

MY LADY'S SONG.

By Joseph Thurman. Sing again, O July, note, / Your rare city of the Rhine! / Lovely visions rise and float / On the waves of each full note!

THE OLD FLINT LOCK.

By Larry O'Leary.

There is an old flint lock pistol here in my library which has an interesting history.

It was formerly one of a collection of antique firearms belonging to a family named Herbin.

To all the wealth of the family the idiot Morg was heir.

This latter fact was a great aggravation to George, for in case of the idiot's death he would come into the possession of the estate.

George Herbin brooded on his misfortune until he became morose and sullen.

Morg's only pleasure was imitating the actions of those near him.

Through all the years that he had been able to toddle around this had been his constant employment.

George did not look around. The scowl on his face grew darker.

One day George was in the library. He was sitting in a great leather-cushioned chair.

George did not look around. The scowl on his face grew darker.

Thinking on this idiot boy as the only barrier to his becoming a wealthy man, was rapidly making George Herbin bad.

George smiled wickedly, devilishly. On the wall there were fastened some old swords and pistols.

Morg reached up to get it, but he was not high enough; and George laid it down again.

Then he leaned his elbow on the mantle and fell to thinking.

Suddenly George's face became very red, then very pale. His eyes stared fixedly at the old flint-lock pistol.

A terrible thought had come into George's mind. It staggered him for a moment, but his mouth soon took to it an expression which indicates determination.

again and laid it on the mantle. Then he left the room.

When it was dark George entered the library stealthily. By the mantle there was a chair as if a child had stood on it.

George drew a paper of powder from his pocket and poured a quantity of it in the pistol.

It was a bright moonlight night. There were many deep shadows of shrub and tree out on the lawn, and George strolled through them for hours, busy with his own thoughts.

His dark, moody feelings were gone. He felt much brighter and looked to the future with pleasure.

George shrugged his shoulders. "Why should I care?" he thought.

But what if this "something" should not occur? Then what? Poverty and dependence. George's face grew dark.

Tired of walking, George sat down on a chair just outside the library window.

Meanwhile the brain of the little imbecile was more active than it had ever been before.

He reached the window without making a noise, for he was barefooted.

The idiot boy opened his eyes wider. That red spot on the white forehead was connected in his feeble mind with the muzzle of the flintlock.

George had not heard a sound. Now he saw. He turned quickly to find himself confronted with the death he had prepared for another.

His wild, terrified expression frightened the child. There was a flash and a report. George fell back in his chair and a stream of blood flowed from his head near the red spot.

George did not look around. The scowl on his face grew darker.

Quick-going vehicles will turn a corner sharply, but the driver raises his whip to notify the vehicle in his immediate rear that he is about to turn.

London drivers are polite and very civil to each other.

London drivers are polite and very civil to each other.

London drivers are polite and very civil to each other.

London drivers are polite and very civil to each other.

London drivers are polite and very civil to each other.

Beauchamp's Double OR THE PRIMA DONNA.

A Story of Mystery, Love and Devotion.

By David Lowry.

CHAPTER XVII. UNDESIRABLE.

Livingston resolved his stay should be brief. The sad eyes that looked into his when he bade Miss Beauchamp adieu, affecting a cheerfulness he maintained throughout the interview, haunted him.

Miss Beauchamp's eyes were swollen when she looked into his. She advanced at first eagerly, but the moment her little hand rested in his, Livingston knew that she was disappointed.

He was aroused by a peculiar sound. He had forgotten the recent occurrences. He thought he was in his own bed until he felt a hand on his forehead.

Beauchamp shivered with dread. An inexplicable, horrible fear suddenly possessed him.

Beauchamp sat like one in a stupor. He had no means of defending himself. He was at the mercy of Verek and Hawkins.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

He excused himself, be sure. He reflected that it would have been heartless—cruel—to withdraw until he had made her listen to reason; then he blushed again as he thought himself of the governing, or 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 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.

CHAPTER XVIII. A DASH FOR LIBERTY.

Beauchamp 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 had forgotten the recent occurrences. He thought he was in his own bed until he felt a hand on his forehead.

Beauchamp shivered with dread. An inexplicable, horrible fear suddenly possessed him.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

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

The next sensation Beauchamp experienced was a blow on the head as Hawkins and the attendant stood over him.

Later, Beauchamp heard sounds outside, and at intervals words uttered loudly reached his ears.

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

What had happened? What did it all mean? Beauchamp asked himself in vain, as he felt his head and arms.

Beauchamp shivered with dread. An inexplicable, horrible fear suddenly possessed him.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

Beauchamp's vision in the darkness, thought he saw a huge shadow hanging from the ceiling.

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

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

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

Simmons emptied the sack. A large number of pieces of silver dropped out. He here to prove the thieves are guilty—the owner must keep it, but I have considered it best to bring it just as I found it. This is old-style silver."

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

He pointed to a dish almost concealed from view. Livingston lifted it and placed it in her hand, saying, laughing, "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 stuff."

"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, or rather scratched on the bottom of the dish.

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

"Here, you!" he said to a man near him, scratched on the bottom of the dish. "You remain here till we return, Livingston. The ladies can remain also if they wish. Serve me right for not attending to this myself, as I intended in the first place."

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 it was used, she instantly exclaimed, "An it be your friend, Mr. Beauchamp, who has been in the business department. His surprise was very great when, instead of Miss Beauchamp, he beheld the prima donna."

She was very plainly dressed; her face was concealed, but Livingston recognized the graceful figure and the manner of the famous singer. She was deeply agitated; her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Fardon me; the matter is imperative. It admits of no delay—I am 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. Beauchamp, is there. There is something very wrong. I was very polite. I tried every argument, and everything failing—I had the manager of the theater brought there to help me, too—I came here. You will go at once?"

"At once—I am going now."

"Vittoria hesitated, then, as if it cost her to leave, she said, "My carriage is at the door. It is at your service. My maid and I can go to the hotel afterward."

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 he was well acquainted with. Presently Simmons appeared, and these three consulted before Vittoria was admitted.