

DONALD DONALDSON, JR.

Being a True Record and Explanation of the Mystery of the Vanishing of the Public Mind, and of an Epoch which has been the Key of the Seven

By HOWARD FIELDING
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[Continued from last week.]

"It was stolen from my dressing room during the night," she replied. "I very carelessly left there, although all my other jewels of value were put away in the safe, as usual. It was in a small burnt wood box, not a jewel casket. The box happened to be standing there empty, and I dropped the diamond collar into it, intending to take it out again immediately. But the lid of the box fell down and that was why I forgot the collar. The box was gone this morning."

"May I ask you besides yourself, how do you know the collar was there?" asked Donald.
"My maid may have known, though she declared that she didn't," replied Mrs. Kelvin. "I'm sure she didn't see me put it there, for she was in another room at the time, and as I've told you, the lid of the box fell down immediately, so that she couldn't have seen it. A few minutes later my husband came in, and I gave him my other jewels to put in the safe. I never thought of the collar, nor did he."

"Is the maid an honest girl?" asked Dorothy. "Has she been with you long?"

"Nearly ten years," said Mrs. Kelvin, speaking with real human feeling, "and unless the collar is actually found around her neck I shall never believe in her guilt. I have assured her that she is not under suspicion. But that's not quite true, for a detective who came out from the city in response to a telephone message from my husband wants to arrest the woman right away."

"Don't you let him do it," said Dorothy.

"Donald asked when the loss was discovered and learned that it was shortly after the amiable Mr. Kelvin had returned from his interview with us by the gate."

There was an interval of silence, during which I observed that Donald was suffering great mental distress.
"May I ask," he said at last, "whether your daughter knows that she has—have come to me? It seems an absurd question."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Kelvin. "I understand you fully. Any woman that I have come over here, she was eager that I should do so."

"I will go over to the Elms," said Donald. "I will give you such help as I can, but if you really are mysterious and miraculous powers of mine you will see clearly in this case that I do not possess them."

CHAPTER VIII.
MYSTERY OF THE COLLAR OF DIAMONDS (Continued.)

MRS. KELVIN was not impressed by this declaration. She rose with a great rustling of ribbons.

"Won't you come, too, Mrs. Donaldson?" she said, and Mr. Harrington there in the room in the carriage.
Dorothy excused herself from participating in the adventure, and while she was doing so I got a private word with Donald.

"I'm afraid this is a bad business, my boy," said I. "Kelvin will triumph over it."

"I shall be glad to give him the chance," replied Donald. "If anybody wants to prove that I'm not a psychic marvel, he can have my help every time."

"I suppose Kelvin got it himself?" I whispered. "This may be a put up job."

He had no time to respond to this suggestion in words, but I could see that he took it as a matter of course. In fact, if he had any inner light upon the subject, he did not share it with Mrs. Kelvin and me during the drive to the Elms. He remained silent, except when directly addressed, and all his replies were as brief as courtesy permitted them to be.

When we reached the Elms, we were met by Amy, who had the air of one that had waited in great impatience. It was impossible to be blind to the fact that she regarded the visit of Donald as a great and glorious vindication of him and that she expected immediate and notable results. Donald by this time had sunk to such a level of dejection that not even the sight of the fair queen of his youthful fancy could move him in the least. In fact, he seemed to be so miserable that he could not look her in the face.

Mrs. Kelvin viewed his state with alarm, for her hope was really fixed upon him. She had more than her share of that feminine feminine trust in the supernatural which makes women the easy prey of all dealers in mystery, and, besides, her confidence was re-enforced by the wily habit of disagreeing radically with Mr. Kelvin. I could see clearly that she would be very angry with Donald if he failed.

For my own part, I had not felt so foolish since the day when I was first led to expose before the eyes of my fellow citizens of Tunbridge my aged shanks attired in gold breeches and gold and that the day for an old man whom all the little boys and girls have been taught to respect. The memory of it flitted across my mind as I stood there on Kelvin's veranda. The word of the Elms was visible within the house, where he sat near a long window in earnest conversation with my old friend Graves Reedy. I was somewhat surprised at Kelvin's choice of a detective. It might suggest a purpose to get two values for his money by "umping" Reedy in regard to the affair of the robbery at the factory and Donald's prediction of it.

Kelvin and Reedy rose immediately and came toward the window. Just as they stepped out upon the veranda I heard Donald say to Amy in a pleading, disconsolate tone, "Do you really wish me to do this?"

"Of course I do! Of course I do!" the girl replied, with energy.

By this time I had clasped the hand of Kelvin, whose name I had just pronounced and cordial as that of a dog who for fear of a whipping permits another dog to eat out of his dish. I had never before realized how complete was the domestic subjection in which my new neighbor dwelt.

"Glad to see you, glad to see you," said he. "This is an opportunity that we all ought to welcome. Seems to have been made by Providence expressly for the purpose. Now, if you've misjudged young Mr. Donaldson, you'll find me eager to square the account, and of course there's no quarrel between you and me and never has been. You understand that thoroughly, I trust. It gives me pleasure to welcome you to the Elms."

"I am going to be very frank with you, Mr. Kelvin," I said. "You did Donald a great injustice this morning, and that will be true whether he fails or succeeds in this present matter. It was in the hope that you had recognized this fact that we accepted Mrs. Kelvin's invitation."

"I was glad to have found some reason to justify my own conduct to myself. As a matter of fact, I had been wondering all the way over here in the world we had happened to come."

"I have recognized it," said Kelvin, turning red. "Yes, sir, I have. We'll let it stand that way. Ah, Mr. Donaldson! Exceedingly obliged to you for your kind offer to assist us in this trouble. We expect great things of you."

"I can't do it, Mr. Kelvin," said Donald in a tone of deep wretchedness. "I can't find the diamonds. I don't even know how to go to work to try. I'm as likely to find the north pole sticking up through the floor of your veranda. But Mrs. Kelvin insisted upon my trying."

"Mrs. Kelvin is a great insister. I'm not at all surprised to see you," said the old villain, with a grin. "Take your own time. Don't hurry."

"Upon this point, Reedy favored us with his opinion. He said, 'You did not see any one thing in it,' he said in conclusion. 'Where did she put the diamonds? That's the point. Where did she put them?'"

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"I suppose she must have taken them, poor girl," said Donald, "if you say so."

"The facts speak for themselves," said the detective.

"They don't speak to me," said Donald, with a weary smile. "I can't hear a whisper."

He sat down in a big chair and buried his face in his hands. At that moment Mrs. Kelvin, who had been speaking with the butler in the hall, emerged from the house with the usual dutiful sound.

"S-sh-sh," whispered Mr. Kelvin. "He's going into a trance."

Donald sprang to his feet, his face as red as a beet. I expected a warm protest from the young man, for the word "trance" to him is as a Harvard banner to a bull, but he preserved his self-control.

"Would you mind if I walked about a bit?" said he. "It's no earthly use, you know. May I go into the house?"

He moved toward the door and thus came face to face with Martha III, the suspected maid, who was just coming out. She was a worn, faded, old woman of fifty, not without intelligence and meant perhaps for a better station, yet now a creature of lifelong servitude. Her mouth had a peculiar droop at the corners, so that she must have looked sad at all times. She had shed many tears that day, and her eyes were red; her nose, too, poor woman, and altogether she was a picture of woe.

Donald kept his eyes upon her as she crossed the veranda toward her mistress. When she had taken her place in the room in the carriage, he had sat down, she turned and looked at Donald. It was clear that she knew who he was and why he had come.

"You were quite right, Mrs. Kelvin," said my boy. "Your maid is perfectly innocent."

At these words Martha's feelings overcame her. She wailed distressfully and fell upon her knees, not because she thought the act appropriate, but because she could not help it.

Donald turned hastily toward the house and made three attempts to open the door. It describe his action as it appeared. There was an ordinary screen door, very easy to open, but he tried three times and failed. Then he shook his head and walked across the veranda to the steps, returning immediately to the door, by which he stood for some seconds, hesitating.

"The diamonds are not in the house," said he at last.

"That's easy," said Reedy. "I've been hunting for 'em since 'o'clock. It may be that that's why I've found that they're not there," returned Donald, as if gratified to receive this explanation. "You never can tell where these foolish notions come from. Have you searched outside the house?"

"Outside the house is wide proposition," rejoined Reedy. "It includes 'most everywhere. But I've looked around a bit."

"I do hate this business so like the old Harry," he said. "But it's got to be done. Would you mind if I walk around the house? I don't know what I'm doing it for, yet I can't sit still."

He ran down the steps of the veranda, and we all followed him, as he raised no objection. In an absurd, straggling procession we made the circuit of the great old mansion.

"Well," said Reedy as we stood again before the main entrance, "did you see 'em anywhere?"

"I've been mighty close to them," he said. "Let me try that once more."

"This time he led us less than half way around, and we came to a halt beside a pile of coal that had been dumped that day before an entrance to the cellar. Kelvin is a thrifty man. He buys coal not when he needs it, but when it is cheapest. The pile may have amounted to about three tons. Donald regarded it steadily for some seconds and then walked hesitatingly toward the cellarway.

"You've been down there, Mr. Reedy?" he queried, and then suddenly and with decision he said, "The diamonds are there!"

He pointed directly toward the heap of coal.

"There!" echoed Kelvin. "In that coal? Why, the stuff wasn't brought there till this forenoon. How do you suppose the diamonds could get into it?"

Donald dashed the perspiration from his forehead with a gesture of despair.

"I don't know a blessed thing about it, Mr. Kelvin," said he, "except that they're there."

Kelvin seemed somewhat taken aback. He regarded it as perfectly obvious that the diamonds could not be found in the coal, which had not been delivered until after the arrival of Detective Reedy. Why had Donald committed himself to such a clear absurdity? It looked like a trick, and Kelvin glanced quickly at Reedy as if to read advice in his eyes. The detective elevated his eyebrows and his shoulders simultaneously and spread out his hands with the palms forward. It was equivalent to saying "I pass" in a game of cards.

The iron lips of our amiable host came together firmly and he settled himself upon his broad, fat feet in the manner of an orator who has reached the great, convincing argument of his discourse.

Reedy had a hand upon his pistol's arm.

"They're here, eh?" he asked.

Cobb nodded. He was not looking at Reedy, but at Donald, and there was a strange mixture of superstitions and terror and of hatred in his expression.

"Buried 'em last night, I suppose; didn't dare to skip; too shrewd to hide 'em in the house when all outdoors was open to you. Is that the idea?"

"Yes," said Cobb solemnly.

Reedy drew the man toward the

ing more. The affair of the diamond collar seemed not to have improved his disposition nor to have altered his attitude toward me. Kelvin was beginning to be speaking of a miracle. There was and had been from the first a queer look in his eye that lacked an explanation. I could not account for it by anything that I knew. Indeed, it seemed to have his basis in something I didn't know. It was a sly and waiting look it was, glimmering of treason, stratagem and spite, but what it boded I was unable to guess. For some days following the affair of the diamonds I met him frequently upon the streets of Tunbridge and always with the same look in his eye.

"I was in it alone," said the man in that weary voice of the detected criminal—the voice that succeeds the high fever excitement of the paroxysm, and there is hope or doubt. "You remember that I saw you put the things into the safe. I noticed the collar wasn't there, and so I went and got it later, just before sunrise. I knew it would be on the dressing table or on the floor."

"She has wished for a son," said Dorothy. "Though she seems so vindictive, she is a good mother at heart. She loves her daughter, and she would have been very proud of a boy like Donald."

It occurred to me to wonder whether she would have been proud of a boy like Kelvin, which certainly needed to be considered as among the possibilities. However, there could be no doubt of her honest admiration of Donald. She talked to me about him upon one considerable occasion, and she seemed really anxious when I said that the boy was not quite himself this summer.

"The incidents which have brought out this peculiar power of his have been explained to me by the rule with which you are so endowed."

"You don't think that can be anything else?" she said, without meeting my eye.

"What else can there be," I asked.

"Well, didn't I mean that either," she responded. "This power of his may—may result in having matters on his mind; but, of course, I know nothing about it."

He had been sitting in a nook of the veranda, waiting while a servant took word to Dorothy that Mrs. Kelvin was there. As she spoke the last sentence which I have quoted, she arose somewhat hastily and made a great business of waving her hand to Dorothy, who was coming across the lawn from the tennis court with Carl.

In Mrs. Kelvin's vague hints I perceived another mystery, added to those which I already had, or perhaps it was the key to the mystery, the explanation of a mystery. Perhaps she fancied that Donald knew the secret of her husband's designs, of which she herself might not be so fully informed as she would have wished. I was being slyly enough to think that that was what she meant.

It had seemed to me that these incidents should be recorded here. Having set them down, I will proceed with the matter of the Princeton professor.

College professors are fine people, as a class, and are, in fact, a class in and of themselves. They are situated with the setting, full hearted life of an American university. They sometimes seem to be submerged in it and to have lost their individuality, but draw themselves out from time to time, and in the explanation of a mystery. Perhaps she fancied that Donald knew the secret of her husband's designs, of which she herself might not be so fully informed as she would have wished. I was being slyly enough to think that that was what she meant.

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OSTRICH LOGIC.

"When I can't see danger there is no danger." That's the logic of the ostrich which hides its head and exposes its body to the hunter. There are not a few people who seem to have gone to the ostrich for their motto. The most dangerous enemies of humanity are the enemies which can't be seen, the disease-breeding microbes which infect the blood. It is harder to get the microbes out of the blood than to keep it out, but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery does both, by purifying the blood and then keeping it pure.

If there are complications on the skin, boils, pimples, sores or other signs of impure blood, use Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which will purify the blood and cure the eruptions which come from it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and all its consequences.

PHILADELPHIA and
REIDING RAILWAY

IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 1902.

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For York 11:25 a. m.
For Carlisle 11:25 a. m.
For Schuylkill 11:25 a. m.
For Berks 11:25 a. m.
For Lehigh 11:25 a. m.
For Susquehanna 11:25 a. m.