



# MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

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CHAPTER XXIII Continued.  
Her words are followed by a scene of emotion as Pauline bends over Juanita and, taking her in her arms, kisses her fondly, her tears falling like raindrops on the upturned olive face, so faultless in its rounded contour—the one so fair, the other so dark, and yet sisters.

"Now I understand why I could not hate you—my sister. The good Virgin put it into my heart to love and not to hate. I am glad you are not a saint in disguise. Do not grieve it is a sweet pleasure to die for you."

"It is misery—I feel as though I could never be happy again!" Pauline sobs.

The old senator has fallen back, and Dick with one glance sees that he has passed away.

"Can nothing be done to save her?" he says, feeling worse than ever before in his life.

"It is useless. I know that I have received my death; a little while and I shall pass away from you. Sister, let me die in your arms."

Pauline only weeps as she gathers the small but beautiful figure close to her heart; she has searched for Beulah in many lands over the sea, and at last finds her, but oh, the terrible pain of this meeting that is but the precursor of the sad parting.

"I have some knowledge of medicine, let me see what can be done," says Colonel Bob, gravely.

The girl looks at him gratefully, but shakes her head.

"It would be useless; besides, when I remove my hand from the wound, life goes out. Give me a few more minutes to look into my sister's face; oh, how strange it all seems—how happy I am to know that there is some one who loves me, who will think of me."

Pauline weeps more violently than before—Dick weeps very hard to keep back the tears, while the vaillant Colonel Bob, to hide his emotion, turns and makes a rush toward the little naturalist who has ventured to show his head and shoulders from under the table, but who vanishes within his shell much after the manner of tortoise drawing in head and feet in times of danger, when he sees that fierce terror of New Mexico descending upon him.

As Colonel Bob, having furtively drawn the sleeve of his coat across his eyes, turns again, he sees that all is over; Dick is leading the almost fainting Pauline from the room, followed by the hysterical Dora, while Antoinette Duval bends over the lovely motionless form of the girl who gave her own life to save that of the man she loved.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

**Mrs. Richard Danvers.**  
Where the tumult of battle raged such a short time before, a fearful silence reigns. Men go about with lanterns, searching for the wounded, who are carried into one of the mine houses to receive attention from the company's doctor, who most certainly earns his good salary on this night at least. The dead are removed at once and quietly buried, and they are not all on the side of the Mexicans, either. There has been a sad night for El Dorado, but the lesson has been so severe that it may be effectual.

Dick has been deeply affected by the sad scene he has just witnessed, but when Dora has led her sobbing mistress away to her room, he hurries outside to see about certain things that should be done, and is just in time to see a figure come sprawling from the window, landing in a mud-hole with a splash, while the voice of Colonel Bob calls:

"Hope that will teach you a lesson, you imp of London assurance—I reckon you'll fight shy of women folks in general and the charming Dora in particular after this."

"You've killed him, my dear fellow," says Dick, wherast the New Mexican sheriff laughs harshly.

"What! kill that audacious fellow who wants to make love to every pretty girl he sees? Impossible. Why, he's one of the kind that have nine lives—there, look at him limp away. Ta, ta, my little cock-of-the-walk; your plumage is badly soiled. Hunt up some one you can bully."

"Escort Professor John," says Dick, and then he bows to the man who comes out and lend a helping hand. A storm is rapidly approaching, and before it bursts upon the valley every wounded man to be found should be provided with shelter, while the fallen must be placed in their last resting-place.

Thus the night passes away and morning comes at last. A new day has dawned for the great mine—peace, with honor, has been gained, and now that the scheming brain of the old senator is stilled forever it will doubtless last.

A mournful task awaits them—all that is earthly of poor Juanita must be consigned to mother earth. No tears are shed over Senator Lopez, but the scene is very sad when the plain coffin, made on purpose, and containing Pauline's long lost sister, found only to leave her forever, is lowered into the grave already prepared.

The sorrowful task is done at last, and then with a swoop the gale is upon them; rain falls heavily, the artillery of Heaven crashes with detonations that shake the foundations of the mountains, while the flashes of electric fire are terrifying.

It lasts nearly an hour, and a deluge falls that converts puny mountain brooks into raging torrents—then the tropical storm moves away over the high peaks that inclose the valley, and again silence broods over the scene of the late struggle.

"Of course, our friends had little heart for scenes of pleasure, but after mature consultation it is thought best all around that Dick and Pauline be

### OLD-FASHIONED DOUGHNUTS

**IF Too Rich They Soak the Fat—How to Make and Fry Properly.**

When doughnuts turn out rough and clumsy, they are perhaps made too rich or too soft, or both. Doughnuts soak fat, it made too rich. Here is my recipe:

To one cup sugar add two eggs, three-quarters cup milk, one tablespoon melted butter, one-half (scant) teaspoon salt, the same of cinnamon, and a little grated nutmeg. Use one heaping teaspoon baking powder, and four enough to make dough stiff enough to be handled.

Beat eggs, add sugar, then butter, then seasoning, then milk; then sift in flour (about a pint), into which you have put salt and baking powder. Now beat until smooth and fine, adding a little more flour if necessary. Take out upon a board about a third of the dough at a time, putting the scraps back and stirring into the dough each time. Have no flour on the outside of the cakes when put into fat. These will not soak fat (if fried properly), and will keep their shape—smooth, outside and of fine, close texture inside, and not tough, says a writer in Farm and Home.

Clearly fat by boiling a raw potato in it. I always clean the black sediment from the bottom of fat before using.

Try it by dropping one of the little centers in. If it rises almost instantaneously, it is hot enough. To fill the kettle with uncooked cakes all at once, and take out all at once, chills the fat too much. Then it gets too hot later. Manage to have the kettle full, but only two or three done at a time, and two or three uncooked ones added at a time.

### FOR A COMPANY DINNER.

**Jellied Chicken Very Nice to Serve at Sunday Dinner—Recipe for a Summer Drink.**

Jellied chicken is very nice for a company tea or Sunday dinner. Dress, clean and cut up a four-pound fowl. Put it in a kettle with a sliced onion, a stalk of celery, and two or three slices of carrot. Cover with boiling water, and cook until the meat falls from the bones. When half cooked add a tablespoon of salt. Remove the chicken when cooked, and free from skin and bones. Reduce the stock to three-fourths of a cup, season if it needed, strain, and skim off the fat. Decorate the bottom of a buttered mold with slices of hard-boiled eggs, pack in the chicken meat, nicely seasoned, pour on the stock, cover, and place the mold under a heavy weight. Keep in a cool place until firm. If the weather is warm it is better to add one-half a tablespoonful of granulated gelatine to the stock.

A delightful summer drink, says the Farmer's Voice, is called gingerade. Boil together one quart of water and one cup of sugar; add one-fourth ounce of white ginger root broken in small pieces, and let it boil 20 minutes longer. Remove from the fire and add one cupful of orange juice and the juice of one lemon. Strain and cool. Serve with powdered ice. Cherry juice may be used in place of orange juice if preferred.

### CASE OF RULING PASSION.

**Hospital Nurses Finally Found Out Why the Pretty Girl Had to Have Blue Ribbon.**

She was the prettiest patient that they had had at the Polyclinic in a long time. And she knew it, too. Her kimono was an exquisite creation of its kind. Aestheticism seemed to rise up in revolt against a cruel operation upon such a darling daughter of Eve. But so fate had decreed.

"Get me a yard of ribbon—blue ribbon—an inch wide the next time you go to the department store," she said to the day nurse. The day nurse forgot it.

"Please get me a yard of Alice-blue ribbon an inch wide," she pleaded with the night nurse, and the night nurse forgot it. Then her temperature rose till the ribbon arrived.

When, on the dreaded day, she was lifted to the operating table it was discovered that she wore white silk stockings with dainty blue bow-knots tied to the garters. The secret of the Alice-blue ribbon was revealed. "The ruling passion strong in death," granted the surgeon—but the sweet thing, she didn't die after all—she was saved to fashion and to flattery. The stockings came off and the ribbon went into the garbage trough before the operation, however.

### Eggs a Hundred Years Old.

In filling a large tree some days ago in Cirencester, Gloucestershire, a bird's nest containing four eggs was discovered inclosed in a hollow near the heart of the trunk. The sap rings showed that nearly a century has elapsed since the eggs were laid, and it was obvious that the hollow had closed automatically. The eggs were intact, but slightly faded.—London Daily Mail.

### German Cinnamon Cake.

To one quart flour add one teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder, three tablespoons butter, one egg, one pint milk, one teaspoon vanilla or lemon. Dough should be soft. Roll one inch thick, put in shallow pans and cover the top with a creamy mixture of sugar, cinnamon and melted butter. Bake in a quick oven.

### A Flower Vase.

For cleaning the inside of the flower glass or vase which cannot be scalded, put a tablespoonful of rock salt into a gill of vinegar, pour into the vase and shake about for a few minutes, then rinse clean with soft water. The water should not be allowed to stand until it gets sour about the flower stems.

### Maple Fudge.

Break a pound of maple sugar into bits and put it in a saucepan with a pint of milk. Boil, stirring steadily, until it is brittle when dropped into cold water. Stir in a tablespoonful of butter and when this is melted turn into a greased pan, and, as it cools, cut into squares.



Chicago.—Keeping pace with the ingenuity of the criminal class is the modern police of large cities. There is no cluttering up to date in its business methods as the criminal class. Successful businesses of a legitimate character must change their systems constantly because of competition. Between the professional criminal and the professional crim-



WORKING A "DIPPER'S" POCKET

inal catcher, aided and abetted by all good citizens, there is a constant war of wits. That the criminal so often gets the better of his opponent, hired for his sagacity and paid to catch the thief, the hold-up and the burglar, is sufficient indication of the average superiority of wit possessed by the professional criminal when compared to the criminal catcher. One quick-witted thief can often keep 100 famous sleuths busy without results for weeks, months and years, and he is plying his particular calling all the time. The old adage that the same amount of ingenuity expended by the average criminal in earning a dishonest living would, if applied, be the means of his achieving unlimited success in legitimate business channels is exemplified in criminal records every day in the year.

An inspector, whose intimate acquaintance with criminals dates over a period of several years, declares that he has never yet had personal experience with alleged schools for the education of thieves along the plan originated by the late Mr. Fagin, of the Dickens' period. But whether there are Fagin schools for pickpockets or not, it is a positive fact that in the larger cities of the country the pickpocket problem at this period is a very serious one, and far more difficult to deal with than was the case several years ago. In those days the professionals were not nearly so numerous as they are now, and nine times in ten when the detectives became acquainted with the details of a job in the pocket-picking line they could tell offhand who did it, and all they had to do was to look up the man or woman whose peculiar kind of handiwork was shown in the crime. In those days, too, there were less people in Chicago who bought stolen goods, and it was a comparatively easy matter to trace anything lost through the pocket-picking process.

There was a time when the English were considered the most expert in this branch of crime, but that is no longer an existing condition. A crowd of English crooks came to this country a couple of years ago. They got no further than New York, which has the system of apprehending professional crooks bolted down to a fine art. This party included four of the wildest and most skillful pickpockets of London and the continent. The New York police caught them all, one after another, so rapidly that they were dazed. The same kind of performance occurred when a party of German thieves landed in Philadelphia. The thieves were arrested very quickly after they began operations, one of them being caught with seven watches on his person.

In the cases of most thieves who ply their calling between New York and Chicago and other of the larger cities the process of making the detectives acquainted with the criminals makes it difficult for any well-known crook to be in the city any length of time without being recognized and watched. For instance, at the Harrison Street station or the old cen-

tral detail, now housed at the Desplaines Street station, the criminals and suspicious persons picked up during the night are held until morning for security and possible identification by the detectives, a simple process that has for some time been in vogue.

"John Smith," for example, the inspector, lieutenant or sergeant in charge of the operations, would call out in gruff, imperious tones: "Hold up your right hand." The individual addressed on one such instance recently, a dapper, well-dressed young man with a narrow face and bright, ratty eyes, had raised his hand high in the air. Then the inspector had repeated: "John Smith, pickpocket, works the surface cars and bridge entrances."

To Smith was thereupon addressed an inquiry as to who was his partner. He pointed out another youthful, but rather more roughly dressed fellow in the crowd. This "dipper" was ordered over to stand beside Smith. By this process the detectives were enabled not alone to fasten in their memories the faces of the two offenders individually, but to associate them with each other, and in this manner simplify the task of picking them out in future.

Everybody brought into this chamber of sifting is photographed and measured by the Bertillon system, after which all hands are taken to court to be turned loose by the various police magistrates, many of whom seem disinclined to hold prisoners of this type on a vagrancy charge or to remand them for further examination with a view to adding to their discomforts, and thus encouraging them to seek fresh fields

of picking. It is the aim and purpose of all police orders that this class be apprehended whenever and wherever they turn up.

Some women engage in the work of picking pockets, but that sex is not so commonly found nowadays as formerly. It used to be that such women, when they were not engaged in shoplifting, plied their vocation on the street cars and other crowded places, usually with a male companion. That was straight pickpocketing. The business is now done after dark, more often late at night, by women who accost drunken men or unsophisticated strangers and back them up against a fence, or lead them into a vacant hall, ostensibly for conversational purposes. Then they start in to fondle their victims, and it is all over.

Some of these women are so very clever that when they have succeeded in removing a man's bank roll they manage to replace it with a bundle of blank paper so familiar in dimensions to the money they have abstracted that he cannot tell the difference by touching the spurious roll from the outside. There are both white and black women in this branch of thieving, and they are a busy lot. When one of them has landed the prize she has been after she makes a sign—usually in the form of a cough—and a man or another woman steps smartly up and "splits her out" from her prey.

A Pinkerton man, who has spent most of his life in finding out the habits of criminals, says of the new generation of pickpockets: "In Chicago there are several classes of pickpockets, the newest of which, perhaps, is made up of the boys who operate in State street and in the theater districts when audiences are leaving the various playhouses. These are ostensibly newboys, cry-

ing the hardy serial with haunting red headlines. Their scheme is to push the papers up into the faces of pedestrians, and, while under cover of the rum, they 'get off the fronts' of the dupes, who either stop to buy the paper or who cannot escape the onslaughts of the persistent youngsters.

"For instance a well-dressed man with a woman companion may be emerging from a theater slowly fastening his coat. A boy rushes up to him and pesters him with a paper, so that he becomes irritable and angry. He growls at the lad, but that does not bother his tormentor. Having centered the attention of the gentleman upon the newspaper in his left hand, the boy slips his right hand underneath the 'extra' and in an instant is in possession of a watch and sometimes a chain. These youngsters go mainly for fobs, which are more easily acquired than the other sort, but they are sufficiently skillful to take watch, chain and all when it is convenient or necessary.

"This line of thieving has been developed mainly during the last 18 months, and it has been carried to such a pass that the public ought to be warned to keep a sharp vigil when unduly pressed to buy a paper.

"In the street cars there are various methods of working, and it is seldom that less than three or four operators ply their trade together. If there is a mob of four only one of them engages in the actual work of depriving the 'mark' of his or her valuables. The thief is called the 'tool,' and the others are known as 'stall.' Quite often a woman is employed as a 'stall.' By some secret code of signals the 'mark' is decided upon and the woman picks a fuss with him, either accusing him of trying to flirt with her or exclaiming that he has clumsily stepped upon her foot. Then, when he is busy with his expostulations, the others crowd about him menacingly and the 'tool' takes his money and jewelry.

The best pickpockets do not work as a rule in what are known as the rush hours of the elevated and surface lines—the hours, that is to say, when workmen, clerks and saleswomen are going to and from their homes. It is the theater crowd or the crowd going to the races that attracts the pickpockets, who are after the people that have money, not those of slender incomes.

Pickpockets, like other criminals, rarely have any money when they come to lay down the cares of a busy life. The only noteworthy instance to the contrary was that of a famous pickpocket known as "Gold Tooth Kid," who died five years ago, and whose efforts for the relief of humanity were largely confined to New York, although he had graced Chicago and other large cities with his presence at various periods of his career. But in addition to plinking pockets he had worked with the



# WALKING WITH THE PICKPOCKET

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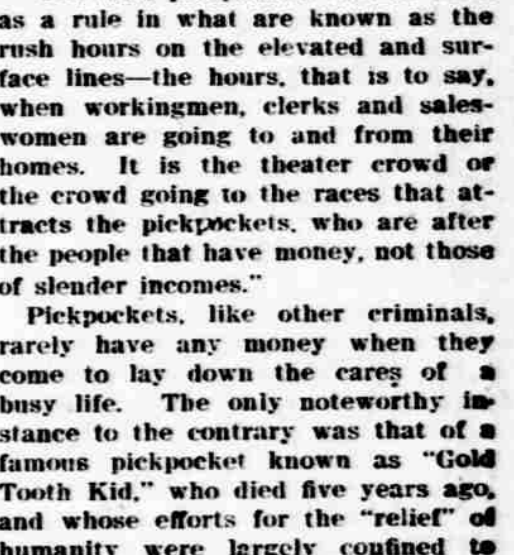
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"Yeggs" or "hobos" thieves and an Englishman by birth, and of thrifty habits, which is a condition not at all usual.

"Jack, you are an ardent devotee of baseball, I notice."

"No; but after I've talked golf all afternoon I like to read two columns of baseball talk to rest my head."—Judge.



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### BOB READS THE PREFECT'S MESSAGE.

They have always accused men of carrying letters they were sent to mail, and this time I've put my foot in it sure enough. Miss Pauline, I'm very sorry, and if I can redeem myself in any way, you can't treat me too roughly.

"We are all liable to errors of judgment, Bob. I shall not be too hard on you. One question—have you the message yet?"

"I feel something crackle in my pocket—yes, here it is," and after having lain all these weeks snugly reposing in a man's pocket, the message of the Prefect of Paris is drawn to the light of day. Bob holds it aloft triumphantly.

He breaks open the end of the blue envelope, and takes out the inclosure it has contained, unfolds this latter and holds it up so that the daylight entering at a window may fall upon the page.

"Antoinette Duval is with Senior Lopez. His supposed daughter Juanita is the lost Beulah. We have also discovered—Richard Danvers. He is—"

"Great Heaven, and I never dreamed it," and Bob strikes his forehead with his hand.

"Proceed, my dear colonel—if we can find him we may be able to make our position sure by some sort of partnership agreement," says the girl from New York, when to her amazement Bob Haglan gives a shout and slaps his hand down upon his knee as he exclaims:

"Good! good! A partnership agreement—what d'ye think of that, Dick? Fine, clever idea, eh? My dear lady, you—"

"And here another fit of laughter almost chokes him.

(The end.)

### TROUBLES OF A PHYSICIAN.

A physician was talking about his patient's symptoms.

"Young, strong people don't give me enough symptoms when they are ill," he said, "but the middle-aged and the aged give me too many. Thinking about their health all the time, studying their condition all the time, the aged and the middle-aged discover a symptom in every muscle, in every organ, in every limb. Thus they confuse me."

"The average sufferer of 50 or so will pour upon my head a deluge of symptoms like this:

"Well, doctor, I'm miserable all over. Feverish one minute, freezing the next. I've a gnawing pain in my hip and side and back, and an all-gone sensation in the stomach, with a shooting, neuralgic headache over the left eye. I have a queer taste in my mouth, a dizziness when I stoop over, and a dull ache up and down the right side, along with a kind of numbness. I cough a lot, my throat's sore, and I've the carache. Appetite's fair, but not what it should be. I have a feeling of lassitude, and I'm very

Development Outside of College.  
The slow boy in school often gives an excellent account of himself in the fierce competitions of after life, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Some youths develop very slowly and do not immediately find their vocation. The honor men at the university must possess adaptability for the mastery of all or nearly all the studies in the curriculum. Deficiency in mathematics may reduce the rank of the student who is an adept in the languages. Greek may be a suitable block to the youth who may be a mathematical genius. Outside the college walls the graduate can develop along chosen lines and find his sphere.

### Not If They Know It.

Barker—I wonder why most married women are afraid of their husbands?  
Parker—I guess it's because men never propose to the other kind.—Chicago Daily News.

### Germans Outside of College.

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# FACTS ABOUT THE WHALE.

The main physical characteristics of the whale are its distorted jaws, with upward directed nostrils, its great bulk and rudimentary limbs. The huge bulk of the creature is driven forward by the flexible caudal fin, and, while the body is rigid in front, it exhibits great mobility behind. The blow-holes are placed on the top of the head, and the animal can only respire when these are above water.

The larger whales travel at the rate of about four miles an hour, but when pursuing their prey, or goaded by pain, they rush through the water at a much greater pace. They are aided in this by the broad and powerful tail, which is their chief organ of locomotion. Instead of being vertical, as in the fishes, this is horizontal, and the large spectacle can command immense driving power.

The tail is also used as an offensive and defensive weapon. The smooth,

shining skin is immediately underlaid by a quick coating of blubber, the great object of the whalers. This is at once dense and elastic, and, while it preserves the animal heat, it also serves to reduce the mighty bulk of the whale and to bring it nearer to the specific gravity of the element in which it spends its existence.

An interesting trait in the economy of the whale is the manner in which it suckles its young, says the Philadelphia Press. In doing this it partly turns on its side, and the teats being protruded, sucking and breathing can proceed simultaneously.

Naturalists divide the cetacea into two divisions, represented by the "whalebone" and "toothed" whales. In the former the teeth are replaced by a series of great plates of a horny nature, and these, depending from the palate, constitute the baleen—the whalebone of commerce. The laminae which comprise this number about 500, are ranged about two-thirds of an inch

apart, and have their interior edges covered with fringes of hair. Some of these attain to a length of 15 feet.

The cavity of a whale's mouth has been likened to that of an ordinary ship's cabin, and inside the surface conveys the idea of being covered with a thick fur. The soft, spongy tongue is often a monstrous mass ten feet broad and 15 feet long. It might be thought that the whale, with its vast bulk, would want sea creatures to nourish it; but this is not so. Its chief food consists of minute mollusks, and with these its immense pasture grounds in the northern seas abound. In connection with this will be seen the beauty of the mouth structure. "Opening its huge mouth," says Prof. Huxley, "and allowing the sea water, with its multitudinous tentacles, to fill the oral cavity, the whale shuts the lower jaw upon the baleen plates, and, straining out the water through them, swallows the prey stranded on its tongue."