ANCESTORS, -And your

Oh, I have mother, and before them, ERPIECE.

by is going to the fond mo

THE PRIMA DONNA.

Story of Mystery, Love and

Devotion.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XIV.

see days, and where did she turn uph, the poor thing got on the wrong
the and was carried 100 miles out of
way before she discovered her misk, all because she had got the wrong
the. Then she was put on a branch
d and the cuiverts and bridges were
used away in a storm, and when the
pers were full of the mystery doesn't
come in as fresh as you please, sayy i guess you all thought I was lost
were enough she was all that time,
har as they were concerned.

Test, and there was the experience of

Tes and there was the experience of eal gentleman who fived out of town er miles. He was known by every-sty for miles around, and one after-mb walked down to the village post-cand nobody saw blur, that der or

ble at last to endure restraint, of the protestations of her land-diss Beauchampe went out, assert-purpose to call upon the author-

r the entrance were talking One said as Miss Beauchampe and them: "The rope's as good at the scoundrel Beauchampe's

now."

Smed, speechless from terror, half
led by the rush of tears that spread
her cheeks, Miss Beauchampe
del away, and slowly retraced her
with sinking heart homeward. It
sith difficulty she could walk. At
she thought she would fall, but
stange power supported her and
dher to pursue her way along an
twied street until she entered her
door.

always to resist the inclina-Acep: and sometimes it does you cry, but if know, I feel that you its to yield to such a tempest of this. You will have good news when he fore morning. Who can

before morning. Who can

the

her way directly to the the made ner way directly to she for the chief inspector, but a single at the entrance changed the curface thoughts, and caused the between the entrance were talking the antrance were talking

yes Beauchampe was in an agony of

the day wore on, she said to herself

young to evi he shows

where he con his fingers, a he was doing library wall wi nagazine post

ESN'T TALK. it mean who asks Joh

Mr. Billus. aft 'that it that's got it than the oth

alk?" persiste

t can't talk rou anything ut and bring

ian M.D.

es and Canad medical medical co sexes and nir e average nur year from a out eight hur f the college i from perio rty years, it are nearly n physician try. Ingland, Fin , Italy, No

ales have un nay study omen to prac that respec and, Ireland and Sweder idy but ma rmany, wit advantage ! for a woms ucation an . There are

the restric ation vary in New York Regents' es nglish con nited State

ore she ca After th e examin e knowleds rse, must b nd women woman M more appa direction s admitte are of mor

es Go.

etric trac rs, the in-countries ir equine ic traction ively little an extent scotland just gone

to she yielded herself a prey to all er of forebodings until she wrought it to an eestasy of terror. It is to say what the result might have had not fortune sent one to her ho was able to soothe and reaser. petter off. hat that 3,000,000 opulation is conther. She was weeping unrestrained the landlady opened the door, said thing in a low tone, then quietly drew. A moment later a hand was genty on his head and a sweet said, "Do not yield to despair, at will be well soon. Listen to eater rate increase ities. ive years as the voice of Vittoria. are 120,~

t of the

genuo certain tion the 10w who ice they e887

aren't

o I know? I cannot prove it at I know. I feel there is a lake; that it will be righted. I strilly as I helieva the good God mereifor. I have come to tell Would I come if I did not be it say? And what is it that I would I come if I did not be it say? And what is it that the word? I have come now twice not yield to these terrible apps. They will dive you will do was sweath har, toose and. The touch of her hand was to a wound. Miss Branchamps

auchampe's Double

repressed for solving and looked up at vitwith through her tears.

Yes, it is I, Vittoria, your friend, and
sympathizer in your trouble. Come, lift
your head: let me, permit me to wipe
your cheeks. There is no reason for
these tears. You will smill with me
soon, perhaps to-morrow. Then the
trouble will be explained to everybody's
satisfaction."

Miss Beauchamon was a reason.

trouble will be explained to everybody's satisfaction."

Miss Heauchampe was prevailed upon to rise and bathe her face, and then Vitoria comforted her, encouraged her, talked unrestrainedly until Miss Beauchampe became interested, and then she too talked until Vittoria discovered she had prolonged her visit "an unconsider, able length of time."

When she withdrew a messanger on When she withdrew a messanger on the roughly satisfaction.

able ic. When

sble length of time."
When she withdrew a messenger approached the door,
"What did I tell you;" said Vittoria.
"It is good news. Open it and read."
As Miss Beanchampe read the world seemed to whirl around. Vittoria took the naner from her hand. The message seemed to whiri around. Vittoria took the paper from her hand. The message was brief. It was dated Chicago, and contained these words:

Nis Beauchampe was in an agony of rebension. It is the day, wore on, she said to herself broad times, somebody will come ne, surely. She thought of Living. It is the day, wore on the said to herself broad times, somebody will come ne, surely. She was a kind, thoughtful friend—a fery subtruit friend of her brother's. How do he sure to send her word through tay. If he did not, it would be been but surely he would have good at God would not be cruel to her, the day would be news through the day. The nours passed, and nature could situated be news through the day, then nours passed, and nature could situated the strain, she went down se her landlady. The landlady was bosest, shrewd, and kind woman, he a cold exterior. Her helpless the rappeled to her strongly, the landlady had a stock of stories, is wonderful as the unexplained above of Beauchampe. Why, my dear, he was the case of Miss Wary. Her sele days, and where did she turn up? It, the poor thing got on the wrong to and was carried 100 miles out of contained these words:

De hot be slarmed unnecessarily. We will, I think, solve the mystery satisfactorily in a short time.

Livingston.

"He would not send this if he did not know there is good news in store for you. Now, got o sleep to night without fretting more about it. This proves that what I have said is true."

Then kissing her ön either cheek, Vittoria left Miss Beauchampe hoping, and half believing, her brother would be restored to her speedily.

When she re-entered her room, she glanced at a table, and espied a small package. Opening it quickly, she discovered twenty golden eagles. Her cheeks flamed one instant, then suddenly grew pale, as she said;

"How like Vittoria! I shall keep it until my brother returns. He will restore it to her."

CHAPTER XV.

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 divy.' 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. Some-"I can't make it out, just yet.

Heauchampe 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?"

To bed. I am all tired out. I need

willes. He was anown of serving for miles around, and one afterms be walked down to the village nostice, and nobody saw him that day or test, nor for five days. It was the mest sensation they had at that time, and round come on a sensible, decent i genleman whose life was as clear day blancless as a babe's? But he some—gone like mist. Nobody saw agoing. Well, at the end of a whole is, mind you, miss, doesn't the wife the preacher almost faint dead away as the old man walked past her door on way home. She thought it was a ghost. I had came out that he had walked all way to his cousin's—a lady older than self (and they do say they were swhen they were young), who was berchildren and her made so much him that he just stald there five days wolder thing for a sensible, home—man to do that ever was known. It was that he had told a young man ke met to tell his folks that he would some a day at least, but the young ara-called\_away the same hour, is the message was never delivered." His did which, although designed to solitad reasure Miss Beauchampe, prost. "10 ocu. \_ ann an tried one \_ incuerest."

"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 today. That is all I will say to you now, except to get ready to write ali 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 probably."

"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.

Isomeons recurred 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 \$ 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, and if he could not reassure her himself.

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 the was his duty to befriend his friends sister.

know, or suspect the truth. He thought it was his duty to berriend 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 unconscionably; 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 fortunated in a way to accomplish his aim

speedily.

nately in a way to accomplish his aim speedity.

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

"You are disappointed; everything had gone wrong. I can see it in your face."

"Yees that is.- 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 shorthend, and write to 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 assuire myself my man really has only the found in the could go with rout. Firs.

fast as you like-Pil tell you when you

isst 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 numberous 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 thousands. He outlined the motives of 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 which was afterward laid bare in court. 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.

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 Sepreme 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?"

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 extra-ordinary and complete expose, I shall go back to New York with you."

"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 Ohic, 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 and 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 further 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, Ohlo."

"Not quite so soon as that."

"Tve seen it ahead of time, as time is

"Not quite so soon as that."
"I've seen it ahead of time, as time is rated now."

rated now."
"I forgot. I see now. Weil?"
"Why, when I do all this, I'll tell them
I am on the read home."
The detective mused. "And what

The detective mused. "And what guarantee haveyou that your telegrapher won't sell your story to one or half a dozen papers, some of them New York papers at that?"

"He could, but if he did he might as well hang or drown himself."

"I believe you," said Simmons. "He could never find anybody to employ him as telegrapher again. But if you are in earnest, you've precious little time. We must make the first train."

"I never missed a train in my life," Livingston replied. "You can hang around here, or go to the depot. I'll be on time."

Simmons hastened away then

on time."

Simmons hastened away then, and Livingston immediately prepared to return to New York. "Lucky I wrote up my review. Fits into the expose as neatly as one 'want' fits another in the Record. Will make at least five—possibly six—columns. That's not so bad for a round-up," Livingston soliloquized as he made ready for his homeward journey. "Take it all in all, I think—yes, I'm quite sure—it's the very best—by all odds, the best piece of work I have over done."

Time and the managers of the Record proved the correctness of this surmise. His specials from Chicago proved the stepping-stone to the great good fortune that rewarded the Journalist. very soon after his return to New York.

"Here we are," said Simmons as he encountered Livingston at the depot.

"Yes, right side up with care," Livingston replied, "and devilish giad to be on my way home."

CHAPTER XVI.

TAKING UP THE THREADS.

When Livingston and his friend reached New York they separated: Simmons to meet an inspector credited with more experience than any in police circles in the city, an old and trusted friend of the detective's.

Simmons disclosed to Livingston all that he had learned in Chicago concerning the man he sought. The information acquired, summed up, consisted of the following facts:

1. A well-known "cracksman" who had served one term in an Eastern State, and

1. A well-known "cracksman" who had served one term in an Eastern State, and who was a fugitive from Illinois, was seen in Chicago the day Simmons left New York. He was shadowed by the police. He was traced to his lodgings. It was discovered that he had received two, telegraph dispatches from New York. The second was in answer to one he had forwarded. he had forwarded.

he had forwarded.

2. The house he lodged in was a resort for "crooks." While here he borrowed ten dollars from the proprietor. The propriet of the dollars from the proprietor. The propriet of the money. The burglar hight give information to the police that would cause the proprietor trouble. The money was borrowed in the morning. At five o'clock on the evening of the same day he repaid the loan, handing the proprietor a fitty dollar noty to exchange. The tor a nity dollar note to exchange. The proprietor observed he had another note of the same denomination.

3. The telegram he received was signed

York.

next day at noon the burgler in quired if a visitor had called for him He was not satisfied with the answer he received from the proprietor. He quesone had called for him. When he left the house, it was his purpose to return soon. Instead of returning he sent a boy for his grip-sack. He was seen on the street three hours later in company with another man.

wish another man.

5. The police made inquiry and learned there was no person of the name of Samuel Jacobs oh street. Nor was there any, number on the street that could be confounded with the number Samuel Jacobs gave.

6. Next Simmons assumed that the theory the Chicago police advanced, that the man. in New York had telegraphed money to Chicago was correct. To prevent the possibility of error, Simmons, by means of authority given him by the United States attorney, proved the cerrectness of his surmise—the telegraph company showed him the dispatches authorizing the payment of the money to the cracksman, who received it in the name of William Alexander.

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 meney may have known Alexander, 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 meyed 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.

locate him, but with the aid of the Uni-cago 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 cap-ture at all hazards, and who eluded him, as heabean shown.

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 seene-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 thicago. He could also, he thought, learn whet progress, if any had been made in discovering the real murderer of Major Dabney.

When he entered the Record office, an attache halied him heartily. "Hallo! Back again!—See the papes? Ne?" 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 feot 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," sa'd 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 Hob."

Livingston opened the civelope bastily, and the attache in the business end of the Record aught a glimpse of an order on the cashier for two hundred dollars.

"Is that all?" He looked ruefully at the clerk, who laughingly replied:

of the Record caught a glimps 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 couldyou 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, eazerly. 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. Livingston had not supplied the facts 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 ousiness 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

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

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 ahimation. 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 murders of through which the real murders of Major Dabney would be indicated

Then, he would call upon Miss Berchanne

champe. champe.

"Lany who read this think lavingston
was "faged out" by his labors, they do
not know how love sustains and inspires
youth. Livingston felt as fresh. "ss - 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 sep-eralizing article, the details that he would supply, to his own paper a few hours later. One was merely prelimi-nary, as he treated the subject. He worked rapidly. In less than an-hour the article was completed. When

read carefully. It pleased him. a messenger, he dispatched it to to be consistent, it pleased him. Calling a messenger, he dispatched it to the editor with his compliments, explaining his absence from the city, and referring him to the Record of that morning. Then he dressed himself with unusual care, and set out for Beauchampe's lodgings. Calling

THE FLURIDA RAZOR-BACK.

Of All Hogs There is None to Compare . With Him.

"The Florida razor back is a natural pacer. He never trots cr runs. He paces, and beacer. He never trots cr runs. He paces, and yog can catch him. They have exciting races between razor backs down there. I saw a big hog, untrained and brought right from eating four bushels of wild oranges, pace three straight mile heats, and the slowest one be made in 282: I believe if they would train those hogs they could, get them down to a two minuterecord.

"And they can climb trees. I don't mean that they can go out and ahin up the trunk of a tree a hundred feet or more like a bear, but—a tree that has branches, say ten feet from the ground, they can get into easy. The first time I saw a razor back climb a tree I give you my word I was astonished. My host's wife had a big gary cat which took especial delight in teasing and worrying a particular razor back hog that used to come snooping around the place. One day this cat had been especially aggravating to the hog and the hog got mad and turned on it. The cat made for a tree in the yard, scooted upit and perched defanally on the lower limb, which was not less than ten feet from the ground. Puss never had an idea that she wasn't entirely safe there from the angry hog, but she didn't know razor backs. The hog rushed at—the tree, gave a jump at the foot of the tree at least, half way to the branch and kept right on going with his four feet on the trunk. The impetus of his rush and the motion he kept up carried him clear to the branch, and he threw both forelegs over it and hungthere. The cat was so aurprised that she simply arched her back and spat in the hog's face. That was all. He gave one sunp and had her by the neck. He dropped to the ground like a monkey, and in less than half a minute the cat was mingiling with whatever of wild oranges and marsh grass roots the hog had engulfed.

"They're pretty tough, too, these Florida razor backs. At least their hide is. I was out after alligators one day, and, coming home. I thought ly knock over a razor back. Coming in sight of one

The reports about the massacre of Armenian Christians in Asiatic Tur-Armenian Christians in Asiatic Tur-key are almost too horrible for belief, and it is to be hoped that later and more authentic advices will show that the conduct of the Mohammedan soldiery was not so frightfully brutal as is represented by some of the dispatches. While there seems to be some doubt about the extent of the butcher s there appears to be none about the disorders that led to them. TheKurdish tribes who parts of Turkey in Asia are nomadic robbers. Times have been harder than usual with them of late, and their plundering of the Armenian peasantry has been more extensive than it is ordinarily. The latter, consequently, found themselves too poor to meet the taxes demanded for this year by the Sultan of Constantinople's officers, and the latter consequently let the soldiery loose on the poor people of one section for the purpose, doubtless, of frightening, the rest into making prompt payements. An investigation wil doubtless be undertaken by the European powers, but what good it will do so long as Turkish rule is allowed to remain it is difficult to see It is difficult to see

The employers interested in the great boot and shoe strike now occupying attention in England, declare that they have "nothing to arbitrate." The phrase has a familiar sound.