

THE TAMING OF DOLORES.

In the old days of San Antonio, long before the restless Gringo had clipped the name down to "Santone," 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 adobes, 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 seemed 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 sombrero, bordered with silver thread, and encircled with a black black ostrich plume. His dark, well-fitting officer's coat had its sombrero 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, and his right hand, as he walked, held a long 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 thumped in measured time. 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 plant now in bloom, now in bud, 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 man was leaning 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 thudded 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 line of soldiers; the plumes of a few of the 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 scoured, Don Ramon's official duties for the time being were over and he had opportunity to attend to his own private affairs, those affairs that had so long troubled his temper 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 colonnaded 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 it were. The trouble is in my own house; a trouble I cannot meet and fight with sword and musketoon. It is my wife, Donna Dolores. She has had differences. We have had unseemly quarrels. She is possessed with a whim of returning to Mexico, to the cities where there are no distractions, and pleasing distractions. She says San Antonio is unbecomingly dull 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 name, 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 a woman who does not love me, who scorns and mocks 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 comandante 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 so 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."

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 unsteady 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, however, as he 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 joy 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 sorrow, of anger. 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 of eyes, which she had and dulness 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. He did not go where he was long. 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. He left the house early last night. He did not go where he was long. Do you know where he was?"

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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, periodical pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be guided by the following hints 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, who is 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!

She was across the place, and she pulled and jerked her across the place, 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 grate 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."

That 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, she would not bear her name out against the walls; but there was that silent Indian woman crouching in the corner watching her, and she could not.

It was not yet day when the Indian woman heard outside a noise of feet, and she saw the door open. She looked out against the wall; but there was that silent Indian woman crouching in the corner watching her, and she could not.

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

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 in the morning, the day after the day, he came to the door of his wife's room, and he kissed her.

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

posed before the present war. There was a deficit every year. Hence it is not possible that she can carry the addition 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.

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:

Table with 2 columns: Race, Population. White natives: 850,000. Negro natives: 400,000. Whites: 140,000. Chinese: 30,000. Canary Islanders: 10,000. 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 \$77.50 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 population of Cuba is also 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 important 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 \$331, 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 \$3,000,000.

The resources of Cuba are not fully appreciated. Besides 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 the other industries in that section, and are the only ones that have attempted to continue business during the present insurrection. They represent a vast investment 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 iron.

Phosphorus. This ore is used chiefly at Bethlehem and Pittsburg, Pa., and at Sparrow's Point, near Baltimore. There are important manganese mines owned by Americans, which are indispensable in the manufacture of steel. There are also extensive mineral interests in the mountains of Cuba that are entirely undeveloped, but have long offered a temptation for the investment of foreign capital if there were any assurance of peace and protection.

END MUST COME SOON. 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.

PRACTICE 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 im-

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A GRAND MUSICAL HISTORICAL

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, Pottsville.

PROGRAMME. MORNING SESSION, 10 O'CLOCK. 1. PIANO SOLO, "Rondo Capriccioso," op. 14, Mendelssohn, \$ 8.00. 2. BANJO SOLO, "Gypsy Rag," with piano accompaniment, by Farland, 5.00. 3. FEMALE RECITATION, "Barbara's Story," by Harry Whistler (Standard Recitations No. 1), 5.00. 4. BANJO DUET, "Queen of the South Sea," published by S. S. Stewart, Philadelphia, 25.00. 5. FEMALE CHOIR, "The Doves of the Dovey Dell," by Smart, published by G. Schirmer, N. Y., 30.00. 6. AFTERNOON SESSION, 2 O'CLOCK. 7. MALE QUARTETTE, "Sands of Time," by G. Schirmer, N. Y., 15.00. 8. DUETS (Tenor and Bass), "The Watcher," by Ad. Gelbel, published by D. O. Evans, Youngstown, 12.00. 9. CONTRALTO SOLO, "Light of the Better Morning," by D. Buck, published by G. Schirmer, N. Y., 20.00. 10. CHORUS, "The Not Afloat," by Mendelssohn, Dittson's Edition, not less than 100 voices, 60.00. 11. EVENING SESSION, 7 O'CLOCK. 12. BASS OR BARITONE SOLO, "The Watcher," by Ad. Gelbel, published by D. O. Evans, Youngstown, 15.00. 13. TENOR SOLO, "Out of the Deep," by T. J. Davies, Mus. Bach, published by the John Church Co., New York City, 10.00. 14. MIXED QUARTETTE, "The Parting Kiss," by Pissini, published by Ditson, 15.00. 15. SOPRANO SOLO, "With our Own Hands," 10.00. 16. MALE CHORUS, "Beholdings," by A. S. Sullivan, Ditson's Edition, not less than 40 voices, 20.00.

CONDITIONS. No. 1. No prize will be awarded without a valid receipt. 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. 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 \$10. 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. Names of competitors must be in the hands of the corresponding secretary on or before November 1, 1897. 11. JAMES MCKEYVER, Cor. Secretary, Catawissa, Lehigh Co., Pa. 12. For application slips address Corresponding Secretary.

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