



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

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"THE SENORITA JUANITA"
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CHAPTER III—Continued.

"The time is now, Miss Westery," says the other, and Pauline is surprised at her beauty when she blanches creep over her cheeks, forehead and neck, while at the same time she feels an uneasiness in the presence of this Castilian girl, who somehow reminds her of a beautiful tigress, purring, and with sheathed claws, yet ready to make a terrible spring, if suddenly aroused, when lightning can flash from those wonderful eyes, and the little hands strike with fury.

Pauline is impressed by the girl's earnestness.

"Tell me how I can return the favor, I beg," Pauline hastens to say, at the same time wondering why she should shiver so, as though a cold draught had crept in at the window.

"Pardon, senorita; you will think me indecicate; but you have seen something of Mexico, and you know her women are impulsive, fierce in their loves, and yet true as steel. You wonder what this has to do with the favor I am about to ask. I will not hedge it with mystery—I love a man, one of your countrymen—I have known him for years—he saved my life, and I once kept death from claiming him. We are united by the bonds of heaven, since what I saved must belong to me. He has met you—I fear he has been attracted to you—something within tells me you must prove my evil genius—I shall hate you when I would love you. Give him up, dear senorita—see, on my knees I ask it—Dick Denver belongs to me alone—he is mine!"

Pauline Westery is shocked, both by the abandoned attitude of the beautiful Mexican on her knees and the

stoops and picks up a small vial, tightly corked, and containing liquid. "Could the Mexican girl have dropped it?" is the question she asks, and knowing it was not on the floor before the Senorita Juanita came in, she mentally answers in the affirmative.

Then a dreadful suspicion flashes into her mind—what was it the jealous girl said just before going—"Keep your beauty, Pauline Westery—it is Heaven given"—then with a madness in her heart she came to the Grand Continental on this lovely fall day, determined that if the New York girl who owned the great El Dorado mine refused to give up the man whom she so desperately loved, she would forever destroy the face that attracted him, and make a hideous deformity of it.

Pauline feels weak—still holding the little vial, upon which her startled eyes are glued, she sinks into a chair. After a little she recovers some of her wonderful nerve—perhaps this awful suspicion is unjust—it may be smelling-salts or ammonia for a headache—a test will decide that matter beyond a peradventure.

If it be vitriol she will soon know it, for even cloth cannot hold out against its power. She takes up a jacket—what matters its possible loss to one who can afford as many as she pleases? She deliberately spills some of the liquid on it, being exceedingly careful not to let it come in contact with her fingers.

The result is almost immediate—it is alarming. She can see the terrible acid destroy the threads in the cloth, almost as fire might—they are actually eaten—they wither up, disappear before the action of the fluid.

Aghast, Pauline Westery sees this, then she puts a trembling hand over her eyes as if to shut out the awful sight.

"Yes, she came here with a fury in her heart—came here to forever de-

see, you ridiculous Dora, that sends you home in this shuddering heap, to laugh and moan as though out of your mind?"

The girl nods her head and catches her breath.

"Oh! it was too comical—I knew I shall die laughing yet. On his knees—that wretched professor—"

"What! has he proposed—that strange little man?"

"Proposed? Shame, Miss Pauline, I never hinted at such a thing. They were both on their knees, he and the brave Colonel Bob."

"At the confessional—and you laugh! I am amazed, distressed."

"No, no, you are wrong. It was in the most secluded spot of the Bois de Bologne, among the trees—several others stood around—oh! it was too ridiculous—I never laughed so in my life, and to think I had to keep quiet. And then the end, it was so thrilling, so dramatic!"

"What end? Dora, you wretched girl, don't you see you are killing me by inches with curiosity. I demand to know what all this means? What have the professor and Colonel Bob been up to?"

"Only fighting a duel, Miss Pauline."

"A duel!—and over you, Dora?"

"I suppose so," demurely; "but it was only a farce, after all. That comical Colonel Bob arranged it to give me some enjoyment. But Professor John was in deadly earnest. I really felt sorry for him," and the girl gives a long drawn sigh to illustrate the depth of her sympathy.

"Go on—tell me all. When it comes to duels among your admirers, I think we have reached a point where it would be well to call a halt."

"It was all on account of last night—the two gentlemen saw me home—the professor assaulted the colonel outside the hotel and was punished. He sent a challenge. Colonel Bob looks on him as a big dog would on a small one—he did not wish to hurt him, though determined to give the Briton full satisfaction."

(To be continued.)

SAFE ITEM TO KEEP STANDING

Book Notice Sure to Be Very Near the Truth.

An interesting story that bears on the prodigality of Robert W. Chambers' literary output was narrated in a New York club the other day.

"Our literary page comes out on Fridays," said the night editor of a newspaper, "and on Thursday night, long after the literary editor had gone home, the make-up man rushed up to me and said:

"'Look here, there's about an inch to be filled on the literary page, and no more book stuff set up. What shall I do?'"

"Our literary editor was very particular that no miscellany ever should appear on his page. He insisted on its being a book page purely. So, in this dilemma the make-up man and I stood and racked our brains trying to think of some three-line literary item to add to the department.

In the midst of our trouble a young compositor turned from the keyboard of his clicking machine.

"'Look here, sir,'" he said, "you won't make any mistake if you run in something about another absorbing novel from the pen of Robert W. Chambers rapidly nearing completion, and to put on the market in two weeks."

Lincoln and His Countrymen.

Sir Wemyss Reid wrote of Abraham Lincoln: "One must not blame Englishmen too severely, however, for their lack of appreciation of Lincoln. It is doubtful if even now he is appreciated at his true worth by Americans themselves. Some years ago I had the pleasure of taking in to dinner a charming young lady who was Lincoln's direct descendant. I said to her, 'You can hardly understand how pleased I am to have met you. There is scarcely any man whose name is familiar to me whom I honor as I honor the memory of your grandfather.' The young lady opened her eyes in innocent amazement and confessed subsequently that she had been very much surprised at my little speech. 'At home they never say anything about grandpa.'"

The Safest Place.

A city gentleman was recently invited down to the country for "a day with the birds." Whatever his powers in finance, his shooting was not remarkable for its accuracy, to the great disgust of the man in attendance, whose tip was generally regulated by the size of the bag. "Dear me!" at last exclaimed the sportsman, "but the birds seem exceptionally strong on the wing this year."

"Not all of 'em, sir," came the remark. "You've shot at the same bird about a dozen times. 'E's a-follerin' you about, sir."

"Following me about? Nonsense! Why should a bird do that?"

"Well, sir," came the reply, "I dunno, I'm sure, unless 'e's 'angin' round you for safety."—Taiter.

Charlie's Gallantry.

Charles is a very observant boy. Yesterday one of mamma's friends came to the house to call. Mamma was out and Charles opened the door.

"Mamma is not at home," he said.

"Will you please give her my card when she comes?" inquired the caller.

"Yeth, ma'am," said Charles.

The caller opened her card case, and as she withdrew the engraved card, a bit of tissue paper fluttered down onto the steps.

Very rightly Charles picked it up and handed it to her, saying: "You have dropped one of your cigarette papers, ma'am."

Dividing Speculator's Money.

A young Philadelphia club man was over in New York recently, and happened into John W. Gates' office, and in conversation with Mr. Gates asked him for a tip on the market.

The well-known financier and plunger answered him thus: "You young fellows had better keep out of the market, as it will not do you any good. After you go out the senior member of the firm comes in and asks how much that young man is worth. Then some one says, 'Oh, about \$100,000.' Then the senior member says: 'Well, leave him about \$20,000.'"

In the Spotlight



Tactful Clyde Fitch.

Clyde Fitch, author of Miss Elliott's new play, is said to be one of the most persistent and patient of authors at rehearsal, and the importance he gives to the details of life and the theater redoubles the necessary expense of energy. Managers, however, are not always ready to give him fully swinging in staging a plan, and their reluctance may be understood in view of the expense it involves. Three thousand dollars was spent on "Major Andre" before the first night merely in rehearsing the company and the scenery, and the play ran some ten days.

But for the most part, the expense is amply justified. Many an actor has to thank Mr. Fitch for a strong lift-up on the way to success. Sometimes he finds it necessary to build better than his actors know. On one occasion a minor actress, to whom he had given a low comedy character part, came to him for preliminary instructions. "I don't understand this part," she said. "Shall I play it broad comedy, or shall I play it refined?"

What Mr. Fitch wanted was an air of vulgar affectation, and he had selected the actress because this was natural to her. But he could hardly tell her so. "Play it refined," he said, with one of his quick inspirations. The actress was delighted in at last attaining high comedy, and threw her soul into the part. Her performance was convincing beyond Mr. Fitch's hopes. She was mystified, but not disappointed, for it was obviously the success of her career.

When John Drew Played Tubal.

The recent revival of "The Merchant of Venice" in New York by E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe required a great deal of research as to proper costumes, wigs, and "make-ups." Among other commentaries discovered by Mr. Sothern in examining all known opinions on the staging of the play was a letter written in the early '80s by Edwin Booth, in which he carefully described two things—his interpretation of Shylock and his idea of the physical appearance which the character Tubal should have.

The letter contains this sentence: "A clever actor in my company gave what to my mind is the most intelligent idea of Tubal. He dressed him in the garb of the Jew, but most strikingly wore the hooked nose and red wig which history ascribes to Judas. That actor was John Drew, at this time a member of the famous Daly stock company."

Tim Murphy's Loyalty.

Tim Murphy has been a loyal patron of the American playwright, and says he has always justified his confidence and patronage. The comedian, after creating the Hon. Maverick Brander in Hoyt's "A Texas Steer," which he is to revive January 1, produced comedies by Henry Guy Carlton and Herbert Hall Dinslow; "The Carpentier," by Ople Read; "A Capitol Comedy," by Paul Wilstach; "Two Men and a Girl," by Frederick Paulding; "When a Man Marries," by A. C. Bishop; and "A Corner in Coffee," by the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady and Owen Davis.

Personal Mention.

"Did you ever sit down and figure yourself out? I did, and now I think I'm a great fellow."—George Coahan.

Wilton Lackaye, with his version of "Les Misérables," will continue on the road until late in the season.

Robert Drouet has been engaged to play the principal role in "The Lucky Miss Dean," the next attraction at the Madison Square, New York.

Miss Hattie Lorraine, a chorus girl in "The Rollicking Girl," is singing the leading woman's role in that play during Miss Hattie Williams' illness.

Charles Frohman has engaged Mlle. Yvette Guilbert to come again to America—this time with her concert company. She will arrive in February.

Will J. Block, the Chicago producer, will present "Comin' Thro' the Rye," called a song play, at the Herald Square theater, New York, in January.

Edwin Arden, who was selected to succeed E. J. Morgan in "The Prodigal Son," threw up his part the other day after a row with the stage manager.

Joe Weber announces that he has named his newest production "Twiddle-Dee-Twaddle." Edgar Smith has written the book and Maurice Levi the music.

Miss Grace Reals was awarded a verdict of \$4,034 against F. C. Whitney by a New York jury for breach of

AGRICULTURE

Sugar Beets.

Many of our farmers can add greatly to the value of their farms by growing a small area of sugar beets for use on the farm. Nearly all farm animals are very fond of sugar beets. Cattle thrive on them as do dogs and poultry. The large amount of sugar in them makes them very palatable. If they are grown only for home use, much of the labor usually attendant on the growing of sugar beets is avoided. When they are grown for factory use it is necessary that a great deal of labor be put upon them in the way of thinning and topping to produce a beet not too small and not too large. In producing beets for factory use also it is necessary to have a variety that will grow largely under the ground. But when these beets are produced for use on the farm it is not at all necessary to be careful as to variety, or whether they are grown both above the ground or under the ground. Some of the varieties of sugar beets, on good soil, will project 3 or 4 inches above the ground. The man that is going to sow a small patch of beets should secure the seed as early in the winter as possible and test the germinating power, that he may be able to form some conception of how much he needs to sow to get a fair stand. He should buy enough seed so that he can sow it in a row and get a compact stand, which will give a compact mass of foliage. This in turn shades the ground, helps the nitrifying bacteria and keeps the weeds from growing. It leaves space between the rows free for the passage of the horse cultivator. In the fall these beets will prove to be very valuable, whatever way they are used. The amount of work put upon them will be then comparatively small.

How the Pea Feeds.

Thomas C. Wallace, treating of the feeding habits of legumes, says in the Cytograph: "There is an important consideration to be noted in connection with the growing of the pea which is strongly emphasized by Dr. Paul Wagner of the Experiment Research Station at Darmstadt, Hesse, Germany. He says: 'When vetches, peas, beans, clover and all leguminous plants have consumed the soluble nitrogen present in the soil, then certain little microscopic fungi of the soil attach themselves to the roots of these plants and cause little warty nodules to form upon them, and from this time forward the free nitrogen of the atmospheric air takes part in the nourishing processes of the above mentioned plant. The plants henceforth grow in a most luxuriant manner, and no longer languish for nitrogen.' After discussing the question more fully Wagner continues: 'How is it, you will now ask, that there are so many fields upon which clover, vetches, peas, etc., may be seen starving? How is it to be explained that the yield of meadows is frequently so exceptionally small, even when clover, peas, beans, vetches and all the numerous kind of leguminosae of the meadow flora have at their disposal this vast quantity of nitrogen?' (The air is four-fifths nitrogen). The answer to this question is not difficult: it is simply to this effect—clover fields, alfalfa, peas and vetch fields do not hunger for nitrogen, but for phosphoric acid, and, perhaps, also in cases for potash and lime. Nitrogen stands at their disposal in superfluous quantities, but they cannot take up an elaborate nitrogen of the air so long as they are in want of phosphoric acid."

Partridge Peas.

There is a wild plant growing in Illinois and the adjoining states known as the partridge pea. It belongs to the order of sensitive plants and has been considered of no particular value in agriculture. It has, however, been a strong ally of the farmer without the farmer suspecting it. Where the partridge peas are to be found growing wild the land when plowed will be found admirably adapted to the growing of cow peas. Many a man has sown cow peas and obtained a very meager return, while other men a few miles away have sown cow peas on apparently the same land and have obtained enormous crops. It is only recently that the cause of this difference has been learned. The nitrogen collecting bacteria on the roots of partridge peas are identical with those on the roots of cow peas. Therefore the man that had turned under a piece of sod upon which wild partridge peas were growing had a vast supply of the minute vegetable forms that would create nodules on the roots of cow peas. The cow peas must have the help of bacteria or it cannot improve the soil by increasing the nitrogen content.—Farmers' Review.

Draining Large Areas.

The draining of large areas of land calls for expert advice and superintendence. The man that owns a small piece of land and has an outlet for his surplus water will find little trouble perhaps in getting a drainage system to work; but it is far otherwise with a large area, whether that area consist of a level plain or of hills. It is very easy to construct a drainage system that will not work well on the hills and that will not work at all on the level land. Expert advice and superintendence cost money, but they are worth money. A drainage system should be built to last; but if it is built unscientifically it may have to be partly torn out before it has been in the ground many years.

Hairiness of Clover.

The hairiness of clover is the cause of much of the dust that is sometimes found in clover hay. It is possible that before many years we will have all kinds of clovers that are without hairiness. Some of the European clovers have not this hairiness and they are being grown in the United States at the present time with the idea of developing kinds that shall not have this drawback. As yet little work has been done in the line of hybridization.

Disposition of Cows.

Cows differ as much in their dispositions as human beings. Any farmer that has handled a large number of cows will have run across the stubborn cow, the affectionate cow, the motherly cow, and even the bossy cow. Some of these qualities are good and some are bad. A man should try to eliminate the bad qualities and encourage the development of the good ones in the selection of the cows for the continuation of his herd.

DAIRY NOTES

Butter Bacteria.

Until recently it was not recognized that bacteria played a very serious role in the dairy industry. Our butter flavors are due entirely to the development of bacteria. There is not one kind of bacteria in a lot of butter, but many kinds. These kinds differ in stage of multiplication. It so happens that one kind of bacteria may be in butter one day in very large numbers, while a week after another kind may have increased so much more rapidly than the first that the flavor of the butter seems to be entirely changed. This has been a source of much trouble to the judges of butter. They have found that butter scored high two days after having been scored low a month from that time, even when kept in cold storage, while some other kind of butter that appeared to be poor at the time it was made developed a rich flavor a month after being stored. It is generally believed that butter made from perfectly clean milk develops better bacteria than that butter made from milk that is not clean.

The question is therefore one concerning the material out of which butter is manufactured. The matter of butter bacteria is such a serious one, much effort is being made to isolate the different kinds of bacteria, with the idea of propagating the best kind. Also some effort has been made to discover new and strange kinds of bacteria. One variety that was discovered in South America was brought to the United States and placed in the hands of Professor Conn of the Connecticut experiment station. This was named B41 and was soon sold commercially on the American market. This bacteria was propagated by putting it into milk that had been sterilized and all germs killed. In a very short time a few hundred bacteria placed in a can of sterile milk would produce 1,000,000. The milk was placed in bottles, sealed air tight and sold to people. The sale has now been going on for many years, and the creamery men in all parts of the country use B41. Butter bacteria are, however, produced so abundantly in clean milk. Keeping out dirt keeps out the undesirable varieties.

Bran.

One of the standard foods for dairy cows is bran. Bran is used as a standard for regulating the price of nearly all of the dairy foods upon the market. Bran carries about 15 per cent of protein, which makes it an exceedingly valuable feed. The men that sell gluten feed always regulate the price of their feed by the price of bran, figuring both upon the protein content. The high protein content of bran has made it the most general concentrated food throughout the world. The American farmer or miller will do well to use as much bran as possible. If he feeds corn stalks he must balance up the high starch content of the corn stalks with bran. If he feeds corn whole he must do the same thing. The same is true of nearly every farm product that is fed to the cows in the winter season, with the exception of clover hay and alfalfa. We have frequently heard Professor Henry of the Wisconsin station declare that it is an absurd thing for the American farmer living in Wisconsin and Illinois to permit the bran from the Minneapolis flouring mills to be shipped past their doors to Chicago and New York and sent to Denmark to be made into butter to compete with the American butter in the English market. If the Danish farmer can pay the cost of transporting bran for fifteen hundred miles over land and 3,000 miles over the water and make butter, it certainly will pay the American farmer living in the midst of the wheat fields to buy the bran from their own wheat and feed it to their own cows.

Don't Rush Milking.

On the American farm there is always a tendency to rush things. The American farmer generally lays out for himself a very large amount of work and then is in great haste to get through with it. Too often when the milker goes into the stable he has the same nervous haste that has been spurring him on in the doing of the other farm work. Nothing interferes more with the milk-giving of the cow than this nervousness. The big milker especially is almost always a nervous animal. This is especially true of the Jersey and the Guernsey. We have seen cows refuse to give any milk when a nervous milker sat down with a milk pail. Some cows have to be treated with a great deal of care to induce them to give down their milk. The milker should always be calm and quiet when he begins milking. He should assume that many cows will not stand the work of a rapid and excited milker.

Advance in Dairying.

Gradually dairying is becoming a very important factor in our agriculture. This is especially true of the rougher states, where general farming is carried on at a disadvantage. The hoof of the cow is made for walking on hillsides, and she finds the hillside pastures entirely to her liking. We see by a recent report that more than half of the Vermont farms derive their chief income by the selling of dairy products. Taking the six New England states and the state of New York together, from 27 to 33 per cent of all the farms find dairying their mainstay. In New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, from 15 to 17 per cent of all the farms find their chief revenues in dairy products.



words she speaks; thank heaven it has not gone so far that she is in love with the hero of her last night's adventure. At the same time she experiences once more that strange chill, though she collects herself and says, sarcastically:

"Have no fear, Senorita Lopez—Pauline Westery has never yet seen the time when she would hear a word of love from another woman's husband!"

The beautiful Mexican looks up in a startled way—various emotions chase across her olive face—then she says quickly:

"Ah! you mistake, Senorita Pauline—I am not his wife—I simply love him and had cause to believe he cared for me. I saved his life as he did mine, so I declare heaven meant us for each other. All I ask is your promise that you will not come between. Promise, senorita, that you will not let him love you; promise me that, and I shall bless you."

"Really, senorita, you ask too much. I invite an attachment from no man, but at the same time I shall not make myself ugly nor act in a ridiculous manner for the purpose of frightening a gentleman away. The probability is that I shall see Mr. Denver only once or twice more until I leave Paris for Mexico."

"He will follow you—my heart tells me he will follow you," she utters.

"Can it be possible that with your beauty you have been unable to captivate him? Then try another plan—discover what he admires most in a woman, and let your nature partake of that virtue," says this wise young woman from Gotham, who little dreams that she thus advises a rival.

"I know, I know; I have heard him speak of what he admired in women, but I fear such virtues do not lie in my nature. I can try—I can begin now—you little know the fierce spirit I have to quell—I shall win him, my king, or die!" she pants in her delirium, while the more composed Pauline looks on and marvels at the composition of such a hot-tempered flower.

"Thank you for what you have said, Senorita Westery; perhaps it may succeed. At any rate, I have learned a lesson. Listen to me now; if, in spite of all he turns to you, and you have not moved out of your path to win him, it is heaven's decree and Juanita Lopez will abide by it. Ah! those gentle words have done more than you suspect—more than subdued a rebellious spirit. I had looked for scorn; I came prepared for insults, but your beauty, Pauline Westery—it is heaven given. I am done; I leave you with a new hope in my heart, which, if it fades, will end life."

She rises to her feet, looks once more with her grand orbs into Pauline's face, turns, and the door immediately hides her from the sight of the girl from Gotham, who has just experienced a decided sensation and gone through with an adventure such as might befall one but a single time during a life.

Turning around, her foot touches some object on the floor, something that rolls away under a chair—she