



# MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE  
AUTHOR OF "SOUTH SEA" "THE GREAT ESCAPE" "THE GREAT ESCAPE"

## CHAPTER III—Continued.

"The time is now, Miss Westerly," says the other, and Pauline is surprised at her beauty when she blushes creep over her cheeks, forehead and neck, while at the same time she feels an uneasiness in the presence of this Castilian girl, who somehow reminds her of a beautiful tigress, purring, and with sheathed claws, yet ready to make a terrible spring, if suddenly aroused, when lightning can flash from those wonderful eyes, and the little hands strike with fury.

Pauline is impressed by the girl's earnestness. "Tell me how I can return the favor, I beg," Pauline hastens to say, at the same time wondering why she should shiver so, as though a cold draught had crept in at the window.

"Pardon, senorita; you will think me indelicate; but you have seen something of Mexico, and you know her women are impulsive, fierce in their loves, and yet true as steel. You wonder what this has to do with the favor I am about to ask. I will not hedge if with mystery—I love a man, one of your countrymen—I have known him for years—he saved my life, and I once kept death from claiming him. We are united by the bonds of heaven, since what I saved must belong to me. He has met you—I fear he has been attracted to you—something within tells me you must prove my evil genius—that I shall hate you when I would love you. Give him up, dear senorita—see, on my knees I ask it—Dick Denver belongs to me alone—he is mine!"

Pauline Westerly is shocked, both by the abandoned attitude of the beautiful Mexican on her knees and the

stoops and picks up a small vial, tightly corked, and containing liquid. "Could the Mexican girl have dropped it?" is the question she asks, and knowing it was not on the floor before the Senorita Juanita came in, she mentally answers in the affirmative.

Then a dreadful suspicion flashes into her mind—what was it the jealous girl said just before going—"keep your beauty, Pauline Westerly—it is Heaven given"—then with a madness in her heart she came to the Grand Continental on this lovely fall day, determined that if the New York girl who owned the great El Dorado mine refused to give up the man whom she so desperately loved, she would forever destroy the face that attracted him, and make a hideous deformity of it.

Pauline feels weak—still holding the little vial, upon which her startled eyes are glued, she sinks into a chair. After a little she recovers some of her wonderful nerve—perhaps this awful suspicion is unjust—it may be smelling-salts or ammonia for a headache—a test will decide that matter beyond a peradventure.

If it be vitriol she will soon know it, for even cloth cannot hold out against its power. She takes up a jacket—what matters its possible loss to one who can afford as many as she possesses? She deliberately spills some of the liquid on it, being exceedingly careful not to let it come in contact with her fingers.

The result is almost immediate—it is alarming. She can see the terrible acid destroy the threads in the cloth, almost as fire might—they are actually eaten—they wither up, disappear before the action of the fluid.

Agghast, Pauline Westerly sees this, then she puts a trembling hand over her eyes as if to shut out the awful sight.

"Yes, she came here with a fury in her heart—came here to forever de-

stroy you ridiculous Dora, that sends you home in this shuddering heap, to laugh and moan as though out of your mind?"

The girl nods her head and catches her breath. "Oh! it was too comical—I knew I shall die laughing yet. On his knees—that wretched professor—"

"What! has he proposed—that strange little man?"

"Proposed? Shame, Miss Pauline, I never hinted at such a thing. They were both on their knees, he and the brave Colonel Bob."

"At the confessional—and you laugh! I am amazed, distressed."

"No, no, you are wrong. It was in the most secluded spot of the Bois de Bologne, among the trees—several others stood around—oh! it was too ridiculous—I never laughed so in my life, and to think I had to keep quiet. And then the end, it was so thrilling, so dramatic!"

"What end? Dora, you wretched girl, don't you see you are killing me by inches with curiosity. I demand to know what all this means? What have the professor and Colonel Bob been up to?"

"Only fighting a duel, Miss Pauline. A duel!—and over you, Dora?"

"I suppose so," demurely; "but it was only a farce, after all. That comical Colonel Bob arranged it to give me some enjoyment. But Professor John was in deadly earnest. I really felt sorry for him, and the girl gives a long drawn sigh to illustrate the depth of her sympathy."

"Go on—tell me all. When it comes to duels among your admirers, I think we have reached a point where it would be well to call a halt."

"It was all on account of last night—the two gentlemen saw me home—the professor assaulted the colonel outside the hotel and was punished. He sent a challenge. Colonel Bob looks on him as a big dog would on a small one—he did not wish to hurt him, though determined to give the Briton full satisfaction."

(To be continued.)

## SAFE ITEM TO KEEP STANDING

Book Notice Sure to Be Very Near the Truth.

An interesting story that bears on the prodigality of Robert W. Chambers' literary output was narrated in a New York club the other day.

"Our literary pace comes out on Fridays," said the night editor of a newspaper, "and on Thursday night, long after the literary editor had gone home, the make-up man rushed up to me and said:

"Look here, there's about an inch to be filled on the literary page, and no more book stuff set up. What shall I do?"

"Our literary editor was very particular that no miscellany ever should appear on his page. He insisted on its being a book page purely. So, in this dilemma the make-up man and I stood and racked our brains trying to think of some three-line literary item to add to the department.

In the midst of our trouble a young compositor turned from the keyboard of his clicking machine.

"Look here, sir," he said, "you won't make any mistake if you run in something about another absorbing novel from the pen of Robert W. Chambers rapidly nearing completion, and to put on the market in two weeks."

Lincoln and His Countrymen.

Sir Wemyss Reid wrote of Abraham Lincoln: "One must not blame Englishmen too severely, however, for their lack of appreciation of Lincoln. It is doubtful if even now he is appreciated at his true worth by Americans themselves. Some years ago I had the pleasure of taking in to dinner a charming young lady who was Lincoln's direct descendant. I said to her, 'you can hardly understand how pleased I am to have met you. There is scarcely any man whose name is familiar to me whom I honor as I honor the memory of your grandfather.' The young lady opened her eyes in innocent amazement and confessed subsequently that she had been very much surprised at my little speech. 'At home they never say anything about grandpapa.'"

The Safest Place.

A city gentleman was recently invited down to the country for "a day with the birds." Whatever his powers in finance, his shooting was not remarkable for its accuracy, to the great disgust of the man in attendance, whose tip was generally regarded by the size of the bag. "Dear me!" at last exclaimed the sportsman, "but the birds seem exceptionally strong on the wing this year."

"Not all of 'em, sir," came the remark. "You've shot at the same bird about a dozen times. 'E's a-follerin' you about, sir."

"Following me about? Nonsense! Why should a bird do that?"

"Well, sir," came the reply, "I dunno, I'm sure, unless 'e's 'angin' round you for safety."—Tatler.

Charlie's Gallantry.

Charles is a very observant boy. Yesterday one of mamma's friends came to the house to call. Mamma was out and Charles opened the door. "Mamma is not at home," he said. "Will you please give my card when she comes?" inquired the caller. "Yeth, ma'am," said Charles.

The caller opened her card case, and as she withdrew the engraved card, a bit of tissue paper fluttered down onto the steps.

Very grandly Charles picked it up and handed it to her, saying: "You have dropped one of your cigarette papers, ma'am."

Dividing Speculator's Money.

# NEBRASKA STATE NEWS

## AN INFORMATION BUREAU FOR THE HOMESEKER

OMAHA.—D. Clem Deaver, receiver of the United States land office at O'Neill, becomes head of the homeseekers' information bureau for the Burlington February 1. The office which Mr. Deaver will take with the railroad is just being created. He has been selected by the company because of his long and practical experience in land matters of western Nebraska, which have given him a thorough knowledge of the situation.

"It is an enterprise which will help build up Nebraska," said Mr. Deaver, "and for that reason should be endorsed and aided by the business men of Omaha, as well as those of other parts of the state."

Mr. Deaver points out the error in the statement that the O'Neill land office has been abolished and that Register John Weeks and himself are out.

"The Sidney land office, you know, was abolished, or will be January 1, and probably a confusion of the two places gave rise to the report about O'Neill," said Mr. Deaver, "but if our office has been abandoned it has been done in the last day or two and without our knowledge. As a matter of fact I guess there is nothing to the report."

"During my twenty-five years' residence in Nebraska I have not known as good a time to go into the cattle business," said Mr. Deaver. There are several good reasons for his conclusion. Stock cattle is dirt cheap and the price of stock cattle is sure to advance within a short time.

The determination of the government to remove the fences from around the big pastures and let the homesteaders have a chance, has had the result of many of the large cattlemen taking steps to reduce the size of their herds, while some of the large concerns are going out of business altogether.

For the present this has had a bearing effect upon the stock cattle market in Nebraska, and good high grade coming 3-year-old heifers, that will raise calves next summer, can be bought on the ranges in Nebraska for from \$16 to \$18 per head. In fact, I know some good stuff that has sold for less than those figures.

"Another thing to take into consideration is the fact that the cattle now on the Nebraska ranges is better stock than we had a few years ago, the cattle nearly all being three-quarters to seven-eighths grade, and each critter is actually worth in beef from \$2 to \$4 or \$5 more than a few years ago.

"The man who will go onto the ranges in Nebraska and buy up 100 head of coming 3-year-old heifers, which he can do inside of \$2,000, and takes good care of them five or six years, will become independently rich, while the man who is able to buy only twenty-five can lay a basis for future independence that is greatly desired by everyone."

General Passenger Agent Wakeley of the Burlington said:

"The homestead lands that are yet available in the state have been practically 'nobody's child.' The Burlington now proposes to take up this subject and establish a bureau of information to assist legitimate homeseekers to find these lands and locate on them, and to utilize its resources to the end of settling up these lands and bring more people into the state. The bureau will be operative from February 1, 1906."

Field Ranch to Be Sold.

LINCOLN.—The Marshall Field ranch at Leigh, Neb., will be put on the market Friday and sold. The ranch, more than eight sections, will be cut up into farms. The death of young Field caused the sale of the property, the elder Field taking little interest in it.

Looking Up Armory Situation.

Adjutant General Culver has notified the inspectors of the national guard that they are to pay special attention to the armory facilities they find at the company station and they are instructed to use their best efforts in interesting citizens in the construction of new and up-to-date armories.

Big Attendance Expected.

The first day's registration for the winter term at the Nebraska Agricultural school reached 104, which considerably exceeds the enrollment for the first day last year. It is thought that the attendance record will be broken this winter for the short course, which lasts only until March 2.

No Deaths in December.

NORFOLK.—Norfolk is about to take the stage as a health resort. Where else in a city of 5,000 people has the month of December brought not one single death? There were thirteen births, eight males and five females.

Wants Two Per Cent Tax.

LINCOLN.—Insurance Deputy Pierce is sending out notices to the agents of foreign life insurance casualty and surety companies, reminding them of the 2 per cent. gross premium tax which they are required to pay under the provisions of the insurance sections of the new revenue law. The question as to the validity of the reciprocal tax is still pending before the supreme court on a motion for a hearing in the case of the state against the Insurance Company of North America.

TABLE ROCK.—Some young people were skating a day or two since on the lake of the Table Rock cutoff, in which several Table Rock people are interested. A place was observed in the lake that had not frozen over and from which a gaseous substance issued, where the water has always had an oily appearance, and one of the party, taking a match from his pocket, lighted it, and as he touched it a bright flame of gas blazed up. Some think a valuable discovery has been made, others think it a sort of "swamp gas."

## NEBRASKA BRIEFS

The village of Bancroft has sold \$20,000 worth of 5 per cent. bonds to the Bankers' Reserve Insurance company of Omaha at a premium of 70.

Mrs. M. J. Dickinson, pastor of the Congregational church at Linwood, tendered her resignation, to take effect February 34. She expects to go to Boise, Idaho.

The farm house of William Bryson, located near Adams, was destroyed by fire with most of its contents. The loss will reach \$1,000, partially covered by insurance.

John Ellis, an ex-banker of Beatrice and ex-county treasurer of Gage county, despondent over financial affairs, committed suicide at Lincoln, by taking carbolic acid.

The biggest land deal made in Beatrice in years was the sale of the Abraham Goossen farm farm of 400 acres to Herman and William Reimer of this county for \$24,000.

The last pile on the Great Northern bridge across the Platte near Fremont, was driven last week and the work is in such shape that the building of the superstructure can be rushed.

The Burlington railroad paid its taxes in Hall county, together with the interest accruing since 4th, the interest amounting to \$47.28. The whole sum of the taxes was \$5,220.33.

Last week at the Methodist church, the board of stewards burned the mortgage notes against the building after the usual evening service, the new church building being now free from debt.

Confessing to the court that they were guilty of the charge of burglary, Ernest Redding and Louis Freauf of Lincoln were sentenced to the reform school by Judge Frost. Both narrowly escaped terms in the penitentiary.

No new building, no fish and game exhibit at the state fair. Game Warden Carter declared that the structure used by the commission last year is in a dangerous condition and the risk to the visitors is too great to use it again.

Miss Irma Haldeman passed away at Ord on the morning of Christmas day, and was buried from the Methodist church. She was the daughter of Dr. F. D. Haldeman, well known as having been for several years the secretary of the state board of health.

The M. Spiesberger & Son company of Omaha has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$100,000 and a paid-up capital of \$50,000. The concern will do a wholesale business. The incorporators are Fanny Spiesberger, N. A. Spiesberger, Jacob Spiesberger and L. M. Cohen.

The body of a man, supposed to be that of Thad. Browning of Omaha, was found by some boys while out hunting on the farm of James Booth, about four miles from Fremont. A bullet hole just above the left ear shows that he was murdered. He was from Omaha and had been husking corn in the vicinity.

Mrs. Spradling of Auburn, a woman who takes care of herself by hard work at the wash tub, had a thirty-dollar mortgage due on her little home and knew not where to look for the money with which to pay it. A few good ladies raised the amount by subscription and presented it to her as a Christmas gift.

Some unidentified parties left a bright little girl baby on the porch at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Poase of Blair. The child was well dressed, having on over its other clothes a fine white bearskin cloak and hood, and with it a large grip full of fine home-made clothes, containing fourteen dresses, thirteen little skirts, two pair of shoes and night clothes.

NORFOLK.—The first term of federal court to be held in Norfolk, regardless of the fact that Norfolk has been one of four court towns in Nebraska for years, will come next April. Furniture is now being sent by the government for the upper floor of the court-house and postoffice built here a couple of years ago at a cost of \$100,000.

Elder J. R. Haas, minister and pioneer citizen and oldest Mason in Nebraska, died at Wymore. He was born near Troy, N. Y., August 26, 1822, and joined the Masonic order at Niagara, N. Y., in 1856. He graduated from the theological seminary at Meadville, Pa., in 1851 and was married to Miss Electa E. Freeman September 3, 1848. He came to Nebraska in 1880.

Dputy Auditor Cook said that the claims for wolf scalp bounties have been coming to his office in largely increased numbers since the holidays began. He attributes that development to the cold weather, which induces the hunters to go afield. He believes that the balance of the \$15,000 appropriation will be exhausted by May 1 if the claims continue to come in at the same rate.

Preparations are being made to open a new stone quarry about March 1 along the Burlington railroad just north of South Bend opposite the state fisheries. A force of men is now working to clear off the timber. Omaha capitalists are behind the enterprise.

Word was recently received at Table Rock of the tragic death of W. S. Madden at his home at Holton, Kas., on Christmas day. The family was all away except Mr. Madden, when the home residence was discovered in flames by the neighbors, too far gone to rescue Mr. Madden, who perished in the flames.

The Grand Island public library board has finally accepted the Carnegie library building and expects to occupy the same in the near future, some of the furniture being already installed. Ground for the building was broken over two years ago.

Following is the mortgage report for Gage county for the month of December: Number of farm mortgages filed, 18; amount, \$28,182; number of farm mortgages released, 37; amount, \$40,854; number of city mortgages filed, 19; amount, \$14,274; number of city mortgages released, 19; amount, \$8,839.

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words she speaks; thank heaven it has not gone so far that she is in love with the hero of her last night's adventure. At the same time she experiences once more that strange chill, though she collects herself and says, sarcastically:

"Have no fear, Senorita Lopez—Pauline Westerly has never yet seen the time when she would hear a word of love from another woman's husband!"

The beautiful Mexican looks up in a startled way—various emotions chase across her olive face—then she says quickly:

"Ah! you mistake, Senorita Pauline—I am not his wife—I simply love him and had cause to believe he cared for me. I saved his life as he did mine, so I declare heaven meant us for each other. All I ask is your promise that you will not come between. Promise, senorita, that you will not let him love you; promise me that, and I shall bless you."

"Really, senorita, you ask too much. I invite an attachment from no man, but at the same time I shall not make myself ugly nor act in a ridiculous manner for the purpose of frightening a gentleman away. The probability is that I shall see Mr. Denver only once or twice more until I leave Paris for Mexico."

"He will follow you—my heart tells me he will follow you," she mutters.

"Can it be possible that with your beauty you have been unable to captivate him? Then try another plan—discover what he admires most in a woman, and let your nature partake of that virtue," says this wise young woman from Gotham, who little dreams that she thus advises a rival.

"I know, I know; I have heard him speak of what he admired in women, but I fear such virtues do not lie in my nature. I can try—I can begin now—you little know the fierce spirit I have—how well—I shall win him, my kind, or die!" she pants in her delirium, while the more composed Pauline looks on and marvels at the composition of such a hot-house flower.

"I thank you for what you have said, Senorita Westerly; perhaps it may succeed. At any rate, I have learned a lesson. Listen to me now; if, in spite of all he turns to you, and you have not moved out of your path to win him, it is heaven's decree and Juanita Lopez will abide by it. Ah! those gentle words have done more than you suspect—more than subdued a rebellious spirit. I had looked for scorn; I came prepared for insults, but did not expect sympathy, advice. Keep your beauty, Pauline Westerly—it is heaven given. I am done; I leave you with a new hope in my heart, which, if it fades, will end life."

She rises to her feet, looks once more with her grand orbs into Pauline's face, turns, and the door almost immediately hides her from the sight of the girl from Gotham, who has just experienced a decided sensation and gone through with an adventure such as might befall one but a single time during a life.

Turning around, her foot touches some object on the floor, something that rolls away under a chair—the



DORA TELLS THE STORY OF THE DUEL

stroy my looks and make me a hideous deformity upon the earth. Heaven was kind to drop mercy into her soul, to put a word into my mouth that touched her better sense. Poor child! what a nature—like a tropical plant, growing riotously without training, I will destroy all evidence of her intended crime—no one shall ever know what a fearful thing the beautiful child of Senor Manuel Lopez contemplated, came here to carry out, and only gave up at the last."

She proceeds to carefully hide the acid and the ruined garment in the fireplace, where the evidence of a jealous woman's terrible thought of vengeance on a possible rival will be burned up and lost forever to the world.

Pauline Westerly wonders what manner of man Dick Denver may be; has he deceived the Mexican girl with false promises? Miss Pauline means to analyze his character when next she sees him, and this will be in a few hours, as he has promised to call during the evening. She is a judge of human nature, being gifted with rather extraordinary powers for discovering what lies beneath the surface.

"I have never yet been deceived—he cannot be a villain without my reading it in his face, his eyes. The first impression I had was very favorable. We shall see in good time; but there was a secret hope deep down in my heart, that my king had come."

She leans at the window, looking out, and watching the night fall upon gay Paris. The gardens of the Tuilleries lie below, with lights gleaming here and there; the palace itself is a virtual ruin, never having recovered from the wreck brought about by mob rule.

Pauline finds the scene very restful—somehow her thoughts go back over the great sea—she sees well remembered faces, and once more rides along Fifth avenue. It is only a touch of that feeling of home sickness that attacks travelers periodically in foreign lands. She bravely recovers herself. The door is suddenly burst open, and turning, Miss Pauline sees in the semi-gloom a figure come pitching into the room, a figure that should be her trim maid Dora, but which just at present bears but a small resemblance to that character.

Miss Westerly lights the gas and closes the door; then she surveys Dora in wonder. Has the girl suddenly taken leave of her senses? She sits there alternately laughing and looking very sober, as different thoughts come upon her.

"What in the world has happened, Dora? Have some of the officers of a private asylum been chasing you? It strikes me you look like a fit subject for a house of detention for the insane."

"Oh! Miss Pauline—such a sight!—Dora, pressing with one hand upon the region where her heart should be, but which some of her many miserable admirers declare to be an aching void.

"What do you mean?—have you been to a circus? I understand the Cirque d'Imperatrice is still open on the Champs Elysees. What have you