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FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1903.

AN EXTREMIST'S VIEW OF THE NEGRO.

It is the policy of this paper to print communications on various topics of public interest in order to show the drift of thought. In pursuance of that policy we printed in yesterday's paper a communication from Dr. M. Jeter, of Salem, Va., on the negro question, in which he takes the ground and attempts to substantiate his position by Scripture, that the negro is a beast and without a soul.

Dr. Jeter's communication seems to us not only unreasonable, but harsh and cruel. Of course, we did not mean to give it even the semblance of approval by admitting it to our columns. It was printed to show to what lengths extremists will go. It was printed to bring the extremists face to face with the negro question.

We do not think that Dr. Jeter means to be cruel or harsh, for he writes as one who is conscientious, and as one who is convinced of the truthfulness of his position. But it is utterly inconceivable to us that a man who has been brought up in the South, especially a man who has had the tender care of a black mammy, and who has had many an example of pious men and women in the negro race, can come to the conclusion that the negro is not a human being; that he is only a higher order of the brute creation, and that he has no promise of the life to come. There are brutal negroes; there are negroes who seem to be almost as brutal as the brutes. But there are brutal white men also, and we cannot judge a whole race by individual members of that race.

However, it is not that phase of the question which we would discuss. For in an abstract question like this nothing can be proved absolutely. We cannot prove that the white man has a soul, for that matter, or that there is a life beyond the grave for him. It is at best a matter of faith, a matter of inner consciousness. It is the practical part of Dr. Jeter's article that commands the attention of the white people of the South. If the negro is a beast, he should be treated as other beasts are treated. He should be held in servitude and worked for the white man's benefit and profit as other beasts of burden are worked. He should have no civil or political rights; he should not be given instruction, except such instruction as will make him more valuable as a beast of burden. That is the inevitable conclusion of Dr. Jeter's proposition, and he seems to believe that that course should be pursued.

But if the negro is not a beast; if he is, indeed, a human being, even though an inferior human being, endowed with intellect, having a spiritual nature, and being a part of the human family, he should be treated as a human being; he should be given the rights of human beings before the law; he should be given all the rights of citizenship where he shows himself capable of exercising them discreetly, and he should be given the chance to live and enjoy life and improve his condition and fit himself for the duties of this life and fit his soul for the life to come.

There is no middle ground. We must treat the negro as a beast of burden or treat him as a human being.

AID AND INDEPENDENCE.

The Petersburg Index-Appeal, in commenting on the recent Conference for Education in this city and on the Southern educational movement, says that "the problem of education in the South must be solved, not by the donation of libraries to rich communities nor by generous endowments of the higher institutions of learning, but by pecuniary aid to the country public schools of the South, so that they will be able to maintain a session of six or seven months or more in the year and to pay such salaries as will attract the best class of teachers."

If we understand the movement and the purpose of the Northern men who are interested in it, it is to accomplish this very thing. Some aid has been given to the schools of higher education, such as the Normal School of Georgia, but most of it has been given to the country schools. Some of the opponents of the movement say that it is bad policy for the Southern people to accept outside aid, as it tends to make them dependent upon the bounty of the North. But the whole spirit of this movement is to encourage independence, to arouse sentiment and to induce the tax-payers in this community and that to increase their levy and the appropriations for public school purposes. The Southern Education Board is the propaganda, and has done a fine work in helping to arouse sentiment. It could not be otherwise with such men as Tucker and Frazer and Frissell and McIver and Dabney and Alderman and Murphy in charge of the campaign. They have been industriously making speeches and circulating literature and talking with educators and taxpayers, and all admit that there has been a general awakening throughout the South in the interest of the public schools.

The General Education Board, following in the wake of the Southern Education Board, has been giving money here and there to aid in prolonging the school term. But in almost every instance, so far as we know, the money has been given conditionally, the condition being that a like amount would be raised either by private subscription or by public levy. For example, the people of a community agree to raise enough money to add one month to the term, and the General Education Board agrees to add another month. In every case money thus contributed by the General Education Board is turned over to the school authorities, to be expended by them. There is a further condition, and that is that in the second year the local appropriation will be increased, and the amount contributed by the General Education Board corrspondingly reduced, and so on for four or five years, until aid from the General Education Board is entirely withdrawn and the community assumes the entire burden.

It will be seen from this that the General Education Board does not propose to give money indefinitely to any community. It proposes to limit its contributions to a term of years, decreasing on a sliding scale, and in this way to stimulate the people to give more and to make full term schools without outside help.

Movements of this sort do not go backward. Whenever any community succeeds after a term of years in getting good schools for a full term, it may be depended upon that such schools will be continued, and the money to keep them going will be paid by the tax-payers. It is all a matter of education, and this movement is not only educating the children, but educating the tax-payers as well.

CLEVELAND NOMINATED.

The Brooklyn Eagle, whose editor, Mr. McKelway, so charmed the people of Richmond during the session of the Southern Conference for Education, is out in a column and a half article, urging that Grover Cleveland be nominated by the Democrats for the Presidency next year. It declares that Mr. Cleveland is the only man who could beat Theodore Roosevelt, and says that this reduces the case to those who would like to beat Mr. Roosevelt and to those who would not.

It recognizes that Mr. Cleveland has many strong opponents in the Democratic party, but thinks that this is more than offset by the fact that he has many friends outside the Democratic party who would join with the Democrats in electing him. It thinks also that Mr. Cleveland's election to the Presidency would be a public blessing. "Men would not go to bed with anxiety or wake up with apprehension," says the Eagle, "were Mr. Cleveland again President of the United States. The function of shock would be retired from executive action. The capacity for surprise would not be daily strained to exhaustion, were he in office again. The dangerous tendencies of plutocracy, on the one hand, and of proletaritism, on the other, would be stopped by the very fact of his Presidency. To the Democratic party his nomination would mean rejuvenation and to the country at large reassurance. It would fix the center of business security above the head of the Democracy, and afflict the new Republicanism with responsibility for the cohorts of spoliation with whom it has been coquetting of late years."

Mr. Cleveland's public career is unique. During his first administration he was easily the most popular man in the United States, and in 1892 he was easily the most popular Democrat—save with the politicians. They did not like him because he had his own way and frequently disregarded the advice of the party leaders. They said that he had no regard for the party interests, and that he was a dangerous man for any party to adopt as leader. Therefore, they used their mighty endeavors to defeat him, and at the Chicago Convention the New York delegation attacked him without mercy and used its mighty influence to defeat him for the nomination. But in spite of all this, the Democracy of the country had determined that Mr. Cleveland should be nominated, and he was nominated and elected.

But before his administration came to an end he was not only the most unpopular but the most despised man in the Democratic party or in the United States. Those who had in other days been his best friends and most ardent supporters turned to be his bitterest enemies, and heaped upon his devoted head their bitterest invective.

In the meantime Mr. Cleveland went on his way, nothing daunted, and after his term expired retired to the shades of Princeton, and has since led a quiet life, never pushing himself to the front and apparently shrinking from public notice.

Just how far the public tide has turned in his favor we know not, but it has turned in a measure, and it may be that before the next Democratic convention shall be held there will be a strong demand for Cleveland's return to public life. But we do not believe it. There must be a great change in sentiment, not to say a revolution, before Mr. Cleveland would be an available candidate. There are many men in the Democratic party who would rather see the party ignominiously defeated with some other man than to see it win with Mr. Cleveland in the lead.

Our Brooklyn contemporary says that Cleveland is the only man who could defeat Roosevelt, and that this reduces the case to those who would like to beat Roosevelt and to those who would not. In the present state of the public mind, however, there are many men in the Democratic party who would not hesitate a moment between those two, but would infinitely prefer Roosevelt to Cleveland.

Mr. Cleveland is a remarkable man and there may be a revolution of sentiment in his favor within the next twelve months, but nothing short of a civic or political miracle would bring this to pass. We think that Mr. Cleveland has had his day and we think that Mr. Bryan has had his day, and we think that the Democratic party should cast about for a new man—for a virile, vigorous, soul-stirring Democrat who has not been conspicuous in public life and who has no record to defend.

By the way, what's the matter with Editor McKelway? There are men and women in Richmond who would be pleased to vote for him.

ENFORCE THE LAW.

Chief Justice Andrew P. Wiswall, of Rockland, Me., in passing sentence the other day on a prohibition case, declared that it was the purpose of the court to enforce the prohibition law.

"While the sentences imposed this term for offenses committed before the first day of April," said he, "will be a fine only, in case of persistant violators against the law, if they continue to sell liquor in violation of law after this time, hereafter the sentence, not only by me, but I think I can say if they should come before any justice of the court, will be imprisonent and fine. * * * It is not to be the plan hereafter for persons to continue to commit offenses, and when complained against or indicted, to come up and pay a fine eand continue in the business."

Here is a confession that the prohibition law in Maine has not been enforced. Indeed, a year or two ago a judge declared from the bench that the prohibition law was rather regulative than prohibitive. It appeared that in a number of cases men had been permitted to go ahead and sell whiskey in violation of the law, but were yanked up every now and then and fined, the fines amounting in the aggregate to about what a license would cost.

This is to us one of the most serious phases of the prohibition question. Some of the prohibitionists of Maine were willing to let the law be defied and violated if only they could appease their conscience with the consolation that they had voted against the sale of ardent spirits. They seemed to think that it was more righteous to have whiskey sold in defiance of law than with the sanction of the claw. The law was a sham and a pretense, but it was the law, and the prohibitionists felt that they had done their duty in making the law and keeping it on the books, whether it was enforced or not.

Theree are prohibitionists of the same sort outside of the State of Maine, and it is not for us to say that they are insincere, but we do say that they are mistaken. The question of prime consideration in a government like ours is the enforcement of the law. And thee law should be enforced and upheld in such a way as to make men respect it.

We fully recognize the fact that there is a strong sentiment in the State of Virginia in favor of prohibition. It is stronger to-day than ever before, and under the operation of the Mann law in the rural districts, and under the operation of the local option law in many of the towns and some of the cities of the State, prohibition will be enforced in this State in the next year or two as never before in our history. Let Virginia therefore learn a lesson from Maine. Let us see to it that wherever prohibition exists the law be rigidly enforced, and that men be made to obey it. Let the officers of the law to be on the alert to apprehend those who violate the law, and let the courts deal with all such infractions as the law directs. Let us remember that prohibition is one thing and a prohibition law another. Men are disagreed as to whether or not the prohibition of the liquor traffic is right, but there can be no two opinions as to the righteousness of enforcing a law which has beeen duly enacted. It is the bounden duty of officers to see that the law is upheld and enforced in all instances, and the law against the sale of liquor should be enforced as rigidly as the law against gambling or theft, or any other thing that is prohibited.

We are not making a plea for prohibition, but for the law, which, to our mind, is of far more consequences. If it be determined by and by in one community or another that the prohibition law is wrong or unsatisfactory, let it be repealed, but so long as it is the law it must be enforced, or we shall be untrue to ourselves and untrue to the government which we care sworn to support.

HANGINGS HERE.

Talking about accidents at hangings, Richmond had a noteworthy one about seventy years ago, according to the traditions of the town.

Three Portuguese were condemned to die by the United Staes Court for an act of piracy committed in Virginia waters. The place of execution was near the penitentiary, in what is now called the penitentiary bottom, but which then was a wooded vale. The ropes provided in the case of two of the men served their purpose well, but that by which the third felon was suspended broke and he fell to the ground.

From what we have been told, he preserved his presence of mind so successfully that he had no sooner touched the ground and gotten his breath than he loudly claimed his freedom; but it was not allowed. He was put upon the scaffold again and hanged until he was well and truly dead.

By the way, Richmond's post-bellum history includes very few hangings. We have an uncommonly good record in that respect, if we presume—as we may—that the courts have condemned all who came within their reach, who deserved that fate.

Some of those hanged here cannot be charged up against our city, as their crimes were commited and their trials took place in Henrico county.

Until the law requiring executions to take place in private, the usual place of execution was on the banks of Shockoe creek, between the city jail and the almshouse.

It is now said that the tassel on Washington's cane, as represented in Houdon's statue of the Father of his Country, has been disfigured by having a part of it chipped off.

We wonder if that is a recent disfigurement? May it not have been done by the fire of one of the Richmond editors, who shot at another in the rotunda of the Virginia Capitol about 1867, and whose aim was wild? Our recollection is that one of those leaded editorial bullets struck that tassel, but we had supposed the "wound" it inflicted upon the marble sculpture had been healed by some professor of the plastic art.

It is announced that the Digest of the Debates of the last Virginia Constitutional Convention will be issued from the press this summer, and that they will make two volumes of 1,500 pages each. The work of elimination, elucidation and compression has been done by Editor Lindsay, of Charlottesville, who has succeeded in omitting two-fifths of the bulk of the debates. What he has retained is said to be "the cream of the discussions" that took place in the convention. Now, if Brother Lindsay would but churn out that "cream and give the public its product, in print, he would still further recommend himself to the gratitude of the Virginia people.

For tricks that are vain and a smile that is child-like and bland, the Russian is easily the equal of the heathen Chinee, as witness his recent tergiversations, turnings and twistings in the Manchuria matter.

Mississippi has a senatorial contest on hand which is said to be putting nearly as much money in circulation as a small cotton crop would.

Mr. Watterson makes no comments on the Vanderbit or Thaw-Yarmouth weddings. He is supposed to be too busy chopping out his mint bed.

Given a little more time and those horny-handed sons of toil who have been "raising" cotton in Wall Street will be able to do the Carnegie library act.

Five years ago to-day Dewey told Gridley to fire when he was ready, and Gridley was ready in about four minutes.

Ohio is a hundred years old this month, and has furnished more Federal office-holders than States greatly her senior.

The song birds have opened their opera season at the usual low price that all can afford.

Mrs. Nation might apply for the position of camera-smasher to J. Pierpont Morgan.

St. Louis was the capital of the universe yesterday, or at least it thought it was.

Russia is just trying to keep the hinges on the open door to China from rusting.

It looks and feels as if there will be no more frost scares this season.

A revival of the old story of the death of the Mad Mullah is now in order.

The Reliance is showing considerable reliability.

April was a short month, but it did its full share of furnishing wedding days.

The boodler's remorse is never visible to the naked eye until he gets caught.

Half Hour With Virginia Editors.

The Norfolk Ledger says:

It seems strange in making up a list of officers for the new town of Amherst they didn't provide for a "superintendent of the zoo"—a certain druggist's experience with blind tigers would have eminently fitted him for the job.

The Fredericksburg Star says:

It is nonsense to talk about testing the Monroe doctrine to the extent of war. The Monroe doctrine has been tested and stood the test, and no nation respects it more to-day, if we are to believe professions, than Germany does.

The Petersburg Index-Appeal reaches this conclusion:

It is not always wise to take the advice of an enemy, but we believe Senator N. B. Scott, of West Virginia, is sincere when he says that the Democrats could not do better than nominate Grover Cleveland. Indications of a Cleveland delegation from New York are growing daily.

The Newport News Press says:

North Carolina boasts of a petrified man, but Virginia can exhibit no nearer approach to that object or interest than the man who is stone blind and the fellow with the marble heart.

Personal and General.

Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Holy Trinity, New York, was prevented from preaching Sunday on account of an attack of grip.

The sons of the late Rodney Wallace have given $10,000 to Smith College to establish the Rodney Wallace scholarship as a memorial to their father.

Mrs. J. E. Scott, of Evanston, Ill., has been re-elected president of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the West.

Mrs. Mary Meeker Neville has just celebrated her one hundredth birthday at Youngstown, Ohio. Her six sons, veterans of the Civil War, are all living.

The fountain erected in Dana Park, Albany, to the memory of Professor James D. Dana, of Yale University, was dedicated Monday with appropriate exercises.

The first meeting of the English commissioners for the St. Louis Exposition will take place at Marlborough House Tuesday, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales.

Manager Lautenburg, of the Residenz Theatre, Berlin, intends to sail soon for the United States to study American stage managing methods.

Senator Claytor Not to Run.

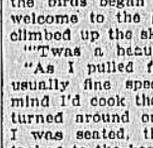
Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Friends in Bedford and Rockbridge (recently annexed to my senatorial district) have expressed a desire that I should continue to represent that district in the State Senate, and have given me assurances of their cordial support. For these expressions of confidences I feel deeply and sincerely grateful. I regret to say, however, that my business and private engagements are such as to demand my entire time and attention. For this reason, I would be compelled to decline re-election, even though the nomination were tendered me.

I make this announcement because of the statement in The Times-Dispatch that I would, in all probability, be returned to the Senate.

GRAHAM CLAYTOR.

Richmond, Va., April 30th.



THE MAN ABOUT TOWN

—BY—

Harry Tucker

Now it's hot, we think we ought to
Have a chunk of ice and water.

* * *

At the regular meeting of the Bohemians in their little club room, nobody had a chance to say a word for a long time, because Frank Dayton had the floor, and everybody knows that when he gets the floor it's all off for any others who may wish to tell a story at that sitting.

"It was in the fall of '49, or '50, or '51, or '52," he said. "I was a mere lad of less than thirty, and I had just got up from the floor of my little cabin in the wilds of Yellowstone Park, and strolled to the door to see the sun arise, and watch all nature as it evolved into a beautiful panoramic display of all the grandeur and sublimity of that paradise of enchantment, when it suddenly occurred to me that I was hungry.

"Seizing my trusty fishing rod, I went down to the little lake at the foot of the hill to get some trout.

"All around me were springs of every kind—hot, warm, boiling, cold, sulphur, iron, bed, salt, and every other conceivable kind.

"I sat on a rock and caught half a dozen beautiful speckled beauties, and the birds began to sing their songs of welcome to the great orb of day as it climbed up the skies.

"'Twas a beautiful sight.

"As I pulled from the water an unusually fine specimen, I made up my mind I'd cook that fish on the spot, so I turned around on the rock upon which I was seated, threw the fish, still attached to the hook, into a boiling spring, and in three or four or five or six minutes it was cooked thoroughly, and I went back to my cabin to breakfast.

"We used to do that all the time," concluded Mister Dayton.

"No wonder they want to lynch you every night in 'M'liss,'" said Smithy.

As Dayton started in to tell another story, the fire bells rang and the meeting broke up.

* * *

We want to ask the public, or that part interested in histrionic talent, to keep its eyes on Andrew Meoni, who is a youngster in whom we have great confidence.

He has talent enough and nerve enough and possibilities enough to land him among the comedians of the day.

We shall take pleasure in watching his course.

* * *

We have just been engaged by Messrs. Wilkie Freeman and Lonnie Wilson to conduct their campaign, and we wish to state right now that these two comedians and parodists are ready and willing to do anything for the good cause of spreading the contagion of merriment throughout the vicinity and contiguous territory, and that any communication sent us will be treated with the utmost confidence.

A Few Foreign Facts.

Liverpool has decided to try the suggestion of its City Engineer to build workmen's dwellings with concrete slabs made from dust destructor clinkers.

Great Britain has the following ships in course of construction: Eleven battleships, nineteen armored cruisers, two second and four third-class cruisers, four scouts, two sloops, nineteen destroyers, eighteen torpedo boats and three submarines.

The Pentateuch, written in Samaritan characters, on gazelle parchment and dated in the year 116 of Mohammed, or A. D. 735, was lately discovered in Syria. It is the oldest Biblical manuscript known.

A direct weekly train from Moscow to Dalny, on the Yellow Sea, has just been installed. The time is thirteen and one-half days, with two days' steamer added to Shanghai and one and a half added to Nagasaki, Japan.

Large deposits of stone suitable for lithographic purposes have been discovered and opened in Thessaly. Greek experts report that the stone is far superior in quality to the best lithographic stone heretofore known in Europe.

The United States imported from China last year $27,189,283 worth. The large items are: Silk, $10,613,950; tea, $7,447,822; goat skins, $2,127,267; wool, $2,039,895; matting, $1,808,881. Some interesting items are: Fire-crackers, $108,828; dog skins, $71,862; bristles, $397,902.

North Carolina Sentiment.

Here is some sound reasoning from that sound paper, the Charlotte Observer:

It is interesting that the candidate of the Anti-Saloon League for Mayor of Asheville, Hon. George A. Shuford, was formerly a Democratic judge of the Superior Court, and that at the meeting of the league, at which it was decided to put out a candidate against the Democratic nominee, the principal speaker in favor of this policy was Hon. James H. Merrimon, another Democratic ex-judge of the Superior Court. What gives interest to the facts stated, is the force of the lesson it inculcates in behalf of the exercise of human charity. These gentlemen doubtless think they are as good Democrats as they ever were, and they doubtless are. They are doubtless impelled to their present course by the highest dictates of conscience, and that they feel it necessary now to drop out of the party ranks shows that any man is likely at some time in his life to become a Boxer.

Speaking of the Alabama case, the Raleigh News-Observer says:

It is is to be hoped, when the opinion can be read and studied, that it will declare that no Federal question is involved. Every interest of the Republic will be promoted by leaving the Southern States to work out the suffrage problem in the ways they have adopted in North Carolina, Virginia, Alabama, South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana. Peace, quiet, political rest, good government, better schools and just administration have followed the laws that purify suffrage. To disturb such conditions would be to wrong the South immeasurably and to do no good to the negro.

The Greensboro Telegram says:

It is gravely announced from Washington that there is little likelihood of war between the United States and Russia over the Manchuria incident. There had better not be. Uncle Sam is all right when it comes to a question of wiping up the earth with countries like Spain, but tackling Russia is another proposition entirely.

Infant's Funeral.

The funeral of Spotswood Wellford, infant son of Mrs. Sallie Marvin and the late Rufus H. Sarvay, who died Wednesday at the residence, No. 915 West Main Street, took place yesterday afternoon at 6 o'clock from the house and the interment was made in River View.

The Danvers Jewels

BY MARY CHOLMONDELEYS.

(By Special Arrangement with Harper & Bro.)

After a few more civil speeches it was arranged that Carr should, after all, leave by the train which he had proposed in the morning. It was found that there was still time for him to do so, but that was all. He was evidently as anxious to be off as the Danvers were that he should go. The dog-cart was ordered, a servant dispatched to the lodge in hot haste to pack his portmanteau, and in half an hour he was bidding us good-by, evidently glad to say it. Poor fellow! He little guessed, as he shook hands with us, how shamefully he had been suspected, how villainously he had been traduced behind his back. Somehow or other, I had not had a moment of conversation with him since the morning, or a single chance of telling him how I had stood up for him in his absence. Either Charles or Marston were always at hand, and when he took leave of me I could only shake his hand warmly, and tell him to come and see me again in town. I watched him spinning down the drive in the dog-cart, little thinking how soon I should see him again, and in what circumstances.

"We shall have more snow," said Ralph, coming indoors. "I feel it in the air."

General and Mrs Marston were the next to leave, starting an hour later, and going in the opposite direction. I saw Marston turn aside when his wife was taking leave of the others and go up to Charles. The old hand and the young one met, and were locked tight.

"Good-by, my dear boy," said Marston.

"Don't go," said Charles, without looking up.

"I must!" said Marston. "I am due at Kemberly to- night, on business; but," in a lower tone, "I shall come back to-morrow, in case I can be of any use."

They were gone, and I was the only one remaining. It has occurred to me since that perhaps they expected me to go too, but I never thought of it at the time. I had been asked for a week, and to go before the end of it never so much as entered my head.

There was no chance of going out. The early winter afternoon was already closing in, and a few flakes of snow were drifting like feathers in the heavy air, promising more to come. Every one seemed to have dispersed, Ralph upstairs to his father, Charles out of doors somewhere in spite of the weather. I remembered that I had not written to Jane since I left London, and went into the library to do so. As I came in I saw Evelyn sitting in a low chair by the fire, gazing abstractedly into it. She started when she saw me, and on my saying I wished to write some letters, showed me a writing-table near the fire, with pens, ink and paper.

"You will find it very cold at the big table in the window," she said, looking at it with its broken drawer, a chink open, with a visible shudder.

I installed myself near the fire, talking cheerfully the while, for it struck me she was a little low in her spirits. She did not make much response, and I was settling down to my letters, when she suddenly said:

"Colonel Middleton!"

"Yes, Miss Derrick."

"I am afraid I am interrupting your writing, but——"

I looked round. She was standing up, nervously playing with her rings. "But—I know I am not supposed to——but I know what happened last night. Aurelia told me."

"It is very sad, isn't it?" I said. "But cheer up. I dare say we may get them back yet." And I nodded confidentially at her. "In the meantime, you know, you must not talk of it to any one."

"Do you suspect any one in particular?" she asked very earnestly, coming a step nearer.

I hardly knew what to say. Carr, I need hardly mention, I had never suspected for a moment; but Charles—Marston had evidently believed what Charles had said, but I am by nature more cautious and less credulous than Marston. Besides I had not forgiven Charles yet for trying to incriminate Carr. Not knowing what to say, I shrugged my shoulders and smiled.

"You do suspect some one, then?"

"My dear young lady," I replied; when jewels are stolen, one naturally suspects some one has taken them."

"So I should imagine. Whom do you naturally suspect?"

I could not tell her that I more than suspected Charles.

"I know nothing for certain," I said.

"But you have a suspicion?"

She went to the door to see if it were shut, and then came back and said in a whisper:

"So have I."

"Perhaps we suspect the same person?" I said.

She did not answer, but fixed her dark eyes keenly on mine. I had never noticed before how dark they were.

I saw, then, that she knew, and that she suspected Charles, just as Sir George had done.

I nodded.

"Nothing is proved," I said.

"I dared not say even as much as this before," she continued, hurriedly. "It is only the wildest, vaguest suspicion. I have nothing to take hold of. It is so horrible to suspect any one; but——"

She stopped suddenly. Her quick ear had caught the sound of a distant step coming across the hall. In another moment Aurelia came in.

"Are you there, Evelyn?" she said. "I was looking for you to ask where the time-table lies. I want to look out my journey for to-morrow. Ralph ought to do it, but he is up-stairs," with a little pout.

"You ought not to have quarreled with him until he had made it out for you," said Evelyn, smiling. "It is a very cross journey, isn't it? Let me see. You are going to your uncle in Dublin, are you not? You had better go to London, and start from there. It will be the shortest way in the end."

The two girls laid their heads together over the Bradshaw, Evelyn's dark, soft hair making a charming contrast to Aurelia's yellow curls. At last the journey was made out and duly written down and a post-card dispatched to the uncle in Dublin.

"Have you seen Ralph anywhere?" asked Aurelia when she had finished it. "I am afraid I was a little tiny wee bit cross to him this morning, and I am so sorry."

Evelyn always seemed to stiffen when Aurelia talked about Ralph, and, under the pretext of putting her post-card in the letter-bag for her, she presently left the room and did not return.

Aurelia sat down on the hearth-rug, and held two plump little hands to the fire. It was quite impossible to go on writing to Jane while she was there, and I gave it up accordingly.

"I am glad Evelyn is gone," she said, confidentially. "Do you know why I am glad?"

I said I could not imagine.

"Because," continued Aurelia, nodding gracefully at me, "I want to have a very, very, very serious conversation with you, Colonel Middleton."

I said I should be charmed, inwardly wondering what that little curly head would consider to be serious conversation.

"Really serious, you know," continued Aurelia, "not pretense. About that!" pointing with a pink finger at the inlaid writing-table. "You know I was with Ralph when he found it out, and I am afraid I was a little cross to him, only really it was so hard, and they were so lovely, and it was partly his fault, now, wasn't it, for leaving them there? He ought to have been more careful."

"Of course he ought," I said. I would not have contradicted her for worlds.

"And you know I am to be married next month; and Aunt Alice, in Dublin, who is getting my things, says as it is to be a winter wedding, I am to be married in a white frise velvet, and I did think the diamonds would have looked so lovely with it. Wouldn't they?"

I agreed, of course.

"But I shall never be married in them now," she said, with a deep sigh. "And I was looking forward to the wedding so much, though I dare say I did tell a naughty little story when I said I was not to Ralph the other night. Of course, Ralph is still left," she added, as an afterthought, "but it won't be so perfect, will it?"

I was morally certain Charles would have to give them up, so I said, reassuringly:

"Perhaps you may be married in them, after all."

"Oh!" she said, clasping her hands together; "do you really think so? Do you know anything? I have not seen Ralph since to ask him about it. Do you think we shall really get them back?"

"I should not wonder."

"Oh! Colonel Middleton, I see you know. You are a clever, wise man, and you have found out something. Who is it? Do tell me!"

"Will you promise not to tell any one?"

"Mayn't I tell Ralph? I tell him everything."

"Well, you may tell Ralph, because he knows already; but no one else, remember. The truth is, we are afraid it is Charles."

There was a long pause.

"I know Evelyn thinks so," said Aurelia in a whisper, "though she tries not to show it, because—because—"

"Because what?"

"Well, of course you can't have helped seeing, can you, that she and Charles—"

I had not seen it; indeed, I had fancied at times that Evelyn had a leaning toward Ralph; but I never care to seem slower than others in noticing these things, so I nodded.

"And then, you know, people can't be married that haven't any money; and Charles and Evelyn have none," said Aurelia. "Oh! I am glad Ralph is well off."

A light was breaking in on me. Perhaps it was not Charles after all. Perhaps——

CHAPTER XVI.

"I am afraid Evelyn is very unhappy," continued Aurelia. "Her room is next to mine, and she walks up and down and up and down, in the night. I hear her when I am in bed. Last night I heard her so late, that I had been to sleep and had waked up again. Do you know,"—and she crept close up to me with wide awe-struck eyes—"I am going away to-morrow, and I don't like to say anything to any one but you; but I think Evelyn knows something."

"Miss Derrick!" I said, beginning to suspect that she possibly knew a good deal more than any of us, and then suddenly remembering that she had been on the point of telling me something and had been interrupted. I was getting quite confused. She certainly would not have wished to confide in me if my new suspicions were correct. Considering there was a mystery, it was curious how every one seemed to know something very particular about it.

"Yes," replied Aurelia, nodding once or twice. "I am sure she knows something. I went into her room before luncheon and she was sitting with her head down on the dressing-table, and when she looked up I saw she had been crying. I don't know what to say about it to Ralph; but you know"—with a shake of the curls—"though people may think me only a silly little thing, yet I do notice things, Colonel Middleton. Aunt Alice in Dublin often says how quickly I notice things; and I thought, as you were staying on, and seemed to be a friend, I would tell you this before I went away, as you would know best what to do about it."

Aurelia had more insight into character than I had given her credit for. She had hit upon the most likely person to follow out a clue, however slight, in a case that seemed becoming more and more complicated. I inwardly resolved that I would have it out with Miss Derrick that very evening. Lady Mary now came in, and servants followed shortly afterward with lamps. The dreary twilight with its dim whirlwinds of driving snow was shut out, the curtains were drawn, and tea made its appearance. Evelyn presently returned, and Charles, also, who civilly wished Lady Mary good-morning, not having seen her till then. She handed him his tea without a word in reply. It was evident that she also was aware of the robbery and it is hardly necessary to add that she suspected Charles.

"How is my father?" he asked, taking no notice of the frigidity of her manner.

"He is asleep at this moment," she replied. "Ralph is remaining with him."

"He is better, then, I hope?"

"He is in a very critical state, and is likely to remain in t. His illness was quite serious enough, without having it increased by one of his own household."

"Ah! I was afraid that had been the case," returned Charles. "I know you had been doctoring him when he was out of sorts yesterday. But you must not reproach yourself, Aunt Mary. We are none of us infallible. No doubt you acted for the best at the time, and I dare say what you gave him may not do him any permanent injury."

"If that is intended to be amusing," said Lady Mary, her teacup trembling in her hand, "I can only say that in my opinion, wilfully misunderstanding a simple statement is a very cheap form of wit."

"I am so glad to hear you say so," said Charles, rising, "as it was at your expense." With which Parthian shot he withdrew.

I endeavored in vain to waylay Evelyn after tea, but she slipped away almost before it was over, and did not appear again till dinner-time. In the meanwhile my brain, fertile in expedients on most occasions, could devise no means by which I could speak to her alone, and without Charles' knowledge. I felt I must trust to chance.

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

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