



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE BATHORNE
AUTHOR OF "SOLITAIRE" AND "AN AMERICAN MARRIAGE"

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Ah, it will not be for some time, senorita—and the man who seeks it runs a good chance of losing his own, he be peon or master, Barcelona, the bull-fighter, or Senor Lopez, the Hidalgo. My life belongs to myself—I will defend it against all comers. I am well armed, senorita."

His manner is quiet, not boasting, but thoroughly convincing. She looks at him with the deepest of admiration showing in her eyes, for although a Mexican girl may admire a handsome man, she adores a brave one, and Senor Dick has proved himself to be such more than once to the knowledge of the senorita.

"I know you do not fear him—that is what makes me shiver, for one of you must fall. There is the wicked Barcelona, too—he has also sworn against you. Once he was the idol of the people here—there is a change—he feels it—what have you done to bring it about?"

"He tried to down me, and fortune was my friend. I proved more lucky and by means of a wrestling trick threw him on his back."

"You humiliated Toradas before all the people, and he will never forgive you for that; he is only awaiting his time to secure revenge. Tell me, Senor Dick, do you mean to stand up for the American girl in her effort to hold the mine?"

It is a plain question and demands a straight answer, which Dick is ready to give.

"I have so determined: It is an outrage to see men making a combine against a young girl. The property is rightfully hers—the courts will so decide every time. Your father's purpose is to rule or ruin. He had better take care—we are already in communication with President Diaz, whom I know personally, having fought at his side during the revolution that brought him into power. Lopez will go too far, and find



THE PLAN IS BARRIED BY JUDICIAL ACUM.

himself in the Black Hole some morning." The girl gives a sigh.

"I see you will not retreat—you do not know or appreciate the dangers arrayed against you. I am glad we have met, glad to have this opportunity of warning you. Why my father hates you so I do not know."

"I can give more than one guess, senorita," then, as she lets her veil fall to hide her confusion, "but the cause has little to do with it now. I am warned—I am always on the watch—I go well armed, and feel capable of defending my own. Let that console you, senorita."

"Good-by," she says, in her soft Spanish, and he takes her hand and raises it to his lips, as might a knightly courtier of old.

When he resumes his walk, after watching the trim figure of the veiled senorita enter her carriage, that has stood near-by, Dick has new subjects for serious thought. He is no fool—the great admiration of this woman or girl shines in her glorious black eyes, and breathes in the soft cadences of her voice. He likes it not, since he himself is so desperately in love with another. It must mean harm to Miss Pauline in the end. Besides, he cannot remember the time when he admired dark women—a fair girl always excited admiration on his part.

Soon he strikes the Paseo, where vehicles are already rolling, and here Dick gives himself up to observation. He knows very few people in all the City of Mexico, and yet he has been here a number of times. Americans find it hard to enter the first circles of Mexican residents, whose houses are, like those of Spanish grandees, their castles, and in which the women folk are secluded most of the time.

"Ah, Miss Pauline has changed her mind—her headache must have gotten better," says Dick, as he bows to Miss Westley and Dora, who, seated in a small phaeton, drive past him; the vehicle is so limited in size that it is already filled, so there is no chance for a fellow of his make-up.

"The only thing we could get," calls out the lady, as they pass him, and he bows again.

"Wonder where Bob went—strange he didn't say a word to me about going. That fellow is changed since he fell in love—he used to be so frank and confidential, and now he is secretive. I reckon it does make a difference in a man, though, for that matter, I don't notice it in myself."

So he heads for the caravansary at which they have put up. As is customary, in this country, meals are taken at a neighboring restaurant.

It is astonishing to see how quickly night comes, once the sun has sunk behind the mountains that guard the Valley de los Remedios. Dick halts once to watch the tricks of some moonkeys that a roving Italian has brought from the South and educated. When he goes on again he finds lamps lighted, and the blackness of night fallen, and the blackness of night fallen, and the blackness of night fallen, for this is the time of year when the days are shortest.

Dick knows well that where there is darkness in a Mexican city there lurks danger—the life of a foreigner is not esteemed of the highest importance, and a footpad would not hesitate to use his machete if assured that his intended victim was a Yenggee. Ever since the war with Mexico in the forties, the lower classes have cherished a bitter feeling against their American cousins across the Rio Grande, and this occasionally crops out.

Hence it is that Dick, while wandering along the dark street, keeps one hand on a weapon. It is well to be thus prepared for danger, for it springs upon him suddenly. A man with a tread like that of the velvet-footed jaguar issues from behind a flight of steps; he does not attempt to close with the American, though doubtless armed with the murderous cuchillo, a knife more deadly in its work than any known on earth.

Instead, this mysterious assailant gives a toss of his arms, a sudden flint that would be meaningless unless we remember that here we are in the land of the lasso, which is cast with a precision most astonishing and remarkable.

Thus a ring of tough rope drops over the head and shoulders of the American without the least warning, and it is thrown by a master hand, for when it reaches a certain point a quick jerk secures it, and Dick's arms are fastened to his sides.

Then comes a tremendous jerk, that throws him over on his back upon the flags.

A similar anecdote was related by Oelrich, in his "Dissertation de Bibliotheorum et Librorum Fatis" (1756), of an Austrian general, who had signed a note for 2,000 florins, and when it fell due compelled his creditors to eat it.

The Tatars, when books fall into their possession, eat them, that they may acquire the knowledge contained in them.

A Scandinavian writer, the author of a political book, was compelled to choose between being beheaded or eating his manuscript boiled in broth.

Isaac Volmar, who wrote some spicy satires against Bernard, Duke of Saxony, was not allowed the courtesy of the kitchen, but was forced to swallow them uncooked.

Still worse was the fate of Philip Oldenburger, a jurist of great renown who was condemned not only to eat a pamphlet of his writings, but also to be fogged during his repast, with orders that the fogging should not cease until he had swallowed the last crumb.

Although the ex-horse-tamer has apparently been caught in the toils, it is no reason he should lose his presence of mind. Dick knows what his only chance must be; he understands that while he lies there upon the street flagging one or more enemies will rush forward to complete the victory—the slackening of the rope gives him positive assurance on this score.

Here is where his opportunity comes in—if he neglects that he is indeed lost. Fortunately Dick is as quick as a cat by nature—his hand is already on his knife—if he can but withdraw that good right arm from the octopus grasp of the tough rope that has thrown him, all will be well.

He makes the attempt, exerting all his power to loosen the bonds. His strength wins, the noose slackens so that he can draw his arm through. In that hand he clutches a knife, pulled from its sheath, and as the keen edge is drawn across the rope it parts.

Dick, with the other hand, clutches the rope in order to keep up the tension, and deceive the lasso thrower, who is doubtless advancing, hand over hand, in the direction of his intended victim.

Thus crouching, he awaits the coming of the unknown, who may prove to be Barcelona, one of his minions, or an ordinary, every-day footpad, who has taken this method of securing the man he intends to rob.

It is a moment of suspense—then a man's figure looms above him, and he knows the time has come for action.

The leap of the panther is not more sudden or disastrous than that of Dick Denver as he pounces upon the unknown who has thrown him with the lasso.

The man is taken by surprise, carried off his feet, so to speak, by the rush of the gringo—it is now his turn to discover the solidity of the flagging, nor does he relish it at all with a weight like that of Dick Denver upon his body.

The American does not use his knife, but he immediately seizes his antagonist by the throat and moves the shining blade before his eyes. As if under the belief that he is about to be immediately butchered, the other groans and writhes.

Dick loosens his clutch upon his throat, allowing him an opportunity to speak.

"No, senor." The questions come so fast that the poor devil is apt to put his foot in it, and tell the truth.

"You were hired to murder me; own up to it, now, unless you would meet trouble."

"Not murder, senor, not that," the fellow splutters.

"What, then; confess now." "Only to secure you, a hundred silver pesos to secure you, el capitan."

"Ah, that was all, eh. Only a hundred pesos. Now tell me who takes so much interest in Dick Denver as to desire his presence? I fancy I am worth that much to only one man."

"You know him, senor; I am convinced that you know him; I dare not mention his name; I have sworn not to reveal it."

"Bah! that is nothing; an oath to a greaser doesn't amount to a great deal. But I will save you the trouble; I will speak it now. Senor Lopez has an interest in my welfare; my happiness is of great moment to him."

A grunt announces that the man admits he has struck the right name. Dick can see through a millstone that has a hole in it, and he knows what it all means.

"Get up!" he says simply, and it is amusing to see how readily the fellow obeys.

"Now you can go and the next time you run up against me it will be to meet a bullet or a knife. Tell the man who hired you that it will take a regiment to bring Dick Denver before him in bonds. Vamoose!"

The fellow dashes down San Felipe Neri street as madly as though a legion of demons pursued him, leaving Dick chuckling with amusement.

(To be continued.)

Compelled to eat writings. People who in this way contributed to the destruction of literature.

Among the causes that contribute to the destruction of books, says an Italian writer, Americo Scariatti there is one very curious one which may be called bibliophagia.

In 1370 Barnabo Visconti compelled two papal delegates to eat the bull of excommunication which they had brought him, together with its sliker cords and leaden seal.

The late Justice Daly of New York frequently envied the tedium of legal proceedings had before him by his kindly wit.

FARM, ORCHARD & GARDEN

FAMILY STRAWBERRY BED.

I set out a small strawberry bed in 1902 which has continually improved both in fruit and plants each succeeding year under my system of cultivation. I keep the soil well enriched and free from weeds. As soon as I finish picking the fruit I immediately mow the vines closely and rake them, making the whole surface of bed fine and clean. I then mark the bed crosswise of last year's rows, leaving the row strips about eight inches wide. I then thoroughly but carefully cultivate between these row strips, so as to injure the roots of the plants in these strips. In a few days the strongest and best plants will be up and running. I leave enough of the strongest plants to run and cover about one-half to two-thirds of the bed. I then carefully hoe out the plants not needed and keep the soil clean and fine about these running plants. When the runners have covered the amount of space wanted, I then cut off all runners as they appear, keeping the open spaces well hoed. If needed I apply a dressing of good, fine manure before mulching bed for winter. I set all perfect flowering kinds. I have had good success with Jessie, Brandywine, Clyde, Gandy and Parker Earle.

During the busy, hard working season which is close at hand, the horse should have the best of care in every way. We know that there will be many horses that will not get it, but will be pushed as hard as the owner can, without taking any thought of them. The horse is not a piece of machinery which will go as long as pushed, as it seems some people think. The horse needs the best of care and should be worked with common sense. If the owner had any common sense the horse will do enough for him.

THE PROLIFIC STRAWBERRY BED.

One of the most severe disappointments a fruit grower can undergo is to have a bed of strawberries as white as snow with promising bloom and an almost barren yield of berries. Such beds in common parlance are said to have "run out." The real reason is far different. In the first place, strawberry blooms are fertile (or pistillate and barren or staminate). If a bed is planted to all of either kind, it will be barren of fruit. All fertile blooms will not more bear fruit than all barren plants. To be prolific, strawberry beds must be set about two to one. Some experts say ten to one. This is, every seven or ten plants must be fertile or pistillate. The most successful strawberry culturists keep a small bed set entirely with fertile plants, so that renewals can be made, at the season of resetting plants. These resetting, or renewals are necessary every year from the fact that the barren plants are the hardest and freest of growth. They make more runners, and will crowd out the fertile plants. Prevention is by cutting off the runners of the aggressive barren plants.

We must not forget that millet is a warm weather plant and if planted too early, is apt to be set back by cold spells or rains for the entire season. If sown at all early, it should not be put in very deep, nor should any seed for that matter, that is put into the ground on the early side. We have planted potatoes so deep and early that they were injured for the entire season by the set-back.

WALK OF DRAFT HORSES.

Heavy draft horses should be educated to a fast walk. It is not so exhausting or so hard on the feet, the first part of the anatomy of a heavy horse to show fast work. A draft horse will perform more work, keep in better condition and last much longer to labor at a walk. A prompt, vigorous walk will soon be acquired and maintained by a heavy horse if he is not urged into a trot on every smooth stretch of road he passes over. A slow walk will soon be acquired by a horse that is urged into a trot at every level stretch of the road, the habit being involuntarily acquired by the animal to recuperate from the exhaustive effort of speed. Prompt, energetic action at the walk by a draft horse will accomplish more work than the combined walk and trot animal. A person can easily prove that it is less fatiguing to walk at a uniform gait for five miles than to run one-half of the distance and walk at a slow gait the other half of the journey.

MANURE FOR FLOWER BEDS.

Manure is the best fertilizer for the flower garden. Where horse manure only is available it will give the best results. If dug into the ground late in the fall to decay during the winter, it will not only enrich the ground, but will at the same time put the soil in the best mechanical condition to forward the growth of the young plants in the spring.

Where manure is to be used in the spring it should be turned over several times to put in good shape for applying to the flower beds, and if it could be mixed with one-third or more of its bulk with loamy soil, it will be in still better shape for plant food, and then becomes what is known as garden compost.

STRAINING.

The pyramidal strainer is the best in the pyramidal form, the center of the metal gauge is raised and the straining surface is much increased. Impurities striking against it work down until out of the current.

CULTIVATING ORCHARDS.

There is no longer any question about the necessity of cultivating an orchard. There is a general belief, however, that it is better when set in some kind of grass, and the less that is disturbed the better it will be for the trees. It is true that grass looks nice in an orchard; much better than weeds, and yet there are orchardists that would prefer a good growth of weeds to a stiff sod in a bearing orchard. Experience everywhere teaches that an orchard will live longer, bear better and will be more prolific by being well cultivated and enriched. Many of the experiment stations have tried both methods side by side, and they have collected opinions from the best fruit growers in their sections and the verdict in almost every case is that cultivation is necessary for healthy trees and first-class fruit.

Of the principal orchardists of one of the central states, 130 of them out of 272 advocate cultivation until bearing time, and 130 more urge continuous cultivation as long as it is possible to enter between the rows with horse and implement. As is well known, bare soil will soon lose its humus and become infertile, hence it is necessary to meet this in some manner. The orchard should be plowed in the early spring and cultivated during the growing season to keep down the growth of weeds and after that let all grow that will. This can be largely aided if rye is sown in the orchard at the last cultivation. It will cover the ground before winter. In the spring when the rye is about ten inches high it can be plowed under again and cultivation kept up during the summer. Deep cultivation is not essential or advisable, but the cultivation should be frequent. If possible it would be well to go over the orchard with a cultivator after every rain. By cultivation in the proper way and at the right time the soil is kept supplied with a sufficient amount of organic matter, a covering is provided for the ground in winter which catches the snow, and gives a clean appearance during the summer. It is doubtful whether it pays to crop the orchard. It pays in one way to have crops to gather out of the orchard, but fertility is removed that should be retained for the use of the trees.

AGRICULTURAL ODE.

Bryan's poem is as good, as true, as enjoyable as ever.

"The proud throne shall crumble,
The diadem shall wane,
The tribes of the earth shall humble
The pride of those who reign;
And war shall lay his pomp away,
The fame that heroes cherish,
The glory earned in deadly spray
Shall fade, decay, and perish.
Honor waits, O'er all the earth,
Through countless generations,
The art that calls her harvest forth,
And feeds the expectant nations."

In nearly all cases, if the full number of stock are kept that the pasture can carry during the best part of the growing season, it will be necessary to grow some crop that can be cut off and fed during the hot, dry weather we usually have in August. By having a crop of this kind the stock may readily be kept in a good, thrifty condition, should the pasturage get short.

SPRAYING FOR GRAPE ROT.

The Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station has made a series of exhaustive experiments with spraying for grape rot, especially with regard to its relation to the public health. In the bulletin just issued full details of the operations are given, with descriptions of the sprayer used, and the composition and amount of the spraying mixture used; also the cost per acre. The commercial outcome of the experiment showed large profits on the grape crop sprayed over the unsprayed portion. Both in quantity of yield and improved quality with consequently better price, was the spraying a success, and the teaching of the experiments was when spraying operations are thorough its results are very encouraging. Notwithstanding the fact that some varieties of grapes—such as Niagara, Catawba and sometimes the Concord—are not always so successfully treated as are other sorts. In its bearing upon the public health, these experiments have demonstrated that the public need have no misgivings in their use of sprayed grapes, either for use at dessert or for jelly-making, and in no case have any ill effects been experienced from the use of grapes sprayed with the fungicides used in the experiments.

EXPANDING TOO FAST.

Farmers that are able to make a good thing out of a few chickens should be careful not to be carried away by their success. It sometimes happens that a man that has been able to accomplish great things with a dozen fowls thinks he can do the same with 500, and so expands his yards accordingly. The result too frequently proves him to have been mistaken. Such a man would do better to go slow. From twelve fowls increase the number to twenty-five and from twenty-five to fifty. This will enable him to watch the progress of events and be sure that he does not get beyond his depth. The problems that surround the keeping of a small flock are entirely different from those surrounding a large flock.

POTATOES AND GRAIN AS PIG FEED.

Among the Danish pig feeding experiments quoted in "Feeds and Feeding" is the following: Three series of experiments were made to test the comparative value of cooked potatoes with grain, when both were fed in connection with skim milk or whey. Four pounds of potatoes were fed against one pound of grain, and the gains made were practically the same. Four pounds of boiled potatoes should thus be considered equal to one pound of grain in pig feeding. The quality of the pork produced from potato feeding was good and did not differ appreciably from that of lots differently fed.

WATER.

A supply of good water is of the greatest importance to a dairy. Spring or well water is the best. The water should never be allowed to become stale.

RHEUMATISM CURED

The Disease Yielded Readily to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Other Treatment Failed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism because they supply the necessary elements to the vitiated blood and enable nature to cast out the impurities and effect a cure. Mrs. A. Baker, of No. 119 Fitch street, Syracuse, N. Y., will furnish living evidence of the truth of this statement. "There has been rheumatism in my family ever since I can remember," she says. "My grandmother was a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism and my mother also had the disease in a mild form. About a year ago I had a hard cold and rheumatism caught me in my left knee. There were sharp pains, confined to the neighborhood of the knee and they seemed to go right into the bone. The pain increased and I also had dizzy spells. "The doctors called my trouble urticaria and sciatic rheumatism. When I didn't get better under their treatment my brother-in-law suggested that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I bought three boxes, and, by the time I had taken them, the pain and dizziness had entirely left me. I wanted to make sure of a cure so I bought three more boxes, but I didn't take quite all of them as I found that I was entirely cured. "Before I took the pills the pain was so severe that I had to cry at times and when I was cured I was so thankful and grateful and I am glad to recommend them to every one who suffers with rheumatism."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured severe cases of anemia, sciatica, nervousness, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia and St. Vitus' dance that have not responded to other modes of treatment. All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills or they will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Rare Substance.

Palladium, a rare substance little used, is the active agent in automatic gas lighting devices. Flame is produced as soon as the illuminating gas strikes a pellet of asbestos covered with a mixture of palladium and finely divided platinum, known as platinum black.

Good Health!

How to get it. How to maintain it. Take nature's medicine, Gaiher's Tea, the mild laxative. It is made of best. It purifies the blood and establishes a normal action of liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels.

Accident Restores Hearing.

William Wilkinson, an old man who, because of his deafness, could not hear a horse and cart approaching, was knocked down in a Leeds, England, street, and severely injured about the head. On picking him up it was found that his hearing had been restored.

Atlas may have carried the world on his back, but he never had to lift a mortgage.

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight six cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Courts Are Particular.

Anton Palas, the registrar of births, deaths and marriages at Miskolez, in Hungary, resolved to commit suicide, but before carrying out his purpose entered his death in the register in the regular manner. After his death, however, the courts decided that, as the registrar was alive when he made the entry, it was irregular, and accordingly instructed his successor to strike it out and then re-enter the particulars.

Word is Overworked.

Doubtless the most overworked word in the English language, conversationally, is the word "proposition." Once you begin to notice it, it gets on your nerves. Some people can't talk thirty seconds without using it. A friend of ours used it twenty times in the course of two minutes' talk. It is maddening. Stop it. A little picturesque conversation goes a great way. —Chicago News.

Uncalled-For Night of Agony.

A story is told of a man who, crossing a disused coal field late at night, fell into an apparently bottomless pit and saved himself only by grasping a projecting beam. There he clung with great difficulty all night, only to find when day dawned that his feet were only four inches from the bottom.

Elephant Hard to Approach.

An elephant has so delicate a sense of smell that when in a wild state it can scent an enemy at a distance of 1,000 yards.

DECAYED STARCH.

A Food Problem. An Asheville man tells how right food did that which medicines had failed to accomplish.

"For more than 15 years," he says "I was afflicted with stomach trouble and intestinal indigestion gas forming in stomach and bowels and giving me great distress. These conditions were undoubtedly due to the starchy food I ate, white bread, potatoes, etc., and didn't digest. I grew worse with time, till 2 years ago, I had an attack which the doctor diagnosed as appendicitis. When the surgeon operated on me, however, it was found that my trouble was ulcer of the pancreas, instead of appendicitis.

"Since that time I have had several such attacks, suffering death, almost. The last attack was about 3 months ago, and I endured untold agonies.

"The doctor then said that I would have to eat less starchy stuff, so I began the use of Grape-Nuts food for I knew it to be pre-digested, and have continued same with most gratifying results. It has built me up wonderfully. I gained 10 pounds in the first 8 weeks that I used Grape-Nuts, my general health is better than ever before, my brain is clearer and my nerves stronger.

"For breakfast and dinner, each, I take 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with cream, a small slice of dry toast, an egg soft boiled and a cup of Postum; and I make the evening meal on Grape-Nut and cream alone—this gives me a good night's rest and I am well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in 300 pages.