

Beauchampe's Double

THE PRIMA DONNA.

A Story of Mystery, Love and Devotion.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Livingston's off-hand sketch was so close to nature that people who knew the murdered man said it was perfect of its kind. He recast his article and passed it to the managing editor, who smiled grimly and nodded as he read it, then said:

"Livingston, positively you have a talent for this sort of thing. Now he is dead, the world is well rid of the Major. Here's the managing editor. He opened his lips, but no sound came from them. He laid the proof down, walked to the proof-hook, found the head and stared at it.

The closing paragraph informed the public that the police had reason to believe the murderer was in the traces in a man who was ejected from a leading theater for disorderly conduct a few hours before the murder was committed. The man was well known. The motive was revenge for fancied wrongs.

"There was a woman in the case," etc. etc. A nearly double line was hinted at by the reporter.

The head began with

AN ARTIST'S CRIME.

A COWARDLY MURDER, PROMPTED BY ZEALOUS REVENGE OR PERVERSE GREAT PSYCHICAL LIGHT STRUCK OUT.

Livingston tossed the proof on the managing editor's table, passed his hand wearily over his eyes, and walked out half dazed, cursing all newspaperdom in his heart.

After going to extraordinary pains to suppress all mention of the traces in the theater that could connect his friend's name with the disgraceful exhibition, here was the *Record*, upon which he had been employed years, giving all the details, plainly designating the artist referred to, and only withholding the name.

Worse, astounding—awful was the accusation of murder in the head lines. Livingston had but one thought now; that was to find Simmon at once.

CHAPTER V.

BEAUCHAMPE'S STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

When Beauchampe was separated from his friend at the entrance of the theater, he felt a hand on his shoulder, while a voice, as if from the distance, said:

"Glad to see you, Carrick, 'specially looking so flash."

Beauchampe's face was in the shadow as he turned quickly, wrenching himself out of the reach of the man who accosted him.

The man's breath was disagreeable, his familiarity disgusting.

"Who are you, sir? I don't know you," said Beauchampe. "My name is not Carrick."

"None o' that now, Carrick—not with me."

"He is in-e-vent," said Beauchampe, as he turned his back upon the man with the vile breath.

He looked around, and thinking he espied Livingston, darted after a gentleman who proved a total stranger.

The stranger entered a saloon. Beauchampe stood a moment irresolutely near the entrance, then resolved to enter the theater. He thought in all probability his friend would re-enter the theater also when he failed to find him.

He had taken two or three steps; he was looking directly in front of him, when a man sprang out of a doorway, caught him around the neck, and strove to crush him to the pavement.

Beauchampe, overcome by the suddenness of the onset, was bent double, but he was stronger than he looked. His daily exercise with the foils, and walks while abroad, had hardened and seasoned his muscles, and he succeeded in hurling his assailant flat on his back.

It was all done so swiftly, with a smart twist and a blow, that his assailant was the more surprised of the two. But before Beauchampe had time to speak, he realized the situation, a second man dealt him a blow upon the back of the head.

Whether the instrument was iron or wood, Beauchampe did not know. That it was not a human hand he knew full well, and even as he reeled under it, he exclaimed, "coward!"

He did not fall; he remembered afterward that he was an easy-going, resisting the blows which were aimed at him.

He managed, spite of the blows both men rained upon him, to rise.

The man he had tossed on his back struck at him wickedly. Beauchampe warded his blow, and called for help.

Then a hack-driver rushed up, but instead of aiding the artist the driver seized Beauchampe's arms, whereupon he called loudly.

"Half a dozen men ran out of the saloon. Beauchampe appealed to them to assist him from his assailants. Two or three grasped him, while the others warned his assailants to desist, whereupon one of them flung his coat open, exposing a badge, and said:

"Gentlemen, this is all right. We know what we are doing."

Two of the spectators turned forward in turn and looked at the badge.

Then they spoke to the others in low tones.

Meanwhile Beauchampe wrenched himself free from the grasp of all but the driver, who caught his hands behind him with a steel grip, while the man with the badge whipped a stout cord out of his pocket and wrapped it swiftly and tightly around Beauchampe's wrists.

Beauchampe's struggles meantime rendered him breathless. Who he assayed to speak he could only gasp.

"Gentlemen—gentlemen! Help me—for God's sake help me out—of these clutches—of these devils. They want to murder me. There is—some—horrible purpose—or an awful mistake. I have—friends in New York—who can identify me—I have a friends—in the

theater. I am an artist, gentlemen. Don't for God's sake, gentlemen—let these men—"

"That's one of his old dodges," said the man who had exposed the badge. "He'll be a doctor and a lawyer inside of five minutes."

He was pushing Beauchampe toward the carriage.

Beauchampe suddenly lifted his foot, and the man with the badge was kicked half way across the pavement.

The driver struck Beauchampe a cruel blow in the forehead with the whip, and then the man who first assailed him struck him on the back of the head again, at the same time pushing him toward the carriage.

"I call heaven—to witness!"—Beauchampe panted with the blood flowing from his forehead. The spectators advanced threateningly.

"Don't abuse him that way," said one hotly.

"You are a brute," said another with an oath, "a brute."

"Best not interfere, gentlemen," said the man with the badge. "This is over business; if you do, you may wish you hadn't."

"If he were anything to me," replied one of the group, "I'd break your jaw if it cost me ten thousand dollars. You are a ruffian—beasts."

"Oh, that's all right; give away if it does you good to talk, put a hand on one of us, and it may cost you all the money you've got to lose."

This was uttered in gasps as the driver aided the men who had pounced upon Beauchampe to thrust him into the carriage, while the man with the badge upon him held his face against a seat to stifle his cries.

"This is awful," said one of the lookers-on, "sickening."

"It is cowardly. I'll make it my business to inquire into this case," said another.

"On one of the most public thoroughfares, too," said another with a shudder. "He looks like a gentleman. I say, suppose we get a policeman to look into it."

"Do! Get a dozen gentlemen," said the owner of the badge as he entered the carriage, and pulled the door close, while the driver sprang upon his seat, and the carriage was driven rapidly away.

At least a dozen men witnessed the closing part of this extraordinary scene, which scarcely occupied two minutes.

It was all accomplished with such lightning-like celerity that when the carriage disappeared, the spectators looked at each other wonderingly, like men awaking out of a dream. One remarked:

"Well, they are experts, whoever they are."

Then everybody said they never witnessed anything like this. Another body swore no friend of theirs should ever be trusted to the tender mercies of keepers in a mad-house.

Meantime, Beauchampe was laid on his back on one of the seats, and the other occupants of the carriage deliberately sat down on him. He struggled a moment helplessly, then gasped for breath. He believed he was dying. He thought his object was to murder him and there. Thoughts of his sister, of his dreams of fame—of Livingston, swept through his brain; his ears were filled with a surging, rushing sound, like the tremendous pressure of mighty winds. His heart seemed to fill his body in its last throes—then he became unconscious.

When he regained consciousness he thought he was lying on his bed in his lodgings, with his sister's hand on his head.

"He's all right, now, Peters. Guess he won't give us no more trouble."

"If he does," the imprecation that finished the speech revived Beauchampe's recollection.

He opened his eyes and looked at the two men sitting opposite him.

The carriage was moving rapidly over a smooth roadway. Beauchampe, who was lying on his right side, contrived, with great effort, to spring up, and gazed at his companions in the dim light; not a word was spoken by the prisoner or his captors. Beauchampe deemed it wisest to hold his peace; he was powerless; at the mercy of these ruffians whose object he was ignorant of.

As the carriage sped over the road, he racked his brain to find the purpose of his captors. Suddenly he said, as if the idea had been suggested by another person:

"Is it possible one of you called me Carrick?"

"We might call you Carrick now," said one.

"Then you have made a terrible mistake. My name is not Carrick."

"That will do now, Jim."

"I tell you my name is not Carrick," Beauchampe reiterated. "I never heard the name until one of you addressed me to-night."

"It wasn't one of us—at least he isn't here now, and we don't know his name, nor whether you call yourself Smith, Brown, or Jones."

"What has Carrick done? Who is Carrick? What am I guilty of?"

"Keeps it up well, don't he?" said one of his captors.

The carriage turned off the road. The only sound heard was the quick breathing of the hard-driven horses. Then the carriage stopped, one of the men sprang out, and the other grasped Beauchampe roughly, commanding him to step out carefully, and make no false move.

Beauchampe obeyed in silence. He was led between the two, while the driver walked behind, until they approached entrance of a large gloomy-looking building. Beauchampe shuddered as he glanced up at the dim outlines.

What was this house?

One of his captors rang a bell.

Instantly the door opened. It was evident some one was in waiting. Two of Beauchampe's captors passed into the vestibule and passageway with him, still grasping his arms tight. The driver remained outside.

A man with a very large, hooked nose, who had opened the door, crossed the threshold, turning into a room on the right, in which another gentleman sat. This gentleman rose when the group entered, glanced at the door, and the man with the heavy, hook nose instantly closed it.

A lamp with a red shade stood on a table covered with green oil cloth. There was neither carpet, rug, picture, mirror, nor any article of furniture in this room save the plain table and two arm chairs.

Beauchampe gazed around this room curiously, and again a chill passed over him.

The occupant of the room, a man with dark, piercing eyes and cold, passionless features, lifted the lamp and gazed steadily in Beauchampe's face. As he replaced the lamp on the table again, he said in a tone of indifference:

"I see you have had a tussle. That

will do. You can go. Hawkins, do you think you can manage without them now?"

As Beauchampe's captors turned near the door, the man with the hook nose, who had been so deliberately in a way that caused him to shiver a third time, and replied:

"Easily."

The door opened and Beauchampe's captors passed out, leaving him alone with the tall man with the piercing black eyes and the broad-shouldered man with the great hook-nose.

"Where am I?" asked Beauchampe, looking at the tall man.

"He leaned back voluntarily. The man with the hook-nose stood at his left shoulder staring at him with hard, unwinning eyes. The tall man contemplated Beauchampe at least a minute; then he said, in an ordinary tone:

"You are in safe hands, Carrick."

"My name is not Carrick, I tell you. There has been a fearful mistake. I am an artist—"

"There always is a mistake. If you are an artist we will give you something to amuse you."

"My name, my name is not Carrick, and I warn you, sir—"

"Take him to his room, Hawkins," Hawkins advanced. The grasp he gave Beauchampe frightened and angered him.

"Do not crush my arm in that way."

"Keep quiet, then," said Hawkins.

"One more, I demand an answer. Where am I?"

"You are in my asylum," said the tall man in his even, ordinary tones.

"Heavens! A mad-house! A private mad-house!" exclaimed the artist.

"I don't know how to take you, how to deal with madmen. It depends on your behavior, altogether."

"You are the proprietor, sir? May I ask your name?"

"You can tell him, Hawkins."

"You know very well that you are in Dr. Varek's Asylum. Now, come with me."

The man with hook nose led him up a flight of stairs, turned off into a broad passage, led Beauchampe into a large room in which there was an iron bedstead and a large iron ring in the middle of a large stone set in a tile floor.

Hawkins coolly locked the door when he pushed Beauchampe into the room.

Then he stood looking at him with eyes that shone like glass. There was no soul in Hawkins' eyes; a cold, steady glare was directed upon Beauchampe.

Then Hawkins removed the cord from his wrists, stood back and contemplated Beauchampe again.

"It's all right," Varek said. Cut up rough and I'll bring you to your knees. Now, go to bed. That's all for to-night."

Hawkins unlocked the door, turned, looked at the artist a second time with a cold smile on his bloodless thin lips, stepped outside and the key was turned in the lock again.

Beauchampe sat on the side of the bed and put his hands over his eyes. The thoughts that crowded his brain at that moment rendered him frantic. He tossed his hands upward and beat the air impatiently. He did not know what he was doing. He trembled down his cheeks until his hand accidentally touched his face. Then he tossed himself on the bed and moaned in his helplessness and rage.

He did not remove his clothes.

He lay on the bed hours; then he paced the room. At intervals he heard muffled cries and sobbing. One poor woman—Beauchampe was startled with her first shriek—uttered cries that made his flesh creep.

The broad light streamed into his room through the window, but no one came near him. He heard many footsteps, derisive laughter, shrieks and blows, but he was forgotten.

When the sun was half the day had passed, he struck his door with his hand.

At last an attendant—a man—opened it, and stood looking at him.

"What do you want? What are you making a noise about?"

"I want to see Dr. Varek. Don't you give me any more vittals? Am I to be starved?"

"You will be attended to in time."

"When do you call it time? Half the day is gone now."

"It is just 8 o'clock."

"My God!" exclaimed Beauchampe, "I was sure it was noon at least. Please tell Dr. Varek I want to speak to him—or Mr. Hawkins."

The door was closed with a bang and locked.

At the end of half an hour seemingly—but in fact, eight minutes, Hawkins confronted him.

Beauchampe said: "Give me something to eat, Mr. Hawkins, and—"

Hawkins did not deign an answer, and the artist suddenly seized the bowl that was placed on the floor, and ere the attendants could interpose flung it with all his might on the floor.

The pieces flew in every direction.

"Very well," said Hawkins without moving a muscle. "We'll go back to get you some vittals. We'll get the mop and mop, and clean up the room. You can make out on one meal to-day. You can starve to-morrow if you want to."

Then Hawkins and the attendant left him alone again. When he was alone, Beauchampe stopped, picking up three pieces of the broken dish, and thrust them at random under the bed clothes.

In a little while the attendant named Dan re-entered his room with a powder dish, a large enough to hold a quart, on which was placed a piece of meat, a single potato, and half a slice of unbuttered bread.

"Am I to have nothing to drink, not even water?" Beauchampe demanded.

He walked out and locked the door behind him.

Beauchampe looked at the meat. Then he ate the bread. Next he ate the potato. Finally he took the meat in his hands, and devoured it eagerly.

He experienced such hunger. Having cleaned the powder dish, he paced the floor a score of times.

Then he took up the paper Hawkins had placed on the bed, and the pencil proceeded to draw a human head.

Spite of himself this head had a resemblance to Hawkins. At least it was Hawkins' nose. He drew another, and it too was like Hawkins. It had Hawkins' eyes. He drew a house, and then he sketched a dozen chimneys.

What was it made his mind run on chimneys?

He scattered the drawings made quickly over the bed. Then he thrust his hand under the clothes, brought forth the pieces of broken dish, and bent over each in turn industriously.

While thus engaged he listened intently. Several times when footsteps approached the door he thrust the piece of delf under the bed clothes and picked up a piece of paper. Apparently he was not to be disturbed in his drawing.

When he had finished the work on the last fragment of the bowl, he thrust it under his bed clothes and began drawing dogs' heads on paper.

All the dogs' eyes resembled Dr. Varek's just as the noses on his human heads somehow resembled Hawkins.

While thus engaged, the door was opened without warning, and Dr. Varek entered the room, followed by Hawkins.

Hawkins went down on all fours without speaking, and looked under the bed. Meanwhile Beauchampe was scrutinized closely by the Doctor.

His efforts to preserve an air of unconcern he realized were futile. Dr. Varek's eyes pierced him through and through.

"Try the bed," said Dr. Varek, calmly; and Hawkins lifted the cover, sheet, and rolled the hard mattress up.

As he rolled, something fell. The Doctor stooped now, and picked up the three pieces of the broken bowl. After scrutinizing each in turn, he handed them to Hawkins, whose brows met in anger as he contemplated them.

"You are very clever, indeed," said Dr. Varek. "You have a genius for this business, Carrick."

Beauchampe had seated himself on the side of the bed, and covered his face with his hand.

"You doubtless intended to roll these things in a piece of a garment, a strip of bed-sheet, or sock—anything that would make a cover—and throw them out on the road. You would perhaps break a pane of glass, or some necessary article, and find these clever drawings would read the story. A man clubbed, and pushed into a house with the word 'mad' on it. It would make a good scene in a play, but the idea is lost to the world. We will take these little drawings and preserve them as necessary to your skill, Mr. Carrick. You can thank my assistant, Mr. Hawkins, for suppressing this performance. Hawkins thinks of everything, Carrick. He would not rest until he had fitted the pieces of that bowl together—that was what brought us here."

Then the Doctor looked at the paper drawings and smiled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FIVE TONS OF WHALE.

A whale came ashore in the Raritan Bay, says the New York *Continental*.

Phineas Mundy, a well-known fisherman of the village, heard the news, and hastened with his two sons down to the shore to capture the monster.

With his glassy back just visible above the water, his whaleship lay as though in a peaceful sleep, about one hundred and fifty feet from the shore.

Mundy and his boys procured a long rope and a harpoon and waded out in the soft sand to the water's edge, bent on capturing the stranger dead or alive.

One of the boys handled the formidable-looking harpoon, while the father handled the less deadly halibut.

The poor beast seemed so totally unconscious of approaching danger and so thoroughly exhausted that the harpoon was not used. Making a lasso of the long line, Mr. Mundy dexterously threw and caught the whale by the tail. The prize was captured.

By this time a hundred men had assembled on the beach, and with a will they hauled away on the line and soon had the animal high and dry on the beach.

All the way up from the water the whale banded about, and a track, wide and deep, was worn in his body. It took three hours to land him.

The whale is a young female, weighing five tons and measuring nineteen feet long and twelve feet in girth. Mr. Mundy has rigged up a blank fence around it, and is barnumizing the beast with a dime admittance fee. He was making money fast.

He Forgot the Poor.

Dr. D. W. Poor, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education, loves a joke and has few equals as a punster. He is a witty after-dinner speaker, and makes a pun of his own name with many an excellent turn. On one occasion the Doctor was visiting a friend, and, feeling tired, lay on a couch in the library. The windows were up, and quite a strong draught was blowing. The friend proposed to lower the window, but the Doctor replied instantly: "No, let it be. I am Poor, but I always honor a draft."

On another occasion he met a man whose face he remembered but whose name he had forgotten. The stranger was in the same fix. After they had got proper data, and made suitable apologies the Doctor said: "It was awkward in me to forget your name, but it was much worse for you to forget mine. The Bible pronounces a curse on those who forget the Poor."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

It Did the Business.

Well-dressed stranger—Madam, in the upper right-hand pocket of a vest that you gave to a miserable tramp a few months ago there was a cigar belonging to your husband. I have—

Lady of the house—Why, is this the same man? What a great change!

Stranger—Yes; a rich uncle died suddenly and left me all his wealth.

I was about to say, I have to thank your husband.

Lady of the house—Why, what for?

Stranger—For the cigar. I gave it to my uncle.—*Clothier and Furnisher*.

A significant educational tendency of the day is the increased interest in the study of history and politics at Johns Hopkins University.

AFFAIRS IN ILLINOIS.

ITEMS CATERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

What Our Neighbors Are Doing—Matters of General and Local Interest—Marriages and Deaths—Accidents and Crimes—Personal Pointers.

REMARKABLE assignment of property by debtors, the Supreme Court says: "The statute of this State does not contain any negative words declaring invalid any assignment not acknowledged. The directions are not obligatory but directory, and a failure to comply with all of them will not violate the act nor prejudice the rights of those interested. The assignment act is for the benefit of creditors, and unless they complain of a failure to follow out every absolute requirement no others can interpose objections. When a deed of assignment is made and the property delivered with it the failure of the assignee to perform any or all of the acts required to be performed by him should not permit the assignor to fall, because the assignor as well as the creditors is interested in the matter."

The Governor has vetoed House bill No. 7, to amend an act to require owners of thrashing machines to guard against accidents. There is now a law to protect persons against injury from exposed tumbling rods, and the proposed law, the Governor thinks, would render the former inoperative.

At Greenville, Mrs. Charlotte McCoben was killed by falling off her porch.

The 3-year-old son of Mrs. Laura Turner, of East Hillsboro, was drowned in a cistern.

At Vandalla Louis Miller tried to commit suicide by throwing himself in front of a train. His shoulder was dislocated and he was otherwise hurt.

The oat louse has done great damage to the oat crop in De Witt County during the last two weeks and in some localities the Hessian fly is damaging the wheat.

WILLIAM WAGNER, while walking on the railroad track near Clay City, was struck by a train and killed. He was deaf and did not hear the cars approaching.

JOHN DULY, the man who shot his mother-in-law, is still at large, with a reward of \$100 for his arrest, offered by his wife, and \$100 by the county.

JAMES CHERVOKS and John Hall were arrested at Metropolis, charged with counterfeiting.

At Mendon, about three years ago, the store of Clittenden Bros. was robbed of a large quantity of goods. The firm has received a package by express from Chicago containing the most valuable portion of the goods, accompanied by a note from a "Reformed Sinner," who confesses the theft and asks forgiveness.

A cyclone passed over Nokomis, including houses and barns and damaging orchards. Crops were seriously injured by the wind and rain.

A CASE was recently before the Supreme Court to recover the amount loaned on a mortgage where it appeared that the mortgagor fraudulently represented himself to be another person, and the clerk taking the acknowledgment certified that the man who was one he represented himself to be. The Supreme Court distinctly states that every officer who takes an acknowledgment must know that the person signing a paper is the person whose name is affixed thereto, or he is liable for the full amount certified on the deed, mortgage, or other instrument.

The expenses of the Thirty-seventh General Assembly were: Pay of members of Senate, \$13,896; pay of members of House, \$131,753; pay of officers and employees of Senate, \$24,981; pay of officers and employees of House, \$53,015; pay of employees appointed by Secretary of State, \$9,245; committee expenses, \$1,900; total, \$244,718. This is \$32,267 in excess of the expenses on the same account two years ago, and does not include the total expenses of the late Assembly. It is estimated that \$50,000 will be required to lay for stationery, printing, paper, postage, binding, and ruling, lights, fuel, copying and distributing, etc. The expenditures for these items two years ago were, in round numbers, \$47,000.

JOHN DULY, living about six miles north of Benton, shot and killed his mother-in-law, Mrs. Allen. The trouble arose over the possession of a child. He sought legal advice as to his rights, and returning home met his wife, child and mother-in-law. They had a quarrel and a scuffle, which resulted in Duly shooting his mother-in-law in the face three times, killing her almost instantly. He tried to kill his wife, but his revolver would not discharge. The murderer is a son of William Duly, a highly respected citizen.

ILLINOIS Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows met at Quincy. The Grand Secretary's report shows that there are 38,000 Odd Fellows in Illinois and over 11,000 Daughters of Rebekah.

AUGUSTA LADENACK, a 15-year-old schoolgirl, was married at Engleman to Fred Kold, Jr., aged 27 years.

WILLIAM ORR, of Evanston, shot himself through the head at St. Joseph, Mo. He was found dead in a vacant lot.

SENATOR CULLOM will accompany his