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YESIGHT. A. P. A. FI 23.—The chison, a secti

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Maine railrea bed "A. P. A idence. Las vo handsful saying: "No L. P. A. flag Ison will le

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achampe's Double

_{1HE} PRIMA DONNA.

story of Mystery, Love and nevotion.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER IV. Continu

CHAPTER IV—Continued.)

Bringston's off-hand sketch was so
to nature that people who knew
ordered man said it was perfect of
tited. He erread his article and
to the managing editor, who
degrinly and nodded as he read it,
sid:

sid:
divingston, positively you have a divingston, positively you have a fee for this sort of thing. Now he is the world is well rid of the Major. The hunder—run your eye over give if there's snything that needs well the sort was the but the d see if there's shything that heeds
teing. You know more about the
orshabits and life than I do."

price shabits and life than I do."

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the shabits and life than I do."

the shabits are shable the closing parable the property of the shabits and looked

at the managing editor. He opened

the shabits as ound came from them.

althe proof down, walked to the

althook, found the head and stared

be closing paragraph informed the The closing paragraph informed the slit that the police had reason to better the murder was committed by a say the was ejected from a leading the for disorderly conduct a few hours for the murder was committed. The man was well known. The motive was gener for fancied wrongs.

There was a woman in the case," etc. the fasily, a double life was hinted at the reporter.

The head beyan with

AN ARTIST'S CRIME.

AN ARTIST'S CRIME.

MFARDLY MURDER, PROMPTED BY JEAL-MSF, REVENGE OR BOTH -- A GREAT PO-LITICAL LIGHT STRICKEN OUT.

Livingston tossed the proof on the maxing editor's table, passed his hand willy over his eyes, and walked out didared, cursing all newspaperdom in

After going to extraordinary pains to press all mention of the fracas in the ter that could connect his friend's e with the disgraceful exhibition was the Record, upon which he had en employed years, giving all the de st, plainly designating the artist re-med to, and only withholding the

mers, astounding—awful was the ac-sistion of murder in the head lines. Lyngsten had but one thought now; the was to find Simmons at once.

CHAPTER V.

HAUCHAMPE'S STRANGE EXPERIENCES When Beauchampe was separated from friend at the entrance of the thea-

Then Beauchanstine at the entrance of the the the the felt a hand on his shoulder, while a descreeable voice, said: the feelt a hand on his shoulder, while twice, a disagreeable voice, said:
"filad to see you, Carrick, 'spech'ly bising so flash."
Beauchampe's face was in the shadow she turned quickly, wrenching himself out of the man who ac-

ed him.

The man's breath was disagreeable, s familiarity disgusting.
"Who are you, sir? I don't know you,"
id Beauchampe. "My name is not

None o' that now, Carrick-not with

You are insolent," said Beauchampe, he turned his back upon the man

8 turben his bean are-the vile breath.

looked—around, and-thinking he d livingston, darted after a gentle-who proved a total stranger.

Fried Livingston, darted after a gentical with proved a total stranger. The stranger entored a saloon. Beautimps stood a moment irresolutely set the entrance, then resolved to rester the theater. He thought in all grobal hity his friend would re-enter the greater is when he failed to find him. He had taken two or three steps; he as looking directly in front of him, then a man sprang out of a doorway, mught him around the neck, and strove for the steps; he residently had been set to the pavement. Beauchampe, overcome by the suddenless of the onset, was bent double, but he was stronger than he looked. His daily exercise with the foils, and walks white abroad, had hardened and seasoned his muscles. He succeeded in hurling his assailant flat on his back.

It was all done so-wiftly, with a smart wist and a blow, that his assailant was the more surprised of the two. But before Beauchampe had time to speak, ere he realized the situation, a second man deat him a below upon the back of the

Whether the instrument was iron or odd, Beauchampe did not know. That was not a human hard he knew full and even as he rected under it, he claimed, "coward!" He did not fall; he remembered after that he was the first that he remembered after that he was the first that he remembered after that he was the first that he remembered after that he was the first that he remembered after that he was the first that he was that the first that he was the first that he was the first that he was that that he was

riclaimed, "cowaru.

He did not fall; he remembered area
#ard that he was on, his knees, resisting the blows which were aimed at him.

He managed, spite of the blows both
men rained upon him, to rise.

The man he had tossed on his back

men rained upon him, to rise.

The man he had tossed on his back struck at him wickedly. Beauchampe warded his blow, and called for help.

Then a heck-struct reached up, but instead of siding the arise the driver-selzed Beauchampe's arms, whereupon he called loudly.

List a dozen men rai out of his saloon. Beauchampe appealed to them appeared him them that statishes. Two or three grannes him while the others.

or three grasped him, while the others warned his anathana to desist, wherearon one of them flux his cost open, esposing a badg, and sade:

"Gentlement, tail is all right. We know what we are desig,"
Two of the sports bent forward in turn and looked as the badge.

Then they was the same wrenched himself.

the driver, who caught his hands be-hind him with a steel-like grip, while the man with the badge whipped a steut cord out of his pocket and wrapped it swittly and tightly around Beauchampe's

wrists.

Beauchampe's struggles meantime rendered him breathless. When he essayed to speak he could only gasp. "Genklemen—gentlemen! Help me—for God's sake help—me out—of the—clutches—fof 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 a 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 "Inat's one of ms our gouges, same the man who had exposed the badge. "He'll be a doctor and a lawyer inside of five minutes."

five minutes."

He was pushing Beauchampe toward

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"—Bean-

"I call bleaven—to witness"—Beau-champe panted with the blood flowing from his mouth. The spectators ad-vanced threateningly. "Don't abuse him that way," said one

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

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

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 taik, put a hand on one of us, and it may 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 Beauchampo 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 lookerson, "sickening."

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

"On one of the most public thorough

fares, too," said another with a shudder.
"He looks like a gentleman. I say,
suppose we get a policeman to look
into it." suppose we get a policeman to localito it."

"Do! Get 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.

It was all accomplished with such lighting-like celerity that when the carriage disappeared the spectators looked.

riage disappeared the spectators looked at each other wonderingly, like men awaking out of a dream. One remarked: "Well, they are experts, whoever they

Then everybody said they never witnessed anything like it. And everybody swore no friend of theirs should ever be trusted to the tender mercies of keep ers in w mad-house. .

Meantime, Beauchampe was laid on his back on one of the seats, and the other occupants of the carriage deliberately sat down on him. He struggled a moment helplessly, then gasped for breath. He believed he was dying. He thought their object was to murder him then and there. Thoughts of his sister, of his dreams of fame—of the plans he had made for the future—of Livingston, swept through his brain; his ears were filled with a surging, rushing sound, like the tremendous pressure of mighty waters. His heart seemed to fill his body in its last throb—then he became unconscious.

When he regained consciousness he thought he was lying on his bed in his Meantime, Beauchampe was laid or

thought he was lying on his bed in his lodgings, with his sister's hand on his

head.

"He's all right, now, Peters. Guess he won't give us no more trouble."

"If he does," the imprecation that finished the speech revived Beauchampe's recollection.

ished the specta transcription.

He opened his eyes and looked at the two men sitting opposite him.

The carriage was moving rapidly over a smooth roadway. Beauchampe, who was lying on his right side, conwiver, with great effort, to sit upright. He gazed at his companions in the dim light; not a word was spoken by the prisoner or his captors. Beauchampe deemed it witness to hold his peace; he was poweror his captors. Beauchampe deemed it wisest to hold his peace; he was power-less; at the mercy of these ruffians whose object he was ignorant of.

object he was ignorant of.

As the carriage sped over the road, he racked his brain to divine the purpose of his captors. Suddenly he said, as if the idea had been suggested by another per-

"Is it possible one of you called me

Carrick?"
"We might call you Carrick now,"

one.

"Then you have made a terrible mistake. My name is not Carrick."

"That will do now, Jim."

"I tell you my name is not Carrick,"

Beauchampe reiterated. "I never heard the name until one of you addressed me to-night." "I never heard

to night "
"It wasn't one of us-at least he isn't
here new, and it, don't make any difference whether you call yourself Smith,
Brown, or Jones."
"What has Carrick don't ha?" said one
of his captors.
The carriage has well don't ha?" said one
of his captors.

of his captors.

The carriage turned off the road. T
only sound heard was the quick breaing of the hard-driven horses. Then i
carriage stopped, one of the mon appa carriage stopped, one of the men sprang out, and the other grasped Beauchampe roughly, commanding him to step out

roughly, commanding nime to see our
carefully, and make no false move.

Resummer obeyed in silence. He was
led between the two, while the driver
walked-behind, until they approached
entrance of a large sloomy-booking build-

ing. Beauchampe shuddered as he gianced up at the dim outlines. What was this house?

What was this ownse?
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 tightiv. 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 gaved around this room curiously, and again a chill passed over im.

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?"

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

Easily. " The door opened and Beauchampe's

The door opened and Beauchampe's captor's passed out, leaving him alone with the tail man with the piercing black eyes and the bread-shou dered man with the great hook-nose.

"Where am I?" asked Beauchampe, looking at the tail man. He leaned forward involuntarily. The man with the hook-nose stool at his left shoulder staring at him with hard, unwinking eyes. The tail 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." 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 anger-

Do not crush my arm in that way. "Keep quiet, then," said Hawkins.
""Once more, I demand an answer.
Where am 1?"

"You are in me?"

"You are in my asylum," said the tail man in his even, ordinary tones.
"Heavens! A mad-house! A private mad-house!" exclaimed the artist.
"You may discover we know how to deal with madmen. It depends on your behavior, altogether."
"You are the proprietor, sir? May I ask your name?"
"You can tell him, Hawkins,"
"You know very well-that you are in Dr. Varek's Asylum. Now, come with me."
The man with hook nose led him up a

me."

The man with hook nose led him up a dight of stairs, turned off into a-bread passage, led Beauchampe into a large room in which there was an iron bedstead and a large iron ring in the middle of a large stone set in a tile floor. Hawkins coolly locked the door when he pushed Beauchampe into this room.

Then he stood looking at him with eyes that shone like glass. There was no soul in Hawkins' eyes: a cold, steady glare was directed upon Beauchampe.

Then Hawkins removed the cord from his wrists, stood back and contemplated Beauchampe again.

Beauchampe again.

"Its just as Dr. Varek said. Cut
up rough and I'll bring you to your
knees. Now, go to bed. That's all for to-night." Hawkins unlocked the door, turned

looked at the artist a second time with a cold smile on his bloodless thin lips, stepped outside and the key was turned in the lock again.

in the lock again.

Beauchampe sat on the side of the bed and put his hands over his eyes. The thoughts that crowded his brain at that moment rendered him frantic. He tossed his hands upward and beat the air impotently. He did not know that tears were streaming down his checks until his hand accidentally touched his face. "Pinen he tossed himself on the bed and moaned in his helplessness and rage, Ha.did not remove his clothes.

The lay on the bed hours: then he paced the room. At intervals he heard in the standard of the room.

the lay on the bed hours: then he paced the room. At intervals he heard un-earthly cries and sob. One poor woman —Beauchampe was startled with her first shriek—uttered cries that made his flesh creep.

The broad light streamed into his room through the window, but no one came hear him. He heard many footsteps, derisive laughter, shricks and blows, but he was forgotten.

When he was sure half the day had passed, he struck his door with his hand. At last an attendant—a mah—opened. It, and stood looking at him.

"What do you want? What are you making a noise about?"

"I want to see Dr. Varek. Don't you give people victuals? Am I to be starved?"

"You will be attended to in time."

starved?"

"You will be attended to in time."

"When do you call it time? Half the
day is gone now."

"Pt's just 8 o'clock."

"My God!" exclaimed, Beauchampe,
"and I was sure H was noon at least.
Pleaso tell Dr. Tarok I want to speak
to him—or Mr. Hawkins."

The door was classed with a bang and
locked.

At he and of half an hour seemingly -but in fact, eight minutes, Hawkins

—but in Ian, eight confronted him. Beauchampe said: "Give me some-thre to sat. Mr. Hawkins, and"—Hawk-Beaucasmps said: Hawkins, and Hawkins stood glating at him gire me paper and ink and pen-pencil something to occupy my time Do, for God's sake. Hawkins. I must do something. "Certainly rou tan have reams of paper. And all you can can have frame of paper. And all you can can the first attendant returned with a large."

bowl, in which Boanchamps bateoff-large piece of meat, two boiled potatoes and two slices of buttered bread. Ther was neither kuife nor fork. Presently Hawkins entered with paper and a lea-pencil

"Must I est like an animal?" Beau-champe asked.
"You must comply with our rules."
"Hawking stood staring steadily at his poor victim.

poor victim.

"Treat me like a man," said Beauchampe. "I am not a beast."

Hawkins did not deign an answer, and the artist suddenly seized the bowi that was placed on the floor, and ere the attendants could interpose flung it with all bis might on the floor.

is might on the floor.

his might on the floor.

The pieces flew in every direction.

"Very well," said Hawkins without moving a muscle. "We'll-" go back to pewter now. Dan, go and get the pail and mop, and clean up the room. You can make out on one meal to-day. You can starve to-morrow if you want to."

Then Hawkins and the attendant left him alone again. When he was slone, Beauchampe stooped suddenly, cyfing the door furtitively all the while, picked up three pieces of the broken dish, and thrust them at random under the bed clothes.

thrust them at random under the bed clothes.

In a little while the attendant named Dan re-entered his room with a pewter dish large enough to hold a quart, on which was placed a piece of meat, a single potato, and half a slice of unbuttered bread,

"Am I to haye nothing to drink, not even water?" Beauchampe demanded."

Dan did not even look at him.

He walked out and locked the door behind him.

Beauchampe looked at the meat. hen he ate the bread. Next he ate the

Then he ate the bread. Next he ate the potato. Finally he took the meat in his hands, and devoured it eagerly.

He was half famished. He had never

He was half famished. He had never experienced such hunger. Taving cleaned the powter dish, he paced the floor a store of times.

Then he took up the paper Hawkins had placed on the bed, and the pencil, and proceeded to draw a human head Spite of himself this heaf had a resemblance to Hawkins. At least it was Hawkins' nose. He drew another, and it too was like Hawkins. It had Hawkins' yes. He drew a house, and then he sketched half a dozen chimneys what was it made his mind run on chimneys?

chimneys?

He scattered the drawings made quickly over the bed. Then he thrust his hand under the clothes, brought forth the pieces of broken delf, and bent

forth the pieces of broken delf, and bent over each in turn industriously. While thus engaged he listened intently. Several times when footsteps approached the door he thrust the piece of delf under the bed clothes and picked up a piece of paper. Apparently he was not to be disturbed in his drawing. When he had linished the work on the last fragment of the bowl, he thrust it under his bed clothes and began drawing dors' heads on paper. All the dogs' eyes resembled Dr. Varek's just as all the noses on the human heads somehow resembled Hawkins.

human Hawkins While thus engaged, the door

opened without warning, and Dr. Varek entered the room, followed by Hawkins went down on all fours with

nawnis went down on a monts write the bed. Meanwhile Beauchampe was scrutinized riosely by the Doct.r. His efforts to preserve an air of unconcern he realized were fatile. Dr. Varek's eyes pierced him through and through

Varok's eyes pierced him through and through.

"Try the bed," said Dr. Värek, calmly; and Hawkins lifted the cover. sheet, and rolled the hard mattress up.

As he rolled, something fell. The Dector steoped now, and picked up the three pieces of the broken bowl. After scrutinizing each in turn, he handed them to Hawkins, whose brows met ju, anger as he contemplated them.
"You are very clever, indeed," said-Dr. Varek. "You have a genius for this business, Carrick."

"Reauchampe had seated himself on

_Reauchampe had seated himself on the side of the bed, and covered his face

with his hand.

"You doubtless intended to roll these "You doubtless intended to roll these up in a piece of a garment, a strip of bed-sheet, or sock—anything that would make a cover—and throw them out on the road You would perhaps break a pane of glass if necessary, and the person finding these clever drawings would read the story. A. man clubbed, and pushed into a house with the word 'mad' on it. It would make a good scene in a play, but the idea is lost to the world. We will take these little drawings and preserve them as evidence of your skill, We will take these little drawings and preserve them as evidence of your skill, Mr. Carrick... You can thank my assistant, Mr. Hawkins, for suppressing this performance. Hawkins thinks of everything, Carrick. He would not rest until he fitted the pieces of that bowl together—that was what brought us here."

Then the Doctor looked at the paper drawings and smiled.

drawings and smiled. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

He Forgot the Poor.

Dr. D. W. Poor, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education, loves a joke and has few e juals as a punster. He is a witty after-dinner speaker, and 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, daya, and made spitiable anold." proper days and made suitable apold ward in me to forget your name, but it was much worse for you to forget mine. The Bible prenounces a curse as those who forget the loor." Philos telphia Inquirer.

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

A GIRL IN THE SENATE

How She Was Disturbed by the Gallery Rules.

If you have ever chanced to make 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 personally into the galleries round abo 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-

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. 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 'spees' and scan the gallery that it was "agin

scan the gallery that it was "agin the rules to stand."
So she tripped down to a front seat, where she located, and putting 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 Hurris, in the chair.

rules to put anything on the railing."

Senator Harris, in the chair, frowned up her way, and she blushingly 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 seut, and her half closed eyes studying the painted plaques in the ceiling. In her abstraction she dropped her magazine. Back came the doorkeeper with Back came the doorkeeper with another piece of information. She "must not drop things; it disturbed

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

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 import-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 futter 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.

Japanese are masterly symbolists.

The doll habit is much more encoura ded 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 sason 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

School festivals are reasonably common in Japan, and these may take, at appropriate dates, the form meetings, at v ring national hymns are sung, and the lesson of faithfulness to the em-peror emphasized anew. It must be remembered that there are in Japan no Sundays, so that the holidays, which seem to our Western ideas unuseful purpose.

A Countess as a Trained Nurse

At the head of the two hundred and fifty women nurses in the hea pitals of Japan is since. The empress and the ladies of the court occupy most of their time in working for ithe wounded.