

warm brown coloring of her face. Her features were perfect, and as delicately chiselled as if she were "the daughter of a hundred earls." As she took her place she raised her eyes for a moment, eyes large, soft and dark as night, and I was struck by the look of sadness in them.

Other kneeling forms of *rebosa* clad women were scattered over the floor, busily telling their beads or awaiting their chance to free their conscience at the confessional; and there were a few men kneeling on their folded blankets, their tall *sombreros* on the floor beside them, praying with outstretched arms. A verger with a long broom made of twigs tied together, was diligently sweeping in and out among the kneeling forms, and raising clouds of dust, of which they were apparently unconscious, but which excited the wrath of a flock of little blue birds, with reddish breasts, whose nests were hidden in the rafters of the ceiling, and which darted about or circled angrily around the verger's head, twittering fiercely, and evidently objecting as strenuously to this house-cleaning business as does the average male of the human family.

Out in the little Plaza before the church, with its toy garden appearance, its rustic palings and rustic kiosk, its absurdly small bust, to the memory of Bernito Pablo Juarez, in whose honor the name of the small city was changed from Paso del Norte to Juarez. The grass was still green, though it was one of the first days of December, and in the sunken beds a few late flowers still bloomed.

Two blanketed peons were busy tidying up here also, in preparation for the opening of the *Fiesta* on the morrow. They were watering the beds and paths, as I came up to them, from a pump near, one man pumped while the other, an older man, threw the water in a neat round patch, in so dextrous a fashion that not two drops fell on the same spot. As I stood watching him the young girl, whom I had seen kneeling at the confessional box, passed down the other side of the plaza with a light springing movement, her head well back, and a happy look on her face.

"What is the name of that lovely girl?" I asked the older gardener, with whom I had a speaking acquaintance, having on

one or two occasions surreptitiously inveigled him into giving me flowers.

"Jesusa Valenzuela, *senaritu*, she is my daughter," he answered proudly.

On one side of the church was situated the Plaza de Taras, the bull ring, and the space in front of the prison at the back and other side were filled with the booths and tents for the various games of chance. The bull fights and the gambling are the important features of a *Fiesta*, and Sunday is of course the principal day, for though the gambling goes on day and night throughout the *Fiesta*, the bull fights are usually held only on Sundays or a feast day such as Christmas. Gambling is not allowed in Mexico except during a *Fiesta*, however, as most cities have *Fiestas* of their own, generally about the time of the anniversary of the patron saint, and as a *fiesta* lasts for several weeks, it must be quite possible for an enthusiastic gambler to enjoy his sport all the year around, especially as after the lawful time for the *fiesta* has expired, permission is frequently obtained from the governor of the state to continue the gambling a week or two longer, obtained I suppose generally by those anxious to retrieve their lost fortunes.

The following day being, I think, the festival of Nuestra Senora de la Guadalupe, (our lady of Guadalupe), in whose honor this *fiesta* is held, the festivities began shortly after mass in the church was over, by a procession of the bull fighters in their gorgeous costumes through Juarez and the American City of El Pasha, across the river to the strains of a Mexican band, while flaring placards announcing that "four magnificent bulls would be fought, one to death," were scattered broadcast through the streets.

Long before half-past three, the hour advertised for the opening of the bull fight, the people were swarming up the long flight of steps leading to the seats. Senors, senoras, and senioritas, by the hundred, blanketed peons, and *rebosa* clad women; and a goodly sprinkling of Americans and other foreigners.

The bull ring is, of course, circular in form and open to the air. Encircling the area below the seats is a high fence or barrier, and at intervals against this are placed wooden screens as a refuge for