



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

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CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.
He begins to experience a feeling that up to this time has been foreign to his nature—fear becomes a factor in the game. What if this American down his before all these people—will Barcelona, the pride of all Mexico, the hero of a hundred victories in the arena, ever dare to lift his head in public again?

He would give years of his life for a chance to beat this accursed gringo to a jelly in the presence of the people. How fiercely he would send those powerful fists of his into that face which mocks him now with a smile—he would mar the good looks of the other forever.

Back and forward they push, cautiously sparring, and each watching for his chance, though every uneducated eye can see that Barcelona's only hope lies in a sudden coup de grace, by means of which he will finish his antagonist.

Dick does not desire to prolong the affair beyond a reasonable time—he has already done what he wishes with the bullfighter—held him up to the ridicule of the people. The opportunity presents itself, which he instantly seizes—those who watch him see him make a feint which dazes Barcelona, who attempts to parry it, when from quite another quarter comes a thundering blow that strikes him on the side of the head.

It is a knockout, a quietus. The Mexican king of the bull-ring goes reeling back in a most undignified manner, finally falling in a heap near the edge of the platform. He moves not—insensibility has doubtless resulted from the American's blow.

Dick has kept himself ready, and had the other gained his feet and attempted to draw a weapon he would have found himself confronted by a revolver that meant business.

"Gentlemen," cries the American, in Spanish, "you see victory has been declared for the lady. You are chivalrous, you will wish her success in dealing with these scoundrels who would cheat her out of her birthright. Yes, you will escort us as a guard of honor to the Hotel Iturbe, so that the friends of yonder groaning bullfighter may do no harm. Am I right?"

He has struck the popular fancy, and is the idol of the hour—a shout arises, and our friends find themselves escorted to the caravansary in triumph by at least two scores of Mexicans, who cheer the American, the ladies, and Colonel Bob, until all are safe under the friendly roof of the hotel, when the excitement dies away.

Our friends are then left to obtain what rest they can after the exciting episode of the night, and in contemplation of what lies before them, for on the following day they leave the comforts of the city, and start upon the dangerous road that leads to the mines.

CHAPTER XIX.
On the Road to the Mine.
Dick is awakened on the following morning by the strange cry of a vegetable vendor shouting his wares along the street. It is early, but there is much to be done, so he hurries out and begins the labor of the day.

Miss Pauline has left everything in his charge, and when the caravan finally reaches a point of readiness, about half-past ten, it is as complete an affair as could well be imagined. Every man is well mounted and armed, bronchos carry tents and stores, and there are riding horses for Miss Pauline and Dora, strong, gentle beasts, capable of doing much work.

Had Miss Westerly the selection of her mount she might have purchased an animal with more spirit in him, for she is a natural horsewoman, and never more pleased than when breaking in a steed inclined to be vicious. She even gives Dick a reproachful look when she shows her steed. That worthy hastens to prove her wisely he has chosen—their course lies only now and then through valleys or over plains—as a general thing it is up the rugged sides of mountains and over the roughest of country.

Miss Pauline sees the point, and laughingly declares her confidence in his wise forethought—his practical experience in this line ought to be of great benefit to them all.

So they leave the city about an hour before noon—a small crowd to see them off, and quite a number cheer the American, who afforded them such rare sport on the previous night.

About the same time another expedition is getting ready in a hurry—of course it is Lopez and his adherents, also bound for El Dorado. What was begun on the Alameda may yet be concluded at the mine, for the plotting Mexican has men there who are under his thumb, and who will obey his beck and nod.

Dick halts his caravan some miles outside the city for dinner. They are still in the beautiful valley of Los Remedios, though leading up in the direction of a gap which leads in the direction of the far-away mines.

the sun, reaching the horizon ahead, warns them that it is time to go into camp.
Not a trace of civilization remains—they are surrounded by what is perhaps the grandest and wildest scenery on the whole American continent; great masses tower above them, while below is a defile hundreds of feet in depth.

A camping place is near, and they hasten to reach it; then the tents are hastily thrown up, fires made, the horses corralled, and all preparations made for spending the first night out.
Dick studies his men. Some are strangers to him, although probably recommended by others, and he desires to know them as well as possible, so that in time of trouble he will be able to station them so as to get the best work done.

All seems merry enough; provisions are plenty, the fire cheerful, and more than one man sings a popular song, picked up, it might be, on the great Mississippi, the ocean, or some foreign land.
Then a request is respectfully made that the ladies sing. Dick bears it himself from the men. They are Americans in a foreign land, and Pauline is at last induced to gratify their desires.

Then the mighty hills and gulches echo, probably for the first time since they were created, with a woman's song. Pauline gives them numerous selections, just as they came to her mind, but the one that takes them by storm, and which is repeated by request, is the ballad "Comrades," which was just having its run in London and Paris at the time our friends left France for Mexico, and which Dick joins in rendering.

Later on some of the voyagers sing hammocks; indeed most of them dream sleeping on the ground in this country, where snakes of a poisonous nature, tarantulas, centipedes, and the like, roam about.

Dick had posted his guards, and on this night it is easy enough to manipulate matters, since on one side of their camp the trail runs along what is really a shelf of rock, where one man can protect them from a surprise. No precaution is neglected; they have too great an interest at stake for that. The hour grows later and the



"Explodes with a Flash and Roar."

fires die down; the breeze rustling the leaves, or perhaps a cry from some wild beast in the ragged defiles of the mountains, is the only sound that comes to the ears of the guards, who, at a specified hour, are changed.

The night passes without an alarm, and when morning comes Dick is pleased to hear Miss Pauline declare she slept well upon the cot prepared for Dora and herself in the one of the tents.

After an early breakfast they start forward, as the day promises to be a hot one, and they will want to rest several hours—between twelve and three. Animated nature is seen around them, plenty of gay plumed birds, some deer, and even a bear is sighted across a barranca.

So they go along, making good progress all the while, and plunging deeper and deeper into the wilderness. With nature so lovely and prospects so bright, with those they adore in their company sixteen hours out of each day, is it any wonder the two comrades are happy?

True, they never forget that danger hovers over them—that one of the most remarkable schemers is pitted against them, and that even while they sleep he is endeavoring to weave his spider's web about them.

Eternal vigilance is the price of safety, and they do not mean to be caught napping.
Thus three days pass—they have met one mule train coming from the mine laden with the precious metal, for the El Dorado is now equipped with crushing machinery, the most modern stamp mill, and all that the best mines of Colorado could boast of. This train of pack mules has a convoy of soldiers, who have been actually hired by the owners of the mine to protect their treasures en route. Think of hiring out soldiers for such a purpose!

"We are nearly there," says Dick, when they make camp the third night, "by noon to-morrow we will be at the mine."

It happens that on this night their camp is pitched in the valley. A queer formation rises in the middle of it, and upon this they have hit as the place to rest. Tents are raised, fires lighted as usual, some of the escort fish in the stream with good success, while others, who are hunters by nature, wander off to see what game they can scare up.

"I am told this is called the Valley los Muertos—the Valley of Death—do you know where it received the name?" asks Pauline, after they have had supper, and while they sit about the fire, a cheery blaze that does much to dispel the darkness.
Dick Denver frowns a trifle at Paul-

ine's question, and noticing the look of surprise she gives him he laughs lightly at her.
"I had hoped you would not hear the name mentioned—Higgins was indiscreet to speak of it in your presence. As you suppose, there is a gruesome story connected with this weird, uncanny looking, gloomy vale."
Miss Westerly turns her eyes upon Dick, nods a little, and smiles. That is enough—although he does so under protest, Dick is compelled to obey.

"Well, the truth of the matter is, years ago, when the El Dorado was in the Lopez family, and yielding more than any mine in Mexico at the time, a party heading toward the capital with a relay of mules, laden with the richest ore, almost pure metal, was surprised in this valley by the desperate bandits who abounded at that time, and though they fought bravely they perished."
"All?" gasps the interested Dora.
"Every living soul of that band, save a boy who had secreted himself in the sage bushes, and who saw the whole dreadful carnage. I heard the story from his lips—he was a white-bearded man when he told it, but I could see him shudder as if again he saw in imagination every detail of the awful massacre. Enough—let us talk of something more cheerful. You know why the Mexicans call it the Death Valley?"

Dick sees the ladies to their tent—then he goes in quest of Colonel Bob, whom he finds smoking a villainous Mexican cigar, which he takes from his mouth with every puff and examines with a glance that is solicitous, even while it speaks of intense disappointment.

Dick can read his comrade like a book, and he knows the man from New Mexico has something weighty on his mind.
"Look here, Bob, you're up to your old tricks."
"Eh?" exclaims the other, as Dick's hand comes down upon his shoulder.

"Not a bit, old man. I've just been waiting until all was quiet and the ladies had retired. I knew, as certain as two and two make four, that you'd be after me for a consultation, and then I meant to tell you what I knew."

"I understand," says the other, quietly; "they will attack us to-night. Senior Lopez and his gang of disreputable characters. One thing is certain—the City of Mexico was never so clean as now, since Lopez has carried away every rascal whom a few pesos or reals could bribe into a crime."
"Yes, they're coming to-night—several things tell me so; among others

the fact that just when we came to this spot and all were busily engaged preparing for the night, I happened to cast a glance backward, and at the point where the train passes up the defile and over the mountain I had a glimpse of several mounted men. There was no question in my mind as to their identity, for I was expecting them."

"Those words mean something. Why do you believe we are to be attacked to-night?" pursues Dick, who would make a good lawyer, he is so quick to seize upon a point.
"My informant is Tampa Garcia, one of the two Mexicans we have in our train. He is a first class plainsman, but has been rather wild in his day, so that Lopez believed he would join them. Tampa took his money and was in doubt what to do. The songs of Miss Pauline have driven the bad devil out of his heart—he says she made him think of his earlier days, of one who is with the angels now. He threw the senior's gold into the river we passed yesterday, and to-day resolved to confess all to me."

"This is good luck," remarks Dick. "So, you see, it was resolved before we left the city to attack our camp in Death Valley. Forewarned is forearmed, and we'll see that the yellow boys are warmly received. To-night they will be taught a lesson never to be forgotten—to-night old Mexico will learn what Yankee guns, backed by Yankee arms, can do."

Bob is not boasting—he means every word he says, and the time will soon come when the proof must be at hand.
"You had an object in not telling me before?"
"Yes—I didn't want to alarm the ladies—perhaps it would have been better, though, to have let them know. You see where I put their tent—not a stray bullet can strike it."

"I admire your selection of the ground, Bob—it couldn't be better. But we have work to do—the men must be warned, and our defenses improved."
"That is so—we don't want to be caught napping. Come, we will be at it."

(To Be Continued.)

"Will Return Early."
Mr. Rounder (tenderly)—Do you remember, dear, during our courting days how I used to tell you the 'old old story'?"
Mrs. Rounder—Yes, and you still tell me the 'old, old story.'
Mr. Rounder (in surprise)—When, dear?"
Mrs. Rounder—When you start for the club.—Chicago Daily News

FARM, ORCHARD & GARDEN

INFLUENCE OF NATURE.
Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all that mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature, and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul,
Of all my moral being.
—Wordsworth.

SCHOOL GARDENS.
One of the many striking evidences of the great changes wrought during the last century is in the pedagogical method employed at the present time. Many of the new departures proved to be fads and departed this life without leaving footprints on the sands of time, but no one can question the wisdom of incorporating in the curriculum of our common schools some practical knowledge of the nature that supplies us with our healthiest foods, and that is the purpose of the school garden, which is now being brought forward to the attention of the public.

The school garden idea adopts, in a manner, the practical mode of teaching so forcibly carried out by Mr. Squeers, of Dotenby's hall. When a scholar has learned that botany means a knowledge of plants "he goes and knows 'em." In Leipzig the pupils are taught botany in the form of applied horticulture; that is, they learn to graft, to plant and to transplant, and a special incentive is afforded to cultivate home gardens. In Sweden the idea is still further elaborated upon, and the garden includes hotbeds, summer houses, fountains, etc., and the government gives a bonus for each "garden established."
Manual training in this country has been confined mostly to the use of shop tools with a view of shortening the distance between the graduate's pocket and the great American dollar. This is an error. The school garden would bring better results for the same amount of time spent. It would turn out graders of an entirely different kind from those with which the word is now associated. It would help to make horticultural ventures more successful financially, aid in the discovery and propagation of new and valuable varieties, and strengthen the body as well as the mind.

The school garden would be nothing more nor less than good, old-fashioned, cool common sense injected into the hot haste of cramming down senseless facts and jumbled figures.

KNOWING HOW TO MILK.
Know how to milk? Of course we do. And yet, if the old cow could speak, she might quite often say, that in her humble opinion, you could profitably take a few lessons in that gentle art.
It is business for the cow to be milked. She considers it so, and you ought to.

It is not fair to sit down to a cow and pull and haul her until she steps around in the stall and acts as if she were being shamefully hurt. Sometimes a cow will stop eating and wait until the ordeal is over before she will resume operations in that line. The cow that does this is not comfortable. Uncomfortable cows do not do their best for their masters.

Other men have a way of milking that so pleases the cow that she clearly shows that she enjoys the process. These are the men after whom we should pattern.
Watching them, we see that they never yell nor strike, nor otherwise mistreat their cows. They sit down quietly, take hold of the cow's teats gently, no matter in how much hurry they may be, and begin to draw the milk, without pressing too hard, for they know that they are touching her at her tender point, then they keep steadily at it until the last drop is out.

The auto evil will soon be in evidence from one end of the land to the other. Just as soon as the spring as the farmer gets his roads mended, the drivers of the gasoline engines will come rushing along—always selecting the best, and halting for nothing when they are in a hurry to "get there." The efforts made by farmer members of the various legislatures to have enacted adequate laws to safeguard the public highways from the auto evil have, we believe, proved abortive in every state; not a single effective law has been passed anywhere, and rural people must continue to suffer as heretofore. Just in proportion to the increase of the number of autos it is inevitable that the public roads, the mischief will be aggravated, and the number of outrages be multiplied.

BUCKWHEAT AS A CATCH CROP.
We sometimes lose our seedling in the oats or wheat, and rather than reseed we plow the ground as soon after harvest as possible and sow to buckwheat. Buckwheat is an exhaustive crop, but I occasionally use it to further my grass seeding plans. I have never failed in getting a good catch of grass or clover, though buckwheat falls occasionally in making a good crop. Weeds growing in the wheat stubble after harvest is a sure indication that the clover seed is gone. It only takes about 60 days for buckwheat to grow and ripen. It will usually yield ten to 20 bushels per acre, so it pays well for the labor involved and at the same time makes a fine shade and protection for young grass and clover sown at same time with buckwheat. I sow about three pecks per acre.

The cow and the man are not all that is necessary to make a successful dairy. There must be a good farm that will produce the required feed, that has a shady pasture and good water supply, fields and buildings where cows may be comfortable, a barn surrounded by perfect drainage that is warm, light and perfectly ventilated.

THE HONEY-BEE.

There is probably nothing produced on the farm to-day that is sold on the market so widely misunderstood as honey. Honey is not gathered by the bees, but is produced by the bees. Scientifically speaking, the bees gather nectar from the flower, which is no more honey than cream is butter. After the bees take it up into their pouch, it is converted by them into this honey. This, after being deposited in the wax cells, is evaporated by a process of the bee's wings to nearly 50 per cent, and then becomes honey in a strict sense of the word.

It is one of the sweetest known articles naturally produced without the agency of man, and, therefore, pure honey commands a good price. Like every other article that is of high value, in the past it has been largely imitated. No poor article is ever counterfeited. The very fact that imitations of various kinds have been on the market, would prove the value of real honey. The pure food laws of our various states have done wonders in weeding out from the market a great deal of adulterated honey.

One of the worst adulterations that we now have on the market is a piece of wax comb which contained honey and from which the honey has been extracted, placed in a jar and a composition of glucose and honey poured in around it, and sold on the market as honey. The public, seeing some of the wax comb in the center of the liquid, have been led to believe in buying it that they were getting the real article. This has led to the various newspaper reports and their exaggerations, which might lead the public to believe that comb-honey was adulterated. All honey, when gathered by the bees, is placed in little wax cells of a hexagonal form, and after being filled up by the bees, the comb is capped over by them in the same fashion as the housewife seals the preserves which she puts up in the summertime.

ROTATION AND SOIL FERTILITY.
Only during recent years farmers are coming to more fully realize that systematic rotation secures the maintenance of fertility with increase in the production of crops. All plants do not equally draw the elements of plant food from the soil. Their roots are sent to different depths in the soil and have a different solvent action upon the constituents they reach. Rotation tends to disperse insects and fungous diseases are reduced materially. Weeds are more readily eliminated, the soil is maintained in good tilth, the humus compounds of the soil are increased and the work of the farm generally is more easily and naturally disturbed.

Schemes of rotation should have the growing of at least one leguminous crop. By this means large supplies of nitrogenous food are secured from the air. Potash and phosphoric acid, if lacking in available forms, must be supplied by manure or fertilizer, unless caustic lime is used to break down these latent minerals and convert them into soluble plant food. Stock raising, dairying and poultry keeping are profitable lines to carry on in the scheme for improving the fertility of soils. No one system of rotation can be successfully applied to all conditions of soil, climate and markets.

FEEDING CATTLE ON GRASS.
Experience shows that greater gains in pounds of beef with less grain can be made on grass than with grain and roughage and with less labor involved. If corn is fed it should be soaked, and although a less quantity is necessary. The price is relatively higher in summer than in winter. Grain and grass fed steers show a greater shrinkage in going to market than when finished on grain and rough feed. However, summer feeding of grain with grass, to animals of proper age, is coming into popular favor and our best farmers are beginning to appreciate their grass lands as never before.

Plant sweet corn, potatoes or some other hoed crop between the rows of blackberries and raspberries the first season after setting. It will be a source of profit to you and an advantage to the young berry plants, for you will not be so likely to neglect their cultivation. Berry plants should never be mulched the first season, most berry growers prefer cultivating to mulching at all times. It insures a healthier cane growth, and the plantation will last longer than when mulched with straw, as the plants root deeper and are not so badly injured by long continued drouths.

Sometimes the fruit on a single tree is worth more than two or three acres of wheat. There is a tree in northern Delaware, 78 years old, that has produced an average of \$50 worth of fruit annually for nearly 20 years. One year the cherries sold for \$80. Six years ago this old patriarch bore 54 peach baskets of delicious fruit or about 1,100 pounds. And all of this fruit has been a free gift of nature, as the old tree has stood in a dooryard all these years unattended and uncared for except in cherry time.

APPLE ORCHARDS AND DROUTH.
There can be no doubt but that apple trees are more or less checked, in many situations, by the want of water during the dry times of July and August, and more in some soils and situations than others. Neither can there be any doubt of a responsive activity to the effects of a warm and wet autumn. The buds swell and burst into shoots or flowers in many cases, and in the southern latitudes of Illinois are sometimes very conspicuously developed. With a corresponding activity of the cambium and a subsequent hard freeze, it is little wonder that damage is done. The evil consequence then, of the summer's drouth, is what we should in the first place strive to avoid. This may be accomplished in several ways known to us all, and I may only mention such as the choice of site, deep drainage to favor the penetration of roots into soil likely to be moist in summer, good surface cultivation during dry times, extensive mulching, selection of varieties possessing powers of withstanding drouth.

The day for raising cheap horses has passed. Range will cost something and cheap grain is far off. They must become a farm product. It takes longer to raise a horse to serviceable age than it does to fit a steer for market and the cost per year is about the same.

A TALK ABOUT ROSES.

A Side Location Better Than Conspicuous One—Preparation of the Soil—Battle Against Insects.
No garden is complete without roses; fortunately there are varieties suited to all climates and conditions, but success with roses, as with men, means putting the right one in the right place.

Do not put one of the large-growing types where there is barely room for a small one; do not put a tall-growing sort where a low-growing would look better, and do not put a climber against a wall where the sun will beat on it for hours at a time.

Roses are more easily cared for when grown in rows or beds than as single specimens scattered here and there over the place, and make a much finer showing when in bloom. Roses are beautiful for a comparatively short time and do not make an attractive showing except during the blooming season. For this reason a side location is better than one more conspicuous.

Spade the soil very deeply and mix well rotted manure with it, using about one-third manure. If the soil is very heavy and sticky, mix a liberal amount of sand with it, and if the available spot for the bed happens to be where water stands during the winter dig the soil out to a depth of two feet or more, and put down a six-inch layer of stones, broken crockery or bones to serve as drainage material.

Mulch the rose buds early with old manure, chip-dirt or lawn clippings. Cut out dead branches and dead or diseased tips to where the wood is healthy. Ever-blooming sorts bloom on the new wood, while almost every other variety produces its blossoms on the short lateral shoots that start out from the side of the old branches.

Sometimes roses are spoiled by mildew, though this rarely happens except when growing in damp and shaded places. Sprinkle sulphur over the leaves when wet with dew, and if this does not check the disease move the plants to a location where they get more sun and air.

The rose bug is a ravenous leaf-eater and the foliage should be sprayed with a Paris green solution (a teaspoonful to eight gallons of water) after the sun is done shining on the bushes for the day. Spray with clear water in the morning to prevent the sun from burning where the poison is.

For the rose-hopper dust the foliage with pyrethrum powder, and for the rose slug (a little worm that eats both leaf and buds) use a whale oil soap-suds, after picking off all that can be found.

Aphis (lice) may be checked by spraying with clear water or any of the usual remedies. There are many good insecticides, including Bordeaux mixture, kerosene emulsion, tobacco tea, made by steeping quassia chips, or hellebore in water, and many others, but always begin the fight early enough that a test of materials may be made. When planting and training roses keep in mind the fact that half the battle is in being able to make insecticides reach the under side of the foliage.—Farmers' Voice.

HOW TO GROW DAHLIAS.
Plant Tubers About Four Inches Deep, Do Not Disturb Eyes—Hot and Dry Weather Harmful.
There are few flowers more pleasing than the dahlia. It is particularly for cut flower purposes, as it continues to produce beautiful flowers longer than most other plants.

The tubers of a hundred different varieties, each with a charm of its own, may be purchased, or the plants may be grown from seed, but the easiest method is to plant the tuber-like roots. The tubers are separated into several pieces each, leaving one eye for each piece, and planted in a yard or field like potatoes, except that the time of planting must be delayed until all danger of frost is past.

Care must be taken not to disturb any of the eyes. The tubers should be planted about four inches deep and given a good watering immediately after planting. They grow best in very rich, heavy soil, and should be planted about two or three feet apart. They should be in a position which insures plenty of light and air, but where the plants will not be exposed to much direct sunlight. They will not endure a long season of very hot, dry weather.

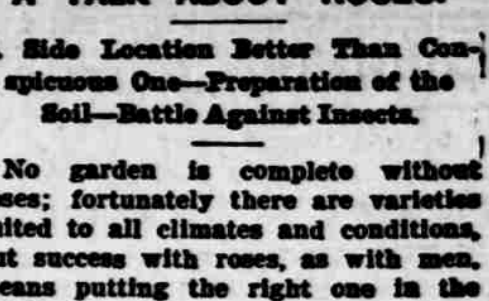
The plants should be tied to stakes about four feet in height. All but the strongest shoots should be removed as they appear, only the strongest being left standing, and the tying should begin when the plant is a foot high, being continued as it grows. In the fall after the frost has killed the tops of the plants and there is danger of the ground freezing, the roots or tubers may be taken and stored in a dry, cool, frost-proof room or cellar. It is a good plan to examine the tubers occasionally during the winter and remove any decayed specimens.

The dahlias which may be grown by the amateur are numbered by the hundred and every year new varieties add to the list in beauty, form and color.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE LAWN MOWER.
Gooseberries can be grown on a variety of soils in northern latitudes. However, it prefers cool, strong, rich soil, but on a northern exposure will succeed on light, sandy, or even gravel loam. A mucky soil will produce an abundance of growth. The plant requires much food and therefore needs to be fertilized heavily on light soil. A heavy top dressing of cow manure each fall on such soils is necessary, while on the richer soils a dressing of manure every two or three years is sufficient.

Don't encourage your young horses to run away by leaving them in the field without tying. The plan may work well a long time. Some day they will be scared, then the damage is done, the loss of life or limb will wipe out all the time saved.

The day for raising cheap horses has passed. Range will cost something and cheap grain is far off. They must become a farm product. It takes longer to raise a horse to serviceable age than it does to fit a steer for market and the cost per year is about the same.



(Cut the Grass with Sweetenmutter.)
Springs up on every lawn to the disgust of the householder.