

DONALD DONALDSON, JR.

Being a True Record and Explanation of the Seven Mysteries Now Associated With His Name in the Public Mind and Old Faith, Which is the Key of the Seven

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CHAPTER IX.

MRS. KELVIN insisted upon ordering the carriage to take us home, though it was not far from the apartment house. She overhauled Donald with expressions of gratitude and assurances of her great and triumphant faith in his powers.

The poor boy was dazed as if by some sudden and weighty sorrow. He repeated, "Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Kelvin," in the manner of one who receives condolences that are powerless to draw his mind away from his bereavement. While we were riding home he was unable to restrain his tears, and, being in the car, he was most ashamed of them, he knuckled his eyes diligently.

The deacon and Dorothy were on the veranda as we drove up, and Carl Archer came out of the house a moment later.

"I will tell you," said Donald, evading questions and questioners with a nervous haste. "I've got to dress for dinner."

He was half way up the stairs, as I judged by his speed, before any one could utter a word to restrain him. Thus deserted by the hero of the occasion, I told my story as briefly and clearly as I could. Carl occasionally interrupted me with a question, but Dorothy and the deacon said nothing. Obviously they viewed the story in a different light.

Before I had finished Donald thrust his head between the wings of the screen door.

"Mother," he called, "can I have my dinner served in my room? I don't feel very well."

The tone in which the last words were uttered was intended to be convincing, but it made us all laugh.

"Come out here, you big stupid," said Dorothy. "We won't talk about it."

He advanced with hesitation and embarrassment. Presently we sat down to dinner, which was served out of doors in the red rays of the sunset, and throughout the meal Dorothy made good her pledge, checking every reference to the adventure of the day.

"Dorothy and I have tried to talk this matter over two or three times," said he, "but it results in mutual recrimination so we have tacitly agreed not to mention it again."

"Recriminations?" I echoed.

"She says Don inherits this from me," he replied, with a smile, "and I say that he inherits it from her. That's as far as the discussion ever goes. I don't know what she has said to Don, but I haven't said anything. Hell stop of his own accord."

I knew from old experience that any attempt to draw him out upon this subject would be futile. Three minutes was the limit of time that his mind could be held upon it. So we passed to other matters, and I said that I was glad to have heard him sing with Dorothy that evening, of late years he had sung so little.

"My voice is getting old and worn out," he said. "I am past my singing days."

I assured him with sincerity that their two voices had never sounded sweeter than on that evening.

"Dorothy is as fresh as a girl's," he replied. "By my ear, certainly, it hasn't changed at all."

"It seems to me that it has improved in the last two years," said I.

"She has used it more," said he. "A singing voice needs exercise, and after nine years rusty Dorothy neglected her own until Arnold came to town. She is singing with some one else, I wouldn't call Archer a great tenor," he added with a smile, "but his voice has the ring of youth in it."

They were 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 we already had. Or perhaps they were all one and the same, 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 blind and silly enough to think that that was what she meant.

It has 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 rule. The old ones are ripe and strong. They are saturated with the seething, full hearted life of an American university. They sometimes seem to be submerged in it and to have lost their individuality, but draw the wrinkled fellows together for a moment, like pearls from fagons of good wine, and you shall find the fruit still sound at heart and full of a rich savor which has gained in tempering the vintage.

The young men are sturdy and earnest, and for every one of the whole lot, young and old together, who has stagnated and is behind the times there are ninety-nine who are well in advance.

I include this hasty tribute in order to show that Professor George F. Severn had everything in his favor when I met him, and yet he did not please me. There was something assertive in his manner, and he spoke of his book upon telepathy as if he thought I would not dare confess that I had not read it. I don't know what she has said to Don, but I haven't said anything, however, to make that admission.

It appeared that Professor Severn held the Watkins chair in psychology in the New Jersey university and that he had heard of Donald's remarkable performance and had come to Tunbridge to make an investigation. He was a lean, tall man of forty, with deep set, searching eyes. He was smooth shaven, and his under lip projected beyond the upper. When he talked, this peculiarity became more noticeable; his words seemed to strike against the protruding lip and to glance up into the air.

I told him that he would find Donald a very hard subject to deal with; that I doubted whether he would be able to earn anything of importance in the line at his disposal, considering that I had failed to do so with a much larger opportunity. He was at liberty, however, to make the experiment, and, as he said, I should esteem it an honor if he would be my guest. He accepted my proposal with that sort of hesitation which proves such an offer has been counted upon in advance.

Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson did not view the professor's visit with favor when I told them the object of it; but, to my great surprise, Donald took the invitation very lightly.

"I'll tell you all I know about it, Professor Severn," said he. "It isn't much, and I wish it were less."

Upon this the professor proceeded to put Donald through a rigid cross-examination in regard to the matter of the expected robber. He seemed to have a good knowledge of the affair, and his questions showed a shrewd intelligence. Yet they developed little that was new—so little, in fact, that I am able to omit the scene without loss. Donald spoke with perfect freedom, exhibited no impatience and showed absolutely no bias. He made one excellent point, as it seemed to me, by way of illustration.

"If you were going to meet a man of Jones whom you had never seen," said he, "wouldn't you have a feeling as to how he would look?"

"I might," the professor admitted, whereupon Donald said that he would almost certainly have such a feeling.

"But mine are as often wrong as right," said the professor.

"Mine aren't," rejoined Donald, "and I think, sir, that yours wouldn't be if you were always able to separate your feelings from your opinions. Your intuition is founded upon what you know, and in such a case you do not know enough to be of any use, but your feeling is based upon something which is entirely sufficient whenever you can really get down to it."

I was deeply interested in this statement of Donald's, and it appeared to impress the other hearers also, for Carl referred to it on the following day. Severn and Donald were in the office with me when Carl and Jim Bunn came in to speak upon a matter of business. After that was settled there was some discussion of psychic matters. It was a subject in which poor old Bunn was deeply interested, and he lingered to listen.

"You were speaking of those feelings of yours," Don said Archer. "Do they ever come to you about common things—the weather, for instance?"

"I have known what the weather would be," replied Donald, "but not often."

"Couldn't tell us what it will be tomorrow, eh?"

ruffled by Carl's banter for the first time in his observation. "For instance, I have no idea what I shall do this afternoon, but I know what Professor Severn will do."

"That's all settled, I believe," said the professor. "I am going upon a drive with Mr. Harrington, who has been so kind as to invite me."

"You speak in general terms, sir," said Donald. "I think I can supply something more specific."

He took a card from my desk and wrote rapidly upon it. Then he put it into an envelope, which he sealed.

"Suppose we let Mr. Bunn hold this until you return from the drive," said he, "and then I will raise an objection Bunn took the envelope.

"This looks like a put up job, Uncle John," said Archer. "I'm afraid that you and Donald have arranged the route of this drive."

"I treated this just with the scorn which it deserved, but I am sorry to say that our guest seemed to regard it seriously. The look which he flashed upon me was plainly one of suspicion. However, the laws of hospitality prevented me from giving him a piece of my mind."

About half past 12 we went up to the house for luncheon, and an hour later I returned to the office, having an appointment there. It was a matter which could be concluded in a few minutes, and my intention was to be home again by a quarter past 2, when the carriage would be ready for Professor Severn and myself. About that time, however, the professor came hastily into the office, carrying his traveling bag.

"I have had a telegram which calls me away," said he. "I must catch the 2:30 train. I can make connections for Newark and proceed from there to Princeton."

I expressed the hope that it was not business which recalled me so hastily, and he replied that it had to do with a business matter requiring immediate attention. His manner indicated that he felt considerable anxiety. I accompanied him to the train, and, while returning, I met Donald in the path across the field. He seemed to be in bad spirits.

"The professor has gone," said I, taking him by the arm. "I suppose you knew that he was going. Is it on the card?"

"Bunn will show it to you, unless," said he gloomily.

As soon as we reached the office I sent for Bunn and demanded the envelope. He gave it to me, and I opened it and read aloud what was written on the card, as follows:

"Professor Severn will receive a message that will call him away. He will take the 2:30 train and so to New York."

"That's that marvelous, marvelous isn't it?" said Bunn. And he repeated the word to himself in a silent fashion which is characteristic of him.

Like many other nervous people, Bunn talks to himself, but not audibly, and for every one of the whole lot, young and old together, who has stagnated and is behind the times there are ninety-nine who are well in advance.

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had just returned. In such circumstances, sir, you can understand that this telegram, coming into a man's home, might create a very natural misunderstanding."

"I regret this most deeply," said I. "Did Mrs. Severn accompany you to Tunbridge?"

"She was so good as to volunteer to assist me in my investigations," he replied. "She is now at the station, asking some further questions of the operator."

I glanced out of the window and saw a tall woman walking rapidly up the path in the field. Even at that distance I perceived the firmness of her aspect, a certain masterful manner as of one who is rarely contradicted.

"Have no uneasiness, Professor Severn," said I. "This is a remarkable affair, but it is susceptible of a perfect clear explanation."

Indeed, at the conclusion of the interview which followed all questions except one had been satisfactorily answered. The unanswerable question concerned the motive which had led to the imposture that had been practiced upon us. Granting that any person wished to pry into our affairs, there was nothing strange in his personating a college professor who had an actual existence, and especially one who was known to have been in the city on Monday morning if he had attended church the day before replied, "Yes, sir; I attended the First church," and to the question, "Are you not aware, sir, that there was no service at that church yesterday?" replied, "I mean, professor, the first church came to."

We doubt if Tom Hood or Horace Smith, quick witted as they were, could have made a happier reply than that made by a wit in Waterville college (now Colby) of the class of '45. Professor Martin B. Anderson, afterward the famed president of Rochester university. One morning he read in the classroom a sparkling essay, and the professor, knowing or suspecting it to have been written by some young friend, asked as the reader went down, "Is that essay original, Mr. Jones?"

"Why, yes, sir," said Jones with imperturbable coolness and that pastedboard smile which he always wore. "I suppose it is. It had 'original' over it in the newspaper I took it from."

It was a Brown university student who had the front to ask Professor Caswell whether his name would not be as well without the C.

It was a Brown graduate who at the age of twenty-five and who, being asked by a college classmate how he contrived at his frosty time of life to win the affections of so young a woman, replied: "Oh, it was easy enough. I just addressed to her two lines of poetry. I wrote:

"If love is a flame that is kindled by fire, Then an old stick is best because 'tis the warmest wood for the fire."

It was a Harvard student who many years ago had the courage at the sudden apparition of Professor P. at a bonfire which the youth with other students had kindled in the college yard to stand and confront him when, as in the case of the other, he came to the deck, "all but him had fled." "I am surprised, Thomson, to find you in such company," exclaimed the professor. "I see nobody here but you and me, professor," was the reply.

A QUEER PICTURE THING.
The Way One Art Treasure Was Rescued From Oblivion.

Few chapters in the world's history are more curious and interesting than that which deals with the fortunes of its art treasures. In the cathedral at Montreal, or was a few years ago, a large piece of tapestry which had been discovered in a back street of New England town. The story is told in Mrs. Silsbach's "Half Century of Salem."

One day a certain Mr. Miller passing through Derby street saw a woman beating clouds of dust from a carpet. Something peculiar in its appearance made him stop and look closely at it, when he discovered, to his astonishment, that it was a splendid piece of tapestry, with life sized figures wrought from Raphael's cartoon, "Feed My Lambs."

The woman was quite willing to sell the tapestry for the price which he offered. It was, in fact, a standing grievance to her. Her husband was a sailor, and when he went out on one of his voyages she had begged him to bring her a carpet for her room. As it happened, he did not visit her port where he carried by a carpet, but rolled up in a little shop on the quay at Malta he had found the tapestry and purchased it, thinking it might answer the purpose.

She folded the piece back, revealing part of the superb border of fruit and flowers, wrought in silk and gold thread, as fresh as when it was first brought. But the owner eyed it with contempt. She never did sell it. It was the opportunity of a lifetime. Mr. Miller promptly offered her the choice of any carpet in the stores in exchange for her "queer picture thing" and the woman, as promptly accepted the offer. They went down town together, and she selected, with unbounded delight, a hideous pattern of glowing reds and greens. Her face was full of triumph when she returned to the best room at last was to have a carpet that was a carpet!

It is safe to say that no bargain ever gave more complete satisfaction to both parties than the one that made that morning in Derby street, Salem.

A GREAT WORRY CURE.
Common Sense Is the Best Remedy That Can Be Prescribed.

I once asked a physician what cure he could suggest for the worrying habit, and he replied, "Common sense," he said, "and if a man or woman hasn't got a stock on hand and cannot cultivate the medical man is powerless." This worrying nonsense grows. The best means to cure it lies in the common sense of the woman involved.

If she will just call a little horse sense to her aid, resolve not to borrow trouble, to be cheerful and think upon the right side of things, she will live longer and be able to retain her beauty. Every woman has the strongest desire to keep her good looks. Why, then, does she take the course which is sure to make her yellow, skinned, dull eyed and thoroughly unlovely?

stomachic, and nux vomica, with them as with human beings, affords quick relief. A drop of dilute nux vomica will bring back a fish's appetite, restore its weight and make it active and cheerful.—New York Tribune.

Woodchurch parish, Wirral, England, has a parish cow which may be borrowed for a year at a stretch for 64 cents as the result of a legacy.

JOKES BY COLLEGE MEN.
Some of Them Are Handed Down From Generation to Generation.

The student college jeux d'esprit which time and the absence of their own sustaining atmosphere have not wholly desiccated, says William Matthews in the Saturday Evening Post—

For example, the reply of a senior, whose class was studying mental philosophy when asked, "Does an effect ever go before a cause?" "Yes, sir; sometimes." "Give an example." "A man wheeling a barrow." That student would certainly have distinguished himself at special pleading if he had been asked to give an example of his professor one Monday morning if he had attended church the day before replied, "Yes, sir; I attended the First church," and to the question, "Are you not aware, sir, that there was no service at that church yesterday?" replied, "I mean, professor, the first church came to."

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The Englishwoman is greatly admired for her utter refusal to worry to be worried. Consequently she looks young at fifty. Undertaking no more than she can comfortably carry out and firmly believing in the coming of another day, she does not procrastinate, but simply will not let the domestic machinery grind her down to ill health and an early old age.

hungry than eat a whole meal of cheaper things.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

An Orphan?
A well known professor has a bright boy, who one day at the age of four appeared in his father's study clasping in his hands a forlorn looking little chicken which had strayed from a neighboring incubator.

"Willie," said his father sternly, "take that chicken back to its mother." "Ain't dot any mudder," answered Willie.

"Well, then, take it back to its father," when the professor, determined to maintain parental authority, said, "Ain't dot any father," said the child. "Ain't dot anythin' but an old lamp!"—New York Times.

"They claim that peritonitis is a cure for appendicitis." "I suppose that's on the same principle that beheading is a sure cure for squinting!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Willie is brushwood, judgment is timber. The first makes the brightest flames, but the other gives the most lasting heat.

The most reliable preparation for kidney troubles on the market is Foley's Kidney Cure. Sold by Denton & Ward.

The newest lighthouse on the French coast shows a beam visible at a distance of 30 nautical miles in clear weather. It is situated on the Ile Verte, off the French coast, to the northeast of Ushant, the lantern being 24 feet above sea level.

Foley's Honey and Tar is best for croup and whooping cough, contains no opiates, and cures quickly. Careful mothers keep it in the house. Sold by Denton & Ward.

Better lose your argument than your friend.—Ran's Horn.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures the cough caused by attack of a gripe. It kills the junks. Sold by Denton & Ward.

An industrial and agricultural school for colored youths of Maryland was opened last month near Laurel, in that state.

Winter coughs are apt to result in consumption if neglected. They can be broken up by using Foley's Honey and Tar. Sold by Denton & Ward.

A recent report shows that 2,569 Christians were murdered in 1901 by the Turks. In only 61 cases were the murderers punished, and then with not more than four years' imprisonment.

A Night Alarm.
Worse than an alarm of fire at night is the brassy cough of croup, which sounds like the clatter of a tin can and means death unless something is done quickly. Foley's Honey and Tar never fails to give instant relief and quickly cures the worst form of croup. R. L. Cordier, of Mannington, Ky., writes: "My three year old girl had a severe case of croup; the doctor said she could not live. I got a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar, the first dose gave quick relief and saved her life." Refuse substitutes. Sold by Denton & Ward.

In France it is illegal to catch frogs at night.

A Thousand Dollars Thrown Away.
Mr. W. W. Baker, of Plainville, Neb., writes: "My wife had lung trouble over fifteen years. We tried a number of doctors and spent over a thousand dollars without any relief. She was very low and I lost all hope when a friend suggested trying Foley's Honey and Tar, which I did; and thanks to be to great remedy, it saved her life. She is stronger and enjoys better health than she has ever known in ten years. We shall never be without Foley's Honey and Tar and would ask those afflicted to try it." Sold by Denton & Ward.

The records left by the Phoenicians, Assyrians and ancient Persians show that among all those nations the use of perfumes was very common.

One Minute Cough Cure gives relief in one minute, because it kills the microbes which tickle the mucous membrane causing the cough. It acts in the same time clears the phlegm, draws out the inflammation and heals and soothes the affected parts. One Minute Cough Cure strengthens the throat, wards off pneumonia and a harmless and never failing cure in all curable cases of Coughs, Colds, and Croup. One Minute Cough Cure is pleasant to take, harmless and good alike for young and old. Smith Bros.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.
The only positive cure for blind, itching, and protruding piles, cuts, burns, bruises, eczema and all abrasions of the skin. DeWitt's is the only Witch Hazel Salve that is made with the pure, unadulterated witch hazel—all others are counterfeits. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is made to cure hemorrhoids and is sold by Smith Bros.

The largest dome in the world is that of the Lutheran church at Warsaw. Its interior diameter is 200 feet. That of the British museum library is 130 feet.

Illinois Central EXCURSION RATES.

Excursion tickets will be sold by the Illinois Central, to the points, and at rates as follows: Fare and one-third on Certificate Plan. New Orleans, La.—Annual Convention National Hardware Ass'n, November 19-21. New Orleans, La.—Annual Meeting American Public Health Ass'n, Dec. 8-13.

OPEN RATE OF ONE FARE PLUS \$1.00
Home-seekers' Excursions, West, South, South-east and South-west, Nov. 4 and 19, Dec. 2 and east and South-west, Nov. 4 and 19, Dec. 2 and 10, Jan. 6 and 20, Feb. 3 and 17, March 3 and 17, April 7 and 21.

LESS THAN ONE FARE.
One Way, Second-class, Colonists' Rates to points in the South, Southeast and South-west, rates plus \$2.00, tickets on sale Nov. 4 and 19, Dec. 2 and 10, Jan. 6 and 20, Feb. 3 and 17, March 3 and 17, April 7 and 21.

Farm For Sale.
A fine Stock and Dairy farm of 200 acres 5 miles south of Manchester, 1 mile from railroad station and creamery. A fine well equipped good house and cow barn, hog house, corn crib and other out buildings. A fine well equipped with wind mill attached, 10 acres of splendid corn and clover or farm will be sold with same if desired. For terms inquire of ANSEL DUNHAM or O. A. DUNHAM, Manchester, Iowa.

TIRRILL & PIERCE
are Loaning Money as cheap as any person or corporation.

DOUGLASS, the Photographer.
Go to Douglass For FINE PICTURES.

A Burning Question

at present is that of **Coal**

We have on hand a choice assortment of the most desirable grades of soft coal at the lowest prices consistent with the market. All coal promises to be scarce later in the season and prices will rule higher.

HOLLISTER LUMBER COMPANY.

Dr. Wilbert Shallenberger.
The Regular and Reliable Chicago Specialist will be at Manchester, Iowa, Monday, February 23, one day only and return every 28 days. Office hours 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Independence, Gedney Hotel, Tuesday, February 24.



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DeWitt's Little Early Risers do not gripe nor weaken the system. They are highly beneficial, laudable, constipating and inactive, by arousing the secretions, moving the bowels gently, yet effectually, and giving such tone and strength to the glands of the stomach, liver and bowels that the case of the trouble is removed entirely. These famous little pills exert a decided tonic effect upon the organs of the body and if their use is continued for a few days there will be no return of the trouble. Smith Bros.

Meat originally meant any kind of food.
A Weak Stomach.
Causes a weak body and invites disease. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cures and strengthens the stomach, and wards off and overcomes disease. J. B. Taylor, a prominent merchant of Christman, Tex., says: "I could not eat because of a weak stomach. I lost all strength and run down in weight. All that money could do was done, but all hope of recovery was vanished. Hearing of some wonderful cures effected by use of Kodol, I concluded to try it. The first bottle benefited me, and after taking four bottles I am fully restored to my usual strength, weight and health." Smith Bros.

Very Low Rates.
To points in Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, British Columbia, Utah and Colorado, in effect daily from Feb. 15th to April 30th, via Chicago Great Western Ry. Write to J. P. Eimer, G. P. A., Chicago, for full particulars. 6-13w.

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