not help wondering if she were the same child who played at "moon and stars" with the gypsy beggars in the Alhambra Park.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE CID

RAMON stood beneath the balcony, two days later, looking up at Josefa who was industriously studying her reading lesson.

“Throw me down a rose and I will tell you something you will like to hear,” he called to her, making a trumpet with his fingers.

“How do you know it is something I will like to hear?” Josefa asked, leaning over the balcony to drop a pink rosebud into his outstretched hand.

Ramon caught the flower and stood there, teasingly picking off all the thorns, and arranging the bud in his buttonhole, before he answered her question.

“My father had a letter from Madrid this morning,” he said at last. “The doctor will soon be ready to see Chiquita, and we are to leave Malaga on the first train to-morrow.”

Josefa looked at him in dismay. “I’m not sure that I like your news,” she said, with a doubtful shake of her head. “We were all so happy here together that I don’t like to go away.”

“But I am going back to school next week,” Ramon reminded her; “and Señorita Ellen and her aunt have to be in England by the first of October. Mother thinks they may be willing to go as far as Madrid with us, if you run down and ask them.”

“I’ll go this very minute,” cried Josefa eagerly, and it was not long before she was standing at their door, excitedly explaining the new plans and urging them to go to Madrid on the morrow.

“Oh, please do!” she begged, as she saw the look of hesitation in Miss Tower’s eyes. “If the doctor finds that he can do nothing for Chiquita, then Señorita Ellen will be there to comfort Doña Dolores and tell her about the school in England where they teach deaf children to speak.”

Miss Tower put on her glasses and began hunting for her time-tables. “You certainly have an engaging way of making plans,” she said with an indulgent smile, “and we will go with you if we can make all the arrangements for the journey.”

“Don Carlos will attend to everything,” Josefa told them, and with a wave of her hand she was off to help Doña Dolores.

When they arrived at the railway station the next morning, nearly half an hour before train-time, as is necessary in Spain, the English ladies found that Don Carlos had, indeed, attended to

everything. There were seats for everyone in the first-class compartments, with flowers and fruit, and dainty boxes of sandwiches and cakes for the journey, which is about four hundred miles and takes twenty-four hours in the slow Spanish trains.

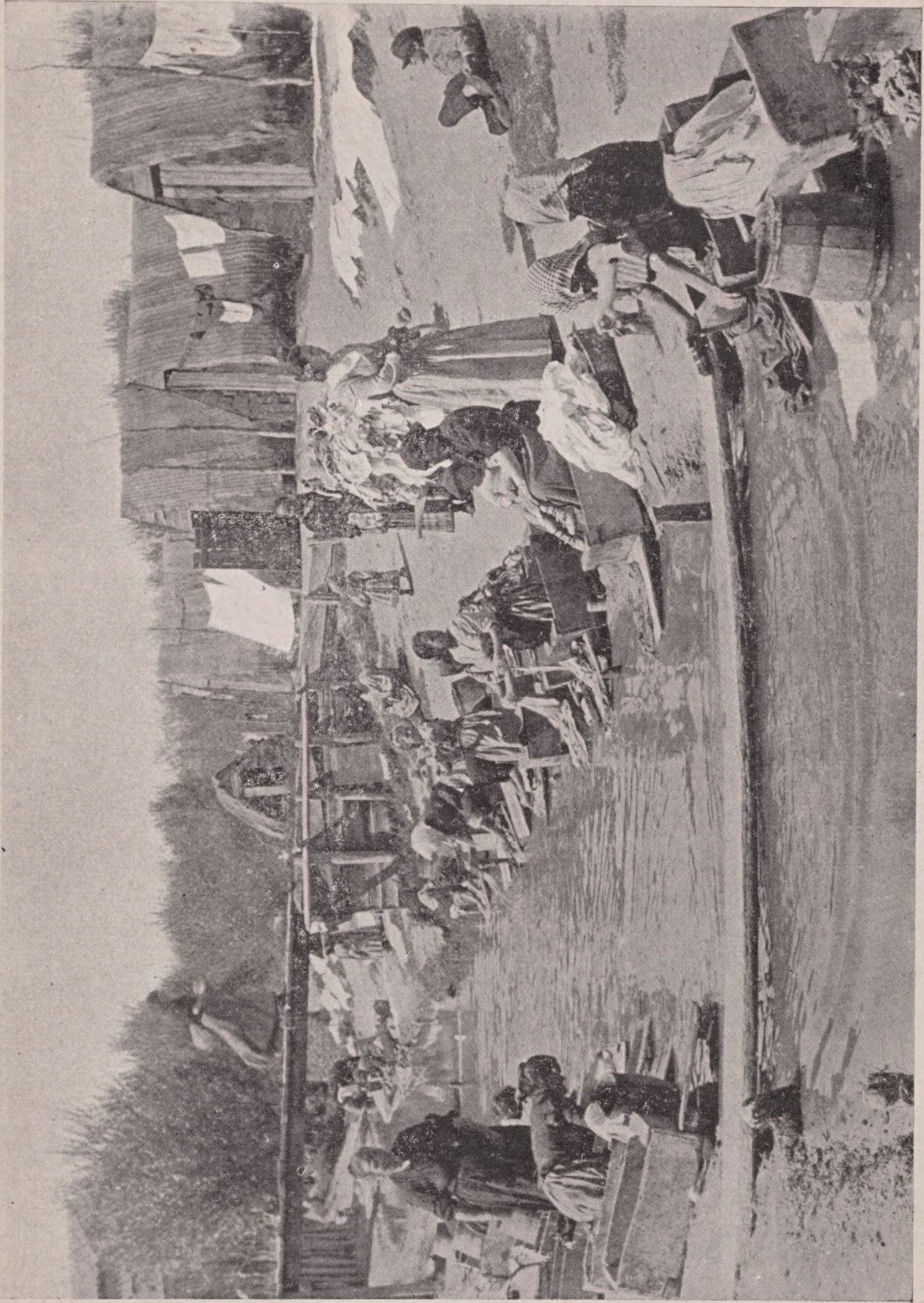
At first the way lay through fertile plains, with beautiful fruit orchards where the earliest crops of lemons and oranges were already being harvested. Then, as they began climbing higher and higher among the hills, there were tunnels and gorges, narrow mountain passes, and deep valleys through which wound the silver thread of a river spanned by a lofty bridge. On the banks of the rivers women knelt to wash their clothes, rubbing them on a smooth board or pounding them on a rock.

Ramon was eager to point out all the interesting sights, — the ruined castles and deserted convents, the whitewashed villages nestling among the hills, and the salt lakes, encircled by a thick crust of salt after the hot dry months of summer.

But Josefa sat quietly beside the window, looking out at the flying landscape, and toward noon Ramon took the seat by her side.

“Here’s a fig for your thoughts, little sister,” he said, holding out a basket of luscious fruit.

Josefa took a cluster of grapes, instead, and pressed one of them between her red lips, but



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WASHING-DAY IN SPAIN

“On the banks of the rivers women knelt to wash their clothes.” Page 104





she did not reply at once. Suddenly she pointed to a range of snow-capped mountains in the distance.

“They are the Sierra Nevada which we used to see from Granada,” she said. “Don Carlos told me we should see them, and I have been watching all the morning.”

Then, as they slipped into another tunnel and out again into the sunshine, she continued:—

“I was thinking, brother Ramon, that we could have played many games in the Alhambra Park, if I had not been such a little know-nothing.”

“Are you wishing already to go back to Granada?” Ramon asked anxiously.

Josefa shook her head. “No, it is not that,” she answered; “but in Granada we played always at ‘el toro,’ or the court ball, and now we could have such wonderful games about the Moors, and about Ferdinand and Isabella, and about Columbus begging for money and coming back later to tell of his adventures. Then there is the Cid. I was reading about him only yesterday.”

“The Cid,” Ramon interrupted, — “there’s a hero for you, — the Cid!” and he straightened himself in his seat, as if the mere name were an inspiration, — the name of the favorite hero in Spain, the Cid of a thousand battles, the Cid of legend and romance.

“Last year our French class read a play about the Cid,” he went on eagerly. “Our teacher tried to tell us that some of the stories of his adventures are not true; but you’ll never find a boy in Spain to doubt them.”

“Why was he called the Cid?” questioned Josefa.

“It is an Arabic word that means lord or chief,” Ramon answered. “His name was Rodrigo Diaz, but the Moors called him ‘El Cid Campeador,’ the Lord Champion, because he was such a great warrior and conqueror.”

Then, with flashing eyes, the boy told one tale after another about the famous hero, — how, when he was only a lad, he killed a man who had insulted his father; how he captured five Moorish kings who invaded Castile; how, for twenty months, he waged war against the city of Valencia, until he took it from the Moors; and how, the next year, when they came again, thirty thousand strong, to win it back, he swept out of the gate with his company of knights and drove them away as if they were sheep, killing fifteen thousand in one battle.

“Hundreds of poems and ballads have been written about the Cid,” he said at last. “There’s one that tells how he took a raging lion by the mane and led him to his den; and another relates how

he borrowed money of some rich merchants to carry on his campaign, giving two heavy oaken chests as security. The chests were filled with sand, and when the merchants discovered it they were very angry, but he replied: —

“ ‘ Nor let them think that only sand  
These coffers twain did hold;  
My truth lay buried there as well,  
As good as any gold.’ ”

“ That shows that he loved honor as well as fighting,” Ramon concluded. “ I would rather be like him than like anyone else in the whole world,” and he squared his shoulders and held his head high, as if he were ready that moment to follow the lead of his hero, El Cid Campeador.

## CHAPTER XVII

### HAPPY DAYS IN MADRID

“How can it be possible that we have been in Madrid a whole week?” Josefa said, half aloud, laying aside the book she had been reading to look at the living picture-book of the beautiful park of Madrid, where she was spending the morning with Chiquita and the nurse.

Chiquita, both hands full of flowers, was playing with half a dozen babies who were toddling around in the sun, and the nurse, in a starched apron and a white cap with long streamers of rose ribbon, was sitting beside Josefa with folded arms. A Spanish nurse is a very important person in the household, deciding what the children shall eat, how they shall dress, when they shall walk, ride, play and sleep, and she is far too dignified to do any kind of work, even a bit of embroidery or knitting.

So, now, Marinella, with watchful eyes ever on Chiquita, had been sitting stiff and straight on the bench for more than an hour.

“What is that you were saying?” she asked, as she heard the murmur of Josefa’s voice.

“I was saying that I can hardly believe we have been in Madrid a whole week,” Josefa repeated; “but we came on Saturday, and here it is Saturday again.”

“Time flies because you are happy,” the nurse told her. “It is only sad days that creep like a snail.”

“How can I help being happy? Think of all the good times I have had,” and Josefa began counting off the days on her fingers. “On Monday I went with Señorita Ellen to see the Prado Museum, with all the wonderful pictures of Spanish beauties and Spanish babies, — the dearest babies you ever saw, Marinella.

“Then, on Tuesday, we went to see the royal palace, where the king and queen live; and we saw the royal guard, and the royal library with thousands and thousands of books. I’d like to stay there days and days and read them!” and Josefa picked up her own book as if she were ready to begin the reading at once.

But Marinella had been quiet long enough, and, besides, she liked to hear Josefa’s happy chatter.

“What did you do on Wednesday?” she asked.

A look of sadness came into Josefa’s eyes. “It was on Wednesday that the doctor saw Chiquita

and told Don Carlos that nothing could ever be done to make her hear," she said; but her face lighted with a smile as she added, "It was on Wednesday, too, that we showed Doña Dolores the game of words we had been playing, — Chiquita and I. Then Señorita Ellen came to tell her about the school in London, and almost before we knew it Don Carlos was sending for a teacher, and planning to have Chiquita learn to hear and speak. Truly, that was the happiest day of all."

Marinella nodded her head. "God never wounds with both hands," she said, quoting an old proverb. "If He sends sorrow, He sends joy to go with it. He watches over His children as a shepherd watches his sheep."

Josefa opened her book again. "San Isidro says that He loves everything, — even the birds and beasts," she said. "Look, Marinella, this is one of my gifts from Señorita Ellen when she was going home to England yesterday. It is all about our saints. Let me read you one of the stories," and she began, in her eager, high-pitched voice, the story of San Isidro, the patron saint of Madrid.

"Isidro was a poor man, and he had to work very hard, digging wells and cellars, and ploughing the fields for the farmers; but he was always kind and thoughtful.

“In the spring mornings he would scatter grain for the birds, calling softly, ‘Eat, God’s little birds, for when our Lord looks down from heaven He sees us all.’ And when he planted seeds of wheat and barley he would say, ‘This one is for God, this one for us, this for the birds, this for the ants.’

“‘For the ants!’ the peasants would exclaim, laughing a little at his nonsense; but Isidro would always answer, ‘For the ants, too, since they are God’s ants,’ and he would go on peacefully planting his seeds.”

“He was a strange man,” spoke up Marinella. “I have seen a well he dug with his own hands, and the water will cure sick horses to this very day. It is no wonder they made him a saint when he died.”

“When there was a drought Isidro could bring rain to the thirsty fields, and if he struck a rock with his staff a spring of healing water would gush forth,” Josefa went on, turning the page.

But suddenly her reading was interrupted. Far down the road came the sound of a bugle, clear and sweet in the still morning air. Marinella was on her feet in an instant, hurrying across the grass to catch up Chiquita, and coming back to stand beside the road, holding the child on her shoulder.

“It is the queen!” she said excitedly. “She is coming through the park. Stand up on the bench if you want to see her, but don’t forget to bow when she passes.”

Josefa could hardly believe her ears. “The queen!” she cried, “the queen! I have wanted to see her all my life!” and she climbed up on the bench, standing on tiptoe, and stretching herself as tall as possible to gaze far down the road.

Again the bugle call rang through the park, and in a moment, a pair of horses appeared in sight, holding their heads high, and curving their necks proudly as they pranced along under the arching elms.

It was an open carriage, and on the seat beside the fair-haired queen were three children, two princes and a dainty princess, blue-eyed like her mother, with sunny, golden curls.

As they passed the bench where the nurse was standing with Chiquita, Josefa caught the flowers from the child’s hands and tossed them into the carriage, bowing as she did so and throwing a kiss to the little princess.

The queen bowed graciously, and then, obeying a sudden impulse, she took a rose from her lap and tossed it back to Josefa, smiling to see how eagerly the child snatched it up and pressed it to her lips.



It was all over in a moment, and the royal carriage had passed out of sight around a bend in the road.

“Come,” said Marinella, setting Chiquita on her feet, “it is time to go back to the hotel,” and she tramped along as soberly as if nothing unusual had happened.

But Josefa could not keep her feet from skipping and dancing. While the nurse was still half-way down the street, she had thrown open the door of their apartment and rushed in, bubbling over with joy.

“Oh, Doña Dolores,” she cried, “I have seen the queen! She was riding in the park, and she threw me this rose. Look, I shall keep it forever,” and she held up the flower for la doña to admire.

Doña Dolores put her hand gently on Josefa’s arm. “The rose is very beautiful,” she said, with a loving smile. “Keep it always to remind you of this day.”

Then, turning to Don Carlos, she added, “Tell her what you have been telling me,” and she drew Josefa down beside her, kissing one flushed cheek and then the other.

It did not take Don Carlos long to repeat his story. He had been to Granada, it seemed, to see Biño and Zara, and they had at last consented to allow him to adopt Josefa.

“They found you in a basket beside the road, when you were only a tiny baby,” he told Josefa, “and they have done what they could for you; but they knew from the first you were not a gypsy child, and now they are willing to let you live with us,” and he smiled as he remembered how long and earnestly he had argued the question with them, and how much more than mere words it had cost to gain his point.

“You are our daughter, now, our own little daughter,” Doña Dolores repeated, taking Josefa’s hands in hers. “Zara will see you every year when she comes to Seville for the fair; but you will never live with her again in the caves of Granada.”

Josefa’s eyes filled with tears. “I loved Tia Zara always,” she said earnestly. “She was good and kind to me, and I loved her, but you are like my mother, and Chiquita —”

At that moment Marinella came puffing and panting up the stairs into the room, and Josefa caught the child in her arms.

“Chiquita is my sister, my red rose, my little white lily,” — and with a hundred endearing words, she danced up and down the room, her eyes shining like twin stars over her new-born happiness.

THE END

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY  
AND DICTIONARY

**Ä dī ōs'**, good-bye ; farewell.

**Al ge ci ras** (äl jě sē'ras), a seaport near Gibraltar.

**Äl häm'brä**, a fortress and palace built by the Moors in Granada.

**Än ðä lu'si a** (lōō zǐ à), a fertile province in southern Spain.

**Äz'těcs**, a tribe of civilized Indians that lived in Mexico. Conquered by Cortez in 1519.

**Bi ño** (bēē'nyō), a man's name.

**brä se'rō** (sā), a brazier ; a little hand-stove.

**ca bal le'ro** (cä bäl yā'rō), a knight ; a cavalier ; a gentleman.

**Cä'diz**, a city and province of southwest Spain.

**cä'rä**, dear.

**cä'sä**, a house.

**cä se'tä**, (sā) a little house.

**cäs'tä něts**, wooden or ivory clappers strapped to the thumb and beaten together with the middle finger.

**cen ti mo** (sěň'tē mō), a copper coin worth one-fifth of a cent ; one-hundredth of a peseta.

**Çěr vān'tēs**, a Spanish novelist, 1547-1616. He wrote "Don Quixote."

**chi co** (chē'cō), a diminutive ; little.

**Chi qui ta** (chē kē'tä), a girl's name.

**Cid** (sǐd), a famous Spanish hero, 1040-1099.

**ci el i ta** (thǐ ěl ě'tä), "little heaven," a word of endearment.

**Cò lùm'būs, Christopher**, the discoverer of America,  
1436(?)–1506.

**Côr'dô vā**, a city on the Guadalquivir River.

**Côr'těz**, the Spanish conqueror of Mexico, 1485–1547.

**Dō lōr'ēs**, a girl's name.

**dõn**, a title given to a gentleman.

**do ña** (dō'nyä), a title given to a lady.

**Dõn Quixote** (kē hō'tě), the hero of a Spanish romance  
by Cervantes.

**En i ta** (ěn ē'tä), a girl's name.

**ěl tōr'ō**, the bull.

**Fěr'ī à**, a fair.

**Fěr'dī nänd**, the founder of the Spanish monarchy, 1452–  
1516.

**Gā'dēs**, the ancient name for Cadiz.

**Gi bral tar** (jǐ bról'těr), a strongly fortified rock on the  
Spanish coast, belonging to Great Britain.

**Grá nă'dā**, a city in southern Spain.

**Gua dal quiv ir** (gô däl kwiv'ěr), a river in southern  
Spain.

**găl'lě õn**, a sailing vessel used as a treasure ship.

**Hěr'cū lēs**, a mighty hero in Greek and Roman mythol-  
ogy; the god of strength and courage.

**Īs à běl'lā**, "the Catholic," wife of Ferdinand; patron of  
Columbus, 1451–1504.

**I si dro** (ē sē'drō), San, the patron saint of Madrid.

**Jo sé** (hō zā'), Joseph.

**Jo se fa** (hō zā'fä), a girl's name.

**Măd'rīd**, the capital of Spain.

**Mă'lä gä**, a seaport on the Mediterranean coast.

**ma ña na** (mä nyä'nä), to-morrow; some day; before long.

**măn tîl'lâ**, a covering for the head worn by Spanish women.

**Mä rä qui'tâ** (kē), a girl's name.

**mi** (mē), my.

**Mön tē zu'má** (zōō), an Aztec emperor of Mexico, 1480(?)—1520.

**Päs'chäl**, Easter.

**pät'ī ō**, an inner court or courtyard of a house.

**Pe'drō** (pā), a man's name.

**pě se'tá** (sā), a silver coin worth about nineteen cents.

**pěr'rō chi'cō** (chēē), "little dog," so called because of the lion on one side of the coin; worth five centimos or one cent.

**pī mī ěn'tō**, a sweet red pepper.

**Pī zār'rō**, conqueror of Peru, 1471(?)—1541.

**Pláz'a dē Tōr'ōs**, the place where the bullfight is held.

**prä'dō**, a field.

**Rä mōn'**, a boy's name.

**Rōm'á nŷ**, the language of the gypsies.

**se ñor** (sā nyōr'), mister; sir.

**se ño ra** (sā nyō'rä), Mrs.; Madam.

**se ño ri ta** (sā nyō rē'tä), Miss; a young lady.

**Sē vîlle'**, a city on the Guadalquivir River.

**Sī ěr'rä Nē vā'dā**, "Snowy Mountains," a range of mountains in southern Spain.

**Ti a** (tēē'ä), aunt.

**Ti o** (tēē'ō), uncle.

**Zä'rä**, a woman's name.

**Zîn'gä rī**, gypsies.

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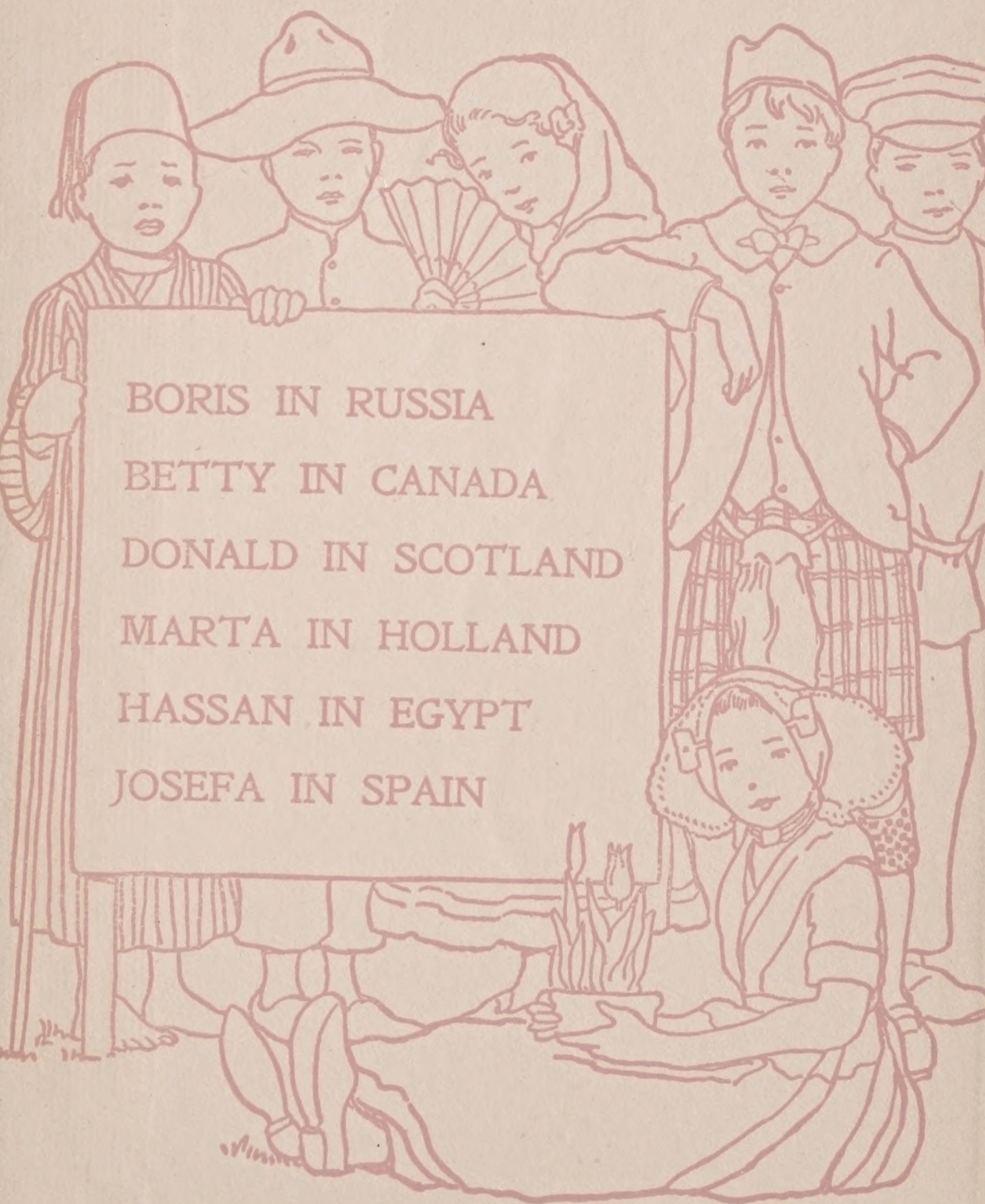


# LITTLE PEOPLE





# EVERYWHERE.



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DONALD IN SCOTLAND

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