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LADYING PERFUMES.
No. Watted by mem'y's magical breeze,
So softly scolding, from rose and heartsease—
Withered, yet well worth treasuring;
Breathed on by Love that redeems and uplifts,
They're re-encased with joys of June,
Serenity, to cross bravely stern Winter's wild
Griefs.
Come with the blessed balm of the boon
In the incense of Faith's holy heartsease;
In the essence of Hope's sweet rose,
From my soul out to a soul which knows
Hope's magic perfumes—pure heartsease per-
fumes.
Wanted from fair Arcadia.
MILWAUKEE, Wis.

BERENICE ST. CYR.

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

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER XVIII.
A FILE OF NEWSPAPERS.
HEN our hero re-
vived again he
found that the
dwarf was bath-
ing his face in
cold water and ap-
plying ammoniac
to his nostrils.
"Don't take
them away!" cried
he, as Moore was
in the act of re-
moving the pa-
pers from the bed
upon which they
lay scattered.
"I must. They'll
throw you off your
base again, I'm afraid."

"Oh, no!"
"What frightened you?"
Cole was about to make an evasive
reply, when the thought occurred to him
that he might make an ally of the de-
ranged, 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."
"Yes."
"That led me to the house of this Max
Morris."
"Ha! I see!"
"Before that I met the daughter of the
murdered man."
"Berenice?"
"Exactly."
"And you fell in love with her. Don't
deny it's a family falling. I did it my-
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."
"It 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'll help you. The soundrels! Try-
ing to get me to kill a blood relation! I'll
help you. You'll find I'm of more use
than you look."
Whereupon the dwarf bustled back to
the stove, leaving our hero to examine the
papers at his leisure.

To his intense astonishment, Cole
found that ten days had elapsed since he
had received the injuries which so nearly
resulted in his death.
These, coupled with the worry and ex-
citement 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 everything was
sadly jumbled up and distorted.
He learned that the guilt of himself
was undisputed, that he was being desper-
ately sought after by the police, and that no
one else was suspected, though he was
known to have had an accomplice in the bul-
let wound; in fact, it was not nearly so
severe as was at first supposed, but re-
mained in a half dazed, passive condi-
tion from which it seemed impossible to
arouse him. Physically he was almost
well, but the hospital physicians held
out no hopes of his ultimate mental re-
covery.
The house where Hyland had been
shot was believed to have been fitted up
and occupied by Cole Winters. Num-
erous disguises, together with some bur-
glars' tools and stolen property found
there, had served to still more firmly es-
tablish the guilt of the reader.
As to Berenice St. Cyr, our hero read
of her through eyes that she had re-
ceived a note on the evening after her
father's death from Cole Winters, in-
forming her that he was lying at the
point of death, and asking her to come
to him.

She had maintained the innocence
of the young man, and had
impulsively complied. She had been
driven away in a hack, and did not re-
turn until she had seen the hackman
had killed, and she was believed to have
been abducted by the desperate criminal,
Cole Winters. The note, said the papers,
to be in the handwriting of the young
man, she had left behind her. It was
found in the hands of the police, and made

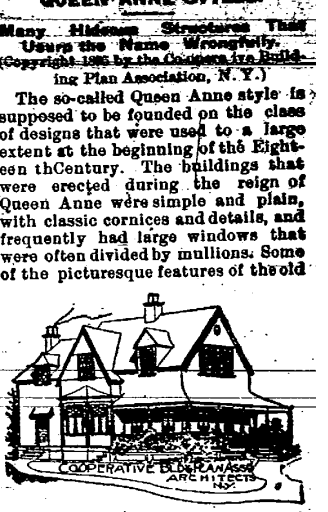
Another that in the already...
of evidence that was expected to hang
over her.
The report of the...
contained the article whose sensational
head-lines had completely upset the
reader.
It appeared that the body of a woman
found floating in the Chicago River had
been shown to be that of the missing
heiress. The identification had been
complete, though it rested mainly on the
cloak 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
Cole learned, also, that he was now ac-
cused 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 crime, 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.
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 at-
tached, had appeared as chief mourner.
"The doubly-dread villain!" cried Cole,
fairly tearing the paper in his uncon-
rollable anger and intense disgust.
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 come forward
and probed a will executed by the
heiress, bequeathing 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
testamentary issued to Sears, the appoint-
ed executor.
Whatever doubt of the death of his be-
loved Berenice love and hope had caused
to linger in the breast of Cole Winters
vanished as he read about the alleged
will.
"I have never heard or read of anything
so infamous!" said he, when he had mas-
tered 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 accomplices to the
gallows! I will, as true as my name is
Cole Winters!"
"Thunder!"
Jerry Moore dropped the dish of food
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 oth-
ers, but I managed to keep out of that!"
"Well, literary work develops the im-
agination. When I'm working or think-
ing on a case, I assume—in my mind, un-
derstand—the identity of the injured
party."
"And that makes you think harder, and
wicked?"
"Exactly."
"And you don't think you're this Cole
Winters?"
"Not at all. Don't I know that I'm
Milton Moore, your assayer?"
"Good!" shouted the dwarf, seizing his
hand. "You're a good one, and I'm
going to try it on myself some time.
Can you 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 Milly Moore a
pretty lively pair!"

CHAPTER XIX.
VALUABLE AID.
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-
morrow."
The scene was the office of the Cook
County Hospital, at Chicago, the time,
four days after the events narrated in the
previous chapter.
The colloquy 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 appearance of his inter-
locutor.
"Matthew Hyland."
"The detective?"
"Yes, sir."
"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 in-
sane 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."
"You can't do it. It would do you no
good anyway. He hasn't spoken a word
since 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 effect of recalling him to himself."
The young 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 pleas-
ant-faced gentleman, was reading the
note of Mrs. Hyland in which she re-
quested that the bearer might be per-
mitted to see her husband privately.
"It's an unusual request," commented
the medical man as he twirled the paper
in his hand. "Do you know him person-
ally?"
"Yes, sir."
"Intimately?"
"Not very, but I know of matters which
his wife is certain will interest him and,
as she hopes, rouse him from the leth-
argy into which he has fallen."
"You know a surprise to have that
stated, what you can see him. He's
quite well, perfectly now, and not at
all violent. Indeed, in ordinary cases he
would not be retained here."
"Good evening, Hyland."

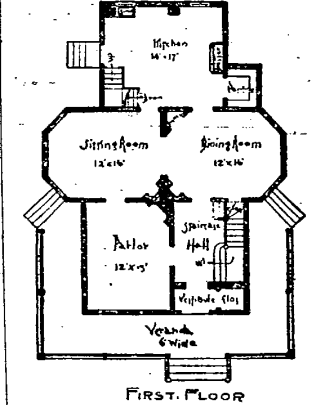
THE JOKER'S BUDGET.
TESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY
MEN OF THE PRESS.
Discouraged at the Outset--Wasn't
Feeling Well--A Just Rebuke,
Etc., Etc.
DISCOURAGED AT THE OUTSET.
The summer girl, accompanied by
her mother, descended from the train
at the Springs station and looked
about her.
Then she beckoned to a man driv-
ing 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 hack 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 tonsorial-
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-
sion.
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
Tribune.
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.
—Life.
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 exten-
sion."
"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."
"I can't," replied Willie, in dis-
consolation. "Everybody says I
don't take after mother."
—Washington Star.
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
me, Doc. I don't want to get sick
again.—Puck.
THE ELECTION OF THE FUTURE.
Candidate—I can't understand
why my support 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.
Parishoner—Do you ever speak
late in bonds, Mr. Thumprer?
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 Hannighan's wake?"
"Eyes, to be sure."
"Eyes?"
"Yes. Blacked wans."—Indian-
apolis Journal.
APPARENTLY A 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 plaintiff. That very fact
should acquit her.
Judge—What?
Lawyer—It shows that she couldn't
possibly have aimed at the plaintiff.
—Philadelphia Record.
WRITTEN ON WATER.
Dilly—What have you been doing
all this day?
Twilby (poetically inclined)—I
have been down to the beach writing
sonnets on the beautiful sea.
Dilly—Gad! What a blessing it
would be if all ambitious poets wrote
their poems on the sea, and left
them there!

Many hideous structures that
Usurp the Name Wrongfully.
(Copyright 1902 by the Co-operative Build-
ings Plan Association, N. Y.)
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 Eigh-
teenth Century. 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
were often divided by mullions. Some
of the picturesque features of the

buildings are utilized to the best ad-
vantage in the modern revised styles
and an interesting example accom-
panies this article.
The perspective view is shown, and
the principal rooms and their sizes,
closets, etc., will be found by refer-
ence to the floor plans.
Extreme width, including veranda,
35 ft. 6 in.; depth, including veranda,
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; sec-
ond story, gables, dormers and roofs,
shingles. Outside blinds to all win-
dows except those of the cellar.
Interior finish: Hard white plas-
ter; 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
conductors, bronze green; sashes
dark red; veranda floor, dark olive
drab; veranda ceiling, varnished
brickwork, Indian red; wall single
dipped and brush coated Venetian
red stain; roof shingles dipped an
brush coated with a darker red stain
Accommodations: Cellar under
kitchen with concrete floor, but the
cellar may extend under the whole
house or be omitted entirely. Open
fireplaces in parlor, sitting and din-
ing rooms, with mantels over same
Vestibule door is made to slide to
avoid interference with passage to
stairway. Sliding doors connect
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 of
plumbing may be introduced.
Cost: \$2,687. This includes man-
tels but not the range and heater
the estimate based on New York
prices for materials and labor, but
many sections of the country the
cost should be less.



CO-OPERATIVE BUILDINGS PLAN ASSOCIATION, N. Y.



The name "Queen Anne" is quite
misleading, for the style partakes
more of the nature of the building
of the earlier Renaissance or of the
Elizabethan period than of those
Queen Anne's reign. It has all
borrowed from the Renaissance—
Germany and France, as well
some of its best features from the
classic and the late Gothic styles.
The Queen Anne style is best fit
to villas and structures of the
order.