MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

By St. George Rathborne

Author of "Doctor Jack," "Under the Rebel Flag," etc.

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CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

Presently every man in camp is aware of the coming attack—the sound of axes ringing on the timber is heard—some keep guard while the axmen strengthen their defenses. Dick personally superintends the fastenings of the horses, tied in the mouth of a little blind canon that runs off from their camp, and makes a natural corral with the help of a few logs stretched as a barrier at its mouth. The animals are precious to their progress, and they must take no chances of losing them through a stampede.

Between the two leaders every detail is plotted into, the men have plenty of ammunition, and know how to use it. There will be dreadful slaughter when they open on the desperadoes whom Mexican gold has lured to attack them.

The desperate senor has indeed adopted desperate means when he comes to this. His plans are working badly, and he has reached the lowest level such a nature can descend to, when, utterly regardless of human life, he determines to annihilate a little party, if need be, in order to grasp what he desires.

A silence like unto death hovers over the camp of the Americans. These brave men crouch at their posts and wait to strain with the cunning fox who will come crawling through the grass and over the fallen timber like murderous wolves creeping upon their expected prey.

The fires have all been extinguished, and now only the starlight remains to cheer them. Right above, with the eternal hills all around them, is falling indeed.

When all is made ready the comrades talk it over, and Dick approaches the text which the women occupy.

"Miss Westerly," he says softly.

"Yes?" comes the reply on the instant.

"You had better lie worked. We expect an attack," a little quarrelsome sword from Dora, always quick to take the offensive—"and it might be wise for you to be ready."

"We are dressed. We did not retire, Dick," comes in the clear voice he loves.

"What does this mean?" he asks, puzzling in.

"That I suspected something—Colonel Bob's uneasy manner warned me. We waited up—then we heard the bustle the chopping, the low commands. "Ah!" my Dick, you must not think Pauline Westerly is deficient in common sense."

He starts to protest, but she laughs it off.

"Now that we know the absolute truth, tell us all—keep nothing back," she commands, and as Dick is her slave, her adorer, he obeys, not omitting to relate how fine sweet songs won the heart of Tampa Garcia back from evil.

Miss Pauline does not seem afraid—the soul of a heroine occupies that lovely form.

"It is a terrible thing to think what the passions of a bad man may bring about, but I shall stand up for the rights Heaven gave me. It is my duty, and if blood be shed he must take the blame, this man who has pursued me across the Atlantic."

The sound of a single rifle-shot echoes through the valley, instantly followed by a loud shriek.

"That means business, they come! Keep in the tent, I beg of you," and with the words Dick Denver bounds through the opening, eager to get in line and inspire his men to do their duty.

CHAPTER XX.

"They Come—the Greek! The Greek!"

Silence no longer holds sway in the Valley los Muertas—this fatal rifle-shot seems to have been the signal for throwing aside the mask; hideous yells break forth from this point and that, which are immediately answered by shouts of defiance from the Americans who crouch behind the rude redoubt.

Colonel Bob is certainly in his element—he was born a fighter, and never learned the meaning of the word fear. His clarion voice is heard above all the rest, like trumpet notes:

"Hold your fire, boys, make every shot tell! Well shown, the greasers how Yankees fight. Steady it is, boys. Listen to that," as an outburst is heard more fierce than before. "Take 'em on the jump, my heartles! They come—the Greek, the Greek!"

Perhaps Colonel Bob has things mixed a trifle, for in the historical event to which his words refer, it was the Turkish host that lay in camp; the Turk who awoke "mid death and battle smoke," but Bozarris and his little band could not have presented a braver front to the foe than does the company under the command of two.

Then, with a crash, guns are discharged, and the shouts and shrieks, and yells that arise are but a single feature in the pandemonium that reigns.

Some of the assailants have reached the rude fort, and fight hand-to-hand over the barriers. The only light they have comes from the stars, and the flash of guns that seem to be continually booming; but the eyes of hate are keen, and those enemies who grapple over the logs can see enough to know how to fight like demons.

All has happened in an incredibly brief space of time. Five minutes before peace and silence brooded over the valley, and now a stranger coming through the dense above would believe bedlam had broken loose, and all the fiends of Tophet were having high carnival below.

The two women, sitting in the tent which, through the forethought and ingenuity of Bob, has been pitched in spot where it could not be struck by stray lead, hear the awful clamor, their attitude is indicative of their different natures—Pauline is white, but her hand, as she holds the little revolver ready for a desperate use, does not tremble a particle, while Dora's teeth chatter, and she clings to the arm of her mistress, moaning about her sad lot and wishing she had never come to Mexico, though as silence its way.

Dawn comes at last and every one rejoices. They do not fear much now, as five hours ought to take them to the El Dorado.

When breakfast has been eaten a start is made. Extra precautions are taken to guard against a surprise—men sent ahead to explore each defile ere the column passes through.

Dora notices one strange thing, Colonel Bob and Juan men remain behind at the camp. She does not suspect the truth, and when questioned Bob apparently deserted the main column.

"When they have lost sight of the late camp she turns to Miss Pauline."

"What does it mean? Will they desert us? I never thought that of Bob," she says, sadly.

"Foolish Dora, you forget that your Bob is a sheriff. I am afraid, with a shudder, that it is a stern duty that keeps him back. You remember that they had two prisoners this morning?"

"Yes, the ugliest Mexicans in the country," declared Dora, not yet grasping the truth.

"There are not with us. There!" as two shots were heard in quick succession. "I presume justice has been meted out—it was an execution."

"The horrid men! I won't speak to Bob, I—" with tears and traces of horror in her voice.

"It is you who are foolish. Think, girl, what fate those men would have condemned you to, and from which you have been saved by the bravery of Bob Harlan, and my Dick. Don't ever let me hear you reproach the coolest for having done his stern duty, for I will disown you, silly girl."

Probably Dora's eyes are now opened, and she sees matters in their true light, for when Bob and his men come galloping up later, without two only prisoners, she gives him a ravishing smile and throws numerous kisses across the space that separates them.

In regard to the amusement of the rough characters, not one of whom but secretly envies the Sheriff of Secora County his good luck.

Once beyond the Valley of Death, all of them breathe a sigh of relief. A temporary halt is called on top of the divide to rest the animals after the laborious climb. From this point they can look back into the valley, and all are struck by the somber appearance it presents—one would imagine a cloud of some sort hung over it, preventing the sunlight from entering and chasing the shadows away.

In great contrast lies the open country beyond—here all nature seems bright and joyous, and the golden rays of old Sol lend the surroundings a cheerful aspect; birds that avoid the gloomy valley at the foot of the divide here flash and warble merrily.

"Yonder lies the El Dorado," says Pauline, as she points across the plateau.

They look eagerly, for with most of the men this is their first trip to the most famous of all Mexican mines, and the glamour of the name that have been dropped they have a pretty good idea that all the scenes of excitement will not be confined to the road leading to the El Dorado.

The real fight for the possession of the mine will be made at the scene of the rich deposits. For this they were enlisted, for this they will receive double pay, and during the journey they have become so attached to Miss Pauline and her fortunes that there is not a man among them who would not risk his very life in her behalf—her ways are so winning, her manners so gentle and yet dignified, that she draws all honest hearts to her.

(To Be Continued.)

"Finds Himself Face to Face with Juanita."

Gave the Directions.

Jean Gerhardy, the well-known cellist, at a dinner in Philadelphia, praised American wit.

"You are all witty," he said. "From your millionaire down to your gamin, you are quick, nimble and sparkling in retort.

"Your gamins' wit is cruel. It caused a friend of mine to flush and mutter an evil oath one day last week in New York. My friend, in a hurry to catch a train, ran out of his hotel toward a cab, and a ragged little boy opened the cab door for him and handed him in his valise. He gave the boy nothing. In his hurry, you see, he forgot.

"The disappointed urchin smiled sourly and called this order to the driver: 'Nearest poorhouse, cabby.'"—American Spectator.

"I suppose you object to railway rebates?"

"I dunno as I do," answered Farmer Corntassel, "exceptin' when they're only just another way of stickin' up the price on the fellers that haven't a pull."—Washington Star

PRECOCIOUS CHILD

THE PRODIGY IS ONE THAT SHOULD BE PITIED.

Fortunately, Prodigies Are the Exception—The Wonderfully Brilliant Child Too Often Becomes the Dull Adult—Athletics, Rather Than Too Much Study, Will Prepare the Boy for the Rougher Realities of Life—Mental Fruit Out of Season Is Not Worth Much—Dangers of Pushing the Child.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Fond parents as everybody knows, are much in the habit of imagining that their children are cleverer and brighter than ever children were since the world began. Other people may find the children tiresome and disagreeable, but in the eyes of doting parents they are without a peer, and their sayings and doings are related with infinite relish whenever anybody can be found who has leisure and patience to listen.

Precocious children fortunately for themselves and for the race, are the exception rather than the rule. A normal child, healthy and sturdy, is seldom precocious. Of course, there are on record notable instances of children who manifested remarkable traits and extraordinary intelligence at a very early age, and some of them did not belie their infant promise.

Lord Macauley is a case in point. When he was somewhere near the milestone of his fourth birthday, he read incessantly and lying on the hearth rug before the fire. Which was intent on a book, he heard little that was going on around him. On one occasion, having the misfortune to be badly burned, this unchild-like child remarked, to one sympathizing friend that the accident was extreme. Yet Macauley grew up to be not merely an eminent historian and man of letters, but a man of universal knowledge, of profound public spirit, and of notable loyalty to home and kin. Though a prig in childhood, he was not a pedant in maturity.

Of Robert Murray McCheyne, a famous Scotch clergyman, it is gravely set down by his biographer, that he had mastered the Greek alphabet at the age of three. Elizabeth Barrett, friend, a woman of brilliant powers and varied scholarship, who was taught to read Hebrew by a very learned father, became she was allowed to wander at will, so that as a little child she knew the Hebrew characters, while she did not yet know the childish alphabet. Her early precocity did her no harm.

Generally speaking, considering the importance of the sound mind in a sound body, it is not worth while to push children forward intellectually at the possible expense of future health and vigor. The brain if unfairly treated may develop so rapidly that its power of assimilating will be early exhausted and the wonderfully brilliant child become in later life mediocre, dull and commonplace. The boy and girl who make a clean sweep of all the prizes in sight during school days, are often left in the dearth of again. Some of our most conspicuous statesmen, authors and commanders, on sea and land, made no show whatever during the days of their training, and were graduated in the lowest ranks of their class.

* * * * *

A besetting sin of American parents is an almost insane ambition in behalf of children and a desire to push the children as fast as they can out of childhood's quiet round into the turmoil of the arena. Little people are hurried from the cradle to the kindergarten, from the kindergarten to the primary and so on through the several grades, and frequently to the disadvantage of the children. I heard the other day of a young doctor who matriculated at the medical school when he was just 16, an age at which no youth is fit to undertake the serious study of medicine, and indeed at which few boys are sufficiently matured to enter college.

We are in frantic haste to get our boys and girls where they may either earn their own livelihood, or in some way compete with others who are breadwinners in the crowded marketplaces of the land.

A precocious child is very likely to hear so much about his talents and his attainments that he will look down condescendingly on the neighbor who is not nearly so far advanced and still has a pronounced liking for marbles, kites, balls and robust games. A boy ought to know how to play. Play is far more worth while for him than work in the first ten years of life.

One great advantage of athletic sports, of football, baseball and basketball, lies in the fact that they stunt ness and pluck they demand, prolong the play-time of the youth. The precocious child is seldom or never a good catcher or pitcher or quarter-back or half-back; he is on the contrary, likely to survey with disdain the boyish pride taken by athletes in their triumphs, and to consider the fine spent in the open air rather a waste than the opposite. His energies are bent on applying more and still more culture from the world of literature. Often one sees the strange anomoly when such a youth has grown up, of a man whose information is prodigious, while his knowledge of available tools is scanty. In other words, it is not the youth who has made the most rapid strides during his training who has the requisite staying power to hold on and do well in the rougher realities of every-day existence.

Another point to be noted is that everyone fights shy of the infant prodigy. Parents trot him out and compel him to show his paces, to the boredom and disgust of friends and acquaintances. Fond mothers little dream of the dismay and the secret amusement they awake in the minds of their social circle. "Here comes Mrs. W. She is sure to lead the subject around to Albert's performances unless that hopeful child and his wonderful speeches can be side-tracked." I have known a silent combination of forces ready to check the mother without her suspecting it, when, as usual, she began to launch forth on her pet topic.

What becomes finally of all the infant phenomena? Some of them, no doubt, fill early graves, others break away from their parents and merge into the ranks and are never heard of more. The vast majority ceasing to be precocious, eventually take their places with the average people around us, do their work, and get through it with credit, their childish successes entirely forgotten.

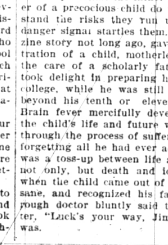
Went for them if their beginnings have not been too widely exploited. Child-preachers who declaim eloquently before gaping crowds are to be pitied, not praised. Child actors and musicians are forced to play and act at an age when they should still be in the nursery. Those who manage them and those who pay to watch them, seeming insensible to the cruelty. Child-poets whose little verses are printed with admiring comments, their full name, age and place of residence given to the public, are thrust out of the sweet retirement to which childhood is entitled and are apt in later years to suffer from criticism and from a sort of puzzled surprised that their maturity has not equalled their childish genius. Fruit out of season in the realm of mentality is not worth much to anyone.

If God sends a bright and clever child into a household, give God thanks, but for the sake of all the future, do not push that child too rapidly onward. Who that ever read Dombey and Son can forget the heart-breaking picture of little Paul Dombey, the fond hope of his pompous parent, dying by inches in the forcing atmosphere of Dr. Bumbler's school. "Bring him on, Cornelia," said the pedagogue over and over. And little Paul was brought on, until the kindly Angel of Death snatched him away from the hands of the fools who knew so little how to educate a child of his delicate sensitiveness.

It may be that the father and mother of a precocious child do not understand the risks they run until some danger signal startles them. A magazine story not long ago, gave an illustration of a child, motherless and in the care of a scholarly father, who took delight in preparing his boy for college, while he was still not much beyond his tenth or eleventh year. Brain fever mercifully developed and the child's life and future were saved through the process of suffering and a forgetting all he had ever acquired. It was a toss-up between life and death, not only, but death and idiocy, and when the child came out of his stupor sane, and recognized his father, the rough doctor bluntly said to the latter, "Luck's your way, Jim," and it was.

ATTRACTIVE BLOUSE

May Be Made of Light Weight Wool and the Trimming Is Bands of Insertion.



A SHAPELY WAIST.

This blouse is suitable to be copied in delaine or any other blouse material. It has a round yoke dipping deeper in center front; the material is gathered where it joins the yoke and being covered by lace insertion, another row of insertion being run on the material above the waist. The collar band is edged with insertion. The sleeve is divided into two puffs by a band of ribbon finished by a bow on the outer side. At the elbow is another strap and bow, and a ruffle of rather narrow lace.

Material required: Three and one-half yards 28 inches wide, three yards insertion, three and one-half yards ribbon, two yards lace.

Wearing of Rings.

Girls whose hands are not yet fully grown and formed—that is, generally speaking, girls up to 18—should not wear rings. Many a taper finger has had its shape spoiled by a ring which became so gradually tight that the wearer did not notice it until the mischief was done. Pianists or persons who play any instrument seldom wear rings. They think that the weight of the ring lessens the muscular strength of the finger. If a girl thinks she must wear rings, then let her at least take them off each night and rub a moment the part of the finger that has been covered by them. This restores circulation and helps the finger to attain its normal growth.

Loss of Sleep.

According to experiments made by an eminent German scientist seven hours of sleep is the minimum amount required by the average person. Fasting he found had a much less injurious effect than loss of sleep, and the reduction of the usual period of sleep by three hours diminishes the power of the memory by one-half.

Massage Cream.

Tannin, half gram.
Lanoline, 30 grams.
Oil of sweet almonds, 20 grams.
Oil of rose geranium, four drops.

CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKES.

Number That Have Shaken the State During Ten Years, 1889, to 1898, Inclusive.

Among the reports of the United States geological survey published in the "nineties" are eight bulletins on the subject of earthquakes in California, which contain accounts of shocks that occurred during the ten years from 1889 to 1898, inclusive. Study of these bulletins shows that there was hardly a single month in all those ten years when seismic disturbances, more or less severe, were not felt along the Pacific coast.

The first of these bulletins (No. 68) was written by Prof. James Edward Keeler, astronomer in charge of earthquake observations at the Lick observatory. Previous to this Prof. E. S. Holden had published, through the California state printing office, a paper which contained a list of the earthquakes that had occured in California, lower California, Oregon and Washington territory and which gave all the available data up to the end of the year 1888. The next bulletin (No. 95) published by the geological survey was prepared by Prof. Holden. It contained an account of the earthquakes in 1890 and 1891. The other bulletins covering the records for 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, and finally 1898, were published as bulletins Nos. 112, 114, 129, 147, 155, and 161, respectively, and all were prepared by Prof. Charles D. Perrine, of the Lick observatory.

The largest and most complete instrument used for recording earthquakes on Mount Hamilton, as described in these bulletins, records the north and south, east and west, and vertical components of the earth's motion separately on a smoked glass plate, which is started by the preliminary tremors of the earthquake and rotates uniformly in about three minutes, the edge of the plate being graduated into seconds at the same time by a clock, which also serves to record the time of occurrence of the shock. This instrument has been called the Ewing seismograph. Another simpler form consists of a heavy "duplex" pendulum adjusted to a long period of vibration, with a magnifying pointer or pen, which records on a smoked glass plate both horizontal components of the motion. The vertical components and the time are not recorded. The observatory possesses other seismographs of various patterns, but they are not constantly in use.

PUSHED BUTTON IN VAIN.

Hotel Guest Overlooked the Telephones and "Kicked" to the Clerk.

He walked heavily down the hall, a scowl on his face, his hat pulled down over his eyes and his teeth closed tightly in rage.

"Down," he shouted to the elevator boy loud enough to disturb the other guests of the hotel. "Rotten service, rotten hotel, beats anything I ever went against in my life."

Then he boarded the elevator car and descended to the office floor. He was full of wrath and indignation when he almost ran to the hotel clerk, who stood behind the desk.

"What kind of a hotel is this?" he asked, nearly out of breath. "I've been in hotels before, but I never got such poor service in my life. The service in this joint is the limit."

The clerk smiled pleasantly, yet with a look of uneasiness on his face, and asked:

"Have some of our bell boys been uncivil, sir?"

"Bell boys?" replied the guest at the top of his voice. "That's it. I have been trying to get one for an hour and haven't even seen one. I stood there in my room for half an hour pushing the button and ringing for a bell boy. What did I get? Nothing. Talk about service. I never—" Now it was the clerk's turn. He said:

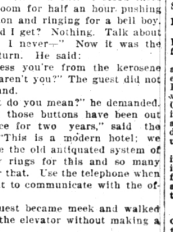
"I guess you've been on the kerosene circuit, aren't you?" The guest did not understand.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Why, those buttons have been out of service for two years," said the clerk. "This is a modern hotel; we don't use the old antiquated system of so many rings for this and so many rings for that. Use the telephone when you want to communicate with the office."

The guest became meek and walked back to the elevator without making a response.

AT THE SHOW.



The Fat Lady—You aren't looking well. What's the matter?

The Glass Eater—I'm afraid I had a glass too much last night.

The Man in the Topper—I took your advice, old friend, and went to a specialist about my eyesight. I said: "Doctor, I can't see." He said, "What you want is glasses." So I went into the "Blue Pig" and had ten of 'em. When I came out I could see double!—Half-Holiday.

Cabbage Head.

"I want to get a head of cabbage, said the man who had been sent to market.

"Large or small head?" asked the grocer.

"Oh, about 7¼," said the man, absent-mindedly.—Yonkers Statesman.

GOLF YARN BY LONGWORTH

And a Kansas Story in Return by an Enthusiast at the Game.

Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, is a golf enthusiast who plays a good game, and Victor Murdock, of Kansas, a golf enthusiast who plays a very indifferent game, when passing stories in the house cloakroom the other day, says the Washington correspondent of the Kansas City Times.

"The most remarkable golfer I ever knew," said Representative Longworth, "was a man out in Cincinnati, who had a passion for the game, but who complicated that fervor with an appetite for Scotch highballs that was the wonder of Ohio.

"His theory was that there should be a drink server on every tee, and he worked it by means of an army of caddies. One afternoon he came in and announced that he had renounced the game.

"'What's the matter, Jim?' said a friend.

"'Oh,' he said, wearily, 'it's no use. I give it up. Whenever I can see the ball I can't hit it; and whenever I can hit it I can't see it.'"

Mr. Murdock told this one:

"Out in the town Judge Dale, of the district bench, is about the best golfer in our club. One day he had a case on trial in which several small boys had been subpoenaed as witnesses. Addressing a bright youth of about 13 summers, Judge Dale solemnly inquired: 'My boy, do you understand the nature of an oath?'

"'Oh, yes, sir,' quickly replied the youth. 'I often caddied for you, sir.'"

Behind the Times.

"Janie is so mortified at her husband's illness that she won't tell anyone what is the matter with him."

"What disease has he?"

"Old-fashioned consumption."—N. Y. Times.

The Only Good.

"Father, why do these automobiles puff out so much smoke behind?"

"Stupid! So the policeman can't see the number!"—Meggendorfer Blatter.

It doesn't require a pull to go down hill.

IN STRICT CONFIDENCE.

Women Obtain Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Help.

She Has Guided Thousands to Health;—How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Mrs. Alice Berryhill.

It is a great satisfaction for a woman to feel that she can write to another telling her the most private and confidential details about her illness, and know that her letter will be seen by a woman only.

Many thousands of cases of female diseases come before Mrs. Pinkham every year, some personally, others by mail. Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years under her direction and since her decease she has been advising sick women free of charge.

Mrs. Pinkham never violates the confidence of women, and every testimonial letter published is done so with the written consent or request of the writer, in order that other sick women may be benefited as she has been.

Mrs. Alice Berryhill, of 313 Boyce Street, Chattanooga, Tenn., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"Three years ago life looked dark to me. I had ulceration and inflammation of the female organs and was in a perfect misery.

"My health was completely broken down and the doctor told me that if I was not operated upon I would die without a doubt. I told him I would have no operation but would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. He tried to influence me against it but I sent for the medicine that same day and began to use it faithfully. Within a few days I felt relief but was not entirely cured until I used it for some time.

"Your medicine is certainly fine. I have induced several friends and neighbors to take it and I know more than a dozen who had female troubles and who to-day are well and strong as I am from using your Vegetable Compound."

Just as surely as Mrs. Berryhill was cured, will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure every woman suffering from any form of female ills.

If you are sick write Mrs. Pinkham for advice. It is free and always helpful.

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RAILWAY
CHICAGO AND ALTON
PERFECT PASSENGER SERVICE
BETWEEN
CHICAGO—KANSAS CITY.
CHICAGO—ST. LOUIS.
CHICAGO—PEORIA.
ST. LOUIS—KANSAS CITY.
THROUGH PULLMAN SERVICE BETWEEN CHICAGO AND
HOT SPRINGS, DENVER, TEXAS, FLORIDA, UTAH, CALIFORNIA AND OREGON
IF YOU ARE CONTEMPLATING A TRIP, ANY PORTION OF WHICH CAN BE MADE OVER THIS CHICAGO & ALTON, IT WILL PAY YOU TO WRITE US FOR SOME HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED BOOKS, SENT FREE FOR RATES, MAPS, TIME-TABLES, ETC.
GEO. J. CHAMLTON, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and keeps them away. One fills any room. Harmless to anything. They will not injure the most delicate fabric, and will not soil the most costly paint. Will last all season. Can be used over and over. Will not be kept by dealers, as they pay no profit. Sent by express prepaid for $1.00. HARRISON SPECIALTY CO., Station D, Buffalo, N. Y.

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