



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

THEIR attitude is indicative of their different natures—Pauline is white, but her hand, as she holds the little revolver ready for a desperate use, does not tremble a particle; while Dora's teeth chatter, and she clings to the arm of her mistress, moaning about her sad lot, and wishing she had never come to Mexico, though as soon as the danger is past she will be sorry for having said as much.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

Presently every man in camp is aware of the coming attack—the sound of axes ringing on the timber is heard—some keep guard while the axmen strengthen their defenses. Dick personally superintends the fastenings of the horses, tied in the mouth of a little blind canon that runs off from their camp, and makes a natural corral with the help of a few logs stretched as a barrier at its mouth. The animals are precious to their progress, and they must take no chances of losing them through a stampede.

Between the two leaders every detail is looked into, the men have plenty of ammunition, and know how to use it. There will be dreadful slaughter when they open on the desperadoes whom Mexican gold has hired to attack them.

The desperate Mexican has indeed adopted desperate means when he comes to this. His plans are working badly, and he has reached the lowest level such a nature can descend to, when, utterly regardless of human life, he determines to annihilate the little party, if need be, in order to grasp what he desires.

A silence like unto death hovers over the camp of the Americans. These brave men crouch at their posts and wait to grapple with the cunning foe who will come crawling through the grass and over the fallen timber like murderous wolves creeping upon their expected prey.

The fires have all been extinguished and now only the starlight remains to give them light, which, with the eternal hills all around them, is faint, indeed.

When all is made ready the commanders talk it over, and Dick approaches the tent which the women occupy.

"Miss Westerly," he says softly. "Yes," comes the reply on the instant.

"You had better be warned—we expect an attack—a little gurgle is heard from Dora, always quick to take the alarm—and it might be wise for you to be ready."

"We are dressed—we did not retire. Enter, Dick," comes in the clear voice she loves.

"What does this mean?" he asks, passing in.

"That I suspected something—Colonel Bob's uneasy manner warned me. We waited up—then we heard the bustle, the chopping, the low commands. Ah! my Dick, you must not think Pauline Westerly is deficient in common sense."

He starts to protest, but she laughs it off.

"Now that we know the absolute truth, tell us all—keep nothing back," she commands, and as Dick is her slave, her adorer, he obeys, not omitting to relate how her sweet songs won the heart of Tampa Garcia back from evil.

Miss Pauline does not seem afraid—the soul of a heroine occupies that lovely form.

"It is a terrible thing to think what the passions of a bad man may bring about, but I shall stand up for the rights Heaven gave me. It is my duty, and if blood be shed he must take the blame, this man who has pursued me across the Atlantic."

The sound of a single rifle-shot echoes through the valley, instantly followed by a loud shriek.

"That means business. They come! Keep in the tent, I beg of you," and with the words Dick Denver bounds through the opening, eager to get in line and inspire his men to do their duty.

CHAPTER XX.

"They Come—the Greek! The Greek!" Silence no longer holds sway in the Valley los Muertas—this fatal rifle-shot seems to have been the signal for throwing aside the mask; hideous yells break forth from this point and that, which are immediately answered by shouts of defiance from the Americans who crouch behind the rude redoubt.

Colonel Bob is certainly in his element—he was born a fighter, and never learned the meaning of the word fear. His clarion voice is heard above all the rest, like trumpet notes:

"Hold your fire, boys, make every shot tell! We'll show the greasers how Yankee fight. Steady it is, boys. Listen to that," as an outburst is heard more fierce than before.

"Take 'em on the jump, my hearties! They come—the Greek, the Greek!" Perhaps Colonel Bob has things mixed a trifle, for in the historical event to which his words refer, it was the Turkish host that lay in camp; the Turk who awoke "mid death and battle smoke," but Bozarris and his little band could not have presented a braver front to the foe than does the company under the comrades two.

Then, with a crash, guns are discharged, and the shouts and shrieks, and yells that arise are but a single feature in the pandemonium that reigns.

Some of the assailants have reached the rude fort, and fight hand-to-hand over the barriers. The only light they have comes from the stars, and the flash of guns that seem to be continually booming; but the eyes of hate are keen, and these enemies who grapple over the logs can see enough to know how to fight like demons.

All has happened in an incredibly brief space of time. Five minutes before peace and silence brooded over the valley; and now a stranger coming through the defile above would believe bedlam had broken loose, and all the fiends of Tophet were having high carnival below.

The two women, sitting in the tent which, through the forethought and ingenuity of Bob, has been pitched in a spot where it could not be struck by stray lead, hear the awful clamor.

Although the confusion is so terrible, Pauline has the utmost confidence in the management of her lover, and believes that his arrangements are as near perfect as can be.

Dick and Bob have divided their forces, so that one can be at each end of the little fort, encouraging the men by precept and example. The Mexicans who have attacked them show an unusual fierceness, and Dick immediately surmises that Senor Lopez must have given them liberal doses of pulque or some sort of strong liquor, so as to fire their nerves, and arouse their most savage passions.

Surely the love of money alone could not make them take such risks.

So desperately does the battle rage that there is some danger lest friends shoot down each other. When Dick realizes this he roars:

"Light the funeral fires! We'll toss the yellow dogs into the blaze! A torch! a torch!"

One is almost immediately thrust into his hand, and, springing to a pile of dead leaves and brush, gathered for this very purpose, he applies the fire. Instantly flames shoot upward, other hands have done the same in three different quarters, and as many fires illumine the scene.

It is dark no longer, indeed the sun could hardly do more toward dispelling the gloom, for as the blaze eats into each pyramid of dry grass and debris, it mounts upward into a solid pillar at least ten feet high.

Every man can now see those around him, and the bitter hand-to-hand struggle promises to be more desperate than ever.

In one place in particular the assailants seem to have determined to force an entrance; they have massed there in numbers, and those opposed are in danger of being swept under.

Dick has prepared for just such an emergency—he springs forward and

hurts some object which he snatches from a box. It whirls through the air, and, striking the ground just at the outside edge of the enemy's line, explodes with a flash and a roar that shakes the very earth.

Consternation naturally ensues among the Mexican assailants, who believe they are about to be blown to atoms. Perhaps not a great deal of damage has been accomplished, as the force of dynamite is generally downward, but Dick's object has not been slaughter, but rather to produce a panic among their assailants, in which endeavor he has been signally successful.

Some sink away like whipped curs, and the remainder fight with less vim than before. When a second bomb bursts, with a concussion even more deafening than the first, the last straw has been laid on the camel. The Mexicans have engaged to fight with men, but not dynamite bombs, and they draw the line there.

So quickly do the Mexicans melt away that presently all who may be seen are those lying upon the ground, or a couple locked in a fierce hand-to-hand struggle with some of the defenders of the little valley fort, and these are soon secured.

As the battle seems to be over, the brave Americans set to work looking after their wounded, and quite a number have received hurts during the brief but exceedingly desperate action. Two saddles will be vacant on the morrow. By the light of the fires the voyagers dig graves and clear the battlefield of all its terrible evidences of action, so that in the morning the eyes of Miss Pauline will not be horrified by the sight of ghastly scenes.

Although the enemy has received such a signal drubbing, that is no sign he will give up the endeavor to conquer. As soon as possible after the retreat, Dick hastens to the tent to reassure the one who is ever in his mind. He finds Dora almost in convulsions—those two heavy explosions were too much for her nerves, and she believes all have been buried in one common grave, including her Bob.

Leaving them in a much more peaceful frame of mind, Dick hastens to see that the defenses are restored to their normal state, and everything placed in readiness for another attack, should the Senor Lopez manage to arouse a still further feeling of desperate valor in the breasts of his followers.

Bob, being relieved of duty, hastens to reassure his only Dora that he is very much alive.

"Send him to me," she has implored Dick, "for I shall not believe he is alive unless I can see his dear face and—pinch him."

So Bob goes only too gladly—love does not pinch very severely, and

there are those who rather enjoy the little twinges of pain when inflicted by loving fingers.

All is finally in readiness for further business, in case Senor Lopez influences his men to advance once more, which, after the severe punishment they have received on this night, is an exceedingly problematical thing.

Guards watch at every point—one-half of the little garrison is on duty at a time, while the others seek to recuperate their energies in sleep. So the night moves on—the night that would have been their last in the Valley los Muertas had Senor Lopez been allowed his way.

Dawn comes at last and every one rejoices. They do not fear much now, as five hours ought to take them to the El Dorado.

When breakfast has been eaten a start is made. Extra precautions are taken to guard against a surprise—men sent ahead to explore each defile ere the column passes through.

Dora notices one strange thing, Colonel Bob and six men remain behind at the camp. She does not suspect the truth, and wonders why they have apparently deserted the main column.

When they have lost sight of the late camp she turns to Miss Pauline. "What does it mean? Will they desert us? I never thought that of Bob," she says, sadly.

"Foolish Dora, you forget that your Bob is a sheriff. I am afraid, with a shudder, 'that it is a stern duty that keeps him back. You remember that they had two prisoners this morning?'"

"Yes, the ugliest Mexicans in the country," declared Dora, not yet grasping the truth.

"They are not with us. There! as two shots were heard in quick succession. 'I presume justice has been meted out—it was an execution.'"

"The horrid men! I won't speak to Bob, I—" with tears and traces of horror in her voice.

"It is you who are foolish. Think, girl, what fate those men would have condemned you to, and from which you have been saved by the bravery of Bob Harlan, and my Dick. Don't ever let me hear you reproach the colonel for having done his stern duty, or I will disown you, silly Dora."

Probably Dora's eyes are now open, and she sees matters in their true light, for when Bob and his men come galloping up later, without the two ugly prisoners, she gives him a ravishing smile, and throws numerous kisses across the space that separates them, much to the amusement of the rough rangers, not one of whom but secretly



"Finds Himself Face to Face with Juanita."

envis the Sheriff of Secora County his good luck.

Once beyond the Valley of Death, all of them breathe a sigh of relief. A temporary halt is called on top of the divide to rest the animals after the laborious climb. From this point they can look back into the valley, and all are struck by the somber appearance it presents—one would imagine a cloud of some sort hung over it, preventing the sunlight from entering and chasing the shadows away.

In great contrast lies the open country beyond—here all nature seems bright and joyous, and the golden rays of old Sol lend the surroundings a cheerful aspect; birds that avoid the gloomy valley at the foot of the defile here whistle and warble merrily.

"Yonder lies the El Dorado," says Pauline, as she points across the plateau.

They look eagerly, for with most of the men this is their first trip to the most famous of all Mexican mines, and from the hints that have been dropped they have a pretty good idea that all the scenes of excitement will not be confined to the road leading to the El Dorado.

The real fight for the possession of the mine will be made at the scene of the rich deposits. For this they were enlisted, for this they will receive double pay, and during the journey they have become so attached to Miss Pauline and her fortunes that there is not a man among them who would not risk his very life in her behalf—her ways are so winning, her manners so gentle and yet dignified, that she draws all honest hearts to her.

Gave the Directions.

Jean Gerhardy, the well-known 'cellist, at a dinner in Philadelphia, praised American wit.

"You are all witty," he said. "From your millionaire down to your grain, you are quick, nimble and sparkling in retort."

"Your grain's wit is cruel. It caused a friend of mine to flush and mutter an evil oath one day last week in New York. My friend, in a hurry to catch a train, ran out of his hotel toward a cab, and a ragged little boy opened the cab door for him and handed him in his valise. He gave the boy nothing. In his hurry, you see, he forgot."

"The disappointed urchin smiled sourly and called this order to the driver: 'Nearest poorhouse, cabby.'"

"I suppose you object to railway rebates?"

"I don't as I do," answered Farmer Cortassell, "except when they're only jest' another way of stickin' up the price on the fellers that haven't a pull."—Washington Star.

PAN-AMERICAN MEET

THIRD CONGRESS OF SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

Scheduled to Convene at Rio de Janeiro on July 20—American Delegates and Matters to Be Considered.

For the third time delegates from the Central and South American republics are to come together for consideration and discussion of matters of mutual concern. This time the congress, which come to be known as the Pan-American congress, is to meet at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Plans long under consideration have been perfected, the programme adopted, the delegates appointed and the representatives from the United States preparing to sail early next month, so as to be present at the opening session on July 21.

The regular meeting of the congress is the outgrowth of the organization of the bureau of American republics effected in 1890, and the first congress was held at Washington in 1902. Mexico was the place of the second meeting, and this year Brazil has prepared to entertain the congress. At the two previous sessions much time was wasted in deciding on the rules which should govern the body, and to avoid a repetition of the same at the coming congress, it has been agreed that the five-minute rule shall prevail, thus making it possible to prevent interminable debate on the many questions to be considered. It has also been agreed to close the sessions of the congress on September 1, in order that delegates may leave South America in time to reach The Hague in case it is decided to hold the peace conference there in the early fall.

The principal propositions which will be considered by the congress are as follows:

1. A resolution recommending that the second peace conference at The Hague be requested to consider the extent to which the use of force is admissible for the collection of public debts.

2. There will be a renewal of the adherents of the American republics to the principle of arbitration for the settlement of disputes arising between them and the conference will doubtless pass a resolution expressing its hope that The Hague conference will agree upon a general plan of arbitration that can be approved and put into operation by every country.

3. The recommendation of the second conference at Mexico for a permanent court for the arbitration to settle claims of citizens of one country against another will be renewed.

4. It is proposed to create a committee of jurists to prepare a code of public and private international law

for the consideration of the next conference.

5. It is proposed to adopt uniform laws concerning naturalization, customs and shipping regulations, patents, trademarks, copyrights, sanitary and quarantine police and to secure the recognition by all the American nations of the diplomas of the principal universities and colleges of America in the practice of the professions.

The Monroe doctrine will not be discussed, in fact it is to be studiously avoided, for the United States does not want its policy defined by other nations and the other nations do not care to have an exact definition of its scope and meaning thrust at them.

The delegates from the United States are as follows: William I. Buchanan, of Sioux City Ia., chief of the department of agri-

culture at the World's Columbian exposition, minister to the Argentine Republic, director general of the Pan American exposition at Buffalo, first minister to the Republic of Panama, delegate to the second international American conference at Mexico, and now in charge of the interests of the Westinghouse Manufacturing company in Europe.

Paul S. Reinsch, professor of political science in the University of Wisconsin.

Prof. L. S. Rowe, head professor of political science in the University of Pennsylvania.

Julio Larrinaga, of Porto Rico, graduate of Troy Polytechnic school and the University of Pennsylvania.

Van Leer Polk, of Tennessee, one of the leading lawyers of his state.

A. P. Montague, recently governor of Virginia.

The secretary of the commission will be Charles Ray Dean, chief of the bureau of appointments of the department of state.

Frank L. Joannini, of the bureau of American republics, will be interpreter for the American delegation.

Secretary of State Root will attend some of the sessions of the congress, but not in the capacity of a delegate.



WILLIAM I. BUCHANAN. (One of Our Delegates to the Congress.)

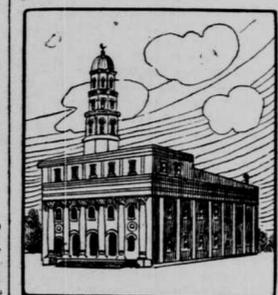
MORMON HOME IS SOLD.

RESIDENCE ONCE OCCUPIED BY BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Dwelling at Nauvoo, Ill., Built in 1839, Is Transferred for \$400—Birthplace of Polygamous Doctrines Well Preserved.

Chicago.—In the wake of a report that officials of the Mormon church are disposing of a large part of the property owned by the sect in Salt Lake City, Utah, comes the intelligence that the old brick dwellings at Nauvoo, Ill., which Brigham Young once called home and which for over five years harbored three of his favorite wives, has passed from the hands of the family that has owned it since the Mormons were driven out of Hancock county.

Capt. Joseph Reichmann, an old river man, recently bought the old residence of the founder of the Mormon church from a former Chicagoan, Dr. J. W. Parker, now a resident of Peoria,



MORMON TEMPLE AT NAUVOO, ILL.

Ill., for \$400. Dr. Parker, who at one time occupied the chair of lecturing physician in a Chicago medical college, lived in it when a boy with his parents and has been its owner for over a quarter of a century. He inherited the property from his father. Capt. Reichmann will add a story to the building and he and his family will make it their home in the future.

To the eyes of the casual observer it suggests little out of the commonplace, yet it stands to-day a well-remembered landmark to the birthplace of doctrines that have aroused much bitter conflict. It was there that polygamy, under the doctrinal cloak of Mormonism, was first practiced in this country. Around the unimposing old structure is entwined a web of romance. In its atmosphere are centered a flood of memories of the stirring times and exciting periods when treason, mob violence and varied lawlessness ran the

gamut in Nauvoo and Hancock county before the Mormons were finally forced to seek a foothold in other parts.

Within its three walls Brigham Young's three attractive wives, oblivious to the condemnation of Christian people and the outside world, professed their faith in Mormonism, lived and called one man husband.

The structure was built by the aggressive leader of the latter day saints in 1839, when the cohesive, loyal followers of the doctrines fathered by Joseph Smith were driven out of northeast Missouri, across the border into Illinois, by the enraged inhabitants of that part of the former state. Though it has passed through the turbulent times which have had their outbursts of war and riot, it has stood unscathed, and is to-day practically an unharmed cradle of embryonic Mormonism.

Situated on an eminence at Kimball and Grange streets in the historic little village of Nauvoo, the building commands a beautiful and unobstructed view of the Father of Waters, as it sweeps in a graceful and picturesque bend around the town. Looking at the fascinating picture nature has wrought from one of its windows, one can readily understand how this place could be the birthplace of inspiration and amazed that the promulgation of vicious creeds could have a thought in such a view.

With the exception of having one room added and a half-story being built on, the old edifice is the same now as when Brigham Young entered it. Like nearly all homes of the latter day saints in Nauvoo at that time, the house was built of brick and stood on an acre of ground. The substantial manner in which it was constructed would not suggest that the exponent of polygamy anticipated then that the "faithful" ones, adherents of the new religious invention of the brain of Joseph Smith, would be forced from Nauvoo and Hancock county at the points of guns.

The house originally consisted of six rooms, two halls and a large cellar. Three of the rooms served as individual bed chambers for his three wives. The others were used for sitting room, dining room and kitchen. The main hall was used for reception purposes. On the exterior there is little to show that the house has been standing for a period of nearly 70 years.

Many interesting tales are still told by old residents of Nauvoo of occurrences that took place in the old homestead during Brigham Young's tenancy.

When the Mormons were driven from Hancock county in 1846, the snug little home where the Mormon "apostle" and his wives lived was forsaken.

QUEENS OF SPAIN

GLIMPSSES OF THE LIVES SOME HAVE LIVED.

Advent of the English Princess into Spanish Royal Family Leads to Hope That Brighter Page Is to Be Written.

There is a new queen over Spain now, and as the sweet and good young English princess takes her place upon the throne it is with the expectation that a new chapter will be written in the history of Spain's queens. Certain it is that much of the eccentric and unsavory conduct which marked the conduct of former queens will never disgrace the life of the bride of King Alfonso, and hopeful is the world that much that has marred and scarred the lives of some other queens, who have suffered under the scandalous conduct of their royal spouses, may never come to sadden and darken the life of

ward Isabella, queen of Spain, was born. Over her the long Carlist wars originated.

After the death of her husband she was secretly married to a private soldier named Munz, by whom she had ten children. She made her soldier husband a duke, and spent her days and evenings in singing and dancing with him. Because her best general, Epartero, refused to subdue the people of Valencia and Barcelona with cannon and sword, Cristina flew into a rage and went off to Paris, where she led a gay life.

Epartero was appointed regent, but from her house in Paris Cristina intrigued against him, so that eventually he resigned and at the age of 13 little Isabella was crowned queen. Then Cristina came back to Madrid and ruled the country in her daughter's name.

Isabella was only half educated. Her mother allowed her to indulge her whims and impulses, however foolish.

At the age of 15 Cristina married her to her cousin, Don Francisco, a puny, shy and squeaky youth. Isabella called him "Fanny," and always hated him.

Almost immediately she began to emulate the unsavory life her mother had led.

In 1851 Isabella bore a son and he was proclaimed heir to the throne of Spain. That son was Alfonso XII, the late king of Spain and father of the recent bridegroom.

Isabella reigned and revelled, to the amazement of Europe and the disgust of many of her own subjects, for 35 years.

When Alfonso XII came to the throne, in 1874, he married his cousin, Maria de las Mercedes, the sweetheart of his boyhood, but she died of gastric fever after five months. Alfonso married secondly Maria Cristina, niece of the emperor of Austria, but after she had borne him two daughters his infidelity caused her so much grief that she fled with her children to Vienna.

And it is in the ranks of these queens that Ena of Battenberg has taken her place, and all friends of the sweet young English girl pray that her lot may not be beset with so many thorns as have those of her forerunners.

Like a Mule. Mrs. Bacon—When my husband is stubborn, he's just like a mule. Mrs. Egbert—Is that so? "Yes, when I begin to back him up he kicks.—Yonkers Statesman.

In Three Vols. The Elder Miss Spinster—Oh, my dear, there are volumes in that first kiss! Her Friend—Yes; it is rather a novel experience, of course.

Goal Far Ahead. Timmins—I only want to live until I can become famous. Simmons—I would not mind living 20 or 40 centuries myself.—Tit-Bits.

For Burns. Apply white of egg at once. It will give relief.

Tiger Shooting in India

Dangers Faced by Sportsmen Who Hunt Man-Eaters—Sagacity of the Elephants.

New York.—Men who have shot the "big cats of the Indian jungle," all emphasize the difference between an "ordinary tiger" and a "man-eater." One varies from the other as much as a domestic pussy from a wildcat. The man-eater, when it catches sight of a hunter is at once all aflame with the passion to devour him. It has tasted human flesh and knows its sweetness.

When the Britisher in India goes tiger hunting, therefore, he looks first of all to his own safety. Having learned that a tiger rarely looks upward, he seeks a position at some distance from the ground, as, for instance, the howdah of an elephant, or a machan, or leaf-covered box, perched in a tree.

The tiger usually keeps its eyes on the ground because it finds its prey there and its enemies also. The natural inhabitants of the trees, the birds and the monkeys, it holds in contempt. But on the ground, besides the sweet-fleshed man, lives the water buffalo, its most formidable foe. In combat the buffalo most times kills the tiger.

The peculiar sagacity of the elephant is of great assistance to the man who hunts tigers from the howdah. At the approach of the big cat the pachyderm trumpets an alarm, and if properly trained, it will snatch its master with its trunk, should he be on the ground, and lift him into the howdah on its back. It then seeks the

shadow of some tree and stands perfectly still, as if knowing that in this way it will steady the hunter's aim.

When one shoots from the machan, or tree ambush, he usually picks a place where the beast is wont to retreat when alarmed. With a companion he hides himself in his nest. In his hand he holds a magazine rifle loaded and cocked, while in his belt he carries a half dozen pistols for instant use should the gun fall him. Then he sends out a score or more of natives as beaters to drive the beast toward him. Encircling the region, the beaters begin to rap on the trees and to shout, and these noises, because of their strangeness frighten the animal.

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TO MAKE GRAFT INQUIRY

President Cassatt Will Probe Charges Against Pennsylvania Road—Long Connected with System.

Philadelphia.—Alexander J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania railroad,



ALEXANDER J. CASSATT. (President of Pennsylvania Road Who Has Ordered a Probe of Graft Charges.)

who on his arrival home from Europe recently, at once issued a statement regarding conditions of his road and promised a thorough investigation of the charges recently made. Mr. Cassatt has been in the service of the

corporation for nearly half a century, and for a number of years has been the guiding spirit. He was born in Pittsburg in 1839, was educated in France and Germany, and in 1859 was graduated from Rensselaer institute at Troy, N. Y. In 1861 he entered the employ of the Pennsylvania as a roadman, and rose successively through the grades of superintendent of motive power, general superintendent, general manager, third vice president and first vice president until he became the head of the railroad system embracing many thousands of miles.

The Careful Motorist. A New York automobile driver was arrested recently while driving slowly through a village and fined five dollars. He demanded why he had been so treated, as he had not violated any speed ordinance, but could get no satisfaction. Later a court officer explained the whole matter by saying: "We held a meeting last night and decided that this speeding must stop. This man was the first to come along slow enough for us to catch, so we arrested him."

Green Gold. A beautiful green shade of gold which is often used in making fine jewelry is the result of an alloy consisting of five parts of silver and 19 parts of pure gold.

Positions of Power. Knicker—Would you rather be right than be president? Bocker—Yes; but I'd rather be wrong than be umpire.—N. Y. Sun.