

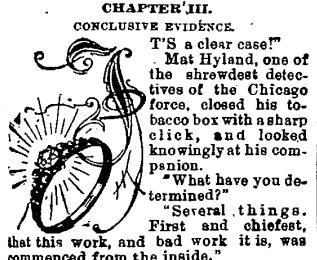
LEVATOR.
C. A. Ball.
Killed.
Sarah Jane Woodstock.
Schermerhorn.
Whitriding.
nobody seems of the police.
ATE.
Declares.
Question.
retary of the mother in said.
ORMS.
Danube.
urtemberg.
Albaca.
DEAD.
d, Where.
Years.
Whitlaw.
DN.
d Three.
ree men.
ed in the.
16, and.
the expected.
he boiler.
followy.
The.
city.
th.
fire in.
rents on.
three.
resulted.
my per-
clothes.
from a.
erately.
F. was.
e mon-
over-
was.
struck.
to-day.
He is.
ies, but.
emphas.
is here-
speak.
yed.
Cornell.
ch was.
was de-
boat.
coach.
paring.
usy's.
Dead.
Mary.
Course.
of rai-
ants.
gains.
e and.
ants.
the

A little whiff of smoke, so small it scarcely shows against the northern sky, Bode no ill to us of course, but does to some, for, oh, the grass is dry. The rising breeze just now springs up, and see, the smoke cloud now is spreading fast. Spreading o'er across wide, where yards seemed covered with it but a moment past. Enter it sweeps along, and then it seems to cross the canyon with a bound, the swirling flames lick up all things that by there in their maddened course are found. And there, but newly built, a house stands in the track the fire find must pass, patterned within that frame glad hopes were pinioned with each driven nail, alas. Oh, must the work of years go thus. The little saved by early toll and late, from summer's drought and cruel had? A strong man stands and cries, "Oh, bitter Fate."

BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue, and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.



CHAPTER III.
CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

"T'S a clear case!"

Mat Hyland, one of the shrewdest detectives of the Chicago force, closed his tobacco box with a sharp click, and looked knowingly at his companion.

"What have you determined?"

"Several things. First and chiefest, that this work, and bad work it is, was commenced from the inside."

"Impossible!"

"Wait a moment, Mr. Sears. The crime was discovered shortly after 6 o'clock, and the police at once notified. I was just leaving the Twenty-second Street Station when the telephone came in from the patrol box, and was the first to reach the house."

"And you found—"

"Everything in confusion. The old man was dead, and the safe riddled as you see now, the four servants in terror, and the daughter in a fainting condition under the care of a physician."

"But why do you suspect an inmate of the house? Speak, sir! That old man yonder has been a father to me, and I must be doing something to bring his murderers to justice."

"Gently, my dear sir. That is exactly what I propose to help you do. I found all the doors and windows secured, the electric burglar alarms in perfect working order—not the slightest evidence, in fact, that an entrance had been forced."

"But John Kedzie, the only man in the house, has been in Uncle Paul's service for twenty years. You surely don't—"

"Not a bit of it. But you are wrong. This house had another inmate last night."

"Who, in heaven's name?"

"You heard of the fire at the Exposition building?"

"No. But—don't bother with trifles. Who was here?"

"Read that."

The detective took a copy of one of the morning newspapers from his pocket and indicated a paragraph in a long article describing the fire of the preceding night. It consisted of a brief but graphic account of the awful peril of Berenice St. Cyr and her subsequent gallant rescue by an unknown young man, whose bravery was awarded unstinted praise.

"He seems to have driven away in their carriage," commented Sears, when he had completed the reading.

"Yes. He is the murderer!"

"You don't mean it?"

"I surely do. I had read the account before news of the murder arrived, and at once acted upon that theory. The servant, John had shown him to his room on the floor above. I lost no time in getting there."

"And you found—"

"That the bird had flown. The room was without an occupant."

"Strange! What does John say?"

"I've not had a chance to question him since."

"There he is now. This way, John."

"What is it, Mr. Almon?" asked the servant, as with a look of mingled fear and horror, he approached the doorway from which, only an hour before, he had discovered the body of his murdered master.

"What was this young man's name?" queried Hyland, brusquely.

"They called him Winters."

"His first name?"

"I didn't hear that."

"Describe him!"

"I'm not much in that line."

"Do the best you can."

"He is tall, straight, well made, has black hair, and no beard, except a mustache."

"Good enough. What else?"

"Very bright eyes, and the look of a gentleman."

"I know him!" cried Sears.

"Indeed! He's the detective."

"Yes. His name is Cole Winters. He was employed for a time by a friend of mine, Mr. Max Morris, who discharged him, something like a month ago, for stealing from his cash drawer."

"Good! He's our man! No time must be lost! With his name and description, I can arrest him before noon."

"Wait!" cried Sears, laying his hand

upon the officer's arm.

"For what? Time is valuable; seconds count in a game of this kind."

"Did Mr. St. Cyr treat this Winters kindly?"

"This question of the young man was addressed to John."

"Kindly? I should say so. He just doted on him, while Miss Berenice—"

"Never mind her!" interrupted Sears, an angry flush sweeping his dark but rather handsome face. "What did Uncle Paul do?"

"Treated him like a son, and gave him—"

"What?"

"The beautiful ring he always wore."

"The one presented by his dead son George? Impossible!"

"No. I'm sure of it. I saw it on his finger when he told me good-night in his room."

"I can't understand it. But what has he there?"

The speaker pointed to the right hand of the dead man, which was fast clinched.

In an instant the detective was bending over the prostrate form.

"It may contain a clue—a lock of the murderer's hair, a button from his coat, a fragment of cloth. Wait!"

"Had we not better leave that for the coroner?" asked Sears, interrupting the officer, who was trying to force open the fingers which the rigidity of death had fast locked.

"No matter," replied Hyland. "There are enough of us here to testify to what we find, and time is everything just now."

A moment more and a triple exclamation went up from the trio of banded heads.

In the half-open palm of poor Paul St. Cyr lay a curiously wrought ring, richly set with diamonds and rubies.

"It's the very ring!" cried Almon Sears, a touch of triumph in his hard tones. "I could swear to it any place!"

"And I," added the servant, sorrowfully.

"What do you think of it?" asked the young man of the detective, who was reading an inscription upon the ring.

"That it will send Cole Winters to the gallows!"

CHAPTER IV.
EXCITING SITUATIONS.

"You here?"

With this question, Berenice St. Cyr, tearful, agitated, heart-broken, struggled to a sitting posture upon the lounge where she had been reclining.

"Where else should I be in the midst of this storm of trouble and woe?" returned Almon Sears, as he seated himself near by.

"But father told you to come here no more!"

"True, but the charges of ingratitude which he made against me were entirely unfounded, as I am now prepared to prove. Besides, death has revoked the mandate."

The young man bowed his head, and to all outward appearances was deeply moved.

"Well, I'm glad you came, Almon. How can I endure this and live?"

"It is hard, Berenice, cruel, and words of consolation carry no relief. One small comfort remains, however."

"I can't imagine what. For me all is dark, the very sun has ceased to shine. I care nothing for life itself, now."

"The murderer of your father is known!"

"What? Where is he?"

"Not yet in custody, but his arrest is certain."

"Who is he?"

"His name is Winters—Cole Winters."

"It is false!"

"The girl was on her feet now, her eyes flashing angrily through her tears."

"The proof is conclusive—absolutely damning in its completeness."

"Nothing could convince me of anything so horrible."

"You have great faith in a stranger."

"Ought not the saving of one's life to excite faith? Do you call him a stranger, who won his way to my father's heart?"

"And yours?" sneered Sears.

"Aye, and mine, if you will have it so. I thought a moment ago that I had nothing for which to live. I feel differently now. The cause, the honor, of Cole Winters shall be as my own!"

Overcome by the violence of her emotions, the girl sank trembling to the sofa.

"When the police arrived," the young man proceeded, seeing his opportunity, "he had left his room and the house. The detective in charge of the case has just learned that your father gave him a ring last night."

"As a memento of his deep regard—true?"

"Then you, too, admit it?"

"Why should I not?"

"It was found in Paul St. Cyr's death-grip ten minutes ago."

"Impossible!"

The fair girl was trembling now, for she read truth in the other's triumphant, gleaming eyes.

"In the struggle for his life he tore it from the hand of his assailant and retained it, providentially, that the great crime might not go unpunished."

Once more our heroine was upon her feet, trembling and irresolute no longer, faith abounding in her bright luminous eyes, and love inspired her with confidence.

"Mr. Winters is innocent," she said, calmly. "I believe, I know it! He is the victim of cruel circumstances, or, worse still, a horrid plot. What possible inducement could he have had?"

"Inducement? The bonds to the value of \$300,000 in the safe in the library were worth working for."

For an instant Berenice hesitated, her brows contracted somewhat, and a shrewd expression flitted across her face.

"How could he have known that father had been so foolish as to place them there?"

"Doubtless he learned it in the conversation last night."

"By the way, Almon, one question, please."

"Well?"

"How came you to know this?"

"I—you—"

The young man paused in his stammering reply, and, despite an evident effort at self-control, his face blanched.

"You need not answer, sir. I know now myself."

"How?"

"While we were talking in the library last night, I was seized and started by a reflection in the mirror over the fire place. I then ascribed it to the wind swaying the shades without. I now know that it was your face. You were listening at the window!"

"Berenice! I protest—"

"You are my father's murderer! Bazez!"

Almon Sears observed as it struck a sudden, stinging blow.

"Don't deny it!" the girl went on spiritedly. "It would but increase my faith!"

"I can show where I obtained my information, if need be," said he, something of his assurance returning.

"Perhaps so, but I do not require it. Begone!"

There was something quite dramatic in the pose and look of the orphan girl as she raised her finely formed arm and pointed toward the door.

Without a word the scoundrel, vanquished by the ready wit of a girl in her teens, quitted the apartment.

"Confusion!" he muttered, as he descended the stairs. "But still I'm in no danger. She has only a vague suspicion, still I must move quickly."

In the drawing-room he found the detective, who was walking up and down evidently awaiting his arrival.

"Well?" queried Hyland, laconically.

"She agrees as to the ring, and says that there were bonds of great value in the safe."

"I suspected that," commented the officer. "And Winters?"

"She knows nothing of him. He resented her from a position of some embarrassment, and so ingratiated himself with her father as to secure the gift of the ring and an invitation to spend the week here."

"Good. You had better remain in charge, while I set in motion the machinery which will soon start Winters on his journey toward the black cap."

Then Hyland shook hands with his companion and hurried from the crime-haunted mansion.

He lost no time in hailing a cab, and was soon at police headquarters in the massive City Hall.

There he made his report, and an hour later a description of our hero, accompanied by an order to search for him and arrest him on sight, was in the hands of half the police officers of Chicago, while numerous detectives were specially detailed to work upon the case.

As for Hyland, he had never before been so busy. He felt that the case in hand was to win him a high place in his profession, and the hours fairly flew by.

He had learned much of Cole Winters, his habits and life since his arrival in the city, but not the slightest clew as to his movements since his departure from the St. Cyr mansion, some time during the preceding night.

As the light of the autumnal day was beginning to fail, he turned into one of the most disreputable portions of South Clark street.

While thinking intently of the important case and his lack of success, he came suddenly face to face with a man.

"I arrest you, Cole Winters!" cried he, seizing the latter by the arm with one hand, and drawing a revolver with the other.

It was indeed our hero, but so changed that to have recognized him reflected great credit on the officer's sagacity.

His clothing was disordered and soiled, his hair uncombed, his walk unsteady, while a curious glittering look was in his eyes.

"Drunk, are you?" queried the detective, as he returned the weapon to his pocket and produced a pair of handcuffs.

"No. I'm not drunk! Who are you?"

"An officer of the law. You are my prisoner!"

"What have I done?"

"Only a trifle. Last night you robbed a safe in Calumet avenue, after murdering its owner, Paul St. Cyr!"

"Merciful heaven!"

"That's an old dodge; it never amounted to much, and was outlawed long ago."

"But I protest—"

"It won't avail. Hold up your hand!"

Hyland released his grip on his prisoner to adjust the circles of polished steel.

Cole Winters saw his opportunity and took it. With a bound he left the officer's side and before the latter could understand what had happened, had disappeared from view down a dark and narrow alley.

Soon he heard sounds of pursuit, and a moment later a bullet whistled above his head.

Vaulting lightly over a high board fence, he crossed a wide lot, climbed a brick wall, and, satisfied that he was not observed, ran into the rear door of a tumbled-down three-story structure.

His brain was in a whirl; but he realized that if he escaped at all it must be by hiding in the building, not by trying to leave it at that time.

This decision reached, he advanced down the deserted hall.

Soon he saw the outlines of a door, which he opened and entered a long room, once evidently used as a salesroom of some kind, but now vacant except for piles of rubbish.

By the time the eyes of the panting fugitive had grown accustomed to the dim light he was startled by the sound of footsteps in the hall.

Among a pile of barrels stood a large box, the lid of which was partly open.

Inside this Cole quickly ensconced himself, closing down the cover.

He was none too quick about it, for almost immediately the door opened and he heard some one entering.

The unhappy young man gave himself up as lost, when suddenly a light gleamed through the chinks in the rude box, and he heard some one looking at the door.

"Now to business!" said a voice, which the listening prisoner thought familiar.

Leaving through a crack, Cole Winters saw three men, two of whom he recognized, one as Max Morris and the other as Almon Sears.

"Good!" said the former. "I want to know exactly how this St. Cyr matter stands before I take another step in it. It's business that may set off our wind, you know."

With a wildly beating heart our hero strained his hearing that he might not miss one word of what promised to be a startling revelation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He—"You told me your father was a ratted capitalist, and now I find, after marrying you, that he isn't worth a cent." She—"I only told you the truth. He was a capitalist once, but after the panic hit him he retired from the capitalist business completely." Cincinnati Tribune.

Half the people in the world are working the other half for chumps, and doing well.

AMATEUR SOLDIERS.

PATRIOTISM IS SPREADING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Military Tactics Teach Implicit Obedience, Neatness and Self Respect.

It is estimated that nearly ten thousand public schoolboys of New York and Brooklyn paraded on Memorial Day. With their own drum corps to furnish music, with banners proudly waving over their even ranks, they gave an alignment which could not be improved on by the regular army troops.

This movement to establish military drill in the public schools is spreading rapidly, and three or four times as many boys turned out this spring as did last year. A goodly proportion of them were uniformed and armed, now that they have been organized into regiments and battalions of the "American Guard."

All over the country military drill movement is meeting with favor, and the schools in most of the cities, as well as in many of the smaller towns, are getting into line in favor of the innovation. The question has become one of national importance, and has already been taken up in Congress, as well as in the Legislatures of most of the States.

The Grand Army of the Republic is supporting the scheme.

Ex-President Harrison has recently said of the plan:

"It is good in every aspect of it—good for the boys, good for the schools and good for the country."

That military drill is popular among the schoolboys is evident to any one who sees the lads at drill. They willingly give up part of their play hour to take part in it, and the competition for officers' positions is keen. One has but to look at the air with which the youngsters wear their uniforms. In most of the schools only the larger companies are uniformed and equipped and there are one or two companies composed of the smaller and untrained boys who correspond to an awkward squad, from which the ranks of the regular companies are recruited.



Military instruction involves more physical drill than is usual in the schools, and this in itself is a wonderful advantage to most of the boys. As soon as a lad declares his wish to enter the cadet corps of the school he goes into the awkward squad and is put through a course of "sprouts."

The "setting up" exercises which are used at West Point come first. This physical drill teaches a boy to stand straight, to walk straight, to breathe properly—in short, makes a new boy of him.

When the boys have learned to hold their heads erect and their hands at their sides without looking as if the palms were glued to their legs, they are taught to face and march. Marching and wheeling in columns of twos and fours follow, and then more intricate maneuvers. The best of the squads are then put into the regular cadet corps and allowed to get uniforms and carry guns if the companies have them.

The manual of arms is taught until they can handle the weapons like veterans, and then they learn to drill in companies and battalions.

In many schools drum and life corps have been organized, and the boys march to their own music. In dress parades in the armory and school yards the drum corps give an air of importance to the ceremony and makes the boys feel more like real soldiers than when marching without music.

TROUT TICKLING.

A Connecticut Expert Who Catches the Shy Fish With His Hands.

Old Capt. Lew Nettleton, who lives not far from the junction of the Race Brook with the Wepawang River, at Milford, Conn., has been accustomed for years to catch all the trout he eats with no other implements than his bare hands. Trout are very plenty in the Race, and the shallowness of the stream, combined with its overhanging banks, makes it an ideal place for trout tickling. To those who have angled with fly and bait for this cunning fish, talk about catching them in the hand

Curious Find in a Tree.

Frank J. White brought to this office a cut from an oak tree twenty-eight inches in diameter which he was chopping on the Welsh grant in Henry County, says the Ohio (Col.) Enterprise. The curiosity is an iron bolt with a key and plate on one end and on the other end an eye within which are two rings of iron, which were found in the center of the tree. When this bolt or rod was put in the tree was ten inches in diameter.

The Newtown Pippin.

That celebrated apple, the Newtown pippin, according to report, originated at Newtown, Queens County, New York, and was disseminated by William Prince, one of the first pomologists of his time, and father of L. Bradford Prince, of New Mexico. At present this variety does not succeed on Long Island, except in the town of Huntington, adjoining Long Island Sound. Those fine Newtown pippin orchards in Westchester and Putnam counties, N. Y., once so productive, have generally failed, and but few good Newtown pippins are shipped from there now.

Trees from the nursery of William Prince were planted in Albemarle County, N. C., many years ago, and, as is often the case, the name was lost and the name of the county where planted was given the variety, but upon tracing the origin it has been found the trees were from Mr. Prince's nursery at Flushing, Long Island. This variety succeeds admirably along the Blue Ridge in Virginia and in eastern Tennessee. We of the Far West have never succeeded in producing it to any extent, but the reason, no doubt, is because we have never given it much of a chance in our irrigated orchards.

Eccentric Matches.

A curious experiment can be performed with an ordinary box of parlor matches. Take four matches from the box and fix two of them between the box and the cover, one on each side, so that their heads may be protruding a short distance from the box, and also pointing the same way. Fix a third match tightly in a horizontal direction between the two heads of these two matches, so that it is not touching anything else but the two matches. Then strike the fourth match and apply the light to the center of the third. Instead of setting light to either of the two upright matches as might be expected, the match shoots right out into the air.