



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY GEORGE BATHBONE

When Dick has read this he crumples the note in his hand and quite surprises his comrade with his savage manner.

"Now I know there is some treachery afoot, and I'll checkmate it, as sure as I live. Take another squint at that man, Bob, and then make me look as much like him as you can, for I'm in this game for keeps—it's diamond cut diamond now!" he says.

CHAPTER XV.

The Hacienda on the La Viga Canal.

With some men to conceive an idea is to carry it into execution—such is the nature of Dick Denver. He hurries up to their room in the best of Mexican hotels, and inside of fifteen minutes has effected radical changes both in his personal appearance and dress, so that with the assistance of the driver's hat and coat he can readily be taken for the man himself.

Meanwhile he and Bob have come to a good understanding regarding things—the latter individual, well armed, and carrying wrapped around his person the very rope that Dick brought to the hotel, the lass with which he was thrown, intends to hover around the Morales place, and take advantage of any opportunity that may come to effect an entrance, by climbing over the garden wall. Once within he will be in a condition to come to the relief of the others should his assistance be needed.

It is now approaching half-past seven. Dick at once sallies forth to finish his conquest, nor does he doubt his ability to win.

The driver of the vehicle must be made of strange material—for a Mexican—to be able to resist the alluring influence of jingling reels and pesos, when offered in temptation.

Dick discovers the vehicle at the curb, but the man himself is non est—only conspicuous by his absence.

Chapter XIV.—Continued.
"You go in a carriage, of course?" asks Dick, in a matter-of-fact voice strangely at variance with the tumult raging inside.

"Certainly, I have spoken to the driver."

"Who may he be?" carelessly.
"That man over yonder; the one with the rather respectable figure and dress. He has a good vehicle."

Dick gives the fellow a keen glance.
"Humph! I guess he will do," he mutters, as though his thoughts are far away.

"What time are you to leave?" he asks, again.
"At eight."

"It is seven now—an hour hence—plenty of time, plenty of it. Miss Pauline, have you any objection to telling me where this house you are about to visit may be situated? You see, if you are heard of no more, we would like to have a clew to work upon."

She is amused at his tone, and laughs, though Dora looks a little alarmed.

"What's that? not heard from again? I hope Miss Pauline doesn't mean to run any unnecessary risks. I really feel too well satisfied with life, as I find it, to hanker after another Dr. Glard's select establishment," Dora speaks up.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear. I hope we will not get into any such trouble. As to the address, let me see—it is somewhere on the bank of the La Viga Canal, near the beautiful hacienda of Don Juan Corona, the retired bull-fighter, who has made such a paradise of his home. I believe I wrote it on a slip of paper to tell the driver, and found he already knew the



Drew a Black Cross Over the Document.

place well. Ah! there you have it, Senior Dick," and she hands him a piece of paper.

"Good-night, gentlemen; do not worry about us. We will return before midnight. Possibly Senior Morales may see us home—he is a diplomat, high up in the confidence of President Diaz," with which Miss Pauline vanishes inside the hotel. Dora only lingers to say a few parting words to her Bob, and then she, too, fits up the stairway.

Left alone, the two gentlemen of course proceed to light cigars as consolation.

"I reckon we're left this time, Dick," remarks Bob, moodily, for the prospect of music just beyond his reach makes him irritable.

"You may be, but I don't intend that it shall fit my case," returns the other, coolly, while Bob removes his cigar and stares at his comrade blankly.

"Now what does he mean?" says the Sheriff of Secora county. "Why should it apply to me and not to Dick Denver?"

The other does not answer save by another question. He is evidently driving at something, and probably knows what he is about, which is more than Colonel Bob does.

"Cast your eyes over yonder—notice that fellow lounging there—what d'ye think of him, Bob?"

"Bless my soul! that's the driver of the vehicle Miss Westery has engaged."

"Exactly—that is, he is the one who was to drive it. He has been succeeded."

"Eh! you don't mean, old man, that you—"

"I am competent to look after the festive steeds as well as the next man, since horse-taming was once my occupation," is the cool rejoinder.

"But the fellow may object."

"Let him. Silver will buy him, body and soul, I should judge from his looks. In most of these houses, you know, the vehicle goes in through a large gate or door, to the court, and you are virtually inside the house. If harm is intended Miss Pauline, some one will be near to protect her."

"And my charming Dora will call in vain upon her Bob to come to her assistance," says the man from New Mexico, in despair.

"They don't mean her harm. At any rate, you can hover by, and if there is a chance, make your presence felt."

"I will, by the Eternal, I will! Allow me to make a note of the address, and you can bet your boots Bob Harlan will be on deck when the signal is given."

So Dick takes out the piece of paper and reads off the address which Pauline marked thereon. While so doing his eyes note some writing on the other side. He bends down and reads:

"I may be able to put you on the track of some one who owns certain shares of stock in your mine. At any rate, do come, and we will have music in plenty. Bring Dora—I remember her well—such a vivacious creature."

"Your friend,
ISA MORALES."

He knows the way—thanks to previous visits to the Mexican capital. Around can be seen many moving figures, numerous lights, and the sound of music is almost as general as the odor of rare flowers, coming from over the garden walls in the night air. Here is the band that discourses to hundreds on the Alameda—there some entertainment is in progress, while anon the voice of a maiden or the sweet notes of her mandolin can be heard as she sits upon the flat roof or azotea, with her lover, it may be, for company.

All this is very pleasant to ears accustomed only to the harsh sounds of a Northern city after nightfall—the rumbling of street cars, the rattling of carriages, the rush of elevated trains—all are here almost unknown, and in their place come these notes of music, laughter, song, that speak of a different life, one of more indolent ease.

Dick keeps his course and heads for the Calle del Apartado, whence he can readily reach the street upon which the Morales house is located. It is one of the finest houses in the city and adjoins the wonderful La Viga Canal, upon which may be seen the famous floating gardens. Perhaps, after all, he is foolish to believe harm can come to Pauline Westery under this roof, but some instinct warns him to beware, and certain circumstances point that way. Besides, Dick is one of those men who believe in the old adage that "forewarned is forearmed."

His life has been a roving one, and he has seen the time more than once when it paid to be on guard.

Those who ride inside the carriage have, of course, no idea that the young American drives the horses—that is Dick's secret, and he plays his part to perfection.

They arrive at the Morales house—there is a break in the wall—a colored lamp hanging above shows what appears to be a gate or great door, at which Dick must kneel.

Drawing his horses in, he descends from his perch, and, finding the knocker, causes an alarm to be sounded through the place that would arouse the dead. In less than half a minute he hears voices within—then the gate swings open.

Dick takes his horses by the head and leads them through into the lighted garden. He hears the huge gate clang behind, and knows they are shut within the walls. As he fully expected this, it does not give him much concern. He is ready to play his part in the game; if the ladies are threatened with no harm, well and good, he can drive them back to the hotel, and no one be the wiser for his little escapade; but should Senior Lopez attempt to spring one of his little games, he will find in the American a rock that may dash his craft to pieces.

(To Be Continued.)

GET IN THE WRONG CHAIR.

Oklahoma Caller at the Capital Took the President's Seat at Cabinet Meeting.

John Abernethy, who was appointed United States marshal of Oklahoma, by President Roosevelt, came pretty near attending a cabinet meeting unawares. In telling of his trip, Abernethy is quoted by the New York Times as saying:

"A man stepped up and asked me what I wanted, and I told him to just tell the president that Abernethy wanted to see him.

"Is this John Abernethy?" asked another man, and when I said I was, he took me by the arm and led me into another room, where around a fine table were seated a number of fine-looking men. He told the men present my name and then he left me standing there.

"Looking around and seeing only one vacant chair, I sat in that. Then the door opened behind me and two powerful hands slapped me on the shoulder, and looking up I recognized President Roosevelt. He grabbed my hand in his and shook it like a brother. Then he laughed and said:

"John, you're getting up in the world—occupying the president's chair at a cabinet meeting."

"I started to spring out of that chair, but the president just pushed me back into it and laughed. He then excused himself to the other men and took me to another portion of the White House, where he introduced me to Mrs. Roosevelt."

BEARS CHAMPAGNE SCARS.

The Workman in the Cellars of Rheims Is Exposed to Constant Danger.

The Frenchman's face was hacked and notched, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Have you been a duelist?" one asked.

"No, no," the man replied. "I have been a champagne maker." He touched his face. "These honorable nicks," he said, "are champagne scars.

"Champagne scars," he went on, "decorate the visages of all the workers in the underground champagne mills of Rheims. They are caused by the bursting of the bottles. About one bottle of champagne in every ten bursts.

There are miles and miles of champagne caves in Rheims, caves cut in the solid limestone rock, where, in a constant temperature of 45 degrees, millions of bottles of wine refine and ripen.

The workers down there smell nothing but champagne all day long, champagne escaping from burst bottles. And as the turners move along, the racks—each turns 35,000 bottles daily—they are continually saluted with explosions. Bang! And the gas splinters fly and a little fountain of champagne perfumes the damp air.

Day after day each bottle must be turned, turned 50 times altogether, then the sediment in it has all mounted up, and concentrated itself around the cork. Then the corkers remove the cork, let the sediment-thickened wine in the neck of the bottle blow off, skillfully replace the cork again.

"The corkers and turners' work is dangerous. These men are nearly all scarred like me."

WILL BE ELECTED TO GROSVENOR'S SEAT IN CONGRESS.



Albert Douglas, of Chillicothe, O., who defeated Representative Grosvenor for renomination to congress.

SOUPS WITHOUT MEAT.

In the Warm Weather Such Dishes Welcome—Quite a Number Given Below.

Barley Soup.—Two tablespoonfuls pearl barley, one quart of stock, salt and pepper to taste. Wash the barley in cold water, then immerse in boiling water, boil up once and drain; cover again with boiling water and simmer it for two hours. Drain and add the stock.

Dried Bean Soup Without Meat.—One quart of dried beans, two quarts of water, one tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Wash the beans, cover with water and let stand all night; drain next morning and put over to boil with two quarts of water, and as soon as they boil drain this water off and pour away to prevent the soup from being too strong. Now cover with two quarts of fresh boiling water, and a pinch of soda and a pinch of sugar and boil up reduced to a pulp. Now return to the kettle, after having passed through a colander, add water enough to make about the thickness of cream, or less if you wish it so, season well with salt, pepper and butter.

Macaroni Soup.—One ounce of macaroni, one quart of stock, salt and pepper to taste. Break the macaroni into pieces about two inches long, stew in a quart of boiling water for about 20 minutes, melt the stock, bring to a boiling point; add the macaroni and let simmer for a few minutes; add celery salt and common salt to taste, pepper also, and serve. Rochefort cheese may be served with the soup if desired.

Cream of Cheese Soup.—One quart of milk, one slice of carrot, one slice of onion, a stick of mace, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, three heaping spoonfuls of grated cheese, yolks of two eggs, salt and pepper. Boll the milk with the carrots, onions and mace; rub butter and flour together; remove the vegetables from the milk, add the butter and flour and stir constantly until it thickens; add the cheese and stir three minutes; take off and add beaten yolks of the eggs and pepper and serve.

Clam Soup.—Fifty clams, one pint of milk, one pint of water, two tablespoonfuls butter, one dozen water crackers, pepper to taste. Drain the clams and put the liquor to boil; chop the clams fine; skim off the scum as it boils, then add the water, clams and pepper, and simmer for a few minutes; add the butter and then the milk; make it hot, but don't let it boil; take from the fire, add the crackers and serve at once.—N. Y. World.

FOR THE LITTLE ONE.

Five Suggestions on the Way a Doll Menage May Be Built Up by Child's Fancy.

A blank book—some old magazines, a pair of scissors and a pot of mullage will prove the open sesame to nursery joys on days that are too hot or too cold or too rainy to permit the little daughter of the house to seek her pleasures out of doors. The size of the blank book depends upon the height of the paper doll who is to be given a home within its pages as walls. For the paper doll measuring six inches a scrapbook about 10x13 inches should be provided.

In these days of magazine and newspaper articles with photographic illustrations of the homes of celebrities, furniture is easily obtained in any size. The different rooms should be made by cutting out the appropriate furniture and pasting it on the blank pages. It is well to make the corners of the room first, and fill in the center afterward, putting everything in place before pasting to see how it looks and if it can be improved upon. Place the book sideways in order to make the pasting surface as smooth as possible, and paste on one side of the page only.

The child with resource will cut out of a furniture advertisement a perfectly plain bureau; in perhaps another magazine she will find a brush and comb and pin cushion and other articles; in a third she may find candies or electric lights to place at each side. By this time her bureau is more than a bureau.

All the rooms in the house may be represented and furnished, each on its own page.

Beyond the house is the garden and its delights of scenery, and further on the lady's doll's travels and stopping places, and thus the book becomes an education to the imagination. Familiar nursery tales could be illustrated in history from beginning to end—original adventures be composed.—Chicago Tribune.

Improves Stove Polish.
I always put laundry bluing in my stove polish.

DESSERTS FOR THE SICK.

Very Good Ones Made of Irish Moss—Recipes for Four Kinds of Custards.

Irish Moss Blanc Mange.—Four one and one-half cupsful of cold water over one-quarter cupful of Irish moss and let stand 20 minutes; drain for water; pick over moss, discarding discolored pieces; add to one and three-quarters cupsful of milk and cook in double boiler 15 to 20 minutes. Milk should be but very slightly thickened; the tendency is to have it over-cooked, and when chilled the dessert is unpalatable because too stiff. Strain and add a few grains of salt and one-third teaspoonful of vanilla. Strain a second time into molds or egg cups previously dipped in cold water. Serve with sugar and cream. Sliced fruit makes an agreeable accompaniment, or garnish with a candied cherry and anglica.

Chocolate Irish Moss Blanc Mange.—One-quarter cupful Irish moss, one and one-half cupsful of cold water, two cupsful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, a few grains of salt, three-quarters of a square of Baker's chocolate, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Melt chocolate over hot water, add sugar and gradually boiling water; then pour on slowly the strained mixture. Mold, chill and serve with sugar and cream.

Steamed Custard.—Yolks of two eggs, sugar and a few grains of salt; stir constantly while adding gradually one cupful of hot milk. Cook in double boiler, stirring until mixture thickens and a coating is formed on the spoon; strain at once. Chill and add a quarter teaspoonful of vanilla.

Steamed Caramel Custard.—One cupful of scalded milk, the yolks of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, a few grains of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of vanilla. Put sugar in a smooth saucepan, stir constantly over a hot fire until melted and discolored, add milk to it and as soon as sugar is dissolved add gradually the yolks of eggs slightly beaten, and salt. Cook the same as steamed custard.

Steamed Custard.—One cupful of milk scalded with one tablespoonful of ground coffee. Strain. Beat the yolks of two eggs slightly, add one and a half teaspoonfuls of sugar, a few grains of salt. Stir constantly while adding gradually the hot coffee-milk. Cook in double boiler, stirring until mixture coats the spoon; strain at once, add a quarter teaspoonful of vanilla and chill.

Baked Custard.—Beat one egg slightly, add one and a half tablespoonfuls of sugar and a few grains of salt. Pour on gradually two-thirds of a cupful of hot milk, strain into small buttered molds, sprinkle with nutmeg or a few grains of powdered cinnamon, set in pan of hot water and bake in slow oven until firm.

FINE SILK-RAG CARPETS.

Use Silk and Violet "Scraps" to Make Up Into the Beautiful Woven Rugs and Portieres.

Not so many years back there was a sensible fashion of knitting, crocheting or otherwise evolving useful things out of scraps that had formerly been pieced with many stitches into quilts and comforters.

The most useful, as well as handsome articles so manufactured by industrious hands, were portieres; now there is a chance to go farther and make beautiful rugs of fine brocades and velvets and silks, no longer fit to do duty as gowns or wraps.

Wealthy women are having "rag" carpets made to leave as heirlooms for their children, and to descend to grand as to great-grandchildren. "Rags" are rich, stiff brocades, velvet, satin and silk pieces, cut from the assortment of dinner and evening gowns, heretofore packed into cedar-lined chests and left in repose until time yellowed and ruined them.

Now these lovely fabrics are cut into half-inch strips, the ends sewed together and the whole woven into portieres or carpets that no money can buy. As such gowns are of absolutely no use to the class of women that cannot afford them new, this seems a sensible fashion; soft, richly falling hangings and rugs are easier to care for, and never go out of style, so the fad is commendable.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Pope's Accent.
When the pope received the French bishops recently, they could not understand his discourse, so strong is his Venetian accent. But it is the thing now in the Vatican to speak with a little of that accent. Venetian dishes are in vogue, and in the houses of rich Romans Venetian antiquities are made prominent.

THE MAN VOLIVA

PERSONALITY AND HISTORY OF LEADER OF ZION'S REVOLT.

Is a Hoosier, and Has Been a Preacher and Religious Worker Since He Was Sixteen Years Old.

Chicago.—The imagination which originates is always succeeded by the matter of fact management, if ruin is to be averted. The ousting of John Alexander Dowle and the inauguration of Wilbur Glenn Voliva in Zion City is an exemplification of the rule.

The two men contrast absolutely—physically, temperamentally, mentally. The exuberant Dowle, massive in frame, redundant in speech, magnetic and dominant in personality, enveloped and swept away by the power of his own visions, recognized in his moments of wisdom and judgment, in his secret commingings in his closet, that in the young disciple Voliva existed the sanity, the sense, the prudence, the righteous and sure faculty which would most avail Zion when the influence of its founder was withdrawn.

Spare, pale, ascetic, cool, intelligent, unaffected by dreams, resolute to accomplish the task immediately under his eye, Voliva is no conqueror to found communities, to convert the world, to gain riches in Mexico, and spiritual dominion in the islands of the sea. He could never invent the pageantry, the Hebraic ceremony, the oriental splendor. But he can and he will put the business of Zion upon a substantial footing. He can organize, he can eliminate waste, he can practice economy. In a word, he can transform a struggling, half bankrupt community into a thriving, prosperous, well to do American municipality.

Voliva is 36 years old. His hair is black. His eyes are deep set, shrewd, dark and piercing. His shallow cheek is the aesthetist's; his thin, close-set lips are the disciplinarian's, not only of others, but of his own spirit. He eats but two meals a day, frequently



WILBUR GLENN VOLIVA. (Deputy General Overseer of Zion Who Has Reputed the Authority of Elijah II.)

only one; sometimes not at all. He clothes himself in white tie, frock coat, low cut waistcoat. He never smiles, not because he is oppressed by his own dignity, but because he sees no occasion for mirth. He does not attempt to impress his visitor.

Voliva is an American, a Hoosier, who is so entirely an American that he is ignorant of what is his racial stock. He has been heard to say that he fancied his peculiar name may be French, but he doesn't know.

The family life of Voliva has been filled with romance. He received his education in Newton, Ind., where he was born, in 1870. When only 16 years old, he preached every Sunday in a church at Linden, Ind., while he was a student at Miron college.

While at college he met Miss Mollie Steele, daughter of a physician of Palestine, Ind., who also was a student there. In 1891, after his graduation, he married Miss Steele. He and his wife moved to Irvington, Ind., where they both entered Butler college to continue their studies. While there a child was born to them. Four years later they went to Hiram college, Ohio, to continue their studies. While they were there the child died.

In 1900, Dr. Voliva became associated with Dowle's church. In February of that year, Ruth, the child shown in the picture, was born. A few months later he went to Cincinnati, where he remained six months, and in October, 1901, he went to Australia, after being ordained as an overseer. Dr. Voliva returned from Australia to take charge of affairs at Zion City a few weeks ago.

Tough Luck.
Merchant (to applicant)—Yes, I advertised for a boy. Where did you work last?

Boy—At Blank's store.

Merchant—Why did you leave there?

Boy—I got fired for being too prompt.

Merchant—That's queer. Promptness is an admirable trait.

Boy—Yes, but the boss said I was too prompt about goin' home evenings.—Chicago Daily News.

Same Old Story.

Mrs. Smith—Oh, dear, I'm completely worn out! I was up more than half the night with a toothache.

Mrs. Jones—That's too bad. Did you go to the dentist this morning?

"Oh, my, no! It was my husband's tooth that ached."—Chicago Daily News.

They Never Meet.

"So you've been calling on Mr. Gayman's daughter for over a year. It's a wonder he has never asked you your intentions."

"Well, you see I never got to his house until after eight and I always leave before two in the morning."—Philadelphia Press.

Oh!

Miss Elder—I believe people are beginning to call me an old maid.

Miss Younger—Oh, no, dear!

Miss Elder—Thank you, dear—I—

Miss Younger—They began that years ago.—Cleveland Leader.

MAUVE DISCOVERED BY HIM

Scientific Men in England to Celebrate in Honor of Dr. W. H. Perkin.

London.—Among the romances of science few appeal more strongly to the imagination than the discovery, 50 years ago, by Dr. W. H. Perkin, when a youth of 18, which started the great coal tar industries that now absorb many millions of dollars of capital and afford a livelihood to thousands. Unlike many inventors who have made vast fortunes for others, Dr. Perkin reaped a substantial reward from his discovery. He is still living, hale and hearty, happy and prosperous. He soon will celebrate his sixty-eighth birthday anniversary. To commemorate the occasion and the jubilee of aniline dyes, he is to be presented with his portrait in oils; a marble bust is to be made of him for the Chemical society, and a fund is to be established.



DR. W. H. PERKIN. (He Discovered the Process of Making Dyes Fifty Years Ago.)

to be known as the Perkin research fund, for the promotion of chemical research. Many of the most famous scientific men in England have taken the matter in hand.

Dr. Perkin's father was a builder and wished his son to be an architect but the lad wanted to go in for chemistry, and, fortunately, his father let him have his own way. When 15 years old he entered the Royal College of Chemistry, and made such rapid headway there that two years later he was appointed assistant to Prof. Hoffman, who had charge of the college. One day the professor suggested to him that he should endeavor to produce quinine by artificial means. He failed, but his experiments led him to treat sulphate of aniline, a product resulting from the distillation of coal tar, with yellow potash bichromate, and thus he obtained the dye stuff called mauve.

For many years after its discovery mauve pervaded the ribbons of civilized womanhood, and under the names of lilac and heliotrope is still recognizable among the latest triumphs of the print works and the looms. It is still the favorite color of Queen Alexandra. But its chief title to distinction is that it was the first of the long series of coal tar colors, more than 100 in number, and rivaling the hues of the rainbow which have utterly revolutionized the dyeing trade. Dr. Perkin patented his process, and with his father and brother established works near Harrow.

NEW GERMAN LEADER.

Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg May Be Made Chancellor in Von Buelow's Place.

Berlin.—The advanced age of Count Von Buelow, chancellor of the German empire, coupled with opposition in some quarters to his policy, makes it certain that before long he will retire from office, and it is probable that Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg will be his successor. The latter was until a year ago regent of the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. He was born September 13, 1863, and 1896 married Princess Alexandra, daughter of the



PRINCE HOHENLOHE-LANGENBURG. (The Probable New Chancellor of the German Empire.)

late Duke Alfred (Duke of Edinburgh) of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and niece of King Edward of England. In 1897 the prince was honored with the British decoration of Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. His full name and title are His Serene Highness Ernest William Frederic Charles Maximilian. Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. The alleged diplomatic failure of Count von Buelow in the Moroccan conference and the miscarriage of colonial affairs will, it is believed, lead to his retirement.

Largest Life Policy.

The most heavily insured man in the world is probably Mr. L. Rodman Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, who carries \$2,000,000 in the Mutual, in addition to insurance in other companies. Mr. Wanamaker first took out his insurance in the Mutual, amounting to \$200,000, at the age of 34. At 38 he increased it by two additional policies of \$100,000 and \$500,000. Five years later, at 41, he took two additional policies, one at \$1,000,000 and the other of \$200,000. This makes his total insurance in the company \$2,000,000, on which he pays a yearly premium of \$63,236.—World's Work.

Suspend Judgment.

A Chicago woman chose a cell in a police station rather than go with her husband. We will have to suspend judgment until we see the husband.—Chicago Journal.