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LABTING PERFUMES.

het cruent the little of the control of the control of the metabous which the wild sees that known-days chaff all fine parts with devery control of the cont

duffs.
Comes with the blessed balm of the boon
in the locense of Faith's holy heartscase;
in the essence of Hope's sweet rose,
one silently over Life's stormy seas
rom my soil out to a soil which knows
lope's magic perfumes—pure heartscase

Wafted from fair Arcadia.

A Story of Love, Intrigue, -- and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER XVIII.



HEN our hero vived

HEN our hero revived again he found that the dwarf was bathing his face in cold water and applying ammonis to his nostrils. "Don't take them away!" cried he, as Moore was in the act of removing the parpers from the bed upon which they lay scattered about. "I must They'll throw you off your

I must. They'll throw you off your "Oh, no!"

"Oh, no!"
"What frightened you?"
Cole was about to make an evasive reply, when the thought occurred to hear that he might make an ally of the deranged, though dangerous man, who had not only spared his life but had been, no doubt, at very great pains to start him on the road toward health and strength.
"You saw from the card," returned he, "that I was working on the St. Cyr case."

"That led me to the house of this Max

Morris,"

"Ha! I see!"

"Before that I met the daughter of the mundered ir

"Berenics"

"Berenics"

"Brenics"

"Brenics"

"Brenics"

And you feil in love with her. Don't dany li's a family failing. I did it my. self once, and was never the same man since."

1 see. Well von an all it.

self once, and was never the same man since."

"I see. Well, you are right, and that largely accounts for my interest in the matter. Judge of my feelings, then, when I saw that she was dead!"

"I'm sorry for it, Milty."

"I'm sorry for it, Milty."

"I't was she that I lowered from the window in Morris' house."

"Then he and Sears have made away with her."

"Undoubtedly."

"And you'd like to be revenged?"

"It's all that's left me now."

"I'l help you. The scoundrels! Try. ing to get me to kill a blood relation! I'll help you, and you'll find I'm of more usether. Heek."

Whereupon the dwarf bustled back to

ing to get me to kill a blood relation! I'll help you, and you'll find I'm of more usethen I look."

Whereupon the dwarf bustled back to the stove, leaving our hero to examine the papers at his leisure.

To this intense astonishment, Colstound that ten days hat elapsed since he had received the fujuries which so nearly resulted in his death.

These, coupled with the worry and excitement which for more than twenty-four hours had preceded their infliction, had proved too much for human nature to endure, and brain fever had resulted.

With absorbing interest and as much composure and resignation as he could command, the invalid devoured so much of the file of papers as related to the St. Cyr case, taking them in the order of their appearance.

Much that he read was, as he well knew, the invention of the reporter who wrote it, while almost everthing was andisputed, that he was being eager, ly sought after by the police, and that no one else was suspected, though he was known to have had an accomplice.

Detective Hyland had survived the bullet wond; in fact, it was not nearly so severe as was at a first supposed, but remained in a balf dazed, passive condition from which it seemed impossible to ascous him. Physically he was almost well, but the hospital physicians held out no hopes of his ultimate mental recovery.

course. The house where Hyland had been shot was believed to have been fitted up and occupied by Cole Winters. Niture-ous disguisses, to. ether with some burglars' tools and stolen property found there, had served to still more firmly establish the guilt of the reader.

tablish the guilt of the reader.

As to Berenice St. Cyr. our hero read of her through eyes wet with tears.

The accounts stated that she had received a note on the evening after her father's death from Cole Winters, informing her that he was lying at the point of death, and asking her to come to the come in the come

she had majurained the innocence of the young man, and had impulsively complied. She had been driven way in a back, and did not remain all service had the hackman, had failed, and she was believed to have been absorbed to the young man, the failed and she was believed to have been absorbed to have the hackman, the failed and she was believed to have been absorbed to he in the handwriting of the young man, the had left behing her. It was that in the printy of the miles, and make

The second secon

spather flux is the skyledy strong chaps of evidence that was expected to hang

resider.

It appeared that the body of a woman found floating in the Chicago River had been shown to be that of the missing heiress. The identification had been complete, though it rested imately on the cleak and hat found on the body, as to the identity of which there was no shadow of doubt.

With an awful sinking of the heart

with an awul sinking of the Learned. Cole learned, also, that he was now accused of the murder of the daughter as well as that of the father.

Exactly what his motive had been in the commission of this last orime, no one seemed able to define, but the authorities were said to be confident that he was the

guilty party.

The paper of that morning told of the immense funeral of the unfortunate young lady, at which the elite of Chicago were present.

Immense funeral of the innorthinate young lady, at which the elite of Chicago were present.

With a groan of anguish the unhappy invalid learned that, in the absence of blood relatives, Almon Sears, spoken of as a young man whom Mr. St. Cyr had educated and to whom he was much attached, had appeared as chief moumer.

"The double-dyed villain!" orisd Cole, fairly tearing the paper in his uncontrollable anger and intense diagust.

Further down in the column he read that Paul St. Cyr had died intestate, leaving, by the operation of the law, his entire estate to his daughter.

Now a young lawyer had came forward and probated a will executed by the heiress, bequesting and devising all that she might die possessed of "to Almon Sears, of Chicago."

"That was the paper he forced her to sign." commented Cole, bitterly.

The young lawyer and a private banker named Max Morris, the article went on to state, were the witnesses. The will had been admitted to probate and letters testimentary issued to Sears, the appointed executor.

ed executor.
Whatever doubt of the death of his beloved Berenice love and hope had caused to linger in the breast of Cole Winters vanished as he read about the alleged

"I have never heard or read of anything so infamous!" said he, when he had mastered the entire account. "But I will tear the mask from his false, cruel face, deprive him of the fortune, and send him and his diabolical accomplises to the gallows! I will, as true as my name is Cole Winters!"

"Thunder!"

Jerry Moore dropped the dish and him.

Jerry Moore dropped the dish of food e had prepared to the floor and sprang o the hedside.

he had prepared to the floor and sprang to the bedside.

"It's nothing," said Cole, who at once realized the mistake he had made.
"Got'em again, have you? I thought those papers would beat the idea out of you, but it don't seem to."

"Were you ever a newspaper reporter?"
"I should hope not! I've done some pretty mean things for Morris and others, but I managed to keep out of that!"

"Well, literary work develops the imagination. When I'm working or thinking on a case, I assume—in my mind, understand—the identity of the injured party."

party."

"And that makes you think harder, and wickeder?"

"Exactly."

"And you don't think you're this Cole Winters?"

"You're all Don't I know that I'm Not at all. Don't I know that I'm

"Not at all. Don't I know that I makifites Moore, your nephew."

"Good!" shouted the dwarf, seizzing his hand. "You're idea's a good one, and I'm going to try it on myself some time. You can call yourself what you please after this; I understand you now. We'll work up this matter together, and I guess the boys'll find Jerry and Milty Moore's pretty lively pair!"

CHAPTER XIX.

This isn't visitors' day."

"I'm very anxious to see
"Can't do it. You will have to come

to-morrow."
."But my business can't wait until to-

"But my business can't wait until tomorrow."

The scene was the office of the CookCounty Hospital, at Chicago, the time,
four days after the events narrated in the
pravions chapter.

The colloque was carried on between
the severe-looking official in charge and
a well-dressed young gentleman, wearing
a black mustache, small side whiskers
and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the
man in charge, after having noted the
gentlemanly appear nce of his interlocutor.

"Matthew Hyland."

"The detective?"

"You can't do it."

"The detective?"
"Yes, sit."
"You can't do it."
"And why not, sir? It's a matter of considerable importance."
"Don't you read the papers?"
"Sometimes."
"Don't you know that he's in the insance ward where nobody sees him except the doctors and attendants?"
"I heard something of the kind."
"Then why do you come here?"
"To see Mr. Hyland."
"Yo can't do it. It would do you no good anyway. He hasn't spoken a word since he was brought here two weeks.

sime he was brought here two weeks ago.

"I know it. His wife thinks that if I were to see him in private it might have. The groung man concluded by handing the other a letter.

"She does say that," responded, the official, when he had perused it. 'Well, you can go up and state the matter to the physician in charge."

Five minutes later the Doctor, a pleasant-faced gentleman, was reading the note of Mrs. Hyland in which she requested that the bearer might be permatted to see her husband privately.

"It's an unusual request," commented the megical man as he twirled the paper in his hand. "Do you know him personally?"

"Yes, sir."

in his hand. "Do you know him personally?"

"Yes, sir."
"Intimately?"
"Mar very; but I have of metters which his wife is certain will interest him and as she hopes, rouse him from the leth; ergy into which he has fallen.

"Ya known a surprise to have that first. The hown is surprise to have that sifest. Well, you can see him. He sifest. Well, you can see him. He sail violent; Indeed, in ordinary cases he would not be retained here."
"Good syaning, Hydrid."

The the signe proted the detective se he catered the small edies to which the descented man had been previously

The only maker was a vicent stare.

The caller looked about to determine that they were surely alone, and stepped closer to the detective, who had sunk heavily to a chair.

"Don't you remember me?" he asked.
Still no response.

"Look at me now! Simultaneously spectacles, mustache, and side-whiskers disappeared from the face of the visitor, and the face of our hero, Cole Winters, presented itself.

"Here he is! here he is!"

Mat Hviand had broken his long silence. He uttered the words in a loud, penetrating tone.

mer hvising the control of skerrying footsteps in the apartment beyond, and a
moment later the door was thrown open
and the attendant appeared.

There was a sound of skerrying footsteps in the apartment beyond, and a
moment later the door was thrown open
and the attendant appeared.

Thanks to his nimble fingers, Cole had
been able to readjust his artificial embellishments in time to escape detection.
However, as he looked at Hyland and:
noted in his eyes a look of intelligence
that had been lecking a moment before,
he feared that the detective might speak
and reveal his identity.

"What's wrong?" asked the attendant.
"Nothing. I've gotten him to speak,
and believe he will come to himself completely before long."

He made a quick gesture, which the
toom.

"Do you know me. Hyland?" asked

"Do you know me, Hyland?" asked Cole, as the door closed. Cole, The The other stared, but less vacantly than at first, and this time he shock his

than at first, and this which head.

"I came on a professional matter," continued our hero.

The other nodded as if he understood the meaning of the #Jmark.

"Where are the St. Cyr bonds?"

Cole asked this in what may be called a stage whisper, to which, by his manuer, he lent as great an air of mystery as coasible.

effect upon the deranged man was

wonderful.

"That's it! that's it!" he kept repeating.

"Then you know?"

"I know—nothing.
"But you said——"

"What bonds?"

"The St. Cyr bonds."

"Oh! I've been trying—trying—

"Yes, yes, I'll go with you. Where's
my hat?"

"You know me now "?"

"You know me now "?"

1es, yes, I'll go with you. 'Where's my hat?"

"You know me now, don't you, Hyland?"

"Who are you?"

"Never heard of you."

"But the bonds. You."

"I'll get them! I must get them! I can see them now!"

"Where?"

"In a building, Never mind, I'll show you. Order a hack. I'll tell nim where to drive, Mr. St. Cyr."

"But will-they let you leave here?" asked Cole, who saw confronting him the greatest difficulty yet.

"Why not?" Why not?

"Why not?"
"You have been sick."
"That's so, and they watch me like I was a crook with a jimmy. You go out and I'll be there soon enough."
"Don't say where you're going?"
"Don't try to give pointers to me, boy. I know my business! Go and do your part of it!"

part of it!"

Cole doubted whether the impression made upon the still disordered mind of the detective was strong enough to endure, and cause him to find his way out of the hospital, but he had no other

of the hospital, but he had no other course to adopt but rely on the chances of his doing so.

Accordingly, he quietly quitted the place and entered a close carriage in which he had been driven from the center of the city, a distance of two miles and more.

of the city, a distance of two miles and more.

The means for purchasing his new outfit end prosecuting his schemes for his own vindication; and the punishment of the murderers of Paul St. Cyr and his fair daughter, had been supplied by "Uncle Jerry," as he still continued to call the rather wicked old lunatic, through whose fancied relationship he had escaped death.

His object in visiting Hyland had not been primarily the discovery of the hiding place of the missing bonds, but the restoration to his right mind of the brave officer, without whose aid he saw plainly that he was not likely to succeed in establishing his innocence.

In accordance with his directions the hackman drove his horses slowly up and down Harrison street, in front of the large county building.

Some time passed and the shadows of evening were beginning to gather beside lofty buildings and in narrow passageways. Our hero had about abandoned hope, and was thinking of some other way of securing the co-operation of Hyland, when, suddenly, he heard a noise, and saw the detectire running toward the vehicle.

An instant later he had thrown open

the vehicle.

An instant later he had thrown open the door, the officer had entered, and the carriage was being driven rapidly away.

"To the South Side." said Hyland,

carriage was being driven rapidly away.

"To the South Side," said Hyland, laconically.

"Rhea that splendid drivewar, Michigan, avenue, was reached he gave more specific directions and indicated a building on a business street only two blocks from the house where he had received his wound, a fortnight before.

Arriving there, they at once quitted the conyeyance and ascended to the third floor which seemed to be rented out for living apartments.

The detective produced a key, with with which he opened a door and ushered his companion into a small room, fitted up for a sleeping apartment.

This was a room which the detective had rented for years. Ostensebly he sleep there, though he seldom used it, except as a convenient place for disguising himself.

Hytard list the gas, and turned toward the bed.

At the instant a pair of eyes gleamed

the bed.
At that instant a pair of eyes gleamed down upon the detective and his expectant companion from a dirt-begrimed transom above a door communicating with an adjoining apartment.
They were the same eril orbat that had gleace through the lithern window of the St. Cyr mausion in Calumet avenue the night of the great fire in the Exposition Building.

Muo date his irust in princess inn : In denkrupted he'll never eink

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

HESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Discouraged at the Outset-Well--A Just Rebuke, Etc., Etc.

DISCOURAGED AT THE OUTSET.

The summer girl, accompanied by her mother, descended from the train at the Springs station and looked about her.

about her.

Then she beckoned to a man driving a two seated wagon.

"Sorry, Miss," he responded, "but I'm engaged."
A shadow of disappointment fell

over the face of the girl.
"Mamma," she exclaimed, "this is
no place for us. The men are so
scarce that even the back drivers are engaged.

At the station beyond the outlook was less disheartening.—Truth.

WASN'T FEELING WELL.

'What cheer, what cheer!'' blithely called old Cap'n Blimley, as he rolled into the parlor of the local tonsoria-artist, and began pulling off his coat, "This one," the barber returned removing the cloth and regarding the mariner with an air of frozen repul-

And the Cap'n was that astonished that he forgot to yell when the bar-ber laid open a Turkish crescent on the under side of his chin.—Rockland

A JUST REBUKE.

Young Tutter (drawing closer)—I hope, Miss Clara, that your, father, in the next room, can't hear what I

am saying
Miss Pinkerly (with dignity)—I
hope, Mr. Tutter, that you will say
nothing to me that you would not be
willing, if necessary, to say to papa.

WARM. Waiter-Guest wants his hash

warmer.
Cook—Put in this piece of red flan-nel.—Detroit Tribune. THE RULING PASSION.

"What this town needs," said the public spirited citizen, "is extenion——''
"That's it," replied the street rail-

way magnate.
"Of the streets."
"No. Of time." — Washington

Star. AT A DISADVANTAGE. "Willie," said the teacher to the new woman's son, "you are a nice little boy; but you shouldn't give up so easily. You should be more manly."

manly."
"I can't," replied Willie, in disconsolation. "Everybody says I don't take after mother."—Wash-

HAD ENOUGH. Dr. Probe—I don't want to worry you about that little bill you owe me, but I do need the money.

Dashaway—I hope you won't worry no. Doc. I don't want to get sick me, Doc. I de again.—Puck.

. THE ELECTION OF THE FUTURE. Candidate - I can't understand

why my sypport was not greater at the polls.

Manager—I am told a great many of the voters had nothing to wear .-

Town Topics. RIGHT IN HIS LINE

Parishioner—Do you ever speeu-late in bonds. Mr. Thumper? Pastor — Only matrimonial, Mr. Pewrent.—Judge.•

A SUMMER THOUGHT. The poet sings in glowing rapture

pent,
While the white clouds in airy
grace unfurl:
Now is the winter of our discontent. Made glorious summer by the sum-

mer girl!"

THE FEATURES. 'And what were the main features of Hannigahan's wake?'
"Eyes, to be sure."
"Eyes?"
"Yis. Blacked wans

Blacked wans."-Indianapolis Journal.

APPARENTLY & NOVICE. She-Don't you think he is a good

dentist?

He—I'm afraid he hasn't had much experience. I knew I had two cavities in my teeth, and that's all he could find.—Puck

INNOCENT. Lawyer-It has been proved that

the stone thrown by my client did hit the plain iff. That very fact should acquirener. Judge-What? Lawyer-It shows that she couldn't sibly have aimed at the plaintiff-

hiladelphia Record. WRITTEN ON WATER.

What have you been all the day?

QUEEN ANNE STYLES.

Hidenen Structures That urp the Name Wrongfells Many Hide ing Plan Association, N. Y.)

The so-called Queen Anne style is The so-called Queen Anne style is supposed to be founded on the class of designs that were used to a large extent at the beginning of the Eighteen thCentury. The buildings that were erected during the reign of Queen Anne were simple and plain, with classic cornices and details, and frequently had large windows that frequently had large windows that were often divided by mullions. Some of the pictures que features of the old



buildings are utilized to the best advantage in the modern revised styles and an interesting example accompa-

vantage in the modern revised sylvand an interesting example accompanies this article.

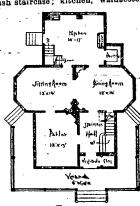
The perspective view is shown, and the principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., will be found by reference to the floor plans.

Extreme width-including verands, 35 ft. 6 in.; depth, including verands, 49 ft.

Heights of stories: Cellar, 6 ft. 6 in.; first story, 8 ft. 10 in.; second story, 6 ft. 4 in.

Exterior materials: Foundation, brick; first story, clap boards; second story, gables, dormers and roofs, shingles. Outside blinds to all windows except those of the cellar.

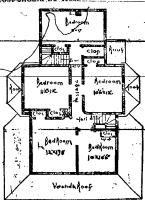
Interior finish: Hard white plaster; soft wood flooring and trim; ash staircase; kitchen, wainscoted;



panels under window in parlor; in terior woodwork finished in hard oil Colors: Clapboards, dark green trim, outside doors, blinds and rais

trim, outside doors, blinds and reist conductors, bronze green; sashes dark red; veranda floor, dark oliv drab; veranda ceiling varnished brickwork, Indian red; wall shingle dipped and brush coated Venetias red stain; roof shingles dipped and brush coated with a darker red stain Accommodations: Cellar unde kitchen with concrete floor, but th cellar may extend under the whol house or be omitted entirely. Open fireplaces in parlor, sitting and din ing rooms, with mantels over same Vestibule door is made to slide t avoid interference with passage t avoid interference with passage stairway. Sliding doors connec dining and sitting rooms; back stair way to second story. Sliding doors fireplaces and mantels and part of the veranda may be omitted. Bath room with partial or full set 0

plumbing may be introduced.
('ost: \$2.687. This includes man
tels but not the range and heater
the estimate based on New Yor the estimate based on New Yo prices for materials and labor, but many sections of cost should be less. sections of the country th



SECOND FLOOR

The name "Queen Anne" is qui misleading, for the style partak more of the nature of the buildin of the earlier Renaissance or of t Elizabethan period than of those Queen Anne's reign. It has all borrowed from the Renaissance Garmany and France as wall Twillby (poetically inclined)—I have been down to the beach writing somets on the beautiful sea.

Dillby—Gadl. What a blesting it would be if all ambitious poets wrote their poems on the sea, and left them there!