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BY THE EDITOR

*One of the best of people...
On the gray old church's walls,
Many years have blossomed and faded,
Many years will blossom again,
But she listens, still the stiffness
To the cries of human pain.*

*Master Dodel! thou hast tasted
Every grief and every ill,
When thou watched beside the crosses,
'Neath the stars on Calvary Hill.*

*Master Dodel! in the gloaming,
When the Roman twilight falls,
Sleep and gather up the teardrops
Strown within the church's walls,
PARDONER, S. C.*

BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue,
and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

Noislessly Cole Winters glided on to the door of the room where he had overheard 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 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 hanging 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 crouched back, to be as secure as possible from observation, what he had supposed to be the ceiling above him moved at his touch.

A hasty examination 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 previously formed judgment, but revealed something that caused him to utter an exclamation of pleasure.

On a line with the open space, 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 future. 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.

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.

Whether this had been the result of an oversight 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 yielded to his touch and opened readily.

"Merciful heaven!" In affright our heroine 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, reassuringly. 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 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 safe?"

"But how?" "Your mind, now. The present is our opportunity! While they are consulting below, we will make our escape."

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 the gas 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 clear, he flew to the bed and seized a sheet which he proceeded to tear into 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.

man who half way announced his name to be Jerry Moore. "I'm Jerry Moore," replied he, making an effort to rise to his feet.

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

"I'm in the hands of a lunatic," thought the latter, but principally from a feeling of weakness, quietly maintained the position into which he had fallen. For a moment only the evil light shone in the man's large and expressive eyes.

This subsided as suddenly as it had flamed up, and he quietly resumed his seat. "Lie still and I'll tell you all about it. I'm your Uncle Jerry."

"No!" replied our hero, thinking to honor his self-announced relative. "How can you gamble on it and win. But they don't know it."

"No!" said Cole. "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 I'm bad, and I'm a little 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 of being cleared up. "What's your name?" asked Jerry Moore, suddenly.

"I—why you know, Uncle Jerry." "That won't interfere with your telling me. Out with it!" "My name is Cole Winters."

"To the utter astonishment of the speaker the other sprang forward and seized him by the wrists in a vice-like grip. A moment more and he had taken from one of the spacious pockets of his coat a pair of hand-cuffs.

"Don't iron me!" cried Cole in consternation. "I must. You're getting bad again. I thought you'd got all over that notion."

"What notion?" "That you're that young murderer, who killed old man St. Cyr." "How came I here?" asked Cole, when his companion had returned the hand-cuffs to his pocket and resumed the chair, 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 wanted. I'd had my eye on Max Morris for better 'n a week and I lowed that he'd want me soon, 'cuz I calculated that something was afoot."

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OUT OF WORK.

"Jones is a happy fellow—he just sings at his work!"
"Yes."
"What's he doing now?"
"Nothing; discharged for singing."

AN ADVENTURER'S CAREER.

He Lived High and Engaged in a Gigantic Fraud.
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, 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 Peralta, a Spanish grandee who had been granted by his king immense tracts of land in Arizona.

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 Conkling 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 mining lands. This plain street car driver learned Spanish in order to carry out his scheme, and he more-over 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 twenty-five 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 grants and wills were forgeries, that Peralta never existed, and that the whole thing was a fraud. The claimant, now a broken old man, was positive and defiant to the last, but the evidence against him was so conclusive 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.

A new mammal, previously unknown to natural science, has been discovered by George Zenger, a German colonist in the country back of the Cameron coast in equatorial Africa. It has been named the Idrisus Zengeri 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 shaped bones, extending out from behind the extremities, lend additional support to the membrane, which is strong enough to support the flying 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 whiplike hairs are growing out, and it ends in a brush. Little is known about the mode of life of the Idrisus, but he feeds mostly on vegetable matter.

How to Acquire a Bass Voice.

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 it with hardly any clothing on his back.

"Peter!" shouted a neighbor, who was passing, "what are you doing there?"
"I am catching a cold."
"What for?"
"So I can sing bass to-morrow at church."

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

JOKES and Jokelets that Are Supposed to 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? Philadelphia—No, but I have heard of it.—Somerville Journal.

Sen. Father, is the position of Senator 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 gurnah gives me money to burn, but I don't do it," 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 because 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 wondered what made you so hoarse.—Harlem Life.

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 invitation to a party it is certain that the wrong person has asked her to go."—Acheson Globe.

He—You see, the free coinage of silver 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—That made Mulligan fall off the ladder? Did his fat slip? Reilly—It did not. Ol told him a joke an hour ago, an' sure he jist now tumbled.—Philadelphia Record.

Willie—What does allmoney mean, pa? Does it mean all the money? Pa (bitingly)—Yes, all the money a man can scrape together, and more, too, sometimes.—New York World.

"Talk about daylight robbery being the height of imposition," said the man as he shook his fist at the gas meter, "it is not in it with gaillight robbery."—Indianapolis Journal.

I love to swing upon the gate,
Say, just at evantide!
That is, if it will bear the weight
Or some one else's inside.

—New York Herald.

"Do you know?" gushed Miss Maydower, "I think Jack is very much interested in palmistry. He told me he paid \$25 one evening last week just to look at another man's hand."—Boston Bulletin.