



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

CHAPTER II—Continued.

His comrade puffs a little at his cigar as if to give shape to his thoughts. "I saw you with the adorable Dora, and knew you could not well remember that such a chap as Dick Denver was in the universe, so I concluded I might as well make my way home. The hour was late, and without thinking of the danger I ran I took a short cut through some narrow streets but poorly lighted.

"I'm no yarn-spinner, my boy, so you must excuse me if I get at the business in double-quick order. I heard a call for help in a woman's voice—I ran forward, and just around a corner saw a cab which had come to a stop. Several rough and ragged fellows in blouses were gathered around; one held the horse, another looked after the driver, whom I believed to be in collision with the dining footpads, else he would never have driven a lay through these dangerous streets at this late hour.

"Well, there were four or five of them, but that was pie to me, you know—such fellows are towards the world over, whether you meet them in the Mexican mines, or in the burning sand of Egypt, or in the Indian jungle. I was bent on having a little excitement, and here was the chance.

"I had taken about five or six paces and halted on the ground, when I heard the sharp report of a small pistol. By Jove! the black woman in the cab had opened fire on the rascals! I saw them fall back in a panic, then spring upon the vehicle like mad wolves.

"Just then I let out a shout, and reached the scene of action. I never felt better in my life. Bob, old boy, than when I sailed into those doos, and I only wished you were there to enjoy it. Never mind how I did it—you've seen me in action more than once; the cowards tumbled over each

"For Colonel Robert Harlan. Important! Ah! here we have it—coffee for one, pistols for two!" he cries.

"Kindly open it, my boy—this beautiful cravat is trying to act like a prairie broncho," says the nonchalant sheriff, as though a polite invitation to a little pistol practice at ten paces were an every-day occurrence in his life.

"Listen," says Dick; "there is the bell-tigered Briton's very summons: 'After the insult of last evening, nothing remains for John Fitzsimmons but to challenge Colonel Robert Harlan to meet him on the field of honor; the sooner the better. The bearer of this will act as my second, and all arrangements made with him shall be faithfully carried out by—'

"Yours to command," "JOHN FITZSIMMONS!"

Colonel Bob does not laugh now. "Bless me, there's grit in that little man, anyway. May I be roasted if I unnecessarily harm the little bull dog." "Hold on—there's a line at the bottom—wait until I read it."

"Fire away." "The stake is to be the adorable Dora." At this the sheriff winces, and then grins.

"Of course, that's a settled thing. To the victor belongs the spoils. I'm going to have some fun out of this business, see if I don't; and if I can induce Dora to be an unseemly witness of the terrible duel, so much the better. Where is the second he spoke of?"

Dick steps to the door and opens it. "Are you the professor's representative?" he asks.

"I have the honor—Captain Arthur Tyndall of Her Majesty's Dragoons, and willing to accommodate a friend while on a leave of absence," returns a voice from without.

"Step in, captain," and an elongated figure enters that must present a startling contrast when seen in company with the dumpy professor.

"My friend and principal, Colonel Harlan."

The soldier bows, and gives one keen look at the face of the New Mexican sheriff.

"I am Juana Lopez," replies the other.

At this the blonde beauty from Gotham gives a start and looks her surprise.

"The daughter of Senor Manuel Lopez, my most bitter opponent in the management of the El Dorado. Yes, I remember now, we were both young girls when with our fathers we met at the mine. Is this a visit of a social nature or one of business, may I ask, Senorita Lopez?"

The girl from Mexico, who can trace her lineage on her mother's side back to the Montezumas, fixes her great eyes upon Miss Pauline's face—there is something solemn about her look that makes the object of it uneasy—she cannot reason why, since she has inherited from her father a brave spirit that can face danger without being daunted.

"It is business, Miss Westerly. In the first place, I desire you to understand that I do not sympathize with my father in his schemes for obtaining control of the mine. I am very well satisfied with the way in which you have managed it. Therefore I come to you to-day, first with warning, and then to ask—a favor."

She waits a minute as if to see what effect her words may have on Pauline, who simply nods her head and smiles encouragingly. So the Mexican senorita proceeds, speaking rapidly, and using the very best of English:

"My father thought he had won when he secured that paper—pardon, Miss Westerly, but you see to what even a noble Hidalgo can stoop when he is deep in ignominious plots; but it seems your shrewd maid outwitted him; at any rate, he declares she must have taken it from his inside pocket while they danced at the Jardin Bullier last night."

"You see, his heart is set upon regaining possession of the El Dorado, which was once in our family before your father bought, and he will stop at nothing—in order to further his designs. Since he cannot secure the paper, he hopes to find Senor Danvers, and falling in with him, he will make such an individual to order, so as to regain the mine."

"Would he dare do that, senorita—to force a man, as it were, and palm him upon the lawyers as the original? But he has no ordinary woman to deal with, Miss Lopez; I mean that difficulties do not daunt me. I am ready to meet your father, and demonstrate the fact that American girls know how to take care of themselves—yes, and even manage silver mines that may be left to them by their fathers. I thank you for this warning. I would reciprocate your kindness, if it were within my power."

(To be continued.)

DESERT HEAT NOT ENERVATING

Sahara, Being Perfectly Dry, Temperature Seems Hardly Oppressive.

The Sahara is not at all as popular belted plumes it, a vast plain of moving sand, dotted here and there with fertile oases, somewhat like a leopard's skin. From Tunis westward it is a vast depression of sand and clay not much above sea level, in some parts perfectly level, in others hilly, with low depressions containing water saltier than the sea, which generally evaporates, leaving a coating of brilliant crystals which appear like snow in the distance.

The river from the Aures mountains on the north serve to irrigate the oases of the Ziban; sometimes they flow above the surface, but often below it. There is a fascination about the desert that is indescribable and which none can understand unless they have spent several weeks with a caravan. At times the heat is great, but being perfectly dry it does not enervate as a humid atmosphere does at a temperature forty degrees lower.

Near midday the desert appears to be a molten sea of dazzling, vibrating light. Now and then the mirage appears and the tired eyes of the stranger are refreshed with visions of beautiful lakes near the horizon, even sometimes of trees and moving caravans. Alas! this is a case where seeing is not believing. After many disappointments of this kind the camels suddenly raise their heads and snuff the air through their curiously formed nostrils and move at a quicker pace, instinct telling them that water is near.

She Knew Her Weakness. It was the sweet scent of the lilies in the conservatory, the beauty of the young girl's gilt hair, or the excellent champagne he had taken with his supper—at any rate, after the two-step, as they rested in the shadow beneath a palm, he proposed to the debutante in white.

"It cannot be," she said. "I am unworthy of you."

"Oh, rubbish," said he. "It is true; it is too true." And she sighed.

"You are an angel," he said, ardently.

"No, no; you are wrong," said the young girl. "I am vain, silly, utterly unfit to be your helpmate through life."

He laughed lightly. He said in a soothing voice:

"Why, this is sheer madness? What sort of a wife do you think I ought to have?"

"A very wise, deliberate, practical woman," she replied, "one able to live on your small salary."

Gold Output of Alaska. The gold mines on the American side of the line in the far northwest are this year for the first time producing much larger quantities of the precious metal than are being found in British territory. The yield for 1905 at Nome and in the surrounding district is estimated by experts at approximately \$10,000,000, and the Tanana valley has cleaned up \$7,000,000. Last year the total gold production for all Alaska was \$9,050,000, or nearly \$1,000,000 less than this year's cleanup at Nome alone, where the principal increase took place during the last summer. It is safe to assume that the entire Alaskan gold output will not be far short of \$20,000,000. On the other hand, the Klondike output for 1904, which was \$10,829,000, will not be much exceeded by its total for 1905.—Tacoma Ledger.

MARSHAL WAS UNDULY LENIENT.

Nebraska Official Removed From Office by the President.

Irving Baxter, United States district attorney for Nebraska, has been removed from office by President Roosevelt.

District Attorney Baxter, who was appointed to office last spring, prosecuted on behalf of the government the case against Richards & Comstock, cattle raisers, who were charged with fencing illegally the public lands in Nebraska and whose prosecution was brought about by investigations into land frauds made under the direction of Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock. The men were convicted and sentenced to six hours in the custody of the United States marshal. Practically no defense was made in the trial.

In carrying out the sentence the United States marshals deputized the

attorneys of Richards & Comstock to take charge of the defendants for the six hours of their sentence. For exercising this leniency the marshal was removed from office.

Largely Shown in Constantly Increasing Longevity.

There can be no question that the prevalence of certain diseases has increased during the last half century. Conspicuous among these are diabetes and insomnia, both of which are largely due to the mental stress of a harder struggle for existence. The increased consumption of alcohol and the free use of narcotics are also responsible for many morbid conditions unknown to our hardier forebears. But, in comparing the present prevalence of diseases with that of the past there are several factors for which due allowance is often not made. One of these is that our forefathers died, as a rule, at a considerably younger age than their descendants; if they did not perish by the sword they were moved down from time to time by the plague and other devastating epidemics. In this way they escaped many of the diseases not only of old age, but of advanced middle generation represented to a much larger extent than is now the case the survival of the fittest. Most of the weaklings is that it has preserved a large proportion of these lives.—Practitioner.

Storms on Mars Terrific. Weather wise prophets are issuing bulletins of the rain and shine in Mars. The most tumultuous tempests that the elements offer the earth dweller are holidays compared with the storms of two weeks and again of forty-one days in length which Prof. Pickering of Harvard has found raging around Mars. The clouds of Mars are always light yellow. The desert regions are a darker shade of yellow. Long duration of storms and long clear intervals between are characteristics of Martian weather. One possible reason for the great meteorological changes is the greater tenacity of atmosphere there. Mars presents vast and conspicuous changes in appearance, whereas a Martian astronomer, looking towards earth, would find that the annual changes which he could perceive over the surface of our planet present considerable sameness and lack of variety.

Great West Coming To Its Own. The mighty west is coming into its own. The present growth of the country is authoritatively stated to center west of a line drawn from Chicago to New Orleans. The secret of the growth is found not in any fever for sudden wealth but in the secret of a working race. The wheat fields of the Dakotas and Montana, the timber lands of Washington and Oregon, the salmon fisheries of the north coast, the coal mines of British Columbia are stubborn resources to be developed slowly by coaxing and humoring with a risk of long years and all the fortunes of the pioneers. Through labor, self-sacrifice, patience, and courage these great states are being built with golden destinies. The capitalists of the mighty west, whose "mightier place in the politics, commerce, and affairs of the union is almost axiomatic."

Beauties on Waistcoat Buttons. "Old masters" are being pressed into service for the embellishment of men's fancy waistcoats.

A London tailoring firm is selling sets of six miniature reproductions of portraits of beautiful women by Gainsborough, Greuze and Lawrence just as big as a sixpence. These are considered appropriate when posed on tartan plaids, fancy checks or knitted vests.

The buttons are said to be much sought after by ladies as gifts for men friends.—London Daily Mail.

Railroad Men Must Be Sober. The Prussian Minister of Public Works has ordered that in future drivers and firemen on the state railways must be total abstainers. Intemperance has caused many accidents on Prussian railroads of late.

Rejoice With World's Progress. Things are not what they were when you were a boy, and you should be glad of it. When you begin to regret the fact your usefulness is over.—John A. Howland.

TANTALUM A HARD SUBSTANCE.

Diamond Drill Has No Effect On This Metal.

Tantalum cuts tantalum. Diamonds cannot cut it. The only effect produced by a diamond drill, worked day and night for three days on a sheet of pure metallic tantalum one twenty-fifth of an inch thick, with a speed of 5,000 revolutions per minute, was a slight dent in the sheet and the wearing out of the diamond. Tantalum differs from all other known substances in combining extreme hardness with extreme ductility. When red hot it is easily rolled into wires and sheets or drawn into wire. It is scarcely affected by the oxygen of the air even at a red heat, and not at all at ordinary temperatures, and it is not dissolved by the strongest acids, nor does it amalgamate with mercury. It melts only at the highest attainable temperatures, and is therefore well fitted for filaments in incandescent lamps, being much stronger than carbon. If it can be obtained in sufficient quantity it should prove most useful. It will furnish better boring tools than the diamond drill, cheaper electric lights than carbon, and as a plate or a wire harder than diamond, yet strong and tough. It suggests almost limitless uses. Every other hard substance is brittle, a fact which has hampered the engineer for centuries.

CHOSEN MINISTER TO NORWAY. Herbert H. D. Peirce First American Representative at New Court.

Herbert H. D. Peirce, who has been selected by the president to be the first United States minister to Norway, has for several years been third assistant secretary of state at Washington. His most recent work that came to the notice of the public was as representative of the state department of the Portsmouth peace conference. As third secretary, the consular service has been under his immediate charge, and in 1904 he made a trip around the world inspecting United States consulates. The results of this trip, which are found in the recommendation for the improvement of the consular service, are regarded as of great value. Mr. Peirce has held secretarieships in the diplomatic service, including that of first secretary



IRVING BAXTER

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at St. Petersburg, where he was charge d'affaires. In the absence of the secretary of state he has frequently been in charge of the state department.

Hens Now Rival of Cows. The farmer's hen is becoming a worthy companion to his cow, says Secretary of Agriculture Wilson. The annual production of eggs is now a score of billions. Poultry products have climbed to a place of more than half a billion dollars in value. During the last sixteen years the domestic exports of farm products have amounted to \$12,000,000,000—more than enough to buy all of the railroads of the country at their commercial value, and this was a mere surplus for which there was no demand at home. Wealth production on the farms of the United States in 1905 reached the highest amount ever attained in this or any other country—\$6,415,000,000. Should there be no release from his present position as a wealth producer three years hence the farmer will find that the farming element, about 35 per cent of the population, has produced an amount of wealth within ten years equal to one-half of the entire national wealth produced in three centuries.

Brazil Woods Beautiful. Beautiful Brazil woods are recommended to capitalists. Cabinet woods of many kinds abound, are easy to reach, and fairly easy to get. Because of the lack of enterprise among the Brazilians only small quantities have been exported. Communication with the woods is bad, freights and wages are high. An American company with \$5,000,000 is beginning to exploit some of the best regions. It hopes to overcome obstacles by the application of modern milling and transportation methods. An elevated swinging railroad will carry the logs from the woods to the mills, which are to be located near or on good roads.

Evangelist's Quick Wit. Dr. Torrey, the English evangelist, is a man of ready wit, which he uses with effect when interrupted while speaking. On one occasion in London a bibulous fellow arose and announced waveringly that he did not believe everything in the bible. "I don't see how anybody can walk on water," he declared. "Can you do it, Dr. Torrey?" The preacher looked grimly at the man for a moment and then answered: "Well, I can walk on water better than I can on rum."

Depew and "Tim" Sullivan. Senator Depew occupies a larger amount of space in the Congressional directory than any other member, and Congressman "Tim" Sullivan has the shortest biography in the book. Both are from New York.

Lucky Fall of Stethoscope. A young and pretty Bellevue nurse dropped her stethoscope out of the hospital window in May. It hit the shoulder of a masculine passerby. The two were married in June.



"TAM JUANITA LOPEZ."—89

other in their efforts to escape, and I presently found myself shaking the driver until his teeth rattled, and buying to a dazed, handsome girl.

"Then to one I can name her—it was Miss Pauline."

"Ten to one you have hit it—yes, it was Miss Pauline of New York."

"Well—pardon, I'm interested." "So was I. When I saw her face I recognized Miss Westerly, although it was some years ago when I saw her at the mines with her father. She did not know me, of course from Adam, and began to think me a Frenchman, but when I spoke in good Spanish she looked closer and begged me pardon for mistaking me for a Parisian."

"Of course I escorted her to the hotel. She explained that she had been drawn abroad by a note that proved to be forged—a note that started a lie on the face of it. She drew as fast as a cab could take her to the hospital named in the note, to see her poor Dora, reported run over in the street by an omnibus and likely to die—the same Dora who at the same hour was enjoying a waltz with the Mexican Hidalgo at the Jardin Bullier. She could find no trace of the girl at the Maison la Chartre, and the officials gravely informed her it must be a mistake, or else a cruel hoax had been played for some purpose unknown.

"Putting two and two together, Miss Pauline and myself, as we rode together to her hotel, decided that this whole business was a cunning plot. I imagine she has a pretty fair idea as to what it all means, but to me it is a puzzle. What you have said opens a loophole—perhaps the Senor Lopez had something to do with the business. These Mexicans and Spaniards are great for schemes, although I can't conceive what he wanted, seeing that the covered paper was already in his possession."

The sheriff of Socorro county is deeply interested in the matter, but he cannot advance any plausible explanation of the strange occurrence. They talk it over a little while, and then prepare to retire for the night, which Colonel Bob laughingly declares will be his last on earth, if the worthy little professor has him out in the Bois de Bologne on the following day, for "satisfaction."

Nevertheless, he sleeps well, and hardly so much as turns over up to the time the rosy beams of the morning sun glance from the roof of the great Notre Dame and enter their chamber. The colonel from New Mexico is just in the act of securing his necktie in the flowing negligee style that so becomes his free and easy nature, when a rap sounds on the door.

"Ah! as I expected—the challenge," he laughs, still arranging his tie before the glass, and speaking as though it were a note from his tailor.

Dick unlocks the door, and immediately turns with a letter in his hand.

"A bad lookout for my fiery little friend," he declares, reading Bob's character at once. "I beg of you, gentlemen, not to be too hard on him. He's a queer genius, I've found, but I imagine knows about as much of firearms as he does of women, and that is precious little."

Colonel Bob scribbles on the note.

"There," he says, "meet us just before dusk in that retired part of the great park under the trees. I shall supply the weapons."

"What will they be?" "Never mind; as the challenged party I claim the privilege of selection. And, captain?"

"Sir." "You might bring a surgeon along." "Good heavens! Then you mean to butcher him?"

"Captain, a bag or large basket, also, for gathering up the remains," pursues the imperturbable Bob.

"You joke, sir." "Never more serious in my life. It's dynamite bombs at fifteen paces. Good-morning, captain."

CHAPTER III.

A Daughter of the Montezumas. Miss Pauline Westerly of New York has just returned from a shopping tour to the Bon Marche and other temples of fashion. She has dismissed her carriage at the door of the Grand Continental, and assuming a handsome new gown, reclines in the depths of an easy chair in her private parlor, engaged with a novel and package of bon-bons at the same time, girl fashion, when a knock sounds on the door.

This reminds her that Dora is out, so, half rising, she calls:

"Enter."

The door opens, and to her surprise a lady comes in—a lady whose garments are worn with the grace of one to the manner born, whose figure, though below that of the generally American girl, is wonderfully symmetrical. Miss Westerly jumps to her feet.

"Pardon," she exclaims, blushing, "I thought it was a servant. I would have opened the door in person had I thought—"

"No apology is needed, Miss Westerly," replies the other, in a rich, musical voice that instantly takes Pauline back to the land of the Montezumas.

And now the American girl has a good view of her visitor's face, a remarkably beautiful Spanish face. Pauline admits that she has never met a girl more handsome—they form a decided contrast, these two, the New York blonde and the Mexican brunette.

"I have met you somewhere, years ago—my memory must be defective—I cannot quite recollect where it was—probably in Mexico," says Miss Westerly, with a puzzled look.

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