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# MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

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CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Dick's eyes take in all of this with one sweep, and then become magnetized by the central figure. There stands Miss Pauline of New York, with a small revolver in her hand; her attitude is really superb—it breathes defiance. Dick looks at her to statues he has seen of Diana—he has loved her before as a beautiful woman, he adores her now as a brave one.

When her eyes meet his, the startled, almost desperate look vanishes from the face of the girl who dares, the girl whom New York's upper Four Hundred have bowed down to as their queen for one whole season.

"Oh, Mr. Denver, you have come! thank Heaven, you have come to take us out of this!"

Although so brave in the face of danger, she trembles when it has gone—that is generally the way with women who possess more daring than the general of their sex.

She passes to his side instantly, while Dora, in the exuberance of her intense delight, actually puts her arms around her deliverer.

"Take us out of this, Mr. Denver, I beg—these sights and sounds are making me crazy. I know in a short time I'll be as bad as the worst one here. Take us out, please. I shall never speak again to the one who failed to come to our relief—that odious Colonel Bob."

"Who is close at hand, keeping guard over the owner of the establishment," says Dick, passing an arm gently around Miss Pauline, who seems to be very weak, the reaction having set in.

"Then I beg his pardon—I will tell him so. Let us hasten and leave here!" cries Dora, drawing up her lovely shoulders in a shudder.

"You did not sign the paper, Miss Pauline," asks Dick, in some suspense.

"No, never!" answers the prompt Dora, just as though she were responsible for the senator's defeat.

"It will come in time—I have you still!" cries a harsh voice.

Dick catches a glimpse of the Mexican's face at the door—he springs forward, but Dora's clasp detains him.

The door slams shut, the key is



turned, and they are prisoners!

"See, I bear the key away with me," calls Senor Lopez, through the wicket.

"Adios, buenos noches, all!"

CHAPTER IX.

Dick has a secret.

Dora is again seized with a spasm of alarm, and allows gurgling cries to escape from her throat—she has gone through much and this new catastrophe, happening just when deliverance has seemed assured, gives the finishing stroke.

"Dora, be still—look at Mr. Denver—he shows no signs of being discouraged," comes from Miss Pauline in a quiet, reproving voice.

The lamentations of the maid cease and as she turns her head in the direction of Dick, and sees him advancing upon the door with a bunch of keys in his hand, she knows all hope is not yet gone, and again her expression is one of expectancy.

Dick knows he has a comrade near by who will not desert him, at any rate; he tries the keys, to see whether any one among them will accomplish the object he has in view.

"Bureka!" he exclaims, as the door flies back, and they see the open corridor beyond.

"Delay is dangerous, ladies. Come! in half an hour you will be at the Grand Continental," is the cheering news he gives.

They take new inspiration from his manner, and both immediately don their wraps, as the night air must be chilly.

Dick takes Miss Pauline on his left arm, and begs Dora to go on the other side of her mistress, for he must keep his right arm free in order to meet any difficulty that may arise.

Thus they pass along the corridor; the ugly faces leer at them from each side, and hideous sounds arise that cause even brave Miss Pauline to creep closer to the side of the man who can and will protect her from all dangers. Thank heaven for the presence of such a man at this time.

The end of the passage is reached, and they have seen nothing of the Mexican who, upon discovering that a guard has been stationed beyond, must have darted into some empty cell.

Colonel Bob is greatly pleased at sight of the girl he adores; he takes off his hat and gives a genuine Western war whoop that causes silence to ensue for almost a full minute among the denizens of Lost Hope Corridor.

At the same time Colonel Bob dis-

qualifies goes far ahead of anything she has hitherto experienced.

Nor can she feel anything for Juanita Lopez save commiseration—the field is free to all, and unless Dick has declared his love for the Mexican girl, she has no claim upon him. At the same time, whenever she thinks of Juanita, who confessed that she never had the training of a mother, as her parent died while she was a babe, Pauline's heart grows tender.

"We are rivals—fate has made us so, not any inclination on my part," she says to herself, as she sits alone before retiring, in a lovely dressing gown, before the grate of red coals; "but I could not hate her, even if he was won by her dark beauty, her wonderful coal black eyes. I would be friends, but by the nature of things that cannot be."

Wearied by the excitement of the day, she sleeps soundly, only in the middle of the last watch Dora is aroused by hearing her mistress in the next room talking in her sleep, and laughs softly to herself when she catches the words, "dearest Dick."

Morning at last.

Another day has begun in Paris, and as the October weather is simply delightful, it is apt to be but a repetition of those gone before.

Dick and Colonel Bob have numerous duties to perform, since they leave Paris so soon, and this morning is devoted to them. In the afternoon comes a message from the prefect, which calls for Dick's presence, so he again visits that peculiar office, and has a short interview with the man who virtually rules Paris.

The prefect has had the report of M. Francois, and he desires Monsieur Denver to read it over, and add what may have been omitted.

Dick finds that the other has alluded to him in terms of great praise.

"That is the only thing I object to—the merit of our success should be placed upon his shoulders, not mine," he exclaims, when he has finished.

"This ever thus with brave men," murmurs the prefect smiling, "and knowing you both as I do, I am content to believe that each had a share in the final result."

A few more general questions, from the prefect, and the interview is ended. Dick places a check on a Paris bank in the official's hands.

"For M. Francois, with all our compliments," he says, and as the prefect catches the amount, one thousand francs, he smiles pleasantly.

"You Americans are generous to a fault."

"At any rate, we appreciate bravery and fidelity, even in the officers of a great city," remarks Dick, bowing himself out.

(To be continued.)

**WORSE THAN ALCOHOL SLAVERY**

Clay Eaters Unable to Give Up Degrading Habit.

Clay eaters are found in the West Indies, Honduras and some of the regions round the Orinoco. They are not necessarily of any particular tribe, for even whites have fallen victims to this degrading and fatal habit.

The habit is contracted at an early age as 12 years, and the craving once acquired appears to be irresistible. Confirmed clay eaters will lie down and lick the earth where the edible clay is found.

They suffer from chronic dyspepsia and emaciation; but, in spite of the pain and weakness, they cannot do without the clay any more than the confirmed drunkard can do without his alcohol. In some localities this clay is whitish gray, sometimes yellowish-pink. There appears to be lime in it, and also the remains of minute organisms. It is sometimes eaten baked and sometimes raw.

A confirmed clay eater will take four, five or even six pounds a day. Water is drunk with it. At length the habit seems to give an aversion not only to other kinds of food but also to alcoholic drinks. As soon as this stage is reached the eating of clay invariably causes death.

**Made the Marriage Sure.**

An amusing story is told of a marriage celebrated in the Glasgow (Scotland) southern police court some time ago. A man and woman were being tried on charges of riotous conduct in Main street, Glasgow. In the indictment they were described as man and wife, but from the evidence offered to the court it was more than doubtful whether they were actually married. The presiding judge, evidently suspicious that there was no such relationship between the pair, asked the woman, "Is this man (pointing to the male prisoner) your husband?" "Yes," was the answer. "And," turning to the man, "is this woman your wife?" "Yes," "Well, then," said his honor, who was well versed in the Scots law of marriage, "whether you were married before or not, you are now."

**Known as "Queer People."**

The Queer People is the name by which the colonists are known to the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, but there is nothing invidious

in this title. Ask any one of the villagers about them and he will tell you that the Queer People are good people, and it is not at all unlikely that he will tell you how some of the Queer People came into his cottage when his wife or child was ill and gave the advantage of skilled care of pure neighborliness, and how the men have often given them valuable advice about the variation of their crops and the best markets for them.

The fact is that the colonists are nearly all from a much higher station in life and better educated than their neighbors. One is the son of a baronet who sacrificed his material prospects in life for the sake of living in accordance with the principles in which he believed.

Another was the manager of a prosperous bank in Scotland, and a third was a large farmer in the south of England. There is a sprinkling of city folk, clerks and the like, and there is a retired sailor, whose skill with tools of all kinds has stood the colony in good stead. Most of the

**Remarkable Memories.**

There is a story that is more than tradition that Wolfgang Mozart "set down the whole of the 'Sixth Miserere' from memory, and that, too, from hearing it but twice. Sir William Hamilton, in his 'Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic,' gives Muretus as authority for the statement that a young Corsican could repeat in either direct or reverse order, or begin at any point and repeat both ways, a list of 36,000 names.

**She Paid the Paint Bill.**

In Brookline, Mass., a short time ago, a woman was brought into court, charged with intoxication. She was fined \$10, and as she arose she said to the judge: "Well, I suppose you need this \$10 to help paint your house."

"Oh, yes," said his honor; "I think you had better give me \$5 more, and I guess I'll paint the blinds." The fine was promptly made \$15.

**Unfamiliar Language.**

A barrister once pleaded with great ability the cause of his client for nearly an hour. When he had finished, his learned friend on the other side, with a supercilious sneer, remarked that he did not understand a word the other had said.

"I believe it, for I was expounding law!" said the first speaker.—Exchange.

## True Disciples of Tolstoi

Members of English Colony in Cotswold Hills Follow the Russian Philosopher.

(Special Correspondence.)

Up on the highest point of the Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire is a little colony of practical followers of Count Tolstoi, people who believe that it is wrong to live in any way by the labor of others. Unable to carry their faith into practice in the outside world, they have settled in this remote corner of England to extract their living from an inhospitable soil by the labor of their own hands.

One must not suppose, however, that this is a colony of wild eyed anarchists or dangerous enemies of government. It is true that they objected at first to paying taxes to a government which they declared gave them nothing in return, and one or two men actually carried their passive resistance to the extent of going to jail for their principles, but even the country people around today are forced to admit that they are good neighbors, pay their debts and bother no one; this in spite of the active opposition of squire and parson, who regard them as dangerous enemies of church and state.

The little colony, which is known as Whiteway, is situated about the center of a triangle the angles of which are formed by the towns of Gloucester, Cirencester and Stroud. It is approached by mountainous roads and lies about seven miles from Stroud, which is the nearest railway station.

The land owned by the colony stretches along the side of a hill and comprises about sixteen acres. The tract was left to a set of trustees headed by Aylmer Maude, the well known English disciple of Tolstoi, by a farmer of the neighborhood who had become a convert to the theories of the Russian philosopher.

All Colonists Welcomed.

The land, of course, so far as its legal aspect is concerned, is held absolutely by the trustees, but any one who is willing to work on it and live in harmony with the colonists is welcome to settle on an acre and cultivate it. He may do so free of all charge, but he must not attempt to acquire any title to it, and as soon as he ceases to cultivate it with his own hands all his interest in it ceases.

There are at present about a dozen families in the colony and there are a couple of acre plots vacant, but it is expected that they will soon be taken up. They were rendered vacant by the efforts of the persons who had taken them up to secure absolute ownership in them.

Apart from their peculiar views as to ownership in land and the immorality of living by the labor of others, the colonists are perfectly normal people. Living, as they do, an open air life, they have adopted some reforms in dress, but these are not the result of any fixed belief; rather they are the result of an effort to find the clothing most suitable to the conditions under which they live.

The women as a rule wear an outer garment of the flowing Grecian type, and the men knickerbockers and soft cotton or wool shirts, open at the neck. In the height of summer they sometimes dispense with the shirt while working in the fields.

Both men and women go barefooted, partly from preference and partly because shoes are an expensive luxury to persons living from the product of an acre of rather unproductive soil. For the same reason most of the colonists are practically vegetarians, and practically all the cultivation is done by hand.

The only animal in the colony is a cow, which gives milk for the children, who, by the way, are as healthy and happy specimens of English childhood as can be found in the kingdom. Most of the children who are old enough contribute to the family support by caring for fowls.

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The fact is that the colonists are nearly all from a much higher station in life and better educated than their neighbors. One is the son of a baronet who sacrificed his material prospects in life for the sake of living in accordance with the principles in which he believed.

Another was the manager of a prosperous bank in Scotland, and a third was a large farmer in the south of England. There is a sprinkling of city folk, clerks and the like, and there is a retired sailor, whose skill with tools of all kinds has stood the colony in good stead. Most of the

cottages are monuments to his skill as an architect and builder, and very comfortable cottages they are, too.

One of the women, a widow, with two children, is a trained nurse, who often gives her services to the villagers round about; another was a school teacher and a third a music teacher. With the exception of two or three, all the colonists are of English birth and breeding.

**Have Their Own Amusements.**

It must not be imagined that the life at Whiteway is a mere round of sordid toil in the fields. The colony possesses some excellent musicians and a couple of first class elocutionists, and there are almost nightly

concerts and readings in one or other of the cottages.

Then, in the seasons when work in the fields is slack, there are expeditions on foot to some of the many points of interest in the neighborhood. That part of Gloucestershire is rich in historic and antiquarian interest.

A mile from Whiteway is the village of Miserden, which was a Roman stronghold in its day, and in a field outside the village are great mounds, which the villagers declare are the graves of the Roman soldiers. A mile or two away is a perfectly preserved Roman military road, and on foggy nights the country people declare that ghostly legions may be seen marching along it, fighting over again their battles with the ancient Britons.

Gloucester has a fine cathedral, and that at Cirencester, while smaller, is said by experts to be one of the most beautiful in England.

**No Changes.**

"This is the new year," said Mrs. Brown as she and Brown sat down to dinner, "and perhaps we ought to make some little changes for 1906."

"I am willing," he replied. "Yes, I have been thinking that I would make a few changes."

"That is nice of you. You know that you swear and that I don't like it at all. It will be so sweet and kind and considerate to give it up for my sake."

"Give up swearing! Not on your life!"

"What, then, did you mean by changes?"

"Why, I have been allowing you \$5 per week as pin money and I know that you simply foot most of it away. One of the changes contemplated was to cut the sum in half."

"Samuel Brown!" exclaimed the wife, as she knocked on her plate with her fork to emphasize her words, "don't make any mistake on your wife Mary. You will continue to swear as hard as you wish and as often as you wish, and my \$5 pin money comes to me every Saturday night, or there won't be any glass left in the front windows to last over Sunday!"—Baltimore American.

**Larkin Mason's Report.**

The Hon. Larkin D. Mason of Tamworth, N. H., was judge of probate for his county, and a very prominent man in politics in his day. His son came home on furlough from the army during the civil war, and brought the army itch, and the whole family took it.

Mr. Mason called in a doctor from the neighboring town of Meredith, who left some medicine to be taken according to directions. The doctor told Mr. Mason that he wanted to hear from him in a few days.

Mr. Mason reported as follows: "We have used the medicine internally and externally, the disease still rages internally, and it looks to me as though it would last eternally."

**She'd Soon Cure Him.**

Stella—So you are really going to marry old Milllyuns? I had no idea you were so mercenary!

Maude—I am not. I am going to marry him to reform him.

Stella—Reform him! I didn't know he had any bad habits.

Maude—Yes, he has one. His friends say he is miserly.—Stray Stories.

**Papal Swiss Guard.**

The papal Swiss guard recently celebrated its 400 years' existence from the date of its foundation by Pope Julius II in 1506. It is a curious fact that the wife of the commandant of the corps, Baron Meyer von Schaussee, is of the Lante Rovere house, to which family belonged Pope Julius II.

**Hand-made Lace.**

A few years ago the art of making lace by hand was fast dying out in France. In 1903 the French government undertook to build up the industry and now the number of girls and women making lace by the old hand process is estimated at no less than 135,000.



Old Tower on Estate.

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