



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE BATHORPE
AUTHOR OF "SOURCE JOHN"
"THE AMERICAN"
"THE JAZZ AGE"

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

He begins to experience a feeling that up to this time has been foreign to his nature—fear becomes a factor in the game. What if these American downs him before all these people—will Barcelona, the pride of all Mexico, the hero of a hundred victories in the arena, ever dare to lift his head in public again?

He would give years of his life for a chance to beat this accursed gringo to a jelly in the presence of the people. How fiercely he would send those powerful fists of his into that face which mocks him now with a smile—he would mar the good looks of the other forever.

Back and forward they push, cautiously sparring, and each watching for his chance, though every uneducated eye can see that Barcelona's only hope lies in a sudden coup de grace, by means of which he will finish his antagonist.

Dick does not desire to prolong the affair beyond a reasonable time—he has already done what he wishes up to the ridicule of the people. The opportunity presents itself, which he instantly seizes—those who watch him see him make a feint which dazzles Barcelona, who attempts to parry it, when from quite another quarter comes a thundering blow that strikes him on the side of the head.

It is a knockout, a quietus. The Mexican king of the bull-ring goes reeling back in a most undignified manner, finally falling in a heap near the edge of the platform. He moves not—insensibility has doubtless resulted from the American's blow.

Dick has kept himself ready, and had the other gained his feet and attempted to draw a weapon he would have found himself confronted by a revolver that meant business.

"Gentlemen," cries the American. In Spanish, "you see victory has declared for the lady. You are chivalrous, you will wish her success in dealing with these scoundrels who would cheat her out of her birthright. Yes, you will escort us as a guard of honor to the Hotel Turbe, so that the friends of yonder groaning bullfighter may do no harm. Am I right?"

He has struck the popular fancy, and is the idol of the hour—a shout arises, and our friends find themselves conveyed to the caravansary in triumph by at least two-score of Mexicans, who cheer the American savior, the ladies, and Colonel Bob, until all are safe under the friendly roof of the hotel, when the excitement dies away.

the sun, reaching the horizon ahead, warns them that it is time to go into camp.

Not a trace of civilization remains—they are surrounded by what is perhaps the grandest and wildest scenery on the whole American continent; great masses tower above them, while below is a defile hundreds of feet in depth.

A camping place is near, and they hasten to reach it; then the tents are hastily thrown up, fires made, the horses corralled, and all preparations made for spending the first night out.

Dick studies his men. Some are strangers to him, although probably recommended by others, and he desires to know them as well as possible, so that in time of trouble he will be able to station them so as to get the best work done.

All seems merry enough; provisions are plenty, the fire cheerful, and more than one man sings a popular song, picked up, it might be, on the great Mississippi, the ocean, or some foreign land.

Then a request is respectfully made that the ladies sing. Dick bears it himself from the men. They are Americans in a foreign land, and Pauline is at last induced to gratify their desire.

Then the mighty hills and gulches echo, probably for the first time since they were created, with a woman's song. Pauline gives them numerous selections, just as they came to her mind, but the one that takes them by storm, and which is repeated by request, is the ballad "Comrades," which was just having its run in London and Paris at the time our friends left France for Mexico, and which Dick joins in rendering.

Later on some of the voyagers sling hammocks; indeed most of them dread sleeping on the ground in this country, where snakes of a poisonous nature, tarantulas, centipedes, and the like, roam about.

Dick had posted his guards, and on this night it is easy enough to manipulate matters, since on one side of their camp the trail runs along what is really a shelf of rock, where one man can protect them from a surprise.

No precaution is neglected; they have too great an interest at stake for that. The hour grows later and the fires die down; the breeze rustling the leaves, or perhaps a cry from some wild beast in the ragged defiles of the mountains, is the only sound that comes to the ears of the guards, who, at a specified hour, are changed.

me's question, and noticing the look of surprise she gives him he laughs lightly as he says:

"I had hoped you would not hear the name mentioned—Huggins was indiscreet to speak of it in your presence. As you suppose, there is a gruesome story connected with this weird, uncanny looking, gloomy vale."

Dick Westernly turns her eyes upon Miss, nods a little, and smiles. That is enough—although he does so under protest, Dick is compelled to obey.

"Well, the truth of the matter is, years ago, when the El Dorado was in the Lopez family, and yielding more than any mine in Mexico at the time, a party heading toward the capital with a relay of mules, laden with the richest ore, almost pure metal, was surprised in this valley by the desperate bandits who abounded at that time, and though they fought bravely they perished."

"All?" gasps the interested Dora. "Every living soul of that band, save a boy who had secreted himself in the sage bushes, and who saw the whole dreadful carnage. I heard the story from his lips—he was a white-bearded man when he told it, but I could see him shudder as if again he saw in imagination every detail of the awful massacre. Enough—let us talk of something more cheerful. You know now why the Mexicans call it the Death Valley."

Dick sees the ladies to their tent—then he goes in quest of Colonel Bob, whom he finds smoking a villainous Mexican cigar, which he takes from his mouth with every puff and examines with a glance that is solicitous, even while it speaks of intense disappointment.

Dick can read his comrade like a book, and he knows the man from New Mexico has something weighty on his mind.

"Look here, Bob, you're up to your old tricks."

"Eh?" exclaims the other, as Dick's hand comes down upon his shoulder.

"Not a bit, old man. I've just been waiting until all was quiet and the ladies had retired. I knew, as certain as two and two make four, that you'd be after me for a consultation, and then I meant to tell you what I knew."

"I understand," says the other, quietly; "they will attack us to-night—Senor Lopez and his gang of disreputable characters. One thing is certain—the City of Mexico was never so clean as now, since Lopez has carried away every rascal whom a few pesos or reals could bribe into a crime."

"Yes, they're coming to-night—several things tell me so; among others the fact that just when we came to this spot and all were busily engaged preparing for the night, I happened to cast a glance backward, and at the point where the train passes up the defile and over the mountain I had a glimpse of several mounted men. There was no question in my mind as to their identity, for I was expecting them."

PARTICULAR INSECTS

ANTS ARE NOT SO WISE AS THEY ARE CLEAN.

Solomon's Advice to the Sluggard Is Disparaged by German Scientist—Facts of Interest.

According to Dr. Escherich, a learned entomologist of Strasburg university, Solomon erred in commending the ant to the sluggard as a shining example of wisdom and industry. The German savant thinks Solomon would have better justified his claim to be regarded as the wisest man that ever lived had he exalted the ant as an exponent of cleanliness. He has just published the results of an exhaustive study of these wonderful insects. He combats the views of those investigators who assign to them almost human intelligence. But as exponents of that virtue which stands next to godliness he maintains that ants stand preeminent, and if the human race would pattern after them in this respect half the diseases on which doctors thrive would vanish.

Ants, he declares, abhor dirt in any form about their bodies. Nature has provided them with implements that serve the same purpose as combs and brushes in the hands of civilized folk, and they make far more effective use of them. They are never too busy to clean themselves. No job is so important to an ant that he won't knock off work to clean himself. He does not wait until his day's labors are finished to perform his ablutions. He is never too tired to lend another ant a hand—or, rather, a leg—to effect a thorough scouring. He will tolerate loading occasionally, for the professor asserts it is a mistake to suppose that ants are everlastingly hunting up jobs, but he won't put up with dirty neighbors. Cleanliness is the supreme law of the community.

But the professor rather detracts from the credit one would otherwise be disposed to give them for the practice of this most exemplary virtue by telling us that ants are driven to it by the conditions of their existence. "Without the most scrupulous cleanliness," he says, "they could not recognize each other nor communicate anything. The cohesion of the individual with its fellows is maintained solely through the medium of the sense of smell. If the ant is covered with dust the possibility of its being recognized is diminished to an extraordinary degree. The antennae in particular must always be kept clean, for it is only with their aid that the ant remains in close communication with its tribe."

It is their highly developed sense of cleanliness, the professor says, which also explains the ants' "funerals" about which so much has been written. Ants, it is well known, carry their dead to definite burial places, where they arrange them in most careful order. "The little creatures do not, however, do this with the object of providing their dead comrades with the last resting place," Dr. Escherich states; "they merely obey the instinct of cleanliness which impels them to remove all refuse from the nest and carry it away to a definite spot."

ENTIRE CANON FOR CHURCH

Religious Rights and Observances of the Hopi Indians of Grand Canon.

The Paradise or Spirit House of the Hopi is in Grand Canon, and there is sent, during certain important ceremonies, a messenger priest who makes a votive deposit in the shrine erected there, tenders a prayer offering of sacred cornmeal to the rising sun and carries back with him certain waters and herbs for use in further rites.

There was no question in my mind as to their identity, for I was expecting them. "Those words mean something. Why do you believe we are to be attacked to-night?" pursues Dick, who would make a good lawyer, he is so quick to seize upon a point.

"My informant is Tampa Garcia, one of the two Mexicans we have in our train. He is a first class plainsman, but has been rather wild in his day, so that Lopez believed he would join them. Tampa took his money and was in doubt what to do. The songs Miss Pauline have driven the bad devil out of his heart—he says she made him think of his earlier days, of one who is with the angels now. He threw the enemy's gold into the river we passed yesterday, and to-day resolved to confess all to me."

"This is good luck," remarks Dick. "So, you see, it was resolved before we left the city to attack our camp in Death Valley. Forewarned is forearmed, and we'll see that the yellow boys are warmly received. To-night they will be taught a lesson never to be forgotten—to-night old Mexico will learn what Yankee guns, backed by Yankee arms, can do."

NO TWO HATS EVER ALIKE

Made by Machinery or by Hand There Is Sure to Be a Difference.

There are no two things alike in this world—no two atoms alike, no two blades of grass alike, no two peas alike, no two faces alike, no two ladies that alike! Has this thought ever been impressed upon you while sitting in an assemblage of women? Oh, the wisdom and forethought of nature for were each woman to have a hat similar to her neighbor's what an infinite variety of additional woes and heartaches and tears the human race would have had to bear!

And, yet, Mathew Softleigh, born and bred in New York, says the Sun, knew naught of this. His tender brain could not conceive the fact that everything in this world is infinite in its revolutions and ramifications, particularly ladies' hats, so Mathew backed his poor judgment with real money and made a wager with his friend Silas Cute, that he would soon find him two hats that were alike.

Mathew and Silas selected a warm spring day and they walked up and down the great White Way, they promenaded Fifth avenue, they visited the parks, they strolled to the east side, the west side and every other side, they visited the theaters, the concert halls, the churches; from day to day the quest continued until both were weary and footsore. They saw Gainsboroughs, picture hats, sailors, hats of straw, hats of felt, hats with ribbons, hats with feathers, hats with aigrettes, but no two hats alike. They saw dreams of red and blue and green, as well as nightmares and incubi of Arabian Night's phantasy. There was poetry and prose, music and flowers typified in every one, but no two alike! What ingenuity they represented, what ceaseless brain activity, what thought, what feeling, what delicacy in some, which if put into a poem or a symphony would earn him or her a place in the Hall of Fame!

Mathew lost his bet, and it is well that he did. There should be no two hats alike, there are never will be two hats alike. Nature, like woman, is feminine; she has a variety of moods, of expression, of beauty of color, of form and figure, and a woman's hat is the embodiment, the epitome of her every thought, her every wish, her every desire. Not one woman is like another; neither can her hat be. And when the time comes that two hats are found alike then will genius have reached its limit and the world will have lost all its beauty and all that makes life worth living.

IT HAPPENED IN JERSEY

There Was One Man Who Didn't Know About the San Francisco Earthquake.

Not all the world knew of the San Francisco earthquake. Within the range of vision one has from the top of the Flatiron building there was discovered the other day complete ignorance of the calamity, says the New York Sun.

The discovery came as a joke to some literary folk who live the simple but busy life in a cottage among the New Jersey hills an hour's ride from New York. With the rural free delivery bringing the city paper on the day of issue they keep in touch with the outer world, and it was only the morning after it occurred that they learned of the earthquake and fire.

The nearest habitation to the cottage is a farmhouse whence daily visits are made for the purchase of milk. During the visit of Wednesday, the day of the earthquake, none of the farmer's family, all gossips of the usual bucolic type, mentioned San Francisco at all. On Thursday night, the visitor, while waiting for the milk pail to be filled, remarked, apropos of a threatening sky, that she hoped there might be rain in San Francisco, too.

"Why," asked the farmer, "don't they have rain out there?" "Amazed that anyone should not know about it, the visitor told in a rush of excited words of the blow that had fallen on the Pacific coast city. The farmer stopped milking to listen open mouthed.

"Durned if I heard a word about it," he drawled, when the visitor concluded. "You see, I ain't been down to the village sense Monday, an' don't do much readin' here. The Boonville paper comes every week, but Samantha's eyes he been so bad lately guess she hadn't read the last copy."

SPREAD AND PICNIC

SCHOOLGIRL SHOULD KNOW HOW TO SERVE DAINTILY.

Schoolgirls Can Cook as Well as Sandwichers—How to Make a Sandwich a Work of Art—Old-Fashioned Cookies Are a Toothsome Relish—Be Good Tempered When on a Picnic; One Cross Person Can Spoil the General Pleasure—Arrange Every Detail Beforehand—A Picnic Where the Lunch Was Left Behind.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.
(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)
I wonder if you girls read Ruskin? Of course you know that John Ruskin was a great critic and essayist, the close friend of several great artists and as well the friend and champion of working men. Besides all this Mr. Ruskin wrote books which are models of good and beautiful English, so that no class in English literature can afford to neglect a study of his graceful and vigorous style. In one of his books, Sesame and Lilies, Mr. Ruskin devotes a good deal of attention to young girls and gives them in his charming way no little excellent advice. He says among other things that a girl's work, her mission in life, is to please people and to feed them in dainty ways.

You are pretty sure to please people if you set before them the things they like to eat served in a manner that tempts appetite. No young girl can be considered well educated who does not know how to cook.

I have been told that cooks are born and not made, but I do not believe a bit of it. Any girl with a clever brain and two hands may learn how to make everything that is needed in an ordinary meal and every girl who attends a cooking class will tell you that the art of cooking includes no end of fun. To cook admirably and to waste no good material is a real feminine accomplishment.

"That young girl writes a good composition," I once heard a man say, "but does she know how to broil a beef steak?" I could have told him that the girl who could write and speak correctly and was good highest in her classes was far more likely to be an adept in broiling and baking and preparing a salad or a pudding than her stupid neighbor who never set her mind on cultivating intellectual culture. Whoever cultivates her brain most carefully will likewise excel when she tries manual training and will show the best results as an all-round girl.

I will suppose that you intend giving a class entertainment. To do this successfully you should have a spread of some sort and your guests will appreciate the repast all the more if it be of home production. Instead of contributing mere pocket money and ordering everything from a caterer, why not do as good housekeepers used to in years gone by, and make ready for the feast yourselves? A school spread need not be very elaborate, but you will want plenty of whatever you decide to offer.

Sandwiches in variety and abundance, cake and lemonade will furnish an appetizing bill of fare. Now note that a sandwich may be a coarse make-shift or a work of art. If one takes a loaf, hacks off a couple of thick slices and butters them in lumps, putting between them an unsightly fragment of meat, she will have the travesty of a sandwich. It will satisfy a famished waif, but it will not please the palate of anybody who is refined and fastidious. To make sandwiches properly for a spread, you should have a sharp knife and a steady hand. Bread one day old is better than bread freshly baked. Carefully remove the crust and first buttering each slice before cutting it, spread it with

minced ham or chicken, or with nuts finely chopped, or with a paste of hard-boiled egg, or with leaves of lettuce, crisp and green and flavored with a mayonnaise dressing.

A girl who can make a dainty mayonnaise is already a good cook, and shows herself possessed of a fine intelligence. The pile of sandwiches placed on a great platter may have a touch of beauty if every one is tied with baby ribbon of your class colors.

Do not be too ambitious about the cake you provide for a school spread. Nothing for this purpose surpasses old-fashioned ginger snaps and nicely browned cookies made from your grandmother's recipe. Ask her to give it to you and you will acknowledge that I am telling the truth. Sugar cookies have a toothsome flavor that is just a little heightened by the addition of nuts chopped and liberally sprinkled into the dough.

A picnic differs from a spread in the important item of environment. One may have a spread in the classroom or in one's own room or at a friend's house. A picnic implies an excursion to a selected objective point. It may be by rail or by water or one may prefer as a picnic ground a place within walking distance. We picnic out of doors.

One of the most delightful picnics in my experience was on the Long Island shore at a point where the waves of the great Scuth bay comes rolling and tumbling in. We started on the picnic at four in the afternoon driving to the shore, a merry company of boys and girls with an aunt or two and a mother and a jolly old sailor uncle, and we unpacked our baskets at six and ate our supper in the sunset light. We boiled the kettle and made tea and we feasted on cold broiled chicken and ham, bread and butter, biscuits cheese and pound cake, and later went home by moonlight singing all the way.

An essential thing for the success of any social function, whether it be an informal spread or a formal dinner, is good temper. A single cross or fretful person may act as a wet blanket on everyone concerned. There is no surer way to spoil a good time than to carry along somebody who is selfish or blue or disposed to find fault and to try for the best place and the least labor. Very possibly there is no such girl in your school, but once in a while she strays in at a picnic or a party from some other locality. For ourselves the best recipe for good times is a sunny disposition united to a brave heart and real unselfishness.

Everything in this world goes better if judiciously planned for and managed according to system. Before inviting people to a function be sure that you have arranged every detail. If you are going on a picnic let it be thoroughly understood at what time you start and from what place, how much it will cost each person for car fare or steamboat ticket and at what hour you will set out for home.

If possible always on such occasions have the company of a teacher, a mother or an old friend. Emergencies sometimes arise when the presence of somebody with experience is a comfort and a safeguard, and a sympathetic older friend adds to the enjoyment of the hour instead of detracting from it.

Do not leave the provisions in the care of an absent minded person who may blunder into forgetting them when she steps from the boat. This once happened at a picnic where I was a guest, and we all stood forlornly on the beach watching the departing boat that carried away our lunch baskets and left us lamenting because the contents of our combined pocketbooks were not sufficient to purchase anything except a few dry crackers at a country store.

A NEAT LITTLE FROCK.

The Color Is a Dark Shade of Strawberry Pink and a Black Silk Sash Is Worn.



A SCHOOL DRESS.

A simple school dress is shown in this number; it is in a dark shade of strawberry-pink fonce. The bodice has a long-waisted lining of sateen; the material is then arranged in three wide box-pleats back and front. They are each stitched, and the fastening is made under the center back. The spaces between the pleats of the material is tucked from the neck to the bust. The waist is pouched and sewn to the lining. The full skirt, which is sewn to the lining, is also tucked and pleated like the bodice, only the stitching on pleats is carried part way down. A black silk sash is worn round the waist. The cuffs and collar are faced with lace.

Material required: Three and one-half yards 46 inches wide, 1½ yards lining, and a silk sash.

ANOTHER VIEW.



The Sun Fish (so the bass)—Sorry, old man, it's against the law for you to bite so early in the season. These angle worms are certainly delicious.

CHAPTER XIX.
On the Road to the Mine.
Dick is awakened on the following morning by the strange cry of a vegetable vender shouting his wares along the street. It is early, but there is much to be done, so he hurries out and begins the labor of the day.

Miss Pauline has left everything in his charge, and when the caravan finally reaches a point of readiness, about half-past ten, it is as complete an affair as could well be imagined. Every man is well mounted and armed, bronchos carry tents and stores, and there are riding horses for Miss Pauline and Dora, strong, gentle beasts, capable of doing much work.

Had Miss Westernly the selection of her mount she might have purchased an animal with more spirit in him, for she is a natural horsewoman, and never more pleased than when breaking in a steed inclined to be vicious. She even gives Dick a reproachful look when she shows her steed. That worthy hastens to prove how wisely he has chosen—their course lies only now and then through valleys or over plains—a general thing it is up the rugged sides of mountains and over the roughest of country.

Miss Pauline sees the point, and laughingly declares her confidence in his wise forethought—his practical experience in this line ought to be of great benefit to them all.

So they leave the city about an hour before noon—a small crowd to see them off, and quite a number cheer the American savior who afforded them such rare sport on the previous night.

About the same time another expedition is getting ready in a hurry—of course it is Lopez and his adherents, also bound for El Dorado. What was begun on the Alameda may yet be concluded at the mine, for the plotting Mexican has men there who are under his thumb, and who will obey his beck and nod.

Dick halts his caravan some miles outside the city for dinner. They are still in the beautiful valley of Los Remedios, though heading up in the direction of a gap which leads in the direction of the far-away mines.

Looking back, they can see the towers and domes of the capital, on the right perched upon a hill is the sanctuary, Chapultepec on the left, and the towns of San Angelo and Tacuabaya. Farther down is the Church of San Esteban and the famous tree of Noche Triste, under which Cortez is said to have wept on the night of his disastrous retreat from the City of Mexico, July 1st, 1520.

In plain view are also the cones of the several volcanoes, their snow-capped tops standing out against the sky, and looking intensely weird in this tropical country which has never known such a thing as frost.

When dinner has been eaten, the course is resumed, and quite a number of miles placed behind them ere