PADRE AMBROSIO'S BEADS By Clarence Pullen.

[Copyright, 1996, by the Author.] Padre Ambrosio sat on the mud bench in front of his modest whitewashed adobe house in the Indian village of Santo Domingo, his eyes dancing and twinkling. He smiled blandly to himself, and more than once with a mysterious air be placed his forefinger beside his nose, as if to make it the confidant of some pleasant secret. The sun had long ago gone below the mountains beyond the Rio Grande, and the midsummer evening had become agreeably cool. About the doorways and upon the terraced roofs of the compact, populous little New Mexican town groups of people sat silent or gossiping in low tones. Except for the fitful tiny glow of a cigarette here and there, not a light showed among the houses.

The padre was more fully dressed than might have been expected of a priest who had said vespers and presumably had nothing further to do that night than to get comfortably cool and go to bed. Stout riding boots showed below his black gown, and a broad brimmed sombrero lay on the bench at his side. His ample rosary, closely strung with beads, passed thrice around his neck, hung in folds on his chest, and the last loop, with the pendent cross, daugled below his rotund waist,

Old Anita, his Mexican housekeeper, evidently had theories of her own concerning the reasons of her master's obvious preparations for an outing, and as she looked from the small, square window upon her master she nodded her head, showed her two or three lone yellow teeth in a smile of mysterious meaning and recalled her girlhood, 50 years back, as she smoked her cigarette. which at each inhabation illumined for a moment a wrinkled, parelimentlike face that would have befitted one of 'Macbeth's" witches.

The dusk grew deeper, and the people almost with one movement drew into their houses to their slumbers. But the padre still sat before his door. His good humor had begun to be invaded by something like impatience, the effort to control that feeling led to drowsiness, and he was nearly asleep when three Indians of the village, one of them lead ing a burro, or ass, silently emerged from the shadows of the house walls and approached the nodding priest. They were attired after the manner of their tribe in white cotton tunies, buckskin leggings and moccasins, and about the long black hair of each was bound a red fillet. Padre Ambrosio opened his eyes and was wide awake in an instant In a low tone he accosted the comers:

'Ha, Pablo, Nicholas, Miguel, I see you are here as you promised, and you have brought the burro for the saving of my weary steps. Well, lead on. I am

The padre approached the ass, but the feremost Indian, whom he had called Pablo, stood by the saddle and barred the way. His face was set and stern and he addressed the priest in a voice which, though respectful, was grimly deter-

"Father," said he, "you know the conditions under which we are to make

The priest's countenance fell, but he answered in a manner that seemed somewhat forced, though it was cheerful: "It is well, my children. Your cau-

tion is excessive, but I will respect it at which his conductors went. and do your bidding. Proceed with what you have to do, and I absolve you cred person of a priest."

The Indian who had spoken unrolled from his waist a long, closely woven sash, with which he thoroughly bandaged the eyes of the priest, drawing each fold tight and strongly securing the ends in place. The world was an abyss of darkness to the padre, when the Indian spoke again:

"Father, we will now fulfill our compact and take you to the place you have so long desired to see. But bear this in mind. Do unquestioningly what we tell you; do not speak, and remember that if you make one effort to release this bandage about your eyes we are all sworn, our priest though you be, to plunge our knives at once into your heart and leave your body in the caverns

Whatever inward qualms the padre may have felt, he only answered heart-

"My sons, I will conform in all respects to our agreement and your commands. Take me now to the appointed place. Helped by the Indian, he silently

mounted the ass. Pablo took the head of the beast, turned him thrice around, and then, holding the bridle, with his Indian comrades following, one on either side of the animal, he threaded his way among the houses, passed them out into the open country, and the party took its course toward the distant mountains.

Padre Ambrosio found it anything but pleasant or easy to keep his seat on the swaying, jogg. -

Thin but tive burro which he could not see or control. As the Indians, increasing their pace, urged the ass into a trot and then a gallop, the priest, who dared not speak, could only cling to the pommel of the saddle and console himself with the reflection that he was on the road to the fulfillment of a long cherished de-

Several persons already know the story of the lost Spanish mines of New Mexico. In that region, as in other parts of Mexico, the Spanish conquerors enslaved the peaceful Pueblo or village ludians and put them cruelly to work in mines. The Indians rose at last in sanguinary revolt, destroyed or expelled all of the Spaniards and effaced every vestige of the mines which they especially associated with their oppressors. When in time the Spaniards returned to New Mexico as sheep and cattle raisers, the Indians alone knew where the hidden mines were, and this secret they have ever jealously guarded. Many stories have been told as to the richness of these lost mines and of vast hoards of bullion which the Spaniards hastily concealed when the insurrection broke out or which the Indians flung into the mines before they covered the entrances. But the Spaniards did not again venture to incur the chance of another Indian revolt by attempting to rediscover or to work any mine in New

Padre Ambrosio loved to hear the tales of the lost mines and to weave day | The seepage of water from mineral

dreams of the disposition that he would make of the treasure could be only find out where it was. He would use it, of course, wholly for the advancement of the church, but his gift of riches inestimable would surely be recognized by promotion, and his thoughts traveled down a pleasing vista of the coming years in which he figured successively as vicar general, bishop and at last as archbishop of the New Mexican see, and he swelled with complacency as in fancy be heard himself called "your grace." The subject possessed his mind, and often he was brooding over schemes to acquire these hidden riches when his simple parishioners supposed that he was absorbed in pions meditations. Many a time during his pasterate of nine years at Santo Domingo had the padre vainly questioned members of his flock about the old mines. The old men of the village admitted that the locality of certain rich mines was known to their tribe, but they also told him that an immemorial vow was exacted of every Indian that the secret should never be revealed to a white man. Often had the padre begged that his eyes only might be satisfied with a sight of these treasures, but as often had he been re-

But his pertinacity had at last succeeded, and he had been informed that under certain conditions, exacted to prevent his return to their locality, he should be permitted to see the famous lost mines of the Cerillos. He had engerly accepted the offer, and thus we find him in the attitude, remarkable for a priest, of sitting blindfold on the back of a donkey guided by Indians sworn to take his life if he made one false move, jogging off in some direction unknown to him, and-to say nothing of his sense of constant peril-suffering much discomfort from the bardness of the saddle and the jolting trot of the beast beneath

Time goes slowly and distance seems long to a man who cannot see whither he is traveling, and the padre's longing to dismount grew uncontrollable. Not daring to speak outright, be began to mumble prayers in a tone barely audible and let his voice increase into dis-

tinctness as he murmured piteously: "Our blessed Saviour into the gates of Jerusalem rode upon the back of an ass. Is it meet that I, one of the least of his followers, should proceed in as much state as he did? I should in all humility dismount and walk."

The only notice that his conductors paid to his pious hint was to quicken the burro's pace until the clattering of hoofs and the rattling of the saudle as the priest bumped up and down drowned the timid sound of his voice

At last the party came to a halt, and the priest was assisted to dismount. Without delay the Indians hurried him along on foot, and he now realized very forcibly that they were making their way by a devious route up a steep and very rough mountain side. Sometimes his guides would stop for a whispered consultation in their own language, and by their movements he surmised that they were retracing a path by landmarks. When they told him to halt or to go on, he observed that their voices had none of the submissiveness that characterized the speech of his parishioners when in the village, but had become commanding and peremptory. The father, being fat and short winded, found it hard to keep up with the pace

Occasionally an admonition from one of the Indians told him that he was treading the edge of a precipice and had better be careful where he stepped. Sometimes he struck his shins against a sharp rock or suppressed a shrick of pain as be ran into a Spanish bayoner plant, with the sensation of being transfixed by a score of needles. He was out of breath. He felt that he could not always keep his footing in places where a misstep would probably cost him his life. More earnestly than he had ever desired the treasure he now wished himself at home, but his guides urged him on, and he dared not speak. At last, exhausted and despairing, he sank to the ground, feeling that he could go no farther, but fortunately just at this time the Indians also were ready to They now seemed to him to move about trying to locate some spot which at last they found. He could hear them removing stones and making preparations, the nature of which be could not determine. Then one of his guides raised him and led him forward until there came upward against his face a cold, damp breath which seemed to proceed from a cavern. He shrank back, fearful that he should fall into naknown cepths,

... immediately he was caught up by the arms and collar, lifted clean from the ground, and the next moment he was dangling over hollow space. His guides drew his hands together, and they closed on a notched pole. He felt for the pole with his feet and struck it. "Down, down," said the voice of Pablo in a tone that admitted of no re-

The poor padre felt that he was going blindfold straight into the bottomless pit, but there was no help for it, and with groans and fervent prayers be clung to the pole and let himself by jerks slide clowly downward. Down, down, clinging for life, he went until his feet at last struck a rocky bottom. His guides were soon by him, and he was taken by the hand and led along a wet, slippery, rough passage, his feet splashing in water and semetimes tripping over heaps of stones. Presently the party stopped, the Indians untied the bandage from his eyes, and he looked

about him, blinking in the light of a torch held by one of his conductors. After the long period of darkness that be had endured it was several seconds before Padre Ambrosio could get accustomed to the light, but at last he saw clearly and looked helplessly in the faces of his wild companions, and then about him with much dismay and distrust. But his trepidation was quickly mingled with interest and delight at the remarkable scene in which he found himself. Sides, bottom and roof of the great chamber in which he stood were of jagged rock just as the miners had left their blasting and hammering on the day of the great massacre a century and a balf before. But nature, working in silence and darkness during the long intervening time, had turned the rough cavern into a grotto of beauty. Stalactites, snowy white, hung from the roof and every projecting point of the sides, making a Gothic setting like marble.

veins had left upon the walls an iridescent stain of every glowing hue with tints as changeable as the sheen upon a pencock's neck and a thousand times more variegated. The padre forgot his fatigue and fear and gazed enchanted. The utmost that he had imagined of the glories of the lost mines was realized in the appearance of the objects about him. His delight was increased when his guides led him to a side of the cavern where he saw imprisoned between walls of rock a wide vein of crumbling silver ore of great richness. Then one of the Indians pointed to a pile of massive bars stacked up like cordwood, and handing him a knife motioned him to scrape one of them. He did so, and beneath the tarnish and discoloration was revealed the glittering surface of true

"El oro," said Pablo, pointing to where lay, retaining still the shape of the box that had rotted from around it. a pile of gold bullion that to the priest's eager eyes seemed like a king's ransom. Padre Ambrosio lifted one of the bars that had lain there so many years in undimmed brightness, admired its weight and color and held it, reluctant to let it go. But the Indians were uneasy and eager to get away from the place. The padre's gloating over the gold came to a sudden end, for Pablo motioned him to drop the bar, and putting the bandage about his eyes shut from him the sight of the grotto and its alluring treasures. The poor priest sighed grievously at the thought of leaving the place empty handed, and, most unwilling, he was led back along the passage to the shaft.

If anything could have been more dreadful than his descent into the mine it was the dragging of his corpulent person out from it, and pitiable indeed were Padre Ambrosio's slips and struggles as he groped his way up the unsteady notehed pole in such mortal ter-ror of a fall that for the time being he forgot the scratches and contusions that be had sustained and the rheumatism that his night's ride and his wetting would probably give him. At last he gained the earth's surface, and once in the upper air be flung himself down in mingled exhaustion and relief.

While the Indians covered the entrance to the mines and restored everything about it to its customary appearance, the priest had time to collect his thoughts and prepare to put into effect a cunning plan that he had matured before leaving his house. When the Indians came to him and the party moved down the mountain, Father Ambrosio in an absent manner loosened the end of his recary and let fall a bead, then another and another, and so on down the mountain side he marked the route by beads. When he had remounted the burro, he continued to lose his beads so industriously that when he was set on the ground at his own door and the bundage removed from his eyes

In the daylight-for the eastern sky was red when they re-entered Santo Domingo-he looked eastward over toward the Cerillos mountains and exultingly thought of the line of bends which marked the route back to the mines and planned how he should in a day or two follow it back accompanied by a force of 20 Mexican attendants and a train of noules with which to secure the treasure that he had so shrewally rediscovered. He first wanted to get inside the house, to laugh all by himself at the success of the scheme by which he had outwitted the simple Pueblo Indians.

Old Anita, who was always early astir, was baking tortillas under the shed thatched with cornstalks which in summer served as kitchen. She looked up, saw the padre standing by the door and nodded her head more positively than she had done the night before when she had noted his preparations to depart.

"Well, well," she said to herself, 'what can the padre have been doing and where has he been? Oh, dear, how dreadfully splashed, muddy and torn his gown is, and he looks ready to drop with weariness. Why wouldn't he stay and be comfortable at home? And what has become of his fine rosary? Oh, dear, ob, dear."

rath, the good packs was a dismai sight after his riding and climbing and blindfold groping in the damp recesses of the buried mine. Hat, face, gown and boots were impartially plustered with mud, and his appearance was tattered and unkempt to the last degree. He realized the fact in the daylight and was in haste to get indoors.

The three Indians stood by the burro patiently waiting for the padre to bless and dismiss them. Now that they were back puder the shadow of the church, they had resumed their submissive manper, and their faces were as grave and imperturbed as if they had just returned from an everyday excursion. As Padre Ambrosio, having made the sign of the cross above them, turned, slyly smiling, to go into the house Pablo stepped forward respectfully, touched his albow and handed him a wailet.

"The father will need these at his devotions," he said with perfect scherness. "They would have all been left by the roadside, but we picked them up and have brought them to him."

The wallet contained the beads of his rosary, to the last one. Poor Padre Ambrosio! This was the result of his hopes and scheming of nine years. With every bone and muscle in his frame a racking reminder of that long night of riding and climbing, of fears and fatigues-he had got back his resary.

Dazed and speechless, he blankly contemplated the beads and thought of the treasure which he had beheld only to realize the hopelessness of securing it, while the Indians went their way without a sign of mirth on their stolid faces.

"I object to the 'nicely' habit," said the man with the pipe. "I can't understand why it clings to some very estimable people. There used to be a profess or at Harvard-a great scholar, too-who always said, 'Nicely, thank you,' when anybody asked him, 'How do you do? or even 'How are you?' Imagine a man being 'nicely!' "I can't," said the young lady on the other side of the A. library hearth. "It's too much to expect of any woman to imagine a man being 'nicely,' I have been acquainted with several who were rather nice, though, she added half musingly. - Boston Transcript.

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stances decidedly below) that of any first-class seed house in New England whose catalogue we have seen. Although we did not do this with the object of competing for New England trade, still we know of no reason why farmers and gardeners should not profit by it. Our long established reputation for reliability is as precious to us as ever, and will be as carefully guarded. The Extra Early Robert's Potato, and Gregory Surprise Pea which we alone cats will be found by our customers to be not simply novelties, but decided acquisitions. Our Flower and Vegetable Seed Catalogue free to all. J. J. H. GREGORY & SON, Marblehead, Massachusetts.

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Legal Notices.

By the Probate Court for Said District.
To all persons interested in the estate of MARY
J. CUTTING, late of Guilford, in said district,
deceased, Greeting
Whereas, W. H. Cutting has presented to this
court an instrument purporting to be the last
will of said deceased, for probate. You are
breith notified that this court will decide upon
the probate of said instrument at the session
thereof to be held at the Probate office in Erro
theroof, in said district, on the 24th day of April
teboro, in said district, on the 24th day of April
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TATE OF VERMONT, Mariboro, SS.
By the Probate Court for Said District
To all persons Interested in the estate
ASENAH V. MANLEY, late of Lummerston. ASENAH V. MANLEY, late of bundlerston is said district, decreased.

Whereas, Prucius W. Manley has presented to this court at instrument purporting to be insist will of said decreased, for product:—You are hereby notified that this court will decide up in the probate of said instrument at the session thereof to be held at the Probate Office in Bractieboro, in said district, on the 24th day of April A. D. 1897, when and where you may appear and contest the same, if you see cause.

A. F. SCHWENK, Register.

TATE OF VERMONT, Marlboro, 88

By the Probate Court for Said District
To all persons interested in the estate of MARN
M. BURNHAM, late of Newfans, in said discrete

M. BURNIA a. and deceased.

Whereas, N. M. Batchelder has presented to this court an instrument purporting to be the last will of said deceased, for probate. You are hereby notified that this court will decide upon the probate of said instrument at the session thereof to be held at the Probate Office in Brattleboro, in the held at the Probate Office in Brattleboro, and district, on the with day of April, A. D. 1897, when and where you may appear and contest the same. If you see cause.

A. F. SCHWENK, Register

TATE OF VERMONT, Mariboro, SS.

TATE OF VERMONT, Marlhoro, SS.
Court of Insolvency.
In matter of Ross White, an insolvent delitor
You are hereby notified that said debtor has
filed his petition praying that a meeting of his
creditors to ordered, and that at such meeting
the court grant him a certificate of discharge
and that a meeting of the creditors of said fices
White, in insolvency, will be held at the Fro ate
office in Brattleboro, in said district, on the said
day of april, a D. 1897, at 19 o'clock in the foremoon, for the purpose of bearing and deciding
upon the matters set forth in said petition as
cording to the prayer theorem.

Dated at Brattleboro, in said district, this 250
day of March, A. D. 1897.

A. F. SCHWENK, Register.

TATE OF VERMONT, Warlhore, SS.

HALL, fate of Halifax, in said district, deceased.

Whereas, Frank Worden, Administrator upon the estate of L it. Hall inte of Halifax, in said district, deceased, h.s. filed his petition in the court, setting forth that the sale of the which of the real estate of said deceased will be beneficial to the heirs and all persons interested therein and praying for license to sell the same, and the same time filed in this court what purports to be the consent in writing of all the heirs resuling in this state to such sale. Whereupon it is or dered that the same be heard at the sessible of said court, to be field at the Probate Office in Brattleboro, on the last Saturday of April A. It 1897, when and where you may be heard in the premises, if you see cause.

A F SCHWENK, Register.

A F SCHWENE, Register

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

ESTATE OF MARY L. BROOKS.

The undersigned having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the district of Mari boro commissioners, to receive, examine and aljust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Mary L. Brooks, late of South New face, in said district, deceased, and all claims we face, in said district, deceased and all claims we will these for the purpose aforesaid at the residence of T. A. Morse on the 1st thay of May and little day of September, next, from 2 o clock until 4 o clock F.E. of each of said days and that six months from the Eth day of March, A. D. 180; is the time limited by said court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Newfane, this 6th have of Archive.

allowance. Dated at Newfane, this 6th day of April, A. D. 1867. THOMAS A. MORSE, Commissioners

OMMISSIONERS NOTICE.

ESTATE OF MARTHA BARKEE.
The undersigned having been approunded by the innormalic Product Court for the district of Martin Court for the Honorable Probate Court for the district of Marboro, commissioners, to receive, examine and agust all claims and demands of all persons agains the estate of Martha Barker, late of Brattleboroin said district, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purpose aforesaid, at the office of county clerk (crosty block) on the first day of May, and the 25th daylof September, next, from 10 o'clock a. B. until 4 o'clock p. B., each of said days, and that sax months from the first day of April A. D. 1807, is the time limited by said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Brattleboro, this fifth day of April A. B. TARKEY.

A STARKEY CROSBY Commissioners

TATE OF VERMONT, Mariboro, SS
TATE OF VERMONT, Mariboro, SS
The Probate Court for Said District
To all persons interested in the estate of ARDELIA BAY, late of Vernon, in said district deceased.

Whereas, Erastus Tyler, Administrator upon the estate of Ardelia Bay, late of Vernon, in said district, deceased, has filed his petition in this court, setting forth that the sale of the whole of the real estate of said deceased will be beneficial to the heirs and all persons interested therein, and praying for license to sell the same, and at the same time filed in this court what purports to be the consent in writing of all the heirs residing in this state to such sale. Whereupon it is or dered that the same be heard at the session of said court, to be held at the Probate Office in Brattleboro, on the last Saturday of April, A. D. 1867, when and where you may be heard in the premises, if you see cause.

A. F. SCHWENK, Register

Other Legal Notices on Second Page

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