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QUEEN.

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barons: Sir ently gover-Right Hon. the retiring agriculture; and James baronets in-ulon and Mr. Right Hon. state for In-inet, is made of the order ight Hon. II, etiring secre-night grand th, and Mr. der of the

ASBURY.

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10 100 DIA E DE MINISTE CLASS. "Gins ine the wings of faith to ries." Transfigured now; no faith for him Who sees the risen Lord The mortal vision may not dim The glory of his word.

"Within the vail," no wish, no teer Amid the saints above; He knows no sorrow, pain, or feat Where all is peace and love.

The tollsome steeps of time are passed Crossed is death's turbld stream, And all life's dread perplayities Are a forgotten dream.

No sad reflections, folly's fruit; No dark sins to repent, But memories like a pleasant pasim Of a springtime nobly spent.

In some fair mansion (thrist prepared, Beside the great white throne, He walks in light, a blood-washed sain Your own beloved son.

Oh, mother of a sainted child!
Oh, heart with sorrow riven!
Let that sweet, prayerful song of faith,
That last smile, light to heaven,

And give you sure and perfect peace, And hope that may not fail, This summons comes to join the loved Who welt within the vail.

## BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue, and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWI

CHAPTER IX.



EFORE a twostory frame
building which
stood some distance back
from a highly
respectable
street the car-

Ti's raining pitchforks and not a soul's in sight. Now sour time!"
He sprang to the sidewalk as he spoke, where he was at once joined by the banker, and almost immediately by the banker, and almost immediately by the third villain, with his half dead, half liv-

third villain, with his half dead, half living burden.

Wait here, "said Sears, addressing the heckman, and then led the way to the house, which was separated by some distance from any other.

He opened the front door by a latch-key, reclosing and botting it after the remainder of the party had entered.

In what had once been the back parlerhe lighted the gas. It was furnished now as a bedroom, though a bookcase, side-board, dining-table, and several other cumberous articles attested that it was used for more purposes than one.

"Lay him on the bed," directed Almon, who appeared to be the master of the house.

"Lay him on the bed," directed Almon, who appeared to be the master of the house.
"You've got a snug place here, Al," commented the burglar, as he looked searchingly around.
"Yes. I his is headquarters for Mart and I. We're highly respected in the neighborhood, I can tell you. I'm regarded as an eccentric young capitalist, and Martie a rotived puglist, who is giving me lessons in the manly art of self-defense. I never come here in the day-time unless I'm well disquised, and so there is to risk."

"Stop your gossiping and get to business!" growled the reputed \$\si\_{\text{price}}\$ and so there is no risk."

"Stop your gossiping and get to business!" growled the reputed \$\si\_{\text{price}}\$ and so there is no risk."

"Stop your gossiping and get to business!" growled the reputed \$\si\_{\text{price}}\$ and so there is not here is not an advention on the bod as directed.

"That's the talk," assented the young man, and having divested themself of his coat he threw open the psideboard and produced a case filled with bottles.

For half an hour and more the three men worked unceasingly. Several times (Coleshowed signs of returning conscious. "We must have a doctor," said Bloom at length, in a despairing tone.

"We can't risk that!" declared Sears, with an emiscus abelse of the head.

"Then you propose to let him and the secret of the bonds die together!" sneered the cracksman.

"Better that than to keep them company via the gallows!"

"Thores no necessity for either," announced Morris.

He spoke with such an air of confidence.

nounced Morris He spoke with such an air of confidence to bring a hopeful look to the faces of companions. What do you propose? queried Sears,

"I studied medicine in my youth, and

I studied medicine in my youth, and practiced for a time, too."

The Joval that's a fast! I was quite forgetting that. But why—"

Haven't I brought him round? Because I lacked the means."

But how—"

"Simply enough. I'll write a prescripdrug store and get it filled."
That won't do."
"Why not?"

That won't do."

Why not?"

Because Mart is known in the neighborhood, and I laven't got my disguise here, without which I'd likely enough be recentred in my own proper person.

I say wall I'll go myaalf.

Without more ado the banker donned his overcoate, pulled his slouch hat over his eres and left the house by a rear dor, which Almon opened for him.

With deep solloitede the two men watched by the bedside of the fellow-creatures—whore life they had so recently attempted to take away.

For some time not a word was spoken. Then Bloom produced his watch.

Ilaif an hour, lackin' two minutes."

Include the sa he closed it with a suap.

I don't sae what keeps him so long."

Nor 1, less it's a scheme of you two to beat me out a work are."

Don't be silly."

"I don't meen to be, and that's the reason, as I told you cause before to hight, that I don't proprise to be enchred out of my share of the pinader."

The speaker rose from his chair, assumed a dogged expression and walked nervously up and down the room.

Then Sears, thoroughly alarmed at the attitude of his confederate, offered arguments to mollify his anger, and allay his really unjust suspicions.

"I guess I'm wrong, Al, "said the burgler at length, extending his hand.

"I-guess I'm wrong. Al," said the purglar at length, extending his hand. Tou're all right, I see that, but I shall keep my eye on Morris. By the way, what in thunder keeps him so long?"

"Can't say; he's had time enough to go down town and back. Ha! There had comes now.

A rapping on the rear door had inter-rupted the conversation.

In a moment the young man had opened it.

"What kept you?" demanded he, re-

hat kept you?" demanded he, re-

"What kept you?" demanded he, representully.

"Met some friends; couldn't get away without 'citin' s'piscion."

The voice of the new arrival was dedically thick, and his breath strongly scented with liquor.

"Max Morris, I'm astonished!"

"Cause I've drank so much an' still sober? Nasa'n't he. I'm used to it. I'm a five-bottler now, I am. Go ahead."

"You've queered the whote game."

"Nothin' of the sort. How s the young fellow?"

"No better. Come along."
"What's wrong?" asked Bloom, who had heard angry voices, and met them at the door.

had neard sugry voices, and met them at the door.

"See for yourself,"
"Drunk, as I live! Well, I like liquor as well as the next one, but I wouldn't risk gettin' a nose round my neck just for the fun of bowling up once."

"Here, give me that and lie down."
With a look of rage and disgust, Sears snatched a package from the hand of the steggering man, and pushed him down upon a sofa, where he lay breathing heavily.

snatched a package from the hand of the staggering man, and pushed him down upon a sofa, where he lay breathing heavily.

"I never knew Mar to do such a thing before," said the other, as he tore open the package and displayed two bottles. "We must rely on ourselves, Mart."

Thanks to the new restoratives and the assiduous efforts of the two deeply interested men, Cole Winters soon began breathing easier, and in a little while opened his eyes and looked stupidly about him.

"Where am I? Ha! you here?"

A sight of his hated enemy, Almon-Sears, had completed his restoration, and brought our hero to a sitting posture. The form on the sofa started at these words, but settled quietly back into its former cramped position.

"Why have you brought me here?" demanded Cole, when no reply was made to his first query.

"We changed our minds, and determined to let you live."

"I'm much obliged," remarked our hero, with mock politeness.

"You doubt it?"

"I didn't say so. What do you want?"

"To give you a chance for your life."

"I will not be likely to accept any conditions you may name."

"Yes, you will. Our terms are not

"I will not be likely to accept any obditions you may name."
"Yes, you will. Our terms are not hard."
"Let me hear them."
"You took a bundle of bonds from the box where you concealed yourself to-nicht"

night."
"Well?"

"You don't deny it?"
"You don't deny it?"
"What would be the use?"
"Then you took them?"
"I didn't say that. I neither affirm nor any it"

deny it."

"Answer, or make ready for death!"

The villain produced and cocked a revolver, which he leveled at Cole Winters'

head.

"You wouldn't have gone to all the trouble you have to save my life if you proposed to take it now." said he.

"That's true," assented Sears, lowering his weapon. "Let's understand each other. I know that you appropriated the bonds. Will you tell me where you secreted thom?"

"What if I do?"

bonds. Will you tell me where you sec-creted thom?"

"What if I do?"

"Your life will be spared."

"I will so arrange matters that you can have no cause to doubt our good faith."

"Those bonds are net mine."

"What of that?"

"They belong to Miss St. Cyr, and even MI I knew. where they were, which I do not admit, I would not give them up."

"Not to save your life?"

"No!"

There was a quiet determination in the

"No!"
There was a quiet determination in the face of the deeply wronged prisoner which avouched the sincerity of his emphatic negative.
"TII find a way to make you speak."
"That is impossible!"
"We will see. Keep an eye on him, Mart."

We will see. Keep an eye on him, Mart.

With this admonition the youthful villain seated himself at the bookease and began writing. After having torn up three different notes, which, for some reason, did not seem to suit him, he folded the fourth and inclosed it in an envelope.

This done, he caited Bloom saids, though at a point where they could prevent their privoner from escaping, and conversed with him in whispers for some minutes.

After this the burglar thrust the note into one of his spacious pockets, donned his overcoat, and quitted the room.

For nearly an hour, Cole Winters lay on the bed, closely watched by his jailer, who, pistol in hand, sat near by.

As for the drunken man on the sofe, he changed his position once or twice, but his heart, breathing was uninterrupted.

As for the drunken man on the sofs, he changed his position once or twice, but his heavy breathing was uninterrupted. Suddenly, the sound of footsteps was heard, and a moment later the door of the room was thrown open and the heavy form of Martin Bloom appeared in view. "Where is he? Does he still live?" came in an agenized voice from behind the burglar.

The next instant a female form, fluttering, with excitement, rushed into the the room.

My God!" oried Cole Winters. in tones.

\*My Godi" cried Cole Winters, in tones of anguish. "It's Berenice St. Cyr."

CHAPTER X.

THE DETECTIVE DETECTED.

To say that Cole Winters was astonished would be to express but mildly the situation. Something like a parilysis crept over him, and he sank back in a half-fainting condition.

When he revived from the shock, which, owing to his weakened state, field daprived him of the power of motion, he found that he was being supported by the

girl who had become Gener to him than his own life, which recently had been so desperately assailed. "I came the moment I received your note, said-she."

note, said-she;
"My note?"
The large man, there, brought
it Yan stated that you were bedly hurt.
He told me that I must hasten if I wished
to see you alive."
The wretch! I am uninjured!"
"Pardon me, Berenice. I wer obliged

"Almon Sears!"

"Almon Sears!"

In amazement our heroine sprang to her feet and interrupted the speaker by ejeculating his name.

"I had no other course," said he brazen-

ly.
"I don't understand you."
"This Cole Winters has bonds of yours the value of \$300,000."

How can that be?"

He took them from the safe at the time of the murder."

"Well?"

"Well?"
Sears stared at the girl in open-mouthed wonder. Her coolness where he had looked for tears and protestations, disconcerted him for the moment.
"I wish to recover them," he half stam-mered."

mered.
"For whom?"
"For you, of course, their rightful

"Give yourself no trouble on that

score."
"You don't mesn—"
"That I care nothing for them. Release him!"
"I can't do that," replied Almon, "not
without he locates the bonds."
"What about them?" asked Berenice,
turn my her ty s upon Cole, who was sitting upon the edge of the bed.
"This. Last night, after the set two men
had murdered your poor father, they
dragged and removed me from the house.
Then they left me, I know not where,
that I might fall into the hands of the
police with these crideness of guilt,
which they had placed in my pockets upon me."
Cole draw for it the hundle of hundlers.

which they had placed in my pockets upon me."

Cole drew forth the bundle of burglars'
tools and the watch of Mr. St. Cyr, which
he placed upon the table.

"This is infamous!" cried the girl,
trembling with indignation.

"It is what I would expect from you,
though!"

"He secreted the bonds." continued

though!"

"He secreted the bonds," continued Cole, and he believes that I removed and concealed them elsewhere."

"I know it!" cried Sears, "and I will have them."

"I Enow to have them."

"Then you no longer claim them on my account?" said Berenice.

"No; your father led me to expect a fortune at his death, and I propose to have it!"

have it!"
"Why have you brought me here?"
"To induce him to disclose their hiding

place."
"So far from doing that, I request him

"So far from doing than, I imputes much to say nothing."
"I threatened him with deth; and he laughed at me."
"And you propose?"
"To try another tack. Unless he tells, and the information leads to the finding of the fortune, your life must pay the

penanty, "Monster!" shouted our hero, spring-ing to his feet and boldly confron ing the villain. "What I have said, I mean." She's in

"What I have said, I mean, She's in my way, anyhow. Once disposed of, I would produce a will under which I could claim, age, and hold, all the St. Cyr estate, which amounts to a vast sum, without these bonds.
"That's the talk!" broke in Bloom. "And what's more, the thing must be settled up this very night."
"You can produce no such will," declared Berenice.
"Then I'll claim it as your husband."
"What?"
"Just that It's a simple proceeding.

"Just that," It's a simple proceeding, I always admired you, and you well know that your father designed us for each other."

other."
"Would you dare——"
"Would I dare? Ha, ha! A man in the condition I find myself dares anything. What do you say?"
The villainous expression upon the face of her persecutor, and the awful alternative he had offered, deprived our heroine of the power of speech, so she said nothing.

heroine of the power of special said nothing.

Not so Cole Winters.

"Attempt such a thing," he cried.
"Dare to lay a hand, a finger, upon her, and I'll..."

"Well?" interrupted Sears, with an impudent sneer.
I'll make you answer for it with your

In mare you alswer to it with your life!"

In the act of advancing upon his enemy, our here was grasped from behind in the vise-like grip of Martin Bloom, who threw him on the bed, and, after a short struggle, bound him securely with a rope. "What do you mean to do?" quavered Berenice. Her bravery was gone, now that violent hands had been faid upon her lover, and anguish was depicted on her tear-stained face.

"I mean to send him out of Chicago—out of the country, in fact," answered the young man, with provoking calmness.

"You mean that you intend to take his life?"

"Oh, no. I only made that threat to frighten him. Is the hack still waiting, Mart?"

"Then we'll put him under the influ-ence of Morris' elixir, and ship him as a sick young man going home to his mother to die."

to die."
"And if the police happen to catch him," suggested the burglar, "with the evidences of guilt upon him?"
"Exactly."
"That won't be our fault. We've given

"Exactly"
"That won't be our fault. We've given him a fair show."
"Tell him all you know. Cole."
It was the first time that the young lady had addressed him by his Christian name, and, despite, his awful surroundings, the word seut a thrill through his heart, which was prolonged by the look that accompanied it.
"What will that avail?" cried the captive. "Can we rely upon the promises of thieves and murderers?"
"You wouldn't trust my honor, then?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MODEL SUBURBAN HOME

For \$1,000-- Labor Saving Machines
Responsible for Cheep Building.
[Copyright 1895 by the Co-operative
Building Association, N. Y.]

During the last few years the proportion of families who own their own homes has been increased, owing to the multiplication of building and loan associations. It is no longer necessary that a man should be possessed of a snug capital before he can transform himself from a tenant into a householder.

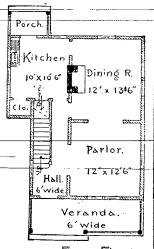
a householder.
There is a mistaken idea very prevalent that a small house that shall be attractive enough for a man of taste cannot be built for less than \$2,000 or \$3,000. Less than half that sum is sufficient if it be judiciously expended. Any amount of money can be squandered in non-essentials and in decorations that are as useless and in decorations that are as useless as inartistic. In the main we only require from a house, as from a man, that it perform its duty well and do the things it was intended to in the best way and be pleasing and graceful in doing it.

A model home, if it be skillfully

planned, can be erected for a sur-prisingly small sum in these days. The inventiveness of Am ricans, which has devised all sorts of machines for joining and carpentering to replace the expensive hand work, has made this possible.



Wise men who look to the future are gradually availing themselves of the gradually availing themselves of the gradually availing themselves of the present conditions. The nearby suburbs of all cities are being built up with inexpensive homes, and the effect will soon be felt in the problem of municipal reform. The assertion does not need proof that the householder is a better citizen, in that he is more keenly alive to the administration of affairs, than the dweller in a rented house. He feels, that it is not a mere privilege, but a duty as well, to exercise the franchise duty as well, to exercise the franchise and to give keen scrutiny to the acts of public servants; he has a personal interest in the affairs of State—he is a householder and a taxpayer; when



First Floor

To build this house would cost about \$1,050.

General dimensions—Width thro' dining room and kitchen, 23 feet 6 Inches; depth, including veranda, 33

feet 6 inches Heights of stories—Cellar, 6 feet 6 inches; first story, 8 feet, 6 inches; second story, 8 feet.

second story, 8 feet.

Exterior materials—Foundation, stone and brick; first and second stories, gables and roofs, shingles.

Interior finish—Two coat plaster; soft wood flooring, trim and stairs. Interior woodwork painted colors to suit owner.

suit owner. suit owner.

Colors.—Body, all shingles dipped and brush coated in oil. Trim painted white. Roof shingles dipped and brush coated red. Sashes painted bronze green; blinds. Colonial yellow; véranda and porch floors and ceilings, oiled.

ceilings, oiled.

and ceilings, oiled.

The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the floor plans. Cellar under parlor and hall. Loft floored for storage. Open fireplace in dining room. Double folding doors connect parlor with hall and dining room. Another chimney may be introduced in parwhat will that avail?" cried the captive. "Can we rely upon the promises of thieves and murderers?"

"You wouldn't trust my honor, then?" demanded Sears.

"Hardly," was our hero's hispine rapity.

"How then can you expect me be trust you?"

"Because he is the soul of honor!"

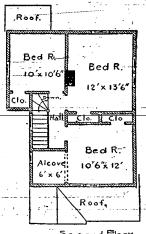
"Beca

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mate, being left for the individual

builder to select.

Additional signs of reviving trade and encouraging evidences of improvement are seen in all directions. Since Jan. 1, 1895, up to the present time, the increase in real estate sales



Second Floor

in the vicinity of New York was 40 per cent., and in building permits 70 per cent. In Chicago the increase in real estate sales was 25 per cent., and their increase in building permits 40 per cent., a greater increase than there has been for the same period of time for the last five years.

riod of time for the last five years.

Figures in the last census present a striking picture of the home conditions under which the mass of wageworkers in this country live. One of the recent bulletins shows that out of every 100 families in the United States 52 hire their homes or farms, 35 own them without incumbrance, leaving 13 in every one hundred who own them with incumbrances. The proportion of the dwellers in the cities who own their homes

On the Bike. and to gree of public servants; ne interest in the affairs of State—ne he speaks of home—a veritable "home" as distinguished from the rented house—in his eye he has pictured a pretty cottage something like the one below.

Porch.

Porch. she meets. The man buyere rater is not expected to look pleasant. He is a sight; he looks as if bent on beating somebody in a race; he perspires and humps himself; he gets there; but he is not a jovial thing of

## A Blind Catfish.

Ernie Russell, aged 13, caught a catifish weighing forty pounds on his trout line, at Buena Vista. The fishhad been on a hook years ago, and half the lower jawbone and all the upper one is gone. But the strange thing about the fish is that it is tothing about the ISIT IS that it is untally blind in both eyes. The eyeballs have run out, and little holes exist where the eyes were. The fish, though presumably blind for years, was fat and in good condition

To Catch Summer Boarders,



Jest put it in the paper, And put it so 'Uli win The quick attenshun kindly O' fo'ks wot's got the tin.

Thur hain't no fresh made butter Nar new laid eggs each day; Thur visturs o' the lan'scapes Don't stretch in dreams away.

No daisies in the meaders, No dimplin', puritn rills No underlatin' pastur' lan Arisin' inter hills.