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Beauchampe's Double

THE PRIMA DONNA.

A Story of Mystery, Love and Devotion.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER X THE SECOND LETTER.

Miss BEAUCHAMPE—Last the cover of this may excite needless apprehension, I will say at the outset that this is written for the purpose of allaying apprehension.

You will be surprised to receive a letter from this city, but your surprise cannot exceed the surprise and annoyance experienced upon receiving orders to journey here without moment's delay. In your business we are expected to journey anywhere within five minutes' notice. I was on my way to your lodgings when I was met by the messenger who bore the orders to me which brought me here. This will fully explain the rather unsatisfactory telegram you received—wired from the train. My business here may detain me three or four days. I will write to say what must sound cold; words are so weak, unless there is something behind them. All I can say is to keep up heart. I am convinced all will be satisfactorily explained, and that your brother and you will soon be together—and that you will look back to this time with a smile at your feverish anxiety.

I desire to caution you against a certain or, rather, a very uncertain class of interviewers. I refer to men employed upon the press who will put words in people's mouths that were never uttered. It will be best for you—and your landlady, also—to have but one answer for all comers. Say that you are not in a condition or frame of mind to speak on the subject; then firmly close the door.

This rule ought to apply to all strangers. If a tried or trusted friend comes for a news-gathering, of course you will use your judgment. I say this because there are reasons for preserving rigid silence. Dabney's friends will report to anything to lessen the correct impression already made upon the public by the articles printed in a score of papers.

I believe the estimate of his life that excited Dabney's friends to frenzy is just.

If you should be in a great strait, or from any cause whatever require the services of one like me, or whom you can trust implicitly, address a note to John Simmons, 1102 East Eighteenth street. Mr. Simmons is, in my confidence, and will prove a true friend and a wise and experienced counselor.

Once more—do not respond. You and your friends, Miss Beauchampe, who are resolved to seek and restore your brother. If money, or ingenuity, or the experience of the police avail, he will be freed speedily.

Your friend,
ARTHUR LIVINGSTON.

P.S. You will understand I referred to such aid as a man only could render. Assume that you will repose confidence in a Victoria, whose interest in you is very great. Rely upon her as you would a sister.

CHAPTER XI BEHIND THE BARS.

These letters were posted by Livingston about ten in the evening, after he had done a hard day's work. He had lunched lightly at noon. Now he inner man craved food. He posted the letters with his own hand, and glad that so much was off his mind, turned in quest of a restaurant.

Was it fancy? Did his senses play him tricks? Was not that Simmons' brother a little distance? The gas-light shone full in his face. Livingston walked toward him. The man suddenly stepped into an open door near at hand. Livingston hastened into the house—a saloon. There was no one in sight but the bartender. Livingston ordered a glass of wine. As the bartender handed him the bottle, Livingston said, carelessly: "Which way did my friend go? He came in just now."

The bartender shook his head but did not speak.

"He wants to see me as much as I want him. Tell him that Livingston—Arthur Livingston, from New York—is here."

The bartender pursed his lips.

"We mind our own business here. I don't know who you want. Do you see anybody here?"

"My friend came in just now," said Livingston, adding, carelessly, "No matter. I give you credit for minding your business. At the same time, there is my name in on the card. If it comes to hand it to the gentleman who entered. I will be obliged to you."

He walked out slowly, feeling half pleased at the bartender, and stood at the bar fully fifteen minutes, but Simmons did not emerge from the saloon.

Then Livingston stepped aboard a car and rode to his hotel. He would not enter the rounds of the police headquarters and press until one in the morning. In the meantime he would rest.

As he was in the act of entering his hotel, loud voices in hot altercation attracted his attention. A man, evidently under the influence of liquor, was raising a group with his fists of fury. A man in citizen's attire approached the brawler and addressed him. The brawler looked up and down the street suddenly, and walked away quickly. Livingston looked after him. The man in citizen's attire followed the brawler. Livingston was a little bit in the rear of this man. The brawler stepped into a saloon. Livingston could see a score or more of men in

Suddenly his heart bounded. He held the side of Beauchampe's head at the end of the counter. Beauchampe was talking to a villainous-looking man twice his age. He was gesticulating rapidly. Livingston entered the saloon without pausing, and was making his way directly to his friend, whom a commotion arose. There were blows and cries, oaths and pistol shots. It was all over in thirty seconds—less time. But even that short time sufficed to clear the room of those who were in it.

When Livingston recovered his breath he was on the pavement rubbing a sprained wrist. A number of men were running away, but it was plain that at least half those in the room had escaped through the rear door and windows.

But four men were in custody, and Livingston smiled upon realizing he was one of the four.

He found an opportunity to whisper to one of the officers who had raided the place, telling him to send a well-known detective to him immediately. Then he was conveyed to the station-house with his fellow-prisoners. One of these, the loud-talking man, was next to Livingston, but the brawler was silent, subdued.

When he was placed in a cell, Livingston for the first time experienced dread lest he might be detained until morning. What if his friend should not be near at hand? The very thought made him angry. He strove to call the attention of the officer near him. The man looked at him, but made no response.

"Come here. I have something of importance to communicate."

The officer shook his head.

"They all say that. Try something else."

"Very well," Livingston answered calmly. "I sent word to McCandless, by one of the men who brought us here. If McCandless fails to get word, and you refuse to deliver my request to the captain within half an hour, at most, I will be sorry. It does not suit me to remain here long. Still, in that case, my feelings would be more agreeable than yours."

The man affected indifference at first, then thought better of it. Perhaps it would be best to speak to a sergeant, or some one who could relieve him of the sole responsibility. He called the sergeant.

The sergeant was engaged with a gentleman, at that moment. Presently the sergeant found time to step back. The gentleman accompanied him. The moment the gentleman beheld Livingston, he uttered an exclamation.

"You here!"

Livingston's surprise checked his utterance. It was Simmons, who spoke, Simmons whom he thought, at that moment, was in New York.

The sergeant looked from one to the other.

"Here, let my friend out," said Simmons shortly. "What blunder is this anyhow?"

"It isn't so wonderful after all," said Livingston, as the door was opened, and he stepped out. "I was looking for a friend in the saloon the police entered—that's all."

He smiled. The sergeant recited the facts; Simmons regained his good humor, and presently all were laughing over the newspaper man's misadventure.

When the friends left the station-house Simmons suddenly clutched Livingston's arm, saying, "How in the name of all that is wonderful did you come here?"

"That is just what I was going to ask you," Livingston replied, coolly. "I mailed a letter to New York for you an hour ago."

"Humph! Like as not it is in the pouch with one I wrote to you."

"Come to my hotel," said Livingston. "Let us talk this thing over."

Then they walked on, arm in arm.

and me—we are all here in Chicago just as we were all in New York two days ago. I consider it a good sign. Some things will turn up soon. Mark my words if matters are not brought to a focus suddenly. The only trouble is, I don't know when I may have to jump on to New York again."

"In any case, it is certain I will be here for some days, at least."

"I am not sure about that, either," said Simmons. "This sensation is stunning—it will blow over in a few hours. It is purely local. I've got that far along. The people in New York and other cities needn't worry."

"That's the best news I've heard," said Livingston earnestly. "I confess I was stunned at first."

"That's natural. It is our first experience in this line."

"I hope it may be the last," said Livingston. "So you think, spite of the fact that we are strangers in Chicago."

"You forget. I am as much at home here as I am in New York."

"True. I forgot that."

"I can trace a man here as easily as I can in New York. And I mean to place my hand—or to be able to put my hand on this man you think is Beauchampe."

"You seem to have a new theory about my friend."

"I have. I will not say now that your friend did not commit the murder. I will say I have satisfied myself, after turning everything over in my mind, that there must be two men as much alike almost as my brother and myself. You have proved that much to me."

"Have you any settled plan?" Livingston asked after a lengthy pause.

"Yes—I have thought it all out. I'll take some of the police into my confidence, and inside of twenty-four hours, I think, we will know something. If I want to see you—"

"Telephone to me at the Globe office, or here."

"You'll find me at police headquarters. Just ask for Jacobs."

"Jacobs?"

"That's all. What are you going to do now? Have you any report to make?"

"Yes. I'll be busy until daylight. I am going to police headquarters now. If you are going that way we may as well go together. I've a lot of work before me—I'll be glad when it's all over, as you seem to think it will be, so far as the safety of other cities is concerned. I've been thinking all along it could not be as bad as it seemed at first. Americans are not the people to permit an uprising such as was feared when I came on here."

"Not much," said Simmons, in his positive way. "I won't say what will be a hundred years hence; just now the man who proclaims himself an anarchist will come to grief. Well, come. I have some work on hand, too, which, by the way, I will give you an account of confidentially—not for publication. For your guidance, and to convince you this is a local disturbance."

"I suppose it will not be amiss for me to tell the Record folks, and impress it on them that this is simply a local outbreak?"

"I'll stake my reputation on that," said Simmons.

When Livingston closed his report, three hours later, he tucked to it the idea for a heading which reassured all who read the Record that day. One of the head-lines read: "A Purely Local Disturbance."

CHAPTER XII
A PURELY LOCAL DISTURBANCE.

When the friends exchanged their views at Livingston's hotel, comparison of notes showed that they were both subject to orders neither could have anticipated or disobeyed.

"I had not a minute to lose," Simmons said. "My time was as short as the time allowed you. And I am here, as you may surmise, on business of the utmost importance. The truth will never be known outside of a certain circle; but before we are done any information in my possession, or that I may acquire here, will prove very useful to the State authorities, as well as the city and county authorities."

"Then you are not employed by the authorities of New York?" said Livingston, quickly, jumping to a conclusion.

"You've hit it. In this instance I will be paid out of the secret-service fund. But now—about your friend. This is a mistake. You are wrong."

"Why do you speak so positively?"

"I'll convince you you are mistaken," Livingston smiled incredulously and shook his head.

"You were positive you saw my brother not long since?"

"I did."

"My brother is in California," Livingston started.

"I received a message from him today. He is at San Jose, on a matter of business."

"Then it was you I saw?"

"Of course. Tell me where you saw me?"

When Livingston related the particulars Simmons nodded his head sagely. "That was precisely where I was—the bartender understands his business. By the way, he is not a bartender, except in an emergency. He is one of the sharpest detectives in the country. Some of the police here know it, but the authorities—the men who have given him his choice—relying upon him to do good work, know it better."

"I may be mistaken about Beauchampe, and if I am, do you know it will relieve my mind? I can't believe he would avoid me as this man does."

"And I am glad you are upset, as you say."

"Why?"

"Because it is conclusive proof to me that we are all here together. The man you think is your friend, and the man I know is the murder of Dabney's brother

and me—we are all here in Chicago just as we were all in New York two days ago. I consider it a good sign. Some things will turn up soon. Mark my words if matters are not brought to a focus suddenly. The only trouble is, I don't know when I may have to jump on to New York again."

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CHAPTER XIII
RAFFLED.

Livingston was fagged out when he closed his report. He was despondent. The conference with Simmons had stimulated him, infused hope, and inspired him with courage until his work was done.

Then he began to experience a strange oppression. His thoughts reverted to New York, and to Miss Beauchampe. What was she doing? What could a girl like that do all alone? She might go mad. She might be tempted in sheer frenzy to go out alone, perhaps be subjected to insult or suspicion.

In short, Livingston became a prey to utter despondency.

Where then was her brother? If the man he had seen was another, where was poor Beauchampe? How did it help matters if it could be proved that Beauchampe and this man resembled each other?

Livingston was walking to his hotel when his attention was attracted to two men on opposite corners of a street. One stood silent, motionless. The other shuffled his feet, and looked all about him. One stood so close to a lamp post, that he might have been unnoticed, or mistaken for the post. The other stood out boldly on the street corner. One was slight. The other was of massive frame, evidently.

As Livingston looked, he was impressed with the idea that the slonder man was watching the larger man. He felt somehow as if he was about to participate in a struggle. Instead of pursuing his steps in that direction, he paused, and stood looking at the figures on the opposite corner.

Suddenly the large figure stood stock still. Livingston was sure the man was contemplating the figure close to the lamp post. Then the big man made a move. He was crossing the street, when the slight man shot out from the lamp post and sped toward the opposite corner.

Then a figure suddenly shot out as from a wall seemingly, and the slender figure turned, doubled on his tracks, and was heading toward Livingston.

His face was turned toward a powerful light—a huge lamp in front of a hotel. The instant Livingston beheld his face, he sprang forward, uttering one word—"Beauchampe!"

The man shot a look at Livingston that bespoke fear and terror, but did not pause. The big man shouted:

"Halt!"

He too ran swiftly. He was within a few feet of Beauchampe when the latter whirled around—there was a flash, a report, and the big man put his hand to his thigh, but still pursued his man.

Now, the third man sped past Livingston, and he could not resist the temptation to follow them. Thus all four were running on one side of the street swiftly. The wounded man labored, but he ran fast withal. Gradually this man's breath gave out. He paused to signal his fel-

lowed, and at that moment Livingston passed him.

The man nearest the man who fired the shot gained noticeably on Beauchampe. It was a neck-and-neck race for at least the length of a block. Then the pursuer put out a hand. Livingston could see the men struggling. He was near them when one was thrown violently to the ground. The other—Beauchampe, sped on. Livingston still pursued. Another and another block was passed. Livingston realized they were approaching a passenger depot. He feared he would lose Beauchampe now. If he did not succeed in reaching his side. It was Beauchampe—but so strangely altered. He called to him now as he ran, not in a loud voice, but so distinctly that Beauchampe could hear him. Beauchampe did not turn, did not abate his speed. He ran the faster until he reached an alleyway, when suddenly Beauchampe disappeared.

When his pursuer looked up and down the alley, no sign of a living being was seen. It was as if the earth had swallowed Beauchampe up.

While Livingston stood dazed, marveling what had become of Beauchampe, he heard violent outcries on the next street. Hastening in that direction, he observed a number of men running along the railway track toward a train of cars. They darted in and out and under the cars, which were motionless, then gathered in a group. Livingston could hear them talking excitedly.

He approached the group slowly. As he neared the group, one man said:

"I thought I had my hand on him."

"And I was sure he jerked under the rear car," said another.

"It is the strangest thing I ever saw," another said. "But he's as good as ours. I'll bet my month's pay we'll nab him before the day's over."

"I feel like taking that bet," said a voice Livingston recognized. "In my opinion he'll not be nabbed in Chicago."

"How will he get out of it if we mind our business and look into every car?" demanded one young man, whereat there was a loud laugh at the young man's expense.

"What you don't know, Adam," said a big policeman, "would fill whole libraries. Of course he will get out of town if he gets aboard; he won't be ahead of a brass band."

Livingston stepped forward, and was recognized by Simmons, who said to him, quietly:

"It's our man. I thought we had him, but he is too quick for us. He is one of the sharpest I have ever had to deal with."

Livingston was on the point of relating all he witnessed, but he reconsidered and remained silent for a time. Finally he asked Simmons what he thought of the affair.

"I think," said Simmons, with rare deliberation, knitting his brows, "that he will find Chicago too hot for him, and will get out if he can."

"And which way will he go?"

"To New York. Where else would he go?"

"What did he come here for if he cannot manage to stay?"

"You and I don't want to stay, yet we are both here," Simmons answered with a smile. "I don't know what he came for—I know why he is getting out—because the town is too hot to hold him now. He may thank me for that much."

"Then you may as well admit he has baffled you again."

"Yes—that's the word. But that is precisely the reason why he is near the end of his strike. I consider my reputation is at stake now, and I won't rest satisfied until I have him in my grip. We have just lost six hours' solid work. Let him look out the next time I go after him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Developments in the latest life insurance case seem to indicate that there is hidden in it a very thrilling murder story, of the sort likely to be a warning to the too credulous confederates in such enterprises. In fact, when two or more men conspire together to concoct and execute a scheme for swindling a life insurance company, the last thing that either or any one intends is that he himself shall give his own life as part of the game. But this latest development involves just that addition to the ordinary swindles. It is evident that a few cases of this sort are likely to be of great advantage to the insurance companies. One of the conditions of success in beating the company is that there shall be perfect good faith and confidence between the rogues, but if any one has reason to suspect that at a given moment his pals may sacrifice his life to the success of the scheme he is very apt to become suddenly cool, or even go over to the enemy. Thus the victim of Meyer and the alleged victim in the latest case may be of more use at last to the companies than to any one else.

Mrs. Micaiah Dyer Jr., one of the society leaders of Boston, has been forced to declare herself bankrupt, as she cannot find any honorable means of settling the claims against her estate. Her liabilities are about \$100,000, and the creditors probably will receive 40 cents on the dollar. Her troubles are due to the fact that she indorsed notes for her son, the manager of the American Health Supply Company, and that shylocks charged him as much as 80 percent a year for extending them, under threats of putting a receiver in the mother's painful home. Mrs. Dyer will not suffer much, as her husband is wealthy. He was in a position to liquidate his wife's indebtedness, but as he could not ascertain the exact amount, he preferred to have the courts settle it. All of this goes to show more of the tough facts which will confront the new woman when she comes into possession of her kingdom. There is not a particle of sentiment, emotion, or imagination in a business transaction.

SWEARING IN RECRUITS.

How It is Done Here and How in Germany.

The unostentatious manner in which our national affairs are administered is well illustrated by the striking contrast between the ceremony of swearing in recruits in our army and the same ceremony in Germany," remarked an officer who is stationed at Fort Wayne to a Detroit Free Press reporter. "Here the recruit after expressing his desire to serve Uncle Sam is ushered into the room, a bare, dingy, rented apartment, which serves as office for the enlisting officer of the army, and then and there is called upon to repeat, after the said officer, the following oath, its solemn import marked by the cursory upward tendency of the irrespectable right hand: 'I do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever; and that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the rules and articles of war. So help me God.' Signature to this oath makes him, without more ado, a full fledged soldier.

How different is the following ceremony used in binding Germany's soldiers to their Kaisers. The young conscript is conducted to the church of the parish in which he enlists, where he, is first addressed by the pastor on the sacred character and great import of the oath he is about to take. Then the flag of his country and that of his battalion being placed on the altar, the embryo-soldier is required to place his left hand on these flags, and raising his right, to repeat the following: 'I swear before God, who is all powerful and who knows all, that I will serve loyally and faithfully my very gracious sovereign under all circumstances. On land and sea in peace and in war, and in all places. I swear to seek only his good and to do everything to prevent injury to him. I swear to observe strictly the articles of war which have just been read to me. I swear to obey all orders and to conduct myself as every courageous, honest soldier ought to do, delighting in fulfilling the duties that honor impose upon me. As surely as God will aid me in gaining eternity through Jesus Christ, amen.'

"Is it not a serious question whether our simplicity in the administration of a sacred oath does not defeat its very purpose? We, in this free born American Republic, are justly proud of our simple, unostentatious ways, marked by want of useless ceremony, and we, by our example, daily administer rebuke to the old world for the vanity of its ways, but let us not carry the feeling too far. Human nature here, as elsewhere, is impressionable, and if an obligation is rendered more binding by impressiveness we should not hesitate to employ its necessary accompaniments even to the 'fuss and feathers' employed by our elders in the sisterhood of nations.

The average American, unversed in patriotic lore, woefully ignorant of patriotic symbols, is constantly accused of want of devotion to his country, of too great individualism, too little nationalism. Let us hope that this is not so, that our patriotism but lies dormant, awaiting the occasion which will call it into play, and make its existent strength emphatically evident to the world.

"In the meantime, let the soldier swear by his country's beautiful emblem; furthermore, let the Stars and Stripes be displayed more often and with more reverence before the people at large. Nothing will contribute further to arouse our heterogeneous population, our too large disorderly element, the product of the sordid, selfish individualism, to a realization of other more worthy interests; of a duty paramount to all others, yet so generally lost sight of, to a country that exists, to a flag that waves, on this side of the ocean."

Threatened to Let Him Go.

It is well known that certain vagabonds desire nothing better, especially when the cold weather comes on, than to be arrested and locked up, in order that may be taken care of for a while. One of this fraternity succeeded in getting himself arrested for vagrancy, and on the way to the lockup he was so much overjoyed by the prospect of not having to sleep in the open air that he had somewhat volitionally.

"Keep quiet!" threatened the policeman; "if you don't, I'll let you go!"

Enormous Houses in New Guinea.

The enormous size and massive structure of native houses is among the recent surprising discoveries of explorers among the villages inhabited by numerous warlike tribes scattered along the streams of New Guinea. Houses 800 to 400 feet long and 100 feet high, among the tallest in the world, are reported to be not uncommon.