

Donald Donaldson, Jr. Being a True Record and Explanation of the Seven Mysteries Now Associated With His Name in the Public Mind, and of an Eighth, Which is the Key of the Seven

By HOWARD FIELDING

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[Continued from last week.]

"How the dickens did we get such a result as that?" I asked. "Thorndyke must have voted for us and Bunn against us."

"Thorndyke voted for us," said Donaldson, "and Bunn voted for us. This man voted against us."

"Carl!" I exclaimed. "Impossible!"

"My son tried to warn me of this long ago," said Donaldson, "and I would not hear him."

"It is a matter of business," said Carl harshly. "I am a stockholder in this company. I vote as my interest dictates."

"Thorndyke," cried Donaldson, seizing the man's arm as he was passing, "did my son know how you were going to vote?"

"To be frank with you," replied Thorndyke, "your son is responsible for it. I had thought that I saw my interest clear to vote with the other party, but at a late hour last evening your son came to my house with Mr. Bunn, and I then learned what an infernally cooked game the scoundrel, Carl, had been playing. Between us, gentlemen, and to use the slang of the day, I couldn't stand for it."

"Why didn't you lift the weight from our minds by telling us this?" I demanded.

"Young Mr. Donaldson desired that I should say nothing," was the reply, "and I seemed to see his point."

For the first time in his life Thorndyke had kept a secret.

"Don't you understand?" said Donaldson. "Archer, Archer! He's the man whom my son was fighting against. If Bunn had turned away, Archer would have voted with us, and we'd have lost the election just the same, supposing that Thorndyke had not changed his mind. But with Bunn here to vote for us and Thorndyke supposedly safe for the Kelvin party, Archer's vote would have turned the scale, and it could be turned in no other way. Kelvin would force him to cast it. Donald has foreseen this a long time. It was the only way to unmask this man completely."

"Unmask, eh?" cried Carl. "Well, I'll do a little unmasking. Kelvin, where's that man Gillespie?"

"Come away!" growled Kelvin. "You're making a fool of yourself. It's all over."

"No; not quite," said Carl. "Jim Bunn, answer me this: Who stole that money? If Bunn had the \$40,000? You know it is this man?"

He struck Donaldson roughly on the shoulder.

"No," answered Bunn almost in a whisper. "You'll get no lies from me. I am the man."

Carl's hands dropped to his sides.

"Are you sure of such a—A fool as you want? Go to state's prison, then, if you want to and die in a cage like a rat."

Bunn shrank away as if he had received a blow in the face, while Archer turned on his heel and walked out of the room, followed by Kelvin.

"He has played the game to the hilt," said Donaldson. "The strain has smashed his wits."

"Upon my word," said I, "I don't quite see what his game was."

"Power!" answered Bunn. "Kelvin's control of this road would have forced your business into the trust. You would have made the best terms you could and would have retired from active management. Kelvin promised Archer that he should have the whip hand of everything here, and you can see what that would have meant for Donaldson. As for me, they had me in a trap."

CHAPTER XVII.
DONALD'S DISCLAIMER.

THE royal was now empty except for Thorndyke, Bunn, Donaldson and myself. Archer's outburst had not been understood except by the members of our group, and as the other men who had been present at the meeting had escaped as soon as possible into the cool air outside.

"Bunn," said I, "tell me the straight truth."

"I took the money," he replied. "I was hard pressed with that land company deal and other matters."

"In heaven's name," cried Donaldson, "why didn't you hold on with the land company, as I told you? We've turned the corner with it in these last few days. The company is more than all right."

"My luck," said Bunn. "I thought that there was no way out; that I was ruined. Yet I hoped with that money to make myself whole. I meant to return it—I felt sure that I could. You know how I got it. I saw the parcel of bills on your desk and made a dummy to take its place, which you put in the safe. I hid the money. You know that box of letter files? I put it in the oldest one. There was no chance that it would be discovered. But it was. Some one got it; stole it from me; robbed the robber. Meanwhile I'd used

plaid Bunn. "But I don't see how there could be better evidence than his. He knows everything. He has told me the inmost thoughts of my heart. He says that Archer took the money from my hiding place."

"Well, there can't be much doubt about it," said I.

"One day in your office at noon Archer accused me of being the thief," continued Bunn. "That was just after Gillespie came here as Professor Severn. He was in Archer's pay as a detective. I suppose that he found the money. When Archer accused me, I did not know that it was not still in the letter file. You can understand what I felt when this charge was brought against me. It meant it meant just what he said in a cage like a rat. Yet when he told me what he wanted me to do; that I must redeem my stock from you and vote it against you at this meeting, I declared to him that I would take my punishment before I would do such a thing. I was left of the money and raise the balance somehow to make all square with you."

"All right," said he, "but do it now, or I'll expose you."

"You, Mr. Harrington, were standing outside the office at that moment. I made my choice and went to get the money. It was gone. I accused Archer of taking it, but he denied the charge in such a way as to convince me that he hadn't done it. I believed that some thief had found it. I suspected Tim Healy—everybody. Archer promised to help me recover it. He had me in his power, for what could I do without the money?"

"More and more this man got me under his thumb until I half agreed that I would allow it to be thrust upon Donaldson. I had known all along that Archer was plotting against him. Carl used to walk the floor in your office at noon and say over and over again: 'Donaldson, Donaldson! I'll have him under my foot!' I used to do this every once in a while as long ago as the early spring. I had opened the door suddenly when his back was toward it."

"Why didn't you tell me, Jim?" said I.

"Tell you?" he echoed. "Would you have believed it?"

"I was silent. Therein laid the weakness of the case both for Bunn and for Donald. They knew that I would not be convinced of Carl's real character."

"Archer told me that Kelvin would furnish any amount of money that might be required," continued Bunn. "It was to be used for nothing but any other use. It was merely that the money was needed. Now, what was I to do, Mr. Harrington? I never would agree to vote my stock against you. Not even the threat of prison could make me do that. But I did at last agree to absent myself from the meeting. If you want to know just what I really meant to do," he cried, rising and seizing me by the shoulder, "I meant to go to New York and kill myself in a hotel there, where no one would know me. But I had their pledge that the money which I had taken from you should be used to get me back to jail. Not at all. He skipped, just as any other rascal would have done. Then I went and bought a skeleton hand of a young doctor over in Solway, and with the aid of that old car on the table, I fixed up my

Kelvin sawed the air with his finger.

"That doesn't explain the finish of Mr. Gillespie," said he.

"But don't you see," cried Donald in agony. "Nothing can explain that. It's luck, luck. It's mere chance. It was certain to come some time. I was playing with fire."

"You play with it too blasted well to suit me," said Kelvin, with decision.

"Now, Mr. Harrington," he continued, "you understand that I didn't know anything about Jim Bunn except that there was a string on him and that a little money would keep him away from this meeting. I knew nothing about the robbery. That's that. I'm not oversensuous, but I don't make partnerships with thieves. In the first place, it is not safe."

"I'll take your word for it, Mr. Kelvin," said I.

CHAPTER XVIII.
THE SEVEN MYSTERIES.

DONALDSON, Donald and I rode back to Turnbridge in a car of our own behind a single Donald engine. During the ride Donald gave me a complete statement of his motives and conduct. There was about that he told the truth as he saw it.

"If you could understand the agonies that I've suffered," he pleaded, "you would forgive me. You promised to do it anyhow."

"I have no idea of going back upon that promise," said I. "But what if I forgive? I cannot believe that you have intentionally deceived me."

"Yes, I have," he insisted. "I've been trying to lie without lying and to tell the truth without telling it. That's the worst of it. Deception, I wish I could look back upon one good, honest, downright lie."

"Well," said I, with a smile, "you told me the you were making use of a power not possessed by the general body of mankind. Understand me, I still believe that in spite of what you said to Mr. Kelvin. Otherwise, if you had believed that your knowledge of the exact language used in conversations which you did not hear and which could not have been reported to you, not to mention any other phases of this mystery."

"It's true," he groaned, "and that's the worst of it. There?" he cried suddenly, pointing through the window of the car which had not yet been drawn out of the station. "Can you tell me what those two men are talking about?"

"Certainly not," I replied.

"I can," said he. "The taller man is trying to sell the other a horse. I could describe the horse, which I have never seen, not as he exists probably, but as the man who is trying to sell him has described him. Wouldn't that seem like a miracle?"

"It would have that flavor," I admitted.

"I know what he is saying by the motion of his lips," said Donald. "I have learned to do it. I got the idea from Tim Healy. You know that he was deaf for years when he was young, and he acquired the power then. I am not very expert, but Tim is a wonderful fellow. His struggles are, and his successes are, and when I told Gillespie to denounce me yesterday because today would be too late I meant that I should confess everything openly today, and I'm going to do it. I have merely been playing tricks."

"You're excited, Donald," said his father, trying to soothe him. "This man's death should not affect you so. You are in no way responsible for it. We made our way to the street. Gillespie's body had been taken into a store, and the doctor who had pronounced him dead was just coming out again."

"The fellow had a weak heart," said he in answer to my question. "The

blow which he got by falling against that hitching post weakened it still more, and liquor combined with the heat of this noon finished him. There's nothing unusual in the case."

"Isn't there, eh?" said a voice behind me.

I turned and saw Kelvin, who raised his right hand and shook a finger at Donald.

"I've got no cause to take sides with you," he said, "but one thing I'm willing to admit: You are a wonder, a wonder! That's what you are."

"Mr. Kelvin," cried Donald, "in a voice of agony, 'I have confessed!'"

"Confess all you want to," answered Kelvin. "I heard what you said to that man, and I know what has happened to him. That's enough for me."

"But don't you see," exclaimed Donald, "a coincidence was brought about against me. I couldn't get in the way I was going without having something of this kind happen sooner or later. I never meant that he would die."

Kelvin was turning away, but Donald sprang after him and caught his arm.

"Let me tell you," he pleaded. "The diamonds! I know where they were. Some one told me. Some one in your house heard a noise in the night and looked out of the window. And there was Cobb digging a hole in the ground. It was dark, but she knew him by his extraordinary shape. Of course she had no idea what he was doing for her, but when the diamonds were missed she understood. Meanwhile she'd mentioned the incident to me. I'd confided in her days before. I had told her that I knew there was a plot against my mother, that Archer was in it, and that Mr. Harrington would never believe the truth unless some awfully queer thing was done to impress him. Well, she agreed to help me. She saw in the Cobb affair a chance for me to shine. She'd mentioned the incident to me in the morning before the diamonds were missed. She knew that I would know what it meant. So when Mrs. Kelvin insisted upon coming over to see me Amy chimed in with her. And you can understand the rest."

"This may all be true," answered Kelvin, "but it doesn't change my opinion in the least."

"When Cobb was let out of jail," continued Donald eagerly, "he went straight to your house and climbed in through the library window. You caught him taking down some books. I was the absolutely certain inference? Why, that the deed was in that room and somewhere near those books. Cobb had found it weeks ago and had left it there because he could not think of a safer place. I told Amy, and she smuggled me into the library. We found the hiding place with the deed and other documents in it. We took them all out. Of course it was certain that Cobb, having been prevented by you from getting the deed, would elude Reedy and return. Joe Harvey, as we all understood, was in this plot to blackmail you by making a pretense of producing an heir of Walmesley and then selling you the deed. He had put up the ball for Cobb. When Cobb escaped from Reedy and found that the deed was gone, he went to tell the blackbird you to go back to jail. Not at all. He skipped, just as any other rascal would have done. Then I went and bought a skeleton hand of a young doctor over in Solway, and with the aid of that old car on the table, I fixed up my

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WOMAN'S

MISS GERTRUDE BEEKS.

A Talented Young Sociologist Who is making history for herself faster than almost any other woman. It is altogether a new kind of history too. Her occupation is one that has never before been undertaken by a member of her sex. Miss Beeks is the daughter of a scheme for averting strikes. She has the rare faculty of putting a stop to labor troubles and of reconciling capital and labor, and she is exercising her extraordinary ability to great advantage.

Whenever her services are required she starts out cautiously. In the McCormick establishment she began among the 400 girls employed in the



twine binding department. There was dissatisfaction throughout the department, and murmurs and threats of revolt were common. She saw that something must be done to avert the strike which was imminent.

The first thing she did was to place large mirrors in the girls' dressing rooms. One small looking glass was all that she had been allowed. This inconvenience of itself was enough, so they thought, to breed discontent. Then she organized a girls' club, making it a center for all their social and amusements. She plans all sorts of entertainments for the employees.

Miss Beeks did not undertake her work on the spur of the moment. She has looked into sociological activities. All her deeper study has been along these lines. She has been reading and thinking with broad-mindedness, so called women of leisure who recognize no difference in the social scale simply because necessity impels their sisters to do their work in a practical way.

Her thoughts have been directed especially to the improvement of sanitation, to better facilities, pure drinking water, etc. She wants the public library made accessible by having books delivered to the employees of great industrial establishments at their work-rooms. She does it all from the humanitarian standpoint and simply because she is kind.

Miss Beeks was born at Greenville, Tenn. She lived on a fruit plantation. There she spent considerable time among the primitive but interesting people in the Great Smoky mountain near Del Rio. She was educated at the college of Port Wayne, Ind.—Philadelphia Press.

The Corset and the Caricaturist.

Caran d'Ache, the caricaturist, has a page exposition of the latest question in recent number of the Paris Figaro. The problem is discussed in eight of the artist's intimately come drawings. No. 1 shows the busy headed and fiercely banded dress reformer who is going to abolish, banish, exterminate and otherwise discourage the corset. No. 2 shows him in a painter's studio. The painter agrees that the corset is an instrument of torture and should be suppressed. Then we see the dress reformer at the dressmaker's. The dressmaker wears a magnificent moustache and a splendidly disarming smile. He is finally given in and promises his support to the corset abolitionist. The bloused and velvet capped sculptor assures him of his aid, and the fashionable photographer is persuaded to see beauty in an uncorseted subject. Husbands and mothers also lead voices in the crusade. But the end of it all the dress reformer is deserted seated at his pamphlet littered desk being interviewed by a meek reporter. "And what are you waiting for now, dear master," asks the reporter, "before telling the world that the corset is dead?"

"Nothing, a mere nothing," replies the intrepid dress reformer; "a simple formality—the consent of the women!"

Smile Always.

The girl who gets along in this world usually helps herself to thank. It is a survival of the fittest for girls as well as for others. She must be cheerful, she must be entertaining, she must know how to make and, above all, how to keep friends, for this last is what will in the long run count most for or against her, says the Evening Press.

The girl who is afraid to make a mistake is a luxury granted to very few people, and those the high and mighty. It gives way to her feelings and grants herself the luxury of snubbing a disagreeable woman—and for it is a luxury—she will be sure to pay for the indulgence. Her struggles are, and her successes are, and when I told Gillespie to denounce me yesterday because today would be too late I meant that I should confess everything openly today, and I'm going to do it. I have merely been playing tricks."

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FEMINE CHAT.

Franz Friedrich Matern, the original Brunhilde, has lost all her money and is obliged to make her home in Vienna.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's gifts for archeology and anthropology at the University of California amounted to \$111,000 during the last academic year.

Miss Lizzie Sherman, the only unmarried daughter of the late General W. T. Sherman, will not return to Washington this winter, but will remain in Paris.

Miss Emma D. Sedgwick, in the office of the quartermaster general, Washington, has just celebrated the fortieth anniversary of her entrance in the service of the war department.

Dr. Sara R. Ellison of New York is considered to have the finest library of books on conjuring and magic in the country, representing many years of search and labor on the part of its owner.

Miss Nora Stanton Blatch, granddaughter of the late Elizabeth Cady Stanton, was the only woman to take up civil engineering at Cornell university. She will carry her grandmothers' work.

Under the will of Jane Anne Madsen, recently filed in Philadelphia, several valuable paintings, including portraits of Queen Matilda of Denmark and Marie Antoinette, are devised to the Duke of Argyll in trust for King Edward.

The Countess de Castellane, formerly Miss Anne Howells, who is to marry David Fairchild, entomologist of the Smithsonian institute, has been the especial companion of her father and in her childhood figured in two or three children's stories which he wrote for a juvenile magazine.

IMPERTINENT PERSONALS.

Mr. Schwab seems to be tired of everything but spending money, and even that is becoming a bore.—Buffalo News.

No one can contemplate the profound silence of Chauncey Dewey recently and say that marriage is a failure.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

It is said that Count Bond de Castellane has an \$11,000 overcoat. This recalls the cowboy expression, "A hundred dollar saddle on a ten dollar boss."—Denver Post.

Booth Tarkington in Indiana and Winston Churchill in New Hampshire will now proceed to give those commonwealths some novel legislation.—Washington Times.

Dr. Harper may be right in declaring that the church is "alienating the rich," but he is the satisfied of knowing that he is entirely innocent of such folly himself.—Newark News.

General Corbin has decided that girls may marry his badgeholders, stiff, old general, but they must not get their caps for his young officers. Gen. Corbin, and he has no prophet.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

CHURCH AND CLERGY.

Dr. Moses Payson Parmelee, the veteran missionary of the American board in eastern Turkey, died recently. He was in Turkey since 1852.

In British Columbia there are more Buddhists than Baptists, more Confucians than Congregationalists and nearly as many pagans as Lutherans.

Bishop John Janssen of the Roman Catholic diocese of Belleville, Ill., has resigned his bishopric at the age of sixty-two and will retire to a Franciscan monastery.

Dr. Cuyler, who has preserved his physical and mental vigor to the ripe age of eighty years, says, "I have eschewed all indigestible food, stimulants and intoxicants; have taken a fair amount of exercise; have avoided too hard study or sermon making in the evening; and thus secured sound and sufficient sleep."

JEWELRY JOTTINGS.

The moonstone is quite in the ascendant again and figures in buttons and sleeve links among other things.

The revival of the cameo has brought to the fore many new and artful designs to those who delight in the unique and rare.

Drawing chain bags, large or small, introduced tentatively last season, have much increased their vogue. They are very handsome and are frequently further enriched with fringe of gold, leather or pearls.

Que novel is the manner in which large pearls and diamonds of equal size are mounted together in the rings—for instance, a two-stone ring, a diamond and a pearl, and a three-stone ring, diamond, pearl and diamond or pearl, diamond and pearl.—Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

RAILWAY TIES.

On the London and Northwestern railway there are 17,000 signals lighted every night.

On the railroads in Canada it is necessary to keep over 600 snow plows in operation every winter.

Over 250,000 passengers paid \$119,385 in fares during the last six months on the Manchester corporation tramway system.

An invention which all railroad travelers will appreciate is to be tested on the new trains of the Berlin-Zossen experimental railway. It is a device for carrying the smoke from the locomotive to the rear end of the train through a closed duct running along the top of the carriages.

Pattini's Bright Eyes.

Mme. Adeline Patti has wonderfully youthful eyes, and thus accounts for their preservation: "I never read at night," she says, "if I can help it. I bathe my eyes in hot and cold water. I sleep fully nine hours, or more if I need it. I eat lightly many times a day. I keep my eyes free by not making them tired. That is all."

Dainty Draperies.

Fish nets and lace styled scrima make dainty draperies for fancy bed dressing. A pretty way to make the spread is to join the widths of net and scrim with insertion and finish with a three inch frill to match.

South Carolina clubwomen, through their state federation, have awarded sixteen scholarships in various educational institutions of the state ranging from kindergarten training schools to colleges.

J. J. BROWN, THE EYE A SPECIALTY.

Eyes tested, treated, fitted with glasses and artificial eyes supplied.

Market Street, Bloomsburg, Pa. Hours—10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Tel.—home 1438.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Rooms With Expression.

An expressionless room is no longer tolerated by people of refined taste, while rooms that mean something to become more popular every day, and of these the colonial room, the oriental room and the drift room seem to have the largest number of admirers. The oriental room is particularly good when there are north windows and a warm, cozy effect is desired. The colonial style is not well adapted to small rooms, but under proper conditions it is decidedly satisfactory, and appeals strongly to the wealthy, for it usually represents a large expenditure. These rooms are most attractive in delicate tones, and since cheap stuff will not take the dye in these tones it is impossible to produce cheap imitations, a fact very gratifying to the exclusively inclined. The drift rooms are most easily attained by the artistic housewife of small means, and this style is a real friend in need, for it can be made wonderfully pretty at little expense. There are beautiful creosoles in drift and white that work into the furnishings most satisfactorily. Then there are white curtains embroidered with blue in deift patterns that are exquisitely beautiful, and rugs in deift and white may be obtained so cheaply that almost any woman may have one by doing without a new street suit. Upholstery hangings choose the bordered ideas if you want the latest. You can find them in the materials designed for almost every style of room. And that reminds me, if you can't locate a room with expression, have a cozy corner and be happy, but don't put a Japanese cozy corner into a colonial room. That would suggest a crazy idea that no room would be willing to express if it had a voice in the matter.

Orange Cake.

Beat to a cream the yolks of four eggs with one cup of granulated sugar, to which add the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth and a half cup of milk alternately with one and a half cups of sifted flour into which a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder has been well mixed. Beat well and bake, in three layers if the pans are large or four if small, in a quick oven from seven to ten minutes, try with a lemon straw, and when it comes out clean remove from the oven. Don't let them bake a moment too long, or they will not absorb the filling. Filling: The whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, to which add a cup of powdered sugar, pouring it in all at once and beating hard; then the grated rind of an orange, select one dark in color, and the juice. The mixture should be like a thick cream. Spread thickly on the cake while hot, and to this is left to add enough sugar—about half a cupful—for frosting to harden. Ice the top and sides. This is a delicious cake, easily and quickly made.

A String Box.

A square card box not less than five inches across should be used for the foundation. It should be lined with some pretty and durable paper and covered with brocade, embroidered linen or fancy paper.

VERY CONVENIENT SOMETIMES.

On one side two little pointed tabs are fixed by their steel buttons to form a case for the scissors. On each side of the lid a small pointed tab is fixed, which fastens to said buttons sewed to the sides of the box itself.

A hole is bored in the center of the lid for the end of the string to pass through.—Young Ladies' Journal.

A Bad Breath

A bad breath means a bad stomach, a bad digestion, a bad liver. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache.

25c. A7 druggists.

Want your hair to be as beautiful as the BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for Whiskers

The Business Woman.

Frequently when a girl enters business she thinks of it as a temporary thing, not as a career or a profession. She takes it merely as a means of earning a living until she marries, and she gives to it half hearted, indifferent attention. There is no harm in looking forward to marriage "with the right person, when the right time comes," as grandmother used to say, but you should remember that if you are a poor wacker you will be a poor housekeeper. You must realize that by developing your best powers of mind, by learning regular habits of work, self discipline and concentration you will be gaining what will be as useful to you in home life as in business. It is natural to wish for a home of your own, but you will be badly prepared to make it a pleasant or a comfortable abiding place if you are inefficient, lazy, careless or undisciplined.

Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages there should be cleanliness.

Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals nasal catarrh, and relieves the membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing, cures Sores, cuts, Bruises, etc. by snail; Trini-Silo, 10 cents by mail.

Ely Brothers, 55 Warren Street, New York.

EXECUTIVE NOTICE

Estate of George W. Myerly, late of borough of Danville, in the county of Montour and state of Pennsylvania, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are required to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the said estate, to make known the same without delay to MRS. HARRIET S. MYERLY, Executrix of George W. Myerly, Deceased, Edw. Sayre Gearhart, Counsel, Danville, Pa., December 10th, 1902.

SELLS WOOD

—AND— COAL

—AT—

LACKAWANNA RAILROAD—BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

WEST.

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