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View J. O'Neill, medy, terde OF THE REST OFFICE

a the district whome stress the floor for pale monophists stree, I knelly stand; ross out, the planture various shaped at my

command
Arias, this sale, as seen by me so more!
Arias, this sale, as seen by me so more!
But yesteriey, the gas whom I adore
Passed beines unto the touch. Sweet Eleanors,
Her portrait on the sall is hanging; how
With tearful eyes I gase upon the brow
With tearful eyes I gase upon the brow
And at the dark eyes this unto the night,
And all my heart is Sooded with love's light!

Again, in fancy, I can see her sad sweet face, So full of beauty, spirit, love and grace, Close present of the and with the old delight I stroke the treenes of her dark-brown hair. And kies her glowing checks like rose fair! But stern result; breaks in upon My dreams, and tells me she, my love is gone, And I awaka to find the midnight hour is on. BRICHERD, N. Y.

# BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue, and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER XIL IN A NEW BOLE



W BOLE.

HE two officers did not at once invade the cellar but waited for the arrival of reinforcements, which came soon in the form of half a score of excited policemen.

From their conversion of the conversation Cole gathered that the detective's state, ment to the villians, that the house was surrounded by officers, had been uttered with a view of making terms for himself, and had no foundation

for himself, and had no foundation in fact.

The two who had arrived first on the scene had been passing the house and heard the shot which laid Hyland low.

As for the latter, he was found to be alive, but unconscious. His brother officers, who, from the nature of their oilling, had had a good opportunity to observe guz-shot wounds and their final results, were of one mind, and that was that his wound would prove fatal. He was at once sent to the hospital in a patrol wagon.

In the meantime a squad of men, armed to the teeth, had entered the cellar, and the one who had fired upon Cole Winters now returned.

"Didn't you find him?" asked the sergeant in charge, who had been superintending the removal of poor Hayland.

"They're escaped," replied the officer.
"Then there were two?"
"At least."
"How do you know that?"
"We found this hat in the cellar."

The officer held up the hat that had been worn by Bloom.

"How does that prove there were two?"
"The man I shot at was bareheaded, and, besides, this hat is much too large for him."
"How did they escape?"—
"They are of a tunnal that's heen due

"How did they escape?"

"How did they escape?"

"By wav of a tunnel that's been dug through the ground to the vacant building on the corner."

"Why didn't you follow them?"

"The rest are on the trail, and will catch 'em sure. I came back to report."

"Hal What is this?"

The sergeant had observed the gold watch with its old-fashioned chain and seals, which lay upon the table.

"Some of the plunder they were dividing when Hyland came in on them, I suppose."

suppose."
"What? Here's the name of Paul St.

"And the fellow I shot at was his murderer, Cole Winters! He tallied exactly with the description!"
"Good! This will complete the proof of his guilt. Make haste, Gogin. Run to the nearest box and telephone to the Central Station. We'll have him before morning!"

Gogin rushed away, and the sergeant soon followed him.

For the moment the place was de-

The biding place of our hero was any-thing but secure. That he had not been already discovered was due to the fact that everybody had been looking for him halow where he was appropried to have

helow where he was supposed to have made his escape. Soon, however, the house would swerm with officers, a minute search of the premises would be made, and the hiding place of our hero quickly discovred. None think more rapidly than those ex-

posed to great and unusual peril. The door of the house had not closed behind the sergeant, who had gone to see that the place was being properly guarded without, before Cole Winters had thought of all this, and determined upon a plan of stion.

In an instant he had emerged from the subby-hole that had servde him so good a turn, and lowered himself to the landing, from which he stepped into the now deserted room.

d room.

had barely done this when he heard
ce in the cellar.

"Some of them are returning through the passage," decided he.

Then he closed the door and turned the key in the lock, which was still intact

intant.

Another moment and he was on his kness before the large dressing-case.

As he opened one of the drawers an exclamation of satisfaction swept his lips.

His expectations had been fulfilled to be utmost: 'He had expected to find othing with which to disguise himself. Instead of loose garments, which was be most be had being for he saw before him three bundles, neatly tied up in yel-

pen each was pluned a eard. One pen sech was pluned a eard. One the lagend "Tramp;" abother, "Placr, Dark; " and the third, "Young Gent,

Blonds.

It was arident, at a claude, that ther

were sets of disputes to be used by Source as its required them in the regular course of the sets of t

As noiselessly as possible he passed on groping his way.

Then he struck a match to get an idea of his surroundings.

The snapping sound alarmed him, but a mament's reflection convinced him that there was no danger of its being heard below.

below.

He saw before him a small side bedmom which he at once entered.

Unlike the other rooms he had noticed,
it was furnished to the extent of a small
bed and a wash-stand.

"Here is where Bloom sleeps," thought
he.

he.

The room had but one window, and that was obscured by closely drawn inside

The room had but one window, and that was obscured by closely drawn inside blinds.

Our observing hero noted all these things by the last flickerings of the expiring match.

Then he closed the door, locked it, and proceeded to light the gas.

That done, he tore open the bundle.

He found it to contain a suit, complete from hat to shoes.

Sears was of about his size, and the clothing would fit him nicely.

The principal thing, however, was a blonde wig and a false mustache, each of the finest workmanship, well calculated to deceive, unless, indeed, a close scrutiny was made.

Cole carried an unusually sharp pocket-knife, and with this he cut off his mustache, the operation taking but a moment.

Then he adjusted the blonde substitute. His own glossy hair was quite closely cropped, so that the wig fitted him exceedingly well.

When he had lightened his face with the contents of a bor of cosmetics, he found from the glass that he had undergone a metamorphosis so complete that his detection seemed impossible.

Suddenly a difficulty occurred to him. What would be do with the bond and set of jewelly which still remained in his pocket where the dastardly villain had placed them?

If he left them in his clothing, they would furnish damning exidence sgainst him if he was ever made a prisoner, which was by no means a remote contingency.

On the other hand, to take them with

which was by no many gency.
On the other hand, to take them with him seemed still more hazardons. As he stood irresolute, debating the point in his mind, the problem was solved for

stood iffesoitte, debating the point in his mind, the problem was solved for him.

The noise and trampling of feet below had been increasing for some minutes. In his busy excitement our hero had not noticed this, but now he heard the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs.

There was but one thing to do. Cole glided forward and unlocked the door. Then he threw back the bed-clothes, made an incision in the mattress with his knife, and began groping with his hand among the hair with which it was filled.

"Hello!" called a voice from the door, which was just then thrown open with considerable violence.

"Hello yourself!" responded Cole, as he turned and saw an officer in uniform, and a young man with a note-book in his hand.

Then he turned and coolly continued

and a youngman with a note-book in his hand.

Then he turned and coolly continued his feigned search.

"What are you doin' here?" growled the officer in a tone of suspicion.

"I'm working to get the best reports for my paper," responded Cole.

"Well, I'll be blowed! You reporters bang the Jews! I thought this one had cheek to beg me to let him come up here, but hang me if you haven't pre-empted the premises without saying by your leave. How did you come here?

"I was down this way on an assignment, heard of the row, and walked in."

"What have you found?" asked the man with the note-book very-eagerly.

"Will you trade points?"

"Well, one of them must have left here

Well, one of them must have left here

"There's some of his clothes."

Cole pointed to the floor where he had thrown his discarded garments, upon which the officer and reporter immediately pounced.

which the officer and reporter immediately pounced.
"Must have took 'em off to put on a disguise," said the former. "Ha! what have we here?"

He had drawn forth the set of jewelry so recently presented to our fair heroine by her now lifeless father.

"The St. Cyr necklace and brooch!" almost gasped the reporter. "But look at this!"

almost gasped the reporter. "But look at this!"

"It's one of the stolen bonds," cried the officer, as he snatched the object from the other's hand.

The pencil of the reporter fairly flew. To his joy, our hero found a small block of paper and a pansil in one of the peakets of his coat, and was soon ministing his erample.

In the meantime several others had entered, and Cole drew the "knight of the pencil" aside.

He asked him a few questions, and made a precase of writing down the information obtained.

"What are you going to do?" asked the reporter, as Cole thrust the block of paper into his pocket.

"Intend to write up and turn in what I've got."
"But there'll be lots more."

I've got."
"But there'll be lots more." be the first to

Pernaps; out I want to be the first to bring in copy. It will be a scoop on the other boys. See? Cole Winters had done a little reportorial work for a paper in the town where he had been at college, and was conversant with the terms used by the oraft. "What paper are you on?" asked the other.

"What paper me of the control of the

write it up. It seekon?"

I should hope so. I intend to make three of it, at least.

You reporters, and everybody not honnected with the fores must leave the premises, announced the sergean, in stentorian tones. "I don't see how you managed to get in, anyway," he added, netulantly.

The was our heav's opportunity, and RISE OF THE YACHT.

CHAPTER XIII.

EXPONENCE HIS OWN CASE.

For scose minutes Cole Winters walked aimlessly along. He knew not where to go, and was incapable of formulating a plan of action.

His first 178% had been to repair to the St. Jyr residence in Calumot avenue, and learn if Berenice had returned home. But he abandoned this plan before it was fully formed. In all probability it would lead to his detection and arrest, and besides he felt satisfied that she was still in the power of his enemies.

I will effect her rescue, "decided he as he burried along.

I will affect har rescue, "decided he as he hurried along. Suddenly the ringing of a bell and a loud cry attracted his attention. Gole looked quickly, saw a flaming light bearing down upon him and leaped nimbly forward, just in time to avoid a cable grip-car in the path of which he had heedigasly attenged. "Wan't to get run down?" snarled the driver, as he brought the train to a stop. Small occurrences oftentimes evert a great influence on our immediate actions, and change and control our entire after lives.

and change and control our entire after lives.

This incident and his fortunate escape from what might have been a serious if not fatal cutastrophe decided our hero, and he at once boarded the rear c.r.

Having paid his fare, he took out the block of paper with the few memorands he had made. Then, actuated by a sudden impulse, he began writing-an account of the recent-escurrences of the evening. Cole was quick with a pencil, and by the time-the train had reached the portion of the city generally called "down town," had his article well-under way.

Alighting from the car he hastened to one of the large newspaper buildings, with the location of which he w-s familiar, and was soon-toiling up the stairs to the editorial rooms.

"I've got an item of a sensational character," said he when he had gained access to the city editor.

What about?"

"The St. Cyr murder and robberr.

And in a few words Cole gave him : n outline of such of the facts as could have been learned by the most diligent in quiry on the part of a reporter.

"What do you want?" queried the editor.

"What do you want? question."
"To write it up and sell it to you."
"All right, I'll take it, provided I find that it's not a fake. You'll find a place to write in the next room."
Under this conditional order Cole took a seat and applied himself to his task.
Just as he had completed it a reporter bustled in with a meager report of the tragic and seensational events of the night.

tragic and sensational events of the night.

A moment later our hero was called in

anoment rater out here was called in and the report he had written quickly but critically read by the editor.

"Capital!" cried he. "Haven't had any better work handed in here in a month. There's an order for ten dollars, You can get it cashed in the morning."

"Thank you."

"Are you working seculation."

"Inank you."
"Are you working regularly?"
"No, sir."
"Went's resition?"

No, sir.
"Want a position?"
"Nothing would p'ease me better.
"What's your name?"
"Milton Moore."

"Milton Moore."
This combination of the names of two great poets was the first that occurred to our hero, and he announced it without the least sign of hesitation.
"I've not had very much experience," said he.

Two not near very much experience, said he.

"Don't say that or I'll think you lack the confidence—cheek, some people call it—to do good work. You're all right. I'm a judge of these things and know. I'll employ you, and I want you to work exclusively on the St. Cyr cese. I've had several men on it, but they haven't done much. It promises to be a celebrated case. I look for lots of developments, and want the first and best reports of everything."

and want the first and best reports of everything."

"I'll do my best."

"There's one of our stars. Pin it on your vest; it will serve as a voucher for you. And here's a card that will, under ordinary circumstances, protect you from arrest should you, in the discharge of your duty, fall under the suspicion of the police. Have you money?"

"Very little."

The editor produced a roll of bills and

The editor produced a roll of bills and handed his new reporter two ten-dollar notes.

notes.

"You've got the right stuff in you," said he, encouragingly, "and will get to the bottom of this case quicker than the detectives. Don't spare expense, work hard, and report as you are able. If you get into trouble, remember that the most enterprising paper in the West is back of you. Do your duty, Moore, and I'll see that you are well rewarded."

Cole thanked the editor, and turned from the office.

or you. Bo your day, accre, and 11 see that you see what you see what you see well rewarded."

Cole thanked the adiror, and turned from the office.

He wondered at his rare good fortune, and why he, a straeger, had been given employment and an assignment of such great importance.

He did not then know that the editors of great newspapers, those who control the collection of news of the day, are very astute men, well able to judge of the character and ability of others.

He had, both by the account he had handed in and his general demeanor, made a most favorable impression, and was scarcely more elated than was the man who had just handed him the badge of his position.

"I'm in luck," murmured he, as he hastily dessended the stairs. "I have vouchers that will permit met go almost any place I please, and protect me when there. I'll work faithfully for this paper, and at the same time secure evidence that will clear me of the awful charge now so coundently laid upon me. At presentil must look for Berenies. Her perli is now much greater than mine."

He had traversed but two blocks, when a street car, bound for the North Division of the city, and propelled by a cable, passed him.

of the city, and propelled by a cable, passed him.

It was almost empty, but on one of the seats in the open compartment near which the gripman, or driver, atends to control, by levers, the movements of the car, a genticeman was seated smoking a cigar.

"I'll goon the North Bide myself," decided the reporter, as he boarded the rear platform of the moving car.

He had recognized the amoker as the archaognepizator, in the mirderous plot for the possession of the St. Cyr fortune, Almon Septs.

"I'd BY CONTRUED."

CATCH the bear before you sell his

The control of the co

THE PRIMITIVE VACHTSMAN SAILED ON A LOG.

Different Types of Pleasure Craft-The Cathoat the Typical Small Salling Boat of America.

The first step in the process of evolution of the modern yacht was a simple log with the bark left on to give a better foothold and the ends

give a better foothold and the ends sharpened as well as possible with the rude tools at the disposal of the early marine architect.

The primitive yachtsman balanced himself in a standing position and got ahead with more or less rapidity by means of a rude single-bladed paddle. In rough weather he satdown and straddled his craft or abandoned it altogether and swam ashore. The yachting costumes of the day were especially adapted to the latter course.

lake dwellings, and have also been discovered in England and Ireland. In America they have been used from Alaska to Patagonia more or less from time immemorial,

less from time immemorial, Great progress was made in this class of boat building.

A war canoe from Vancouver Island, now in the National Museum at Washington, is fifty-nine feet, long and eight feet in beam. It is sharp forward and att, has flaring sides and its lines, especially at the bow, bear a strong resemblance to those of the American liner New York. The problems of stability, buoyancy and least resistance have evidently been well studied and solved.

and least resistance have evidently been well studied and solved.
Tradition says that it was from models of such canoes as this, brought to New York and Boston by early fur traders, that the ideas of the clipper ships were first obtained.
The birch bark and skin canoes are the primitive forms of a boat built up of separate materials instead of being hollowed out of a solid block or trunk. Civilization, working from these models, produced boats with wooden ribs and sheathing of planks or boards, and finally of metal.

of metal. Ships as distinct from boats and Ships as distinct from boats and canoes, were used by the Egyptians during the fifth dynasty, about 5,000 years ago. The rudder came into use during the twelfth dynasty about 4,000 years ago. Before that all steering was done by broad-bladed oars or paddles. The more perfect development of the ship and the art of navigation came from the Phoenicians.

From the Attic trireme and bireme From the Attic trireme and bireme the development was gradual, through the galleys of the Greeks and Romans, the pirate craft of Mic Vikings, the high, unwieldy ships of Columbus, which may be taken as fair representatives of their time, to the heautiful and speedy. American

fair representatives of their time, to the beautiful and speedy American elipper ship of not 30 many years ago and the steamships and salling craft of the present day.

The modern yacht includes all vessels designed for pleasure, from the simplest type of sharpie to the most elaborate floating palace. Sail-ing yachts may be classed under one or another of these heads: Sharpie, eat, mosquito boat, double cat, or another of these heads: Sharpie, cat, mosquito boat, double cat, periauger, cat-yawl, jib and mainsail, sloop, cutter, fin-keel, lugger, catamaran, buckeye, ketch, schooner

and yawl.

The house-boat is sometimes included in the meaning of the word, but the true house-boat has no means of propulsion, and fore, properly speaking,

barge The sharple is built for shoal water. It is an inexpensive craft, but a fast sailer. In its original form it is a flat-bottomed boat, with a single leg-o'-mutton sail. Certain modifications have been made, however, such as an overhanging bow and such as an overhanging bow and stern, and in some instances a second must has been added.

The catboas is the typical Amer-

superior to the centreboard variety for cruising in heavy seas. The cat-boat has a light draft, great beam and carries an enormous sail for its size. The rig is simple and the boat is fast and quick in stays. Sandbage are usually carried for ballast, and

is fast and question to ballast, and are shifted to windward at each tack.

The chief peculiarity of the mescuite heat is its rig. This consists of the old sprit leg-o'-mutton sail extent. For instance a sail that measures 17 feet on the mast carries a 14-foot sprit, running out to an 18-inch club at the end. The double cathoat differs fr

an excellent sea-going boat.

The periatiger or pirogue, is a double cat-rigged boat. It is double ended and narrow, and both masts carry gaff sails. It is a type seldom seen at the present day, though one periatiger—the Periwinkle—is enrolled in the New York Yacht Club's squadron.

squadron.

The old-fashioned lugger had a sail without a boom. When the sheed was let go the sail simply flapped like a flag. In a dipping lug the tack it carried past the mast and made fast to the weather bow. The sail must be lowered at each tack and shifted

The primitive yachtsman balanced himself in a standing position and got a head with, more or less rapidity by means of a rude single-bladed paddle. In rough weather he sat down and straddled his craft or abandoned it altogether and swam ashore. The yachting costumes of the day were especially adapted to the latter course.

From the single log grew the raft made by lashing two or more logs together. The New Guinea catamaran is nothing more than a raft made of three logs, the middle one longer than the others and curved upward at the ends. Then there are the great Peruvian rafts, often as large as 70 feet long and 20 feet wide, propelled by sails and provided with centreboards to enable them to sail with the wind abeam, or even to tack.

Then comes the hollowed tree trunk or dug-out. It is not known just when or by what people dugouts were first made. They have been found buried with relics of the stone age among the ancient Swiss lake dwellings, and have also been discovered in Fingland and Iraland alconerial properties of the right of the properties of the stone age among the larged and Iraland alconerial properties of the stone age among the larged and Iraland alconerial properties and a contreboard in regland and Iraland alconerial properties and the standards and that they will not rise to a sea. The buckeye is a Southern type. It is a double-ender, roomy and inexpensive to build and is much used by sportsmen. The true buckeye uses a lee-board. Two leg-o'-mutton sails and a jib comprise the rig. Modifications of various kinds have appeared from time to time, such as contreboard an overhanging stern.

appeared from time to time, such as a centreboard, an overhanging stern, etc., until the modern buckeye is really quite another boat from its prototype.

#### The Astor Estate Growing.

The Astors have obtained 100 acres more of dock and warehouse land on Harlem River right in New

land on Harlem River right in New York City.

Water front has become a thing of vast importance here, writes "Gath" in a New York letter. Brooklyn City has really become the main outlet to South America and far-off regions, partly from the fact that it is a mile or two nearer. Staten Island a mile or two nearer. Staten Island will presently be all pier and it will give magnificent dockage. The opening of the little Harlem Canal at Spuyten Duyvil is quite an event, for it unfolds to New York City about six or seven miles of double-shored strait or inlet. They think shored strait or inlet. They think that lumber and perhaps coal will be unloaded there and building materials, and that manufacturers will go there in order that they may escape horse costs and get the smaller charges of lighterage. A great thing in New York, as in London, is lightering or removing from shore to ships and back again parts of their cargoes. I went through a terra cotta works on Long Island and found that they brought their clay there from New Jersey, some forty miles distant, and yet it cost nothing, as the hollow boats received the stuff on a declivity and conveyed it imph, diately to ity and conveyed it immediately to the factory.

# A Gospel Trolley Car.

A gospel trolley car will soon be making nightly rounds of New York and Brooklyn suburbs. The car made its first trip a few nights ago, loaded with a melodeon and speakers and singers, connected with the Passaic Street Mission, in Passaic, N. J., made a round trip on the New Jersey Electric Railway cone by Jersey Electric Railway, going by way of Paterson to Singad and back. Wherever they saw a group of people on the sidewalks or rural roadsides the car was stopped, and the evangelists sang hymns and exhorted the bystanders to seek salvation. The idea is a novel one, and while it is difficult to see how it could be car-ried out without interfering with the regular traffic of the line, it is possible that some persons might be im-pelled to better living who could not otherwise be reached.—Philadelphia

## Met Death Dramatically.

An old miner of Wellington, British Columbia, met death in a dramatic way, some two weeks ago, as a result of an old, reckless practice. His long familiarity with explosives had made him careless. He always kent his keg of black powder stowed under his bed in the little cabin in which ican small sailing boat. It is usually a centreboarder, though keel cat-boats are frequently seen and are This might seen criminally careless to any one but a miner, but the pos-sibility of disaster probably never occurred to the old man or his neighbors. But what every one else might have expected, happened. One night recently a near neighbor was awak-ened by the crackling of flames, and found the old man's cabin was afte. Refore any help could be rendered the explosion came, and the old miner and his cabin went up.

> Camels are perhaps the only ani-nal that cannot swim. Immediately after entering water they turn cattheir backs and are drowned.