



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY GEORGE CATBERNE
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CHAPTER XXIII Continued.

Her words are followed by a scene of emotion as Pauline bends over Juanita and, taking her in her arms, kisses her fondly, her tears falling like raindrops on the upturned olive face, so faultless in its rounded contour—the one so fair, the other so dark, and yet sisters.

"Now I understand why I could not hate you—my sister. The good Virgin put it into my heart to let love reign instead of hatred. Do not grieve, it is a sweet pleasure to die for you both."

"It is misery—I feel as though I could never be happy again!" Pauline sobs.

The old gentleman has fallen back, and Dick with one glance sees that he has passed away.

"Can nothing be done to save her?" he says, feeling worse than ever before in his life.

"It is useless. I know that I have received my death; a little while and I shall pass away from you. Sister, let me die in your arms."

Pauline only weeps as she gathers the small but beautiful figure closer to her heart; she has searched for Beulah in many lands over the sea, and at last finds her, but oh, the terrible pain of this meeting that is but the precursor of the sad parting.

"I have some knowledge of medicine, let me see what can be done," says Colonel Bob, gravely.

The girl looks at him gratefully, but shakes her head.

"It would be useless; besides, when I remove my hand from the wound, life goes out. Give me a few more minutes to look into my sister's face; oh, how strange it all seems—how happy I am to know that there is some one who loves me, who will think of me."

Pauline weeps more violently than before—Dick winks very hard to keep back the tears, while the valiant Colonel Bob, to hide his emotion, turns and makes a rush toward the little naturalist who has ventured to show his head and shoulders from under the table, but who vanishes within his shell much after the manner of tortoise drawing in head and feet in times of danger, when he sees that fierce terror of New Mexico descending upon him.

As Colonel Bob, having furtively drawn the sleeve of his coat across his eyes, turns again, he sees that all is over; Dick is leading the almost fainting Pauline from the room, followed by the hysterical Dora, while Antoinette Duval bends over the lovely motionless form of the girl who gave her own life to save that of the man she loved.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mrs. Richard Danvers.

Where the tumult of battle raged such a short time before, a fearful silence reigns. Men go about with lanterns, searching for the wounded, who are carried into one of the mine houses to receive attention from the company's doctor, who most certainly earns his good salary on this night at least. The dead are removed and once and quietly buried, and they are not all on the side of the Mexicans, either. It has been a sad night for El Dorado, but the lesson has been so severe that it may be effectual.

Dick has been deeply affected by the sad scene he has just witnessed, but when Dora has led her sobbing mistress away to her room, he hurries outside to see about certain things that should be done, and is just in time to see a figure come sprawling from the window, landing in a mud-hole with a splash, while the voice of Colonel Bob calls:

"Hope that will teach you a lesson, you imp of London assurance—I reckon you'll fight shy of women folks in general and the charming Dora in particular after this."

"You've killed him, my dear fellow," says Dick, whereat the New Mexican sheriff laughs harshly.

"What! kill that audacious fellow who wants to make love to every pretty girl he sees? Impossible. Why, he's one of the kind that have nine lives—there, look at him limp away. Ta, ta, my little cock-of-the-walk; your plumage is badly soiled. Hunt up some one you can bully."

"Execute Professor John," says Dick, and then begs his comrade to come out and lend a helping hand. A storm is rapidly approaching, and before it bursts upon the valley every wounded man to be found should be provided with shelter, while the fallen must be placed in their last resting-place.

Thus the night passes away and morning comes at last. A new day has dawned for the great mine—peace, with honor, has been gained, and now that the scheming brain of the old senator is stilled forever it will doubtless last.

A mournful task awaits them—all that is earthly of poor Juanita must be consigned to mother earth. No tears are shed over Senor Lopez, but the scene is very sad when the plain coffin, made on purpose, and containing Pauline's long lost sister, found only to leave her forever, is lowered into the grave already prepared.

The sorrowful task is done at last, and then with a swoop the gale is upon them; rain falls heavily, the artillery of Heaven crashes with detonations that shake the foundations of the mountains, while the flashes of electric fire are terrifying.

It lasts nearly an hour, and a deluge falls that converts puny mountain brooks into raging torrents—then the brooding storm moves away over the high peaks that inclose the valley, and again silence broods over the scene of the late struggle.

Of course, our friends have little heart for scenes of pleasure, but after mature consultation it is thought best all around that Dick and Pauline be

married by the padre who has officiated at the mine. They will not make the occasion one of merriment—Pauline's nerves have been too recently and cruelly wounded for that, but it is better that Dick may be recognized as the controlling spirit of the mine.

They sit together in a room of Alexander's house talking over the situation. Dick, it may be noticed, has something on his mind; several times he starts to speak and by accident is interrupted; it does not take much to interrupt him as present to all appearances.

Somehow the conversation takes a retrospective turn, and Pauline, in a reflective way, says:

"It has always appeared strange to me that the Prefect of Paris, with all the force at his command, was unable to supply me with any information concerning Beulah. He seemed confident that he knew where Antoinette Duval might be found, and gave me every assurance of success, but it wound up in a failure."

Bob pricks up his ears—he holds his breath like a man who has suddenly remembered something that quite astonishes him.

"I saw a man running after the train—he had just missed it—he waved aloft a small packet that looked like a letter. Perhaps that was a messenger from the prefect."

The sheriff of Secora county stands up.

"Miss Pauline, I throw myself upon your mercy—I am the one to blame—I, alone," he says.

"You?" gasps Dick.

"That message arrived during the night. I received it, paid for it—sixteen francs, eight centimes."

"Oh!"

"I thrust the little packet into my pocket, fully intending to hand it over to Miss Pauline in the morning and recover my advances."

"You forgot it," almost shrieks Dora.

"I changed my coat for a rough pea-jacket in the morning, and to-day is the first time I have had that same coat on since the day we left Havre."

Pauline looks toward Dick in despair.

"Can't you manage to control him?" she asks, when to her surprise Dick laughs loudly, too.

"Bob, behave yourself, sir. Finish reading the prefect's message, and then support me, sir, for I believe I will have to faint."

This admonition or warning gives Bob a little backbone, and he sobers up.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Pauline." Then, with a twitching at the corners of his mouth, he continues: "The proposition to draw this Danvers into a combination would seem very reasonable, only for the fact that I'm afraid he has already committed himself, and is bound hand and foot. Haven't you, Dick, you sly rascal?"

Dora giggles. Miss Pauline looks amazed.

"Is it possible?" she almost gasps. Dick bows his head.

"You are Richard Danvers?" continues the fair inquisitor, almost reproachfully.

"I did not purposely deceive you. Years ago my name became Dick Denver among the cowboys, and I have fallen into the habit of using it, except when signing legal documents. I knew that both you and the senator here were hunting for me—after I met you I learned this, and my chum Bob—bless his dear innocent old soul!—told me that he had been hired by Lopez to find Richard Danvers, and he meant to do it, though he changed his mind afterward."

The colonel grasps the hand of his comrade, and while he squeezes it declares vehemently that it would have been something ten times as grave as this that would make him feel that any wrong had been put upon him—that his words have only been chaff, and that after all the affair has terminated about as well as it could.

Dick turns to the fair girl.

"And you, Pauline—do you forgive the little deception?" he gently asks.

Miss Westery has been surprised; she can hardly comprehend it as yet; her name will be Danvers then, instead of Denver; but what difference does it make when the man she is about to marry will be the same Dick?

"Freely and fully, in fact, there is nothing to forgive, Dick. You have had your little fun, and on my part I make sure of the mine between us. The worry lest Mr. Danvers might change his mind and desert to the

enemy, giving Senor Lopez control, has kept me awake on more than one occasion, I can assure you," Pauline says.

"For that I beg your pardon, and assure you it will not happen again."

"He means to be an exemplary husband," declares Bob.

"Well, don't you?" demands Dora, quickly.

"I reckon you can trust me. There comes the good padre up the street. Ladies, summon your best nerves to the surface for the occasion."

A chorus of exclamations break forth. Mrs. Alexander having joined them with her husband.

"I know I shall be stupid and forget to make the proper responses," declares Dora.

"You?" exclaims Miss Pauline. Dora is confused with blushes, while the colonel roars with laughter.

"You see," he says, "we made up our minds this morning, at least I did, and Dora was convinced by my reasoning, that there was no need of making two separate jobs out of the business—we couldn't do better than follow such a good example, so we decided that Dora shall become Mrs. Bob Harlan this A. M."

The surprise over, Pauline congratulates the girl who has been so much like a companion and sister to her always as faithful as the needle to the pole. Then the padre is announced; and here we must drop the curtain on the quiet little scene, for the magician in clerical robes, and armed with authority, has by a few words created Mrs. Richard Danvers, and relegated to the past Miss Pauline of New York.

(The end.)



Pretty Blouse of Messaline

Made of Soft Messaline, Finished with Shawl Collar—Worn Over a Little Chemisette.

This pretty blouse of light green messaline is made with a tuck on each side of the front, which is finished with a shawl collar and little motifs of velvet.

The waistcoat or plastron is of white silk embroidered at the top.



OF LATE MODE. where it opens over a little chemisette of lace. The sleeves are cut with tabs on the outside, which are ornamented with buttons, and are finished with deep stitched cuffs of the silk.

Proper Style For Baby's Card

The Size of the Card Announcing Baby's Arrival and the Inscription Thereon.

For the announcement of his birth, the boy has cards about two and one-fourth inches in length by one and one-eighth inches in width. His full name is engraved directly in the center, either early English, plain English, or French script, being selected, in accordance with that used on the cards of the parents, with which it is inclosed.

Down in the left-hand corner is written out in full:

Master William Thomas Carlyle, July the fifteenth.

One thousand nine hundred and six or the words, "At home on rainy days," may be used in the lower left-hand corner, and the date of birth left entirely out.

The latter is most used for baby girl's cards; it is not always permissible to have so definite a reminder of her birth-date, after years have passed.

These cards are attached by tiny ribbon bows at the top and center of the larger card, which should always be engraved with the names of both father and mother. The address is added, written out in full. For a boy pink ribbon and blue for a girl is chosen.

Owned by Aristocracy

Three out of every fifteen shops in the west end of London are owned by men or women in society, who either keep them under assumed names or have a large financial interest in them.

New Gloves.

The new chamois finished lisle thread gloves are such a good imitation that they look like the real skin. They are quite reasonable in price.

The Over-Ambitious Girl

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Is there such a thing as useless knowledge, knowledge which is in itself rubbish, only fit to be stowed away in the lumber room of the mind?

I suppose teachers will take exception to the statement, but I am more and more inclined to think that a great deal that they laboriously teach, and schoolgirls laboriously learn, might as well be dropped wholly out of the curriculum. We are all aware that what remains to us a few years after we have finished our school education, is so far as facts are concerned, excessively small. What the schools have done, if they have wrought well, has been to give us mental facility and disciplined powers. The question is pertinent whether for girls they do this in the best way.

What ought you, a schoolgirl, to acquire in order to be prepared for your work in life?

It depends, of course, somewhat on your future. If you are to earn your bread by the toil of hands or brain, you must be taught application, concentration, perseverance and punctuality. Without these good working qualities, no girl will succeed in any trade, from dressmaking to novel-writing. Woman's great weakness lies in the direction of inattention, inconsequence and irresponsibility, and these defects hamper her in the world of business and fatally retard her progress.

The schools should cultivate in girls these forceful and indispensable qualities, as part of the equipment for fighting the world-battle. If arithmetic, algebra and geometry, or Latin and French, or physics and economics are best calculated to promote this sort of mental and moral growth, by all means let our young girls study them. But one young girl should not have to spend all her time and all her strength during the golden years of school and college work in mastering them all. For the practical purposes of life the schools attempt too much and crowd it into too short a time, in the education of girls.

Schoolgirls are naturally aspiring and ambitious. They respond swiftly to the spur of an enthusiastic teacher's desires. They are always ready to undertake anything that is suggested and to work until the point of exhaustion. I am not speaking of the idle or the inert or the apathetic type of girlhood, but of girlhood in the mass, when I assert that it does not hold back from the pace that kills.

Boys cannot easily be pressed beyond a certain mark. Girls see the mark and try to go beyond it. And in so doing they often accumulate a lot of useless and worthless knowledge which never does them or anyone else a particle of good, and which might better be left alone, especially as it gathers dust and rust in forgotten pigeon-holes.

If a girl is to spend her maturity as a home-maker, as a home daughter, or later as a wife, or a mother, she requires not so much an enormous amount of erudition as whatever tends to promote common sense, self-restraint and genuine kindness, and to eliminate egotism. Women at home must be altruistic. Then, too, a girl who would shine in the home and hold her own in society must have culture and charm. If the schools help to form her character on strong and simple lines and to give her courage as well as sweetness, they do more for her than if they enable her to pass puzzling examinations on multifarious difficult subjects.

Far be it from me to blame either girls or their preceptors for the great and foolish waste that is forever taking place in matters educational. Primarily parents are the people most in fault.

The other day an advertisement appeared in a widely read weekly periodical, which ran to the following effect. The words are not precisely quoted, but here is the gist of the advertiser's "Wanted:"

"To take entire charge of a little girl of ten, a young woman who is a college graduate. She must be fond of children, in robust health, and between the ages of 25 and 30. Must have had experience in similar positions and be able to furnish the highest references. She must be familiar with modern methods of teaching, and besides the usual branches, her work will include music, drawing and nature study."

The mother of the little maid of ten evidently expected that her child was to tackle music, drawing and nature study in addition to the "usual branches." These, at a rough guess, may have been history, geography, English grammar, spelling, reading, penmanship, and possibly French or German. I was surprised that so grasping a mother did not require the college graduate who should apply for the vacancy as an accomplished cook and an adept in manual training, so that her child might receive initiation in these mysteries too.

The mother who advertised was laying out too wide a plan for her daughter, and was demanding an impossible woman of 25. The average age of the college alumna is 22. To have gone over the work prescribed in an ordinary college course, likewise to have attained distinction enough in music and art to instruct in these exacting departments, and to have learned the alphabet of nature study would be feats of herculean achievement that would send a girl to a sanitarium or her grave. To look for robust health after all that effort would be absurd, and as for the experience in actual teaching, where would be the time for it? The advertisement is a straw that shows where the wind blows to.

Girls, what you need and must have, at any cost, is a good working knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic; some love for and acquaintance with good literature, and this springs from good reading; the accuracy and clearness which come of writing a good hand, and the honesty which is the product of fair-mindedness and well balanced arithmetic. Don't be persuaded to spend precious hours on studying sciences that do not allure you, and annexing to memory vocabularies which signify nothing to you. But for pity's sake learn to spell, learn to write a decent, straightforward letter, and learn to converse not only fluently, but correctly, in clear, well-chosen English.

Avoid useless learning. Life is too full to be handicapped by needless impedimenta. Time is too brief to be mortgaged to ambition. Health is too precious to be ruthlessly sacrificed.

One or two subjects thoroughly assimilated are worth far more to culture than a mere smattering of a dozen, and the effect of the first on character is much more enduring than of the second. I wish I could convince every schoolgirl that thoroughness in little is a higher virtue than diffuseness spread loosely over large things. Attempt less and gain more should be your rule.



BOB READS THE PREFECT'S MESSAGE.

They have always accused men of carrying letters they were sent to mail, and this time I've put my foot in it sure enough. Miss Pauline, I'm very sorry, and if I can redeem myself in any way, you can't treat me too roughly."

"We are all liable to errors of judgment, Bob. I shall not be too hard on you. One question—have you the message yet?"

"I feel something crackle in my pocket—yes, here it is," and after having lain all these weeks snugly reposing in a man's pocket, the message of the Prefect of Paris is drawn to the light of day. Bob holds it aloft triumphantly.

He breaks open the end of the blue envelope, and takes out the inclosure it has contained, unfolds this latter and holds it up so that the daylight entering at a window may fall upon the page.

"Antoinette Duval is with Senor Lopez. His supposed daughter Juanita is the lost Beulah. We have also discovered—Richard Danvers. He is—"

"Great Heaven, and I never dreamed it!" and Bob strikes his forehead with his hand.

"Proceed, my dear colonel—if we can find him we may be able to make our position sure by some sort of partnership agreement," says the girl from New York, when to her amazement Bob Harlan gives a shout and slaps his hand down upon his knee as he exclaims:

"Good! good! A partnership agreement—what d'ye think of that, Dick? Fine, clever idea, eh? My dear lady, you—"

and here another fit of laughter almost chokes him.

TROUBLES OF A PHYSICIAN.

A physician was talking about his patient's symptoms.

"Young, strong people don't give me enough symptoms when they are ill," he said, "but the middle-aged and the aged give me too many. Thinking about their health all the time, studying their condition all the time, the aged and the middle-aged discover a symptom in every muscle, in every organ, in every limb. Thus they confuse me."

"The average sufferer of 50 or so will pour upon my head a deluge of symptoms like this:

"Well, doctor, I'm miserable all over. Feverish one minute, freezing the next. I've a gnawing pain in my hip and side and back, and an all-gone sensation in the stomach, with a shooting, neuralgic headache over the left eye. I have a queer taste in my mouth, a dizziness when I stoop over, and a dull ache up and down the right side, along with a kind of numbness. I cough a lot, my throat's sore, and I've the carache. Appetite's fair, but not what it should be. I have a feeling of lassitude, and I'm very

weak. There are only a few of my main symptoms. To proceed—"

Development Outside of College. The slow boy in school often gives an excellent account of himself in the fierce competitions of after life, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Some youths develop very slowly and do not immediately find their vocation. The honor men at universities must possess adaptability for the mastery of all or nearly all the studies in the curriculum. Deficiency in mathematics may reduce the rank of the student who is an adept in the languages. Greek may be a suitable block to the youth who may be a mathematical genius. Outside the college walls the graduate can develop along chosen lines and find his sphere.

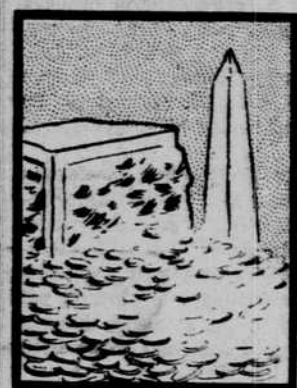
Not If They Know It.

Barker—I wonder why most married women are afraid of their husbands?

Parker—I guess it's because men never propose to the other kind.—Chicago Daily News.

The Country's Capital.

Men and Matters in Washington—Proctor of Vermont Largest Individual Owner and Dealer in Marble and Granite—Believes in Future of Washington—Senator from Iowa Held to a Policy of Pacification and Compromise—"Getting Even."



WASHINGTON.—One of the old men of the senate who does not rush off immediately upon the adjournment of congress is Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont. The reason he does not join the early exodus after congress adjourns is that he has some of his principal business interests in this city. No one knows how wealthy Mr. Proctor is, as he is as much as a piece of his own granite or marble regarding his personal affairs, but by inheritance and by his own acquisition he is the largest individual owner and dealer in marble and granite in the world. He is very fond of these two stones, and he is gradually putting them into buildings of considerable consequence here in Washington. He owns many granite and marble front houses and has just completed a very large apartment house with glistening white marble front.

Like some of his wealthy colleagues and predecessors in the senate, Mr. Proctor has had a good deal of faith in the future of Washington and has made many investments which are turning out exceedingly profitable. As he grows older he seems to take a deeper interest in these real estate deals and much of his time, even in hot weather, is spent at the national capital ready to turn an honest penny, and a good many millions of them, in real estate transactions.

Mr. Proctor is 75 years of age, and anyone to hear his basso profundo voice booming in the senate chamber would suppose it came from a vigorous young man of 30 or 40. He has a tremendously deep bass voice and in the village choir at home always carried the bass part in hymns and choruses with great effect. The senator is very much pleased over the nomination of his son for governor of Vermont, and it looks as though the latter might follow in the footsteps of his illustrious parent.

MEN OF EXPERIENCE IN ADMINISTRATIVE BRANCH.

It is regarded as something of an advantage for a man in the senate or house to have had experience in the administrative branch of the government. The senate is right well off in this regard, as there are at present five ex-cabinet officers in that body, men who have had to do with the administration of government and whose practical knowledge of executive affairs is of great benefit in the consideration of legislation. Probably the most effective of these ex-cabinet officers is Senator Knox, who was attorney general under the late President McKinley and under President Roosevelt. His experience in that office secured him an appointment to the judiciary committee and to the committee on interoceanic canals and privileges and elections, where legal knowledge is of particular advantage.

The venerable Senator Teller, of Colorado, served three years as secretary of the interior under President Arthur, and to this day the experience he then gained shows in his handling of bills that relate to matters in the interior department. Anything relating to Indians or public lands must be absolutely straight before it can pass the scrutiny of Mr. Teller, who knows all about those affairs and who does not hesitate to expose any suspicious dealings which his experience as secretary of the interior may enable him to unearth.

There are three ex-secretaries of war in the senate, all of them men of ability who are qualified to discuss legislation relating to the army. There is Senator Proctor, who served as secretary of war under Harrison, and Senator Elkins, who succeeded him at the war department under the same administration. Then there is Senator Alger, of Michigan, who was President McKinley's secretary of war all during the trouble with Spain. When technical questions affecting the war department arise, these three gentlemen are called upon to explain them and they are usually found possessed of very illuminating information.

A spirit of sadness spread over the senate in the closing hours of the last session, because of the absence of William Boyd Allison, the venerable senator from Iowa, and for 23 years a member of the senate. This veteran statesman has broken very much in the past year, and it was his deepest sorrow that his colleagues saw him compelled to yield the leadership on appropriation bills to another. For many years Mr. Allison has been chairman of the senate committee on appropriations, and in that position has directed the distribution of billions of dollars. No man in the senate understood the construction of appropriation bills and what were necessary expenditures so well as he.

It is feared that the final break has come and that Mr. Allison will never again be able to assume the leadership that he has held in the past. He was 77 years of age last March, and it is not reasonable to suppose that at that advanced age he can hope to recover sufficiently to undertake as heavy work as he has in the past. Mr. Allison was known as the great pacificator. He has always been a policy of compromise and peacemaking. He has gone about the advancement of this principle in the most suave and quiet manner, and it is said that no man in either branch of congress has ever been able to accomplish so much in such a quiet way. He years and years ago earned the sobriquet of "Pussy footed."

THE PUBLIC PRINTER RECEIVES A BLACK EYE. Subordinates in government offices in Washington have a way of getting even with superiors whom they do not like. With every appearance of faithful performance of their work, they can still so retard it and mix it up as to show a mighty poor record for their chief and at the same time make it very difficult for their own movements to be discovered. The latest exhibition of this method of "getting even" was in the case of Public Printer Stillings and occurred on the last day of congress. Since Stillings was brought to Washington and put at the head of the public printing office, there has been great friction between him and the subordinates in that establishment. He was given his position on the promise of inaugurating great reforms, and most of his time has been spent in reorganizing the force and in fighting with various cliques and organizations within the office.

In trying to put his reform into operation Mr. Stillings has made lots of enemies, so that on the last day and night of the session of congress the latter were able to give the public printer a black eye. The printing of appropriation bills and other measures during the last hours of congress had hitherto been kept right up to the hour. On this occasion, however, the printing office fell back and the most unaccountable errors were made and delays ensued that kept congress in session at least 12 hours longer than would have been necessary under the old regime. The president was also subject to annoyance by being kept at the capitol several hours beyond the time usually necessary to sign bills.

It is pretty well understood that all this confusion, errors and delay were worked for the purpose of reflecting upon Public Printer Stillings. An investigation will have a hard time running down the offenders in this case. The printers who caused delay are blaming the latter on bad copy and mistakes of enrolling clerks in the house and senate.

ATTRACTIONS OF THE "GREAT FALLS OF THE POTOMAC." It is not generally known that the largest falls east of Niagara are located in the Potomac river, some 16 miles northwest of Washington. They are called the "Great Falls of the Potomac," but have achieved in all their history little more than local fame and a very small percentage even of the inhabitants of Washington have ever witnessed their beauty. The progressive trolley, however, is now to bring this natural wonder within the view of residents and visitors in Washington. A line has been constructed to the point where the noble Potomac in a succession of rapids and falls tumbles over a good sized hill and makes one of the most attractive natural bits of scenery in the east.

Hitherto the Great Falls has been known principally on account of the good fishing in their vicinity. The small mouthed Potomac black bass is found here in large quantities and has been the favorite fishing grounds of some of the noted statesmen of the past. Ex-President Cleveland in his eight years' residence in Washington was a frequent visitor in this neighborhood, and with his old fishing crony, former Commissioner of Internal Revenue Miller, a gentleman of equal physical weight and breadth to Mr. Cleveland, took many a string of fine bass from these waters.

The quietude of this section now promises to be broken, and what were rather exclusive fishing waters, because there was trouble in reaching them, will become open to the whole public. This is to be accomplished by the ubiquitous trolley line and a pleasure resort that will be established at its terminus overlooking the falls. The congressmen and other statesmen who love the vicinity of Great Falls for its natural beauty and distance from the public half regret the enterprise of their colleague, Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, who has built this trolley line from the capitol to the Potomac resort.

