The more we know of our ills, the easier and sooner relief will come. Pains and aches of the flesh, joints and muscles are

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MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE DASHBORNE

AUTHOR OF "DOUBLE ACTING MARRIAGE" "TO MATE OR NOT TO MATE," ETC.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"The time is now, Miss Westerly," says the other, and Pauline is surprised at his beauty when flushes creep over her cheeks, forehead and neck, while at the same time she feels an uneasiness in the presence of this Castilian girl, who somehow reminds her of a beautiful tigress, purring, and with sheathed claws, yet ready to make a terrible spring. If suddenly aroused, when lightning can flash from those wonderful eyes, and the little hands strike with fifty.

Pauline is impressed by the girl's earnestness.

"Tell me how I can return the favor, I beg," Pauline hastens to say, at the same time wondering why she should shiver so, as though a cold draught had crept in at the window.

"Pardon, senorita; you will think me indelicate; but you have seen something of Mexico, and you know her women are impulsive, fierce in their loves, and yet true as steel. You wonder what this has to do with the favor I am about to ask. I will not hedge with mystery—I love a man, one of your countrymen—I have known him for years—he saved my life, and I once kept death from claiming him. We are united by the bonds of heaven, since what I saved must belong to me. He has met you—I fear he has been attracted to you—something within tells me you must prove my evil genius—that I shall hate you when I would love you. Give him up, dear senorita —save, on my knees I ask, Miss Denver belongs to me alone—he is mine!"

Pauline Westerly is shocked, both by the abandoned attitude of the beautiful Mexican on her knees and the words she speaks; thank heaven it has not gone so far that she is in love with the hero of her last night's adventure. At the same time she experiences once more that strange chill, though she collects herself and says, sarcastically:

"Have no fear, Senorita Lopez—Pauline Westerly has never yet seen the time when she would hear a word of love from another woman's husband!"

The beautiful Mexican looks up in a startled way—various emotions chase across her olive face—then she says quickly:

"Ah! you mistake, Senorita Pauline —I am not his wife—I simply love him and had cause to believe he cared for me. I saved his life as he did mine, so I declare heaven meant us for each other. All I ask is your promise that you will not come between. Promise, senorita, that you will not let him love you; promise me that, and I shall bless you."

"Really, senorita, you ask too much. I invite an attachment from no man, but at the same time I shall not make myself ugly nor act in a ridiculous manner for the purpose of frightening a gentleman away. The probability is that I shall see Mr. Denver only once or twice more until I leave Paris for Mexico."

"He will follow you—my heart tells me he will follow you," she mutters.

"Can it be possible that with your beauty you have been unable to captivate him? Then try another plan—discover what he admires most in a woman, and let your nature partake of that virtue. Says this wise young woman from Gotham, who little dreams that she thus advises a rival.

"I know, I know; I have heard him speak of what he admired in women, but I fear such virtues do not lie in my nature. I can try—I can begin now —you little know the fierce spirit I have to call upon—I shall win him, my king, or die!" she pants in her delirium, while the more composed Pauline looks on and marvels at the composition of such a hot-house flower.

"I thank you for what you have said, Senorita Westerly; perhaps it may succeed. At any rate, I have learned a lesson. Listen no more if, in spite of all he turns to you, and you have not moved out of your path to win him, it is heaven's decree and Juanita Lopez will abide by it. Ah! those gentle words have done more than you suspect—more than subdued a rebellious spirit. I had looked for scorn; I came prepared for insults, but did not expect sympathy, advice. Keep your beauty, Pauline Westerly—it is heaven given. I am done; I leave you with a new hope in my heart, with it fades, will end life."

She rises to her feet, looks once more with her grand orbs into Pauline's face, turns, and the door almost immediately hides her from the sight of the girl from Gotham, who has just experienced a decided sensation and gone through with an adventure such as might befall one but a single time during a life.

Turning around, her foot touches some object on the floor, something that rolls away under a chair—she stoops and picks up a small vial, tightly corked, and containing liquid.

"Could the Mexican girl have dropped it? Is the question she asks, while knowing it was not on the floor before the Senorita Juanita came in, she mentally answers in the affirmative.

Then a dreadful suspicion flashes into her mind—what was it the Italian had said just before going—"keep your beauty, Pauline Westerly—it is Heaven given"—then with a madness in her heart she came to the Grand Continental on this lovely fall day, determined that if the New York girl who eclipsed the great El Dorado mine refused to give up the man whom she so desperately loved, she would forever destroy the face that attracted him, and make a hideous deformity of it.

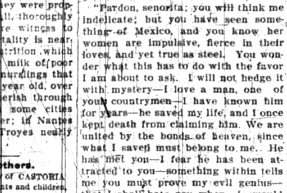
Pauline feels weak—still holding the little vial, upon which her startled eyes are glued, she sinks into a chair. After a little she recovers some of her wonderful nerve—perhaps this awful suspicion is unjust—it may be smelling salts or ammonia for a headache—a test will decide that matter beyond a preadventure.

If it be vitriol she will soon know it, for even cloth cannot hold out against its power. She takes up a jacket—what matters its possible loss to one who can afford as many as she pleases? She deliberately spills some of the liquid on it, being exceedingly careful not to let it come in contact with her fingers.

The result is almost immediate—it is alarming. She can see the terrible acid destroy the threads in the cloth, almost as fire might—they are actually eaten—they wither up, disappear before the action of the fluid.

Aghast, Pauline Westerly sees this, then she puts a trembling hand over her eyes as if to shut out the awful sight.

"Yes, she came here with a fury in her heart—came here to forever de-



DORA TELLS THE STORY OF THE DUEL

stroy my looks and make me a hideous deformity upon the earth. Heaven was kind to drop mercy into her soul, to put a word into my mouth that touched her better sense. Poor child! what a nature—like a tropical plant, growing riotously without training, it will destroy all evidence of her intended crime—no one shall ever know what a fearful thing the beautiful child of Senor Manuel Lopez contemplated, came here to carry out, and only gave up at the last."

She proceeds to carefully hide the acid and the ruined garment in the fireplace, where the evidence of a jealous woman's terrible thought of vengeance on a possible rival will be burned up and lost forever to the world.

Pauline Westerly wonders what manner of man Dick Denver may be, has he deceived the Mexican girl with false promises? Miss Pauline means to analyze his character when next she sees him, and this will be in a few hours, as he has promised to call during the evening. She is a judge of human nature, being gifted with rather extraordinary powers for discovering what lies beneath the surface.

"I have never yet been deceived—he cannot be a villain without my reading it in his face, his eyes. The first impression I had was very favorable. We shall see in good time; but there was a secret hope deep down in my heart, that my king had come."

She leans at the window, looking out, and watching the night fall upon gay Paris. The gardens of the Tuileries lie below, with lights gleaming here and there; the palace itself is a virtual ruin, never having recovered from the wreck brought about by mob rule.

Pauline finds the scene very restful —somehow her thoughts go back over the great sea—she sees well remembered faces, and once more rides along Fifth avenue. It is only a touch of that feeling of home sickness that attacks travelers periodically in foreign lands. She bravely recovers herself. The door is suddenly burst open, and turning, Miss Pauline sees in the semi-gloom a figure come pitching into the room, a figure that should be her friend, Dora, but which just at present bears but a small resemblance to that character.

Miss Westerly lights the gas and closes the door; then she surveys Dora in wonder. Has the girl suddenly taken leave of her senses? She sits there alternately laughing and looking very sober, as different thoughts come upon her.

"What in the world has happened, Dora? Have some of the officers of a private asylum been chasing you? It strikes me you took like a fit subject for a house of detention for the insane."

"Oh! Miss Pauline—such a sight! says Dora, pressing with one hand upon the region where her heart should be, but which some of her many miserable admirers declare to be an aching void.

"What do you mean?—have you been to a circus? I understand the Circus Imperatrice is still open on the Champs Elysees. What have you seen, you ridiculous Dora, that sends you home in this shuddering heap, to laugh and moan as though out of your mind?"

The girl nods her head and catches her breath.

"Oh! it was too comical—I know I shall die laughing yet. On his knees—that wretched professor—"

"What! has he proposed — that strange little man?"

"Proposed?? Shame, Miss Pauline, I never thought of such a thing. They were both on their knees, he and the brave Colonel Bob."

"At the confessional—and you laugh! I am amazed, distressed."

"No, no, you are wrong. It was in the most secluded spot of the Bois de Bologne, among the trees—several others stood around—oh! it was too ridiculous—I never laughed so in my life, and to think I had to keep quiet. And then the end, it was so thrilling, so dramatic!"

"What end? Dora, you wretched girl, don't you see you are killing me by inches with curiosity. I demand to know what all this means? What have the professor and Colonel Bob been up to, for—"

"Only fighting a duel, Miss Pauline."

"A duel!—and over you, Dora?"

"I suppose so," demurely; "but it was only a farce, after all. That comical Colonel Bob arranged it to give me some enjoyment. But Professor Johns was in deadly earnest. I really felt sorry for him," and the girl gives a long drawn sigh to illustrate the depth of her sympathy.

"Go on—tell me all. When it comes to duels among your admirers, I think we have reached a point where it would be well to call a halt."

"It was all on account of last night —the two gentlemen saw me home—the professor assaulted the colonel outside the hotel, and was punished. He sent a challenge. Colonel Bob looks in duels as a big dog would on a small one—he did not wish to hurt him, though determined to give the Briton full satisfaction.

(To be continued.)

SAFE ITEM TO KEEP STANDING

Book Notice Sure to Be Very Near the Truth.

An interesting story that bears on the prodigality of Robert W. Chambers' literary output was narrated in a New York club the other day.

"Our literary page comes out on Friday," said the night editor of a newspaper, "and on Thursday night, long after the literary editor had gone home, the make-up man rushed up to me and said:

"'Look here, there's about an inch to be filled on the literary page, and no more book stuff set up. What shall I do?'

"Our literary editor was very particular that no miscellany ever should appear on his page. He insisted on its being a book page purely. So, in this dilemma the make-up man and I stood and racked our brains trying to think of some three-line literary item to add to the department.

"In the midst of our trouble a young compositor turned from the keyboard of his clicking machine.

"'Look here, sir,' he said, 'you won't make any mistake if you run in something about another absorbing novel from the pen of Robert W. Chambers rapidly nearing completion, and to put on the market in two weeks.'"

Lincoln and His Connirymen.

Sir Wemyss Reid wrote of Abraham Lincoln: "One must not blame Englishmen too severely, however, for their lack of appreciation of Lincoln. It is doubtful if even now he is appreciated at his true worth by Americans themselves. Some years ago I had the pleasure of taking in to dinner a charming young lady who was Lincoln's direct descendant. I said to her, 'you can hardly understand how pleased I am to have met you. There is scarcely any man whose name is familiar to me whom I honor as I honor the memory of your grandfather.' The young lady opened her eyes in innocent amazement, and expressed subsequently that she had been very much surprised at my little speech. 'At home they never say anything about grandpapa.'"

The Safest Place.

A city gentleman was recently invited down to the country for a day with the birds." Whatever his powers in finance, his shooting was not remarkable for its accuracy, to the great disgust of the man in attendance, whose tip was generally regulated by the size of the bag. "Dear me!" he exclaimed subsequently that she had been very much surprised at my little speech. 'At home they never say anything about grandpapa.'"

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