



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE
AUTHOR OF "SOUTHERN LIPS," "THEY WERE HERE," "THEY WERE THERE," "THEY WERE AWAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.
"You bet," is the only comment Dick vouchsafes, but his manner shows how coolly he takes the stirring information given, which may mean the greatest of danger and perhaps death.

Truth to tell, he is worried secretly, but only because those are with him who may be injured in the melee. He has already considered a scheme, wild though it may appear, by means of which he shall win the favor of the assemblage, and thus crush the incipient rebellion.

It is too late for them to get away from the crowd. As soon as they make a move the very thing they seek to avoid will be precipitated upon them.

Some other plan must be tried, and the more Dick Denver reflects the more convinced he becomes that his wild thought is not such a bad idea after all. At any rate, it suits his notion as a clever way to win the sympathy of the crowd, which, like most of its kind, is, in general, a good-natured one, ready to swing with the hero of the hour.

Dick would like to confer with his comrade, but this is hardly possible now without allowing the ears of Miss Pauline to catch what they are talking about, and he hardly cares to do that.

So he must depend upon himself, and, taken with a sudden notion, de-



"I Understand—They Will Attack Us To-Night."

clides upon his unique plan to outwit the senator and his clique.

He will take all the City of Mexico into his confidence—the good people shall hear how some of their fellow citizens endeavor to persecute those who only sin has been the extension of Mexican business—the restoration of her most famous mine.

Already the situation has grown grave. He can see scowling faces around, and it is evident that if, as he believes, the followers of Senor Lopez mean them harm, the crisis will not long be delayed.

Bob is close to him—Bob, whom he can trust in any event, and who will protect Pauline with his life if need be. He presses against the sheriff.

"Look after Miss Westery, my dear fellow. I'm going to astonish these chaps a bit. The spirit is moving within me. We're in the net here; you can see the senator's adherents all around us, scowling like demons. What I propose to do—but time passes, and the opportunity is ripe. Watch me, my boy."

Bob's curiosity is, of course, immediately aroused; he cannot for the life of him imagine what it is his companion aims at. The object may be plain, but the means which he is about to employ are decidedly hazy.

It may be readily understood, therefore, that Bob watches his companion with great interest, though he does not for an instant forget that he has a charge to keep. Dora no longer hangs upon his arm; he must have both of them free in order to meet the difficulty, if it comes, with his full strength.

Pauline wonders, too. The words she has heard Dick utter open her eyes to one fact, and she takes note of the scowling faces around them. One glance she gives, and then devotes her attention to the man she loves. What is it he means to do, this man who does not seem to fear any danger so long as he accomplishes the work which he sets out to perform?

Dick's sudden notion is a strange one, but quite suited to capture these people, who depend a great deal upon excitement to keep them in the land of the living; a champion bull-fighter is here a hero, just as in Madrid, the 'd'ol of the populace, until someone comes along who overturns this brazen image.

Dick knows this as well as the next man, and it has a bearing on his movements. He has seen a way by means of which he can probably win the good-will of the crowd and baffle the plans of the clique. However stagey it might appear in almost any other country, it goes here as a mighty dramatic effort.

He has timed himself well. The band of Pedro Gomez rests for a brief period—they have gained much applause by previous efforts, and will soon endeavor to win fresh laurels with the last selection on the night's program.

It is at this moment that a man comes clambering up onto the dais or platform that has been erected for the band—a man whom those nearest recognize as an American.

Surprise keeps them almost quiet, only a soft murmur passing through their midst proclaiming the astonishment with which they behold this bold act.

What is he about to do? Is he a

madman who seeks the life of the band leader, or does he intend to present his thanks, accompanied perhaps by a substantial present, to the man who can draw out such wonderful music?

Ah! now he clammers over the railing; with a bound he is on the platform. Cries arise—more of the assemblage has discovered him. What does he now?

Dick turns to face the crowd—he finds a thousand eyes fixed upon him, as though he were some prize animal at a show. He raises his hand, and his wonderfully powerful voice rings across the plaza.

"Silencio!" All noise immediately ceases—they wonder what this American senator has to say to account for his singular actions.

Dick takes the bull by the horns—he proceeds to invite these good people into his confidence, well knowing that they admire bravery, and will side with the man who appeals to this feeling.

He begins by telling them of the situation, the plot against a brave young woman, simply because she chances to have inherited a large share of the El Dorado Mine, describes lightly some of her persecutions to which she has been subjected, and thus gains the good-will and sympathy of the crowd in the advance.

His manner is fervid, so that he carries them by storm. Cries of "bravo" are heard, showing that the people are with him. Not a sound has as yet been heard from Lopez, the schemer, or any of his lieutenants.

In his present frame of mind the Mexican does not care—he would rush at one ten times as strong and agile as Denver. Twice before, of late, he has found occasion to regret meeting the American, but this is all forgotten in his present heat of passion.

Dick awaits his coming in what appears to be a rather careless attitude. Every eye is upon these two figures thus brought face to face in the presence of the multitude, as champions of their respective causes.

When Barcelona advances he doubles his fists and makes ready to demolish the man who has dared him to the combat. Perhaps, if he can get within easy reach, he may do considerable execution with the terrible power he commands, but the trouble will be to get that near with a man so used to keeping on guard.

Up come Dick's hands—his attitude would delight the eye of a champion in the ring, it is so easy, so graceful, and yet so full of conscious strength. The Mexican appears to be a human avalanche, hurling itself down the side of a mountain. Dick is the rock upon which it will split.

He is no longer inactive—his arm shoots out and the loud thump is plainly heard. A shout arises as the gladiator of the bull-pen staggers back from the concussion—he who has been used to hearing cheers in his favor now learns what it means to feel the sting of rebuff, he shouts for his antagonist.

He becomes a little more cautious, since that first staggering blow has knocked a portion of sense into his skull—he waits for an opening to get in one of his terrific strokes that will stretch his antagonist senseless at his feet.

Now Dick begins to play with him as a cat would a mouse—his superior education in this line, and the agile powers which nature has given him, make this an easy matter; indeed, there does not seem to be one in all the crowd who does not see through the bull-baiting and enjoy it. Thus is the bitter bitten—the man who has played the hero so many times, and convulsed the crowd by his antics with a confused bull, now finds himself placed in something of the same position.

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PRESERVER OF PEACE IN PARIS.

cool man who used to stand in front of the bull and await his chance—he is even now frothing at the mouth with fury.

Dick sees him coming, and laughs; it is his desire to so enrage the other that he can manipulate him as he pleases.

He even makes some remark to the crowd relative to the bullfighter, and from the laugh that bubbles forth it is evident that he has the popular esteem on his side to begin with. Dick does not pin his faith on this; he has seen the fickle nature of Spanish and Mexican crowds before now, and if Barcelona can gain even a temporary advantage over him, these same throats that now roar forth bravos for the Yankee will possibly resound with cries, "Muerte los Americanos!"

Now the other reaches the staging—just as Dick holds and begins to mount, just as Dick did before him; seeing which, that worthy takes off his lightweight coat, and rolls up the sleeves of his shirt, knowing what an effect such little dramatic actions have at times, and the shouts that arise prove him correct.

The members of the band, as deeply interested in this singular game as any present, move back to make room. Fortunately the platform is of a generous size, and will allow the participants in the unannounced battle free play.

Dick does not cast more than one glance in the direction of his friends, and seeing Pauline with a look of the deepest concern upon her face, it nerves him for the task to come—under her eyes he will exert himself as never before.

A victory over Barcelona will carry with it such popular favor that the game that has been started on the Alameda will be blocked in its inception, and must at least be transferred to the El Dorado.

Now Barcelona flings himself over the railing of the stage—his exertions below have already winded him in a degree, so that he is hardly in a condition to face one so much at home with his hands as Dick has proven himself to be.

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M. Lepine, on whom fell the biggest portion of the burden of maintaining order in Paris on May day, has been in the police service of the French capital since 1888 and has been prefect since 1891. His fitness for the office, with its multitudinous duties, is shown by his reappointment to the office by the various presidents elected since he first became prefect.

WATER SUPPLY OF PANAMA

Elevated Reservoir Holding Vast Quantity Furnishes the City Plentifully.

Writes John F. Wallace in the Engineering Magazine: The system consisted of a main impounding reservoir, at an elevation of approximately 235 feet above the level of the sea, containing enough water to supply the city of Panama with 2,000,000 gallons daily, an average of the basis of 20,000 population, which was at least 50 per cent. in excess of the present number of inhabitants. This water was to be conducted to the immediate vicinity of Panama through a 16-inch main, and discharged into an auxiliary reservoir of 1,000,000 gallons capacity, situated at an elevation of approximately 140 feet above the sea level in the immediate vicinity of Panama, from which the water was conducted through a 20-inch pipe to a connection with the distributing system in the city.

Numerous delays occurred in the construction of this water supply system, due to the fact that the last ship-

MIGHT HAVE BEEN RIGHT.

Pet Phrase of a Store Clerk, Repeatedly Used, May Have Hit the Mark.

A clerk in a clothing store in southern New Hampshire, had an amusing habit of using, on all sorts of occasions, the expression, "That helps some." If a customer came in and found a suit of clothes of the right pattern, even though the price was too high for him to think of buying, the clerk would utter the consoling words, "That helps some." If the clothes were cheap enough, but were several sizes too large or too small, still he would remark, "That helps some."

One day a lady came into the store and asked to be allowed to see an assortment of neckties. The polite clerk spread out an array of these goods for her inspection, and while she was making her selection he noticed that she looked exceedingly sad and tearful. The clerk ventured some commonplace remark, which led the woman to explain that her burden was a very heavy one; that she was left with

PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.



Ruler whose strained relations with the sultan of Turkey has caused uneasiness among the European powers.

ment of 16-inch pipe for the water main did not arrive on the isthmus until May, 1905—eight months after the requisition for it had been issued. The system was in final readiness for the delivery of water in the city of Panama at the close of June, 1905, although the auxiliary reservoir and the full local distribution would still require several months for completion.

Even in the United States it is rare indeed that a water supply of this magnitude is conceived, designed and executed in so short a time, and, considering the delays in securing the material and especially the difficulty experienced in obtaining the proper quality and quantity of labor, the result of this particular installation was certainly gratifying. And the credit therefor is due to Mr. Carleton E. Davis and his efficient staff of assistants.

Champion Talker of Congress.

Littlefield, of Maine, is the champion talker of the house. He rattles off his words faster than an auctioneer calling for bids and in very much the same manner. When interrupting another man's speech he has a way of emphasizing his words syllable by syllable and with each syllable he snaps his head forward as if to break his own neck. For instance, "The president's power is soup-ream." When he said that the other day he nearly cracked the desk in front of him with his head when he said "soup" and again when he said "ream."

but little money and with several small children to support. "My husband," she said at last, "has gone to a better world."

SHE WOULD SPANK DARLING

Five-Year-Old Was Pumping in the Questions Too Fast for Mother.

They were strolling through one of the uptown parks, plainly mother and daughter, the latter a child between five and six years of age. The daughter evidently is learning the letters and has the regular order of the alphabet well in her little mind, relates the New York Sun.

Passing under a big oak tree, the mother stopped and picked up a handful of acorns with their cups that had fallen from the tree.

"Look, Kathie," she said to the child, "you can take these home for cups and saucers for dolly."

"What are they, mamma?" cried the delighted child.

"Acorns," said the mother.

"Why not B-corns?" said the inter-ested little one.

"Because they grow on that oak tree," said the wise mother.

"Then why not O-corns?" queried the deep thinking little one.

"I'll spank you, darling, when we get home if you ask me any more such foolish questions," answered the affectionate mother.

WORKMAN IS HELD CAPTIVE ON HIGH CHIMNEY FOR 13 HOURS

Broken Scaffold Leaves Him on Narrow Ledge 150 Feet in Air Until Rescued by a Nery Steeplejack.

Philadelphia. — Marooned for 13 weary hours on the top of a chimney standing 150 feet in the air, John Burnett was rescued by Joseph Corbett, a daring and intrepid "steeplejack," in Camden. The rescue was witnessed by a crowd of fully 1,000 persons, many of whom had stood near the chimney watching the imperiled man nearly all day, and such a cheer went up from their throats as Burnett came down to terra firma that the chimney itself threatened to topple.

The thrilling scene, lasted from seven o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night, with intermittent shifting of the center of excitement as efforts were made to save the



WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT HE SCRAMBLED TO THE TOP.

man from what seemed a lingering death from exposure and starvation.

Burnett is a workman in the employ of a firm of chimney builders of New York. The firm had a contract to tear down and build anew the chimney at the plant of a nickel company at Tenth and Elm streets. With other workmen he had been employed there several days erecting a scaffold for the beginning of the demolition.

Burnett was the first man up the scaffold at the start of work at seven o'clock, and he had not yet reached the pinnacle of the flimsy structure when he heard a crash below him and discovered to his horror that the scaffold was giving way. With a mighty effort he managed to scramble to the top of the chimney, where he hung for dear life, amid the crackling of the planks and stays of the structure.

There he stuck in the winds, which, at that height, cut him to the very marrow, and gave him but insecure hold upon the narrow ledge of bricks. He never lost courage, however, and

when he heard the shouts of encouragement from the foreman, John McMahon, he knew that his plight had been discovered and that aid would reach him if human hands and human brains could accomplish it.

Foreman McMahon got busy as soon as he discovered the peril of his fellow-worker. He gathered a lot of spikes and, with a rope about his waist, he began to drive them into the interstices of the bricks of the interior of the chimney, hoping thus to reach the man.

It was a slow, tedious process and fraught with great difficulty, but McMahon stuck bravely to it till he was compelled to abandon it as useless. This he discovered after he had gone some distance from the ground. The old bricks, corroded and decayed by the fumes of the chemicals from the nickel works in years of use, gave the spikes such insecure hold that many of them pulled out at the slightest pressure.

McMahon had covered pretty near half the distance to the top of the chimney when the discouraging discovery was made, and the day was wearing on. To leave the man at the top of the chimney all night meant death, for no human frame could withstand the rigors of such exposure.

By the time the crowd of people had grown to immense proportions and all sorts of suggestions for the rescue of the man were offered.

"Send up a balloon with a rope," said one.

"Fly a kite and let him catch the string and then send up a rope," said another.

Among those really feasible plans many ridiculous suggestions were offered, but the happy one was that of sending for "Joe Corbett," the "steeplejack" of local fame, who has performed many perilous feats on church spires and chimneys of Camden. McMahon grabbed the chance, fearful that even this might fail, and in a little while Corbett was at the scene.

With a stout rope about his waist Corbett began the slow ascent of those spikes which held, but he had half the distance to traverse the top of the stack when the last spike was reached. He knew what he was about, though, and, like the small boy who climbs up the walls of an alley by bracing his hands and feet against the sides and moving foot by foot by main strength and agility, Corbett began the wearisome ascent.

It was a nerve-racking wait for the crowd and the foreman below and a terrible strain upon the lone man above, now invisible in the darkness which had fallen. But the skill of the brave climber won. After his tedious effort he managed to reach the end of his rope to the man on the chimney-top. Burnett made it fast, and Corbett was able to get rest for his muscles. Then after the latter had let himself down, Burnett followed, and when the two men emerged from the opening at the bottom of the big stack the cheers of the multitude broke loose.

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