

A CHURCHYARD REVERIE

BY L. D. MURPHY.

Who has not spent a Sabbath eve In some lonely churchyard still...

As I stand beside an old man's grave, With grass and weeds o'ergrown...

The little shroud placed by loving hands Beside his lonely bed...

Where now are they who stood around His cold and lifeless clay?

Faded and gone like the flowers and the grass, But if any yet remain...

Near by is another, a new-made mound, The grave of a little child...

Who can tell what hopes lie buried here? Neath this tiny heap of earth?

The little rose-tree planted here Has not yet cast the leaf...

When we think how many stricken ones Have dropped the scalding tear...

We are wont to ask, is there any good In such misery and woe?

But in the light that comes from heaven The gloom from the earthward flies...

Our Father well knows that each human heart Has within it a pure gold mine...

These terrible trials which our lives seem to blight Are only in mercy given...

And to dwell 'mid the graves of heaven, KANSAS CITY, MO.

BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue, and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER XX. DUPED.

ASSING behind the bed, Hyland began pushing it away from the wall. He soon desisted, and looked helplessly at his companion...

stant 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 began tearing 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 uttered a cry of pleasure, and held up a bundle of folded papers, held together by a rubber band.

These Cole eagerly examined. "They're the bonds—fifty-nine of them," cried he.

"That's good!" 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 over his face. He had fondly hoped that the finding of the bonds would quite restore the officer's shattered mind and provide the means for his own vindication from the awful charge resting upon him like a hideous funeral pall, and bring to justice the real murderers.

"Nobody thinks I stole them, I guess?" queried the detective.

"Certainly not."

Cole Winters had no sooner said this than he realized that he had made a serious mistake. The anxious look disappeared from the face of his companion, and as he sank heavily on a seat upon the bed, something of the vacant expression which had marked his appearance at the hospital took its place.

The explanation was not hard to find. The suggestion of the bonds had revived a spark of memory, which had been quenched by the thought that his honor might be involved.

The finding of the bonds had removed the cause of anxiety, and at the same time the stimulant which had half roused the clouded mind from the lethargy that had possessed it.

"But you know me, don't you, Hyland?" asked Cole, triumphantly.

"I do; but I don't tell. You must find that out for yourself. Don't bother me!"

With a groan of despair, the unhappy young man threw the bonds upon the table and began pacing nervously up and down the limited confines of the apartment.

"I'm undone, baffled!" moaned he, as he paused and looked, half pityingly, half resentfully, at the unfortunate man from whose brain—that which renders reasoning possible—memory had well-nigh departed.

Suddenly he paused in his walk and looked at the bundle of bonds, for the possession of which a dastardly murder had been committed.

"Of what use are they now?" he mused, bitterly. "Their rightful owner is gone, and his daughter has been sent to join him! Of my vindication and the consequent exposure and downfall of Almon

Sears there seems no possibility. The enemy has triumphed! He will, under the will executed by Berenice, hold the entire visible 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.

With the bonds of such enormous value almost within the reach of the seemingly expected flame, our hero started and looked about.

Upon the bed sat Hyland, stolid and immovable.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling. A glance in another direction revealed the cause of the noise that had startled him.

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

"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 proper.

"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 preparation 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 octo-

cratic, 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."

"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.

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.

"Here."

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

"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!" he shouted, a moment later. "What's wrong?" demanded Bloom, who had followed his partner, drawing his manacled prisoner after him.

"The bonds! Everything's wrong! You don't mean—"

"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 unresisting 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 there," suggested Bloom, pointing to the one window which was open a little ways.

"About 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, unlocked the outer door, and rushed forth into the hall.

"You propose to stay and be duped as I have been?"

"Do? Not much! I can't trust it 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 pushed it into the keyhole.

"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.

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

CHAPTER XXII. CONCLUSION.

Cole 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 weakness alone. Ecstatic joy had contributed its part. He had tried to resign himself to the greatest of earthly losses—a pure and loving heart—and in the midst of his struggles the bitter cup of woe and despair had been unexpectedly dashed from his hand.

Suddenly the raptures of the two united lovers was broken by a low and peculiar cry.

Our hero turned in alarm, and saw that it had proceeded from Mat Hyland.

cured 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 clue to the missing bonds, which they had decided had somehow come into his hands.

Jerry had also discovered that Berenice St. Cyr 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 innocence, but when they were confronted by Hyland, in the full possession of his mind and memory, they weakened, and Morris endeavored to swallow the contents of a phial containing a deadly poison. He was defeated in his suicidal attempt, and the three were hurried away to cells in the nearest police station.

They were given an immediate trial and convicted of the murder of Paul St. Cyr. Soon afterward, they were executed 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 credit, both to himself and the great municipality that employs him.

The body found and buried as that of our heroine had been procured 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 reporter's 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 sincerely, and will ever cherish and keep green his memory. This would be a sad and gloomy place were grief never assuaged and tears never dried. Time will, no doubt, accomplish both 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 descending by two truthful, sincere, and loving hearts.

THE END

Her Absent-Minded Lover.

Johnny Brown, one of the nicest young men in the village of Squashtown, was courting the belle of the village, a buxom young lass of eighteen summers. But Johnny had one great failing: he was very absent-minded, and would often do very strange things when a fit of abstraction was upon him.

The little maiden, who was his promised wife, was well aware of his trouble, and never in any way made sport of him, even when he was at his worst.

One day Johnny and the maiden were walking through a very lonely forest, when in some way Johnny was so unfortunate as to step upon a large ant hill. In an instant the big black ants were crawling up the insides of his pants legs and making things uncomfortably lively for John.

He endured it manfully for a time, vainly hoping that after a while the ants would retire of their own accord, and drop off; but they didn't seem to drop. After the agony had become perfectly unbearable, he said to the maiden:

"Annie, darling, the legs of my pants are filled with ants and they are biting me unmercifully. I hate to ask you to stay alone in this solitary place even for an instant, but I must leave you here while I retire further into the forest and remove my clothes and shake them."

"Believe me, darling, I will not be gone a moment longer than is absolutely necessary."

Then the maiden seated herself at the foot of a large tree and gave herself up to reflections.

In a short time she heard Johnny returning, and when he again appeared before her she looked at him a moment and then said to him, gently:

"Johnny, darling, you will have to go back for your clothes; for you've nothing on but your shirt, my love."—New York Mercury.

She Was Too Thin.

A blow has been delivered to the tailor-made girl, writes a New York paper, and that is the action of a disappointed bridegroom, who discovered that "things are not what they seem," and who arose from his nuptial couch and boarded a train for San Francisco. It appears that Otto Kelch, a young German musician, married Annie Watson, of First avenue, believing her to be a whole-souled and solid girl of fine dimensions. His somewhat materialistic views underwent a painful modification when the fair but emaciated young lady disrobed and left her generous proportions attached to her apparel. The young husband at dead of night stole away quietly, leaving only a few lines pinned to the pillow of the sleeping bride, who had paid for the wedding banquet and for their night's lodging at the Grand Union Hotel. The explanatory note informed her that she was too thin, and that he doted on fat women. For three years the deserted wife has waited for him in vain, and now she has received word from him that he is happily wedded to a heavy-weight in Germany. This should be a warning to young women similarly constituted, and goes to show that misrepresentation of this sort rarely pays in the long run.

Every Customer Satisfied.

The proprietor of a "Matrimonial Establishment" in London was one day visited by a lady of such extreme plainness that he was at first aghast. He managed, however, to collect himself and assume his usual courteous manner.

The lady proceeded to state that she had a considerable fortune, but that, from some unaccountable reason, she had been unable to find a husband to her liking. She ended by asking: "Now, don't you think you could find me a good party, sir?"

"Ah, yes, madam!" said the agent, very politely. "There's no telling; there may be a blind man in at any moment."—Pick-Me-Up.

It Surely Does.

Knowledge is power, but it takes a good deal of it to know how to live without work.—Ram's Horn.

THE MISTAKE

BY OZIAS MIDSUMMER.

CHAPTER I.

HE mother said: "No, I am far from consenting. A schoolmarm, indeed, for a wife for my son!"

"'T would not be a week ere we both were repenting and cursing the day that the mischief was done."

"If you will get married, why not choose a lady—someone who is sensible, honest, and true, like Mattie McMasters or your cousin Sadie?"

"Yea, better the servant than that little shrew."

CHAPTER II.

The kitchen's great walls were in charge of a fairy. Who trod its great deck with a timorous tread; The tea-kettle's music did trillingward carry The smoke of the frying-pan wreathing her head.

The dark wind of night drove itself down the stove-pipe And scattered the ashes now whitherward flown;

CHAPTER III.

The old mother's hopes had been loftily shying Because of the teacher's face shaded with curls, Because of her hopeful's oft seemingly sighing, Because of the talk they had had about girls.

But now she forgot her dislike of the teacher, And even her fear of the curls was amiss, For seemed then a mystified something to reach her, Which having been heard again seemed like a kiss.

With horse, foot and dragons the mother assaulted And charged with quick-step on the scene of delight, When that yet to come of the seeming defeated And scattered pell-mell 'mid the darkness of night.

CHAPTER IV.

"Now, what's to do next?" whispered one, lowly speaking, As met that same one some one else in the dark; "I feared we'd be caught when I heard the door squeaking, And fear she is after us yet—listen, hark!"

But not a sound heard they, when hugged the low speaker That same some one else, as they kissed to their fill, When whispered the other, "My courage grows weaker, We're both doing wrong thus to counter her will."

"What think you your mother will say on the morrow?"

CHAPTER V.

"No, no," said the lord of creation, encompassing Her who loved him dearly, and kissed her the more, "I'll leave if you go," muttered he, 'mid the gasping That followed the wound that made his heart sore.

"No, Lettie, my darling," continued the hero, "I'll not give you up, though you're driven away. Oh, think, dear, what would become of me! I'll go with you, Lettie; I'll die if I stay."

His hot, briny tears were in streamlets bounding, And bathed were her cheeks with deep crystallized streams, When uttered she words to the hearer astounding, And learned he a thing may not be what it seems.

For as spoke the hero and told of his mother, And how she'd prefer he should marry the cook Before he should her, the one and the other, Unclasp and apart and hugging forsook.

"What's this?" said she, guardless, "Have you been deceiving, And bringing that teacher to work for us here?"

When felt he the joys of the sweet kisses leaving, And wished for a hole wherein to disappear.

CHAPTER VI.

"This true, as 'tis written; he'd hugged his old mother, And joyed in the glory of sweets in the dark, While she'd let him wade through the tanglesome bother, To see, was he earnest and true, as a spark."

Enough has been said, yet a line must be written, To tell how that mother came down from her horse, For knew she now well her son's justly, sore smitten, And so let him wed the cook (schoolmarm) of course, CHICAGO, ILL.

THEY ROARED WITH LAUGHTER

Mrs. Frank Leslie's First Appearance Before a Public Audience.

Mrs. Frank Leslie recently gave to a Chicago Post reporter the story of her first appearance before a public audience. "It was a charity affair. I was asked to do something—anything. I inquired whether it was a pas de seul, or a ballad, or what, that I was expected to perform. 'No, we are really in earnest,' said the lady who had extended the invitation; 'we want you to give us a recitation or something, for we must have your name on the card.'"

"Well, I went away and forgot all about it until the week of the affair, when I had all that I could do to find a suitable piece and learn the lines. The entertainment began. It was at Steinway Hall, New York, and I was put away down at the end of the programme. As the other performers rendered their selections one by one I felt my courage leak out bit by bit through my shoes."

"Then my turn came. I was led on the platform. For a moment I felt all right; then all of a sudden I felt my knees giving way. I can't explain how it happened, but they just felt like melting. I crawled over to the piano and leaned against it. The audience thought I was striking a pose and applauded enthusiastically. As I supported myself there I felt my breath coming back to me, but what with all the faces and the applause and everything I had forgotten all about my poem. Even its title I could not recall. My mind was an absolute blank on the subject. I wanted to run away, but my knees were too weak to support me standing, much less to admit of making good my escape. I could not desert the piano. Eventually as my voice returned to me I de-

cidated to confide the story of my troubles to the audience. They thought it was a pure joke and applauded my little fable with the most inspiring applause. I told them I could not let go the piano, and they simply roared with laughter at my ready wit. They simply would not believe me. Their merriment eventually established a sympathy between me and them. My lost memory finally came back, my knees braced up, I delivered my piece without a break, and from that day to this my most intimate friends refuse to credit me when I tell the story of my stage fright."

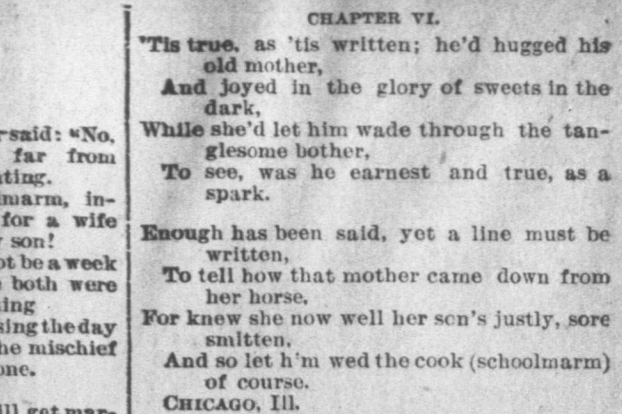
AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

Miss Sybil Sanderson, the beautiful young California girl whose remarkably melodious voice created a sensation in San Francisco four or five years ago, when she was an amateur, has, according to the London Times' Brussels correspondent, achieved a success in the latter city in the opera "Esclarmonde," written expressly for her by Massenet, whose "Don Cesar de Mazan" and "Le Roi de Lahore" have been frequently heard in this country. Miss Sanderson made her operatic debut two years ago in "Esclarmonde."

What He Would Say.

"Ah, little boy," said the minister on Sunday morning, "what would your father say if he knew you were loitering here with a fish-pole?"

"I dunno, but I guess he'd cuss me for not hurryin' up and catchin' some fish before the creek gets cleaned out by the Thomas boys."—New York World.



Mrs. Frank Leslie

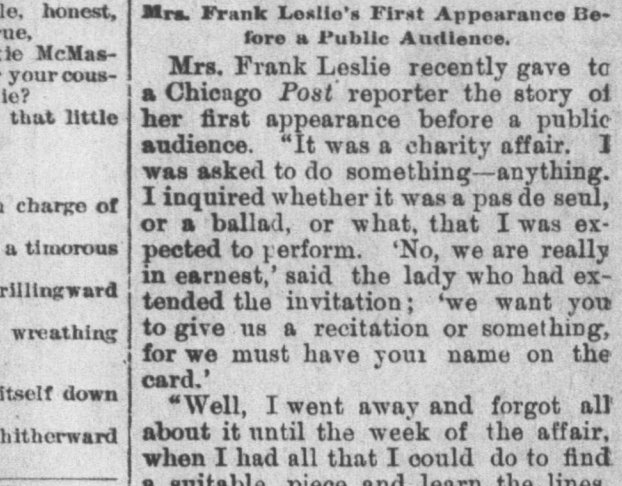


Illustration of a scene from the story

