



MRS. PAULINE OF NEW YORK

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"I cannot come; this miserable professor intends I shall remain," laments Dora.

"You wretch!" and Dick makes one spring forward, whereupon Professor John is seen to sprawl flat upon the floor, rolling over and over, to get beyond the reach of that iron arm, and the foot that seems to be propelled by springs of steel, all the while chattering like an excited monkey.

Dora, thus relieved, flies to the side of her mistress, and clasps an arm around her in a protecting way, though it would appear that the lady's maid was more in need of protection than her mistress.

"We wish you good evening, gentlemen. Your little scheme has been nipped in the bud. Take care how you follow me. Ladies, this way, please—pass out ahead, as I wish to watch these fellows as long as possible."

The ladies comprehend that it is not love that influences Dick, but another feeling, and they are careful not to come between their protector and those upon whom he keeps his eye. Various expletives break upon the air as the little party thus back out of the room; it is not natural for some seven or eight men to find themselves covered by a single party, and not feel furious. As yet it is the growling of the volcano—when the top of the cone blows off, look out for squalls.

Now Dick is in the doorway; the ladies have passed down the hall some distance; he gives one last look around him, waves a hand in mocking farewell to the baffled conspirators, of the Morales mansion, and follows Miss Pauline.

Immediately great confusion ensues. Relieved of his presence, Senor Morales and his guests fly this way and that, some jumping from the windows, with the hope of yet baffling the American by facing him on more equal terms in the garden, others shouting themselves hoarse with excitement.

It does not unnerve the American a particle to hear this racket; he has



So He Tells His Love.

seen packs of wolves before now; where the water roars the loudest it is always the most shallow; barking dogs seldom bite.

They are at the door now, and with a quick sprint Dick has overtaken the two ladies. Together they all pass out of the house, upon the veranda; the steps are just beyond, and then comes the vehicle.

At this moment Dick sees a dark form darting forward; he is at the horses, and a knife flashes in his hand. A quick movement, followed by others, and the traces are cut in twain, thus rendering escape by this means impossible.

Before he can take a shot at the fellow the other has thrown himself behind the carriage, and no doubt crawls away in the shadows. This sudden catastrophe leaves them in a bad fix. With ladies to look after, what shall he do? They descend the steps leading beyond the gates, they may find some way of getting back to the Hotel Turbe.

With this idea in view, Dick springs to unbar the gate, and swing it open; but he finds that this is a trick everybody does not know; the gate obstinately refuses to swing at his dictation, in spite of his strenuous exertions. They are shut in the garden of Morales, with nearly a dozen enemies around, seeking to do them evil.

Dick now realizes that he is in for it, and that it may be necessary to do something before the game is won. He has not expected such a situation as this. How shall they get beyond the garden walls and elude their foes?

One thing is certain, he will not desert those who have been left in his charge. Part of the victory was won when he took them from the power of the scheming Lopez, and he is bound to finish it by landing them in safety at the hotel.

"Miss Pauline, you are not afraid?" he cries.

"No, no. Let me help you all I can," comes the cheering answer, while the din around them grows in volume as the servants take up the cries.

"Thank Heaven for that! Come, we must endeavor to find an opening back toward the canal. I have an idea there is a door in the wall there. We will defeat these ravenous hounds yet! Only trust me, and keep up a brave heart, Pauline."

His words inspire the two women—there is something in the very voice of the young ranchero, who has seen so much of life in the Southwest and Mexico, to cause a feeling of confidence in his ability to accomplish all he has promised, and more.

Therefore they fall back into the shadows of the garden, densely overgrown with bushes as it is, and seek to baffle the searching eyes that would ferret out their position. All around arise shouts. If it were a party of Mexican vaqueros hunting down a wolf that had taken refuge in the mottle of timber, there could hardly be more confusion and alarm.

Dick Denver has had enough personal acquaintance with these Mexicans to fully understand their nature, and he knows that having once aroused their animosity, nothing can ever make them friends again. They hate as the wolf hates, and are quite as merciless.

"Keep as close to me as possible, and speak no more than is absolutely necessary," he says.

The first part of his injunction it is easy enough to accomplish, but when it comes to silence, Dora is unreliable—she could not keep still any length of time, if paid handsomely for it. At first it is fear of their pursuers that causes the animated creature to groan and utter little shivering cries—then a branch jabs her in the eye, eliciting a sort of shriek, and when all else fails, she can positively feel a snake run over her foot, and if there is anything on the face of the earth this same Dora detests, so that the very name almost sends her into convulsions, she declares it is a snake.

Dick at first endeavors to hush her outcries, but he might as well try to dam the Mississippi. Even Miss Pauline's words fail to have the desired effect—Dora must bubble over, or swoon.

So they make their way along; Dick wishes his companion could be with them, and he finally gives the signal again. Perhaps Bob may have failed to hear it on the first occasion, as he is not the man to allow any obstacle to stand in his way when duty calls.

There must be a wall somewhere near them—Dick looks for it constantly. He can hear their enemies plugging hither and yon through the bushes, which they beat with great assiduity, as though hunting legitimate game. More than once it looks as though there is bound to be a collision, and Dick nerves himself for the ordeal, gritting his teeth and mentally making up his mind to astonish his foes.

Fortune favors them—the wall is reached, and as yet they have seen

nothing of their enemies, though it is evident that they are all around. If the door in the wall can only be found now, they may have cause for rejoicing.

It is too late—loud shouts arise—some one has discovered the light dresses of the ladies against the darker background of the wall, and his cries are bound to bring all the force of the enemy rushing to that spot.

At the same moment Dick hears Pauline cry out—Pauline, who has just then preceded him a trifle, and who means to take his place, in a measure.

"It is here—the door!" is what she cries, but immediately adds, in a dis-

appointed voice, "but I cannot open it—I am afraid it is locked!"

Could Dick be given another minute, he would spring forward and manipulate that door so that it would open. It has to be a sturdy structure that can resist his attack. But it happened that the combined rush is made from all quarters at that moment, and his attention must of necessity be taken up in this direction.

He can just make out the dark figures coming upon him—they are like the spokes of a wheel, while he represents the hub.

Dick is far from blood-thirsty by nature, and while he holds the lives of those on-rushing fools in his hands, he does not care to take them except as a last resort, besides, it is hardly fair, as they are debarred from firing back, on account of the presence of the ladies.

So at the last moment he replaces his revolver, and meets the assailants with his fists. A better man to take care of them could not well be found.

He uses his arms somewhat in the style of the piston-rods of an engine, and with such remarkable success that he speedily creates quite a havoc among his enemies. Then comes one whom he had not seen present, but who must have been lurking in the garden; this powerful frame that opposes him can belong to none other than the bull-fighter, Barcelona. How eagerly he huris himself upon the American as though all that the past has known, which rankles in his heart, flies to the surface.

This is unfortunate, because, while he is thus fully engaged, some of the others may seize upon Miss Westery and bear her away. If ever Dick Denver struggled in his life it is now, while the Spanish athlete also exerts himself to the utmost, making this a battle of giants.

Dick has worried this man before, and believes he can again, but it will take time, and there is none to spare at present. While he is engaged in scientifically doing Barcelona up in good shape, the other's companions will doubtless be making themselves scarce, with the two American girls in their power.

Already he hears Dora screaming. "Keep away, you miserable Pica-dilly-bugher! I detest you! I'll have my Bob shake you out of a year's growth! Keep your hands off, all of you, or I'll scream for help, I will! Bob, oh, where are you?"

"Coming, darling—coming as fast as these beastly prickly pears and Spanish bayonets will allow. Coming like a wild horse on the prairie on the stampede. Where's that grizzly, Fritz—let me fondle him like a grizzly, and his mother won't know him. Coming, darling—here!"

With the last word, which is uttered as a ferocious roar, Colonel Bob bursts through the barrier that endeavors to block his progress, and appears upon the scene. Dick halts his coming with the greatest of delight, since it relieves him in a measure, of his worry.

IN THE METROPOLIS

SOME MORE WORK OF THE WICKED AUTOMOBILE.

LIVING OVER A CRATER.

The Risks Attendant on New York Civilization—At the Metropolitan Museum—Monetary Values of Paintings.

It is quite possible, I think, that San Francisco had something to do with New York's sudden determination not to be blown up any more. For a long time the city has been subject to disagreeable eruptions, some of them fatal, most of them seriously damaging. They come out of the bowels of the earth—out of the entrails of the city to be unpleasantly exact. Manholes blew up, windows were shattered, street cars and cabs were thrown over, limbs were mangled. No man could tell when he would see his fellow man rising in the air, if he did not have the ill luck to rise in the air himself. The sewers were in the rampart, and investigation showed that the wicked automobile, which does so much damage on the surface, was to blame for this sub-surface disturbance. The garages were emptying gasoline into the sewers and the liberated gases were doing the rest. A vast section of the town began to feel as if it were living over a crater.

At last the aldermen have taken the matter up and it is to be an offense against the town to empty gasoline into a sewer under any circumstances whatever.

The new statute may be obeyed. It would be very difficult to catch offenders. But New York breathes easier. One peril seems to have been removed. Many remain. It has been figured out that there are a hundred different ways of being killed in New York. Probably the figures are conservative. The Pennsylvania railroad excavators for the cross-New York subway alone represent enormous opportunities for killing. Twenty-four doctors are in the relay system of first aid and many accidents are recorded in a single day. Civilization as New York sees it comes high.

Home-Coming of a Mastodon. ONE day, some millions of years ago, a mastodon, tired of fighting the ice, and grown old enough to retire, laid down and died near the New York city of today. In the middle of the last century they found his bones. His legs were so much like those of men that a great cry went up of the discovery of the remains of a race of giants.

"There were giants in those days." But when all the bones were put together it was found that they were not human. The mastodon stood forth, the biggest of all mastodons. The head and 16-foot tusks alone weighed—in the bones—a thousand pounds.

The great skeleton went into the Spencer collection of Boston, and the Spencer will keep the collection intact for 50 years. Now Pierpont Morgan has bought the mastodon for \$30,000 and presented it to the Metropolitan museum here. So that the mastodon is home again—back to his old New York haunts. He is a wonder to behold, and the metropolis will soon have an opportunity to look him over. Surely he was a powerful beast, relatively as powerful as the man companions that were his in the stone and ice ages.

It is not generally known that the beginnings of the great Metropolitan museum were laid by Pierpont Morgan and ex-Ambassador Choate, who for 30 years have devoted much time and a great deal of their own money to its welfare. Mr. Morgan's gifts pass the million mark, I believe. He is always giving something—paintings, bronzes, relics of one sort or another. The museum is rapidly nearing the point where it will deserve the name of the greatest in the world.

Joe Jefferson's Mauve. HE sale of Anton Mauve's painting of the flock of sheep for \$42,000 has indeed made a sensation in the particular circle of those who watch picture prices. It did not astonish altogether those who have watched the rise in the value of Mauve's work, though it is a record, I believe, in this particular. These things happen now and then, as they did in the case of Millet, for example. No amount of theoretical merit or of advertising seems to make them happen when they are expected. Mauve's work is beautiful. Even those who can't understand such prices can admit that it is not a "freak" fact that has to be explained.

Joseph Jefferson bought this Mauve for \$2,000. Most folks will think \$40,000 a pretty good margin of profit. The actor's heirs are well pleased. They should be. Joe Jefferson was not merely a shrewd buyer—though luck rather than shrewdness made this magnificent rise—but he was a good painter himself, as everybody knows. He was not so good at a painting as he was at acting, but he was a wonderfully versatile genius. This is more apparent now with a little perspective on his life and work than it could have been in his lifetime, even to those who had the happy privilege of standing close to him. His style was not especially ingenious, but it was efficient. It may not be

TO EXTEND YOUR LIFE.

(Thinking an Exhaustive Process and the Need the Brain Worker Has of Repair.)

According to the theories propounded recently by Dr. Wilhelm Ostwald, of the University of Leipzig, in his lecture before the students of Columbia university, the length of human life depends upon the store of psychic energy which is within the body. The prolongation of life at pleasure, according to his theory, should be merely a question of revitalizing the body occasionally with this mysterious force, which travels through the nervous system, and which experiment has shown to be closely akin to electricity.

"Thinking is the most exhaustive kind of work, because it consumes more of this force than any physical process. It has often been found, upon stopping the process of thought, that this energy is transformed into heat in the body, and at the same time there is less need of reinforcement of the supply of energy. When I am engaged in severe mental labor, as I have been since coming to America, I eat twice as much as I do when I am not so engaged. This only shows that the brain is constantly using up a supply of the energy, and to keep up brain work we must keep supplying the energy from the outside.

"Most of this energy comes in through the food which we eat, but every sense impression, such as seeing, hearing or feeling, conveys a certain amount of force into the body. When the body once receives the energy, it acts just like any other machine in its transferences. The question of long life then is simply a question of keeping up the supply. As long as the vital organs are able to assimilate properly, thus providing the body with the force that is used up in mental and physical processes, a person should remain young.—Boston Budget and Beacon.

BLANKETS AND WOOLENS.

How to Cleanse Blankets the Right Way and How to Put Away Woolens.

Washing Blankets.—When my little neighbor washes blankets, it is a pleasure just to sit by and watch the pretty, soft, fluffy things blowing on the line. The process is so simple that I have learned to do it myself. Choose a warm, sunny, but windy day. This is important, if the best results are wished. While dry, look over them carefully, and put a safety pin in the center of the soiled spots. For one pair of blankets, prepare a suds with half a cake of any good white soap, with one tablespoonful each of borax and ammonia. The suds must be as hot as you can bear the hand in. Let the blankets stand in this for an hour, and if the water is too cold, add more hot water. Then look up the places where the pins are, remove these and rub between the hands until the spots disappear. Do not rub on the board, and do not soap on the blanket direct; have ready a second tub of suds, and paddle them around in this, squeezing and pressing between the hands; rinse in not less than three waters of the same temperature, running them through the wringer each time. Fasten with at least a dozen pins to the line, and shake frequently while drying.

Storing Woolens.—This is the season for putting away woolen clothes and furs. No moth balls or other vile-smelling substance will be needed if the garments are hung on the line in the sun, whipped with a light switch, and in the case of clothes all the soil spots carefully cleaned. Then tie up in clean pillow cases or, better still, fold over the hems and run along on the machine. A chain-stitch machine is best for this purpose, as it is easily ripped; but if a lock-stitch is used, have the bottom thread loose.—Country Gentleman.

Hotch Potch.

Hotch potch is an old-fashioned Scotch dish, made in the spring, when there are plenty of fresh vegetables. It is a thick puce-like soup. It may be made either from fresh or cooked meat. This is one way of making it. Three or four pounds of loin chops are put into a saucepan with about three quarts of boiling water. Peas, haricots beans, carrots, half a turnip, parsley, a little bit of cabbage and some green onions are added. Boil this very slowly for an hour and a quarter, season with pepper and salt. It should be a thick broth when done.

Whole Wheat Bread.

Scald one cupful of milk, add one cupful of water, one teaspoonful each of salt, sugar and butter. When this is lukewarm, add one-fourth of a yeast cake dissolved in one-half of a cupful of lukewarm water, and enough whole wheat flour to make a stiff batter. Have this done by six o'clock and set in a warm place until ten o'clock. Add enough flour to make a soft dough, kneading well. Let it rise until morning. Then stir down and pour into well-greased pans and let it rise half an hour. Bake one hour in a moderate oven.

To Renew a Mirror.

Keep for this purpose a piece of sponge, a cloth, and silk handkerchief, all entirely free from dirt, as the sea-grit will scratch the fine surface of the glass. First sponge it with a little spirits of wine, or gin and water, to clean off all spots; then dust over it powdered blue tied in muslin, rub it lightly and quickly off with the cloth, and finish by rubbing with the silk handkerchief. Be careful not to rub the edges of the frame.

Moth in Carpets.

If the moths have got into a carpet it must be taken up, thoroughly shaken, and pressed with a flatiron as hot as it will bear without scorching. Then liberally sprinkle the floor where it is to lie with spirits of turpentine, pouring it into any cracks there may be between the boards.

For Washing Brushes.

Dissolve rock ammonia in the proportion of one ounce to two quarts of water. Dip the bristles lightly in this and move backward and forward. Rinse thoroughly in cold water, shake and dry in the sun.

WHOLESALE EVICTION.

"Improvements" in New York, which really do improve but are never finished, are sometimes hard on the lowly folks. So also are the reformatory movements. For instance, 800 families have just been evicted in obedience, it is said, to an edict of the tenement house commission.

Sanitary improvements are to be made, and they need to be made, but the 800 are in deep grief. The scenes in the regions covered by the courts' action have been pitiful. In many cases the courts themselves interfered to give an extension of time in cases where immediate eviction would be disastrous.

It is the mark of progress over again. Meanwhile little is being done to solve in a satisfactory way the old tenement problem. New-fangled tenements have been built, but there are few of them, and the tide of new New Yorkers pour in by every ship.

"Where to live?" That is the problem. It is prophesied that in 50 years only the very rich and the very poor will live on Manhattan Island.

The time between is to see many repetitions of the sad scenes of this week.

PASSING OF ST. HELENA.

Island to Be Deprived of Garrison and Support by British Government.

The British war office has resolved to withdraw the entire garrison from the little island 1,400 miles off the coast of Guinea where Napoleon died and where, in recent years, the conquered Boer generals had their habitation. At first thought this may seem an insignificant matter, but, as it will be instantly pointed out in the house of commons, it means ruin to the permanent inhabitants of St. Helena.

The total estimated value of the island's wealth is only \$1,000,000, divided among about 10,000 inhabitants. To keep this wealth productive the garrison, which in normal times amounts to nearly 2,000 men, has been a most active factor. This will at once be seen when it is noted that the imports, including specie, are usually five times the value of the exports, and that the expenditure of the island is almost double the revenue.

The presence of the garrison means the active annual circulation of over \$300,000—just sufficient to keep up the equilibrium. If this be annihilated the products sold to the ships entered and cleared at St. Helena, while possibly sufficient to keep the population from actual want, must curtail to a measurable degree public expenditures, and hence the civilization of the island, notwithstanding the paltry grant of \$2,500 annually from the home government for education, will inevitably suffer.

Street Car Fares.

In 1905, 1,171,151,898 cash fares were collected by the elevated, surface and subway railways of New York city, this number marking an increase of \$3,493,651 cash fares over 1904. This means a daily average of over 3,200,000 nickels, Sundays and holidays included. Reducing these numbers to dollars, the daily contribution to the railway transportation systems of New York city is seen to have been about \$160,000, and the yearly revenue almost six millions of dollars.

Calumet Baking Powder

There is no Rochelle Salt, Alum, Lime or Ammonia in food made with Calumet Baking Powder.

SAVINGS OF THE TOTA. "Mamma," said little Ethel, who was looking at the pictures in a Sunday-school book, "how do the angels get their night gowns on over their wings?"

"I think papa and mamma likes the baby better than they do me," said four-year-old Florens to the visitor, "because he lets 'em do just as they please."

"Tommy," said the teacher, "don't you know better than to talk about school?"

"But what is a feller to do?" queried Tommy. "You said the other day I mustn't whisper."

It was the roll of distant thunder that caused little Margie to observe: "They must be cleaning house in heaven to-day, mamma."

"Why do you think so, dear?" asked her mother.

"I hear the angels movin' the furniture around," replied Margie.

BOY'S HEAD ONE SOLID SORE.

Hair All Came Out—Under Doctor Three Months and No Better—Cuticura Works Wonders.

Mr. A. C. Barnett, proprietor of a general store in Avar, Oklahoma, tells in the following grateful letter how Cuticura cured his son of a terrible eczema. "My little boy had eczema. His head was one solid sore, all over his scalp; his hair all came out, and he suffered very much. I had a physician treat him, but at the end of three months he was no better. I remembered that the Cuticura Remedies had cured me, and after giving him two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, according to directions, and using Cuticura Soap and Ointment on him daily, his eczema left him, his hair grew again, and he has never had any eczema since. We use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and they keep our skin soft and healthy. I cheerfully recommend the Cuticura Remedies for all cases of eczema. A. C. Barnett, Mar. 30, 1905."

IN OTHER LANDS.

An electric railway will probably soon connect Moscow with St. Petersburg.

In the insane asylums of Germany more than a third of the patients owe their condition to strong drink.

Last year there were 32,211 millions matches sold in France, bringing into that nation's treasury \$2,125,950, this being a state monopoly.

A man of 80, elected a judge for Frutigen, Switzerland, is to go through a university course in order to enable him to pass the examination required by law.

A proposal to enact that no newspaper shall be edited, composed or printed on Saturday midnight until sunrise on Monday morning, has been negatived in the French senate.

Denmark holds the record among nations for thriftiness. Her inhabitants have, on an average, £10 9s. apiece in the savings banks; English people have only £3 2s. a head.

In Australian gold mines it is considered that ventilation becomes bad below 20 per cent, or less than 70 cubic feet of air a minute is supplied for every man working in a mine.

The city of London's chief inspector of weights and measures reports that the weight of all kinds of coal tested last year was satisfactory, and that "in most cases the weight exceeded the amount specified on the ticket."

One of the labor party's members of the new house of commons lately received from a constituent who thought he had a grievance to which the government should give attention, a letter of no less than 1,700 closely-written pages.

The municipality of Oranmunde has just issued a notice to the effect that admittance to all cafes and public houses is henceforth to be denied to all who do not pay their taxes within the legal limit of time. It is not altogether an innovation, for a somewhat similar measure has been in force for a number of years in Switzerland, and has answered its purpose excellently.

When Andrew Lang was a student at St. Andrew's he edited a weekly college magazine, the greater part of which he had to write himself. All kinds of work came from his pen—novels, poems, translations, essays, reviews, etc.—and he also drew some of the illustrations. It is said that Mr. Lang made a point of reviewing very severely any books written by his professors while he was editor.

European Travel More Important

By MR. ROBERT LUCE, Traveler and Scholar.

will not make a gem out of a pebble, but nothing else so quickly cuts the facets of a diamond mind. And rare is the intellect, that cannot be improved by its polishing influences.

Desirable and important as it is to know one's own country, I cannot warmly sympathize with the spirit that prompts ridicule of the American who visits London before visiting Washington. To be sure, lake Lucerne may be enjoyed the more by one who has crossed lake George. There is pleasure in contrasting the falls of the Rhine with those of Niagara, in comparing the Rhine itself with the Hudson or the Penobscot, and our own rivers do not suffer in the comparison. The Yellowstone park shows more of nature that is grotesque and marvelous than any other equal area in the world.

Yet if in reality culture is the first consideration, the European tour is more important than any in the states. So much of our literature is European in origin or inspiration, so much of art is to be found on the continent, so many of our institutions are of Roman or German or Norman development, in brief, we are still so much like transplanted Europeans, that many of the purposes of travel are only thoroughly accomplished when Europe is his field.

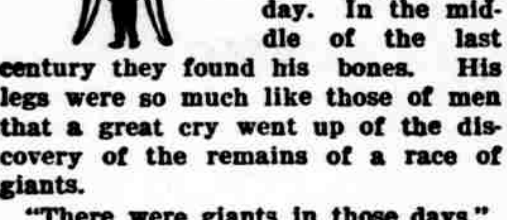
Let it not for a moment be thought that I would depreciate the value and pleasure of travel in America. It is worth while to go both to the west and the east, to cross both the Atlantic and the continent. He becomes narrow and provincial who does not know his own land by observation. All I would hazard is an opinion that the logical order is to see the old world first, the new world next, for it is logical to work from the fountain head down the stream, to study causes before results.

Doubtless Shakespeare used a maxim already ancient when he said, "Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits." In this spirit all wise men from time immemorial have agreed that travel is a benefit to culture. It

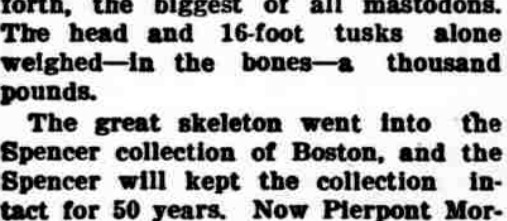
Robert Luce



Home-Coming of a Mastodon.



Joe Jefferson's Mauve.



European Travel.