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gory of Mystery, Love and Devotion.

EY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER V.-(Continued.) Mer of with the paper. Draw as redors heads as you please, (ar-

In name is not Carrick, Doctor. It inchampe."
for are Carrick here, whatever you set call yourself out of this house."
Set if I am not Carrick—if I am any person: what answer will you when you are charged with detainwhen you are charged with december of the say on will be? My frie for be idle, and some of them sential."

varek smiled, and now for the varex similed, and how for the fine Beauchampe discovered that the terms as well as crafty, shat usually go together: writing that has entered this sitt influential friends outside;

they not, Hawkins? nodded, still keeping his ves apon Beauchampe

low. (arrick, it is immaterial to o you are—you are Carrick to me Carrick you shall be treated. nenot Carrick, who sat for this?"
Doctor produced a small photo-and handed it to the artist, whose sdiated as he gazed on it. He got the picture slowly over, and read writing on the back, in a neat hand: from your true friend. Jas. Carrick." photograph bore a remarkable re-

space to Beauchampe. clocked from the Doctor to Haw-cestioningly, and raised his right sommly, saying, "Gentlemen, as I to see beaven, that's not my

lie unnecessarily, Carrick," be boctor, tartly: "I despise the at. That is your likeness. It see before you were arrested for a Bishop Dunn's residence. The you gave it to sent you to the tiary."

lse!" exclaimed Beauchampe: looked in the inside of an

a prison." are capable of anything, Carcapable of anything, Carcapable of escape from Sing
d you paid the penalty—you
ree months for that. You see,
1 know your record. But I
s a bargain with you. See that
you will promise that you will
to any other person nere exattendants, you shall not be
the bolt. Take your choice
you three minutes."

you three minutes be you three minutes."

E Poctor produced his watch, but hampe exclaimed on the instant, you my word, sir."

Then—with-mering a word, the Doctor and

ns withdrew. whampe sat down on his bed like

in what we want to be a sea town on his bed like thenumbed.

The was alone once more, he with maself to despair. Whether he is truth, supposed to be James it, he realized made little difference. The varek. Had he not said as an piain terms? But if it were be that they had seized the wrong that he could convince them. of error, would they give him his self. Would the Dector jeopardize estitation by confessing he had see the wrong man? Would the Dector peopardize estitation by confessing he had see the wrong man?

If would the Dector bestowed upon him lawkins glassy stare, he shuddered. I divingston fly to his rescue? I chance was there that his friend it ever learn the truth? And his—the very thought drove Beauge wild. He paced the floor rapins relacing his hands, and exclaimitation probable passionately. The his faced away, and still Beauge passionately.

night again resounded through lls Beauchampe paused suddenly, ked himself how long a man could reason in the condition he He tried to recall all the ol sane persons confined in mad-He found himself speculating he duration of his life as a mad-Then he resolved that, come what would be free in a few days at fortnight in the mad-house he

would add ten years to his is he paced his room he had no of the paced his room he had not knowing. He was weary had down, and again he slept belothes on, fiffully, starting up lend shrick burst from the mad whose voice, came from the end assageway. The poor wretch? Indeed in Beauchampe's ears afterwards.

with afterwards.

Then the morning dawned, he sat on a side of his bed, rocking his body

mad woman's cries were ringing ears, but now they were blended urses and blows. (50 than all, the curses were uttered

hampe pictured this wom n as doner her victim, beating her, a woman with strong arms, like ayes, and a face lined with ike uses, and a face that with a passions. He pictured this the strident raises—grasping hust the threat and shaking her. was vividly pictured in the size pittfal protests and walls, fainter and fainter until,

as silent. God's sake, don't strike me

My God! My hair! Le get my breath. You will-

o death!"

Was ellent Beauchampe stood

"Ingly, and began to page the

was sale the day was
belone his door was opened.

7)-

Then the attendant who brought him this food entered, carrying a tin filled with water and a wooden bowl, in which there was a strange compound of meat chopped in pieces atout the size of a marble, potatees, and onions.

There was something els-, but whether it was dough, or bread soaked before its admixture with the meat and potatoes, Beauchampe was nuable to determine.

The attendant deliberately emptied the contents of the wooden bowl into the pewter dish that was lying on the floor, placed the tin beside it, and was walking to the door, when Beauchampe said, sointing to the pewter dish.

"Am I to have neither spoon nor nife? I cannot kill myself with a

knife? I cannot kill myself with a spoon."

The attendant did not even vouchsafe a look at him, but unconcernedly closed and locked the door.

Although Beauchampe's stomach rose in revolt, he resolved to eat all that was given to him. He must not lose his strength—he resolved rather to husband his physical resources. The time might come soon when he would need them—when they might prove his sole dependence.

ence.

He lifted the pewter dish, and ate the contents like a man famishing. Then he drank all the water. He was better satisfied with himself after he had cleaned

the pewter dish.

There were pieces of paper lying on the foot; he stooped and picked them up, and once more began to draw.

But now he drew scenes he had looked upon when abroad. He was striving to

up, and once more began to draw.
But now he drew scenes he had looked upon when abroad. He was striving to think of something that would a ske him forget his sister. But his sister's eyes looked up at him from the white paper. At last, in sheer despair, he resolved to draw his sister's face. Perhaps in that way he might be able presently to think of something else.

Futile attempt.
The face when half drawn was laid on the bed, and Beauchampe suddenly burst into tears. He walked to the window, gazing out with tear-dimmed eyes.

Gradually he became aware of the fact that he was looking out on a roadway. There was a house opposite him, but at a considerable distance. Then Beauchampe discovered that the building he was in was male of stone. And now, he observed, there were a number of iron bars outside the windows. The spaces between these bars were so small that it was impossible for a boy, let alone a man, to squeeze through them.

Strange that all this had escaped his notice the previous day.

If he had observed the iron bars, they

notice the previous day.

If he had observed the iron bars, they made no impression upon him. Now they angered him.

they angreed him. Now they angreed him. Suddenly Beauchampe leaned forward. What was that between the stones, just inside the broad stone sill, beside the food of one of the strong iron bars, bedded in lead? Beauchampe pushed the window with all his might. It was immovable. He turned, looked at the door of his room, then, suddenly flung himself against the window, with both palms outspread. The Jar moved the lower half of the sash. He exerted himself again.

Now the large window moved.

himself again.

Now the large window moved.

"It moved!" Beauchampe said inwardly. He succeeded in lifting it nearly two
inches. Then he put two fingers under
it, but the object he strove to reach was
as far, from him as though it lay in another world.

Resembarne struck his forehead ve

Beauchampe struck his forehead repeatedly. If he failed to secure this object, he would become insane. He must have it!

must have it!

He seized the wristband of his shirt between his teeth, and tore it off. Then he twisted the ragged edge downward, bent one end in such a way that the corner would drop in the crack between the stones, and pushing the strip under the window, drew it along slowly until the end was over the object he sought.

Nine times did Beauchampe repeat this each time is the string the strip sudden.

this, each time jerking the strip sudden-ly inwards, and each time his face expressed bitter disappointment.

The tenth time he was very delib-

The tenth time he was very deliberate.

This time he was successful. Beanchampe suddenly seized the window, and pulled at it, but it refused to move. He bent his fingers until the nails caught in the sash that was flat and beveled towards the panes. At the risk of tearing his nails out, he succeeded in closing the window.

Then he stooped and picked up a small iron tack, such a tack as is used in fastening carpets.

This was the object that he had exerted himself to secure

Having secured it, he very deliberately

This was the object that he had exerted himself to secured it, be very deliberately gathered up all the pieces of paper. The lead pencil, the pewfor dish, seated himself on his iron bed, and holding the tack firmly between his thumb and foreinger, began to scratch the bottom of the pewter plate.

At intervals he would lay the dish aside and take up a piece of paper. And all the while he inclined an ear lest some one should surprise him. He was scated thus on his bed, drawing a child's face, when the door opened without a warning sound, and Dr. Varek stood before him. The door stood open. Presently Hawkins stood near the door, but did not enter.

Presently Hawkins stood near the door, but did not enter.

The pewter dish was lying on the floor, pieces of paper were lying near it, alt covered with drawings.

The Doctor stooped and lifted them one by one, looked at them, and then

one by one, looked beckoned Hawkins.

one by one, tonked at them, and then bockoned Hawkins.

Hawkins walked straight to the window, look at it, then motioned to the Doctor, who advanced to his side.

"There is the mark of his saids."

They both turned from the window, then, and looked at the artist. Besuchampe returned their look, in which suspicion was manifested as plainly as it could be expressed in words, with attected indifference.

The Doctor and his assistant tooked around the room slowly. Then Hawkins' eyes settled on the pewer dish. He kicked it over with his foot, picked it up, and was on the point of dropping it upon the floor again, when his attention was arrested.

when the dioor spain, when his attention was arrested.

He blocked at the bottom of the dish, compressed his lips a trille more, and handed the dish to the Dector, pointing to the bottom with his forefage.

In: Variek looked at the perspiration in dish carnestly.

atood like beads on Beauchampe's fore

Atool like beaks on Beauchampe's fore-fread now.

"Very clever, indeed—very," said the Doctor, as he looked at the artist. "I shall preserve this as a specimen of your talent and perseverance. You have suc-ceeded in this as well as in the drawing on the pieces of the bowl you broke. It is plain to us now. You found a knife-blade or a haif on the sill there. Let me have it."

me have it."

"I have neither a knife-blade nor a nail, "said Beauchampe.

"Ne matter. I will have you stripped if you do not produce it; and when we find it if it is, as I believe, a nail, mark my words, I will compel you to swallow it. Choose now, on the instant."

Beauchampe handed them the tack in "silence, and both started when they saw it.

saw it.
"Nevertheless, Carrick, you shall be stripped, you head combed—shaved incessary. If nothing more is found, will believe you made these picture with a tack. This shall be laid away with me sill control. with a tack. This shall be laid away with my silverware; it is a greater curiosity every way than the drawings on the pieces of the broken bowl."

"You are fiends: you are not meet."

"You are fiends; you are not men!" exclaimed Beauchampe furiously.
They did not reply. They walked away, locking the door carefully, while

Beauchampe flung himself face downward upon the bed, cursing them and gritting his teeth in the impotency of his race. his rage.

Now for the first time since he en-tered Dr. Varek's establishment, Leslie Beauchampe sank into sleep while it was yet daylight. He roused himself once, turned over and looked at his

window.

The gray of dusk fell on the floor.
Beauchampe welcomed the fanciful shadows cast upon the bare walls by the trees near the house: he wanted rest, craved sleep, for sleep meant brief oblivion.

- CHAPTER VI.

It was broad daylight when Livingston

It was broad daylight when Livingston and Simmons separated.

In the meantime Simmons had accomplished wonders. His familiarity with the city and the heads of the departments he found it necessary to visit, Livingston regarded as great factors in his favor, but making due allowance for these, Simmons "came out strong," to employ the language Livingston used when the affair was discussed in all its phases afterwards.

In the first place, he knew more of the murder of Major Dabney than the reporter who wrote up the account Livingston had corrected in the Record. Simmons' informant was a placeman who was under obligations to the municipal manipulator. He gathered as much from two or three men occupying responsible positions as they had learned

sponsible positions as they had learned concerning the crime, and was prepared. the moment he rejoined Livingston, to repair to the scene of the murder.

This he resolved upon for various reasons.

If his surmise was correct, the soone If his surnisse was correct, the sooner Livingston was convinced that Beau-champe was a scoundrel unworthy of confidence, the better. And if he erred, the sooner he would be able to assist Livingston in aiding his friend.

Make Debrow's periodness was an account.

Major Dabney's residence was an un pretentious house, and its appointments

Major Dabney's residence was an unpretentious house, and its appointments, strange to say, were severely simple. The man who lavished money in a thousand ways had very few luxuries in his house. There were people who said he could afford to dispense with them in a house he called his home. but which was in fact an "occasional lodging."

The newspapers gave considerable space to speculations: the description of the house, the discovery of the crime, the relative position of the rooms and the character of the appointments—all these made columns of reading, but threw no light upon the murder.

What Simmons specified discovered for himself and his companion was this: That Major Dabney did not enter his house until ten minutes to one. He was alone, seemingly in his usual mood. He used his night key, and closed the door behind him, telling the man-servant who had general supervision of the house that he might go to bed.

He entered his library, in which he wrote all his letters, and where his papers were neatly filed, and lit his lamp. The man-servant heard him moving in his room at ten minutes after one, and about eight or ton manutes later, having occasion to go into a back-room to close a shutter which was open, he was sure he saw the Major's shadow dimly defined on the half-open door of the library going into the half-open door of the library minutes, possibly longer he was not

The servant returned to his room, but was unable to sleep. He lay twenty minutes, possibly longer, he was not positive, and observing the light from the half-open library door shining on the opposite side of the hall, a thing unusual, became nervous, rose, stood in the hall above the library, and listened several minutes intently, without hearing a sound.

ing a sound. Then he descended the stairway, and approaching the door, looked in Surprised at the strong light, and fail-ing to see the Major in his accustomed at before his desk, the servant strod

The door yielded as he passed, then almost closed. Turning around quickly The door yielded as he passed, then almost closed. Turning around quickly the servant beheld the Major lying on his right side, with his left knee drawn up, and his elbows pressed closely against his sides. His hands were clenched, his eyes staring horribly. The servant stooped, touched his forehead and recoiled with a cry that awoke the two female servants, who presently entered the library.

The man-servant summoned a physician a few doors distant. When he arrived he gave it as his opinion that the major had been deat noutly half as hour.

hour.

Upon examining him, it was found that he had received his death wound from some small sharp instrument. The puncture was small, but the stroke wont straight to the heart. The blow came from the left side; the Major toppled over on his right. There was not a drop of blood upon the carpet, and very little man his dethee.

"The theories at up (and dilated upon in some of the papers), were: I. That the

murderer entered the house before the Major returned home, probably was familiar with his habits, and being defected in rubbery, suddenly killed the Major to avoid arrest, and effected his escape from the window the servant had considered the merciles hatred of political leaders like himself, and was murdered by some henchman whom the Major had sent to prison, for he was relentless when he retaliated upon his political enemies. 3. That the real motive of the murder was jealousy. The Major, it was intimated, had excited the jealousy of an artist who was in love with a ranked singer. This artist was murderer entered the house before the jealousy of an artist who was in love with a noted singer. This artist was seen in the vicinity of the Major's house late that night. Nothing had been heard of him since.

Simmons, walked through the house with Livingston: A prominent official accompanied them. Sim

official accompanied them. Simmons pointed to certain marks on the desk near the keyhole; to the door of a small cabinet that was unlocked, but closed: to the spot the Major was found, and summed the case up thus:

"The murder was committed by a thief. He entered before the Major. Possibly he was scarching for money in the cabinet in this corner. He succeeded in opening it, but had no key that would unlock the desk." When the Major netered the thief, tried to escape through the window: the Major heard him. but instead of running toward the chief, tried to open the door. The thief pounced upon him and killed him. "It all happened in less than lifteen "It all happened in less than lifteen "It all happened in less than lifteen"

"It all happened in less than fifteen seconds.

"Nobody but a hardened criminal could "Aboudy out a nardened criminal could be guilty of such a deliberate murder; nobody but a man accustomed to weigh all the chances could execute it and escape as quietly as this murderer escaped."

simmons next sought the man who had seen the person suspected of the murder late on the night the ourder was

murder late on the night the ourder was committed.

This man, though illiterate, was positive, and stoutly maintained that he had seen Mr. Beauchampe near the Major's house about twelve o'clock. He described Beauchampe's featurers so accurately that Livingston's heart sank. When he was asked how he knew the artist, he promptly replied that his little niece, who had—posed s veral times for Beauchampe, had pointed him out on two occasions.

Livingston's feet were like lead when

Livingston's feet were like lead when

they left this man.

Simmons was as brisk and eager as a huntsman entering the field.

Livingston was silent; moody. Simmons was talkative. Livingston had not lost faith in his friend—he had lost all faith in the ability of the agents of the

There was a terrible wrong done a but there was not the least reason to be-lieve the wrong would ever be wholly

"You are not listening to me," said Simmons, looking at his companion's gloomy face. Livingston turned to look at him; his glance rested an instant at him: his glance rested an instant upon a window across the street, then without pausing to speak to his companion he dashed across the street, narrowly escaping a wagon that was driven rapidty. Simmons ran after him as soon as he recovered from his surprise. By the time he reached the opposite pavement. Livingston had disappeared through the entrance of a dingy little shop.

Simmons found him in a heated controversy with the proprietor, a man well-

troversy with the proprietor, a man well-advanced in years, who wore spectacles high on his nose, and shot angry glances

"For shame, sir! To insult people this way. To tell me I do not speak the truth."

I am ready to swear I saw him look-

"I am ready to swear I saw him looking out of your window," said Livingston. "I cannot be mistaken."

"Very well. We will see. The police will have something to say about it now. I will have you arrested for disorderly conduct."

"What is this?" demanded Shinhous, turning Livingston around, and striving to calm him.

turning Liv "Can you not search this house-now? o not waste a moment," said Livings-

ton.

"Impossible. We must proceed in the regular way," said Simmons. "Who did you see?"

"I saw Beauchampe's face looking out of that window," he pointed to the small window in the front of the store. "just as plain as I now see you."

"You hear what my friend says?" said Simmons sharply, to the proprietor.

"You will both hear what the authorities say, gentlemen." the proprietor retorted angrily. "I am going now—you do not dare to remain—stop—you shall be apprehended."
But Simmons coolly led Livingston out

But Simmons coolly led Livingston out of the store, and passed on. At the next corner, they paused, and looked at each

Is it possible you made a mistake?

"It the possible to a many state of the latest the latest the latest the latest the latest la

look again. He must be crazed with liquor."

"Very well, then. Now I have something to go on. I will leave you at once. You know where to find me. Where are you going?"

"I do not know. I have half a notion to go to my room. A message at the office will find me. This has maxtrung me. Simmons. I am in a fog. I want to think."

And thus they parted And thus they parted.

CHAPTER VII.

THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

The newsboys were crying the nurrier.
Friends stopped each other to discuss it.
Livingston heard many comments on the Myligston hiesto many comments on the boldness of the crime, but not one word of pity for the victim. He bought two or three papers, hastened to his room, and, seating himself, scanned the papers rapidly. A glance at the headlines was sufficient. He was interested in an editorial in one of the papers, in which the editor deprecated the crime, but rejoiced in a subdued mahner over the result. The manner of the Major's taking off was in the asture of rairfibilitie justice. His influence was baseful. And just in was in the nature of rescuent.
His influence was baneful. And just in

proportion as his schemes proved suc-cessful his example was all the more to be dreaded and foared. The tragedy would emphasize a moral, etc. Livingston thanked heaven that there were men who had the courage to print the plain truth as he tossed the papers aside.

aside.

At that moment a light tap sounded on his door. Livingston opened it, and confronted the servant.

"A lady, sir, to see Mr Livingston."

His thoughts reverted to Miss Beauchampe. How could he gameet how? It would have been wiser, much wiser, had he adhered to his original resolution, and called upon her instead of sending a note.

As he descended to the parlor he tried to invent a speech that would allay, her apprehension, but for once his powers of invention failed him.

When he entered the parlor he started. The figure that rose silently and advanced to him swiftly was not Miss Beauchampe. The lady was deeply veiled. The curtains were undrawn. Even when the spoke, Livingston was finable to researnize the wishter, who said in a voice of singular sweetness and with a decision rare:

"I trust you will nardon this interest."

a decision rare:
"I trust you will pardon this intrasion, but they told me at the office of the
Record that you rarely go there in the
morning. I come to you because I am
told you are Mr. Reauchampe's warm
friend."

She paused, as if to give due time to consider.

consider.

"It is true. I am." Livingston answered. "I shall not desert him now in this awful extremity, no matter what people say or think."

The earnestness of his tones seemed sufficient.
The visitor threw back her veil and Livingston beheld the famous singer, Vittoria.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHAT SHOOK HER FAITH.

How a Very Sweet Tempered Bride Learned Something of Old Soldiers.

She is a bride, sweet tempered, sympa-thetic and with a boundless-faith in human nature. She lives in a pretty little frome in West End avenue—no matter what the number is. Before her mar-riage—and, indeed, ever since—she has been active in works of charity and good been active in works of charity and good will, and long ago she made a resolve that when she came to have a home of her own no needy man should be turned from her door empty handed.

But aiready she has made a mental reservation. She is disposed now to do

But arready she has made a mental reservation. She is disposed now to do her almogiving through organized channels of charity, rather than at the front door or in the streets. And this is how her childlike faith was shattered.

her childlike faith was shattered.

The snow had just stopped falling. It lay six inches deep, white and glistening on the pavement of West End avenue, when a poor, forlow for fellow in tattered coat and leaky shoes came shuffling through the drifts and up the steps that led to the pretty bridal nest. He shook the feathery flakes from an old slouch hat, hesitated a moment, then touched the electric bell and stood firm and erect, desnite his beyearly raiment. In the afti-

despite his beggarly raiment, in the atti-tude of "attention." tude of "attention."

"Excuse me, miss," he said to the maid who opened the door, as he gave her the military salute, "I'm an old soldier, and not used to hegging, but if you would ask your mistress if she hasn't an old pair of shoes to spare. The snow comes clear through the soles of these."

The maid left him standing there, and soon returned with a half worn but serviceable pair of shoes, much better than those he wore. The old soldier took them gratefully. He hesitated, and then said, with an air almost Chester-fieldian:

fieldian:
"Miss, your blue eyes are as kind as they are pretty, and that makes me bold to ask if you couldn't perhaps fied an old coat a trifer more presentable than these rays I am wearing."

The maid was impressed. "He's a well spoken man." she said to her mistress, as she delivered the second message, "and I'm thinking he's seen better times."

A serviceable coat was found. The bride's good husband only glanced over his newspaper to see that it wasn't his newest cutaway that was to be sacrified. He smiled. He was rather fond of humo ing the bride's little charitable whims.
The maid delivered the coatand wassoon up stairs agaia, wearing a look of unuterable surprise.

"And what is it he wants now, Maggie?" said the mistress.

"Well, ma am, I never saw the likes of him for a beggar. He took the coat like he took the shoes, almost a cryin', he was so pleased, and then he kind o' choked up like, and he says to me: 'Sure, miss, I'd like to do something for yez to show me gratitude is genuine, and if yez'!! get me the coal shovel I'll do yez a good turn anyway by a clearing the snow off your front pavement.' So I got the coal shovel and gave it to him, and he touched his hat again."

"He is no ordinary mendicant, surel;"

"He is no ordinary mendicant, surely;" said the bride. "His desire to give us some equivalent, even by his own hard labor, proves him to be a worthy man don't you think so, my dear?" and sh turned toward her more worldly wise

husband for his approval.

But the worldly wise husband only smiled as he glauced over the top of his in and suid. aewspaper as my dear; but Maggie had better go down and just see that he doesn't steal the coa shovei

Maggie went. The wind whistled as opened the door. The snow atil glistened in the sunshine. It was still six inches deep on the level, and drifting. Tewns still introducin, save for the broad footprints of the old soldier headed tohad the coal shovel.

A nox containing a big snake, consigned to King & Franklin's circus, fell and broke open in the Southern Express office at Birmingham, Ala. The snake, seven feet in length, drove the other occupants from the office, and compelled the night clark to take refuge in the rank where he spent hours before the snake was recaptured.