salrington as diplometic diplomatic occurred in and hopes to some time to as to whom ceed him at of his trans-disinclina-ter, but inti-to the most. to the post. LEAP

er Killed a -Miss Alice ober Charles icide yesterd story winyard at the le and Fortyfamily has Miss Jewett d was in the latter saw mp and tried le to do so. It he holy le to do so. o injured it moved to the Brighton,

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-The 27th e Second Ad-the Liberty with several ance. There ng by George conn., and in trant of Bosof over 600.

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MEN. hem Causes

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big revenue which the or-ad a ferce-er were ar-ing women.

atenced.

3. — The pleator the /Tay'or udge Bucker to be managed. MAN OF

et L. D. WESTER.

Who has not spent a Sabbath eve in some lonely churchyard still. With the warm sun shiring gentl O'er woodland, vale and hill;

77.5

And felt that maneless something— That weird, mysterious speci.— Which reund the cities of the dead Forew seems to dwell.

No sound breaks the throbbing silenes Save the note of a turdle dove. Floating down from its lofty perch hard by Idle a wall for a long-lost love.

Here sleep the might vones of earth 'Neath many a costly stone. Here many lie in unmarked graves, Uncared for and unknown.

As I stand beside an old man's grave, With grass and weds o'ergrown. I note the changes time has wrought In the long years that have flown.

The little chrub placed by loving handa Beside his lonely bed, Now widely apreeds its sheltering arms Above his mouldering head.

Where now are they who stood around His cold and Hicless clay? Some are sleeping near by, perhaps, And some are far away.

Faded and gone like the flowers and the grass, But if any yet remain. Time has bound up their wounded hearts And soothed the cureless pain.

Near by is another, a new-made mound, The grave of a little child; the spirit gone back from whence it came, By this sinful world undefiled.

Who can tell what hopes lie buried here 'Neath this tiny heap of earth? How desolate now some father's heart, And the mother's who gave it birth!

The little rose-tree planted here Has not yet cast the leat; Cime's healing balm has yet no power To soothe their bitter grief.

When we think how many stricken ones Have dropped the scalding tear, What depths of grief and sorrow Lie monumented here.

We are wont to ask, Is there any good In such misery and woe? In such misery and woe.
Why comes so much of sorrow
Zo poor mortals here below?

Ent in the light that comes from heaven The gloom from the church-yard flies; And we see that it's only a rateway To a home boyond the skies.

Our Father well knows that each human heart Has within it a pure fount concealed; But-like the rude quatz, must oft be crushed and broken Ere their deep-hidden treasures they'll yield.

These terrible trials which our lives seem to blight

Are only in mercy given;
They prepare us more bravely life's battle to fight, And to dwell 'mid the glories of heaven Kansas City, Mo.

BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue, and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER XX.



ASSING behind the bed, Hyland began pushing it away from the

He soon desisted, and looked help-lessly at his companion. and subsequent illness had weakened his once powerful muscles, and much of his boasted

stant our hero was by his side. He, too, hat of late been sadly shorn of his strength, but between them the task was assily accomplished.

This done, the detective them the task was accomplished.

easily accomplished.

This done, the detective stooped over hogan tasring up the carpet.

A moment later he had removed a small section of the flooring and disclosed an opening beneath, into which he began groping with his hand.

A moment later he district cryotypears, belt together by a rubber band.

These Cole caperly examined.

"Ther'se the bonds—fifty-nine of them!" oried he.

"That's pood!" said Hyland.

"Where did you procure them?"

"That's what bothers me. I'm trying to think, but somehow I can't."

A shade of disappointment crossed our leaves face. He had fondly hoped that the finding of the bonds would quite return the officer's shattered mind and rovide the means for his own vindicals from the awfal-charge resting upon his like a hideous funeral pail, and hig to justice the real murderers.

The Winters had no conner said this stole them, I gaess?"

Total winters had no conner said this

tainly not.

Cortainly not.

Dole Winters had no sconer said this has be realized that he had made a rious mistake. The anxious look dispersed from the face of his companion, had, as he sank heavily to a seat upon the bad, something of the vacant expression which had marked his appearance at the hespital took its place.

The explanation was not hard to find. The variagestion of the books had revived a spark of memory, which had been unjut be involved.

The shaling of the hought that his honor might be involved.

The shaling of the hought that his honor might be involved.

The shaling of the hought that his honor might be involved.

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lima ma conside the Nource letharpy that had possessed it. But you know me, don't you, Myland' better foll, whamphanity. "I do, has wen't tell. You must dad has yourself. Don't believe he'd ted tops 'I do, bet wat have Don't beauty go one for poured. Don't beauty and a great of despay, his life

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converted institute of the control o

The face at the transom had ceased smiling now, and a look of vertitious rare had settled upon it.
As, in desperation and dispair, Cole Winters sprang forward to carry his impulsive resolution into instant execution, Almon Sears leaped lightly to the floor.
Ting-a-ling-ling.
With the bonds of such enormous value almost within the rea-hof the seemingly expectant flame, our hero started and looked about.
Lyon the bed sat Hyland, stolid and immovable.
Ting-a-ling-ling.
A glance in another direction revealed the cause of the noise that had so startled him.

nim.
Upon the wall near the window was a telephone, the little metallic hammer of which was a ill vibrating above the sonorous bell.

norous bell.

Throwing the package again upon the table, the young men sprang toward the wonderful instrument which is capable of making the human voice annihilate

of linaning the second distance.

"Hello!" oried he, as he seized and applied to his ear the trumpet whose officit is to multiply, until audible to the human ear, the faint, vibratory sounds of

it is to multiply, until andible to the human ear, the faint, vibratory sounds of the telephone proper.

"Hello!".cameln_almost_instant_re_sponse. "Is that the Lake Street Station?"
They we made a mistake," thought Cole, "and connec ed with Hyliand's private instrument."
He understood that the police department had a telephone system of its own, connecting the police stations, street telephone boxes, and quarters of detectives, with the central station in the City Hall.

"Is that the Lake Street Station?" repeated the voice through the telephone.

"Yes," responded Cole, who felt that if a little prevarication was ever admissible it was upon an occasion like this. He did not expect to learn anything of importance, but feared that that fact that some one had been speaking through the private telephone of the dement detective, might become known if he corrected the mistake, and a raid be ordered.

"Write down an order."

"All right."

"Instruct the men as fast as they report at the different boxes to look for

"All right."
"Instruct the men as fast as they report at the different boxes to look for Almon Sears, whose description has been published in connection with the St. Cyrmurder. He's want d as one of the principals in that job. Got that?"

"All right!"
"Hello! Hello!"
"What is it?"

"Is there a good case against Sears?"
"Clear as daylight; straight as a gun barrel!"
"Any one squesled?"
"Yes."
"Whee?"

"Mo?" Martin Bloom. He's given the whole thing away; and besides, Mar Morris has just been pinohed."
"Has he confessed?"
"No, but we've got him dead to rights, The whole three will swing!"
"And the one we've been ofter—Cole Winters?"

"And the one we've been after—Cole Winters?"

"He's innocent as a babe. Oh! One thing more. Take it down."

"All right."

"Toll the men to look for Detective. Mat Hyland. He's at large and in an insane condition."

"I know where he is."

"Where?"

"Mthere?"
"At his room in the South Division.
Send officers there from the Cottage
Grove-Avenue-Station."
"How do you know that?"
"A friend of his saw him go up there
not long aco."

"All right."
With a look of triumph on his face Cola Winters stepped back from the instrument through which he had just received such welcome intelligence.
Thank heaven! he cried.
Then he thought of Berenice lost to him forever, and covering his face with his hands, sank down upon the bed beside Hyland.
For some time the two men, both beclouded, the one in the mind, the other in the heart, sat silent, listless.
Buddenly our hero was aroused from his mournful soliloquy by a rapping upon the door.

instant he had unlocked and

thrown it open.

As he expected, he was confronted by a man in the uniform of a police officer, behind whom stood another in the garb

of a citizen. "Where's Hyland?" asked the bluscosted individual.

"There:"

"As Cole immed and pointed toward the detective the hindmost man sprang forward and sejzed him by the arm.

Bafors the vanue was could exact him

ward and select him by the arm.
Before the young man could eart his feeble strength in the way of resistance he heard a snap end saw and felt a pair of handouns close upon his wrists.

Duped! Fool that I am!' cried Cole Winters, in accents of despair.

The man who had placed the gyres upon his wrists was Martin Bloom, while he now recognized the seeming police officer as Almon-Series his mortal shemy!

ORBAT SURPRISE A GREAT SURPRISE.

Right on both points, angred the
built bunglar, as he pushed our hardruders bung. Tou're a tool, and you're
feen dupid.

Cole Winters is as innecess as a babe,
Lighter Bears.

"And Hartin Bloom's from the wholesing away, added that individual, obeylar feet Cole is not seen to the feet of the
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defined the median any many to the famile and jeets harled at his by the heartless twain. "Thought you were talking with police headquarters, did you?" saked Sears, when he had endeavored in rain to obtain a word from Hyland, who set unconcerned and unobserving. "Open the door, Mark, and let the guy see how it was done."

door, Mart, and let the guy see how it was done.

Bloom produced a key with which he unlocked the door which communicated

Bloom produced a key with which he valocked the door which communicated with the adjoining apartment.

Then he returned, selzed Cole rudely by the arm, and followed his comrade in crime through the open doorway.

There's the little joker. Wo've got a private circuit of our own.

Sears pointed to the opposite side of the room where a telephone was fastened against the wall.

Like a flash. Cole realized how he had been deceived.

His instrument had been connected with the one before him, and he had been carrying on a conversation with his enemy.

You are hardly up to the standard of a reporter for one of the leading morning papers of metropolitan Chicago," remarked the younger of the villians, with a mocking laugh.

Did you count the bonds?" as'god Bloom, suddenly.

"Count them! I didn't as much as take them!"

"Count them! I didn't as muou as them!"
"You're a chump! Business before pleasure, money before revenge!"
But Almon Sears did not hear his fellow criminal. He had passed into the room where the detective sat.
"Furies!" he shouted, a moment later.
"What's wrong?" demanded Bloom, who had followed his partner, drawing his manacled prisoner after him.

manacled prisoner after him.

"What's wrong? Everything's wrong!
The bonds——"

"You don't mean——"

"That they're gone? That's what I.
do."

do."
"How could that be?"
"He has them."
In an instant Sears had darted forward and was rummaging the pockets of the unresisting detective.
With a curse the baffled murderer started back.

With a ourse the ded back.

"The powers of darkness are against us!" he shouted. "They were on that table_less_than a minute ago, now they are cone."

gone."
He may have thrown them out of tre," suggested Bloom, pointing to the window which was open a little

one window which was open a new ways.

Without the loss of a second Sears was leaning out and gazing far down an open court beneath.

It was unlighted, save that numerous lamps and gas-jets shown through the windows of tenements below.

"Do you see them?" asked Bloom impatiently.

"I see something white. I believe it's them."

them

them."
"I'll go for them!"
"No! Wait here! I'll be back soou!"
Sears rushed franticelly forward, unlocked the outer door, and rushed forth into the hall.
"You propose to stay and be duped as I have been?"
"Do I? Not much! I can't trust Al with the footnore!"

A moment later and he had rushed down after his companion, taking the precention, however, to lock the door.

"Hyland, Hyland!" cried Cole. "Rouse yourseif!"

The detective, thus appealed to, sprang to his feet, and, with something of his old-time intelligence, looked wonderingly

around.
"Unlock these handcuffs! Quick, or

Unlook these handcuns: Quick, or we're lost!"
Hyland looked at the steel tracelets and began groping in his pooket.
In a moment he had produced a small key, with which he was trying to unlock the manacles.

ne manacles. In vain his efforts, however. His hands were clumsy, his sight seemed defective, and he was unable to insert the key. Our hero uttered a groan of anguish as he realized the utter impotency of his

unfortunate companion.

"Let me try!"

At these words, Cole turned, expecting to see the mocking face of one of his

enemies.

Instead, however, he was confronted by the man who had so strenuously insisted that he was a near relative—Jerry

sisted that he was a near relative—Jerry
Moore.

Without another word the dwarf, who
had appeared from behind the bed where
he had been in hiding, snatohed the diminutive key from the nerveless hand of
the detective, and in a moment had removed and thrown the fetters to the floor.

"How come you here?" saked Oole, as
soon as he had recovered somewhat from
his profound astonishment.

"I followed them in. I ve been watching em all day. I'm slick, I am."

"What's to be done?"

"This war!"

Jerry reabed into the adjoining room,
followed by Cole, who was half guiding,
half dragging Hyland after him.

Producing a number of false keys, the
guide thrust one of them into the look of
a door connecting with still another
room.

He turned the piece of steel avound

He turned the piece of steel around and paused, with his hand on the knob.
"I wouldn't do this," said he, "not for anyone livin' 'cept my own flesh and blood—little Milty Moore."
With this he threw open the door, and pushed his two companions forward.
The two uttered a simultaneous cry of astonishment.

astonishment

Then our hero sprang forward and caught in his arms the pale, fluttering form of the girl he loyed above all on earth—the beautiful Berenice St. Cyr.

CONCLUSION

Colo Winters fairly staggered under the weight of the fair girl, whose cruel and untimely death he had so despairingly mourned.

This was not due to physical weak-ness alone. Ecstatic joy had contributed the part. Its had wind to resign blasself to the greatest of sarthly losses—a pure and towing heart—and in the mids of his struggles the bitter cup of wee and despair had been unexpectedly deshed from her hand.

his hand.
Suddenly the raptures of the two united lovers was broken by a lew and parullar

ery.

Our here turned in alarm, and my that is had accepted from Mat Hyland.

The turned of the magic wand of in Arisine acceptance would not have made of an Arisine acceptance with set had something the man and a prepare them.

A TANK AND A STATE OF

country we note peritously in the face of the detective.

A glance was sufficient to inform our enreptified hero that he was issues and demented no longer. Intelligence fisshed in his eye, and indignation and decision compressed his meath.

The numerous recent exciting events, culminating in a sight of the beautiful girl whose murdered father he had undertaken to avenge, had so shocked his nervous system as to enable him to throw. off the lethargy that had so long paralyzed his brain.

"Winters!" cried he, as he sprang forward and seized our hero's hand.

"You are recovered?"

"Quite. Your case will be a clear ore, now."

At that moment footsteps were heard

At that moment footsteps were heard At that mount.
on the stairs without.
"They are returning," whispered Moore, hoarsely. "Wait here."

noarsely. wait here."

With this he passed into the next room, taking cars to close the door after An instant later and the two villsins,

An instant near and the two visions, accompanied by the third member of the triangle of crime, Max Morris, rushed in. Furies!" should Sears, as his eye swept the two spartments and saw no sign of the manacled prisoner and half-demented detective he had left there not

demented detective he had left there not many minutes before.

You here? "shouted Morris, as he saw and recognized Moore.

"At your service."

"What does this mean?"

"That you committed a sad mistake when you procured me to murder Milton Moore, the son of m. dead brother."

"You're a too!!"

"I have been, you mean "
With this he drew a revolver.
But he did not shoot. Before he could bring it into rosition there was a report, and a shot, fired by Neers or Bloom, it was never decided which, pierced his heart.

it was nover decided which, pierced his heart.

Another moment—the rooms were thronged with police officers, who secured the three plotting murderers, though not without a desperate struggle. Their presence there was easily explained. Jerry Moore had located the new headquarters of the triangle, who had chosen that place knowing that the next room had long been used by Hyland, and hoping that he would soon return there, and perhaps give them a clew to the missing-tonds, which they had decided had somshow come into his hands. Jerry had also discovered that Berenice St. (yr was a captive there, and had notified the police, whom he had preceded, that the raid might be as effective as possible.

At first the prisoners affected innocesses her was the trainer of the present of the

At first the prisoners affected inno-At 17st the prisoners anected inno-cence, but when they were confronted by Hyland, in the full possession of his mind and memory, they weskened, and Morris endeavored to swallow the con-tents of a phial containing a deadly poison. He was defeated in his sui-cidal attempt, and the three were hurried away to cells in the nearest police sta-tion.

poison. He was defeated in his suicidal sitempt, and the three were hurried away to coils in the nearest police station.

They were given an immediate trial and convicted of the murder of Paul St. Cyr. Soon afterward, they were erecuted in the county jail. Thus ended the trio of desperate murderers, who will be long remembered as the famous Triangle of Crime.

Upon the body of Jerry were found the fifty-nine bonds, for the possession of which the murder had been committed.

Mat Hyland is a detective no longer. His services in the St. Cyr case secured his promotion to a police captaincy, a position which he will fill with evolity both to himself and the great mupicipality that employs him.

The body found and buried as that of our heroine had been procursed by the villains, and so dressed and adorned with the jewelry of Berenice as to be identified with great certainty.

In the meantime, Sears had kept her a prisoner with the intention of forcing her into a marriage when he had been able to convert the estate into money, and leave the country.

When the truth about the St. Cyr murder mystery came out, Cole Winters became the lion of the hour. He retained the reportorial star, and entered at once upon the active life of a journalist, In which he is bound to rise.

Our fair Berenice mourns her fond old father most aincerely, and will eyer, theries and keep green his memory. This would be a sad and gloomy place were grief never assuaged and tears never diod. Time will, no donkt, accomplish hoth for her, and the day is not far distant when Cole Winters will lead her to the altar.

Let us wish them all the happiness deserved by two truthful, sincere, and lovening hearts.



THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES. Further Delay in Assembling the North Atlantic Squadron.

Washington, Aug. 9.—Rear-Admiral Bunce will meet with another delay in getting togeth is the ships of the north Atlantic squadron for the manoeuvres. It was expected that the Columbia would go into dock yesterday, but owing to the delay in taking out the Raleigh she will not be docked until Monday Secretary Herbert and Rear-Admiral Bunce conferred at Newport yesterday as to which ship of the north Atlantic squadron shall relieve the Atlantia taking out it is believed at the navy department that the Cincinnation that Mineagolis will be chosen for or the Minneapolis will be chosen for

New Bank Authorized.

Washington, Aug. 10.—The applica-tion of T. Ellwood Carpenter and asso-ciates for authority to organize the Mount Kisco (N. Y.) National bank has been approved by the comptroller of the currency.

Monterey at San Diego. Washington, Aug. 10.—The coast defence ressel. Monterey reached San Diographics described San Diographics Conference III.

Stockton, Cal., Aug. 9.—Governor Budd is a very sick man. He has been under the doctor's care for the past

Picturesque Scenes in Qui the Grand Canel.

A CHIMPE CH

Quinsan lies at the end of the famed Grand Canal, we next to the Great Wall, the work of the Chinese. Page work of the Chinese. Pagnet common in China. You see one in every day of trave member that one is on the lot tain that dominates the app the city. The outside town, lies by every gate to every of place where a painter could year to better advantage most painters' resorts in Europe. Rows of white wall ly roofed with black tiles, water. The corners of all the turned up, and some have coners. A few roofs, no les esque, are of gray thatch, a walls are black or gray or even dark red. Fancy the gness of the scene, with the crowding there in new blifaded blues! Bamboo balcon out to the water's edge, an idle women and men, in clothes, looking at us. This hops disclose workmen shoos or coffins, or cooking derful bean curd—foundati hundred dishes. As the head place is reached it becomes esque beyond description, stone walls shut in the wa You not common in China. esque beyond description, stone walls shut in the wa on these rise houses of whi with cumbrous jet roofs, most ornate, the most fanc most ornate, the most fancdows, paned with glossy-insis
of oyster shells. Stone st
down to the water, and eas
a women washing clothes or
lacquered wooden pots. Su
and pumpkin vines in blo
over the walls of the houses,
side the walls of the star
innumerable boats, tied tdragons'—heads, crabe, g
faces and pretty carvings
sorts cut in the granite. At
doorways are tail and often h
men in long silk coats an
half breeches bound tight
their ankles. At the wind
the round faced, full lipped
On and on we float. And I the round faced. Itil lipped On and on we float. And r we discover the long low. Quinsan, made ever famous valor of General Gordon. Uniterminable low walls of t call Roman brick are plant call koman brick are plant sunflowers, and then more w black houses. They face jumble of boats of every from the stately carge as boats to the rows of slende boats to the rows of siende, boats, waiting, like omnib passengers for Soo chow an hai. The dyers' shops han strips of blue cloth; a draped with colored stuffs hi to dry; an enormous vermil ner floats from a boat that, I dreds beside, is orange toned its sheer of Ning po varnish

The Flour Dealer's Sc

You would be astonisl marked a Philadelphia flour dealer, "at the number of pe come here to get weighed course of a week, and at i ments they make if the m pounds is not up to their tion. One of my customer thin woman, came here and asked me to weigh h months before she had ti scales at 113, and she rema she would beat her record 1 I thought so myself, for sh on holding a satchel and an but to my surprise the balar at 104. After roundly bers the scales and the flour trade in general, she flou and I lost a good custome times, however, the balance good, as in the case of a stor who found she had lost thre and was so tickled that a distely ordered a barrel of said she would call to be again in a week. The scale right, but I'll have to fix her benefit, in order to co for the loss of the thin

trade." Largest Clock in Engl The clock in the tower of

Cathedral, London, is the I the British Isles. The dials number, are each seventees

diameter, and the figures are two feet long. Knew Some Thing ANTA 10 - TU

Cholly-Row-much

for boats an hour?
Old Tar - Twenty-nve cent fer reg'lar rowin'; \$1.60 wanter updet the boat an' lady.