

## A CHURCHYARD REVERIE.

BY L. D. MURPHY.

Who has not seen a Sabbath eve  
In some lonely churchyard still,  
With the warm sun shining gently down  
Over woodland, vale and hill;  
And felt that nameless something—  
That weird, mysterious spell—  
Which round the cities of the dead  
Forever seems to dwell.

No sound breaks the throbbing silence  
Save the note of a turtle dove,  
Floating down from its lofty perch hard by  
Like a wail for a long-lost love.

Here sleep the mighty ones of earth  
—Neath many a costly stone,  
Here many lie in unmarked graves,  
Unseen for and unknown.

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

The little shrub placed by loving hands  
Beside his lonely bed,  
Now widely spreads its sheltering arms  
Above his mounding head.

Where now are they who stood around  
His cold and lifeless form?  
Some are sleeping here, 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 curseless pain.

Near by is another, a new-made mound,  
The grave of a little child;  
Its spirit goes back whence it came,  
By this sinfull world undefined.

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 leaf;  
Time'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?  
Why comes so much of sorrow  
To poor mortals here below?

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

Our Father well knows that each human heart  
Has within it a pure fountain concealed;  
But, like the rude quartz, 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  
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.  
DUPED.

**P**ASSING behind the bed, Hyland began pushing it away from the wall. He soon desisted, and looked helplessly at his companion. His wound and subsequent illness had weakened his once powerful muscles, and much of his boasted strength had vanished.

In an instant our hero was by his side. He, too, had of late been sadly shorn of his strength, but between them the task was easily accomplished.

This done, the detective stooped over him, 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.

Suddenly our hero was aroused from his mournful soliloquy by a rapping upon the door.

In an 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 blue-coated individual.

"There."

As Cole turned and pointed toward the detective the hindmost man sprang forward and seized him by the arm.

Before the young man could exert his feeble strength in the way of resistance he heard a snap and saw and felt a pair of handcuffs close upon his wrists.

"Dinged! Fool that I am!" cried Cole Winters, in accents of despair.

The man who had placed the gypes upon his wrists was Martin Bloom, while he now recognized the seeming police officer as Almon Sears, his mortal enemy!

Seers there seems no possibility. The enemy has triumphed! He will, under the will extorted from Berenice, hold the entire estate of Paul St. Cyr. But these bonds shall not be his!

He clutched them more firmly in his hand, raised them above his head, and rushed towards the flaming gas-jet as he spoke.

The face at the transom had ceased smiling now, and a look of vexatious rage had settled upon it.

As, in desperation and despair, 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 reach of the seemingly expectant flame, our hero started and looked about.

Upon 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.

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

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

"Hello!" cried he, as he seized and applied to his ear the trumpet whose office it is to multiply, until audible to the human ear, the faint, vibratory sounds of the telephone operator.

"Hello!" came in almost instant response. "Is that the Lake Street Station?"

"They've made a mistake," thought Cole, "and connected with Hyland'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 demented 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 Almon Sears, whose description has been published in connection with the St. Cyr murder. He's wanted as one of the principals in that job. Got that?"

"Yes."

"All right!"

"Hello! Hello!"

"What is it?"

"Is there a good case against Sears?"

"Clear as daylight; straight as a gun-barrel!"

"Any one squealed?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

Martin Bloom. He's given the whole thing away; and besides, Max Morris has just been pinched."

"Has he confessed?"

"No, but we've got him dead to rights. The whole three will swing!"

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

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

"All right."

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

"I know where he is."

"Where?"

"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 ago."

"All right."

With a look of triumph on his face Cole 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.

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CHAPTER XXI.  
GREAT SURPRISE.

Right on both points," sneered the burly burglar, as he pushed our hero rudely back. "You're a fool, and you're been duped."

"Cole Winters is as innocent as a babe," laughed Sears.

"And Martin Bloom's given the whole snap away," added that individual, joining in the laughter.

As for Cole, he said nothing. His consternation and disgust were too great to admit of his making any reply to the taunts and jeers hurled at him by the heartless twain.

"Thought you were talking with police headquarters, did you?" asked Sears, when he had endeavored in vain to obtain a word from Hyland, who sat unconcerned and unobserving. "Open the door, Mart, and let the guy see how it was done."

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

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

"There's the little joker. We'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.

Blooms 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 villains, with a mocking laugh.

"Did you count the bonds?" asked Bloom, suddenly.

"Count them! I didn't as much as take 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!" shouted a moment later.

"What's wrong?" demanded Bloom, who had followed his partner, drawing his 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."

"How could that be?"

"He has them."

In an instant Sears had darted forward and was rummaging the pockets of the unsuspecting detective.

With a curse the baffled murderer started back.

"The powers of darkness are against us!" he shouted. "They were on that table less than a minute ago, now they are gone."

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

"I'll go for them!"

"No! Wait here! I'll be back soon!"

Sears rushed frantically forward, unlatched 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 that fortune!"

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

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

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 we're lost!"

Hyland looked at the steel bracelets and began groping in his pocket.

In a moment he had produced a small key, with which he was trying to unlock the 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 Moore.

Without another word the dwarf, who had appeared from behind the bed where he had been in hiding, snatched 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?" asked Cole, as soon as he had recovered somewhat from his profound astonishment.

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

"What's to be done?"

"This way!"

Jerry rushed 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 lock of a door connecting with still another room.

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' except my own flesh and blood—