



# MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

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BY  
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AUTHOR OF  
"SOLING AROUND  
AN AMERICAN  
NATION"  
"DICK LEE"

## CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"When may I expect to hear from you, monsieur?" as she halts upon the threshold.

"Ah! this is Tuesday night—nearly Wednesday morning. You speak of sailing—on what steamer?"

"The La Gasconne."

"Ah, yes, she leaves Havre on Saturday at five a. m. To reach her you quit Paris on Friday."

"At seven in the evening."

"I will try to send in the report by that time, you shall have it before you sail, whether we meet with success or failure."

"I am greatly obliged."

"Not at all—it is myself who has been placed under obligations. Good night, Mamselle Westery."

He gently closed the door, resumed his seat, and puts his finger on an electric button. Almost as quickly as a jack-in-the-box leaps into view when the lid flies back, a door opens and the assistant steps into view.

"Henri, get me folio one-seventeen."

"It is here at your hand, Monsieur Prefect."

"Turn to page forty-nine—the index has a name for that—what is it?"

"Duval."

"Surname?"

"Antionette."

"That will do—I can read for myself. Retire and allow no one to enter until I ring."

Again the great prefect of Paris gay, wicked Paris, sits alone; his head is lowered and his eyes trace the closely-written lines in one of those wonderful tomes that contain the lives of all the principal people of the civilized world, and especially the good and bad alike within the gates of Paris.

At length he closes the volume and chuckles, as though he had discovered something.

"I had queer suspicions, and behold they turn out even more. This is interesting, exciting. Should it prove to be true, ma foi, I will have strange news to transmit to Mamselle Pauline of New York. The one so dark, the other so fair, and mon dieu! they are, unless I make a sad mistake, sisters. As for Monsieur Dick, I have my eye on him—sacre! I give the American horse-tamer sense for fall-

Dick suddenly raises his hat as a carriage rolls by, and bows with unusual grace.

"Ah! the Senorita Lopez—out for an airing with her gentle father, the Don. How the old fiery Mexican scowled at you—it's plainly evident he does not share his daughter's admiration for my chum," laughs the sheriff, and Dick is compelled to join in the merriment.

"Perhaps he has learned of my share in the defeat of his mysterious plans of the other night, where ruffians in his employ stopped the vehicle in which Miss Pauline rode, and right here in the streets of Paris. That would not make him a very fond friend of mine."

"If the senorita shows her claws because you have fallen in love with another girl, she will have a firm ally in her dad," remarks Bob, whose business in life has made him a keen observer and a good reader of faces.

They saunter on, the sheriff keeping a bright lookout, scanning faces as they pass. He has not lost all hope of discovering his man, although all he has to go by is an extraordinarily poor photograph taken years before when the missing Danvers was a smooth-faced boy.

Suddenly Bob, who has his friend's arm for the moment, as he speaks of something he has become interested in, feels the ex-horse-tamer of the plains give a perceptible start. Looking up quickly he finds that Dick is gazing across the pavement. They chance to be in front of a cafe chantant, and, as in numerous other instances, several tables are placed in and outside the door-way, where seated in the shade, men and women can sit and sip their wine or coffee while they watch the passers-by.

At this particular point a man can be seen—a man who would certainly attract attention in his native city of Mexico, and certainly does here on the boulevards of Paris—a man whose figure is of a magnificent build, and gives promise of remarkable strength.

This person disdains to doff his native garb for the sober black of the Parisian lounge—he has the appearance of a Spaniard, with his broad-brimmed hat, his gold-lace embroidered jacket, trousers wide at the bottom and slit open, to be laced and show the fancy boot-tops underneath.

The man who sits in front of the cafe returns Dick's stare—there is a sneer written all over his dark face.

declares the colonel, sagely, nor does his companion blush while admitting the truth of this remark.

"My fancy has always been for fair women, and Miss Pauline fills the bill. I'm determined to try my fate; for once, and yet I suppose it will be a little use. Such a queenly girl could have her pick among the best."

Thus they saunter on and converse. Many eyes rest upon them, and more than one spotted darling of society, looking from her carriage window as she rolls by, sighs to gaze upon two such splendid specimens of manhood, and feels a new contempt for the simpering, padded beaux who follow in her train, and who are, at the best, mere apologies for men.

The evening draws on apace, and lights begin to appear along the boulevard—still the crowds jostle, the voices of flower-vendors ring out, laughter and good-will appear to rule the hour.

"Let us dine," says the colonel. "I feel a horrid vacuum within, which is against my principles."

His comrade being quite willing, they step in at the Cafe Anglais, and partake of a meal.

While they have eaten, darkness has fallen upon the great city—another night begun. During the afternoon the gentlemen called at the Grand Continental Hotel, but it happened that Miss Pauline and Dora were out riding at the time. They hardly dare show such impatience as to make another call on the same evening.

By chance it happens that Dick has forgotten his watch—having left it in his other vest. It worries him, as the time-piece is very valuable, and finding themselves near their lodging-house, he proposes running up and getting it.

(To be continued.)

**BIRTH RATES SHOW CHANGES.**

**London Statistician Says Fluctuations Rise and Fall With Prices.**

At a meeting of the Royal Statistical society, held recently in London at the society's rooms, a paper was read on "The Changes in the Marriage and Birth Rates in England and Wales during the Last Half Century," with an inquiry as to Their Causes," by G. Udny Yule.

A careful examination of the fluctuations in the birth rate showed, declared Mr. Yule, that it appeared to respond, like the marriage rate, to the cycle of trade and industry, though the movement is curiously irregular as compared with that of the latter rate. The fall of the birth rate, or a marked increase in the rate of fall, commenced in many European countries just about 1875-86, that is, when the effect of the fall in prices from 1873 was just beginning to make itself felt.

The turning point was too well marked not to be due to some very definite cause, and too widespread to be ascribed to any cause of all a local character. The greatest inter-annual increase rates in England and Wales occurred, it was pointed out, after periods of high prices.

**She Rose to the Occasion.**

This is the story of a Warrensburg girl who is frequently the guest of a Sedalia friend, says the Sedalia (Mo.) Capital. The president of the Warrensburg Normal is greatly opposed, it is said, to students of the college calling up friends over the 'phone or being called up during the study periods. Consequently he keeps one ear primed for the jangle of the telephone bell, and answers the 'phone himself when he can manage to reach it first. One day last week the girl in question had agreed to call up one of the Normal students with regard to some trivial matter which they had been discussing. Never thinking of the president's antipathy to the 'phone, she called the Normal. The president was busy with a class, but he heard the bell, and rushed to the charge.

"Hello!" he said, glumly.

"Hello!" answered a sweet voice. Yes, the girl really has a remarkably sweet voice when she talks over the 'phone. If you do not believe it, ask some of the Sedalia boys. "Hello!" who is this?

The president rose to the occasion. "This," he responded, oracularly, "is the president."

The girl gave a gasp of surprise. Then she, too, rose to meet the emergency.

"Why, howdy, howdy, Teddy," she said, sweetly and cordially. "So glad to hear you. When did you reach town?"

**Words Used But Rarely.**

A philologist was talking about words. "There are over 225,000 words in the English language," he said, "but we only use a few thousand of them. The extra ones are no use to us. Any man could sit down with a dictionary and write in good English a story that no one in the world would understand. Here, for instance, can you make head or tail of this?"

And the philologist pattered off glibly:

"I will agnabuy the abatal. You are asaweyed. Yet this is no blushest's bohance nor am I a cudden, either. Though the abatal is dern, still will I agnabuy it."

Then he translated:

"I will recover the drum. You are amazed? Yet this is no young girl's boasting nor am I a fool, either. Though the drum is hidden, still will I recover it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**In His Line.**

"My man," we say kindly to the individual whom we see taking a sly swig from a bottle that he produces from a rear pocket, "unless you are more temperate in your habits you will fit a drunkard's grave."

"Zat's all ri'," he informs us, gravely. "I've filled many of 'em."

"This is no occasion for joking," we admonish him.

"Sbert'nly not, pardner. I'm tgvn' it to you straight. I'm shexton of a sauetery."

**Not to Be Influenced.**

"If you are very good, Otto, the stork will bring you a little sister."

"Oh, he'll bring a little one whether I'm good or bad, papa."—Tales.

## COSTUME THAT CAUSED STIR.

**Carelessness and Color-Blindness Equally to Blame.**

There are still many who will remember the late Theodore D. Weld as one of the old-time, active abolitionists. He was afflicted with color-blindness, and often related the following incident as one of the unpleasant happenings connected therewith.

Among other preparations for an extended lecture tour he had ordered two pairs of trousers of his tailor, one pair blue and the other green. It was a rush order, and the garments were finished off after dark and sent to his residence the same night.

His first lecture was delivered at an afternoon meeting, for which he donned a pair of the new trousers. When he made his appearance on the platform an amused smile appeared on nearly every face in the audience, and a murmur of suppressed laughter was plainly audible.

He looked, so far as he could, to see if there was anything wrong with his personal appearance, and, being satisfied that all was well, proceeded calmly with his address. But he was enlightened before the evening meeting, his hostess kindly telling him that one leg of his trousers was blue and the other green.

He immediately brought the other pair for inspection, and they were found to be the same. In rushing the garments together by lamplight the parts had got mixed.—Boston Herald.

**LATEST WRINKLES OF FASHION.**

**Two Styles That Have Their Origin in Vanity.**

The fashion of wearing elbow sleeves and long gloves has given rise in Paris to a very ugly new vogue, which consists in tucking a pair of long white kid gloves and cutting the hand off bodily, so as to leave a kid covered arm and wrist, with the hand entirely bare.

In the eyes of the owners of bulky and beautiful rings the idea has somewhat to recommend it, but any fashion that leaves the hand uncovered never looks really dressed, and for that reason those who wish to be thought smart are the only ones who make it popular.

Another idea introduced in the French capital, and it need not be added it is already here, is concerned with that useful adjunct of a fashionable woman's toilet—the gold bag. For some time past this has been worn adorned with diamonds, rubies and sapphires, with a plain gold ring that is slipped over the finger to give the wearer a secure grip upon it. Some of the smartest women carry these gold bags, the rings of which are set with stones corresponding to the stones inset in the clasps. The effect of a diamond bag ring, slipped on the finger outside a white kid glove, is most fetching.

**Wolves Tread a Hunter.**

Edouard Leduc, shantyman, who has just returned from Des Joachim, had a narrow escape from falling the victim of a pack of wolves, says the Ottawa correspondent of the Toronto Globe.

The shanty to which Leduc was attached is located ten miles north of Des Joachim, and he went out one day recently to shoot partridge. About sundown he started back for camp again when he heard a patter and saw the forms of four-footed beats all around him.

Leduc's gun was a light weapon of one barrel and he took a small tree in preference to risking the continuance of his journey. There he remained all night, and for hours, he stealthily moving about, their green eyes flashing. Once or twice he fired at some of the pack which ventured nearer than the others. Just before the day broke the animals disappeared and he, hungry and stiff, climbed down from his perch.

**Oregon Trees in Austria.**

A. F. Miller of Sellwood yesterday made a shipment of 750 pounds of the seeds of fir and spruce trees to replenish the depleted forests of Austria. One thousand pounds were wanted, but these were all that were gathered. About 600 sacks of cones were picked from young trees, from which the seeds were carefully taken.

Between 200 and 300 pounds of seeds were sifted from the whole bulk that did not promise, only the very best being sent across the sea.

Oregon fir and spruce are growing on thousands of acres of territory in Germany and Austria that had been denuded of trees. Mr. Miller has been gathering seeds of these trees for several years. He says that the fir is the most popular tree and the seeds are eagerly sought for, the demand being greater than can be supplied.—Portland Oregonian.

**The First Bachelor.**

When Adam "batched" in Paradise, he found his housework irksome and it was neglected some.

Ad waz'n' lazy when he was up at early dawn.

But he wouldn't air the bedding and he wouldn't sweep the lawn.

And the serpent heard him muttering, "I won't wear any clo'es 'neath the cough Edenic was collected such a t'ror."

Of miscellaneous rubbish was as never seen before.

While in the primal kitchen was a mess which I declare was waz'n' enough to make a Christian woman swear.

Then the Lord looked in upon him and he gave an awful groan.

"It is not good, I see," he said, "that man should be alone."

And all terrestrial troubles from that very date began.

For Adam soon thereafter had become a family man.

He had planted hogs in Eden, sown his garden seeds, and thrived.

But he left the dishes unwashed till the day that Eve arrived.

—Walter Hunt.

**No Privileges for Passholders.**

President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania railroad, who led the way for abolition of the pass system, is paying his own fare when he rides. His son, Robert Kelso Cassatt, it is reported, is also setting the riding public a good example. An innovation of kindred cost has been introduced on the Reading road, where paying passengers must be provided with seats, even those traveling on passes should have to stand. Besides, passholders must show their passes every ride, no matter how well they may be known to conductors.

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"THERE IS A SNEER WRITTEN ALL OVER HIS DARK FACE"

ng in love with a charming woman. My bell! Henri—the next case," and with a sigh the weary prefect takes up his onerous duties.

## CHAPTER VI.

**Colonel Bob Wakes Up.**

Another day dawns, the morning passes, and again it is afternoon. On the boulevards the same restless crowds gather, moving to and fro, jostling elbows, laughing, chatting, good natured always, polite, and evidently filled with the spirit that permeates all Parisian crowds.

It is a spectacle which, once seen, will often come up in memory—the Champs Elysees, the Place de la Concorde with its obelisk of Luxor, the magnificent Arch de Triomphe at the head of the Bois de Boulogne, the great hotels, the palace of the Trocadero and the gardens of the Tuileries—all these make a picture upon which the crowds are but the clock-work movement—the action.

At various fancy little kiosks on the boulevards small articles are sold, besides papers and magazines. The presence of these booths amid the gay crowds, the flower stands, the wonderful cafes, where in the weather-people sit upon or over the sidewalk sipping light wines, or indulging, it may be, in an ice—all these things when grasped in concert make Paris seem like a great picture. It is, indeed, true that few people know how to enjoy life like the Parisians. Their daily motto is gaiety—people come from all parts of the world to enjoy themselves in the French capital—and they generally succeed.

The afternoon is growing late when Dick Denver and his comrade swing into the Champs Elysees, and saunter along with the careless air of men who are out for the purpose of passing time. With a prime Havana, good health, and an appreciation of beauty, a young man can be very comfortable while sauntering along the boulevards.

Thus they continue their walk for some time, admiring the scene, looking upon scores of lovely faces, and the most elegant of toilets. Carriages roll by, containing other sightseers. Many of the nobility of Europe are to be seen here, for Paris has special attractions for them.

Our friends know very few in all this great mass of people—it is rather a strange feeling that comes over one when gazing upon tens of thousands, to think that all are utter strangers.

which has at one time been handsome. The two friends pass on. Sheriff Bob has taken notice of certain facts that arouse his interest, 'twixt his curiosity.

"A Mexican, that's dead certain, and he doesn't appear to fancy you very much. Possibly you have met before?" he remarks.

"Well, he have. That is the man who waits and lives in the hope of having a chance at me."

"Is that Barcelona the Mexican bull-fighter, the man I've heard you speak of, the man who ran against you once upon a time and got decidedly the worst of it?"

"That is Tordas, the best bull-fighter and all-round athlete of Mexico. Do you notice his splendid figure?"

"I reckon I did. How under the sun did you ever manage to worst him in a fight?"

"Well, though not his equal in strength, I've learned several tricks at boxing and wrestling that serve me a good turn when in close quarters. Barcelona got the benefit of them, you see. He has never forgiven me, and only waits his chance at retaliation."

"You don't grow thin with anxiety—your laugh is just as merry as of old."

"Bah! you know me well enough as a happy-go-lucky chap, never worrying about prospective troubles. My roving life as a cowboy and mine owner has given me that disposition. I am always prepared; when the time comes for that bull-baiter to tackle me he may be astonished, that's all," and he puffs away at his cigar as though the possible meeting with Barcelona has no terror for a man of his size.

"His presence here—it looks singular."

"Not at all. You know how globules of quicksilver will run together—well, these men who hate me are mutually attracted. Barcelona is known as Senior Lopez, and the latter dislikes me for some reason beyond my ken."

"Probably because his daughter is wild over you," suggests the sheriff.

"You put it in too strong a light—she has perhaps fancied me, but I give you my word of honor, Bob, I have never encouraged the girl."

"Duse take it, she's as pretty as can be."

"Granted, but my taste never ran that way. I admire a dark man, but a woman, to strike my eye, must be as fair as a lily."

"Ah! yes, with golden hair. Like Miss Pauline Westery, for instance."

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**Oldest Indian is Dead.** An honest country gentleman said to a painter: "I want you to come to my house, for I have just bought a picture by Rubens. It is a rare one. That fool, Dauber, says it's a copy. A copy! If any man living dares to say it's a copy, I'll break every bone in his skin. Now, I want you to see it and give me your candid opinion."

**Good Chance to Be Candid.** An honest country gentleman said to a painter: "I want you to come to my house, for I have just bought a picture by Rubens. It is a rare one. That fool, Dauber, says it's a copy. A copy! If any man living dares to say it's a copy, I'll break every bone in his skin. Now, I want you to see it and give me your candid opinion."

**Hard Shot for Physicians.** A visitor in a thinly settled part of England was told by a resident whom he met that no physician lived within ten miles of him. "What!" exclaimed the visitor. "Ten miles from a doctor?" "Yes, sir ten miles," responded the farmer. "Thank heaven, we all in this parish mostly dies natural deaths."

**Two Excellent "Bulls."** An Irish clergyman is credited with having conducted a powerful oration in this fashion: "My brethren, let not this world rob you of a peace which it can neither give nor take away." Which is coupled with the remark of a fellow country colleague who is reasoning with a woman who had lost her faith in Christianity told her: "Well, you will go to hell, you know; and I shall be very sorry, indeed, to see you there!"

**Fish Have Little Chance.** Sailing from the two ports of Lowestoft and Yarmouth, England, the herring fleet numbers 1,000 vessels, each of which spreads a net a mile to a mile and a half long.

**FALL WHEAT RAISING IN ALBERTA.** It is only a few short years since the impression prevailed that a large portion of the Canadian West was unfitted for agriculture. To such an extent did this impression prevail that districts larger than European principalities were devoted solely to ranching purposes, and flocks and herds roamed the ranges. But the agriculturist was doing some hard thinking, and gradually experiments were made, slowly at first, but surely later on. As a result, to-day in Southern Alberta, which was looked upon as the "arid belt," large quantities of the finest winter wheat in the world are now grown, and so satisfied are the farmers and buyers that the industry has passed the experimental stage that elevators by the score have been erected in the past two years and others in course of erection, to satisfy the demands that will be made upon them in the near future.

**The Spring Wheat Areas Are Rapidly Increasing.** Manitoba, "No. 1, Hard" spring wheat has achieved a world-wide reputation, and there can be no question that ere long "No. 1 Hard" winter wheat from Alberta will attain similar repute. The great market for this production will undoubtedly be the Orient, and, with increased railway facilities and the erection of additional elevators and flouring mills, a largely increased acreage will be broken to winter wheat. The increase of population in Southern Alberta in the past year has been largely due to settlers from the United States who have brought in capital and enterprise, and who have been uniformly successful in their undertakings. A few more such years of growth and "Turkey Red" winter wheat will wave from Moose Jaw to the foothills. Information regarding lands in the Fall and Spring wheat belts may be obtained of any Canadian Government Agent.

**California's Strange Suit.** Because a revolver which he had purchased to kill himself missed fire, Paul Schliardum of San Bernardino, brought suit against the hardware company for the price of the weapon.

**Did Not Want a Bath.** A young woman entered one of the local drug stores yesterday and asked the clerk for a sponge bath. Then she splashed and said she wanted a bath sponge.—Eagle Lake Headlight.

**Insects in Cold Weather.** Most insects can undergo freezing and thawing with impunity. Insects which breathe aid and dwell on land cannot survive freezing in water, though dry cold does not impair their health.

**Seagulls Invade a Boatful of Herrings at Nanaimo, Wash.,** while the fishermen returned sixty had eaten so much that they could not fly away. The fishermen lifted them into the water and they just managed to swim to the shore, where they lay down to recover from their dinner.

**Lighthouse Destroys Birds.** After two recent nights of fog nearly 6,000 birds were found dead under the lantern of Cape Griznes lighthouse, says the London Chronicle. They had been attracted by the brilliant light, and were killed by flying against the lighthouse.

**Chinese Empire of Lice.** "Ten generations from one pair of plant lice will," says a writer in the March Country Life in America, "if allowed to breed uninterruptedly, equal in bulk five hundred million human beings, or the population of the Chinese Empire."

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