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SLAUGHTER.

a Woman in a Brooklyn.

March 18.—J.

S. of 231 Tilk a prisoner in a prisoner in may be char may be char its morning in a court, where

oon he called [rs. Lefa Sinn He wanted to to let him in. the door is sfied with this the face with he had her that arms when the fell the chicausing conditions to the state of the causing conditions are sellent to the caus causing con

i called at 🕽 for the po-ertained. Do e child was prathic hospi

t Changes 8.—The Cen Tokio says been appoint or replace been made revays and the la. whose person of the la. W o Mr. Watan ent of the praining a m Prince Koma ne continent armies.

h 18.-In esterday for ince of Wa n exciting two minutes ned on the se but on sea and fr

nds the gall ead Bridge. of Harrisbu nsylvania r on tep of n was pass tower. He struck by man place. n. He was

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18.—Johns sentenced our groun.
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It fall. Jac and bookeart on reat to aw.
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achampe's Double

THE PRIMA DONNA.

sory of Mystery, Love and Devotion.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER II. (Continued.) CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)
first Livingston thought Simmons
gade a mistake—there must be anphouse with a similar passageway,
men he saw were well dressed,
yere young. He remarked their
and appearance, then the clean-cut

An err young clerks, then the clean-cut strested his attention. Her locked like a lot of young clerks, then to occurred to him that this lot healty dressed young fellows had faces were and keener than fifty or sixty americans ought to muster. In or two instances the loudness of was noteworthy, otherwise the age taste was unexceptional; certained the state of the stat or two instances the loudness of was noteworthy, otherwise the age taste was unexceptional; cer if there was nothing to challenge

fingston stood looking at the player fingston stood looking at the player first him. Apparantly no one deemed worthy of a glauce. One or two led at Simmons indifferently as he dithrough the room and addressed the proposition of the establishment, and talked with a low tones.

feline establishment, and taked with it low tones. he conversation was very brief. here minutes possibly were con-sed, then Livingston preceded his apation through the dark passage, donce more they were on the broad mement. Simmons was the first to

man was there. If we had been quicker—or if I had met you five s carlier, we would have had

This is Beauchampe now-you are

This is Beauchampe now—you are size Simmons?"
'fou can make up your own mind. If rean that got into the row, and hit sehr in the theater—while you were ring on was your friend Beauchampe, ashe same man changed his hat and in Black Steve's place, and the man that changed his hat and in Steve's place came right here.

Proprietor knows him as well as he is me—better. He is wearing the he got at Steve's—and the cost. the got at Steve's made sure of the made sure of that. But there's proofs."

Samons' deliberate tones produced mexpected effect upon L bhalted suddenly and caught his com-ion's arm, saying, "Simmons, I'd ther iose a thousand dollars—and mer had five hundred to call my own metine—yes, if I had ten thousand minute, I'd rather lose it than have proved.

broved."

Samons stood looking down on him,
shought quickly. There was someg Livingstone had not revealed;
se powerful motive back of the reason
had given Simmons for probing the

"All right," said Simmons. "Just as rangit, said Simmons. Just as easy we'll drop it right here. I'm or your account, Mr. Livingston, are not account, it he has

He was looking straight into Living-

as eyes. Thank heaven! he has no relativeshear relatives. At least, I never not him refer to them. But it is tely possible he may have some rela-se, no. I was not thinking of them." Summors' brow cleared on the in-ter.

folial to hear you say it. I was be-laning to think he had a sister or a losin."

The strink he had a sister or a sein."

Probl'' exclaimed Livingston. "There no love—no sentiment in this busing.

The told you everything."

Then we will go right ahead. Whater is proved will make no difference on except that it will satisfy us. And begin, your friend showed Dicky—at the proprietor of the pool-room—tright thumb, and the knuckles of his cell list of the told him the whole story, he as he told Stone. You see, he at care how many of them knows it. Takes pride in it. His knuckles the skinned on the jamb of the door second time he struck at the usher. in wrenching his left hand out of handcuffs—he said he hadn't time handcuffs—he said he hadn't time of it neat—when he struck the posenan he bruised the side of his auch. He showed it to Dicky and adlaughted. He told Dicky, too, how he died them when he ran across the test between the wagon. One was a way express wagon. He dodged until the caught hold of the ring—you've ticed how the wagons turn in their own agth—curled his legs un and held on all there was a square for more between him and the theater. Then he let a That explains what he didn't tell tre—how his coat got so dirty."

Livingston's face was a study as he cool looking at Simmons.

ood looking at Simmons. Simmons closed his mouth firmly and skel at Livingston with a quiet common that exasperated Livingston, one disgust was too great for words be pictured Beauchampe curling his a up, clutching with strained clasp ironwork under the wagon.

I was such an experiment as only a dened rogue would resert to. The class in tiself was facefully. His transport was past belief.

No." said Simmons. "It's about as thought it at first. Your friend

exclaimed Livingston, sharpnat: exclaimed Liftingston, snarp-leauchampa convicti" Fre can's be any mistake about said Simmons, with rare delibera-"None whatever. I suspected it us. Most of the tricks shat sur-

prises people and throws them off the scent is fearned in prison."
"Such as slipping one's hands out of handcods, eh? They give each prisoner a pair, Simmons?"

"They might as well. A man who is thrown onto himself, if he has any life in him, is bound to work it out some way. They practice all sorts of things to 'get. even' with the world when they get out."
"And where did here."

"And where did he serve time—did icky tell you that?"

"And waere du ne serve dime du Dicky tell you that?"

"That was my chief errand, I may say. Dicky's record can't be questioned. Its public record. He just pastes the sentences in a little book—he's got thir-teen years without a break. Just a fad of Dieky's."

"But you have not told me where Beauchamps served what State and

when."

"Right here in New York—nearly three years, when he tells you and other people he was abroad studying. No trouble proving that. Dicky says hundreds will prove it any time I want it done. Dicky isn't at all disobliging about a matter of public record.

a matter of public record.

Livingsten lifted both hands, then dropped them to his side with a gesture

dropped them to his side with a gesture that was more eloquent than words. Then he drew a long breath. When he spoke again it was in a low voice.

"That is the worst thing I ever heard—the last thing I would have believed. I can't realize it now."

He stared hard at Simmons, then at the pavement.

"I suppose we'll go to his lodgings now—I think that will be best. Or." Simmons paused and seemed to be turning something over in his mind, "if you prefer it you can go alone. He might take it into his head to go there. The only thing that would prevent him would be—

be—"
"I comprehend," said Livingston. "You think he wouldn't care to have me drop in on him just now."
"That's it. precisely," said Simmons, briskly. "But it's the only thing I see for you to do. Go there, and if you can't find him, manage some way—some sure way—to warn him to keep out of the road for awhile—till he hears from you. And you can make a 'prespane', for him And you can make a 'personal' for him -that's the idea."
"Where will I find you in half an hour

or so?"
Simmons mentioned a well-known

Simmons mentioned a well-known popular resort.
Livingston still stood, hesitating. At last he blurted out, with a half-apologetic air, and in tones that appealed strongly to his companion: "Spite of everything. Simmons, I've not lost faith in Beauchampe yet. Don't think it is a weakness; I simply can't give him up yet. There's something more in this—and there's a terrible—a horrible mistake somewhere. I know you'll think its weakness—but I can't help it."

"I don't think anything of the sort—that's all right. I don't want to shake your faith in your friend more than I can help. Help him all you can—and I'll help you all I can. I'll wait till I hear from you."

"In three-quarters of an hour, at

three-quarters of an hour, at said Livingston, as he strode

Simmons turned about, shook his head gravely, and walked in the opposite diection.

CHAPTER III.

"LIKE AN ANGEL OF LIGHT." Livingston walked rapidly three squares, was so fortunate as to catch a car at the corner, and eight minutes later was talking to the old man who had charge of the building in which Beauchampe had located himself upon

his return from Italy.
"Mr. Beauchampe does not lodge here,

sir. "But." interposed Livingston, hastily, yet mindful of what was due his elder, "I have a distinct recollection that Mr. Beauchampe todged in his studio. That

here—"
"I cannot tell him when he is not in the house, sir," the old man replied,

civilly.
"That is all right," Livingston said, "That is all right," Livingston said, impatiently. "I understand all about it. But I was with him early in the evening, so if you just say to Mr. Beauchampe that Mr. Livingston is here—" "I cannot speak to him when he is not here."

Come, now-he has given you orders

"Come, now—o. ot office to admit no one."

"No, sir. He has not Mr. Beauchampe does not lodge here."

Lodge berel" exclaimed Living-

champe does not lodge here."
"Not lodge here" exclaimed Livingston. "When did he change his lodgings?"
"I do not remember. I thust be about four or five months. Yes—all of that."
"Can, you tell me where I can find him?"

him' n?"
I can direct you to his lodgings, sir.

"I can direct you to his lodgings, sir. I know very well, sir. You are his friend, I believe. At least, I have heard him speaking of you—he has shown me your writing in the Record, sir.—"
"Yes, yes," said Livingston: "pardon me, but I must see Mr. Beauchampe as soon as possible." The old gentleman was at special pains, lest the visitor and friend might possibly make a mistake.

At least eight precious minutes were lost before Livinston was on his way to Beauchampe's lodgings, and a good quarter of an hour expired before he found them.

Beauchampe's lodgings were in the

them. Beauchampe's lodgings were in the last place Livingston would have looked for his friend. They were far removed from the thoroughfares made brisk by pedestrians.

The houses were shabby, many of them falling into decay. Domesticity provatied, but the odor was not always agreeable. He experienced relief was not always.

anough to give Livingston, the horrors.

The door opened suddenly, and an elderly female, with her neck muffled in a towel and wearing a faded wrapper, looked at the caller curiously.

When the visitor made his errand known the elderly female looked slantingly on the floor, and without answering a word, walked up the stairs facing him.

Livingston chaffed inwardiy. Was the woman dumb?

At the end of a period that exhausted his patience, now well tried, she descended the stairs, and said:

"You can go up now."

Then the mysterious elderly female entered a door opening on the short hall, and Livingston realized that two, had a listener—the elderly female was on guard. At any other time Livingston would have smiled; now he had serious business on hand.

business on hand.

At the head of the stairway he discov-

business on hand.

At the head of the stairway he discovered a door ajar. Pushing it open, with a resolve to face the worst, whatever it might be. Livingston strode into the room, greeting his friend.

When he was fairly in the room, speech died on his lips. Instead of meeting a well-known face, he found himself star ing stupidly at a young lady.

The young lady had laid aside her work. In her haste a basket was overturned, and a cascade of colors in worsted tumbled toward him.

He stooped, lifted the basket and replaced it on the table. The action gave him time to regain his self-possession. The young lady said, "Thank you" in an ordinary tone, and stood waiting his pleasure.

Was this a wife. Livingston asked himself. At all events he must be doubly discreet now. How to broach the subject—or would he give her any ink-ling of his real errand.

Livingston's experience as a reporter in days not so far distant, was worth something in the emergency. He concluded he would let matters' drift, and trust to chance. He said the right thing.

"I thought I would find Mr. Beau-

thing.
"I thought I would find Mr. Beau-champe here, or I would not have inthought he sent a message with

you?"

Surprise gave a new charm to her face. It was a very bright face, more than pretty. Livingston thought she was beautiful.

"Has anything happened to him, Mr. Livingston?"

She advanced to him quickly, and

Livingston?"

She advanced to him quickly, and searched his face in a quick, startled way that perplexed the visitor.

"I heard him say he was going to hear Vittoria with you—it was impossible for me to go with him so early in the week. I was sure he was at the theater."

Livingston's mind was made up before the concluded. He resolved to lie II.

she concluded. He resolved to lie. If the truth had to be told, Beauchampe himself should tell it. He would not. "It was planned to go to the theater,

but——"
What was it that deterred him?

What was it that deterred him? Her clear eyes seemed to be reading his soul. She did not move a finger: she simply looked in his eyes, waiting until he answered.

Livingston coughed. He could not lie to this woman. To do so would be sacrilege. He essayed speech again, this time more successfully.

"We were at the theater, but at the end of the first act, which was very short, we came out, were separated in the crowd at the entrance, and Mr. Beauchampe has not shown up since." Beauchampe has not shown up since Livingston began airily, intending finish with a laugh, but an exclamation from the young lady changed the current

or his thoughts.

"Leslie! Something has happened—
something very serious. I feel it—I am
sure of it." of his thoughts

Sure of it."

She clasped her hands and paced the floor twice, then faced her visitor. It was plain that she was striving to control herself. "That was hours ago, Mr. Livingston: have you come direct from the theater?"

the theater?"
Livingston stammered something about time consumed looking for Beauchampe, then said, forcing a smile:
"I dare say we are giving ourselves a world of uneasiness for no cause. He will be here doubtless in a little while,"
Her searching eyes were riveted upon his again.

She laid a hand lightly on his arm, so

his again.

She laid a hand lightly on his arm, so lightly he scarcely felt it, yet he trembled at the touch.

"Mr. Livingston. you are keeping something back from me. How can you? Who has a better right to know than his sister? We two are all alone." Her manner more than her words convicted him. Yet he could not summon sufficient courage to tell her all. All? She should never know the truth-now-if he could preven it.

"I will not deceive you, Miss Beauchampe. I came here hoping to find your brother. However, it is possible he is enjoying himself at this moment with some friend—a student companion, a foreigner, or brother American."

"That is not like Leslie at all," said Miss Beauchampe. "He is incapable of such rudeness. He would have returned

Miss Beauchampe. "He is inca such rudeness. He would have returned to you in company with this friend first of all. No, no! I know something has happened to Leslie. Why, see! it is long after eleven. The theater must be I know something has happen

Here a flood of tears checked her ifficiently to resume speech she added: terrible, because my brother has never been out after nine o'clock since I came

been out after nine o clock since I came to the city—not once. He was so particular in this respect—he is the very best brother in the world, Mr. Livingston—that he cautioned me when he went out not to be uneasy if he should be out till twelve.

As she uttered this rapidly between bifinding, tears, Livingston—experienced.

a sickening sensation—could it be possible that a wretch such as Beauchampe must be, if Simmons discoveries were any guide, existed. As she uttered this rapidly between formulating when he rank the bell, where he was assured he would find the artist. He had erred twice, but the proprietor of a musty little apothecary shop came to his relief, and pointed out the way-for him.

The house did not look as bad as its relighbors. The blinds were in good repair, and the owner had renainted it within tarse or four years. What possessed Beauchampe to hide himself among these little, faded-out shops and dingr dwellings? They were the out the way guide; existed.

The longer he looked upon this beautism is friend grew.

No man living in or breathing the same atmosphere that this girl breathed out be guilty of the crimes laid at Beauchampe's door.

"Miss Beauchampe," he said, in a tone

"Miss Beauchampe," he said, in a tone designed to reassure her, "I will not deny there is something annuaud in this matter, but it is possible something has prevented your brother from returning to me or coming home."

"You cannot; it is impossible for you or any one to comprehend the half I feel. We are all the world to each other. If anything should happen Leslie. I think it would kill me, Mr. Livingston. I have no doubt it would be the same with him if anything happened me."

She was walking across the floor rapidly now, sobbing convulsively.

Livingston was inexpressibly shocked and grieved.

and grieved.

All his sympathies were aroused. But, man-like, he stood dumb. He could not choose words; words seemed such patry things in the presence of the girl's grief.

"Miss Beauchampe, will you listen to me one moment—just a moment."
She turned her swimming eyes upon him, clenching her intertwined fingers resolutely.

me one moment—just a moment."

She turned her swimming eyes upon him, clenching her intertwined fingers resolutely.

"Just a moment I will give you my solemn promise that I shall not close my eyes until I learn what has become of your brother. We were firm—I hope true—friends. Rest assured, all that can be thought of will be done—that is, providing your fears are verified. I am, fortunately, in a position that will enable me to do much in an emergency. My connection with the press and a large acquaintance in police circles will. help me. Rely upon me."

Miss Beauchampe reached out a hand, bowing her beautiful head, like and yet wholly unlike her brother's. Livingston pressed her hand fervently, walked to the door, turned, looked at the silent figure standing there motionless in the middle of the room, a picture that time has not effaced from his memory to this day, then softly closed the door behind him and hastened away.

CHAPTER IV.

"Well!" Simmons glanced up at Live-"

THE MURDER. "Well!" Simmons glanced up at Liv-ingston, and laid the paper he was read-ing aside.
"He is not at home."

"He is not at home."
"So he is married, then?"
Livingston sat down beside him and explained the position of affairs just as found them

Simmons was surprised. Simmons was surprised.

He was prepared to hear that Beauchampe had a wife—a number of wives—but the sister Livingston described puzzled him. He began to doubt for the first time. Possibly what they both saw and heard were not facts after ail. Possibly Livingston's extraordinary faith in his friend was well grounded. At ail events it was now stronger than eyer.

"What do you propose next?" said Livingston. "I am at the end of my resources—that is, I will be when I make the rounds of the newspaper offices, or

the rounds of the newspaper offices, or can get word to my friends-men I can

the rounds of the newspaper offices, or can get word to my friends—men I can rely upon in a case of this kind.

Simmons rose, buttoned his coat and said his course was mapped out.

He was ready to call upon certain friends in police circles: in the morning he would communicate with the head of the detective force, and inside of twelve hours, possibly less time, they would get at the truth of this business."

—Hespoks in the tone of a man who did not know what failure meant:

"You know just where to reach me at any time, Mr. Livingston, and all the world knows where the Record office is. I'll leave word there for you if I want you."

you."

"Before we separate, I want a 'stiffener' of some sort, Simmons. This thing
has been trying on me. Besides, it's ener of some sort, Simmons. This thing has been trying on me. Besides, it's past my lunch-time. What will you have?"

"No stiffener for me. I never drink anything stronger than milk. Milk's good enough for me."

Livingston made himself a strong glass of whisky and water, with pienty of sugar, nibbled a cracker with it, and then they separated at the door, each going his own way. Livingston availed himself of a cab, while Simmons entered the first car passing.

car passing.

He called at three newspaper offices: he found his man in, in left notes that answered all pur

It was after two when he entered the

office of the Record. The managing editor hailed him.
"Hello, Livingston! Thought
were off?"

were off?"
"I am off."
"I see you are. Why is it that newspaper men when they get a day off invariably hang around newspaper offices?"

"I might ask why does the managing editor voluntarily perform the duties of night editor."

night editor."

"Well, the fact is, I was at the opera "Well, the fact is. I was at the operal You'll allow a managing editor to look in his own office one night in three years —that is not counting election nights and extra occasions. The truth is, Baird is out of sorts—I've packed him off home. Everything is smooth as butter here. By the way, going to be about a few minutes? If you are, there's a murder you might look over. Another mystery. Three murders in one day, or twenty-four hours—same thing—is doing pretty well. Just skim over it, and see that the head is all right. Sparks is out looking up a matter of his own—playing looking up a matter of his own— night editor, city editor and of everything this morning. I fun."

The managing editor was perspiring, but Livingston did not smile. He was

The managing editor was perspiring, but Livingston did not smile. He was not in a smiling mood.

"You'll find the proof on Black's table there—or it ought to the there. Come to think of it, I did change the head. You'll find the head on a separate slip."

Livingston removed his hat, as he lifted the proof.

Directly his pencil was out. "The proof reader has to see this." he said.

"No—he'll run over it after you."—Why?—Livingston tarned to the managing editor, "you did not tell mo Major Dabney was killed!"

"Not Major Dabney! J. S. Dabney?
Yes—there it is—no doubt about the J. B. But eag it be pessible it is the J. S.?"

"It must be." said Livingston. "There is no other J. S. Dabney."
"Sure? That's inexcusable stupidity on Black's park. He ought to know where Major Dabney lives. The best item—a sensation lying there and no

body knew it! This is the Dabney. Livingston? We must be sure."

"I know both the numbers as well as I know this office, Mr. Ward. This is the man who has belped to make and unmake Mayors and Postmasters. And you did not know it?"

you did not know it?"

"I've got plenty of time left to say all that is necessary, but Black's days in, this office are numbered. A man who does not know the difference between an influential politician and a grain merchant, manufacturer, or grocer, has no business fooling around a newspaper."

The managing editor turned away with a wrathful countenance, and Livingston read the account of the murder, corrections the errors carefully.

ing the errors carefully.
Directly the manager was at his elbow

Directly the manager was at his ellow again.

"See here, Livingston. Do you mind dashing off something describing the sort of a man the Major was. On second thought, I won't devote more than a paragraph to the murder now—I may again. Time enough. You can do the sort of thing I want—and I'll relieve you of this. Yours will be introductory—inderstand?"

this. Yours will be introductory—understand?"

So Livingston, who was at home inhis subject, wrote out swiftly the "sort of thing" that fitted the Record.

He described a rich—a very rich man. Men accounted wealthy were pleased to get a nod from him. Men who were anxious to make money courted his society; men will had sons to provide for, and who knew that a hint from Major. Dabney was a sood as a petition signed by a thousand merchants, consulted Major Dabney's pleasure, looking not to heaven but to the American's Mecca, Washington, for their sure reward. The political structure (in a local sense) was a thing of clay in the Major's hands. Self-interest and the golden rule that always ended in his friends' pockets when it did not begin and end in his own, was the Major's sole guide. A political venture that promised no profit to himself possessed no interest for him. There were such campaigns, in which great principles were involved, spite of all the Major and his colaborers could do to prevent it, but when the canvass was at its hottest, Major do to prevent it, but when the vass was at its hottest, I do to prevent it, but when the canvass was at its hottest, Major
Dabney was either fishing in foreign
waters, absorbing the atmosphere of
Florida for the benefit of his health, or
sulking in his tent. As for the social,
and especially the moral structure, they
were built and maintained in another
way, without the Major's aid.

To be CONTENED.

TO DE CONTINUED.

Novel Method of Securing Sleet "I have seen a good many novel methods employed by mothers in order to put their bables to sleep," said George L. Wann, of Trenton, N. J., "but I think the strangest way of all is one which is prevaient in India, where the native mothers put their bables' heads under a spout of water to send them to sleep and keep them quiet. I spent several months in that country not long ago, and witnessed this curlous mode of treatment dozens of times every day. The water of the hill spring was so adjusted as to furnish a series of tiny spouts. Under each spout was a kind of earth pillow and a little trough, constructed to carry off water. The restless child was placed on the pillow in such a way that one of the spouts played directly on the top of its head, the water then passing away in the trough. I can testify that the process was most successful, and was seemingly highly enjoyed by the babies, who remained perfectly under the spouts. The people asserted that the water did the children no harm, but on the contrary strenthened and benefited them. They seemed to think that if a child was not subjected to this treatment every day or two it would grow up weak-minded and good-for-nothing."—Globe-Demo-

How the Doctor Beat Himself. A very eminent physician had cured a little child from a dangerous illness. The thankful mother turned her steps toward the house of her son's saylor. "Doctor," she said, "there are some services which cannot be repaid. I did not know how to express my grati-tude. I thought you would, perhaps, be so kind as to accept this purse, embroidered by my own hands." "Madam," replied the doctor, roughly, "med-leine is no trivial affair; and our visits are only to be rewarded in money. Small presents serve to sustain friendsmall presents serve to sustain trendship, but they do not sustain our families." "But, doctor," said the lady, alarmed and wounded, "speak; tell me the fee." "Two thousand francs, madam." The lady opens the purse, takes out five bank notes of 1,000 francs each, gives two to the doctor, puts the remaining three back in her purse, bows coldly, and departs .-Amusing Journal.

Randolph's Bitter Sarcasm When John C. Calhoun became Vice President of the United States, and consequently President of the Senate, thority to call the Senators to order for words spoken in debate, as he regarded each Senator as an ambassador from a sovereign State. The eccentric John Randolph, of Virginia, took advantage of Mr. Calboun's ruling to abuse him rsonally. One day he began a tirade by saying; Mr. Speakeri I mean Mr. President of the Senate and volunta President of the United States, which God in his infinite mercy averti"

Timely Caution.

Clerk (of Western hotel)—I thought it best to caution that old fellow who

just came in about blowing out the gas.
Proprietor—Where's he from h
Clerk—From the Greater New York.