

Beauchampe's Double

OR

THE PRIMA DONNA.

Story of Mystery, Love and Devotion.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Livingston's off-hand sketch was so to nature that people who knew the murdered man said it was perfect of a kind. He reread his article and turned it to the managing editor, who grimly nodded as he read it, and said:

"Livingston, positively you have a gift for this sort of thing. Now he is the world is well rid of the Major. The murder—run your eye over and see if there's anything that needs correcting. You know more about the Major's habits and life than I do."

Livingston ran his eyes down the proof until he reached the closing paragraph. Then he trembled and looked at the managing editor. He opened his mouth, but no sound came from them. The proof, however, walked to the proof-book, found the head and stared at it.

The closing paragraph informed the police that the murder was committed by a man who was ejected from a leading theater for disorderly conduct a few hours before the murder was committed. The motive was well known. The motive was vengeance for a woman in the case, etc. There was a woman in the case, etc. The motive was a double life was hinted at in the report.

CHAPTER V.

BEAUCHAMPE'S STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

When Beauchampe was separated from his friend at the entrance of the theater, he felt a hand on his shoulder, while a disagreeable voice, said:

"What do you see, Carrick, 'spech'ly looking so flash?"

Beauchampe's face was in the shadow of the turned quickly, wrenching himself out of the reach of the man who accosted him.

The man's breath was disagreeable, his familiarity disgusting.

"Who are you, sir? I don't know you," said Beauchampe. "My name is not Carrick."

the driver, who caught his hands behind him with a steel-like grip, while the man with the badge whipped a stout cord out of his pocket and wrapped it swiftly and tightly around Beauchampe's wrists.

Beauchampe's struggles meantime rendered him breathless. When he essayed to speak he could only gasp.

"Gentlemen—gentlemen! Help me for God's sake help me out of these clutches—of these devils. They want to murder me. There is some horrible purpose—or an awful mistake. I have friends in New York—who can identify me—I have friends—in the theater. I am an artist, gentlemen. Don't for God's sake, gentlemen—let these men—"

"That's one of his old dodges," said the man who had exposed the badge. "He'll be a doctor and a lawyer inside of five minutes."

He was pushing Beauchampe toward the carriage.

Beauchampe suddenly lifted his foot, and the man with the badge was kicked half way across the pavement.

The driver struck Beauchampe a cruel blow in the face with his clenched fist, and then the man who first assailed him struck him on the back of the head again, at the same time pushing him toward the carriage.

"I call heaven—to witness!"—Beauchampe panted with the blood flowing from his mouth. The spectators advanced threateningly.

"Don't abuse him that way," said one loudly.

"You are a brute," said another with an oath, "a brute."

"Best not interfere, gentlemen," said the man with the badge. "This is our business; if you do, you may wish you hadn't."

"If he were anything to me," replied one of the group, "I'd break your jaw if it cost me ten thousand dollars. You are ruffians—beasts."

"Oh, that's all right; fire away if it does you good to talk, put a hand on one of us, and it will cost you all the money you've got to lose."

This was uttered in gasps as the driver aided the men who had pounced upon Beauchampe to thrust him into the carriage, when the man who first sprang upon him held his face against a seat to stifle his cries.

"This is awful," said one of the lookers-on, "sickening."

"It is cowardly. I'll make it my business to inquire into this case," said another.

"On one of the most public thoroughfares, too," said another with a shudder. "He looks like a gentleman. I say, suppose we get a policeman to look into it."

"Do! Got a dozen gentlemen," said the owner of the badge as he entered the carriage, and pulled the door close, while the driver sprang upon his seat, and the carriage was driven rapidly away.

At least a dozen men witnessed the closing part of this extraordinary scene, which scarcely occupied two minutes.

Beauchampe shuddered as he glanced up at the dim outlines.

What was this house?

One of his captors rang a bell. Instantly the door opened. It was evident some one was in waiting. Two of Beauchampe's captors passed into the vestibule and passageway with him, still grasping his arms tightly. The driver remained outside.

A man with a very large, hooked nose, who had opened the door, preceded them, turning into a room on the right, in which another gentleman sat. This gentleman rose when the group entered, glanced at the door, and the man with the heavy, hook nose instantly closed it. A lamp with a soft shade stood on a table covered with green oil cloth. There was neither carpet, rug, picture, mirror, nor any article of furniture in this room save the plain table and two arm chairs.

Beauchampe gazed around this room curiously, and again a chill passed over him.

The occupant of the room, a man with dark, piercing eyes and cold, passionless features, lifted the lamp and gazed steadily in Beauchampe's face. As he replaced the lamp on the table again, he said in a tone of indifference: "I see you have had a tussle. That will do. You can go. Hawkins, do you think you can manage without them now?"

As Beauchampe's captors turned near the door, the man with the hook nose measured Beauchampe from head to foot very deliberately—in a way that caused him to shiver a third time, and replied:

"Easily."

The door opened and Beauchampe's captors passed out, leaving him alone with the tall man with the piercing black eyes and the broad-shouldered man with the great hook-nose.

"Where am I?" asked Beauchampe, looking at the tall man.

He leaned forward involuntarily.

The man with the hook-nose stooped at his left shoulder staring at him with hard, unwinking eyes. The tall man contemplated Beauchampe at least a minute; then he said, in an ordinary tone: "You are in safe hands, Carrick."

"My name is not Carrick, I tell you. There has been a fearful mistake. I am an artist."

"There always is a mistake. If you are an artist we will give you something to amuse you."

"I tell you my name is not Carrick, and I warn you, sir."

"Take him to his room, Hawkins."

Hawkins advanced. The grasp he gave Beauchampe frightened and angered him.

"Do not crush my arm in that way."

"Keep quiet, then," said Hawkins.

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A GIRL IN THE SENATE.

How She Was Disturbed by the Gallery Rules.

If you have ever chanced to make a call on the United States Senate you have found out that the great American public when it wishes to personally inspect, its senatorial servants is unceremoniously poked into the galleries round above the sacred chambers of the Senate. And possibly you have bumped against some of the rules there prevailing in the person of the ever present door-keeper.

Of course you submitted with all the ease at your command. So did this genus American girl whom the reporter for the Washington Post observed one day from his position opposite in the press gallery. But in the manner of her submission there was a terrible shock to the sensitive nerves of "the most deliberative legislative body in the world."

She was a well groomed, up-to-date young lady, with a big fur cape over her arm and a magazine in her hand. She invaded the sacred precincts of the Senate gallery, evidently unaware of the sacred ground upon which she was treading. She stood in contemplative mood back of the seats, surveying the sense soothing scene, "evidently occupied" in a mental debate with herself over the desirability of remaining, when the doorkeeper bustled up to her and told her in a whisper that made Senator Hill don his "specs" and scan the gallery that it was "agin the rules to stand."

So she tripped down to a front seat, where she located, and putting her cape on the stone coping for a cushion to shield her elbows, leaned over to study the styles in bald heads. In about two minutes the attendant rushed noisily down the steps and in the same sepulchral whisper told her it was "agin the rules to put anything on the railing," Senator Harris, in the chair, frowned up her way, and she blushing removed the cape.

Senator Peffer was giving some information in his soft, low voice, and under his soporific influence she nearly went to sleep with her head on the back of the seat, and her half closed eyes studying the painted plaques in the ceiling. In her abstraction she dropped her magazine. Back came the doorkeeper with another piece of information. She "must not drop things; it disturbed the senators."

Half a dozen senators looked up to see if an anarchist had got into the galleries, and the girl back of her giggled. She held her ground, however, and presently opened the magazine and began to read.

Again the doorkeeper: "You ain't allowed to read in this here gallery, it's agin the rules."

She sat for a moment, wrath in every feature, glaring down at the heads below. Just as the doorkeeper sat down she turned and beckoned him vigorously. He came clumping down, and as he bent over she asked him in a whisper that must have rattled the weather meter in the marble room, "Can I yawn?"

The laugh that rippled over the gallery was not caused by the remarks of the senator from Kansas, and the young lady was not again molested.

The Land of Pretty Customs.

When a Japanese vessel of importance is to be launched no bottle of wine is broken over her prow, but a cageful of pigeons is opened, that the liberated birds may flutter away, rejoicing in their newly won freedom, even as the ship herself rejoices in the freedom of the sea. Truly, the Japanese are masterly symbolists.

The doll habit is much more encouraged in Japanese than in Western families. Theoretically, a girl plays with her dolls until her marriage, when they are put aside, as symbolizing the years of her childhood. Now, these dolls perform a good many duties, inanimate as they are, and have a festival all by themselves.

The cherry bloom festival of the Japanese is in its meaning much like our own St. Valentine's day. It is a season when the always emotional Jap permits himself to become even more effusive than usual, and to pin his ballad of love to the cherry tree trunks, even as did Orlando in Arden wood.

School festivals are reasonably common in Japan, and these may take, at appropriate dates, the form of patriotic meetings, at which stirring national hymns are sung, and the lesson of faithfulness to the emperor emphasized anew. It must be remembered that there are in Japan no Sundays, so that the holidays, which seem to our Western ideas ungodly numerous, serve an undoubtedly useful purpose.

A Countess as a Trained Nurse.

At the head of the two hundred and fifty women nurses in the hospitals of Japan is the Countess Nara, wife of Admiral Nara. The empress and the ladies of the court occupy most of their time in working for the wounded.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He Forgot the Poor.

Dr. D. W. Poor, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education, loves a joke and has few equals as a punster. He is a witty after-dinner speaker, and makes a pun on his own name with many an excellent turn. On one occasion the Doctor was visiting a friend, and, feeling tired, lay on a couch in the library. The windows were up, and quite a strong draught was blowing. The friend proposed to lower the window, but the Doctor replied instantly: "No, let it be. I am Poor, but I always honor a draft." On another occasion he met a man whose face he remembered but whose name he had forgotten. The stranger was in the same fix. After they had got proper days, and made suitable apologies the Doctor said: "It was a drawback in me to forget your name, but it was much worse for you to forget mine. The Bible pronounces a curse on those who forget the poor."

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A significant educational tendency of the day is the increased interest in the study of history and politics at Johns Hopkins University.