

QUATRAINS.

BY WINNIE M. LOWATER.

Like him who once sought for the fountain of youth,
We spend our lives seeking the waters of bliss;
But we find by the aid of the touchstone of truth
That they lie at the bottom of Duty's abyss.

Full many a Cleopatra lives to-day,
Powered with as powerful potent spells as she
Who lived and loved long centuries ago,
But there is none, alas! no Antony!
Rock Elm, Wis.

BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue,
and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER I.

LOVE AND PERIL.

"Fire! Fire!"
In startled, terrified tones, the ominous words rang out. "Fire! Fire!"
Scores, hundreds, of voices caught up and repeated the dreadful warning, until the vast dome of the great Exposition building at Chicago echoed their back, as if in scornful mockery.

A police officer, whose watchful eye had detected a slight blaze in one of the magnificent booths, caused by a spark from the electric lamp, had raised the first cry.

Its repetition was the work of the throng of visitors, which, notwithstanding the circumstance that the evening was far advanced, still lingered in the enticing place.

The incipient blaze, fed by laces from far-famed Valenciennes and rich Gobelin tapestries, became almost instantly a mass of seething flame.

With fearful rapidity the fire-end extended his domain, his voracious appetite increasing as his huge red mouth licked up costly fabrics and destroyed elegant fittings, until, to the practiced eyes of cool-headed men who had witnessed the great conflagration which had one time destroyed the Garden City, the enormous structure in which the last of a long series of annual exhibits was being held, appeared doomed to speedy and complete destruction.

Confusion reigned supreme; children screamed, women fainted, and men ran wildly about, seeking an exit, and breaking windows to facilitate their escape from a seeming fiery doom.

But high up above the panic, flame and smoke, above the arched roof, above all save the clear vaulted heavens, stood three persons who seemed in imminent danger of meeting an awful death.

By means of the elevator that pierces the roof of the monster building they had gained a high position, from which vantage ground the beautiful lake, gleaming beneath the beams of the full effulgent harvest-moon, like a mass of molten silver stretched out before their eyes.

"We are lost, father," and a young lady, in whose form and face nature seemed to have blended in rich profusion her rarest charms, as she clung convulsively to the arm of a gray-haired, rather feeble-looking old man.

"Lost! No! Not Berenice!" shouted he. "The elevator—"

"Is deserted! The flames surround the shaft. We are left to die here alone!"

The old man looked downward and gave utterance to a cry of despair as the glance verified the words of his daughter.

"This way!" shouted he a moment later, and dashed over the railing towards a flight of stairs which descended from the tower to the roof proper.

There the old man paused that his daughter might precede him.

When well-nigh down, her dress caught upon a projecting corner, and, with a cry of terror, she fell forward.

With a species of horror which rendered him incapable alike of speech or motion, the old man saw his daughter sliding down the arched metal roof of the building.

Her infancy, prattling childhood, youth, and budding womanhood passed like a lightning-painted panorama before his eyes, and he clotted them to shut out the seemingly inevitable fate of her he loved next to himself.

At that instant a form rushed past him. It was that of a young man who, like his daughter and himself, had been gazing upon the beauties of the moonlit lake.

"Save her!" pleaded the fond old father, hoping restoring his power of speech.

Without a word, a look, the young man projected himself forward and downward towards the place where Berenice was clinging to a small ornamental cupola.

She saw him, and with renewed courage tightened her grasp.

But her fingers twitched convulsively, and her face, white as the moonlight in which it was bathed, told plainer than words that her strength was almost gone.

The old man uttered a groan of agony, for to his excited mind her heroic would-be rescuer could but join her in a frightful death upon the pavement, far beneath.

With rapidly accelerating speed the youth sped downward.

But not even to the powerful arms of the skilled and intrepid "fire ladders" did the young man consign his precious burden. Instead, he bore her away himself, and, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the vast crowd, which filled Michigan avenue, carried her safely down the tall ladder.

"God bless you!" cried Mr. St. Cyr, in fervent tones, as he joined our hero a moment later. "You have saved my child, my all. This way, John."

In response to the direction, a handsome carriage was driven through the curious, pressing people, to the curbstone.

"Lift her in, please," continued the old gentleman, as he saug open the door.

The other complied, and a moment later, clear of the crowd, the trio so strangely united in one party, were being whirled rapidly away to the southward.

Before an elegant man on a Colimet avenue the vehicle came to a stop.

But little had been said during the short drive. Fully restored to consciousness, but nervous from her recent shock and peril, Berenice had lain in the arms of her trembling but joyous parent.

"Come," said the latter, as he led the way toward the broad threshold.

"Please excuse me," returned the young man, lifting his hat. "The lady is happily restored, I can do."

"Nothing!" interrupted Mr. St. Cyr, "but you can give us an opportunity to express our thanks for the inestimable service you have rendered us. Come!"

On the point of rearing his declination, our hero turned his eyes upon the fair girl whose life he had so recently saved at the peril of his own.

A strange thrill pervaded his frame as his glance rested upon her face, half shy, pleading, but wholly beautiful, and fascinating beyond all he had been fated to look upon.

A momentary glance into the dark tube of a camera obscura, and one's features, to the smallest detail, are fixed for all time.

The convex glasses of the photographer, are not truer or clearer than the thoughts and purposes of a right-minded young man, and the delicate chemical plate no more sensitive to impressions than is the sympathetic, grateful heart of a girl.

What marvel, then, that one exchange of glances give a new direction to the innermost thoughts?

The young man bowed, and followed his fair though silent persuader up the marble steps.

CHAPTER II.

AN AWFUL AWAKENING.

"This is our home," said Mr. St. Cyr, as with a hospitable wave of the hand he ushered his guest into the drawing-room.

And such a home! The young man had expected to see elegance, but the richness of the scene quite astonished him, and bespoke a wealth with which he had never before been brought in contact.

"Let us go to the library, father," suggested Berenice. "It's far cozier there."

Straws are said to show from which direction the wind is blowing, and the alacrity with which the father acquiesced was sufficient to convince the young man that the daughter was the ruler of the mansion.

Assuming the office of guide, the beautiful girl led the way through a number of large apartments luxuriantly furnished, and glowing with the richest hues of art, to the apartment she had suggested.

It was indeed a cozy place. Two sides of the room were covered with books, and on the third an open fire burned brightly.

"This is father's den," announced Berenice, as she pointed to a revolving desk and a steel safe, which stood beside it. "I can't make him live up business."

"No daughter," said the old gentleman reproachfully.

"At least not quite," corrected she. "You shall decide the matter, Mr. St. Cyr."

"Winters," spoke up the young man as the other paused; "Cole Winters, I should have mentioned my name before."

"No, you shouldn't," declared pretty Berenice. The fault was ours—we never gave you a chance."

"It's not yet too late to be polite," said the host, smiling. "Be seated, please, and favor us with a more complete introduction, Mr. Winters."

"I can add but little to what I have said," remarked the young man, as he accepted the proffered easy-chair. "My life has been uneventful. I have nothing besides my name."

"Name—that is, a good name—is a fortune in itself," said the old man, encouragingly.

"I was born in Central Illinois, and am just twenty-two," Cole went on. "My parents both died when I was quite young, leaving me some little property as an inheritance. All of this was expended on my education. About three months ago I completed my college course, and came to Chicago to seek an opening in life."

"And have been successful?" queried Mr. St. Cyr.

"On the contrary, I have failed at every turn. I had contemplated following the law, and sought a place in the office of an attorney. This I could have readily secured, but no one would pay me any salary with which to support myself.

Then I sought a mercantile position, but was unable to secure one, as I had had no experience as a clerk. After this I aspired to no particular line, but sought any kind of honorable employment."

"And failed at all points?"

"Something worse. A private banker hired me for a year. I grew suspicious of him and his methods; and discovering that he was engaged in a dishonest business, quitted him after working a month, for which I received no compensation."

"And besides losing your salary you have made an enemy?"

"Exactly."

"What is his name?"

"Max Morris."

"Hail! ejaculated Mr. St. Cyr. "The friend and former partner of Almon Sears!"

"The same. I've often seen Mr. Sears in his private office."

"This Almon Sears is the son of an old and valued friend, who died years ago, leaving him penniless. I loved him as my father, gave him every educational advantage, started him in business, and had no proved in respects worthy, I had even designed."

pleases beaming on Berenice's admiring face.

"Not a particle. You have told your story; let me reciprocate in kind. For half my life I have been an active business man of Chicago. This is my daughter's eighteenth birthday. Some time ago I promised her that when this day came I would abandon all business and devote the remaining years of my widowhood to her, my only child."

"This I have only been able to accomplish in part. I have withdrawn from two firms in which I was interested, and the proceeds, \$50,000 in bonds, are now in that safe."

The enormous sum mentioned, together with its unexpected proximity to him, caused Cole Winters a sudden start of surprise.

In this action he was not alone. The curious glance he cast at the cube of polished steel, which held secure behind its bolts and bars and massive locks more than a king's ransom, was duplicated by a pair of dark sinister eyes which gleamed at the lower part of one of the windows behind the backs of the interested trio.

"I have fully twice as much more safely invested in good paying real estate," Mr. St. Cyr went on. "These bonds draw on a very low rate of interest, and I am desirous of changing them to houses and other rentable property. This, my contract with my daughter, prevents me from attending to in person."

"I'm glad you remember your obligations, father," smiled Berenice.

"In a week we are to leave for New York, from where we will soon sail for a tour of Europe. I have as yet no agent to reinvest my money and care for my property during my absence. You seek employment. I will pay you \$3,000 a year. Is it a bargain?"

"My dear sir—what can I say? I have had no experience—"

"Experience an honest man can easily acquire, while experienced men seldom turn honest. You are bright, energetic, sincere. Is it a bargain?"

Besides the father and daughter, the person at the window awaited the response.

"If you think me competent, sir, I will not otherwise disappoint you."

"Enough!" cried Mr. St. Cyr, extending his hand. "We will settle the details to-morrow. In the meantime accept and promise to wear this as a memento of this day. It belonged to my only son, long since deceased."

The speaker removed and handed our hero a curiously wrought old-fashioned ring, richly set with diamonds and rubies.

"What is it, sir?" asked a servant who had entered the apartment in response to an electrical bell which his master had touched.

"Some refreshments, John. Serve them here, and as quickly as possible."

The man looked curiously at the ring which Cole was in the act of placing upon his finger, and withdrew.

Half an hour later the little company separated for the night.

Master must think a power of that young man to give him the ring," mused John, as he went sleepily down the stairs after having shown Cole Winters to the most sumptuous guest-chamber in the whole mansion.

It was long before sleep visited the eyelids of our heroine, whose happy, innocent heart beat beating time to a new and glorious measure—first love.

When, at last, slumber locked fast her outer senses, the new-born sentiment controlled her half formed thoughts, and dreams of Cole Winters floated through her brain.

Again she heard the startling cry of fire, and with fast failing strength saw our hero—her hero, as well—risking his life to save her.

"Help! Help! Murder!"
From a vision at once fearful and fascinating, she was awakened by these dreadful words.

They proceeded, as she thought, from the library, where she had so recently spent one of the pleasantest hours of her brief life.

In an instant, almost, she was there. A cry had broken, and objects were distinctly visible.

The outcry had emanated from the servant, John Kedzie, who stood in the doorway, a look of horror depicted on his face.

Rushing past him, Berenice saw chairs overturned, the safe open, and papers scattered about.

"Murder!" she gasped.

"Worse!" said John Kedzie, in a hoarse whisper.

She followed with her eyes the direction indicated by his trembling finger, and saw a sight that fairly froze her young blood, and deprived her of the use of her faculties.

Before her upon the floor, a frightful wound in his throat, lay the lifeless body of her beloved father, Paul St. Cyr.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His Table Etiquette Faulty.

The Sultan never uses a plate. He takes all his food direct from the little kettles, and never uses a table, and rarely a knife, fork or spoon—his bread, a pancake, or fingers are found far handier. It requires twice as many slaves as there are courses to serve a dinner to him.

The whole household is at liberty to take meals where it suits him or her best, and thus every one is served with a small tray, with a spoon, a great chunk of bread, and the higher ones only get the pancakes.

Nearly one ton of rice per day is required for the inevitable pilaffs, 600 pounds of sugar, as much coffee, to say nothing of the other groceries, fruit, vegetables, and meat. Rice and mutton and bread form the greater part of the food for the majority of Turks, together with fish, sweetmeats, confectionery, nuts, and dried and fresh fruits.

That there is enormous waste and extravagance in the kitchens is obvious, and it is said that enough is thrown away daily to maintain 100 families; but such waste is perhaps not confined to a Turkish royal household, and might also be found in kitchens nearer home.

The surplus is gathered up by the beggars, with whom Constantinople abounds, and what remains is eaten by the scavenger dogs.

All the water for the Sultan's use and the drinking water for the household is brought in barrels from two pretty streams at different places in the Bosphorus toward the Black Sea.

Personally Interested.

Stranger—How is the old gentleman down the road who was sick last week?

Farmer—Why do you care how he is when you do not know him and have never seen him?

Stranger—I am in the tombstone business.

IMPUTATIONS, however unjust, sully if they do not stain a character.

THE GRANDEST OF ALL.

WILL BE THIS YEAR'S SIOUX CITY CORN PALACE.

The Resources of the Great Northwest to Be Shown in Great Grandeur—Exhibits From Many States to Be Seen—Ice King With His Floats to Visit King Korn—An Ode to Mondamin.

The management of the Sioux City, Ia., Corn Palace, which opens Sept. 25 and closes Oct. 11, has determined to make this year's carnival the grandest of them all. To this end the fourth annual Corn Palace festival will in every respect represent the resources of the great northwest. The building itself is a stately structure, covering an acre or more of ground in the very heart of Sioux City. Exhibits from a dozen or more different states are now being placed in position. There will be many county displays from South Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska and Iowa. One of the features of a Corn Palace is the novelty of its interior and exterior decoration. The entire outside is ornamented with the various species and colors of corn, while the interior is trimmed and beautified by the nimble fingers of 300 ladies. A description of its beauty would be next to an impossibility. The Palace this year will be illuminated at night by thousands of incandescent lights and are lamps. Upon entering the Palace one feels as if in a fairy land, the ceiling being studded with incandescent lights, twinkling from a background of soft blue hue. To the extreme end farthest from the entrance is a forty-foot water fall, carrying with it all the effects produced by numerous lights of various colors.

The palace will be open every day and evening. During each afternoon and



Sioux City Corn Palace.—Opens Sept. 25; closes Oct. 11, 1890.

evening there will be concerts by the celebrated Elgin military band, Prof. J. Hecker, formerly bandmaster of the Eighty-second regiment Prince of Wales volunteers, director. This band is considered one of the finest musical organizations in America. The repertoire of the band consists of 6,000 pieces and they could give two concerts a day for a year and not repeat a single number. This splendid organization is made up of seventy skilled musicians, and in itself is a grand card for Sioux City. There are so many features in connection with this year's Corn Palace, that space will not permit extended notice. The trades' parades consist of novel floats representing the various industries of the city and the great northwest. These parades occur in the morning shortly before the noon hour, and pass over the principal streets of the city. On days not devoted to trades parades, there will be the celebrated King Korn carnival pageant, something unique and never before witnessed in the northwest. The dazzling and novel pageants will be designed by the French artist, Francois Dubois, who has been brought over by the Mardi Gras authorities to design and equip next year's carnival at New Orleans. It will be impossible at this time to just what this parade will be, and, indeed, in a great measure the matter will be kept a secret, but the assurance is given that no such parade and no such magnificent costumes and equipments have ever been seen north of New Orleans, as will be witnessed during the Corn Palace carnival. Several hundred costumed horses and plumed knights, with glittering chariots and floats will take part in these pageants, and give amusement to the thousands who crowd the streets. Every railroad centering at Sioux City, as well as all tributary lines have made a rate of one fare for the round trip, and it is safe to predict Sioux City will, between the dates of Sept. 25 and Oct. 11, have the largest gathering of people ever assembled in any Iowa city.

What is a Corn Palace?

The Sioux City Corn Palace—and there was never a Corn Palace outside of Sioux City—is a palace covered and embellished, as with tapestry, outside and inside, with products of the field, corn predominating, ingeniously and fancifully arranged. In building the palace a large structure is first erected of lumber, in a shape that will carry and show to advantage the multifarious decorations with which it is to be adorned. It is in form lofty, with broken lines, pinnacles, buttresses, bridges, gables, ornamental towers, etc.

Over every inch of this wooden surface are laid corn and kindred plants in architectural harmony, in a multiplicity of designs. The corn is employed in the stalk, the ear, the kernel, and even the husk has its decorative uses. All the grains and grasses of the field lend themselves to the beautifying of the palace. The walls are covered on the outside with ears of corn, cut lengthwise or crosswise, and nailed on in geometrical figures or other designs. The various colors of the cereal permit of a wide range of shading and coloring, while its artistic possibilities, developed from year to year in building the palace, admit of the production of effects that are as startling as pleasurable.

High over the entrance of the palace

of 1880 was King Korn's crown as the nucleus of a snuburst while below was the national flag in graceful folds—all wrought in vari-colored corn as true and as beautiful as if painted by an artist's brush. The roof is overlaid with corn leaves. Pinnacles and columns are capped with the sorghum plant, or with grains and grasses. The iridescent walls, seen from a near distance, seem to be a rich mosaic of polished woods, while with the

"Banners, yellow, glorious, golden," that

"From its roof-tree float and flow," the palace enraptures the beholder as one who looks upon a cloud-painted mansion that may dissolve before his eyes.

The interior work is finer and more elaborate. Here the kernel of the corn is largely employed, producing amazing and lovely effects. On the walls are wrought pictures, illustrating farm scenes, legendary and nursery tales, etc., with a fidelity that is calculated to raise a doubt that the material employed is the homely utilitarian growth of western farms. Frescoes and flowers, figures of persons and animals, draperies and thousands of surprising and beautiful things are made of field plants for the delight of the visitors to the palace, whose astonishment is succeeded by admiration of the genius that conceived and developed so much of art and beauty from such homely fabrics as are employed.

A CORN PALACE POEM.

Mrs. Isadore Baker's Admirable Offering at the Altar of Mondamin.

WRITTEN FOR THE SIOUX CITY DAILY TIMES BY MRS. ISADORE BAKER.

"Sing the blessings of the cornfields."—Long-fellow.

In the season of the autumn,
Of the golden field September,
When the harvests all are garnered,
When the corn is fully ripened

When the birds had had their full fare
Of this product of the plow-share;
When the squirrels know the secret
Of Mondamin's golden treasure.

When the Farmer's heart rejoices
That the grain is safe in shelter—
Then the people of the prairies
Of the valleys and the by-ways,
Of the cities, plains and highways,
Say with look of proud complaisance:

"We will build a stately palace
Like unto a castle olden
With its turrets high and golden,
With its ramparts and embrasures,
And from parapet to flag-staff
It shall be of maize, sweet ripened,
By the sun and wind of summer,
By the ozone and the dew-fall,
By the magic wand of Ceres
And the sturdy hand of granger.

When the harvest moon shows fairest,
When the crickets chirp in covert,
And the locust wings were tuning
All their harps in summer nooning,
When the larks were in the meadow
And the cattle drowsed in shadow—
Then was mother earth in secret
Busy with her chemic forces
In fruition of Mondamin.

For the palace of Mondamin,
To be reared in western city
Proud and prosperous Sioux City.

For unique designs in landscape,
Pediment and arch in fresco,
Motto, monogram, and story
Scenes, bric-a-brac, and corn-bloom
Verdure, morning-glory,
Flowers sweet in song and story
Bansy, rose and golden lily,
Purple iris from the squaw corn,
Tiny seed-pearls loved of children,
Violets round the winter heartseases
Love to watch the glowing embers
Turn to flakes, these gems of Ceres.

And the throng in vast procession
Shall with music, song and strain,
Crown this king of fields and harvest
Monarch of a boundless kingdom;
Even to verge of mount and forest
And areas stretching seaward
His domain of trade and commerce,
Vast and wide, far and steadily
It shall be to palmer's vision
The pilgrim of true progress
In the onward march of nations.
In the legends of the nations,
Chronicles of song and story
In the rune of Hiawatha
Measure of the Kalevala.

Song of Mondamin.

Oh, I am the king of a grander realm
Than monarch or czar may own.
The forces of nature my vassals are
And the wide, gray earth my throne.

My banners hung on a thousand hills
Their radiant oriflammes
And the air was athrill with resonant song
Of welcome, when I came.

And none but I the miracle know;
How from the humble seed
The mystic wonder of harvest grew
In answer to human need.

The song of vintage resounds at eve,
And echoes at early morn,
But the sweetest melody of the year
Is heard in the rustling corn.

And I am the mystic wanderer
That stands at the autumn's gate—
Mondamin, the carnival spirit
That rules at the Palace fete.

And my song is of joy and gladness—
A rune without favor or fear—
The myth but never the sadness
That comes with the waning year.

For I am the king of a grander realm
Than monarch or czar may own.
The forces of nature my vassals are
And the wide, gray earth my throne.

The Corn Palace this year will be illuminated both day and night by thousands of incandescent and arc electric lights, a feature that is in itself new and worth traveling miles to see.

THEY ALL WANT WHEAT

MILLERS UNABLE TO GET ENOUGH OF IT.

They Are Buying Freely, but Owing to the Short Crop Are Not Able to Get Enough to Last Long—Condition of Crops—Potatoes Are Scarce.

[Chicago dispatch.]
With the exception of the Northwest, little rain, if any, has fallen during the present week either in the corn or winter-wheat belt. While in one sense of the word the drought has been broken, yet the areas just referred to stand today greatly in need of good, soaking rains, something that they have not yet had. Pastures and meadows are in need of rain. Stubble fields ought to have it to enable farmers to plow and put the land in good condition for seeding wheat. The oat crop is now all thrashed and secured. Country elevators report the receipts from farmers as exceedingly small.

Taking the winter wheat belt as a whole there has been no time since harvest when millers in the corn or winter-wheat belt have been free buyers of winter wheat as during the last ten days.

Central Kansas reports that millers are buying all the wheat they can get; that the demand for flour is good and that they are pretty well stocked up for the time being. Potatoes are scarce. Selling now at \$1.50 a bushel and will be shipped in from Utah or Colorado.

Central Missouri reports that millers are buying all the wheat they can get hold of. Stocks of old wheat all gone, and orders for wheat are coming in from Iowa and also from Illinois.

In Southern Illinois millers are generally buying all the wheat that is offering. Farmers, however, have not been selling freely. Millers are generally stocked up with wheat to keep them running from sixty to ninety days.

In Central Illinois mills are fairly well supplied with wheat, but few of them have more than a ninety days' stock. There is a steady Southern demand, and some Ohio and Indiana mills are in the market for wheat at St. Louis prices. Southern demand for wheat is an unusual thing at this season of the year.

Potatoes have not shown any improvement since the late rains and the crop will not be sufficient for home wants. As a rule the millers in Northern Indiana at present are all buyers of wheat