

A POET'S MUSINGS.

SHALL I?
Shall I delight in worldly wealth,
And strive to win and store;
State, wealth, and time and health
On this—nothing more?
Or shall I live with fame alone,
Then hazard o'er and o'er;
In dress and times take delight—
In that—nothing more?
Or shall I pleasure add to sport,
And risk, as said before,
Enjoy the fleeting hours through—
With these—and nothing more?
Or shall I also comfort and ease,
Thus grieve and grieve more,
Belittling thus—'ll else to lose,
For these—and nothing more?
When this I've done, what then will buy
The hope that once I bore?
What then will buy the soul that I
Lose with all these and more?

GRIPPE.

Grippe has many faces I've seen without reason—
It分析了 many faces I've seen without reason—
It drawn to the bosom will temper and season
The soul and the heart till they're sore.
But if left to shed its own tears for its sorrow,
As laughing you let alone,
You'll find by the time you have welcomed the
sorrow—

Its sadness has nearly all flown.

You'll find where it seemed to loom up in the
gloaming—
Full many bright threads in the wool;
You'll find where it sat much of cheerfulness
roaming.

And track its thence wandering hoof;

And there in its stead, you will find what
seemed causing.

The grief, with its gall and its woe,
Was much of imagining's fearlest swing,

Yet doubtless, unready to go.

Then laugh once again till the echoes go ringing
Among the cold tremblings of doubt,
And try once again at some cheerful song sing-

Twill threaten your fears with a rout.

But if one resists and persists in remaining,
Then know you 'tis all for your good.

For pure honest grief purifies with its paining,
Ennobles nothing else could.

EVERLASTING.

The one that loves
Is like the dove,
Alert for danger, keeping one,
Is soon undone,
To bickering turns its cooing,
They who don't care,
Bare, however,
They who were here what their price is;
They who hate own
Let well alone,
Avoid the dangerous crisis,
Let "hate" abide
In bickering's pride,
With don't care at their leisure,
But cling to love,
All things above,
'Tis good what's in its measure,
Till never leave
But cling and joy forever;
Till comfort more
Than e'er before,
Thus ever, ever, ever.

OZIAS MIDSUMMER.

CHICAGO, ILL.

BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue, and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"In that view of the case, I may venture to make him a proposition."

"Let us hear it."

"If he will promise upon this honor of his, in which you have such confidence, that he will at once reveal the hiding place of the bonds, I'll permit you to go."

"With whom?" asked Cole, eagerly.

"In the carriage, and unattended. The hackman will drive her home."

"I'll do it."

"But what is to become of Cole?" queried the anxious girl.

"If his information turns out to be correct, he will be set free."

"When?"

"As soon as we have an opportunity to cash the bonds and find a place of safety outside Chicago."

"Very well," replied Cole, after exchanging a look with the young lady.

"You promise, on your honor, to locate them?"

"I promise, on my honor, to tell you where I placed them."

"And where they still remain?"

"For aught I have done to remove them?"

"Good enough. Remember, though, that any treachery will cause you to forfeit your life!"

"I understand."

"Take the young lady to her carriage, Mart, and tell the coachman to drive her home."

"All right, this way, miss."

Could our young friends have seen the look that passed between the two desperate men who were plotting for a fortune, they would have placed no confidence in their promises.

"Good-by," said Cole, extending his hand.

"Good-by," returned the girl, returning the pressure of his hand with a fervor that bespoke plainer than words her love and devotion.

The situation of our hero was desperate in the extreme, yet his heart beat joyfully as he saw the fair girl disappear from the room.

Not only had he secured her escape from perils greater than death itself but he knew now with what feelings she regarded him.

"Now for your part," said Almon, impatiently.

"Wait a moment."

"For what?"

"Until your partner returns."

"And why?"

"He may be detaining her outside."

"Why couldn't he deliver her to a confederate?" sneered Sears.

"I'm not afraid of that. You're playing too desperate a game to have many confederates."

The entrance of Bloom put a stop to the discussion.

"Now, then," said the younger villain, "the bonds!"

"I placed them in my right boot-leg."

The two men sprang forward together, and in an instant the article in question was removed from the foot of the helpless prisoner.

A howl of rage went up from the two desperate schemers when they found the boot to be empty.

"Dinged!" shouted Bloom.

"He shall die for it!" cried Sears, snatching a revolver from the table and raising it threateningly.

"Hold on," warned Bloom.

"What now?"

"Look at these."

The burglar handed his accomplice two fragments of paper that he had picked up from the floor.

"The corners of two of the bonds," cried the latter a moment later.

"Then he's told the truth?"

"Beyond a doubt!"

"And the bonds?"

"Were pulled out and lost while we were drawing and carrying him about."

"That's it. We may find them in the old building on Clark street."

"Perhaps, but it's not likely. But one thing remains."

"What's that?"

"The remainder of the St. Cyr estate. We can secure that."

"And the mur—mean—"

"I understand. It will be blamed on Winters here, as we planned all the time. The chloroform!"

"We'll make a sure thing of it this time," said Bloom, as he handed the other a bottle.

"Hold on! What's the matter?"

From behind them caused the two to start and turn in sudden alarm.

It proceeded from the late occupant of the sofa, who was advancing toward them with rather unsteady steps.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded, thickly.

"Put him out of the way," answered Sears, producing a handkerchief and removing the stopper from the bottle.

"Don't do that!"

The speaker lurched forward and well-nigh knocked the bottle from the young man's hand.

"What do you mean?"

But there was no reply. At that instant Martin Bloom dealt the reeling man a blow which brought him heavily to the floor.

"Fool!" shouted Sears.

"I have been, but I've dropped the role."

As he spoke, Martin Bloom bent over the prostrate form and snatched off a full false beard.

"Mat Hyland!" cried the young villain.

"The detective!" echoed our hero, in tones of wildest excitement.

CHAPTER XI.

STIRRING EVENTS.

It was, indeed, Mat Hyland, the detective.

He had seen Morris leave the house, and had shadowed him to a drug store in the adjoining street.

As the money-lender was returning after having secured the restoratives, Hyland had come upon him unawares, and at once made him a prisoner.

Then from the nearest patrol-box he had called a wagon and turned Morris over to the officers in charge of it, telling them to lock him up on general principles and he would appear in the morning and lodge a substantial charge against him.

Then he had withdrawn to a place he knew of in the neighborhood, where, by the aid of a case of cosmetics and a false beard which he carried with him, he succeeded in so changing his appearance as to readily pass for the money-lender, with whom he agreed generally as to size and form.

This done, he had swallowed a mouthful of brandy to impregnate his breath, and, with the package of restoratives in his hand, had boldly entered the midst of the enemies of the law.

He had speedily discovered that all his preconceived theories were entirely false, and that the young man he had been so relentlessly pursuing was as guiltless as himself. In an effort to save Cole Winters from what appeared to be impending death, he had been detected by Bloom, under whose powerful hand he had fallen senseless to the floor.

"We're just a little bit clever ourselves," laughed Bloom, as he took a pair of steel handcuffs from the pocket of the detective and snapped them over his wrists.

"I'm not going to steal 'em. I'll leave 'em in your possession, or rather you in theirs."

"We won't quarrel about a technical point," put in Sears, "but what induced you to come here, Hyland, disguised as Max Morris?"

"And disguised with liquor," added the burglar.

"My duty," rejoined Hyland, who had now regained his feet.

"I'm sorry you took that view of it," the younger man proceeded. "I've known you some little time, and always liked you, Mat. Your anxiety for promotion has led you into a position that has placed a duty—a sad and serious one—on Mart Bloom and myself."

"You mean to kill me?"

"No, on no account. We must, however, conceal, or more exactly, sequester, you for a time. Our safety depends upon it, so you really can't object, old man."

There was a cruel sneer about the speaker's mouth, and a cold, snaky gleam in his eyes.

The detective noted both, and realized that they boded him no good.

He was a shrewd man and an able detective, who had run down many a dark crime and brought the perpetrators to justice.

He had failed now and fallen into the hands of his enemies, not from any professional fault, but because humanity had induced him to come forward to the relief of our imperiled hero.

Cole Winters appreciated this, and evidenced it by a look of gratitude.

"You have been frank with me," said Hyland, after a momentary pause, "and I will be equally so with you."

"That's kind of you," remarked Sears, with a bow.

"I'm acting in my own interest. Any move on your part to harm either Mr. Winters or myself will prove in the nature of a boomerang."

"How so?"

"You know me for a detective?"

"I've heard you call yourself that. I shouldn't have thought so from anything you've done in this case."

"No, pleasure, please. As a detective I have taken every precaution for my protection. I am in your power. You may kill me, but your escape is impossible."

"Why so?"

"Because this house is guarded by officers on every side."

"That's for you and your officers."

Almon snatched his fingers, while Bloom laughed.

"What do you mean?"

"That there are ways of killing a pig besides choking him with butter. We can quit this house when we please, and your officers be none the wiser."

"Nonsense!" cried Hyland, though our hero well knew from his manner, that the bold stand of the villains had somewhat disconcerted him.

"Besides," Almon went on, speaking with great deliberation, "what you say is not true."

"Is an officer likely to go, without backing or support of any kind into a gang of armed and desperate murderers?"

"In the first place we are not the bad characters you represent, except Winters, who has turned traitor and stolen the plunder; and again, you are a detective seeking promotion."

"Well?"

"You had Cole Winters in your hands this evening, and permitted him to escape. This is, no doubt, already generally known, and nothing save his capture by you, entirely unassisted by others, would give you a clear record again. I'm not a detective, but I've had occasion to study them, and I know the nature of the beast."

"Besides," added Bloom, "Dick Harper, the bawkm, told me when I went out with the girl that there hasn't been a soul around. Dick's been out with me many a time, and I can count on what he says."

"You're folly be on your own heads, then!" cried Hyland.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," responded Sears.

The detective realized that the scoun-

drels designed to take his life and suddenly resolved upon a bold course.

Raising his manacled hands above his head he sprang forward.

But the wily villain was too quick for him, and leveling his revolver, fired full in the face of the would-be assailant.

As the report reverberated through the house, Mat Hyland fell heavily to the floor.

Rendered desperate by the act, Sears turned the weapon upon our hero.

"Hold on!" warned Bloom.

"What for?"

There may be policemen outside, and if there aren't, that shot will attract attention."

"What's to be done?" asked the other, lowering his revolver.

"We must escape by the cellar passage."

"Good! But Hyland?"

"Dead as a doornail," replied the burglar after bending for a moment over the detective, who was bleeding profusely from a wound in the forehead.

"And Winters?"

"Let him keep the other one company."

Sears shuddered at this suggestion and recoiled a step.

"We've done