



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE DATHORNE
AUTHOR OF "THE MEXICAN SHERIFF" AND "THE MEXICAN SHERIFF'S COMPASS"

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Let me go," says his friend. "I'm the younger, and besides my weeds have run out, and I can't buy any this side of that cigar store on the Champs de Mars. I'll bring some down with me—also your truant watch, for you've acted confoundedly queer all the afternoon—just like a mariner without his compass, by Jove!" with which remark he runs off up the steps of the house, while Dick leans against a post and waits for him, smiling at the allusion to his uncleanliness, and wondering whether it was the absence of his watch of something else, that has made him feel like a ship minus a rudder.

He stands there for just five minutes, and then hears sounds that cause him to turn. What meets his vision amazes Dick—a trim figure of a man has recently left his side, and here comes a demoralized specimen flying down the stairs, waving his hand wildly above his head, and presenting something of the appearance Dick has seen when this same New Mexican sheriff was charging the camp of a dozen border desperadoes, whom he had on his list as characters to arrest. Something has evidently gone wrong, or Colonel Bob would not be making such a spectacle of himself. Dick conceives a sudden show of interest—in the short interval that remains to him ere his companion arrives he tries to realize what it may mean, and gives several wild guesses before Bob reaches his side.

The New Mexican sheriff arrives, panting like a tired hound—he can only with an effort catch his breath, and then blurt out his news in his usual jerky fashion. "They're gone!—the villain has won at last!—cooped up in a mad-house! What d'ye think of that? and we promanading and feasting all the while! Only for the adorable Dora, even now we would be ignorant of their fate!"

"What," gasps Dick. "Just what I say—they're caught and caged."

"Here, in Paris?"

"Yes."

"And in broad daylight?"

"It must be so—some of the dolzes of that devil of a Senor Lopez. I'll be even with him yet," growls the

monster, save some spirit of deviltry. I saw there was an empty house next door, and from the roof of this I could just reach the window where that hand beckoned.

"This I did, and discovered two beautiful ladies looking out between the wooden bars. One of the ladies spoke to me in French, and told me where to take the note. They entreated me not to linger—I pitied their distress, and making my best bow, which I learned at the Elysees Montmartre balls, I came away. I need say no more, messieurs, as you are already acquainted with the rest of the story."

"What hour was this?" asks Dick. "The bells were just tolling five when I left the roof," responds the strange half man, half boy.

Dick groans. "Hours lost—more than two of them—if we had only returned before dining."

"No use crying over spilled milk. The only thing that remains is to see whether this story is true. How shall we know until we prove it?"

"Through me, messieurs."

It is not the street Arab who speaks, for he has flown down to the avenue, a king, as it were, a bloated bondholder in his mind—Dick whirls upon his heel to face the speaker of those cool words.

CHAPTER VII.

The Mad-House Near La Roquette. A man stands near him—where he came from it would be impossible to say, but his movements must be, like those of another person made famous by the novelist's pen, "devilish sly," for he certainly was not there a minute before.

"Ah! and who might you be, my good sir?" demands Dick, accepting the situation.

"Francis, better known as Number Eleven, in connection with the work of the prefect," returns the quiet-looking individual.

"Ah! you are one of the secret agents?"

"Oui, monsieur," bowing.

"You know this story of the street Arab—"

"It is true—I have seen the ladies myself, though not to communicate with them. Then I made my report at headquarters and was directed to find M. Denver and his friend."

"Having found them, my good Francis?"

"To tell my story and offer my services," promptly.

"M. Francois," he says, "may I ask what you told our driver that appeared to tickle him so tremendously?"

The secret agent chuckles.

"I amused him with a little fiction, messieurs."

"And I warrant it had some connection with me, for the fellow actually looked sorry when he caught my eye—confess, Francois."

"I will have to—I allayed suspicion by telling the gargon that my friend and I were conveying a wretched husband, who tried to chop his wife to pieces in his madness, to the Retreat of M. Girard," with a mock bow toward Colonel Bob, who roars aloud at the intelligence, and takes it all so good-naturedly that he quite wins the other's heart.

"Gentlemen, you did not answer my question about arms," says the secret agent, whereupon they unload. Dick carries a revolver, whenever he believes the regulations of the country he is in allow it, while Colonel Bob would just as soon think of going without his head as unarmed.

The latter individual lays a ferocious-looking six-shooter on the seat beside M. Francois, and then proceeds to draw a regular bow-knife from the back of his coat.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaims the Frenchman, aghast, and when he sees the bold sheriff from Secora county bring a second knife into view from one of his bootlegs, he drops back in his seat.

"What d'ye think now, my friend?" demands Bob, with triumph in his voice. "We may surprise M. Girard, eh?"

"Ciel! we will paralyze him!"

The carriage is making good time while they thus converse, and gradually drawing nearer the vicinity of the famous cemetery Pere la Chaise, and the gloomy prison that stands near the foot of the hill Charonne, so that those confined here can look out upon the cheerful landscape of white stones and crosses amid the greenward. In front of La Roquette stood the guillotine that was so busy during the reign of the Commune in '71, when the Seine ran red with blood.

"We will soon be there," announces Francois, as they whirl around a corner, and he thrusts his head out to discover their whereabouts.

(To be continued.)

HAD IMPROVED OVER NATURE.

Surgeon Had Glory Coming to Him, Rather Than Censure.

A year or two after the late President McKinley had begun the practice of law he distinguished himself in a humorous fashion in one of his first successful cases.

As often happens in court, the humor was not merely for the sake of the joke, but for serious purpose.

The case was brought against a surgeon, whom the plaintiff charged with having set his leg so badly that it was bowed. McKinley defended the surgeon, and found himself pitted against one of the most brilliant lawyers of the American bar.

The latter brought his client into court and made him expose the injured limb to the jury. It was very crooked, and the case looked bad for the surgeon. But McKinley had both his eyes open, as usual, and fixed them keenly on the man's other leg. As soon as the plaintiff was under cross-examination by him he asked that the other leg should also be bared.

The plaintiff and his counsel objected vigorously, but unavailing. Then it appeared that the plaintiff's second leg was still more crooked than that which the surgeon had set.

"My client seems to have done better by this man than nature herself did," said McKinley, "and I move that the case be dismissed, with a recommendation to the plaintiff that he have the other leg broken and then set by the surgeon who set the first one."

Bound to Make a Hit. He entered timidly. He stood before the editor twisting the brim of his soft, black hat with long, white poetic fingers.

"I am sorry," said the editor, "I am very sorry. But we can not use your poem. This is final."

Tears welled up in the young man's eyes. He swallowed.

"Why?" he said.

"Well, to be candid," the editor replied, "neither in prosody nor in construction is this poem meritorious. The idea is old. The sentiment is maudlin. The expression is atrocious. The rhymes are vile."

But now a light as of great joy illumined the poet's face and he cried eagerly:

LINCOLN'S DEEP HUMILITY

Pride of Place or Power Never a Fault of the Great President

They tell us that Lincoln's favorite poem was that familiar hymn, so simple, so generally neglected by the mass of mankind, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" Do you know there is something most touchingly pathetic in that? Think of the position Lincoln occupied—the most exalted in the world. Surely it is that.

Then think of the time in which Lincoln filled this place of so great distinction. History was being made every second of the time—history so momentous in its bearings on the future of the human race as to overshadow all other events, in what we usually call "profane history." The tasks to be performed, the perplexities to be met were stupendous. The fate of armies, aye, the fate of nations, indeed the fate of the race hung in the balance and depended on whether this man should perform the tasks, meet the perplexities, solve the complex problems of the hour aright, or blunder and fall in his administration of his high office. He must have been keenly conscious all the time of his name, the name he wrote so often, the name so familiar to his eye and ear, the name which had been his when a child, when a boy as well as when President, "Abraham Lincoln."

As to appear in the pages of the world's history as long as men should read history. That name was to stand out like a beacon light on the top of a mountain before all ages. This was to be so whether he succeeded or failed in the performance of his task. Come what might, his was to be "one of those immortal names that were not born to die."

Think of this; and was it not pathetic that the great, patient, grim figure should sit there with the great events of civil war surging around him, with hosts of men marching past his windows, going "to do or die" for their country. Great generals, dust-covered and begrimed with the mud of the war, bloodstained with the lash of battle, cast down by defeat, or flushed with victory, bent before him. The statesmen of the nation, the greatest sons of all the soil, stood to hear his commands, and every wish

LINCOLN IN EARLY YOUTH.



Reproduced From Oil Painting.

he expressed was a command to the greatest of them: statesman or warrior, whichever it might be.

And there that grim, gaunt figure sat, and in all his weary, lonely hours of that prolonged struggle, the uppermost thought in his mind, outside of those of his office, was embodied in the simple lines of that old hymn, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" The great strain which rested on the tired brain of the great President, the awful flood of sadness that surged through his heart with every thought of the great war and all its possibilities and uncertainties, found relief and solace in those lines. They held him heart and soul bound to a higher power than earth could furnish, to a reliance on a higher wisdom than statesmen have, to a stronger arm than wielded any earthly sword. The battle was not his, and its results did not rest at last with him. To do his best, to exercise all the wisdom he had, to be loyal to his duty and leave results with him whom he had learned to call the "God of Battles," the "Lord of Hosts," was all he could do, and play such a part as that, not able to foresee the issue, often in doubt whether he was doing the right thing at the right time, in the right way, "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Why should it be, to be sure? And if Lincoln sat all through so many lonely hours of dismay, doubt and anxiety, of great deeds, of events that stirred the nations, of achievements whose echoes ran around the world

WHAT MADE LINCOLN GREAT

The purchase by R. F. Collier of New York of the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln was a gracious and patriotic act.

The soil that gave birth to that majestic man and martyr is more sacred than common clay.

The sale of the old Kentucky farm has given rise to a new discussion of the old debate as to the forces that shaped Mr. Lincoln's life.

Discarding as rhetorical the statement of Henry Watterson, made in his lecture on Lincoln, that the great emancipator was inspired as Moses was inspired, the question is pertinent: What made Lincoln great? Heredity, environment or personal endeavor?

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THE SHORT LINE TO "THE LAND OF FULFILLMENT"

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"Through me, messieurs."

sheriff, very much as a dog might mumble over his bone when another animal comes near.

"The paper—let me have it," says Dick, with extraordinary calmness, considering the fact that his blood is leaping like mad through his veins, while his heart thumps like a triphammer.

Another instant and it is thrust into his hand.

The note has been hastily written on a sheet from a diary—it is addressed on one side to Colonel Robert Harlan, with the number and street of their lodgings, and is signed by Dora.

This is what Dick reads: "My Colonel:—We have been deceived to this house—believe it is a private mad-house. For Heaven's sake come to our rescue. I do not know why this has been done, only that he is at the bottom of it, the man who is Miss Pauline's enemy. We shall defend ourselves if need be. Give the bearer ten francs. He will tell you where this place is—some where near the Boulevard de Charonne, for I have had glimpses of a cemetery on a hill, which I am sure must be Pere la Chaise, and a great prison towers in view, undoubtedly La Roquette. Come, my brave colonel, and save your own Dora."

When Dick finishes reading this remarkable epistle he utters something that is not at all complimentary to the Mexican hidalgo, and it is evident that the young man's temper is such that should he meet Senor Lopez presently, there would possibly be a scene.

"See here, colonel, where's the bearer?" he suddenly demands.

"Good—we accept. You will lead us to this place, this private mad-house of Girard's, where they shut up American ladies because Mexican gold has entered the game. M. Francois, we are impatient to be off—lead us to the scene and we will show you what manner of men they have out on the plains of the South-west."

"One question, messieurs, before we go—are you armed. We may have a little difficulty with the men of Dr. Girard. They are a rough lot, and may show fight."

"Nothing would please us better," says Dick.

"I've been spoiling for a little action these two months—ever since we had that affair in Ireland, where they took us for constables and tried to shillelagh us. It's been an age since so much time went by without some sort of excitement to keep my hand in," declares Bob.

"Let me make a proposition, messieurs."

"Be quick, then, my good friend."

"I can go to the office of the prefect again and secure the services of other secret agents."

"That will take time."

"How long, at a guess?"

"Parbleu! say one half-hour."

"We cannot spare it. At the corner we will find a carriage—by that time we may expect to be hammering at the door of M. Girard's Retreat, and demanding admittance. We will not wait—the time is too valuable."

They all hurry down the street toward the corner of the Champs Elysees, where, as Dick has declared, they find a carriage. The Frenchman has evidently been quite taken with Dick's positive ways, for he can be heard exclaiming, as he follows close behind.

"Mon Dieu! I love a man of action, who grapples with a difficulty by the horns, as if it were a mad bull—that is Francois, Number Eleven."

Now, having arrived at the corner, Dick glances up and down the great thoroughfare—makes a peculiar signal with his arm, and in five seconds, as it were, an empty carriage draws up at the curb, in which they all proceed to ensconce themselves, not but before Francois has muttered some directions in the ear of the driver, who nods and grins as if amused.

They are off.

Colonel Bob, as usual, has had his eyes about him, and it is seldom this man from Secora county gets left.

"No use crying over spilled milk. The only thing that remains is to see whether this story is true. How shall we know until we prove it?"

"Through me, messieurs."

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