

BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue, and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER XIV.

A PROFESSIONAL INTERVIEW.



I was with a feeling of weariness that our hero sank to a seat. It had been an eventful night to him. Avenues, complications, escapes, had followed each other with all the rapidity with which scenes are shifted on the stage of the theater.

Cole Winters had not tasted food for four and twenty hours, and began to feel quite keenly the effects of hunger. The effects of the drug that had been administered to him the preceding night, and the chloroform he had more recently inhaled, had disappeared now, leaving his brain clear and active.

Our hero believed that by shadowing Sears he would learn the present whereabouts of the young lady whose safety now interested him far more than his own.

After a time he began to regret that he had not taken a seat near his enemy. In that way he could better test the value of his disguise, for if he passed, the scrutiny of Sears he would consider himself tolerably secure.

At first he thought that the other might recognize the clothes and false mustaches as his own, but upon reflection he decided that this was unlikely, since there was nothing peculiar in either to distinguish them from thousands of others.

Besides, he had provided himself with a number of disguises, and was not likely to be very familiar with the appearance of any of them.

"I'll risk it," decided Cole. "If my identity can be detected, I'd better know it now, when I can have an opportunity to escape."

Whereupon he rose, walked through the car, and passed through the open portion, where smoking is permitted.

With an air of weariness he threw himself into a seat opposite the man he had resolved to shadow. As he did so he threw open his coat, so as to display the stars which proclaimed him a reporter.

"The question was asked in a low tone, but our hero had very particular reasons for not making a word of any conversation that might ensue, so he strained as far as possible his sense of hearing, and bearkened intently.

"No," returned the servant. "And Harper?" "He came."

"Leave anything for us?" "Yes. That's all right."

Cole's heart gave a sudden thump as he heard these words. He remembered that the coachman employed by Bloom had been spoken of by that name, and concluded that here was where he had brought Berenice.

"I'm going to stay here to-night, Luke, at least until your master comes. He'll be along soon, I think."

"All right, sir."

Thus invited, our hero hurried up the stone steps and followed his guide into a broad hall.

Then the servant showed them into a small room, half parlor, half library, where he lighted the gas, having first closed the blinds tightly and drawn down the curtains.

"Now for business," cried Sears, as he waved the reporter to a seat beside the table and proceeded to light a fresh cigar.

"I'm ready," replied Cole, as he made ready to note down what the other might say.

"In the first place, my name is Almon Sears."

"What?" cried the reporter, dropping his pencil and half rising to his feet.

Although not in the least surprised, he saw that evidence of it could be expected.

"That's what," returned the hardened villain, in a flippant tone, and then blew a number of smoke rings into the air.

"My name is Sears," he resumed, a moment later, after the rings had dissolved in the air.

"An hour ago I called to see the chief of police, to give some additional information as to this Winters. He wasn't in, and so I left and came here. Now that he has mixed me up with it to the extent of charging me with murder, I might as well give the whole matter to the public, and I'm very glad it happened to meet you."

"So as to," returned Cole, as he picked up his pencil and resumed his seat.

"In the first place, a man in the desperate situation that this Winters finds himself will do anything to save his life. The evidence against him is most conclusive, and he can only hope to save himself by showing that a job was put up on him."

"I see," assented Cole, pausing in his writing.

"In the second place he has a grudge against me, and his former employer, Mr. Max Morris, who more than likely he will try to involve with me."

"How did that happen?" "I detected him in the act of robbing the cash drawer and told Max. As a result, he was at once discharged, and only escaped prosecution by concealing himself."

"JACKIES" IN DEMAND.

LARGE INCREASE IN THE NUMBER OF SAILORS.

New Warships to be Manned—Life of a Sailor on an American Man-of-War and His Pay.

American men-of-war's men have no distinctive title. They are variously termed "blue jackets," "jack-tars" and "jackies." The last is by far the most common name given the men who "plough the raging main" on ships of war. It is a contraction of the other two, and it applies alike to the sailors of all navies.

Special attention is directed to the American naval sailor just at this time, because of the preparations of the Navy Department to enlist 1,000 men for that branch of the service.

The recent rapid increase in the number of vessels of the navy, as a Washington Star reporter was informed, has naturally necessitated an addition to the force of men to operate them.

The three vessels will be put into commission about the 1st of August, the Texas at Norfolk and the Maine and Lancaster at New York.

The complement of these vessels will be about 125 in excess of the additional force of 600 men, but for that matter nearly all of our warships are short of their complement.

There are other vessels that will soon be ready for active sea service, including the ram Katakadin and the torpedo boat Ericsson.

The cruisers Boston and Marion, which have undergone extensive repairs at San Francisco, could be put in commission today if crews were available.

Men, physically and otherwise qualified, who have served in the navy, are enlisted in the following ratings at the monthly pay designated: Seamen, \$24; ordinary seamen, \$19; machinists, \$70; first-class firemen, \$35; second-class firemen, \$30.

When qualified and advanced to the ratings of petty officers, as vacancies occur, they receive from \$25 to \$65 per month. Men twenty-one years of age or upward, physically qualified, who have not served at sea, are enlisted in limited numbers as landmen or coal heavers, and are paid \$16 and \$22 per month respectively.

Every enlisted man is allowed a commutation of rations at the rate of thirty cents a day. It is a matter of pride in the navy that there is no ration given by any foreign nation that is equal to the ration of the United States navy, either in weight or nutritive qualities.

and better cared for. The discipline is not so severe and exacting, and he is afforded better protection against tyranny and oppression on the part of the officers. Their general nature, however, has not undergone any material change since the days of Cooper and Maryatt. They are a jolly, happy-go-lucky set, always ready for a lark or a fight, with an abnormal fondness for grog, and are chronic grumblers over imaginary ills. Nevertheless, it is said, they are staunch and true, and patriotic to the last breath, and will never go back on their country or a friend in distress.

The best ratings open to "jackies" are boatswains and gunners. These places pay from \$1,200 to \$1,800 a year. They are open to any sailor who has served more than one enlistment in the navy, and who shows special aptitude for promotion.

All appointments as warrant officers are based on the record of the applicants. There are several vacancies in the list of boatswains at present, but none in the list of gunners. Warrant officers are retired on three-quarters pay. Petty officers are pensioned on half pay if physically incapacitated for re-enlistment.

There is a popular impression that the rank and file of the navy is composed of aliens, who have no patriotic affiliation with this country or its institutions. That this is erroneous is demonstrated by the last census of the navy, which shows that nearly 70 per cent of the entire enlisted force is composed of citizens of the United States, either by birth or naturalization.

The other 30 per cent is made up of aliens, the majority of whom are Scandinavians, Englishmen and Irishmen. There are many Chinese and Japanese in the navy, but they are employed almost exclusively in the mess rooms. Colored men are numerous, but they too, are mostly mess attendants.

The war dogs belonging to the German army, which were shown at the Sporting Exhibition at Dresden, acquitted themselves remarkably well. The trials were not by any means easy ones, and the fact that the dogs satisfactorily passed them speaks highly for the system of training the animals.

On a very complicated road, with many cross-paths, and quite strange to them, the dogs, although maneuvering with troops who were quite unknown to them, and in spite of the heat being most intense, did some excellent dispatch duty.

"Tell," a dog belonging to the Jager Guard Battalion, brought dispatches from a soldier to headquarters, a distance of nearly a mile, in less than two minutes, while the dogs belonging to the Dresden Rifle Corps accomplished the journey in about two minutes.

Tests were next made with the dogs as ammunition carriers, each animal carrying on its back a weight equal to 250 ball cartridges, arranged in a kind of saddle, and they showed that in this direction they might be thoroughly relied upon, for they supplied the line of firing troops, who were also strangers to them, with fresh ammunition.

The trials wound up by testing the power of the dogs in seeking the wounded on the field of battle, and the intelligent creatures were equally as successful in Red Cross duties as they were in conveying ammunition.

Origin of Street Lighting.

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CHAPTER XV. BADLY RECEIVED. For an instant our hero stood with bated breath. Then, as he heard the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs, he opened the door and glided out into the hall.

Another moment and he had reached the head of the stairs and saw Sears in the act of unlocking a door, not fifteen feet away.

As for Luke, he was not in sight, and Cole concluded that he had remained in the lower part of the house.

He applied his ear to the door, but a murmured mass of confused sounds alone rewarded his vigilance.

He had little doubt as to who was held a prisoner there, but he resolved to know beyond all peradventure.

"What are you losing your senses? The paper! It means half a million, at least."

"By Jove!" cried Cole, slapping his thigh.

"What's the matter?" "I left it up stairs!"

"Where she can read it?" "Oh, no."

"She'll tear it up if she does. She's a smart girl, I tell you."

"Do, and hurry about it. It's the key to a fortune, I tell you."

"It's back with it in a moment."

With this our hero left the room, closing the door behind him.

As he entered the hall he heard some one descending the stairs.

He had barely time to spring back into the protecting shadows of an embrasure in the wall when a form, that of Almon Sears, passed him.

The prospect is that Buffalo will finally obtain electric power from Niagara Falls, but incidentally it may have to share to Niagara Falls to get it.

With this exception, the lot of the modern tar is much easier in every respect than in the olden days of sailing ships. He is now better fed

and better cared for. The discipline is not so severe and exacting, and he is afforded better protection against tyranny and oppression on the part of the officers.

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