

# Beauchampe's Double

## THE PRIMA DONNA.

Story of Mystery, Love and Devotion.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

### CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

The first Livingston thought Simmons made a mistake—there must be another house with a similar passageway. He saw were well dressed, and were young. He remarked their appearance, then the clean-cut man arrested his attention. They looked like a lot of young clerks. It occurred to him that this lot of well-dressed young fellows had faces sharper and keener than fifty or sixty average Americans ought to muster. In two instances the loudness of the voice was noteworthy, otherwise the taste was unexceptional; certainly there was nothing to challenge Livingston's attention.

Livingston stood looking at the player. Apparently no one deemed him worthy of a glance. One or two looked at Simmons indifferently as he passed through the room and addressed a well-dressed man who stood within a few feet of the establishment, and talked with low tones. The conversation was very brief. Three minutes possibly were consumed, then Livingston preceded his companion through the dark passage, and once more they were on the broad street. Simmons was the first to speak.

"Where will I find you in half an hour or so?" 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 weakness; I simply can't give him up yet. There's something more in this—and there's a terrible—horrible mistake somewhere. I know you'll think it's 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 most," said Livingston, as he strode away. Simmons turned about, shook his head gravely, and walked in the opposite direction.

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."

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

"They might as well. A man who is thrown out 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 he serve time—did 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 thirteen years without a break. Just a fad of Dicky's."

"But you have not told me where Beauchampe 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 dissembling about a matter of public record."

Livingston lifted both hands, then 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—"

"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 a while—till he hears from you. And you can make a 'personal' for him—that's the idea."

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enough 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 chafed inwardly. 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 he had a listener—the elderly female was on guard. At any other time Livingston would have smiled; now he had serious 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 staring 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.

"Miss Beauchampe," he said, in a tone designed to reassure her, "I will not deny there is something unusual in this matter, but it is possible something has prevented your brother from returning to me of 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 to Leslie, I have no doubt it would be the same with him if anything happened to me."

She was walking across the floor rapidly now, sobbing convulsively. Livingston was inexpressibly shocked and grieved.

All his sympathies were aroused. But, man-like, he stood dumb. He could not choose words; words seemed such paltry 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.

"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, holding 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.  
THE MURDER.  
"Well!" Simmons glanced up at Livingston, and laid the paper he was reading aside. "He is not at home."

body know 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 helped to make and unmake Mayors and Postmasters. And 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, correcting the errors carefully.

Directly the manager was at his elbow 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 matter 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—understand?"

So Livingston, who was at home in his subject, wrote out swiftly the "sort of thing" that fitted the Record. He described a rich—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 who had sons to provide for, and who knew that a hint from Major Dabney was as good 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 collaborators could 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.

Novel Method of Securing Sleep.  
"I have seen a good many novel methods employed by mothers in order to put their babies to sleep," said George L. Wann, of Trenton, N. J., "but I think the strangest way of all is one which is prevalent in India, where the native mothers put their babies' heads under a spout of water to send them to sleep and keep their quiet. I spent several months in that country not long ago, and witnessed this curious 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 his 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 quiet under the spouts. The people asserted that the water did the children no harm, but on the contrary strengthened 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-Democrat.

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 savior. "Doctor," she said, "there are some services which cannot be repaid. I did not know how to express my gratitude. I thought you would, perhaps, be so kind as to accept this purse, embroidered by my own hands." "Madam," replied the doctor, roughly, "medicine is no trivial affair; and our visits are only to be rewarded in money. Small presents serve to sustain friendship, 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 opened 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 Sarcastic.  
When John C. Calhoun became Vice President of the United States, and consequently President of the Senate, he announced that he had not the authority 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. Calhoun's ruling to abuse him personally. One day he began a tirade by saying: "Mr. Speaker, I mean Mr. President of the Senate and would be President of the United States, which God in his infinite mercy avert!"

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? Clerk—From the Greater New York.