HISTORICAL.

Lincoln medals struck, and no other American except Washington has re-seived the honor.

THE two houses of the Massachusetts

liamentary conduct was established.
The first Boston woman to devote herself to literary study was Miss Hannah Adams. In 1784 she published a learned, but, it must be said, rather stupid book, called the "View of Religions." Later she published a "History of New England" and a "History of the Jews." The former involved than in a vigorous controvers. Ear

she had arranged as a text book. It is said that the controversy was a lively one, and extended over a period of ten years. The place aux dames was not aspecially recognized, and the lady was compelled to assert her own right of way, a task to which she appears to have been fully annal.

The Bicycle Era. As an evidence of the grip which the

bicycle has on this community—if any evidence were necessary—a gentleman in Englewood tells this: "I had arranged

to have a new walk laid in front of my house, and it was necessary to do some

other work in connection therewith.
The morning the work was to commence
the contractor arrived—on his wheel. A
few moments later the plumber came—

on a wheel. Then the carpenter arrived

on a wheel. And next the foreman of the gang—on a wheel."—Chicago Tri-

BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue,

and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

"In that view of the case, I may ven-ture to make him a proposition."

"Let us hear it."

"If he will promise upon this honor of his, in which you have such confidence, that he will at once reveal the hiding place of the bonds, I'll permit you to go."

"With whom?" asked Cole, eagerly.

"In the carriage, and unattended. The hackman will drive her home."

"I'll do it!"

"But what is to become of Cole?" queried the anxious girl.

"If his information turns out to be correct, he will be set free."

"When?"
"As soon as we have an opportunity to

"As soon as we have an opportunity to cash the bonds and find a place of safety

outside Chicago."
"Very well," replied Cole, after exchanging a look with the young lady.
"You promise, on your honor, to locate them?"

em?"

I promise, on my honor, to tell you here I placed them.

"And where they still remain?"

"For aught I have done to remove em?"

"Good enough. Remember, though, that any treachery will cause you to forfeit your life!"
"I understand."
"Take the young lade to be a second

"Take the young lady to her carriage, Mart, and tell the coachman to drive her

home."
"All right, this way, miss."
Could our young friends have seen the
Look that passed between the two desperste men who were plotting for a fortune,
they would have placed no confidence in
their promises.
"Good-by," said Cole, extending his
hand.

"Good-by," returned the girl, returning the pressure of his hand with a fervor that bespoke plainer than words her love sand devotion.

The situation of our hero was desperate in the extreme, yet his heart beat joyfully as he saw the fair girl disappear from the room.

out the room.

Not only had he secured her escape
om parils greater than death itself but
knew now with what feelings she reredd him.

"For what?"
"Until your painer returns."
"And why?"
"He may be detaining her outside."
"Why oouldn't he deliver her to a confederate?" sneered Sears.
"I'm not atraid of that. You're playing toe desperate a game to have many confidents."

discussion.

Now, then," said the younger villain, ebonds!"

placed them in my right boot-leg."

he two men appang forward together, was in instant the actiols in question removed from the foot of, the help-

for your part," said Almon, im-

garded him

Wait a moment."

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aliman Pated the was 10 per cent. 1,000 people

of rain. Up

owl of rage went up from the two ot to be empty.

Duped!" shouted Bloom.

"He shall die for it!" oried Sears,

THE Lincoln medal, struck in honor of Abraham Lincoln, is described in a catalogue by A. C. Zabrishie of New York, a celebrated student of munismatics. There have been 189 of the

snatching a hereive, force the table one chicking in this sensing it.

"Hold on," warned Bloom.

"What now?"

"Look at these."

The burgler handed his accomplice two fragments of paper that he had picked up from the floor.

"The corners of two of the bonds," cried the latter a moment later.

"Then he's told the truth?"

"Beyond a doubti"

Beyond a doubt! "Beyond a doubt!"
"And the bonds?"
"Were pulled out and lost while we were drawing and carrying him about."
"That's it. We may find them in the old building on Clark street." The two houses of the Massachusetts Legislature were first established in 1644. Previous to that time the general assembly had constituted one body, but an arrangement was now made for the magistrates and the deputies to assemble separately, and the measures agreed upon by one be sent to the other, and the passage of any lot depend upon the concurrence of both. From that date the present parliamentary conduct was established.

The first Boston woman to devote

old building on Clark street.

**Perhaps, but it's not likely. But one thing remains.*

**What's that?*

*The remainder of the St. Cyr estate.

**We can scoure that.*

**And the mus—I mean...

**I underwised. It will be blamed on Winters here, as we planned all the time. The chloroform!

**We's we's better the state of the state of the state.

**Hold on! What's the matter?*

This from behind them caused the two to start and turn in sudden alerm.

It proceeded from the late occupant of the sofs, who was advancing toward them with rather unsteady steps.

**What are you going to do?* he demained, thickly.*

**Put him out of the way, "answered Saars, producing a handkerchief and removing the stopper from the bottle.*

**Don't do that!*

The speaker lurched forward and wellings knocked the bottle from the young man's hand.

What do you mean?

But there was no reply. At that instant lattie Bloom dealt the reeling stant lattie Bloom dealt the reeling stant latties Bloom dealt the reeling stant latties.

for the Jews." The former involved ther in a vigorous controversy. Rev. Jedadiah Morse also published a New England history, which Miss Adams claimed to be an infringement of an abridgment of her own work, which she had arranged as a text book. It is activated that the controversy was a lively

But there was no reply. At that in-stent Martia Bloom dealt the recling man a blow which brought him heavily to the floor. the floor.
"Fool!" shouted Sears.
"I have been, but I've dropped the

As he spoke, Martin Bloom bent over the prestrate form and snatched off a full felice beard.

"Mat Hyland!" cried the young villain.
"The detective!" echoed our hero, in tones of wildest excitement. CHAPTER XL

It was, indeed, Mat Hyland, the detec-

ive. He had seen Morris leave the house, nd had shadowed him to a drug store

He had seen Morris leave the house, and had shadowed him to a drug store in the adjoining street.

As the money-lender was returning after having secured the restoratives, Hyland had come upon him unawaes, and at once made him a prisoner.

Then from the nearest patrol-box he had called a wagon and turned Morris over to the officers in charge of it, telling them to lock him up on general principles and he would appear in the morning and lodge a substantial charge against him.

Then he had withdrawn to a place he

ciples and he would appear in the morning and lodge a substantial charge against him.

Then he had withdrawn to a place he knew of in the neighborhood, where, by the sid of a case of cosmetics and a false beard which he carried with him, he succeeded in so changing his appearance as to readily pass for the money-lender, with whom he agreed generally as to size and form.

This done, he had swallowed a mouthful of brandy to impregnate his breath, and, with the package of restoratives in his heard, had bodly entered the midst of the enemies of the law.

Ha had apassitly discovered that all his preconceived theories were entirely felse, and that the young man he had been so relearlessly pursuing was as guitless as himself. In an effort to save Cole Winters from what appeared to be impending death, he had been detected by Bloom, under whose powerful hand he had fallen senseless to the floor.

"We're just a little bit clever ourselves," laughed Bloom, as he took a pair of steel hendeuffs from the pocket of the detective and snapped them over his wrists.

"I'm not going to steal em. I'll leave 'em in your possession, or rather you in theirs."

"We won't quarrel about a technical 'you to come here, Hyland, disguised as Max Morris?"

"And disguised with liquor, "added the burglar.

"My duty," rejoined Hyland, who had now reasined his feet.

burglar.

"My duty," rejoined Hyland, who had now regained his feet.

"I'm sorry you took that view of it," the younger man proceeded. "I've known you some little time, and always liked you, Mat. Your anxiety for promotion has led you into a position that has placed a duty—a sad and serious one—on Mart Bloom and myself."

"You mean to kill mie?"

"No, on no account. We must, how-

"You mean to kill me?"
"No, on no account. We must, how-ever, conceal, or, more exactly, sequester, you for a time. Our safety depends upon it, so you really ean't object, old man."
There was a cruel sneer about the speaker's mouth, and a cold, enaby gleam

There speaker's mouth, and a cold, speaker's mouth, and a cold, speaker's that they boded him no good.

He was a shrewd man and an able detective, who had run down many a dark orime and brought the perpetrators to institute.

orime and brought the perpetrators to justice.

He had failed now and fallen into the

He had failed now and fallen into the hands of his enemies, not from any professional fault, but because humanity had induced him to come forward to the relief of our imperiled hero.

Cole Winters appreciated this, and evidenced it by a look of gratitude.

"You have been frank with me," said Hyland, after a momentary pause, "and I will be equally so with you."

That's kind of you," remarked Sears, with a bow.

with a bow.
"I'm acting in my own interest. Any
move on your part to harm either Mr.
"Victors or myself will prove in the nawith

ture of a boomerang.
"How so?"

"How so?"
"You know me for a detective?"
"I've heard you call yourself that. I shouldn't have thought to from anything you've done in this case."
"No pleasantry, please. As a detective! I have taken every precaution for my presented. I sm in year power. You may kill me, but your asnapa.is impossible."
"Whenever"

"Because this house is guarded by offi-

cers on every side."

That for you and your officers."

Almon Seere snapped his snapes, while
Bloom lengaed:

"What do you mean?"

That there are ways of killing a pigbesides choking him with butter. We
can quit this house when we please, and
your officers be none the wisen."

horowell arise liviand, though on hero well knew from his manner, that the bold stand of the villains had somewhat disconcerted him.

"Besides," Almon went on, speaking with great deliberation, "what you say is

not true."

"Is an officer likely to go, without backing or support of any kind into a gang of armed and desperate murderers?"

"In the first place we are not the badeharacters you represent, except Winters, there, who has turned traitor and stolen the plunder; and again, you are a detective seeking promotion.

"Well?"

"You had Go!

"You had Cole Winters in your hands this evening, and permitted him to except. This is, no doubt, alvesdy generally known, and nothing save his recepture by you, entirely unassisted by others, would give you a clear record again. I'm not a detective, but I've had occasion to study them, and I know the nature of the beast."

the beast.

"Besides," added Bloom, "Dick Harper, the hackman, told me when I want out with the girl that there hadn't been a soul around. Dick's been out with me many a time, and I can count on what he says."

"You're folly be on your own heads, then!" cried Hylsand.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," responded Sears.

The detective realized that the soom-

The detective realized that the soom-dreis designed to take his life and suf-denly resolved upon's bold course.
Raising his manacled hands above his head he sprang forward.

But the willy villain was too quick for him, and leveling his revolver, fired full in the face of the woold-be assailant.

As the report reverberated through the house, Mat Hyland fell heavily to the floor.

Rendered desperate by the act, Sears turned the weapon upon our hero. "Hold on!" warned Bloom. "What for?"

"There may be policemen outside, and if there arn't, that shot will attract atten-

"What's to be done?" asked the other, lowering his revolver.
"We must escape by the cellar pas-

"We must escape by the cellar passage."
Good! But Hyland?"
"Dead as a door n il, "replied the burglar after bending for a moment over the detective, who was bleeding profusely from a wound in the forehead.

"And Winters?"
"Let him keep the other one company." Sears shuddered at this suggestion and recoiled a step.

"We're done enough of that," said he.
"I wouldn't have shot Hyland only I had to."

"What then?"
"I have a plan."
"Out with it! They may be here any minute!"
Instead of wasting words to unfold his plan the youthful assessia seized a knife and sprang tow rd our hero.
Despite the recent protestations of his enemy, Cole Winters gave himself up for lost.

But instead of burrying the knife in the prisoner's body, Almon Sears used it to cut the rope which bound his arms and

"There!" he muttered, as he threw the fragments of cord in the open grate where

fragments of cord in the open grands after was burning.
At that instant a loud noise was heard in the front of the house.

Quick! cried Sears, as he sprang forward and threw open a door, beneath which a flight of stairs was visible.

But the "He'll be caught red-handed and go to

"He'll be caugus roussasses."
He galiows!"
With the apparent purpose of furnishing ovidence to still further incriminate Cole Winters, the scoundrel threw the revolver on the floor, pushed Martin Bloom forward, and quickly followed him, closing the door with a slam.

The brain of our hero was literally in whirl.

a whirl.

He realized that the words of the villain were but too true, and that in the absence of all coroborative evidence his protestations of innocence would go for nothing.

In desperation he looked about for

The desperation as loosed stock for means of secape.

His eye fell upon the revolver, and, acting upon a sudden prompting of the feeling of self-preservation; he seized and raised it in his hand.

Just then the front door was thrown open and a police officer in uniform appeared.

peared.
"Surrender!" he shouted.
"Fire! He's got a gun!" cried a second officer, who stood further back.
A sudden thought struck our hero, and he instantly acted upon it.
He would imitate the action of the two

He would imitate the action or the two villains.

In a twinkling he had reached and thrown open the door through which they had just disappeared.

Bangl Pingl
The foremest officer had fired, and the bullet had crashed into the wood only a few inches to his right.

A moment more and he was on the landing, with only a frail barrier of wood between him and the officers.

Even then, desperate as was his situation, his colonest did not desert him. Realizing that he had but a few seconds the start of his pursuers, he turned and felt for a bolt.

and felt for a bolt.

and felt for a bolt.

To his great joy he found a large one, and succeeded in shooting it into its socket.

He was none too soon, for almost immediately the officer reached the door and began shaking and trying to force it

In the brief respite thus afforded him, lole Winters reviewed his situation like

Cole Winters reviewed his situation like lightning.

As a result, instead of running down the stairs, where his ignorance of the secret egress would render his death or capture almost a matter of, certainty, he adopted an entirely different course. He had noticed that overhead, directly in front of the door, was what appeared to be a wide shelf, common enough in the approaches to callars.

Cole placed his hand upon it and langed upward.

A moment more and he had drawn

leaped upward.

A moment mere and he had drawn himself up, and was several feet back from the door.

He had barely accomplished this, when the bolt gave way, the door flew open and two shots were fixed into the cellar. TAO BE COMMENCED.

What a pity it is that loading isn't paid for just as hard work is. But there would be a good many grumblers even then,

FOR THE PAIR SEX.

SOME ITEMS THAT WILL IN-TEREST.

Earrings. The Shoulder Shawl. Women Win. Winter Crepons A Congressman's Wife. Badges of Matrimony??

Earrings are fast coming into fashion again, so an uptown jeweler de-clares. Twenty years ago they were considered very stylish, but for the clares. Twenty years ago they were considered very stylish, but for the past ten years there has been but married women consists of a little little demand for them. About a year ago they began to be called for, and now the indications are that feature of the wedding day among within a year they will be as much in vogue as they were twenty years. The married women in Little Russian and the passents of certain localities.

THE SHOULDER SHAWL.

A shoulder shawl is a convenient article of one's dress, as the time draws on when one expects to sit more and more upon the veranda and lawn. About the easiest made and lawn. About the easiest made and most effective for the time expended on it is a square of pale colored castmere, with a crocheted border in zephyr to match the shade used, and worked in shell stitch. These shells should be edged with floss of the

WOMEN CAME OUT AHEAD.

Women came out ahead in an examination recently held for library cataloguer and library clerk for the Agricultural Department at Washington, D. C. Of the thirty applicants for the former position all of the men failed to pass, while only five out of the sixteen women did so. Of the ten applicants for the latter, eight men failed and two women passed. Although Secretary Morton wanted men for the places, he was moved by these results to change his mind, and appointed Miss E. B. Wales, of Chicago, clerk, and Miss G. F. Leonard, of Albany State Library, cataloguer. Women came out ahead in an exrary, cataloguer.

ABOUT WINTER CREPONS.

A practical hint of the future is gathered from the gossip of the shops. One of the richest yet most conservative of the great dry goods stores when sending two buyers abroad in search of woolen goods for next winter instructed them not to buy crepon, believing this fabric to have had its day of favor with American women. At last report these beyors cabled home that they must buy crepon, as there is little or nothing else in the European market for the next season. At another house of great repute more than two-thirds of the wool samples received for next A practical hint of the future is great repute more than two-thirds of the wood samples received for next winter are creped, but in new fanciful weaving, different from anything now seen. These crepons of the future are also two-toned, some of them changeable, others in stripes and plaids.

plaids.

These facts are of value to economists, who find crepons at greatly reduced prices filling the counters of the shops, many of them a dollar less in the yard than was asked at the beginning of the season. Black corn flower blue, golden brown, and violet are apparently safe colors to violet are apparently safe colors to buy, and it is well also to look for those barred or striped in two colors, and also dotted, as a season of fancy fabrics_is_predicted.

A CONGRESSMAN'S HELPMEET.

Congressman Johnson, of North Dakota, has a wife who is a helpmeet of the proper sort to him without being a canvasser of votes, a lobby-ist, a reviser of his speeches, or even one of those women who are de-scribed as taking the "keenest in-terest" in their husband's careers. acribed as taking the "keenest in-terest" in their husband's careers.

Mrs. Johnson, to be sure, may have the virtues of all these classes, but she has won fame chiefly from the remarkably clever way in which she superintended the work on a farm of 1,800 acres while her husband was attending the legislative affairs of the nation.

In the spring of 1893 Mr. Johnson

the nation.

In the spring of 1893 Mr. Johnson invested heavily in hay lands. Before the hay was ready to cut he was balled to Washington by an extra session of Congress. He tried to find a man who would attend to his hay for him during the speaner. his hay for him during his absence, and, failing, allowed his wife to assume charge of the big hay farm. The harvest came on, and Mrs.
Johnson was in the fields bright and early in her top buggy, looking after the men and teams, and, when one field was cut, selecting another, and then another. All of the hay on the Labrace farm was mown, and then Johnson farm was mown, and then Mrs. Johnson leased hay tracts in the vicinity of Petersburg until the total cut amounted to almost tons. Mr. Johnson himself says that he never had a seep lacked after in a more business like way than the hay arop of 1898. His only regret is that the promised high prices did not spring to a neighboring farmer whose supplies had run out.

Americans are the only women in the world who do not exhibit some sign of matrimony. Of course, those who follow in the wake of European etiquet would not appear with their daughters wearing a hat without strings, but the universal American woman wears what she likes, regardless of whether it be matronly or not, and what is worse, her daughters will select articles of dress only suitable to married women.

In no other country is this the case.

Among the Germans the badge of a married woman consists of a little

sia are always seen, even in the hottest weather, with a thick cloth of dark hue twisted about their heads. In New Guinea a young woman lets her hair hang about her shoulders, but when she is married this is cut short. Chinese matrons braid their hair like a helmet. In Wadai the wives color their lips by tattooing them with the thorns of Wadai the wives color their lips by tattooing them with the thorns of the acacia and rubbing them with iron filings; in parts of Africa the married women perforate the outer edges of their ears and their lips and stick rows of grass stalks in them; and among a certain Mongolian tribe of people, the Manthes, the women wear suspended from their ear a little basket full of cotton, to which a spindle is attached. Thus in every country, savage and civilized, but our own, there is a sign or symbol of some kind that distinguishes the matron from the spinster.

Fashion Notes.

Dress skirts remain smooth at the waist and flaring at the bottom.

China Silk crepon and chine striped tafeta are among the leading novelties.

Round waists still hold their own in the front ranks of fashion, but are often varied by pointed effects, points of ribbon, narrow frills, etc.

All the new jackets are short, extending only eight inches below the waist. Some are made very full in the back and others have plaits pressed flat.

The little collarette ruffs of net, chiffon or tulle give an air to any costume.

Batletes, lawns, chiffons and lisses are simply trimmed with frills and broad hems of their own material, the revival of an old style which cannot be improved.

Not for years have muslins, organdles, berages, chambrays, zepiprs and all the rest of the good old-fashioned summer family fabrics had such a decided inning.

Hand-painted satins are one of the latest novelties, and they are used for bodices, parasols and capes, and hand-painted rib-bons are already imported for various purposes of trimming.

The princess is slowly coming into form again, but it is made quite modern by the addition of epulets, cape effects and all sorts of collars, such as appear on other gowns of the usual cut.

Very natty bathing sults are made of black alpaca, with full skirts and trousers to the knees and full waists, with a square yoke outlined with white braid and short, voluminous sleeves that would do credit to a full-blown evening dress.

The most fascinating shirt waists are made of French batiste in lovely colors and new patterns; rosehud silks which are reproductions of those used fifty years ago; chine, glace and wash silks, with dainty little lace-edged frills down the front and wide sallor collars, also edged with a frill.

New silk waists of Rob Roy plaided taf-fets silk are made with plaited fronts, bias yoke backs, full elbow sleeves, and velvet stock collar.

A recently imported French grass cloth is made over a China rose silk, the intense glowing hue of the lining giving the en-tire gown a roseate tint.

For a brunette nothing more becoming could be imagined than a rustic straw hat trimmed with pale ecru silk, guipure lace and rich Jacque roses.

Blouse waists of finely stined washing silks, with turn over collars of lawn or white silk edged with lace, are the coolest things possible and dainty to look upon.

A very pretty tuck is given to the new riped silk blouses by making the collar striped silk. blouses by making the collar in the stripe and trimming the edge with narrow cream lace.

Beautifully tinted, striped batistes are made up with very broad white material edging the bottom of the skirt.

Towels, but No Soap.

TURKISH TOWELS PREE.

We are making every honest effort to secure new subscribers to the Journal, and now offer to send the Journal one year together with a beautiful brown towel, size 12x22 inches, two ply Turkish towel, size 12322 linches, two ply goods; fancy color for only 15 cents. Send this amount in stamps to the Journal, Beaver Springs, Penn., and receive the towel at once and Journal regularly every month for a year, all postquid. This, in a great offer and is open to new subscribers only. Surely, a great opportunity for the people of Pennsylvania, but may partential don't three in a cake of cone in incre than we can understand.