



# MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

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## CHAPTER I.

The Belle of the Jardin Bullier. Paris is unusually gay in the early fall, and her boulevards are thronged with people, many of whom come from various parts of the world to enjoy the whirl of revelry experienced here as in no other city on earth.

The gardens of the Closierie des Lilas, known also as the Jardin Bullier, are profusely illuminated, and as night advances those who promenade or dance increase in number. It is one of the sights of Paris, not wholly a fashionable or hardly a respectable place, but thousands annually visit it, for to do Paris and neglect the Jardins Mabilie or Bullier would be a mistake, since their notoriety has become world-wide.

About ten o'clock on the night in question, two men, undoubtedly Americans, saunter into the Jardin Bullier. Their dress and general appearance would attract attention almost anywhere in Paris, for both wear broad-brimmed, cream-colored felt hats, and wear their hair long. One is rather small in stature when compared with his companion, but as quick as the spring of a tiger; he has a handsome face, with restless blue-gray eyes that have the faculty of seeming to look through one.

The second man is well proportioned, possesses the figure of an athlete, and a face that is certainly a bold type of manly beauty; those who have associated with Dick Denver in the past can bear witness that he is a comrade worth having, as true as steel and courageous as a lion, at the same time diffident in the society of women; just such a man as might please the taste of a girl who has grown weary of society's darlings, with their lazy habits and aimless lives.

That it is not wholly curiosity that brings these two comrades to the Jardin Bullier on this particular night might be discovered from the manner in which they look around, and the frown that appears upon the face of the smaller man.

"Disappointed again, I'm afraid, Dick," he says, after they have wandered around for a while, observed the dancers, and eyed most of the audience.

ever dropped into Paris—that's the size of it, I believe. Just two years ago I was in the tightest hole of my life—trying to capture a desperado, when I was set upon by a gang of his sympathizers. I held on to my man, but they downed me, and Col. Bob would have ended his life right there only for him. He came, Heaven-sent, just in the nick of time, and stood over me—met the crowd face to face, and by thunder, whipped 'em, too! I saw it all, though too dazed to help—I could only hold on to my prisoner and see a man beat back half a dozen cowardly wolves. That made us friends, comrades. I would lie down to-morrow and die for such a man as Dick Denver, the truest, noblest specimen of manhood God ever made."

"Dravo, colonel; it pleases me to see one so enthusiastic," clapping his hands gently as if in applause—"Damon and Pythias over again and in the modern nineteenth century, by Jove! Of course you are here taking in the sights?"

"Well, yes. You know we couldn't leave France for America, and fall to see the Bullier and Mabilie, though I have little interest in the latter."

"Ah! it is at the Closierie des Lilas one sees beauty unadorned—here the real belles of Paris show themselves—here we see no powdered faces, no padded figures, such as one wears of among the higher classes. Rosy cheeks, painted by nature, reign instead. And of all who dance, Col. Bob, I am ready to swear perpetual devotion to the belle of the evening. See her willowy figure, note its supple bending, pay attention to her charming face—zounds, man! Prof. John is her slave already—he will wade through seas of gore to win her, and if there is another Richmond in the field, by Jupiter Pluvius, I'll—I'll throttle him!"

The excited and enamored little professor has just reached this climax when he comes to a sudden pause, for he hears his companion utter an exclamation that almost paralyzes him.

"Death and furies! if it isn't my Dora!"

In an instant he has an aroused specimen of British assurance clapping at his arm, while the sharp, penetrating voice of the little man cries: "Your Dora! Who the deuce may your Dora be? Not that charming girl with the rosebud face, the eyes that magnetize, the ruby lips that invite a kiss! Don't tell me, Col. Bob, that is your Dora, for by the gods, man,

ever could, for he doesn't seem to see anything out of the way in her being here. As for me, I swear right now I wash my hands—"

"Bob!" The voice sounds close by his ear—he shivers as he never was known to when facing a dozen tough desperadoes out West, but he does not turn around, continuing to look away from the magnet so close to his elbow. "Bob, are you very angry with me?" Now a hand steals through his arm—it touches his own, and thrills the man. Unable to longer resist, he slowly turns his head and looks into that charming fresh face, those dazzling eyes—and Bob Harlan is again in fetters.

"Yes, I'm very, very mad, Dora—boiling over with indignation. What brings you to this place? I never thought to see you here, when I strolled in from curiosity."

"Am I bound to tell you?" she pouts, walking beside him.

"Not at all—you are at liberty to do as you please," he replies, coldly.

The girl melts at once, evidently she cares much for this man's good opinion.

"Bob, did you notice my partner in that dance?" she asks, but he shakes his head.

"I saw only you, it seemed as though a mist came before me then, and I was blind. Heavens! girl, what ever induced you to come to this place?" he almost fiercely demands.

"A stern duty brought me here, Col. Bob. You would not hesitate to face danger where it is duty that calls—why should Dora?"

"Nonsense! what mission could bring you here?" he asks, in an incredulous tone, while they promenade among the crowds, with the music thobbing from the stand near by.

"My duty to Miss Pauline—I would go through fire and water for her," declared the girl resolutely.

"I can't quite understand how you could serve Miss Westerley by being present here. Perhaps you will condescend to explain—that is, if you care," quickly seeing a shadow pass over Dora's face.

"There's no reason I shouldn't, especially as you are already interested in the Mexican mine business. You know Senor Manuel Lopez?"

"I should say I did; he is in Paris now with his daughter, Juanita, and his nephew, Carlos. We have taken dinner with them."

"Meaning yourself and friend, Monsieur Dick?"

"Yes; you see, the senor's lovely daughter was always about half in love with Dick, but he never cared for the woman, and gave her little encouragement. I've half believed that they are in Paris now because Juanita knew we would be here."

(To be continued.)

### Crack Fourteen Miles Long.

The second largest crack in the earth in the United States has been discovered in a remote part of the Terlingua quicksilver district, about ninety miles south of Marathon, Texas, according to Dr. William B. Phillips, formerly director of the State mineral survey, who is now operating quicksilver mines in that section. Dr. Phillips says that this wonderful crack is fourteen miles long, and is at no place under 700 feet wide. It is 1,800 feet deep. The walls are almost vertical. So far as known, no exploration of the crack has ever been made. The country where it is found has an altitude of about 3,000 feet. It is believed that an exploration of the crack may reveal rich minerals, particularly quicksilver.

The search that has been made recently for quicksilver prospects in that section has brought to light other interesting geological wonders. It is stated by Dr. Phillips that fifty extinct volcanoes have been found there. A number of rich quicksilver mines are being operated in the district, and preparations are being made to develop many other promising prospects. Dr. Phillips says that the quicksilver output of the district this year will be at least 6,000 flasks.—New York Times.

### In St. Petersburg.

"There is something repulsive in the climate of St. Petersburg in the early spring and autumn," says a writer, "when the thermometer often falls 30 degrees in a few hours, when the roads are ankle deep in snow and mud, when the winds blow hard and cold from every quarter of the compass and the quickmorning frosts shower the abominations of the roads impartially upon noble and peasant. It is no consolation to the visitor to know that the Neva is sealed by ice early in November or late in October. Long indeed before the frost king has talked down to the latitude of St. Petersburg the lordly river is completely blocked. Great ice sheets from stormy Ladoga float down the current; they crash against the mighty buttresses of the bridges clinging to the banks and gradually accumulate until the whole length of the river, which unites the greatest lake in Europe with the gulf of Finland, is completely choked. The ice is reared high and piggedly at every conceivable angle. It is a strange sight—this broad stretch of water, impassable and icebound while the temperature of the surrounding country is often many degrees about freezing point."

### The Boy and the Samaritans.

The other night two women hurrying around the avenue corner at Seventeenth street almost stumbled over a man who lay on his back across the flagging; his face silver white in the moonlight. Near him stood a boy. The women were terrified and the boy explained:

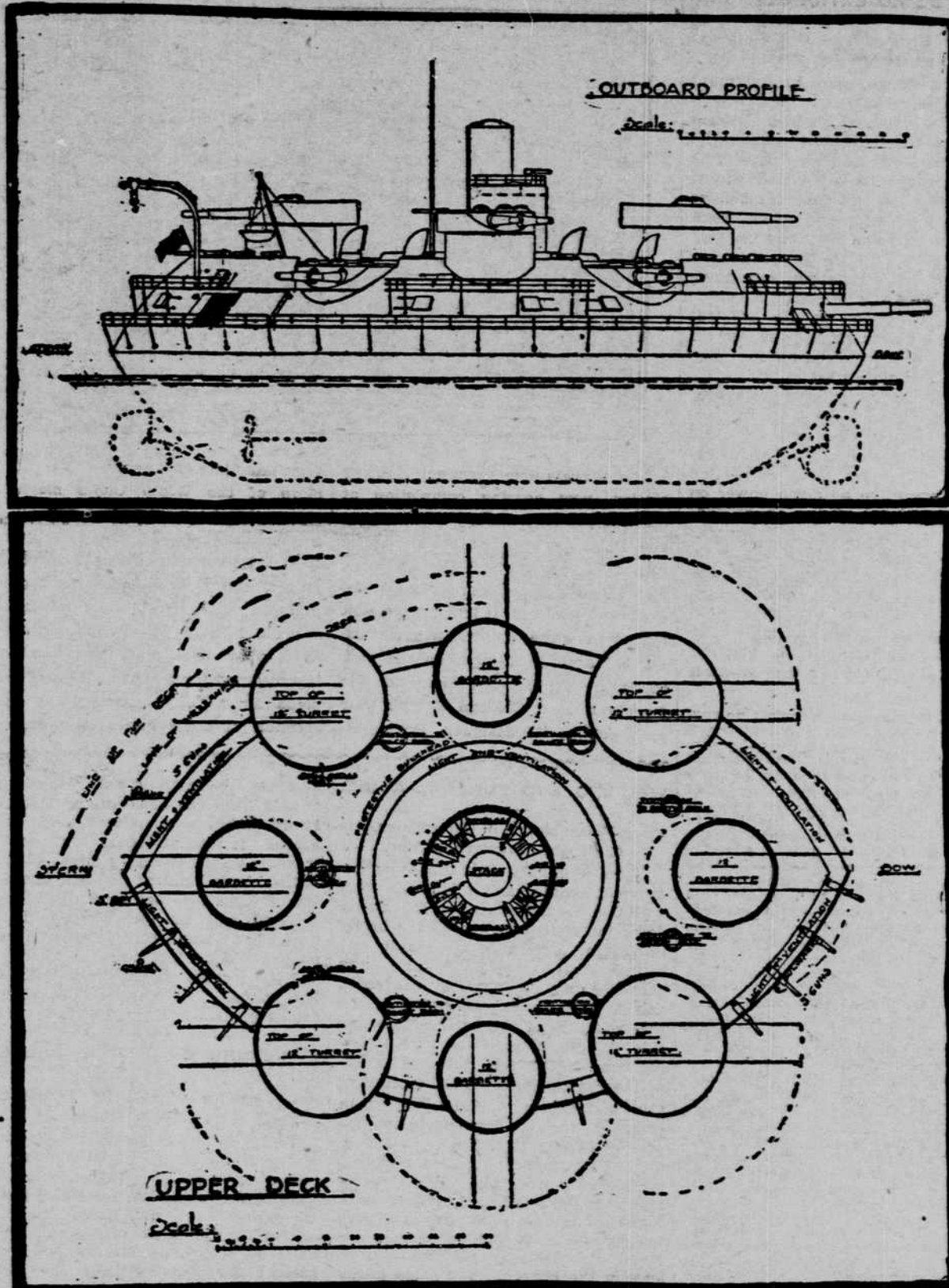
"I don't know who the man is. I think he must have been drinking and stunned himself in falling. My friend and I found him here, and he has gone for a doctor."

"Poor fellow!" said one of the women, "how pitiful he looks with his head on the bare stone."

The boy must have thought so, too, for he took out his handkerchief and doubled it into a tiny pillow. Then the doctor came and the crowd gathered.

And the Samaritans passed on.—Washington Post.

# ALL WARSHIPS OUTCLASSED BY THIS MARINE MONSTER



Members of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers and officials of the Brooklyn Navy-Yard were much interested yesterday and discussed in detail the plans and description of Anson Phelps Stokes marine monster, the Ultima, designed by the young millionaire to sweep the seas.

The Ultima is described as a globuloid naval battery. The trials of the model built by Mr. Stokes were held in the government model basin, Washington. It is learned that the Ultima will have a capacity for 2,600 tons of coal, enabling her to steam at full power eleven days with only a normal supply of coal. If all available space is used for storing coal, the boat can steam for thirty days. The sides of the Ultima present a small effective target, being only about one-half the length of the latest battleships. In addition to her guns there

are four submarine torpedo tubes forward on lower deck, while additional tubes can be placed aft.

The armor of the vessel will consist of Krupp's cemented steel, ranging in thickness from one inch on the berth deck to thirteen and one-half inches covering the sides of the berth and magazine decks. Including the late Japanese-Russian war, there is no record of six-inch Krupp armor on a battleship ever being pierced. As future naval battles will probably be fought at a range of five miles, the armor provided for is thought to be sufficient.

Provision has been made for carrying one sixty-three-foot submarine, one fifty-foot launch, two thirty-six-foot power-cutters, two thirty-foot power cutters and a number of smaller boats, including lifeboats under the armor protection. The wardroom officers' rooms are about twice as

large as usual, Mr. Stokes believing that it will be for the good of the service to make quarters comfortable and attractive, giving space for general furnishings, where there will be facilities for studying and draughting. "If these facilities were better on existing battleships," says the inventor, "we might have a larger number of papers from officers at sea." The plans show accommodations on board for over 1,500, including all officers, crew and marines.

In urging the adoption of his plan, Mr. Stokes said: "Ships can be built abroad in much less time than we require, and it is necessary for us to take a decided leap ahead if we would not build battleships that are antiquated and outclassed before they are ready for use. The building of a 30,000-ton Ultima here would be very discouraging to foreign competition."—New York World.

Had "Solos" Full of "Mucilage." A few years ago, while I was living in Lebanon, N. H., there was a certain Mr. Bagley there who was noted for trying to use big words, and also for getting his remarks somewhat twisted, says a writer in the Boston Herald. On a certain occasion he had been to a farmers' meeting at Hanover, and, while returning, one of his neighbors drove up behind him, and the conversation turned on crops.

His neighbor asked: "How is your hay crop this season?" Bavey replied: "Well, my hay crop is rather short, but I shall get my cows through the winter all right, for I shall have two solos full of mucilage."

## India's Toll to Jungle Wild Animals

Enormous Destruction of Human Life and Domestic Stock in a Measure Offset by Wise Provision of Nature.

Year by year records are published of the destruction of human and cattle life by the wild beasts and snakes of British India. Last year 24,576 human beings and 96,226 cattle were killed and of the people 21,827 deaths were attributed to snakes, while of the cattle 86,000 were killed by wild beasts, panthers being charged with 40,000 and tigers with 30,000 of this total; snakes accounted for 16,000. And this is but a trifling percentage of the actual annual mortality, as it excludes the feudatory states, with their 700,000 square miles and 60,000,000 inhabitants, where no records are obtainable.

Last year, 1,285 tigers, 4,370 panthers and leopards, 2,000 bears and 2,086 wolves were killed; of snakes—the real scourge of India—no record is possible, and unfortunately com-

paratively few are destroyed. The descent upon promising crops by deer and pigs and monkeys would be even more serious to India and more expensive to the natives were it not for the tiger, panther and leopard. This formidable trio of the cat family practically police agricultural India where it pushes into the jungle and makes it possible for the poor native to exist through cultivation of his fields.

Undoubtedly the depredations of the tiger are overestimated, because it is so feared that wherever it prowls inevitable panic spreads widely to its discredit.

Panthers are bolder in attack, more active and more generally vicious than tigers; yet they inspire nothing like such awe among the natives. Indeed, I have seen natives rally to the defense of a dog, of which leopards are particularly fond, when had the intruder been a tiger they would have been paralyzed into inaction by very fear.—Caspar Whitney in October Outing.

Where Snakes Swallow Horses. Col. Lydon Andrews, who has just returned from Brazil, declares that many Americans are settling in that republic. He says that on the south fork of the Amazon a large number of Americans are taking up land which is sold by the government for almost a song. The climate is said to be delightful, about equivalent to southern California.

The only drawback, he asserts, is the immense tree snakes that abound in the zone. These grow to enormous size and prey on live stock.

Col. Andrews vouches for the story that a missionary from Chicago, who owned a valuable horse on which he rode from village to village, mourns the loss of the animal, which was swallowed by a tree snake.—Brownsville (Texas) dispatch.

Bigger Than We Knew. When the boundary between Michigan and Wisconsin was drawn the surveyors were evidently in a bit of a hurry, for now it turns out that some 250,000 acres of land supposed to have been included in Michigan's acre-

age is beyond it and belonging nowhere. The territory in dispute is big enough to form a fair sized province in Russia and more than one bloody war has been fought in Europe to conquer a strip of land smaller than the "derelict territory" of Michigan. Here it was not missed for a generation. The United States Geographic Survey found out the mistake of the original boundary makers only the other day.—New York Herald.

Hold Many Directorships. Chauncey M. Depew is a director in seventy-four corporations. James H. Hyde, formerly vice president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, was a director in forty-five different corporations. George F. Baker, president of the First National Bank, is in forty-four corporations, while James Stillman, president of the National City bank, is in fifty-eight corporations. William Rockefeller, brother of John D. Rockefeller, is in forty different corporations. George J. Gould is in forty-five corporations and his brother, Frank Gould, is about twenty.

Artificial Nests for Birds. A year and a half ago the municipality of Orbe, in the canton of Vaud, placed artificial nests in the trees throughout the district in order to protect and preserve insect eating birds in the locality.

The branches of the trees were studded with sharp nails, to prevent access to the nests by the birds' enemies. Blackbirds and thrushes were the first to show their appreciation of the facilities provided, and their example was soon followed by other members of the feathered tribe.

The artificial nests are closely imitated from the originals, and a Swiss naturalist conducts the new industry, which is in the hands of women.—Geneva Correspondence London Express.

Getting it Straight. "It vexes me, Henry," said Mrs. Penhecker, "to hear you always complaining that I do not seem to appreciate the devotion you have manifested toward me."

Mr. Penhecker wisely refrained from saying anything.

"You know perfectly well," continued Mrs. Penhecker, "that when you told me of your affection, I reciprocated by accepting your hand in marriage."

"Reciprocated?" ejaculated Mr. Penhecker, with the eloquent effect of a man who has been stung by a hornet. "Reciprocated? Don't you mean retaliated?"

Just for that he was not permitted to buy a new winter hat.

Russian Peasant Character. The Russian peasant is not trained to work. He feels no zeal in it. He will not labor for more than is necessary to provide for the next few days. For the land is not really his own, and therefore, he cannot love it as a husbandman should. His whole character has been enervated by enslavement and bad government, which rendered him less than ever capable of struggling with bad times.—London Daily News.

"Bald-Headed Schooner." The schooner Andrew G. Pierce Jr., which recently dropped anchor in the harbor at Bath, Me., is a curiosity even in that city of ships. She has three masts, but no topmasts. She has a "spiked bowsprit" and jibboom in one. She has no topsails, gafftopsails or staysails. Sailors call vessels of this type bald-headed schooners.

Descendant of King Robert. Lord Elgin claims to be the direct descendant of the male line of King Robert the Bruce, whose sword and helmet are kept at Broomhall. He is a godson of Queen Victoria.

## TELL OF LIGHTNING

MEN WHO KNOW REPORT QUEER PRANKS OF ELECTRIC FLUID.

Will Get Its Man at Many Miles Distance if Good Connection Is Made—It Pays to Keep Away from Barbed Wire Fence During Storm.

Freaks of electricity were the subject of the discourse last evening among a number of the members of "the bunch," says the Anaconda Standard. One of the boys asserted that he had worked in a placer mine on Wisconsin creek, near Sheridan, a few years ago. In company with another man he was winding a rope around a "rubber neck" which made connection between the steel pipe and the canvas hose which fed the hydraulic nozzle. All around him the sky was serene and the sun was shining. Suddenly he felt a shock which paralyzed both legs, which were astride the big steel pipe, and it was fully an hour before he could restore the circulation and again be able to move about. Investigation showed afterward that there had been a thunderstorm further up the creek at the head of the big ditch and a big bolt of lightning had dropped into the reservoir. Seeking an outlet, the electric fluid traveled down the ditch until it found a good conductor in the steel pipe, which it followed until the miner's legs made a good connection. Then it gave a passing shock.

"Speaking of electricity and its strange freaks," spoke up another member of the bunch, "reminds me of a time when I was working on a ranch which sported many piles of barbed wire fencing. The boss and I went out one day to fix a considerable amount of fencing which had been broken by a band of wild cattle the day before. We had worked pretty industrially for a few hours and the repairs were nearly all finished, the top wire alone remaining to be strung to complete the job. In the meantime a storm came up a few miles away and the lightning was dropping along the river bank, four miles away by the way the crow flies, but three times that distance by the way the fence ran.

"I suggested to the boss that it would be a good idea for us to go into the ranch and get a bite to eat; that it was dangerous to monkey with a barbed wire fence when the lightning king was out. But he was obdurate and laughed at all of my suggestions. Finally he told me that if I was such an old woman as to be scared of a little thunderstorm I could go home and go to sleep in the hay—he would finish the job alone. With that he walked across to the last wire just as a terrific clap of thunder came. The next thing I knew he was wrapped in a sheet of blue flame and was thrown half a hundred feet into a ditch the other side of the fence, where he lay unconscious. With the greatest difficulty he was loaded into a wagon and taken to the ranch, where medical assistance was secured. After twenty-four hours he came to and wondered what it all meant. He said that he had heard a fusillade which sounded like a Chinese New Year at close quarters and then his soul went floating through the air with a vision of blue flames pursuing it. Finally he came back to earth again, but from that day to this, if he is working along a wire fence when even the slightest cloud appears, he will forsake everything else and get as far as possible away from the fence before the cloud has time to do any damage. At the time he was hurt lightning had struck the extreme end of the fence fully ten miles away, but the distance did not lessen the effect of the shock in the least."

Pigeon's Hard Journey. Wings battered and tail feathers partly gone, too plainly telling the story of captivity from which it had escaped, a pigeon which was one of the contestants in the 400-mile race from Memphis to Louisville reached its loft in the yard of the home of Charles Wirth last Friday, nearly two weeks late.

The bird flew into its loft as if glad to get back home, but it showed that it had not had a pleasant journey from Memphis. It is supposed that the pigeon was trapped by some one when it was blown out of its course by the storm, the birds are known to have encountered. It is easily supposed that the bird, after being held in captivity for several days, was released, the capturers thinking the bird would stay.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Attorney General No Lawyer. The present labor government of South Australia has an attorney-general, A. H. Peake, who is utterly incompetent of law. In the Adelaide Criminal Court recently a defending counsel raised the objection that the information had been sworn by an attorney-general who was not legally qualified to hold the position, but it was not sustained by the judge.

Kubelik's Fingers Insured. Jan Kubelik, the Bohemian violinist now in this country, is said to have a policy for \$50,000 upon his fingers \$5,000 for each finger and thumb, taken out at Lloyds in London by his manager, Hugo Gorlitz. Mr. Gorlitz, who has arranged a tour around the world for the violinist, making cash guarantees in many cities, thus protected should Kubelik meet with misfortune. The policy also contains accident clauses.

To Succeed Baron Rothschild. The electors of the Jewish Consistory of Bordeaux have been summoned to return a representative to the Central Consistory, in place of the late Baron Alphonse de Rothschild. It is expected that he will be succeeded by his son, Baron Edouard.

Pay for Prisoners' Board. Oregon refuses to maintain United States prisoners in her State prison for less than \$8 a week. Uncle Sam refuses to pay more than \$4. So the Oregonians have turned over the prisoners—fourteen in number—to the United States marshal.



"BOB, ARE YOU VERY ANGRY WITH ME?"

"I'm deuced sorry—it's lucky you're a man of such wonderful patience, Col. Bob," remarks the other, who is watching a handsome girl whirl around in the mazes of the waltz, clasped by the arm of a tall student who has the appearance of a Spaniard, and smiling to think what effect it will have on his companion, the sheriff of Secora county, when he, too, discovers this charmer.

A minute later and the two friends separate, Bob Harlan to continue his search through the whole of the garden, with his dancing pavilion, Dick Denver to lean against a pillar, and, smoking, contemplate the exceedingly gay scene before him.

The New Mexico sheriff moves in and out of the throng, apparently idling his time away, and enjoying the singular sight to be seen in the Closierie des Lilas, but all the while keeping a bright lookout for the party he seeks. That he himself is an object of considerable importance does not seem to occur to him.

A hand clutches his arm—he turns and discovers the queerest little man one could well conceive—a pompous individual despite his lack of stature, and with a keen visage.

"Col. Harlan, I am delighted to meet you again. Perhaps you may have forgotten me, but we met in a peculiar way some time since on the Ring strasse in Vienna," says this individual, with extended hand.

"Ah, yes, Prof. John Fitzsimmons, the little English naturalist, in search of rare bugs. Permit me, my dear sir," but the other instantly draws back his extended hand and nods.

"Consider it done, Col. Bob. One experience of that grip is enough for 'yours truly.' I saw you with a companion a while back, but the press of the crowd was too much for me, and I failed to get near—I presume that was your friend?"

"Dick Denver, my chum," quietly. "A fine looking young fellow, I must say."

"See here, professor, looks don't generally go far with me—I seek deeper to find the truth; but in this particular case they strike home. Dick isn't much of a dandy, but he's a man, every inch of him. He's been a cowboy, miner, and a rolling stone generally, because he has no real aim in life, no home ties to act as a rudder, you see. What he doesn't know about life in the mines of Mexico and on the plains isn't worth picking up. Talk about a square man, professor, that fellow you see leaning against yonder post, as though he had little life about him, is just about the squarest that

I'll have to challenge you—I will, so help me, Moses."

The Sheriff of Secora county brushes him aside as he might a troublesome fly; his eyes are on the figure of the girl—his face has assumed a frown that gives it a terrible look.

"Keep back, sir—out of the way! I may be mistaken—I'll wait till she comes around again. Now I can see. Yes, it's Dora, by all the powers! The girl is surely crazy to come to this place. She needs a protector," he mutters, and the professor catches his last words.

"Yes, yes, that's it, a protector, and I'm the man who stands ready to assume that office. I'm not a hulking giant, but in intellect I tower above the best of them. I'll be her protector," he cries.

"You!" sneers the colonel. "Why, Dora would call you only half a man, professor. Women go a good deal by appearances, my dear fellow."

"Of course they do—I'm quite aware of that, which accounts for her preference. You didn't see me dance with the beauty—watch her look this way; row, she smiles like an angel—she sees her devoted John Fitz—eh! she throws a kiss, the darling!" and he rapturously sends a dozen in the direction of the girl who goes whirling past them, with a new partner, a man of middle age, with dark features and the general appearance of a Castilian. It seems as though this belle of the Jardin Bullier has a decided penchant for gentlemen of Spanish blood.

As for Col. Bob, he deliberately turns his back on the scene, an action the dancing girl cannot fail to see. Over his face fits an expression of keen pain; he grits his teeth savagely, and then the agony is over—no one would guess what he has just passed through.

Col. Bob abruptly leaves the professor and pushes his way through the crowd. He is almost savage in his advance, and more than one beau of the Closierie scowls at the American when his patent leather dancing pumps are trodden on, or his well-bushed dancing coat rudely rubbed against.

He keeps looking right and left, as though still in hopes of discovering the one whom he came to find, and all the while he mutters:

"Confound it all, I didn't believe it of Dora. I knew she was full of spirits and enjoyed fun as well as the rest one, but I never thought to find her in this place, dancing with strangers. I'm disappointed—mad. The professor is welcome to the jade—I thank he'd suit her better than Bob Harlan