

Beauchampe's Double

THE PRIMA DONNA

Story of Mystery, Love and Devotion.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Miss Beauchampe was in an agony of apprehension. The day wore on, she said to herself a thousand times, somebody will come surely. She thought of Livingston. His manner more than his words impressed her. Surely he was a kind, thoughtful friend—a very faithful friend of her brothers. He would be sure to send her word through the day. If he did not, it would be because he surely would have good news. God would not be cruel to her. What had she done to be punished? Or would she be new through the day. When hours passed, and nature could withstand the strain, she went down to see her landlady. The landlady was honest, shrewd, and kind woman, with a cold exterior. Her helplessness appealed to her strongly. The landlady had a stock of stories, wonderful as the unexplained absence of Beauchampe. "Why, my dear, was the case of Miss Wary. Her people gave her up for lost for three days, and where did she turn up? The poor thing got on the wrong side, and was carried 100 miles out of the way before she discovered her mistake, all because she had got the wrong side. Then she was put on a branch and the culverts and bridges were washed away in a storm, and when the papers were full of the mystery doesn't come in as fresh as you please, saying, 'I guess you all thought I was lost,' sure enough she was all that time, as they were concerned.

Yes, and there was the experience of old gentleman who lived out of town ten miles. He was known by everybody for miles around, and one afternoon he walked down to the village post-office, and nobody saw him that day or next, nor for five days. It was the latest sensation they had at that time. "I can't make it out, just yet. Sometimes, it seems all straight sailing, then I'm puzzled again. I am sure of one thing—the man I want is a bad egg, and I'm bound to have him soon, if I travel to Canada for him. But the chances are I'll find him in New York. They all head that way. Which way are you going?"

"To bed, I am all tired out. Ineed rest."

"Well, don't worry about the morrow. The worst is over here, as all the country will know. You can send the whole story to New York before 5 o'clock to-day. That is all I will say to you now, except to get ready to write all I tell you. It will corroborate every statement you have wired New York, and will locate the source of all the trouble. So go to sleep on that, and get ready to return home. There will be no necessity for a man like you to remain here after to-day, in all probability."

"That will suit me exactly," said Livingston as he bade his friend good morning and walked on to his hotel, while Simmons returned to the group of policemen.

The day was well advanced when he woke. He felt refreshed, eager for work, and enjoyed his first meal. Somehow Simmons infused hope in him. The detective was not a man to make loose statements. It would be a good thing if it was shown to all the world that the outbreak that startled the country was purely local, and a good thing for Chicago, for the authorities would know where to lay the ax. It would enable Livingston to suggest his own recall at once, and thus he could be within reach of Miss Beauchampe and render her aid, and if he could not reassure her himself, at least he could devise means to reassure her.

All his thoughts were centered on Miss Beauchampe now. He did not know, or suspect the truth. He thought it was his duty to attend his friend's sister.

Who was it said pity is akin to love? He mastered all that was new in the newspapers by the time he ate his first meal that day.

Then he visited police headquarters, called upon a leading county official, dropped into a newspaper office, and then, deeming it the time to meet Simmons, sought the detective.

Simmons was delayed unconsciously; Livingston, who could not be idle with work ahead of him, sat down and reviewed the situation. His review ran into a column, then he paused, and still there was no word from Simmons.

Livingston began to feel uneasy. What had happened? Simmons was the soul of promptness. Possibly he was fortunately in a way to accomplish his aim speedily.

Another half hour passed. Livingston was nervous with apprehension, when suddenly Simmons presented himself unannounced. The moment he entered the room Livingston surmised the truth.

"You are disappointed, everything has gone wrong. I can see it in your face."

"Fear that is, I have not caught my man. Our idea seemed right. We went out of town a good ways, and here I am. I have precious little time to give you. You'll have to take what I am going to say in shorthand and write it out. I must go to New York by the first train. I would not be here now if I could have made a train two hours ago. I only stayed to assure myself my man really had not got away."

"I wish I could go with you. Fire ahead, Simmons," said Livingston, as he settled down to work. "Spin it out as

repressed her sob and looked up at him as you like. I'll tell you when you are too fast for me."

Simmons reflected a few moments, then, in a very even, low tone, related the numerous circumstances and well-ascertained facts that warranted his belief that the crime which thrilled the country was the result of a plot devised by a few who assumed to represent the master-minds, the means employed, the deceptions practiced, the agents enlisted, the arguments and inducements that led men to violate laws—in fact, he described in detail the conspiracy. At least twenty minutes were consumed in the relation.

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"No. But I'll tell you what I can and will do. On the strength of this extraordinary and complete expose, I shall go back to New York with you."

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"I could not go until I received orders. Not exactly. There are times when we can use our own discretion. In this case I shall go along with you, and by the time we are half way, sooner, perhaps, I'll have the whole story written out and I can begin to wire it on the way."

"On the way?" Simmons looked at Livingston. The latter smiled.

"That's no trick at all. Say we reach a good-sized town in Ohio, well, any place where I can wire ahead from a station to the telegrapher that I may want, that he must be ready to take from three to five thousand words. By the time I get to that point I chuck the copy into his hand—with ten dollars or so. That's the little end of it. He sends it on to New York. If it is too much for one man, I pick another fifty or a hundred miles farther on, and he gets a lot of copy. The story will be in type in New York by the time the last word leaves—well, say Columbus, Ohio."

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CHAPTER XV.

THE DETECTIVE DOUBLES IN HIS TRACKS.

When they were apart from the group of police officers, whose chagrin over their discomfiture was manifested in actions and unmistakable language, Simmons said to his companion:

"I have other reasons for believing that the man we are after is bound for the East. In the first place, he is not concerned in any way or manner with these anarchists. All I have learned warrants the opinion that he is in quest of assistants in a job somewhere."

"What sort of a job?"

"That I am not sure of—a burglary likely. Something that promises a big 'divvy.' The signs are plain. My information is correct. It comes through the police here, the greater portion of it."

"Then you agree with me. It is not Beauchampe at all we saw. And if it is not—"

"I can't make it out, just yet. Sometimes, it seems all straight sailing, then I'm puzzled again. I am sure of one thing—the man I want is a bad egg, and I'm bound to have him soon, if I travel to Canada for him. But the chances are I'll find him in New York. They all head that way. Which way are you going?"

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Out of these facts Simmons surmised the following: (He was assisted to these conclusions by other knowledge he had acquired through his own efforts, unaided by the Chicago police.)

William Alexander was in a strait for money. His condition must have been known to Samuel Jacobs, his New York correspondent. Possibly he had written friends in New York, or the man who forwarded him the money may have known Alexander's movements. Noted criminals often charged themselves with intimate knowledge of the movements of fellow-rogues. He made known his need in the answer to the first telegram, which was in cypher, a jargon not yet analyzed by Simmons. The answer was in the same jargon. The man he expected the next day was either his New York correspondent or some one sent to him. Evidently the man had met him; he doubtless encountered him after he left his lodgings. They met to perfect a plan to rob a bank, express car, or moneyed institution in the eastern part of the country. This much was plain to Simmons, since he had found the man Alexander had bought his grip-sack from. Alexander had ordered his name and the word Chicago painted on the sack in large letters. This was simply done to mislead.

Acting upon his convictions, Simmons had striven to discover the ex-convict, Alexander, had failed to find him or locate him, but with the aid of the Chicago police soon located the man who was seen with Alexander on the street.

This man was either Beauchampe or Beauchampe's double. This was the man the detective was resolved to capture at all hazards, and who eluded him, as has been shown.

Later Simmons received information that satisfied him the companion of Beauchampe, or the "double," had gone East. He bought a short distance ticket—a ruse that did not deceive Simmons.

It was this information coupled with other circumstances that prompted the detective's sudden return to New York. He was positive the scene of operations planned by the burglars was in the city of New York or vicinity.

When Simmons parted with Livingston, it was with the unalterable determination to pursue his inquiries until success or failure rewarded his efforts.

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When he entered the Record office, an attaché called him heartily. "Hallo! Back again—See the paper?"

"Tossing him a copy. "That lays them all over—the greatest thing you ever did, Livingston—it's surprising. You ought to hear the boys talk—and you ought to see the Colonel. He stretched out a foot this morning. Bet he's seventeen feet by supper time—and rising. I never saw a man in such good humor. It's wonderful. I say—"

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"That's no trick at all. Say we reach a good-sized town in Ohio, well, any place where I can wire ahead from a station to the telegrapher that I may want, that he must be ready to take from three to five thousand words. By the time I get to that point I chuck the copy into his hand—with ten dollars or so. That's the little end of it. He sends it on to New York. If it is too much for one man, I pick another fifty or a hundred miles farther on, and he gets a lot of copy. The story will be in type in New York by the time the last word leaves—well, say Columbus, Ohio."

"Not quite so soon as that."

"I've seen it ahead of time, as time is rated now."

"I forgot, I see now. Well?"

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Out of these facts Simmons surmised the following: (He was assisted to these conclusions by other knowledge he had acquired through his own efforts, unaided by the Chicago police.)

William Alexander was in a strait for money. His condition must have been known to Samuel Jacobs, his New York correspondent. Possibly he had written friends in New York, or the man who forwarded him the money may have known Alexander's movements. Noted criminals often charged themselves with intimate knowledge of the movements of fellow-rogues. He made known his need in the answer to the first telegram, which was in cypher, a jargon not yet analyzed by Simmons. The answer was in the same jargon. The man he expected the next day was either his New York correspondent or some one sent to him. Evidently the man had met him; he doubtless encountered him after he left his lodgings. They met to perfect a plan to rob a bank, express car, or moneyed institution in the eastern part of the country. This much was plain to Simmons, since he had found the man Alexander had bought his grip-sack from. Alexander had ordered his name and the word Chicago painted on the sack in large letters. This was simply done to mislead.

Acting upon his convictions, Simmons had striven to discover the ex-convict, Alexander, had failed to find him or locate him, but with the aid of the Chicago police soon located the man who was seen with Alexander on the street.

This man was either Beauchampe or Beauchampe's double. This was the man the detective was resolved to capture at all hazards, and who eluded him, as has been shown.

Later Simmons received information that satisfied him the companion of Beauchampe, or the "double," had gone East. He bought a short distance ticket—a ruse that did not deceive Simmons.

It was this information coupled with other circumstances that prompted the detective's sudden return to New York. He was positive the scene of operations planned by the burglars was in the city of New York or vicinity.

When Simmons parted with Livingston, it was with the unalterable determination to pursue his inquiries until success or failure rewarded his efforts.

On Livingston's side, there was the necessity of reporting immediately at the Record office. It was imperative. He could explain anything that might be essential to a clearer understanding of the situation in Chicago. He could also, he thought, learn what progress, if any, had been made in discovering the real murderer of Major Dabney.

When he entered the Record office, an attaché called him heartily. "Hallo! Back again—See the paper?"

"Tossing him a copy. "That lays them all over—the greatest thing you ever did, Livingston—it's surprising. You ought to hear the boys talk—and you ought to see the Colonel. He stretched out a foot this morning. Bet he's seventeen feet by supper time—and rising. I never saw a man in such good humor. It's wonderful. I say—"

"Excuse me," said Livingston, blushing at the torrent of praise: "is there any message for me?" He was thinking of Miss Beauchampe and Vittoria.

"I believe there is—yes, here it is. The Colonel left it with Bob."

Livingston opened the envelope hastily, and the attaché in the business end of the Record caught a glimpse of an order on the cashier for two hundred dollars.

"Is that all?" He looked ruefully at the clerk, who laughingly replied: "Ain't that enough for two or three days' work? I work all month for a third of it. I don't think there is anything else—unless you want me to turn the office over to you. I wish I could—you could run it to suit me. Why—yes, here is a letter for you—but it's not from any of our people."

"Let me see it," said Livingston, eagerly. He was doomed to disappointment again. It was a curt note from the editor and proprietor of an evening paper upbraiding him for failing to make good his word, which had been promised, and which were counted on to correct the impression that the artist Beauchampe had killed Dabney.

Livingston looked at the date. It was dated that morning. He turned to the clerk, saying carelessly, "Any new developments about Dabney's murder?"

"Nothing; the anarchy business has made people forget it. I haven't seen anything new. Are you going for that now? I'd think you'd want a week's rest."

Livingston next made his way to the editorial rooms, wrote a brief note, and placed it on the managing editor's desk went out. He had pledged weariness in his note, and said he was to be found at his lodgings.

When he walked out of the Record office he did not look or walk like a weary man. He was all abrimbo. He had resolved to do two things.

In the first place he would redeem his word—he would give the evening paper a column or two that would make the proprietor his fast friend, yet reserve sufficient to make the Record the channel through which the real murderer of Major Dabney would be indicated.

Then, he would call upon Miss Beauchampe.

If any who read this think Livingston was "ragged out" by his labors, they do not know how love sustains and inspires youth. Livingston felt as fresh "as a daisy" as he sat down at his table in his own room; and wrote out his theory of the murder for the evening paper. It was an easy matter to suggest, in a generalizing article, the details that he had not supply to his own paper a few hours later. One was merely preliminary, and treated the subject.

He worked rapidly. In less than an hour the article was completed. When

repressed her sob and looked up at him as you like. I'll tell you when you are too fast for me."

Simmons reflected a few moments, then, in a very even, low tone, related the numerous circumstances and well-ascertained facts that warranted his belief that the crime which thrilled the country was the result of a plot devised by a few who assumed to represent the master-minds, the means employed, the deceptions practiced, the agents enlisted, the arguments and inducements that led men to violate laws—in fact, he described in detail the conspiracy. At least twenty minutes were consumed in the relation.

Livingston's pen sped over the paper without a pause. When Simmons ceased speaking, the pen was still poised on the sheet, as Livingston wanted him to proceed.

"That is all," said the detective.

"All? It is the most complete statement that I have ever written—and I have reported not a few decisions of the Supreme Court," Livingston answered admiringly, as he looked at Simmons.

"Thank you," said Simmons. "You couldn't give me the salary a Supreme Judge gets, could you?"

"No. But I'll tell you what I can and will do. On the strength of this extraordinary and complete expose, I shall go back to New York with you."

"I thought—"

"I could not go until I received orders. Not exactly. There are times when we can use our own discretion. In this case I shall go along with you, and by the time we are half way, sooner, perhaps, I'll have the whole story written out and I can begin to wire it on the way."

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