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COURTSHIP IN PORTUGAL.

Land of the Balcony—Narrow Life of the Married Women—Wives Are Practically Slaves.

London Daily Mail. Marriage, as in the lives of many, is certainly the most important event in that of the Portuguese woman, and what is more, in the early days of courtship it is attended with some romance, for there is less of business and more of romance in the ways of the Portuguese lover. This is how the Portuguese cavalier conducts his affaires de coeur: If he sees a pretty girl in the street with whom he would like to become acquainted, he follows her. He follows her in the face of all difficulties—right up to her very door, and he notes the address.

Next day he comes again, and if the young lady approves of him she will most certainly be on the lookout, but sometimes hard fate or an angry guardian or a stern parent, prevents her, and then the gallant youth is kept waiting. So, if during a ramble through Portugal, you should notice a young man loitering at the corner of the street or gazing intently at a house, you must not imagine that he is meditating burglary or anything so desperate, but know that he is a mere harmless and amorous youth gazing at the windows of his lady love.

Be sure if there is any way she will not keep him waiting long, for the Portuguese girl is a pastmaster in the art of intrigue.

Soon she leans over the balcony and smiles at him, and the happy youth, thus encouraged, ties a note in which he declares his undying passion, to the cord which the fair lady has dropped from the balcony. The next day the young man, buoyed with hope, comes again, but this time he is bolder, for he rings at the door bell.

If the inquiries which the lady's parents will doubtless have made prove satisfactory, he is admitted to make the acquaintance of the young lady and her family; and then, should he please and the lady's father be prepared to give the necessary dot, wedding bells will end this little romance.

Once married, the death knell of romance and all else is often sounded for the Portuguese bride. Married often when yet a child, she has the cares of wifehood and motherhood thrust upon her. For, unlike her sisters of France, marriage does not spell her emancipation, her freedom from the chaperon. The bride of today has no more freedom than the maiden of yesterday; without husband or chaperon she may not walk abroad. A jealous husband will often keep her as closely guarded as though she had taken the veil.

The lives, therefore, of the Portuguese women are often as barren and devoid of interest as those of the women in the far East. Certainly among the rising generation there is a growing unrest, a yearning for culture, a vague idea that there is a world somewhere beyond Portugal, but the lives of many are often just as hedged in as their own back gardens.

In fact to many their house and family, their kalar or orange grove, represent their whole world—the only world they know. It is no unusual thing to find Portuguese women who have been willingly incarcerated for several years. One lady of my acquaintance told me she had not been beyond the garden for four years.

"And you are not bored?" I exclaimed in astonishment. "You do not want to go out?" "If I should go out," she replied, in her pretty broken English, "I rest not till I am returned; for who knows what may happen in my absence?" "Go out," she continued with a

shrug of her plump shoulders, "for what for should I go out? Here I have my children, my husband, my home, what more can I want?"

What indeed! To the onlooker the life of the average Portuguese woman is dull, deadly dull. She cannot throw herself into housekeeping as a German would, because the Portuguese menage is such a very simple affair it could not possibly occupy much time or thought. Moreover, it is not in her nature to become a really good hausfrau.

Books are often sealed for her. Less than an onlooker at life, the world's happenings can hardly be supposed to absorb her interest. Of society, save for the visits of a few relatives, she has none.

There are two things which save her life from deadly monotony, her religion and the balcony. In almost every house in Portugal there is one room which is set apart as a chapel, and here, before the altar, the Portuguese woman daily spends several hours in prayer and meditation.

About the balcony a whole book might be written. To lean over it the women arrange their hair and dress themselves just as elaborately as though to pay a visit. Hours a day they waste in this manner, until finally their shoulders become bowed with much leaning. Dull, indeed, would be the life of the Portuguese woman but for the balcony.

VERY OLD WOMAN.

Mrs. Hester Cordrey Reaches Astounding Age of 112—Remembers War of 1812—Still Able to Work.

Delmar, Del., Saturday. "The drought of last summer did not effect my truck any, and I have realized quite a small sum," said Mrs. Hester Cordrey today when speaking about the discouraging summer farmers had. Although Mrs. C ordrey, better known as "Aunt Hester," will be 113 years of age on February 12, she still has a little farm, which she cultivates herself and by means of this and her poultry makes a comfortable living.

"Aunt Hester" was born nine miles from this city February 12, 1797, on a farm. Her father was Hamilton Neal, who was very wealthy at one time. She was of a family of fifteen children, and, losing her mother when only fourteen years of age, had the responsibility of the home. Her sisters all married, and while her brothers went to the War of 1812 she and her father were left to run the farm. In speaking of her young days "Aunt Hester" said:—

"When I was about sixteen years of age, I used to go in the fields and work and held up my end too. Many days have I ploughed all day and after sundown came home to the barn and milked six or eight cows. Men were scarce because of the War, and this work had to be done to save further extra expense I considered it my duty.

"If a girl now were to go in the field and cut wheat or corn, she would be disgraced for life, but I was not. I made friends by doing this kind of work.

"It would have been a disgrace for a young lady to have come to one of our dances with a low neck and short sleeves, and a sheath gown is the limit. Is it any wonder that generations are getting weaker all the time? It's the fast life they are living. If they would do more laborious work and think less of society they would be healthier."

Mrs. Cordrey was married twice. Her first husband, Levin Moore, lived only three years. Then she married Elisha Cordrey, who died in 1864. They had one child. After the death of her last husband she purchased land in the suburbs of this city and built a house. She has lived in this all alone for forty-three years. Grand-

daughters have tried to persuade her to leave it and live with them, but she refuses to do this, because she thinks without work she cannot live.

"Aunt Hester" has had very little illness and says the worst pain she has ever had was the toothache with which she suffered at times until recently, when the tooth was extracted. This was the first tooth she ever lost. Her hair, although snow white is heavy. She has never worn spectacles and can read now, as well as the average man. Last summer was hard one for "Aunt Hester" as she could not stand outdoor work as she did the summer before. Often when hoeing her vegetables she became so fatigued that she substituted a large spoon for her hoe, and on her knees did the necessary cultivation.

Mrs. Cordrey has several heirlooms one of which is in an old trunk, which she guards from the eyes both of members of her family and of strangers. This relic contains all of her ancestors' papers as well as her own. She has five great-grandchildren and two grandchildren living.—New York Herald.

GRUMBLERS NEVER GET ANYTHING.

The Persistent Whiner Meets Disappointment at Every Turn—It Does Not Pay to Have a Grouch.

Naturally, the grumbler never gets on. Nature in a sarcastic mood seems to have ordained that the persistent whiner shall want for everything except something to whine about. Disappointment sardonically meets him at every turn. Misfortune ever lurks in his shadow. The whine is a signal call to a thousand and one little demons of distress and disaster, which mock and lash, hinder and dishearten.

Psychology has pretty well established the theory that ghosts are creations of the subjective mind—and trouble finding is very like ghost seeing. You see blurs and blotches which, if properly traced, will be found to begin and end their actual existence in your own eye or stomach or liver. There is nothing else you can look for with so much certainty of finding it as trouble.

But have you never noticed that most of your troubles are of tomorrow, that few of them are really present today, that there are hardly any worth mentioning in all your past? If anticipation did not go more than half way to meet troubles, most of them might miss their way and never get near you.

He who whines does himself injury such as his meanest enemy could not do to him if he would. He warps his own mind; he weakens his own arm; he enervates his own strength; he deadens within himself the divine gifts of cheer and hope, and he dams up his own soul against the sweet inspirations of human sympathy. Never yet did success worthy of the name abide with a man with a whine in his heart.

A whine is premeditated and pre-arranged failure. A whining voice means a whining character. It is a mark of weakness too inexcusable even to excite pity. The broadest charity shrinks and draws back, the hand at sound of a human whine—a sound more dismaying than the hiss of a snake.

They say that one of the things you cannot make or alter is environment; that it is fixed, inflexible, and that you are its helpless slave. That is a lie.

To our own moods environment is a looking glass; it smiles back at us if we smile; if we frown, it frowns.

He who thinks the world is full of good people and kindly blessings is much richer than he who thinks the contrary. Each man's imagination largely peoples the world for himself. Some live in a world peopled with Princes of the royal blood; some in

a world of paupers and privation. You have your choice.

This is a big, busy, world. It cares precious little what you think of it or what faults or troubles you find in it. It is a choice that concerns yourself more than all others combined whether you grouch in the gloom, the companion of hateful goblins, or stride in the sunshine, seeing smiles and catching shreds of song.

Men and women in God's image were not made as whining, groveling things. They were made to stand erect, mentally as well as physically; to labor well and joyously; to take the gifts of Providence, whether they be joy or sorrow, and bear them cheerfully and with courage; to add ever something to the world's store of happiness, if it be only a smile.

Look up! See how flooded with sunshine this beautiful world is when faced with smiling eyes.

If you would win anything, do anything, be anything, don't whine!—Memphis News Scimitar.

BOYS OF THE SOUTH.

Following Recent Editorial, The Baltimore Sun Imparts Some Good Advice that Means Wealth To Those Who Heed.

The average yield of corn per acre in the United States year after year is between 25 and 30 bushels. A boy in South Carolina last summer raised 152 1-2 bushels on one acre; a boy in Mississippi raised 147 bhs., on an acre; a boy in Arkansas raised 135 bushels, and one in Virginia raised 122 bushels. For these remarkable achievements the Secretary of Agriculture has given the four boys diplomas, special proficiency in agricultural pursuits. These diplomas, Secretary Wilson said, are unique, as no boy ever before received similar recognition of their own merit. The boys have in fact performed a notable service to their respective States by the demonstration. They have shown that these States can by skillful cultivation produce corn enormously.

Corn is the crop that, next to cotton, cotton States should produce largely, for a big corn crop means bread and meat and good horses, mules and other livestock which the cotton planters need. It has been too much the practice in the South to devote all energy and labor and capital that the planter could command to the cultivation of cotton, and then a good part of the money made on that crop is sent to the west to buy corn and meat. If the price of cotton happens to be low, or if the crop fails, then the planter has to go in debt to buy that which he ought to have raised. The exhibit made by the boys in the corn contest may have the effect of encouraging the cotton planters to raise more corn. Their soil and climate are admirably adapted to its production.

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