RRESTED Revolver ril 8.—Goremo epresentative W unty, had an all Gleason's hote hich came near affair. Saturday there were med that ites against the came and stated the seaton with the ponsible for the ponsible for the about in the about in the about in the about men who respect. About non Governous Gov

Astory of Mystery, Love and

Devotion.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER VII.-(Continued.) po you know who I am?"

spo you know who I am?"

He bowed.

Then I will be brief. I am the spoke scornfully, bitt-rly. "They have not come out openly—they would, they could, stab another reputation sidiously. It is not that that brings there. There is a sister, I learn, who almost insane with fear. I have alled upon her. I have just left her. Be does not know me. I instituted incurred in the spoke of the spoke increasing a ranagements for her comfet since I left her."

The Almighty will reward you for

for since lieft her."

The Almighty will reward you for star, said Livingstod suddenly.

When I cease to think so, I hope I will die." six answered. "I learned from her that you were there. I want you to find some lady friend—have you lied friend who has buried those she byed best—who has realized that all is multy."

ment of the state of the state

"I will do as you wish." Livingston aid, wondering why this woman exhibited such an interest in Miss Beau-

ook; it was not difficult to read his face

bok; it was stany time. "I shall not make any unnecessary "" Mr Livingston. I hate mys-

We now theroughly, he thought. He nodded as she proceeded, as though he were keeping even pace with her. He asked himself whether she knew the thin. It was impossible for her to how, or even suspect, what not another soul in the world knew what he trained from Beauchampe by the merest reident in the theater. If this woman knew that Beauchampe had secretly opied her portrait, perhaps shormight banifest an interest in his affairs—the usult of love.

"And since you are Mr. Beauchampe's hiend, and in a position to correct a sisapprehension that is doing him gross highestice, I will leave it all in your bands, Mr. Livingston. You know how to manage that. It is a matter that the short of the short of the products of my friends, if it wore even necessary to notice the groundless runors, that how may be sure will be done in a way that will be effectual. My concern is for Miss Beauchampe and her brother."

Why did Vittoria put Miss Beauchampe before her brother?)

She was was moving to the door, which Livingston hastily opened for her, aying: "All you have requested and moch more will be done."

"Thanks." She flashed a look on him

"Thanks." She flashed a look on him that remained fresh in his memory for veeks, carefully replaced her veil, and sparted. Not till he heard the sound of wheels rolling away from the door did diffusion recovery are the corrected

lifingston recover from the surprise this visit created. Then he returned body to his room, saying to himself:
"Matters are rapidly coming to a fecus."

CHAPTER VIII.

Livingston could not compose himself bread.

When he flung down the end of his

at cigar he was, if anything, more

moving to the door,

She was reading his face like

that he would that if he ha could transactis angered the governor, who
was prevented
al bystanders
constable, but uilty to-day in

TO A MASS. a Pennsylva.

lage. A brutal wife on Thursday ig village near red yesterday, id his wife's hen made his ence of both iosity on the ho yesterday et they found ie murdere, ir father and a visit. On I a bedroom r. was soon re floor they

e floor they Windschik from all in-earful strug-n had been a chisel and murderer ork, when ne outgoing

ode Island. -McGowa sts, fought ight was de-d witnessed

zland. ke of Aost Helena Turin, an

Waterfor caped. Th in stamp

aerher near! state the wheat ce

Pay. tween 500; the Way-tou strike

roe. Secretary cepted an 'ilot-usso eapes: ves The

h a busy 'h reiden-r chan at

orifi club meet ng p will be riters of

Davies

Str uss

aker. वी रविष

incorer a fied us ody

ye-L

retines than when he entered his leaglegs.

The strange, interview with the prima
fona produced a stimulating effect
Fon him. He could neither think nor
that, and as for the rest he craved—
there was more rest, he believed, in actire evertions in behalf of poor Beautire evertions. Beautiful to the teleking.
Fidelity she did not dream matters
were so serious. Somehow, she had
been that the artist's name had been
sed with as little ground or reason as
ar own when the murder was disented. ington sen to wed thing he could and would do at

He pulled haif a dozen shacks of paper-toward him, wrote rapidly on them, inclosed the slips in as many envelopes, placed them in his pocket, rose, put on his hat, and left the house. He walked two squares, turned into an office occupied by an acquaintance, and rung for a messenger. When the boy answered, Livingston placed the envelopes in his hand, gave the boy double fees, and dispatched him swiftly on his errand.

The notes were addressed to the manaking editors of the leading papers. Livingston knew precisely what they would accomplish. His faith in Beauchampe was ostrong, his symmathy for hiss Beauchampe so deep, that he had taken extraordinary risks.

Hirefly stated, he had etaked his reputation upon the result, claiming in the notes written that justice to the artist. geauchampe's Double THE PRIMA DONNA.

liriefly stated, he had staked his reputation upon the result, claiming in the notes written that justice to the artist demanded instant reparation for the injury already done him, at the same time intimating that the friends of the American prima donna in all probability would find a better and speedler way to correct, instantly, any silly misapprehension concerning her than by publishing cards in the newspapers.

Having staked his all on the result, Livingston resolved to seek Simmons again, and, either with or without his assistance, solve so much of the mysterious murder as would enable him to determine whether there was any ground for suspecting his friend.

That he might be able to do this, he

for suspecting his friend.

That he might be able to do this, he explained the nature of the work he was engaged upon in the note he left on the desk of the managing editor of the paper claiming his undivided attention.

Then he dispatched a message to Simmons, and repaired to a chop-house much frequented by writers on the daily press and artists, and was surprised at the appetite he manifested when he cleared the table.

Having thus fortlined himself for any

when he cleared the table.

Having thus fortified himself for another hard day's work, he went in quest of Simmons.

other hard day's work, he went in quest of Simmons failing him, Livingston made an appointment for the afternoon, and then went to work in his own way. When a live newspaper man's resources fail him, the average man may as well sit down, Micawber-like, and wait until something turns up.

The newspaper man commonly turns something up, and when necessity demands supplies the pivot.

It was late in the evening when Livingston and Simmons compared notes. Livingston as the grasped Simmons' hand heartily prepared the detective for good news: only gratifying discoveries could change Livingston's mood. He was lively—cheery when they sat down together.

"You begin, Simmons. After you." Simmons' report was a model of brovity. He had given orders to shadow the store, Livingston was positive gave refuge to Beauchampe, with the following results:

1. The proprietor, long suspected.

refuge to Beauchampe, with the followlog results:

1. The proprietor, long suspected,
proved to be a "fence" inside of an hour.
Brought to book, he was glad to confess
that a man had entered his house before
Livingston rushed in. The man was an
artist in one sense. His name was well
known; numerous "fences" knew him.

2. He had not left anything with Mr.
Sharply; he simply passed in and out of
the house. It was true, he went out
through a back window and in broad
daylight Mr. Sharply was not responsible for that. 3. The police were on
the man's track. He had been traced to
two disreputable haunts, and Simmons'
confident tone and manner implied that
he would be in the hands of the police
within twenty-four hours, possibly less
time.

Livingston's report was-equally brief.
He had been with the theater.

bok; it was not dillicuit to read his face it any time.

I shall not make any unnecessary systery, Mr. Livingston. I hate mysters, Mr. Livingston. I hate mysters in real-life. They are very well at the stage. This is all simple, when pos know the truth. A likeness of mine painted by a clever artist abroad—clever in some things, not in others—did not please me. It pleased my friends less. Wa Americans are outspoken. You are strpised—you thought I was French, or ladian? My grandfather was born in this country. I am intensely American. The picture had something that I do not think belongs to me. I compromised with the artist—I purchased one of his hadiscapes, giving a round sum for it. But forgot to carry off my portrait and the artist was mean enough to put ton exhibition! It was sold and passed his Major Dabney's hands. I have never met Major Dabney's hands. I have never met Major Dabney's hands. I have never at Major Dabney's hands. I have never at Major Dabney save in the presence of my manager. Yes—once in the parior of the hotel. But he told his friends with the paid for the picture. And lhad friends who laughed at it so heartly that the Major was compelled to have it retouched. Naturally he selection artist capable of doing the work; lat he preferred one comparatively unhown. The chances that the truth would be known were lessened. The Major at least understood human nature. Livingston comprehended the situation how thoroughly, he thought.

He nodded as she proceeded, as though he were keeping even pace with her. Lasked himself whether she knew the hand. Livingston's report was equally brief. He had begun with the theater. He ob-tained the addresses of the ushers, had seen and talked with all of them. Chance remarks made by two of the ushers spurred him into extraordinary endeavors, all well rewarded finally; but he had encountered numerous obstacles and experienced many disappointments in his quest.

and experienced many disappointments. In his quest.

All he had to begin with was a few chance words by three men as they reantered the theater. He did not know, the names of any of thes men. One of the ushers was positive he described their ages and dress correctly, and that one addressed another as "flarry," and was called "Ned" in turn.

With this slender thread to begin with Livingston had traversed half the city, succeeded in finding neither "Ned" nor "Harry," but two of their companions, who fully explained the origin of the remarks the ushers heard. They had witnessed the recapture of an escaped lunatic, and properly characterized the treatment he was subjected to as brutal in the last degree. This man, they believed, was the man who created the disturbance in the theater.

There could not be any misapprehen, sion concerning the hour.

The people in the theater—hundreds could testify to the time the acts becan.

sion concerning the hour.

The people in the theater—hundreds could testify to the time the acts began, and the duration of the entire performance. From this Livingston deduced the following, which Simmons noted carefully by nodding at every point:

1. That the man seized on the street and placed in a carriage, with his hands bound behind him, about 10 c'clock, certainly not later than 10:15, could not have murdered Major Dabney ten minutes betore, or a few minutes after 1 the navo murdered Major Dabney en min-utes betore, or a few minutes after 1 the next morning. 2. Yet the man suspected was seen long after that near Major Dabney's residence. That much was proved. 3. Simmons had satisfied him-self that the man handcuffet in the theater visited two places within an hour ofter-he-knocked the pollemma down.

J. Finally, Sharply admitted a well-known-thief had visited his place the next morning before 6 o'clock, which proved conclusively that there were two mon who bore a striking resomblance to each other. each other.

"My theory," said Livingston with un-usual deliberation, "is this, and File risk all I have in the world on it. I'll risk all I have in the world on it. I'll risk my reputation—a year's salary on it. I have been mistaken throughout. It. wasn't Beauchampe that struck the ushor, although I was so positive about that at first. It was somebody who looks like him. And this man is the man who killed Dabney. But Beauchampe is the mean-that was so horribly maitrested on the street, pitched into the carriage, and is now—God only knows where. We will have to—we-

mat Simmer, search every mad house in the State—everywhere where there is the least likelihood of finding him. They might drive to a railway station and take Beauchampe the Lord only knows; where. You agree with me?"

Simmons reflected perhaps a minute, then he said in his deepest tone and with unusual deliberation

"I do. You've convinced me. It's as plain as that clock there. There's a double' in this case—no room for doubt now. What are you going to do now?"

"The first thing is to write up the afriair in the Record. That will be killing two birds with one stone—it will supply the evidence I guaranteed when I notified half a dozen or more responsible men that they had best hold in their horses for twenty-four hours, and it will create sympathy for the man maltreated. That man is Beauchampe. The face I saw in Sharply's window was not Beauchampe's. You will prove that, I am confident, by arresting the man."

"In that case, then," said Simmons, "suppose we say we'll meet—when?"

"I want to make the rounds of the papers," Livingston answered. "Say about tweive, or between tweive and added "Chapilly we will hove will hove will be added didded "Reasilly we will hove will be and to me."

"Very well." Simmons turned and added, "Possibly we will have our man by that time; at least I will try to."

There was one thing more Livingston ed of equal or greater importance anything he had mentioned to

than anything he had mentioned to Simmons.

He resolved to call upon Miss Beauchampe for the purpose of reassuring her so far as lay in his power. That was the first duty to be discharged, and when they parted. Simmons to strive to secure "his man" at the earliest moment, Livingston hailed a carand was intent upon visiting Miss Beauchampe, experiencing sensations wholly new to him.

He did not pause to analyze his feelings—what young man under similar induences does?

He was preoccupied with thought.

ings-what young man under similar induences does?

He was preoccupied with thought. The car halted near him; he was in the act of stepping aboard when he felt his arm plucked. Glancing at the envelope thrust into his-hand, he started, waved a hand to the driver of the car, who drove on, and then, looking down upon the boy who brought him the note. Livingston for the first time observed that he was breathless.

The note bore the well-known letterhead of the Record. The envelope was as familiar to him as that title page of the great newspaper that employed him. "What does this mean? They have my address-" He was reading the note. The boy interposed.

"I—they did send to your lodgings, and —and you wasn't there. That's why—I—they asked me if I knew you, sir, and—there's two others hunting you—that's why I run so hard, Mr. Livingston—"

"All right," Livingston answered, put-

"All right," Livingston answered, put-ting his hand in his pocket and giving the boy a coin.
"They paid me at the Record,"
"Of course; and that's my part. You can go back and tell them I got the order."

Green and so he spoke. The revulsion of his feelings was so great that he
wished at that moment there was no
such thing as a newspaper in the world.
But he had not a moment to spare.
He glanced at his watch. It was half
an hour later than he thought it possibla The visit to Miss Beauchampe
could not be made now. He almost
wished he had never entered the Record
office as he recalled a speech made by
the managing editor—a speech he never
felt the force of until now. It was to
the effect that Livingston must be prepared at a minute's notice, if necessary,
to go to any part of the globe. There
was to be no time for packing tranks pared at a minute's notice, if necessary, to go to any part of the globe. There was to be no time for packing trunks or saying farewell. He recalled one commission thus executed on the spur of the moment. There was a spice of adventure in the work, and Livingston had acquitted himself so well that his name was on half the lips of the civilized world when it was done. But this was altogether different. His whole being was bound up in the extraordinary affairs of his friend and his friend's sister.

Livingston was walking rapidly while these thoughts passed through his mind, lie was looking for a cab—any vehicle that would enable him to make the train it was his duty to go on.

that would enable him to make the train it was his duty to go on.

Fortunately a hansom whirled around a corner. Livingston halled the driver. The next minute he was riding rapidly to the ferry. He turned over the note to the ferry. He turned over the note he still held in his hand in a mechanical

to the ferry. He turned over the note ho still held in his hand in a mechanical way, while his thoughts were on Miss Beauchampe. The note, or command, for such it proved in this instance, was very brief curt, Livingston thought.

Preced to Chicago by the—train. Instructions by wire.

"A man on the Record staff is very much like a soldier," Livingston solloquized as he jumped out of the cab and paid his fare. "Lucky I've enough money to pay my fare. I'll wire Simmons on the way."

At that moment an acquaintance jostled him. The two men looked at each other.

"What! Where are you bound for?"

"I wish I knew." Livingston answered, more to himself then his acquaintance, then, recollecting himself, he said, "West, just now."

"Yes—to Jersey, of course."

"No—Chicago, confound it."

"Chicago! I wish it was Denver. You'll go with me—nuless—"

"It am alone." Livingston said moodily.

"I am alone " Livingston said moodily The other beamed on him; his face panded into a broad smile "How fortunate! G Got your of

course you have, though."

—'If you mean a sleeping borth. I haven't." Then, in a burst of irritation that surprised his acquaintance. "I haven't so much as an extra handker-chief or collar—nor even the article cen Sherman deemed indispensable when he

began his march to the sea—a comb."
"Ha, ba! Good I can accommodate Ha, ha! Good I can accommodate you with nerth everything. You're likely. My cutsin was cuming with me everything ready—traps on ahead double berth double fare. Changed his mind in five minutes—fact. All about a girl—ho's dead in love, Sanders is. Quarreled—going out West. Oh, yes columns by wire since I've sent off at least fourteen and she gave him just one look, and I'll more

be hanged if he didn't back square and a dozen of us laughing at him. Fact! I'd never believed it of Sanders. What an ass-a man is when he's spoony? I'l never make an ass of myself in that way.

They were mear the landing now.

"You look glum. Livingston, and luck raining on you. What's the matter with you—not feeling just yourself, eh?"

"Not quite," Livinston replied. Then he made an effort. He owed it to his acquaintance to be agreeable, at least. "I'll be all right directly. I'm glad you've got tickets—I'll settle with you when we get on the cars."

"Yes. you will! I'd like to see you. None of that, Livingston. I'm deuced glad we met. I was half mad at Sanders. Blamed if I don't think it's good fortune now."

fortune now,"
"Well, we will not quarrel with fate,
anyhow," Livingston answered as they
entered the Pullman. But he sighed as
he thought of Miss Beauchampe. What
might not happen before his return?
He resolved to we have, too.

He resolved to who her, too.

CI. ALEGIX.

THE FIRST LETTER

CHICAGO.

DEAR SIMMONS—This will not surprise you a tenth as much as my orders surprised me on the street shortly after we parted. As is the custom in the Record office, I was ordered to come here on the first train—all the notice I received.

I came Found my instructions ahead of me. All the world knows what the buttom facts—or rather to see that the news is forwarded to New York. Have not been idle since I came. Quite likely the type will show you that much if you have read the report in the Record.
There must be a good deal of anarchy in the paper out by the time this reaches you.

Had barely time to catch the train.

you. Had barely time to catch the train. Had a jolly companion—Ned Somers. Rich, off-hand, manly. Did Ned a good turn away back—and he never will forget it. It was some lying story a scoundrel printed about his cousin. I straightened it up—showed the malice, got a hamper of wine and no end of thanks. Somers was in nocket with two

got a hamper of wine and no end of thanks. Somers was in pocket with two tickets to Denver—he would not take a nicket from me "stopped over on account of the row here.

No need mentioning it to you. You know just how matters are. It's a bad business all through—and there's mose to come. I feel half ashamed of the thing. Sounds too much like oid-world ways.

ways.

As far as I am concerned—and the Record—this is a chase for facts, or rather an investigation that will expose the methods of the anarchists. Of course it's exciting—very. Here we've got the telegraph, telephone, and special delivery, or I'd fancy I was living in Venice and rubbing clothes with bravos. Chicago is boiling. Everything is on edge—everythody is wide-awake. I've run against all kinds here, same as we've got om in New York. I meet lots of people who think Liberty ought to be spelled with a small l, and license with a big L.

big L.

big L.

Here I've been jogging along like a passenger in an old-fashioned coach, nodding and dozing in complacent pride of country, and have woke up to find that the reason my life has not been snuffed out by falling over a sheer precipice was owing more to the good sense of the horses than the judgment of the detyer.

driver.

Why, Chicago is as bad as New York, Simmons!

A very curious thing happened yester-day. I was on a street A very curious thing happened yester-day. I was on a street car, and seeing a man I wanted to talk to, signed to get off. The driver's attention was otherwise engaged: when I got off I had lost my man. And who do you think it was? It was your brother. I caught just one glimpse of him. What is he doing here? Telegraph him if you can reach him, and give him my address. He can help me, perhaps—at least, I want to talk to him.

him.

Now, prepare for something startling.

Reauchampe is here. You will not believe this. But I saw him! And the thing that surprises me is a resolve on his part to avoid me. You will say I am mistaken: that it is a resemblance. I would agree with vou if it was not for one thing. He saw me. And he is keeping out of my way.

Beauchampe was awful seedy-looking. I looked at him the second time. He was turning a corner, and saw me turning my head to look after him. He turned his head, but I am positive it was Beauchampe.

Now, why is he avoiding me? I am all at sea. Simmons. I can't get rid of the impression that something terrible heal happened him. Why should he leave New York? I am convinced he had no more to do with the murder than you or I. But what did he come here for?

I have not told you all. Now I come Now, prepare for something startling.

I have not told you all. Now I come to a statement I do not like to make, but

to a statement I do not like to make, but in spite of the ugly looks of the thing I feel it is only right to tell you, all.

I found a man I knew was a policeman in citizen's attire. (There are a number dressed as citizens; the man I refer to was pointed out to me shortly after I came by a reporter.) I pointed in the direction Beauchampe disappeared, and inquired if the policeman had ever seen that man. (Of course I told the policeman I had learned how he came to be in citizens' dress.) The policeman gave me a sharp look, and said he knew whom I meant. The man had been pointed but to him early that morning. morning.

I was stunned, Simmons. That may a was stunned, Simmons. That may mean's great deal. He may be locked up here for the murder, or he may be regarded as a suspicious character. I can't believe ill of Heauchampe. I reiterate, there is a deep mystery here. Something you or some man like you could getham the man to see if your health of the suspense of t

Now business I want to so if your brother can be grany use. Write him at once, unless you yourself can come on. Simplons, I'll make it worth \$200 cash to you I' you can jump on here (in case your brother can't help inc), and clear it up.

I am \$40d - never was so loaded in my. life. I've sent oil at least, fourteen

Now, you know all. You've had my dispatches, and this will make everything clear to you. Answer at once—wire me about your brother if he can be found first. Yours, overcrowded.

P. S. If you should meet Miss Beauchampe tell her I will be in New York in a day or two, and encourage her. I pity that poor girl, Simmons.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BEGINS A WAR ON PET NAMES.

Public Schoolteachers in San Fran-cisco to Stamp Them Out.

There is a pretty-flutter among the public school teachers of San Fran-cisc. President Hyde of the Board of Education, signing a lot of certificates recently, was struck with the number of them bearing the diminutives Maggle, Dalsy, Essle, Ettle and Birdie The last seemed to him the worst of all. "Why, just think of it," said the educator to a reporter, "the teacher who signed herself Birdle is named Blanche." all. signed herself Birdle is named Blanche. Her name isn't Birdle at all. Now, that isn't right or dignified. Then there were Essies, and Daisys, and Ettles galore. I don't think it is quite the thing. I spoke a year ago to the superintendent about this, but it seems that the epidemic of pet names is spreading again. Why, just think; there is the principal of one school here whom every one calls Board. there is the principal of one school here whom every one calls Bessie. She is so ashamed of it now that she signs herself B. Blank. I won't give her name. It wouldn't be fair. Suppose, name. It wouldn't be fair. Suppo went on President Hyde, lifting up his hands in horror at the thought, "I signed myself Freddle—Freddle Hyde," he repeated slowly. "Imagine how that would sound! Freddie Hyde! Why, it is preposterous! And yet we see gray-haired women in the department signing themselves Gussie, Jennie, Jessie and Birdie." Out of all of which has come a rule prohibiting the use among the teachers of pet names in official designation. Investigation disclosed that one-third of the Christian names printed in the school directory are diminutives. Annies, Maggies, Nettles, Nellies and Carries abound, many of them borne by married women long past their middle youth, and, officially, they must all go. Rules affecting perthe teachers of net names in official they must all go. Rules affecting personal tastes and opinions are always unpleasant, but the propriety of the suggestion that educators should cease to be "Birdles" and "Essies" few will question. The reaction set in here in the East some time ago, and the use of diminutives in signatures of professional and business women is much more often omitted than employed.— New York Times.

A Boy's Evening Clothes.

The regulation evening suit for the boy from twelve to fifteen is that which in England is dedicated to the Eton boy, writes Elisabeth Robinson Scovil, in an article very fully descriptive of "The Art of Dressing the Boy" in the Ladios Home Journal. The material used is the rough-surfaced black serge in vogue for men's evening clothes. The trousers are cut in the usual fashion, and though they display a crease, it is not a pronounced one. The walstcoat is cut very low to display the white shirt front, white collar and black tie. The Eton lacket, cut off short at the waist line, basits collar and lapels faced with corded silk, which, while it is dull, yet shows the difference between it and the cloth. The cuffs are permitted to come slightly below the sleeves and are held together with simple white enamel links, the shirt buttons being of the same material. The black tie is an inch and a half wide, of black satin, and arranged in the usual stiff bow.

Immersion and Isolation Advised. Air, water, milk, oysters, butter, mus-sels, watercress, foreign fruit and kisses are all especially capable of convey-ing infection. Cabs, cats, dogs, cush-ions in railway carriages, shaving at hairdressers', clothes from the tailor's, washing from the laundry, change, bank notes, books from libraries, forks and glasses at restaurants and mud up-on boots and dresses are other mediums for the distribution of disease. This list is very imperfect. Civilized man, then, may only expect to live an aver-age term of life by continuous immersion in boiling water, accompanied by absolute isolation. Beyond that what-ever he eats, drinks, wears or touches should be boiled three times before he comes into contact with them. It is remarkable that our predecessors thrived, despite the eternal, though in their lay unascertained, laws of science. London Truth.

Hunting with a Camera, There are a great many hunters arm-

with mags wine out in the Maine woods now, says the American Journal of Photography, watching and working for a chance to get a snap shot at deer, moose or any other wild game. The photographers return with some wonderfully interesting results to show in pictures of wild animals in their natural surroundings And they claim there is as much a in taking a deer's picture as in tak its life. It requires just as much s h skill to get within photographing distance as within shooting range, and often more. Anyway, it is an interesting new field for the irrepressible amateur pho

How long may a man properly "go" with a girl without marrying her?

5

. 4 1