



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE
AUTHOR OF "SOCIETY JOAN" AND "AMERICAN MISS" AND "THE GIRL WHO WAS A CAT"

CHAPTER II—Continued.

His comrade puffs a little at his cigar as if to give shape to his thoughts. "I saw you with the adorable Dora, and knew you could not well remember that such a chap as Dick Denver was in the universe, so I concluded I might as well make my way home. The hour was late, and without thinking of the danger I ran I took a short cut through some narrow streets but poorly lighted.

"I'm no yarn-spinner, my boy, so you must excuse me if I get at the business in double-quick order. I heard a call for help in a woman's voice—I ran forward, and just around a corner saw a cab which had come to a stop. Several rough and ragged fellows in blouses were gathered around; one held the horse, another looked after the driver, whom I believed to be in collusion with the daring footpads, else he would never have driven a lady through these dangerous streets at this late hour.

"Well, there were four or five of them, but that was pie to me, you know—such fellows are cowards the world over, whether you meet them in the Mexican mines, on the burning sand of Egypt, or in the Indian jungle. I was bent on having a little excitement, and here was the chance.

"I had taken about five or six paces and half-covered the ground, when I heard the sharp report of a small pistol. By Jove! the plucky woman in the cab had opened fire on the rascals! I saw them fall back in a panic, their spring upon the vehicle like unad wolves.

"Just then I let out a shout, and reached the scene of action. I never felt better in my life, Bob, old boy, than when I sailed into those dogs, and I only wished you were there to enjoy it. Never mind how I did it—you've seen me in action more than once; the cowards tumbled over each

"For Colonel Robert Harlan. Important! Ah! here we have it—coffee for one, pistols for two!" he cries.

"Kindly open it, my boy—this beastly cravat is trying to act like a prairie broncho," says the nonchalant sheriff, as though a polite invitation to a little pistol practice at ten paces were an every-day occurrence in his life.

"Listen," says Dick; "here is the belligerent Briton's fiery summons: 'After the insult of last evening, nothing remains for John Fitzsimmons but to challenge Colonel Robert Harlan to meet him on the field of honor; the sooner the better. The bearer of this will act as my second, and all arrangements made with him shall be faithfully carried out by

"Yours to command,
"JOHN FITZSIMMONS."

Colonel Bob does not laugh now. "Bless me, there's grit in that little man, anyway. May I be roasted if I unnecessarily harm the little bull dog."

"Hold on—there's a line at the bottom—wait until I read it."

"Fire away."

"The stake is to be the adorable Dora."

"At this the sheriff winces, and then grins.

"Of course, that's a settled thing. To the victor belongs the spoils. I'm going to have some fun out of this business, see if I don't; and if I can induce Dora to be an unseen witness of the terrible duel, so much the better. Where is the second he spoke of?"

"Dick steps to the door and opens it. 'Are you the professor's representative?' he asks.

"I have the honor—Captain Arthur Tyndall of Her Majesty's Dragoons, and willing to accommodate a friend while on a leave of absence," returns a voice from without.

"Step in, captain," and an elongated figure enters that must present a startling contrast when seen in company with the dumpy professor.

"My friend and principal, Colonel Harlan."

The soldier bows, and gives one keen look at the face of the New Mexican sheriff.

"I am Juanita Lopez," replies the other.

At this the blonde beauty from Gotham gives a start and looks her surprise.

"The daughter of Senor Manuel Lopez, my most bitter opponent in the management of the El Dorado. Yes, I remember now, we were both young girls when with our fathers we met at the mine. Is this a visit of a social nature or one of business, may I ask, Senorita Lopez?"

The girl from Mexico, who can trace her lineage on her mother's side back to the Montezumas, fixes her great eyes upon Miss Pauline's face—there is something solemn about her look that makes the object of it uneasy—she cannot reason why, since she has inherited from her father a brave spirit that can face danger without being daunted.

"It is business, Miss Westery. In the first place, I desire you to understand that I do not sympathize with my father in his schemes for obtaining control of the mine. I am very well satisfied with the way in which you have managed it. Therefore I come to you to-day, first with a warning, and then to ask—a favor."

She waits a minute as if to see what effect her words may have on Pauline, who simply nods her head and smiles encouragingly. So the Mexican senator proceeds, speaking rapidly, and using the very best of English:

"My father thought he had won when he secured that paper—pardon, Miss Westery, but you see to what even a noble Hidalgo can stoop when he is deep in ignoble plots; but it seems your shrewd maid outwitted him; at any rate, he declares she must have taken it from his inside pocket while they danced at the Jardin Bullier last night.

"You see, his heart is set upon regaining possession of the El Dorado, which was once in our family before your father bought, and he will stop at nothing—you hear me, senorita, nothing—in order to further his designs. Since he cannot secure the paper, he hopes to find Senor Danvers, and falling in that, he will make such an individual to order, so as to regain the mine."

"Would he dare do that, senorita—to forge a man, as it were, and palm him upon the lawyers as the original? But he has no ordinary woman to deal with, Miss Lopez; I mean that difficulties do not daunt me. I am ready to meet your father, and demonstrate the fact that American girls know how to take care of themselves—yes, and even manage silver mines that may be left to them by their fathers. I thank you for this warning, I would reciprocate your kindness, if it were within my power."

(To be continued.)

DESERT HEAT NOT ENERVATING

Sahara, Being Perfectly Dry, Temperature Seems Hardly Oppressive.

The Sahara is not at all as popular belief pictures it, a vast plain of moving sand, dotted here and there with fertile oases, somewhat like a leopard's skin. From Tunis westward it is a vast depression of sand and clay not much above sea level, in some parts perfectly level, in others hilly, with low depressions containing water, saltier than the sea, which generally evaporates, leaving a coating of brilliant crystals which appear like snow in the distance.

The river from the Aures mountains on the north serve to irrigate the oases of the Ziban; sometimes they flow above the surface, but often below it. There is a fascination about the desert that is indescribable and which none can understand unless they have spent several weeks with a caravan. At times the heat is great, but being perfectly dry it does not enervate as a humid atmosphere does at a temperature forty degrees lower.

Near midday the desert appears to be a molten sea of dazzling, vibrating light. Now and then the mirage appears and the tired eyes of the stranger are refreshed with visions of beautiful lakes near the horizon, even sometimes of trees and moving caravans. Alas! this is a case where seeing is not believing. After many disappointments of this kind the camels suddenly raise their heads and sniff the air through their curiously formed nostrils and move at a quicker pace, instinct telling them that water is near.

She knew Her Weakness.

It was the sweet scent of the lilies in the conservatory, the beauty of the young girl's gilt hair or the excellent champagne he had taken with his supper—at any rate, after the two-step, as they rested in the shadow beneath a palm, he proposed to the debutante in white.

"It cannot be," she said. "I am unworthy of you."

"Oh, rubbish," said he.

"It is true; it is too true." And she sighed.

"You are an angel," he said, ardently.

"No, no; you are wrong," said the young girl. "I am vain, idle, silly, utterly unfit to be your helpmate through life."

He laughed lightly. He said in a soothing voice:

"Why, this is sheer madness? What sort of a wife do you think I ought to have?"

"A very wise, deliberate, practical woman," she replied, "one able to live on your small salary."

Gold Output of Alaska.

The gold mines on the American side of the line in the far northwest are this year for the first time producing much larger quantities of the precious metal than are being found in British territory. The yield for 1905 at Nome and in the surrounding district is estimated by experts at approximately \$10,000,000, and the Tanana valley has cleaned up \$7,000,000. Last year the total gold production for all Alaska was \$9,050,000, or nearly \$1,000,000 less than this year's cleanup at Nome alone, where the principal increase took place during the last summer. It is safe to assume that the entire Alaskan gold output will not be far short of \$20,000,000. On the other hand, the Klondike output for 1904, which was \$10,829,000, will not be much exceeded by its total for 1905.—Tacoma Ledger.



AGRICULTURE

Agricultural Progress.

The census of 1850 gave the number of farms at 1,449,072. In that year New York reported 170,621, the largest number of any state. Only two other states reported over 100,000. They were Ohio, with 143,897, and Pennsylvania, with 127,577. In 1900 the aggregate number of farms in the United States was 5,739,657, an increase in fifty years of 4,290,584 farms. The same period witnessed an increase in national population of 23,191,876. In 1900 fifteen states reported over 200,000 farms each, as follows: Texas, 352,190; Missouri, 284,886; Ohio, 276,719; Illinois, 264,151; Kentucky, 234,667; Iowa, 228,622; Tennessee, 224,623; Pennsylvania, 224,248; Alabama, 220,893; Indiana, 221,897; Mississippi, 220,863; Michigan, 203,261. The total increase in acreage has been from 293,000,000 acres in 1850 to 841,000,000 in 1900.

The increase in value of farm property during fifty years is shown by the following census reports: 1850, \$3,967,000,000; 1860, \$7,980,000,000; 1870, \$8,944,000,000; 1880, \$12,150,000,000; 1890, \$16,082,000,000; 1900, \$20,514,000,000. The average value per farm for each census year was as follows: 1850, \$2,738; 1860, \$3,904; 1870, \$3,363; 1880, \$3,038; 1890, \$3,523; 1900, \$3,574.

In 1850 only eight states reported farm land to the value of \$100,000,000 or over. In 1900 there were seven states each with farm land worth \$800,000,000 or over.

In 1850 little farm machinery was in use. Cast iron plows were about the only plows to be found on the farms. Grass was mowed with a scythe and grain was cut with the scythe, sickle or cradle. The threshing implement was the flail. Since that time almost innumerable farm implements have been patented. The value of all farm implements (including wagons and carriages) in 1850 was \$151,000,000. By 1880 this value had increased to \$406,000,000. In 1890 the value was \$494,000,000, and in 1900 it was \$761,000,000. The increased use of farm machinery has been largely the cause of the enormous increase in agricultural wealth.

A Good Rotation.

The rotation of crops has come to be regarded as one of the necessities of keeping up the condition of the farm. Where farm animals are not kept in considerable numbers, the growing of one crop is sure to reduce the fertility of the farm. Therefore the growing of several crops is advisable. One of the best rotations for the general farmer in Illinois and like states is that consisting of corn, cow peas, wheat and clover. It always pays for the general farmer to have a few cows to assist him in the rotations of the crops by pasturing off the crops that can be pastured. With the rotation above mentioned, the cow peas can be sown in the corn at the time of the last cultivation. These will make a good growth and being legumes will add to the soil a considerable portion of nitrogen. After the corn is harvested the cows can be turned into these and which will still be green and can be fed upon them until the frost comes. Farmers that turn their cows in upon the corn stocks would find it safer to have a supply of cow pea foliage at the same time. Heavy losses have been occasioned by pasturing of the dry corn stocks. The cow peas may be turned under in the late fall or in spring and wheat sown. If the wheat is sown in the fall immediately after plowing the clover seed can be thrown upon the land at the end of winter, while the snow is still on the ground. If spring wheat is to be sown the clover can be sown with it. This will give a crop of corn, a crop of cow peas, a crop of wheat and the next year following the wheat a crop of clover and clover seed. The clover sod can then be plowed under and corn again put on. This will keep the land rich in nitrogen and necessitates only an occasional buying of some form of phosphate.

The Corn Belt and Corn Roots.

The corn belt is that section of the United States in which corn grows to great perfection and in which the yield per acre is very large. It is also that section of country in which the growing of corn. The deep rich soil is the cause of this. There are other parts of the country that have a rich soil, but that soil is not deep enough or of the right consistency to make the growing of corn a great interest. The corn plant is supposed to be a surface feeder, and it is true that most of its roots are sent along the surface to the ground. But, in addition, a great number of roots penetrate the soil to a depth of three or even four feet. It is evident that on a thin, though rich, soil, this could not be the case. This possibility of deep rooting seems to be of great value to the corn plant; just why we do not know. It has been a surprise when corn plant roots have been followed into the ground to find how deep they have gone. Trenches have been dug to a depth of four feet around a corn plant and at a distance of four feet from it on all sides. Then a great number of rods have been run through the soil to keep the roots in place and the dirt has then been removed. The results have shown the corn plant to have filled all the big cube of earth with roots. The corn belt has soil that permits of this kind of rooting. And this is why it is the corn belt. On such land drought has to be very severe to harm the corn, as it can draw moisture from far below the soil that is dried out. How much nourishment it can get from the depths we do not know, but it is probable that in very dry weather much of its nourishment as well as its moisture is drawn from the lower strata of soil.—J. Y. Hudson, Illinois, in Farmers Review.

Cuban bloodhounds are now advocated as a means of attacking the wolves and coyotes that prey upon the flocks of sheep on the western ranges.



HORTICULTURE

Revenge is a naked sword—It has neither bill nor guard. Wouldst thou wield this brand of the Lord? Is thy grasp then firm and hard? But the closer thy clutch of the blade, The deadlier blow thou wouldst deal, Deeper wound in thy hand is made—It is thy blood reddens the steel.

As a popular fruit the grape stands next to the apple. When a man buys a package of apples or grapes he generally knows what he is getting. Grapes on the Chicago market are of a more uniform character than any other fruit. During the fall months baskets of grapes are sold by the thousands, daily, and almost always the buyers are satisfied with them. This year they have been quite high from the consumers' standpoint, this being due more to the fact that there has been a big demand for them than to any shortage of supplies.

Grapes are grown over a very wide range of latitude, and every year new vineyards are planted. It is now estimated that the area in grapes is in the neighborhood of half a million acres. California is the great grape grower, and that state grows about as many grapes as all the rest of the United States put together. The largest single acre planted to grapes is that known as the "Lake Shore Grape Belt" in New York and Ohio. This belongs to Sandusky in Ohio, and is limited on the north by Lake Erie. On the south it extends to Lake Chautauque. In this region nearly all of the farmers are engaged in the growing of grapes. The railroads are able to furnish the growers with the best of shipping facilities, and every day during the grape-growing season whole train loads of grapes go east and west toward the great cities, where most of the grapes are consumed.

At the present time there are hundreds of varieties of grapes being grown in this country. They are, however, descended from four chief families: Vitis labrusca, known also as the Fox grape; Vitis aestivalis (summer grape); Vitis cordifolia, sometimes called the Frost grape, and Vitis vinifera, the kind generally grown in Europe. There are quite a number of other species, but none that have amounted to very much in cultivation.

The entire grape growing industry has grown up in about 85 years. In 1820 no more than two varieties of the grapes now grown were known here. The greatest advance has been made within the past 60 years. Some of the new grapes have been produced by hybridization, but the most progress has been made by cultivating chance seedlings. In this way originated the Concord grape, the most famous and most valuable grape grown in the United States east of the Rocky mountains.

Cave Stored Fruit.

A writer on the storage of apples for winter keeping says that the digging of a cave for the winter storage of fruit is feasible and is often practiced in some parts of the country, but that certain things have to be carefully observed, to make the practice a success. The cave should be dug in clean dirt and in a place that will receive no drainage and no seepage. Sand or gravel is best of all. The cave should have a southern exposure, so that the frost will be less deep. The top of the cellar should be just below the frost line. Little wood or vegetable matter should be present. No hay or straw is needed. The apples should not be piled too high or the lower ones will be bruised. Such a cave must be built so it can be entered at will.

Pick Off Caterpillar Eggs.

When the trees are bare is the time to hunt the caterpillar eggs and remove them from the branches. If this can be done in December, it should be done at that time, because the days are mild, and a boy can climb about the tree tops without being exposed to the cold winds that will interfere with the work later in the winter. The eggs will be found in clusters or rings about the twigs and smaller branches. They are easily recognized, and cutting them out will prevent the appearance of the colonies next spring. The sooner the work is done the more certain will the orchard owner be that the clusters of eggs will not be forgotten. Next spring there will be a great many things to do, and it is very easy not to find time then for work of this kind.

Laying Down Peach Trees.

In some parts of the west the laying down of peach trees is being practiced on a considerable scale. A hole is dug around the tree and this hole is filled with water. This softens up the ground and the trees can then be bent at the roots. They are laid down almost level with the ground. Some coarse material, like gunny sacking, is thrown over them, and over this is piled the earth. In the spring, after the danger of hard freezes is past, the trees are taken out of their protection. This must be done before growth starts. The trees, when righteased, have to be propped up and kept propped throughout the season. The results have been very good so far, and much is hoped for from the experiments carried on.

How Much Clover Seed Per Acre.

It requires in the neighborhood of 15 pounds of clover seed to give the best results in the sowing of land devoted to the growing of clover only. If it is to be seeded with a nurse crop, less clover seed will be needed. It is usual to seed on the snow under the wheat field that is already green with the wheat sown in the fall. In such a case eight pounds of clover seed should be enough.

Color of Feed and Flesh.

There is a popular superstition among breeders of fowls that if a yellow corn is fed to them for a very long time it will produce a yellow color in the flesh. This has never been proved, and most of us will question if it is so. We know that the color of fowls depends largely upon the breed. Most of the European birds have white flesh; most of the American birds, yellow flesh. If any of our readers believe that they have been able to effect a color of flesh by feed, we will be glad to hear from them.



TOLD OF THE VETERANS

Revenge is a naked sword—It has neither bill nor guard. Wouldst thou wield this brand of the Lord? Is thy grasp then firm and hard? But the closer thy clutch of the blade, The deadlier blow thou wouldst deal, Deeper wound in thy hand is made—It is thy blood reddens the steel.

When thou hast dealt the blow— Where the blade from thy hand has flown— Instead of the heart of the foe Thou mayst find it sheathed in thine own.

—Charles Henry Webb, in Century.

Got Out of Tight Place.

"Speaking of tight places," said the Major, "did you ever hear of Dan McCook's anarajooks, so active in the Chickamauga campaign? Our brigade was at Brentwood, near Nashville, when the campaign opened, and when we were ordered to the front by way of Stevenson, Col. McCook organized a company of thirty picked men as mounted scouts or anarajooks under the command of Lieut. Cole of battery I, Illinois artillery.

"All were Western men, and all were good horsemen. They were drilled and trained to scout far to the front, and one the flanks of the marching column, and often were cut off from the brigade by the enemy's cavalry. The anarajooks invented a sign language and a tree marking system that enabled the isolated men to locate the brigade even when watched by the rebels. They were, during the march to Chickamauga, in a hundred tight places, but not one was captured. No scouts of the army were so well known throughout Granger's corps as the anarajooks."

"The tightest place our company was ever in," said the Sergeant, "is thus referred to in history: 'Critenden's corps advanced Sept. 19, 1863, in pursuit of the enemy on the Ringgold road. Palmer's division, leading, through deficiency of supplies, made a short march and encamped at the crossing of the Chickamauga; but short as was the advance the enemy's cavalry annoyed the head of the column, and in a bold dash rode over the front of the First Kentucky regiment, and captured two officers and fifty men.'

"That was not the way it happened. Four companies of the First Kentucky, under command of Lieut. Col. Hadlock, were marching as advance guard with skirmishers in front. There were skirmishers on either side of the curving road. The battalion halted for rest and rations and, feeling secure with skirmishers in front, the men lounged at their ease on the road. Meantime, the rebel cavalry had appeared in front in such force as to cause the skirmishers to retire rapidly on the battalion. In the high weeds they lost direction and retired behind the advance guard without finding it.

"The result was that the rebel regiment of cavalry rode up without warning on our four companies. The first notice we had of the presence of the enemy was when the laughing cavalrymen looked down from the weeds on every side of us, and, chafing us as to our bewilderment, demanded our surrender. Here was one of the oldest regiments in the service trapped. At first it seemed a joke, but when the demand to surrender was repeated we realized we were in a very tight place.

The lieutenant colonel, however, kept his head. He said quickly to the still lounging men: 'Give them one volley and scatter.' The volley was fired almost in the faces of the cavalrymen. While horses were rearing and plunging our boys took to the weeds; the color bearer tearing the flag from its staff and running under a horse, evaded the man who was trying to capture him. The weeds were full of our men and the pursuing rebels, but all our boys except fifty got away and reported to the brigade commander. They agreed that they were in a very tight place, but they got out."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Romance of Burnside's Life.

The story of the life of Gen. Burnside is the sweetest morsel of patriotic reminiscence possessed by liberty. Burnside was born at the gates of this old town and the boyhood days of both were spent within its borders.

In December, 1851, Lieut. Burnside returned from the Mexican war to Liberty for a visit, and while here he met a young woman from Kentucky. He fell in love almost at first glance and the affection appeared to be reciprocated. They became engaged and preparations for the wedding were made in the Kentucky home of the promised bride. The ceremony was to take place in a church, and numerous guests had assembled to witness it.

Burnside and his sweetheart marched down the aisle to the music of a wedding march and took their place before the altar. The clergyman received the vow from the bridegroom and turned to the bride to ask if she were ready to take him as a husband. The assemblage was astounded when the woman before the altar stammered "No!" and broke the handclasp. She then hurried from the church, followed by Burnside and the astonished wedding guests.

For years that sensational wreck of a youthful dream had an effect on him and he had little to do with the gentler sex. He had the satisfaction of hearing, a few months after he was fitted, that the young woman had married another man under threat. She had boasted that she would serve him as she had Burnside. On the way to the church, however, the bridegroom drew a revolver from his pocket and said:

"You are to be one of two things—my wife or a corpse."

The hint was sufficient, and the trifler with masculine affections gave an affirmative answer to the questions of the minister. For years afterward Burnside nursed a wounded heart, but there came a reckoning. When he became major general commanding the department of the Ohio, the mother and sister of his false bride were caught betraying the union by carrying letters of information across the

border into rebel territory. They had always sneered at Burnside, and continued to sneer when confronted with the charge of being traitors. He banished them into rebel territory, and they were unable to return to their homes until after the war.—Liberty special in Indianapolis News.

G. A. R. Pension Committee.

Commander-in-Chief Tanner announces the appointment of the following pension committee of the Grand Army of the Republic:

Chairman, Bernard Kelly, Ottawa, Kas.; David F. Fugh, Columbus, O.; Henry M. Nevius, Red Bank, N. J.; William Shakespeare, Kalamazoo, Mich.; D. E. Denny, Worcester, Mass.; William Rule, Knoxville, Tenn.; C. E. Adams, Superior, Neb.

Comrade Bernard Kelly has been a member of the committee for several years and has done good work for the service pension. He was department commander of Kansas in 1893 and has been identified with the order ever since its early days. Comrade Fugh is well known throughout the order and was commander of the department of Ohio, G. A. R., in 1898. Comrade Nevius is a man of high standing in the judiciary of New Jersey; has been a judge for many years, and was commander of the department of New Jersey in 1884-5. Comrade William Shakespeare is well known throughout the country from his signal gallantry as a soldier, the terrible wounds he received in battle, and the manly stand he made against Lochran's maladministration of the pension bureau. He was commander of the department of Michigan in 1896. Comrade Daniel E. Denny is a prominent comrade of Massachusetts and was representative-at-large to the last national encampment. Comrade William Rule is the southern representative on the committee and an excellent section. He was commander of the department of Tennessee in 1888. Comrade C. E. Adams of Nebraska is well known throughout the west and was commander of the department of Nebraska in 1895.

As a whole, the committee is an able one and will do all that is possible to secure the success of the service pension bill. Each member thoroughly believes in the wisdom, justice and necessity of such a measure and will put forth his utmost efforts to win success.—New York Press.

Shiloh Survivors.

A circular sent out by S. K. Hooper commander of the National Association of Battle of Shiloh Survivors, says that there were 300 comrades at the meeting in Denver to form a national association, and the meeting was enthusiastic and harmonious. The election for national officers resulted as follows: S. K. Hooper of Denver, commander; E. H. Cooper of Chicago, senior vice commander; W. P. Davis of Washington, D. C., junior vice commander; S. M. French of Denver, adjutant and quartermaster, and R. M. Barnes of Denver, chaplain.

The association has now enrolled the names of some 900 Shiloh veterans who wish to become members and 230 of them have paid the admission fee. It is much desired that subordinate associations shall be formed in towns, cities and counties where there are a number of survivors of the battle. All Union soldiers, sailors and marines who participated in the battle of Shiloh may become members, and their immediate families honorary members. All communications should be addressed to S. K. Hooper, commander, or S. M. French, adjutant, Denver, Col.

Enlisted at Age of 12.

Capt. Eugene Merrick, now a resident of Los Angeles, Cal., claims to have been the youngest soldier of the civil war. He succeeded in enlisting during the last year of the rebellion, after being six times rejected by the mustering officer, at Yorkville, Ill., near which he was born and where his father and three elder brothers joined the union ranks.



"I AM JUANITA LOPEZ."—29

other: in their efforts to escape, and I presently found myself shaking the driver until his teeth rattled, and bowing to a dused handsome fellow."

"Ten to one I can name her—it was Miss Pauline."

"Ten to one you have hit it—yes, it was Miss Pauline of New York."

"Well—proceed; I'm interested."

"So was I. When I saw her face I recognized Miss Westery, although it was some years ago when I saw her at the mines with her father. She did not know me, of course, from Adam, and began to think me la French, but when I spoke in good English she looked closer and begged my pardon for mistaking me for a Parisian.

"Of course I escorted her to the hotel. She explained that she had been drawn abroad by a note that proved to be forged—a note that stated a lie on the face of it. She flew as fast as a cab could take her to the hospital named in the note, to see her poor Dora, reported run over in the street by an omnibus and likely to die—the same Dora who at the same hour was enjoying a walk with the Mexican Hidalgo at the Jardin Bullier. She could find no trace of the girl at the Maison la Charite, and the officials gravely informed her it must be a mistake, or else a cruel hoax had been played for some purpose unknown.

"Putting two and two together, Miss Pauline and myself, as we rode together to her hotel, decided that this whole business was a cunning plot. I imagine she has a pretty fair idea as to what it all means, but to me it is a puzzle. What you have said opens a loop-hole—perhaps the Senor Lopez had something to do with the business. These Mexicans and Spaniards are great for schemes, although I can't conceive what he wanted, seeing that the coveted paper was already in his possession."

The sheriff of Secora county is deeply interested in the matter, but he cannot advance any plausible explanation of the strange occurrence. They talk it over a little while, and then prepare to retire for the night, which Colonel Bob laughingly declares may be his last on earth, if the wrathful little professor has him out in the Bois de Bologne on the following day, for "satisfaction."

Nevertheless, he sleeps well, and hardly so much as turns over up to the time the rosy beams of the morning sun glance from the roof of the great Notre Dame and enter their chamber.

The colonel from New Mexico is just in the act of securing his necktie in the flowing negligee style that so becomes his free and easy nature, when a rap sounds on the door

"Ah! as I expected—the challenge," he laughs, still arming his tie before the glass, and speaking as though it were a note from his tailor.

Dick unlocks the door, and immediately turns with a letter in his hand.

"A bad lookout for my fiery little friend," he declares, reading Bob's character at once. "I beg of you, gentlemen, not to be too hard on him. He's a queer genius, I've found, but I imagine knows about as much of freemasonry as he does of women, and that is precious little."

Colonel Bob scribbles on the note.

"There," he says, "meet us just before dusk in that retired part of the great park under the trees. I shall supply the weapons."

"What will they be?"

"Never mind; as the challenged party I claim the privilege of selection. And, captain?"

"Sir?"

"You might bring a surgeon along."

"Good heavens! Then you mean to butcher him."