cauchampe's Double

THE PRIMA DONNA.

AStory of Mystery, Love and Devotion.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

UNPREMEDITATED.

Livingston was resolved his stay sould be brief. The sad eyes that solved into his when he bade Miss Beauchampe adien, affecting a cheerfulness he maintained throughout the interview, souted him. All his sympathy he said himself went out to this young girl, was torture to see her weep. He felt he shielding her from even the shadow of danger. Yes, his stay must necessarily be short, for there was so much to do.

in the bar was the second of t

Not a word was uttered for at least a ginute. Livingston's wits seemed to hil him. He stood, feeling as he rejected afterward, "like an awkward shootboy." Finally he spoke.

"It is not so bad. To be sure, we have not found Lester, but——"
She interrupted him. speaking in a salm tone that was more discouraging

She interrupted him, speaking in a talm tone that was more discouraging than her swollen eys. "I did not expect good news. I hoped—that was all." "Don't—now; don't give up like this," sid Livingston suddenly, as he felt her hand slipping slowly out of his own. "I have good news. We are quite sure now that we have a cluo to work on." "You do know then. Is he—is mybrother alive? You have heard from him?" He is well? He—" The hope fided out of her eyes as she searched his face. Then she turned aside quickly. "I will never, never see him again." Her attitude more than the words, and the exquisite pathos in her tones, sent the blood coursing swiftly through Livingston's veins. Then he shivered—absolutely shivered. What if her words hould come true? "It is not so had as that I tall you."

"It is not so bad as that, I tell you, Miss Beauchampe." What more he said be could never remember. He realized saddenly that she did not hear a word saddenly that she did not hear a word leautered; then he became dumb until the paroxysm of grief ceased. She sat town, and began to sway herself from side to side. Livingston was at a loss to how what to do or say. Man like, his feelings found vent in impulsive action. He put out a hand to quiet her. As his hand touched hers, a thrill such as he had never experienced passed over him. The feeling was inexplicable, new to him. He addressed her in tones such as mother employs to soothe a child. He was surprised at his own voice. Afterward he marveled at the toolish things he said, but he speedily discovered the inadequacy, the utter weakness of words in moments of great trials. Miss Beauchampe rocked herself and gave way to her feelings, seemingly unmindful of his presence. "There never was a dearer brother. se uttered; then he became dumb until he paroxysm of grief ceased. She sat

mindful of his presence.
"There never was a dearer brother.
He denied himself everything to gratify
we. There was nothing he could do for
me that was too much. The best, the
wisest, the tenderest of brothers gone cone, may be lying in the water, or buried to conceal a horrible crime. And I will never see, never hear him again. Alone—all alone."

Alone—all alone."

"Don't-say you have no friends!" Livhyston exclaimed, when he could listen
sliently no longer. Ho grasped her wrists
she did not pause. Still she moaned,
bewalling her brother's death; her uttor
loneliness, until in sheer desperation Livhyston caught her arm, and held her
suite. He was kneeling beside her without knowing it. at knowing it.

"Miss Beauchampe, listen. You must sten. Suppose Lester were ill, and aeded your attention?" are keeping something back."

seeded your attention?"

"You are keeping something back."
She shahed a strange suspicious look on him that cut him to the heart. "What is it? Tell me the whole truth now."

This was said with quiet dignity, as the stood up. He rose, too.

"As true as there is a heaven, I am keeping nothing back. But you are working yourself into liness."

"It is better so. I want to die. I do at want to live if he is dead."

"That is wicked. You ought not to say that. You have friends—you will hever want for friends, for anything, Miss Beauchampe."

As she hooked long and earnestly at him, he felt his cheeks fiame, then a studen sinking of the heart caused the blood to recede from his cheeks. Livissen put a hism to his foresteed. It let cold and moist. He is a same of same as level, and said impulsively, not pausing to consider his words.

"Let me be a friend. Why not? I was—
"Am the friend of your trother."

an a true friend of your brother.

will serve you with my life, Miss Beauchampe, if necessary.

The words were spoken in low tones,
but the vehemence of his manner star.

bled her. She put a hand out to check him, but he caught it quickly and held it.

"I did not come here to say this at all. It was uttered without thinking. Par-don me. But it is the truth. I have bever feit the same since I first saw you. chine here on another errand, but hot sorry I spoke my thoughts. Jou you are wrong. Your broth hot sorry I spoke my thoughts. Itell for you are wrong. Your brother, I beliave, will be found soon. I cannet relieve you any proof now only do not despair, because I am sure that he will soon be returned so take a head that I am out withdrawn from his careesing

clasp "permit me as reast to perform the dair a friend should in an extremity such as this."

"I will try to govern myself hereafter," she said. "You must their me childish to yield to my feelings."

"I think," said Livingston, admiringly, "such devotion as you exhibit for your.

"I think," said Livingston, admiringly, "such devotion as you exhibit for your brother is sacred. You will hear from me yery soon. Only remember all that human power can do will be exerted to find your brother."

He felt like kissing her hand, but he wisely restrained himself, bowed, and left her. When he glanced at his watch, he blushed. His ten minutes were lengthened to three-quarters of an hour. He arenaed himself, he sure. He re-He excused himself, be sure. He re-flected that it would have been heartless

He excused himself, be sure. He reflected that it would have been heartiess—cruel—to withdraw until he had made here listen to reason; then he blushed again as he bethought himself of the governing, or as he now confessed to himself, the ungovernable motive—love—and the part it played in the scene just closed.

The air and sky was changed; all the world seemed different, brighter, to Livingston when he rode back to the office of the Record-after making the rounds of the newspaper offices. He had charged himself with the duty of apprising the various managing editors of certain phases of the mysterious murder case as they developed. Now it was a pleasure, the greatest pleasure of his life, for go where he would, the eyes of Miss Beauchampe followed him.

Instead of returning to his lodgings, he resolved to go to the Record office, write out later developments of the Dabney murder, hand it in, then call in the other offices, and then he would meet Simmons.

CHAPTER XVIII.

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A DASH FOR LIBERTY.

Beauchampe fell into a dreamless sleep early in the evening of the fourth day. How long he slept, he had no means of knowing.

He was-aroused by a peculiar sound. He sat upright, staring in the darkness. He had forgotten the recent occurrence. He though he was in his own bed until contact with the iron bedstead recalled his scattered wits. Then he was all alive to the circumstances and the situation.

ome one was trying to enter his

some one was trying to enter his window.

A vague, shadowy man was moving in front of his window.

As Reauchampe viewed this man with strained vision, he beheld, first the form of a-man's head. There could not be any mistake. The contour of a human head was now clearly defined. Next he beheld a shoulder, then an arm was extended. Finally the upper half of a man was faintly defined.

Beauchampe shuddered. What did it mean? If murder was their object, it could be attained easily in other ways. He tried to banish his fears, but as the shape at the window shifted, until at last, as if growing out of a ball, a man's legs were seen on the broad sill, and a man's arms were stretched out, feeling the window carefully.

feeling the window carefully. Beau-champe shivered with dread. An inex-plicable, horrible fear suddenly possessed

him

His life was menaced.

Beauchampe sat like one in a stupor.
He had no means of defending himself.
He was at the mercy of Varek and
Hawkins. He fancied he beheld in the
shadow outside of his window a reremblance to the monster Hawkins.
Suddenly the figure disappeared.
Beauchampe inclined his ear, listening
intently. Yes; there was a sound. What
it meant he could not divine. Now, however, he was reminded of the proximity

ever, he was reminded of the proximity of the large limb of the tree nearest the

house.

He fancied ne could see the great limb sway. To convince himself, he rose and stepped noiselessly to his window and looked out.

Beyond a doubt, the limb was sway-ing.

ing.

Beauchampe, training his vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge vine swaying in the air. -The vine was hanging from the limb. As he concentrated his gaze, standing there in the darkness, he satisfied himself that the thing he beheld was not a vine but a rooe.

thing ne uener and rope.

Heavens! What if it were his friends!
Certainly that was the explanation.
Livingston had at last obtained a clue.
He was resolved to free his friend. He adopted this method rather than lose the time the law would consume to accomlish the same purposa. plish the same purpose.

And now an overpowering desire to

communicate with his rescuers governed Beauchampe. He struck the window smartly.

Instantly, the sound at the adjoining window ceased.

Again and again Beauchampe struck his window, but there was no response. He waited for hours he thought, then stole back to his bed and flung himself upon his face with a low moan.

At the end of an interval that seemed an ago, the sound at the adjoining window was renowed. Now Beauchampe was rendered desperate. His friends had made a miscalculation. All their efforts in his behalf would be lost. He advanced to the window and struck it again with all his might.

The how made a dull sound. Footsteps approached his door, and the man who brought him the wooden dish stood looking at him augrily over the light he

looking at him angrily over the light he carried.

"You do that again, I'll put you where you won't make any more noise—at leas none to wake me—for a month. Try it-see how it will work."

The door was closed and locked, and Beauchampe was alone agaiu

Hours seemingly elapsed before anoth-r sound was heard. Then Beauchampe er sound was heard. Then Beauchampe thought he heard a sound as is made by raising a window that is moved with dif-

ficulty.

And now he resolved upon a desperate

course.

Come what would, the hext time his door was opened he would make a dash for liberty. They could not do more than recepture him. And he might fall into the hands of friends.

As if in answer to his inward prayer for belp, the sound was repeated. It was plain to Beauchampe that there was an effort make by some earlier or persons

to enter the madbones, and that the in-makes were unaware of it.

He stood near the entrance to his room with the resolve of a desperate, despeir-ing man, bent upon jobe final effort for freedom nerving his, when the door was opened very cautiously, and Hawkins en-tered, followed by the attendant whose threat still rung in Beauchampe's ears. Hawkins was saying

threat will rung in Beauchampe's eara.

Hawkins was saying

"It must have been in the next room

—"when Beauchampe suddenly sprang
past the attendant, who turned like a
flash and struck at him wickedly.

The blow grazed Beauchampe's shoulder.

The blow grazed Beauchampe's shoulder.

Beauchampe ran along a wide hall toward a dim light. He hoped he would find a stairway there, and he was not disappointed. He bounded down the stairs at headlong speed.

A man fleeling for his life makes little of, takes no thought of, risks that would deter the most resolute.

The attendant was close at his heels. Beauchampe feit a cool draught of air as he reached the foot of the stairway, where all was darkness.

Suddenly he encountered a man. The shock was so great that he fell panting on the floor. A door was fining wide open near him at the same instant, and a flame of fire illuminated the entrance one brief instant.

In that instant Beauchampe beheld several figures. Then there was a rush of feet.

The next sensation Beauchampe ex-The next sensation Beauchampe experienced was a blow on the head as Hawkins and the attendant stood over him. He heard a confused murmur as the attendant pushed him, with blows, up the stairway, and, thrusting him into his room again, locked the door quickly and left him. He could hear his footsteps as he ran back through the hall and down the stairway.

Later, Beauchampe heard-sounds outside, and at intervals words uttered loudly reached his ears. "In for it"—"This time"—"Plunderalong with us"—"Obey orders, Doctor,"—"No necessity"—"Same as others, Doctor,"

tor."

Then there was the sound of wheels crunching gravel, and all was silent

again,
What had happened? What did it all
mean? Beauchampe asked himself in
vain, as he felt his head and arms.
His hands were wet. His head was

Then he fainted, falling heavily upon

CHAPTER XIX. JUSTICE.

The copy flowed from Livingston's hands at such a rapid rate that he was surprised, upon counting the pages. But it was "the item of the day," and would be read by millions within twenty-four hours.

All the country was talking about the mysterious murder again and nineteen.

four hours.

All the country was talking about the mysterious murder again and nineteentwentieths of the public thought the unexpected taking-off of Major Dabney was well-timed; they agreed it was just as well his career had terminated in a tragedy. It made the lesson more impressive.

It was half past eleven when Livingston handed his copy to the editor, after reading it over carefully. It was nearly twelve when he cleared his desk of the work intrusted to him, and at least another half-hour was consumed when he made the rounds of the press, and learned by te ophone at the last office he visited, that an important message awaited him at the office of the Record, and read the message, It was tersevery much like Simmons. read the message. It very much like Simmons.

Captured our man. Come to station tonce. SIMMONS.

tonce.
Livingston could have tossed up his
at. He was right. Simmons never hat. He was right. Simmons never would have written "our man" if he had captured Beauchampe. He was walk-ing out of the editorial rooms when ing out or suc called to him.

"What is it? I have have no time
"What is it? I have have no time

"What is it? I have have no time now," Livingston answered. "I am on the rush."

"Somebody down-stairs—a lady, wants to see you. Says it is imperative."

Livingston's mood changed on the instant. His mind was on Miss Beauchampe when he entered the business department. His surprise was very great when, instead of Miss Beauchampe, he beheld the prima donna. She was very plainly dressed; hereognized in the graceful figure and the manner the famous singer. She was deeply agitated; her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Pardon me; the matter is imperative.

deeply agitated; her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Pardon me; the matter is imperative. It admits of no delay—not an instant that can be avoided. I am glad I found you here. You must go at once to the nearest police station. Your friend, Mr. Beauchampe, is there. There is something terrible, I know, and for his sister's sake—on her account——"

He interrupted her wonderingly. "Impossible. It cannot be Beauchampe."

"But I saw him, Mr. Livingston. I was just entering my carriage. The performance was unusually long, and I never am in haste. They had him in an open wagon of some sort: his head was cut—perhaps he resisted; who knows? It was all so terrible. I recognized your friend at the first glance. I bade my driver follow them to the station. I sent in word by an officer, but the gentleman who came out gave me no satisfaction whatever. He was very polite. I tried every argument, and everything failing—I had the manager of the theater brought there to be by the part of the parties.

failing—I had the manager of the theater brought there to help me, to—I
came here. You will go at once?
"At once—I am going now."
Vittoria hesitated, then, as if it cost
her an effort, she said:
"My carriage is at the door. It is at
your service. My maid and I can go to
the hotel afterward."

the hotel sterward."

Livingston's only answer was "Come:"
When they entered the carriage, Vittoria spoke to the driver in a low tone. The driver nodded, and the carriage drove off furiously.

In a very little time, seemingly, they stopped at the station, where Livingston found an officer be was well acquainted with. Presently thimmens appeared, and these three consisted angles Vitteria was similated.

It was Simmens was a seeming to ward

"I wish to see the prisoner." Simmons led the way. Livingston-brought up the rear. A barred dior was before Vittoria's eyes. A man was confronting her with baleful eys.

"It is not. Mr. Beauchampa." Shahaward a great sigh of relief as she spoke.

spoke.

"No," said Livingston. "But there is a marvelous resemblance."

"There is—you don't say!" exclaimed the prisoner, leering at Livingston. "He must be handsome as a picture if he looks like me."

looks like me." picture in the prisoner put a hand to a gash on The prisoner put a hand to a gash on this head. Vittoria shudderingly withis head. Vittoria shudderingly withis head to the prima donna. "You are satisfied you are mistaken," said Livingston to the prima donna. "Quita." She spoke with quiet dignity now. "We will go." "There is no haste. We will speak to my friend here—Mr. Simmons. I am sure he will assist us in learning something of our friend. Mr. Simmons has a communication to make to me which you can hear."

"It is a short story," Simmons added.
"This man you see here planned a burglary some time ago. He induced an old partner of his to come on to New York to help him move the 'plant.' I was in Ohicago, iearned something was amiss; came home; put a watch on the companion, and we captured three of the burglars. One of them is the man you saw. He planned the job. Livingston thinks with this man in our power we ought to be able to learn where his friend is. There has been a confounding of persons he claims."

"Oh, that I am sure of," said Vittoria. "And this robbery, where was it? Did they succeed?"

"They did. It suited me to permit them to enter the house—to put the plunder in a bag. Here it is." Simmons pointed to a sack.

"If you choose you can look at the articles."

"If you choose you can look at the articles."

He proceeded to undo the string articles."

He proceeded to undo the string around the sack, talking rapidly.

"You see, they effected an entrance by opening a window in the upper part of the house. To do that one climbed into a tree. Then he went down stairs and opened the door. Our men were near at hand all the while. We watched until they had these in the bag, then we pounced upon them."

"And was no one hurt?"

"Yes, one man was shot, and one of the burglars got away, but two of the burglars got pretty well used up. See, here is a part of the plunder. They got over ten thousand dollars in Governm nt bonds, about eight hundred dollars in

over ten thousand dollars in Governm nt-bonds, about eight hundred dollars in cash and all this."

Simmons emptied the sack. A large number of pleces of silver dropped out.

"All solid—every bit of it. We brought it here to prove the thieves are guilty— the owner preferred to keep it, but I considered it best to bring it just as I found it. This is sold-style silver."

"Yes—but it is not all silver," said Vittoria. "See! there is a bowl that is pewter."

Vittoria.

Vittoria "See! there is a bowl that is pewter."

She pointed to a dish almost concealed from view. Livingston lifted it and placed it in her hand, saying, laughingly.

"You have a good eye."

"Yes, it is as I thought," said Vittoria. "All the silver is fine—it must have cost a pretty penny. It is as massive as any I have seen, and I have seen some, heavy silver."

They examined the ware carefully. The workmanship was exquisite. It must have cost three times as much as the metal. Vittoria was very much interested in it all. There were upward of thirty pleces. The silver itself was a "plant" for a burglar's efforts. Then Vittoria picked up the pewter bowl again and looked at it, wondering how it came to be placed with the silver. Livingston laughed at the pewter bowl. Vittoria smiled too; then, as she turned the pewter dish over in her hands, she tarted. "Look! see, Mr. Livingston. What

Vittoria smiled too; then, as she turned the pewter dish over in her hands, she tarted.

"Look! see, Mr. Livingston. What does it mean?"

As Livingston turned the bottom of the dish up where the light fell full upon it, he beheld two pictures engraved, cr rather scratched on the bottom of the dish. One delineated three men pushing a fourth into a carriage. One held a bludgeon aloft. In the other, three men were thrusting a man into a house. Hero again the bludgeon was held aloft. There was a barred window over the door, and Livingston managed to make out the single word "madhouse" over entrance. He passed the dish to Simmons.

mons.

The effect produced upon Simmons was electrical. He was transformed on the instant into another man.

"Here, you!" he said to r, man near him, "get the others at once—not a moment to spare! Get the wagon out—and you remain here till we return, Living-ston. The ladies can remain also if they wish. Serves me right for not attending to this myself, as I intended in the first place."

Livingston and Vittoria were left to

imaging whatever they pleased.

With Livingston it was not difficult to surmise the truth. The word "asylum" was recalled, and when he reminded the prima donna of the connection in which

brims donns of the connection in which is was used, she instantly racinged, "Can it be your friend, Mr. Boanchampe, you think made this drawing? Then he is the man so cruelly treated! Horrible. Unreal! In this age, and in this city! It-is-who paused, then add-

Her composure deserted her then, paced the floor. As time and sh As time sped, she came more restless.

"If it is as we think—and you have

"If it is as we think—and you have convinced me your friend is in that hortitle place—some one should warn his sister. I will do it myself. I have my maid with me—I will go now." And Livingston was only too glad to see her drying away in the direction of Beauchampe's lodgings. Could he have accommended the singer. he would have wrestered a face drenched in bears.

he would have withthese a lacour.

There was a romance under it allconcealed arm all human of a that he
did not draw of.

Whis Simmond returned, he broughtwith him y young man with a haggard

1.

ce. There were deep dark blue car-es under his eyes, but the voice that rected Livingston was as cheery as

rrected Livingston was as cheery as ever.

"I owe my reason if not my life to you," Beauchampe said.

"That is putting it rather strong; eh. Simmona," said Livingston with a swelling in his throat. "Anyhow, I thank God you are with your friends again. Your experiences must have been awful, Beauchampe."

"No tongue can describe it. I will do the best I can to morrow—you will write it out, and then the world can judge whether there is a hell on earth! Perbaps you can locate it with my assist-

haps you can locate it with my assist-•

When all the country read Beau-champe's story, written by his friend, deep regret was manifested because Dr. Varek and his chief assistant had syaded justice.

deep regret was manifested because Dr. Varek and his chief assistant had evaded justice.

Dr. Varek and his assistant fled to Europe. Their victims were placed where the State authorities had free access to them, and a well-grounded feeling against private madhouses has been greatly strengthed and confirmed by Beauchampe's statement.

Among Dr. Varek's private papers were letters from Major Dabuey, inclosing checks for large amounts, and containing instructions for the confinement of Jim Carrick. Carrick had been imprisoned chiefly at the instance of Major Dabney, who for reasons best known to himself preferred to have him immured for life in a mad-house.

The revelations following the murder of Major Dabney were of such a nature as to excite a morbid sympathy for "Carlck, the crook," whose trial for murder furnished a sorias of sensations, terminating in the greatest sensation of all.

Defended by the ablest lawyers, he was acquitted, became hysterical in the court-room, and two weeks afterward was removed to an asylum for the insane, dying a few months later.

Emerson's idea of compensation seems to be carried out in the lives of the Beauchampes and Livingstons.

Vittoria ceased to be a prima donna when she became the wife of Leslie Beauchampe. Her talent is appreciated in private circles; her public displays are entirely in the interest of charity. She is passionately devoted to art. Those who should know assert she is entitled to half the fame her husband enjoys.

The Livingstons are not so well favored in a financial sense, but they are of the opinion that they are getting as much good out of the world as anybody they know.

Shingles for Dishes at Sociables.

It is now a fashion in the shingle dis-tricts to use cedar shingles at church socials, musical and literary entertain-ments, where the program concludes with refreshments. The shingle is used as a food tray and is coming into general popularity at church socials. There is always a disposition on the part of some of the ungodly who attend church to steal the plates on which the refreshments are served. but when the lukewarm coffee and ancient sandwiches are passed around on a cedar shingle worth about 90 cents a thousand even the small boy has no desire to steal his plate.

Of course, there are certain fashions to be observed in using the cedar plate. In the first place, no fancy butts are allowable; soup is served only on teninch clears, slightly cupped. No shingles containing sap or worm holes are sultable for pudding dishes. Church societies who contemplate adopting the new dish should read the following from an exchange:

"Then followed refreshments. These were served from red cedar shingles cut about sixteen inches square and covered with Jap napkins. Our cedar covered with Jap napkins. Our cedar shingles make good waiters, as their delicate odor, added to the aroma of steaming coffee, makes you hungry at the first snift of it. The girls take the shingles and napkins home for preser-vation after their beaus ornament them with monograms and fresh poet-ty. The latter is sometimes too fresh The latter is sometimes too and then the girl breaks the shingle over her beau's head."—West Coast

Doctors are getting to be great humor-

ists. One in Chicago, the other day, issued a death certificate stating that one of his patients died of valvular disease of the heart. Just before the last funeral arrangements were completed the police force demanded the right to examine the corpse, and further exami-nation showed that a thirty-two calibre bullet had bored a hole through the bullet had bored a hole through the man's heart. This fact, coupled with the fact that a night watchman in the same block had shot a burglar a few hours before, and the wounded man had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, led the officers to surmise that the "valvular disease of the heart" was due to the watchman's bullet. The doctor was appealed to for an explanation. He very willingly gave one. He still maintained that death was due alvular disea idded, however, that the passage of the bullet through the heart might possibly have had something to do with the trouble in its valves. "When I arrived," he contined, "the man was gasping for breath, and by using a stethoscope I could distinctly distinguish mitral recount distinctly distinguish interal re-guigitation, showing that the heart's action was affected. He died almost immediately and I made out the return. It-was all right, too." Why, certainly. Would anyone seriously claim that the patient died of small-pox or consump-tion or appendicitie? We guess not it was a clear case of heart failure. There should be more at any in the burglare profession and fewer of them in the burglare. cerifficates.

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