SPECIAL NOTICES

Advertisements for these columns will be taken until 12 m. for the evening and until 8 p. m. for the morning and Sunday editions.

Advertisers, by requesting a numbered check, can have answers addressed to a numbered letter in care of The Bee. Answers so addressed will be delivered on presentation of the check only.

Rates, 1 1-2c a word first insertion; 1c a word thereafter. Nothing taken for less than 25c for the first insertion. These advertisements must be run consecutively.

WANTED—SITUATION.

WANTED, WORK BY HONEST MAN; ANYthing to earn honest dollar; stranger in city and no friends. Address M 66, Bee. A—M318 22*

WANTED—MALE HELP.

A FEW ENERGETIC, HUSTLING MEN CAN find steady, profitable work with C. F. Adams Co., 524 So. 16th St. B—631

WANTED, AN IDEA; WHO CAN THINK OF some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write John Wedderburn & Co., Dept. V, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of 1,000 inventions wanted. B—M925

WE NEED GOOD MEN AT ONCE; LODGE organizers, building and loan, life, insurance solicitors preferred. Physicians' Mutual P. & C. A., 508 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo. B—M315 21*

SALESMEN FOR CIGARS; $125 A MONTH and expenses; old firm; experience unnecessary; inducements to customers. C. C. Bishop & Co., St. Louis. B—M220 Jy18*

BUT OUR OFFER OF CONSTANT PRACTICE and expert instruction, with Saturday wages from start, is best after all; two months required; positions and tools given graduates; let us hear from you; our interesting catalogue mailed free. Moler's Barber School, 253 S. Clark street, Chicago. B—M231 24*

WANTED, A BLACKSMITH, AT ONCE. MUST be first-class horseshoer and plow worker. Scandinavian or German preferred. Steady work and good wages to right man. C. Jensen, Central City, Neb. B—252—24*

WANTED, AN EXPERIENCED GROCERYman for a wholesale house. Address M 62, Bee. B—249 21

WANTED—FEMALE HELP.

100 GIRLS FOR ALL KINDS WORK; $3 TO $7 week. Canadian office, 1522 Douglas. C—M632

LADY AGENTS TO TAKE ORDERS FOR SOAP polish. J. J. Gibson, 514 First Nat'l Bank. C—M317

LADY AGENTS, 1208 CHICAGO. GOOD THING. C—866—Jy11

WANTED, LADY PIANO PLAYER FOR SAloon. Address, with terms, Box 85, Buffalo, Johnson County, Wyo. C—M287 22*

WANTED, A GOOD SECOND GIRL AT MRS. E. M. Morsman's, 224 N. 22nd Ave.; good wages paid. C—202 19*

FOR RENT—HOUSES.

HOUSES IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY. THE O. F. Davis Company, 1505 Farnam. D—633

HOUSES, BENEWA & CO., 108 N. 15TH ST. D—634

MODERN HOUSES. C. A. STARR, 922 N.Y.LIFE D—635

CHOICE HOUSES AND COTTAGES ALL OVER the city, $5 to $50. Fidelity, 1702 Farnam St. D—636

HOUSES, WALLACE, BROWN BLOCK, 16TH and Douglas. D—637

HOUSES, COTTAGES & STORES. ALL PARTS of city. Brennan, Love Co., 420 Paxton block. D—638

MOVING HOUSEHOLD GOODS AND PIANOS. Om. Van & Storage Co., 1405 Farnam. Tel. 1559. D—639

LARGE LIST. McCAGUE, 15TH AND DODGE. D—640

HOUSES, FLATS. GARVIN BROS. 1613 FARNAM D—641

HOUSES FOR RENT. BEMIS, PAXTON BLK. D—642

STANFORD CIRCLE COTTAGES, 6 ROOMS, all modern. Apply 204 Bee Bldg. D—644

HOUSES. J. H. SHERWOOD, 423 N. Y. LIFE. D—M178

10-ROOM ELEGANTLY FINISHED MODERN brick house, No. 2414 Cass, $30.
8-room modern flat, 709 So. 16th, $17.50.
Apply to W. H. Meikle, room 304 1st Nat'l Bk. Bldg. D—M155

5-ROOM HOUSE. INQUIRE 2709 DOUGLAS. D—M366

10-ROOM FLAT, DOUGLAS, NEAR 24TH, MODern, steam heat. Inquire Lindquist, 316 S. 15th. D—917

FOR RENT, 9-ROOM HOUSE, NO. 518 SO. 26th avenue; modern and in fine condition. G. N. Clayton, Wabash tkt. office. D—M177 22*

A SIX-ROOM MODERN COTTAGE, FURnished or unfurnished. 802 South 30th. D—211—23*

EXCELLENT 5-ROOM MODERN COTTAGE, south and east front, gas, bath, etc.; newly papered; first-class home for any one; $15. 2802 Seward.

BEST 3-ROOM HOUSE IN OMAHA, $6. 2920 Hamilton street. D—M237 26*

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS.

STEAM HEATED ROOMS, TELEPHONE AND all conveniences, rates reasonable. Pundt residence, 212 So. 17th St. E—645

ROOMS; FINE LAWN AND PORCHES. 2609 Harney. E—M89 J20*

NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS FOR GENTLEmen or light housekeeping. 606 N. 15th. E—M245 21*

LARGE SOUTH FRONT ROOM, WITH OR without board; modern. 2580 Harney street. E—M246 25*

PLEASANT FRONT ROOM. 1919 DODGE. E—M229 25*

FURNISHED ROOMS AND BOARD.

NICE COOL ROOMS; GOOD BOARD; RATES reasonable. The Rose, 2020 Harney. F—673J30

MODERN BRICK, ROOMS AND BOARD; $3.50 week. 514 N. 19th. F—M170 Jy5*

NICELY FURNISHED SOUTHEAST FRONT room, modern conveniences; private family. 702 South 27th street. F—M197—21*

FRONT ROOMS, WITH OR WITHOUT BOARD. 2584 Harney. F—259—28*

ROOMS AND BOARD. COOLEST PLACE IN city; nice shade. 212 S. 25th St. F—396

A GOOD SUMMER RESORT. ALCOVE, SUITE and other rooms, after June 20. The Merriam, 24th and Dodge. F—M236 26*

NICELY FURNISHED FRONT ROOMS, WITH board. 2645 Douglas. F—M239 23*

FOR RENT—UNFURNISHED ROOMS.

3 ROOMS, WATER, SEWER, $5. 608 N. 13TH. G184 Jy4*

3 ROOMS. 1611 LEAVENWORTH ST. G—M335 25*

FOR RENT—STORES AND OFFICES.

FOR RENT, THE 4-STORY BRICK BUILDING at 916 Farnam St. This building has a fireproof cement basement, complete steam heating fixtures; water on all floors, gas, etc. Apply at the office of The Bee. I—610

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED, AGENTS; $75 PER MONTH AND expenses paid active men if right; goods sold by sample only; samples, also horse and carriage furnished free. Address Jebbler, Box 5508, Boston, Mass. J—647

A NO. 1 SOLICITORS WANTED TO ORGANize fraternal lodges in the state. Call or write to M. E. Getter, room 225, Barker hotel. J—248 19*

STORAGE.

PACIFIC STORAGE AND WAREHOUSE CO., 808-910 Jones. General storage and forwarding. M—648

OM. VAN & STORAGE, 1405 FARNAM. TEL. 1559 M—649

WANTED—TO BUY.

A. FEGER, GREAT WESTERN WHOLESALE and retail junk dealer, removed from 116 South Tenth to 312 Douglas street. N—M134

FOR SALE—HORSES, WAGONS, ETC.

FOR SALE, CHEAP, GOOD HORSE, TOP buggy and double harness. Inquire Mrs. I. M. Cole, 2328 North 26th st. P—M178 25*

FOR SALE, A GOOD FAMILY HORSE. Address M 59, Bee. P—M216

FOR SALE, FINE LARGE BLACK FAMILY team; sell one or both. Address M 60, Bee. P—M243 21*

FOR SALE, A LADY'S DRIVING HORSE AND Phaeton. Enquire of Miss E. H. Terrill, 24 Boor Paxton block. P—M239 25*

FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS.

HARDWOOD CRIBBING, HOG AND CHICKEN fence, cheaper than "all wire." C. H. Lee, 901 Douglas. Q—650

SECOND HAND ENGINES, 5 TO 100 H. P., motors, ½ to 20 H. P. Industrial Iron Works. Q—628—Jy 3

FOR SALE CHEAP—PLUMBING TOOLS, workbench, horse, wagon, buggy and harness; all can be bought at a very low figure if taken at once. For particulars address M 57, Bee office. Q—272—27

FOR SALE, BANK STOCK, 25 SHARES OF Union National bank stock. Might take real estate in exchange. Owner non-resident. Inquire of Clarence M. Jones, Paxton hotel, 11:30 to 12:30. Q—274—19*

MISCELLANEOUS.

GOOD PASTURE IN THE CITY. T. MURRAY. R—M161 Jy15

CLAIRVOYANTS.

CONSULT THE ONLY GENUINE LIFE reader; tells names, advice, love, marriage, law, reunites friends; fee, 50c and up; satisfactory readings; hours, 10:30 to 7. 519 Farnam. S—M238 21*

MASSAGE, BATHS, ETC.

MADAM SMITH, 1215 DOUGLAS. MASSAGE, steam baths. T—M214 24*

MRS. DR. LEON, ELECTRIC MASSAGE BATH parlors; restful and curative. 417 S. 15th, upstairs. T—M304 26*

PERSONAL.

VIAVI FOR UTERINE TROUBLES, 246-8 BEE Bldg.; physician, consultation or health book free. U—652

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

(Continued.)

ALL REAL ESTATE OWNED BY THE NEbraska Savings & Exchange Bank will be sold at a very reasonable price. Wm. K. Potter, receiver. RE—675

HOUSES, LOTS, FARMS, LANDS, LOANS. Geo. P. Demis Real Estate Co., Paxton Block. RE—603

COTTAGE AND 60-FOOT LOT, SOUTH OF Lake street, only $1,200.00; small payments. W. H. Gates, 618 N. Y. Life. RE—251 21

FOR SALE, 5-ROOM COTTAGE, NEARLY new, 4119 N. 28th ave., west of exposition grounds, between Sahler and Sprague; city water and cemented cellar; large lot, only $900; easy terms. Byron R. Hastings, 212 S. 14th st. RE—M284

SNAP, 80 ACRES WITHIN 12 MILES WEST OF Omaha P. O. $2,800. J. N. Frenzer, Opp. P. O. RE—M322

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE, LOTS 8, 9, 10 (66 ft. frontage each), block 5, E. V. Smith's addition to the city of Omaha; clear title; will sell cheap on liberal terms or will trade for desirable equity in Wisconsin property or will build to suit responsible parties and sell on easy payments. W. S. Paddock, Park St. and 7th Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. RE—M221Jy19

MEDICAL.

A PHYSICIAN, WHO FOR SEVERAL YEARS has been a member of the Keeley medical staff, is now in charge of the Keeley Institute at Blair, Neb. This physician has had phenomenal success in the treatment of opium, morphine and other drug addictions. Address The Keeley Institute, Blair, Neb. —M940 Jy10*

SECURITIES FOR SALE.

SEE OUR LIST OF FIRST MORTGAGE REAL estate loans for sale, 6, 6½ & 7 per cent, gilt edge. Fidelity Trust Company, Bee bldg. —M167 21

"Better late than never" is good advice, I think.
For business men who've not begun the use of printers' ink.
—R. B. W.

RUPTURE CURED PERMANENTLY; NO pain; no detention from business; we refer to thousands of patients cured. Call or write The O. E. Miller Co., 302-3 New York Life Bldg., Omaha. U—M654

BATHS, MASSAGE. MME. POST, 319½ S. 15TH. U—653

EXPOSITION INVESTMENTS, FOR PLEASure and profit see L. P. Judson's want ads, Council Bluffs page. U—M284

NELLIE F. RYLEY MANICURE AND CHIROpodist; 7 yrs. with Miss Mayer, 201 Karbach bk. U—M302 J22

BEST SCALP TREATMENT, 25C; SHAMPOOing, 25c—2 weeks—Miller's Parlors, 1514 Douglas. U—452 J24

"REV. W. W. BROWN'S ASTHMA CURE" positively cures; write for testimonials. Charter Oak, Iowa. U—M488 J26*

FREE SAMPLE HAZEL-LEAF PILE CURE AT Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., 1513 Dodge St. U—M39 July 2

WANTED, PLAIN AND CHILDREN'S SEWing; hemstitching done by the yard or piece; also a limited number of pupils in a Saturday afternoon sewing class from 2-4 p. m.; girls taught plain and fancy sewing, embroidery, tatting and crocheting for 10 cents a lesson. Mrs. Frank J. Preiss, 24th between O. & P. Sts., Omaha. I take great pleasure in recommending Mrs. Preiss, both for her ability as a seamstress and for her pluck in supporting an invalid husband for the past three years. Irving P. Johnson. U—M228 21*

MONEY TO LOAN—REAL ESTATE

ANTHONY LOAN & TRUST CO., 315 N. Y. L.; quick money at low rates for choice farm lands in Iowa, northern Missouri, eastern Nebraska. W—695

LOANS ON IMPROVED & UNIMPROVED CITY property. W. Farnam Smith & Co., 1320 Farnam. W—656

6 PER CENT MONEY ON NEB. & IA. FARMS. W. H. Meikle, 1st Nat'l Bk. bldg., Omaha. W—657

FARM LOANS, 1 TO 10 YEARS; LOWEST rates. Garvin Bros., 1613 Farnam St. W—659

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES. THE O. F. Davis Co., 1505 Farnam St. W—658

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED OMAHA real estate. Brennan, Love & Co., Paxton block. W—661

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED OMAHA property. Pusey & Thomas, 207 1st. Nat'l Bk. bldg. W—235

ON OMAHA PROPERTY; LOWEST RATES; building loans wanted. Fidelity Trust Co. W—660

FROM $100 UP. WEAD, 16TH & DOUGLAS. W—297—J19

MONEY TO LOAN—CHATTELS.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FURNITURE, PIANOS, horses, wagons, etc., at lowest rates in city; no removal of goods; strictly confidential; you can pay the loan off at any time or in any amount. OMAHA MORTGAGE LOAN CO., 306 So. 16th St. X—663

MONEY TO LOAN—30, 60, 90 DAYS; FURNiture, pianos, etc. Duff Green, R. 8, Barker blk. X—662

BUSINESS CHANCES.

$200 INVESTED EARNS $50 WEEKLY; NO stock speculation or gold mine investment; you control capital; fifth successful year; particulars free. Chase & Campbell, 12 Union Square, New York. Y—M70 July 4*

RESTAURANT DOING A GOOD BUSINESS. $500. J. J. Gibson, 514 1st Nat'l bk. Y—M164 24

A $2.00 MONTHLY PAYMENT FOR TEN months will secure you 100 shares in a dividend paying British Columbia gold mining and development company; you are almost sure to double your money and have a permanent income; the mines are in active operation, yielding handsome returns; only one hundred thousand shares to be allotted, therefore it is necessary for you to remit promptly; pass books furnished, prospectuses forwarded and references given. Address W. Fullerton, 86 Melinda street, Toronto, Canada. Y—M319 22*

FOR EXCHANGE.

WE HAVE SOLE AGENCY OF GOOD STORE property with dwelling at Farnam and Belt Line depot; splendid location for suburban business; owner wants small farm or house and lot in town and will give splendid bargain. Fidelity Trust Co., Bee building. Z—M160 21

OUTSIDE PROPERTY, FREE OF INCUMbrance, for an Omaha residence in the western part of town. Will assume an incumbrance of $5,000.00. Address E. J. Street, 111½ Board of Trade building. Z—210—23

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

KOUNTZE PLACE BARGAINS, $2,500, $2,750 TO $3,500; see photos at 16th and Farnam. Morse Bldg. J. J. Gibson, 514 First Nat. Bank Bldg. RE—654

$1,200 WILL BUY A 6-ROOM HOUSE IN WALnut Hill; small monthly payments. Omaha Real Estate and Trust Co., 211 So. 18th St. RE—598

FOR SALE, AT A BARGAIN, AN 8-ROOM house, completely modern; hardwood finish; large barn. 140 N. 33d street. RE—M153

A BARGAIN—FOR SALE CHEAP ON EASY terms 40 acre fruit and truck farm two miles from city limits on good roads, 15 acres grapes, 2 acres orchard, 5 acres asparagus, 2 acres pieplant, 2 acres fine alfalfa, balance rich garden land, 2 fine wells, 20 feet of water in each, 10-room house, 2 barns, storage house, 2 cellars and other outbuildings. Will sell with or without crop. Call or address Peter Boisen, De Bolt (on F., E. & M. V. R. R.), Douglas County, Neb. RE—M115—Jy 5*

SUMMER RESORTS.

SUMMER BOARDERS WANTED; COOL, breezy and delightful house, surrounded by towering maples on the banks of the lovely Elkhorn, but five minutes' walk from Union Pacific depot, Waterloo. Splendid boats and splendid fishing, and everything calculated to enhance the pleasure of summer boarders from the city. Address Mrs. M. W. E. Purchase. —247 27

BOATING, FISHING, TENTS, BOATS, BOARD. Address Camp Omaha, Lake Quinnebaug, Tekamah, Neb. —M081 30*

TYPEWRITERS.

LATEST MODEL TYPEWRITERS; SUPPLIES. United Typewriter & Supplies Co., 1617 Farnam —M628 Jy31*

WANTED TO BORROW.

WANTED TO BORROW, $2,700 FOR 5 YEARS on choice residence property centrally located. Room 319, Ramge Bldg. 252 25*

PAWNBROKERS.

H. MAROWITZ LOANS MONEY, 418 N. 16 ST. 670

MUSIC, ART AND LANGUAGE.

GEORGE F. GELLENBECK, BANJO, MANDOlin and guitar teacher. 1807 Farnam street Tel. 238. 908

EMIL C. REINBOLDT, VIOLIN AND HARmony; also Latin, Greek, German, French and mathematics. 515 S. 24th avenue. —279 20*

LOST.

LOST, BLACK SILK UMBRELLA, HANDLE heavily mounted with silver; owner's name on metal plate on handle; a liberal reward will be paid for the return of same. J. G. Martin, Exchange building, South Omaha. Lost—M316

LOST—OSTRICH TIP ON DOUGLAS BETWEEN 14th and 19th. Finder return to Mrs. R. H. Davies, 1520 Douglas. Lost—228—19*

SIDEWALKS.

SAWED NATURAL STONE, ARTIFICIAL brick. Tel. 1689. W. J. Welshans, 309 S. 17th St. 113—

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE.

AMERICAN AND GERMAN EMPLOYMENT bureau. 1524 Dodge. Telephone, 816. —M563 Jy13

ACCOUNTANTS.

BOOKS OPENED OR CLOSED, CORRESPONDence attended to; bookkeeping done for large or small business, at reasonable rates. Address H. C. Cox, accountant, 1711 Leavenworth St. 204 27*

AUCTION.

SPECIAL AUCTION SALE OF HOUSEHOLD goods every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. Nebraska Auction and Commission Co., S. W. corner 14th and Dodge streets. —M423 24

FURNITURE PACKED.

FURNITURE REPAIRING AND PACKING. Couches and cushions, mattresses made and renovated. Prices will please you. See M. S. Walkin, 2111 Cuming street. Telephone, 1331. —669

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING.

A. C. VAN SANT'S SCHOOL, 513 N. Y. LIFE. 667

AT OMAHA BUS. COLLEGE, 16TH & DOUGLAS 663

SUES & CO.,
PATENT SOLICITORS
Bee Building,
Omaha Neb
Advice and Patent Book FREE

OMAHA, Neb., June 19, 1897.—Sealed proposals, in triplicate, will be received here until 2 o'clock p. m., July 20, 1897, and then opened for furnishing Oats, Bran, Hay and Straw required in Department of the Platte during fiscal year ending June 30, 1898. U. S. reserves right to reject or accept any or all proposals, or any part thereof. Information furnished on application here, or to post and depot quartermasters, where supplies are needed. Envelopes containing proposals will be endorsed "Proposals for—— at ——," and addressed J. M. MARSHALL, C. Q. M.

PROPOSALS FOR CLOTHING, ETC., DEpartment of the Interior, Office of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C., June 17, 1897.—Sealed proposals, endorsed "Proposals for Clothing, Etc.," as the case may be, and directed to the commissioner of Indian affairs, Nos. 77 and 79 Wooster street, New York City, will be received until 1 o'clock p. m., of Thursday, July 15, 1897, for furnishing for the Indian service clothing and woolen goods. Bids must be made on government blanks. Schedules giving all necessary information for bidders will be furnished upon application to the Indian office in Washington, Nos. 77 and 79 Wooster street, New York City, or 1241 State street, Chicago, Ill. Bids will be opened at the hour and day mentioned, and bidders are invited to be present at the opening. CERTIFIED CHECKS—All bids must be accompanied by certified checks or drafts upon some United States depository or solvent national bank for at least FIVE PER CENT of the amount of the proposal. W. A. JONES, Commissioner. J21 d301

The Taming of Dolores.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In the old days of San Antonio, long before the restless gringo had clipped the name to "Santone," when all Texas belonged to Spain, this little domestic insurrection in the house of the commandante, 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 stone, 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 commandante on the other. Outside, looking from the plaza, Don Ramon's house seemed but a bare adobe wall, pierced by no 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 few steps 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.

Out 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 gaping 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 looked down and saw Don Ramon striding hastily across the green square of his own courtyard. He was a brave figure. Upon his head he wore a sombrero, broidered with silver thread and encircled with a heavy black ostrich plume. 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 of dull blue steel, that shone with the luminous sheen of a peafowl'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 roweled spurs jingled.

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 aspen. Now a pleased hope, now a dark 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 it was closed against him. It 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 writing, he thundered upon the impassive 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 a cave 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 at the threshold. It was an hour 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 rebosas 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 commandante appeared a flock of children ran up to him, expectant of coppers or a ration of sweets, to bid him "Buenos dios, Senor Commandante," but when they saw the scowl upon his face away they ran again. As he wended his way across the plaza he had a fling at the women at the well, bidding them fill their jars at once, go on about their tasks and not to loiter there.

In two lines, musketeers and pikemen, the garrison stood while Don Ramon inspected each soldier. It was a dreadful ordeal. Woe to him with rust upon his piece or powder stain within the barrel; with dented pike; with button gone or belt awry. Nine soldiers of his Catholic majesty could not lie upon their backs because of the bloody network of stripes that burned and festered there. The lash had done no such work since that dark day two years before, when there came news of French aggression over toward Louisiana. And all these doings of Don Ramon during the morning were watched by a pair of keen, bright eyes from the little grated windows at the side of the outer doorway of his own house. There was also pleasure in a certain fair breast at the temper Don Ramon was in and so plainly showing.

When the inspection was finished and he had himself seen his unlucky 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; those affairs that had so rumpled his temper and caused such disturbance and pain to his underlings. When kings are vexed woe comes upon royal households.

So Don Ramon took himself and his troubles to the priests. He passed under 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 room, an open book in his lap which he was reading between drowsy lapses into dozing, for it was a soothing languorous day that wooed slumber. The forty winks were chased away, however, by the quick, nervous step of the commandante 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?"

There was anxiety in the padre's voice as he asked this, for he loved peace, all the more because of the wide experience he had had in troublesome times.

"None of these, I wish it were. The trouble is in my own house, a trouble I cannot meet and fight with the sword and musketoon. It is my wife, Donna Dolores. We have had differences. We have had high words. We have had unseemly quarrels. She is possessed with a whim of returning to Mexico, to the cities where there are fiestas, gayeties and pleasing distractions. She says San Antonio is unbearable; its tedium and monotony beyond endurance; that she has no companionship, no amusements, no society. Brother of God, am I, her husband, not with her? She insists that I resign my offices and take her back! Me, Don Domingo Ramon, 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 suicidal thing, disgrace myself, 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 or any more to be wife to me. For three days now have I been married man, but yet no husband. I am scorned and mocked in my own house, Madre de Dios! was ever man in such a 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 commandante 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 way to anger or grief. What a pity! 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 by 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 to 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 beard the lady on such an errand. The influence of our holy church has its limitations. Then something may also be said on her behalf."

"How so?"

"I believe she lived a maid at Queretaro?"

"It was there I wooed and won her."

"Queretaro! I too know Queretaro. It is indeed a sweet memory of a most lovely city. I mind me now of the clear blue of the sky above it; its pure mountain air, the gardens, the vineyards, the long streets, shaded by the trees, where the young lovers patiently stood, the bear beneath the balconies, waiting for a falling rose, a smile, a glance, a token; the wide plazza, with its fountain, where in the evening there is music, and where, arm in arm, the senoritas stroll. City of flowers and fiestas! There is no ennui there, my son. There she lived; there was the home whence you took her. She left much to come away and follow you."

As Don Raymon listened he grew more thoughtful.

"While I cannot see my way to do as you wish," continued the padre, "if you will bear with me I may suggest another idea for your betterment."

"I will listen, father, tell me what to do."

"You give your feelings too great publicity. Your young wife feels too secure of the great love you have for her. You are as a besieged captain proclaiming from the wall the weak points of his fortress. Were Donna Dolores a little uncertain of your love perhaps she would become a little more amiable. I note she desires you always to return with her; an indication to me 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 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 gazed in silence 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 a woman? Does a memory steal into your mind of unfrocked days, when, untrammeled by sacred vows, bright eyes held you, soft lips allured you and the touch of a little white hand set your pulses leaping? Beware of such thoughts, padre, they bring longings and regrets. The scourge 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 acequia. Have you ever noticed his daughter, Angelita?"

"That I have. The prettiest of all the maids in San Antonio."

"Praise be to the saints! You still have eyes to see. Half the difficulties in your way are leveled. Go to Pedro's house of evenings. Do not hurry in your departure. Make much of Angelita. It should not be difficult. But," noticing a new look in Don Ramon's eyes, "no harm to the maid; she must not be trifled with. I will go this very evening and inform her and her father of our design and their part in its accomplishment. Were I of the world I would lay a wager that there will be a quick unbarring of Donna Dolore's 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 you have no ambition. I am a new Don Domingo Ramon once I step without your door. You have sown the seed, watch the harvesting."

Even as the lizard changes its hue responsive to its motions, so was the Don Ramon who left the cloisters different from him who entered there. In but a short time all San Antonio rejoiced to see that he was once more the gay commandante, the kindly and gentle commandante, the well beloved of all the people.

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 into her soul.

And in the morning there came no manly footstep near and no impatient rapping upon the barred door. Don Ramon, appareled as 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 right or left. As he went out his wife arose and hurried to watch him from the little window in the outside wall.

The children approached him doubtingly, but when they saw his face they gave a shout, ran eagerly up to him, clung around him and followed him. He had a joke for the women at the well, which Donna Dolores could not hear, but she did hear his laugh and the shrill treble of the women in response. No soldier had cause for fear this morning; a subaltern attended to the inspection, while Don Ramon walked about among the people.

As Donna Dolores noted his manner, his happy air, his debonair carriage, his face unclouded 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 jealousy. Why should he be suddenly so contented and happy? Why should he come forth radiant today from the gleam of yesterday? She could not bear to watch his happy progress longer, but returned to her own room and sat down there to think it over. At the very first she recalled his leaving the house the night before and his late return; something he had never done before since their marriage. Was there anything in this to account for his present complacent acquiescence in a state of things that had so lately driven him wild? Was he receiving consolation elsewhere? Was there another woman? The poison of the suspicion ran through all her veins and set her blood on fire. Senors, your dark-eyed senoritas are sweet and lovely, but once aflame with jealousy the hungry tigress that sinks within the jungle is not half so dangerous.

Stung with the arrows of her thoughts, Donna Dolores was quick to act. Among her servants was an Indian girl named Manuela, a stolid creature, short, thick-set, ungraceful, with little beads for eyes, whose ugliness 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 today?"

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

This dull savage had marked the change also. The mistress cut short the unwelcome answer.

"Attend to me. He left the house early last night. He stayed away a long time. Do you know where he was?"

"Not me. I know he leave. I not know when he come back."

"Manuela, I want to know where he was. He may go again 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 then come back straight to me here; I will be awake and waiting for you. Say nothing about this to anyone, you do well what I tell you I will give you a red silk rebosa 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 chapparel close by the window. Long time she crouched there, but she minded it not, being Indian, and the hours were brightened with the ever-present vision of that red silken rebosa.

But nothing shortened the weary time for poor Donna Dolores. She sat within her room near a window, a dark silhouette against the gray night 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 gilded decorations of an image of the holy Virgin. Star after star, rising 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 first of these had reached the zenith of the high heavens Don Ramon came home, whistling again as though to care and ills a stranger.

Then Manuela came, as though a figure formed from the night shadows, and stood before her mistress.

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

"I follow him," said the girl; "he go to where Pedro Vuavis and his daughter Angelita live. He go in. I wait outside. I hear talk. I hear laugh. I hear the commandante sing. I wait long, long time. Then the commandante he come to the door with Angelita. I see them stand there in the light and he kiss her. They laugh, and then he come 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 Indians' impressions.

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

And when the girl had gone this unhappy, tortured woman flung herself down in front of the altar and cried out in the bitterness of her anguish.

"Mother of all sorrow and pain, have pity! Have pity! My husband is false to me."

In the morning, when the serving women came to wait upon Donna Dolores, they found her sitting by her window. They noticed her face was very pale and drawn and that her eyes were very bright, that she had sat up all night, for her bed was undisturbed. Being women, no doubt down in their secret hearts they thought about these things, but, being servants, they held 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 nestled there was a dagger, double 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, with a new song upon his lips—he had learned it the night before; something about the cruelty of lovely maidens and how true lovers' hearts were bleeding. Splendidly was he acting 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 saw Angelita among the women at the well drawing water. He hastened 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 paused to have a word with her. As he looked upon her face he saw that face grow gray with fear; he saw the eyes distend, the lips part with a scream and Angelita turn and fly as though a startled doe 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.

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

He saw something glitter in her hand and threw up his arm just in