

THE TAMING OF DOLORES.

In the old days of San Antonio, long before the restless Gringo had clipped the name down to "Santonio," when all Texas belonged to Spain, this little domestic insurrection in the house of the comandante, Don Domingo Ramon, arose, had its few days of living, and was crushed forever. It was the Presidio of San Antonio y Valero then, and in its center was a great open square, a plaza, inclosed on three sides by long, low adobe, where lived priests and soldiers, and on the other side rose the mission church of San Fernando, an octagon in shape, with a great gilded cross upon its dome, which looked down upon the flat roof of the mission jail on one side, and into the courtyard of the house of the comandante on the other. Outside, looking from the plaza, Don Ramon's house presented but a bare adobe wall, pierced by an opening, save an arched doorway and two little grated windows on either side this entrance close under the roof.

Once within this doorway, however, a new scene would bring the visitor into the courtyard, or patio, a little open square, where grass grew, where fig trees bore their luscious fruit, where flowers bloomed and a little fountain made rainbows in the sunlight. But upon this patio the doors and windows of many rooms opened from beneath the cool shadow of a wide gallery. Thus are always the beauties of a Spaniard's house, for the pleasure and the comfort of its own, and not for the gazing wonder of the street.

Now, back in these far gone years, when it was the season of the early planting, on a particularly fresh and radiant morning, the great gilt cross atop the Church of San Fernando, striding hastily across the green square of his own courtyard. He was a brave figure. Upon his head he wore a scabbard, bordered with silver thread, and encircled with a black black cat's paw. His dark, well-fitting officer's coat had its somber tone relieved by the glint of gold lace and the luster of well-polished buttons. A wide leather belt from shoulder to hip held up his scabbardless sword, a dull blue steel that shone with the lustrous sheen of a peacock's feather; its brass hilt was as fine gold to the eye this day. He wore high boots of soft leather and as he walked his long raveled spurs rang in a measured tempo.

The short distance across the courtyard sufficed for changes in expression upon Don Ramon's face, as the flickering sunlight and shadows chasing each other beneath the breeze-shaken branches of an aspidistra, a pink flower, now to his anxiety. An April day vexed with sudden clouds and hasty showers. Don Ramon was going to the apartments of his newly wedded wife, but when he reached the outside door he stopped. For a moment he looked against him, was a solid door of oak, and looked forbidding. Lightly he rapped thereon, bending his head to listen; once again, more heavily; and then again, with an exclamation that can have no place in the waiting, he thumped upon the impressive wood with the heavy, convoluted hilt of his sword. When he ceased and stood expectant, a panel in the door just above his eye slipped back, and from the dark interior there came a voice, as a voice of judgment from an eye of night.

"It is no use to try to enter," it said; my lady will not see you, nor will she permit you to enter."

Now, husbands of a more modern age and much less impassioned temperament might force an entrance, but not so Don Ramon. A Spanish officer and gentleman must not force his presence into the sanctity of a lady's apartments, even though that lady be his wife. The shades of half a thousand punctilious years would rise in resentment.

So Don Ramon turned away, while his heart burned as though a coal of fire within his breast. Out through the open door he went, and paused a moment when all the little world of San Antonio was wont to gather in the plaza. Down in the center was a patch of bright colors, where the women in red, green, yellow and blue robes were drawing water from the well and gossiping; the pikes of a line of soldiers could be seen just beyond, where the garrison was drawn up, waiting inspection.

When the inspection was finished and he had himself seen his unlicked soldiers tied and properly scourged, Don Ramon's official duties for the time being were over and he had opportunity to attend to his own private affairs, though he was a momentary momentary and caused such disturbance and pain to his underlings. When kings are vexed we come upon royal households.

So Don Ramon took himself and his troubles to an arched doorway beneath an image of the Virgin and went down a colonnade row of cells to the farthest end, where dwelt Padre Ignacio, the padre in charge of the mission. The holy man sat within his house an open book in his lap which he was reading between drowsy lapses into dozing, for it was a soothing, languorous day that wooed to slumber. The forty winks were chased away, however, by the quick, nervous step of the comandante upon the threshold.

"Father," said Don Ramon, seating himself upon a stool and forgetting in his worry the salutations which were due, "I am in great trouble, and am sorely distressed."

"What is wrong, my son? Have the Indians risen? Is there news of the French, of La Harpe or St. Denis?"

"None of these things were. The trouble is in my own house; a trouble I

cannot meet and fight with sword and musket. It is my wife, Donna Dolores. She has had a preference. We have had unseemly quarrels. She is possessed with a whim of returning to Mexico, to the cities where there are no anxieties and pleasing distractions. She says San Antonio is unbearable; its tedious and monotonous beyond endurance; that she has no companionship, no amusement, no society. Brother of God, am I her husband, not with her? She insists that I resign my office, and take her back! No, I will not do this. I am an officer of His Majesty, Governor of this province, with all its profitable tithes and revenues! These she bids me to resign, because she suffers from ennui. Because I will not do this she thinks disgrace my self, ruin my future, she has shut herself within her own apartments and barred the door against me. She refuses to see me, to have anything to do with me. For three days now have I been married to anger or to despair. I am scorned and mocked in my own house, Madre de Dios! ever man in such position? I fear I shall go mad with vexation. What shall I do? I love her, I idolize her, and this is how she treats me! Here the commander broke down. "I have heard some gossip of this," interposed Padre Ignacio before Don Ramon could continue, "but you must compose yourself. Nothing is to be gained by giving vent to anger or grief. I am shortly married, and so unhappy! What would you have me do in the matter, my son?"

"Go to her. Tell her of her duty to me, her husband. Remind her of her broken vows. She swore to abide with me, to love and obey me, does not our holy church provide punishment for such infractions, for the sin of her discontent, her obstinacy, her willfulness? Humble her spirit and bring her some sense of the wickedness of her actions."

"It is not well," said the padre, "for even one of us to take part between husband and wife. In fact, I have no fancy to hear the lady on such an errand. The influence of our holy church is its limitation. This, something may also be said on her behalf."

"You give your feelings too great publicity. Your young wife feels too secure of the great love you have for her. You are a besotted captain proclaiming from the wall the weak points of his fortress. Were Donna Dolores a little uncertain of your love, perhaps she would become more amiable. I note she desired you always to return with her; an indication that she loves you well and foresees no happiness without yourself as companion. On this most pardonable weakness must we direct our forces. Can you dissemble? Can you put on a mask? Can you assume an indifference? All these will be necessary. Ah, me, the heart of a woman is a strange and complex thing; but well worth winning, and being won, a jewel worth preserving."

As he spoke the padre leaned back and eyed the ceiling at the ceiling. Holy father, man of God, renouncer of the world! What should you know of such things: of how to win and hold the love of woman? Does a man carry a sword into your mind of unrooked days, when untrammelled by sacred vows, bright eyes held you, soft lips allured you and the touch of a little white hand set your pulses leaping? Beware such thought, padre, they bring longings and regrets. The source of knotted cords hangs on your wall beside you that you may whip away from your flesh the evil of such retrospection. Blessed St. Francis, fend off Satan!

"Put away that dark look from your face," resumed the padre. "Wear a smile, laugh, carry with you the evidence that you are contented, satisfied, even pleased; knock no more at doors that are barred to you, quit sulking in the shadows of your own apartments, spend much time away from your house; leave early, return late. There is Pedro Vuavis, who lives by the upper aqueduct. Have you ever noticed his daughter, Angelita?"

"That I love. The prettiest of all the maidens in San Antonio."

"Prattise to the saints! You still have eyes to see. Half the difficulties in our way are leveled. Go to Pedro's house of evenings. Do not hurry in your departure. Make much of Angelita. That is the way. But, not noticing a new look in Don Ramon's eyes, "no harm to the maid; she must not be trifled with. I will give this evening and inform her and her father of our design and their part in its accomplishment. My way of the world I would lay a wager that there will be a quick unbarring of Donna Dolores' door."

"Padre," said Don Ramon, as the full force of this advice possessed his mind, "your wisdom should make you Bishop or Cardinal. It is well for those in high places that they have no ambitions. I am a new Don Domingo once I step without your door. You have sown the seed, watch the harvesting!"

On the afternoon of the previous day Don Ramon had knocked on three separate occasions at his wife's door; this afternoon, though he came and went many times, he tried the door not once. His wife wondered not a little at this, and when her attendants reported the marked change in the bearing of the master, Donna Dolores knit her brows and spent some moments in puzzled thinking.

There was a light in Pedro Vuavis' house until late that night; the sound of laughter came floating out on the darkness; the music of a mandolin, a fresh young voice sang, and occasionally a deeper masculine tone joined in accompaniment. Half the night was

gone when the errant Don Ramon returned home. Donna Dolores was awakened from a light and restless sleep by his lively whistling as he went through the courtyard to his room, and a little uneasy shadow, a shadow of doubt and suspicion, came creeping to her soul.

And in the morning there came no manly footstep near, and no impatient rapping upon the barred door. Don Ramon remained bravely as before, singing softly a light song as though all the world was happy and serene, went straight from his apartment, through the courtyard, through the outer doorway and into the plaza, with never a look to the right or left. As he went out his wife arose and hurried to watch him from the little window in the outside wall.

As Donna Dolores noted his manner, his happy air, his debonair aspect, his face irradiated by worry or anxiety, the little shadow that had crept into her soul grew big and ominous; it began to whirl, to turn and to twist into hideous shapes, monsters of doubt, of suspicion, of alarm. With a start she thought, Donna Dolores was quick to act. Among her servants was an Indian girl named Manuela, a stolid creature, short, thick-set, ungraceful, with little before her eyes, but whose meek and dullness were redeemed by never-wavering devotion and unquestioning obedience to her mistress. This girl was summoned and stood before the lady.

"Manuela," asked Donna Dolores, "have you noticed my husband to-day?"

"Yes, my lady. He seems more gay than he was."

"Attend to me. He left the house early last night. The horror of it, how long time. Do you know where he was?"

"Not me. I know he leaves. I do not know when he comes back."

"Manuela, I want to know where he was last night. If he goes tonight, if he leaves this house, follow him. No matter how far he goes, follow him, but do not let him know. Watch where he stops and wait there until he comes back. Find out, if you can, what he does, and if he goes to a house, tell me here! I will be awake and waiting for you. Say nothing about this to any one. I you do well what I tell you I will give you a red silk reboasa in the morning."

True enough, Don Ramon did leave again that evening, and as he left, the silent-footed Indian stole out after him. He came to the house of Pedro Vuavis and entered, while Manuela hid in the chaparral close by the window. A long time she crouched there, but the Indian did not, being Indian, and the hours were brightened with the ever-present vision of that red silk reboasa.

But nothing shortened the weary time for poor Donna Dolores. She sat within her room near a window, a dark silhouette against the gray twilight outside, still and motionless as the dim shapes of the furniture. There was no light there, except from a candle, whose tiny flame illuminated the guided decorations of the images of the holy virgin, star after star in the east, peeped within the window at the lonely figure there, and mounting from square to square of the bars, passed on to look at happier things; when the light of these had reached the zenith of the high heavens, Don Ramon came home, whistling again as though to care and ill a stranger.

Then Manuela came, as though a figure formed from the night shadows, and she laid down the red silk reboasa.

"Well, Manuela," asked Donna Dolores, "where did he go? What did he do?"

"I follow him," said the girl; "he goes to where Pedro Vuavis and his daughter, Angelita, are sitting. He goes outside. I hear talk. I hear laugh. I hear music play. I hear Angelita sing. I hear the comandante sing. I wait long, long time. Then the comandante comes to the door with Angelita. I see them stand in the doorway. He and she kiss her. They laugh, and then he comes away."

It was but a fatherly kiss upon the girl's pure forehead that Manuela saw, but kissing conveyed no shades of emotion in the Indian's mind.

"You may go," said Donna Dolores, hardly able to control her voice. "You shall have your reboasa in the morning."

And when the girl had gone this unhappy torture was ended, and she lay in front of the altar and cried out in the bitterness of her anguish.

In the morning, when the serving women came to wait upon Donna Dolores, they found her sitting by the window. They noticed that her face was very pale and drawn, and that her eyes were very bright; that she had sat all the night for her bed was undisturbed. Being women, no doubt down in their secret hearts they thought about these things, but they were too busy to hold their peace. And down in the folds of the gown upon their lady's bosom was something they did not see. If they had it would have added intensity to their thoughts. The thing which assisted there was a dagger, its handle, edged, pointed like a needle, and with a curiously carved ivory handle. Pretty as a love token it was, and evil as a serpent's fang.

And Don Ramon went from his quarters again, gay as the gayest of all new songs upon his lips—he had learned it the night before; something about the cruelty of lovely maidens and how their lovers' hearts were bleeding. Splendidly he noticed his part. No better dissembler ever hid his feelings. Slowly across the plaza he wandered, stopping here and there to speak with priest or layman. He went Angelita among the women at the well drew water, he bowed and over to her, saluted her as though she were some high-born lady of the court, laughingly pushed her aside, drew the water himself, filled her jar, and then passed on with a word with her. As he looked upon her face he saw that face grow gray with fear; he saw the eyes dilated, the lips part with a scream and Angelita turn and fly as though a started bird had heard the fierce cry of a hound in the bush beside her. As she ran he heard a tumult behind him and turned. Well for him he did. His wife was upon him, her eyes blazing, her hair disheveled.

"If you, then the woman!" she shrieked.

He saw something glitter in her hand, and threw up his arm just in time to ward a savage thrust made at his heart. The keen blade scratched his flesh. Don Ramon was aroused. Roughly he tore the dagger from her hand and flung it to one side. He grasped her wrists within his strong hands and held her.

"Woman! Dolores!" he cried. "Have you gone mad?"

She stood a motionless, helpless, panting, furious, and then she found her tongue. Of all the languages on earth none is so rich in vituperation as that of Spain. No one can so fully put its capacity to test as that angry Spanish woman. There in the broad plaza, before all the people, she poured upon him a flood of vitriolic anathema. Her epithets lashed and stung him until his hot anger rose and leaped over the barrier of his control.

"Come with me," he said, in a voice

Young Womanhood.

Sweet young girls! How often they develop into worn, listless, and hopeless women because mother has not impressed upon them the importance of attending to their physical development.

No woman is exempt from physical weakness, nervousness, periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be guided physically as well as morally.

If you know of any young lady who is sick and needs motherly advice, ask her to address Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell every detail of her symptoms, surroundings and occupations. She will get advice from a source that has no rival in experience of women's ills. Tell her to keep nothing back.

Her story is told to a woman, not to a man. Do not hesitate about stating details that she may not wish to mention, but which are essential to a full understanding of her case, and if she is frank, help is certain to come!



boarse with rage, as he pulled and jerked her across the plaza, through the crowd, which scattered right and left before them. Over to the jail he hauled her, she all the while never ceasing to scream and cry, while San Antonio looked on aghast.

The jail was but a cell with walls four feet thick, lighted but by a single iron grated window set within the heavy door. Within were a heavy table, a rude cot of boards and a stool. Into this Don Ramon flung his wife with no gentle hand. "Stay there," he said, "until that devil's tongue can turn itself to language more seemly to its owner's station."

What a position for the wife! She, a lady of gentle blood, cast into a common jail for thieves and felons, and by her own husband. How could she ever lift her head again? The horror of it, the shame of it was so terrible she could hardly realize it was not some dreadful dream. She would not live with this disgrace unless she could beat her breast out against the walls; but there was that silent Indian woman crouching in the corner watching her, and she could not.

The door opened, and a man entered, the floor, and then dropped down upon the hard cot to break into a torrent of tears. When the force of her weeping subsided, still she lay sobbing at intervals as though her heart would break. It was not yet day when the Indian woman heard outside a noise of a horse being led into the jail. She arose, and the lady, who sat up in the dark dazed, trembling, scarce knowing where she was. Some one came in, and she saw the Indian woman. "It was Don Ramon. He addressed his wife."

"I am going," said he, "with forty troops to the plains, to the Rio Grande, Cuba, the south. You will come with me. What clothes you need are in the wagons and a servant to attend you. Come!"

She looked at the Indian woman, Donna Dolores, but her voice trembled and betrayed a weakening resolution.

"That is not with you to say," retorted the Indian woman, "I will ride with you to ride upon at my side. You will ride thus or I will bind you hand and foot and carry you with the baggage. How will you journey?"

"I will ride with you," replied Donna Dolores.

Now, when the days had lengthened, the ripe figs were falling in the mission gardens, and the first harvest had been gathered and stored in the granaries, Padre Ignacio of San Antonio, the superior of the commandant. Thus it ran:

"I have just completed a most satisfactory tour. Our missions flourish and our people are well guarded. The rest here at Matamoros. My wife is of all sweet accord and affection. I desired with her to return to San Antonio, and she has longed to return to San Antonio and the charge of my household there. A most tender and loving wife she is become and great felicity. She joins me in request the maid might still be afflicted of her. I have the honor to be your most obedient servant. They represent over \$5,000,000 of American capital. They employ about 1,500 men and ship to the United States from 30,000 to 50,000 tons of ore, said to be the richest in the world, yielding from 62 to 67 per cent of pure metal. Best sugar and coffee, which are her great staples, the island abounds in mineral wealth. Gold and silver have never been found in paying quantities, but copper was mined by the natives before the voyage of Columbus."

The exports to the United States alone formerly amounted to from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 a year, until the development of the Lake Superior properties and a protective tariff made the business unprofitable.

The iron mines of Cuba, which are located in the eastern province of Santiago, overshadow all other industries in that section, and are the only ones that have attempted to continue business during the present insurrection. They represent a vast amount of over \$5,000,000 of American capital. They employ about 1,500 men and ship to the United States from 30,000 to 50,000 tons of ore, said to be the richest in the world, yielding from 62 to 67 per cent of pure metal. Best sugar and coffee, which are her great staples, the island abounds in mineral wealth. Gold and silver have never been found in paying quantities, but copper was mined by the natives before the voyage of Columbus."

Until ten years revolution Cuba raised a large quantity of coffee for export, but the plantations were entirely destroyed during that war. Since then the product has not been sufficient for local consumption. The industry was gradually reviving, however, when the present insurrection broke out, and the new orchards were again destroyed. It takes several years to bring a coffee plantation to maturity, but, unlike sugar, it can be profitably raised on a small scale and can command a local market. So that it is a poor man's crop. But it will not waste time and space describing the resources of Cuba. It is well understood to be one of the richest spots on earth, and everybody believes that if peace could be restored and good government guaranteed there would be no lack of capital and immigration to take advantage of the opportunities offered.

Everybody who has property or prospects agrees upon one point, which is, that unless peace is soon restored the island will be ruined. It is not a question of years, but a question of months. If the war is not concluded at the close of the present campaign, which will extend until the rainy season begins, about May 1, many important interests will be abandoned. The people will take what they have left and leave.

Practise economy in buying medicines as in other matters. It is economy to get Hood's Sarsaparilla because it contains more medicinal value than any other.

Then, again, Cuba could not carry the debt on the taxation that was imposed before the present war. There was a deficit every year. Hence it is not possible that she can carry the additional of at least half as much more, with most of her industries ruined, with her plantations laid waste, with three-fourths of her productive resources idle, with her people out of money and compelled to borrow from foreigners before they can plant cane or tobacco.

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The debt question alone proves positively that Cuba cannot continue Spanish. If there is to be any future for the island she must unload her debt and have a new deal. By the last census the population of Cuba, in round numbers is as follows:

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|------------------|-----------|
| White natives | 850,000 |
| Negro natives | 480,000 |
| White foreigners | 140,000 |
| Chinese | 30,000 |
| Canary Islanders | 15,000 |
| Total | 1,500,000 |

According to the Diario de la Marina, the debt in round numbers is \$500,000,000, which, distributed among a population of 1,500,000, gives a per capita of \$333. The debt of Spain is \$1,200,000,000, or \$17.50 per capita. The annual interest charge is about \$30,000,000, or \$20 per capita of the population of Cuba.

But of the 1,500,000 population of Cuba there are only 113,556 taxpayers, of whom \$250 pay on real estate and 20,105 secure licenses, or permits, to carry on commerce and industry, which makes the debt equivalent to \$1,836 per capita of the taxpaying population, and the interest charge upon each about \$20 a year, without taking into consideration other contributions necessary to carry on the government and maintain the enormous military garrisons that have been required to keep the peace in Cuba for many years. The calculations are also that the Cuban debt is being increased at the rate of \$10,000,000 a month, which will continue as long as Spain can borrow money to carry on the war, because, as formerly, the entire cost of the suppression of the rebellion and the maintenance of peace is charged to Cuba.

A small portion of the revenues of Cuba are, however, raised by direct taxation. Most of them come from customs duties, and, according to the popular belief, the pecuniary contributions by the customs officials amount to thirty per cent of the revenues. In other words, if the receipts from customs were honestly collected the income of the government would be one-third greater than it is now.

The average per capita tax in Cuba, as reported to the Spanish cortes at the last session, was \$13.50 for the whole island; which is, however, an unfair statement, because but a small portion of the population contribute to the public treasury either by direct taxation or by the consumption of imported goods.

POPULATION AND RESOURCES.

Although a large portion of the island is yet untouched by the hand of man, an even more unexplored fact, a large area has never been explored—the population is comparatively dense, and averages forty-five persons to the square mile, while the United States has only twenty inhabitants to the square mile. There has been rapid increase in population both from natural causes and by immigration. The only other countries in America which have increased more rapidly are the United States, the Argentine Republic and the island of Porto Rico. Cuba shows an increase of 140 per cent. In her population since the first census was taken. In the value of property the increase has been even greater. Before the present rebellion the average per capita wealth of the island was \$281, while that of the United States was \$407. The investment of American capital amounts to about \$50,000,000, while that of our foreign capital is estimated at \$8,000,000.

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A GRAND MUSICAL HISTERIOD

WILL BE HELD IN Central Market Hall, Allentown, Pa., Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25, 1897

ADJUDICATORS.

Music, Prof. FRANK DAMROSCH, New York.
Preliminary Adjudicator, Prof. T. J. DAVIES, Mus. Bach, Scranton.
Recitation, Rev. T. C. EDWARDS, D. D., Kingston, Pa.
Accompanist, Prof. JAS. PRESCOTT, Philadelphia.
Conductor of the Day, Rev. T. C. EDWARDS, D. D., Kingston, Pa.

PROGRAMME.

MORNING SESSION, 10 O'CLOCK.
1. PIANO SOLO, "Rondo Capriccioso," op. 14, Mendelssohn, \$ 8.00
2. BANJO SOLO, "Gypsy Romance," with Piano accompaniment, \$ 5.00
3. FEMALE RECITATION, "Barbed Wire," by Harry Whitler (Standard Recitations No. 1), \$ 5.00
4. BANJO DUET, "Queen on the Stormy Sea," published by S. S. Stewart, Philadelphia, \$ 25.00
5. FEMALE CHOIR, "The Dove of the Dowsy Dell," by Smart, published by G. Schirmer, N. Y., \$ 50.00
AFTERNOON SESSION, 2 O'CLOCK.
6. MALE QUARTETTE, "Sands of Grief," by G. Schirmer, N. Y., \$ 15.00
7. DUET, (Tenor and Bass), "The Watcher," by Ad. Gelbel, published by D. O. Evans, Youngstown, \$ 12.00
8. CONTRALTO SOLO, "Light of the Better Morning," by D. Buck, published by G. Schirmer, N. Y., \$ 20.00
9. CHORUS, "The Not Afloat," by Edgah, by Mendelssohn, Ditsch's Edition, not less than 100 voices, \$ 60.00
EVENING SESSION, 7 O'CLOCK.
10. BASS OR BARITONE SOLO, "The Watcher," by Ad. Gelbel, published by D. O. Evans, Youngstown, \$ 12.00
11. TENOR SOLO, "Out of the Deep," by T. J. Davies, Mus. Bach, published by the John Church Co., New York, \$ 20.00
12. MIXED QUARTETTE, "The Parting Kiss," by Pissard, published by Ditson, \$ 15.00
13. SOPRANO SOLO, "With our God," by H. C. W. Co., \$ 20.00
14. MALE CHORUS, "Relegued," by A. S. Sullivan, Ditson's Edition, not less than 40 voices, \$ 20.00
CONDITIONS.
No. 1. No prize will be awarded without a sufficient merit.
2. Objections must be made to the committee in writing.
3. Competitors claim the right to hold preliminary examinations on Nov. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1897.
4. Competitors can use piano, organ or both.
5. Female chorus can be conducted by either a lady or gentleman.
6. Members of the competing choir are not allowed to assist another choir.
7. If less than three choirs shall compete on No. 14, the prize will be \$50.
8. If less than three choirs shall compete on No. 9, the prize will be \$45.
9. The committee claims the right to request the successful competitors to take part in evening session.
10. All names of competitors must be in the hands of the corresponding secretary on or before November 1, 1897.
JAMES MCKEYVER, Cor. Secretary, Catawauqua, Lehigh Co., Pa.
For application slips address Corresponding Secretary.



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