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TATE MAG (For the tape of purple harmaning. Where the Menths twilleds falls, Softly malies the Major Dode! - On the gray old church's walls.

Mater Dolei | thou hadst tasted Every grief and every ill, When they watched heride the

Mater Dolai in the gloaming, When the Roman twilight fails, Stoop and gather up the teardrope Street within the church's walls want work. S. C.

## BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue, and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER XVL

Moiselessly Cole Winters glided on to the door of the room where he had over-heard the brief conversation between Berenice St. Cyr and her cruel persecutor. Instinctively he flew to the closet. Once there, however, he realized that it was a foolish hiding place, since if de-tected he would have absolutely no chance for escaning.

was a foolish hiding place, since it detected he would have absolutely no chance for escaping.

He was about to withdraw when he remembered the haven of refuge he had found earlier in the night, when the officers were after him.

With this thought, hope revived, and he began groping about to get an idea of his surroundings.

The closet, which was quite deep, had a clothes-press with swinging doors on one side, while the other was fitted up with shelves.

Cole's plan was instantly formed; he would imitate his former proceeding.

In a moment he had climbed up to what he supposed to be the topmost one.

As he crept back, to be as secure as possible from observation, what he had supposed to be the coping at his touch.

A hesty examination showed him that

sible from observation, what he had supposed to be the ceiling above him moved at his touch.

A hesty eramination showed him that it was in reality another shelf similar to the one on which he was lying.

By a very slight exertion he raised it higher, and was enabled a moment later to creep past it up into an open space above.

Marveling at this, he returned the board to its former position and raised his hand. At a height of, perhaps, four feet from the floor it came in contact with the roof of the house. He was in a shallow attic between the ceiling of the upper floor and the slates above.

Satisfied on this point he produced a match, of which he found quite a supply in the pockets of his borrowed disguise.

The faint light thus obtained not only verified his previouely formed judgment, but revealed something that caused him to utter an exclamation of pleasure.

On a line with the open apace by which he had made his escape, and only a few feet away, was a similar opening. This, our hero reasoned, communicated in a similar manner with the closet in the room where Berenice was confined.

In an instant he was planning for the fature. He could now communicate with her, and a little later would be able to secure her release.

Having reached this encouraging conclusion, he bent forward and listened intently.

intently.

He heard first a confused noise, then
the sound of tramping feet, and lastly
well-defined voices.

In another moment the speakers had
entered the room cole had just left, and
he had no trouble in recognizing them
by their voices.

he had no trouble in recognizing stems to by their voices.

"It fell you he's escaped!" cried Morris.

"Don's see her he could," replied Sears. "Have we searched every place?" "This is the very last room, sin' answered the servant, Luke, "and he ain't here."

here."
"It's strango!" muttered Morris, with

"It's strange!" mutures about an oath.
"He must have slipped out the front door, sir, suggested Luke.
"He didn't have time, and besides we'd have heard him."
"He may have stayed in the vestibule, and unlooked the door after you had run up the stair, and before I got there."
"That's it! That's the way it was done! Run down, Luke, and see if there's any thing to indicate it."

"Now, who is this party who comes here dressed in one of your disguises?"
"Oh! That never occurred to me. He's reporter."
"For what paper?"

"Ans. never occurred to me. He's reporter."

"For what paper?"

"I didn't notice, though I saw his star."

"You're a chump, Al Bears!"

"I don't see—

"And I'm another, so I won't upbraid you. I never once doubted but what I was talking with you. I'm a 'bigger doit than you, for I ought to know your voice better than you do his."

"Why, I never saw him before!"

"Where did he get that outsit?"

"At my place—that is, if it's really mine."

And that's where we left Mr. Cole

"Confusion!"

"Confusion!"
"That's the size of it! He's bearded us in our den. I begin to feel a little shaky. There's no telling what that fellow may do."
"He's afraid to go to the police, and will try to work the case up on his own account. The next time we get alm in our power we'll—"
"Wall' bread Morris.
"Kill him! Come to the library where we can talk matters over and determine what to do."

what to do,"
When the sound of their footsteps had
died away, Cale struck another match,
by the light of which he bested and unbred the other appearance.
Alternation miles he, in interes though

Merenter of ted be, in it modified tones.

He heard a murawed a could distinguish no words.

Attached to Verden

By this time to found that the top of in street, lifts the une by way of which a had spanished, was not called, just only

the description that the man by way of which had seemed, we not sailed fast only closed by, a local board.

Whether this had been the result of an eventight on the part of the builder or design in the scheming Max Morris, our hero did not stop to consider.

In a moment he reached the floor and was groping for the fastening of the door. To his joy it yieldel to his touch and opened readily.

"Meriviful heaven!"

In affright our heroins covered her face with her hands and staggered back.

In his excitement, Cole had forgotten all about his disguise.

"It's I-Cole Winters!" cried he, reas-

As in-Cole winters: cred ne, reas-suringly.

As his words reached her, Berenice St. Cyr sprang forward and threw herself into the arms of her would-be rescuer.

No word of love had passed between the twain, yet each knew the heart of the other. Under ordinary circumstances such a demonstration would have been niterly foreign to her nature, but now. utterly foreign to her nature, but now, bereaved, persecuted, imprisoned, she saw in our hero her only friend, and gave full rein to the natural impulses of her heart.

You—alive and safe!" said she, wondering, rapturously.

"It's I. I'm alive, but anything besides

"It's I. I'm slive, but anything besides safe!"

"But how—"
"Never mind, now. The present is our opportunity! While they are consulting below, we will make our eceape."
Cole turned the gas higher and approached the window.

He found it carefully secured, a screw having been put above the lower sash to prevent its being pushed up.
With a pocket-knife, which with many other conveniences he had found in his pocket, Cole soon removed this, and threw up the window.
Then, lowering thegas again, he opened the outside blinds and looked out.
The window was on the side of the house and at least twenty feet from the ground.
Having ascertained that the coast was

ground.

Having ascertained that the coast was clear, he flew to the bed and seized a sheet which he proceeded to tear into

sheet which he proceeded to tear mic strips.

This occupied no longer time than is required to tell of it, and in a minute or two he held in his hands an improvised rope strong enough to support the weight of his fair companion or himself, and of a length sufficient to reach the ground.

"Now!" said Cole. "Don't be afraid! You'll soon be out of this house and beyond the reach of your enemies."

As he spoke he passed the rope around her form and knotted it together under her arms.

Then he assisted her to the ledge of the open window.

With infinite care he pushed her forward, and, having braced himself for the task, he began lowering her toward the ground.

This proved quite laborious but con-

ground.

This proved quite laborious but consumed only a little time.

Soon the strain ceased, and looking forth Cole saw, to his great joy, that Berenice had reached the ground in safety and was removing the improvised

He lost no time in typing it securely to a steam heater which stood near the window, and in a moment was ready to make the descent. At that instant a cry caused him to look

At that instant a cry caused him to look dodnward.

The his utter consternation he saw in the bather indistinct light that the young lady was struggling in the grasp of a powerful man.

At that instant an exclamation of mingled rage and triumph caused him to look upward.

At the window, an open knife in his hand, stood his enemy, Almon Sears.

The next instant the blade described a circle in the air and descended.

Then our hero felt himself falling rap, idly downward.

CHAPTER XVII.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

Here! None of that!"

With one foot out of the bed, Cole
Winters paused and looked curiously at

Winters paused and looked curiously at the speaker.

He was a man of small stature, his height being apparently something less than five feet. But what he lacked of the full proportions. of a man in that regard was amply compensated for in the breadth and thickness of his body. His arms, too, were large and musculer, his enormous knotted hands extending fully helf way down his legs, which were the only portion of his body, that appeared dwarfed.

This circumstance, however, gave him a grotesque, almost ludicrous appearance, which brought a smile to the pale live of our hero. But an instant later an awful flood of dark and bitter memories surged in upon him and fairly swept it from his face.

In upon him careface.

"I.—I don't.—"
In the midstof a question Cole paused and looked searchingly around.

He found himself in a large room which seemed to contain no furniture except a chair, a stove, an old lounge, a rickety table upon which stood a number of bot-files, and the led, where Cole half sat, half reclined.

The floor was uncarpeted, and the light half excluded from the one window by an old blanket which was tacked across its lower portion.

"Ain't much acquainted hereabouts?"
queried the man, whose age seemed to be

"Ain't much acquainted hereabouts?" queried the man, whose age seemed to be 50 years at legst, as he seated himself on the ohair and assumed a hideous look, which Cole subsequently determined was intended for a smile. "I should say not!" responded the astonished and bewildered young man. "Probably you don't know me?" For the apparent purpose of aiding our here in identifying him, the man stood up to the extent that his diminuit ve legs

up to the extent that Bis diminutive legs permitted, and turned his huge face full upon his observer.

"Reckon you can call me down now," said he.

said he.

"I must admit that I cannot."

"Propose to repudiate me, do you?"

The short man snepped this out, and
the shime!! back upon the chair.

"Gertainly not," returned the now thoroughly mystified young men. "The face is that I don't.

"That's a fact. That's one on you, Jerly Moore! You were a lettle soo wall to remember me. I grass.

Where Cole had wondered before, he marriad how. Units mitted he looked it the meager appointments of the room, and returned its grass to the face, of the

"I den't understand. Tor'll have to complete, 'replied he, making an effort to rice to his feet.

"None of that! You lie down!"
In a manner tiger-like, beth as to quickness and ferecity, the man spreng forward and forced Cole back upon the bed.

bed.

"I'm in the hands of a lunstio," thought the latter, who, partly as a matter of policy, but principally from a feeling of weakness, quietly maintained the position into which he had failen.

For a moment only the evil light shome in the man's large and expressive eyes. This subsided as suddenly as it had flamed up, and be quietly resumed his sest.

famed up, and be quistly resumed his seat,

"Lie still and I'll tell you all about it.
I'm your Uncle Jerry."

"No?" replied cur hero, "thinking to humor his self-armounced relative."

"You can gamble on it and wm. But they don't know it."

"No?" seald Cole seath.

"I should say not. Do you suppose that they are fools enough to think that old Jerry Moore would make way with his own flesh and blood. They think! The bad, and I'm a leetle grain worse 'n they think, but I wouldn't do that."

This was becoming interesting. Cole Winters felt that the mystery surrounding him was in the way or being

Winters felt that the mystery surrounding him was in the way of being cleared up.

"What's your name?" asked Jerry Moore, suddenly.

"I—why you know, Undle Jerry."

"That won't interfere with your telling me. Out with it?"

"My name is Colè Winters."

To the utter, astonishment of the speaker the other sprang forward and seized him by the wrists in a vice-like grip.

grip.

A moment more and he had taken from one of the spacious pockets of his cost a pair of hand-cuffs.

"Don't iron me!" cried Cole in consternation.

"Don't iron me!" cried Cole in constornation.
"I must. You're getting bad again. I thought you'd got all over that notion."
"What notion?"
"That you were that young murderer, who killed old man St. Cyr.
"How came I here?" asked Cole, when his companion had returned the hand-ouffs to his pocket and resumed the chair, which he had drawn close up to the bed.
"Now your severe are coming back to

cnair, which he had drawn close up to the bed.

Now your senses are coming back to you. Lie still and I'll tell you. Just as you fell out of the window I happened along. I have a great faculty of happening along when I'm wanted. I'd had my by a car Mar Morris, for better a sweek and lowed that he'd want me soon, cause I calculated that something was afoot.

"Well?" said the anxious auditor upon the bed, by way of stirring up the speaker, who had paused in his narative.

He said you was a nasty reporter who had got into his house and learned some of his secrets."

And the young lady?"

had got into his house and learned some of his secrets."

And the young lady?"

"I didn't bother about her. You had struck your head on a rock in falling, and I told Max you were dead."

"Did you really think so?"

"Bor a fact. And I near gave the thing away by laughing.

"What thing?"

"The sort samp I would have. You see I knew just what Max wanted."

"And that was?"

"Said Max, 'I hope he is, and I want you to make sure of it'."

"The socoundrell" cried Cole.

"Oh, you can't blame him. You had found on! secrets of his, he said.

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'how much? He said, 'fifty dollars. I said, 'not enough.' He said, 'one hundred.' I said, 'good'."

"And then?"

"Then I carried you back to the alley and went for my wagon.—I'm an expressman when I work—and brought you here."

"Did Morris believe that you would kill

Did Morris believe that you would kill

me?"

"Of course, if you weren't dead already. He knows me. I've worked for him before."

Cole shuddered. He did not doubt that the man was partly insane, but the cool way in which, he talked of murder quite startled him.

"On the way," resumed Moore, "I felt your pulse and found you were alive."

"And so beought me hera?"

"No. I was pointing for the lake shore, above the city. What would I want to bring you here for?"

"But when you found I was not

bring you here for?"
"But when you found I was not

"I prepared to rectify the mistake. I rolled you over in the wagon and clubbed my whip, which is loaded for just such work."

work."

"Merciful heaven!" gasped Cole.

"That was what saved you—that or Providence, which I reckon was the saved the providence, which I reckon was the save thing—or, rather, saved me, for I'd never have slept easy again if I'd killed you."

"What happened?"

"As I was aiming for you I'saw something white that had fallen out of your pooket. There it is.

The dwarf took from an inside pooket and handed our hero a white outd. It was the one given him by the city editor who had employed him to work up the St. Cyr murder mystery.

It stated that the bearer, Milton Moore, was specially-sugaged in the St. Cyr matter, which would account for any suspicious movements on his port.

"What did you do, then?" asked Cole, as he turned the card over and over.

"I lit a match to read it, and then came nigh faintin away."

"Why so?"

"Why so?"

"Why so?"

"Why so?"

"Why so?"

"Why so?"

"Quite, Uncle Jerry," answered our hero, as he fully comprehended the co-incidence of names that had saved his life.

"Then you don't bear me a grudge."

"Then you don't bear me a grudge."
"Not in the least."
"Not in the least."
"I was afraid you would, and made up
"I was afraid you would, and made up
"I was aboy for you, but I'd a heap rather
tell the truth. I learned to do that when
I was a boy with your father."
A strange combination it seemed—a
man who loved to tell the truth, jet besitated not to take the life of a fellow-

resident.

"How can I bear a gradge?" returned
Cole. "If you head?'s hoppesed cloud,
Mostle would have killed me.

"Of course he resuld, MMW; that's the
war to look at it."

"Have I been delirious?"

"Orany as a loos. Kept salling rous-

Furgist al

con Whites. There way I popl

Moore pointed to a pile of newspotant lightrees corner of the room sed-escaped the observation of

"What do you mean?"

"I didn't know but what the fever would have made you crasy, and wanted the papers to knock the delusions out of you by showing that Cole Winters was running around loose, but that the police kept a sayin' that they were sure to get him next day."

"And so I couldn't be he?"

"And so I couldn't be he?"

"And so I couldn't be he?

"Su'th hand stambling with eagerness, our hero caught them up and began a hurried examination of their contents.

But he continued this but a moment.

Suddenly he uttered a cry of anguish and sank beak upon the pillow in a fainting condition.

He ere hed fallen upon the following

fainting condition.

His eye had fallen upon the following hold headlines:

THE CALUMET MYSTERY!

EXCITING SCENE AT THE MOROUS. Positive Identification of the Body of

> BERENICE ST. CYB! [TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DO-INGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelete that Are Suppo te Have Been Recently Born-Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable-The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh. Man with the gloomy liver, Cease to deplore thy fate; Get out toward the river

And go to digging bait!

Atlanta Constitution. Visiting New-Yorker-Have you read "Trilby" yet? Philadelphian-No, but I have heard of it.-Somerville Journal.

Son Father, is the position of Sentor higher than that of Congressman? Father—It comes higher, my boy.— Boston Post Kingley-Does your wife try to boss you as much as she used to? Bingo-

No; she doesn't even have to try now.— New York Herald. Figg—Are you at all interested in secret orders? Fogg—Only in connection with the soda fountain at the drug store.—Boston Transcript.

Biggs—Why does Brown always write his jokes on such thin paper? Diggs— So the editor can see through them, I suppose.-Albany Journal.

Well," said the monkey to the organ grinder as he sat on top of the organ, "I'm simply carried away with the music."—Philadelphia Record.

"Have you read my last poem in the magazine?" "No; but if it's really your last just name the magazine, and I'll buy it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Yass," said Cholly, "the guvnah gives me money to burn, but I don't do t, y' know. Going to the races is quickah."-New York Recorder.

Cholly-Why do so many of the girls get married in June? "June brides," you know. Polly—That's easy. It's be-cause they're asked.—Chicago Record. "What makes you think he cares for you?" "Why, mamma talked to him for more than an hour last evening, and he really seemed to enjoy it."—Punch.

She—I was playing whist also last night. It was the first meeting of our Young Ladies' Whist Club. He—I wonwhat made you so hoarse.--Har-

Tommy's pop-Why is it the little boy who lives across the street seems to have no friends? Tommy—Why, his father's a base-ball umpire.—Philadelphia Record.

"When an 18-year-old girl says her mother won't let her accept an invita-tion to a party it is certain that the wrong person has asked her to go."— Atchison Globe. He-You see, the free coinage of sil-

ver would inflate prices—She—Would it? Then you'd better let me have some money so I can get in some bargains at once—Brooklyn Life.

Casey-Phat made Mulligan fall off de ladder? Did his fut shlip? Reilly— It did not. Oi told him a joke an hou-ago, an' sure he fist now tumbled.— Philadelphia Record. Willie—What does allmony mean, pa? Does it mean all the money? Pa (bit-terly)—Yes, all the money a man can

scrape together, and more, too, some-times.—New York World. times. "Talk about daylight robbery being the height of imposition," said the man as he shook his flat at the gas meter, "It is not in it with gaslight robbery.

No."—Indianapolis Journal. I love to swing upon the gate, Say, just at eventide; That is, if it will bear the weight

Or some one else inside

Bulletin.

New York Herald. "Do you know?" gushed Miss May-dowes, "I think Jack is very much in-terested in paintarry. He told me he paid \$25 one eventur just week just to ook at another man's hand."—Boston

"Jones is a happy fellow—he just ings at his work?" "Yes."

"What's he doing now?"
"Nothing; discharged for singing.

AN ADVENTURER'S CAREER.

He Lived High and Engaged in a telegrantic Fraus.

James Addison Reavis, who now lies in the little jail of Santa Fe, N. M., deserves a place among the leading frauds of the century.

This man has been a soldier, newspaper reporter, steep a gain and diver and

paper reporter, street car driver and adventurer. More than twenty-five years ago he claims that he found in a California mission a girl who was the heiress of one Peraita, a Spanish grandee who had been granted by his king immense tracts of land in Ari-

Reavis married the girl and went to work to have her claim legalized by the government. He found records, wills, grants and various papers in Spain and Mexico- confirming the grant, and Roscoe Conking pronounced his chain of evidence a perfect title, and with Ingersoll and others took hold of his case. Failing to have his grant confirmed by Congress the claimant secured the passage of a law establishing the court of private land claims, and in this court he met his fate.

Had Reavis succeeded he would have secured \$75,000,000 worth of

had heavis succeeded he would have secured \$75.000,000 worth of mining lands. This plain street car driver learned Spanish in order to carry out his scheme, and he moreover became an expert in old Spanish carry out his scheme, and he moveover became an expert in old Spanish
and in signets, seals, decorations
and orders. Many years ago he
went to New York, where he obtained
large sums of money to aid in the
prosecution of his suit. He got
\$50,000 from Crocker, of the Southern
Pacific, and \$150,000 in New York.
In five years he ran up a board bill
of \$10,000 at the Hoffman House. He
victimized Ed Stokes, and many
others. No man ever told a more
plausible tale and his documents
were apparently unanswerable.
But the other side engaged able
lawyers and made a stubborn fight.
The case dragged along for twentyfive years. Reavis lived in luxury
most of the time, and it was not until a year and a half ago that his lawyers suspected him. Finally they
dropped him, and the claimant had
to go to trial without counsel a few
days ago. It was proved that his

dropped him, and the claimant nad-to go to trial without counsel a few days ago. It was proved that his grants and wills were forgeries, that Peralta never existed, and that the whole thing was a fraud. The claim-ant, now a broken old man, was posi-tive and defiant to the last, but the evidence against him was so con-clusive that his arrest followed as a

matter of course.

Reavis is described as a very plain man, of almost childlike candor and simplicity. His wife is a bright-eyed, dark-faced woman, apparently of the Spanish type, but some people think that she is an Indian. Her husband claims that he accidentally discovered her relationship to the Peraltas. The two will now have to face disgrace and poverty, but they have enjoyed life for a full quarter of

a century at the expense of others. Mouse That Flies.

Mouse That Flies.

A new mammal, previously unknown to natural science, has been discovered by George Zenker, a German colonist in the country back of the Cameron coast in equatorial Africa. It has been named the Idirius Zenkiri by the Berlin Museum of Natural History, in honor of the discoverer, and in English would probably best be described as a flying mouse. While somewhat resembling a bat, it certainly belongs to an entirely different species. The animal is the size of a mouse, its fur is heavy, gray and soft, and it has a wing membrane extending from the neck all around the body. This membrane is covered with fine hair, lying closely against it. Two peculiarly closely against it. Two peculiarly shaped bones, extending out from bahind the extremities, lend additional support to the membrane, which is strong enough to support the flying mouse in short downward fluttering, mouse in short downward fluttering. The membrane acts more like a parachute than a wing, and the animal is unable to raise itself from the ground by means of its flying apparatus. A curiously developed tail, longer than the animal itself, gives it a peculiar aspect. This tail is covered by tiny horny scales, between which long whimper like hairs are growing out and it ends in a brush. Little out, and it ends in a brush. Litale is known about the mode of life of the idirius, but he feeds mostly on vegetable matter.

How to Acquire a Bass Voice

Ferrari, the celebrated composer Ferrari, the celebrated composer, relates the following anecdote in his Memoirs. On a cold December night a man in a little village in the Tyrol opened the window and stood in front of the with hardly any clothing on

s back.
"Peter!" shouted a neighbor, who
as passing, "what are you doing was passing, there?'?

'I am catching a cold."

"Rhat for?"
So I can sing bass to morrow at church."