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auchampe's Double

THE PRIMA DONNA.

Story of Mystery, Love and Devotion.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER I.

The theater was crowded from the muette to the gallery with a critical

the ileaster was crowded from the quette to the gallery with a critical sence. The opera was now, the prima donnat unknown to the audience, and it is the opening night of the new theater, for which was commented on freshill the control of the control of the new theater, and it is the opening night of the new theater, if which was commented on freshill of the control of the contr

an entitled her to the distriction may beauty; nobody referred to her illful talent; discussion was devoted ble singer's personal charms. By this time both men and women men in a better mood, having disposed to the control of the c

Two young men occupying seats to-gher were talking to each other in adertones. Fifty more were doing the

gas thing.

I nover bother with the libretto unis I am interested. Bosides, we know

a vacrable."

hestory."
"The orchestration is execrable."
"You are forever finding fault, Living-

ma.
The house is not properly ventilated."
Anything else?"
There is too much color; distracts
measurements.
Is that all?"

Then these seats are absolutely stuf-It makes me warm to look at the

kes."
Hush! There she is. Ah!"
He prima donna was on, bowing in uswer to the ripple of applause that me until it swelled into a hearty greetly in the gallery.
The singer swept the house with a hace, and in the same instant Livingsan discovered she was a great beauty. She was altogether unlike the singer the preceded her.

sa discovered she was a great beauty. She was altogether unlike the singer to preceded her. This woman with the flashing dark we and sylph-like grace was, conscious the power, self-contained.

The looked over the audience a second to the same greeting, and began to sing. The stan precising, and began to sing. The stan precising, and the stan precision to the stan precision of the standard she was self-the stan precision. The stan precision is self-the stan precision of faces were forgotten. See sang like one inspired. Suddenly the wonderful voice ceased, and then bere was a whirtwind of applause.

Whatever was in store for the opera, Vitteria, the prima donna, had scored to instantaneous success.

What do you think of her, Beau-

What do you think of her, Beau-

thampe? dampe?"
Beauchampe's gaze was so intent, his being so absorbed in the action and the higger, that he had eyes or ears for any-bing olse. His eyes drank in the ele-succe of her attitude, the exquisite convolved the highest properties of the head, the beauty of the crown of brown hair that adorned her as few yomen are crowned. Then he sattled Nomen are crowned. Then he settled dimself in his seat with an involuntary

igh.
"Positively you are hit, Beauchampe."

"Positively you are hit, Beauchampe."
Beauchampe put out a hand.
"She is going to sing again."
The prima donna moved slowly across has stage; the sunlight streamed in at be open windows; the checkered rays fell upon the sprays of silver that caught upon the sprays of the silver that silver the sprays of the mountain heights; the soliding notes were like the lingering of the mountain breeze eighting at the heather.

The suncer swared the year audience

the heather.

The singer swayed the vast audience he person; her empire was undisputed.

ed.
Then she ceased, the audience, rered from a tranca, of feverish intostton, burst forth into such a fury of applause that the singer was compelled to repeat her song again, and again.

The operature of the state of th The opera was no longer a trial. It

The opera was no longer a trial. It was success.

As the whittwind gathers leaves and losses them high in the sir, so the whittwind opposer approval carried the udence away until men and women favet hat the state of the same sta

the green-room, echoed in the drawing-

Beauchsupe was aroused by his friend;
I spoke twice. What pionesses you?"
Then, as Beauchsupe turned to him slowly, Livingston added:
"I was saying she must be an Italian.
Surely, she is no German. What do you think?"

think?"

"I think she is divine."

Livingston laughed, and Beachampe blushed furiously.

"I do not think she is a foreigner: she has an American face. I'd swear she is an American."

"You are very positive."

"I have good reason. I have studied the face."

the face."
"For fully fifteen minutes."
"Say rather lifteen days."
Livingston turned quickly. The act
was over, and people were going out.
The hum of conversation filled the

theater.

"Yes; I retouched her portrait. I was so struck with it that I made a copy of it—that is, I rubbed it in, and worked up the details later, but I now see my error. I don't mind telling you—I met her abroad. I have not done the original justice. However, I can remedy the defects in twenty minutes now—less time."

was speaking to himself rather

the was speaking to mimsen ration than to Livingston, who caught him by the shoulder, laughingly saying:
"What nonsense is this?" Wake up, old fellow! There is a very thresome wait, I'm'told. Let's go out; this air is stiffine."

old feftow! There is a very tiresome wait, l'mtold. Let's go out; this air is stifing."
Then the friends went out arm in arm. When they reached the street, a cry was raised by a victim of a pickpocket. When the rush was over Livingston. Tooked for Beauchampe in vain. He walked rapidly in one direction, then in another. He glanced into the only places Beauchampe was at all likely to enter, a saloon and a restaurant, but Beauchampe was not in either. Livingston was annoyed, but not soriously alarmed. Beauchampe was abundantly able to take care of himself. A city-bred man, who had lived two years in Paris, and as many in Rome: a man used to meeting all kinds of people, could surely hold his own in any community chance might throw him into-and yet it was strange, deuced strange, that he should disappear so suddenly. and yet it was strange, deuced strange, that he should disappear so suddenly. The second act was well on when

The second act was well on when Livingston re-entered the theater slowly. Half a dozen people scowled as he resumed his scat; they were deeply interested in the opera, enthused over the new singer.

Suddenly Livingston experienced relief. He smilled now at his dullness. Nothing round be clearer.—Beauchampe's words were sufficient. He was smitten with the singer's charms, and since he had retouched her portrait within a fortnight, what could be more natural. Doubtless he had availed himself of an unexpected opportunity to pay his respects to the prima donna in the green room. Well, Livingston, could excuse htm. A man head over heels in love with a woman, as it was plain Beauchampe was:—however, Livingston resolved to raily him the moment they met again. And yet—why should Beauchampe remain in the green-room? The prima donna was on the stage. Possibly the artist was talking with the manager, who was so overjoyed that night that he talked to everybody. Suddenly Livingston experienced re-

talked to everybody.

A commotion near one of the doors caused half the audience to look around angrily. There was a scuffle, cries and oaths blended. Blows sounded simultaneously with the oaths. There were

cries of "Kick him out!"

"Kick him out!"
"The rutitan."
"The rutitan."
"The rutitan."
"Anny rose in their places and looked on the scene that interrupted the performance on the stage.

Livingstor beheld a young man with disheveled hair striking one of the ushers a violent blow in the face.

The young man's face was inflamed drink and devilish passion.

If Livingston had not stood up quickly and noted all that passed, he would have thought it was a disagreeable dream, but there could not be any mistake.

The young man who had cursed the ushers and knocked one down, and who stood in full view of the people in the parquette striking right and left at the ushers and police officer was Leslie Beauchampe. champe.
Livingston experienced a sickening

sensation, but controlled himself instant ly and made his way to the entrance as fast as he could.

fast as he could.

That Beauchampe wou'd drink to excess, Livingston until that moment deemed incredible: that drink would transform a man with all the instincts, to say nothing of the breeding of a gentileman, into a brawling ruffisn in fifteen minutes, Livingsten had not thought nossible.

possible.

But since his friend was insane with drink, it was his duty to stand by him—to contrive to take him to some place where he could be restrained until he recovered his senses.

his senses

When Livingston hastened to the entrance, the group gathered there were
furious. Some were invoking the aid of
police, while others execuated the ruffian

who that duded them. Livingston listened like a man in a dream to the broken speedles of those around him, from which he learned that his friend had sullenly submitted to physical force and numbers, and for the process of the submitted to the s esson that he was handcuffed, unti

reason that he was handcured, until his captors approached the street.

Then—no one knew how the prisoner managed it—he had suddenly dealt the officer having him in charge a blow back of the ear, felling him on the instant ktoked one of the attaches of the the captor. inflicted serious injuries upon his vid and, ere those around him could and, ere those around him could put-forth a hand to stay his progress bothed-ed out on the pavement, derted between two passing vehicles, and disappeared from view.

from view.

Two or these who ran loward the venticles, and failed to discover in which direction the ruffien had fied, were describing their sensations upon realizing that the man had escaped.

that the man had escaped.

The pursuers looked at each other handle, but these who lifted the policeman extend the amount of surprise. The terrals him over, they found in him that him the action water him that the handle had been a had

placed upon the prisoner's wrists. This explained a part of the incident.

The prisoner was an expert in freeing his hands of handcuffs. Livingston stood, an interested listener, while the policeman slowly gathered his wits and contemplated the shining bands of steel. "It is no common thief, whoever he is, gentlemen," said the policeman, slowly, "I never heard of but one man that could do that—now I know there are two."

"I never neard of out one man that could do that—now I know there are two."
He listened silently to the speculations of those around him. Some of the ideas advanced were very wild—LLivingston deemed them silly and absurd.
The policeman at length turned and shook his head; then said in a matter-of-fact manner:

The policeman at length turned and shook his head; then said in a matter-of-fact manner:

"You are all wrong, gentlemen. The man we are looking for is an old bird. He has done time in more than one prison. We know the signs—and they are all plain this time. There can't be any mistake about it."

Livingston withdrew from the group stunned, shocked. His sensations during the ensuing ten seconds were-inexpressible.

To enter the theater again was impossible.

One thought occupied his mind. What had become of his friend Beauchampe? Was he insane—crazed with some vile decoction, or was he only drunk, and like some men when drunk devilish? Whatever it was Livingston resolved to "get at the bottom of the business."
That was the duty he charged himself with now, and for several reasons deemed sufficient taken separately.

with now, and for several reasona deemed sufficient taken separately.

In the first place he would not be guilty of deserting a friend in a pinch. In the second place his curiosity was plqued, and in the third-place the affair now presented the elements of a mystery, and if there was one thing that Livingston had a passion for above all other things it—was the business of exploring and unraveling mysteries. His talent for this kind of work was well known, and in his profession many conceded him much more than ta'ent. They said he had given the world indisputable evidence of positive genius.

As Livingston stood under a gaslight near the entrance to the theater, he recalled the events of the last half-hour with an expression that revealed per-

with an expression that revealed per-

plexity and apprehension.

The longer he pondered the more visiplesity and apprehension.

The longer he pondered the more visible was his annoyance and dissatisfaction as he weighed and dismissed in turn the various means which might be employed to assist him in discovering the cause of Beauchampe's extraordinary and wholly inexcusable behavior, and solving the scemingly inexplicable mystery surrounding his disappearance.

Livingston looked at his watco.

"Half past ten! I shall not return to the office to-night. And since I have no assignment, and nothing special on hand for forty-eight hours, I will call at Beauchampe's lodgings—why not? Yes, that is the first move, the starting point. For the first time in my life I am involved in part and parcel of a mystery.

He selected a cigar, and contemplated, it slowly, still pondering; then as he lit it, said to himself with something like a misgiving: "And I-must confess the sensation I experience at this moment is not altogether agreeable."

CHAPTER'IL

A DOUBLE LIFE.

Livingston was walking rapidly. His face was turned toward a car which would enable him to accomplish his purpose in fifteen minutes, when a hand was laid on his arm, and a strong, hearty-voiced man accosted him.

"How are you, Mr. Livingston? Simmons".

mons" "All right, thank you. I am going on

this ca He turned about suddenly, and, facing

He turned about suddenly, and, facing the man with the strong voice, added:

"On second thought, I won't. No need to recall yourself, Mr. Simmons. I seldom forget names, and never forget faces. It isn't likely I will forget your face, and in common gratitude I ought never to forget your name. I am glad I met you. I will believe in special providence after this."

"You always made too much of that affair, Mr. Livingston," said Simmons, with deepening color in his bronzed cheeks.

"If you mean in print, possibly yes; but, between ourselves, you saved my life, Simmons, and we both know it."

"It was all chance. Another man in my place would have done just the same, and anyhow you've more than made it level. Your story fixed me—gave me

my place would have done just the same, and anyhow you've more than made it level. Your story fixed me gave me the best chance any man ever had to show what he can do. I'm in the postal department, just back from Tennesses. On two weeks' holiday—first I've had

on two weeks' holiday—first I've had since that scrape."
Livingston grasped Simmons' hand.
"I congratulate you. If the Government had more like you.— But don't let's moralize. Two weeks holiday? Simmons;" here Livingston's tones suddenly become confidential, while his manner and expression indicated confidence.

dence.
"I'm glad we've met. I am in a quan-dary. Can you give me ten minutes

now?"
"An hour—all night, if I can be of any

service."
"Simmons," said Livingston, earnestly, "you are just the man. I'm in earnest.
I'll tell you the story. Maybe you can help me. You know every corner in New York."

Then Livingston recited the facts in the fewest words, possible Simmons

"You want to keep the thing shady.

I see. If we can find him you have some way to get him eat of town. I suppose until it is fixed up, or blows over. His first open break? I mean since he reformed. If he has reformed?"

"Why, Beauchampe is not that sort of their stall? Indugator rapided quickly."

It is impossible. He was abroad years studying. Hundreds know all about him.

"It is impossible if he was shroad years studying. Hundreds know all about him. I only repeated what the policeman said."
"Wall, you saw him strike the unter in the theater. You are sure of that. "Quite. The entire affair suprised mestured me. There is a mystery somewhere, Simmons. I can't believe Beauchampe was in his senses no one who knows him could be made to believe he would be gailty of the conduct I witnessed. Then the suddenness of the change what would transfer a man

like Beauchampe into a ruffish in twelve or afteen minutes?"

"I've seen it done," said Simmons.

"Abeinthe is bad—and mixing it with other drinks is worse. Anyhow, I understand what you want. I don't care what your reason is; it's a pity of his relatives, if he has any. We will go right to work on it, and not waste a minute. I know just where to begin, and I am always well heeled—second nature, I guess."

Simmons laughed as he led the way.

"There is a queer little hole not far from the theater. I know the man that has the place. We will look in there. You can look around you. I will step into another room with the proprietor. No danger there—the proprietor would lose all he has rather than have anything happen to me in his place. If he should be so unfortunate, nothing could save him from going back to prison—if he should escape the gallows. We are old acquaintances."

Livingston thought he had never looked upon more dangerous men than

cape ine gallows. We are old acquaint-ances."

Livingston thought he had never looked upon more dangerous men than those who gisneed furtively at him when his-companion disappeared in an off-set in the wall at the upper end of the dive-Black Stove presided over. More-brutal-faces he had seen and described, grosser passions were graven in the faces of men he had seen in other haunts; in none, however, had he encountered such shister countenances; the eyes turned upon him, that he felt-examining him, measuring him physically, mentally and morally, were baleful; murder slumbered in some, and shone steadily, coldly in others.

For the first time in his life Livingston.

ers. or the first time in his life Livingstor

For the first time in the sale of the sale and looked deliberately over the faces

lifted to his own.

Apparently no one there evinced more interest in him than in the tobacco-

Interest in him than in the tobacco-stained floor they spat on. Simmons re-joined him at the end of five minutes, and they left the dive without speaking. When they stood on the pavement again Simmons said:
"Our man was there."
"In that place!" Livingston's looks as well as his tones discredited the state-ment. "If you are quite sure. Stimmons, that settles it: at the same time, the proof must be powerful to convince me. Why, that 2 rowd gave me a cold chill. Id as soon make my bed in a cave with rattle-nakes as to trust my life to that gams."

gang."
"And you would be right there.
Nearly every man there has killed his
man—and some have helped to kill more than one, and two or three I noticed have served full time for murder, or been nava served fun time for murder, or oven pardoned—nice, choice lot. Yes, Steve knows our man. He made no bones about telling me. Why he was so outspoken I can't tell—unless he is afraid of me—I won't say without good cause. Steve would give all he has in the world to read my gravestone. Our man is—"

nmons halted, looked at Livingston friendly interest, then walked on

"You may as well prepare yourself for disagreeable news, Mr. Livingston."
"Out with it; but cut it short, Sim-Well, you are all wrong-dead wrong.

"Well, you are all wrong—dead wrong. Your man is a full-blown double, as near as I can make out—and I don't often make mistakes. I don't care in this case—I'd rather be mistaken on your account, after what you've told me."

"What do you mean by a full-blown double?"

"What do you man,"
double?"

"Your friend has two sides, one for
decent people and one for the crowd
back there."
Simmons litted his left thumb to his
shoulder. "Hest not worry over it, Mr.
Livingston, but he is bound to come to
grief sooner or later. It's only a queslive of time with the smartest of them." tion of time with the smartest of them "There is some mistake. You a talking of another man altogether. It

is impossible."
"We are all liable to mistakes," said "We are all liable to mistakes," said Simmons, slowly. "It is coming pretty close this time. He told Steve he had got into a scrape, and changed his hat and coat in there. He went out the back way, crossed a fence, and walked out on the next street. The simplest thing in the word. He walked through a saloon after he jumped the fence."
"I don't believe Beauchampe could be paid to do it," said Livingston. "Nor would you, Simmons, if you could see him and talk with him five minutes."
Livingston spoke with considerable feeling, at first with spirit, then a shade of disappointment was manifested.

"Your business make you suspicious—you can't help it, but the thing is impossible."

"There's a good deal in what you say, but Steve says he said the fuss was in the kheater. He knocked two or three men down, beside clipping the policeman they brought in. There is no mistake about that. Then he is the only man Steve knows that dan do that trick with the handcuffs—and Steve says he has seen him do it more than once, but never knew just how he managed. I think I knoy it. Did you ever notice anything peculiar about your friend's hands?"

"No," said Livingston, absort-wich. "There's a good deal in what you say,

o," said Livingston, absent-mind

"No." sate and a state of the s wrong. As for Beauchampes and that they are finely formed, but they are finely formed, but they are not small, and he is very particular that is why i am constant. As for Beauchampe's hands, I vinced there is an absurd mistake. Beauchampe is the soul of refinement uttarly incapable of such deception. He could no more associate with that vil-

"He got drunk. the usher."

"I did—but that is what I want-cleared

up, Simmons."

"Very well. Stick to your friend, Mr.
Tivingston. That's all right. I admire "Very well. Stick to your friend, Mr. Livingston. That's all right. I admire you all the more for it. But now you've got my curfosity aroused. Til see it shrough if it takes months. There's my hand on it."

Simmore weended a hand, which Liv-

Simples extended a hand, which Liv-ingston graded cordially.

There's just one more place I want to look in now. Steve thinks he might be there—he was heading that way. We can walk—no need to get in a car. I am going to convince you that Beauchampe is another sort of man, and satisfy myself; then we'll arrange to get him out of the road for awhile. That is your idea?

of the road for awhite. That is your idea?"

"Precisely," Livingston replied. "I am putting the matter entirely in your hands now, Simmons."

"If you have anything of value, just put it in a safe place. I could get it back, but there is no use inviting trouble. You'll only meet 'crooks'—there isn't a man there that could be hired to murder you. Alteather different from isn't a man there that could be hired to murder you. Altogether different from that crowd we left. Steve says your friend isn't a prime favorite on that ac-count. Hs goes there oftener than he is wanted."

"Armon picknesses."

"Among pickpockets?"

"Steve says he has seen him there

"Steve says he has seen non more often."

"Beauchampe in a rendezvous with pickpockets—a common associate!"

"We are going right to the bottom of this business now," said. Simmons, resoluctly. "There's no stopping-place."

His professional pride was piqued now...

"Why isn't he a favorite? Has Beauchampe killed his man, too? I'll believe it when he tells me."

"There's something back of their dislike. Steve thinks it the most natural."

like. Steve thinks it the most natural thing in the world. Here we are. This

thing in the world. Here we are. This way."

Simmons led the way through an entry Livingston had remarked a hundred times.

The passageway had always been associated in his mind with a dingy little store. He had assumed the passage had fallen into disuse because the occupants of the store found it more convenient to pass in and out of the store-room.

When Simmons stepped clear of the passage, and opened a door on the left in the rear building, Livingston looked into a poel-room in full blast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What One Woman Says. It is curious and interesting at any summer resort or other gathering of intelligent women to see the general profound indifference to politics—to any news of the day, however, excit ing, which relates to the affairs of the nation. Still more colous is it to ob-serve, on questioning ardent female suffragists, how little they know about the great question of the hour. Pluy generally say, "Oh, both parties are terribly corrupt, but when women vote politics will be purified." Will it? Are not women also possessed of moral incrmities? Will not many women sell their votes, bargain for office, intrigue, combine with others for selfish ends? Where there is no temptation, there is no sin; but when power comes, and with it temptation, shall we find that God has created one sex "good," the other "bad"? Ah, no; women are like men, of the same time and race only their pursuits, occupations, and habits of life differ; their sphere is domestic, their intercourse with the world far more limited. They now have power to do far more by influence in public matters, by an intelligent in-terest in schools, hospitals, alms-houses, than they exercise, and it is lamentable that so few women care how the public charities of their own towns are managed. There is no good reason to think that the right of suffrage will increase that interest. A spirit of humane unselfishness leads men and women both to care for the unfortunate—and too few men care for them now, in spite of their right to

ote. Clara Temple Leonard, in the Century.

Why Jim Would Win. Jim and Tom agreed to get up a lit-tie match in addition, whereby the winner will be the one who first reaches a hundred by calling out a number alternately which, when added to the foregoing, is no less than one and not

more than seven. Mow, Jim knows a thing or two, and wins the match, and, moreover, he predicts to Tom that he will surely win it in spite of all that Tommy can do to prevent it. Which numbers must Jim

prevent it. Which induces must sim name in succession to be sure to win the game every time? In this case, Tom begins with three, The solution is: Jim names, every time that it is his turn the highest number which can be divided by four not by eight. No matter what number Tom names, keeping within the range of seven upward from Jim's number. Jim follows up with say four (Tom having begun with three), twelve, twenty, twenty-eight, thirty-six, and so on up to ninety-two. Now Tom is compelled to name a number within range of ninety-three to ninety-nine, and it is, of course, Jim's turn to say one hun-

dred. Try it, and let your fellow-contestant begin with any number he chooses. You are sure to beat him every time

by following this method.

Prince Bismarck has a superstition in reference to the number three, and perhaps not without reason. He has served three German emperors; he has fought in three wars; he has signed three treatles of peace; he arranged the meeting of the three emperors, and the tablished the triple alliance.

ABOUT 120,000 copies of General Booth's book, "In Darkest England, and the Way Out." have "In an end the demand is still as great ever. The work is being translated ever. The work is being 1 into Japanese, French, Dutch

EDNA noticed that pape of the new baby, so she page the around his neck and sad, which there it, pape; it won't blue.