MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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, this 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 cowed by a single party, and not feel furious. As yet it is the rumbling 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 seen packs of wolves before now; where the water roars the loudest it is always the most shallow; barking dogs seldom bite.

So He Tells His Love.

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 from the veranda. Perhaps once 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 every body 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 ring 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 motte 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 hits 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 plunging 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 disappointed 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 revolvers, 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 hurls 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 Westerly 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 worsted 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 Piccadilly bughaint! 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 lovely prickly pears and Spanish bayonets will allow. Coming like a wild horse of the prairie on the stampede. Where's that wretch of a Flitz—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 hails his coming with the greatest of delight, since it relieves him in a measure of his worry.

The professor does not experience the same feeling; he is a Briton, it is true, but recent experiences have taught him that fighting is hardly to be placed in his line. Hearing the threats which the terrible Sheriff of Secora County bellows forth while bursting his way upon the scene, the professor wisely concludes to leave for parts unknown, nor to stand on the order of his going.

Colonel Bob finds work to do, however—there are a number of noble Mexicans present who require looking after, and in his present excitable frame of mind he is just in the humor to satisfy all their longings in that direction.

The darkness is not so intense now, for the moon is peeping above the horizon; Bob can see his men, and he falls upon them with the power of a thunderbolt. Right and left he plunges, knocking them down as a ball, well directed scatters the pins in a bowling alley.

The varied outcries are something astonishing, and indicate tremendous excitement on the part of those concerned.

Meanwhile, Dick has not been idle. By his energy he has succeeded in convincing Barcelona that once more he is getting the worst of it all.

Dick winds closing with the bull fighter, since he has his lighted cigar now to jab in the other's eye. He keeps Tordas at a safe distance and proceeds to hammer him with all the scientific points he has ever learned.

(To Be Continued.)

European Travel More Important

By MR. ROBERT LUCE, Traveler and Scholar.

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 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 its 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.

Robert Luce

HER CURIOSITY AROUSED.

Thought the Man Who Was "It Up" Might Have Been a Distant Husband."

It was the mayor of a western city, says the Detroit News, who received the following letter of inquiry from a Boston woman:

"Kind and Respected Cir: I see in a paper that a man named John Sipes was attacked and et up a bare whose cubs he was trying to git when the she bare come up and stopt him by eatin' him up in the mountaines near your town. What I want to know is, did it kill him or was he only partly et up and is he from this place and all about the bare. I don't-know but what he is a distant husband of mine. My first husband was of that name and I supposed he was killed in the war, but the name of the man the bare et being the same I thought it might be him after all, an' I ought to know if he wasn't killed either in the war or by the bare, for I have been married twice since and there ought to be divorce papers got out by him or me if the bare did not eat him all up. If it is him you will know it by him having six toes on the left foot. He also sings base an' has a spread eagle tattoed on his front chest and a anchor on his right arm, which you will know him by if the bare did not eat up these signs of its being him. If alive don't tell him I am married to Joe White, for he never liked Joe. Mebbe you'd better let on as if I am ded, but find out all you can about him without his knowing anything what it is for. That is if the bare did not eat him all up. If it did I don't see as you can do anything and you needn't take no trouble. My respects to your family and please ancer back.

"P. S. Was the bare killed? Also was he married again and did he leave any propty with the laying claims to?"

OLD-TIME CLEANLINESS.

Not So Particular About Their Persons in the Days of Early England.

Dr. Somerville Hastings, lecturer at the London Institute of Hygiene, the other day on "Cleanliness Is Next to Godliness," said that people were much cleaner now than in the reigns of Queens Mary and Elizabeth, when the washing of clothes was unknown. Cotton was hardly in use and linen was expensive.

The poor wore rough woolen garments, which were never washed, and the better classes adorned themselves with silks and velvets, which were dyed when they would no longer pass muster in regard to cleanliness. It is recorded, continued Dr. Hastings, that James I. never washed either hands or face during the period he posed as the wisest fool in Christendom, but confined his cleanliness within the narrow limits of wiping his finger-tips upon a damp napkin.

A very simple experiment, made by an eminent bacteriologist, determines in a startling manner the potential dangers associated with accumulations of dust in a living room. A pin-point was used to convey as much dust as so small a vehicle will carry. This yielded no less than 3,000 colonies of living germs, when cultivated on gelatin, and although fortunately every species was not representative of disease, yet the majority were potent sources of decomposition and danger to health.

Novel Arctic Station.

Arctic science should be greatly advanced by the permanent station for the study to be established this year on the south coast of Disco Island. This novel station, to be established by a gift from Mr. A. Holck, of Copenhagen, and to be aided by an annual grant of $5,000 from the Danish government, will have a well-equipped biological laboratory, with working places for visitors, and will provide a library of arctic literature. The only charge to visiting naturalists will be a small fee for board.

TOO MUCH STANAM—ETC.

Magistrate Was Not Equal to the Task of Writing It Down.

There was a Greek victory the other day, and it was won in New York. You relates the Sun, of that city. "What's the prisoner's name?" asked Magistrate Finn of Policeman O'Brien, who had put forward a descendant of a hero of Thermopylae in the Tombs court.

"Yer honor—well—I can't say that I know it."

"What?" sharply exclaimed the magistrate.

"Well, yer honor—" began the policeman in a faltering voice.

"I don't know what's the matter with you policemen," snapped the magistrate. "How dare you bring a prisoner here without being able to tell me his name?"

"I can't speak Greek, yer honor," gasped O'Brien.

"What's your name?" queried the magistrate, scowling at the prisoner.

The prisoner looked like one that is dumb until a fellow countryman translated the magistrate's question. Then, with a chuckle, the prisoner shouted:

"Stanamanakanapapadopoulos."

"Do you think I'm going to write that down? Discharged!" thundered the astonished "Battery Dan."

PEWS THAT CARRY A VOTE

Queer Custom of a Parish Church in England Dates Away Back.

The parish church of Chertsey possesses a curious anomaly, says the Sunday Strand. It has several pews in its gallery which are bought and sold by auction, just like a table or a chair, and these pews give their owners for the time being a legal right to vote at parliamentary elections in the division. Moreover, the owners of the pews have to pay the poor rate of £2 a year into the bargain—a privilege they are not so eager to use as the former one.

Many years ago the church wardens of Chertsey were at their wits' end in order to raise money for the restoration and repair of the sacred edifice, and they could find no solution to the question until some parishioners suggested that they should sell the gallery pews to the highest bidder. They accepted the idea and obtained a special act of parliament allowing them to do this, and also giving the privilege of a parliamentary vote. A pew was recently sold at Tokenhouse Yard for £50.

Queen's Modest Treasures.

Of her many treasures Queen Alexandra values most a modest milk jug of earthenware, which she keeps in the boudoir attached to her dairy at Sandringham. It was given to her by a poor, dying girl, whose latter days had been soothed by the tender nursing and sympathy of Princess Alexandra. When the queen entertains any very exalted guest at afternoon tea in her Swiss chalet, it is from this humble, but priceless, jug that she pours the cream.

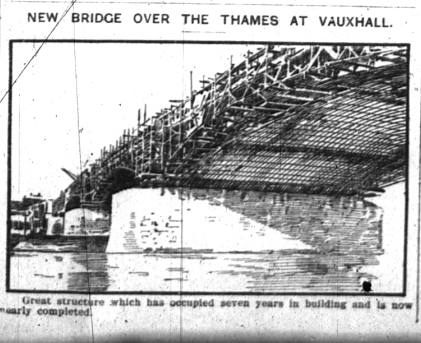
Publications.

Newspapers published in the United States at the close of 1903: Weeklies, 14,455; semi-weeklies, 499; tri-weeklies, 54; dailies, 2,215; total newspapers, 17,233. Periodicals, published in the United States at the close of 1903: Monthlies, 2,710; all other periodicals, 552; total periodicals, 3,262; total newspapers and periodicals, 20,485.

Many Titles.

The marquis of Butte, who is the fortunate holder of 11 titles, lord of over 180 square miles of land, and a five-fold millionaire, is a rare combination of bookworm and keen sportsman. In his attire he favors the kilts, and in music the bagpipes, on which instrument he is an expert performer.

NEW BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES AT VAUXHALL.



Great structure which has occupied seven years in building and is now nearly completed.

STYLES OF FIGHTING KNIVES

Complete Collection Would Combine Many Varieties.

The early Californian gloried in a good howie knife, and many were beautifully wrought and elegantly mounted. The chief requirement was that the blade should be so tempered as to be able to be driven through three silver dollars at a stroke without dulling the point or turning the edge. The poisoned, wavy bladed Malay kris is the most deadly of all knives, but it is the weapon of a cowardly assassin. The native impales a fowl or a rat with the blade of this weapon and leaves the carcass to rot on the soft, porous iron. This leaves a poison of the most dangerous kind. The Burmese dar is a heavy bladed knife carried over the shoulder when traveling to hack a path through the vines of jungle. The Scotch "skein dun" is worn in the guard. The heavy, long bladed "yatagan" of Northern India is stuck in the girdle, as are the richly wrought, elaborately inlaid fighting knives of Persia and Circassia. A fairly complete collection would contain fully two thousand different varieties and would represent an investment of many thousand dollars. The best collections are in the government museums of Europe, the one in the Tower of London being the most complete.

WORST CASE OF ECZEMA.

Spread Rapidly Over Body—Limbs and Arms Had to Be Bandaged—Marvelous Cure by Cuticura.

"My son, who is now twenty-two years of age, when he was four months old began to have eczema on his face, spreading quite rapidly until he was nearly covered. We had all the doctors around us, and some from larger places, but no one helped him a particle. The eczema was something terrible, and the doctors said it was the worst case they ever saw. At times his whole body and face were covered, all but his feet. I had to bandage his limbs and arms; his scalp was just dreadful. A friend teased me to try Cuticura, and I began to use all three of the Cuticura Remedies. He was better in two months; and in six months he was well. Mrs. R. L. Risley, Piermont, N. H., Oct., 24, 1905."

How Pearls Are Formed.

Pearls it seems are oyster annoyances and monsters. They are malformations caused by some foreign substance finding entrance to the shell and irritating the oyster to such an extent that he exudes a liquid which eventually hardens and becomes a precious pearl. The pearls are always near the shells and can be squeezed out of the flesh with the fingers. Sometimes they are found loose in the shell and at other times they are attached. If loose the chances are that they may fall out, hence good pearl hunters search the stream bed and even dig up the dirt. Contrary to general belief the expensive pearls are not always round or oblong in shape. Many fine specimens are baroques, that is, they assume grotesque forms, a fact that can be readily accounted for by their origin. An oyster may be worth provoking.

LIKE MANY OTHER PHENOMENA

Perfectly Reasonable Explanation of Peculiar Happening.

One virtue of an uninteresting book has been discovered by a physician. He says he tried to read a dull novel the other night, but soon found himself turning over the pages hurriedly. He claims that when he commenced to read his library was uncomfortably warm, but after rapidly turning about a hundred pages looking for bright things he gradually became aware that the room was getting cooler. Being, like most doctors, inclined to experiment scientifically, he consulted his thermometer and learned that when he struck long historical passages in the novel his lack of interest and skipping pages reduced the temperature at an alarming rate. Just was he felt sure he was getting a congestive chill he turned to throw the book into the grate and saw that his fire had gone out.

Voices of the Gods.

A waggish occupant of the gallery shouted the other night to a pretty but indistinct lady artist: "Don't be nervous, my dear; it's only me!" At another theater one of the "gods" called down to an actor who had just finished making rather a long speech: "Will you say that again, please? I didn't hear it!"—From M. A. P.

Keep Busy and Be Happy.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage, "Too many irons in the fire," conveys an abominable falsehood. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs and all; keep them all going.—Dr. Adam Clark.

REPAIRING BRAIN

A Certain Way by Food.

Every minister, lawyer, journalist, physician, author or business man is forced under pressure of modern conditions to the active and sometimes overactive use of the brain.

Analysis of the excreta thrown out by the pores shows that brain work breaks down the phosphate of potash, separating it from its heavier companion, albumen, and plain common sense teaches that this elemental principle must be introduced into the body anew each day, if we would replace the loss and rebuild the brain tissue.

We know that the phosphate of potash, as presented in certain field grains, has an affinity for albumen and that is the only way gray matter in the brain can be built. It will not answer to take the crude phosphate of potash of the drug shop, for nature rejects it. The elemental mineral must be presented through food directly from nature's laboratory.

These facts have been made use of in the manufacture of Grape-Nuts, and any brain worker can prove the value of the proper selection of food by making free use of Grape-Nuts for ten days or two weeks. Sold by grocers everywhere (and in immense quantities). Manufactured by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

AN EVERY-DAY STRUGGLE.

Men and Women of Every Occupation Suffer Miseries from Kidney Complaint.

J. C. Lightner, 703 So. Cedar St., Abilene, Kansas, is one of the thousands who suffer from kidney troubles brought on by daily work. "I first noticed it eight or ten years ago," said Mr. Lightner. "The pain in the back fairly made me sick. It was hard to get up or down, hard to straighten, hard to do any work that brought a strain on the back. I had frequent attacks of gravel and the urine was passed too often and with pain. When I used Doan's Kidney Pills, however, all traces of the trouble disappeared and have not returned. I am certainly grateful."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Carried Resentment to Grave.

A certain testator of England, who stated his grievances against his wife at great length in his will, left her the magnificent sum of one farthing. Adding insult to injury, he further instructed that it was to be sent to her in an unstamped envelope.

But It's Impolite to Say So.

In the presence of an angry woman it is foolish to speak; in the presence of two angry women impossible. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

CURES CONSTIPATION

It is just about impossible to be sick when the bowels are right and not possible to be well when they are wrong. Through its action on the bowels,

Lane's Family Medicine

cleans the body inside and leaves no lodging place for disease. If for once you wish to know how it feels to be thoroughly well, give this famous laxative tea a trial.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

When you buy **WET WEATHER CLOTHING** you want complete protection and long service. These and many other good points are combined in **TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING**. You can't afford to buy any other.

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Mechanics' and Working Men's Shoes

are made from durable leather (colt skin) which quickly and pleasantly conforms to the shape of the foot and requires no breaking in; never gets hard and wears like iron.

Ask your dealer for "Rouge Rex" shoes the next time you need a pair and be satisfied, or send a postal to-day for a sample of the leather and a book of foot comfort styles.

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The Government of Canada

160 ACRES FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Gives absolutely FREE to every settler one hundred and sixty acres of land in Western Canada.

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On this land this year has been produced upwards of twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre.

It is also the best of grazing land and for mixed farming it has no superior on the continent.

Splendid climate, low taxes, railways convenient, schools and churches close at hand.

Write for "Twentieth Century Canada" and low railway rates to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to authorized Canadian Government Agent—M. V. McInnes, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. Laurier, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

(Mention this paper.)

THIS MAN

Was Cured of Rheumatism by the Jobi Discovery. He

NOW STANDS ERECT

This man says: "For twelve years I suffered fearfully with Rheumatism. My back was so affected that I was nearly doubled together, my head and shoulders being lower than my hips. Thanks to the Jobi Discovery, I am free from it, and though years have elapsed, I have never felt a return of Rheumatism."

If suffering from rheumatism, no matter how long standing, or how many remedies have failed on your case write to a plain, honest letter like your symptoms, and my druggist will prepare a trial treatment and send it to you by mail, postpaid, free of all cost. An honest, generous offer to suffering humanity. Address Jobi Discovery, Dept. Boardy Co., Ltd., 50 W. Main St., Battle Creek, Mich.